

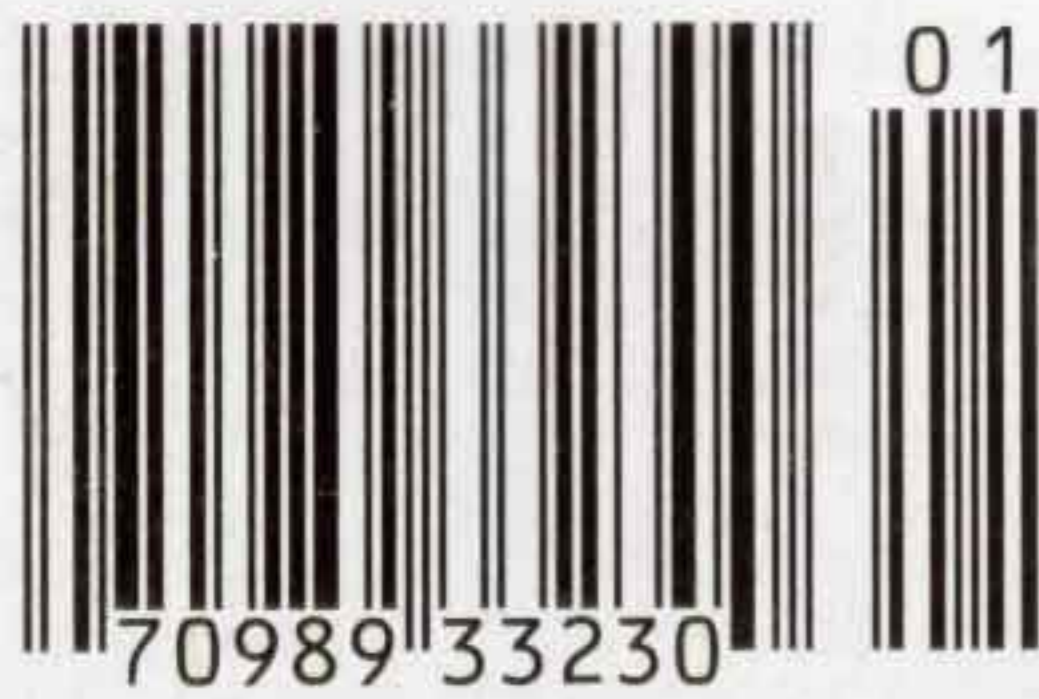
THE HONEYMOONERS • COCOON

No. 260
January
1955
1986

MAD

Our Price
\$1.25
Cheap!

BACK TO THE FUTURE



JACK
DAVIS

PRESENT TENSE, PAST IMPERFECT DEPT.

Steven Spielberg knows how to make kids happy! He gives them what *they want most*—movies that fulfill their dreams and wishes, like *time machines*! Kids know how to make Steven Spielberg happy! They give him what *he wants most*—movie admission money that fulfills his dreams and wishes, like a *bulging bank vault*! This latest addition to his long string of smashes sure doesn't make it look too...

BLEAK

I'm **Marquee**, a close friend of Dr. Clown here! While helping him with his various experiments, I've been blown up, burned, buried, and almost electrocuted! What **laughs!** I can't wait to find out how his latest invention—a **time machine**—is going to **mangle me!**

I'm the wild and crazy **Dr. Clown** you've just heard about **moments**—or was it **hours ago?** I'm so involved with my **time machine** that I lose track! I've amassed a **fortune** in debts, but my plan is to send the **bills** back in time before I got my **credit cards!**

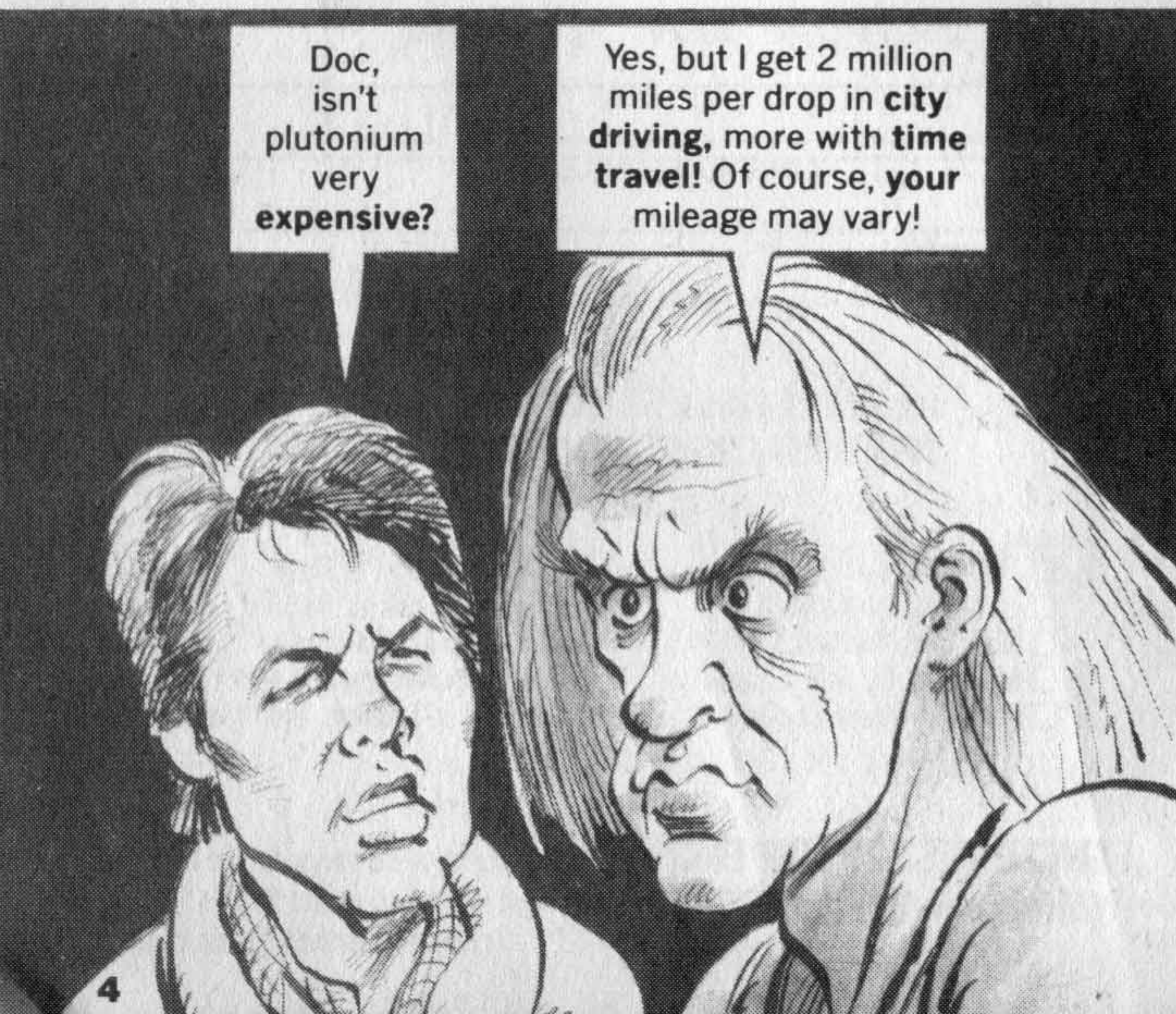
I'm **Rugstain**, Dr. Clown's dog! Unlike that idiot Marquee, I **don't** enjoy the abuse I endure because of these **nutty inventions!** Like this **robot!** Why can't Clown put dogfood in a dish like **normal people!**

I'm **Deranged**, Marquee's **mother**—and **former girlfriend!** If you think **that's weird**, imagine how it feels being worried when my son's out late on a date—with me!



Doc, isn't plutonium very **expensive?**

Yes, but I get 2 million miles per drop in **city driving**, more with **time travel!** Of course, your mileage may vary!



Get ready, Marquee! I'm going to send you back **30 years** into the **past!**

Aren't you going with me, Doc?

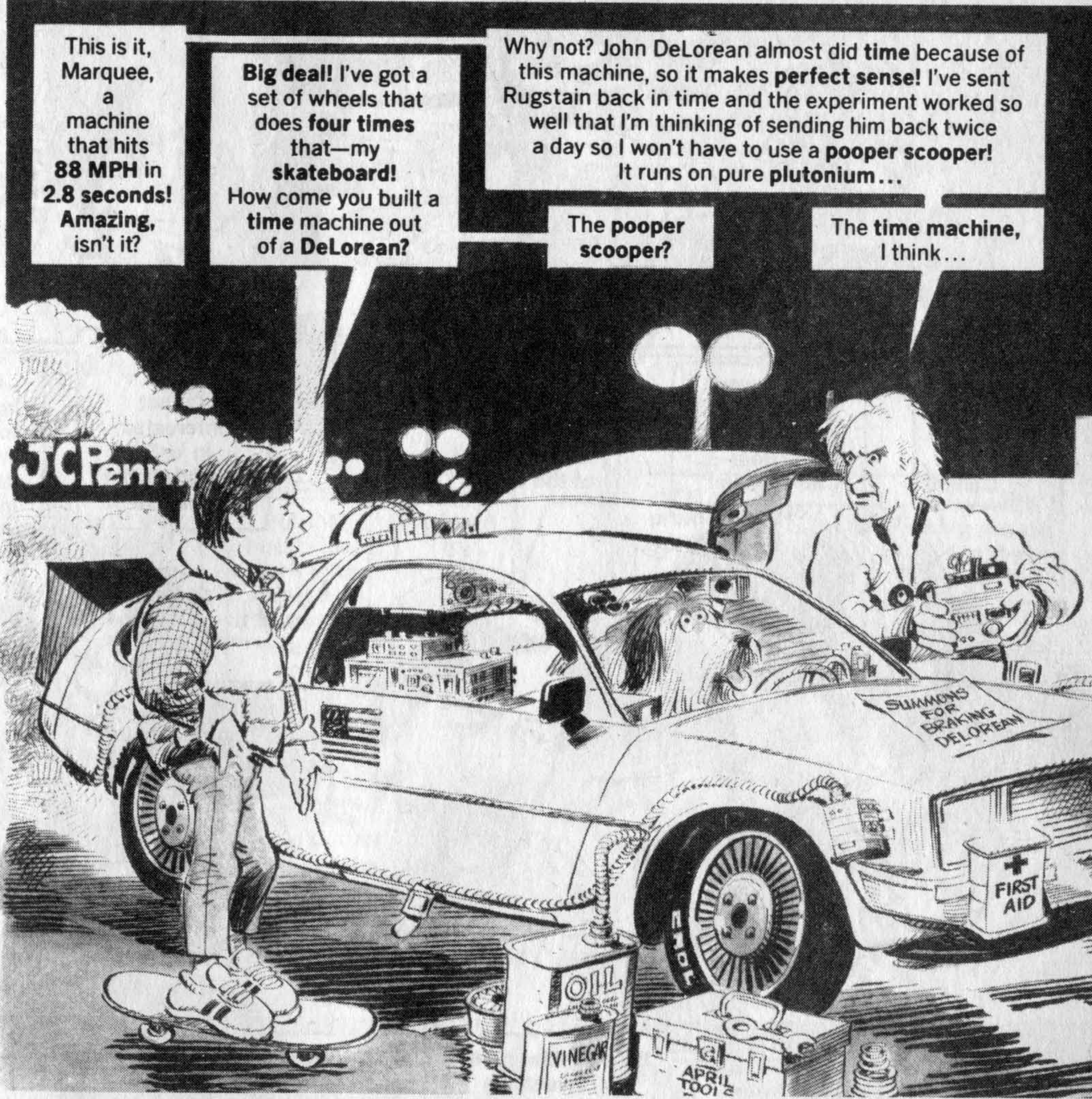
No, I've gotta stay here and feed this **parking meter** 30 years worth of dimes so we can keep this spot **empty** for your return!



FOR THE FUTURE



I'm **McShy**, Marquee's father as well as a **distant acquaintance!** That's not so weird—lots of father and son relationships are little more than distant acquaintances!



This is it, Marquee, a machine that hits **88 MPH** in **2.8 seconds!** Amazing, isn't it?

Big deal! I've got a set of wheels that does **four times** that—my **skateboard!** How come you built a time machine out of a DeLorean?

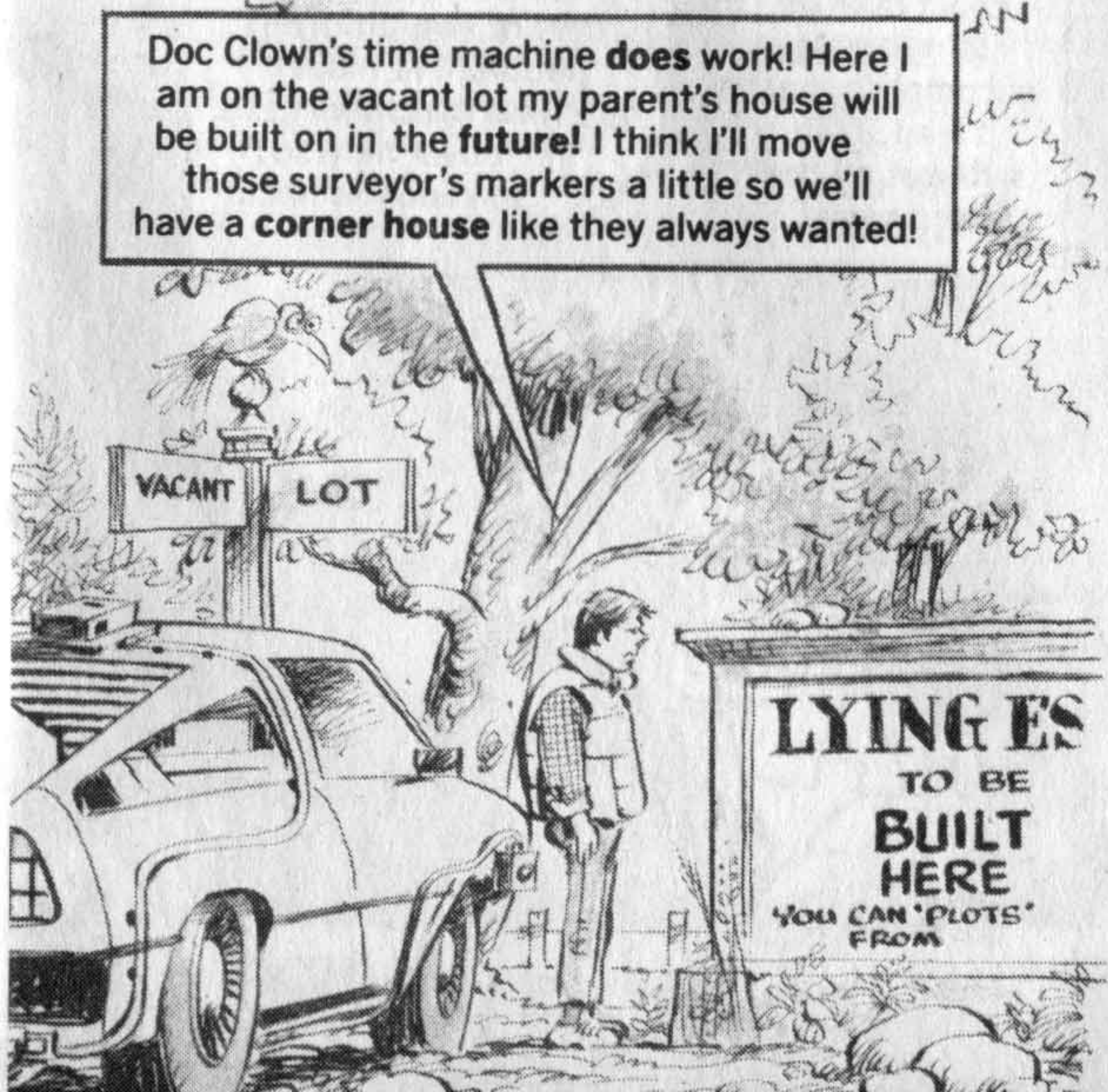
Why not? John DeLorean almost did time because of this machine, so it makes **perfect sense!** I've sent Rugstain back in time and the experiment worked so well that I'm thinking of sending him back twice a day so I won't have to use a **pooper scooper!** It runs on pure **plutonium...**

The **pooper scooper?**

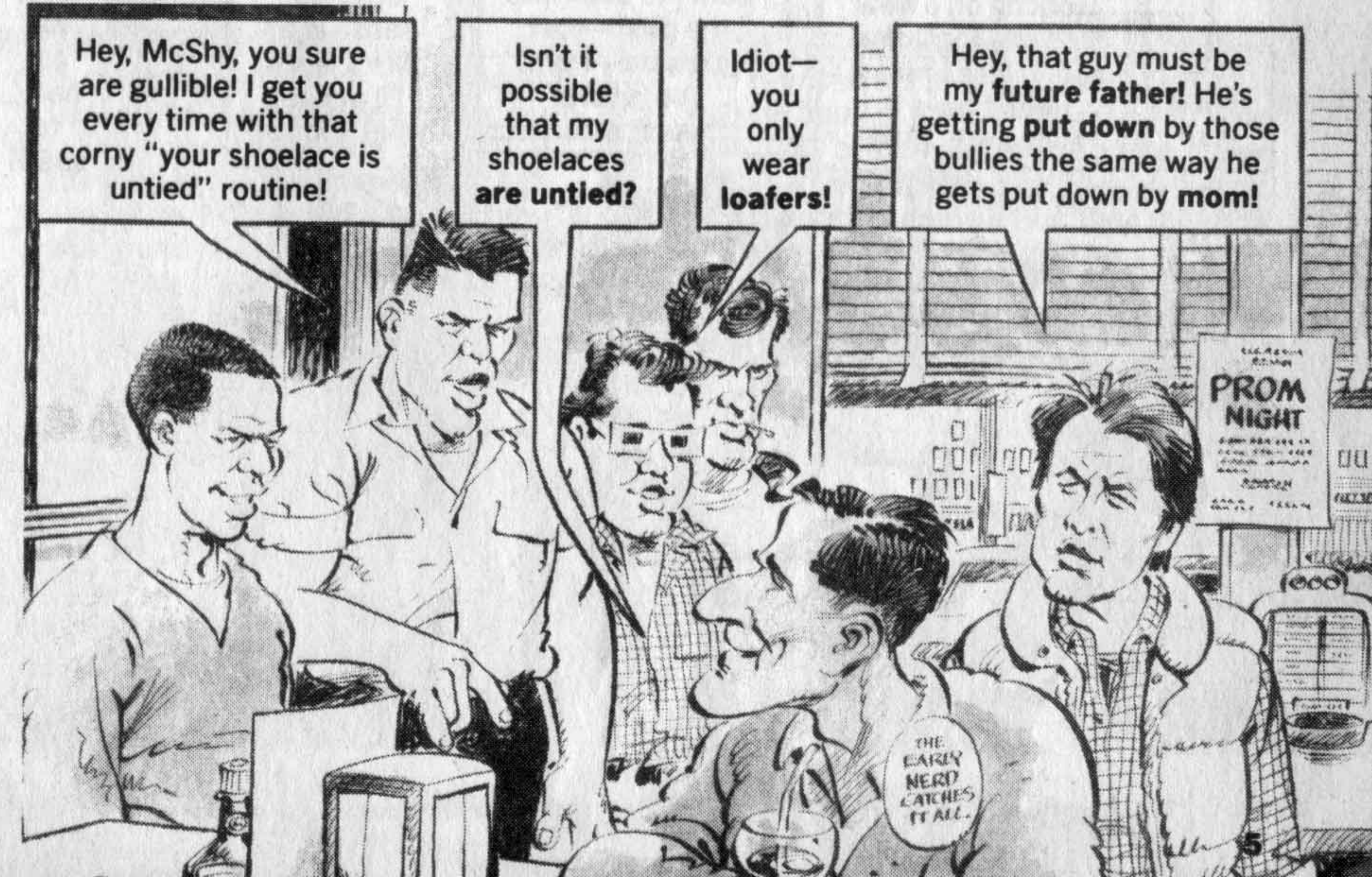
The time machine, I think...

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO



Doc Clown's time machine **does** work! Here I am on the vacant lot my parent's house will be built on in the **future!** I think I'll move those surveyor's markers a little so we'll have a **corner house** like they always wanted!



Hey, McShy, you sure are gullible! I get you every time with that corny "your shoelace is untied" routine!

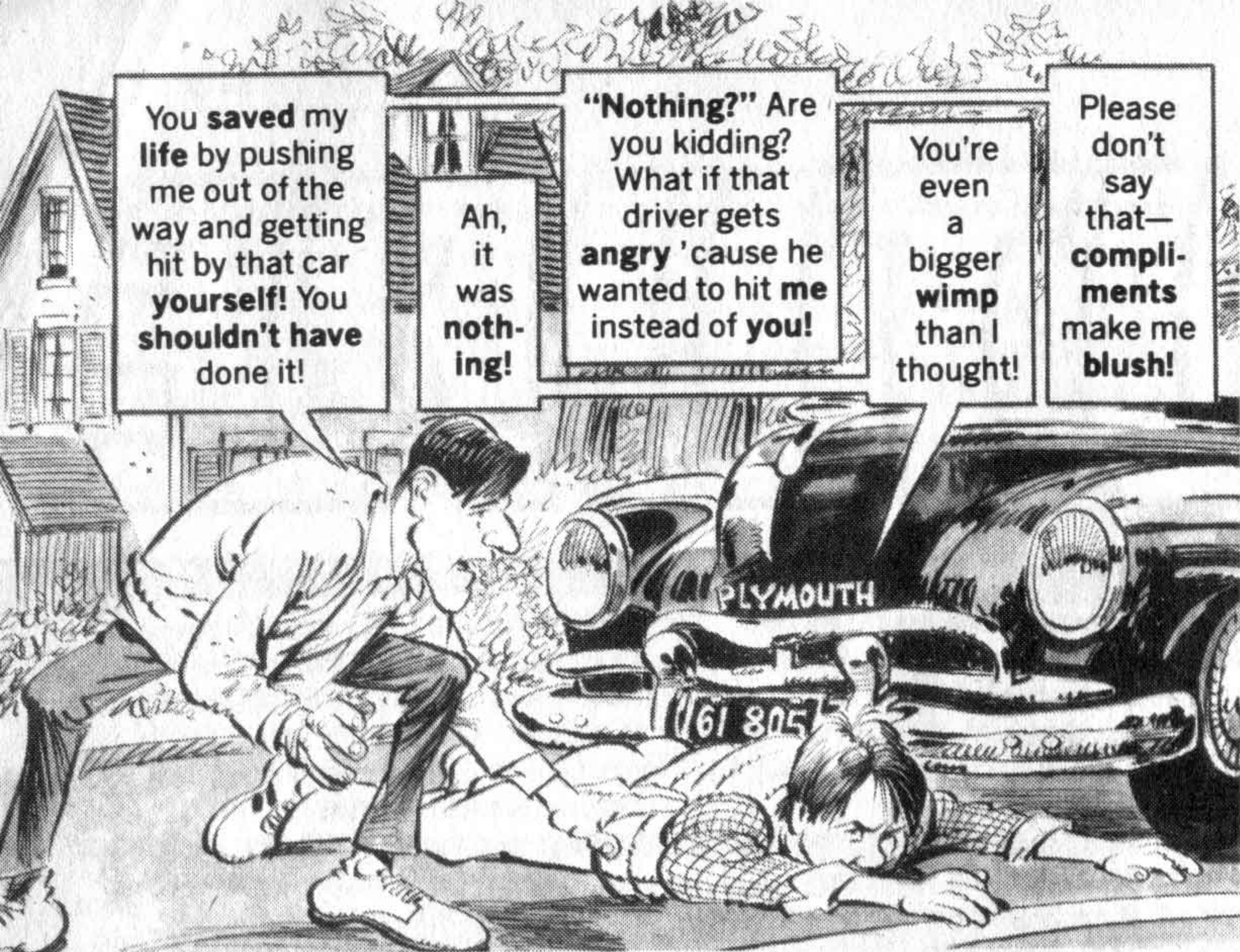
Isn't it possible that my shoelaces are untied?

Idiot—you only wear loafers!

Hey, that guy must be my **future father!** He's getting put down by those bullies the same way he gets put down by mom!

THE EARLY NERD CATCHES IT ALL.

PROM NIGHT



You saved my life by pushing me out of the way and getting hit by that car yourself! You shouldn't have done it!

Ah, it was nothing!

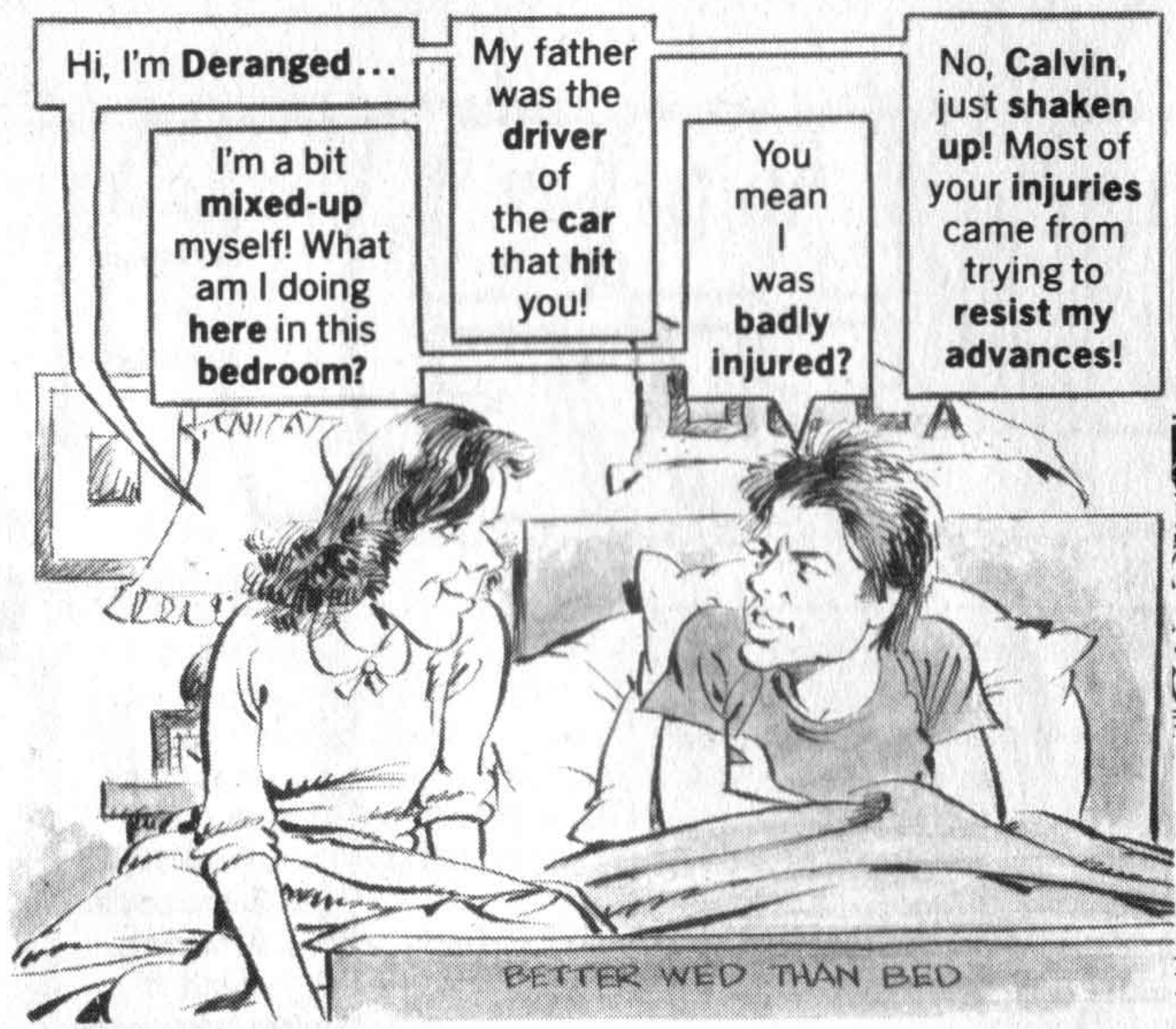
"Nothing?" Are you kidding? What if that driver gets angry 'cause he wanted to hit me instead of you!

You're even a bigger wimp than I thought!

Please don't say that—compliments make me blush!

PLYMOUTH

(61 805)



Hi, I'm Deranged...

I'm a bit mixed-up myself! What am I doing here in this bedroom?

My father was the driver of the car that hit you!

You mean I was badly injured?

No, Calvin, just shaken up! Most of your injuries came from trying to resist my advances!

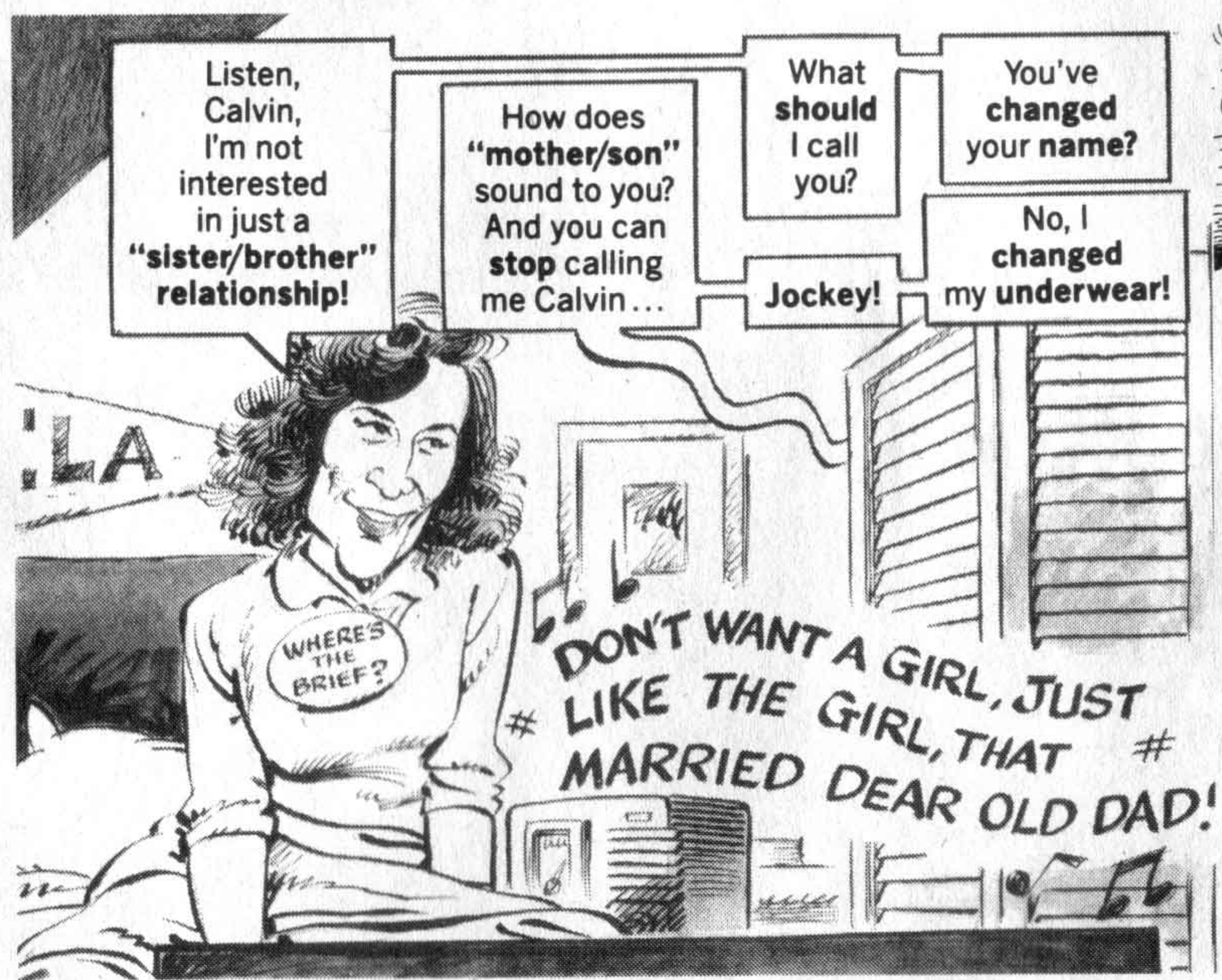
BETTER WED THAN BED



Why do you call me Calvin?

Because your name is on your underwear—"Calvin Klein!"

I hate to think what you'd call me if I was wearing "Fruit of the Loom!"



Listen, Calvin, I'm not interested in just a "sister/brother" relationship!

How does "mother/son" sound to you? And you can stop calling me Calvin...

What should I call you?

You've changed your name?

No, I changed my underwear!

Jockey!

WHERE'S THE BRIEF?

DON'T WANT A GIRL, JUST LIKE THE GIRL, THAT MARRIED DEAR OLD DAD!

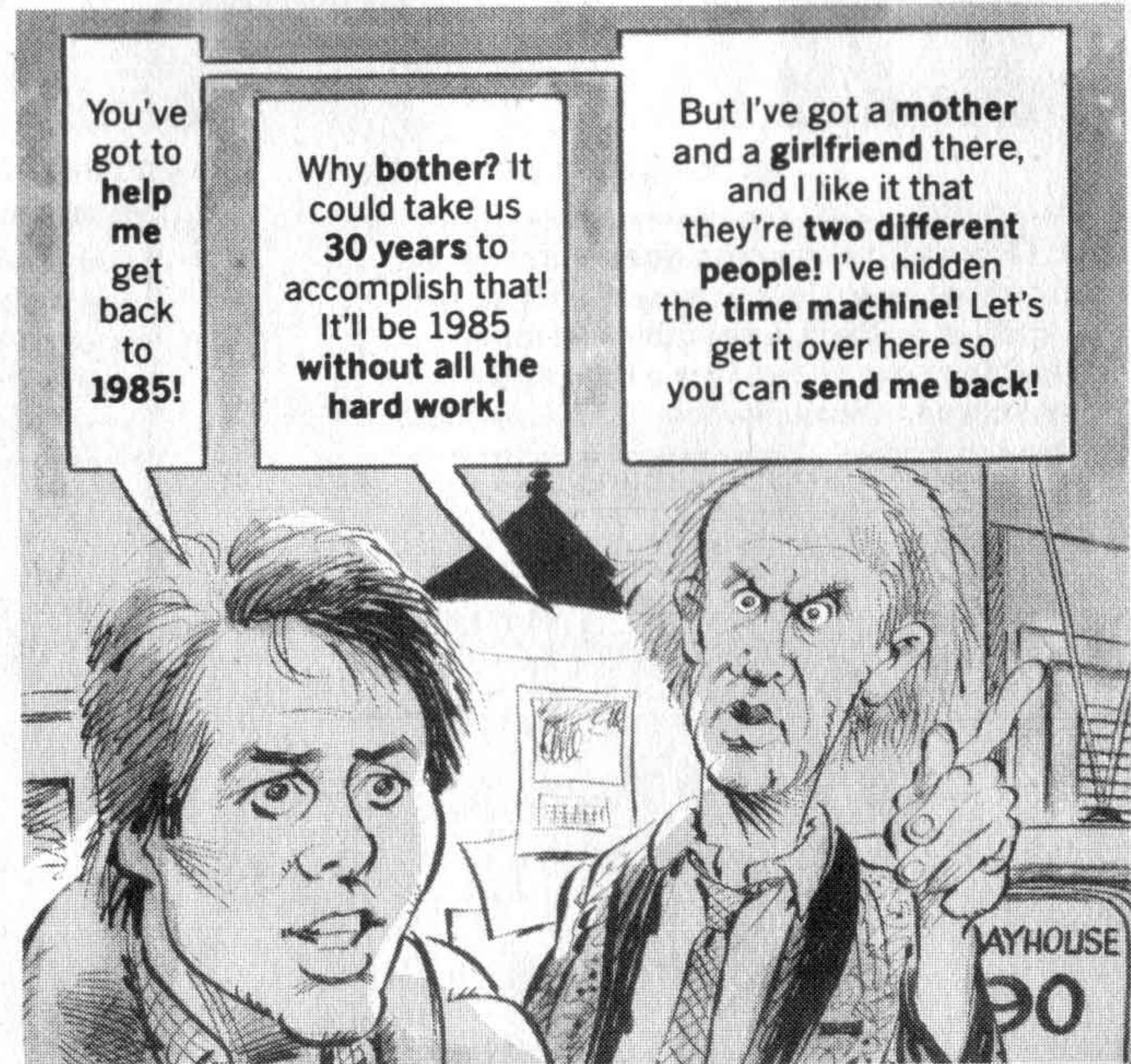


Doc! Doc Clown! I finally found you!

Please go away, I'm very busy! I'm working on a new formula for Coke, and unless I hurry, I won't have it ready until 1985!

It's me—Marquee! You invented a time machine and sent me back into the past—your present—from the future!

That's utter nonsense! But since utter nonsense is my life's work, I'll accept what you say!



You've got to help me get back to 1985!

Why bother? It could take us 30 years to accomplish that! It'll be 1985 without all the hard work!

But I've got a mother and a girlfriend there, and I like it that they're two different people! I've hidden the time machine! Let's get it over here so you can send me back!

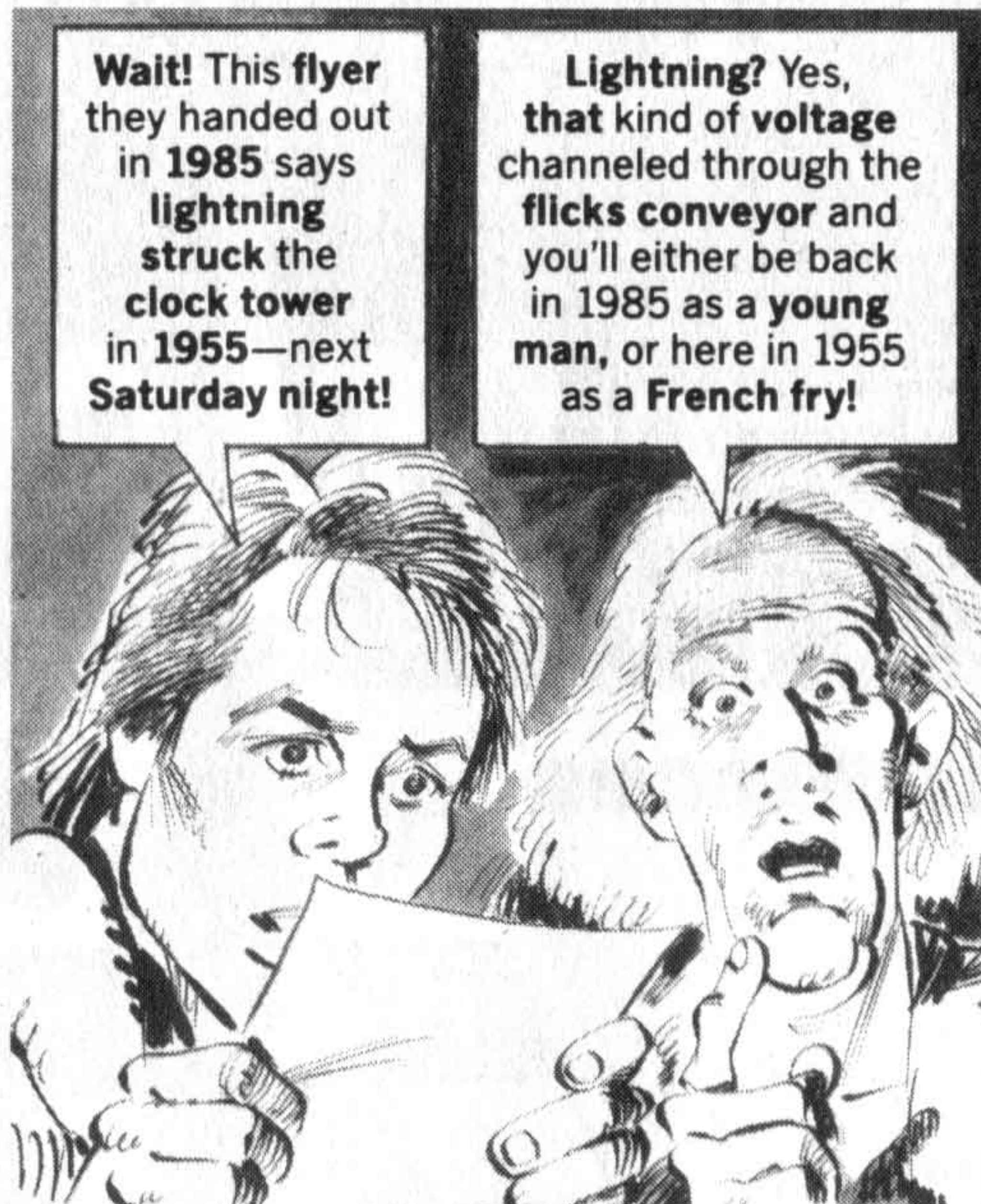
LAYHOUSE 90



Okay, Doc, just slip in some **plutonium** and I'll be on my way!

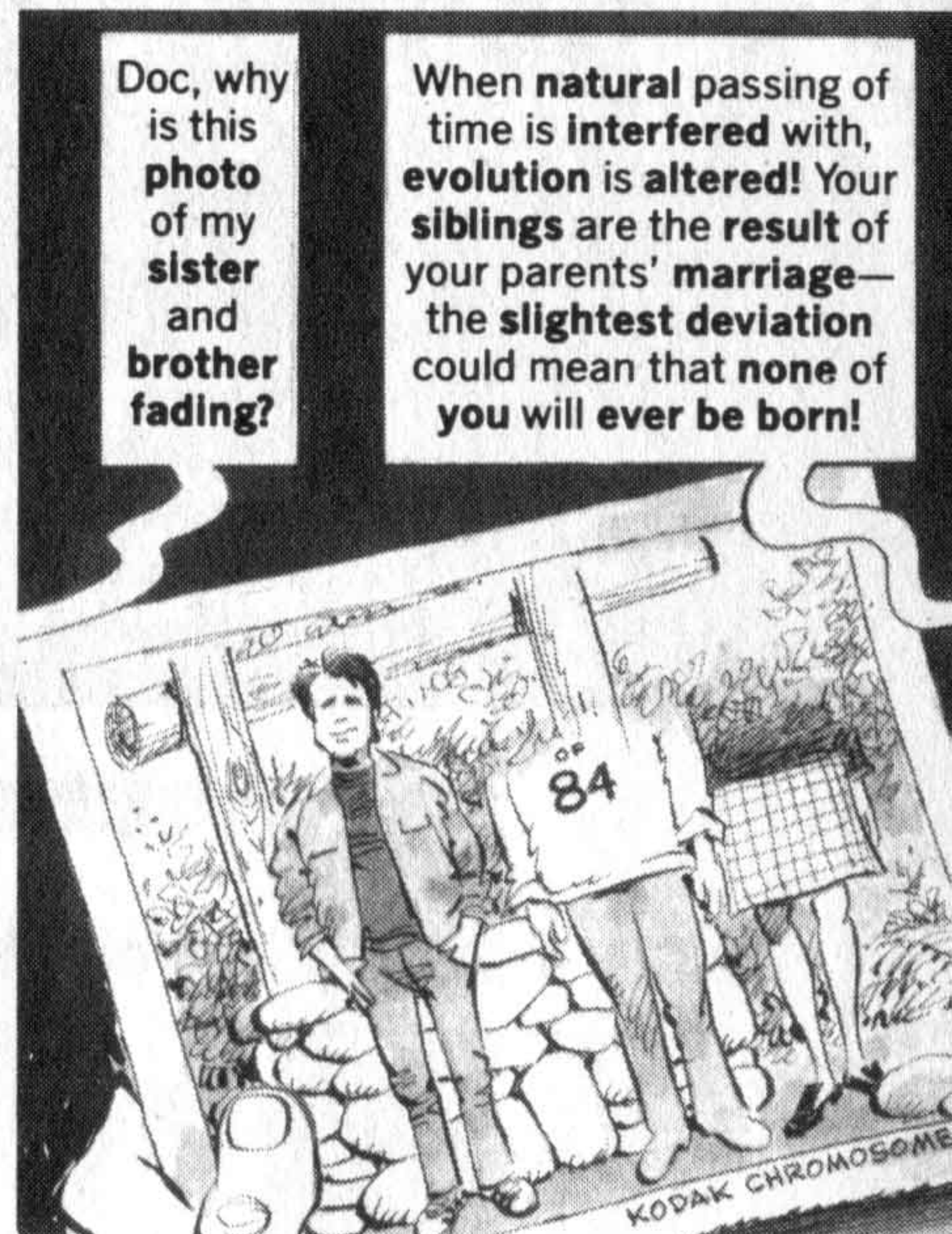
This is **1955!** I can't get **plutonium!** We need some **other great power source!** Any ideas?

If I was wearing **poly-ester slacks**, when the **legs rub...**



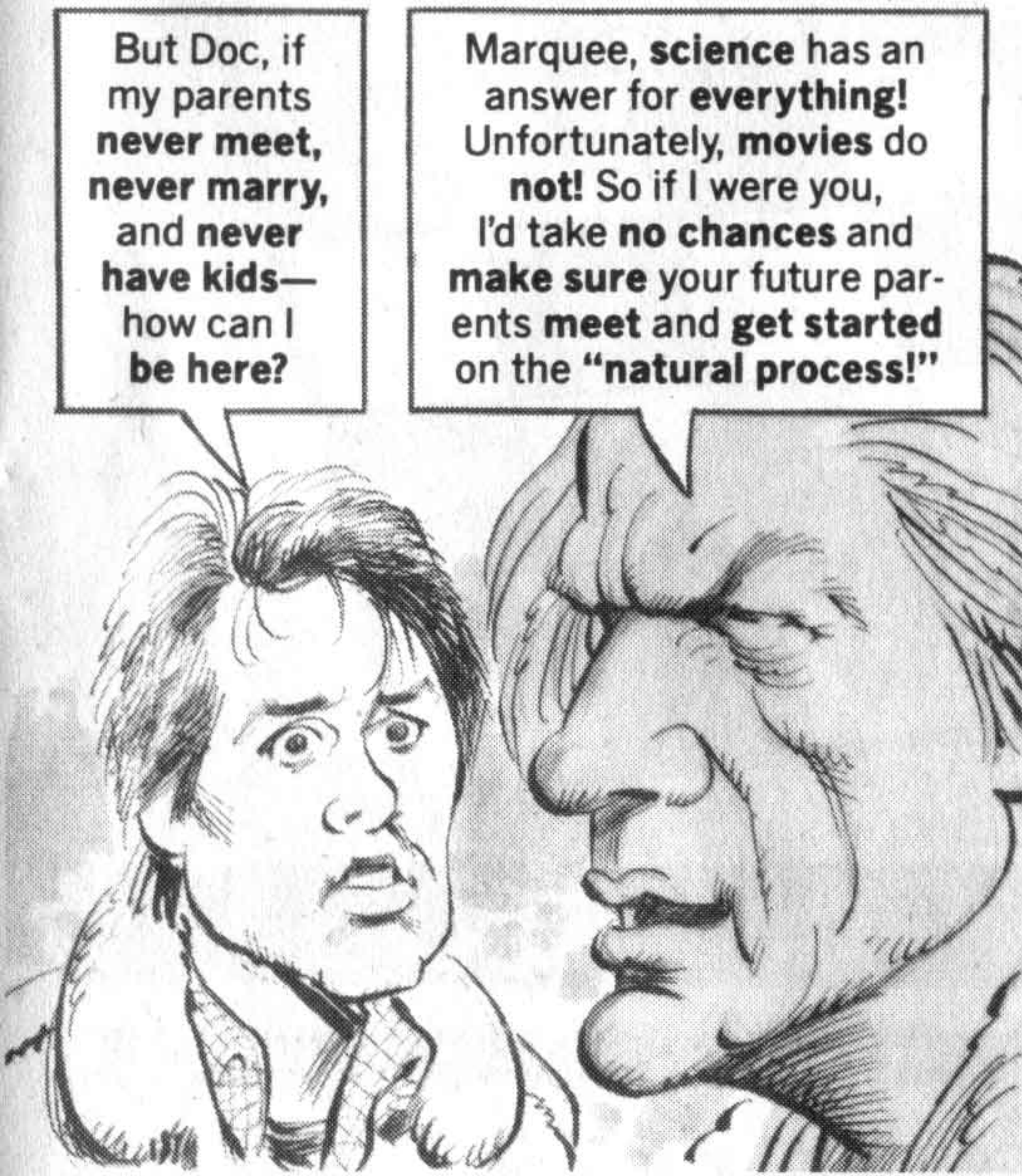
Wait! This flyer they handed out in **1985** says **lightning struck the clock tower** in **1955**—next **Saturday night!**

Lightning? Yes, that kind of **voltage** channeled through the **flicks conveyor** and you'll either be back in **1985** as a **young man**, or here in **1955** as a **French fry!**



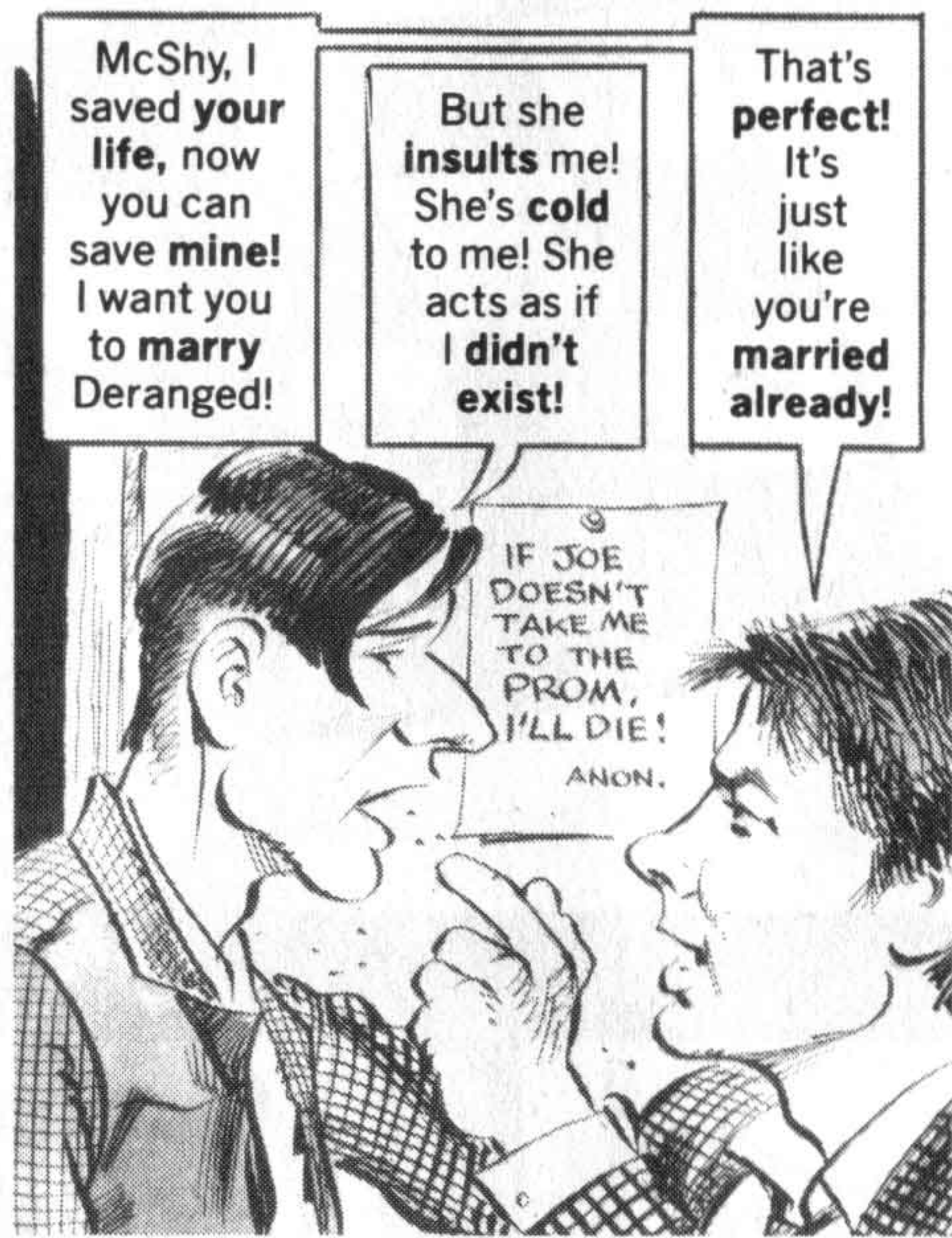
Doc, why is this **photo** of my **sister** and **brother** **fading?**

When **natural** passing of time is **interfered** with, **evolution** is **altered!** Your **siblings** are the **result** of your **parents' marriage**—the **slightest deviation** could mean that **none of you** will ever be **born!**



But Doc, if my **parents never meet, never marry, and never have kids**—how can I be here?

Marquee, **science** has an answer for **everything!** Unfortunately, **movies** do **not!** So if I were you, I'd take **no chances** and **make sure** your **future parents meet** and **get started** on the "**natural process!**"

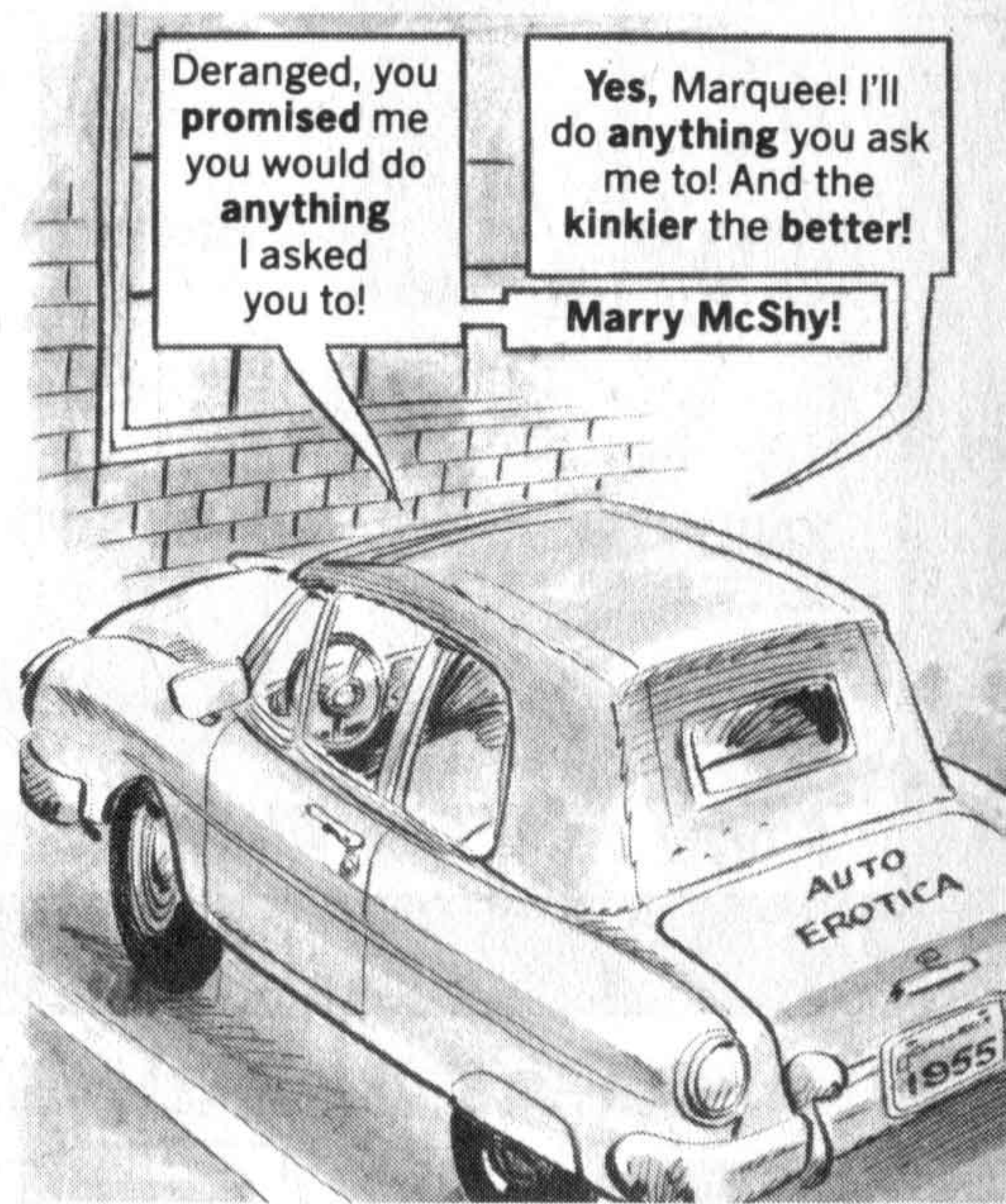


McShy, I saved **your life**, now you can save **mine!** I want you to **marry** Deranged!

But she **insults** me! She's **cold** to me! She acts as if I **didn't exist!**

That's **perfect!** It's just like you're **married already!**

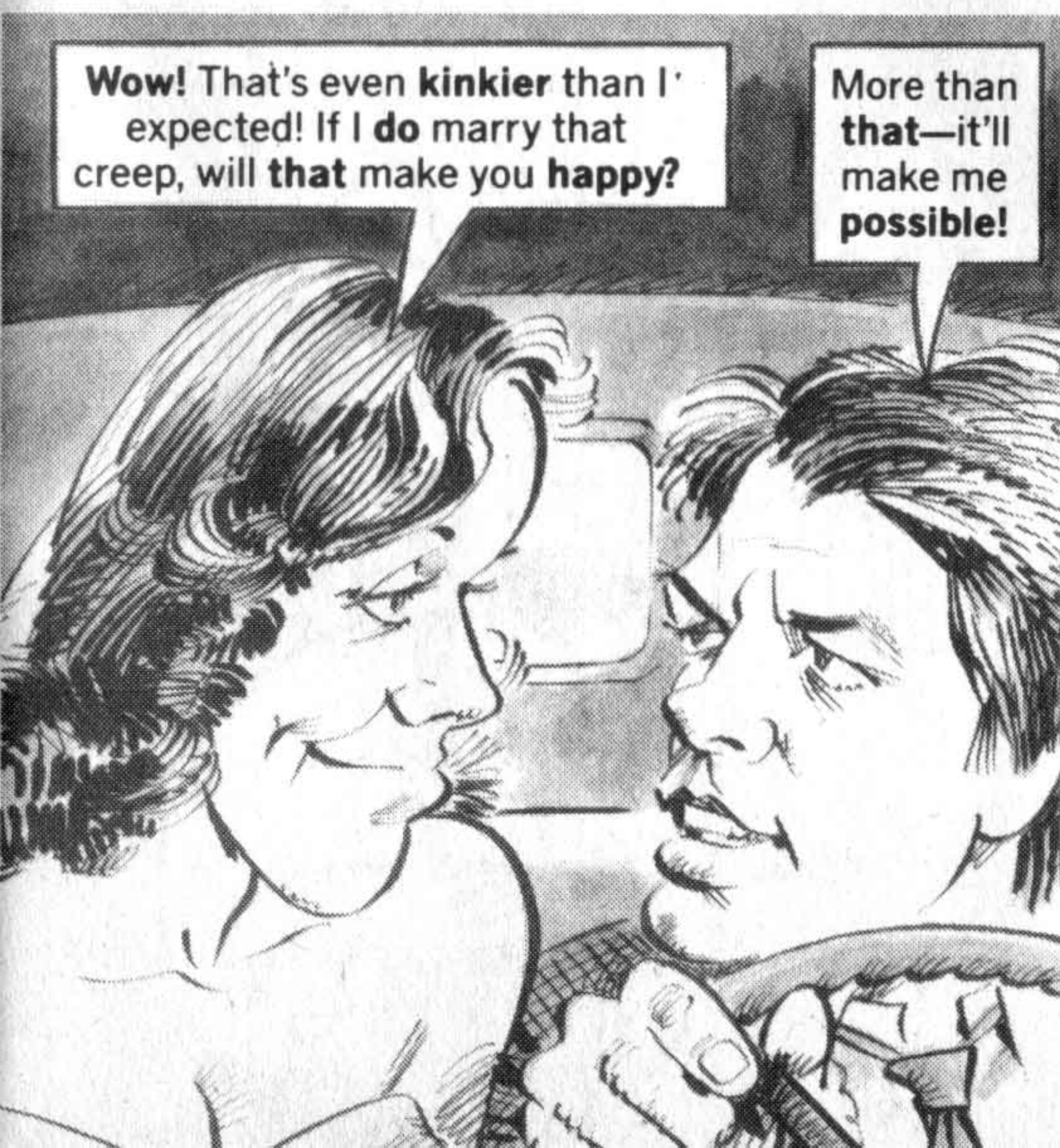
IF JOE DOESN'T TAKE ME TO THE PROM, I'LL DIE!
ANON.



Deranged, you **promised** me you would do **anything** I asked you to!

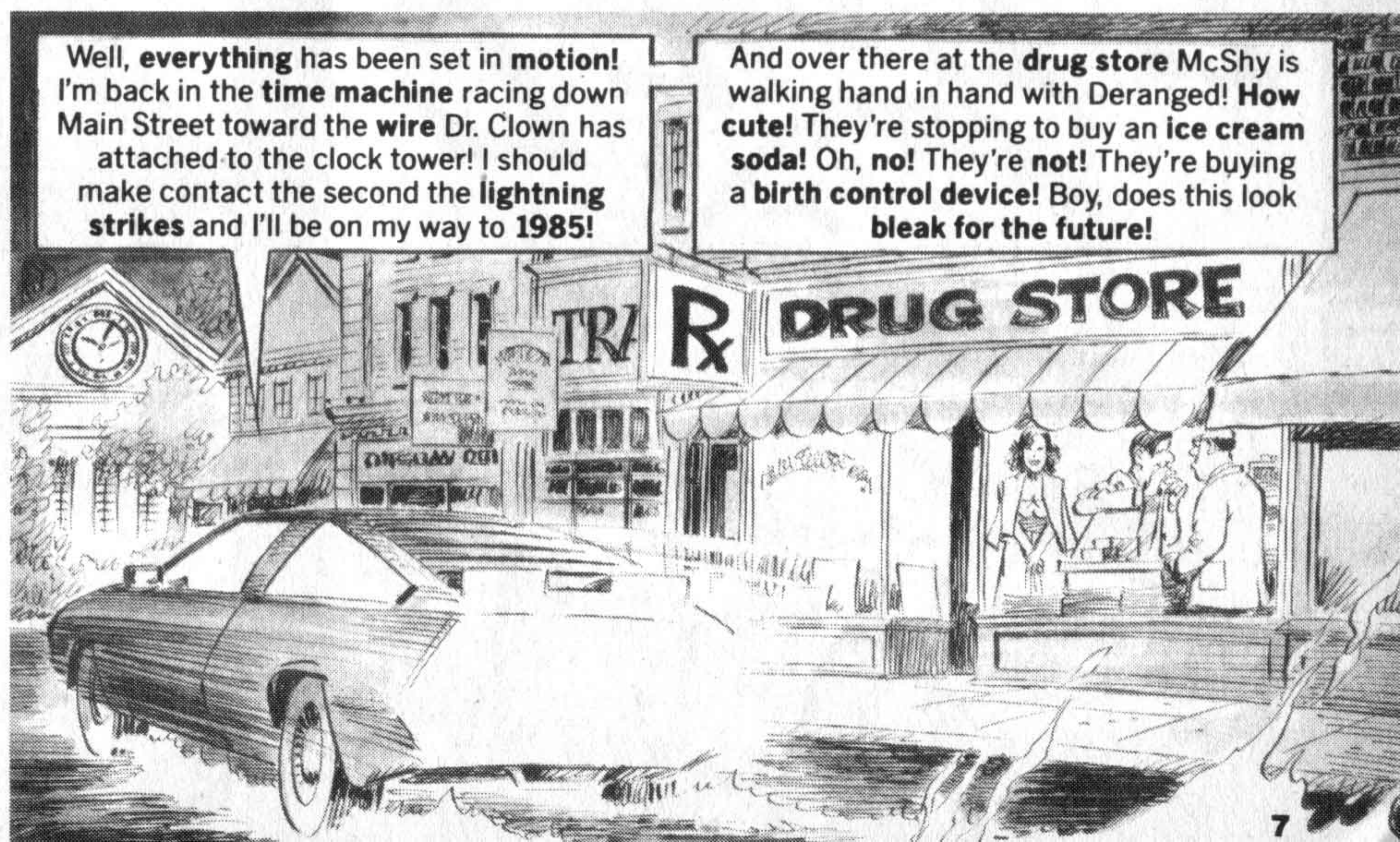
Yes, Marquee! I'll do **anything** you ask me to! And the **kinkier** the better!

Marry McShy!



Wow! That's even **kinkier** than I expected! If I **do** marry that creep, will **that** make you **happy?**

More than **that**—it'll make me **possible!**



Well, **everything** has been set in **motion!** I'm back in the **time machine** racing down Main Street toward the **wire** Dr. Clown has attached to the **clock tower!** I should make contact the **second** the **lightning strikes** and I'll be on my way to **1985!**

And over there at the **drug store** McShy is walking hand in hand with **Deranged!** **How cute!** They're stopping to buy an **ice cream soda!** Oh, **no!** They're **not!** They're buying a **birth control device!** Boy, does this look **bleak** for the future!