

**THIRTY-
SOMETHING**

**THE
BEATLES**

**MORTON
DOWNEY JR.**

**21 JUMP
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No.
286
APRIL
1989

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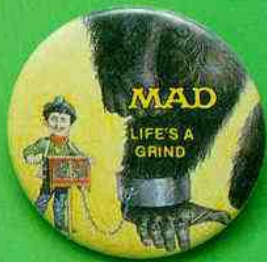
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MAD

These days the meaning of "a faithful husband" is one whose alimony checks arrive on time!
— Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS *the usual gang of idiots*

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COVER IDEA: SERGIO ARAGONES

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SLOTS THIS ALL ABOUT?

We haven't the Vegas Idea!



We casino reason for you not to buy this winning collection of longshots and sure-losers — brought to you by the one-armed bandits at MAD!



Don't be a chip-skate! Better break the bank...take a gamble ...and hit the...

MAD JACKPOT

LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPT.



TALES FROM THE DUKE SIDE

For more than 20 years I have enjoyed MAD for its societal satire and particularly your political satire. I must object, however, to your "Public Service Message" on the back cover of issue #284. Not only is it the same kind of negative message that has set such a disturbing precedent in this election year, but it encourages apathy in the form of not voting. Why not satirize the candidates themselves and encourage a truly American tradition — voting for the lesser of two evils!

Tony Gault
Santa Cruz, CA

Tony, you are right. Read our lips: From now on, we're going to have a kinder, gentler magazine. Obviously, you are one of the "thousand points of light" George Bush often spoke of, however dim! — Ed.

On the back cover of MAD #284 you tell your readers to "Just Say No!" to both Dukakis and Bush. Then, only a couple of weeks later, *The Washington Post* refuses to endorse either of them, blasting both candidates for being "flawed." How do you account for such a respected newspaper following the lead of a clod-like mag like MAD?!

Doug Markell
Sepulveda, CA

This isn't the first time this has happened. Longtime MAD readers will remember the *New York Times* "Fold-in" scandal, the *Boston Globe's* "Lighter Side of Cape Cod" rip-off, and the *Staten Island Register's* infamous "A Peek Behind the Scenes in Tottenville"! — Ed.



Keith Veraldi of West Hollywood, CA, recently sent us this cartoon from the *L.A. Times*. We must respectfully say, however, that we know Alfred E. Neuman, we work with Alfred E. Neuman, Alfred E. Neuman is a friend of ours...Mike Dukakis, you're no Alfred E. Neuman! Dan Quayle on the other hand...

IT'S IN THE BAG

In the "Letters and Tomatoes" Dept. of MAD #284, Jason Denison of Cornish, ME told us he found "Alf's Celebrity Cat Cookbook" so disgusting, it caused him to fill five paper bags with vomit in two minutes (talk about disgusting!). We then asked readers to calculate how many bags Jason would fill by age 63! Strangely, people took the time to answer us! Responses ranged from a low of 100,800 to a high of 1,064,111,664, with most answers in the 56 million range (top answer: 56,214,000!). We'll print the correct answer and the names of prize winners sometime after MAD #644, when Jason turns age 63 and finishes! In the meantime, feast on these comments:

By age 63, Jason will have a grand total of 41,868,000 bags. This figure does not include the incalculable variables of coffee breaks, occasional dry heaves and interrupting phone calls. Thanks for such a pertinent and fascinating puzzler!

Tim Cortina
Pomona, CA

Jason Denison from Cornish, ME, is going to fill 56,214,000 paper bags with his vomit by age 63. That's enough to cover the town of Cornish to a depth of six inches. Then where will we get all our Cornish game hens?

Jason Brush
Copperopolis, CA

This is a trick question! Everyone knows he will puke himself to death in less than a week!



Eric D. Snider
Lake Elsinore, CA

Other readers who wasted their valuable time trying to solve our pointless puzzle include:

William Allan, Carmel, CA; Jimmy Folsom, Chatsworth, GA; Joshua Hosteller, Richmond, VA; Anand Chandarana, Indian Head Park, IL; Adam Bier, Albany, CA; Josh Cohen, Marlboro, NJ; Brian Goss, Houston, TX; Brandon Broffia, Ojai, CA; Brian Anderson, Seattle, WA; Ron Griffiths, Corvallis, OR; Ryan Danley, Evergreen, CO; John Marshall, Menomonee Falls, WI; Jamie Quaderes, Maple Grove, MI; Wade Smith, Somewhere, USA; Kevin Landtroop, Victoria, TX; Bruce Frey, Stratford, NJ; Gregory Tompos, Avon Lake, OH; Rob Dennis, Walnut, CA; Eric Seyler, Sanborn, NY; Joshua Tompkins, Mars, PA; Rachel Mintz, Washington, DC; Chris Linskey, Galveston, TX; David St. Peter, Champaign, IL; Jason La Pier, Elmira, NY; Brian Manning, Bronx, NY; Jose Martinez, Oxnard, CA; Dan Hill, E. Dennis, MA; John Shults, Lake Ariel, PA; Pedro Margate, Jr., Moorestown, NJ; Dax A. Lara, Lancaster, CA; Michael Munson, Arlington, VA; Tom Gubliotti, Lincolnshire, IL; Nathan Hebel, Fort Wayne, IN; Rebecca Davis, Bridgewater, NJ; Stephen Cunningham, Chapel Hill, NC; Steve Galentine, Temple City, CA; Shawn R. Moore, Baton Rouge, LA; Jim Osborne, Blacksburg, WV; Trevor McDonald, Vidalia, LA; Jason Masciulli, Punta Gorda, FL; Jan Bowman, Woodleaf, NC; Jack Draughan, Macon, GA; Nick Bentley, Oklahoma City, OK; Joe Pukatsch, Wilmington, DE; Nick White, Round Lake, NY; Corey Bean, Chapel Hill, NC; Brenda Killachay, Rochester, NY; Todd McMahon, W. Seneca, NY; Marlon Sugars, Crete, IL; Kris Short, Connersville, IN; David Herman, E. Windsor, NJ; Kevin O'Donnell, Cincinnati, OH; Robert Conrad, Kenosha, WI.

BURGER ZING

I used to respect you clods until I read "Other McD.L.T.-Type Ideas We'd Like to See from McDonald's" in MAD #283. Do you realize that if we used any of your proposed measures to improve our quality, service and cleanliness, that all of our customers would die from shock?! How heartless and inhumane can you get?

Eli Eldridge
McDonalds #571
Elsmere, DE

Have it your way! We made a mistake with this article and it was a whopper! — Ed.

"A MAD LOOK AT FAT"

I feel that "A MAD Look at Fat" by Sergio Aragones in MAD #283 was totally unrealistic, especially the cartoon of the man on the airplane. It showed him with sweat dripping off his face and sweaty, smelly armpits, implying that all fat people are dirty, ugly, smelly and sweaty. Many fat people are very nice, and are also clean and dry.

Adam Urquhart
Ontario, Canada

Adam, obviously you've never sat next to Bill Gaines on a seven-hour flight to Paris! - Ed.

MORON MAIL

My friend Jennifer and I have built a shrine and started a pagan religion to honor MAD. We dress only in burnt umber, shave our eyebrows and dye our fingers and toenails robin's egg blue. So far we have 50,000 followers, including most of Cherry Hill H.S. West. Our history teacher is quite taken with our new religion, so it must be okay. Donations are accepted!

Eva Milstein
Cherry Hill, NJ

We're not surprised! The students of Cherry Hill H.S. have a long history of worshipping false gods. We did some research and, broken down by graduating classes, here's just a partial list of the objects of their fanatical devotion:

1961: Morey Amsterdam
1969: a Sluggo Pex dispenser
1974: one of the Doublemint twins
1980: Morey Amsterdam, again!!
1985: A tie: Ronald Reagan and non-fat dry milk
- Ed.

"PRIME" RIB

In MAD #284's "Careers for Athletes Past their Prime," you forgot to mention the job for ex-hockey goalies: Jason stunt doubles in "Friday the 13th" films!

Rob Ziolo
Dupont, PA

Fa fa fa! We've given "Careers" writer Paul Peter Porges two minutes in the penalty box for being scored on by a yahoo from Dupont, PA!
- Ed.

SEPARATED AT MIRTH?

HEAVY METAL MADNESS



Sharp-eyed head bangers may have noticed that the fabulous artwork on the back cover of the new Anthrax album *State of Euphoria* was drawn by MAD's own Mort Drucker! For goofy metal fans who didn't see it, look!

GIVING US THE NEEDLE

I have just finished reading MAD's "Catch of the Day." Do you think you could give me the phone number of the guy who's holding the needle? I might like to call him up sometime! He has great legs!!

Heather Alexander
U.S.A.

We've received many inquiries from interested women (and a few men!) regarding the true identity of the hunk pictured on the back cover of MAD #283. While federal laws prohibit us from revealing his phone number, we can tell you he is single, available and hygienic! Any interested parties can write to him c/o "The MAD Fisherman." To insure privacy, mark envelopes "personal." Photos optional, but preferred!
- Ed.



NUDE FOR THOUGHT

Until reading "The Real Demographics of Various TV Audiences" I had no idea that Blair Brown had done a nude scene. Thank you, Thank you, THANK YOU!

R. Moore
Long Beach, CA

You're welcome, you're welcome, you're welcome! You'll also be happy to hear that tentative plans call for Estelle Getty, Roseanne Barr and Hugh Downs to appear nude in the upcoming motion picture *Dan and Marilyn Quayle: The National Guard Years*. - Ed.

WHAT'S EATING THEM?

I've been enjoying MAD for 25 years and I rarely find anything too repulsive to handle. But those disgusting cannibal cartoons by Duck Edwing (MAD #284) made me unhappy enough to write. They were too sick! Your other features maintain a high level of entertainment. There is no place in MAD for sick, bathroom-oriented humor. Come on guys, you can do better than this!

Amy Jillian Bucci
Madison, WI

Sorry, but you are wrong. Very wrong. Our other features have no higher entertainment value than any of Duck's garbages! - Ed.

In your January '89 issue there were three cartoons by Duck Edwing containing graphic depictions of cannibalism. I am personally shocked and appalled by the very poor taste demonstrated in these pages. I'm not talking about the subject matter, of course, but the extreme fashion faux pas! Does Mr. Edwing really think that the discriminating cannibal wears Bermuda shorts and ankle bracelets? I mean really!

Dan Povenmire
Los Angeles, CA

Please Address All Correspondence To:
MAD, Dept. 286, 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!

Nov. 14, 1988 THE NEW YORKER Price \$5.75



On the left is the cover of the November 14, 1988 edition of *The New Yorker*. Does it remind you of the April, 1978 edition of *MAD* on the right? Don't answer right away, just mull it over in your mind. We are sure you'll come up with the same answer we did. Who would have thought this could happen in *The New Yorker*... Yes, *The New Yorker*!

ANGST FOR NOTHING DEPT.

There's a hot ensemble-cast show that just won a slew of Emmys! It's the kind of show that most viewers seem to either love or hate, or love to hate! It's dark, it's moody, it's depressing, it's...

thirtysuffe



So tell me.
What's this
show about?

It's about people
suffering through
the great depres-
sion of the 30's!

Not again! They already
did that with *The Waltons*!

No, no! The people in
this show are Yuppies
of the 80's! They're
depressed because they
are IN their 30's!

Who's that couple
on the left?

That's Migraine Schlepman
with his wife, Cope, and
their daughter, Gamy!
They both share the same
hopeless, wishful dream!

And what's
that?

That they
were
still
in their
20's!

What's with the bearded
guy and the blonde?

That's Ellyup and his
wife, Naffy! They used
to be very close, but
now they're talking
about getting divorced!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



ring



What happened? Did they both suddenly discover there was someone they loved more than each other?

Yeah, themselves!

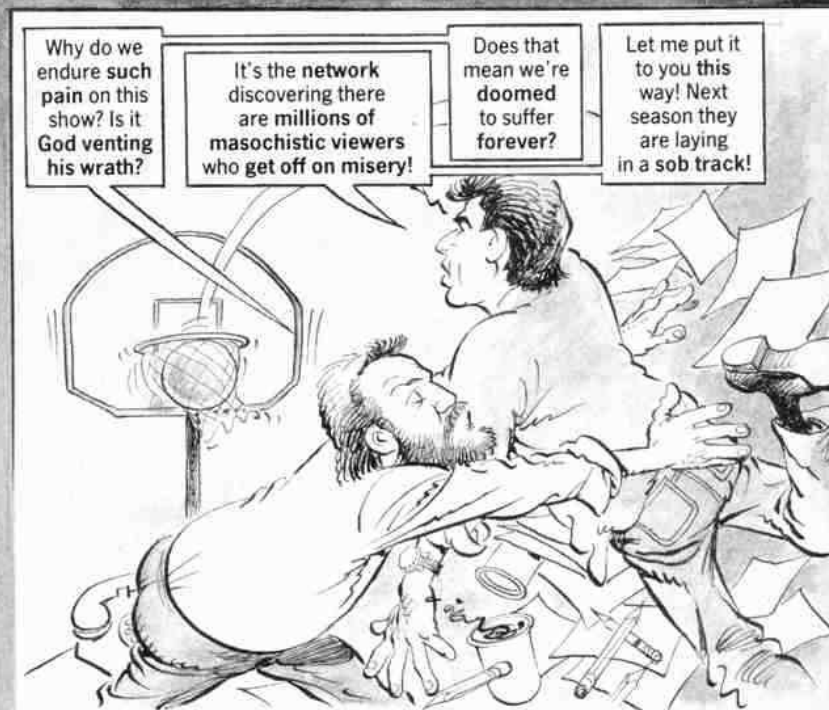
Who are the three on the right?

That's Ailin and Hairy and Meshugga—the supporting cast! They're all single! Being around the two couples has given them a purpose!

And what is that?

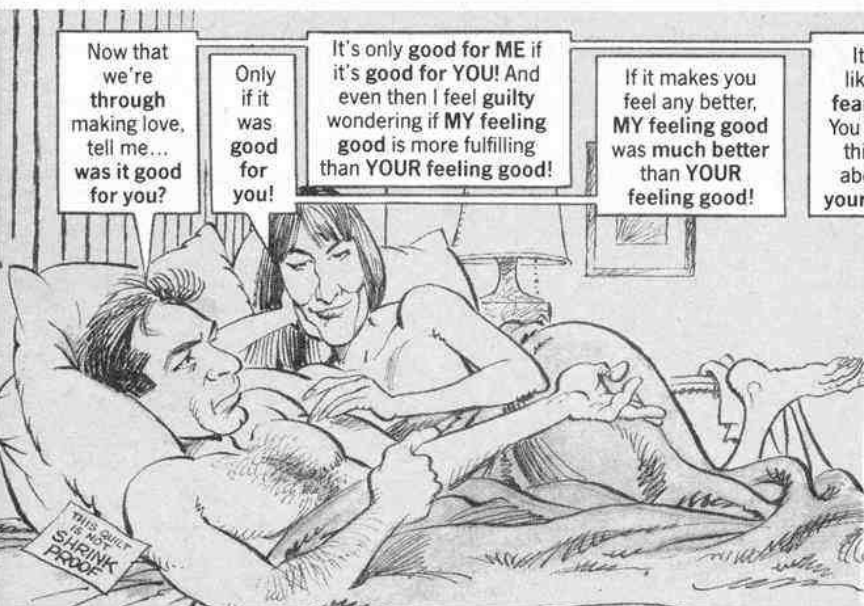
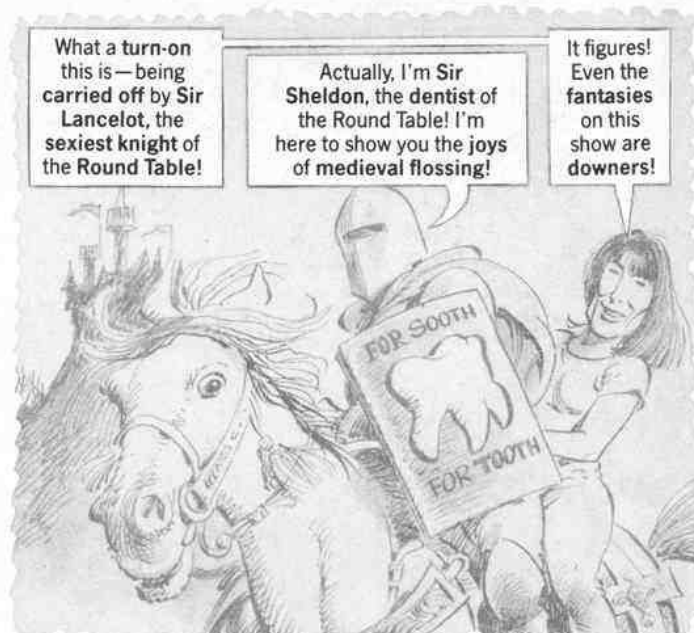
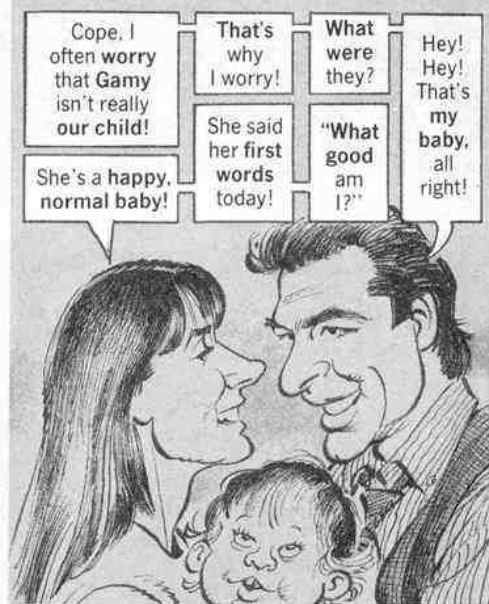
To stay single!

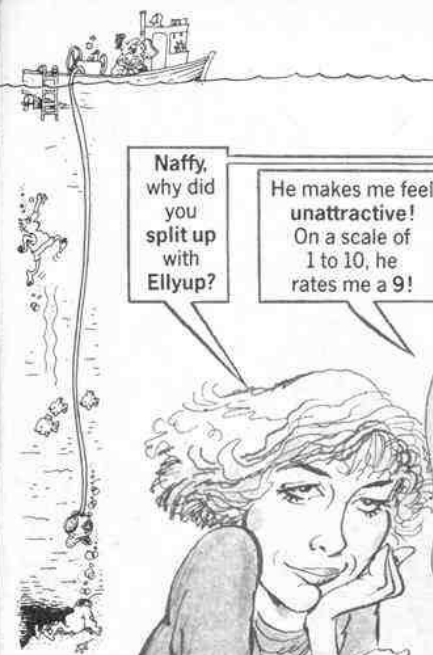
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



Qr. DRUCKER

WANNA PLAY?





Naffy, why did you split up with Ellyup?

He makes me feel **unattractive!** On a scale of 1 to 10, he rates me a 9!

Golly, a 9 seems pretty high!

He rates **Margaret Thatcher** a 10!



Let me in, Naffy, so I can tell you about this new counseling clinic I've found! They've had great luck with other couples!

Mike Tyson and Robin Givens, and Sylvester Stallone and Brigitte Nielsen!

Disasters for them! Great luck for this series! Without you and me split up, each episode would be a dramatic nothing!

Those relationships were disasters!

Like who?



Migraine, how have you and Cope kept your marriage going?

Through communication! Every night after dinner we talk about our frustrations, our resentments, our anxieties...

Isn't there any small talk?

For us, that is small talk!

What about larger issues, such as toxic waste and world hunger and the threat of nuclear destruction?

We save those for vacations!



Cheer me up, Hairy! Tell me I'm not a failure!

You ARE a failure, but look at the up side! You fail in ways other people only dream of failing in! In fact, you're the most complete failure a man could be!

That makes me feel ever so much better!



Who are you? Where am I?

I'm St. Peter and this is your death fantasy! As we speak, God and Satan are bargaining for your soul!

At least I'm wanted somewhere!

Not exactly! They're both exercising their right of first refusal!



I've always resented you, Cope! As kids, you always had better grades, neater boyfriends, flashier zits! You always outshone me!

But now YOU'RE free and single and I'M up half the night with Gamy and have to live with a stressed-out husband and a 20-year mortgage! Doesn't that tell you something?!

It sure does! Now you're even out-suffering me!



My love life is the pits! My career is going nowhere and I'm filled with resentment! Why am I so miserable?

Most likely you're manic-depressive as well as schizophrenic! Not to mention being totally stressed out!

You make me sound like a schmuck!

Oh yeah, that too!

All this pain and grief! Will it ever end?

It's got to end! After all, we won't stay in our thirties forever and ever!

That's right! Fifty years from now, all our troubles will seem like nothing!



Here we are in our big Golden Age Fantasy! We've all survived into our eighties!

Dadgummit, Cope! My arthritis is really killing me!

Big deal! I've got tired blood, apoplexy, and half a liver!

Fifty years later and you're STILL out-suffering me!

I'm a failure at shuffle-board, a failure at checkers and a failure at Bingo!

Good grief, Ellyup, you're not dead yet!

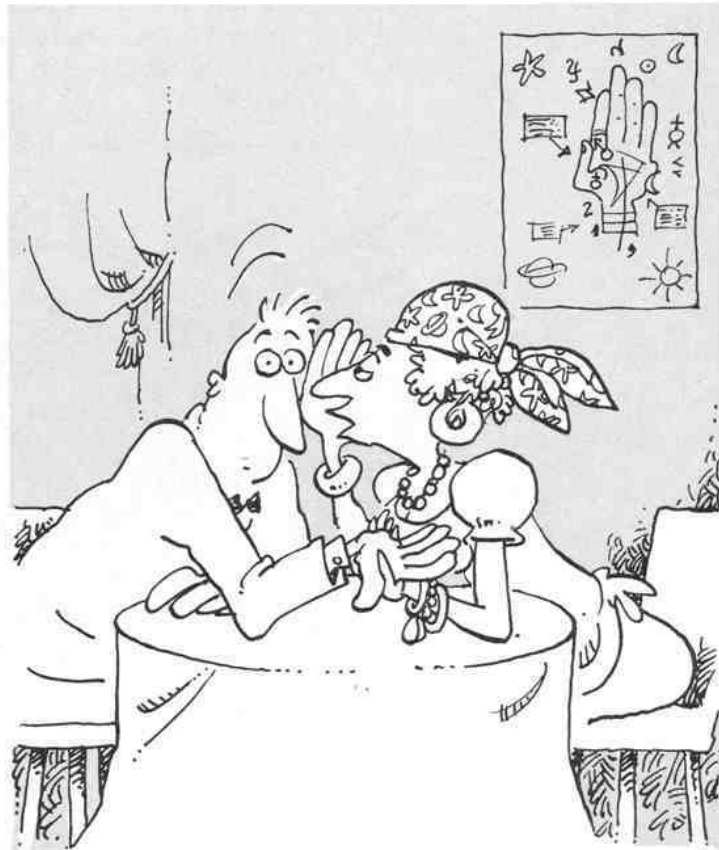
I know! I'm a failure at that too!

Some prophet you are, Migraine! We've got as many anxieties and worries as we had in our thirties!

By cracky, you're right! But with all our old-age misery, we could create a new break-through TV series! And I've got just the title—"eightysuffering"!



HAND-ME-DOWN



GAUCHE STORIES DEPT.

"Death Take a Holiday" is a great 20th Century American play that no one's read in 200 years. Anyway, we thought this was a pretty wild idea. If Death can take off, how about some of the other awful things in life, like Bad Taste (a subject on which we consider ourselves experts.) Wouldn't it be great to have a break from hemorrhoid commercials, transvestite pop stars and drive-thru funeral homes? We say, Yes! Of course, it'll never happen, but here's what it might be like...



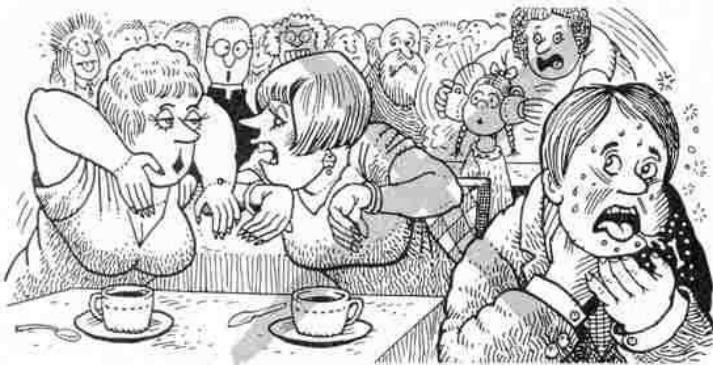
7:30 Today Show weatherman Willard Scott does an entire weather segment without once mentioning, removing, or imitating one of the muppets with his toupee.

8:01 Fire completely engulfs the sole manufacturing plant for custom car-horns that play "La Cucaracha."



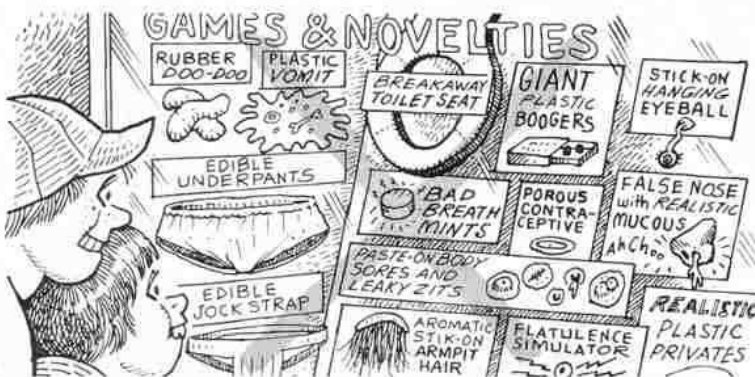
9:17 A well-known but anonymous movie actress quietly leaves the Betty Ford Center in Palm Springs, cured of both her urge to drink...and her urge to write a book about it.

9:52 Apologizing for their "bad lapse in judgment," sheet music publishers recall and burn all marching band arrangements of "Yesterday," "The Sound of Silence" and "Feelings."



10:09 In the middle of a crowded Miami restaurant, two women discussing their gynecological problems actually lower their voices.

10:43 Producers of an upcoming "Legends of Hollywood" TV special learn that, due to a scheduling conflict, Emmanuel Lewis will be unable to appear.



11:15 By a 98-2 vote, the Senate approves a farm-subsidy-like program which would pay practical joke and novelty companies to not produce Rubber Dog-Doo, Fake Vomit and Edible Underpants.

11:48 Jacko's "Green Card" is revoked.

IF BAD TASTE TOOK A HOLIDAY

12:00 Proprietors of all the Elvis Presley Souvenir Shops in his home town of Memphis jointly announce that they are closing their doors permanently and advise fans of "The King" to just buy his records.

1:11 The License Commissions of all states unanimously vote to outlaw personalized license plate messages.

2:23 After a star NFL halfback suffers a gruesome compound leg fracture during a televised game, the CBS Sports Director does not replay the accident eight times from six different angles.

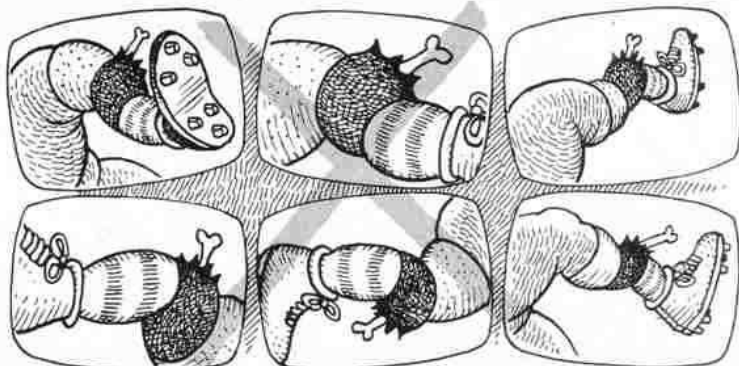
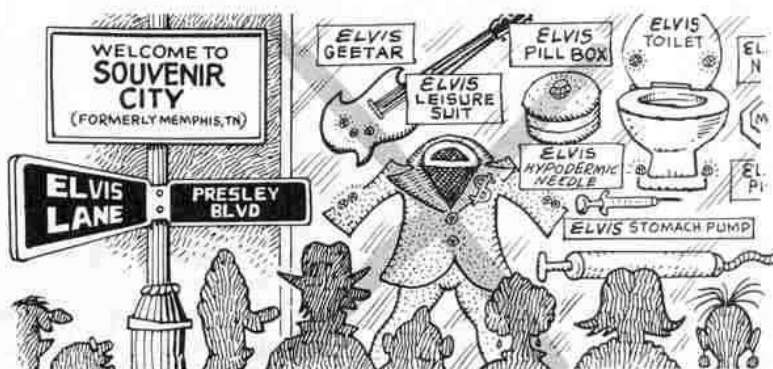
2:59 At an informal "organizing session" in San Francisco, practitioners of a bizarre and disgusting new sexual fetish vote to "stay in the closet."

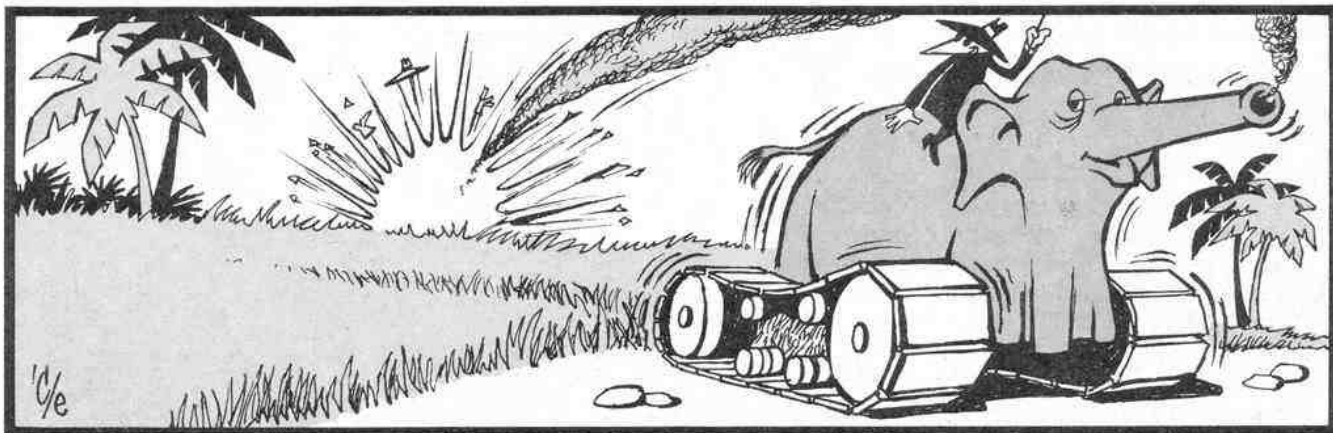
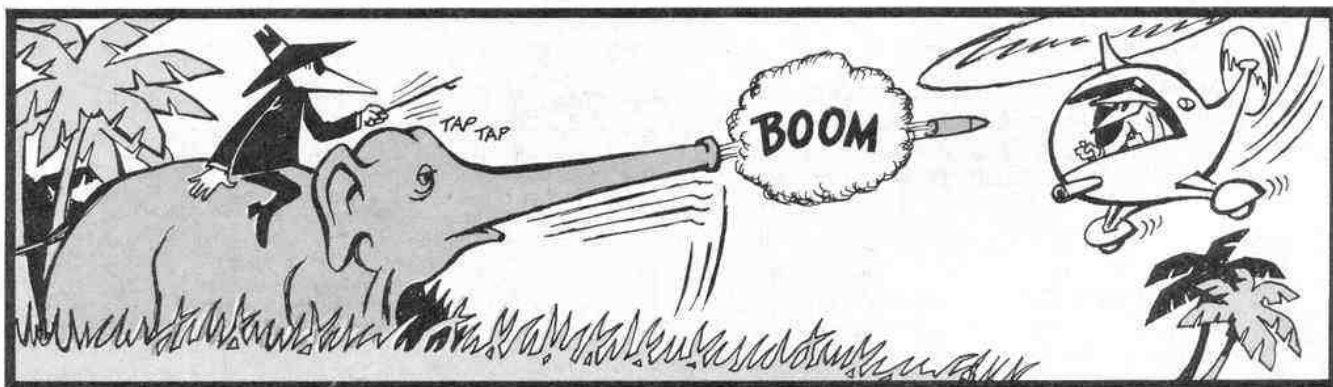
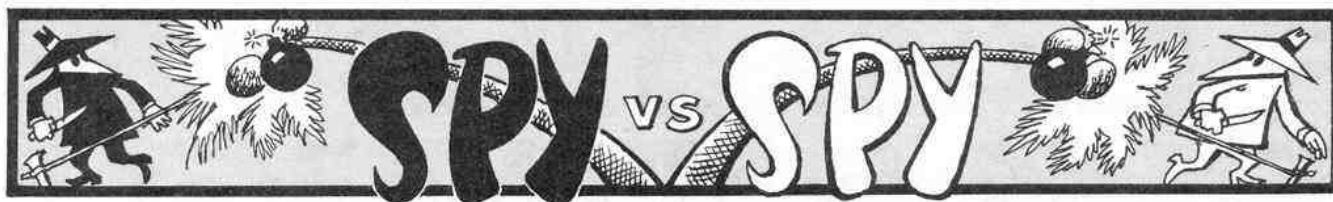
3:36 On her way out to a Cleveland K-Mart, 400-pound Myra Flornoe decides—at the last minute—to change out of her halter-top and shorts, brush her teeth and bathe.

4:20 TV Evangelist Oral Roberts tells his viewers that if he doesn't get \$8 million in contributions by the end of the month, "I'll just have to get by on less than that."

5:00 MAD artist Duck Edwing runs out of ink.

5:53 When a distraught man climbs out on the 21st-story ledge of a New York high-rise, all 498 people watching from below are able to restrain themselves from yelling "JUMP!!"





SHOW AND SELL DEPT.

Nowadays, when a major rock act starts a concert tour, they don't just take along amps, lights and instruments. They also take along the sponsorship of a huge corporation that pays tour expenses in exchange for its products being associated with the big-name artist! The problem is, the products seldom match the musicians! What does Phil Collins have to do with Virgin Atlantic Airways?? Heck, Michael Jackson doesn't even *drink* Pepsi! If any Madison Avenue hotshots are out there reading this, would you *please* try some of these...

Really Appropriate Sponsors For Rock Tours

WRITER: CHARLIE KADAU



Raspy Voice Concert Series

presents

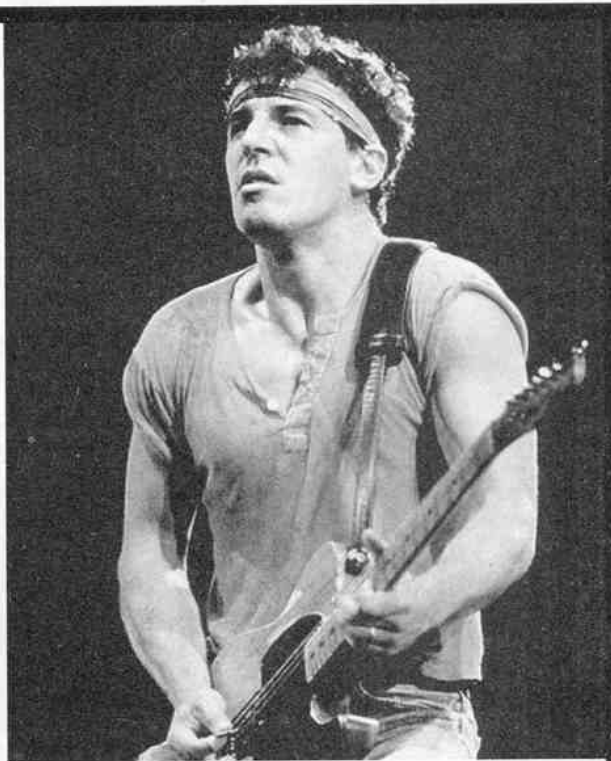
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madison square garden

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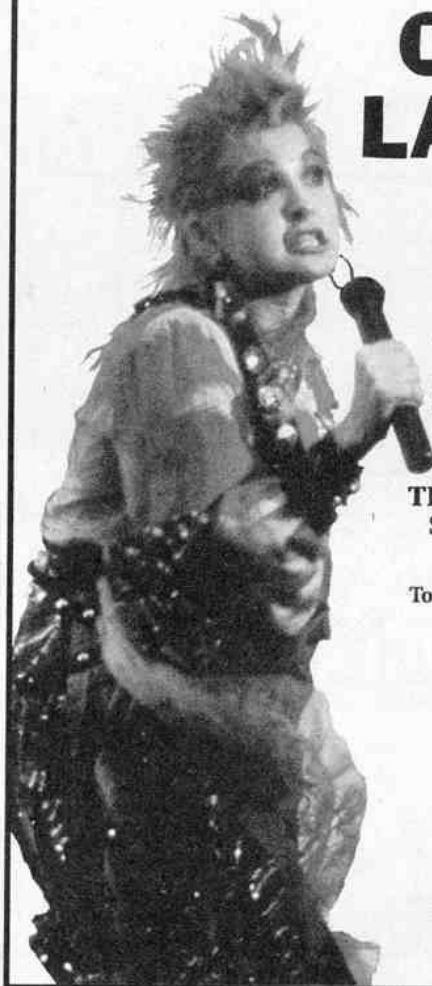
August 5, 6, 8

Show Starts 8 PM/Snack Bars open 4:30 PM
Tickets \$27.50, \$25.00

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THIS YEAR!

**PANTAGES
THEATRE**

6233 HOLLYWOOD BLVD. AT VINE



Larry Bird's Bird and Michael J. Fox's Fox
enjoying an afternoon in James Wood's Woods

SHEER NOUN-SENSE DEPT.

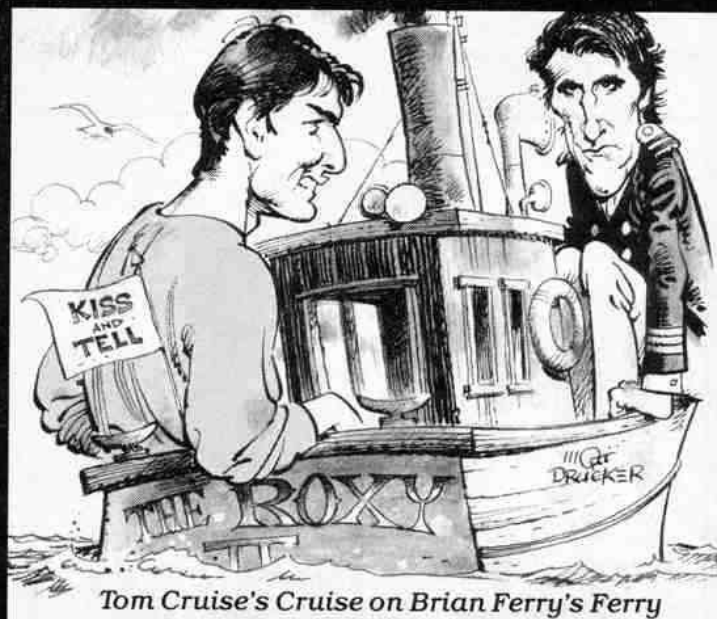
"What's in a name?" is the old question
sometimes asked. Well, it depends! As

THE NAME OF THE RICH

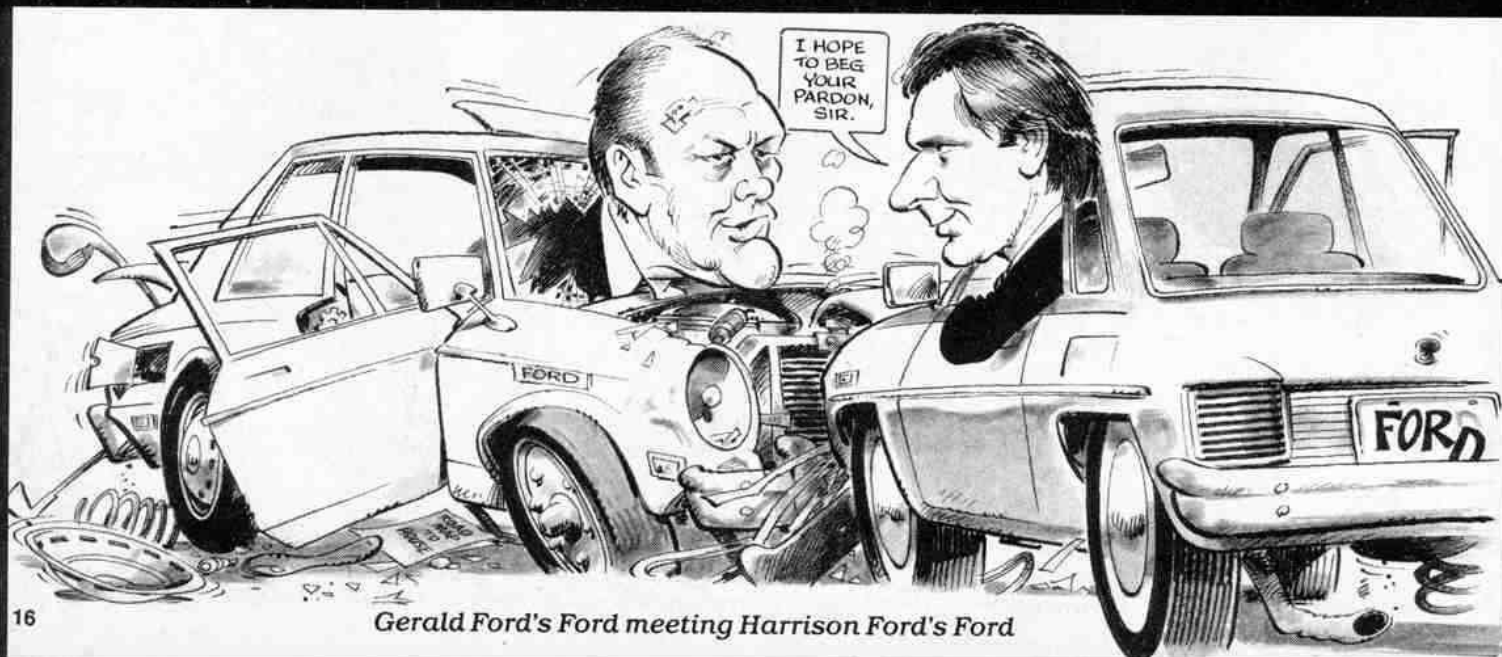
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER



Robert Plant's Plant, Pete Rose's Rose and
George Bush's Bush in Sally Field's Field



Tom Cruise's Cruise on Brian Ferry's Ferry



Gerald Ford's Ford meeting Harrison Ford's Ford

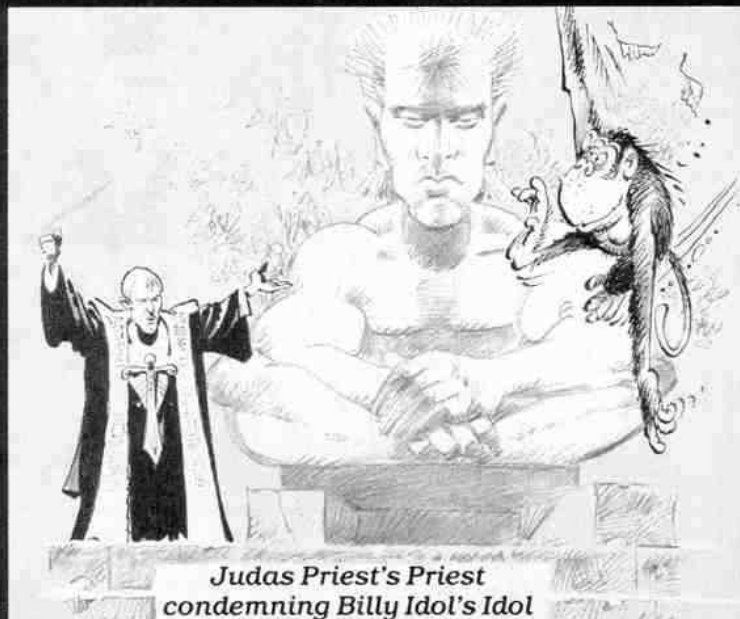
you'll see in the following stupid
scenes we've managed to come up with!

GAME AND FAMOUS

WRITER: J. PRETE



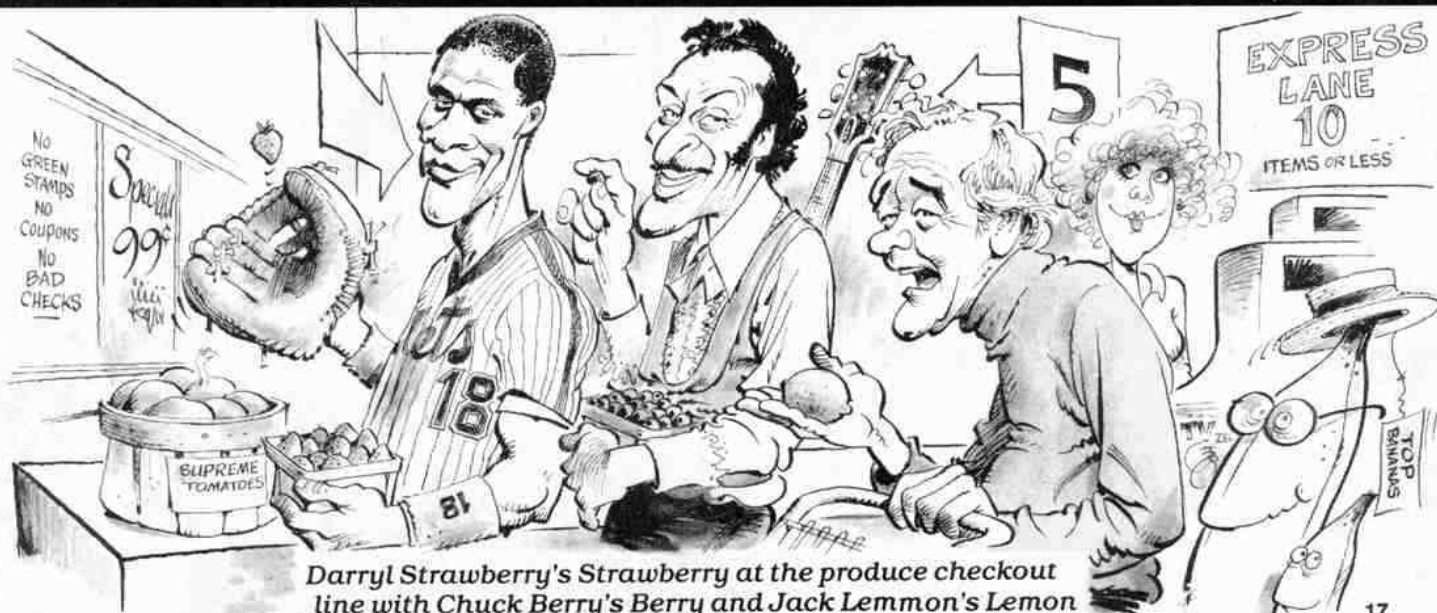
Kirstie Alley's Alley directly
behind Darryl Hall's Hall



Judas Priest's Priest
condemning Billy Idol's Idol



Rev. Moon's Moon in Elton John's John



Darryl Strawberry's Strawberry at the produce checkout
line with Chuck Berry's Berry and Jack Lemmon's Lemon

BEING BULLIED

Get up already, Roy! This is the third time I've come in here this morning! And don't start in again about how you don't want to go to school because the kids are always picking on you! You're going to have to learn to fight back!



Remember—you're the teacher!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTS

THE SINGLES WORLD

Girls, last night I met "Mr. Right"!

Really! Tell us all about him!

Well, he's a doctor, but he's not boring like most of them! He has a great sense of humor and he loves sports, theater and dancing!

Wow! He really sounds perfect!

Yeah, but look out! He may not be the marrying kind!

Oh, he is! He's been married four times!



VANITY



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

FASHION



FISHING



ROARRRRRR



Shh, don't even whisper!
You'll scare the fish away!

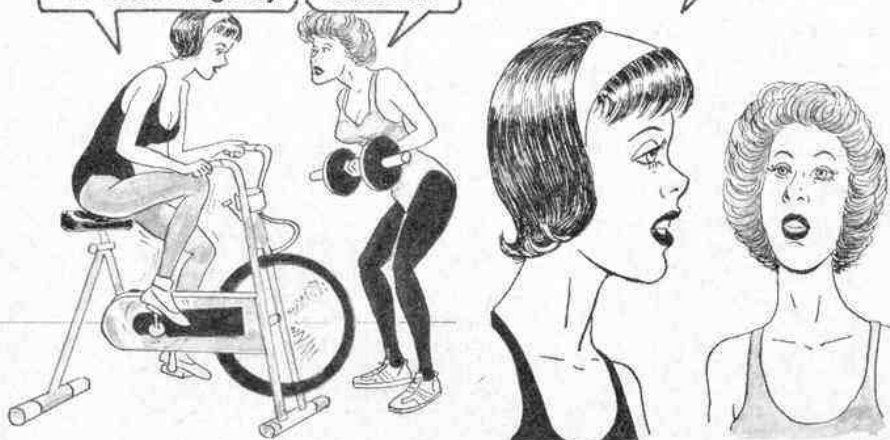


BABIES

I'm really in a bind!
Norman doesn't want to
have a baby yet, but I
hear that biological
time clock ticking away!

C'mon, Sandy,
you're not
old enough
to worry
about that!

But my parents are! I
want them to be able to
take care of the kid!



FOOD

Diane is getting to be a great
cook! She's already an expert
in three kinds of cuisines —
French, Italian, and American!

My wife is an
expert in
three cuisines
herself...



FINANCES

Mister, can
you spare
a guy a
few dollars?

A few dollars? Listen, Mac,
I work hard for a few dollars!
I put in a ten-hour day and
bring work home on weekends!

I used to be just like you
for twenty-five years! Now
I'm a reformed workaholic!



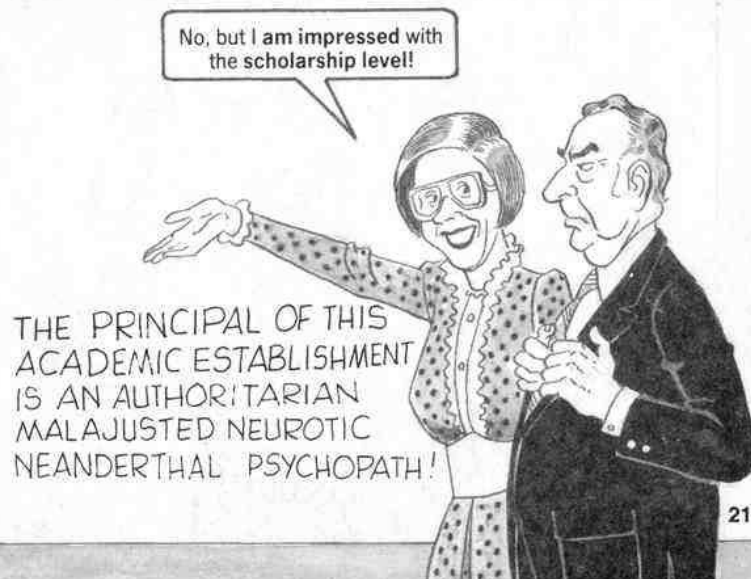
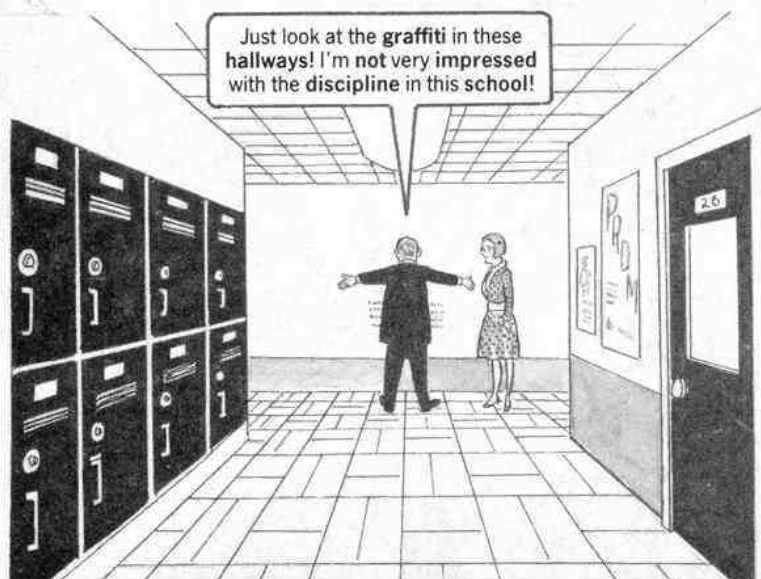
CONSIDERATION



FATHERS



SCHOOL



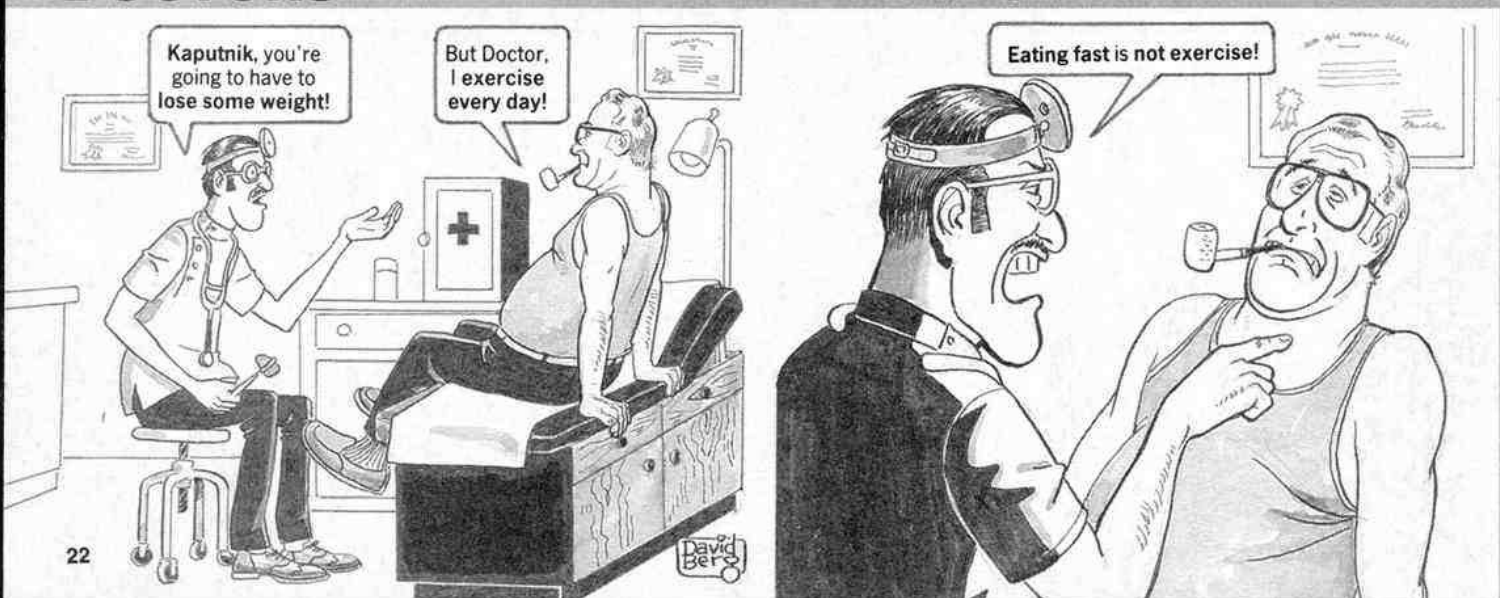
TELEVISION



EDUCATION

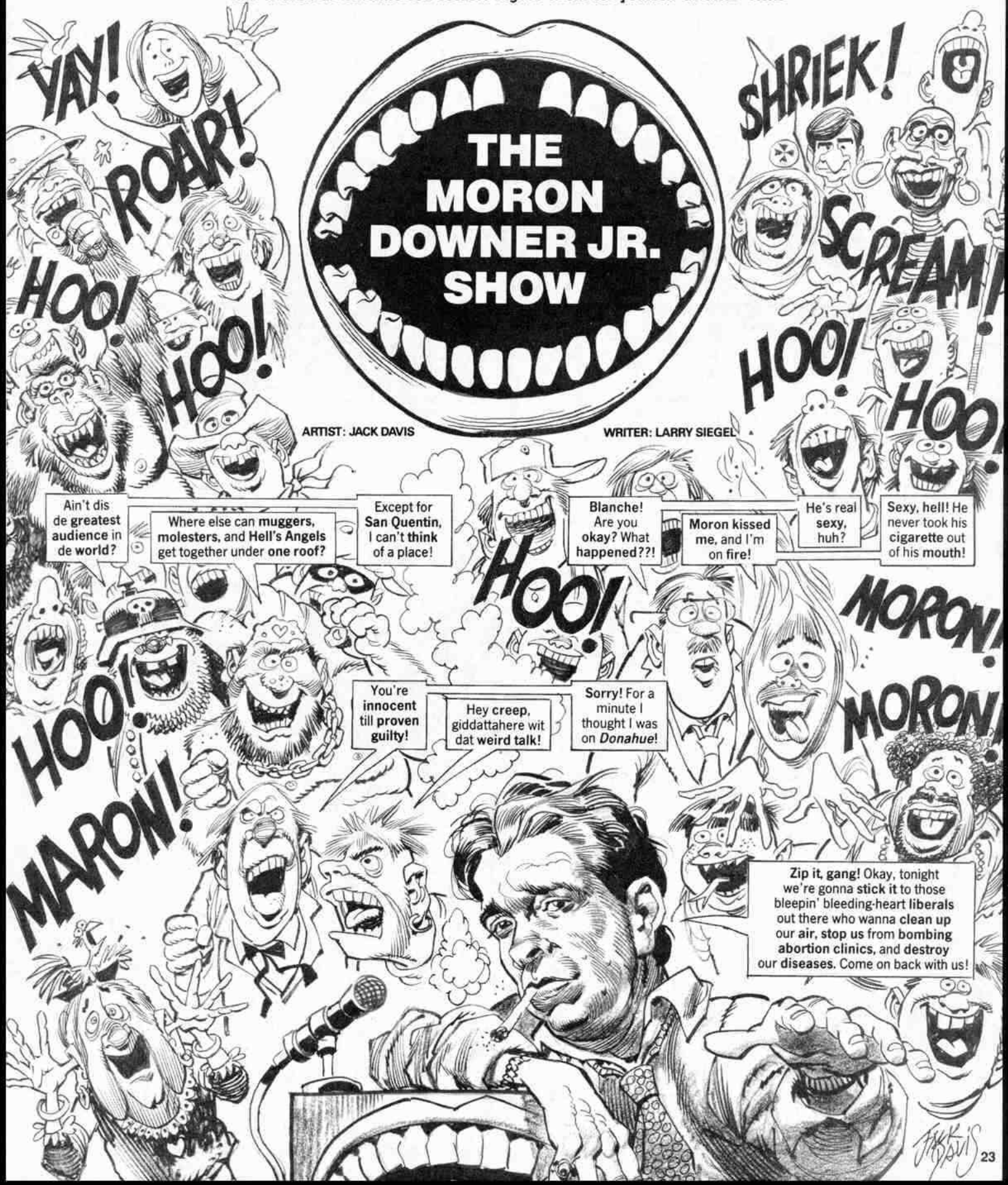


DOCTORS



PRIME SLIME ENTERTAINMENT DEPT.

A new television phenomenon has risen in the East and is racing like wildfire across the country. He's loud, he's rude, and he's vulgar! Then why is he so popular? Is it because he has even less taste than Geraldo Rivera? Is it because Americans like to see a guy make a fool of himself every night? Or do we just like to look at his little red socks?! Figure it out for yourself as MAD visits



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Ain't dis
de greatest
audience in
de world?

Where else can muggers,
molesters, and Hell's Angels
get together under one roof?

Except for
San Quentin,
I can't think
of a place!

Blanche!
Are you
okay? What
happened??!

Moron kissed
me, and I'm
on fire!

He's real
sexy,
huh?

Sexy, hell! He
never took his
cigarette out of
his mouth!

You're
innocent
till proven
guilty!

Hey creep,
giddattahere wit
dat weird talk!

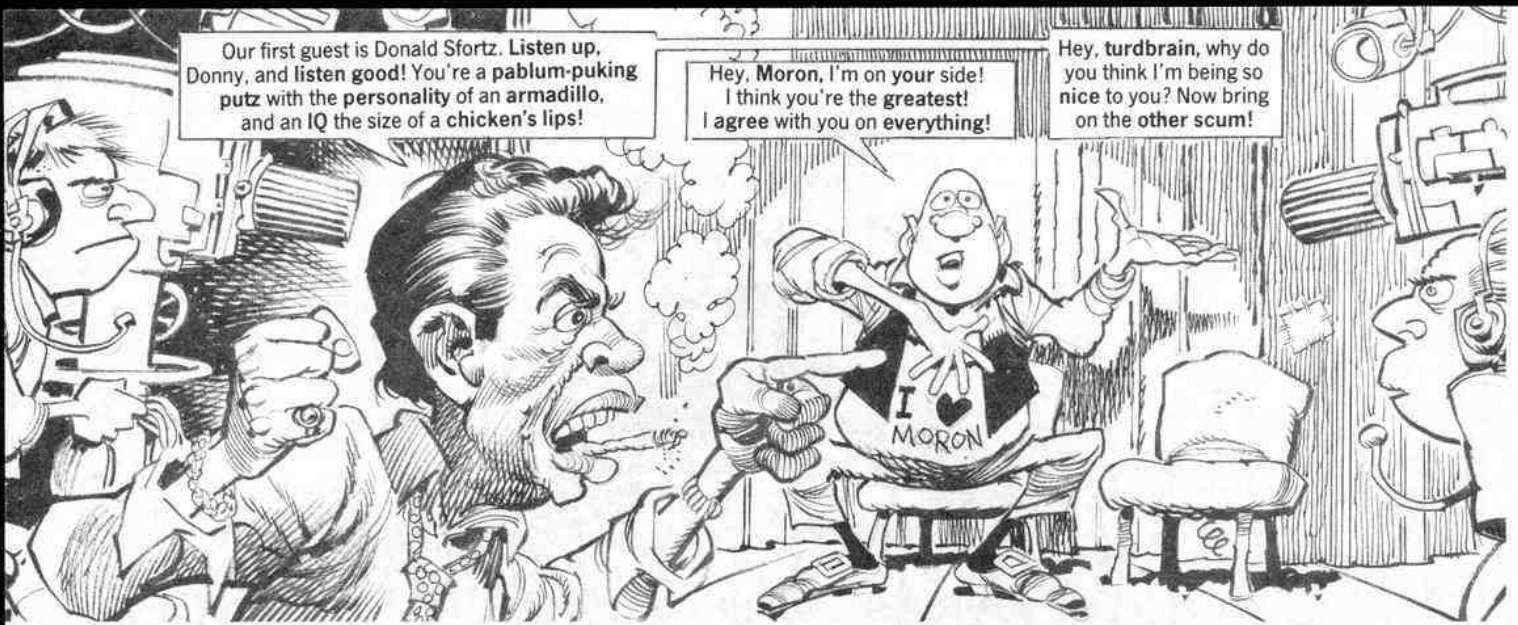
Sorry! For a
minute I
thought I was
on *Donahue*!

Zip it, gang! Okay, tonight
we're gonna stick it to those
bleepin' bleeding-heart liberals
out there who wanna clean up
our air, stop us from bombing
abortion clinics, and destroy
our diseases. Come on back with us!

Our first guest is Donald Sfortz. Listen up, Donny, and listen good! You're a pablum-puking putz with the personality of an armadillo, and an IQ the size of a chicken's lips!

Hey, Moron, I'm on your side! I think you're the greatest! I agree with you on everything!

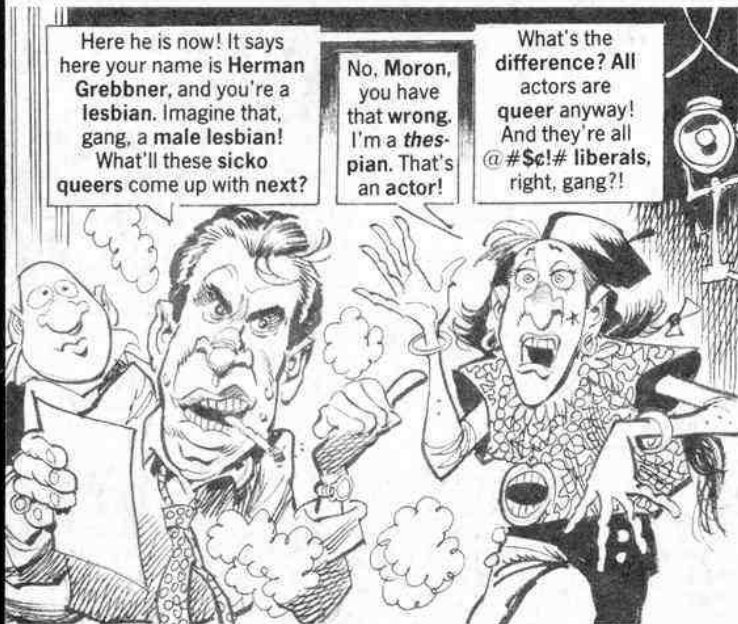
Hey, turdbrain, why do you think I'm being so nice to you? Now bring on the other scum!



Here he is now! It says here your name is Herman Grebbner, and you're a lesbian. Imagine that, gang, a male lesbian! What'll these sicko queers come up with next?

No, Moron, you have that wrong. I'm a *thes*-pian. That's an actor!

What's the difference? All actors are queer anyway! And they're all @#&!# liberals, right, gang?!



Look, Moron, I'm not necessarily a liberal. I just happen to disagree with most things you believe in!

Hey, that's your privilege, pal! After all, it's a democracy, and God bless you, you're certainly entitled to get a word in.

Thanks, Moron—

I said a word, and that's two, you double-crossin' crud! Be nice to scum, and they screw you! GET OFF MY SHOW!



You know what I don't get, Herm? Why guests like you come on this show in the first place!

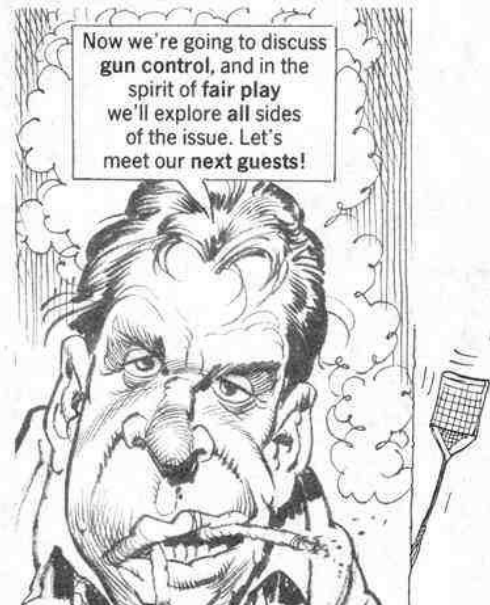
Three reasons, Moron! One, we believe in freedom of speech. Two, we've got a message to share. And three, we're devout masochists! Chew me out! Hit me! Just let me stay! You don't know how terrible it's going to be for me if I'm not harassed by you and your audience!



That's why you're gone, turkey! I'm a devout sadist!



Now we're going to discuss gun control, and in the spirit of fair play we'll explore all sides of the issue. Let's meet our next guests!





I'm Otto Farmish, and I'm against handgun control!

I'm Lance Boyle, and I'm against rifle control!

I'm Derek Dirque, and I'm against UZI sub-machine gun control and howitzer control!

Well, that pretty much covers the pro's and con's of the subject!



But I do think there should be a three-day waiting period before a citizen can buy a 280-mm. atomic cannon!

Another liberal candy-ass?! I'll tear out your guts with my bare hands!



Stop it, Moron! You're killing me!

You lefty wimp! Can't take a little patriotic choking from a real American, right?!

It's not the choking! It's your tobacco breath!

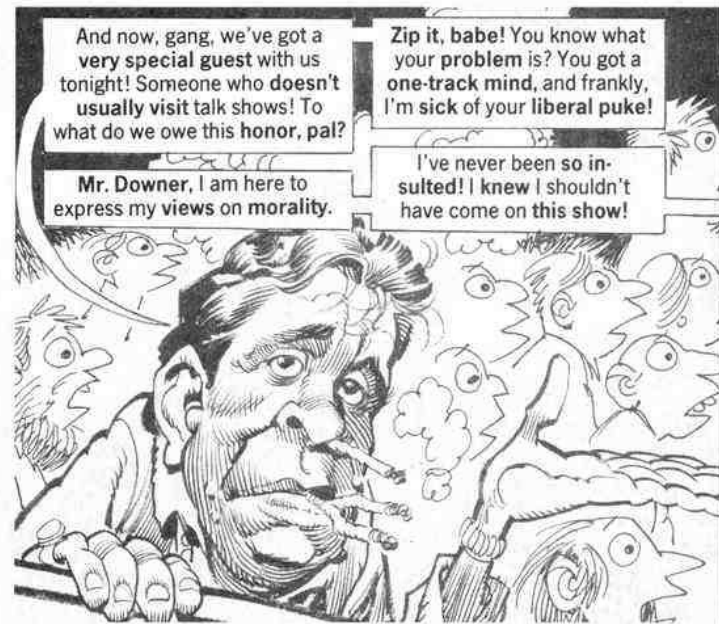


Hey guys, how do you feel about all the aliens in this country who refuse to speak English?

I tink dese furriners is disgustin'! If dey doan learn da langwich, dey should leave!

But my people have taken care of this land for centuries!

Big deal! Ya heard him! Go back to where ya came from!



And now, gang, we've got a very special guest with us tonight! Someone who doesn't usually visit talk shows! To what do we owe this honor, pal?

Zip it, babe! You know what your problem is? You got a one-track mind, and frankly, I'm sick of your liberal puke!

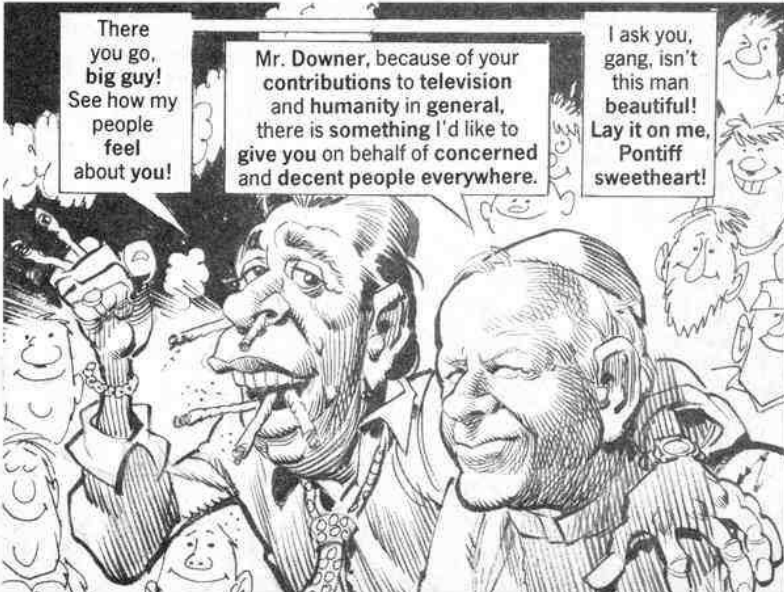
Mr. Downer, I am here to express my views on morality.

I've never been so insulted! I knew I shouldn't have come on this show!



Hey, it's a free country, Pope baby!

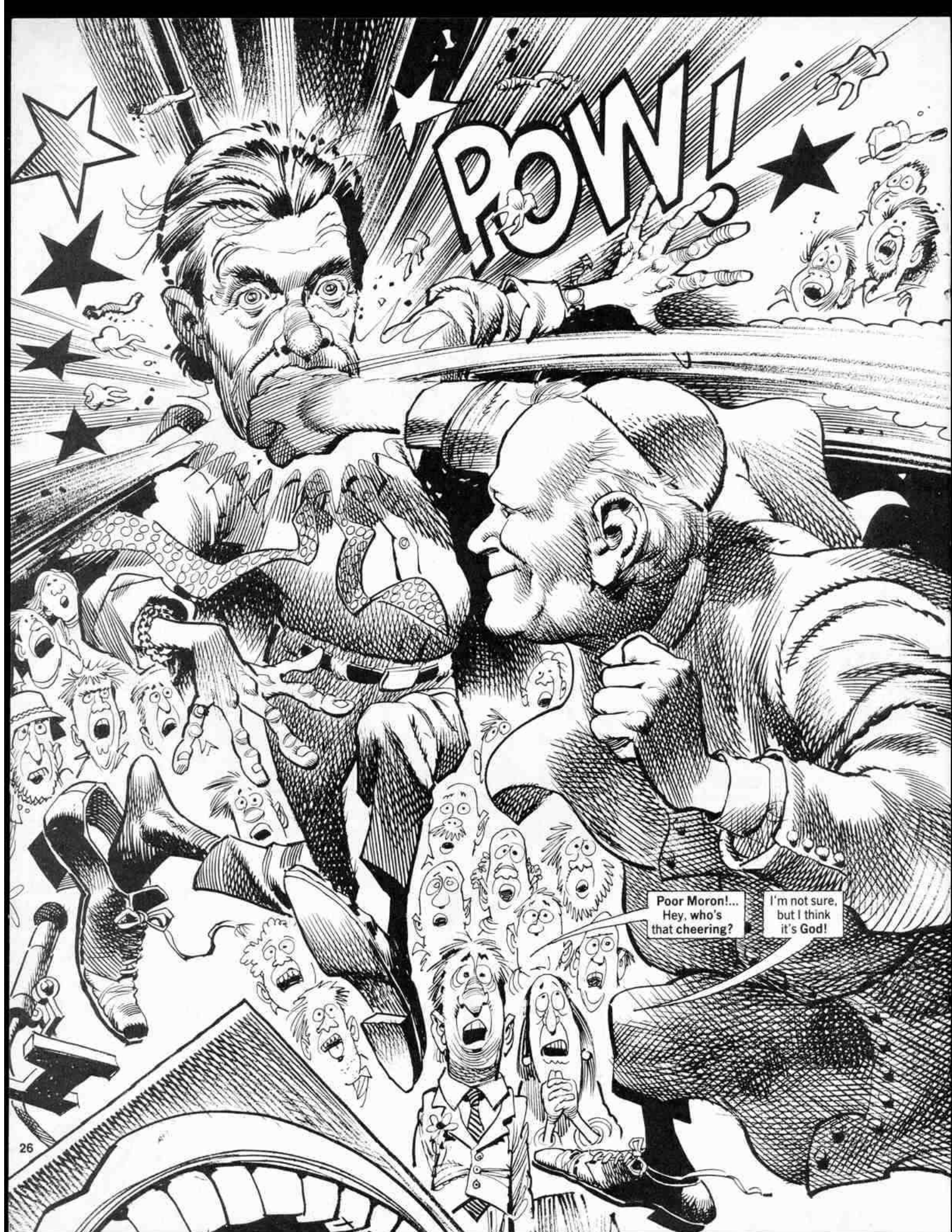
Seriously, Holiness, I meant no disrespect! I deeply admire you and everything you've been doing to promote peace and understanding in the world! Tell him, gang!



There you go, big guy! See how my people feel about you!

Mr. Downer, because of your contributions to television and humanity in general, there is something I'd like to give you on behalf of concerned and decent people everywhere.

I ask you, gang, isn't this man beautiful! Lay it on me, Pontiff sweetheart!



POW!

Poor Moron!...
Hey, who's
that cheering?

I'm not sure,
but I think
it's God!

POT LUCK



ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



ARAGONES

BEAU JEST DEPT.

It's said "True love is a many splendor thing," and this being the case, every girl longs to meet her perfect match, her own Prince Charming, the proverbial Mr. "Right." Unfortunately, it's also said, "A good man is hard to find" and this makes finding Mr. "Right" more difficult than finding

GUYS YOU'RE LIKELY TO MEET BEFO

ARTIST: ALYSE NEWMAN



MR. "RIGHT—'TIL YOU MENTION THE WORD 'MARRIAGE'"



MR. "RIGHT OUT OF THE 60'S"



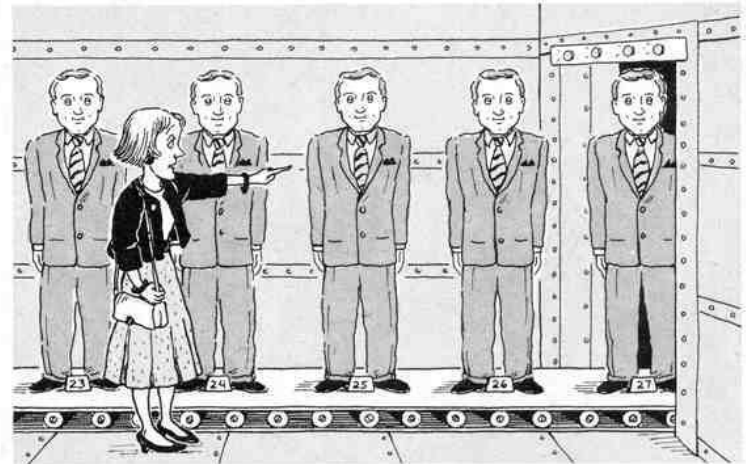
MR. "RIGHT INTO THE BACK SEAT"



MR. "RIGHT AWAY, MOTHER!"



MR. "RIGHT AFTER THE POST-GAME SHOW"



MR. "RIGHT OFF THE ASSEMBLY LINE"

an intelligent person in the audience of the Morton Downey, Jr. Show! We don't mean to discourage you ladies, but the sad truth is you'll probably get involved with an impressive bunch of losers before you finally find the fellow for you. So brace yourself for the worst, 'cause here are the...

RE MR. 'RIGHT'

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER



MR. "RIGHT GUARD CANDIDATE"



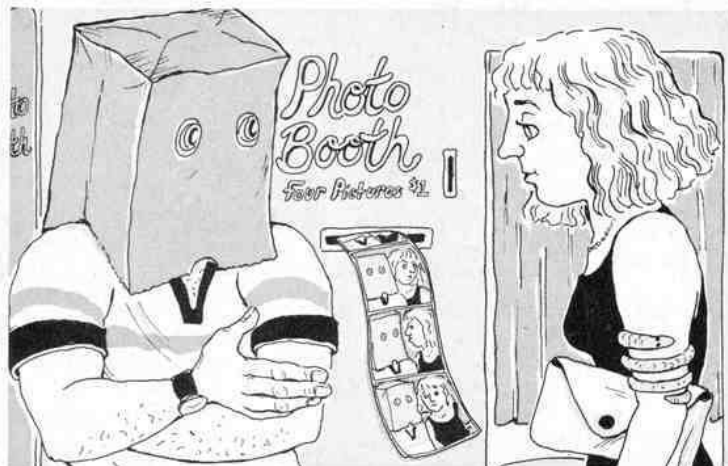
MR. "RIGHT ON, OLLIE NORTH!"



MR. "RIGHT DOWN THE MIDDLE"



MR. "RIGHT INTO INTENSIVE CARE GO YOUR PARENTS!"



MR. "RIGHT AFTER MY DIVORCE, BABE"



MR. "RIGHTSIDE-DOWN"



"I AM THE AD MAN" DEPT.

Nike and Madison Avenue started a *revolution* recently when they used a Beatles song to help promote their sneakers. What if everything the Beatles wrote travels down that same *shabby road*? Their classic songs will be *nowhere, man*, once those *helter skelter* writers get their hands on them! Yup, many a guitar will gently weep...

The Di-Gel commercial (sung to the tune of "Michelle")

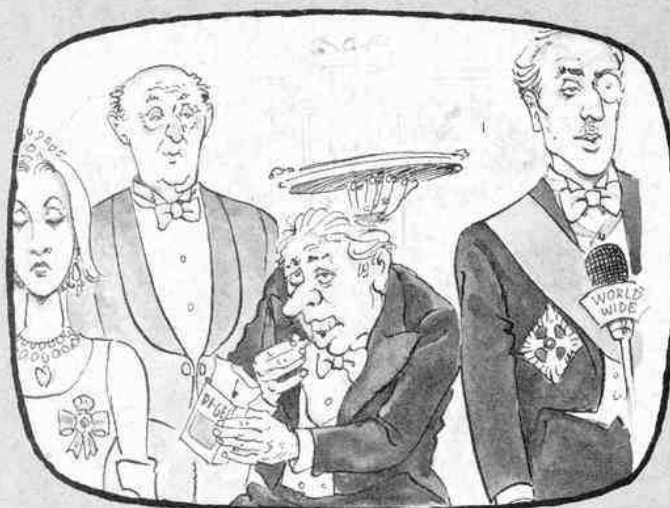


Di-Gel! You're swell!
A-cid in-di-ges-tion you re-pel,
My Di-Gel!

Di-Gel! Do well!
Pig-ging...out...alas,
filled me with gas!
Please make it pass!



I need you! I want you! I take you!
Just when I think I've...died,
Mir-a-cles you pro-vide—
And...I...know...the...heart-burn...in...
my...tum-tum...soon...will subside!



Di-Gel! Pray tell
How that gas that bloat-ed me
like hell
I now expel?



I took you! I crunched you!
I chewed you!
Now I no long-er moan!
Thanks to si-meth-i-cone—

The...pain...has...passed;
I've...burped...at...last,
And...now...I'm feel-ing...swell—
My Di-Gel!



WHEN TV COMMERCIALS MAKE FULL USE OF THE BEATLES SONGS

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

The Ban Roll-On commercial (sung to the tune of "I Want to Hold Your Hand")



One whiff...of his aroma,
And I turn...on...the...fan!
One sniff...I'm in a coma!
He needs some Roll-On...Ban!
He needs some Roll-On...Ban-n-n!
He needs some Roll-On...Ban!



Up...close
I was...gross!
She held her nose...and...ran!
No way-y
Would she stay-y—
Till I got Roll-On...Ban!
I needed Roll-On...Ban-n-n!
Had to get Roll-On...Ban!



I...used...to...be...a...most...
mal-o-dor-ous guy,
Till...Roll-On...Ban...I...did...ap-ply!
NOW I'M DRY! NOW I'M DRY!
NOW I'M DRY!



Be-fore — with wetness oozing,
I was a smel-ly...man!
No more! I'm really cruising!
I needed Roll-On...Ban!
I needed Roll-On...Ban-n-n!
I needed Roll-On...Ban!

The Chevrolet commercial (sung to the tune of "Yesterday")



*Chevrolet—
Though they break down and get towed away,
You'll still be loy-al to the U...S...A—
And save the day...at Chevrolet!*



*Chevrolet—
You can't get a bet-ter deal today!
They're practic'y a steal today—
The 89's...from Chevrolet!*

The Blue Cross commercial (sung to the tune of "And I Love Her")



*I lie here ve-ry...sick—
With drugs they fill...me!
But I don't care...a...lick
How much they bill...me—
'Cause I'm cov-ered!*



*It costs a grand...a...day,
While he's in-ject-ed!
He's got Blue Cross...to...pay!
We're both pro-tect-ed—
'Cause he's cov-ered!*

The Bud Lite commercial (sung to the tune of "A Hard Day's Night")



*He didn't say... "BUD LITE!"
And now he's stretched out...on...the...rack!
He didn't say... "BUD LITE!"
And we can't hold our...pit bull...back!
It's just our own spec-ial way
Of telling drink-ers to-day
That they should say... "BUD LITE!"*



*She didn't say... "BUD LITE!"
Sure hope she likes a...game...of...darts!
He didn't say... "BUD LITE!"
He's gon-na lose some...vi-tal...parts!
When folks are or-der-ing beer,
We want to make it real clear
That they should say... "BUD LITE!"*



*Suddenly —
We're not half the firm we used to be!
Once those imports came across the sea,
Our butts got kicked...so suddenly!*



*Now in '89 is...the...best beyond...a doubt!
And you'll need...it...soon when your '88...wears out!*



*I...know...that...we'd
Suf-fer...a...loss
With-out...Blue Cross
Here...to...help...us!*



*Looks like he wound...up...dead —
That's noth-ing...to...us!
We'll still come out...a-head
And get what's...due...us —
He was cov-ered!*



*Let 'em fry —
Till they are get-ting it right!
Hang 'em high —
Till they are say-ing "BUD LITE!"
Right!*

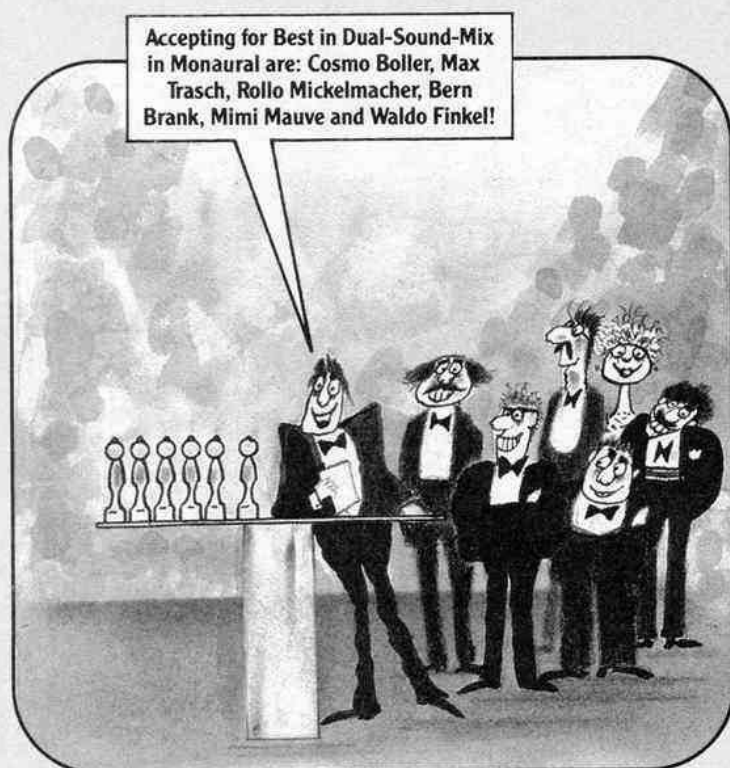
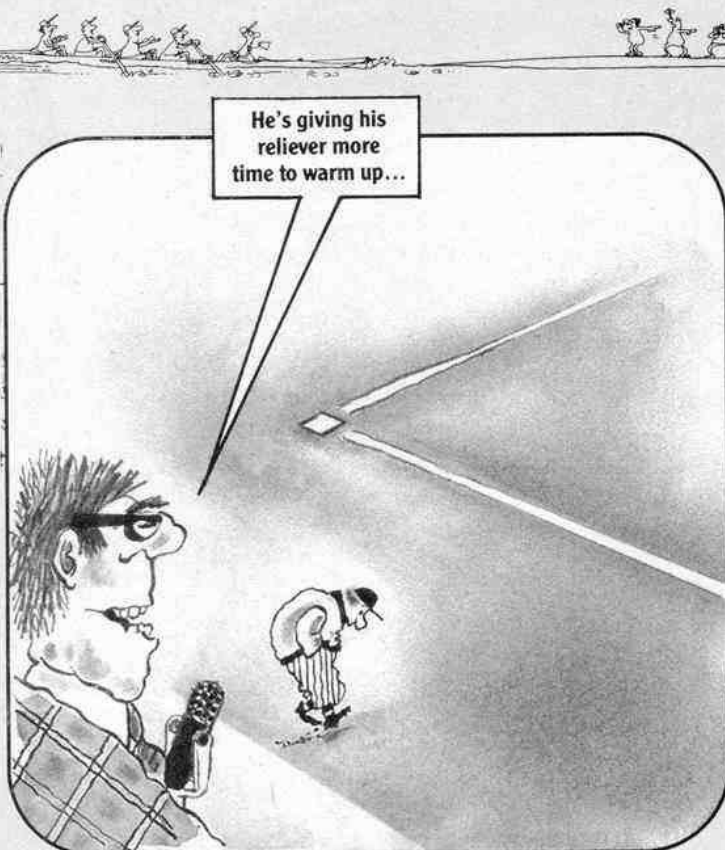


*She didn't say... "BUD LITE!"
Sure hope she's fond of...gi-ant...mice!
He didn't say... "BUD LITE!"
He has to sit through... "Ish-tar"...twice!
So if you want to sur-vive
And feel like staying a-live,
You'd better say... "BUD LITE!"*

BLADDER UP! DEPT.

Attention all you Couch Potatoes with weak Bladders! Do you need more breaks than just the usual commercial interruptions for your bodily functions? Thanks to the following

IT'S SAFE TO GO TO THE



article, now you can be sure you won't miss anything important on TV while you're "takin' care of business!" Just what in God's name are we claiming in this introduction? Simply...

THE BATHROOM WHEN...

ARTIST AND WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

While the goat's feet are simmering,
I'll begin chopping some rutabaga!



There is a huge traffic jam
on La Cienega and, as a result,
the stars have not yet arrived!



My next song is about
a Milkmaid and her
friend, the Grasshopper.



They have temporarily
halted the countdown for
minor technical repairs.



Air Force One is not
in view as of now...



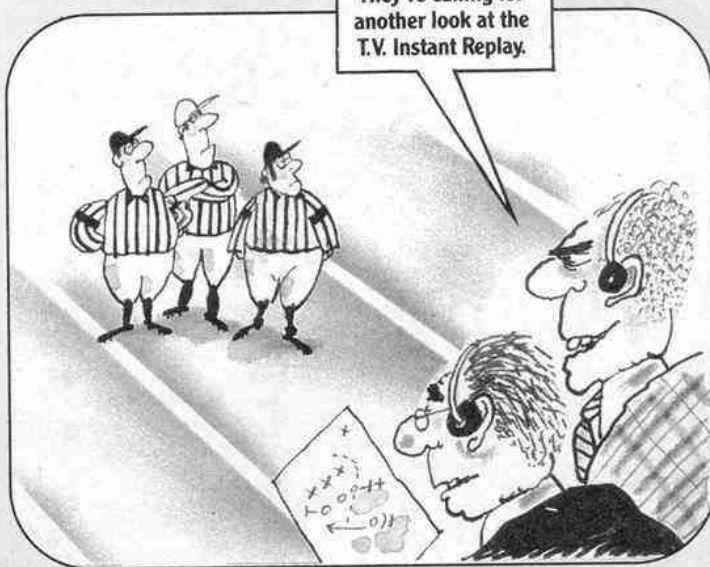
Ladies and gentlemen, the
National Anthems of Outer
Mongolia and Burundi!



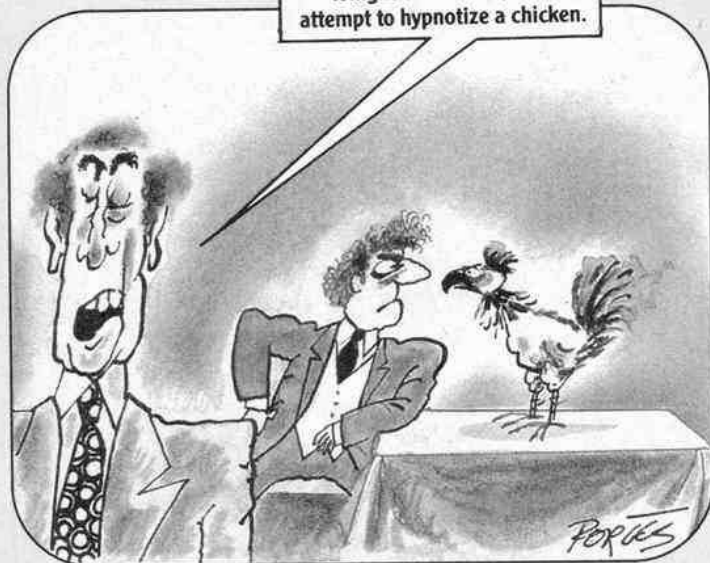
...and there won't be any
entertainment until all
the phonelines are busy!



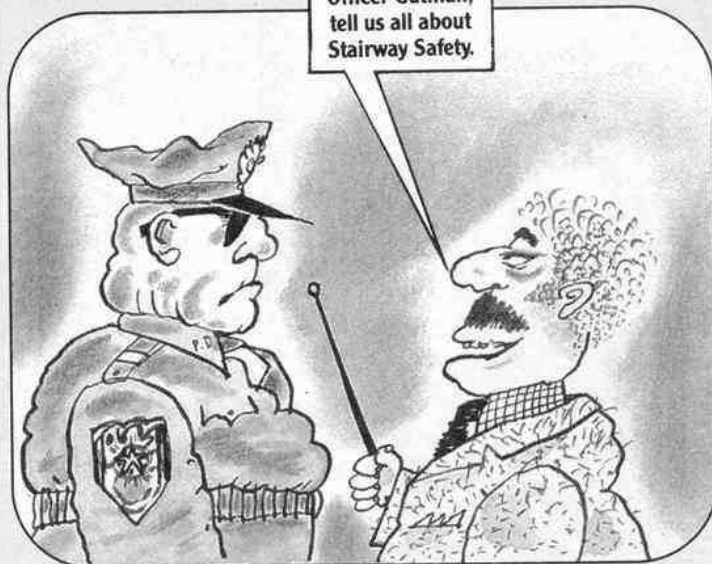
They're calling for
another look at the
T.V. Instant Replay.



Tonight on *Science*, we'll
attempt to hypnotize a chicken.

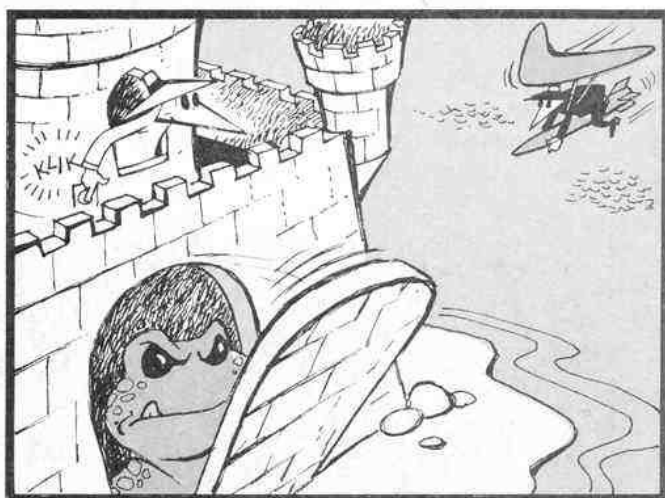
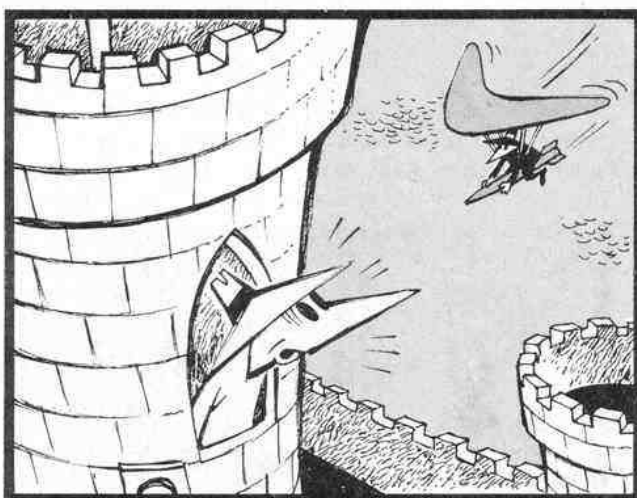
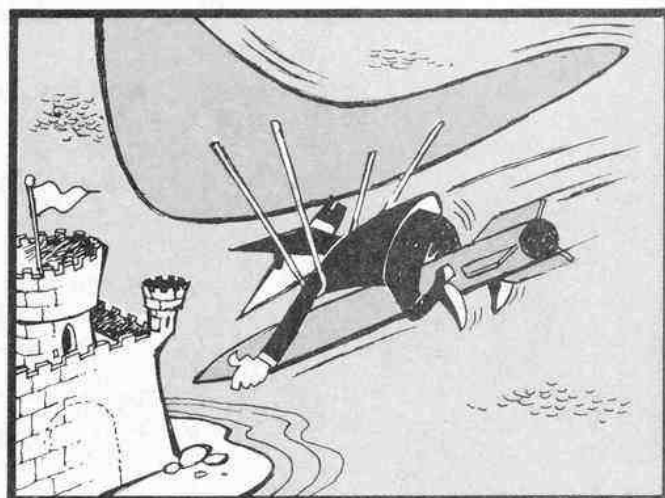
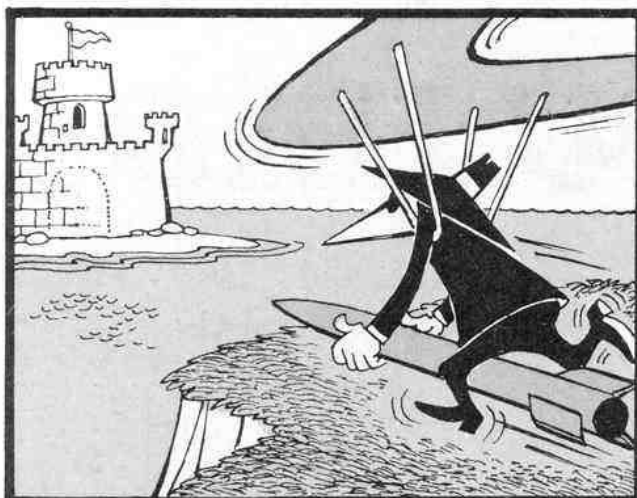


Officer Gutman,
tell us all about
Stairway Safety.





SPY VS SPY



COMMON CENTS DEPT.

MORE YOU'D BE RICH IF YOU HAD A

ARTIST: PAUL COKER



...For every vacation postcard you send to friends that arrives long after you've already come home.

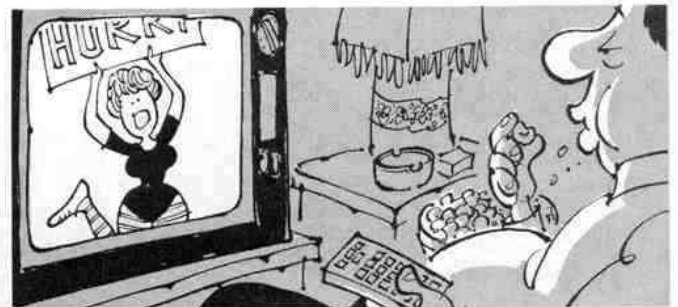
WRITER: CHARLIE KADAU



...For every telephone receptionist who asks if you can "hold" and then puts you on "hold" before you can answer.



...For every time you set off your smoke detector just by cooking.



...For every health club ad that says this is your last chance to join before the rates go up.



...For every message on your answering machine that turns out to be a recording of someone hanging up.



...For every take-out pizza you get where there's more cheese stuck to the box than on the pizza.

NICKEL...



...For every minute you waste in a doctor's waiting room beyond your scheduled appointment time.



...For every politician who claims victory in a primary, even when he finishes second, third, or worse.



...For every blaring car burglar alarm that people completely ignore.



...For every great dream you never get to finish because somebody wakes you right at the best part.



...For every old packet of salt, ketchup, soy sauce and Sweet 'N Low stashed away in your desk drawer.



...For every time MAD runs a sequel to an article that they shouldn't have run in the first place!

I'm Captain Foolish! It's not easy being a cop and riding herd on the reckless youth of today who break the laws and get into all sorts of illegal messes! But since they're the team of overage undercover cops that have been assigned to me, there's not much that I can do!

I'm Duty Huffs! I was picked for this special undercover team because I sort of look black, Hispanic, Mediterranean, Pakistani or whatever! Coincidentally, between me and my three other partners, 85% of all ethnic viewers can identify with at least one of us! And believe me, we need all the help we can get!

I'm Tommy Handsome! I also pretend to be a student so I can uncover crimes in school! As far as my own education goes, I majored in "Hunk" with a minor in "Cool"! The pay isn't bad as an undercover cop, but since I go to a different school every week, my expenses are high! Last year alone I had to buy 52 yearbooks and 52 class rings!

NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR
PERSONAL PROPERTY
OR YOUR LIFE!

I'm Lowkey, a master of impersonations! I've posed as a dull mafia boss, a boring car thief and a lifeless big-time drug dealer! I don't know who I'll pose as this week, but as long as it's someone who's stiff and unexciting, I'm ready!

And I'm Dig Pinball! You may think I look too old to pass for a high school student! But in some of the schools we go into, the kids have been left back so many times, I'm usually the youngest looking one in the class!

BEAT
RYDELL
HIGH!!

We're the Mod Squad!
We had a TV show
15 years ago where
we posed as teen-
agers and infil-
trated schools just
like these schmen-
dricks are doing!

Right! We're hanging
around police head-
quarters in case
they find some work
for us to handle!
Hell, we don't
look much older
than their "kids"!

Hey, Travolta,
what are you
doing here in
high school?

From
what
class?

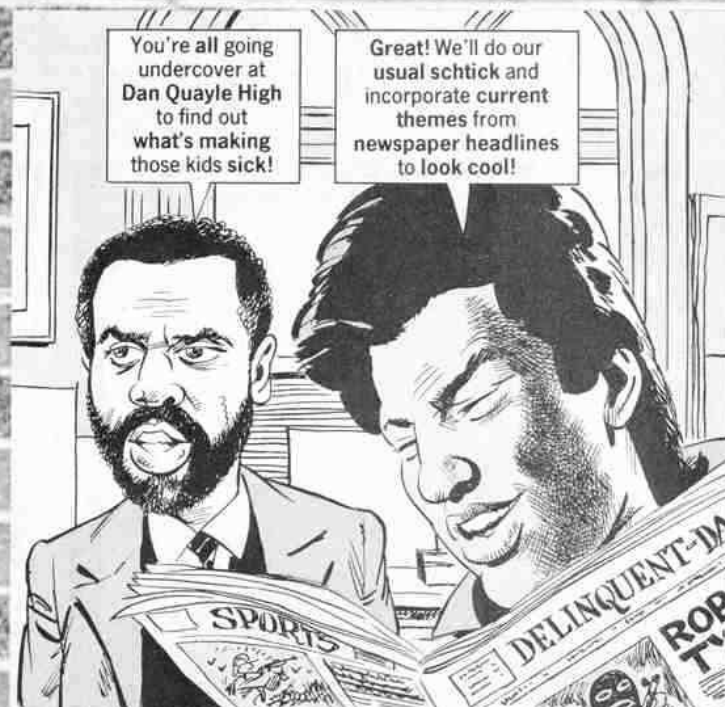
I got
left
back!

Not from any
class! From
my movie
career!

21 JUNKHEAP

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO



Come on, old man, open up that freezer so we can switch your stuff with our stuff!

I'm beginning to worry about this switching business! Your stuff is making a lot of kids sick!

Hey, don't sweat it, pops! These kids love grease and cholesterol and we're giving them more than they've ever had before!

Well, okay! If it's better for them, then I guess there's nothing wrong!

Okay, you got 500 pounds of pure, coagulated animal fat along with 500 pounds of horsemeat from us! We'll take 500 pounds of butter and 500 pounds of prime beef from you! Now I call that an even swap!

Now, you're sure that the stuff you're leaving is government approved?

Hey, you ol' worry-wart, just look at this sticker!



Gee, I never realized there's a skull and crossbones on the official government stamp of approval!

Yeah, well you know how it's been since the Republicans took over the White House and started de-regulation!

Uh-oh, I think I'm wearing the wrong undercover outfit! I forgot, this is an inner city school, not Platinum Card High!



Hi, I'd like to be your friend!

Go stick your head in a toilet!

Hi, I'd like to be your friend...

Okay! Now do a friend a favor and drop dead!

I wonder if I can switch to undercover work in a junior high school! This school is tough!

How tough is it?

The basketball teams choose up sides, and then weapons!





I couldn't help but notice that you're high on something, guy! You know drugs are dangerous to your health!

Like, I know, man! The last time I missed a payment to my pusher, I got beat up bad! But how did you know I was high on drugs?

In biology class you spent 30 minutes trying to explain why you were late to a plastic skeleton model!

TODAY IS SHOW AND TELL DAY!!



Something is making the kids in this school sick! Any ideas about what could be doing it?

This school? Angel dust, hash, LSD, horse, junk crack, coke...

Other than drugs!

The food they serve us everyday in the cafeteria! Listen, I started taking drugs just to try to kill the side effects I got from that bad food!



Bring me up to date on what you've learned so far, team!

Captain, I think it's the food in the cafeteria that's making the kids sick, especially the McBarf burgers!

Then pursue that angle! And Lowkey, if you want the other kids in school to accept you, don't try to brown nose your teacher by bringing her that pineapple!

Believe me, this isn't a pineapple, Captain! It's a hand grenade!

Good! I see you're finally getting the hang of today's educational system!



Welcome to Driver's Ed. class! Here's the curriculum for the next few weeks — driving the get-away car, dodging the cops, high speed chases and finally abandoning the get-away vehicle!



Welcome to Print Shop 101, class! Today's lecture is on how to engrave your own ten dollar bills...

You must be new here, Dung Face! My name's Rat Poison! Welcome to the toughest high school in Nebulous City!

Yeah? Well just how tough is this school?

It's the only school in the city where you can major in "cutting" and get full credit! Kids with an "F" average are considered "honor students"! On their first day in English class, every student has to write an essay: "Who I Murdered Last Summer"!

That's tough? This place is jello compared to where I transferred from!

Yeah? Where was that?

Attica!

Wow, I'm hoping to go there after here! My grade advisor says my crimes are high enough!



Welcome to Practical Science class!
Today we'll cover electricity in
general and short-circuiting burglar
alarm systems in particular...

Tell me,
Rat, how
can I
make a
few extra
bucks
after
school?

Well, there's car stealing,
mugging old ladies, looting
vending machines, stealing
checks out of mailboxes,
holding up grocery stores,
knocking off cash machines,
blackmail, shakedowns...

I've done
all that!
I'm
looking
to
branch
out!

Well, there's
corruption,
graft and
kick-backs
if you're
planning
on a career
in politics!

Welcome to Modern Math!
Today we'll discuss why
keeping three sets of
books is essential in
successful tax evasion!



Is there
any way to
make a
few bucks
that
involves
cafeteria
food?

How come
you
zeroed
in on
me
with
that?

You've heard of
the four R's?
I specialize in
the five P's!
Picking the
Precise
Pivotal
Plot Person!

Do you really
expect me to
divulge
confidential
information
like that
to a total
stranger?

Others do it
every week!
It's just
another one
of those
really big
coincidences!

Then I guess it's okay for me
to spill my guts to you even
though you could be a cop!
Here's our scam — we swap low
grade food for the good stuff
the school buys! Then we sell
it to restaurants! It's sorta
like Ollie North's Contras deal!



I'm an undercover
cop! I want a
portion of the
meat you serve
as evidence!
Pack it in
a doggie bag!

No
way,
creep!
I'm
a
dog
lover!

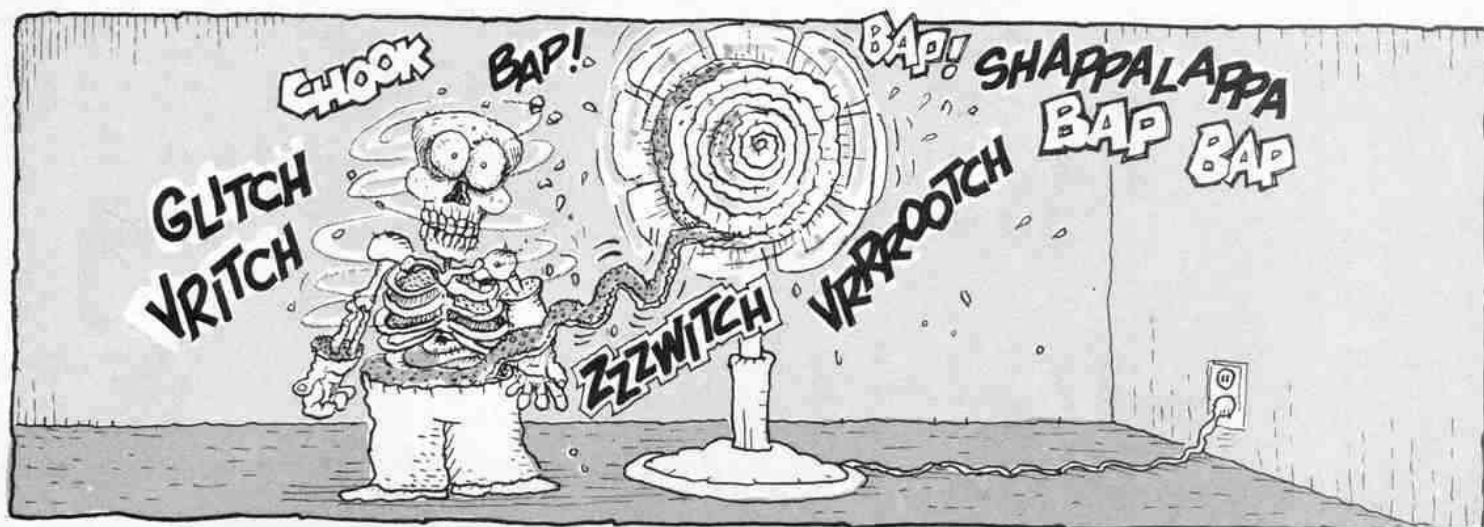
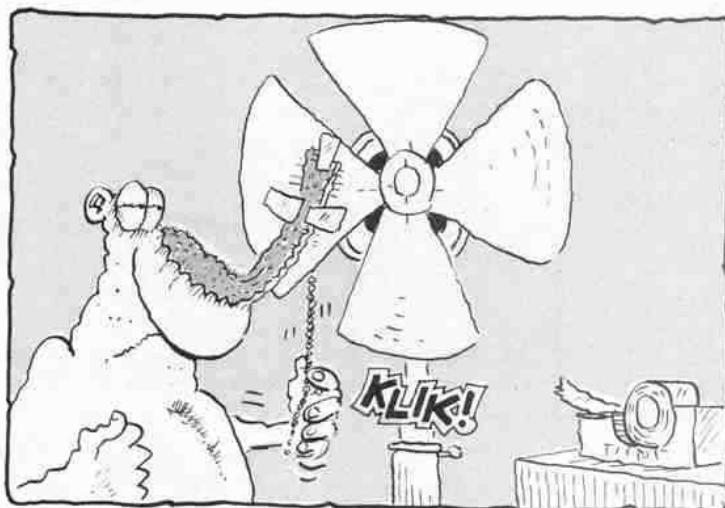
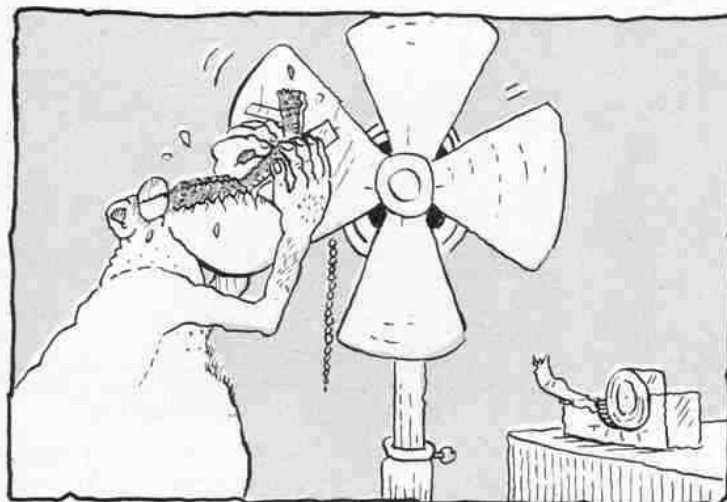
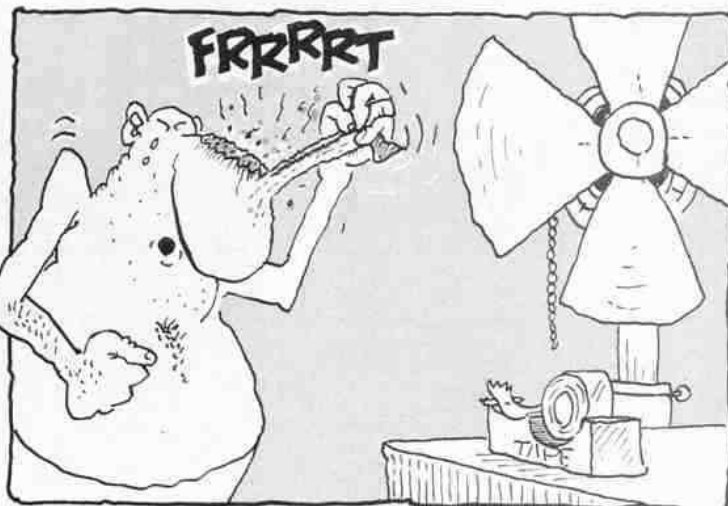
Okay,
we
have
four
arrests
right
here!

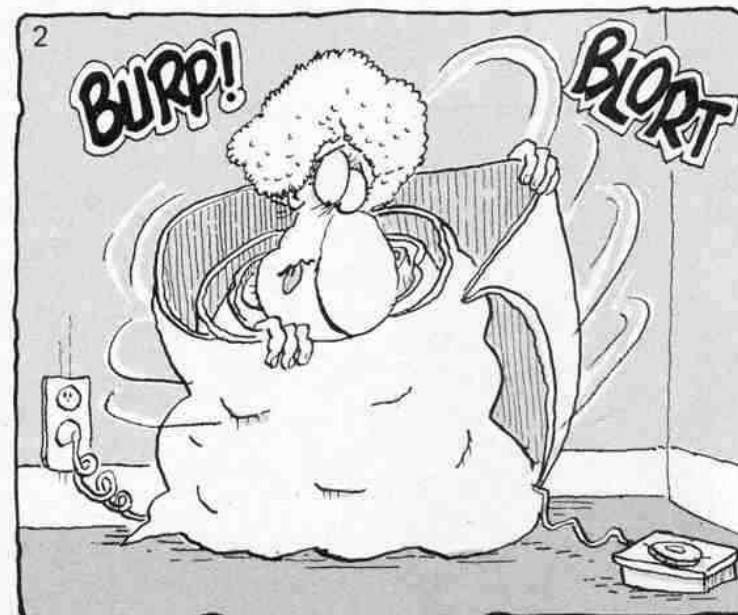
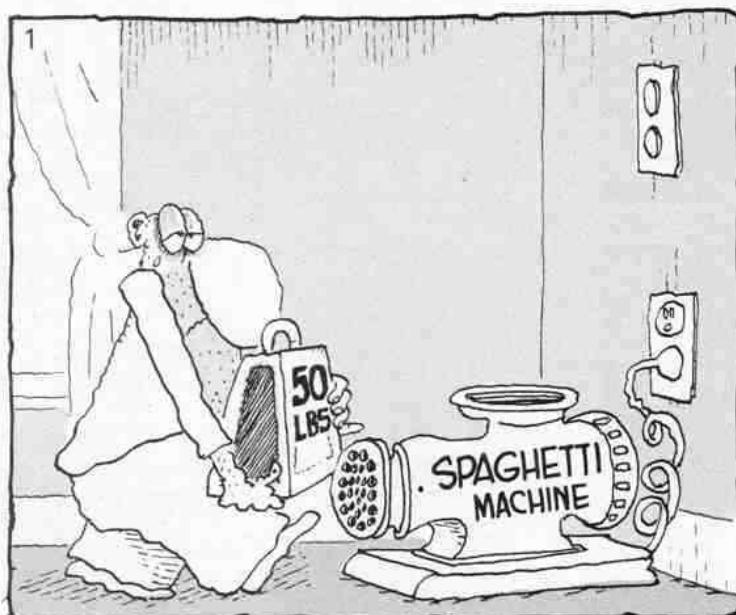
What are you
talking about—
four arrests?
It's you two
thieves that
are under arrest!

No, four arrests! The four of you! We're real
undercover cops! We've been trailing you for
weeks as you go from one school to another and
disrupt the education system by fraud, lying,
harassing students, betraying confidences,
encouraging criminal behavior, and worst of all,
impersonating talent! You're all under arrest!

GOING OUT IN A BLAZE OF GORY DEPT.

DUCK EDWING CONTEMPLATES SUICIDE





SINGLES SEEN DEPT.

Have you ever read the personal ads taken by those incredibly wealthy, successful, multi-talented, articulate, beautiful PhDs, lawyers and doctors? They sure don't sound like anybody we've ever met. But recently we came across a few personal ads in which the people sounded very, very familiar. You'll know just what we mean after you look through these...

PERSONAL ADS

THAT REMIND US OF SOMEBODY WE KNOW

OR

NAH, IT COULDN'T BE THEM!

WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

Former Presidential Candidate—Handsome, bright, horny womanizer seeks serious relationship with a sexy, gorgeous, voluptuous blonde who enjoys a little monkey business, like weekend trips to Bimini and fillibusting in bed. I'm over 50, look a boyish 40 and act an infantile 14. If you'd like to be my running mate, you can cast your vote by sending me a photograph of yourself in a bikini—or better yet, without your bikini! Unfortunately, this ex-front-runner is married—but not to worry. I have a very, very understanding wife. Write Box 22.

Handsome White Male—Seeks slim beautiful female, 24-36, to enjoy life and touch the colors of the rainbow. Photo please. NYM P140

Successful MD—31, 6', 170, very attractive, sincere, likable, seeks very attractive, very slim (model like), very affectionate, friendly, easygoing female. Full length photo. NYM P141

Romantic Feminist Seeks—Unpretentious man around 50, for serious, sharing relationship. I'm very attractive, 5'6", slim, bright, vivacious, successful, Jewish. Looking for a very special someone filled with excitement, hope and lots of laughs. You are a source, witty and wise man of a complement with a 6'2" inch spirit as a sentimental friend. NYM P142

Handsome Devil Available—For real romance. Professional, great all around guy, 35, looking for a smart, pretty, slim, devilishly sweet woman, 23-35, who's looking for a 6'0" of temptation. Photo. NYM P143

Incredible Hulk—Strikingly handsome, untanned male, endowed with the greatest bod in the world, on the lookout for a Dolly Parton type (someone with a chest almost as big as mine) to be my tag team partner. I am turned on by life's simple pleasures—flexing my 24-inch python, posing and "hangin' and bangin'." All gals into body slams, sleeper holds and getting pinned to the mat are invited to visit my steel cage for a no-holds barred session. Box 67.

Handsome Wall Street Executive—47, tan, 6'10", 5'11", blond, super-talented, great sense of humor, likes dance, hip, travel, the beach and many other activities. Hoping to meet that special woman: educated, down to earth, slightly sultry. One who could shed the corporate robe and be a little wild and crazy as well. Send photo/phone and let's dance the night away. NYM P144

Cruise With Me—Early Captain, 45, 5'8",

Fast Tackle Heart/Hot Tiger—Happy, successful, non-pretentious, non-judgy guy, 38, seeks pretty, witty, whimsical pal for walks, talks, movies, good food, good times. Photo/phone/whatever. NYM P139

Very Handsome Male—47, 6', 170, blond, blue, lean, hard body—soft, caring heart. Seeks marriage-minded female, 25-32, attractive, with good body, moral values. Photo. NYM P141

French Flayer/Seeks Striking Beauty—45 with knockout looks/body. Seeks to meet my match! A romantic, athletic man, 31-40, with style, humor, looks and smarts. To enhance my love for dancing him, punks, cubanitas and Hooper Dares. Are you game enough? NYM P143

Hot Look Mr. Over—Bright, beautiful, white lady, divorced, well educated. Seeks white male, 48-62, sharp, witty, com-

I'm Bad—Extremely wealthy, shy BMVDRLA (black male virgin Diana Ross look-alike). I dig wearing uniforms, undergoing impulsive plastic surgery and collecting snakes, llamas, aging starlets and the remains of dead people. I'm looking for a female with similar tastes to share my private Disney World and to be frozen with me for a hundred years and then brought back to life. I promise it'll be a real thriller. Write Box 0.

Male, 40—Tall, athletic, bright, seeks tall, attractive, funny professional female (early 30s) for semi-romantic events. Photo. NYM P125

Kindness, Sensitivity, Honesty—I'd love to share these qualities with an intelligent, open, communicative woman, 30 plus, in good shape (I'm attracted to a solid athletic look), not into makeup and, most important, a truly nice person. I'm 40, 5'8", blue eyed, bearded, in excellent shape from running and weight training. I have Scabbie, sports and travel. Though not without looks, I have a good heart with much to offer the right woman. I'm looking forward to helping you flourish. Photo/phone, please. NYM P145

Upper Class Man—Would like to meet upper class lady. I'm tall, good looking, smart, successful, well educated and experienced. Enjoy both city and country living. You, hopefully, are a slim, reasonably attractive, sensitive woman of medium height with the ability to communicate and somewhere in your 30s. Please send letter with both photo/phone if you are serious, as I prefer to call. NYM P127

Academic, Gorgeous, Witty Wasp—Slender, divorced, stylish puppet, world traveler. Loves bait culture, the comic. Wiggly Allen, John Duhon, Holm, Burt and Burt. Deeply career involved. 37—no one believes I'm 48—wants a smart, kind, successful man. Age and appearance not important. Humour, honesty and intelligence are. Objectiveness, hilarity, trust, love. NYM P122

Trish Lawyer—Jewish, 46, will consent to being lady. NYM P13, Change, P10054

I'm Beautiful, That's True—Not love me for my intelligence, warmth, femininity and genuineness. I'm a widow, 40ish, young, 5'0", upper east side, seeking one uncommon quality man. Our interests may be different, but consider what fun to explore and blend. Photo. NYM P142

An Incurable Optimist—I still believe in love, in partnership and commitment, in shared goals and creating a life together. And I still believe there is a brilliant, successful, sensitive Jewish man who wants to cultivate these values with this warm, lively, expressive blond woman, 40. Could that man be you? NYM P128

Adventurous Woman—40, Jewish, Seeks "super" man—with mind of mettle and heart of gold—for possible flight into the future. Photo/phone, Photo and sense of humor helpful. NYM P121

Successful Attorney—Young 40s, enjoys the performing arts, etc. Handsome, kind, giving, Jewish, good sense of humor. Looking for a committed relationship with slim, attractive, bright non-smoker, 20s-30s. Photo, please. NYM P124

Successful MD—41, 6', 170, very attractive, sincere, likable, seeks very attractive, very slim (model like), very affectionate, friendly, easygoing female. Full length photo. NYM P141

True Believer—Sensuous, vivacious, Christian Kewpie Doll with a fantastic figure who's turned on by that old-time religion, seeks to make some heavenly music with a straight born-again. My hobbies are praying, reading the Bible, crying, and spending money (which I consider to be the Lord's bidding). I wear lots of make-up because I believe one should always look their best in case Jesus calls. All God-fearing gentlemen who believe in the Good Book (not your Bible, your checkbook!), get in touch with me at Box 666. Photo and phone number not necessary but donation a must.

Fast Tackle Heart/Hot Tiger—Happy, successful, non-pretentious, non-judgy guy, 38, seeks pretty, witty, whimsical pal for walks, talks, movies, good food, good times. Photo/phone/whatever. NYM P139

Mental Midget—Adult male (really) who uses eye liner, rouge, lipstick and wears suits that are too small and a red bow tie, wants a girl with a Peter Pan complex. My favorite things are tooling around on my red scooter, riding my bike (it's a two-wheeler) and playing with my ball of tin foil. My very favorite thing is yummy ice cream soup, tutti-frutti flavor, of course. Just call me up on my picture phone and we can have some neat fun and scream real loud together. Please please send me your picture but make sure it's in black and white so I can color it with my crayons. Box 76.

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Cock-a-doodle-doo!—Mature, thigh and breast man hunting for a soft, cuddly chick to roost in his coop. Let's compare drumsticks, split a wishbone and do some old-fashioned pecking together. I'm a tough but tender egghead you're sure to enjoy clucking with. So, if you want your nest feathered, don't be chicken and fowl up. Wing me a reply at Henhouse 32.

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**WHAT IS THE
LATEST, MOST
TERRIBLE FORM
OF RADIO
ACTIVITY?**

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

We all know the horrors of radio-activity. To see an absolutely awful example of it, fold in page as shown.

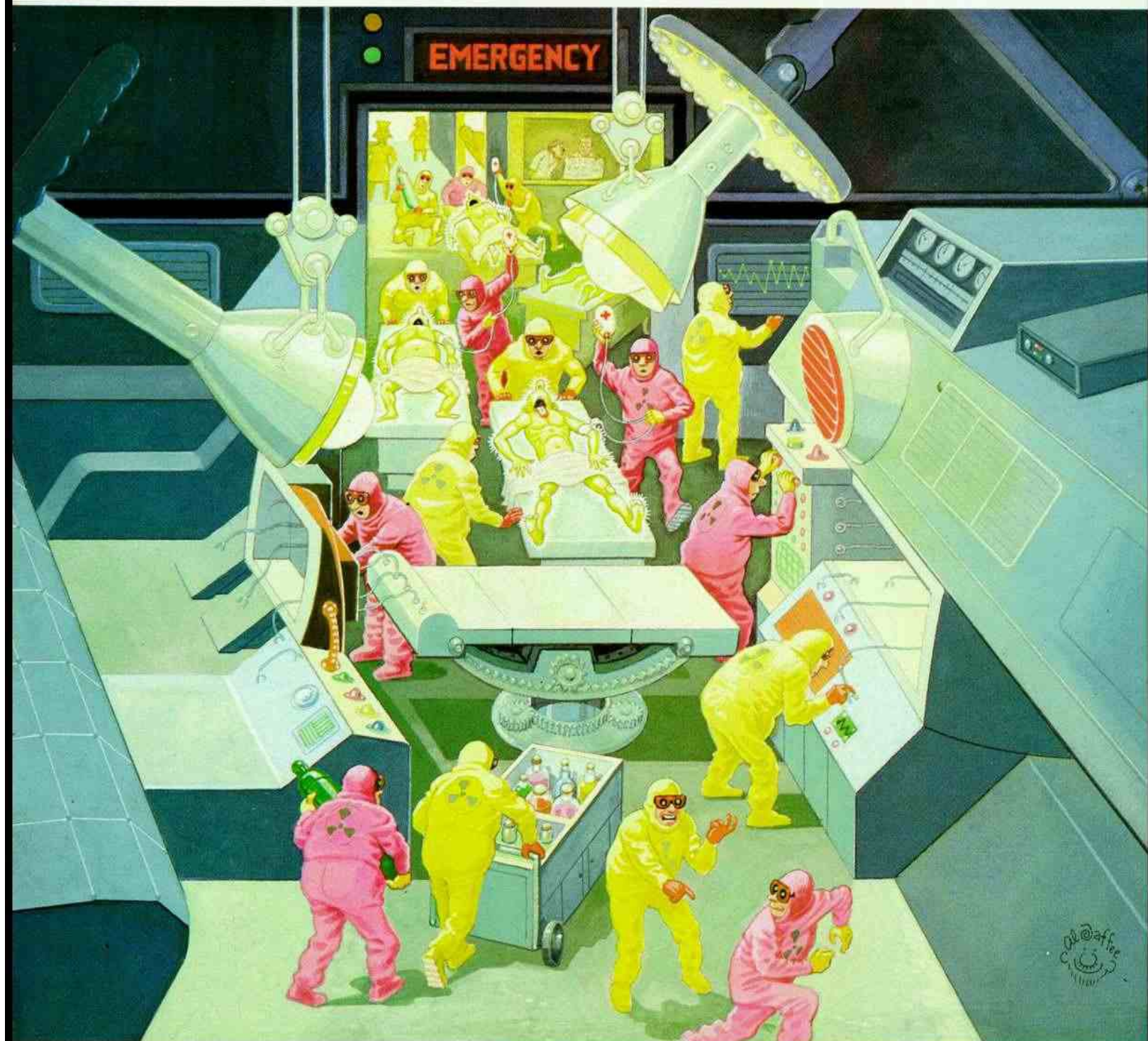


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ►

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



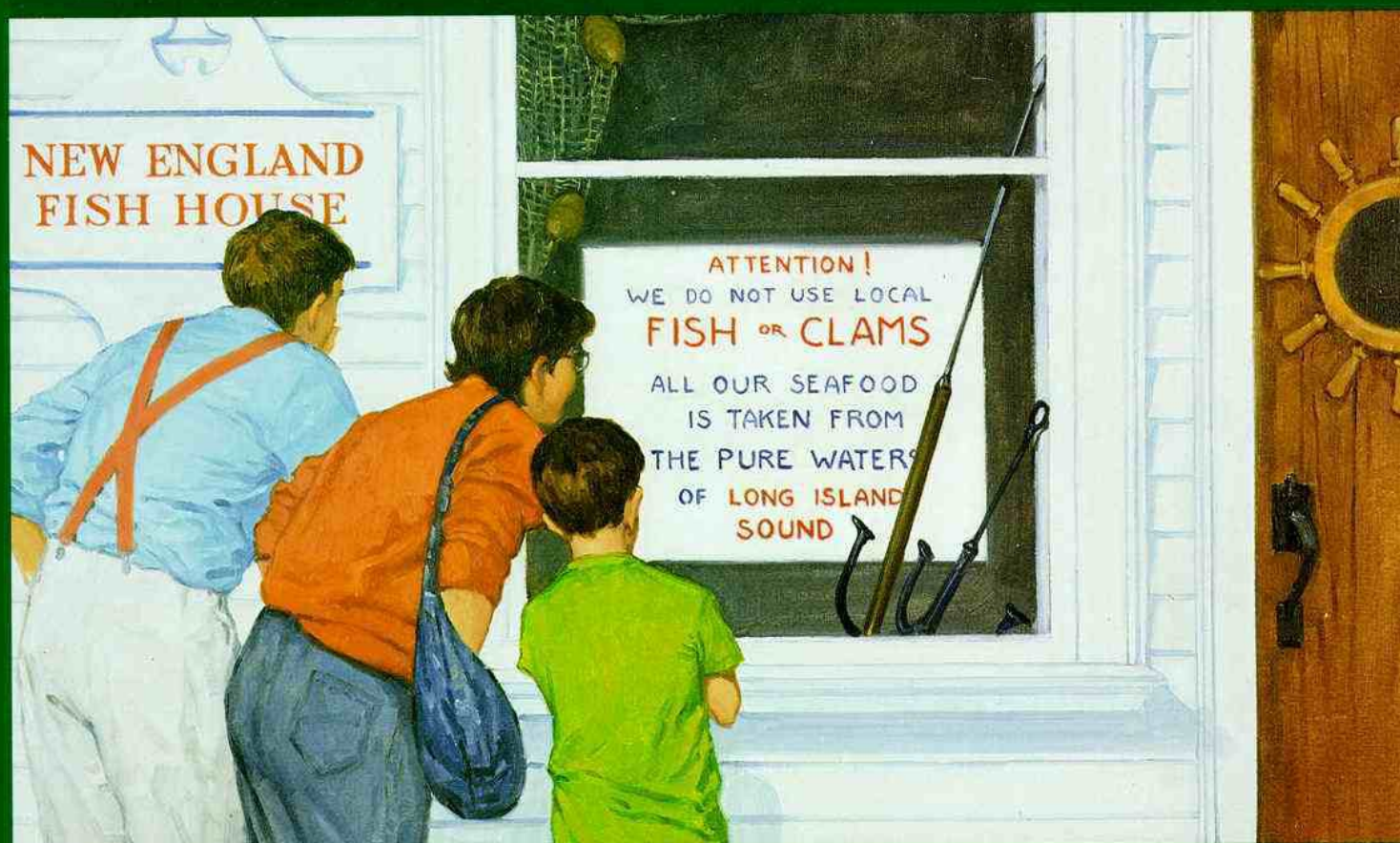
STEADILY AND RESOLUTELY THE AUTHORITIES ARE FUELING
THE PUBLIC'S SENSE OF DANGER. SUFFERING HARM FROM
CATASTROPHE IS NOW ONE OF THE MOST COMMON FEARS.

A ►

◀ B

A MAD FISH STORY

LONG ISLAND CLAM HOUSE



WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE

ARTIST: RICHARD WILLIAMS