

**ROLLER-
BLADES**

**MELROSE
PLACE**

**IN LIVING
COLOR**

**A LEAGUE OF
THEIR OWN**

No.
317
March
1993

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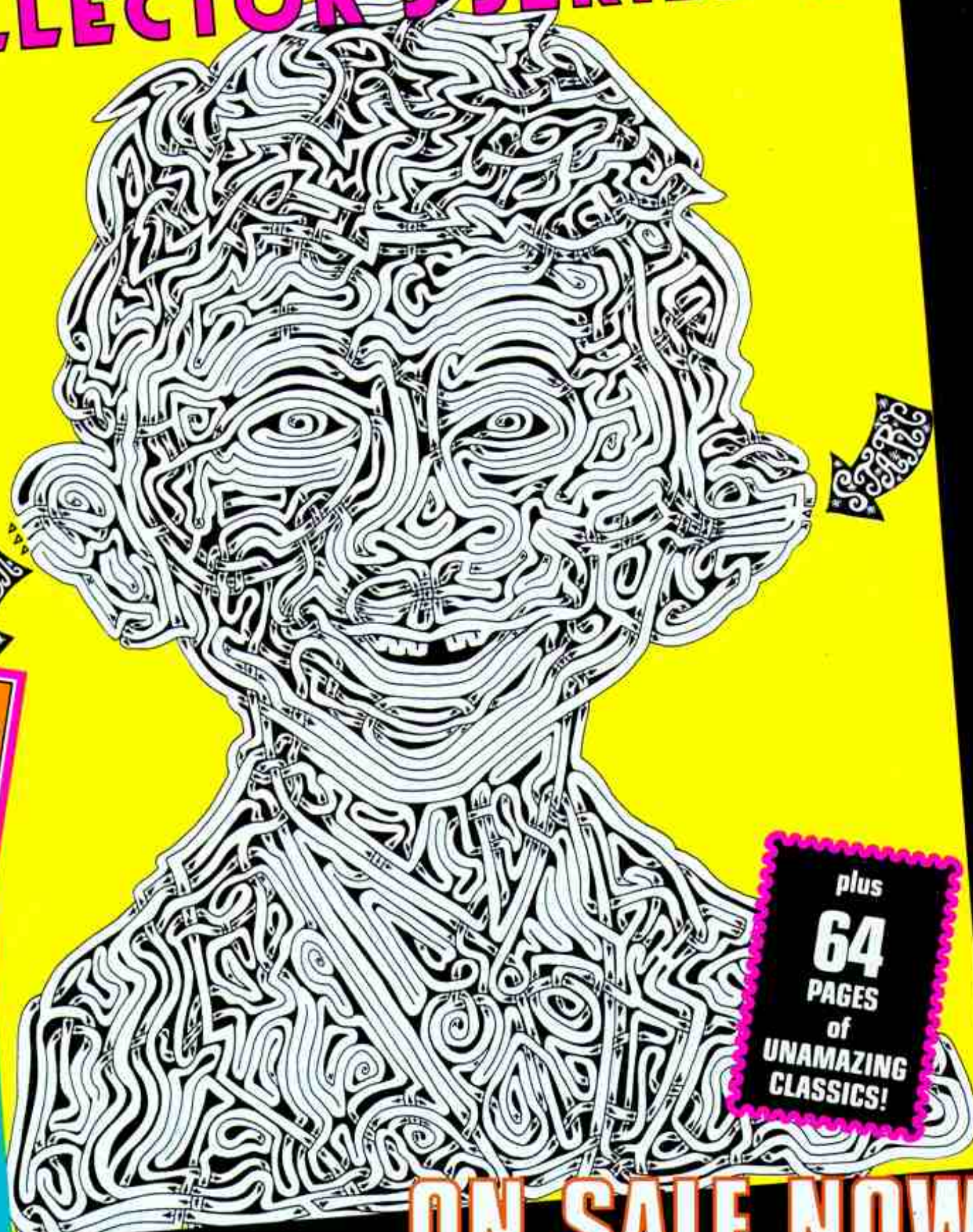
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MAD

"The suburbs are where they cut down all the trees and then name the streets after them!"
—Alfred E. Neuman

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COVER ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA BACK COVER ARTIST: RICHARD WILLIAMS BACK COVER CONCEPT: BOB BRAMBLE

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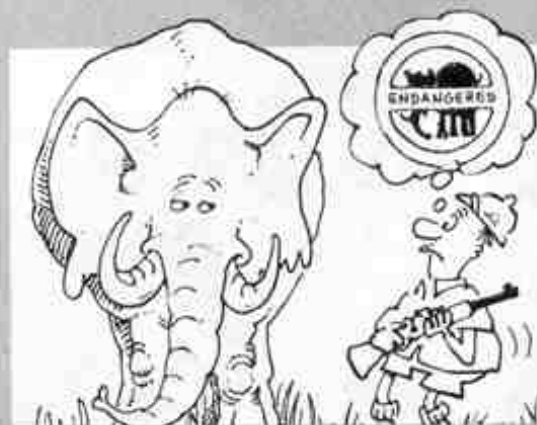
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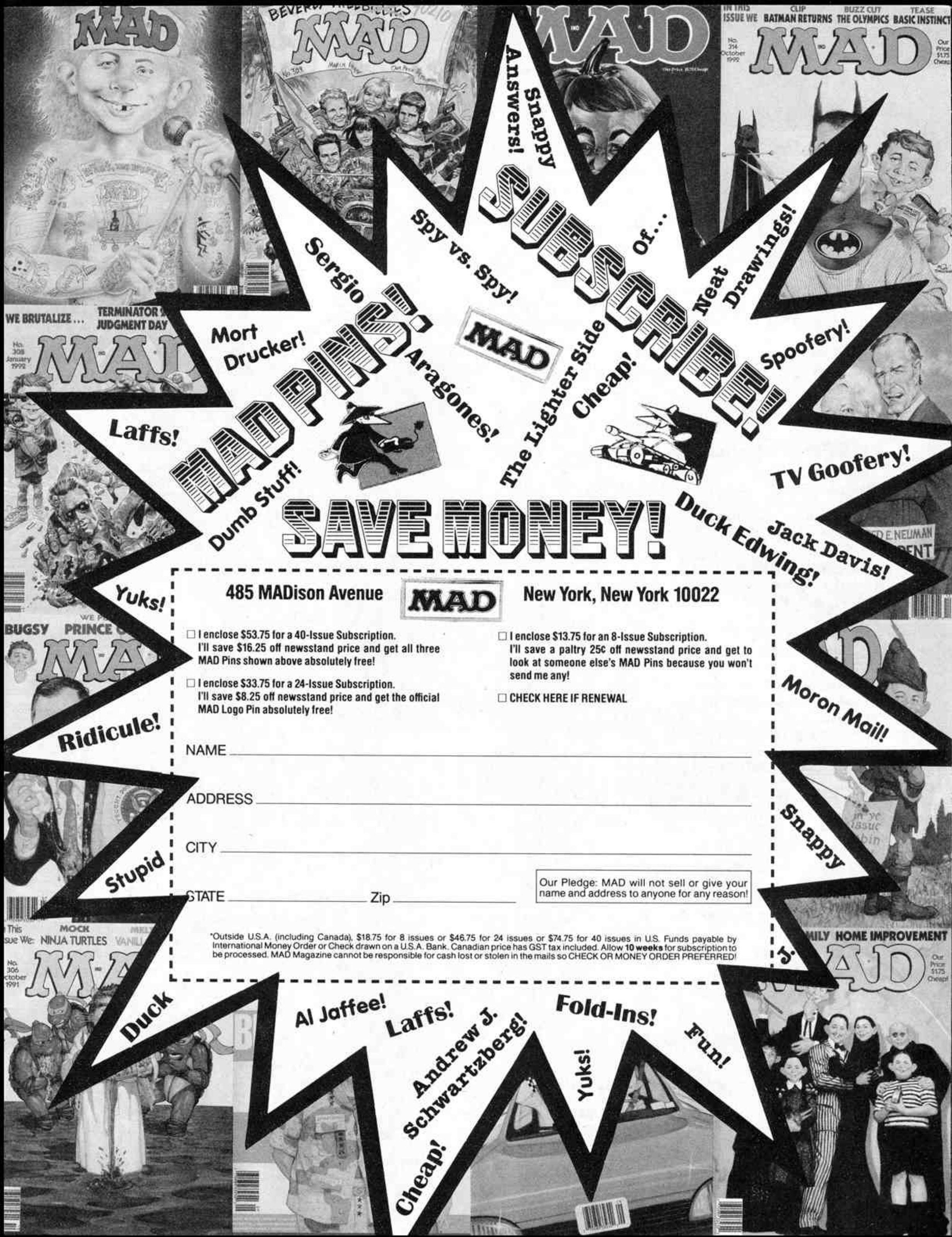


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Our Pledge: MAD will not sell or give your name and address to anyone for any reason!

LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPT.



ALLEN WRENCH



Home Improvement star Tim Allen shows us how he responds when asked if he "saw" our "Gnome Improvement" spoof in MAD #311!

MORON MAIL

I'm mad about MAD! I'm mad about MAD! I'm mad about MAD! There! I got it out of my system! I've been wanting to write you and let you know since I was ten years old.

Nancy C. Lyle
A 36-year-old Mad woman
Plantersville, MS

You've been waiting since you were ten? For other MAD readers who don't want to wait 26 years to get it out of their system, we suggest a mixture of two teaspoons mineral oil in a glass of Ocean Spray cranapple with just a dash of cayenne! Whoa! Mercy!—Ed.

IS THERE A DOCTOR IN THE...

My condolences on the passing of William Gaines. My subscription renewal confirms my confidence that your fine journal will continue without compromise. Let me know if you need a staff OB/GYN.

Henry J. Sobel, M.D.
Obstetrics, Gynecology & infertility
Annapolis, MD

Doc Sobel—We have long contemplated putting an OB/GYN man on our staff, but at the moment we have no openings!—Ed.

SPY 'GRAPHS

I just finished assembling my official MAD Spy Vs. Spyplanes from MAD Collector's series #4 and amazingly enough, they worked! They made it across most of my living room without crashing into the wall or doing a spinning nosedive! I gotta admit, you guys finally did something right!

David Lekwa
Columbus Jct., IA

We hate to burst your little bubble, but we designed the Spyplanes so they WOULD crash into walls and do spinning nosedives! Oh well, back to the old drawing board!—Ed.

In my day, kids ripped off classics like *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* for Halloween costume ideas. Now they have sunk to ripping off MAD. That's frightening!

Ann Zacharias
Sacramento, CA



Andy Zacharias and Alan Buehler: counterintelligence operatives or life-size salt and pepper shakers? By the way, what's Nancy Reagan doing standing behind them, Huh?



CUTTING THE CAKE



Wow! I got an Alfred E. Neuman cake for my birthday! Cool, huh?

Steve Govern
Rochester Hills, MI

Coincidentally, on his last birthday, Alfred received a Steve Govern cake...a Twinkie!—Ed.

STAMP OUT ALFRED



In MAD #313, we asked you to decide which Alfred E. Neuman should appear on a postage stamp: the young or the mature Alfred. You sent in your ballots and we counted them! The triumphant winner with nearly 58% of the votes is... the Young Alfred! Tragically, however, the night before the presses were set to roll, vandals broke into the U.S. Postal Service printing plant and switched the Alfred stamp printing plate with the one showing an American flag. Nevertheless, when you go to the post office, be sure to ask for the Alfred E. Neuman stamp...they'll know which one you're talking about!

Please Address All Correspondence To:
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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 Rey and Lily on their 25th!

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RENTALLY DISTURBED DEPT.

The Fox Network's new nighttime soap opera is like a younger version of *thirty something*. The only difference is in this series, the plot stinks and the writing stinks. But then again, if it didn't stink, it wouldn't be...

I'm Silly, an aspiring writer! I'm not so successful because the stuff I churn out is infantile! But I know I'll make it big some day! I mean, FOX bought this stupid and infantile show, didn't they?

I'm Asylum, Silly's platonic roommate! I'm a receptionist at Dumb & Dopey Advertising! I don't play any of the political or sexual office games! I'm just going to get ahead on talent! I figure by the time I'm 50, I'll be getting my first promotion!

I'm Midol, the part-time super-intendent here at Smellgross Place! I'm also a medical intern! That may sound weird at first, but the two occupations actually compliment each other! At the hospital today I cleared a clogged artery with a plumber's helper and some Drano!

I'm Vane, Midol's very horny wife! Midol and I used to make love constantly, but lately he's been spending all his time down at the stupid hospital! I'm so desperate for his attention that I started leaving sexy CAT scans of myself all over the apartment! Oh God! Oh God! OH GOD!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

Midol, I haven't decided if I'm going to renew my lease here at Smellgross Place!

Why not?

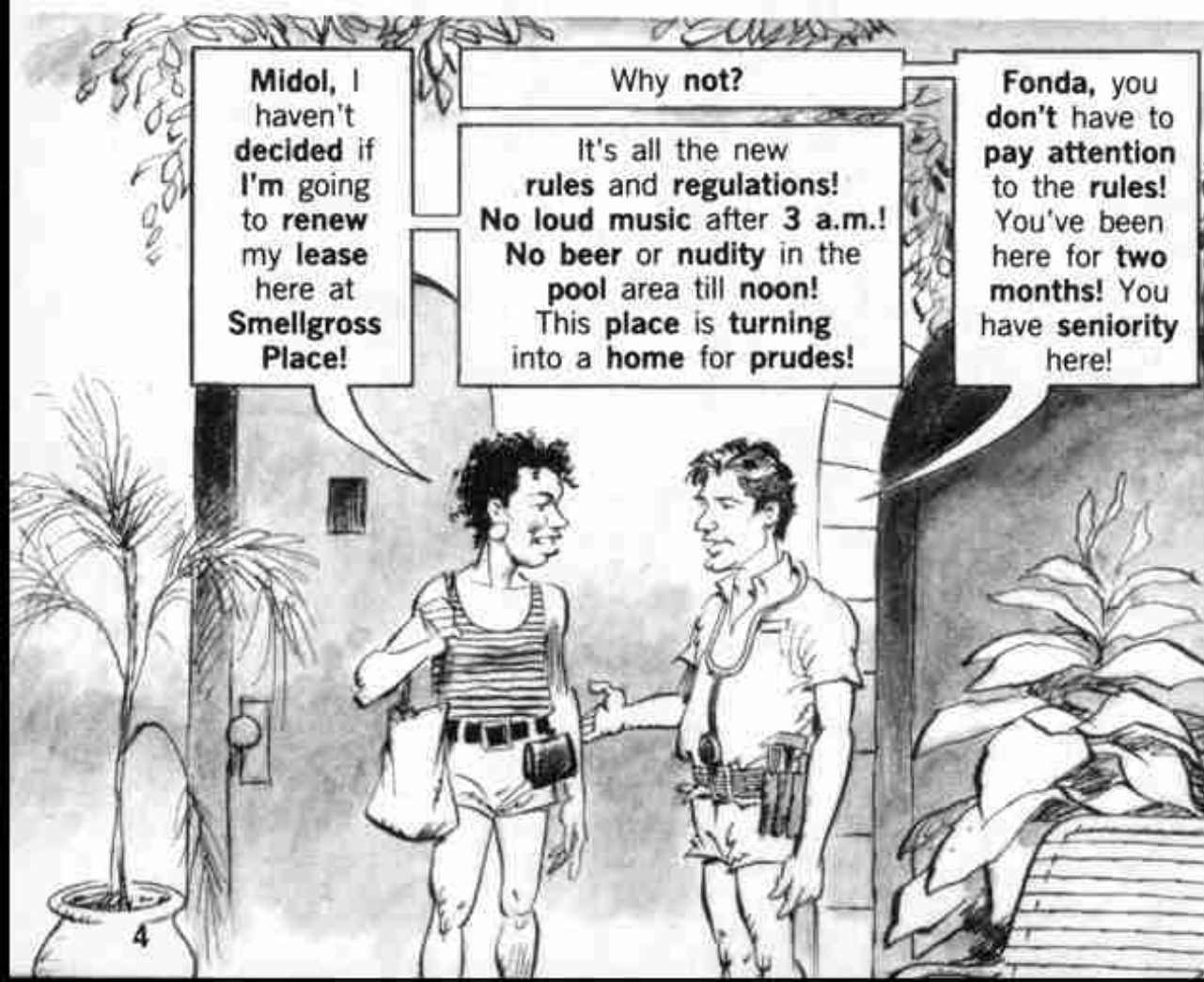
It's all the new rules and regulations! No loud music after 3 a.m.! No beer or nudity in the pool area till noon! This place is turning into a home for prudes!

Fonda, you don't have to pay attention to the rules! You've been here for two months! You have seniority here!

Midol, it's the hospital! They want you to assist at some stupid emergency brain operation!

Tell them I'll be right there!

I think we have a problem, Midol! Twenty minutes ago I asked you to wash the windows, and you still haven't! But now the hospital calls, and you jump! You have a lot to learn about priorities!



SMELLGROSS PLACE



I'm Meat! I work with underprivileged kids! In this part of L.A., the underprivileged kids are the ones whose parents make less than \$100,000 a year!

I'm Randy, the actress/barmaid! I look, dress and talk like I'm "easy," but I'm not! I never go home with a guy before someone introduces him to me!

I'm Belly, the young bimbo crossover from 90210! Why am I here? I've already slept with every man in 90210, so I'm starting on a new zip code!

I'm Fonda! I teach the world's highest energy aerobics class! Before you can join, I need to see a note from your doctor and I need to know your funeral wishes!

I'm Jerk, the sexy heartthrob! I have a prison record, I've been fired from a dozen jobs, and I'm an egomaniac and a womanizer! In other words, I'm the perfect role model for all the other guys here at Smellgross Place!

Good morning Los Angeles! Today's air quality is extremely poor! The rain has stopped, but the mudslides continue, along with more earthquake aftershocks! Traffic on all the freeways is at a standstill, and the LAPD reports scattered beatings and batterings throughout the area! Have a nice day!

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

Your motorcycle means a lot to you, doesn't it Jerk?

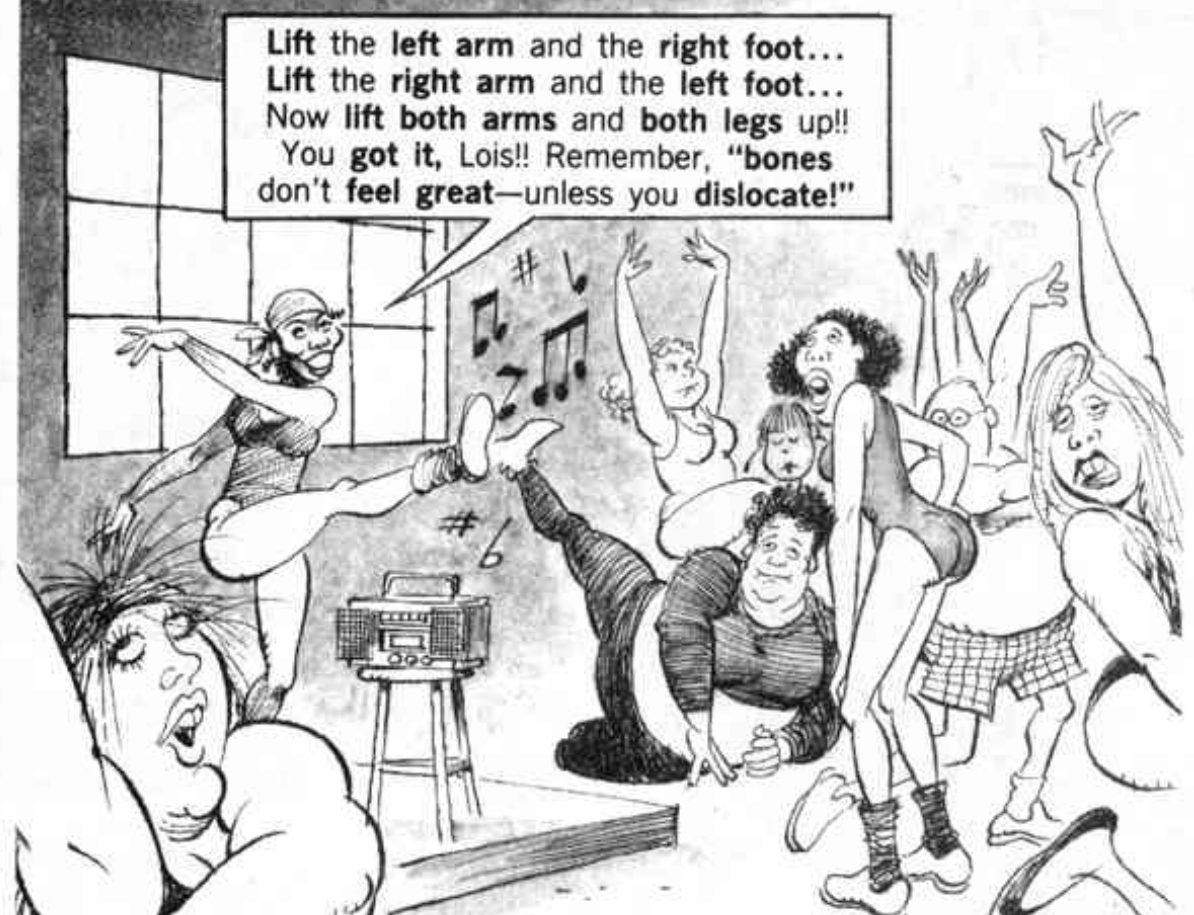
Yeah, how'd you know?

'Cause you're always tuning it up and polishing it! But mostly because you keep it in your bedroom!

Yeah, but I'm not obsessive about it! I only put it under the covers a couple of nights a week! Besides, it's a safer bedroom partner than a lot of others around here, no doubt!

I guess, then, that these cans of 10W40 oil are for the motorcycle! Too bad! My imagination was running wild!







You know, **Fonda**, you said you were coming to the **shelter** to help me, and you **never showed up!** You have a lot to learn about **commitment!**

Says **who??** I committed myself to **getting drunk**, and I got **slammed!** If that's not **commitment**, what is?!

Smelly, I'm worried that all we do at **Smellgross Place** is talk about **sex!** Let's talk about **politics** for a change!

Okay, I would **LOVE** to talk about **politics!**

Really? Tell me, do you think **Clarence Thomas** was really trying to "nail" **Anita Hill?**

You mean "**Long Dong Silver**"? I'd have to check my **diary** to see how **MY** date with him went! And how about those parties at **Ted Kennedy's** place!

Boy! I am glad we've discovered our **love** for **politics!** It's opened up a whole new dimension!

GIGGLE! GIGGLE!
TEE! TEE!

MEGAN LOUISE
9-7-92

Fonda, I'm glad you're home! I got **locked out** and **Midol** isn't home to let me in!

Here, use my **key!**
Your key opens my door?

Honey, this is **Smellgross Place!** **ALL** of the keys to **ALL** of the apartments are the same!

How many pairs of pants can I take into the **changing room** at one time?

We allow **three per person**, but you can take in six!

Really? How come?
Because I'm going in there with you, **Mister Cute Stuff!**

FITTING ROOM

MEN'S SHIRTS

SPECIAL - NO PANTS SUITS

I don't think we can fit in there together!

Sure we can! There just won't be any room for the clothes you want to try on! But hey, I guess them's the breaks!

We're supposed to be **platonic roommates**, but don't you feel **major sexual tension** between both of us?

Why do you say that?
Just because I **washed your underwear** last night doesn't mean **anything!**

Yeah, but you **washed them** while I was **still wearing them!**

Don't read anything into it! Oh, by the way, tonight it's your turn to wash my **nightie**, and I want it **scrubbed hard!**

AIRPLANE HANGER

BIBLE

Writing for MONEY
Writing for FUN
THE WRITER'S DIET
JUST WRIT

THE SAURUS
DICTIONARY

We're looking for slogans! Our agency got that new bottled carbonated holy water account, Vatican Vichy!

I'll give it some thought! I bet that new holy water drink becomes very pope-ular!

"Very pope-ular"! That's a great slogan! I'm glad I thought of it!

That's the third slogan I've had stolen this year! You'd think I'd get a promotion!!!

Promotion!? You're lucky you're still here! Normally executives here steal at least FIVE slogans from the receptionists! You're way behind!



You know, you guys are a great group of friends! You all supported me when I had an abortion! I never told anyone about that before!

Support is what friendship is all about! Me, I never told anyone about this before, but I murdered my parents!

Oh, everybody thinks about murdering their parents, you just acted it out! I used to sell drugs at the local playground!

Hey, if you didn't someone else would! I burned down my high school!

What's the big deal! Schools can be rebuilt! Me? I used to hold up nuns at gunpoint!

But that was only until you got a job teaching aerobics! I must confess that even though I'm still an intern, I've already ripped off Medicare for millions!

AS THE PRODUCER, I'VE RIPPED OFF EVERYBODY!

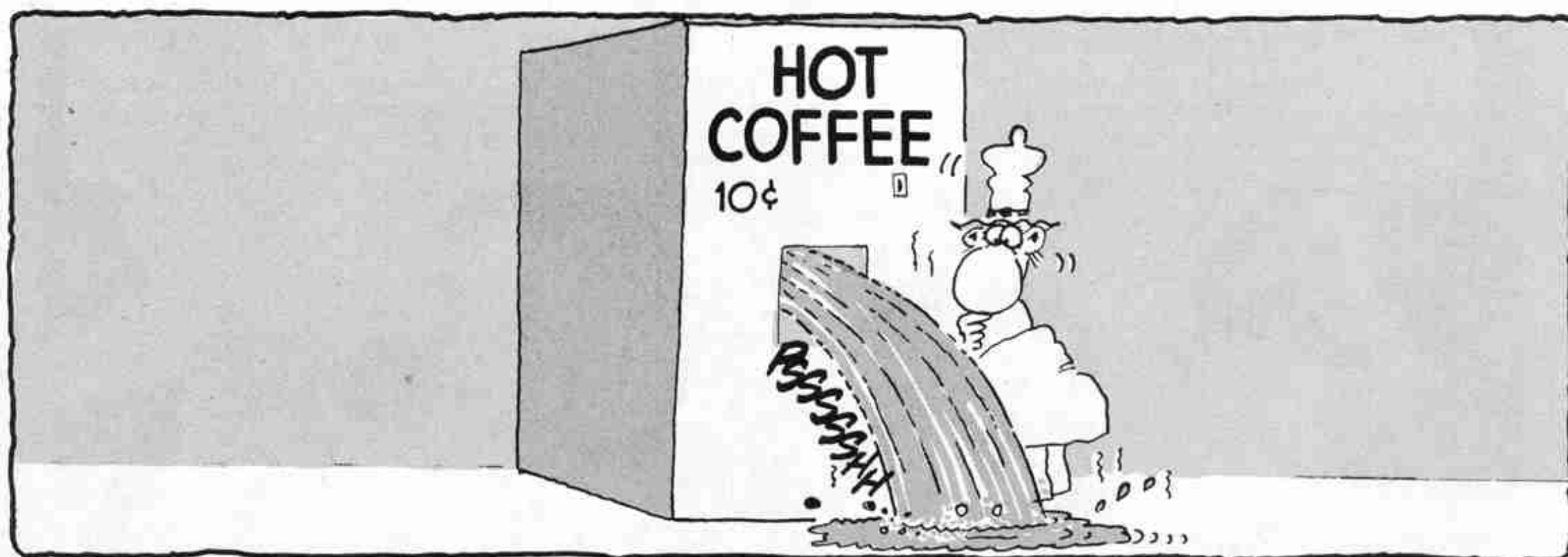


With what they pay interns, you have to do something shady to make ends meet! My shameful secret is not that I'm gay, but that I voted Republican!

Ugh! I think we have to draw the line somewhere! That's disgusting! Actually, my secret is pretty grim too! I can really act, but I have to hide my talent or I'll stick out like a sore thumb in this group!

I'm Dr. Ruth, the landlord! Buying Smell-gross Place was a terrific investment! With all the promiscuity and psychological problems of this group, they've given me enough material for articles, books and Arsenio appearances for the next 500 years!

THE VILLAINOUS VENDING VICTIMIZATION



EQUAL SLIME DEPT.

Most of us take TV's Equal Time Rule for granted because it has existed all of our lives. That's the law which states that any TV station providing air time to one political candidate must offer equal time to his opponents. In recent years, this concept has been expanded to insure a balanced view of so

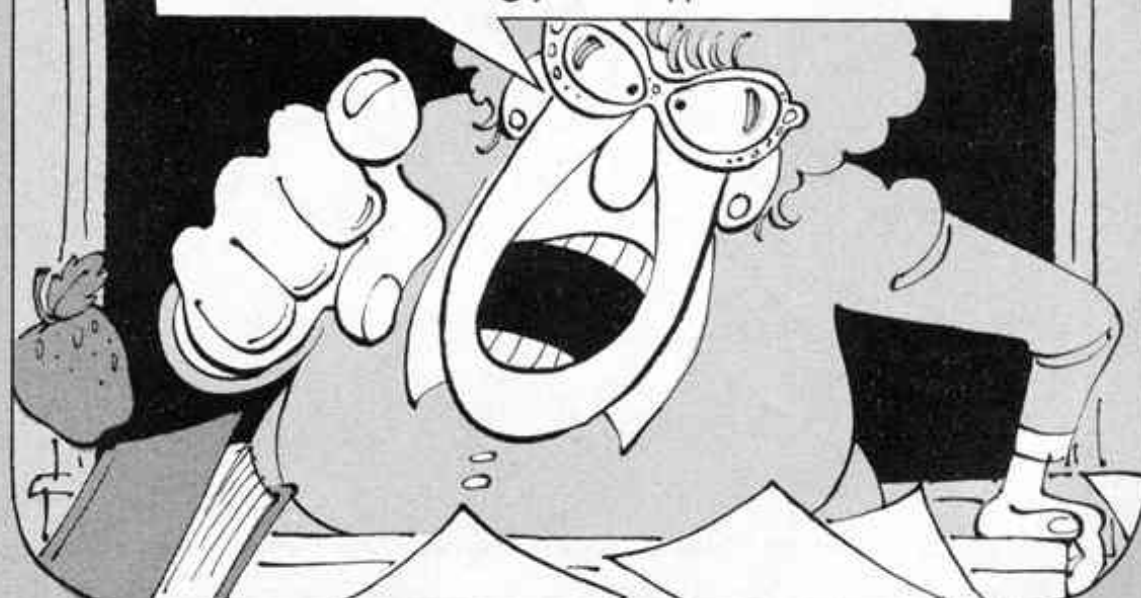
DEVIANT EDITOR TO WIDELY HI

Lashing out against an editorial, here is the leader of the Teacher's Crusade for Uncluttered Schools, Ms. April Mae Truant.

Famous **athletes** and **Rock Stars** appearing on TV have urged **young morons** to **stay in school** until they receive their **diplomas**. Well, we say, **don't let that happen!** Our schools are already **overcrowded** due to the young **sub-normal types** who stick around long after their **brains** are **overtaxed!**



It's the **moral obligation** of all **parents** to **yank** their **dumb-butt**, **25-year-old kids** out of the **tenth grade** to **make more room** for **brighter children** who still have a **chance in life!** **Society** will **appreciate** it and **you** will **appreciate** it when your **cretinous kid** stops **sponging** and starts working at some **menial, toilet scrubbing** job to support himself!

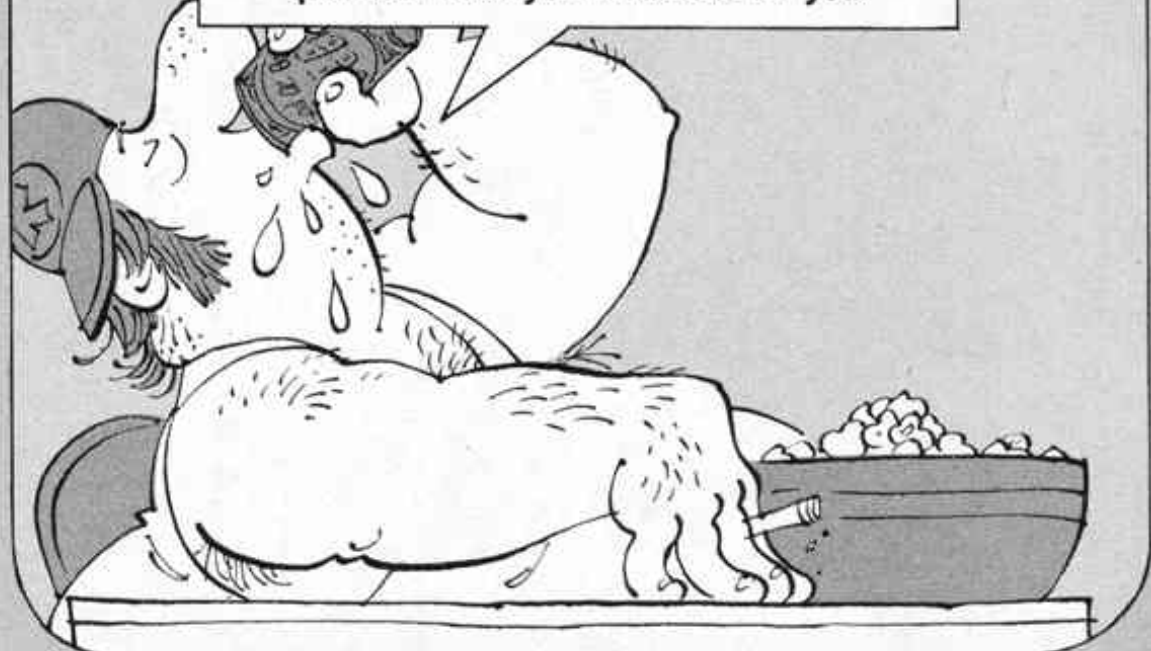


Now, on behalf of the Fellowship of Non-Voting Americans, here is Mr. Marcus Absent.

Last week, the **League of Women Voters** put one of its top **browbeaters** on TV to urge **everyone** to go to the **polls** on **Election Day**. Us **adult underachievers** resent such **nagging!** As **dimwits** who **never** understand the issues, we **proudly** stay away from the **polls** to help make **America great!**



The old **busybodies** in the **League** threaten to **undermine** the very **fabric** of our **country** by **engaging fools** like **you** and **me** to **vote!** Do your **patriotic duty!** **Stay home** on **Election Day** and let those who are **more qualified** make **your decisions** for **you!**



many issues that we now hear both sides of many arguments that we really didn't care about in the first place. Lately, these arguments have gotten way out of hand! In fact, they've gotten so far out of hand that they're downright ugly! Of course, that won't stop us from sharing some with you! Here's...

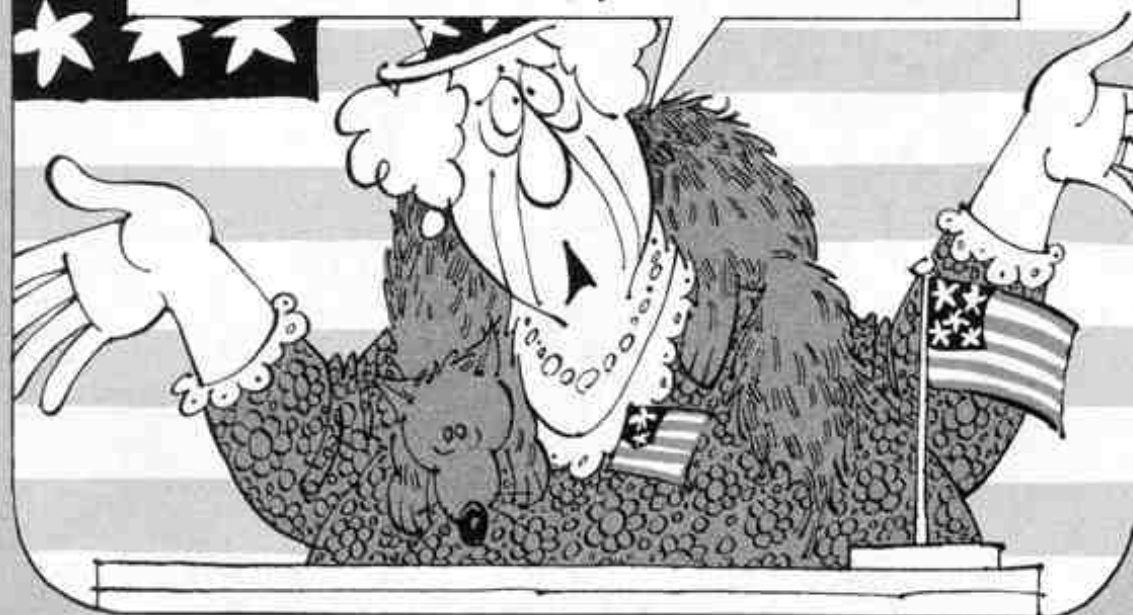
RIAL RESPONSES ELD OPINIONS

Here now is Mrs. Lustie Trasher, the grand matron of the Daughters of Native Born Bigots.

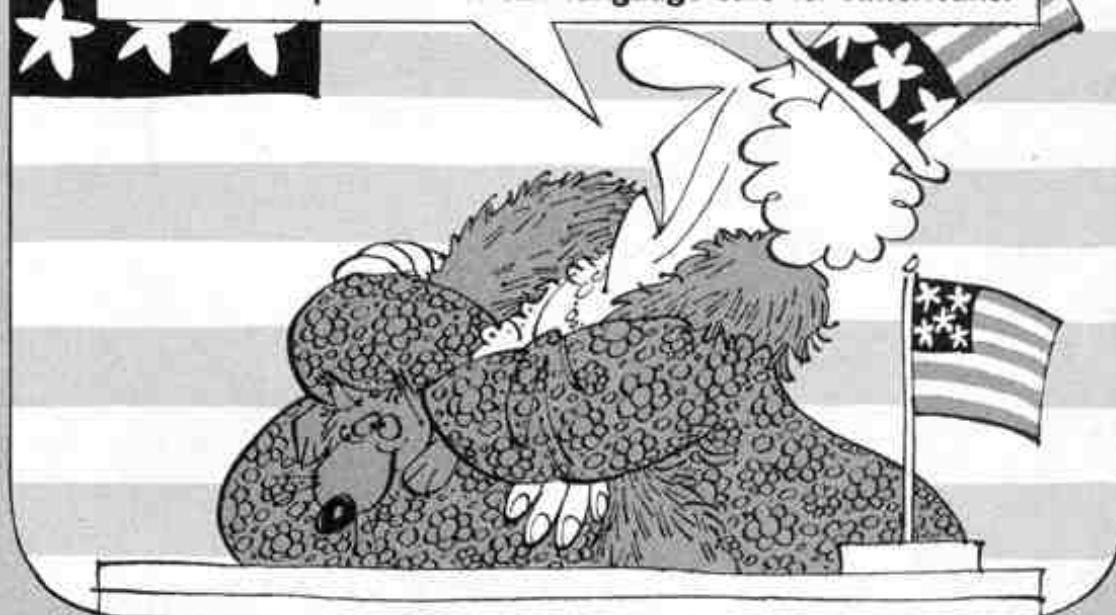
ARTIST: PAUL COKER

WRITER: TOM KOCH

A swarthy, left wing, pinko teacher recently wormed his way onto TV to tell you about free lessons for immigrants in English as a Second Language. We won't stand for that! Native born patriots already have a hard time spotting some breeds of lousy foreigners because they dress like us and even sit where they want on our busses!

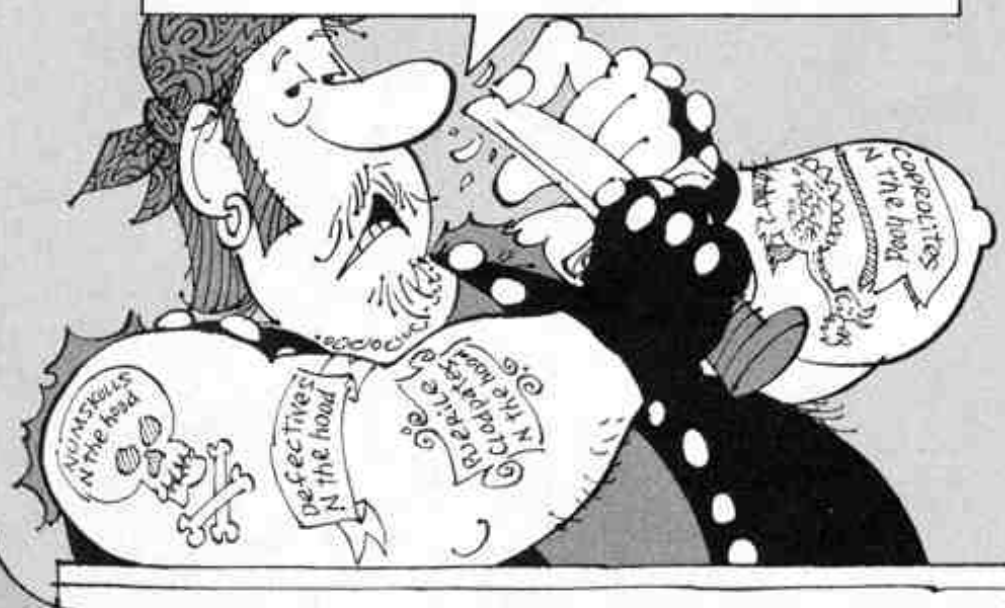


It's only when we hear them chatter in their crazy alien lingo that we can be sure they're inferior to us! Now many subversives are helping them cover up that flaw too! Soon, every foreigner will be moving into your neighborhood and marrying your sister—unless we stamp out English lessons now and keep our American language safe for Americans!



Voicing disapproval with an appeal by this station, here is the founder of the League of Inner City Street Gangs, Mr. Random Shotz.

So I'm holdin' up dis 'lectronics store and I see dis guy on TV askin' ya to give some dough and equipment to dem Boy's Club sissies! Can ya believe dat? If dese little dweebs got money dey'd probably spend it on some pansy sports equipment! We's da ones who need da cash flow for ball and legal fees!



Believe me man, one hour—dat's about fifty-some minutes—costs a helluva lot more den a bunch of dose basketballs and footballs! So forget dose Boy's Club wussys! Send a few bucks to your local street gang! Remember, we'll get dat money from youse somehow... even if we have to bust your kneecaps!

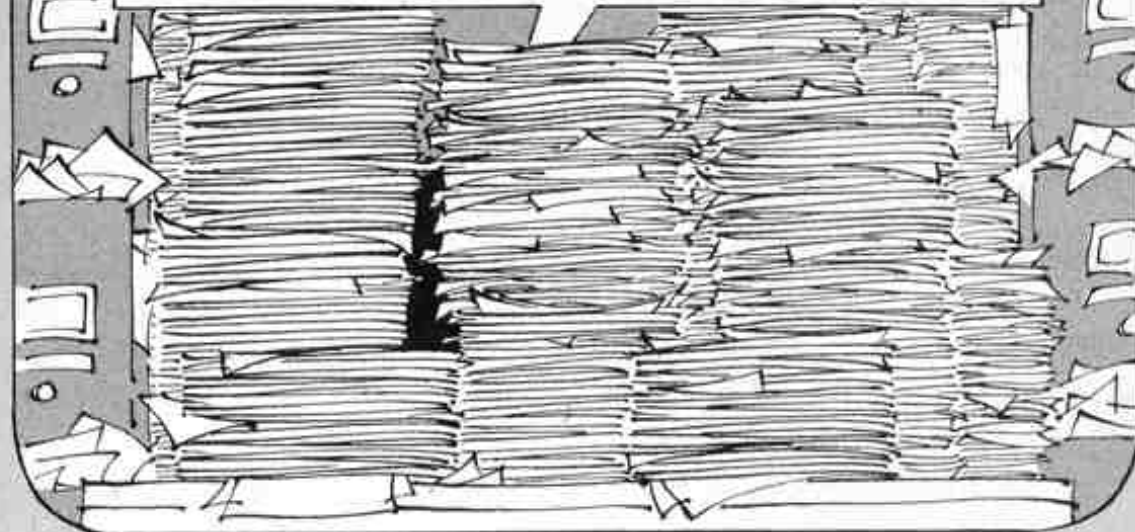


Responding to a Medicaid announcement, here is the director of the Association of Franchised Hospitals, Mr. Ward Crowder.

Certain **Do-Gooders** appearing on this station are once again trying to pick our pockets for money to wipe out a serious disease. Who's going to pay for our **Rolls-Royces, summer condos, yachts** or especially the **upkeep** of our hospitals if people with serious diseases are cured before they've forked over their last cent?



Honest people like you will pay, that's who! How can you expect to get your tonsils removed for a mere **\$10,000** if the incurables who supply us with a steady income are miraculously cured? So do your part to help keep sickos sick! Remember, every cured disease just causes needy hospitals and hospital directors to turn elsewhere for quick cash!



Now, speaking for the Decaying Alliance of Sub-Standard Realtors, here is Mr. Urban Blitemore.

This station recently asked you to **donate** food and clothing to our **downtown homeless**. What kind of **low-down, commie plot** is this? **Homeless** people are **undeserving whiners** who **refuse to pay** a few hundred thousand dollars to get themselves a **modest fixer-upper!**

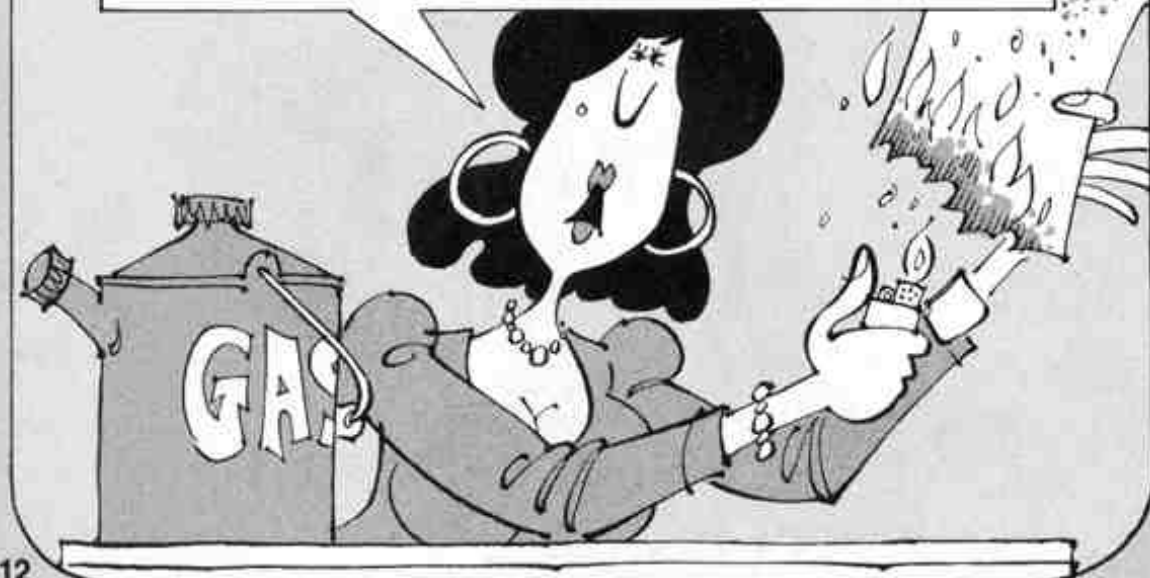


It's the **poor realtors** who suffer from such **needless displays of selfishness** while the **tightwad street people** sleep comfortably in **doorways** to conserve their wealth! **Stop rewarding cheapskate street people!** Instead, **lavish your generosity** on those who see to it that you have a **fine new wall calendar** each **January**—your **local real estate salesman!**

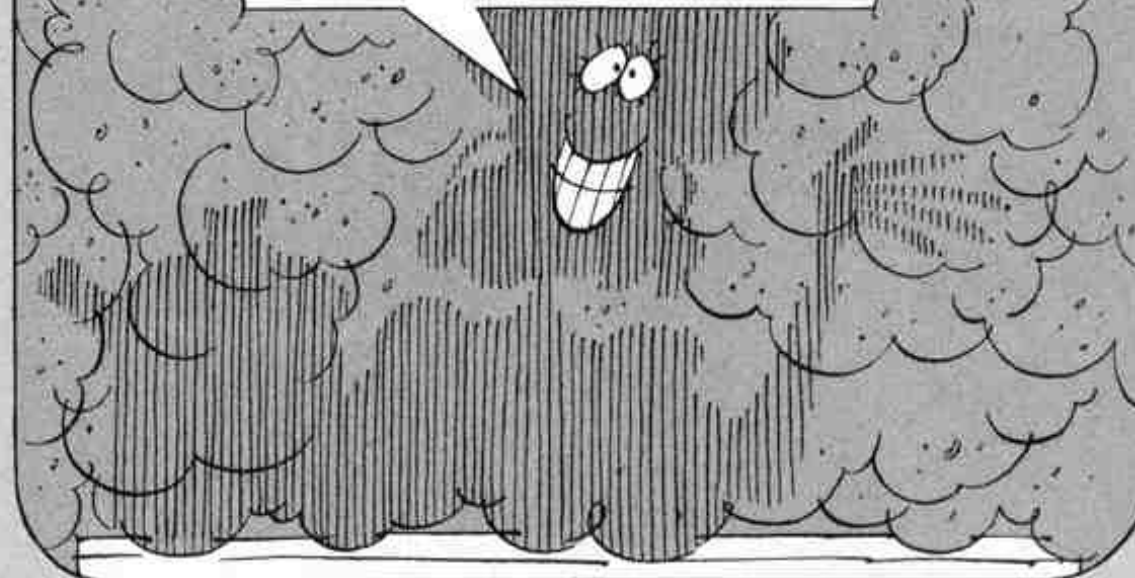


Voicing opposition to a recent public service announcement, here is the 1991 Queen of the Arsonists' Ball, Miss Blaze Kindler.

In a recent editorial, the **dull-witted stiff-shirts** who run this station asked you to support **Fire Prevention Week** by repairing **old wiring** and by **not using oily rags**. The hard working **arsonists** in your community were so **shocked** by that appeal that many of us **dropped our Zippo lighters!**



Arsonists are helpful citizens who get rid of **unsightly old buildings** while **aiding bums** in **warming their hands** and **slumlords** in **collecting** on their **fire insurance!** So remember the motto of our mascot, **Freddy the Flaming Firefly**: "**Only you can promote forest fires!**"



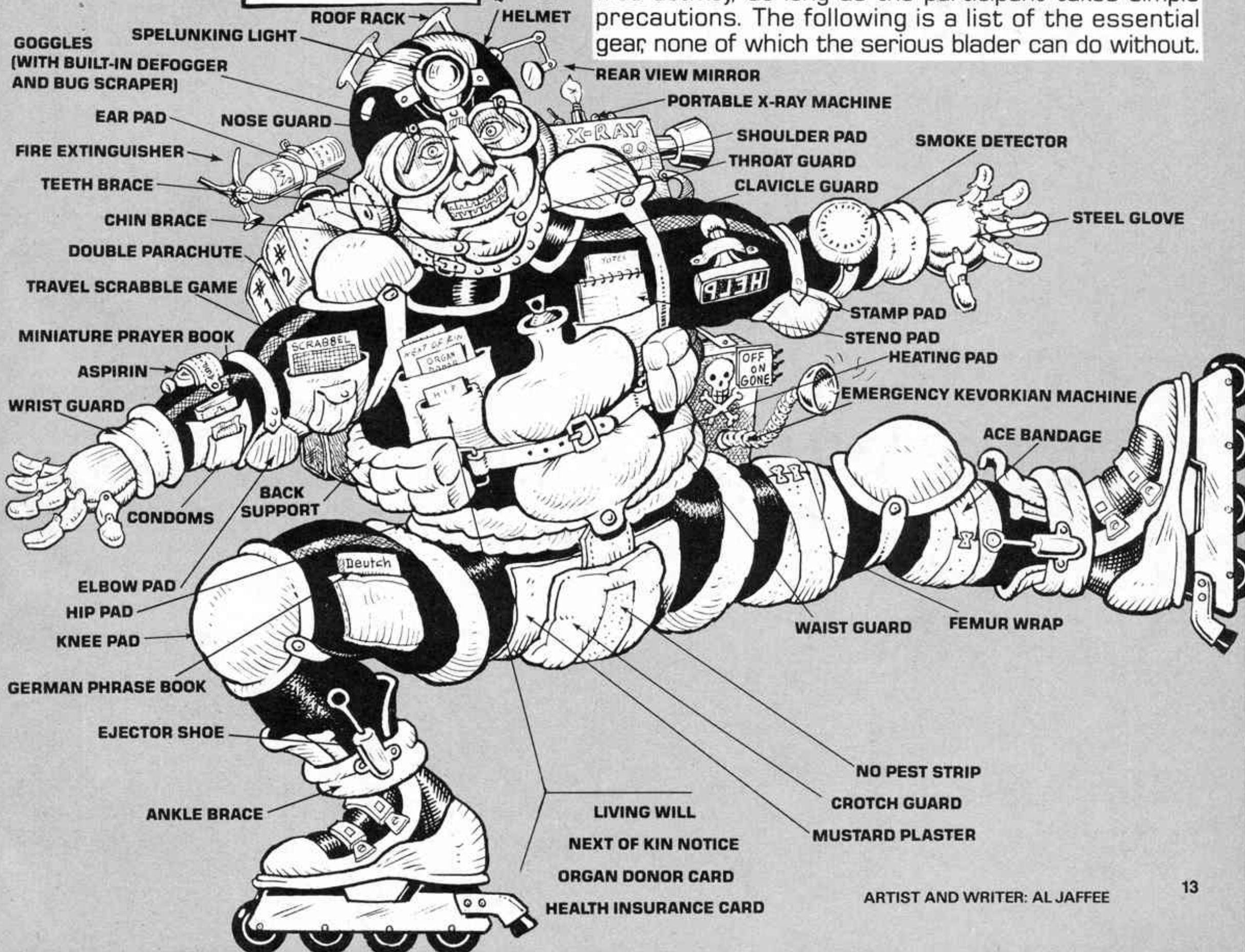


Once upon a time, little boys and girls were happy to clamp a pair of skates onto their shoes and roll slowly, but surely, down the sidewalk. Safety equipment in those days was a pair of long pants to prevent the occasional scraped knee. Today's youth and adults, however, want to go FAST, FAST, FAST! And as for danger, well, skaters are no longer satisfied with the "boring" risk of perhaps running into a pedestrian. No, they need a much greater challenge, like dodging traffic or jumping canyon-sized potholes. So they run out and buy a pair of Rollerblades. But before **you** run out and join this legion of Spandex-covered schmucks, perhaps you ought to sit down on your soon-to-be-sore hynie and read...

A MAD REPORT ON ROLLERBLADING

SAFETY

Any discussion about Rollerblading must begin with the subject of safety. Rollerblading can be a fun, danger-free activity, as long as the participant takes simple precautions. The following is a list of the essential gear, none of which the serious blader can do without.

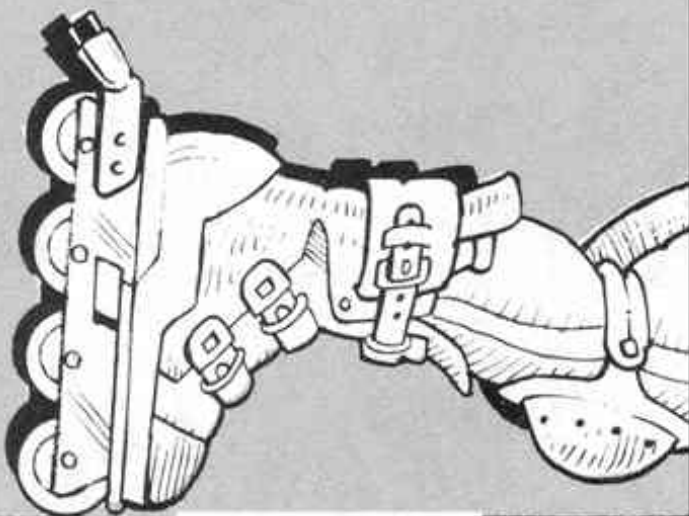


TERMINOLOGY

Like all sports, Rollerblading has its own jargon. If you don't want to come off like some geek with no life, you had better sit down with this guide and try to learn it.

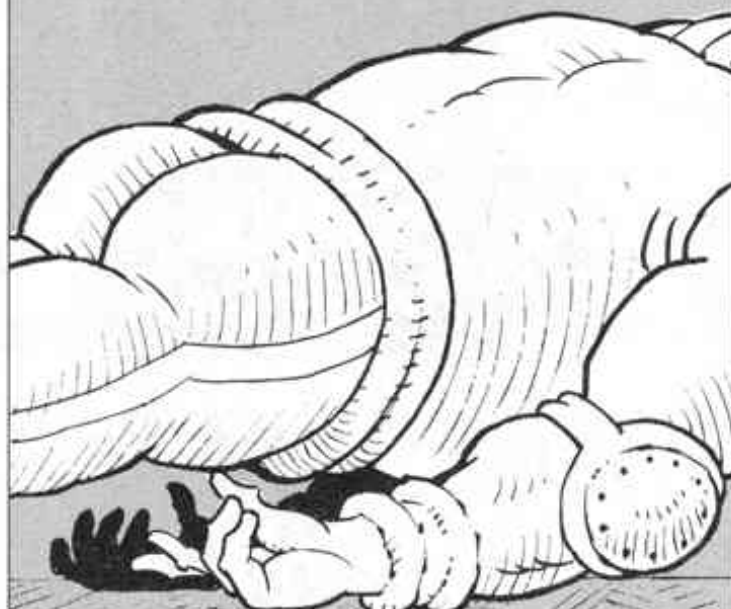


BLADES



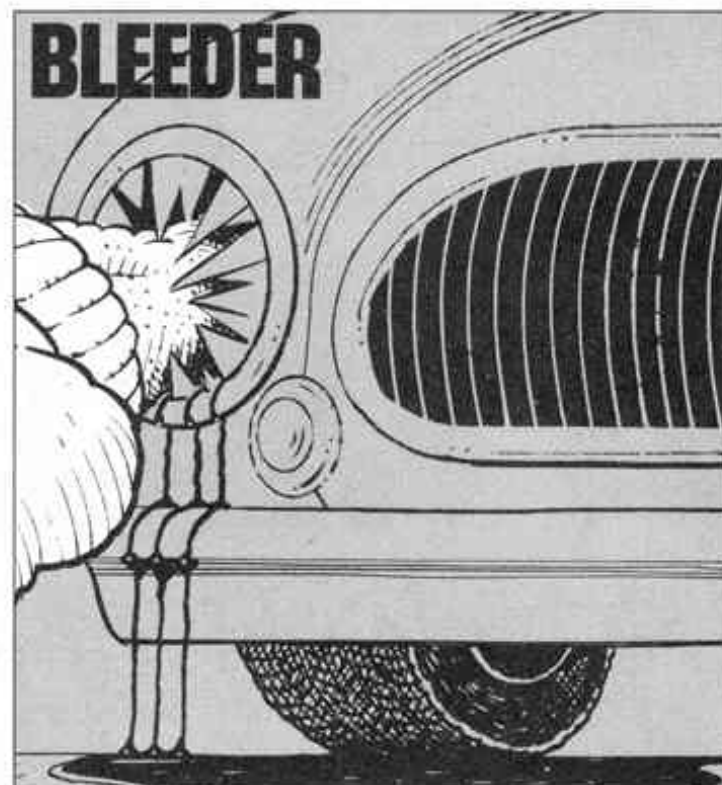
Roller skates with in-line wheels.

BLADER



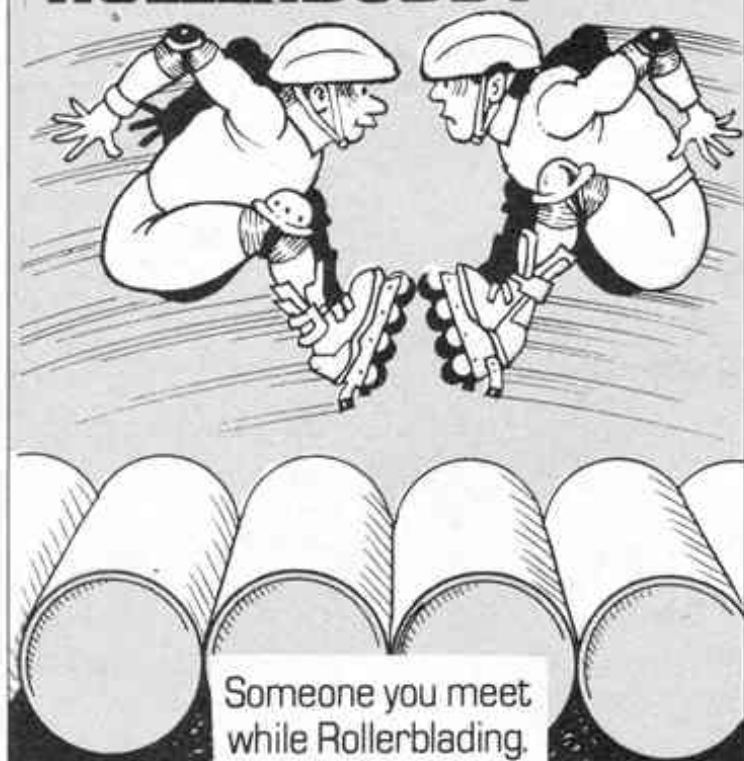
One who indulges in Rollerblading.

BLEEDER



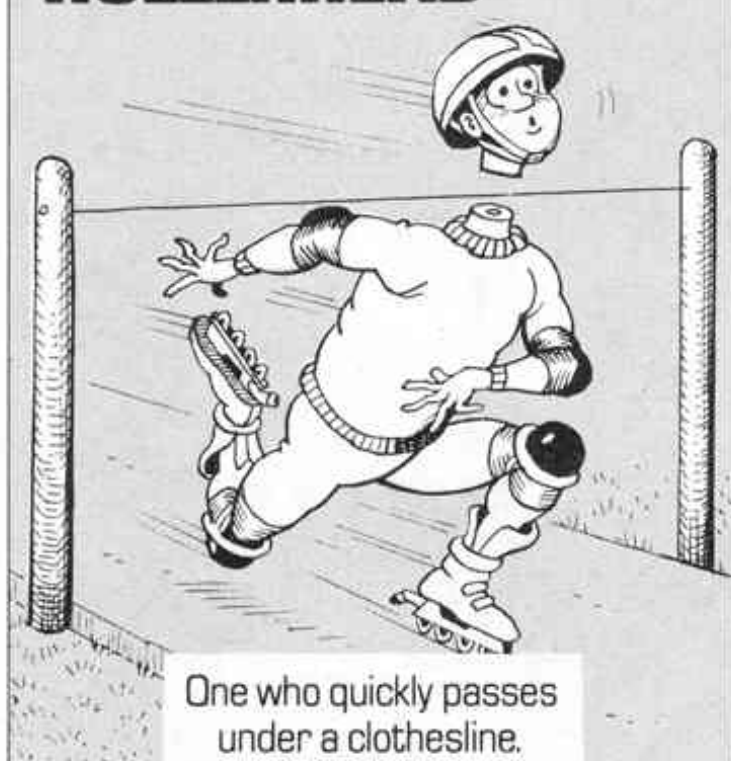
One who indulges too vigorously.

ROLLERBUDDY



Someone you meet while Rollerblading.

ROLLERHEAD



One who quickly passes under a clothesline.

ROLLERIPPER



One who straddles a hydrant that is too tall for him.

STANDARD ROLLERBLADE FOOT POSITIONS



ROLLING



BRAKING



STOPPING



WAITING FOR THE AMBULANCE

ROLLERROUTINES

Rollerblades make some of the wonderful routines of ice skating possible. Here are some favorites:



START

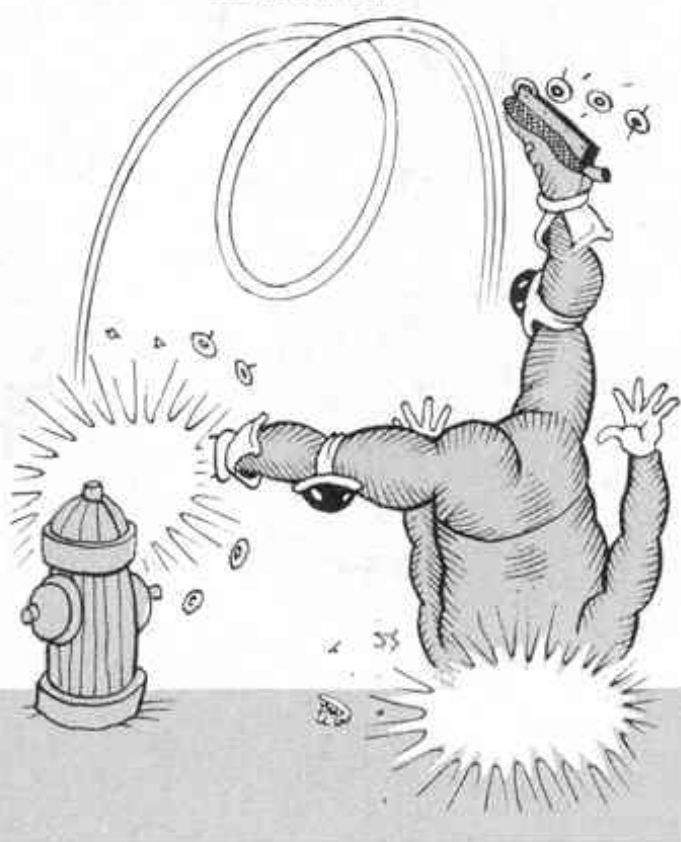
STOP



ROLLERWHIRLS

VOLUNTARY

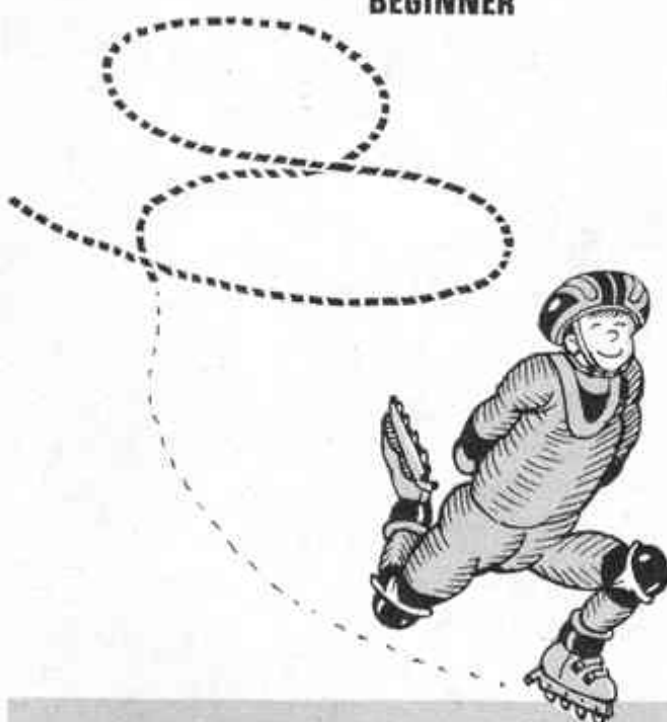
INVOLUNTARY



ROLLERLOOPS

BEGINNER

ADVANCED



ROLLEREIGHTS

ROLLERSTYLES

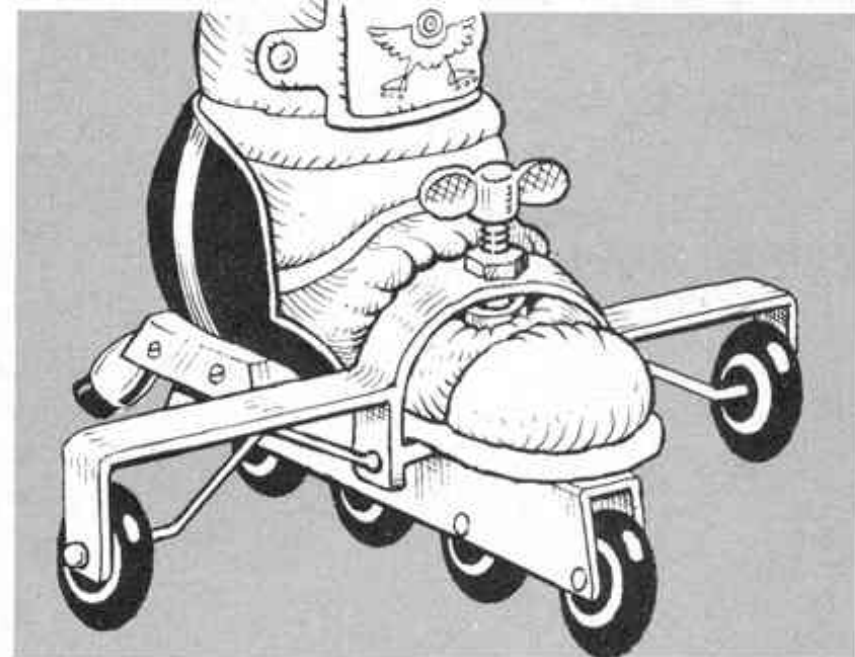
Rollerblades come in a variety of styles and prices. To help you make a choice that suits both your pocketbook and your fear of death, here are some popular models now available:

HIGHROLLER.....\$750.



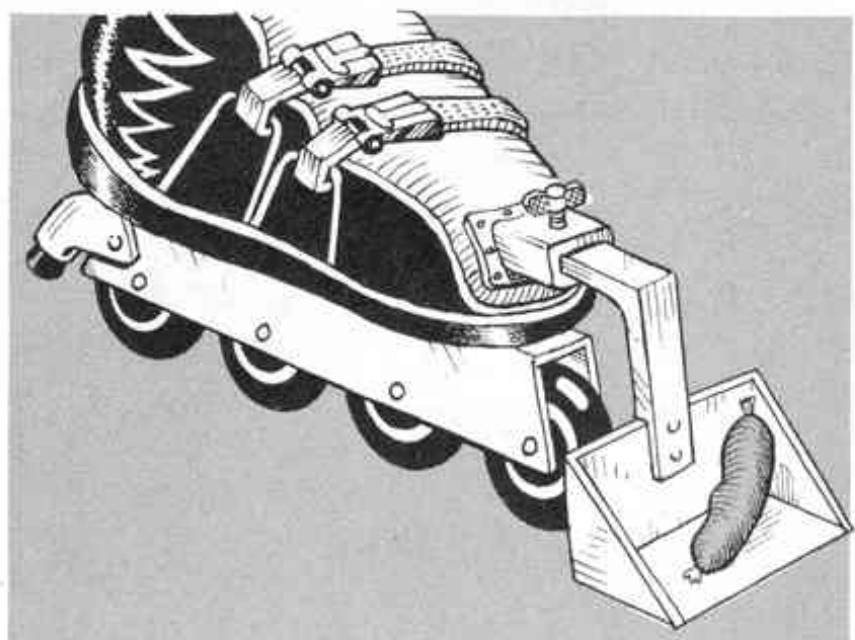
Pretentious and overvalued. Are extremely popular with Donald Trump and ex-Chrysler Chief Lee Iacocca.

TRAINERROLLER...\$250.



For beginners. Just like bicycle training wheels, they eliminate all the danger (and all the fun).

POOPERROLLER...\$450.



Practical and hygienic. Especially good for high dog density areas.

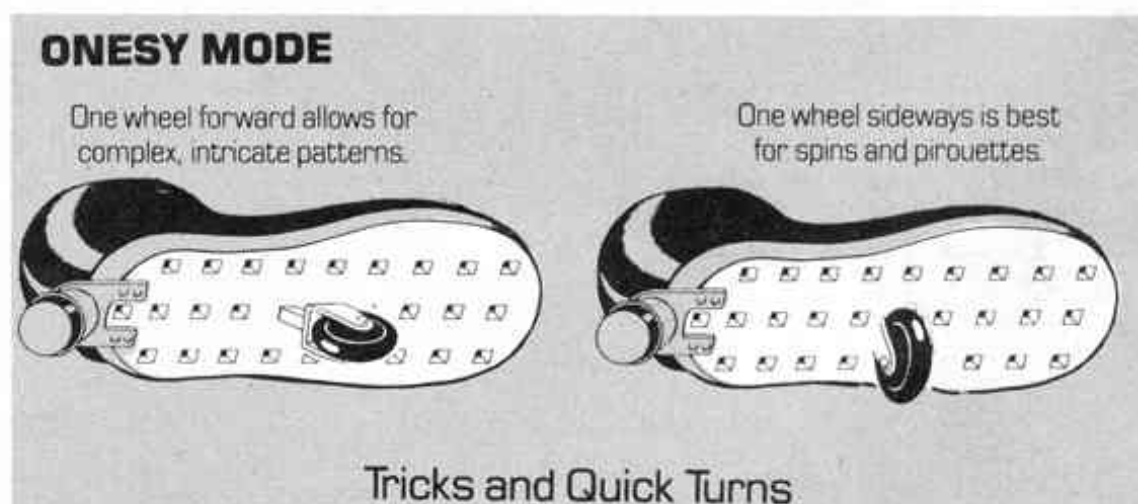
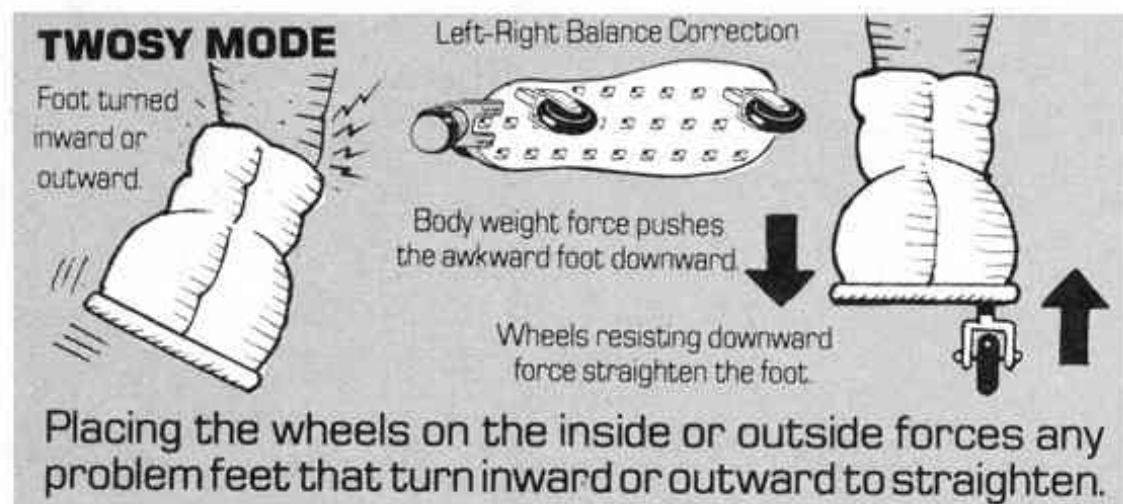
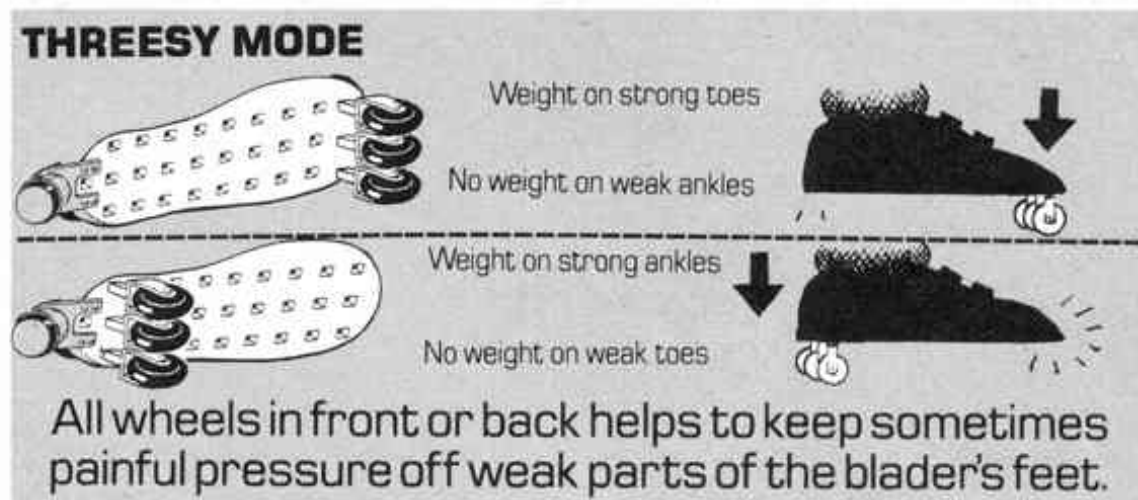
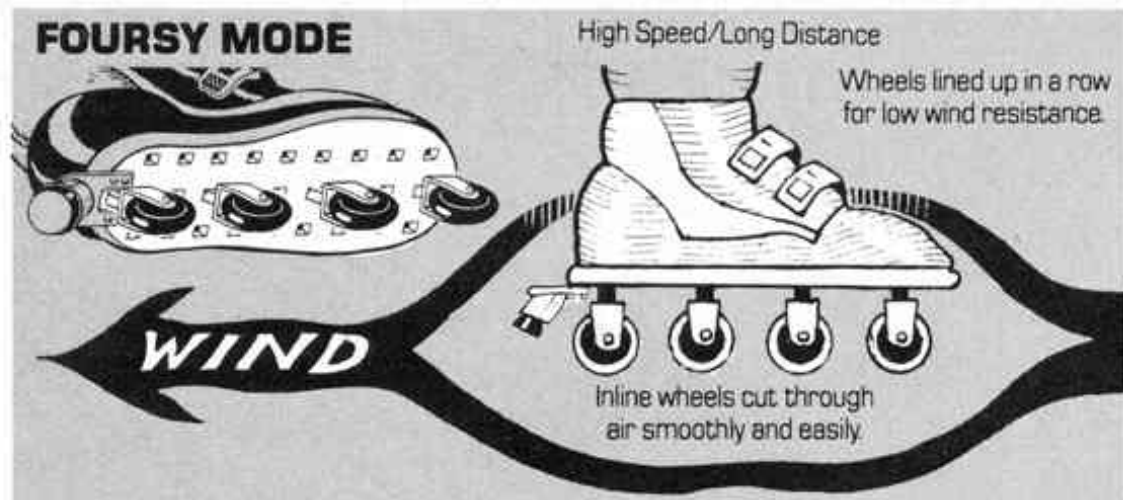
FUTURE ROLLERBLADE TECHNOLOGY

Rollerblade technology is constantly improving. On the drawing board currently is a design that will allow any blader to customize his blades to suit his mood by simply placing removable wheels into different positions. Below is a sneak preview of...

CONVERTAROLLER



Here are just a few of the CONVERTAROLLER'S combinations:



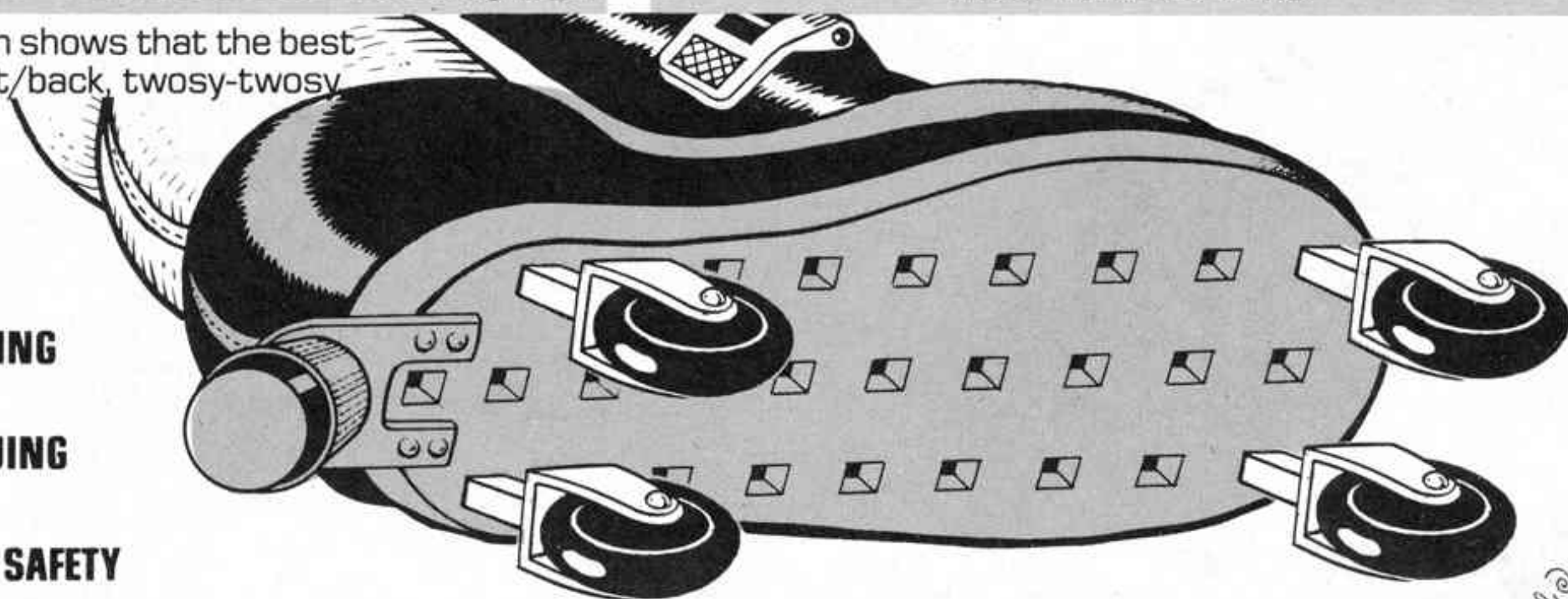
Exhaustive research shows that the best combination is front/back, twosy-twosy.

WELL-BALANCED

EASY MANEUVERING

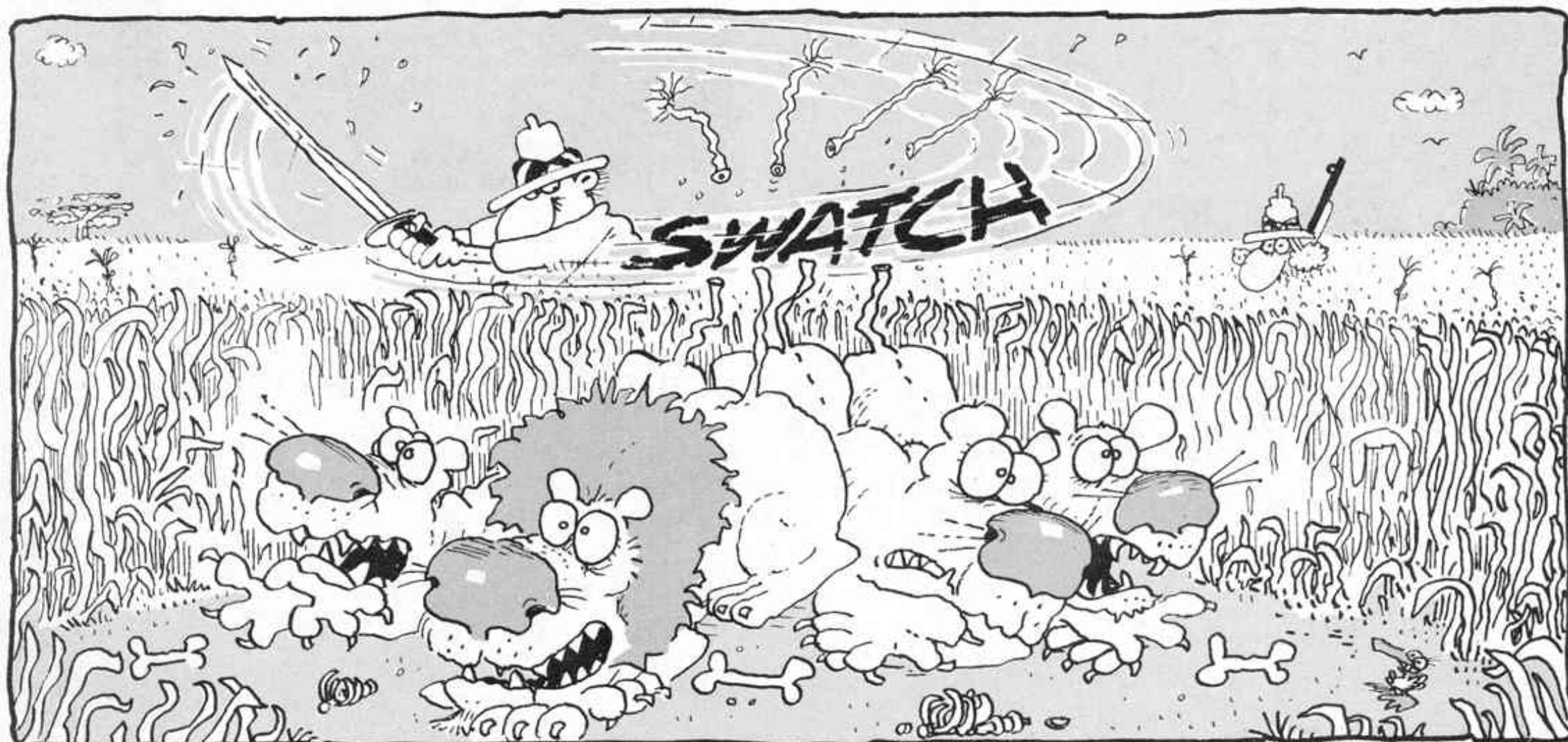
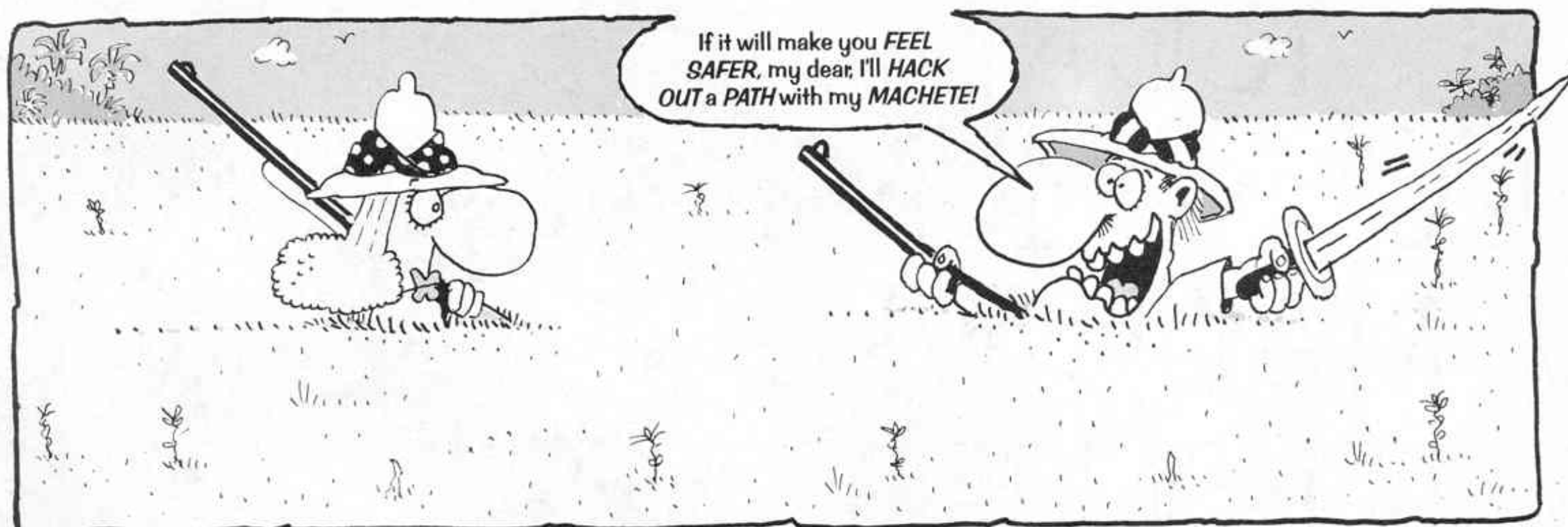
NON-FATIGUING

SUPER SAFETY





THE SANGUINARY SERENGETI SCREW-UP



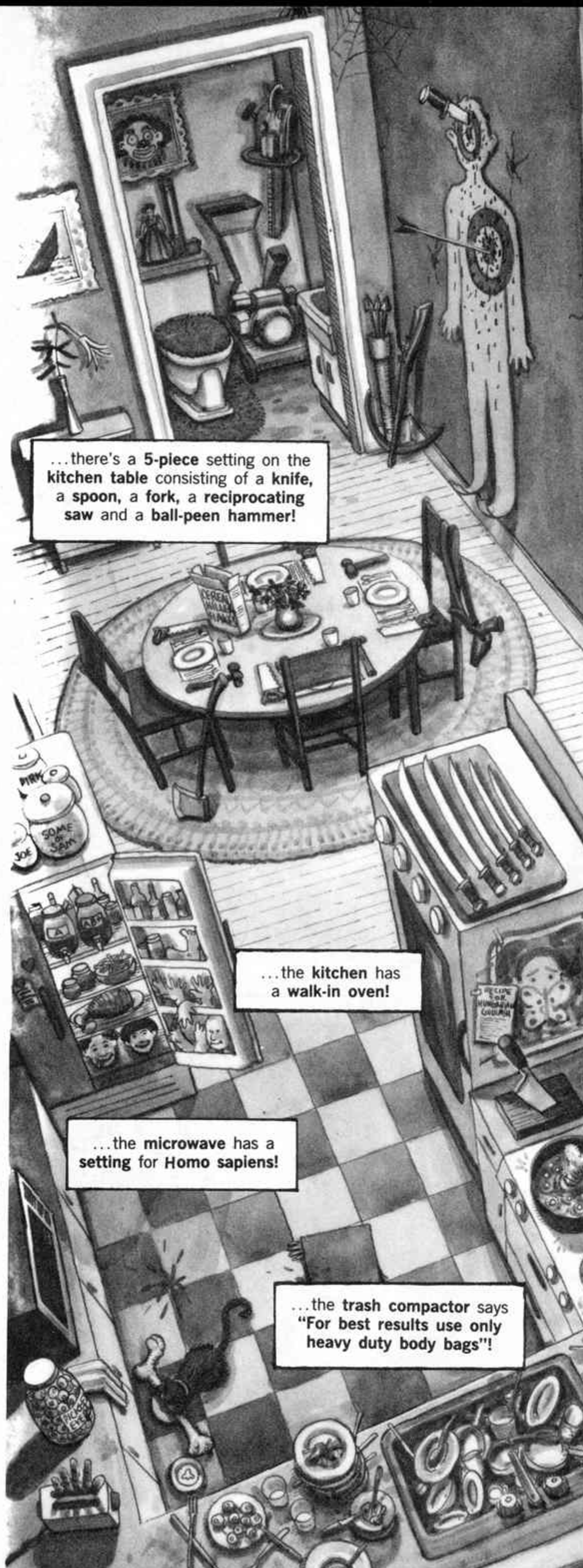
A ROOM WITH A VIEW TO A KILL DEPT.

There's an old saying that "Everybody laughs at a clown, but no one lends him money. Similarly, Americans have an on-going, gruesome fascination with serial killers—but nobody wants to rent an apartment a serial killer lived in! Therefore, as a public service, we present the following illustrated guide for you apartment hunters out there, aptly entitled...

THE APARTMENT YOU'RE CONSIDERING MAY HAVE BELONGED TO A **SERIAL KILLER** IF...

ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA

WRITER: DENNIS SNEE



...there's a 5-piece setting on the kitchen table consisting of a knife, a spoon, a fork, a reciprocating saw and a ball-peen hammer!

...the kitchen has a walk-in oven!

...the microwave has a setting for Homo sapiens!

...the trash compactor says "For best results use only heavy duty body bags!"

...there's a **needlepoint** hanging in the living room that says "**Home Sweet Home**," and one in the bedroom that says "**Scream All You Want, No One Can Hear You**"!

...the **landlord** describes the **paint color** of the walls as **AB positive**!

...the **lamp shades** have **belly buttons**!

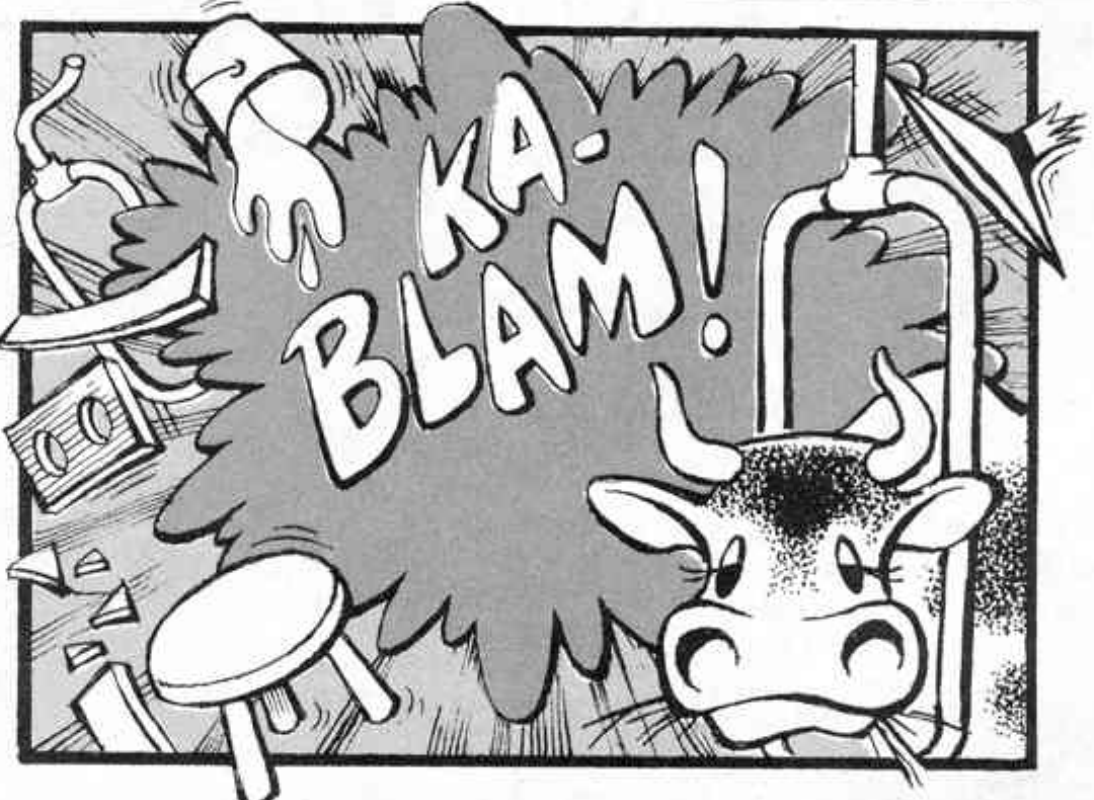
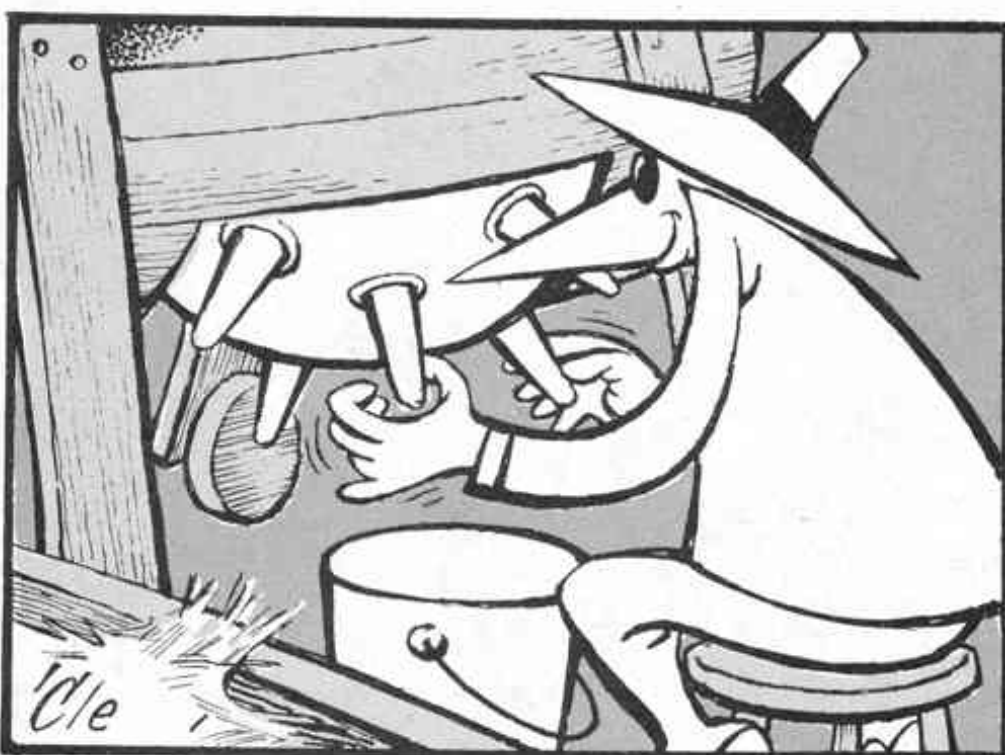
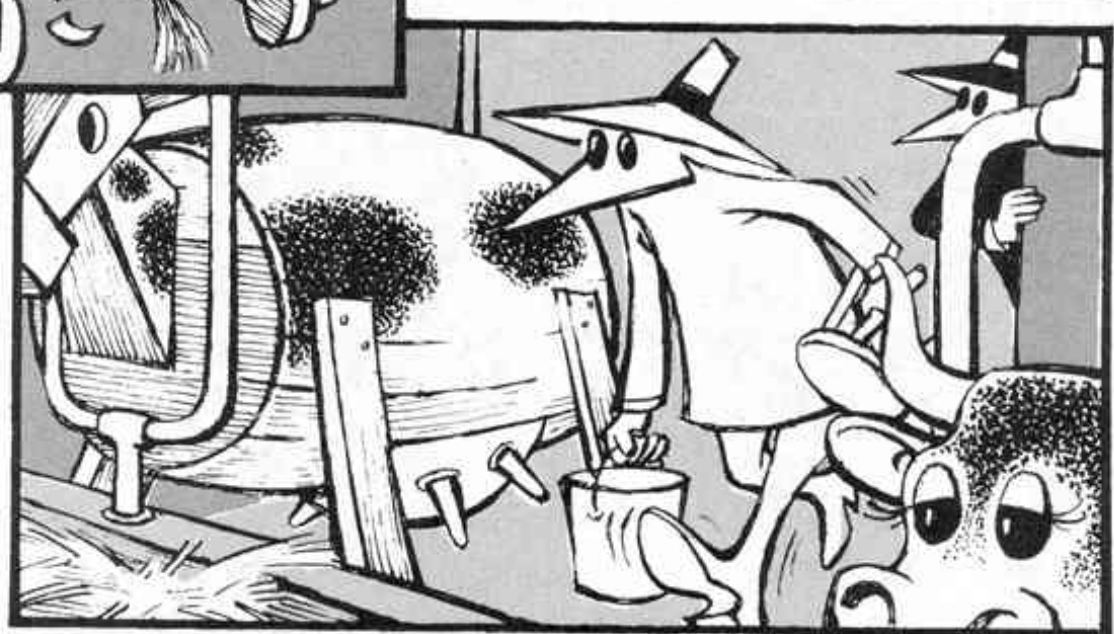
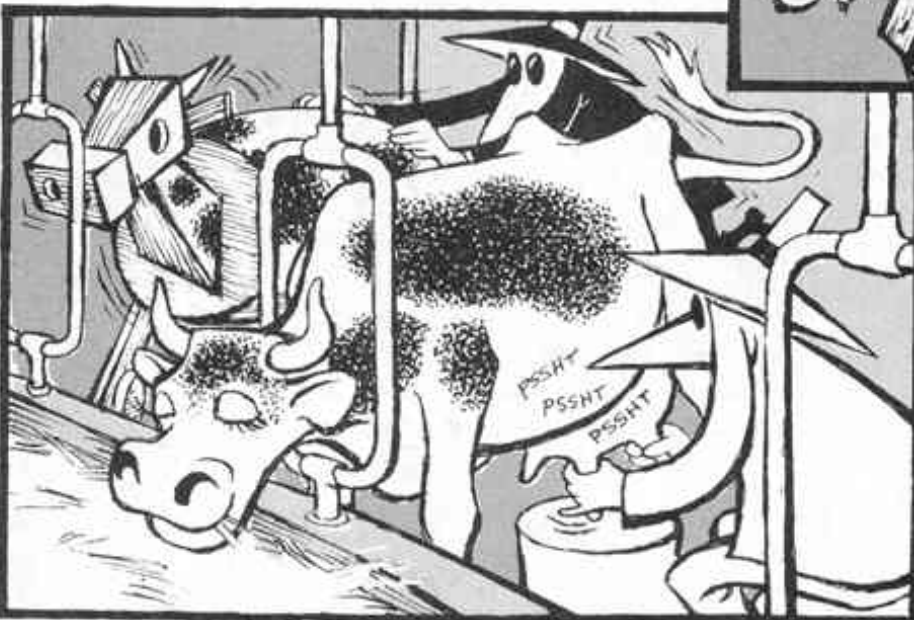
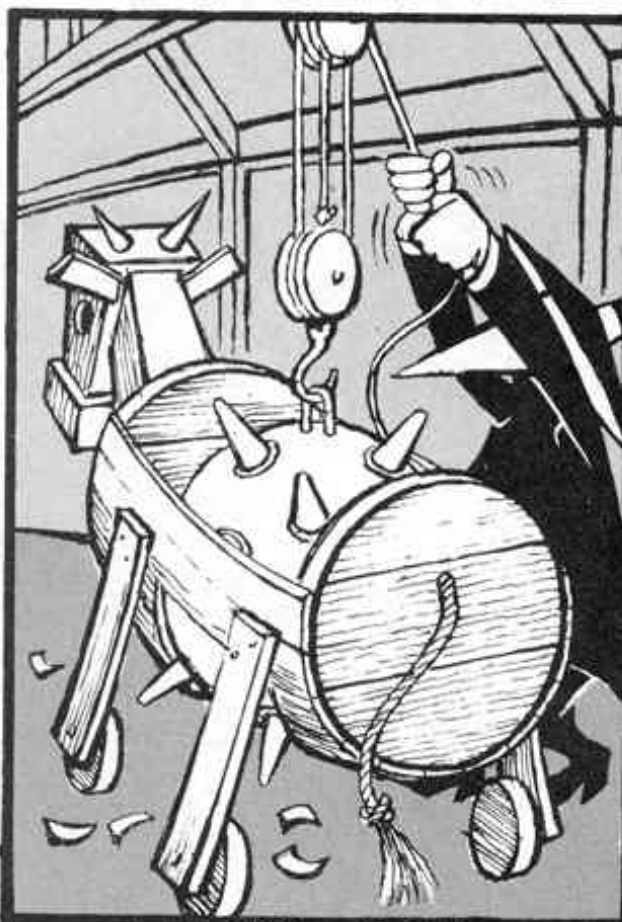
...the inside of the **guest room door** is covered with **scratch marks** and the previous tenant was **not a pet owner**!

...there's an **uncannily realistic skeleton** hanging on the **front door** and **Halloween's** been over for more than **two months**!

...the **welcome mat** reads "**Remove Feet Before Entering**"!

...on **closer inspection** the **carpet pattern** is actually a series of **chalk body outlines**!

...the **apartment** is located in a **building** called "**Casa de Drifter**"!



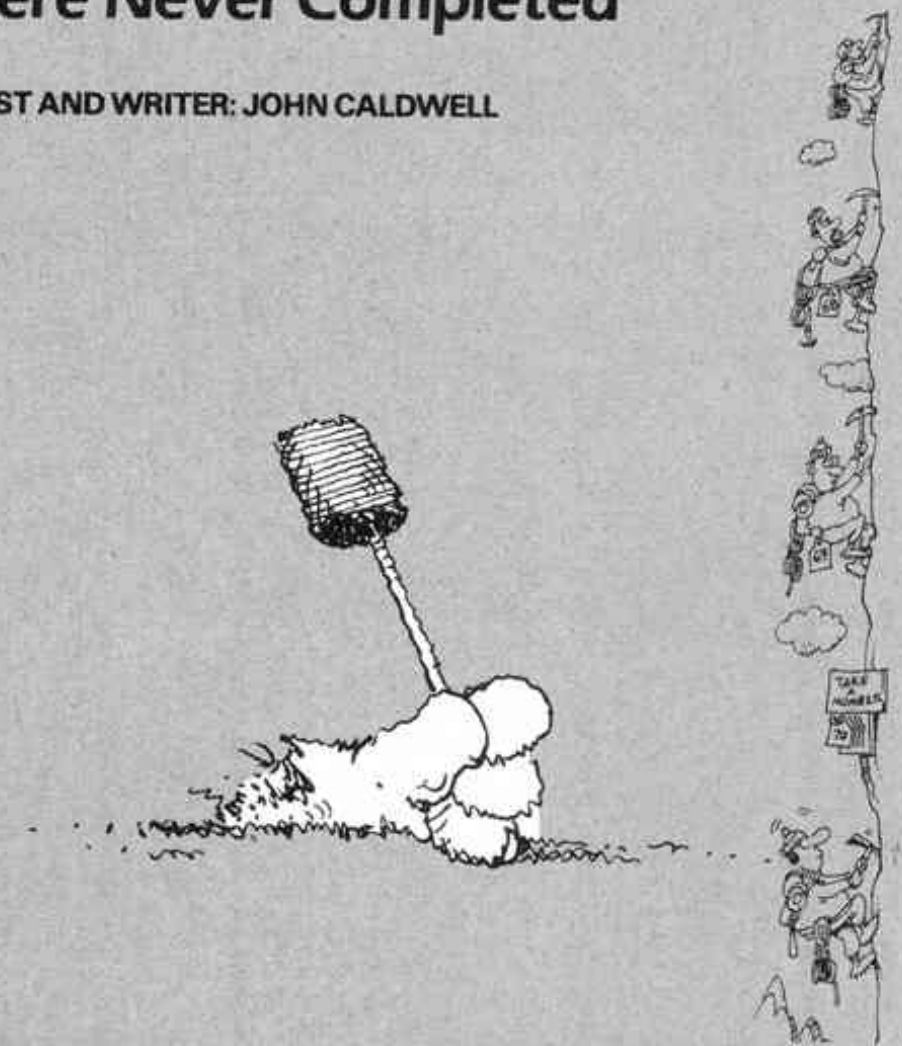
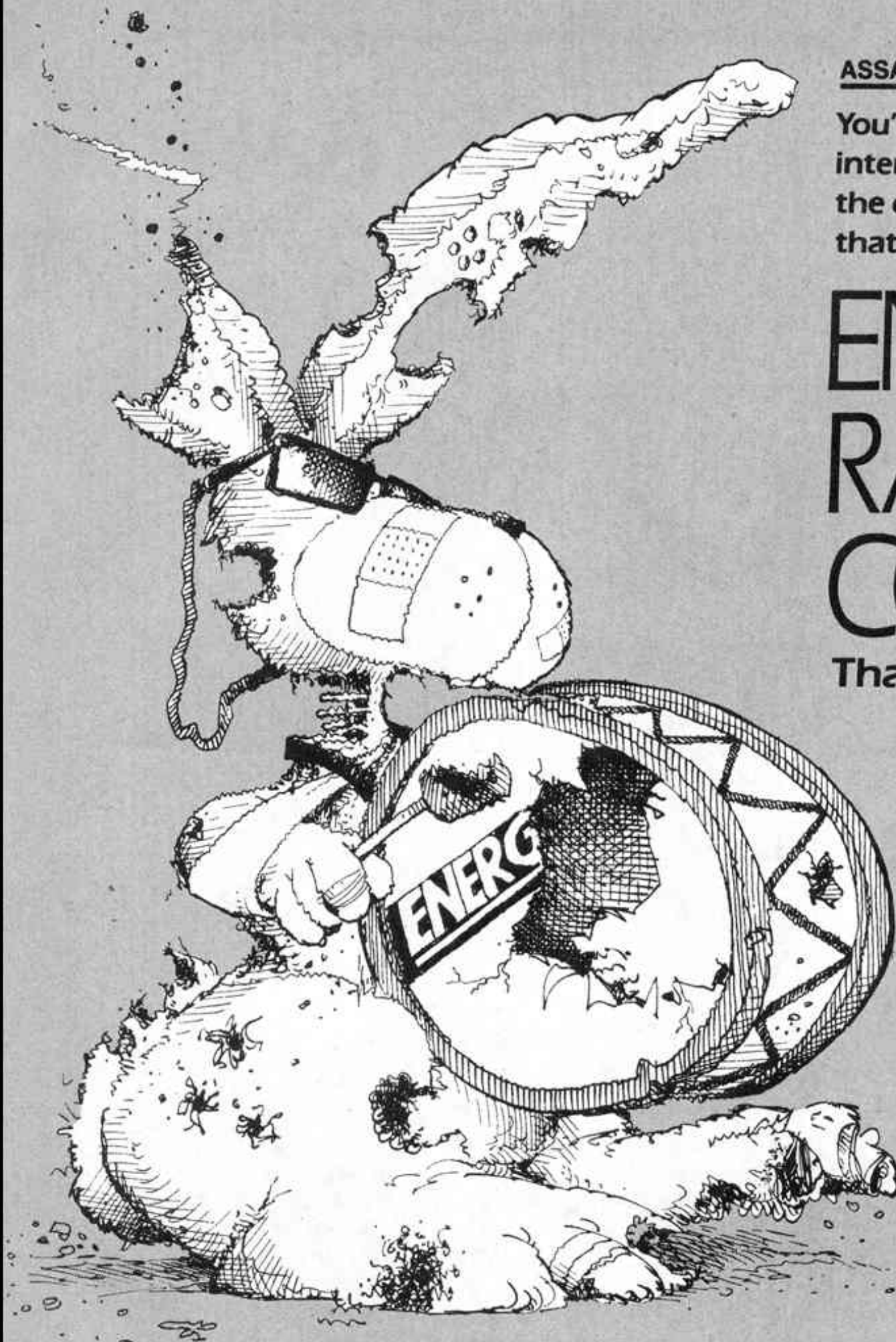
ASSAULT ON BATTERY DEPT.

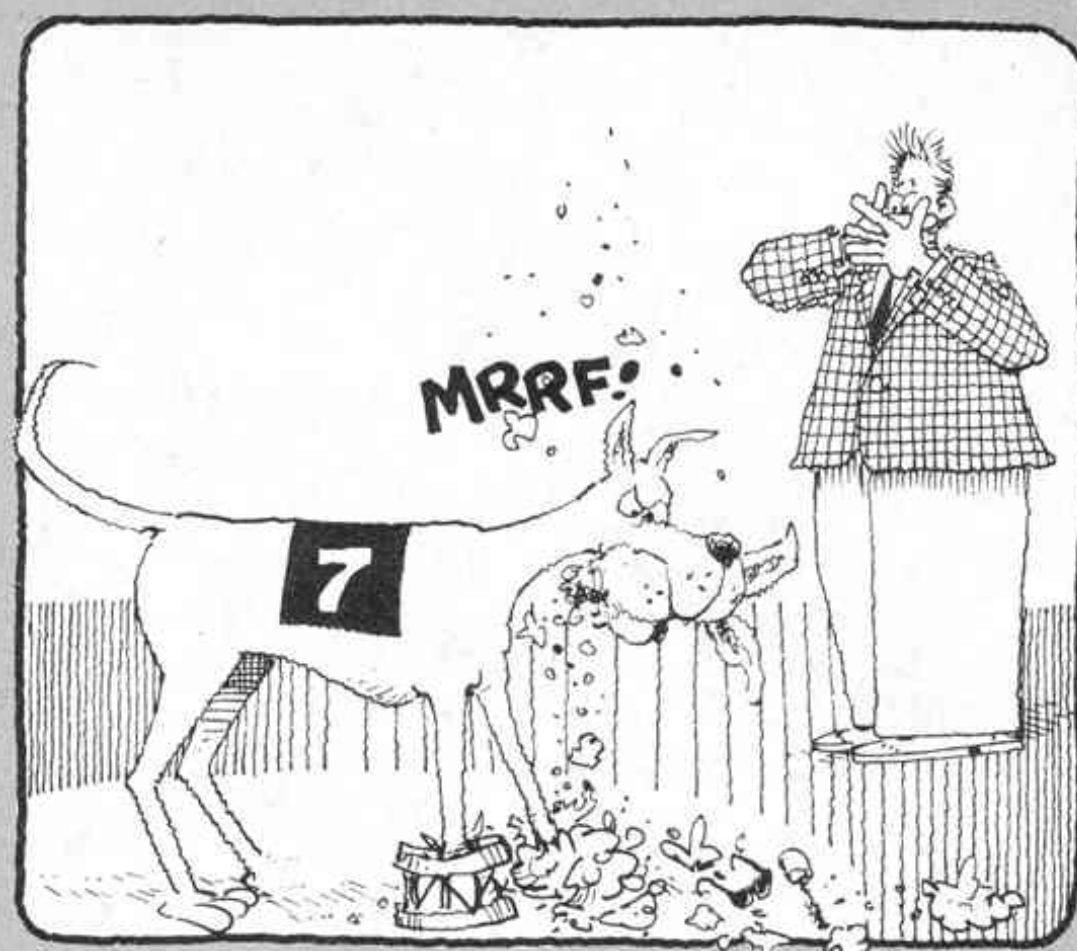
You've seen this pesky pink bunny interrupting commercials all over the dial. But there are some scenes that you've never seen. Here's...

ENERGIZER RABBIT COMMERCIALS

That Were Never Completed

ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL





W H

COUNTRY
WEST

G O

D

ARTIST: RICK TULKA

*First, you take a typical slow,
sad Country song, like this...*

Had an 18-wheel rig and a hound-dog,
A cat and a gal and a friend;
Life was rosy, it seemed, and I never once dreamed
What was waitin' for me 'round the bend.

Lost my rig when it totaled a K-Mart,
Leavin' scarcely a shopper alive;
Even worse, sad to tell, lost my dog there as well;
Guess I shouldn't have taught him to drive.

Lost my cat when she drank my corn liquor;
Dang, you ain't never seen such a lush—
Got all woozy and sank in my new septic tank;
Now I smell her whenever I flush.

Lost my friend to an animal rights group;
He now lives with a sheep, Mary Jo;
Lost my gal, now my ex, who is changing her sex
Just to get on the Donahue show.

Though they're gone and I've lost 'em forever,
Don't be singin' no sad songs for me;
Ain't no comfort or joy for an old country boy
Till he's livin' in pure misery.

E N
NTRY
ERN
E S
AP

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



...then you give it a hard,
tough Rap beat, like this:

Don't front...me,...man, with your wimped-out...slop!
I've been stressed...out...good from bottom to top!
I was chill, word up, but now this brother's...pissed,
'Cause my turf's...been...aced and my head's...been...dissed!

First my wheels...bummed...out on a funk-y...ride,
Which zapped...a...K-Mart, waxin' those...in-side!
My pup...hip-hopped with his paws on the pump;
Now he's chil-lin'...out in the dead-dog...dump!

Had a new-funk...puss, but some skuzz-a-roo
Steamed its fur-hall...gut with a lo-co...brew!
The puss...got...waxed, plopped out in the crapper—
Now her bod...stinks...worse than a zapped-out rapper!

Next a brother got hyped—now he homes out steady
In beast-ie...land with a bah-bah beddie!
Then my lady flew a sign like a zonked-out mother—
She'll soon...be...frontin' as a wanna-be brother!

They've busted my chops and I'm one...steamed...dude,
And it don't...do...much for my at-ti-tude!
If this rap...don't...leave...you sat-is-fied,
Then you're better off, honkie, with Char-lie...Pride!

ALEX T.

ON THE ERR DEPT.

TV BLOO

C-SPAN



DONAHUE



LIVE with REGIS and KATHIE LEE



MURPHY BROWN



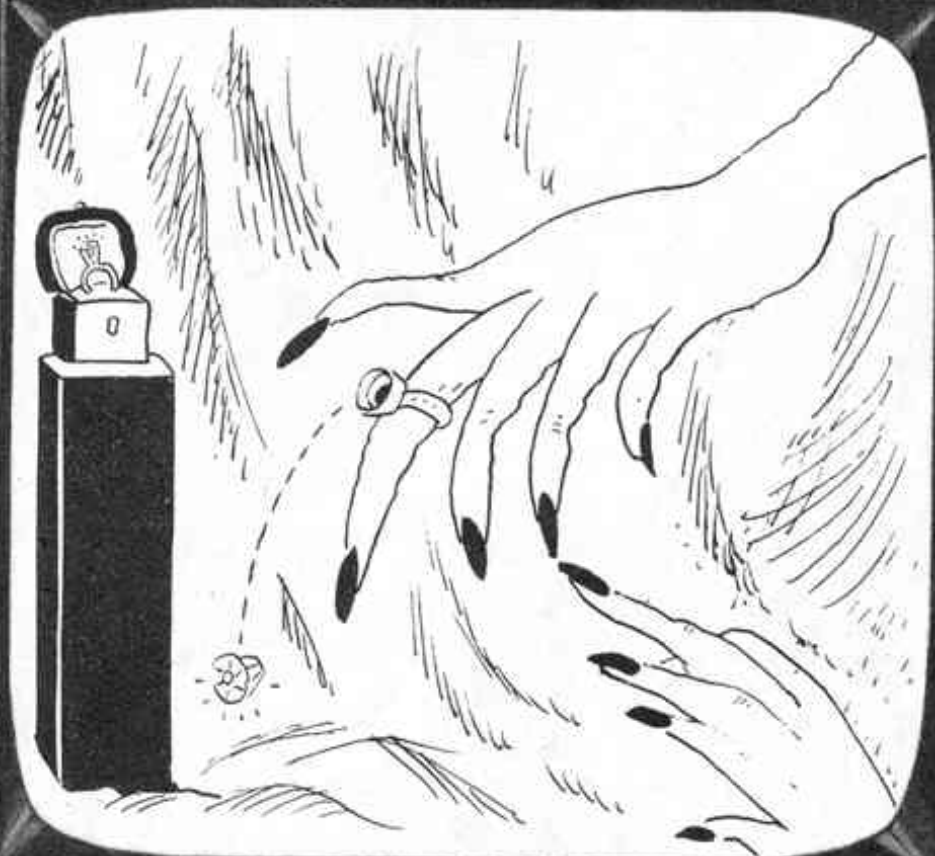


PERS

We'd Really
Like to See

ARTIST AND WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

The HOME SHOPPERS' NETWORK



The FRUGAL GOURMET



The RICHARD SIMMONS SHOW



THIS OLD HOUSE



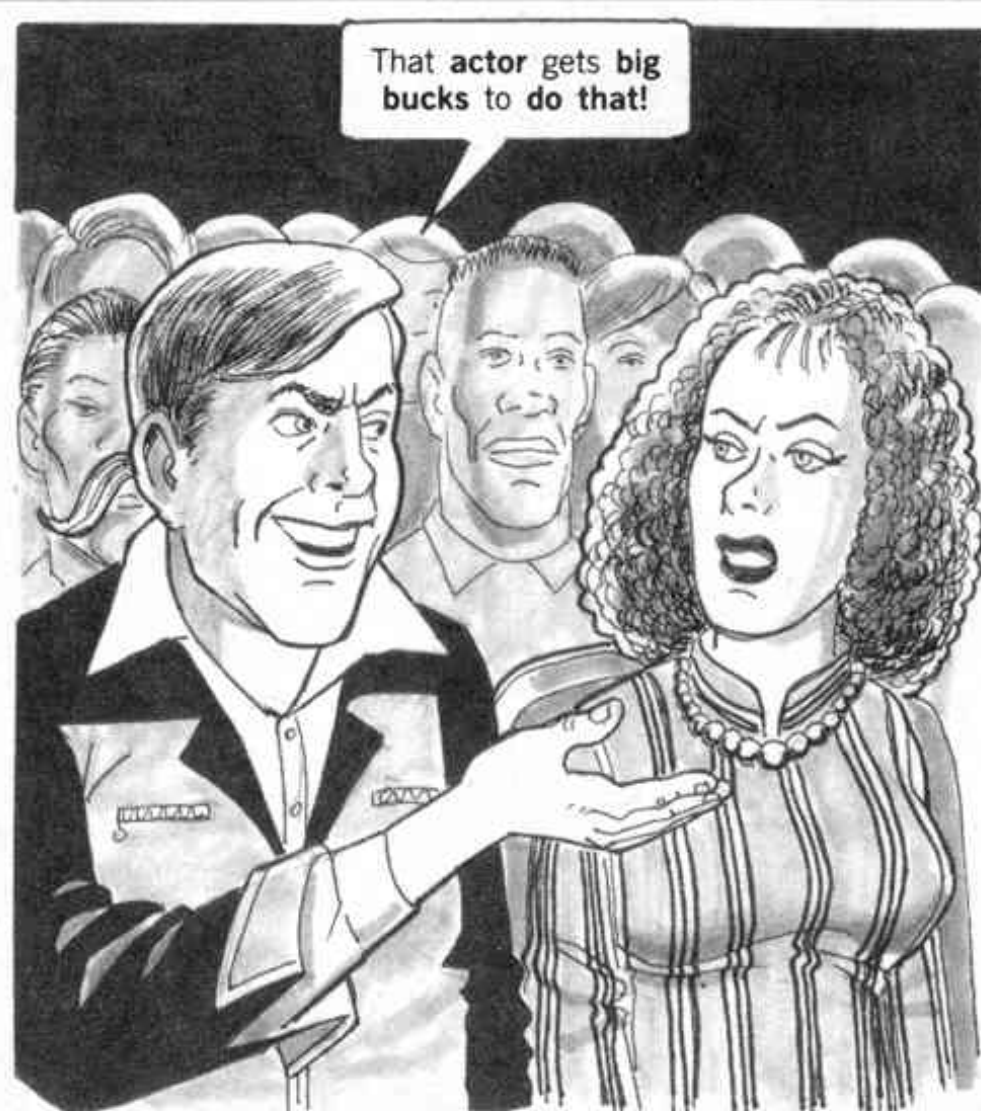
ENGAGEMENTS



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTS

MOVIES



LOGIC



R SIDE OF...

ARTIST & WRITER:
DAVE BERG

STATUS



SELECTIVITY



AGREEMENTS



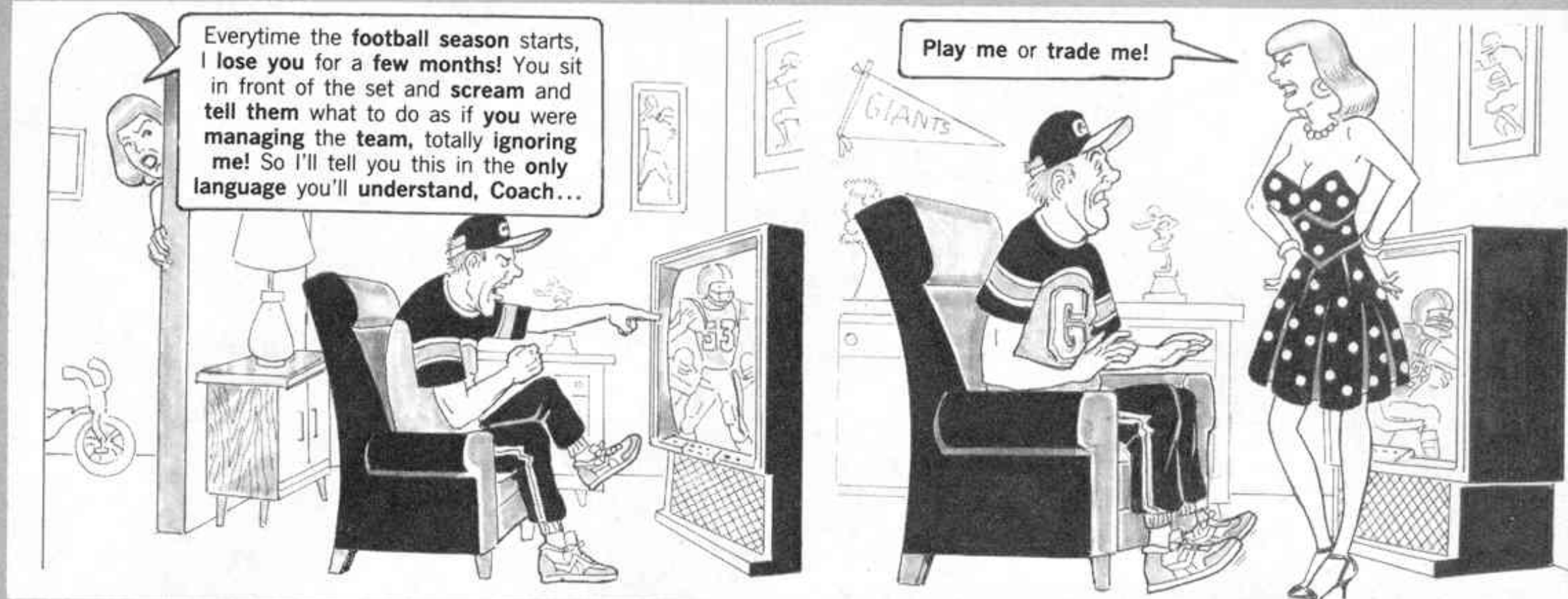
PREDICTIONS



VACATIONS



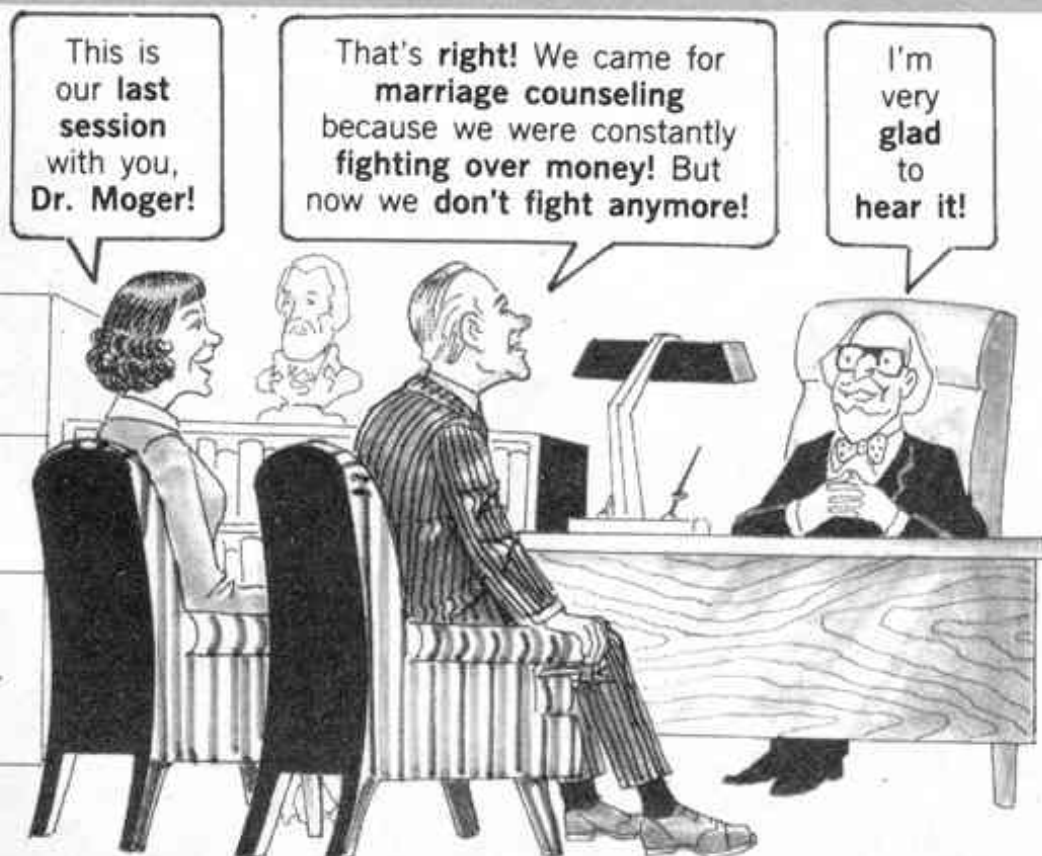
SPORTS



STRATEGY



AWARENESS



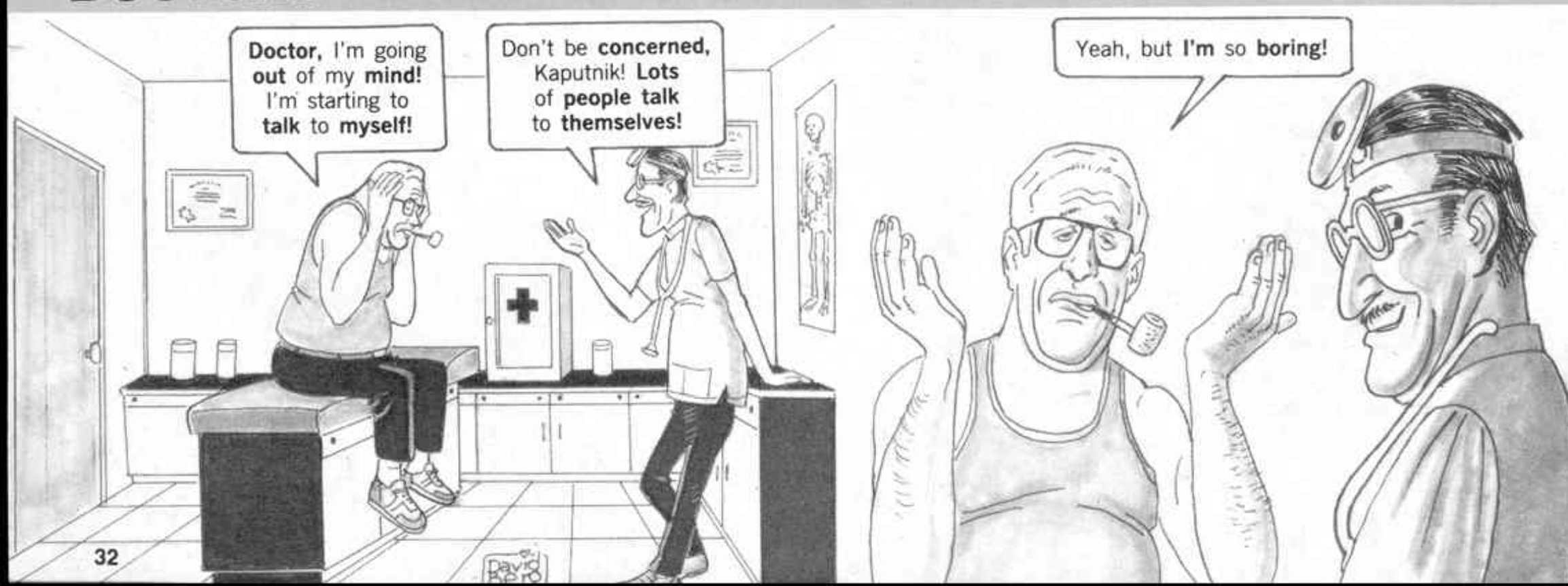
THE OFFICE



GIFTS



DOCTORS



ON A SCALE OF ONE TO TENSION DEPT.

Virtually everything we want in life—food, amusements, services, goods—carries with it a price tag, an expense commonly measured in dollars and cents. But all too often it isn't until *after* we've paid the bill that we really begin paying for our acquisitions by suffering years of frustration, aggravation and all around agita! This is an expense that can only be measured properly in "Nail Bites" (NBs) and we have devised an illuminative and depressing system of measurement (see chart below) which you can use to determine exactly what kind of pain and misery awaits you! So join us, won't you, as MAD charts...

THE HIDDEN EMOTIONAL COSTS OF THINGS

ARTIST: TOM BUNK WRITER: DAN BIRTCHER



SUMMER CAMP



Having to sit through all those corny, campfire ghost stories...77 NBs



Being assigned a bunk right underneath Zack, the legendary bedwetter...490 NBs



Waking up fully in the dark and realizing that not only did someone beat you to the outhouse, but that you're sitting on them...500 NBs

TOTAL: 1,067 NBs

PET DOGS



Learning that fleas like to bite humans for variety...244 NBs



Doggy drool...144 NBs



Hearing that awful sound under your rear wheels as you back out of the garage...492 NBs

TOTAL: 880 NBs

THIS YEAR'S HOT TOY



Finding out that even with the 36 optional accessories you purchased separately, it isn't half as neat as it seemed on television...311 NBs



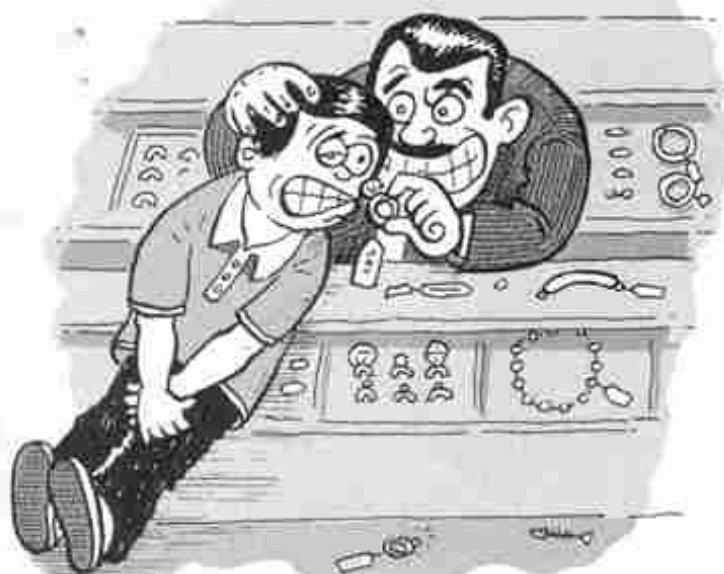
Having your friends tell you that it's no longer hot after you've had it less than a week...259 NBs



Having your mother throw it away without telling you...303 NBs

TOTAL: 873 NBs

YOUR CLASS RING



Having to do business with that slimy salesman...82 NBs



Having to put up with your mother's slobbering over this latest sign of your "becoming an adult"...154 NBs



Having your girlfriend complain about your hesitation in giving her the ring and then finding it in the back seat of your best friend's Chevy...480 NBs

TOTAL: 716 NBs

POTATO CHIPS



Watching the store bagger crush them to pieces with one, well-aimed drop of a melon...69 NBs



Trying to get the bag open without the use of power tools...491 NBs



Realizing the "Party Size" bag is 75% air...123 NBs

TOTAL: 683 NBs



Wondering whether it's being stolen or vandalized while you're at the mall...437 NBs



Having to deal with Junkyard Scuzzwads in order to get the right parts for it...261 NBs

TOTAL: 848 NBs

A three-panel comic strip illustrating various phone-related frustrations. Panel 1 shows a woman running while holding a long, continuous paper bill from a payphone. Panel 2 shows a man shouting into a payphone with his hands over his ears, looking distressed. Panel 3 shows a person running away from a payphone that has exploded or broken apart, with debris flying around it.

Learning first hand that the phone company really does charge \$95 just to throw the switch which activates the line in your house...148 NBs

Finding out that someone has been writing your name and number on bus station restroom walls...201 NBs

Finding out there are a lot more aluminum siding and frozen meat salesmen calling you than members of the opposite sex...342 NBs



Learning first hand that the phone company really does charge \$95 just to throw the switch which activates the line in your house...148 NBs



Finding out that someone has been writing your name and number on bus station restroom walls...201 NBs



Finding out there are a lot more aluminum siding and frozen meat salesmen calling you than members of the opposite sex...342 NBs

TOTAL: 691 NBs

Having your soiled, holey underwear thoroughly examined by airport security guards after a major bomb threat is received...398 NBs

Hearing your pilot come on the intercom in midflight to warn you of turbulence and not understanding a word because of his slurred speech and constant hiccupping...496 NBs

Finding out the guy sitting right next to you sells insurance policies *and* Amway soap products...297 NBs



Having your soiled, holey underwear thoroughly examined by airport security guards after a major bomb threat is received...398 NBs



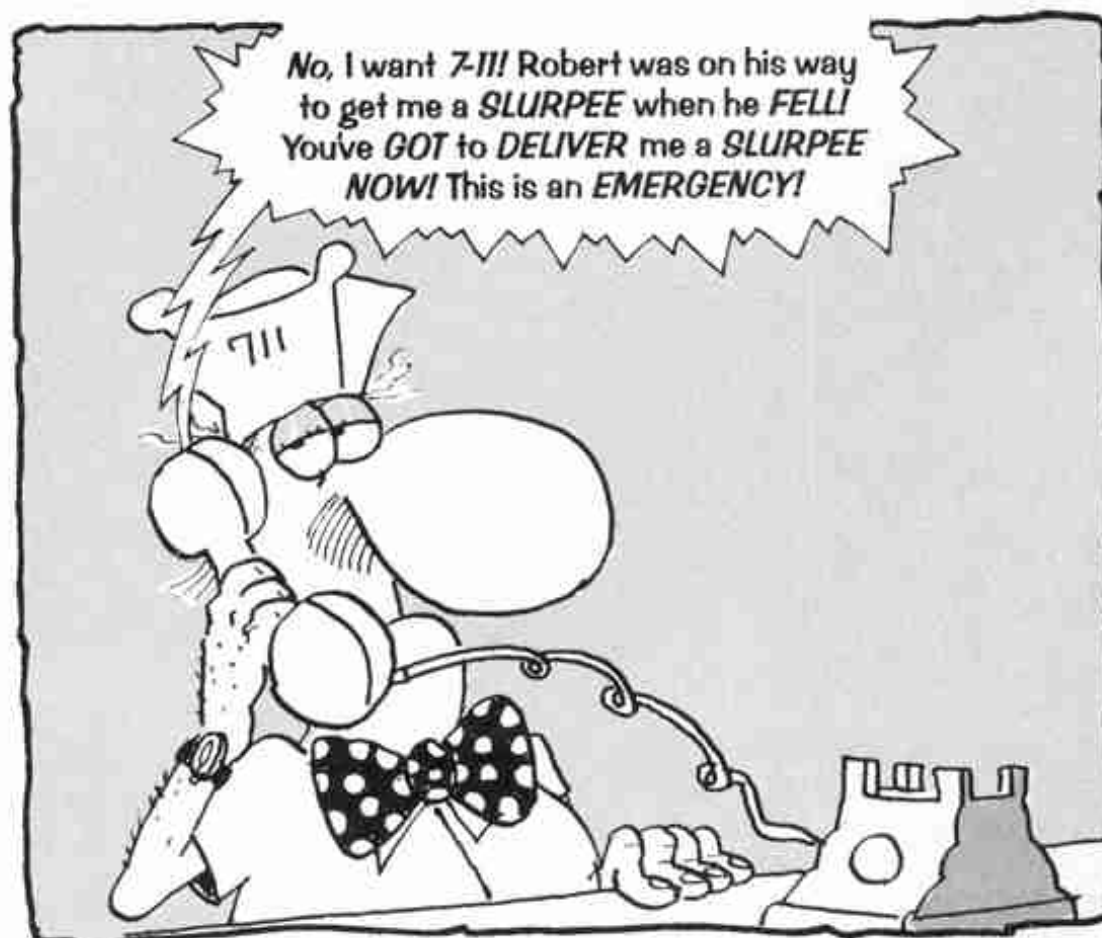
Hearing your pilot come on the intercom in midflight to warn you of turbulence and not understanding a word because of his slurred speech and constant hiccupping...496 NBs



Finding out the guy sitting right next to you sells insurance policies *and* Amway soap products...297 NBs

TOTAL: 1,191 NBs 35

THE ECCENTRIC EMERGENCY ENGAGEMENT



His name is **Keen 'n Weighins**, and he's the **creator** and **star** of a show that has **bite, edge**—even an **angry attitude!**

The show, of course, is **In Livid Color**, and it's the subject of this evening's **very, very special** edition of **Entertainment Too Light!**

Just a minute, John! Why is this a **"very, very"** special edition of our show?

Well, last night's show about the man who **sharpens the scissors** for the guy who trims **Michael Jackson's** nose hairs was a **"very" special edition**...

...so I guess that **does** make it a **"very, very"** special edition when...

WAYAN'S WORLD DEPT.

ENTERTAINMENT TOO LIGHT VISITS



ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO WRITER: A.J. MARLY

I'm **Mary Tart**, here with **John Tush**, and we're with **Keen 'n Weighins**, star of **In Livid Color**, which also stars his brothers, **Dammin'** and **Pshaw Weighins** and his sister, **Kin Weighins!**

That's right! Our show makes fun of **racism** and **sexism**, but **nepotism** is just fine by us!

The humor on your show is often **crude, violent** and **tasteless!** Does the prospect of **offending millions** of viewers bother you at all?

No, because we're on **FOX**, so we **don't** have millions of viewers!

Still, critics say your sketches are **vulgar** and even **border** on the **obscene!**

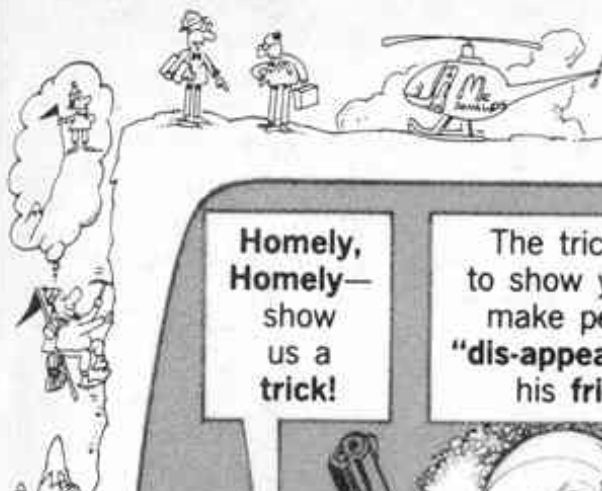
That's crazy! I consider this **"a family show"**! My **brothers** work here, my **sister** works here, my **uncle** works here...

Okay everyone, this is your **director** speaking! Let's get ready for **rehearsal!** And **Keen 'n Angry**, stop slouching!

Yes, Mom!

Wow, this really is a family show!





Homely, Homely—show us a trick!

The trick Homely is going to show you today is how to make people who **dis** you "**dis-appear**." Homely gets out his friend, Mr. Piece!



Homely, why did you shoot Ronald McDonald?!

He tried to make me feel stupid by dressing up to look like me! Homely don't play that!

Doesn't making jokes about **un-rehabilitated, violent ex-cons** reinforce **negative minority stereotypes**?

Hey, on *All In the Family*, Archie Bunker made jokes about minority stereotypes all the time!

Yes, but on that show, Archie, the **white bigot**, is made to be a **horse's ass**!

Say, that's a **good idea**! I think next week I'll bring in a **white guy** to be the **horse's ass**!

On that note, let's go to *Entertainment Too Light's* very own **Le Nerd Maltin**!

SNAP!

Mary, one of *In Livid Color's* most popular sketches features the show's flamboyant film critics. **Siskel and Ebert** they're not! "**Swish and Eager**" is more like it! In any event, let's take a look at a recent "**review**" they did!

Welcome to *Men on Film*. Today we're talkin' about the very popular sequel, *Lethal Weapon 3*!

And I want to know exactly **how** does Danny Glover do **three** films with that **vanilla vixen** Gibson and still be "**just friends**"?!

It's **impossible**! Maybe in *Lethal Weapon 4* they will find out what their "**lethal weapons**" are really for!

Yeah! Now that's **one** movie we could give...

two thumbs up! Where? Figure it out yourselves, sweethearts!

Guys, don't you think **portraying** the **gay** community like that is **offensive**?

No! What's **offensive** is the **fools** who **laugh** at it!

But you guys put in the laughs with your **laugh track**!

Hey—the world needs a **few** more laughs!

I'm Leggy Goodbuns here with the only two white cast members of *In Livid Color*. Tell me, do you two feel like Token players because of that?

Absolutely not! We're just as important to the show as any other actors who aren't related to Keen 'n Angry!

Plus, we get to "stretch" as actors on this show! As Fire Marshall Bilk, for instance, I can poke fun at two disadvantaged groups—pyromaniacs and disfigured burn victims!

I must say, some people don't find Fire Marshall Bilk funny!

He's not supposed to be funny! On this show you just have to be out-rageous! If you want funny watch *Cosby* reruns!



We're visiting right now with *In Livid Color's* popular dancers, The Thigh Girls!

As you can see, they supply the show's "T and A"!

Actually Nary, they don't show that much skin.

I'm talking about their clothes! With the outfits they wear, "T and A" could stand for "Tattered and Appalling," "Tacky and Awful," or "Tasteless and Asinine"!



To be fair, though, the dancing and choreography on *In Livid Color* is the best you'll find on prime time TV!

True. Of course, it's the only dancing and choreography you'll find on prime time TV!!!



Keen 'n Angry, thanks for taking us behind the scenes at your show!

Thank you! And to help us say goodbye, I thought I'd get our entire *In Livid Color* family together!

Wow! They are quite a group!

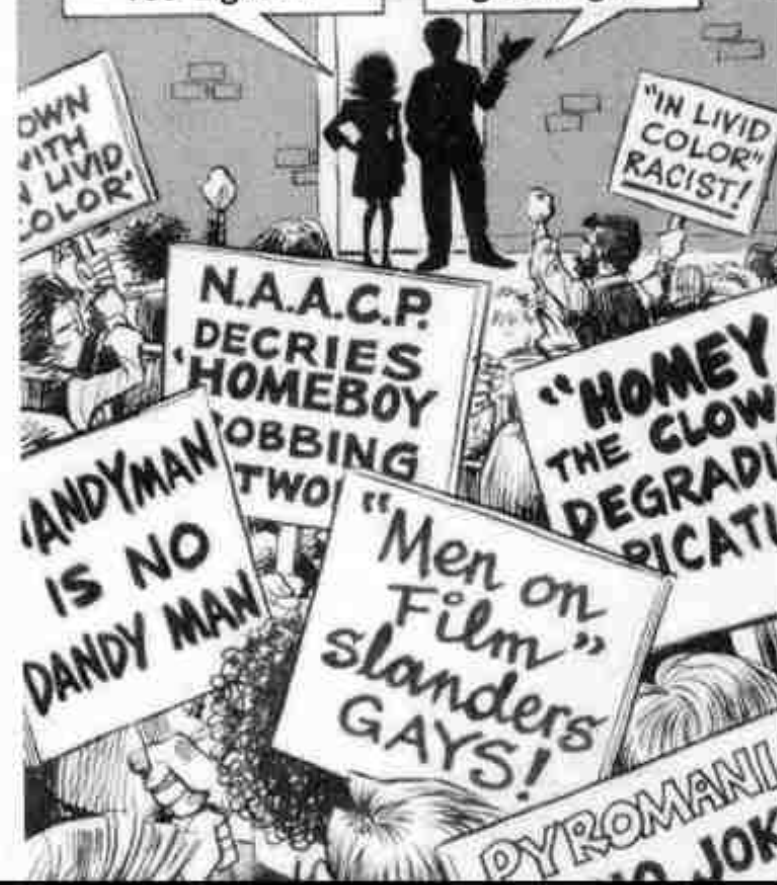
Yeah, our weekly sign-offs are about the largest TV-related gatherings around!

Actually, we found one TV-inspired group that's bigger! In fact it's outside the studio right now!

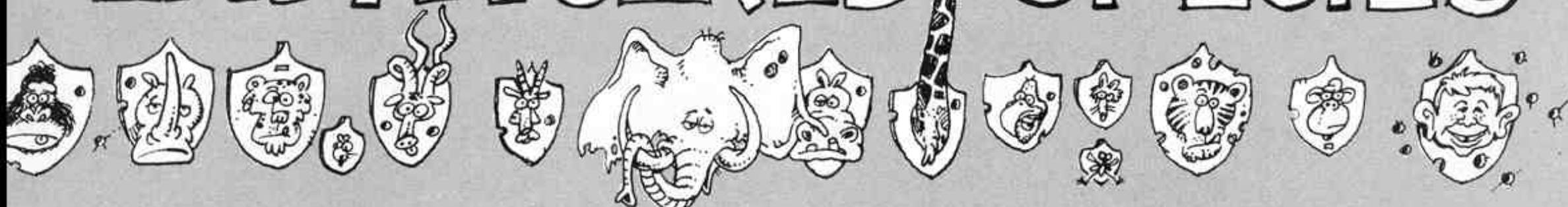


For Entertainment Too Light...

Thank you and good night!

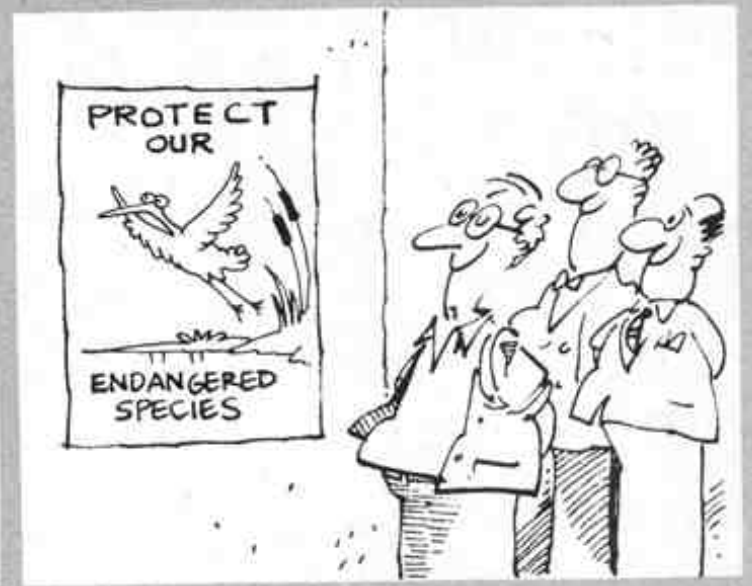
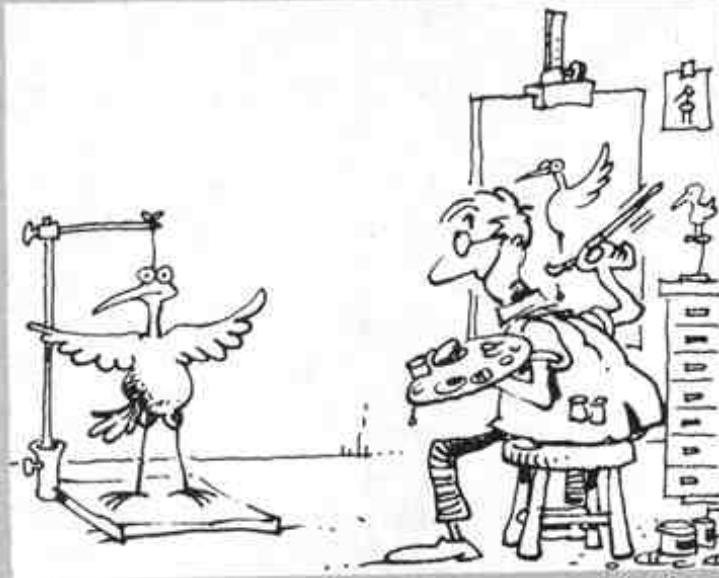


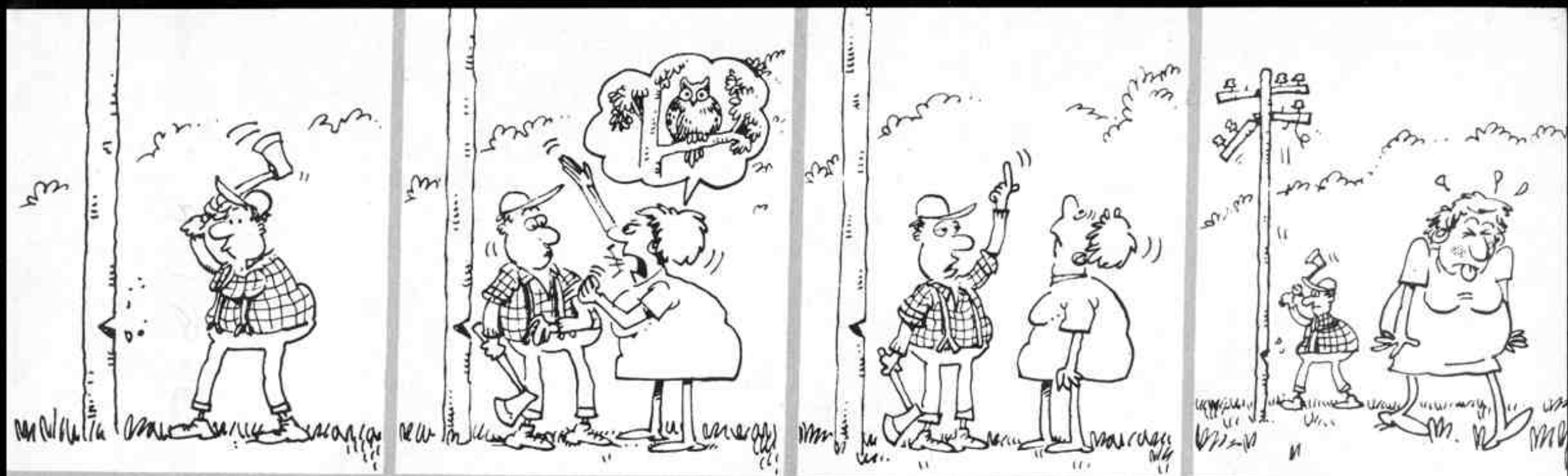
A MAD LOOK AT ENDANGERED SPECIES



ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







THE BOY TOYS OF SUMMER DEPT.

There's an old saying, "If you love baseball, go out to a game, but if you love baseball clichés, go to a movie!" And just how old is that profound piece of Americana? We thought of it this morning! Hah! And if you think that even one single cliché from all of the baseball movies you've ever seen has been left out of this bomb, then you're too dumb to appreciate the rapier-like wit and brilliant insights in the following MAD satire of...

Miss Marshall, your latest film, "A League To Bemoan," states that in 1943 a girl's league was created because Major League baseball was supposed to be discontinued for the duration of the war!

That's right! The girl's teams would replace the Major Leagues and serve to keep the fans' interest alive!

But the girl's teams weren't even from Major League cities! Moreover, the Majors continued to play throughout the war!

Stop picking on me! You think only Oliver Stone should be allowed to screw around with facts, truth and history to make a movie?

Look at that! Our manager may be drunk and gross, but he sure knows how to flash signals!

What signals? That slob is trying to get a booger off his finger!



Listen to them! They're all making insensitive, homely girl jokes! Which is very surprising since Miss Money-Penny Marshall, the director, is far from anyone's idea of what a beauty queen looks like!

Maybe that's why! It's finally her chance to make a joke at the expense of an even homlier girl than herself!

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

I don't want to go to the reunion of the 1943 Girls League!

Aw, c'mon, Mom! Don't you want to be with your old teammates again?

Sure! But as soon as I get there, there'll be a flashback and I won't be seen again until the film's over!

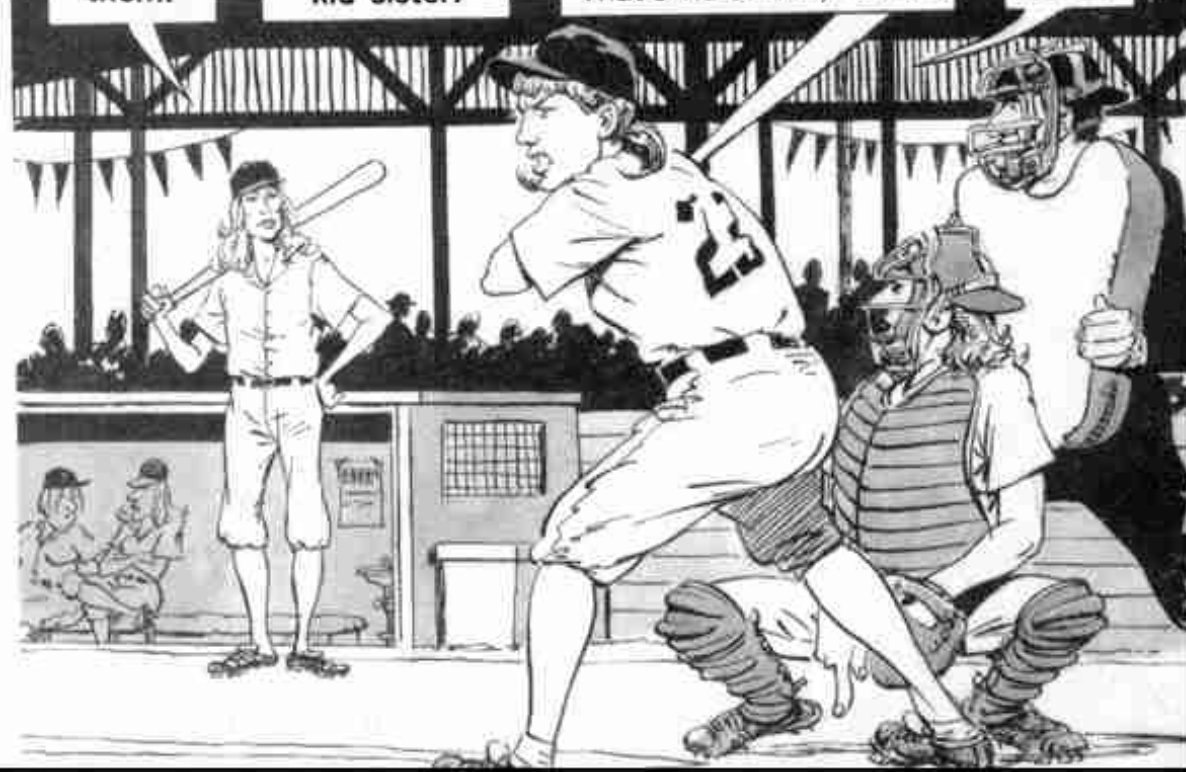
That's true, but you must try to understand that people won't pay seven bucks to see an old bag like you running the bases!

Lay off the high ones! You know you can't hit them!

You're always telling me what to do! I'm sick and tired of it! But you're my kid sister!

And that's all I am! Everybody knows me only as "Dittle's kid sister"! I'm anonymous! Nobody even knows my name! That's ridiculous, Susan!

See how bad it is? My name's Twit!



A League TO BEMOAN



In this movie we play baseball while our country is being threatened by Japan and Germany!

Gee, and I thought this movie was supposed to be about problems of the '40s!

It is about the '40s!

Yeah? It seems like we have the same problems today in the '90s!

I got to know Bore-us at a "dime-a-dance" joint!

Right! I was the bouncer! I used to throw out people who were loud and vulgar and horny and gave the dive a bad name! I must have thrown out Maybe, here, 20 times at least!



These long, long sentimental scenes are so overdone!

She hits you with one tear-jerking cliché after another! By the end, there won't be a dry eye in the theater!

Nor an open one! This yawn runs over 2 hours!

LIKE A PLAYER

HOME PLATE

WRITER: STAN HART

You're pretty good, young lady! Want to play professional girls' baseball? You get \$75 a week! How does that sound?

It sounds like what bulls drop all over the barn! But I'll go with you only if you take her, too!

Who is she?

She's my inconsequential kid sister, Beatrice!

That's Twit, damn you!

This is my daughter! She's got an eye and swing like Babe Ruth!

Unfortunately, she also has a face and body like Babe Ruth!

I know she ain't pretty or feminine like those other girls, but that's my fault! You see, I raised her like a boy!

You sure you didn't raise her like a chimp?



Well, goodbye
and good luck!
You won't
see me again!

Why not?

I don't
really
fit into
this
film!
I'm funny!



I admire your spirit, **Maybe**, but
you've go to stop **sliding**
into the base head first!
The **groundskeeper** says that
you're **ruining the base paths**!



Your hair's fine!
But must you
wear those
silly-looking
wax lips
everywhere?

These are my real
lips! And if
you don't
believe me,
you can ask my
sister, **Dolores**!

Dammit,
that's
Twit,
you
scare-
crow!



First they won't allow
us to **smoke** and then
they tell us we can't
see any **men**! What the
hell are we **supposed**
to do in **bed**, sleep?



Manage a
girls'
baseball
team? You
forget,
I used to
be an
All-Star!

Look, you **drunk**, I'm
offering you a **job**!
All you have to do
is **walk out of the**
dugout, **tip your hat**
to the fans, **vomit**,
then go **back inside**!

I can do that!
After all, I
still hold the
Major League
record for
most **upchucks**
with men in
scoring position!



Hey, how
about
knocking
before
you come
into the
locker
room?

Yeah!
That
creep
could
have
seen
me
naked!

Well,
it
would
have
served
the
@#%&*
right!



Let's face it!
Baseball's a
man's world!
So from now
on you gotta
try to do
everything
like a man!

Oh,
yeah?
Like
what?

Like
this!

We can't do that!

Okay, then
remember
to leave
the toilet
seat up
after you!



He's **catching**
more **flies**
now than he
ever did
when he was
playing
the **outfield**.

We need him **awake**
and alert so he
can solve some
real baseball
problems, like
taking care of
Mom's **bratty son**!

Hey, why don't we
use the kid for
batting practice?
He'd be a lot
more fun to hit
into the stands
than the ball!





What heart this movie has! It shows that even a girl who looks like that can get a guy!

I hope you realize that things might be a little, well, **strange** at the beginning! You see, I brought her up as a boy!

That doesn't trouble me in the least! I'm gay!



You're crying? There's no crying in baseball, unless you get hit by a bad hop grounder in the family jewels! But that doesn't apply in your case...although it might in hers!

I heard rumors that the powers that be are thinking of closing down the girl's league!

That's right! Why? Aren't we playing good baseball?

You're playing great baseball! Then why are the owners threatening us?

It's not the team owners who are threatening, it's the movie's producers! They insist on some kind of conflict in this phony movie! It's got an hour more to run!

I was traded to Racine, thanks to you!

Oh, Geraldine... It's Twit, you telephone pole! But I'll come back to haunt you! I'm going to be a big star!

You think so? You're too small, you can't pitch, you can't hit and you can't field! Is there anything else you have to say?

Just one piece of advice: Believe in yourself!



Dowdy, is that really you? I hardly recognize you! You've put on a few extra pounds since I'm gone!

I guess all that greasy diner food I ate in *Thelma and Louise* stuck to my body!

I'm just talking about your lips!

Guess what, Dowdy! I've been discharged!

I was so worried when I didn't get any letters from you!

I got shot in the leg! It was an accident! Actually, I was aiming at my toe!

1=FAST BALL
2=CURVE
3=SLIDER
4=SPITTER
5=BEAN BALL
THE MANAGER





RACINE BABBLER

SPORTS FINAL

ROCKFORD AND RACINE TIED IN SERIES 3 GAMES EACH DECIDING GAME TODAY

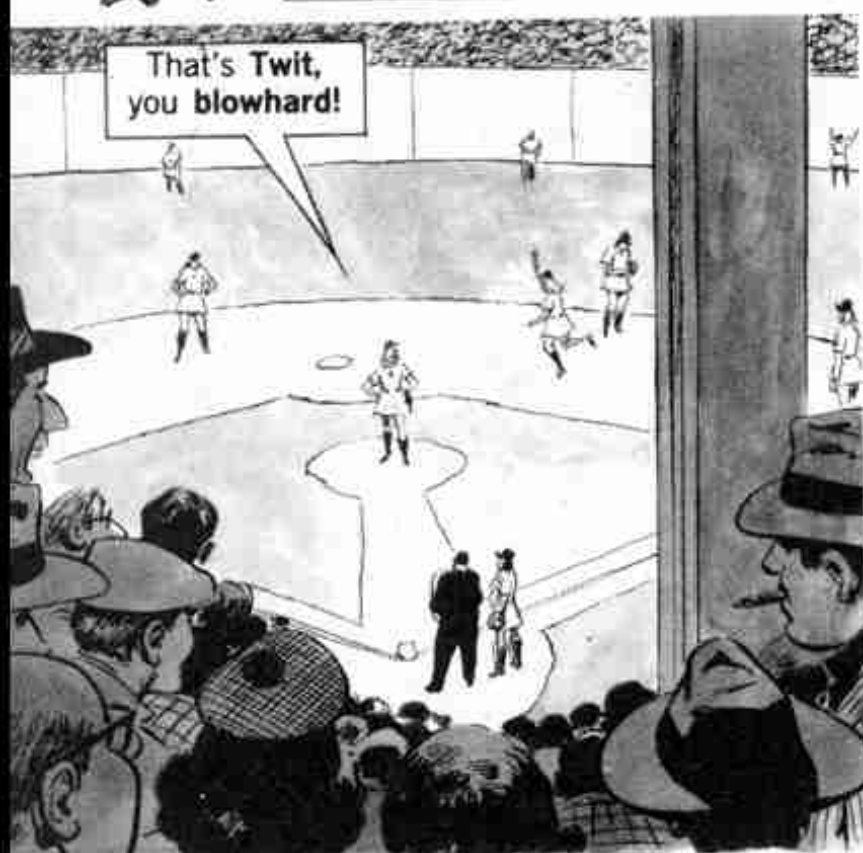
US PLANES BOMB TOKYO



With the score tied in the ninth, Dowdy belts one over the wall for the lead run! And she hit it off of her sister, Arlene!

Now the situation has been reversed, fans! If "What's-her-name" crosses the plate, which her sister Dowdy is covering, she will be the winning run!

And Racine wins! The Impact of the collision not only knocked the ball out of Dowdy's hand, but also knocked the lips right off her face!



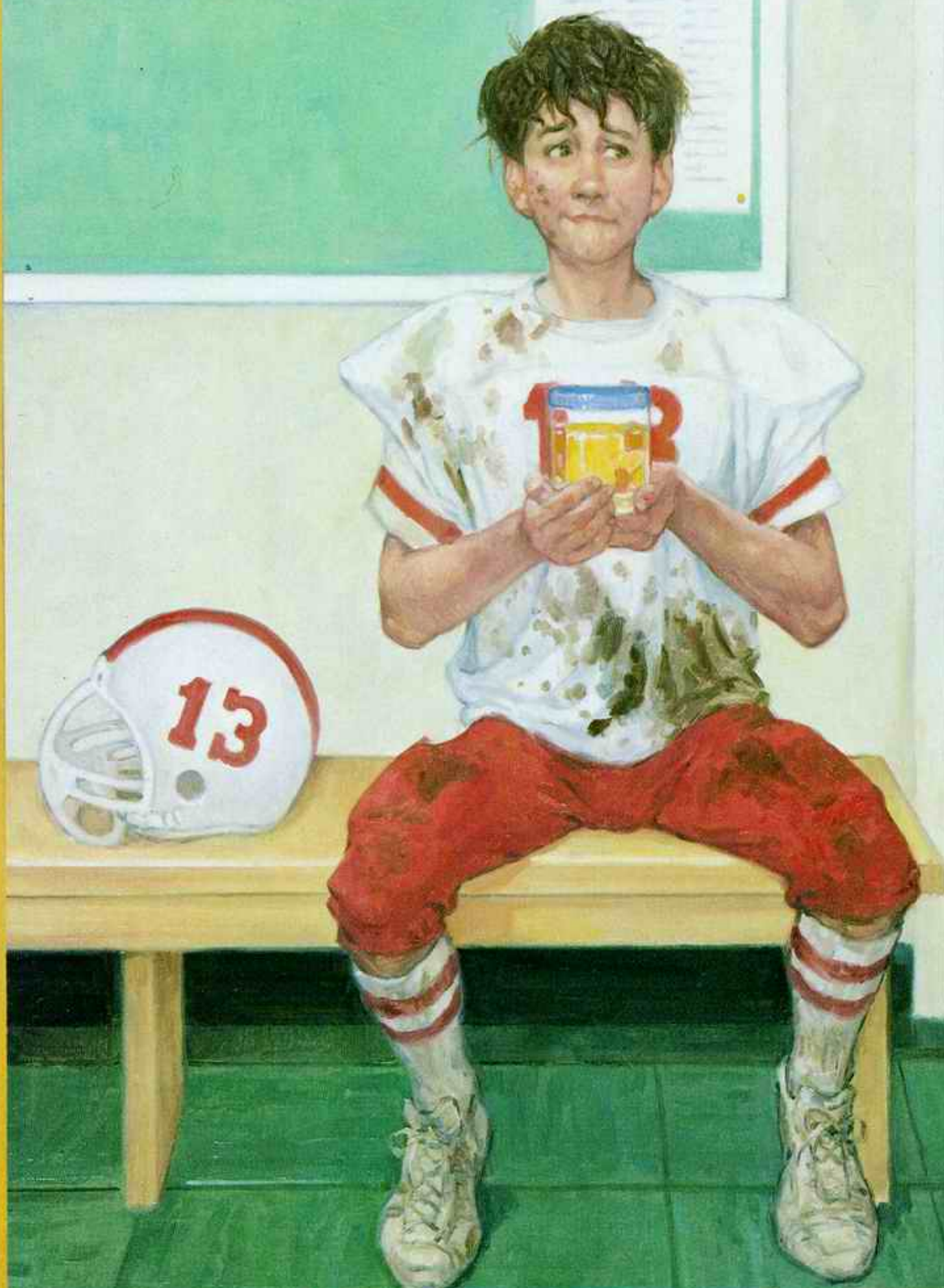
◀B

PANTHERS GO!

CHAMPIONSHIP
PLAYOFFS
NEXT
WEEK!!

MANDATORY
DRUG TEST

COACH



If Norman Rockwell Depicted the 90's
"First Drug Test"