

**FREE MAD  
T-SHIRTS**

**BEAUTY  
AND THE BEAST**

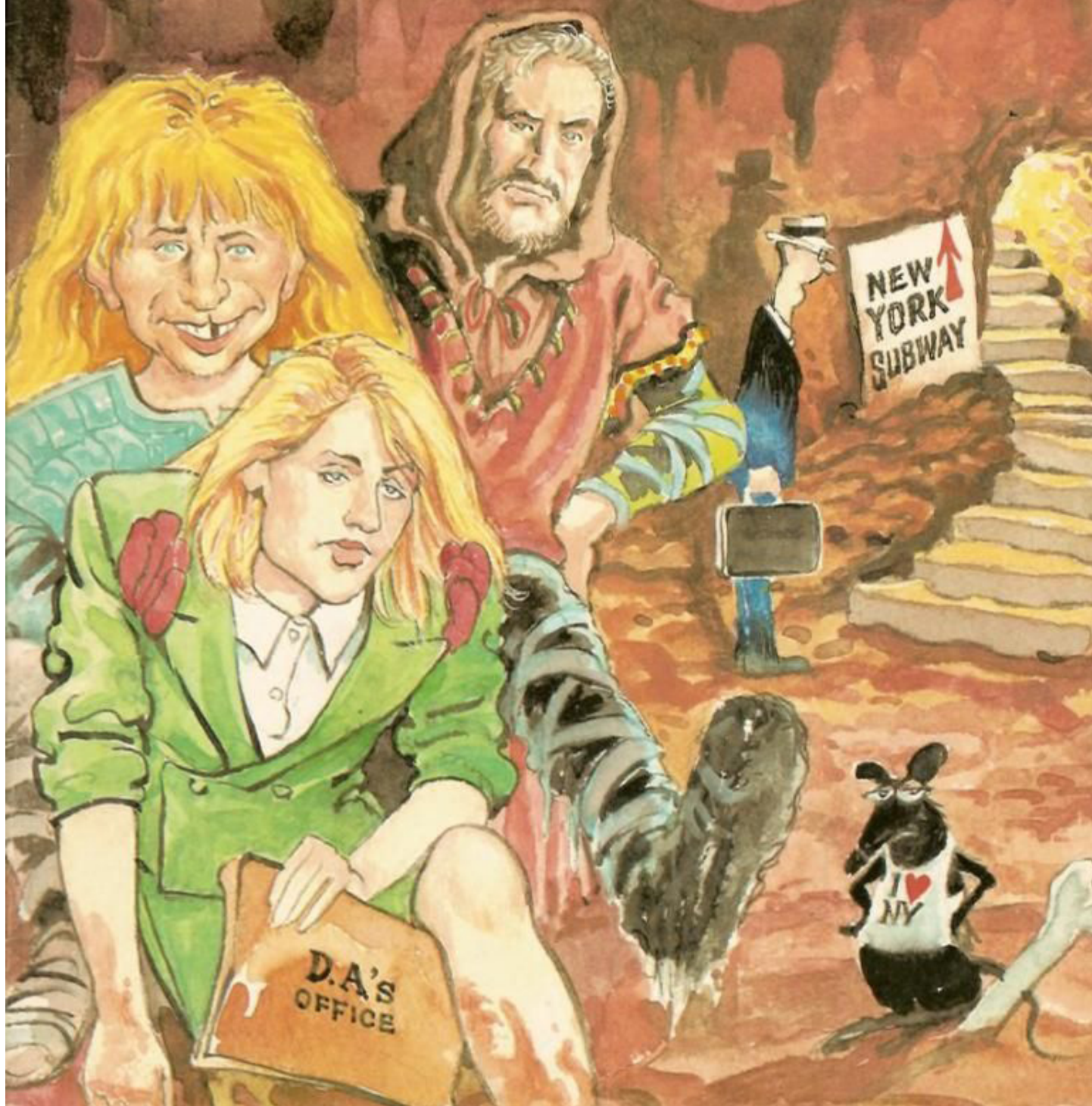
**MAD VISITS  
THE CIA**

**DESIGNING  
WOMEN**

No.  
319  
November  
1988

# MAD

Our  
Price  
80p  
Cheap!  
(I.R. £1.17)



WHERE THE WILD THING STARS DEPT.

Who is the guy who runs around New York City getting even with punks and hoods? The guy who never puts the make on his girlfriend and dresses sorta funny? No, he's not New York City Mayor Ed Koch (but a good guess!) and he's not The Equalizer, either! Here's a big hint: This...

# Beauty IS THE BEAST

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

My name is Badscent. I'm 50% man, 50% animal and 100% unbelievable! I live in a filthy, rat-infested hole in New York City, but then again, so do about three million other New Yorkers!

I'm Catrun! When thugs attacked me, Badscent saved me! I'm wildly attracted to him! Why? Well, for one thing, he's a lot less of an animal than some of the other guys I've dated!

I'm Badscent's dad! In a normal family, a father has a son. Then, in time, he gets that son a pet. With Badscent, I scored on both counts at the same time!

We're Tunnel People! We live in these stinking, damp hellholes under the city! But soon that will change! These hellholes are going co-op! If only we had the money to buy in at the insider's price...!

You did it! You found a parking space in New York!

Yeah, good thing we have a compact car or we never would have made it through that open manhole!





No, no, no! What are you doing scrubbing the floors on your hands and knees? Get up!

Well, at least there's one kindly soul here in New York City!

Get up, and climb outside this building, and wash the windows like I told you to!

But this is a thirty-story building!

So only do 15 stories tonight and finish the other 15 tomorrow night!

But I'm ninety years old!

Okay, just wash the outside. Boy, sometimes I really let you old broads dump all over my good nature!



I got your message and came as quickly as I could.

I'm glad you did, but we have to devise another way for me to contact you. I can't bang on the pipes to get your attention anymore! Every time I do, they send up more heat! It's 120° in my apartment!



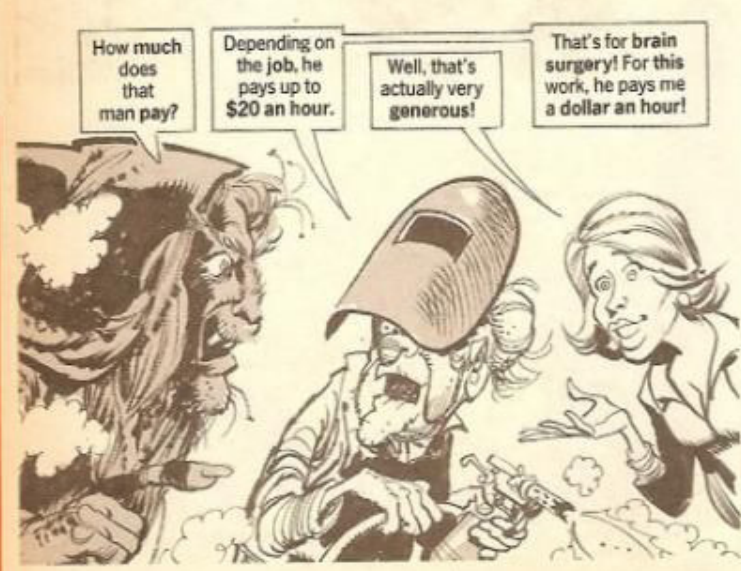
I called you here because something awful is going on in this building! Some creep is working this poor lady to the bone!

Madame, aren't you too old to be doing such hard work?

Yes, but I can't make ends meet from Social Security alone! I have to work!

Isn't there anything else you can do?

I applied to be a Rockette, but I'm not holding my breath. In fact, these days, I can hardly catch my breath!



How much does that man pay?

Depending on the job, he pays up to \$20 an hour.

Well, that's actually very generous!

That's for brain surgery! For this work, he pays me a dollar an hour!



A dollar an hour?! That's absolutely outrageous! The legal minimum wage is much higher!

I know, but he says he hates to see anyone work for minimum wage!



Don't you see what he's doing? He's probably getting an incredible fee from this building for maintenance and he's paying you peanuts!

Please don't make trouble for me, lady! Next week I'll be finishing my fifth year working for him, and I don't want to jeopardize my five-hour paid vacation!



Your boyfriend has a heart of gold — but the face of Lassie! Have you known each other a long time?

About one year of my time, which is about seven years of his time!



There's the creep I was telling you about!

All those cartons have to go up to the ninth floor!

But they must weigh tons!

If I wanted someone to guess weights, I would have gone to the Boardwalk in Atlantic City! I hired you men to move furniture! Now move!



You can't treat an old man like that!

Why not? That's the way I treat old ladies!

I warned you! GROWWWLLL. HISSSS...

Uh-oh...either this guy's about to cough up the world's biggest hairball, or I'm in real trouble! I'd better get out of here!



ARRGHHH! I'll chase him!

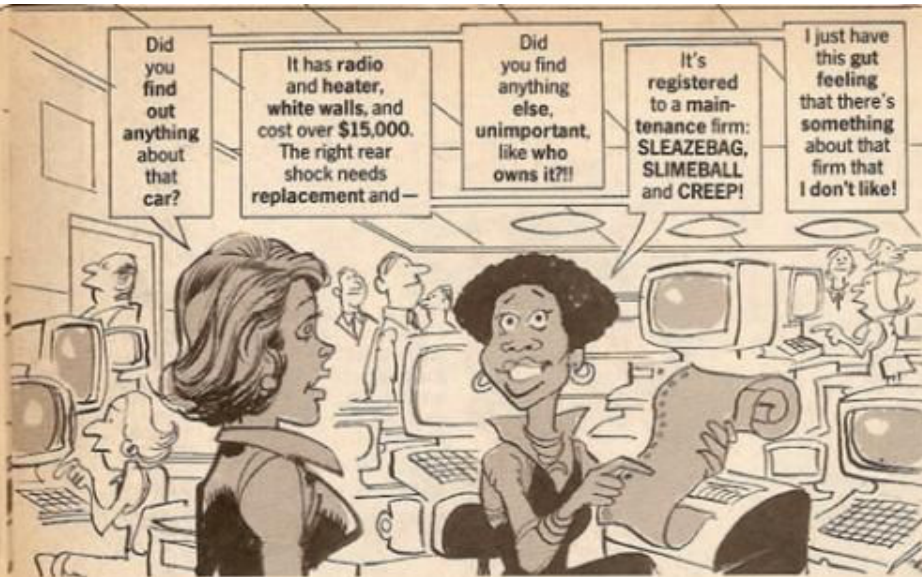
That's okay, I got his license number!

It's no trouble! I like chasing cars! And balls and sticks and frisbees... Yeah, frisbees are my favorite!



Don't worry about it! I'm going back to the office to see if I can find out anything about that creep! When will I see you again?

When it's dark and shadowy! Unless you want to meet in Greenwich Village. There I can walk around in broad daylight and be the most normal looking guy on the street!



Did you find out anything about that car?

It has radio and heater, white walls, and cost over \$15,000. The right rear shock needs replacement and—

Did you find anything else, unimportant, like who owns it?!!

It's registered to a maintenance firm: SLEAZEBAG, SLIMEBALL and CREEP!

I just have this gut feeling that there's something about that firm that I don't like!



Aren't you going home, Catrun?

No, I'm working late... Yes, hello, I'd like a pizza and a large coke — oh, and I may have company — uh, also send two cans of Alpo!



I don't have enough evidence to move in on those creeps, Badscent! This office works in a very cautious way. They need at least two murders to establish a possible trouble spot!

I'll break in and look at their records!

You're such a good soul, Badscent! Sometimes I could just kiss you!

I'd rather you just rub my belly!



Here are their records. Listen to this! To clean the Chic Glitz Office Building, they are taking in \$200,000 a year! But they're only paying out \$10,000 a year to the old people who do all that cleaning!

That's a 2000 percent profit! I mean, if they were selling something to the government, fine! But for the private business sector, that's just too much of a mark-up!



We have enough here to put everyone in this rotten rip-off cleaning company behind bars!

I'm glad I could give you a helping paw, er, hand!

Badscent, why not stop back at my apartment for a drink...

A drink! Great idea! I'd love a saucer of milk!

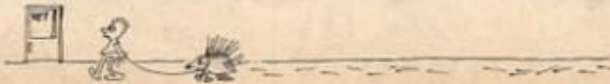


Catrun, I've decided to move out of the city! I mean, I like where we live — it sure is close to transportation! But—

You can't put up with the hostility and lawlessness?

No, I can't put up with the tough new leash and pooper-scooper laws!

I will go with you. I love you, Badscent! And I think it's real love...not just puppy love!





But I do worry about our differences! Soothe me, Badscent! Soothe me with a reading of one of your favorite sonnets!

Let us flee my love, before the fleas consume our passion. The buds of May scatter, so may I have a Bud... Lite... And summer's leash is short, and my leash is short. But love doth linger in the gutter and sewers and the windmills of Rome, which be it closed Tuesdays. There is silver in thy smile and gold in them thar hills. Till death do us part.



That was deep and incomprehensible, Badscent.

Not unlike our love, Catrun! Here's another sonnet — The nosehairs of angels...

Uh... that's enough sonnet schtick for now! Let's just blow this town together!



YEARS LATER

Badscent, you've come back!

Only to visit, father. And to make a confession. I promised you I would never marry Catrun, but I did!

But that was too dangerous! I hope you didn't have a litter — er, a baby!



We did, father, and he turned out to be more than either of us ever hoped for! A son who earns enough cash to keep us both happy!

Dad, say hi to our son, Alf!

But how could you two conceive a child?

Hey Gramps, no problem! I was conceived one magical night! You know... candle-light... music... a little champagne and a little Kibbles 'n Bits!