

WE FINALLY GET
AROUND TO SPOOFING

GONE WITH THE WIND **DICK TRACY**
THE WIZARD OF OZ **CASABLANCA**

No.
300
January
1991

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Our
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300TH ISSUE

THE SEXIEST SCHMUCK ALIVE!



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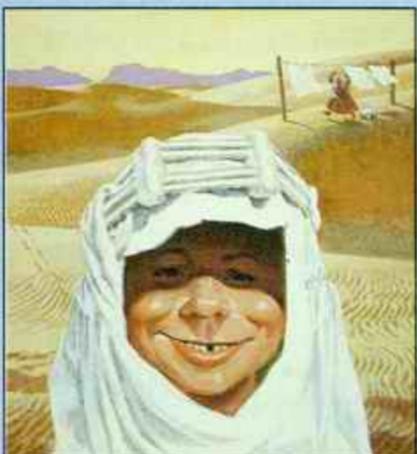
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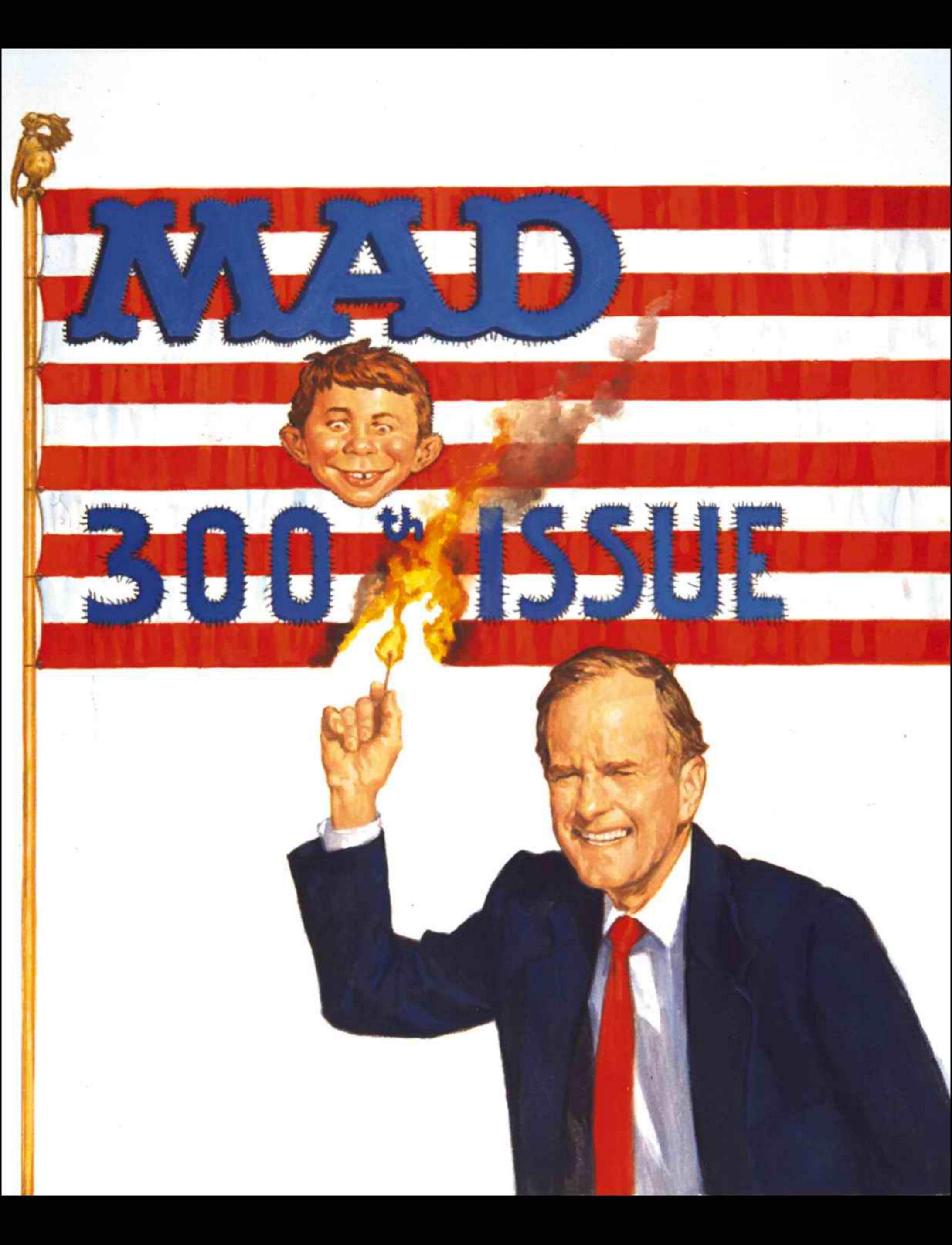
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"Be dumb, all ye faithful...!"



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MAD

"... MAD—a short-lived satirical pulp..."

TIME September 24, 1956

"What, me worry?"

—Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS *the usual gang of idiots*

DEPARTMENTS

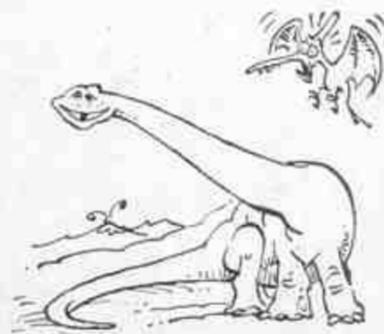
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FRONT COVER ARTIST: NORMAN MINGO

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SLAY IT AGAIN, SAM DEPT.

Of all the SATIRES of all the MOVIES in all the HUMOR MAGAZINES in the world, this ONE ENDED up in OURS!

CA

Man! Every-body comes to Reeks!

This is the hottest cafe in North Africa!

You mean it swings? It's really hep?

No! It's just HOT! It's ninety degrees in Morocco, and all he's got are those stylish ceiling fans!



I take it there's no laughs here!

Mister, you've come to the wrong place!

Do you mean the wrong bar?

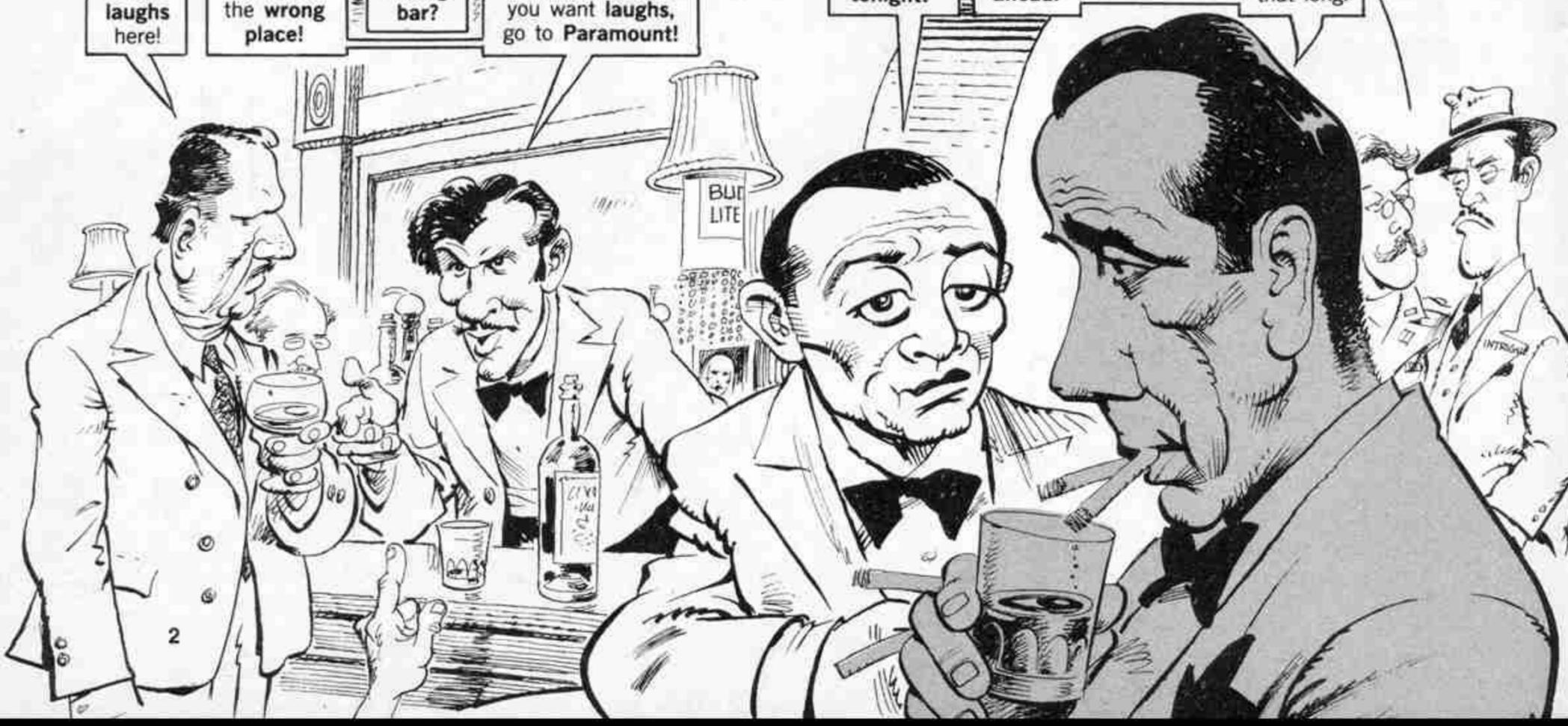
The wrong studio! This is Warner's! We do melodrama! If you want laughs, go to Paramount!

Tell me— will I see you tonight?

I never make plans that far ahead!

But Monsieur Reek, why not?

I smoke! I drink! I'm not sure I'll LIVE that long!



CASABONKERS

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN



It's amazing!
People are flocking to Casabonkers from all over Europe!

Why are they coming here?

So they can obtain exit visas!

Great! They're coming to Casabonkers so they can leave Casabonkers!

Excuse me! Does this bistro have a "happy hour"?

"Happy hour"?! Take one look at Reek's face! You decide!

Oh...!
From five to seven we have a "Brooding Hour"!

BERGMAN FAN

I am the leading black-marketeer in Casabonkers!

This time you have gone too far, Signor Flabby! You are smuggling refugees out of Casabonkers!

Lots of people smuggle refugees out of Casabonkers!

Yes... but not in their pants!

What a motley assortment of characters!

Yes, this city was a backwash of connivers, crooks, and corruption! Then they hired me as Chief of Police!

And what did you do?

I immediately blended right in!

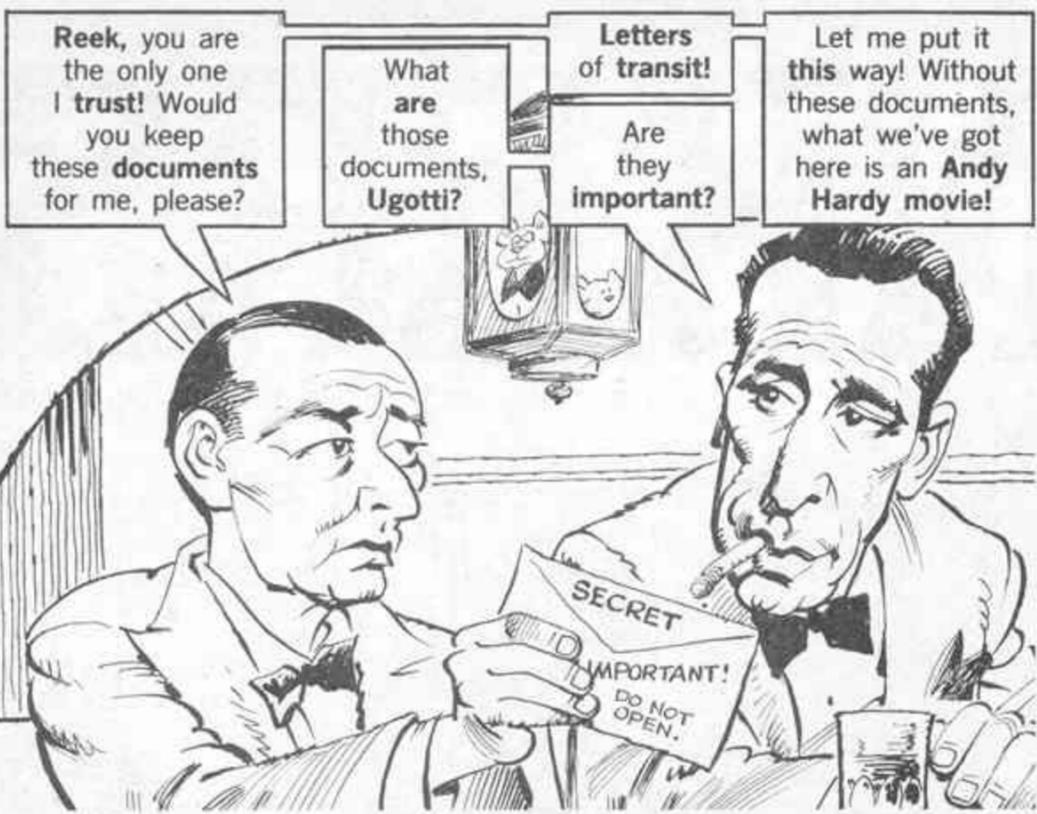
I can't believe what's happened to Signor Flabby!

What—that he's sinister? That he's corrupt?

That he's put on weight since *The Maltese Falcon*!

ALEX & KATIE

MORT DRUCKER



Reek, you are the only one I trust! Would you keep these documents for me, please?

What are those documents, Ugotti?

Letters of transit! Are they important?

Let me put it this way! Without these documents, what we've got here is an Andy Hardy movie!



Reek! Reek! Help me, Reek!

I stick my neck out for nobody!

That Reek is tough and hard-boiled!

Yeah! As a boy scout he once helped an old lady INTO traffic!



Reek, you are so cynical! So somber!

You're not exactly one of the Ritz Brothers yourself, Renutt!

Do you ever smile?

I did once, in 1937!

And what exactly was it that made you smile?

Actually ... I think it was gas!

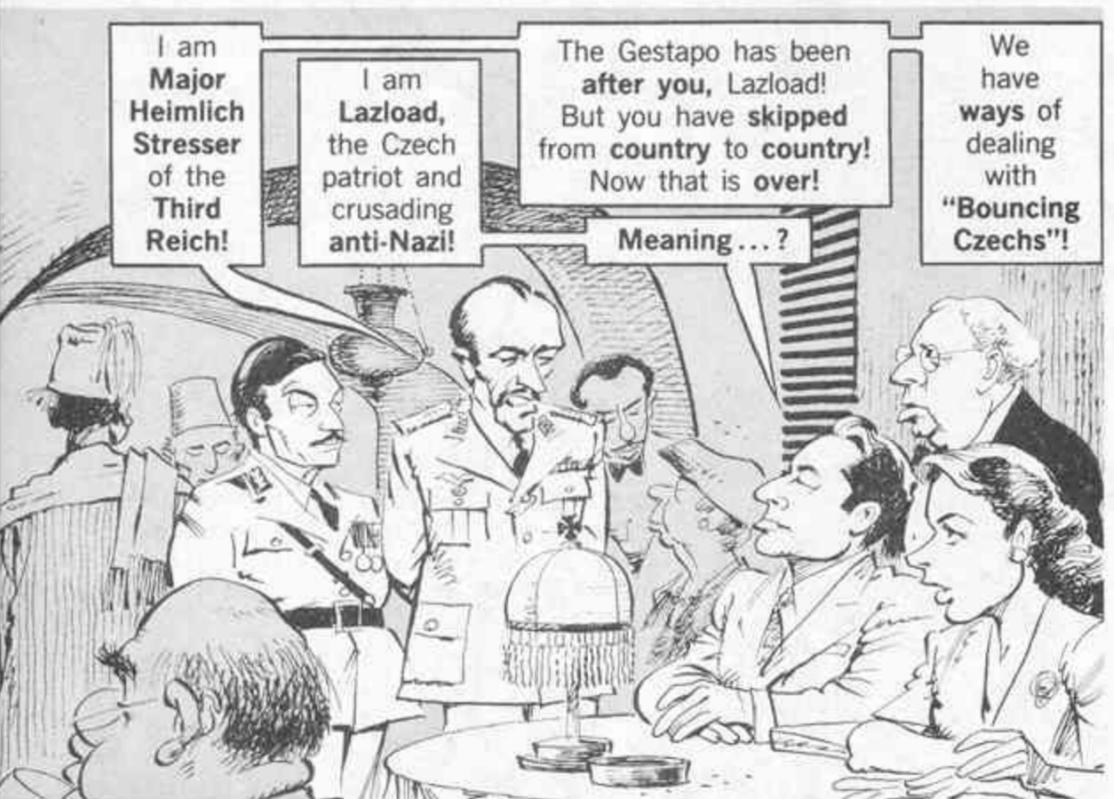


I am Sphincter Lazload, the Czechoslovakian Freedom Fighter! And this is my mysterious companion, Ulcer!

Ah, yes! We've been expecting you! Where can we seat you?

How about a nice table ... in Cleveland! Sorry, Lazload! Getting to America and freedom will not be that easy!

Very well then! Seat us in the "No-Nazi" section!



I am Major Heimlich Stresser of the Third Reich!

I am Lazload, the Czech patriot and crusading anti-Nazi!

The Gestapo has been after you, Lazload! But you have skipped from country to country! Now that is over!

Meaning...?

We have ways of dealing with "Bouncing Czechs"!



Play it, Slam! You know what I want to hear! Play "As Time Drags By"!

Sorry, I don't take requests, Miss Ulcer!

Then I'll hum it for you!

Never mind, I'll play it!





Ulcer! What are you doing here?

Hello, Reek! I've become a "groupie" for a Freedom Fighter!

Hmm... so BOTH of these men have meant something in your life?

Yes! Two very different men! It seems both have been smitten by my monotone!

YOU MUST REMEMBER THIS, A CYST IS STILL A CYST... A STY IS JUST A STY...

Of all the gin joints in all the towns in all the world, she walks into mine!

It's the free peanuts, boss! It draws the people in every time!

I think I'm going to drink myself into a stupor!

Why do I have the feeling this man is never going to be Chairman of the President's Council on Physical Fitness!

Play it, again, Slam! You played it for her and you can play it for me!

But Boss, you told me NEVER to play that song unless it was an emergency!

We've got an emergency! We need a musical bridge into the Paris flashback!

Wow! You were so young and light-hearted in this flashback!

Yeah! I was on a health kick then, too! I was down to four packs a day! Here's looking at you, kid!

Reek, I love what's happening here!

What? That we're two kids falling in love in this war-torn world?

No, that you're talking to me in "movie classic-ese"!

Paris.

Reek, the Germans are marching into Paris!

I'm drinking as fast as I can!

I'm not sure this will last! It will crumble! Darling, I'm worried!

Paris will always be here!

I'm talking about your liver!

Sorry, Ulcer's not coming, Mr. Reek!

What?!

Does this train have a bar car?

Well, then I'll be okay!

She dumped you! Boss, will you be okay?

Yes!

Interesting flashback, Reek! But now to **current matters!** There's a rumor that **you** are holding the **letters of transit!!** Give them to me!

I will hide the letters! They will **never** find them on me! By the time they finish their search, the war will be over!

Why you, Flabby?

HEY, FATSO!



Reek, you rigged that roulette game to let that young couple win... and escape to freedom!

What makes you think the game was rigged?

She got **thirty-nine** four times in a row!

So...

The wheel only goes up to **thirty-six!**



What an **inspiring movie moment!**

Lazload has roused the customers to sing "**The Marseillaise!**"

They are **drowning out the Nazis** in song!

I'm **disappointed!** I thought the Nazis were **louder singers**, you know, with **Wagner's operas** and stuff!

The Gestapo was **way off key** in the verse!

Let's face it! When they lost the **Von Trapp family**, they lost their **best voices!**

They're great **marching into Poland...** but give them a **lyric**, they **botch it up!**

I'm **shocked** at this **disturbance!** I order this **cafe closed!**

CLOSED?! But why?!

Because I'd look like a **real fool** if I ordered it **opened at two** in the morning!





You see, Reek! **Sphincter Lazload** is my husband! And was my husband even when we were in Paris! I thought he was **dead**, but he was **alive**!

I'm quite **emotionally** moved by this, Ulcer! Look, my upper lip is **almost curling** in the corner!

You're our **last hope**! You **MUST** give me those letters!

I **can't** do that!

The Reek of Paris ... **HE** would have done it!

The Reek of Paris was **drunk**!

The Reek of **Casabonkers** is drunk!

He's **sober** enough to know that if he gives you the papers **now**, we don't have a climactic final scene!



Okay ... **NOW** you get the letters of transit!!

Ulcer, you're getting on that plane with **Sphincter Lazload**, where you belong!

I'm doing this for a **noble cause**!

So that this can become a **CULT FILM**!

I ... I **don't** understand!

But what about you? What about us?

So that people everywhere can be **free**?



A cult film? This **ordinary** World War II story!? With this final scene that is shot **not** in Morocco, but in an airport in **Van Nuys, California**!?!? **THIS** is going to be a cult film?

Maybe not **today**! Maybe not **tomorrow**! But **soon**, and for the rest of our lives!



A terrible crime has been committed!

You kidding? Who cares about a **dead Nazi**? This is a crime of **story structure**! The heroine left a **charismatic bistro owner** for a **dull freedom fighter**!

Round up the usual suspects!

No, the **hack** writers over at the **Warner Studio**!

Major Stresser's been shot!

This is the **most frustrating** ending in movie history!

The **leaders** of the **resistance** movement?



YOU HAVE TO BE NUTS TO FLY IN THIS SOUP!

I COULD HARDLY READ YOUR BALLOON.

Waiter, let me have a **double cognac**!

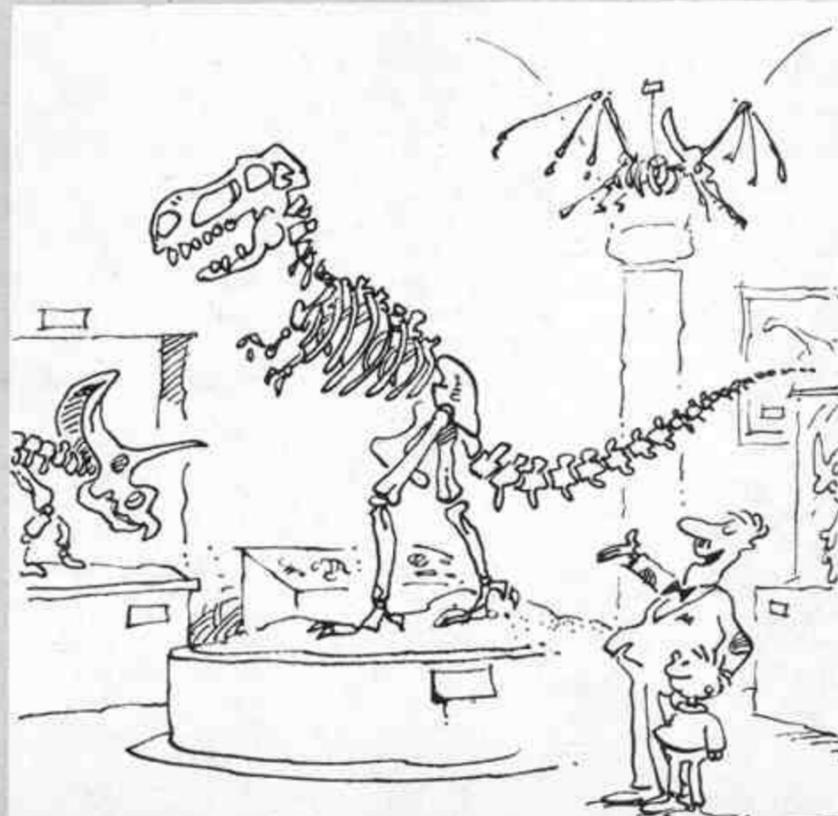
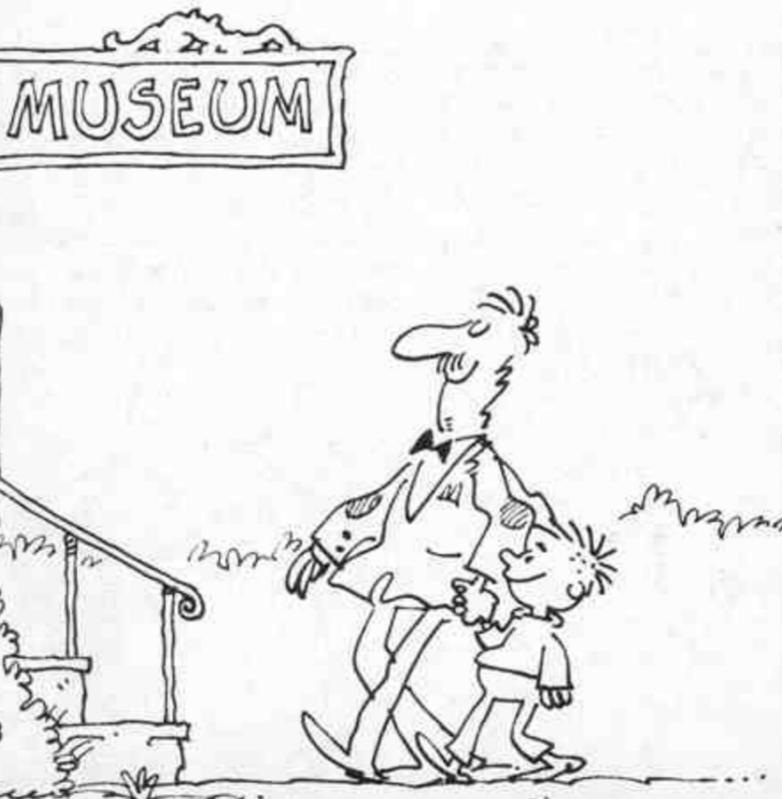
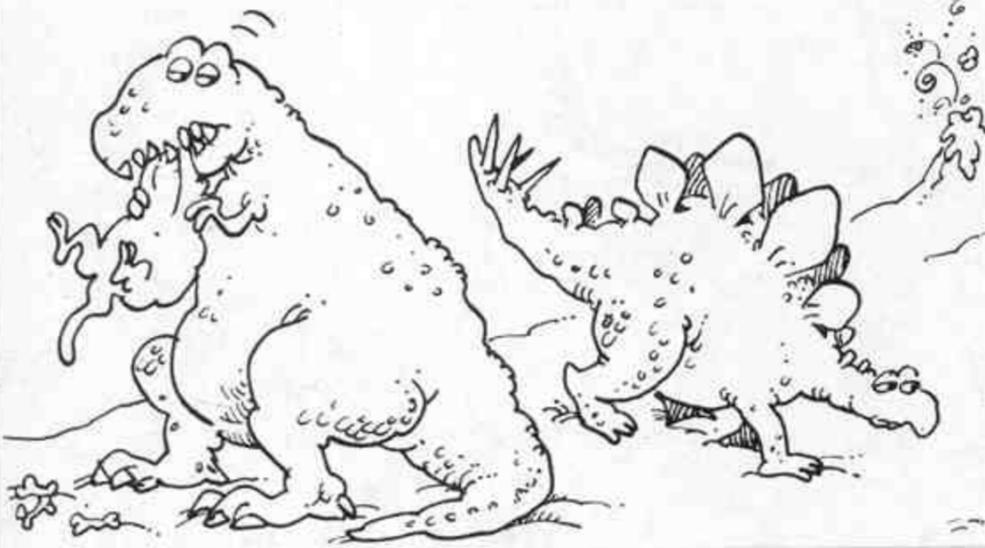
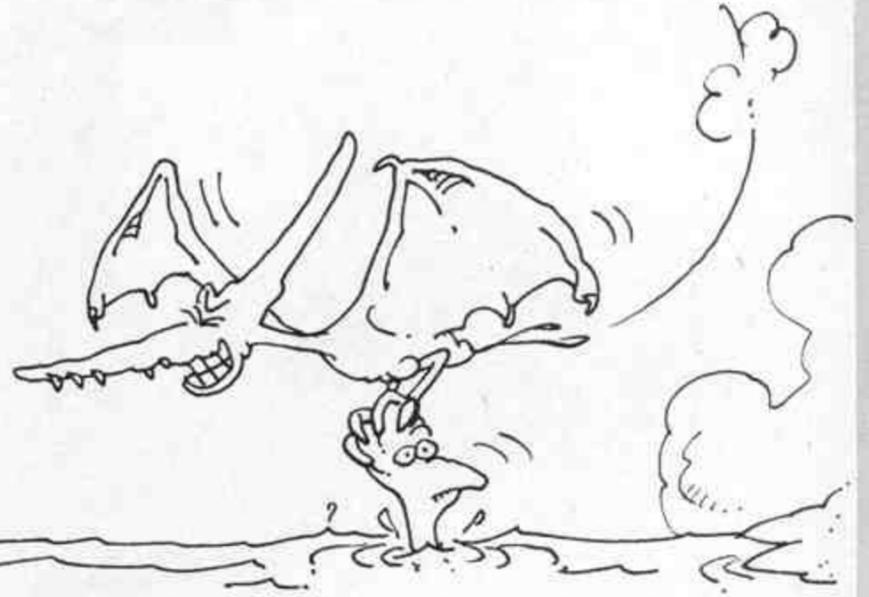
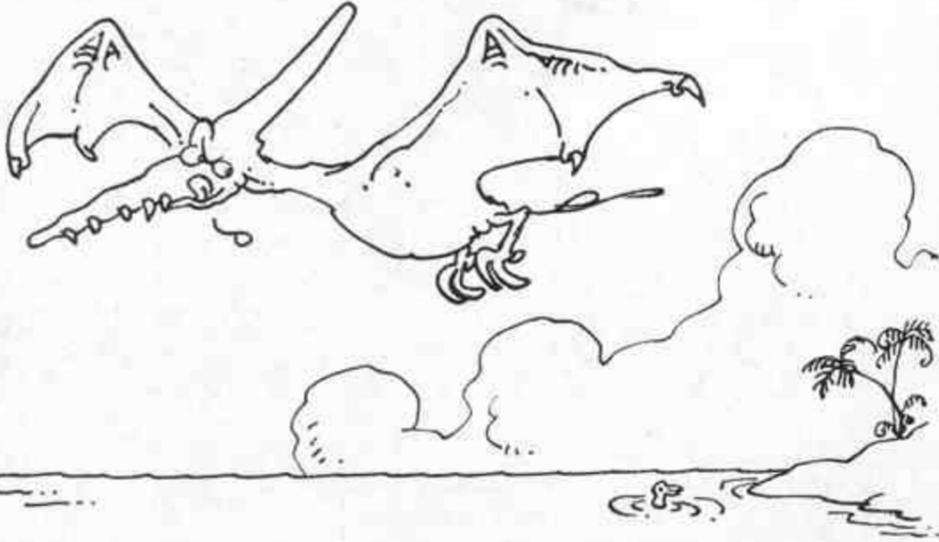
Drowning your sorrows because **Ulcer** left?

No! I'm **getting bombed** for another reason! I have this strange fear that someday, some **fool** is going to try to **colorize** this film!

Waiter! Make that a **triple cognac** ... for both of us!

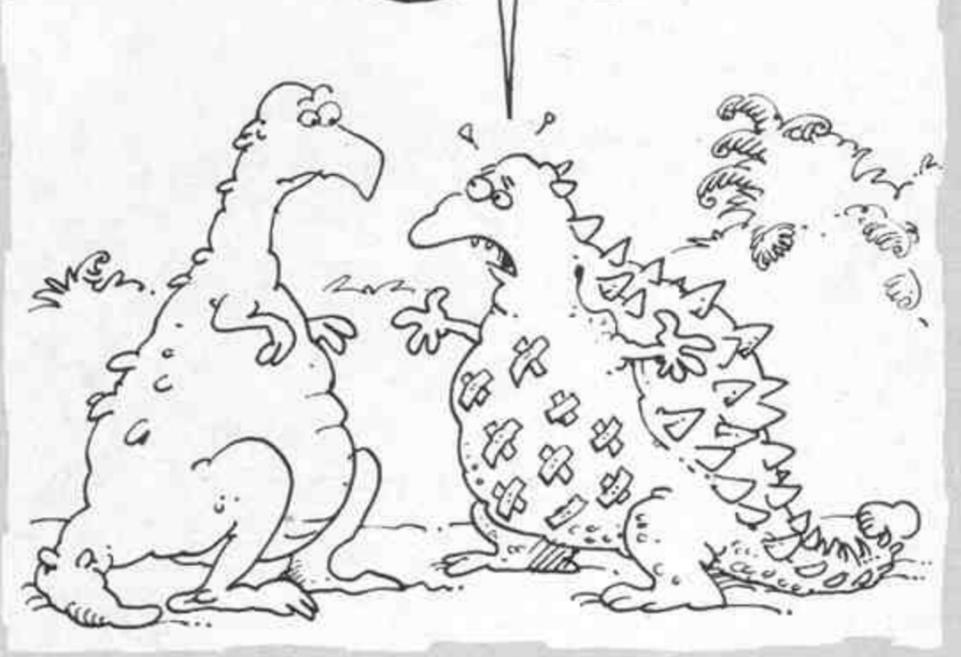
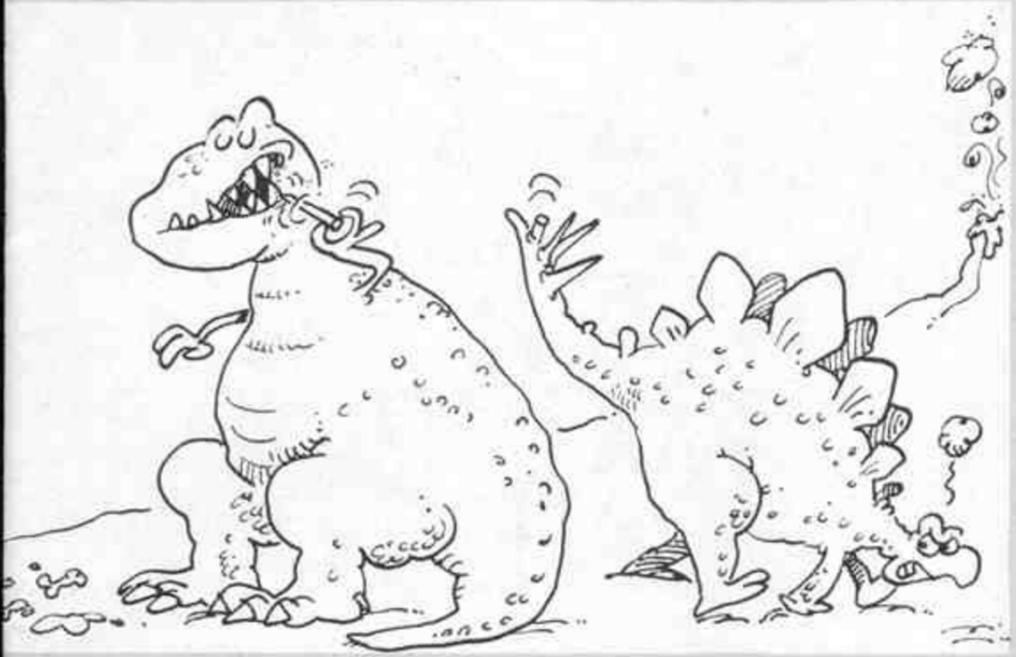
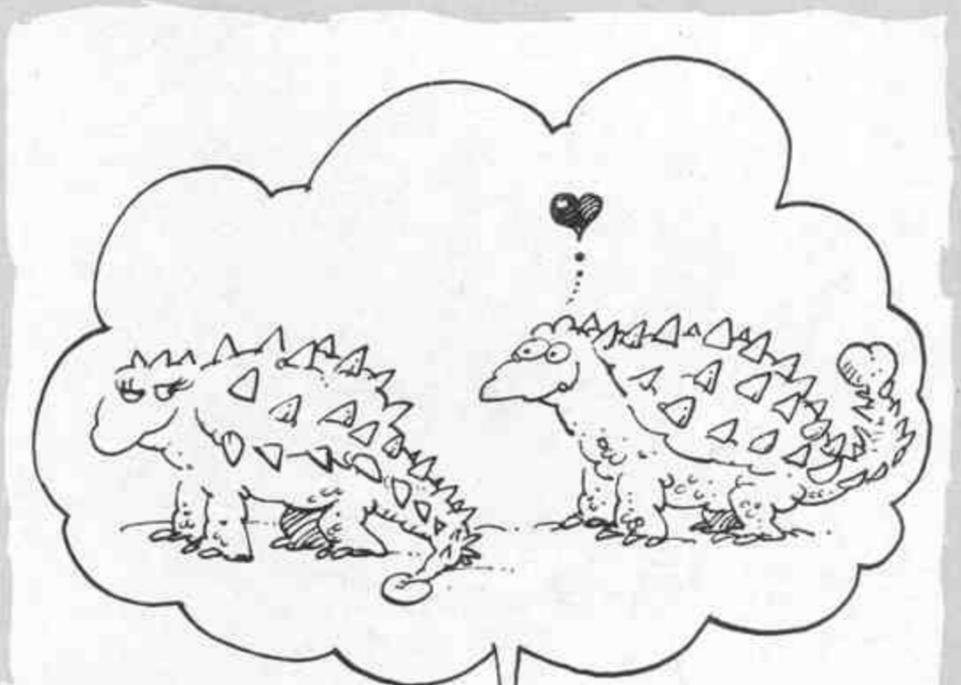
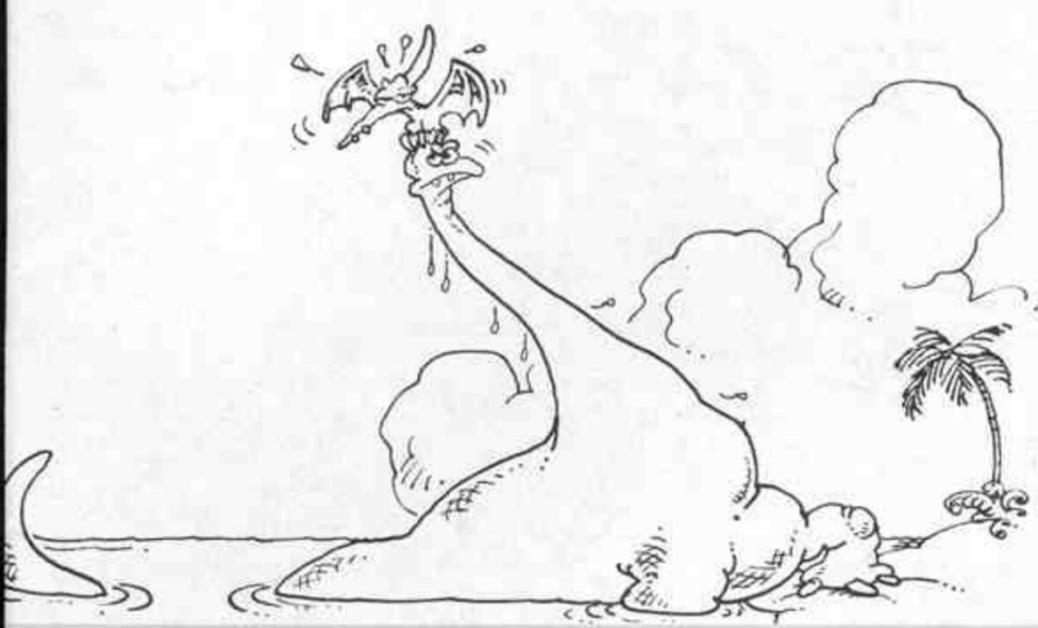
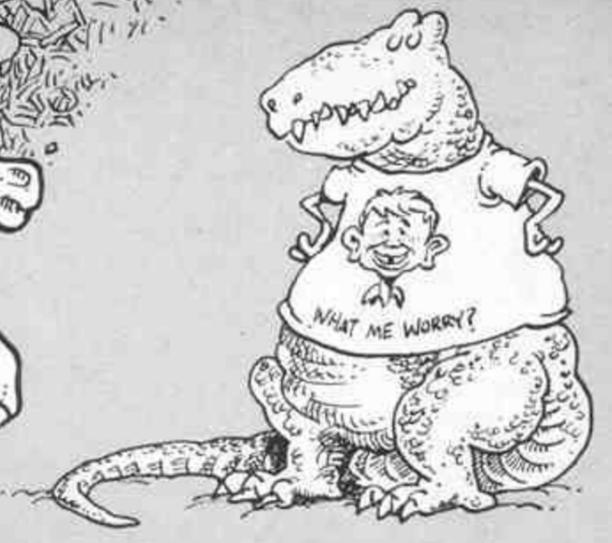


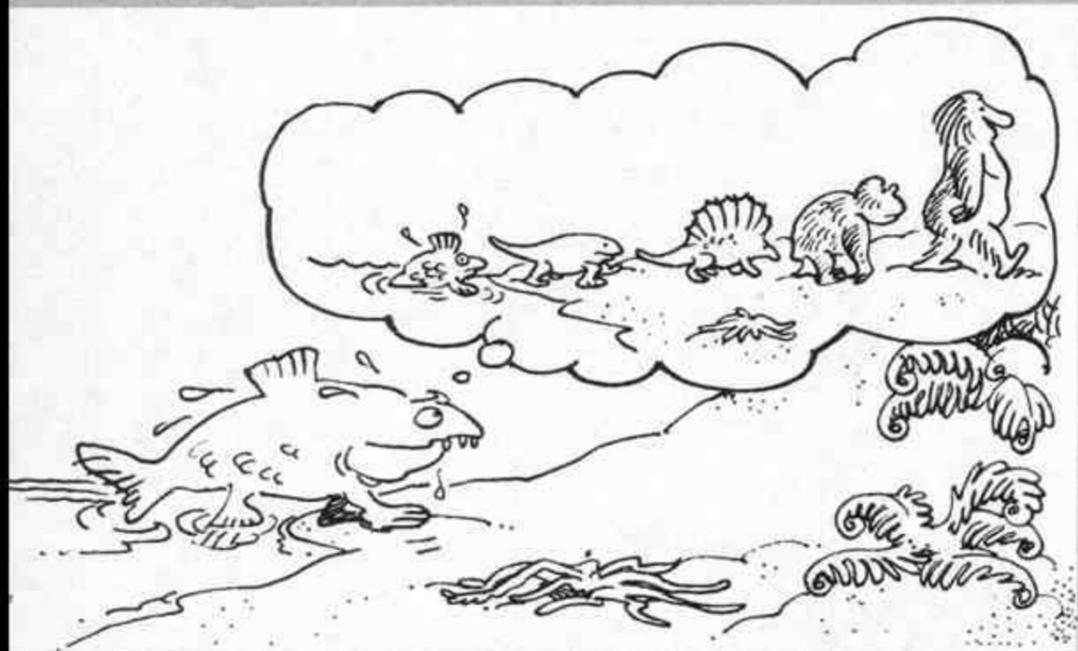
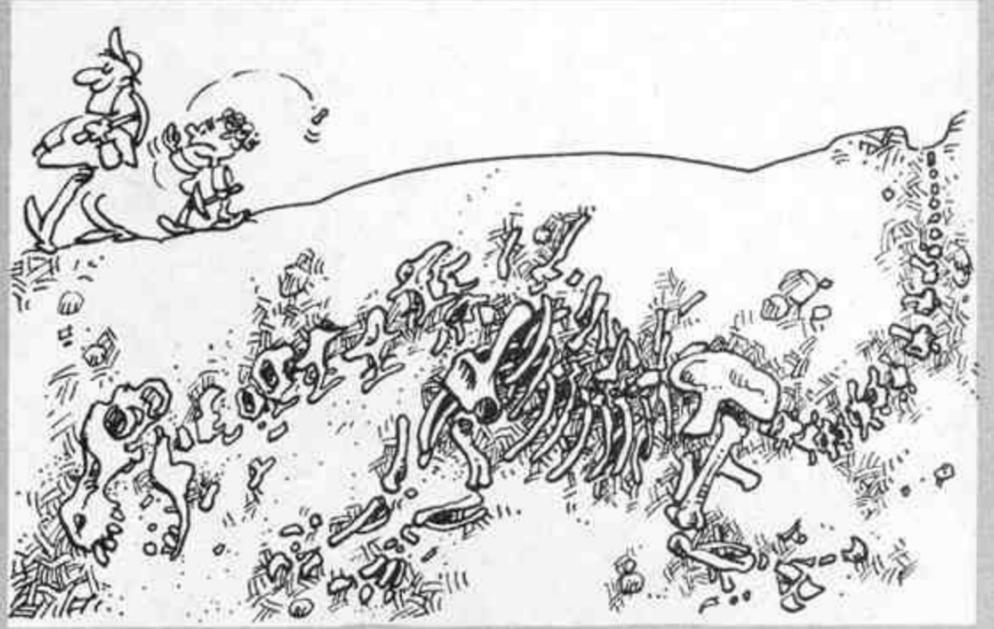
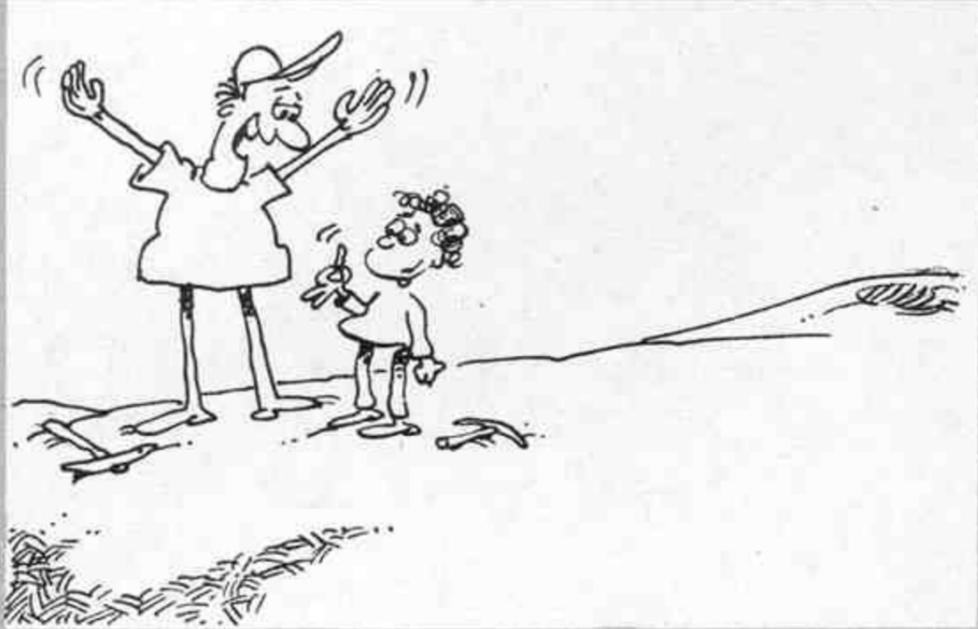
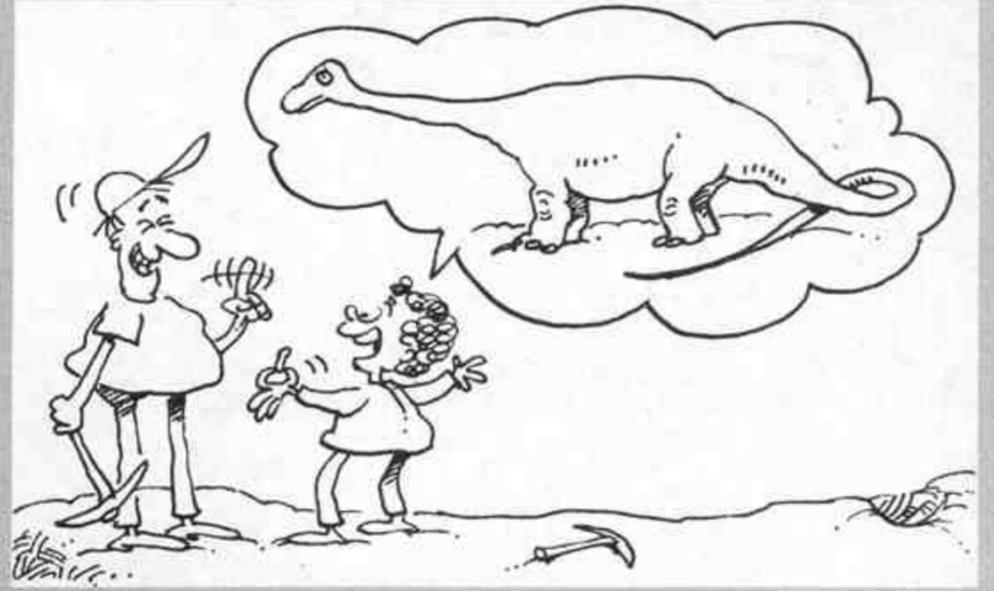
A MAD LOOK AT



MISS SAUNDERS

ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







I'm Will the Thrill...the Strat-ford..ace,
So better lis-ten..up good, 'cause I'm in..your..face;
The play's..the..thing, but they tell me, a-las,
That you clods fall asleep reading mine..in..class;
Well, I just..found..out what the world..en-joys,
So I've borrowed..this..beat from the Beast-ie Boys;
Is this..a..rap-per..that..you..see?
Gadzooks! Sure is, because the rap's..on..me!
I'm the noblest show-man..of..them..all,
And I've given..my..gigs an o-ver-haul;
Yea, the game's a-foot, and all the world's..a..stage
For the sound and the fury of this hot..new..rage;
A bard should be made of..stern-er..stuff,
So get up..to..date and Rap On,..Mac-Duff!
As...

Mad Raps Up Shakespeare

The SOLILOQUY RAP from "HAMLET"

So what do I do when life's..a..bitch?
Should I be or not be—I don't..know..which!
Now you may..be..thinkin' I've gone..insane,
But you're lookin' at one mel-an-chol-y..Dane;
If I packed..it..in, I'd get lots..of..Z's;
And I wouldn't have to count my cal-o-ries;
I'd never have..to..worry what this cas-tle..cost;
Or 'bout losin'..my..teeth because I nev-er flossed;
There's just..one..hang-up that bugs..me,..bub—
I could wind up dreamin', and there's..the..rub;
Bein' dead..or alive—either way..I'm..screwed;
As you plainly can..see, I'm one mixed-up..dude!

The BATTLEFIELD RAP from "RICHARD III"

A horse! A horse! I need..one..bad!
And I know it's too late to place..an..ad;
A horse! A horse! That's all..I..need;
I'd swap..my..throne for a slightly used..steed,
Or a broken-down nag that pulls..a..plow;
I'd even con-sid-er a juiced-up..cow,
Or, fail-ing..that, a sheep..will..do;
I'd even look kindly on a kang-a-roo,
Or an ox or a camel or a slimmed-down..yak
Or a very large woman with a good..strong..back;
If I've nothing..to..ride, you have..my..word
You can say..good-bye to Richard..the Third!



MARC ANTONY'S FUNERAL RAP from "JULIUS CAESAR"

Hey, friends and Romans, Big Julie's been..hit,
So clean out..your..ears while I do..my..bit;
He was one..tough..dude—the town's..top..gun,
And for years in the charts was Num-ber..One;
But Brutus and his gang..said, "We'll wax..the..schmuck,"
So they took..a..stab and Big Julie..got..stuck;
Now I wantcha..to..know that they're sweet-ie..pies,
Even though some peo-ple think oth-er-wise;
Sure they dis'd..Big Julie, a-gain and a-gain,
But we know..the..swine are honor'ble men;
No, they're not..the..kind that we should..con-demn,
Though you wouldn't want your sis-ters to mar-ry..them;
And I'm not sug-gest-ing that you wax..them,..too,
Even though it might..seem like the thing..to..do;
But if..you..should, and the rats..all..die,
If you need a new boss, then I'm..your..guy!



The BALCONY RAP from "ROMEO AND JULIET"

Juliet baby, you're chill,..you're..rad!
If we got to-geth-er, we could make..it..bad!

Romeo honey, you've a real..smooth..line;
So what's the story—your place..or..mine?

Not so fast there, sweetie—let's..not..forget
I'm a Mon-ta-gue,..you're a Cap-u-let;

You're the Number One stud in this wack-wack..town!
Let's get..it..on before our bods..cool..down!

Both families hate the oth-er's..guts;
If we tied..the..knot,..they'd all..go..nuts!

If it busts..their..chops, they all..can..choke!
So hear..me..good—I ain't blow-in'..smoke!

You know that we'll wind..up..dead,..of..course;

Well, dying's..no..kick,..but it beats..di-vorcee!



THE INJURIOUS IDENTIFICATION INTRIGUE



Hi, I'm **Testy Truehead**, Tracy's longtime faithful girlfriend! In the love department, Tracy's always been a little slow, but today I got some good news and some bad news! The good news is, he's taking me to the movies! The bad news is, we're going to see *Ishtar*!



My name's **Kid**! If I survive hanging out with Tracy I may change my name to "**Adult**"! I'm an orphan! My parents vanished! Maybe you knew them! They were named "**Mom**" and "**Pop**"!



I'm **Bad Breathless** and I work at the **Club Zits**! You might think I'd be turned off by **Big Goy** and his ugly henchmen, but I don't find them that bad! You see, I was once married to **Sean Penn**!



I'm **Spumoni**, alias **James Caan**! I'm hardly in the real movie, and I'm hardly on this page! Guess this isn't my big comeback after all!



A WARREN FOR HIS ARREST DEPT.

I'm **Schtick Tracy**, this city's number one crime fighter! I'm known for my yellow coat and my yellow hat! But mainly, I'm known for the yellow streak down my back!

SCHTICK TRACY



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

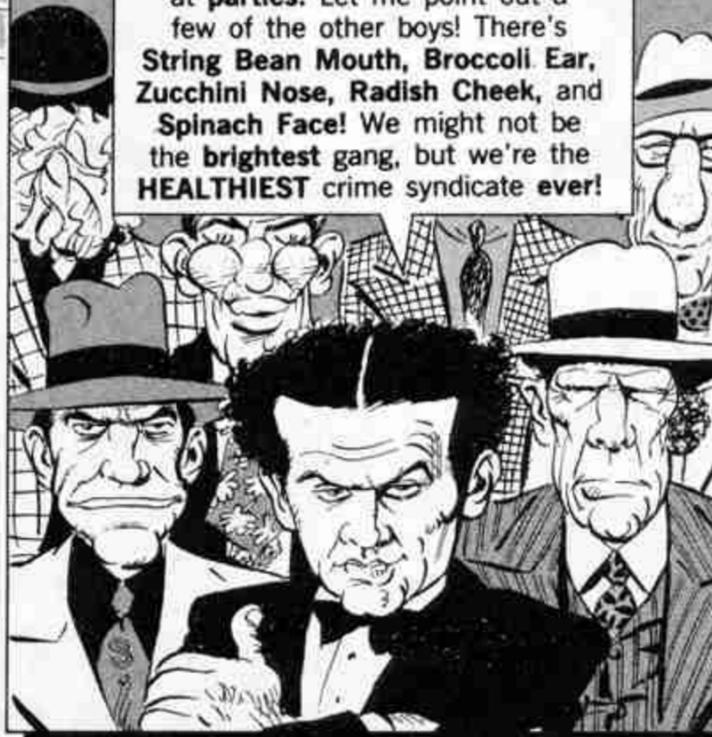
I'm **Big Goy**! I'm into illegal booze, illegal gambling, smuggling, counterfeiting, shaking down small businesses and honking my horn in hospital zones! There's only one person that's not welcome here at my club, and that's **Schtick Tracy**! I told my bouncer to throw him out—of a speeding car!



I'm **Off Keys**, the piano player! I don't want to say **Big Goy's** club is **ROUGH**, but the most requested song here is **TAPS**!



I'm **Flat Crop**! I've got a level head for crime and I'm handy at parties! Let me point out a few of the other boys! There's **String Bean Mouth**, **Broccoli Ear**, **Zucchini Nose**, **Radish Cheek**, and **Spinach Face**! We might not be the brightest gang, but we're the **HEALTHIEST** crime syndicate ever!



I'm **Shirley Maclaime**, **Warren Beatty's** sister! But that's not all—at some point in my many lives, I've been **ALL** these other people!



Calling Schtick Tracy! Calling Schtick Tracy!

Sorry, Testy, but I've got to go!

Sure! You'll do anything not to sit through an opera!

I already know who did it! It's the guy hanging on the chandelier!

Gee, that Tracy is just brilliant! Who ever would have guessed the villain is the guy with the mask!

What's up, Chief?

Gunfire downtown! Go twelve blue streets downtown, nine green streets to the left and four red avenues over!

One thing's for sure. This is an easy city to get around in! Of course, in this black and white magazine, it's going to be hell!

CRASH!

Hey kid, you almost got hit by that train! Don't forget this is 1921 and trains go fast enough to actually kill someone! Now why are you running?

There's a gang of thugs in that warehouse and they spotted me!

I'll sneak up on them!

Yeah, sure! I'd like to see a guy in a banana yellow coat and hat sneak up on anybody!

Read all about it! "Thugs clean up by infiltrating laundry!"

Read all about it! "Hoodlums take interest in robbing banks!"

I'll take one of each of those papers, kids!

Read all about it! "Big Goy puts out contract on Schtick Tracy's life!"

Hey Tracy! Buy this one! Just trust me!

THIS IS MICHAELANGELO! SEND ME THREE PEPPERONI PIZZAS, TWO WITH MUSH-ROOMS, ONE WITH...

HO SCALE

AT THE END OF 5, IT'S THE YANKEES 6 AND THE RED SOX 1—DON'T FORGET, THIS IS BEFORE BOSS STEINBRENNER!

ATOMIC WASTES

I need help! I can't rob, cheat, steal, embezzle AND dance!

Why don't you move me to the front of the line, Big Goy!

Okay, but I hope we don't lose business with that trashy face of yours!

What are you looking at?

In that outfit? Everything!

Are you from the movie ratings bureau?

If I was, this movie never would've gotten a PG!

I'm a detective! Why don't you tell me about some of Big Goy's crooked scams!

I will if you'll make love to me!

Why does everything in this city have a price?! You never get something for nothing!

ATTENTION K-MART SHOPPERS...



How come you wear a **BORDERLINE** outfit like that? Is it in **VOGUE**?

OH POPPA, DON'T PREACH! I'm a **MATERIAL GIRL** with **BLONDE AMBITION!** Don't expect me to act **LIKE A VIRGIN!**

I won't be jerked around by a **BOY TOY!** I'll get the info I need from **Marbles!**

Wow! Your girlfriend said you were a bit slow when it came to **lovemaking**, but I think you've come to a **full stop!**

BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY!



Marbles, where does Big Goy get his money?

I can't understand a word you say!

Tracy, we're falling asleep! We need action! Head to the corner of **Pink and Beige** for a **shootout** with Big Goy's gang!

Garble... fa fa garble...

Garble... snort... whine...*

*Translation: My dentures! I need my dentures! I'll spill my guts if you'll just help me find them!

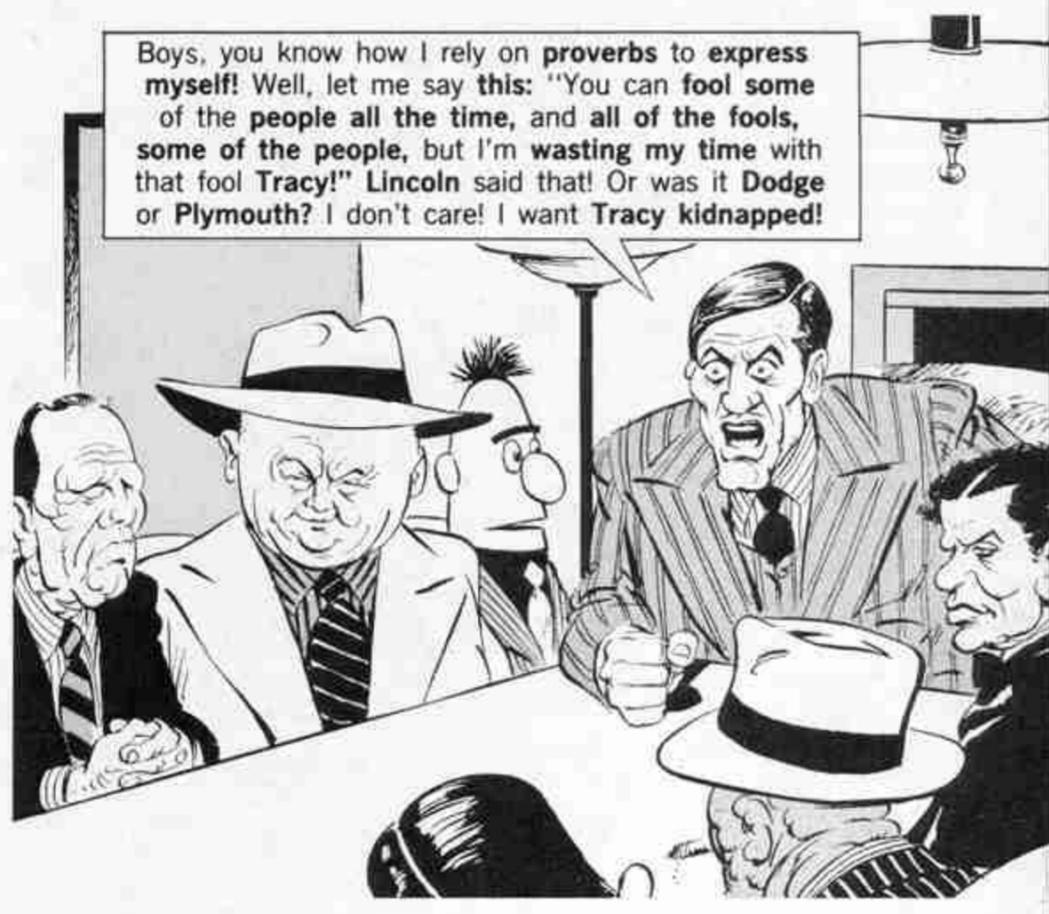


Testy, I was thinking! You're single, I'm single and...

Tracy, how come you decide to try proposing during a raging gun battle?

I hoped you wouldn't be able to hear me!

THIS IS CASEY KASEM WITH A LONG DISTANCE DEDICATION...



Boys, you know how I rely on **proverbs** to express myself! Well, let me say this: "You can fool some of the people all the time, and all of the fools, some of the people, but I'm wasting my time with that fool Tracy!" Lincoln said that! Or was it Dodge or Plymouth? I don't care! I want Tracy kidnapped!



I thought you said you were here to pick up the kid! That you were from the **Welfare Department!**

We are! We're kidnapping you as a way to guard **Big Goy's welfare!** Now we're going to tie you in the cellar next to an **exploding steam boiler!**

But why don't you just shoot me?

In the comics, this kind of scene went on for weeks, so out of respect we've got to drag out your death in the movie!

CLOUDY, COLD AND A POSSIBLE DEBRIS SHOWER IN FRONT OF THE BASEMENT AT 375 PINK STREET.



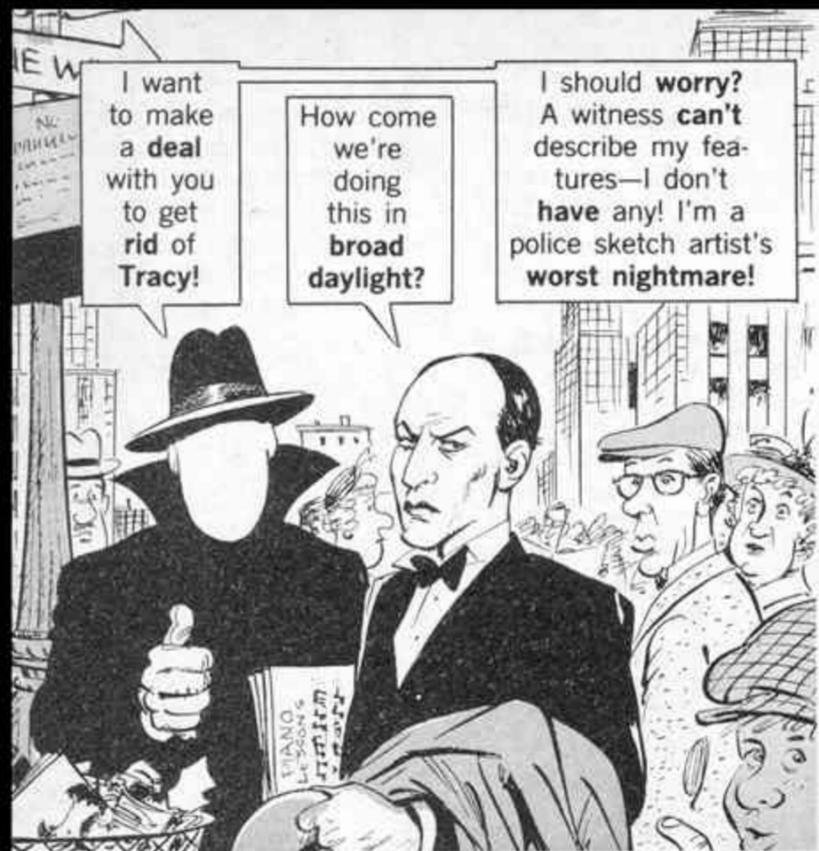
Listen kid, you've got to stay out of my way!

But I pulled you from the **exploding boiler!** This is the second time I saved your life!

All right, you can continue to save my life, but try to stay out of my way while you're doing it!

KA-BLAM!

DOCTOR FUNLOVE TO SURGERY, PLEASE!



I want to make a deal with you to get rid of Tracy!

How come we're doing this in broad daylight?

I should worry? A witness can't describe my features—I don't have any! I'm a police sketch artist's worst nightmare!



How come we're up on the roof? Why didn't we just walk in the front door of this suspected crime headquarters?

Crashing through a skylight in the shadows of the night worked so well for Batman, I wanted to give it a try!



My God, it's Batman!

No, it's not! Check the box office grosses! It's only Tracy!



Tracy is everywhere we try and pull a job! It's like he's got a crystal ball!

I'm really Al Pacino! I'm the real star of this movie!

Speak in normal type size! We can't pick up what it is you're saying!



So that's how Tracy knows our every move! There's an undercover cop hidden in the ceiling! He's recording everything we say!

Let me sing into that chandelier! This could be my big break! I know I can get a recording contract!

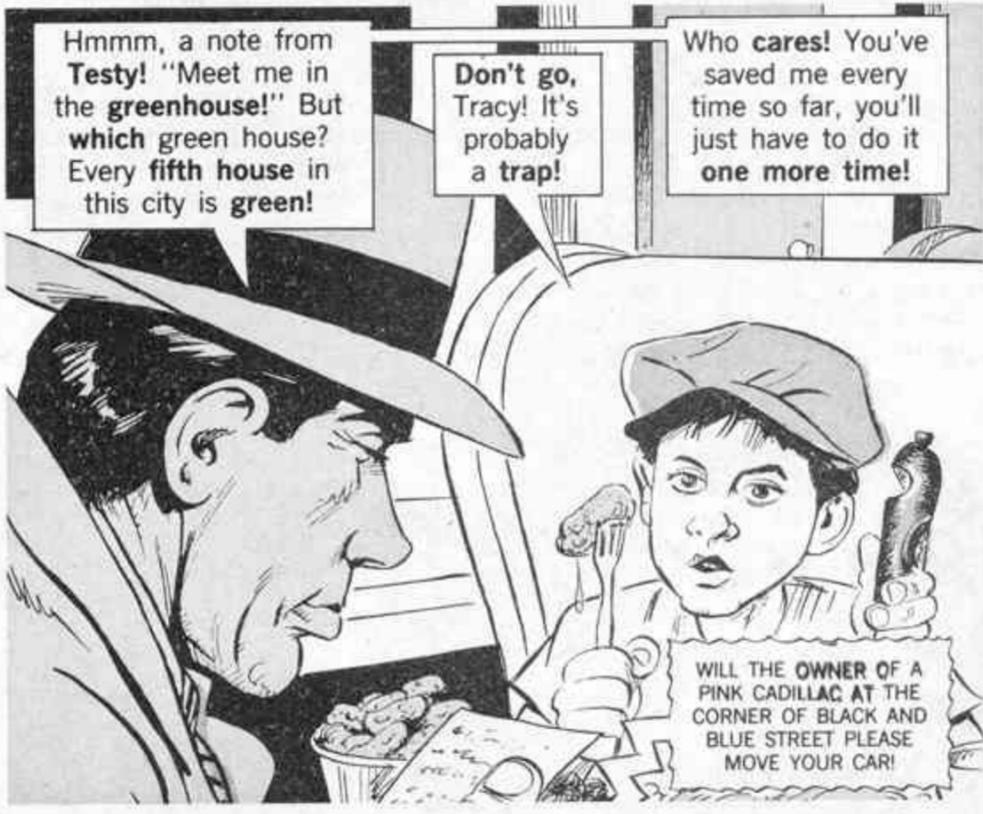
A recording contract?! With your voice?! I keep telling you, you need a gimmick to make it! Dye your hair! Wear your underwear outside your clothing! Do something to take the audience's mind off that weak, nasally voice of yours!



Tracy, did you ever notice that we're the only people who ever eat in this diner?

Don't worry about it, Kid! With the way you pack food away, I'll be able to retire a millionaire by the end of the month!

BADGES! WE DON'T NEED NO STEENKING BADGES!!!

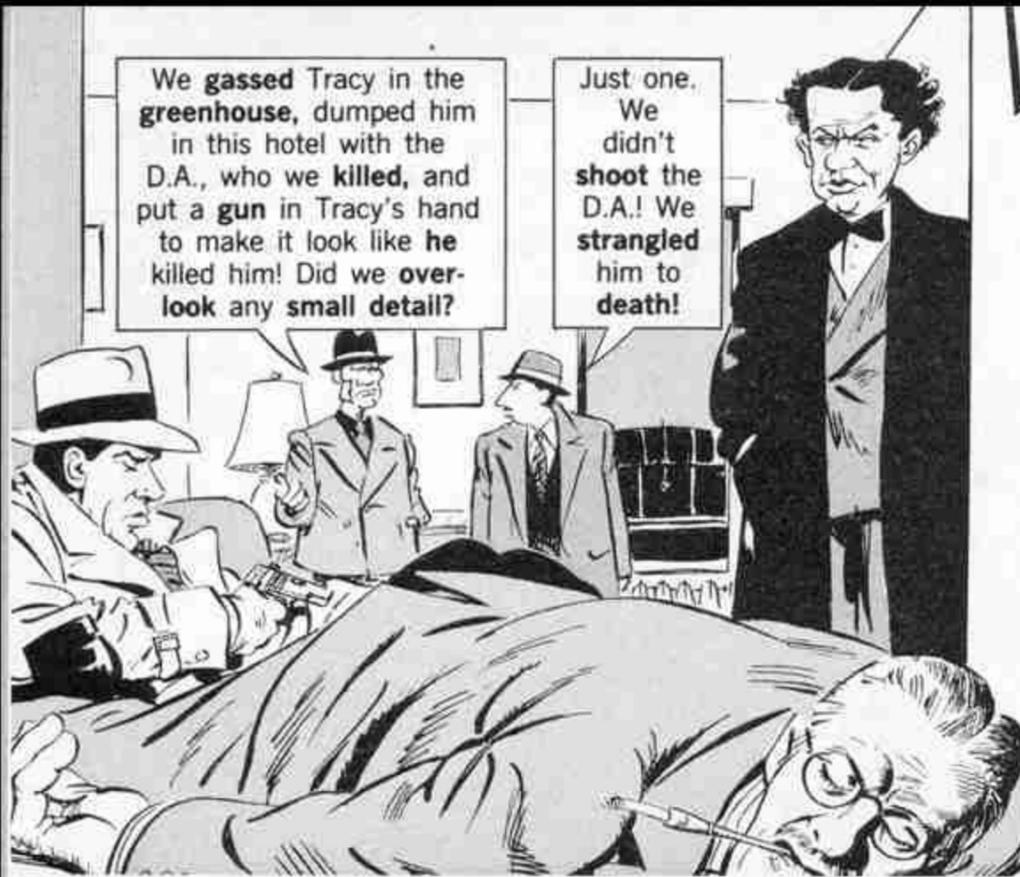


Hmmm, a note from Testy! "Meet me in the greenhouse!" But which green house? Every fifth house in this city is green!

Don't go, Tracy! It's probably a trap!

Who cares! You've saved me every time so far, you'll just have to do it one more time!

WILL THE OWNER OF A PINK CADILLAC AT THE CORNER OF BLACK AND BLUE STREET PLEASE MOVE YOUR CAR!



We gassed Tracy in the greenhouse, dumped him in this hotel with the D.A., who we killed, and put a gun in Tracy's hand to make it look like he killed him! Did we overlook any small detail?

Just one. We didn't shoot the D.A.! We strangled him to death!



Your friend Tracy escaped my plan to murder him, so you'll die in his place! To quote my favorite philosopher, Playdough, "We're all little gears in the wheel of life, but your little life is about to become part of all these not-so-little gears!"

You should pray that he doesn't save you! Because if he does then he'll marry you! Believe me, this is a better way to die! It's quick and less painful than a life with that dud!

Tracy will save me!



I'm not taking this lying down!

I have something for you, Testy!

I can't believe it! A ring!

Not any ring. It's the world's first Two-Way Radio Ring!

And to think I thought you weren't romantic!

THIS IS HOWARD STERN'S DIAL-A-DATE



So, at last we meet face-to-face, No Face! Or, we meet face-to-no face? Or—who cares! I'm placing you under arrest!

You and what army?!

No army! I got the Kid on my side!

The Kid!? Give me a break, Tracy!



Kid, where were you? Tracy depended on you to save him so much that he didn't even reach for his gun! No Face killed him!

Gee, sorry about that! I was back at the diner getting some take-out food!!

NO MATTER WHAT COLOR YOUR HOME IS, SEAR'S WEATHERBEATER...



My God! Look who No Face is!

Yes, it's me, the original comic strip Schtick Tracy! I had to kill that movie imposter! He spent \$30 million murdering the reputations of me and all the great two-dimensional villains from my strip! He made us all one-dimensional characters!

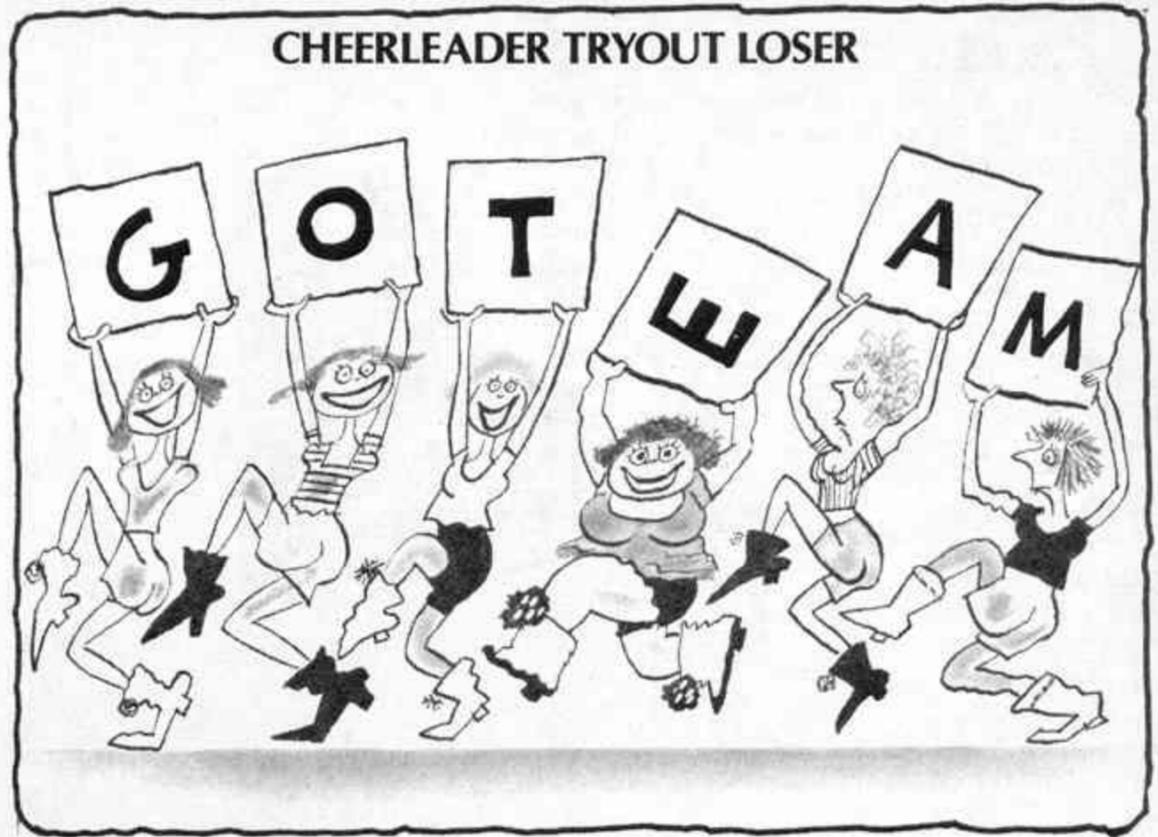
This is Roger Rabbit! Don't complain! At least my cartoon was worth the price of admission!



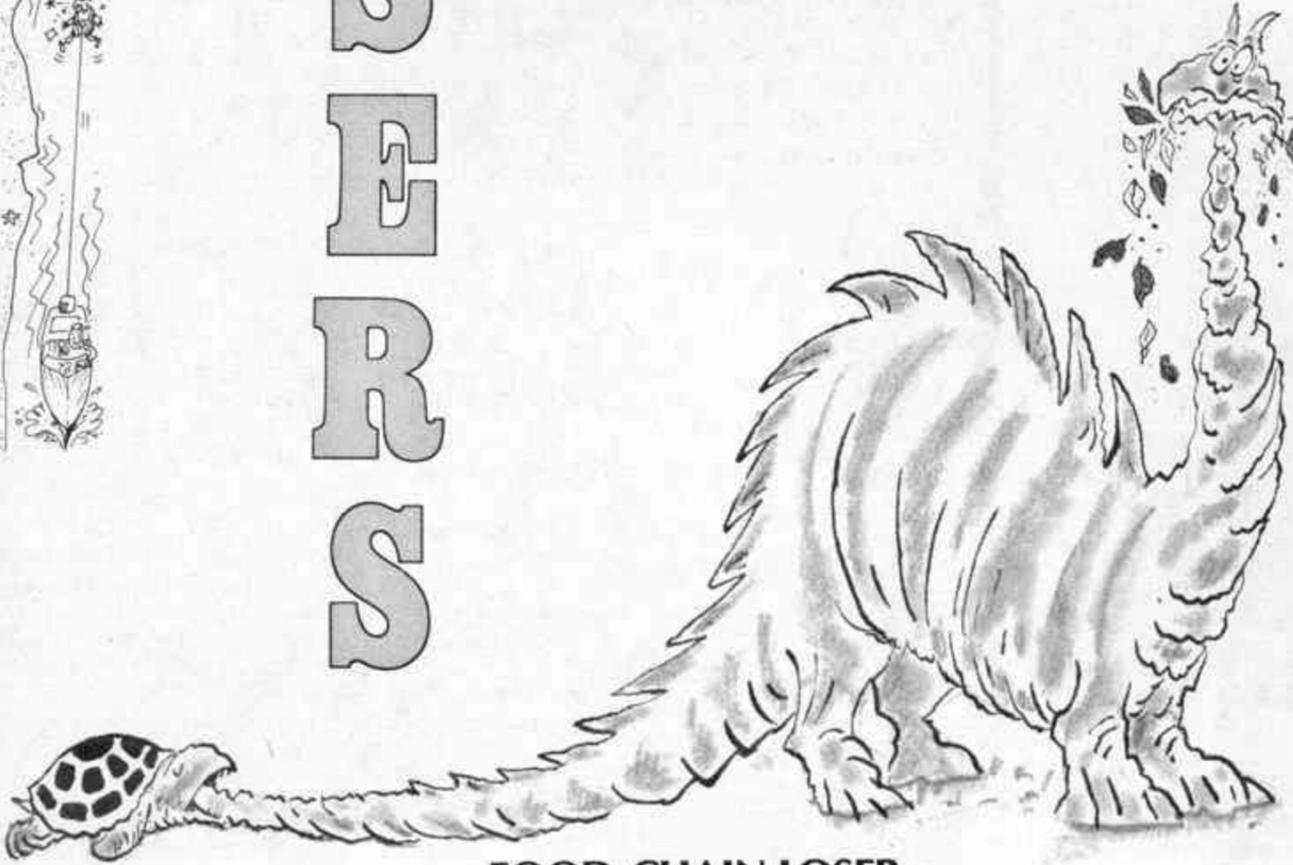
CRIME STOPPERS NOTEBOOK: If you want to stop a crime, start a petition now to outlaw any Schtick Tracy sequels!

A MAD
SQUINT AT
SOME

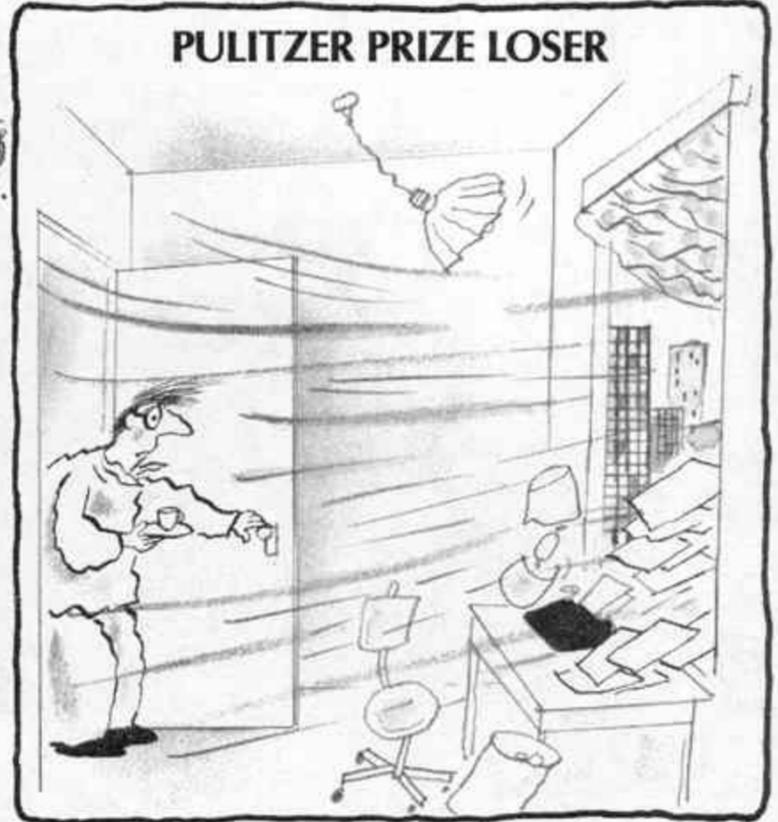
L
BORN
S
E
R
S



CHEERLEADER TRYOUT LOSER



FOOD-CHAIN LOSER



PULITZER PRIZE LOSER



BALLROOM DANCE CONTEST LOSER



DOG SHOW LOSER

TROPHY HUNTER LOSER



BAKING CONTEST LOSER

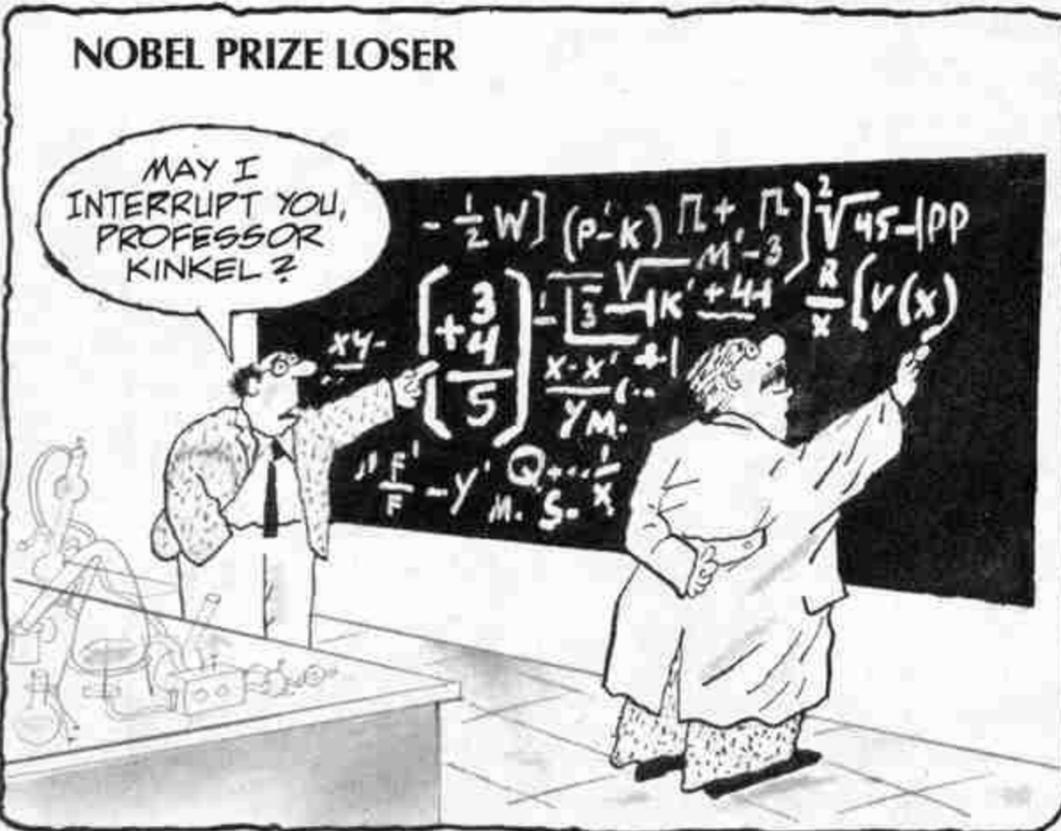


RELAY RACE LOSER



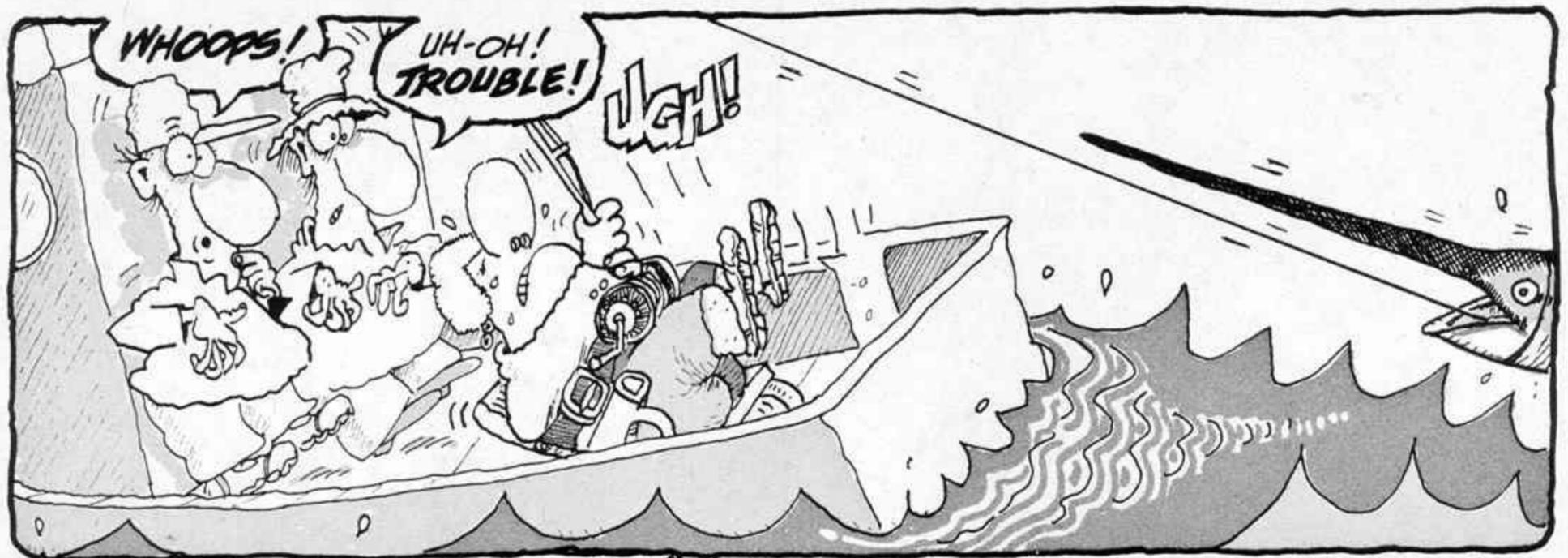
ARTIST AND WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

NOBEL PRIZE LOSER



BEAUTY PAGEANT LOSER

THE DEATH-DEALING DEEP-SEA DEBACLE



ALL JAFFEE DEPT.

Going out to eat in a restaurant would be a truly wonderful experience if it weren't for the food, the service and the sanitary problems! But fret not: Simply solve these problems with...

MAD'S RESTAURANT SURVIVAL KIT

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

THE 12 MOST COMMON RESTAURANT PROBLEMS...

INATTENTIVE WAITERS



WRONG ORDERS



STICKY TABLETOPS



BEVERAGE-FILLED SAUCERS



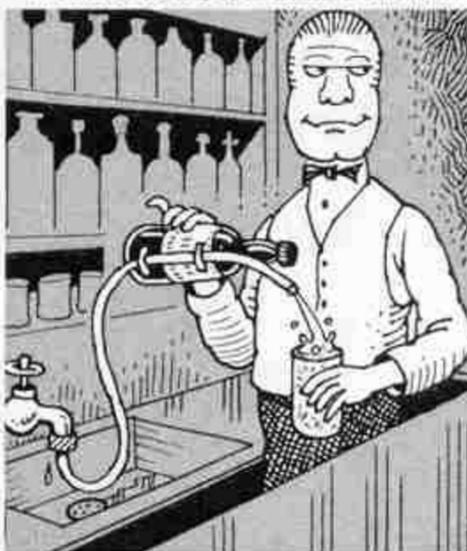
AMBIENT SMOKE



UNCLEAN UTENSILS



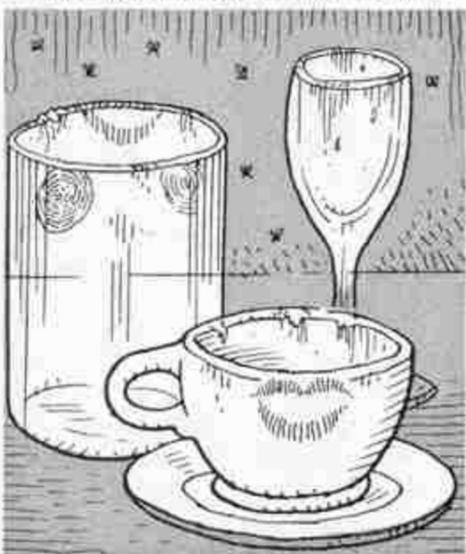
WATERED-DOWN BAR DRINKS



FORGOTTEN PROPERTY



GERMY GLASSES AND CUPS



FOUL SMELLING WASHROOMS



UNEVEN TABLES



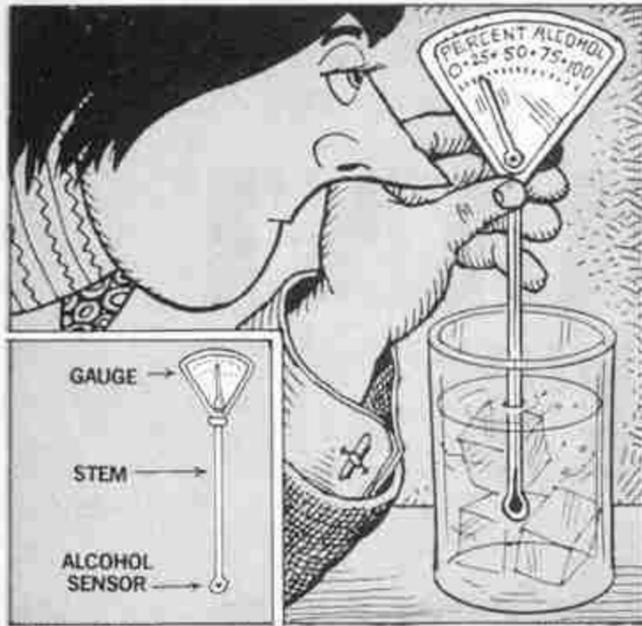
OVERCROWDING



...AND HOW TO SOLVE THEM



BAR DRINK ANALYZER



A few drinks can jack up your restaurant bill tremendously. You should at least get what you pay for—and this handy gadget makes sure you will!

GLASS AND CUP RIM CLEANLINESS DETECTOR



Glasses and cups may look clean but may not have been washed properly. With this detector you can avoid getting smeared with other's lip sludge!

RESTAURANT HANDY CAR

AMBIENT SMOKE DISPERSER



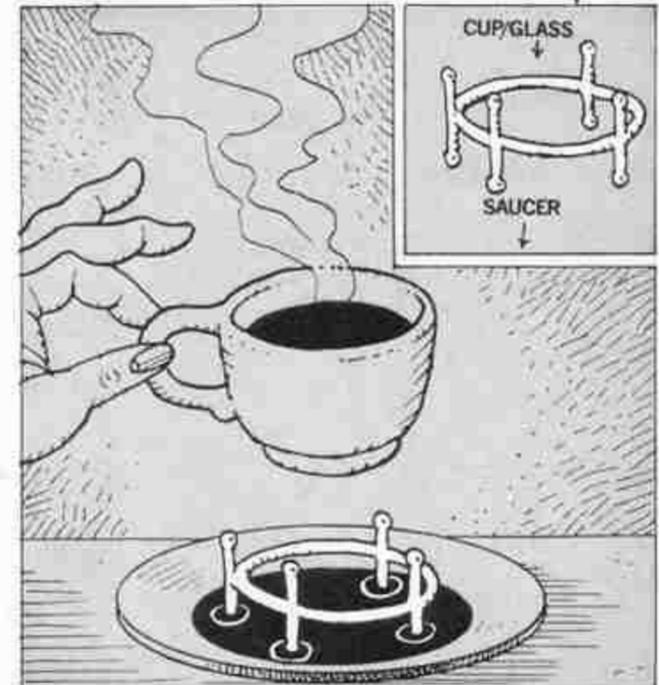
Whether the smoke is coming from your dining partner or drifting over from the smoking section, this device blows it back to the perpetrator! Sends powerful stream of air forward, backward or both!

STICKY-TABLETOP ELBOW PROTECTORS



If you've ever put your elbows down on invisible maple syrup residue, then you know how valuable and practical these protectors can be. Also guards against recent wet-wiping by bus boys using filthy towels that haven't been washed in years!

DRIPLESS CUP SUPPORT

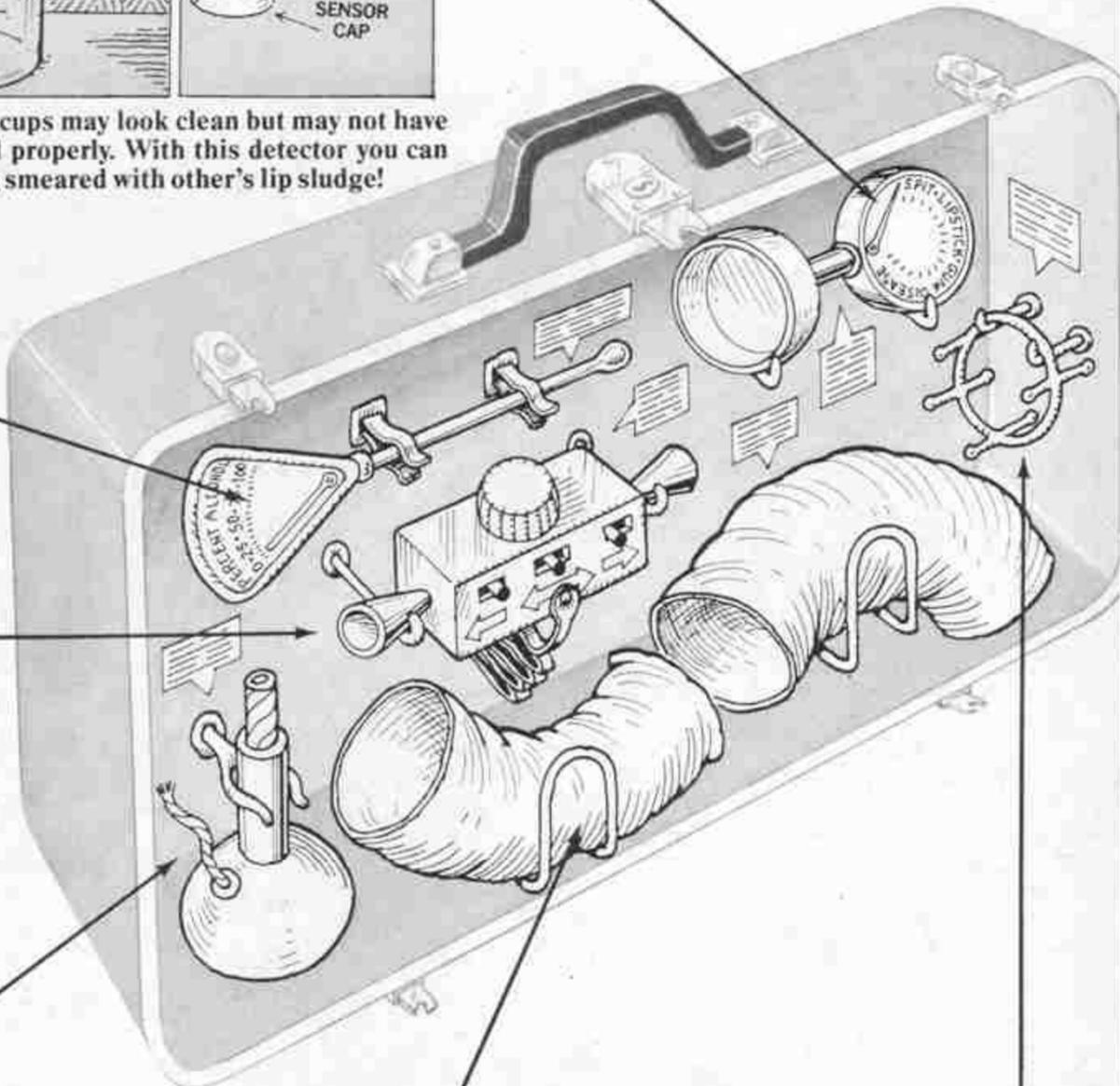


Beverages often arrive in saucers half full of spilled liquid. Unsuspecting diner lifts cup and drips fluid all over clothing. This little cup support puts an end to that pesky problem once and for all!

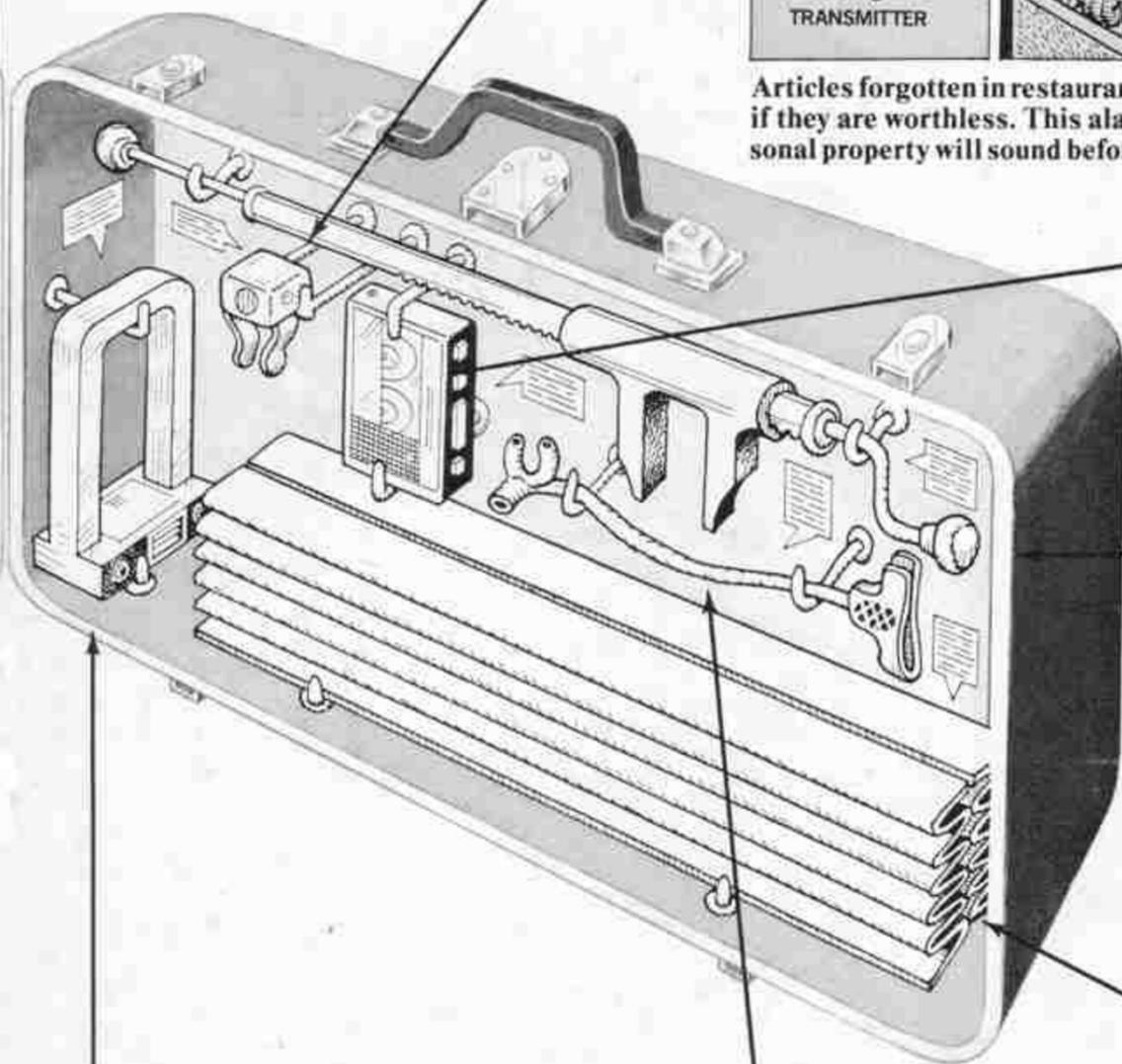
WAITER ATTENTION-GETTING FLARES



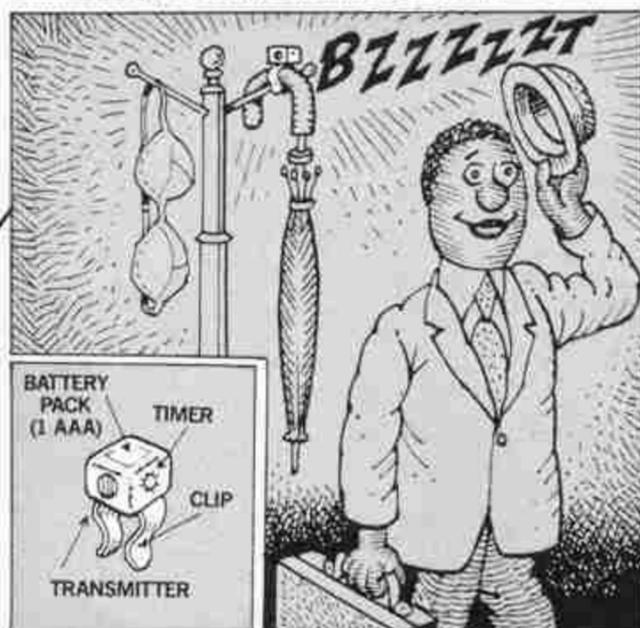
You can wave, you can yell, you can even throw a tantrum! If a waiter wants to ignore you, nothing helps—except these flares! Once they explode, your waiter will be scared to death and no longer capable of pretending he doesn't notice you!



SURVIVAL KIT CARRYING CASE



FORGOTTEN PROPERTY ALARM



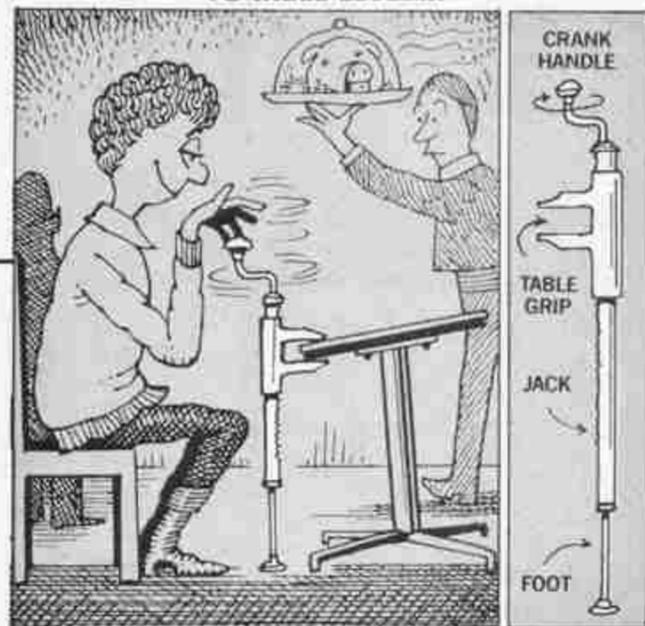
Articles forgotten in restaurants are only recovered if they are worthless. This alarm clipped onto personal property will sound before you're able to leave!

ORDER RECORDER



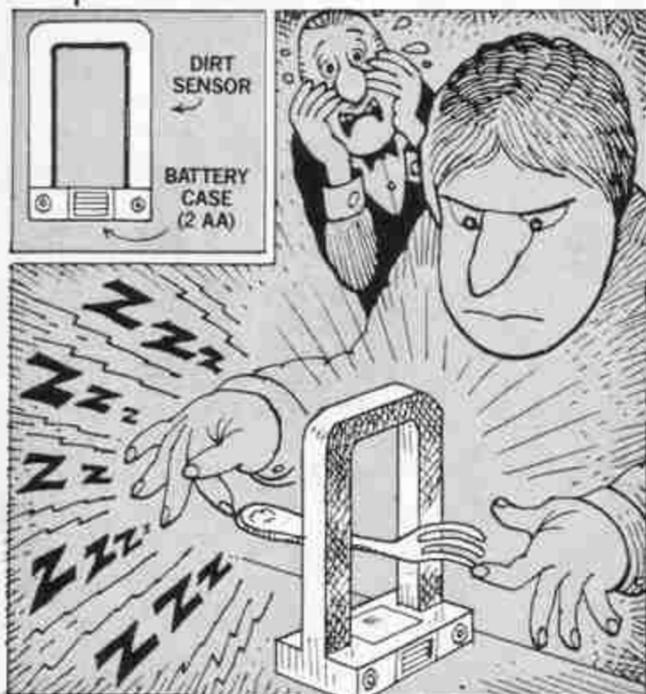
Some waiters get downright nasty when told they brought the wrong order. With this handy recorder they're nailed and sheepishly get you the right food!

E-Z TABLE LEVELER



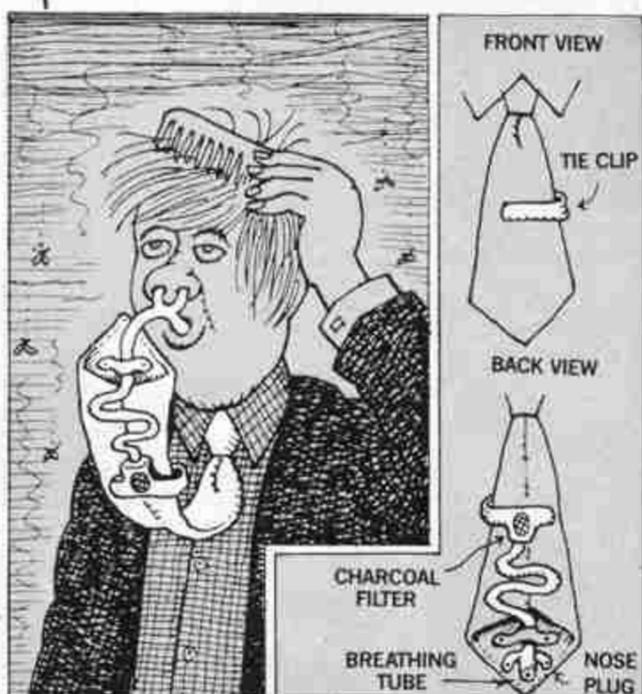
Nothing is more annoying than a tippy table. Sticking wads of paper, spoons, etc. under leg never really works. This device attaches to and cranks up any part of table that requires it!

UTENSIL STERILIZER CHECKPOINT



Battery operated utensil sterilizer is a tiny version of airport check-point. Germ-laden, unsanitary forks, spoons and knives set off irritating, high-pitched squeals that alert customers and the restaurant's owner into cleaning up his act—fast!

RESTROOM INHALATION SYSTEM



Tie clip air filtration system solves the problem of restaurant bathrooms that smell like sewers in Calcutta after an outbreak of dysentery. In back of tie is a charcoal filter complete with breathing tube and nose plug for normal, carefree inhalation!

INTIMACY PROTECTOR



To increase profits, restaurants are making tables smaller and cramming them together. This fan partition opens easily and slips between tables! Two are provided for times you're stuck in the middle. Folds to a space-saving six square inches in size!

THE FUTURE

Look at that bunch of nerds! I tell you, this school is a dumping ground for wimps and dorks!

Those kids? Are you kidding? They're the top students in the city! They're all in honors classes—science, math, computer technology...

Yipes! Do you realize that in a few years the world will be taken over by nerds, dorks, and wimps?



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

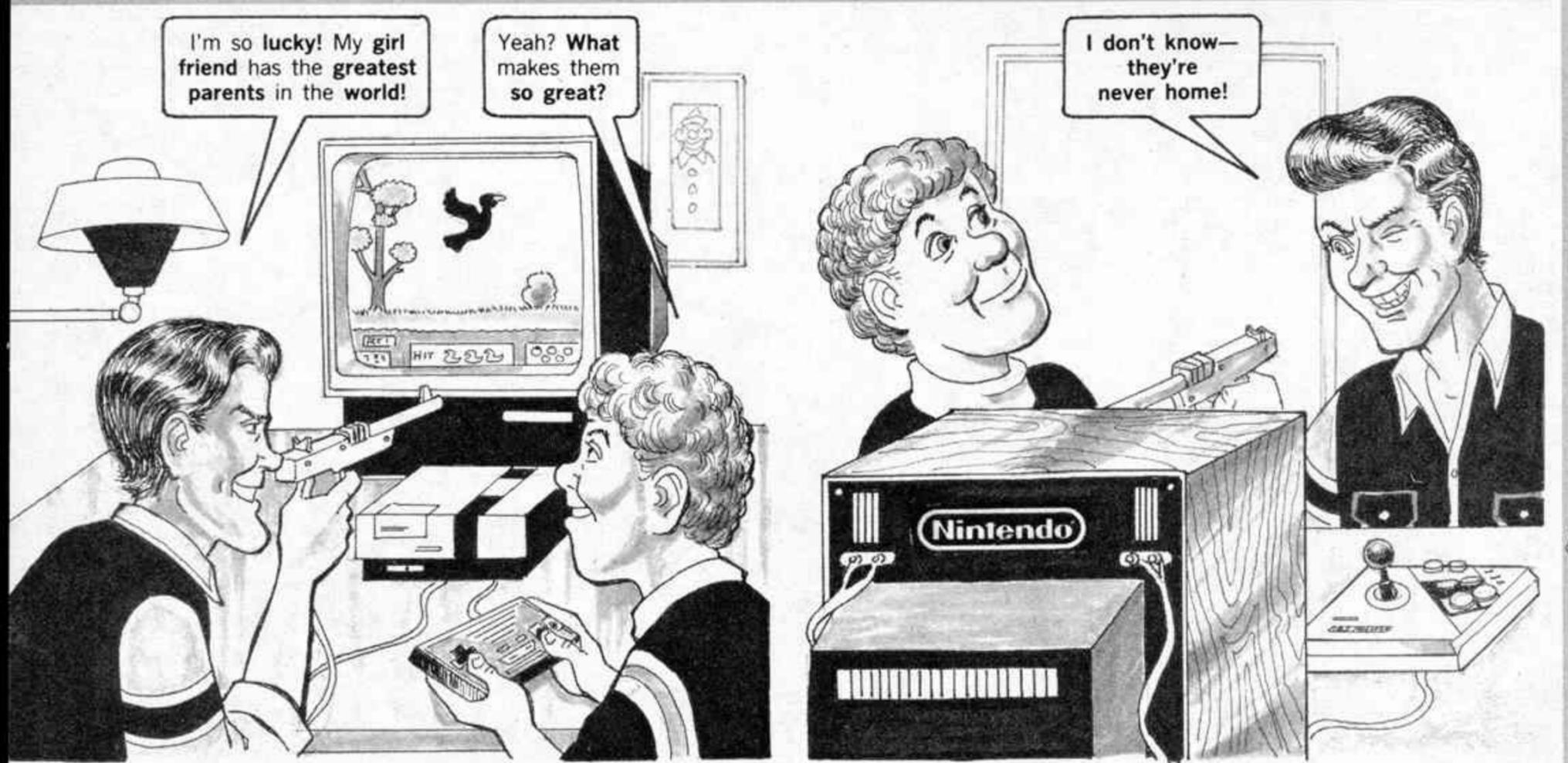
THE LIGHTS

PARENTS

I'm so lucky! My girl friend has the greatest parents in the world!

Yeah? What makes them so great?

I don't know—they're never home!



PRIORITIES



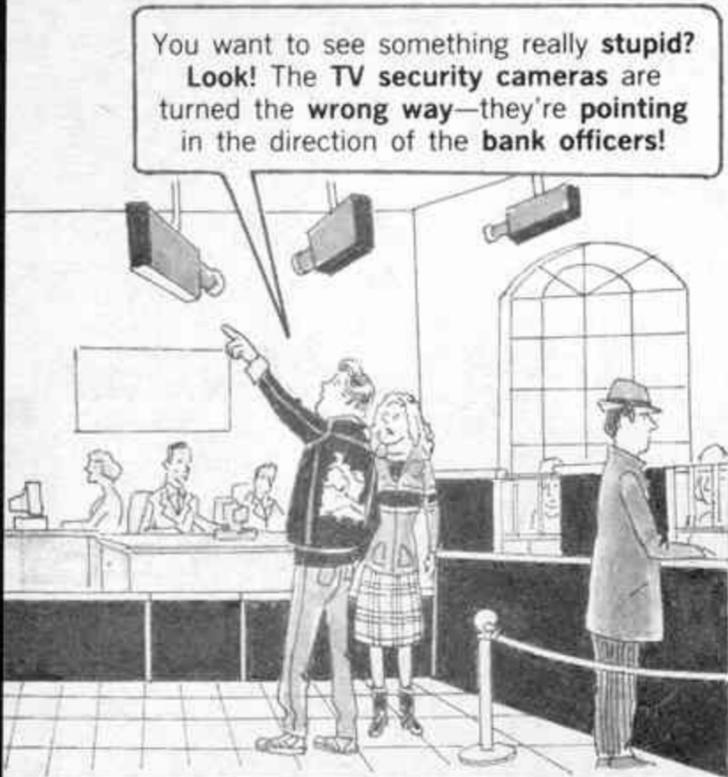
R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

JUSTICE



SURVEILLANCE



DEALS



EXERCISE



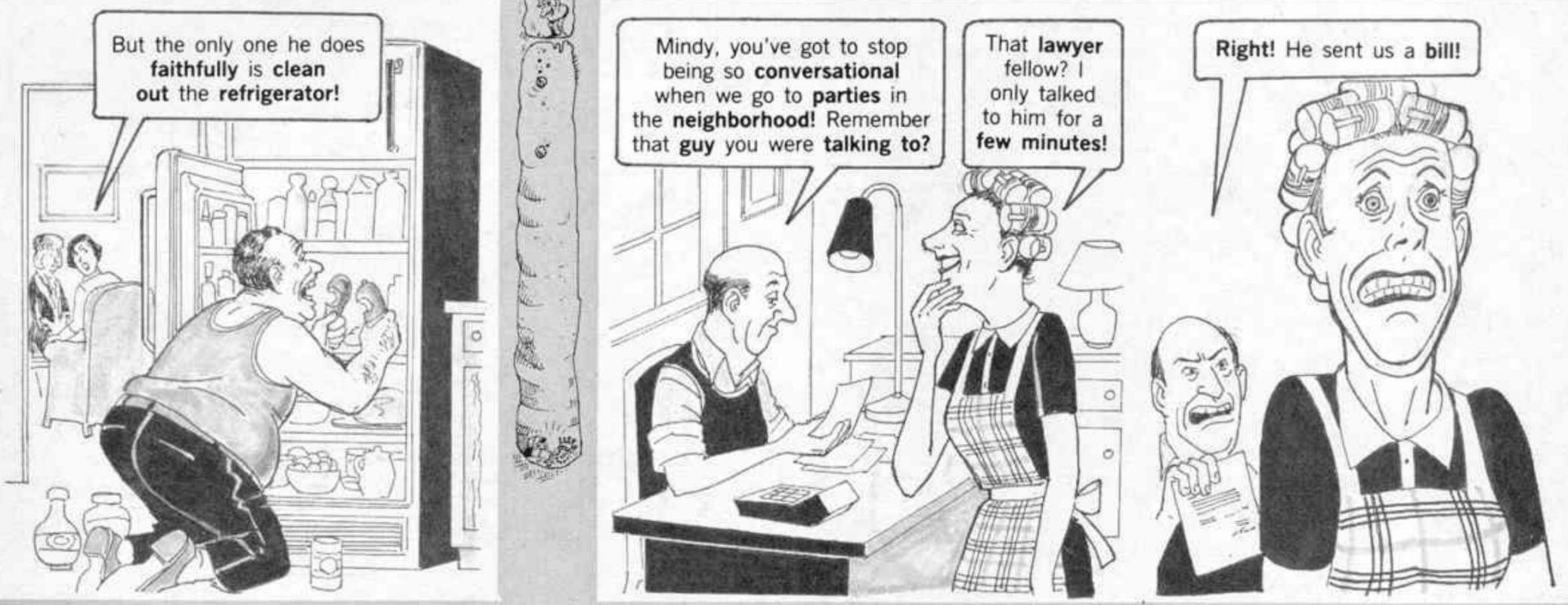
MODERN TECHNOLOGY



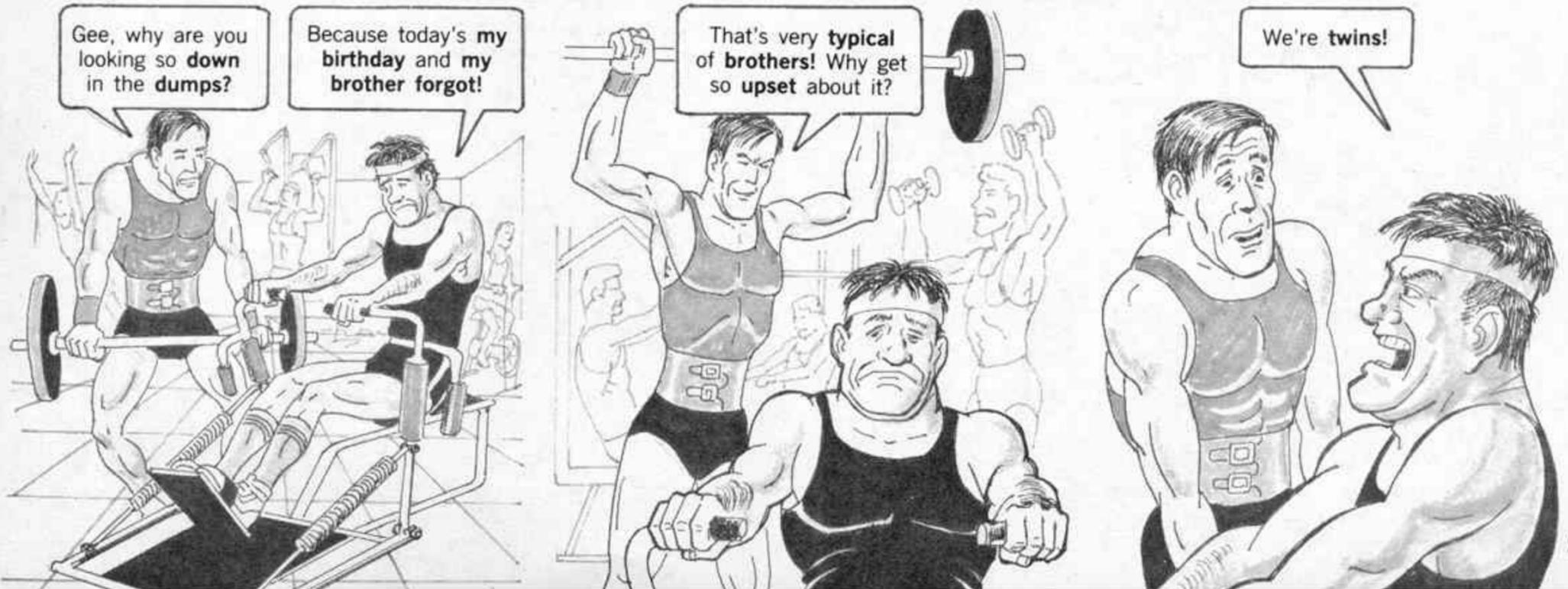
BUDGETS



SOCIALIZING



MEMORY



THE OFFICE



QUALIFICATIONS



DOCTORS



TOTO RECALL DEPT.



**Some..how,
Into the nine-ties
I..will..fly!
And..I..won't come to earth
Till fifty-one years go by!*

**Sung to the tune of "Over the Rainbow"*

ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO

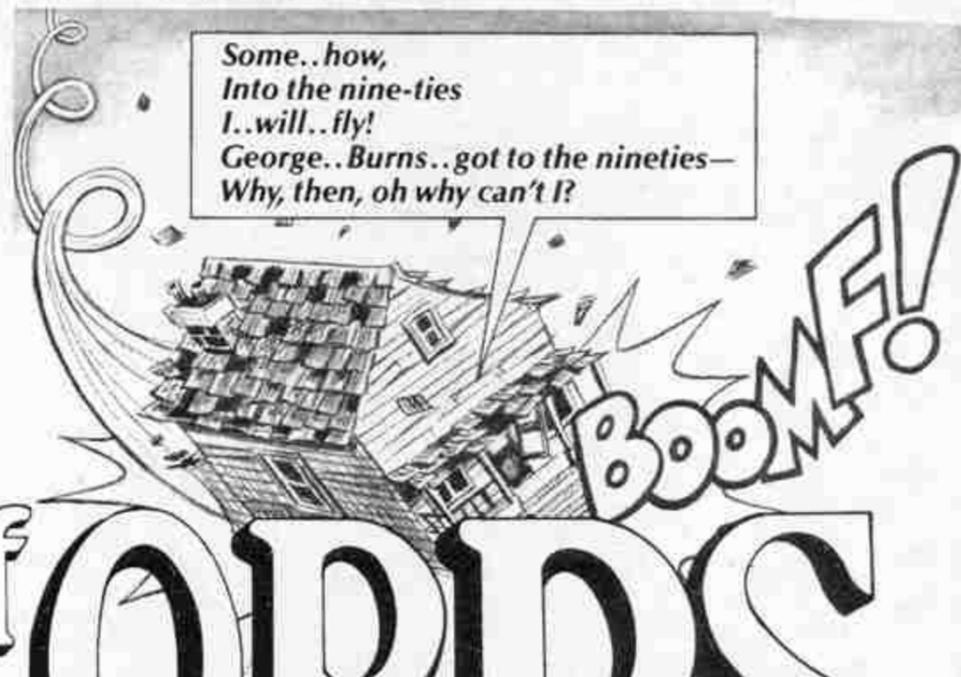


*Some..how,
Into the nine-ties
I'll..be..hurled!
And..I..know that I'll find
A kind-er and gent-ler..world!*

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



*No longer will I have to Rot
In Kansas, which could
surely not
Be dul-ler;
I'll finish off this quantum leap
In black-and-white, 'cause
Mad's too cheap
To print in color!*



*Some..how,
Into the nine-ties
I..will..fly!
George..Burns..got to the nineties—
Why, then, oh why can't I?*

WIZARD of ODDS



Where am I? Who are you?

This is the Land of Odds! I'm Vanna, the Beautiful but Otherwise Not Too Gifted Witch of the West!

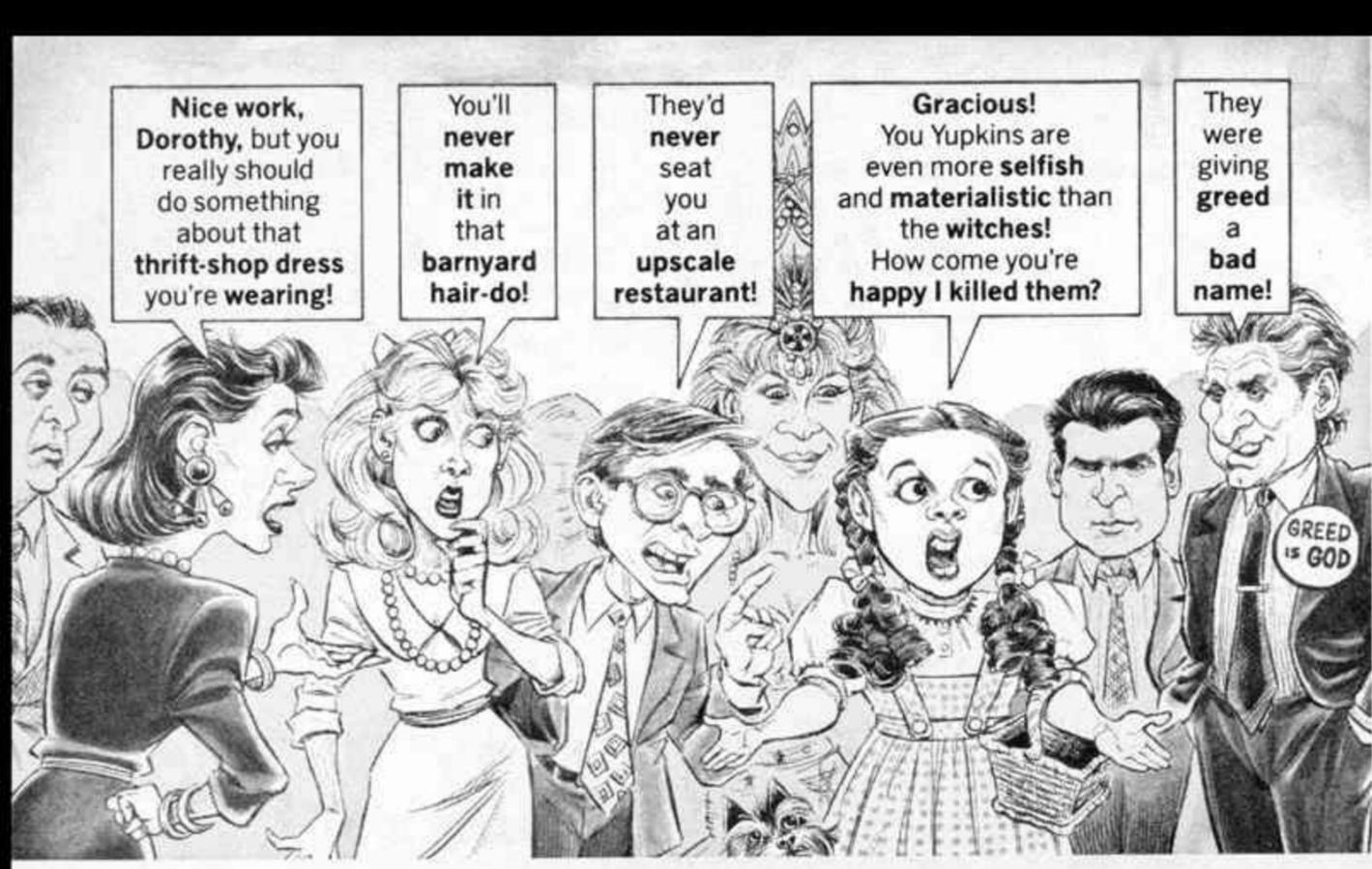
Who are all these people wearing designer clothes and showing off their Rolexes and implants?

They're Yupkins! They're happy because your house landed on Leona, the Greedy Witch of the East!

Who's the other one buried beneath that huge pile of shoes?

That's Imelda, the Greedy Witch of the FAR East! You knocked her off, too!





Nice work, Dorothy, but you really should do something about that thrift-shop dress you're wearing!

You'll never make it in that barnyard hair-do!

They'd never seat you at an upscale restaurant!

Gracious! You Yupkins are even more selfish and materialistic than the witches! How come you're happy I killed them?

They were giving greed a bad name!

GREED IS GOD



I thought people here would be full of love!

They are full of love—but only for themselves!



You can forget my opening song! I'm heading back to 1939!

Only the Wizard of Odds can send you back!

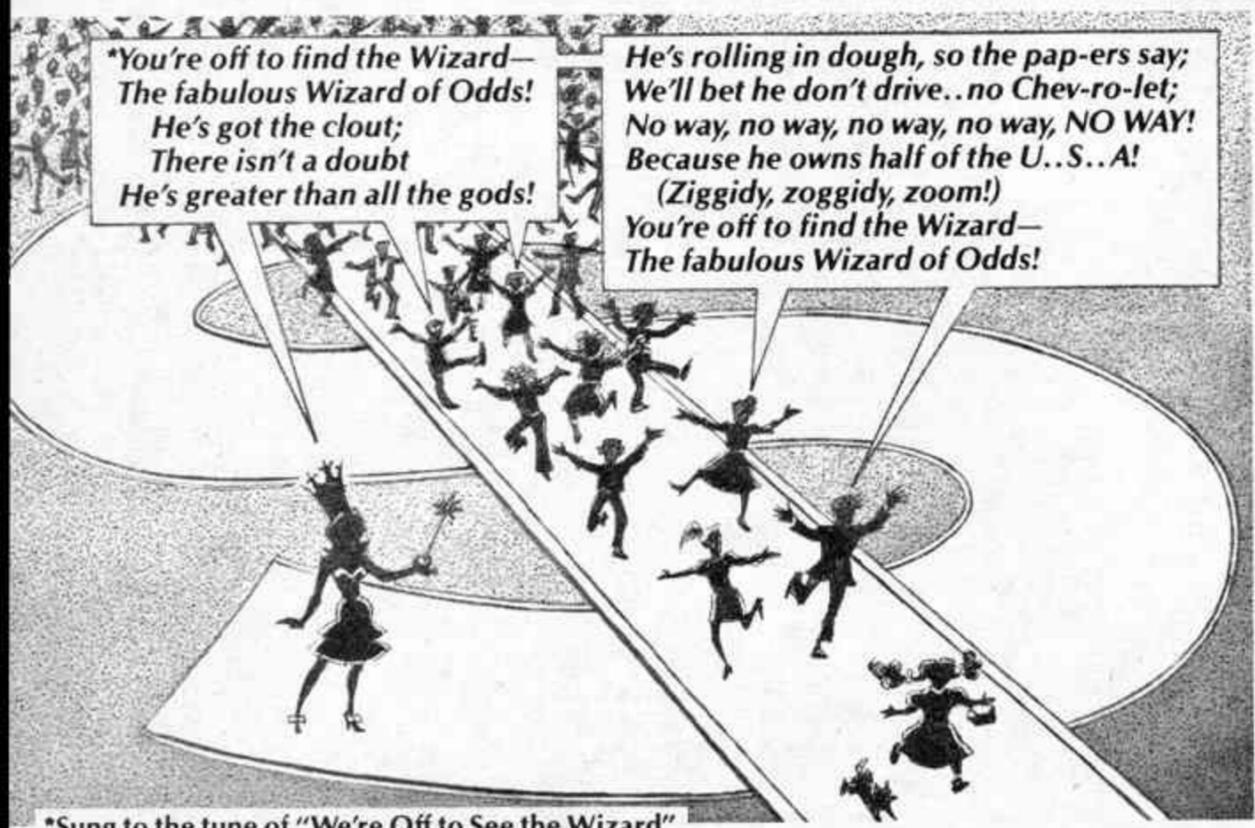
Where do I find him?

In Ephemeral City! Just put your feet in this \$180 pair of ruby red Reeboks and jog to the Palace of Glitz!

**Jog to the Palace of Glitz! That's where the Mighty One sits! Move your footsies! Shake your tootsies! Jog to the Palace of Glitz! No spot is snazzier, Meaner or jazzier—Jog to the Palace of Glitz!*

DOLLAR SIGN ROAD

*Sung to the tune of "Follow the Yellow Brick Road"



**You're off to find the Wizard—The fabulous Wizard of Odds! He's got the clout; There isn't a doubt He's greater than all the gods!*

He's rolling in dough, so the papers say; We'll bet he don't drive..no Chev-ro-let; No way, no way, no way, no way, NO WAY! Because he owns half of the U..S..A! (Ziggidy, zoggidy, zoom!) You're off to find the Wizard—The fabulous Wizard of Odds!

*Sung to the tune of "We're Off to See the Wizard"



Look, Toto! It's a Scarecrow— just like the ones back in Kansas! Except there are no crows, no crops, no farms, no nothing! How come?

It's because all the farmers have been wiped out due to pesticides or acid rain! Or maybe the greenhouse effect or the breakdown of the ecosystem! Whatever it is, for me it's the last straw!



**Once... I had some crows to scare here;
The cornfields now are bare here,
Without a single cob;
Once my life... was abundant;
Now I'm what you call redundant,
'Cause I haven't got a job!*



**Sung to the tune of "If I Only Had a Brain"*

*Where's the farm? You may have guessed it;
The bankers repossessed it;
They're tougher than the mob;
It's a bitch... being' idle,
And I'm feelin' suicidal,
'Cause I haven't got a job!*



Why didn't you put some money away for a rainy day?

I did—in a Savings and Loan that went belly up!

Look, I hate it here too! Come with me to see the Wizard of Odds in Ephemeral City! Maybe he can get us back to Kansas in 1939, and you can scare crows again!

Anything beats this! I'll just stuff myself together, and...

We're off to find the Wizard...

Something's alive in that land fill!

It's a Tin Man! What's he doing in such an awful place?

Where else can you go when you're unwanted?



**Once I was the king of metals
For pots and pans and kettles;
I'm now no longer "in";
Here I rot... slowly rusting;
To the Yuppies I'm disgusting,
'Cause I'm only made of tin!*

*They'd prefer me silver-plated;
With chrome they'd be elated,
But now I just can't win;
You can see... where it's got me;
I'd be happy if you shot me,
'Cause I'm only made of tin!*



**Sung to the tune of "If I Only Had a Heart"*





That's terrible! Come with us to see the **Wizard of Odds!** He'll send you **back to 1939** where you were **loved and appreciated!**

Just let me shake off the **rust**, and...

We're off to find the Wizard...

What kind of a **creature** are you?

I'm a **lion**, but **don't tell anybody!**

What's with the **silly disguise?**

When you're **practically extinct**, you'll try anything!

CREAK!

**Once I had a roar like thunder,
But now I fret and wonder
How long I'll stay alive;
I'm the last ... to be counted;
All the rest are stuffed and mounted,
And I know I won't survive!*

*All the news I get is painful;
Today I hear a planeful
Of hunters will arrive;
And I get ... the sensation
It's my date of ex-pir-ation,
'Cause I know I won't survive!*

ENDANGERED SPECIES



**Sung to the tune of "If I Only Had the Nerve"*



Listen, there's **still some hope** for you, **Lion!**

Come with us to see the **Wizard of Odds!** He'll send you **back to 1939**, when there were **thousands of lions!**

Anything beats **extinction!** Let me get rid of this **mask**, and...

We're off to find the Wizard...

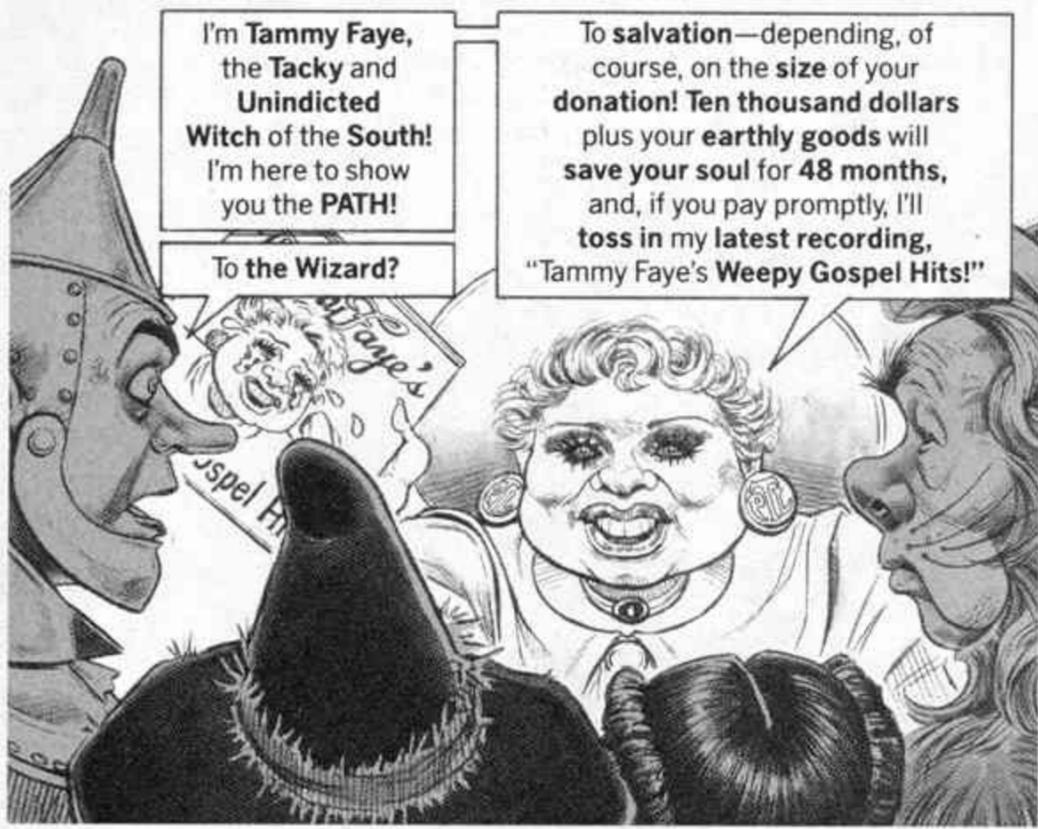
Yecch! I've never seen a **creature** so **hideous!**

Look at those **eyelashes**—dripping with horrible **black goo!** And that mouth—smeared with **icky bright red blobs!**

And that face—caked with **layers of white paste!** What kind of a creature **IS** it, Dorothy?

Whatever it is, I know I'm **not back** in **Kansas!**





I'm Tammy Faye, the Tacky and Unindicted Witch of the South! I'm here to show you the PATH!

To the Wizard?

To salvation—depending, of course, on the size of your donation! Ten thousand dollars plus your earthly goods will save your soul for 48 months, and, if you pay promptly, I'll toss in my latest recording, "Tammy Faye's Weepy Gospel Hits!"



Tell me, Tammy Faye, what do we get for \$1,000?

Ten minutes of pathetic sniveling and a copy of my new paperback "God Wears Padded Shoulders"!

And for \$50?

A quickie prayer and a free sample of my new Hair Lacquer and Texture-Enhancing Stucco for the face and body!



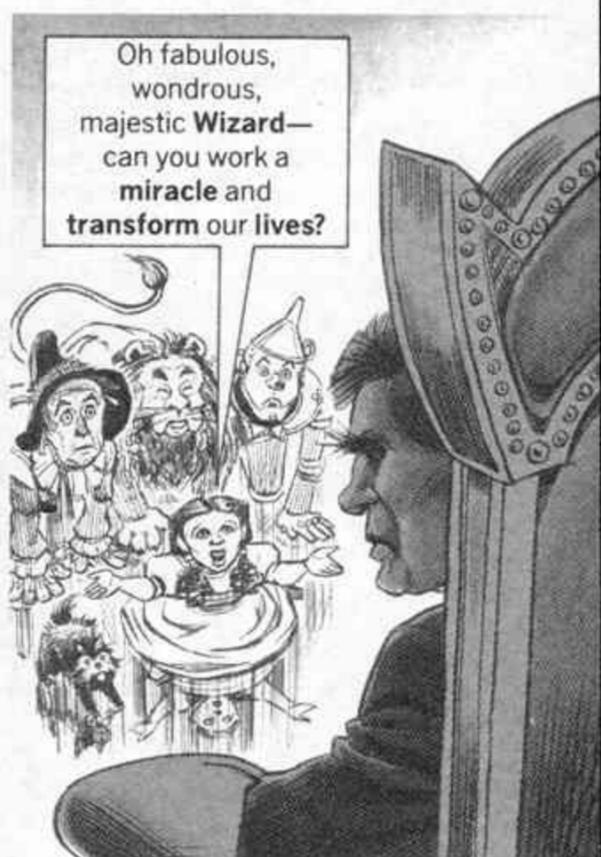
Come back! I'll save you and your little dog, too!

Now I definitely want to go back to Kansas!

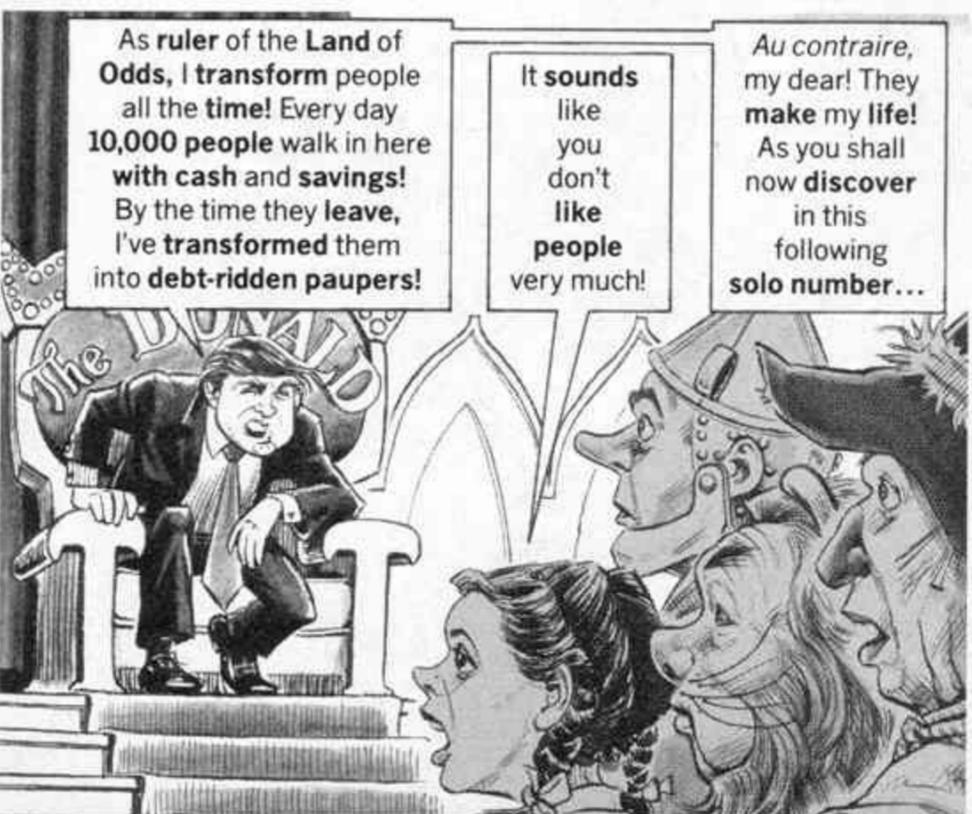
It could have been worse! We could have met Zsa Zsa, the Over-the-Hill Witch of the Coast!



Ephemeral City, at last!



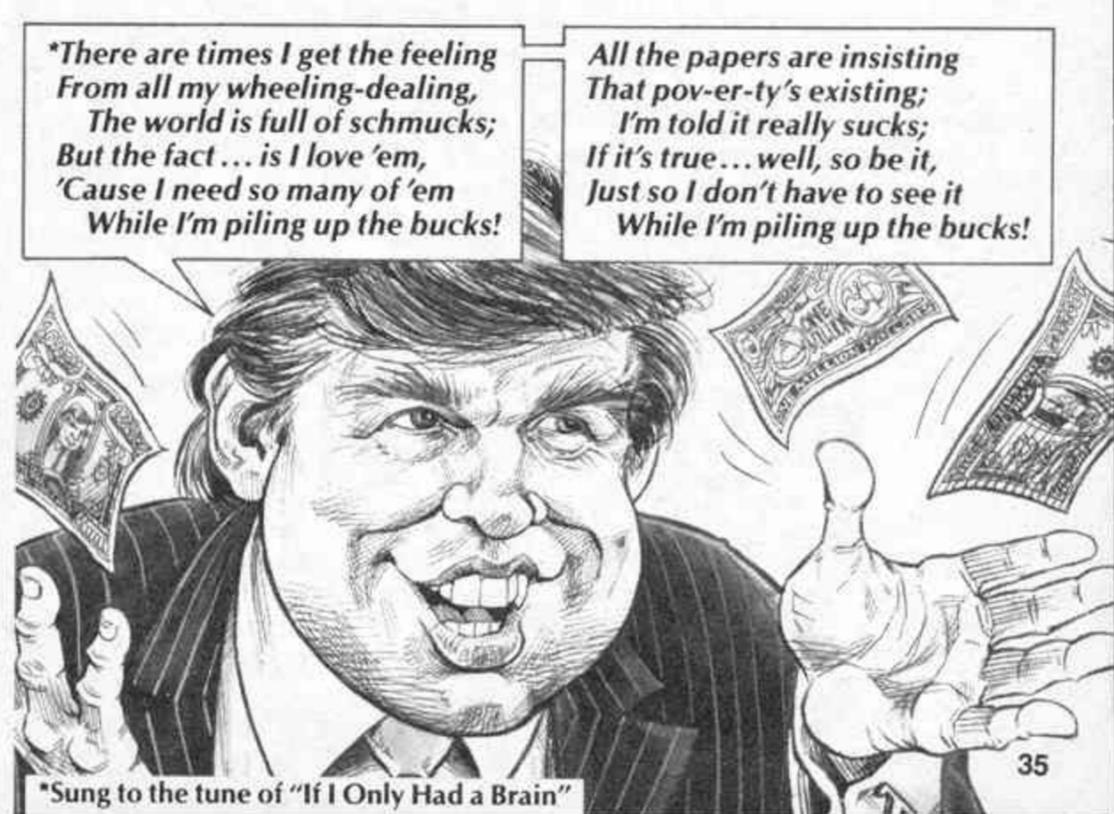
Oh fabulous, wondrous, majestic Wizard—can you work a miracle and transform our lives?



As ruler of the Land of Odds, I transform people all the time! Every day 10,000 people walk in here with cash and savings! By the time they leave, I've transformed them into debt-ridden paupers!

It sounds like you don't like people very much!

Au contraire, my dear! They make my life! As you shall now discover in this following solo number...



*There are times I get the feeling From all my wheeling-dealing, The world is full of schmucks; But the fact... is I love 'em, 'Cause I need so many of 'em While I'm piling up the bucks!

All the papers are insisting That pov-er-ty's existing; I'm told it really sucks; If it's true... well, so be it, Just so I don't have to see it While I'm piling up the bucks!

*Sung to the tune of "If I Only Had a Brain"

O great Wizard, please use your powers so I can have a job again!

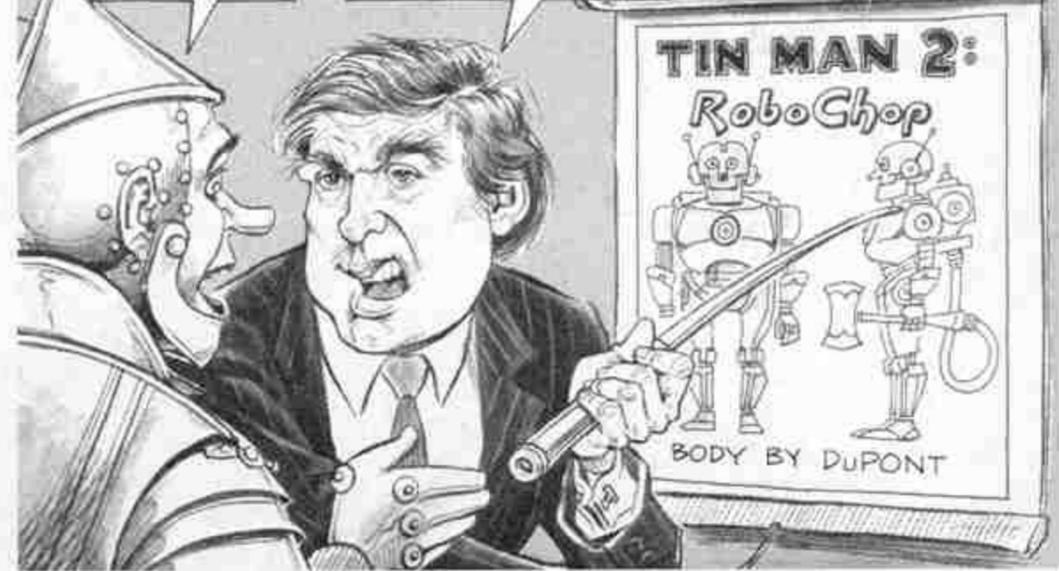
Jobs are for losers, Scarecrow! Get into junk bonds or phony real estate schemes! Or get control of a union's pension fund! Better still, become a televangelist! There's a world out there just waiting to be taken!

Well, that doesn't really sound fair or ethical, but I guess you know what you're talking about!

What about me, Wizard? send me back to a time when the world respected tin!

Not for you, big guy! You're gonna change your body to plastic! You won't rust, and, being non-biodegradable, you'll be around forever!

But I've heard that's bad for the environment!



Whose environment? Not mine, kiddo! Every sucker in this place carries plastic, which makes for easy credit, which makes for lots more money coming to me!

Gee, that sounds awfully selfish and inconsiderate of others, but I bow to your judgment!

Don't forget me, Wizard! If I remain in 1990, I'll wind up extinct!

Terrific! As long as you're the only lion alive, you'll be one of a kind, an instant celebrity! You'll make a fortune on public appearances!

That sounds like profiting from the misery of others, but you're the Wizard, so you must be right!

What about me, Wizard? I thought I'd find a kinder, gentler world here, but all I see is greed and glitz and nobody caring about anything! I want to go back to Kansas in 1939, and nothing you can say will make me change my mind!



How about this? Stick around and I'll put you up in a penthouse with a limo and ten grand a week in spending money! In a couple of years, after you fill out, you could be my steady bimbo!

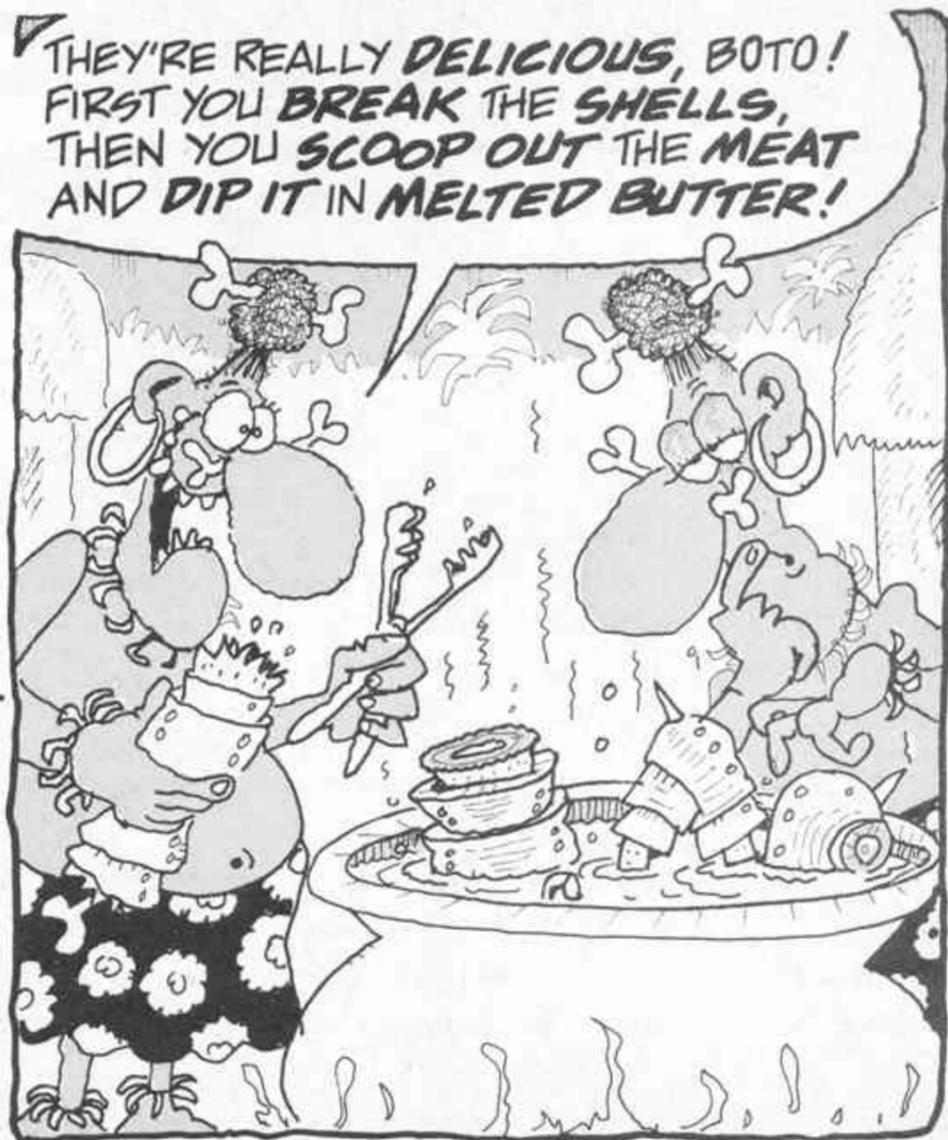
Gosh, those sound like the words of a sexist oaf who only considers women to be property and cheap playthings! But I know you don't mean it that way, so how can I say no?

We're glad we found the Wizard—The fabulous Wizard of Odds! His good advice Is worth any price; So what if he rips off clods?

He's making a fortune in rev-e-nues; He's raking it in ... while suck-ers lose And lose, and lose, and lose, and lose, AND LOSE! And pays all his debts with I..O..U's! (Ziggidy, zoggidy, zoom!) We're glad we found the Wizard—The fabulous Wizard of Odds!



THE TROUBLING TRIBAL TRANSGRESSION

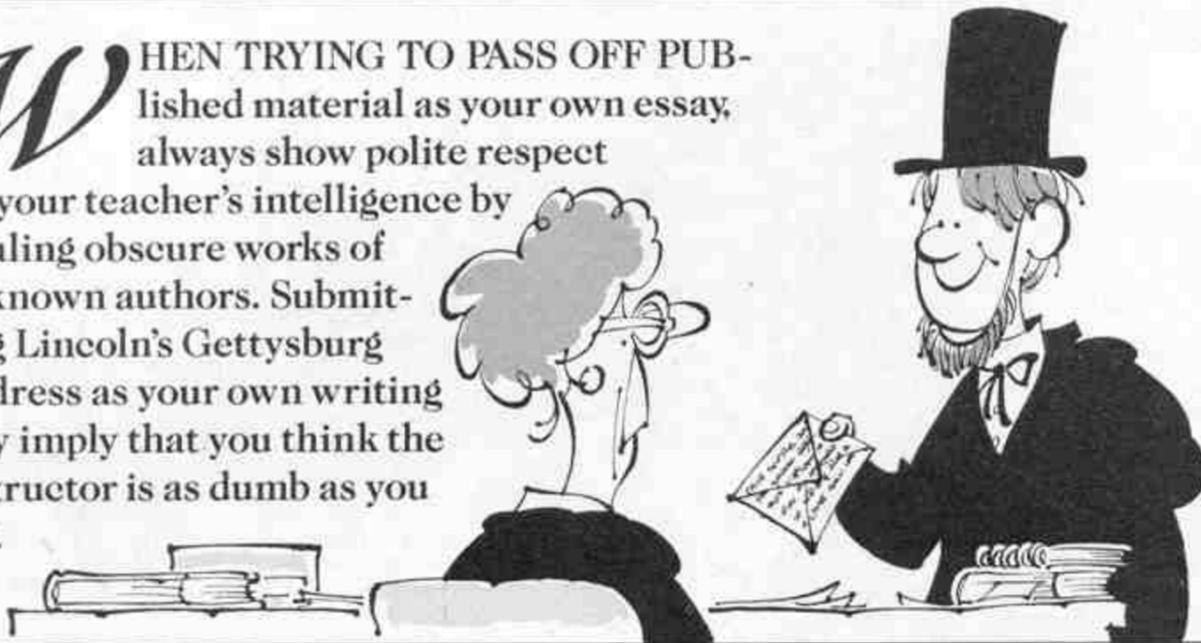


MIND OVER MANNERS DEPT.

Years ago, your grandparents sharpened their social skills at etiquette school. By the time your parents needed training, such schools had generally disappeared, but one could still bone up by reading books by experts like Emily Post. Those books are out-

A MAD LETTERS

WHEN TRYING TO PASS OFF PUBLISHED material as your own essay, always show polite respect for your teacher's intelligence by stealing obscure works of unknown authors. Submitting Lincoln's Gettysburg Address as your own writing may imply that you think the instructor is as dumb as you are.



GOOD ETIQUETTE requires that participants in a food fight confine themselves to throwing soft, messy items, such as cot-



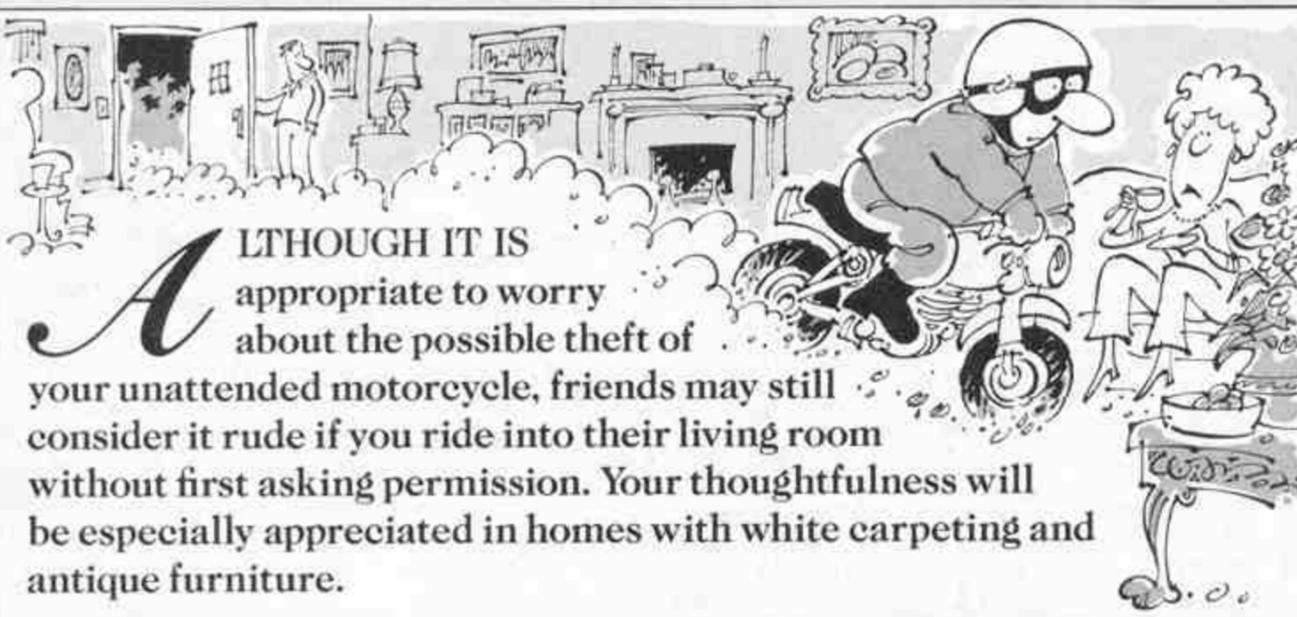
ETHNICALLY OFFENSIVE jokes are rarely appreciated by the person whose nationality is the butt of the joke. Such jokes can often be made socially acceptable with a minor change, such as, "How many Aleutian Islanders does it take to change a light bulb?"



CASUAL SPORTSWEAR of a neutral shade is the preferred attire for visiting injured friends in the hospital. Wearing gang "colors" on such occasions may be thought impolite, especially if your gang was responsible for the injuries that led to the friend's hospitalization.



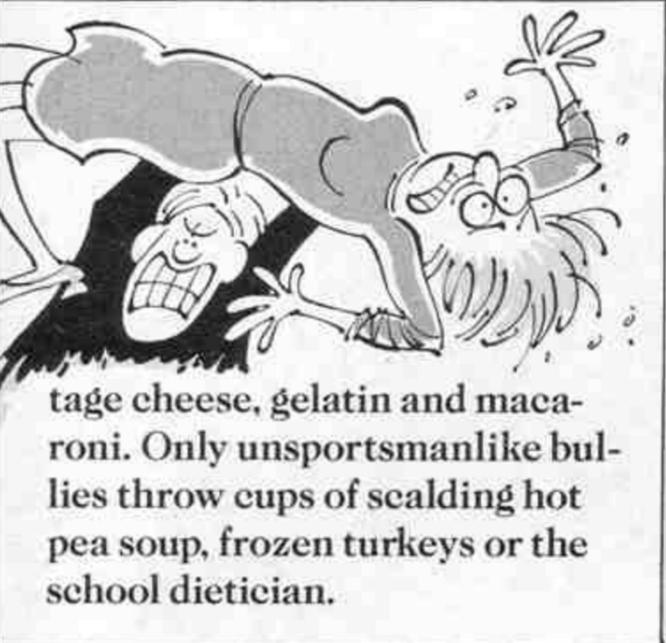
ALTHOUGH IT IS appropriate to worry about the possible theft of your unattended motorcycle, friends may still consider it rude if you ride into their living room without first asking permission. Your thoughtfulness will be especially appreciated in homes with white carpeting and antique furniture.



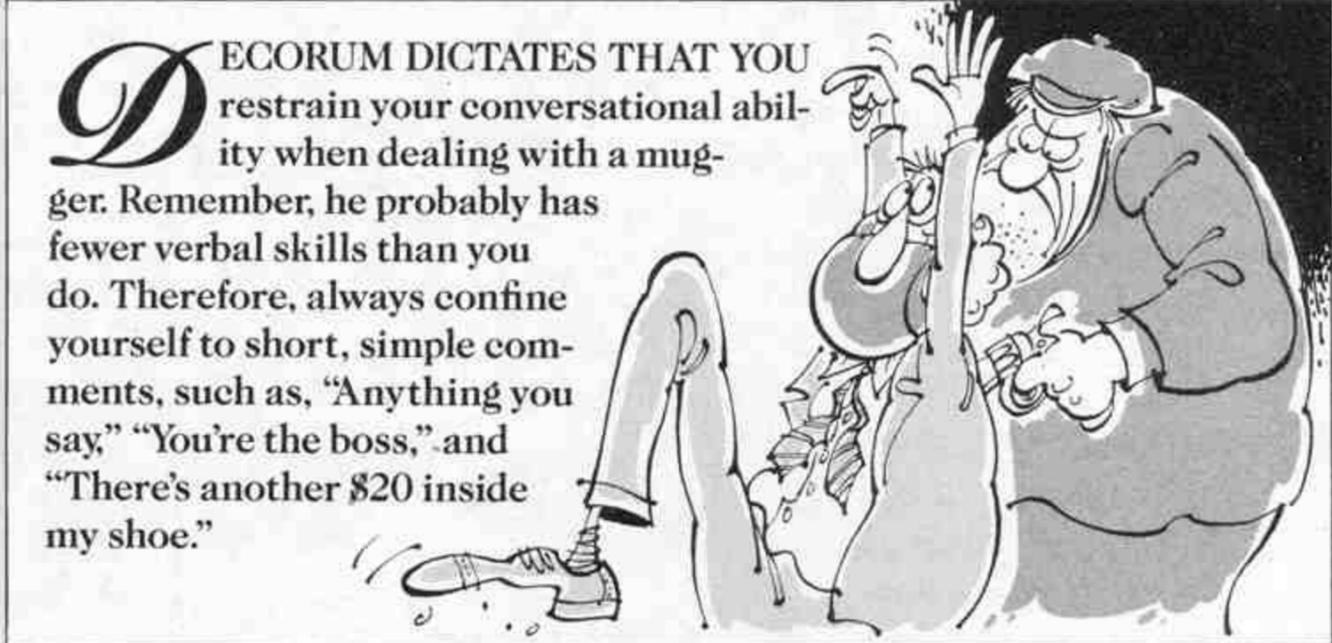
ARTIST: PAUL COKER

dated now, so modern teens have nowhere to turn for guidance, right? Wrong! MAD, the magazine of gracious gentility, stands by to help our youth through the touchy situations of today. So hold your nose high (and stop picking it!) as you acquire poise by reading...

GENTILITY FOR GENTS



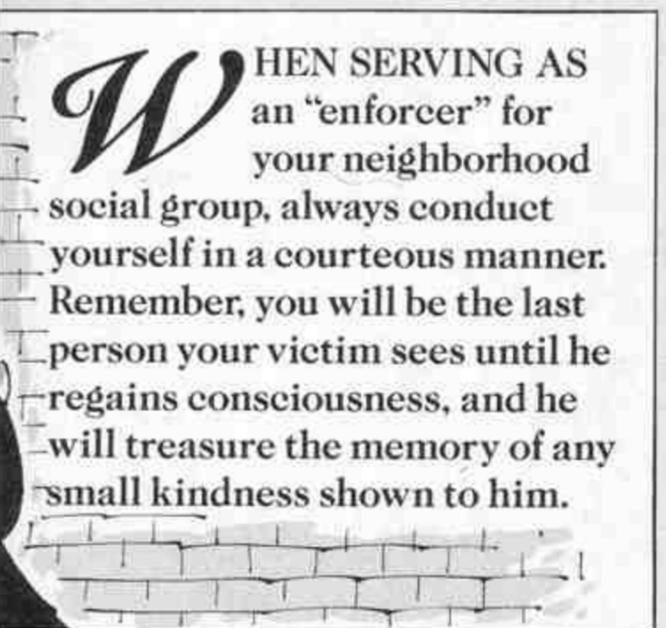
tage cheese, gelatin and macaroni. Only unsportsmanlike bullies throw cups of scalding hot pea soup, frozen turkeys or the school dietician.



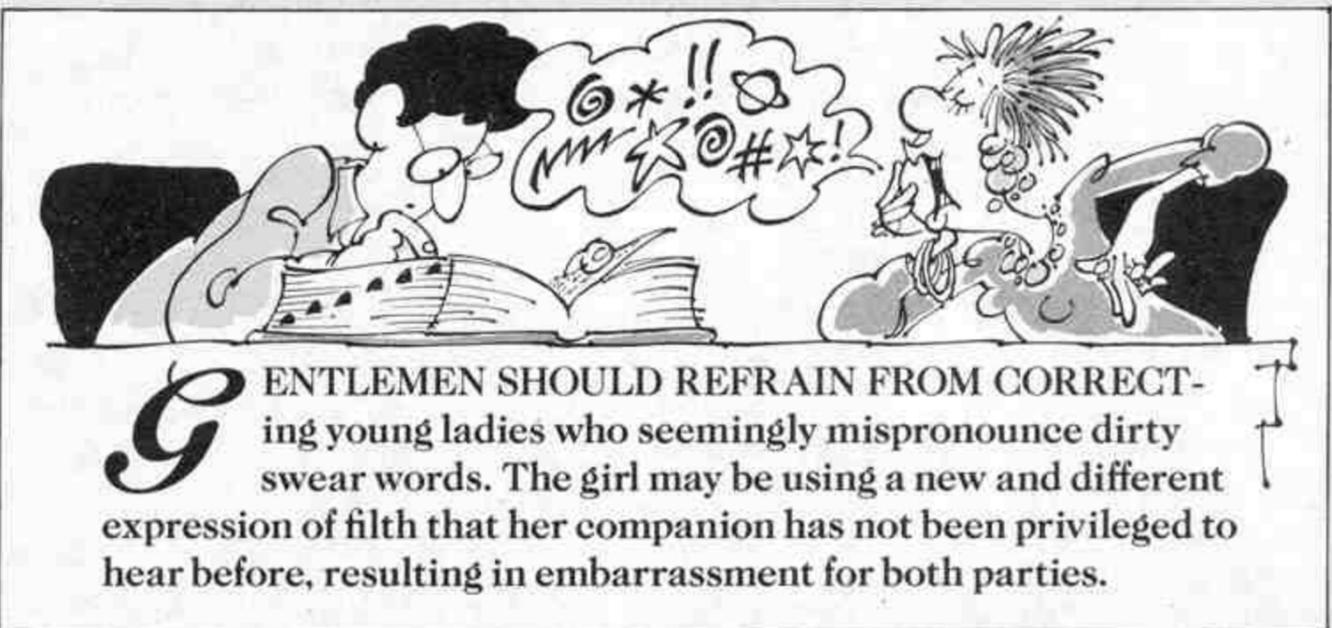
DECORUM DICTATES THAT YOU restrain your conversational ability when dealing with a mugger. Remember, he probably has fewer verbal skills than you do. Therefore, always confine yourself to short, simple comments, such as, "Anything you say," "You're the boss," and "There's another \$20 inside my shoe."



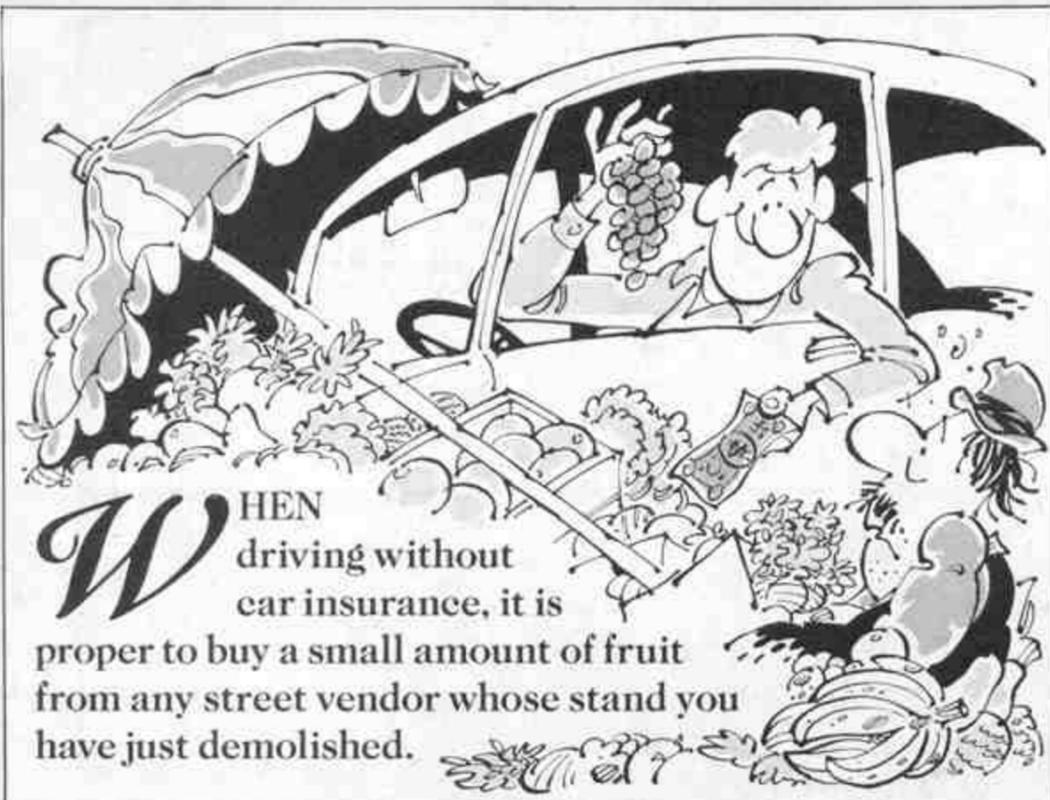
ALWAYS APOLOGIZE to a young lady's parents upon showing up for a date drunk. If you drink to such excess that your speech becomes too slurred to understand, have cards of apology printed up in advance for use on such occasions.



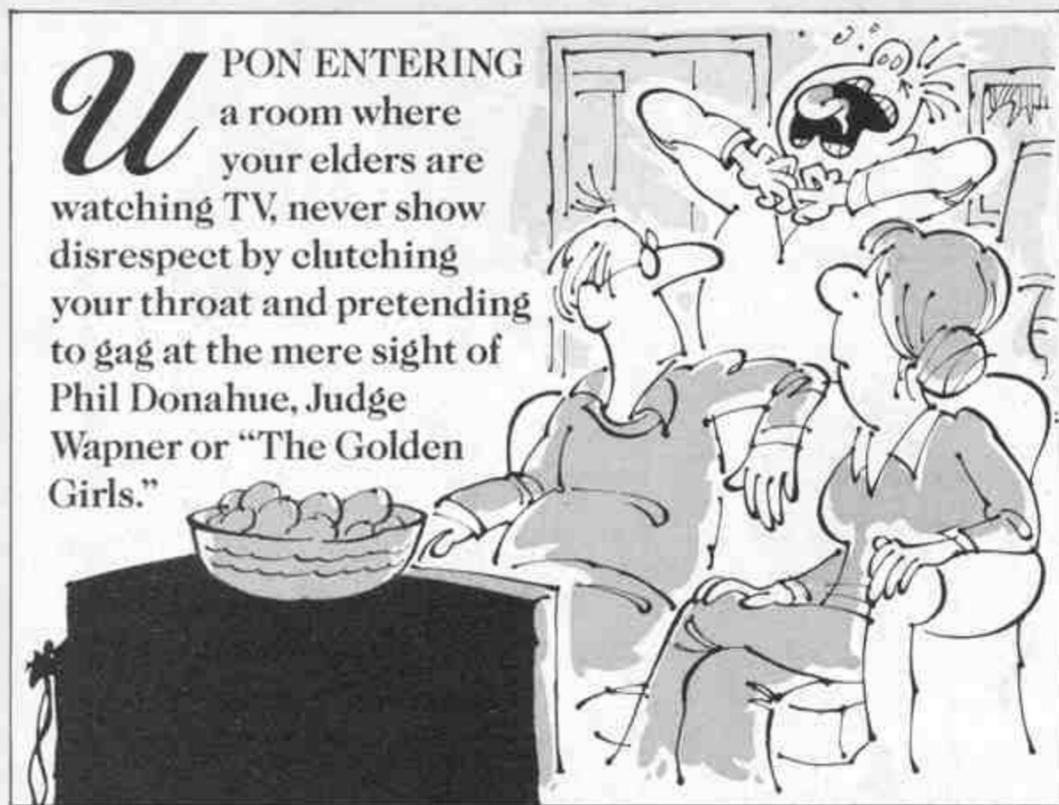
WHEN SERVING AS an "enforcer" for your neighborhood social group, always conduct yourself in a courteous manner. Remember, you will be the last person your victim sees until he regains consciousness, and he will treasure the memory of any small kindness shown to him.



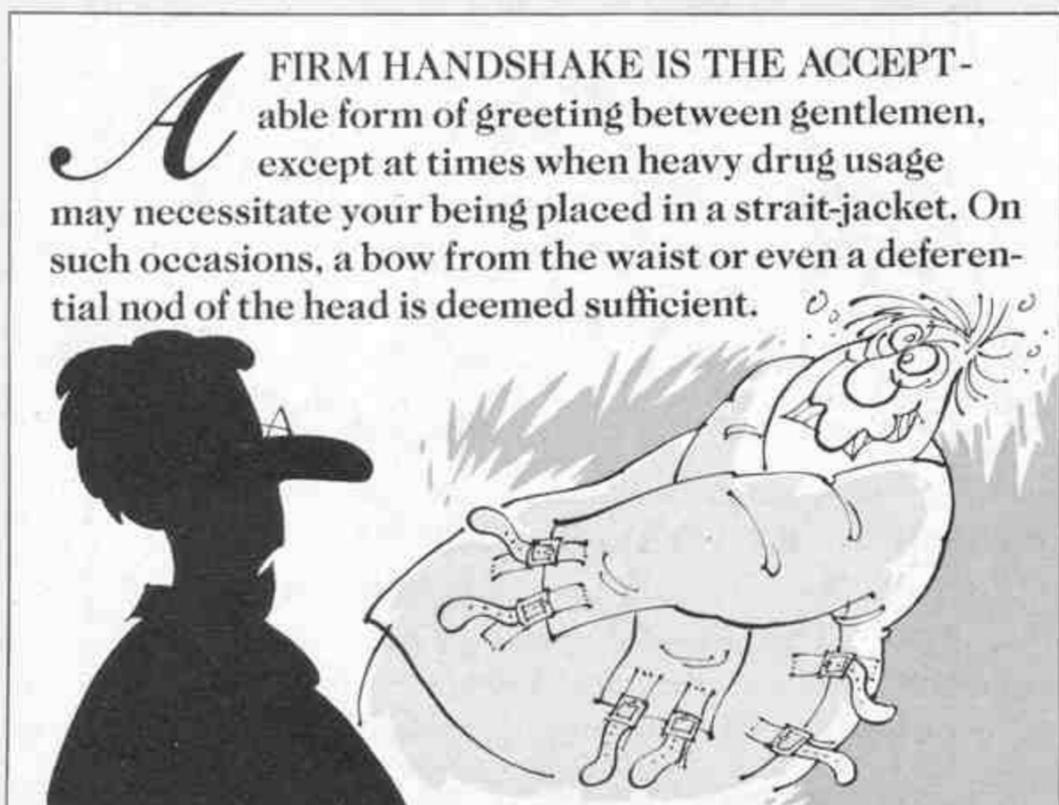
GENTLEMEN SHOULD REFRAIN FROM CORRECTING young ladies who seemingly mispronounce dirty swear words. The girl may be using a new and different expression of filth that her companion has not been privileged to hear before, resulting in embarrassment for both parties.



WHEN driving without car insurance, it is proper to buy a small amount of fruit from any street vendor whose stand you have just demolished.



UPON ENTERING a room where your elders are watching TV, never show disrespect by clutching your throat and pretending to gag at the mere sight of Phil Donahue, Judge Wapner or "The Golden Girls."

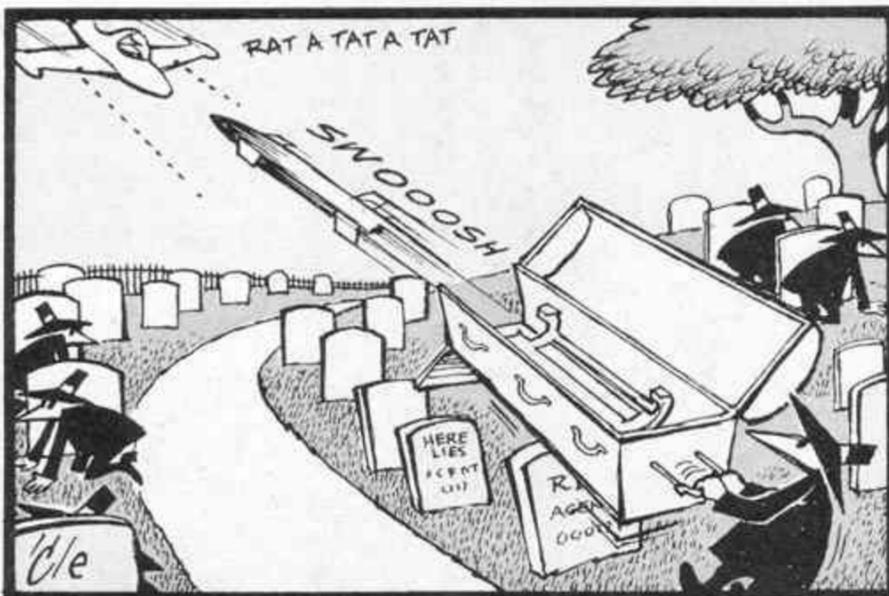
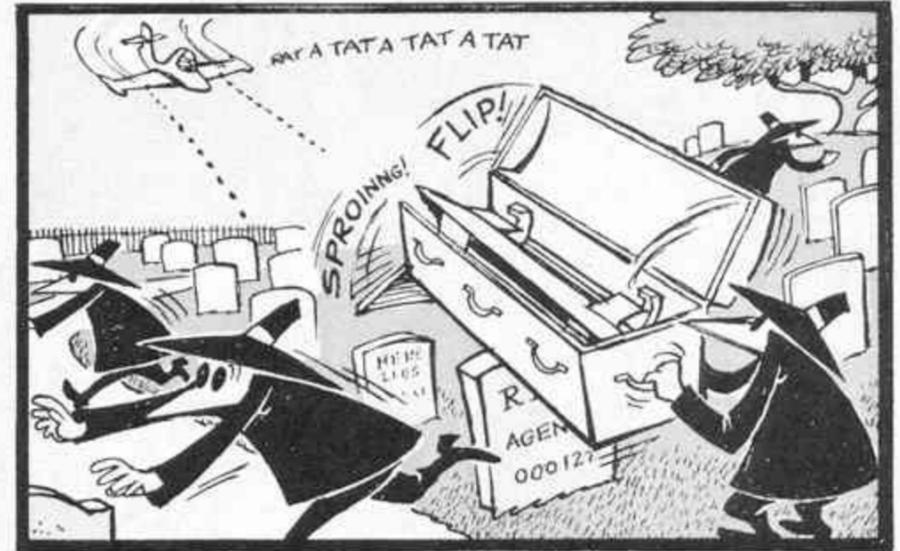
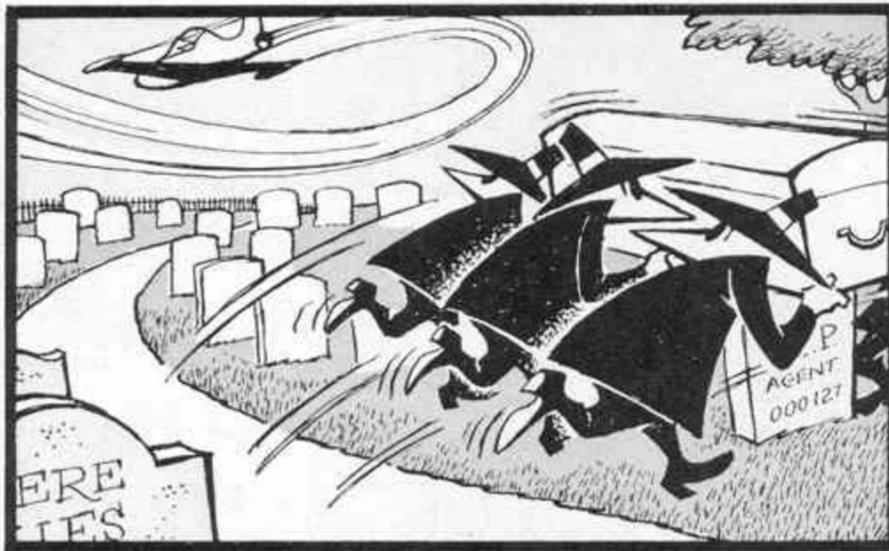
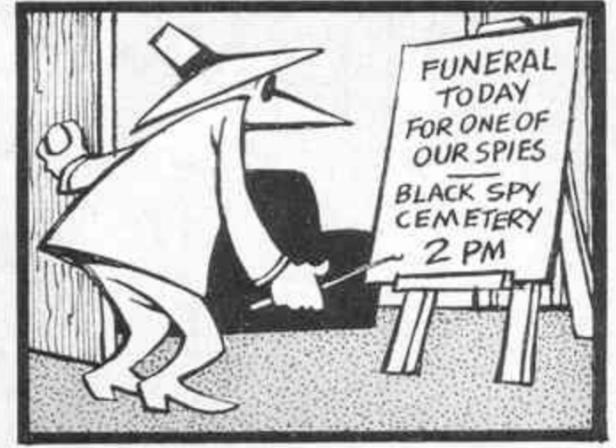
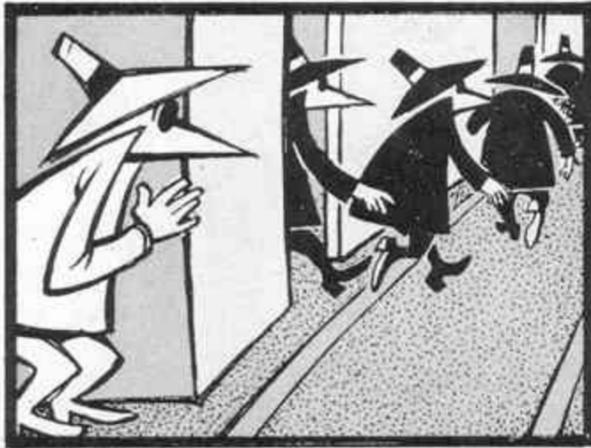


AFIRM HANDSHAKE IS THE ACCEPTABLE form of greeting between gentlemen, except at times when heavy drug usage may necessitate your being placed in a strait-jacket. On such occasions, a bow from the waist or even a deferential nod of the head is deemed sufficient.

ALTHOUGH IT IS NOT IMPERATIVE for a young gentleman to offer a lady his seat on a crowded bus, he may experience embarrassment when the woman is pregnant, on crutches and carrying heavy bundles. Deal with such situations by offering to hold one crutch so she can try to hang onto an overhead strap.



WHEN PHONING A "900" number to listen to a pornographic message, it is improper to charge the call to a friend's phone so it will appear on his parents' bill instead of yours. Always charge such calls to the home number of your phys. ed. teacher and let him try to explain them to his wife.



CAST
BOYTON
TOURE



THE SOUTH WILL WRITHE AGAIN DEPT.

GROAN WITH THE WIND

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: STAN HART

Miss Melonhead, there's one person at this ball I must dance with or life won't be worth living!

Is it Harlott or is it me?

Neither! It's that Rhetch Butler! He's just adorable!

Tell me, is Miss Melonhead as dull and dreary as she looks?

Well, you tell me! She once wanted to be a librarian, but she found that she couldn't handle all the excitement!



Miss Harlott, I'd like to be your beau!

Fiddle dee dee, Stuart Tareyton, you're much too mild-mannered for a woman like me!

Isn't there something I can do to impress you?

Well, if you were faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful than a locomotive, able to leap tall buildings in a single bound...

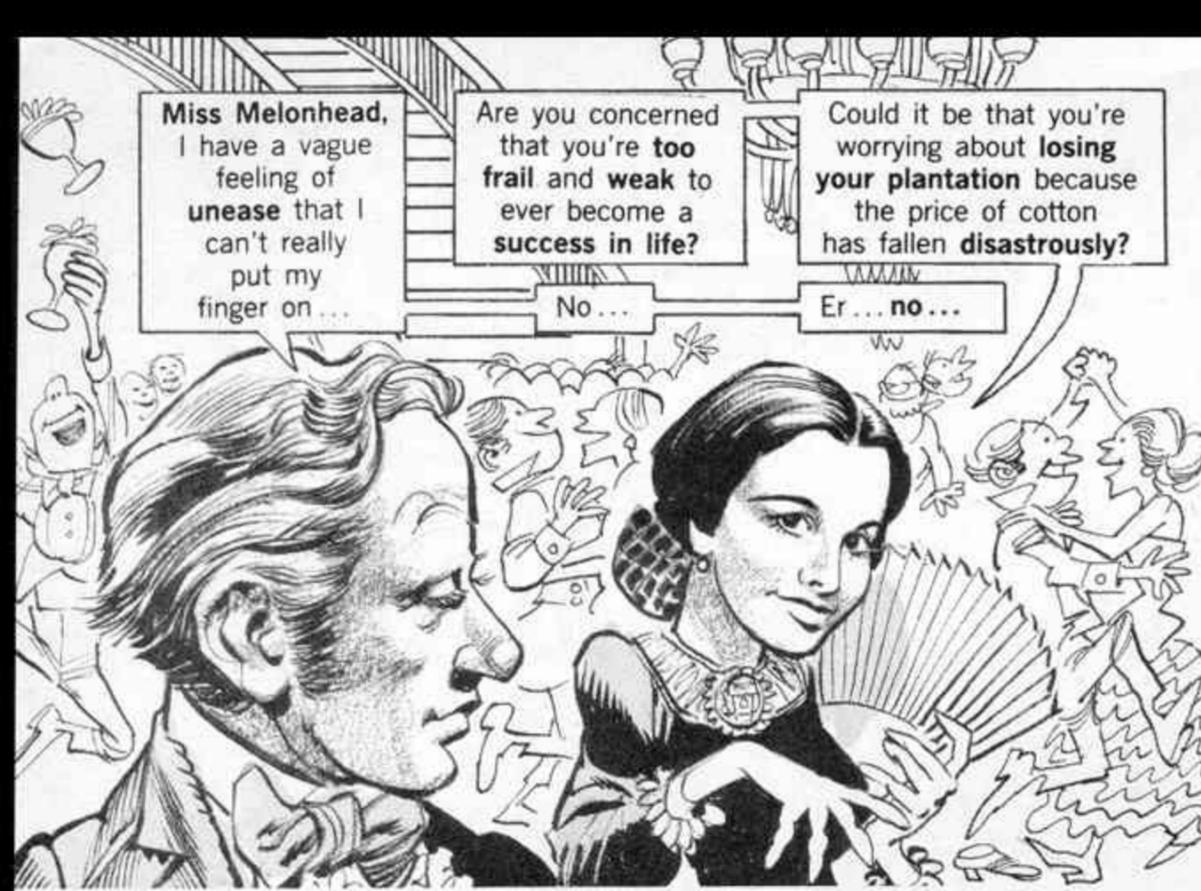
I'll work on it!

What do they call it when black folks work for no pay, while white folks get rich from their labors?

In 1860, they call it "Slavery"! In 1990, they'll call it "College Basketball"!

I'm from Charleston, South Carolina! But that's all I'm going to tell you about myself! I prefer to remain a man of mystery!

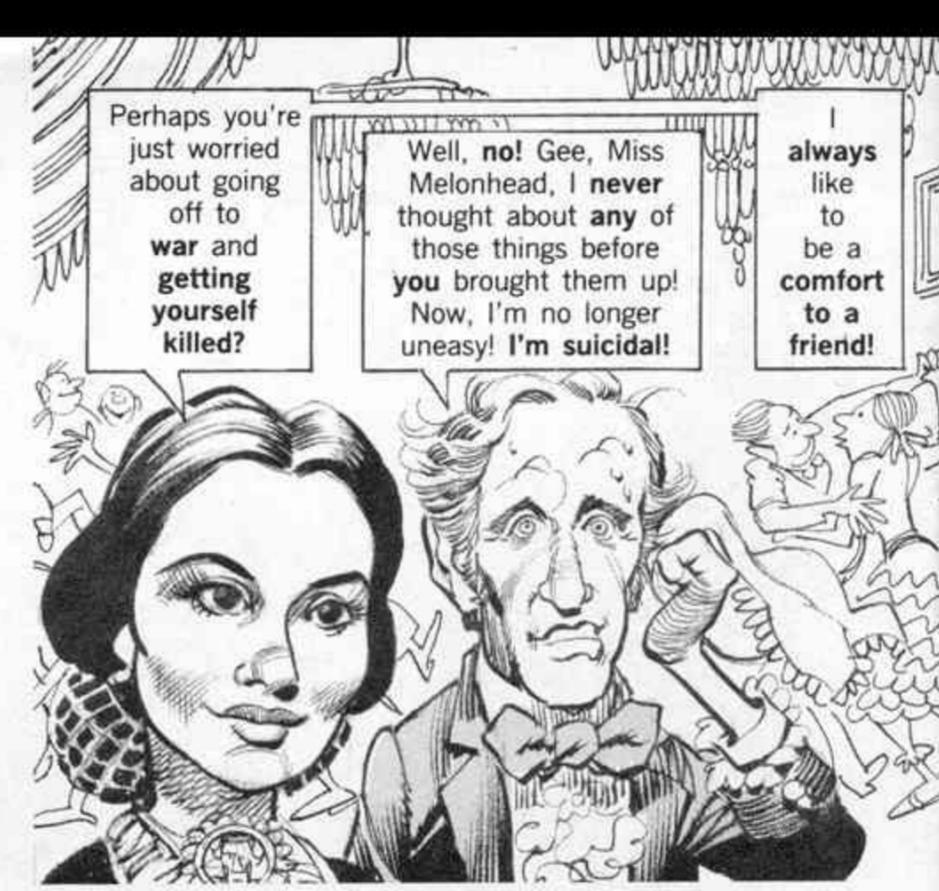
The one thing that'll always remain a mystery is that if you're from South Carolina, what happened to your southern accent?



Miss Melonhead, I have a vague feeling of **unease** that I can't really put my finger on...

Are you concerned that you're **too frail and weak** to ever become a **success in life**?
No...

Could it be that you're worrying about **losing your plantation** because the price of cotton has fallen **disastrously**?
Er... no...



Perhaps you're just worried about going off to **war** and **getting yourself killed**?

Well, **no!** Gee, Miss Melonhead, I **never** thought about **any** of those things before you brought them up! Now, I'm no longer **uneasy!** I'm **suicidal!**

I **always** like to be a **comfort** to a **friend!**



Ashtray, I **love** you! Why can't you **marry** me?

Harlott, you're so **delicate**, so **soft**, so **feminine**...

You mean it wouldn't work out because we're **so different**?
No! Because we're **so much alike!**



Great news! **War** has been declared **between** the **states!**

Hooray! Now we'll have our chance to **maim** or **kill** fellow **Americans!**

And **be maimed** or **killed** by fellow **Americans!**

Mummy, we're seeing the **end** of the **Southern Slave Society!** Somehow, it seems a little **sad** to watch a long tradition **die!**

If he wants **sympathy**, he sure is **talking** to the **wrong** person!



When Ashtray married Melonhead instead of Harlott, Harlott married Melonhead's **brother** just for **spite!**

I think the groom's a **doomed** man!

Why do you say that?

Because he's being played by an **unknown** actor and it's still **too early** in the **film** to tie Harlott down!



This is **terrible!** I just look simply **awful** in **black!**

MRS. CHARLES HAMILTON TARA GEORGIA 31522
WE REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT YOUR HUSBAND HAS DIED DUE TO TERMINAL CROTCH ITH. YOU ARE NOW A WIDOW AND CAN OFFICIALLY RESUME FOOLING AROUND. THE CONFEDERATE WAR DEPARTMENT.





Oh, Harlott, Ashtray's coming home from the army on leave! I'll bet he's done something heroic to earn his furlough!

How heroic can you be in the Confederate Hairdressing Corps?

Let's make it like it was before the war! Let's all three of us be really close again!



I'm not sure I meant this close!

Miss Harlott, we've been asking for help for hours and you just ignore us! What do you call that?

The beginning of modern nursing care!



Things may seem bad now, but remember, the South will never go down in defeat!

Really? Well, I don't want to be around for another "victory" like this one!



Marry me, Harlott!

But I love Ashtray Wilts!

I'm twice the man he is—which is still not saying much! Harlott, you're selfish and spoiled and hateful and the biggest hedonist I ever met!

Then why do you want me?

Because I'm the biggest masochist you ever met!



Miss Harlott, while you were away, the crops failed, the Yankees took all your family possessions, your mother died and your father lost his mind!

Is there anything else that you haven't told me?

Yes... welcome home!

Now that the war is over, I **vow**—with **God** as my witness—I'll never be hungry again!

How long has it been since you had a good meal?

Since breakfast, but it was a very early one!



Your father fell off his horse, but he's in no pain!

Thank heavens it was only a slight accident!

No ma'am, it was a real bad one!

Then how come he doesn't feel pain?

Dead men never do, ma'am! Dead men never do!



I have to go to Atlanta to see Rhetch and get some money from him so I can keep Tariff! But I have nothing to wear!

I can make you a dress out of the window covering!



When you said the window covering, I didn't think you meant the Venetian blinds!

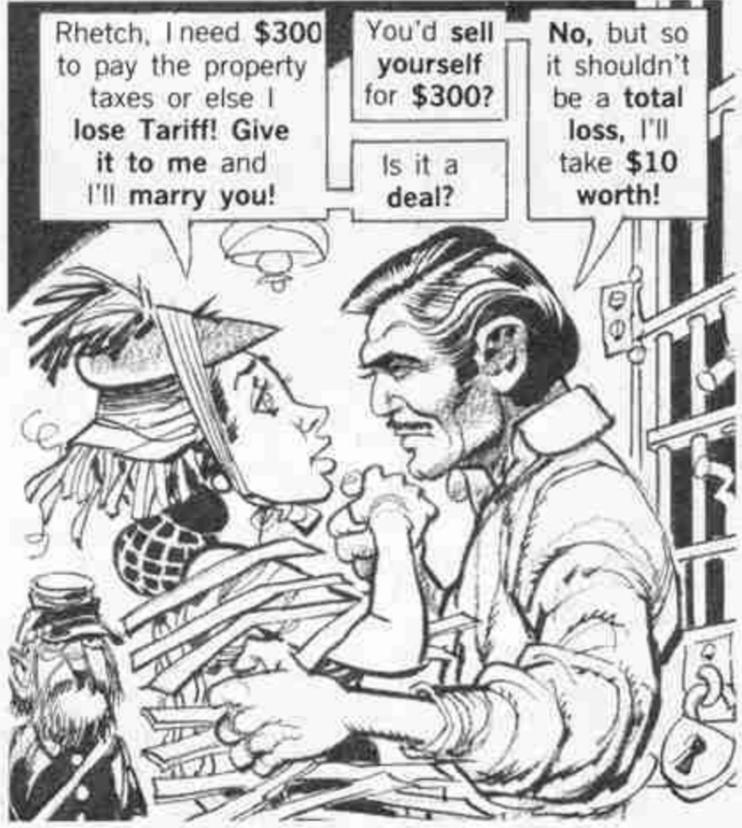


Rhetch, I need \$300 to pay the property taxes or else I lose Tariff! Give it to me and I'll marry you!

You'd sell yourself for \$300?

No, but so it shouldn't be a total loss, I'll take \$10 worth!

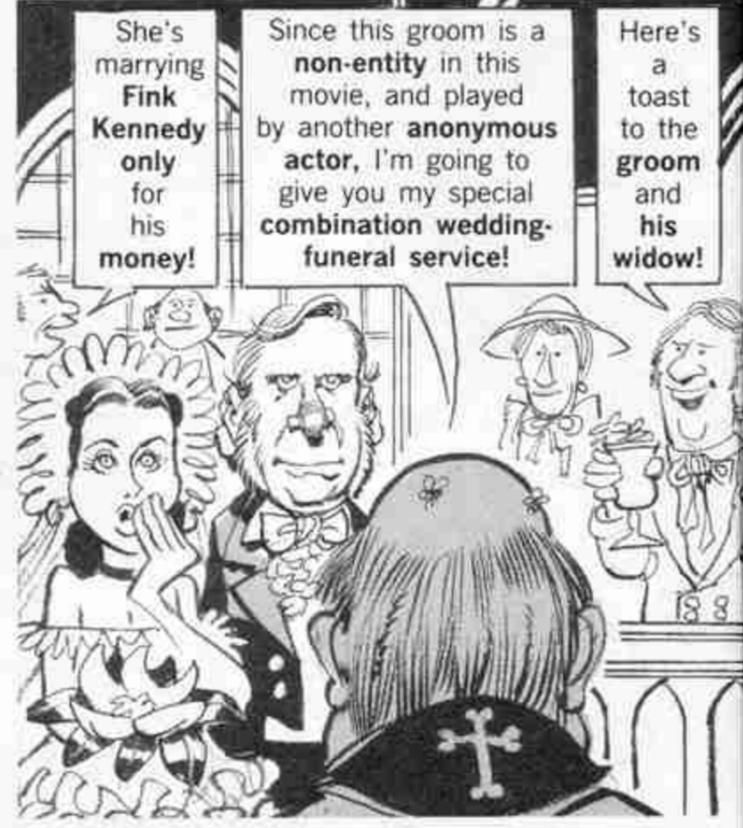
Is it a deal?



She's marrying Fink Kennedy only for his money!

Since this groom is a non-entity in this movie, and played by another anonymous actor, I'm going to give you my special combination wedding-funeral service!

Here's a toast to the groom and his widow!



I can't work for you any longer, Harlott! I've accepted a job in a bank in New York City!

What will you do there?

My job will be to put "Window Closed" signs on tellers' counters when the customer lines get long enough!



Harlott, it's immoral to use convicts to work in your business! This has got to stop!

He's fighting a losing battle! If he only knew how many convicts will be working on Wall Street in the next century!



Your husband Fink Kennedy has been killed! This must come as a shock to you!

No, he lasted a lot longer than I thought he would!

The South could have won the war if Harlott had married Ulysses S. Grant!





Will you be my bride, Harlott?

All right! But it will be a loveless marriage!

Not necessarily! I love me enough for the both of us!



Our baby has your nose, Harlott!

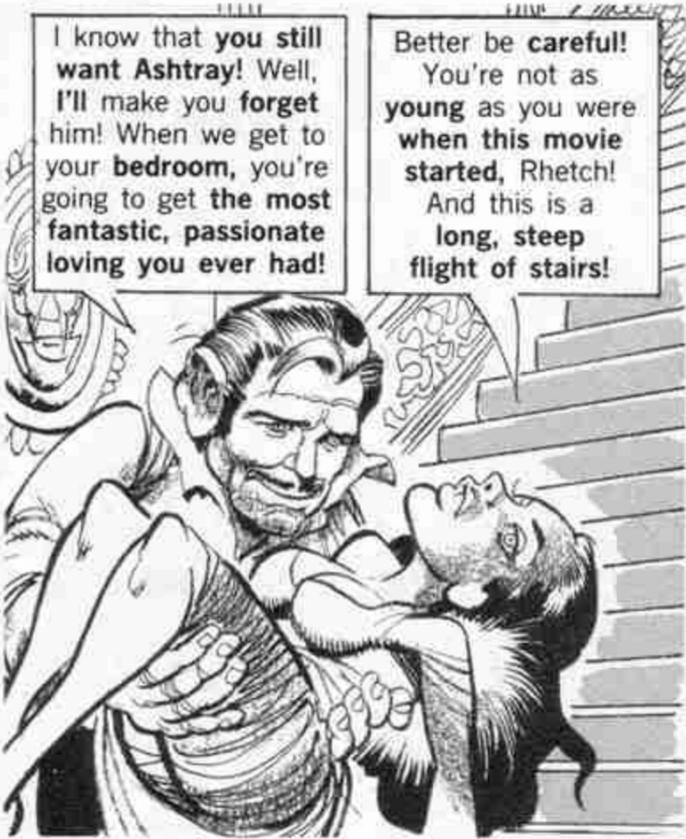
Unfortunately, she has your teeth and ears!



Harlott, we haven't slept together for months!

I warned you that there would be no love in our marriage!

Who's talking about love? I'm talking about sex! You're ruining my complexion!



I know that you still want Ashtray! Well, I'll make you forget him! When we get to your bedroom, you're going to get the most fantastic, passionate loving you ever had!

Better be careful! You're not as young as you were when this movie started, Rhetch! And this is a long, steep flight of stairs!



Puff, puff, puff! You're right! Puff, puff, puff! Would you settle for some heavy petting?



Harlott, I'm dying! But before I go, I want you to promise that you'll take care of Ashtray!

Trust me, Melonhead! I'll even tuck him in bed every night—from the inside!

Don't worry, I'm not afraid of death, Harlott!

Yes, well, for you it won't be that much of a change in your lifestyle!



You never loved anyone but yourself, so I'm leaving you, Harlott!

But Rhetch, what ever will I do?

Frankly, my dear—and I know that by now the entire audience joins me in saying—I don't give a damn!

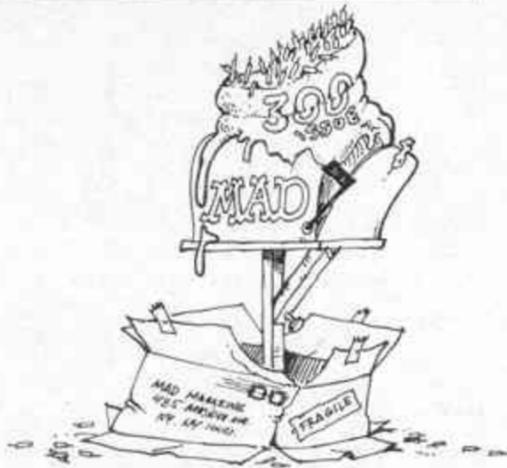
But where are you going to go?

I'm going off with someone who's been waiting for me for years, someone who's loving and warm and kind...



Ashtray Wilts!

LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPT.



LEONARD—PART SHTICK!

I started reading MAD when I was eight years old, and I certainly never dreamed that some day I'd wind up in the pages of your magazine. But, thanks to my cameo appearance in "Grimlins Ptul," there I am. To have risen to such a position in life that I've been caricatured by Mort Drucker is pretty heady stuff! Thanks for all the great reading you've given me over the years. Please say hello to the "Usual Gang of Idiots" for me!

Leonard Maltin
"Entertainment Tonight"
Hollywood, CA

Leonard—We're glad you liked it, but when we asked Siskel and Ebert to review your appearance in "Grimlins Ptul," they gave it two thumbs down. Guess you just can't please all the critics!—Ed.

MOTION PICS AND PANS

I'm writing to thank you. Why? I thank you for publishing movie satires. They are always better than the original movies. They're funnier and a lot more creative. MAD saves me money 'cause I don't have to go to the movies!

Jeff Mirrione
Hollister, CA

Jeffy—Save even more money—Read our TV satires and you won't have to buy a set!—Ed.

NEW KIDDING ON THE BLOCK CONTINUES!

A few weeks ago I had the good (or bad) fortune to meet a member of the New Kids on the Block. I asked him about what he and the rest of NKOTB thought of "The MAD New Kids on the Block True or False Personality Quiz" in issue #296. They loved it! He said, "You know that you're a success when you get satirized in MAD." I am 33 and I still enjoy your magazine. I have since I was seven! When my 11-year-old brother's subscription runs out in April '92 I plan on renewing it!

Robert Foley
Holly Hill, FL

OOOOHI Lucky stiffaroony you! We've never had the pleasure and honor of meeting a New Kid up close and personal, though we'd certainly love to! So if you're reading this, Julio, Jan, Justin, Dom and Drury, drop by the MAD office!—Ed.

I was shocked by the foul and immature language that filled half the letters page in issue #298, but enough about your editorial comments! I was also shocked by a young woman's letter in which she said that she and her friends were going to burn copies of issue #296 because it contained a New Kids on the Block satire. You will be happy to know that as a response to their actions, my friends and I got together and burned copies of issue #298! That'll show 'em!

Jon Slobins
Damascus, MD

Burning issues 296 and 298?? What's next, Super Special #76?! Due to the actions of extremists like you, we are now demanding passage of a Constitutional Amendment prohibiting the burning or desecration of MAD magazines in any way! We urge you to write your Congressman today!—Ed.



SPIELBERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.



Mega-Director/Producer and MAD fan Steven Spielberg recently got some good news and some bad news. The good news was he received a selection of MAD issues featuring satires of his great motion pictures! The bad news was that they were hand-delivered by our own Dave Berg! Moments later, Steven announced his retirement from the movie business. Coincidence??

BIG MAD ON CAMPUS



Jason Levine of Sands Point, NY, sent us this photo he snapped at the annual Greek Week banner competition at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor! It was made by the KAPPA ALPHA THETA Sorority and the CHI PHI and ZETA PSI fraternities. After seeing the banner, we have to wonder: Did Jason say it was "Greek Week" or "Geek Week"? Fal

A DRUNKEN SPELL

On the back cover ad parody in issue #298, you failed to include "Absolut illiteracy," which would be aimed at those responsible for proofreading your issues prior to publication. A-b-s-o-l-u-t-e is the correct spelling!

Paul DesJardins
Moore, OK

And the correct spelling of "Idiot" is i-d-i-o-t! Thanks for writing!—Ed.

ENVIRON-MENTAL CASES

When I received my subscription copy of MAD #298, not only was it a great issue, I was glad to see that instead of being wrapped in plastic, it was wrapped in paper! Thank you for making the change. MAD is no longer just garbage... It's environmentally safe garbage!

Marti Frank
Golden Valley, MN

Thanks! MAD has always been a crusader, working to protect our delicate ecosystem. In fact, we've been recycling the same 16 jokes for years!—Ed.

After reading MAD #297's poem "The Oil," I realized that you are really decent, sensitive and caring human beings who are deeply concerned about the environment!

David Farre
Mayaguez, PR

Thanks! MAD has always been a crusader, working to protect our delicate ecosystem. In fact, we've been recycling the same 16 Letters Page responses for years!—Ed.

Please Address All Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 300, 485 MADison Avenue New York, New York 10022

MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope or a note congratulating us on our 300th issue!

**WHAT MASTER
UNDERACHIEVER
HAS UNDESERVEDLY
ATTAINED WORLDWIDE
FAME AND FORTUNE?**

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

Underachievers are never expected to succeed. But despite this, one ne'er-do-well has gained worldwide acclaim. To find out who he is, just fold in page as shown in diagram on the right.

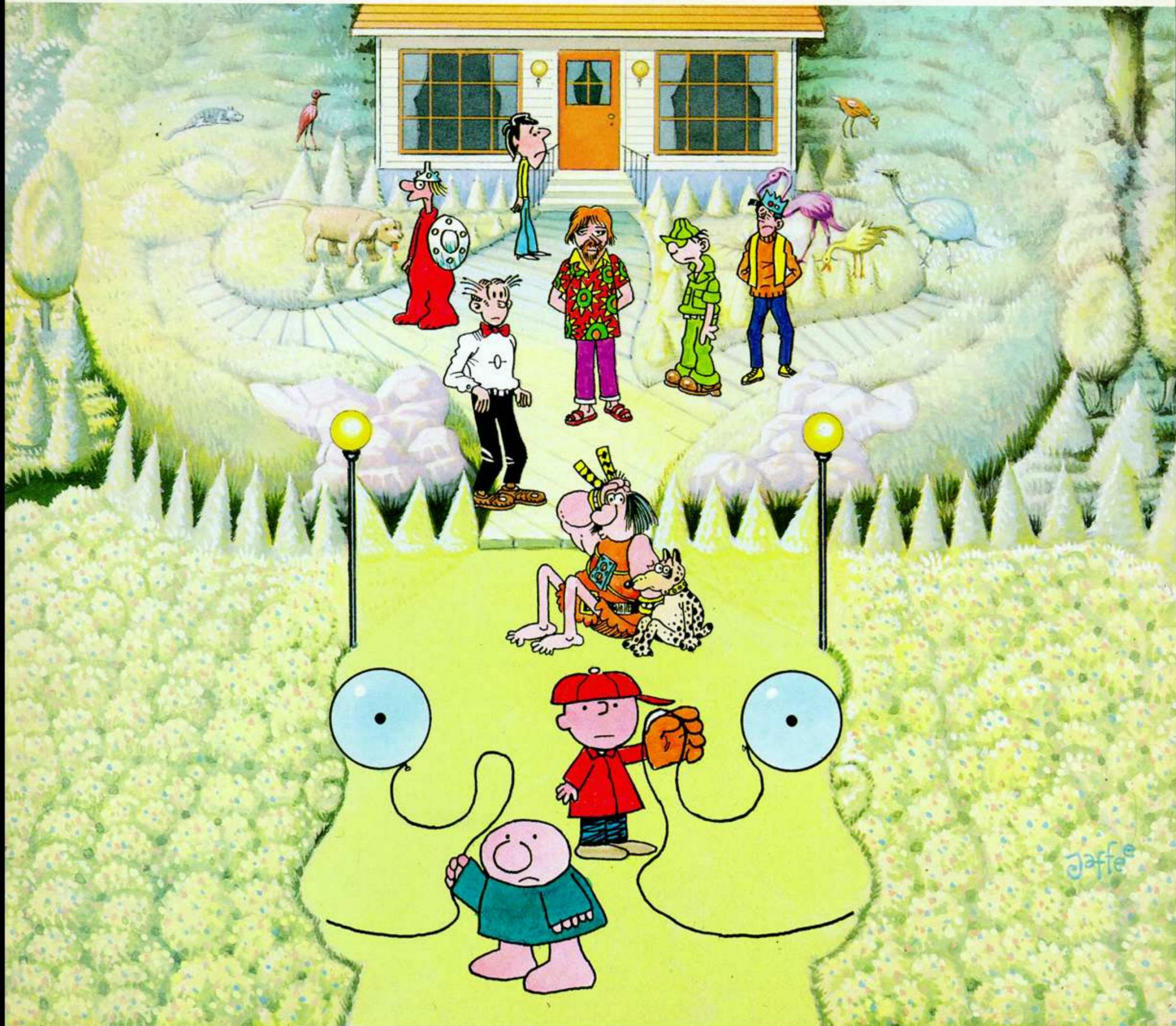


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



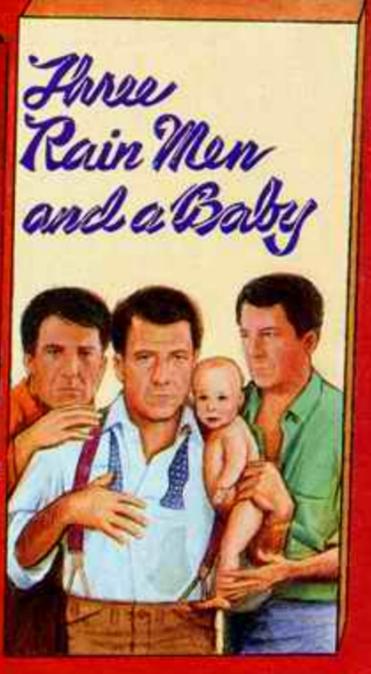
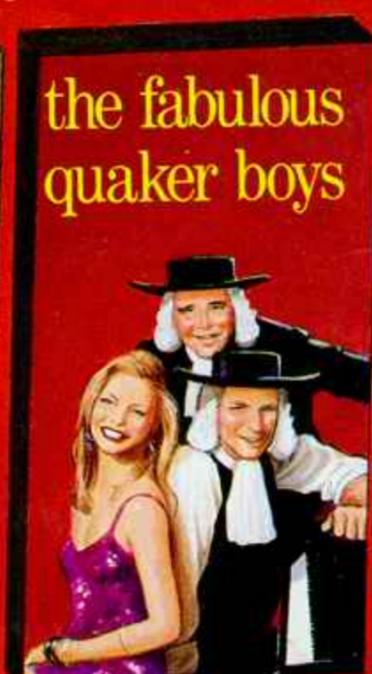
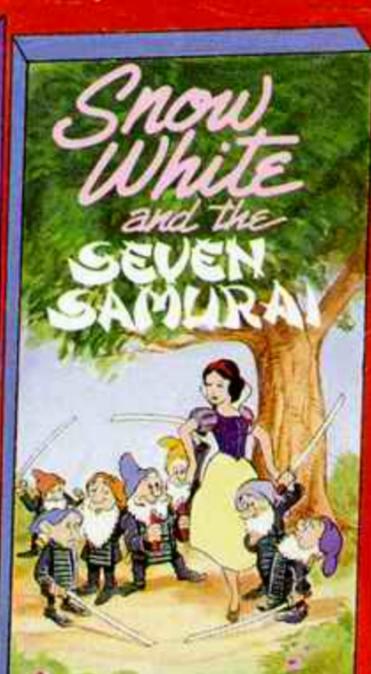
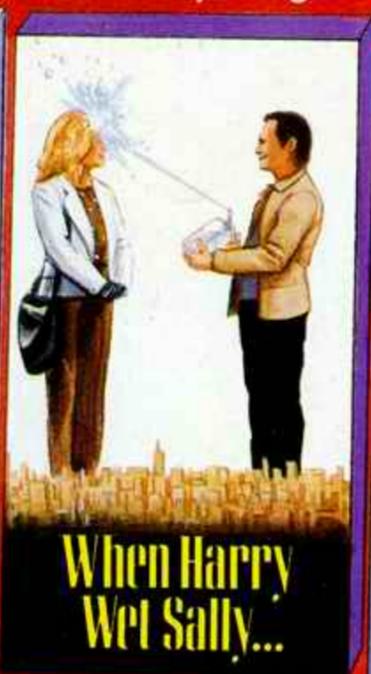
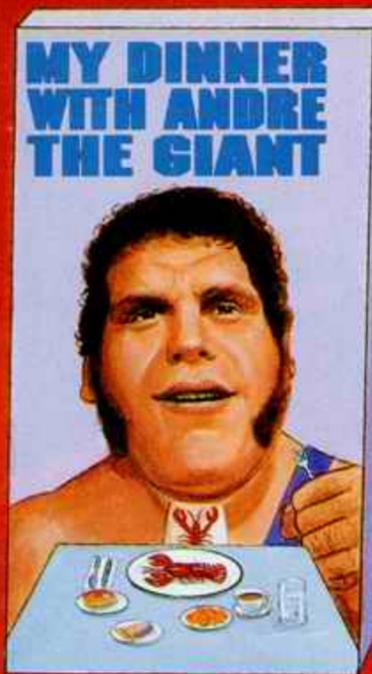
**OUR MINDS ARE SURELY BOGGLED BY THE WORLDWIDE RENOWN
OF A CERTAIN UNDERACHIEVER. HE HIT THE FINANCIAL
JACKPOT AND INSPIRED EVERY NITWIT WHO'S BEEN BLUFF-
ING HIS WAY THRU LIFE. AS A ROLE MODEL FOR
EVERY GOOF-OFF IN THE WORLD HE TAKES FIRST PLACE**

A ▶

◀ B

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That's right, why rent movies at a video store for one or two dollars and watch them just once, when you can buy those same movies from our video club for eighty-nine dollars and watch them just once!

THERE'S NO MEMBERSHIP FEE FOR JOINING! It's fulfilling your membership obligation to us that will cost a fortune! You have over 2,500 titles to choose from... Movies you've seen over and over again on HBO and Showtime... Films that have been repeated on network and local TV countless times... Flicks that they show during baseball game rain delays! They can all be yours for many times their actual cinematic value, so you know you'll always treasure them!

IT'S EASY! You'll be required to buy six* movies at our regular club prices, which range from \$29.95 to \$99.95, although movies that were shot with a camera and live actors start at \$150.00. We also offer a wide variety of lower-priced videocassettes, including a \$14.95 selection of Turkish movies that for some reason were dubbed into Portuguese and have Indonesian subtitles.

HOW THE CLUB WORKS: About every four

days we send you our Video Club Magazine, in which we pressure, harass and badger you into ordering the movies we're desperately trying to unload. These "Special Usher's Choice" movies frequently play back at the same speed they were meant to be shown in! Many are "Super Deluxe" versions that will save you time, since many key scenes have been shortened or cut out entirely!

CHOOSE ONLY THE TITLES YOU WANT! We'll put those titles on whatever cassettes we happen to have lying around, and send them to you immediately! Nothing could be easier—for us!

HALF-PRICE BONUS PLAN: If you fail to receive a movie you ordered from us, we'll only bill you for half the price! And, you'll be allowed to order that movie again and again! And we'll keep billing you at only half price until you finally receive it or give up hope—whichever comes first.

WOW! Thrill to screen epics like *Ben Hur*, *Lawrence of Arabia* and other classic movies the way they were meant to be seen—on a small screen with a three-inch speaker! Don't delay!

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Yes! Please enroll me in whatever you're doing for as long as you're doing it. I agree to purchase six movies in the next half hour rather than see them on TV for free. I promise to mail you this coupon before actually calculating the huge amount of money I am obligating myself to spend, as that would cause me to realize what a rip-off your club really is.

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