

The X-FILES

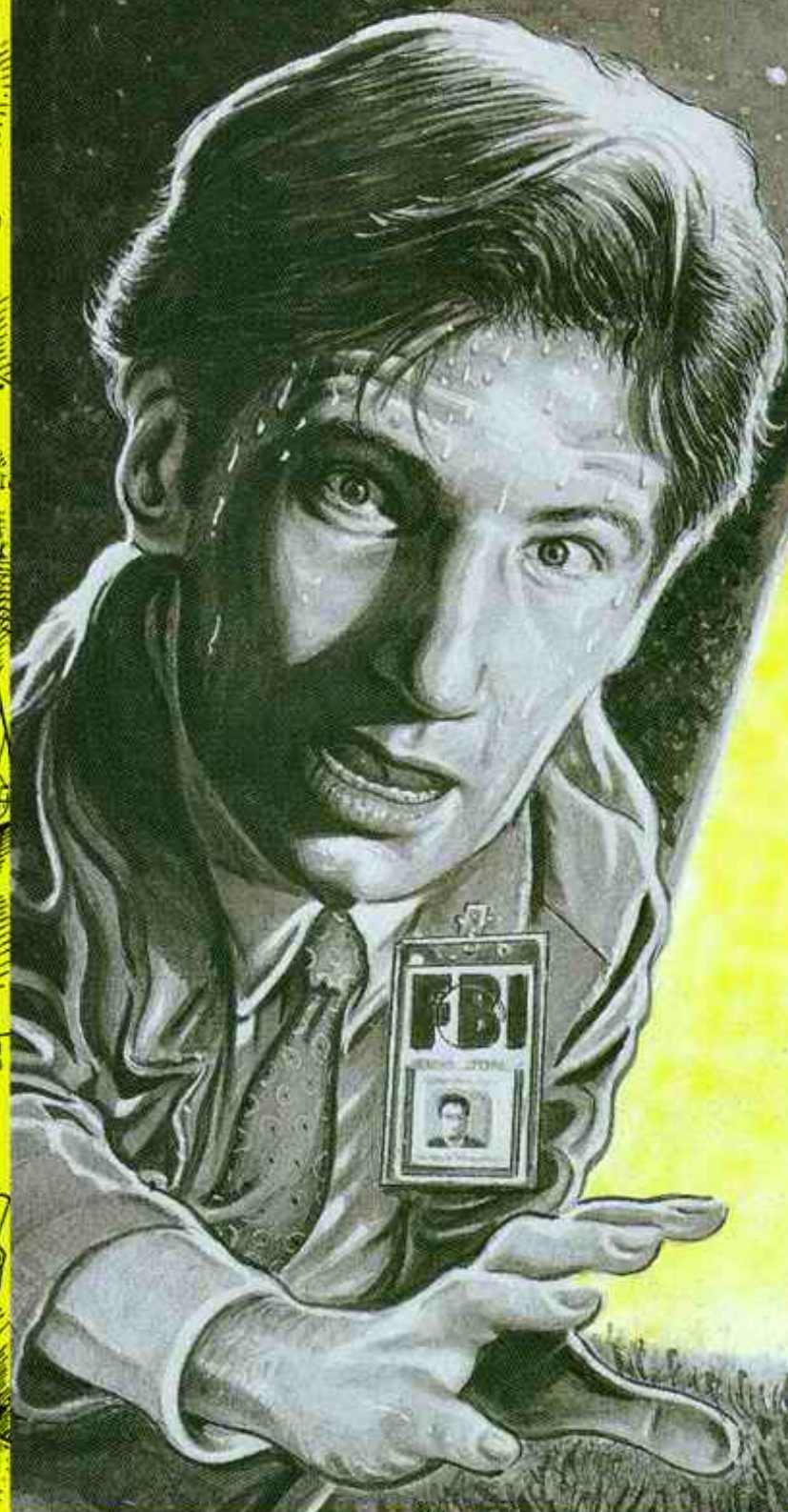
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MAD

JUNE
1997

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358

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Paul Levitz
executive vice president & publisher

Nick Meglin & John Ficarra
editors

Jonathan Schneider
art director

Editorial:

Joe Orlando consulting editor

Charlie Kadau & Joe Raiola associate editors

David Shayne assistant editor

Amy L. Vozeolas editorial assistant

Dick DeBartolo creative consultant

Annie Gaines managing editor

Dorothy Crouch resident consultant

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Nadina S. Simon assistant art director

Leonard Brenner graphics consultant

Thomas Nozkowski production

Marla Weisenborn production assistant

Circulation:

Bruce Bristow vp-sales & marketing

Jerry Burstein circulation manager

Administration:

Patrick Caldon vp-finance & operations

Chantal d'Aulnis vp-licensed publishing

Lillian Laserson vp-legal affairs

Bob Rozakis executive director-production

Marty Todd production manager

Contributing Artists And Writers the usual gang of idiots

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WOOO!

"A psychiatrist is someone who hopefully finds out what makes a person tick before they explode!"
— Alfred E. Neuman



G*#!!*



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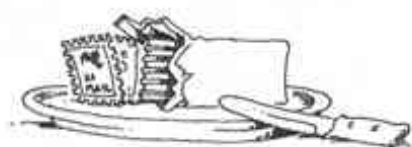
BEHIND THE ILLUSTRATE BALL DEPARTMENT:
**"Drawn Out Dramas" by Sergio Aragones...
Various Places Around the Magazine**

FRONT COVER ARTIST: DREW FRIEDMAN
FRONT COVER BORDER ARTIST: SERGIO ARGONES
DEWAR'S AD REJECTS PHOTOGRAPHER: IRVING SCHILD
DEWAR'S AD REJECTS WRITER: DAVID SHAYNE





MAD #359 ON SALE
JUNE 24!



THE AA TEAM

In MAD #355 on the front cover you spelled MAD with two A's. Why? All the other times before had one A.

Danny Steinan
West Haven, CT



Rare MAD #355



Unrare MAD #355

Danno — Two A's in MAD? Oh no! That bungling idiot Godfrey has struck again! We demoted him from accounting to the printing plant after the debacle we explained on the Letters Page of MAD #355, and he still can't do anything right! Fortunately for you it seems, Godfrey's blunder is your blessing! Only a percentage of the press run received this unique logo anomaly. In fact, we heard that on a recent episode of *The Antiques Road Show* on PBS, noted logographer Hans Brickface of Brickface's Bric-a-Brac, Inc. appraised one of these collector's issues at \$3,000 and indicated it was bound to increase in the coming months! Congratulations on your rare find! —Ed.

MAD MUMBLINGS @aol.com

I have nothing interesting to say 'cause your magazine ate my brains. —Gross2001...Where does your lap go when you stand up? —SgtPep3507...MUFFINS SPELLED BACKWARDS IS SNIFFUM. —PSN REYES...How do you get grass stains out of corduroy? —BryGuy428...After about 2 hours of poking myself with a stick, I realized that I was dead. —Matt4009...table ow head hurt hit head table ow. —GIGGRABBLE...My favorite oxymoron is Microsoft Works, what's yours? —GambitJK...I am the king of eggs. —Curly rk...This MAD Rocks!!!! MAD rocks all together!!!! You rule! —Thornycat...I hate fascists...I really, really hate fascists. —BolkoVR...I am the root of all evil, but you can call me cookie! —LtRWilco

DO WOMEN HATE MAD?

I am a 9th grade student. Our English teacher, Mrs. Katsaras (I have to include her name in the letter, so if it gets published, I can show it to her and get some brownie points) recently assigned us to read ANY non-fiction book with one stipulation: we must enjoy reading it. I chose to read *Good Days and MAD* by Dick DeBartolo, and she approved my selection. When everyone announced their choices in class, and I told everyone mine, the girls all went "Eeeew... MAD's so juvenile!" The other guys loved it. I was shocked to hear that every girl in my English class hated MAD. Why is this? Don't females like mad too?

Jeremy Rosenbaum
Spork86@aol.com

Sporky — The next time a female tells you MAD is juvenile, look her right in the eye and say, "Nyeah, nyeah, nyeah nyeah nyeah! Your mother wears combat boots!" Then fart. That'll show 'em! —Ed.

ATTENTION SUBSCRIBERS!

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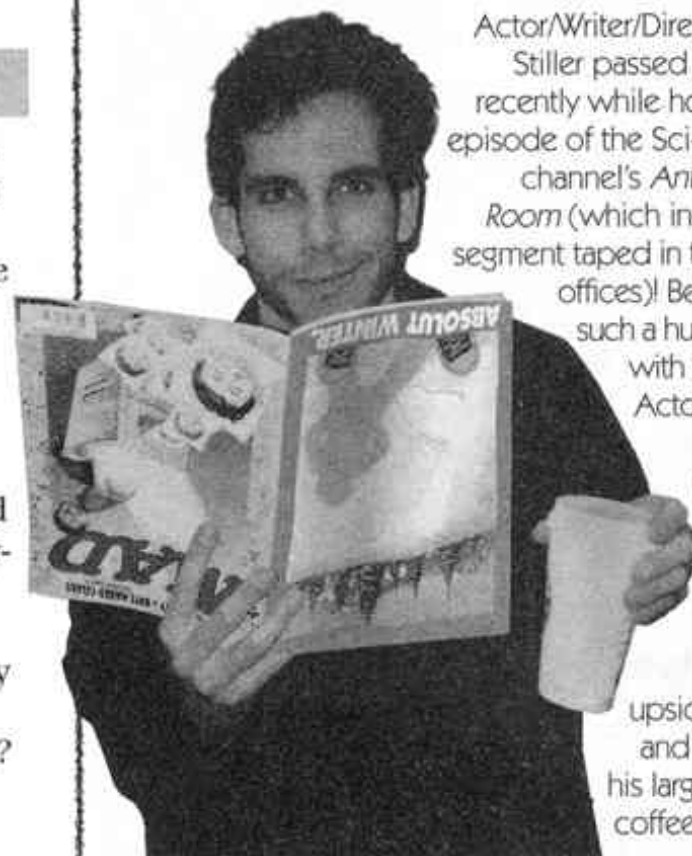
COMPLAIN NONSENSE

Just a note to let the Usual Gang of Idiots know that MAD readers like myself are sick and tired of your constant sarcastic responses to all of your faithful readers' letters. Please get a life and save us all from your insensitive, stupid, and inconsiderate comments. Thanks, and wise up!!

Zach Hutton
ZACH TKD@aol.com

Zach — Your insightful letter cut us to the quick. We had no idea we were upsetting faithful readers such as yourself. We were just trying to have a few "laffs" here with our little joke magazine. Your letter has shown us the error of our ways. From now on, no more stinging comebacks, witty rejoinders, delicious puns, Monkey Juice gags...only kind, supportive comments, warm thank yous and fuzzy thoughts! Lots of responses like "swell" and "golly gee, that's a good point!" Again, thank you ever so much for your swell comments, you little putz! —Ed.

BEN AT WORK



Actor/Writer/Director Ben Stiller passed our way recently while hosting an episode of the Sci-Fi cable channel's *Anti-Gravity Room* (which includes a segment taped in the MAD offices)! Ben was in such a hurry (what with being an Actor/Writer/Director and all), he only had time to read MAD upside down and show us his large cup of coffee! Fa fa fa!

THE MEDICAL RACQUET

In "The Lighter Side of..." segment entitled "Doctors" in MAD #352, there was a reference to a "Gimelstob-Justin Syndrome." Any relation to Justin Gimelstob, upcoming U.S. tennis star?

Bernie Stein
Great Neck, NY
No. —Ed.

HOW TO REACH US

Please Address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 358, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York 10019. MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope!



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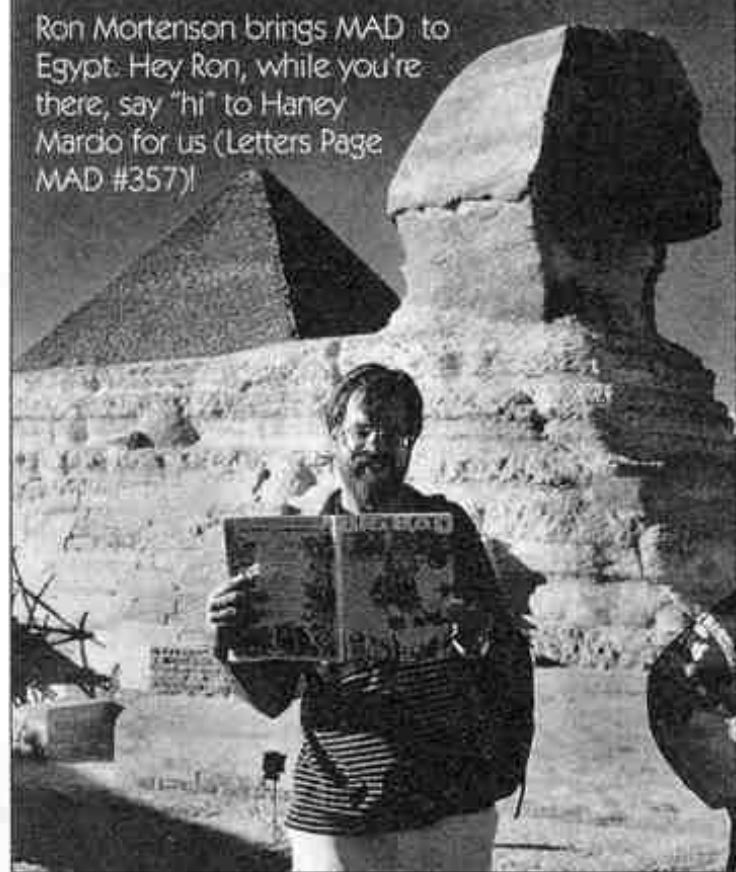
ALFRED E. GYPT II

The week before I left for a trip to The Middle East, a MAD Super Special (#116) was available with "Alfred the Sphinx" on the cover. I made a special trip to compare the picture with reality and was I surprised! The Sphinx in Egypt does not even closely resemble your cover. It looks like some bozo cut off the nose. At least it doesn't smell!

Ron Mortenson
San Jose, CA

Ron — You are to be commended for traveling thousands of miles to check the accuracy of a MAD cover! Though your picture is not technically a MAD Celebrity Snap, we've decided to send you a one-year subscription anyway. It's a courtesy we extend when we print photos of stone monuments over one hundred years old — you know, like if someone sent us a picture with Barbara Walters or Hugh Downs! All right, Mike Wallace too! —Ed.

Ron Mortenson brings MAD to Egypt. Hey Ron, while you're there, say "hi" to Haney Mardo for us (Letters Page MAD #357)!



ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH

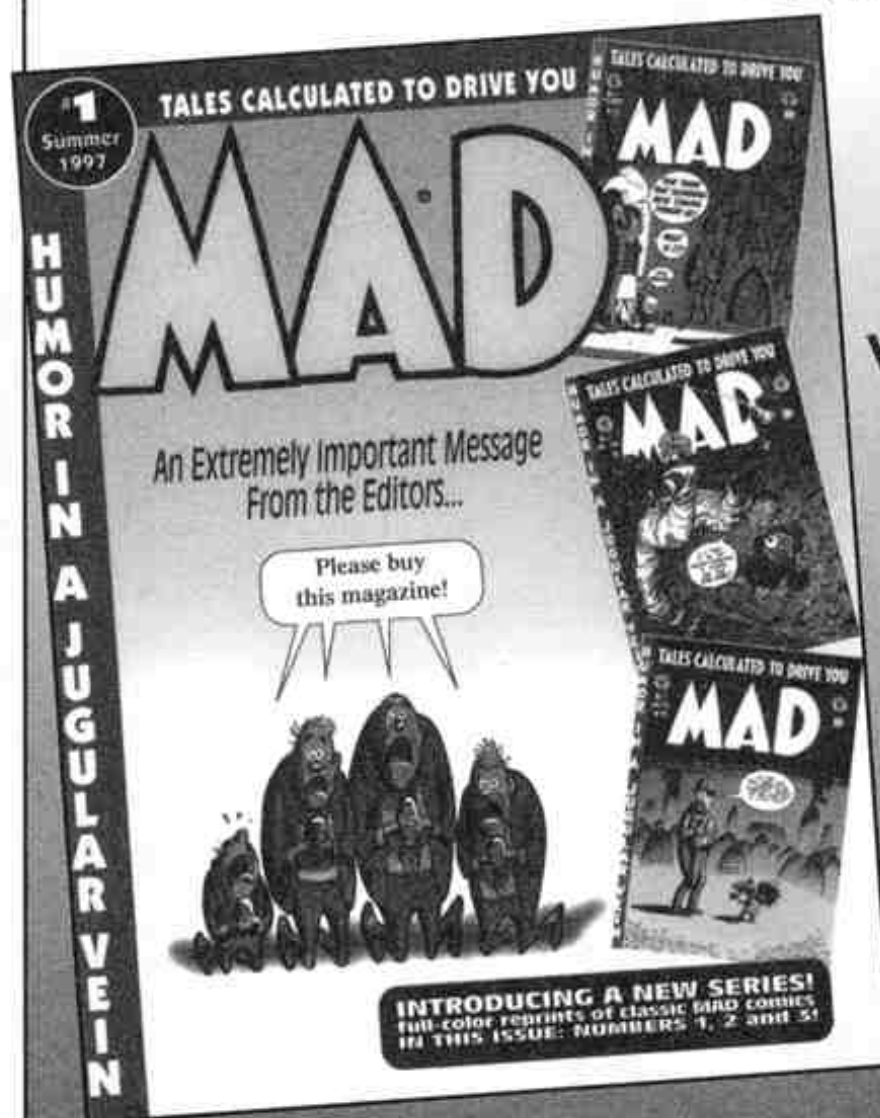


Buffalo, NY native Frank Sprada puts a MAD spin on the frozen Han Solo scenes from *The Empire Strikes Back* and *Return of the Jedi*! The up side? It may be 20 more years before George Lucas releases an "updated" Special Edition of the Star Wars Trilogy, and we have to even entertain the idea of printing another one of Frank's goofy envelopes!

A SPECTACULAR FIRST SO AMAZING, WE'RE USING REALLY BIG TYPE TO TELL YOU ABOUT IT!

To celebrate (or in our case, rip off) the new movie *BATMAN AND ROBIN*, MAD #359 will be published with FOUR DIFFERENT BATMAN COVERS! Put all four covers together, and a secret message will be revealed! (We know you don't make that much money, so start saving for it now!) All four collectible covers hit newsstands JUNE 24th! TELL EVERY HUMAN BEING YOU KNOW! (clones not included!)

BACK TO THE PAST!



MAD


kicks off its 45th anniversary year with a special look at what came first —Mainly, MAD issues 1, 2 and 3!

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we don't want you
to miss!

WARNING: This Full-Color Spectacular is ONLY available at newsstands, bookstores, comic specialty shops and other retail outlets! It is NOT part of the series sent to MAD Super Special subscribers!



Nice party trick. What do you
call it—puking on yourself?

Dewar's



BEHIND THE EVISCERATE BALL DEPT.

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

An elite group of specially gifted men and women dedicated to fighting the evils of the world. Dedicated to opposing the dark side that dwells within all men. And, most importantly, dedicated to talking in deep, slow, dreary tones that could bore a corpse! The name of this band of crusading sourpusses...

MIL-LEMON-IUM

I'm retired FBI Agent Dank Blech! I have a sixth sense that helps me solve grisly and gruesome crimes! My psychic gift is both a curse and a blessing! It's a curse because I can't stop putting myself inside some sadistic killer's head and entering his evil, twisted mind to see the gore he has perpetrated on his innocent victims! It's a blessing when my wife drags me to the ballet! I don't have to watch those silly people prancing around! I just close my eyes and enjoy the gore some sadistic killer has perpetrated on his innocent victims!

I'm Dank's wife! We moved to this exclusive community in Seattle because we were being stalked in Los Angeles! Now we're being stalked in Seattle! Turns out, it's a franchise! I got tired of just hanging around the house, listening to my husband's stories about grisly crimes all the time, so I decided to get a job as a social worker. I work with Seattle's increasing population of addicts! Some heroin junkies, some crackheads, but mainly the thousands of poor souls hooked on caffe latte! Oh, the humanity!

AL
GORE
WE GAVE

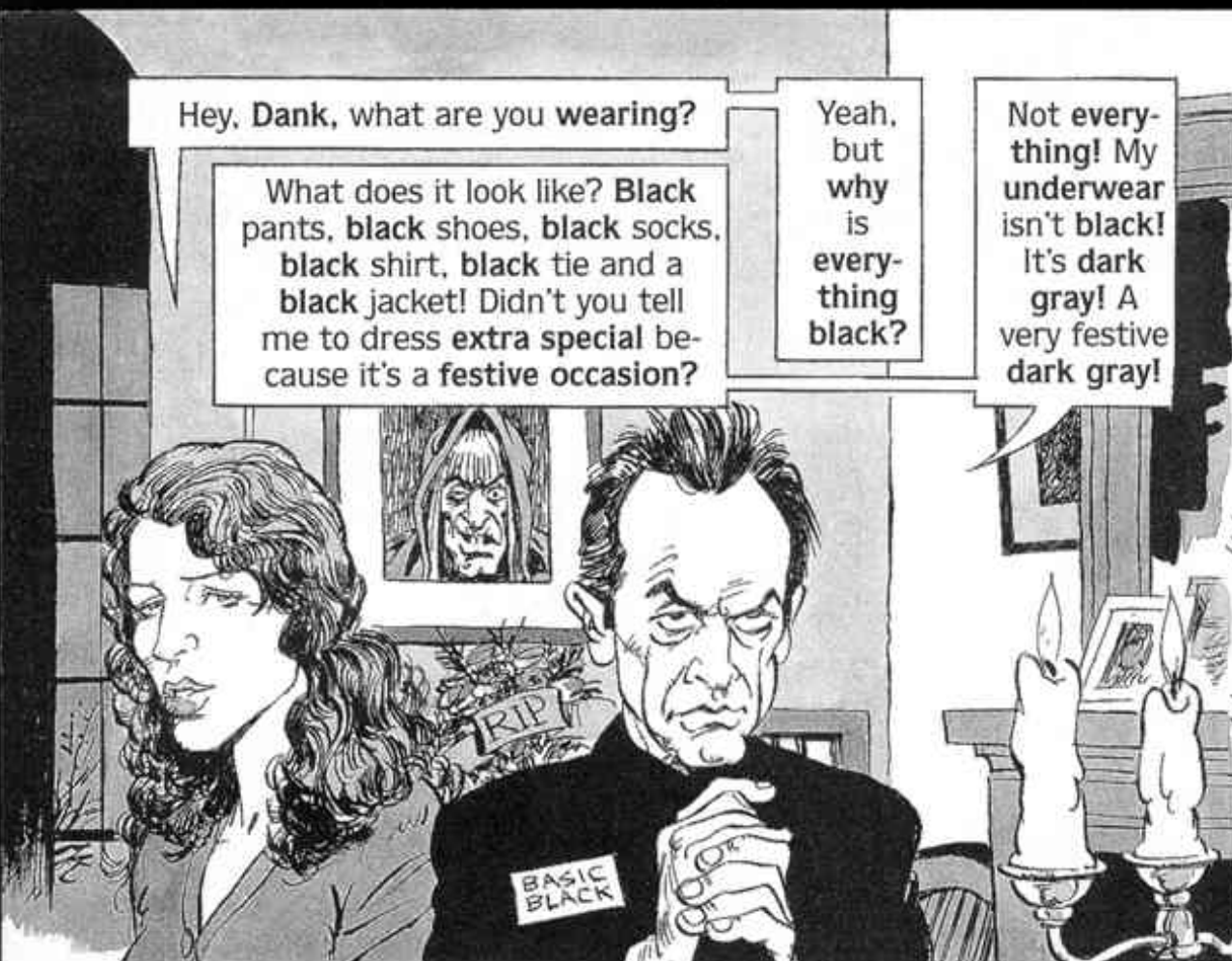
RECYCLE
ALL
REMAINS

I'm their daughter! For some strange reason, everywhere Dad goes, it's dark and dreary! How dark and dreary is it? Well, he took me to the beach last Sunday! In the blazing sun at high noon we couldn't find the ocean! Got the picture?

I'm Dr. Frasier Crane, noted Seattle radio psychiatrist! Is the Mil-lemon-ium Group correct? Are there dark forces afoot here in our *au courant* city? Is there a segment of the human population dedicated to controlling our lives, perpetrating unspeakable acts on humanity and causing nothing but psychological pain and misery? One word: Microsoft!

FOR
SOLD
DRAFTY+LEAKY
REAL ESTATE

tours

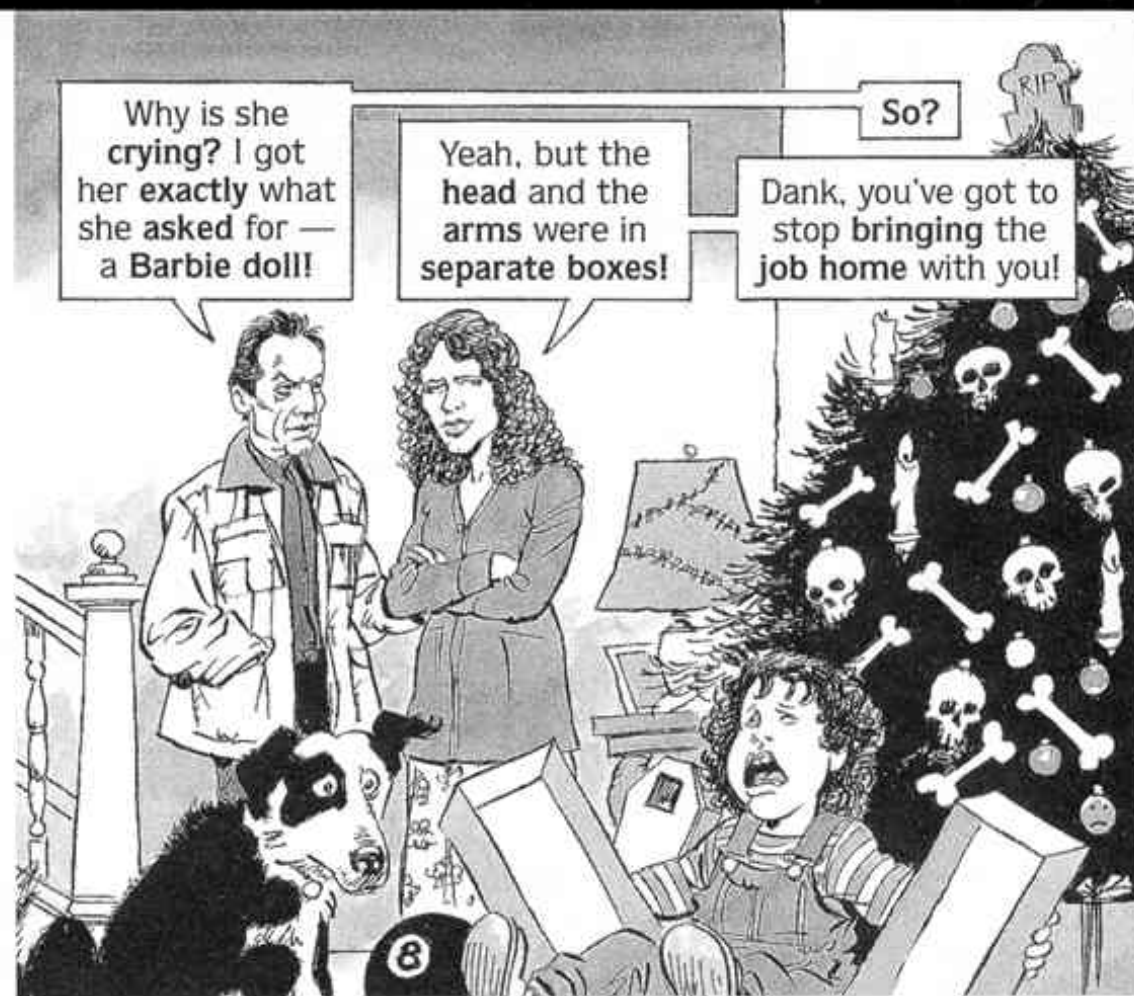


Hey, Dank, what are you wearing?

What does it look like? **Black pants, black shoes, black socks, black shirt, black tie and a black jacket!** Didn't you tell me to dress extra special because it's a festive occasion?

Yeah, but why is everything black?

Not everything! My underwear isn't black! It's dark gray! A very festive dark gray!



Why is she crying? I got her exactly what she asked for — a Barbie doll!

Yeah, but the head and the arms were in separate boxes!

So?

Dank, you've got to stop bringing the job home with you!



I have to go! The office is calling me! Which is pretty amazing considering I don't have an office!

You're leaving your daughter on a holiday?

Sorry, but deviates, perverts and killers don't take holidays! Why not invite some of the neighborhood kids over to play that cute game I devised!

"Pin The Colon on the Cadaver" isn't what I'd call a cute game!



Tell me what happened!

When I withdrew \$500, the money drawer opened and a bloody, severed hand clutching five \$100 bills came out!

You're lucky you weren't at a SPERM bank! You wouldn't want to see what the hand would be clutching!



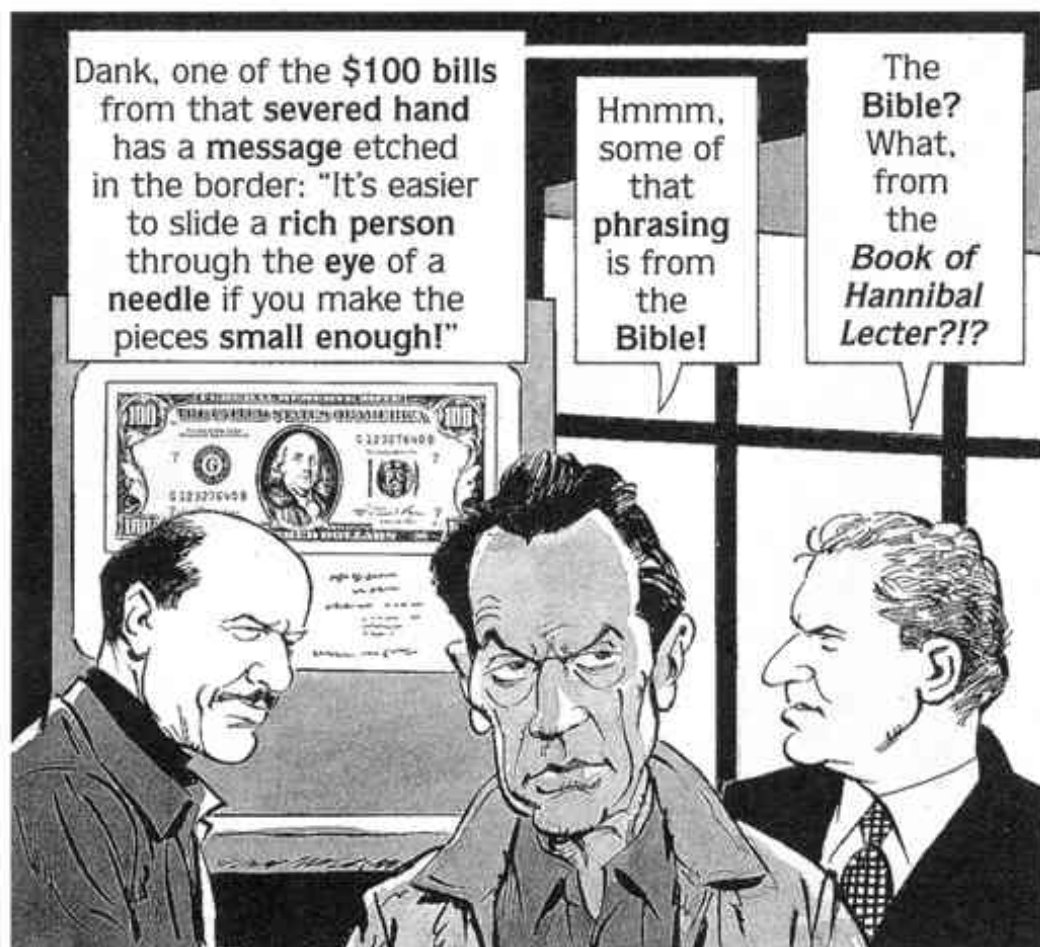
I'm using my psychic powers to see if I can deduce anything from this severed hand...

I see the hand being cut off by a person wielding an ax! Blood's squirting everywhere! Wait! Something else! The person who lost the hand feels pain!

Wow! Dank, your psychic powers amaze me!

The way the severed hand was positioned in the cash machine means the murderer was reaching out, almost as if to say, "Howdy, my name is Biff! I'm from West Virginia! And I'm deranged!"





Dank, one of the \$100 bills from that severed hand has a message etched in the border: "It's easier to slide a rich person through the eye of a needle if you make the pieces small enough!"

Hmmm, some of that phrasing is from the Bible!

The Bible? What, from the *Book of Hannibal Lecter*?!?



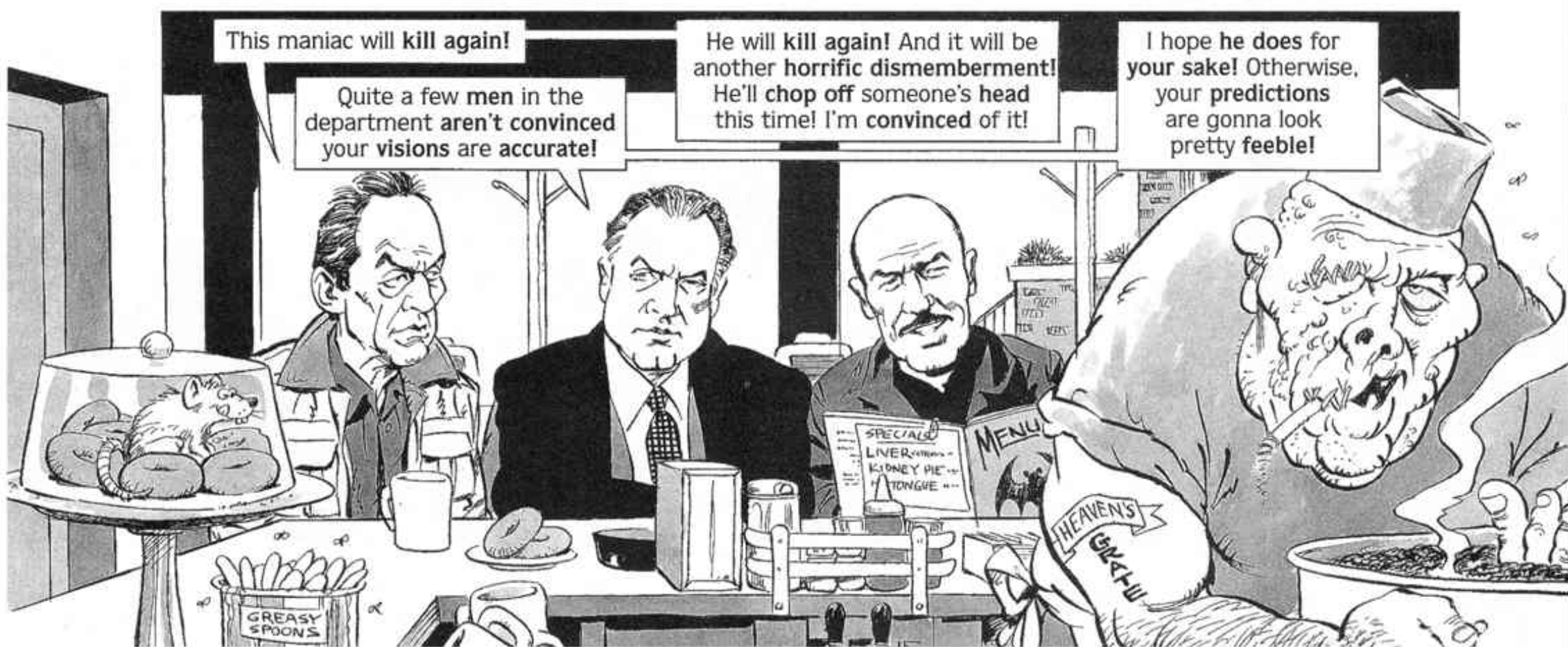
This carnage is really affecting my stomach!

Mine too! I'm famished! Let's go get something to eat!

Dank, do you have a flashlight?

What do you need a flashlight for?

To see what scene we're in! No matter where I go with you, it's pitch black!



This maniac will kill again!

Quite a few men in the department aren't convinced your visions are accurate!

He will kill again! And it will be another horrific dismemberment! He'll chop off someone's head this time! I'm convinced of it!

I hope he does for your sake! Otherwise, your predictions are gonna look pretty feeble!



Daddy's been away for two whole days! When is he coming home?

When he finishes catching all the bad men!

Are there a lot of bad men out there?

There's one a week for 13 weeks, and then hopefully, if the ratings are good enough, 13 more!



Honey! I had to stop home for a little break!

Perfect timing, Dank! Nothing like a nice home-cooked meal to take your mind off your grisly work!

Great! What did you make?

A chopped liver appetizer, ribs for the main meal and for dessert, lady fingers!

"IT AIN'T CHOPPED LIVER EITHER"

Dank, the owner of the store said this came in today's mail! It's so decomposed no one can tell what it is!

I can! It's a severed head!

Your miraculous vision tells you that?

That, plus the fact it's wearing a top hat!

Yaggh! This thing smells absolutely awful!

It was obviously sent by a deranged person! Only a madman would use the Post Office to send something like this! A mentally competent person knows enough to send a severed head by FedEx Next Morning Delivery so it would arrive nice and fresh!

There was a note attached and it's addressed to you, Dank! It reads: "You like to plan a head! Bet you didn't plan on this one! Ha ha! Isn't that rich?"

A pattern is starting to emerge here! This person has a personal vendetta against the wealthy!

Notice, the severed hand was holding money! The severed head wears a top hat, an obvious reference to a wealthy person's wardrobe! And the phrase, "Isn't that rich?"

I'm still not convinced!

Then how about this! The note continues on the other side! "P.S. I hate rich people!"

Hmmm, maybe you're on to something there...

Dank, I found a diamond earring in one of the dryers!

It's mine! It's mine!

Gimme a break, lady! The earring is still attached to an ear!

Er...yes! I remember lending my earring to that same ear! Let me have it back!

Time's running short, Dank! Have one of your psychic flashbacks already! We need to wrap up this case!

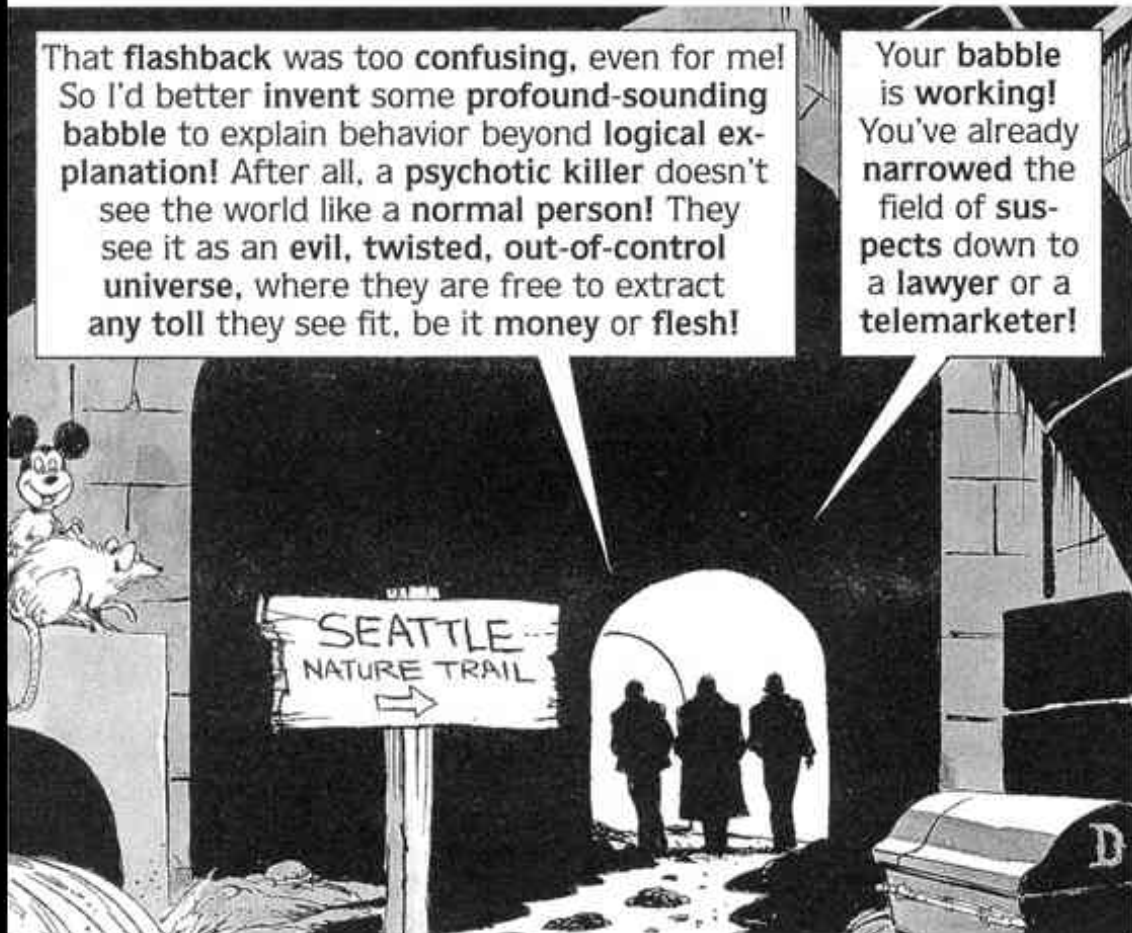
Okay, here goes...



Hey,
you!
You're
in my
flashback!

Really? Well, for your information,
I'm the Profiler! From NBC — a
real network! And I also use
psychic powers to solve crimes!
And I say YOU'RE in MY flashback!

You're both wrong! I'm the
Pretender, also from NBC! But
I'm on an hour earlier than you,
Miss Pretender! That means I get
first dibs on this flashback!



That flashback was too confusing, even for me!
So I'd better invent some profound-sounding
babble to explain behavior beyond logical ex-
planation! After all, a psychotic killer doesn't
see the world like a normal person! They
see it as an evil, twisted, out-of-control
universe, where they are free to extract
any toll they see fit, be it money or flesh!

Your babble
is working!
You've already
narrowed the
field of sus-
pects down to
a lawyer or a
telemarketer!



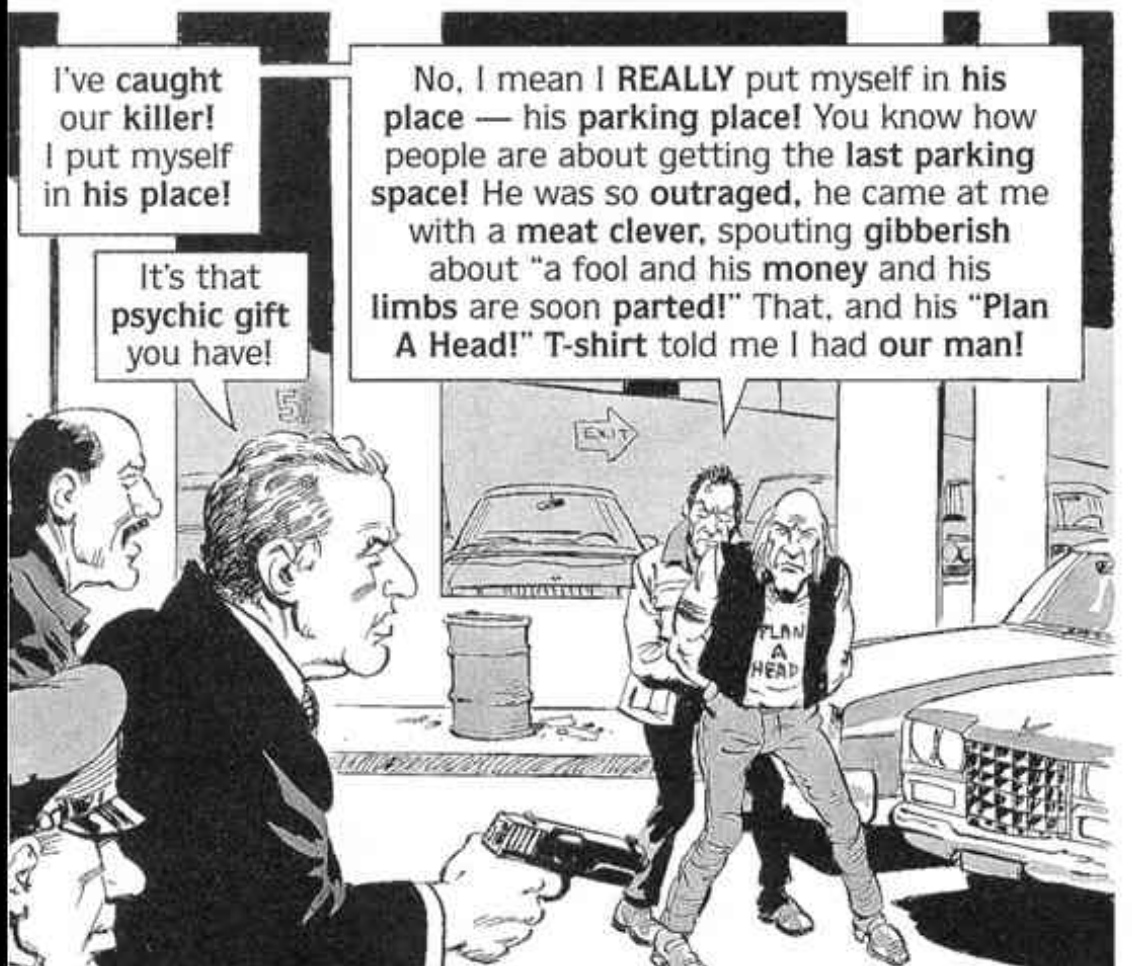
Pay now, please!

How can I
pay now?
I don't know
how long
I'm gonna
be here!

Sorry! So many
people are maimed
and killed before
they leave this
parking garage,
we collect the
cash in advance!

It's
really
that
danger-
ous
in
here?

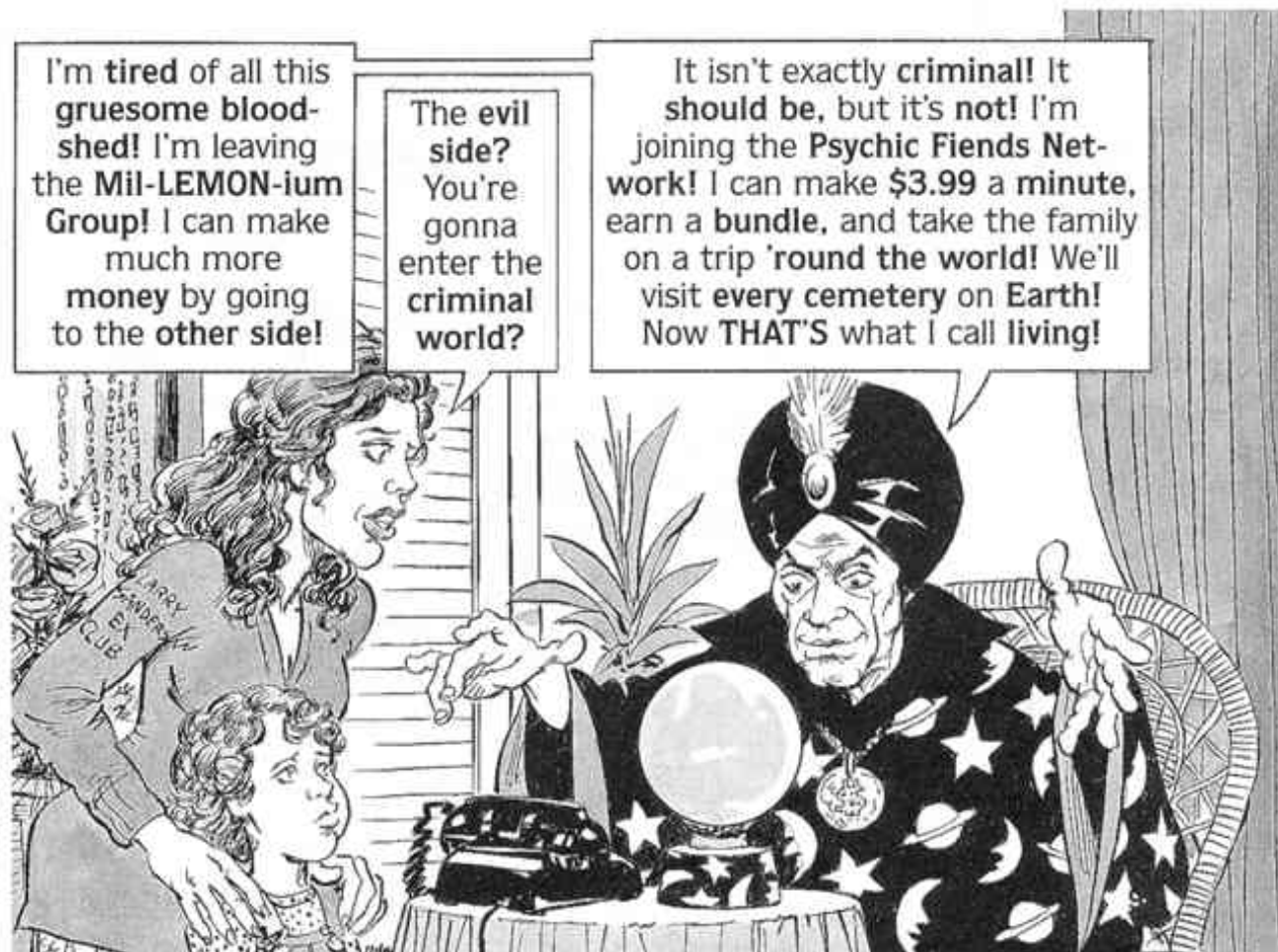
Let me put
it this
way — the
only thing
that doesn't
get slashed
here are the
tires!



I've caught
our killer!
I put myself
in his place!

It's that
psychic gift
you have!

No, I mean I REALLY put myself in his
place — his parking place! You know how
people are about getting the last parking
space! He was so outraged, he came at me
with a meat cleaver, spouting gibberish
about "a fool and his money and his
limbs are soon parted!" That, and his "Plan
A Head!" T-shirt told me I had our man!



I'm tired of all this
gruesome blood-
shed! I'm leaving
the Mil-LEMON-ium
Group! I can make
much more
money by going
to the other side!

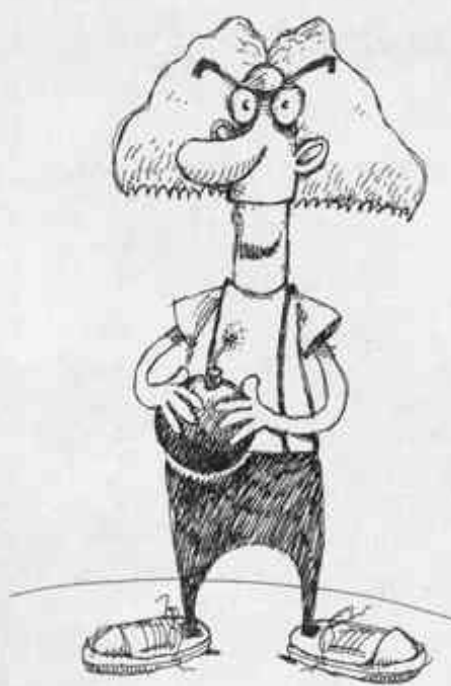
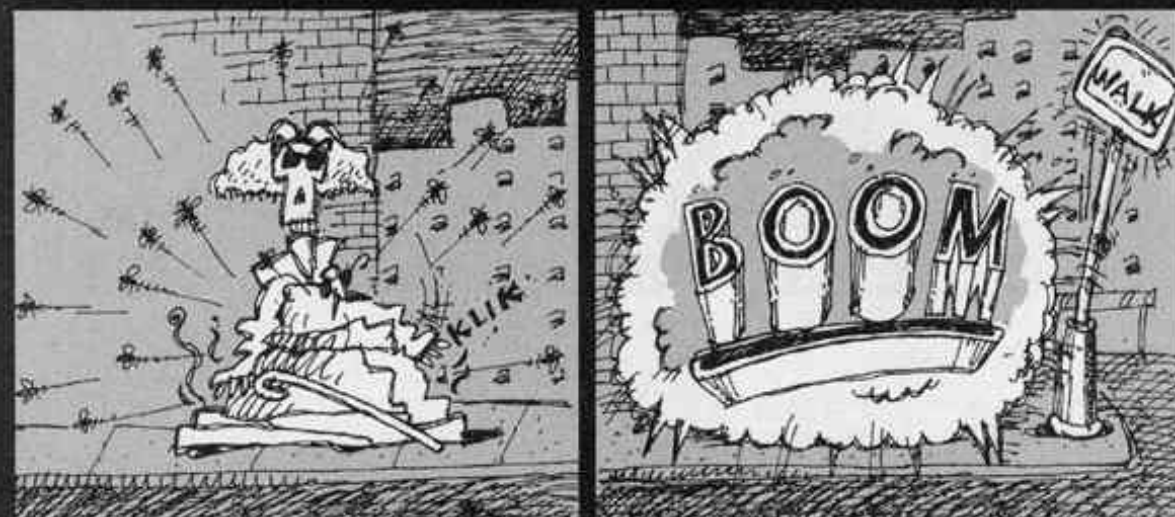
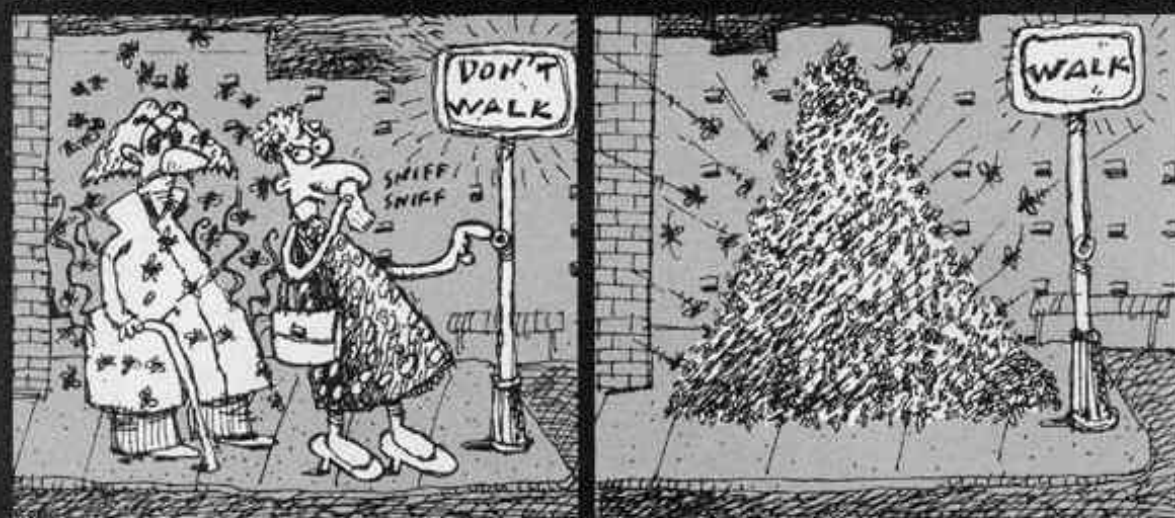
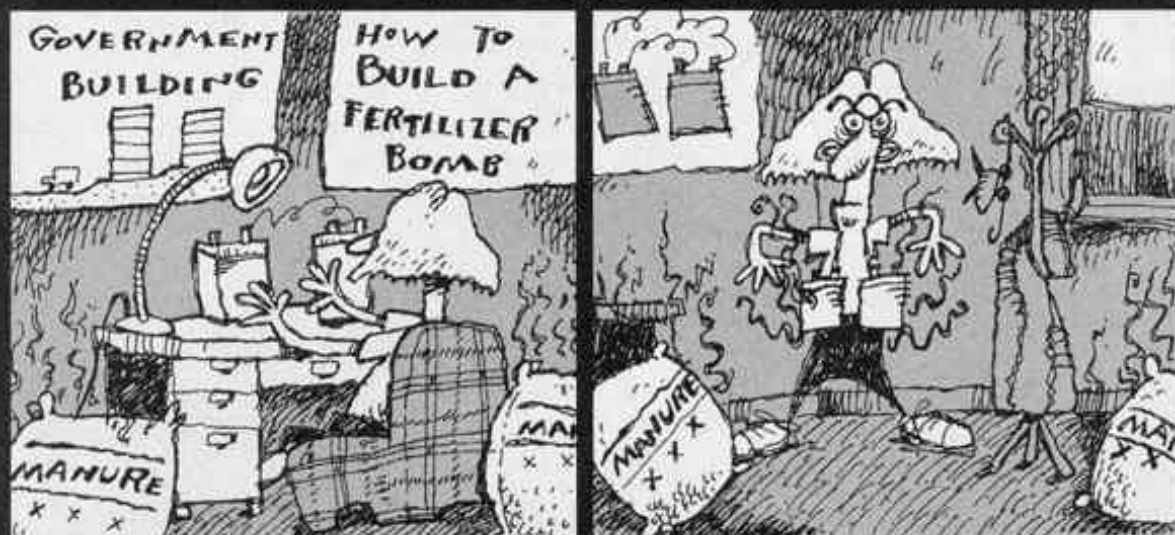
The evil
side?
You're
gonna
enter the
criminal
world?

It isn't exactly criminal! It
should be, but it's not! I'm
joining the Psychic Fiends Net-
work! I can make \$3.99 a minute,
earn a bundle, and take the family
on a trip 'round the world! We'll
visit every cemetery on Earth!
Now THAT'S what I call living!



BEHIND THE DETONATE BALL DEPT.

MONDAY



TUESDAY



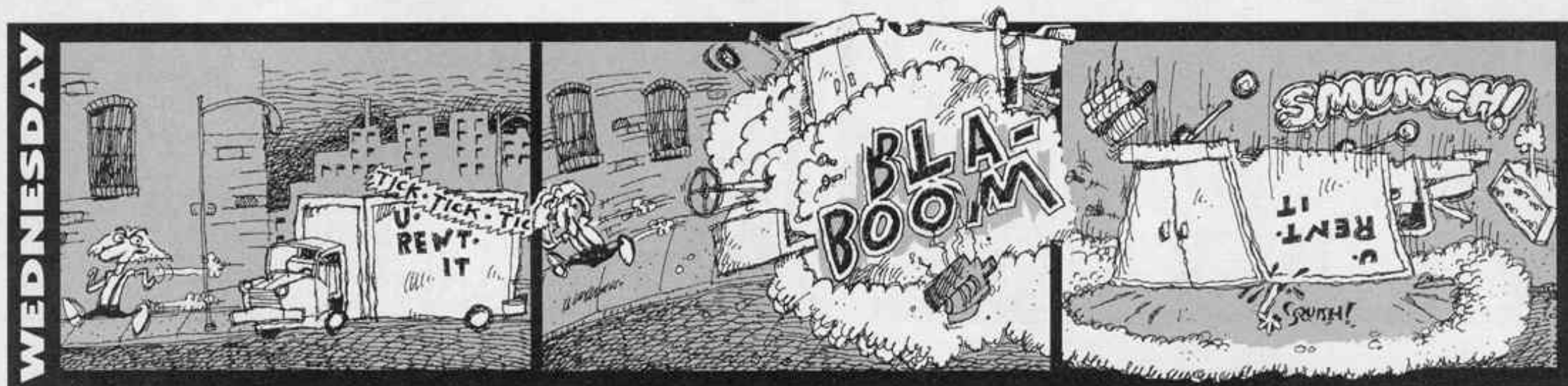
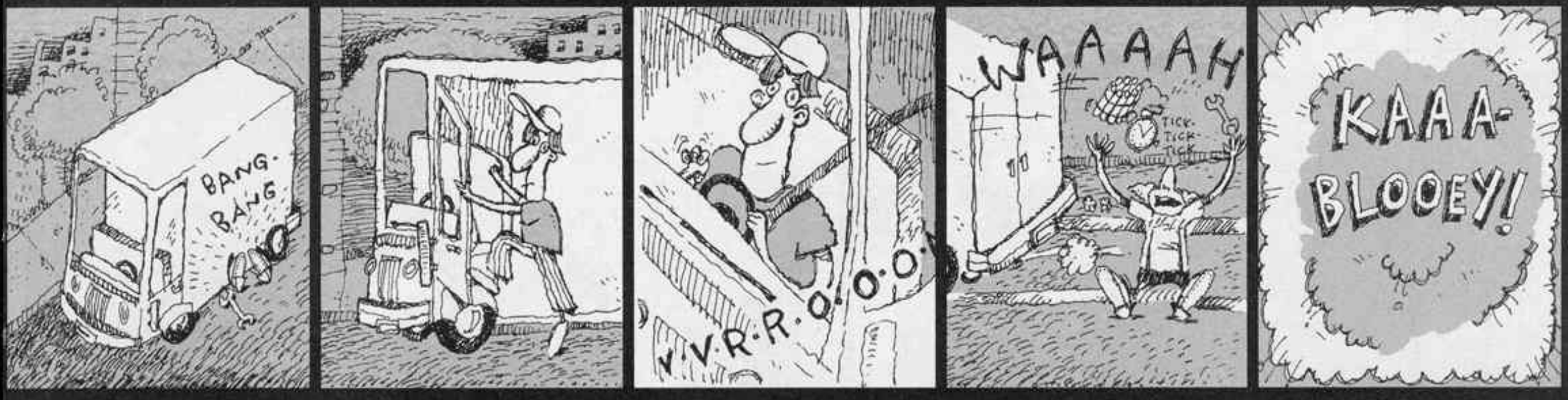
THE NIGHTS & DAYS OF DESMOND THE BUNGLER

THURSDAY



FRIDAY

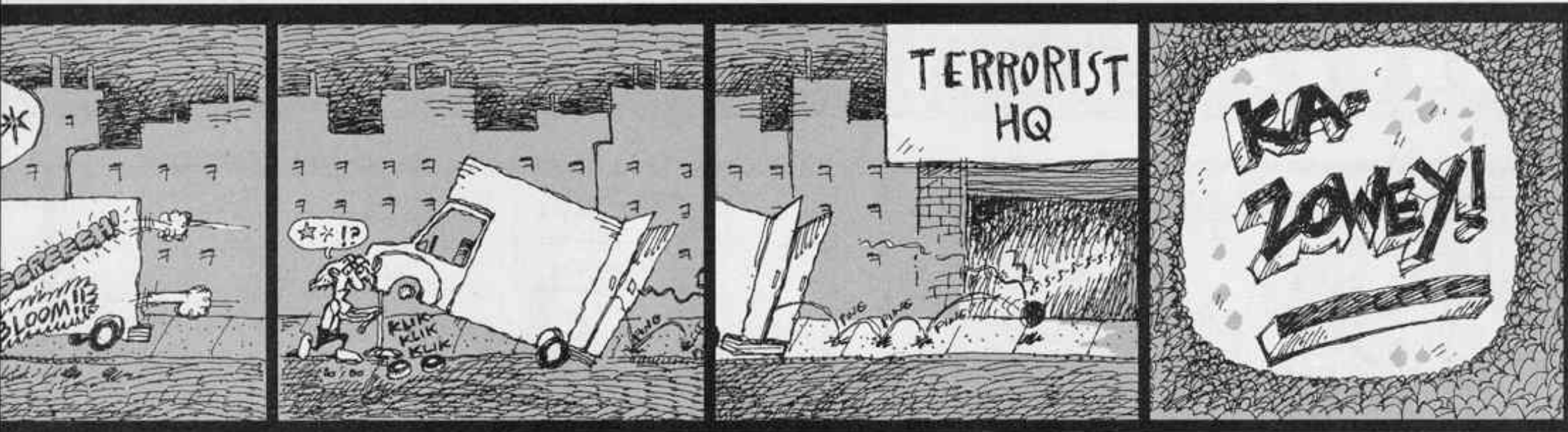




ARTIST: V. J. MERCADO

WRITER: DUCK EDWING

BLING BOMBER





If Anthony Hopkins is the male lead and he's not playing a deranged psychopath...
WATCH OUT GUYS, IT'S A CHICK FLICK!



If the movie takes place on a large farm and it's not a western...
WATCH OUT GUYS, IT'S A CHICK FLICK!



BEHIND THE NAUSEATE BALL DEPT.

MEN EVERYWHERE: BEWARE! They're out there. They're lurking at your neighborhood multiplex and video store. They can even invade the privacy of your own home and pop up on your own TV. They're films completely devoid of the graphic violence and sex you find so delightfully entertaining. And the only chance you have of avoiding these cinematic borefests is to memorize the pearls of wisdom we share here as a public service to all those of the masculine persuasion. So be afraid! Be very afraid:

WATCH OUT



If it's billed as a "sports" movie, but the "sport" in question is figure skating...
WATCH OUT GUYS, IT'S A CHICK FLICK!



If Gwyneth Paltrow is wearing a period costume and speaking in a phony British accent...
WATCH OUT GUYS, IT'S A CHICK FLICK!



If the movie stars any combination of Shirley MacLaine, Bette Midler or Sissy Spacek...
WATCH OUT GUYS, IT'S A CHICK FLICK!

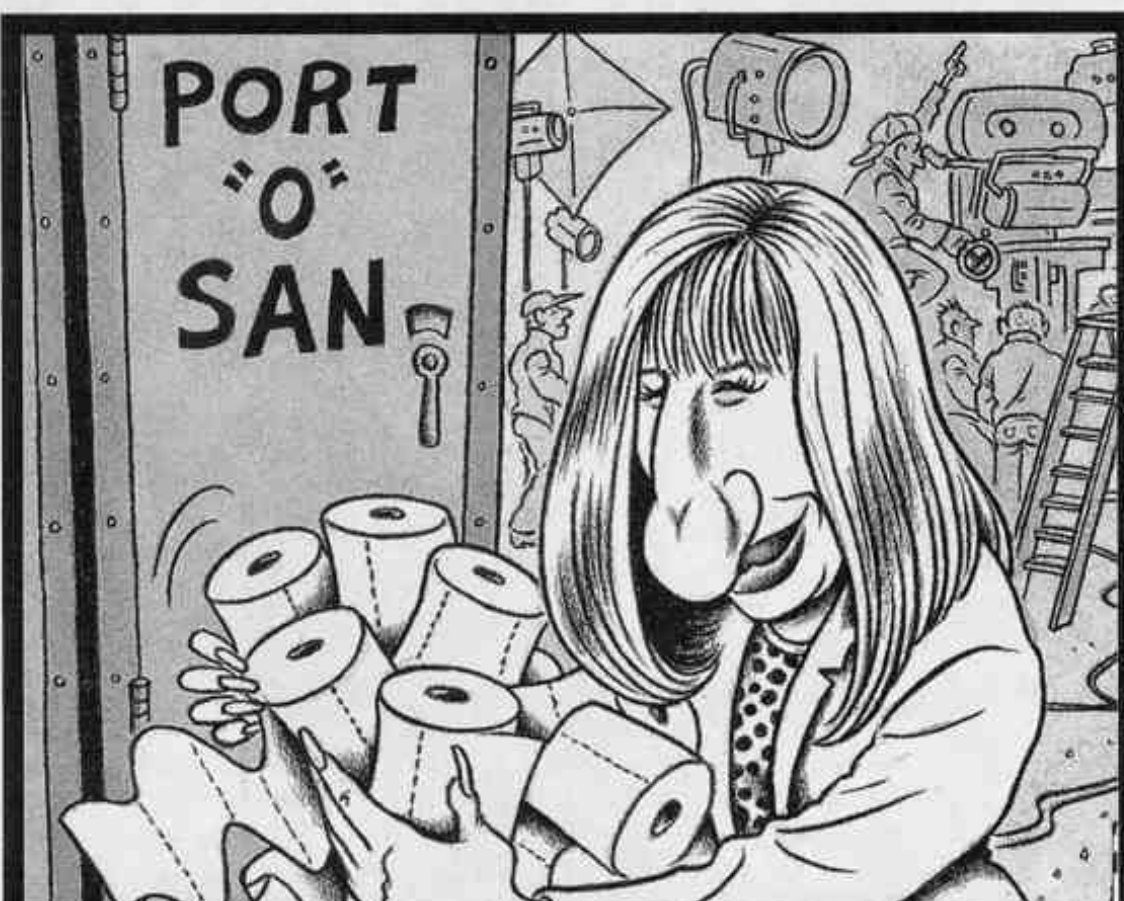


If the leading lady's secret admirer is sending mushy love letters and roses instead of body parts...
WATCH OUT GUYS, IT'S A CHICK FLICK!

ARTIST: RICK TULKA

WRITER: ANDREW J. SCHWARTZBERG

OUT GUYS, IT'S A Chick Flick!

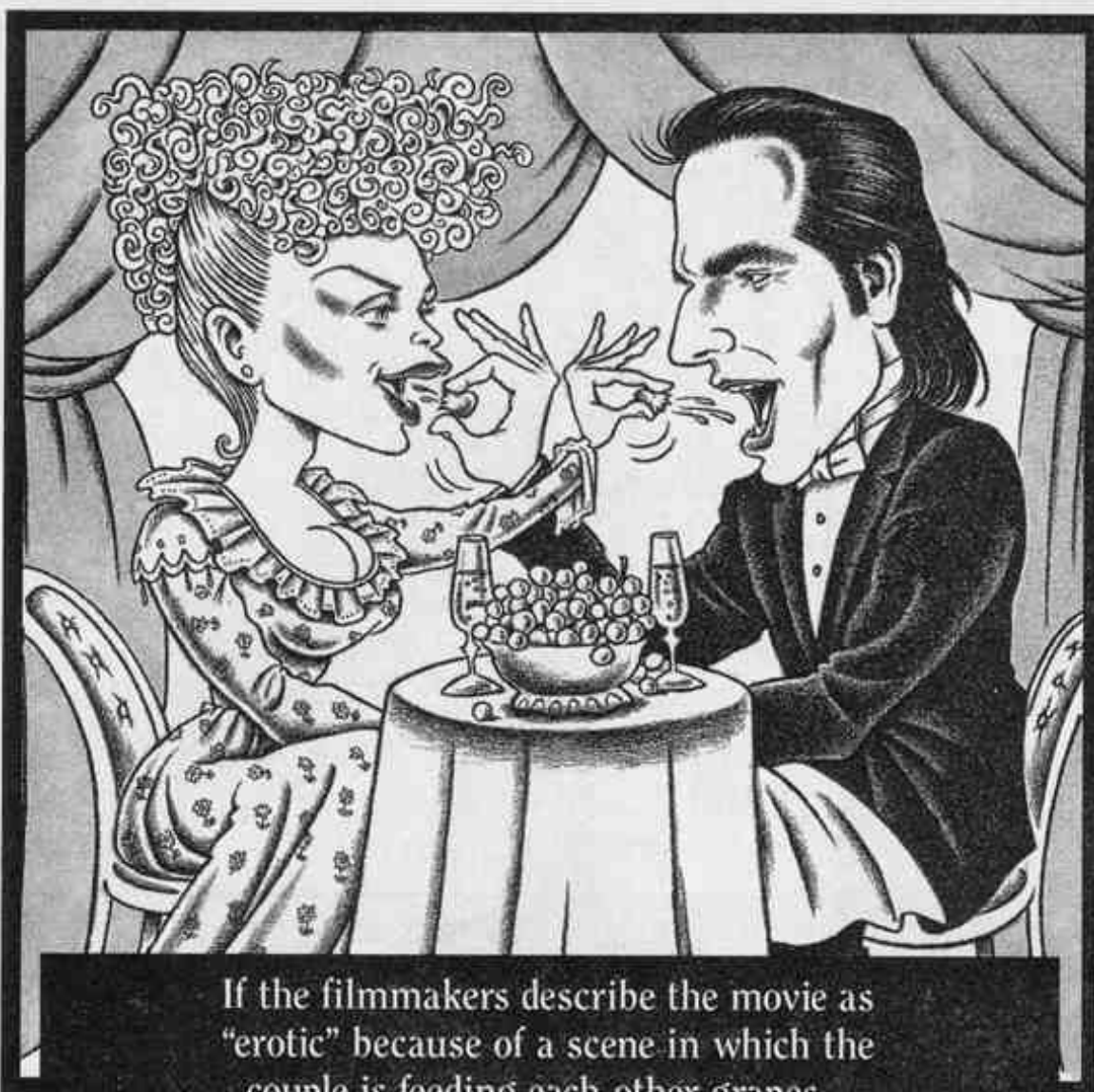


If Barbra Streisand produced, wrote, directed, starred in, or was even the key grip in the movie...
WATCH OUT GUYS, IT'S A CHICK FLICK!

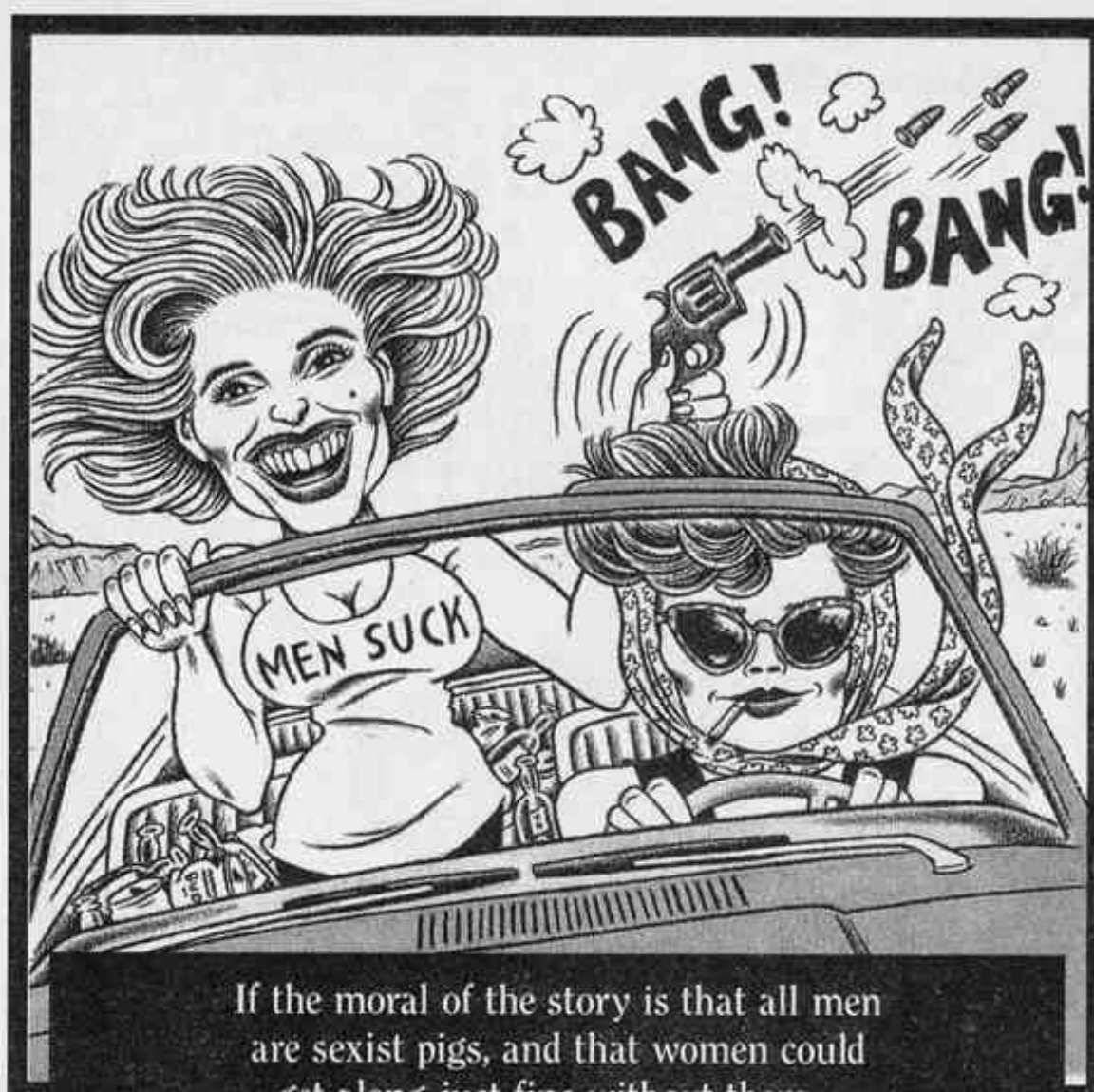


From the producers of *The First Wives' Club* and the director of *Driving Miss Daisy*, a film for those of you who loved *Steel Magnolias*...

If the trailer for the film includes the words, "For those of you who loved *Steel Magnolias*"...
WATCH OUT GUYS, IT'S A CHICK FLICK!



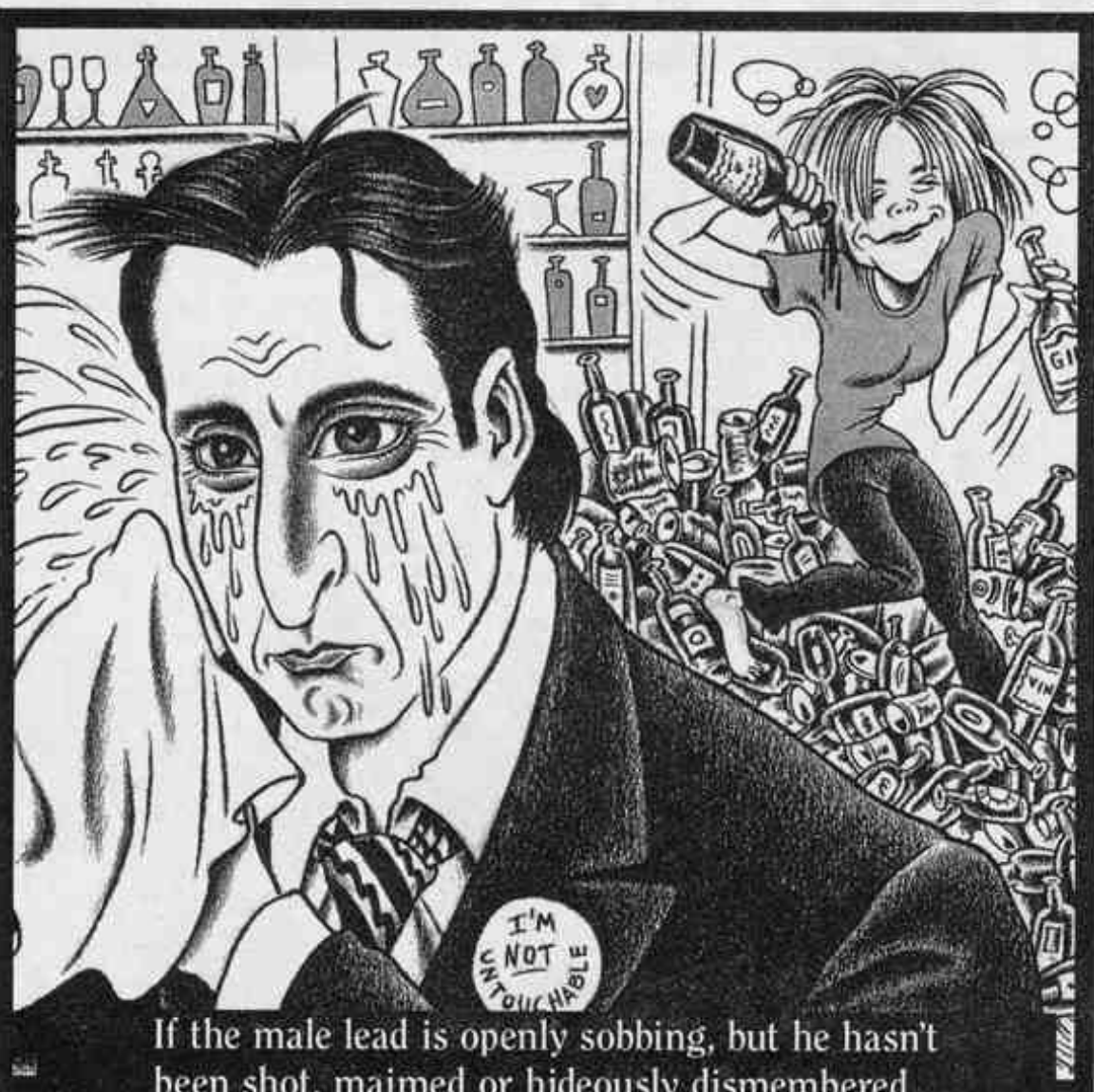
If the filmmakers describe the movie as "erotic" because of a scene in which the couple is feeding each other grapes...
WATCH OUT GUYS, IT'S A CHICK FLICK!



If the moral of the story is that all men are sexist pigs, and that women could get along just fine without them...
WATCH OUT GUYS, IT'S A CHICK FLICK!

WATCH OUT
GUYS, IT'S A

Chick Flick!



If the male lead is openly sobbing, but he hasn't been shot, maimed or hideously dismembered...
WATCH OUT GUYS, IT'S A CHICK FLICK!



If the title song is sung by Whitney Houston...
WATCH OUT GUYS, IT'S A CHICK FLICK!



Maximum security incarceration – most people say nothing can prepare you for it! Life on the inside, they say, is lonely and miserable! But then, they never had our handy-dandy guide to the ins and outs of cell life! So, if you're ever sent up the river, bring along something that we, MAD's impresarios of imprisonment, like to call...

"SO, YOU'RE GOING TO PRISON!"



DAY ONE: You arrive. You'll be amazed to see how popular you are as the new guy! But don't let all the attention go to your head! Remember to be choosy when selecting new pals.

MAKING A NEW FRIEND FOR LIFE:

Having friends on the inside is important! Here's a helpful hint: Find the largest sociopath and try to win his favor. When you pull a sharpened tooth brush out of Slashy the Lifer's back, you'll be making a friend you'll have forever! And the crude weapon is yours to keep!



YOUR NEW HOME LIFE:

Though some complain about the dank, drab living conditions in prison, you should remember that your cell is what YOU make of it! Look at it as your very own 9'x11' castle! Have fun! Be creative! Here are a few tips from Martha Stewart to brighten up your pad:



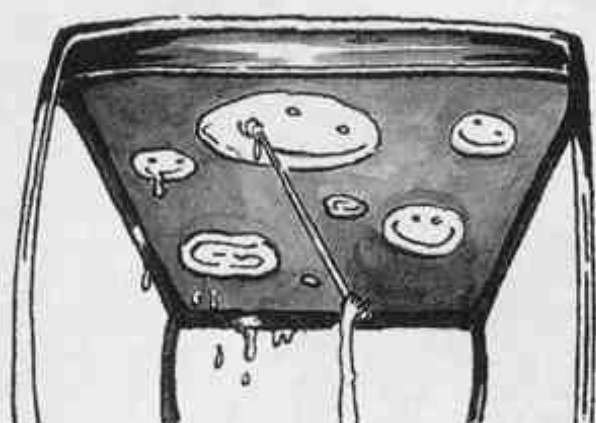
MAKE TOILET PAPER ROSES

(Be sure to only use the new stuff!)



HAND-KNIT A TOILET COZY

(It'll really warm up the stainless steel!)



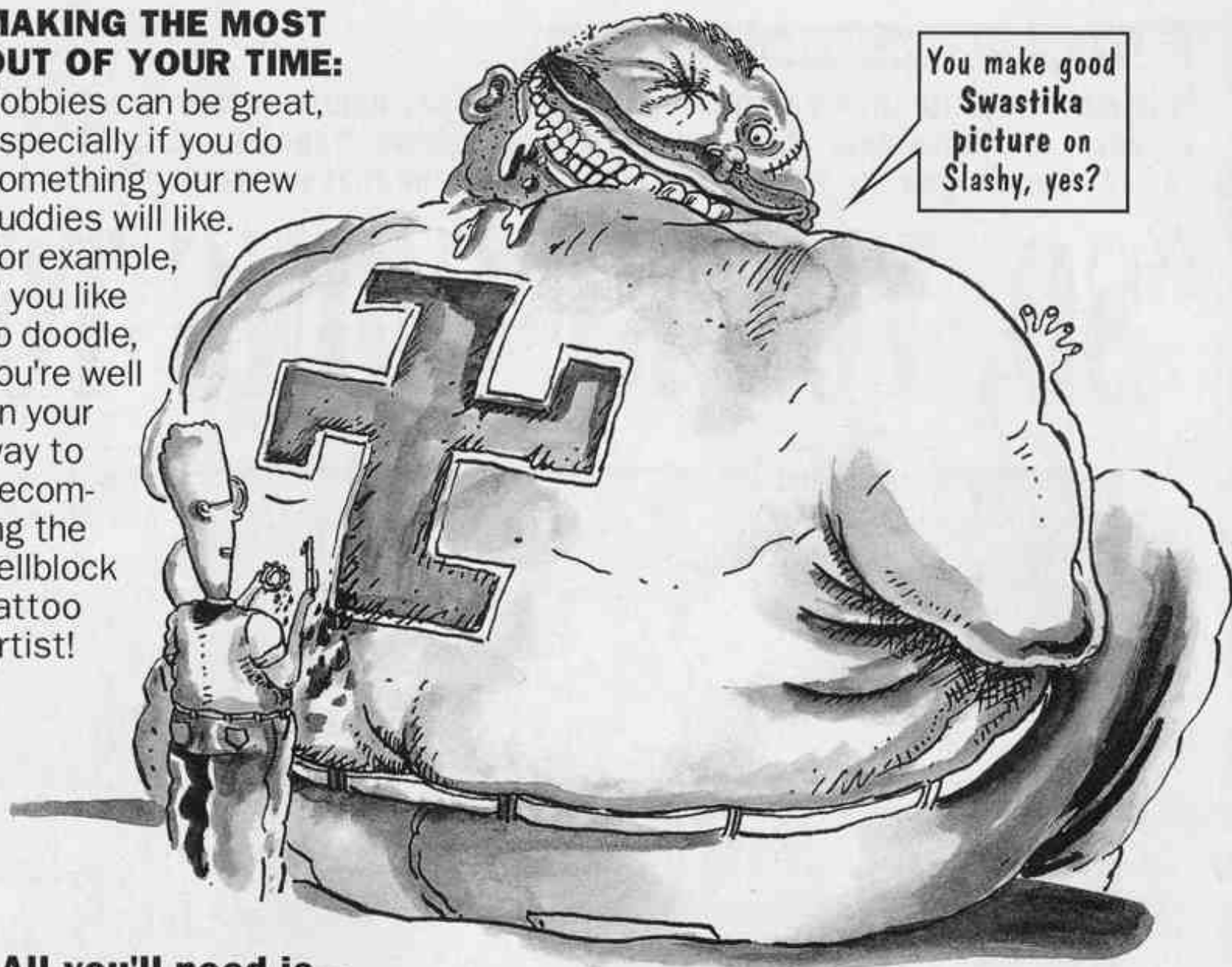
TURN THE STAINS ON THE COT ABOVE INTO NICE, HAPPY FACES

(It's fun!)

MAKING THE MOST OUT OF YOUR TIME:

Hobbies can be great, especially if you do something your new buddies will like.

For example, if you like to doodle, you're well on your way to becoming the cellblock tattoo artist!



All you'll need is...

- a ball-point pen
- a coffee can lid
- an E-string off a pal's guitar

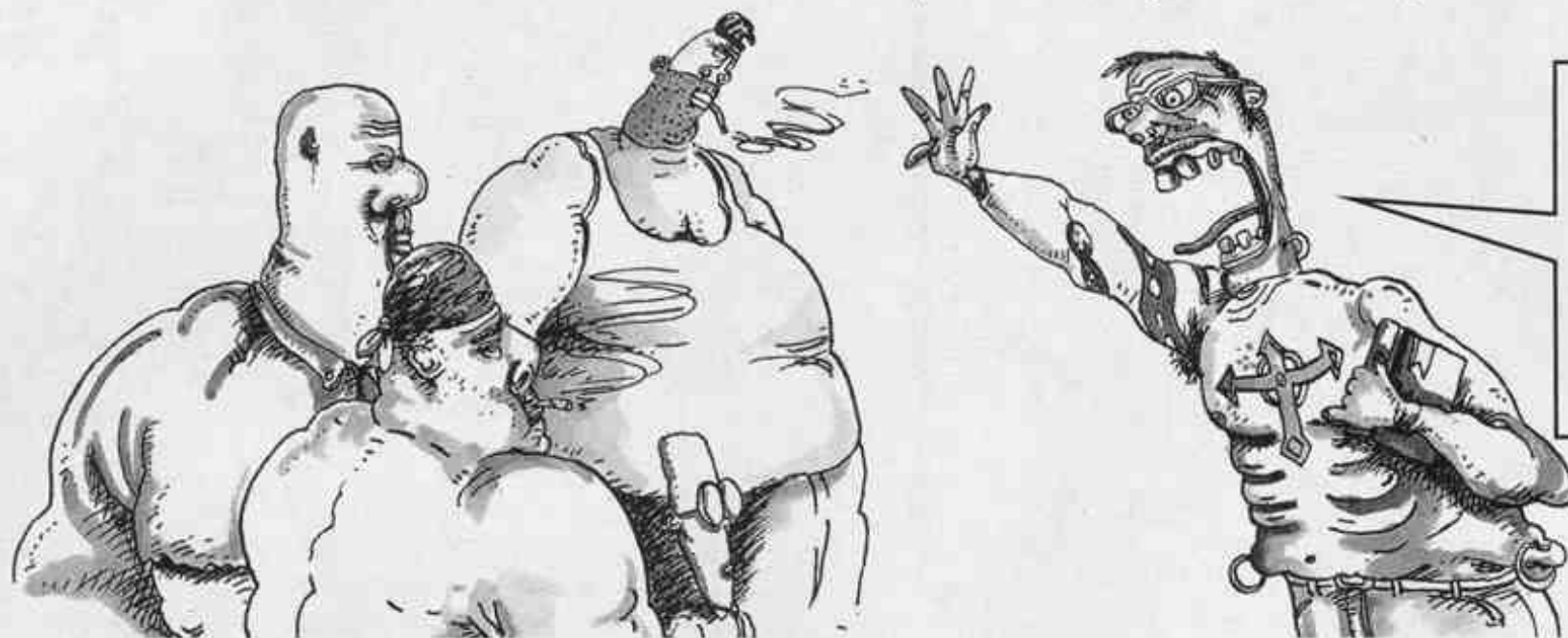


KEEP YOUR SPIRITS UP:

Sometimes, no matter what you do, being the new guy can be tough! When your fellow inmates start razzin' you, it's time to call on your new buddy, Slashy.



STUDY TIME IN THE YARD: Don't spend all your free time lifting weights and goofing off. An afternoon in the Yard can be like a trip to the United Nations! There are so many interesting clubs, it's difficult to choose just one! Why not choose them all? Learn all about European History with the **Aryan Nation** ...



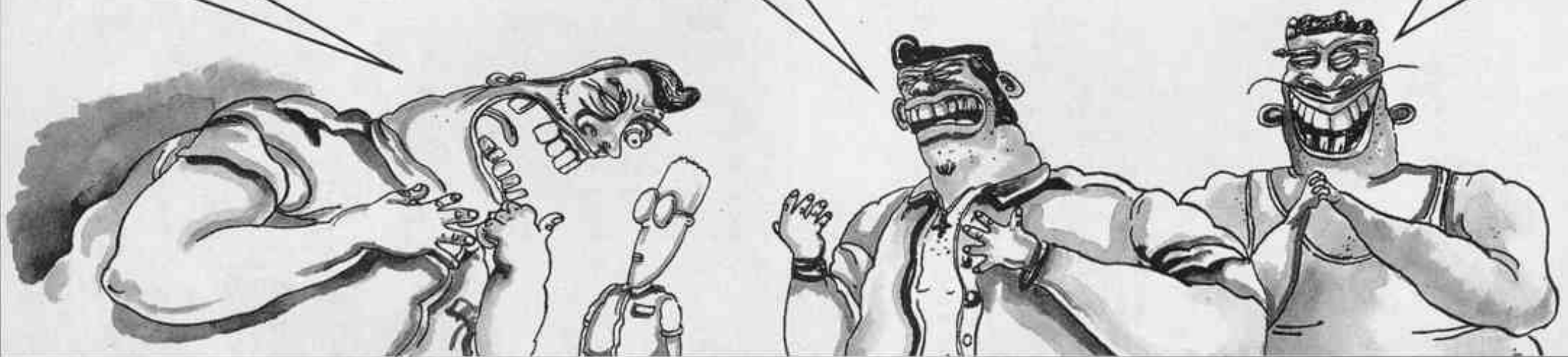
...and then in the sixteenth century the Jew bankers learned how to turn the blood of Christian babies into wine...

...or brush up your Spanish with the **Mexican Mafia!**

Donde estan los cigarillos?
(Where are the cigarettes?)

Donde esta Slashy, el loco muy grande?
(Where is Slashy, the big psychopath?)

Voy a hacerte mi esposa!
(I'm going to make you my wife!)



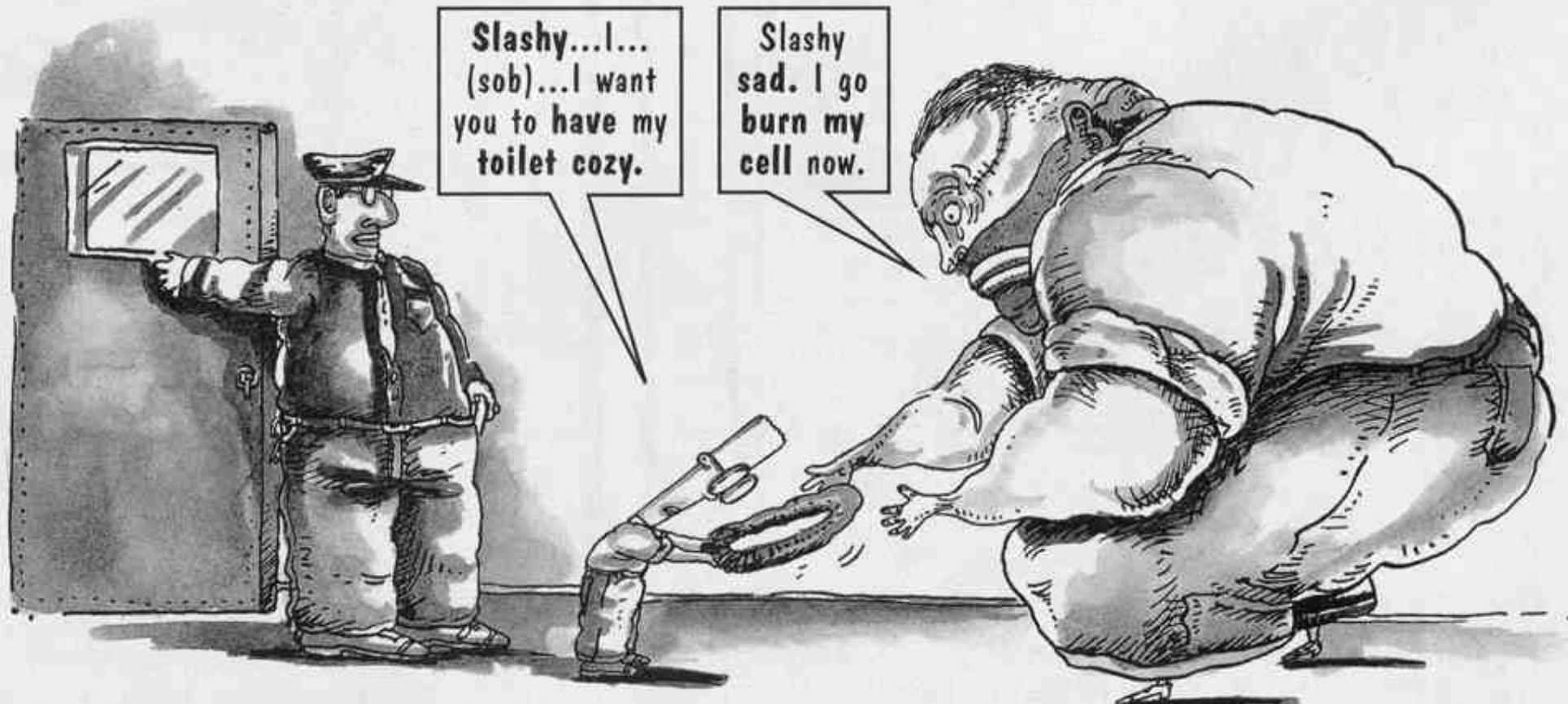
WHEN SOME FRIENDS LEAVE:
There are times when you're better off not getting overly attached to anyone ...especially in Florida, Texas or Utah.



Hey, Stabby, I got that book you've been wanting! Say, how about that black-out last night? Uh, Stabby... you in there buddy?... Stabby? Hellooooo?

SAYING GOOD-BYE:

Before you know it, a liberal administration will have you back on the streets and you'll have to say good-bye to all your new friends. Be strong, you can do it!



Slashy...I...
(sob)...I want
you to have my
toilet cozy.

Slashy
sad. I go
burn my
cell now.



Always make every effort to keep hands, hair, clothing and jewelry clear of the garbage disposal unit while vomiting in your host's kitchen sink!



When it becomes apparent that you are about to pass out, serious trampling injuries can be avoided by quietly directing yourself to a low-traffic area prior to losing consciousness!



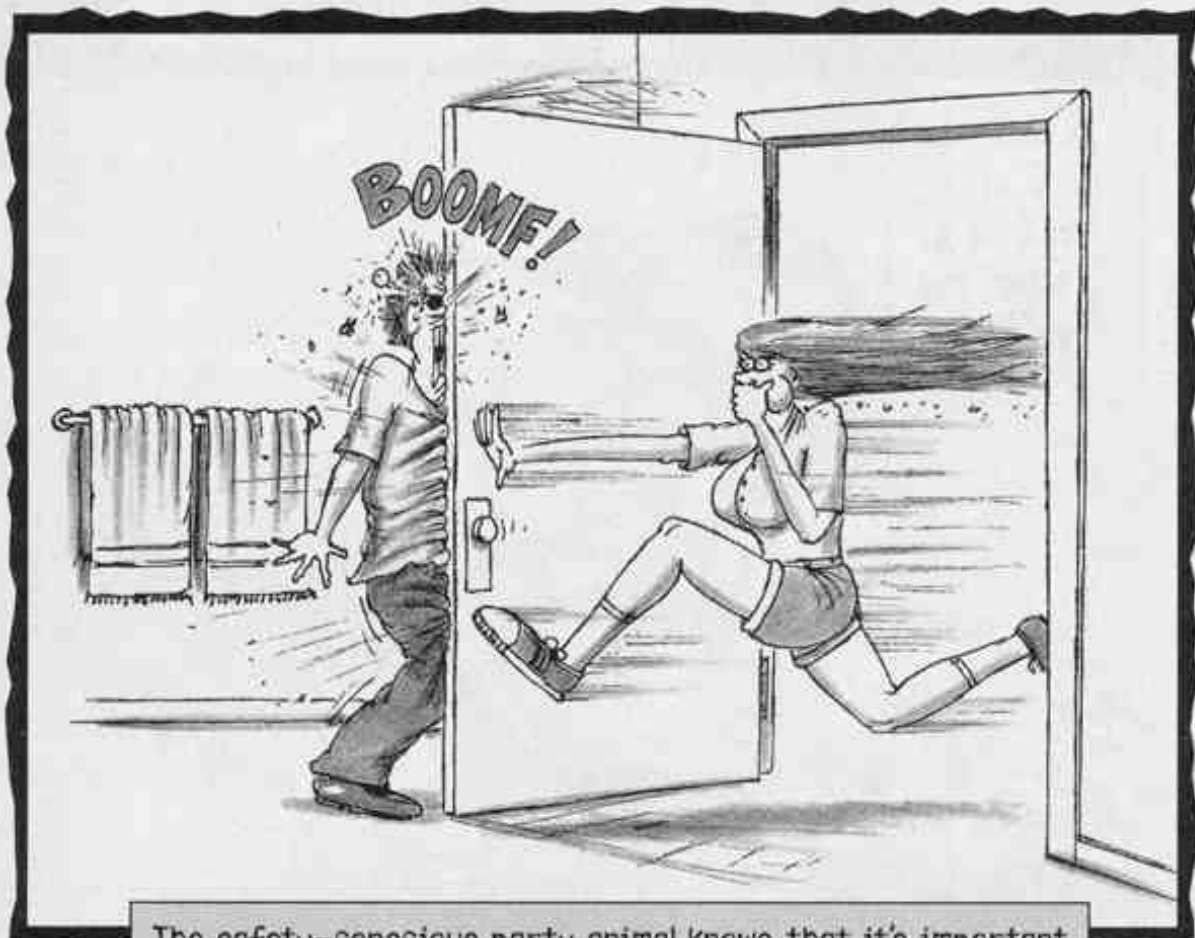
Embarrassing and potentially serious injury can be avoided by asking your host or hostess for assistance in locating the bathroom light switch. What feels like a toilet in a darkened room may instead be a life-threatening appliance when used improperly!



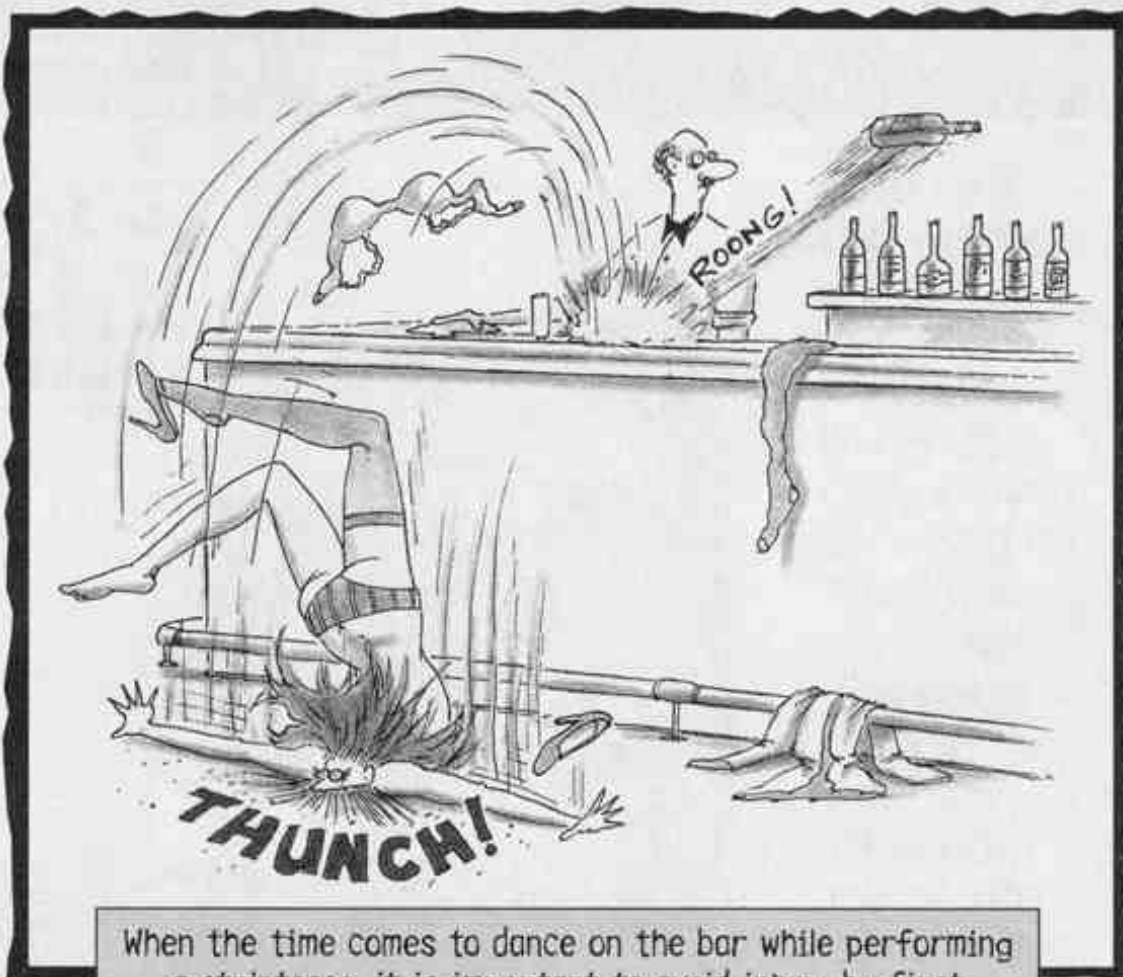
BEHIND THE INEBRIATE BALL DEPT.

Some people were born to party, and to party hard! C'mon, you know who you are out there! But like any other hazardous situation, you have to be quite careful when you wanna get down and boogie! So before you go and ruin another good shirt with your own vomit here's MAD's

SAFETY PARTY



The safety-conscious party animal knows that it's important NEVER to stand on the "hinge" side of a bathroom door!



When the time comes to dance on the bar while performing a striptease, it is important to avoid injury by first removing any bottles, spills or beer nuts, which could cause a sudden loss of balance!



Depending on your level of intoxication, a common cushion or pillow may bear a striking resemblance to a full bag of potato chips. Select your snacks with care at all times to avoid the irreversible effects of Dacron Polyester poisoning!



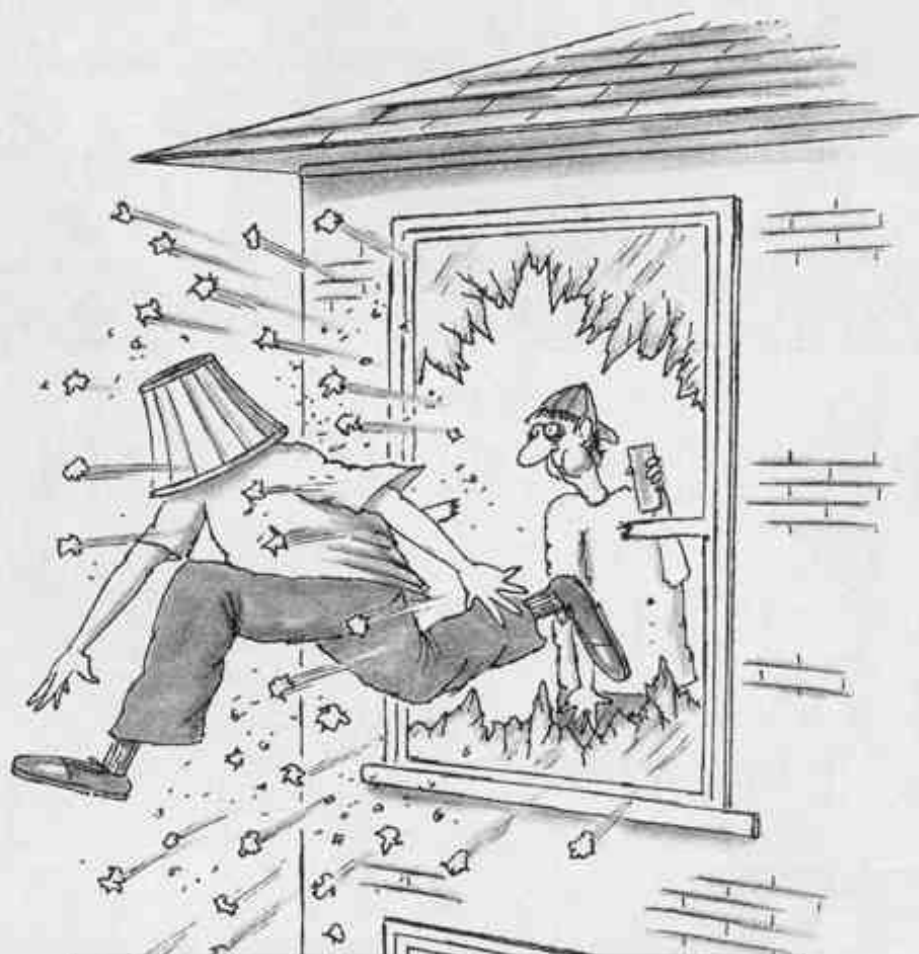
To avoid the risk of accidental poisoning, never consume the contents of a bottle or container when you are too intoxicated to read or understand what's on the label!

TIPS FOR THE ANIMAL

ARTIST & WRITER: TOM CHENEY



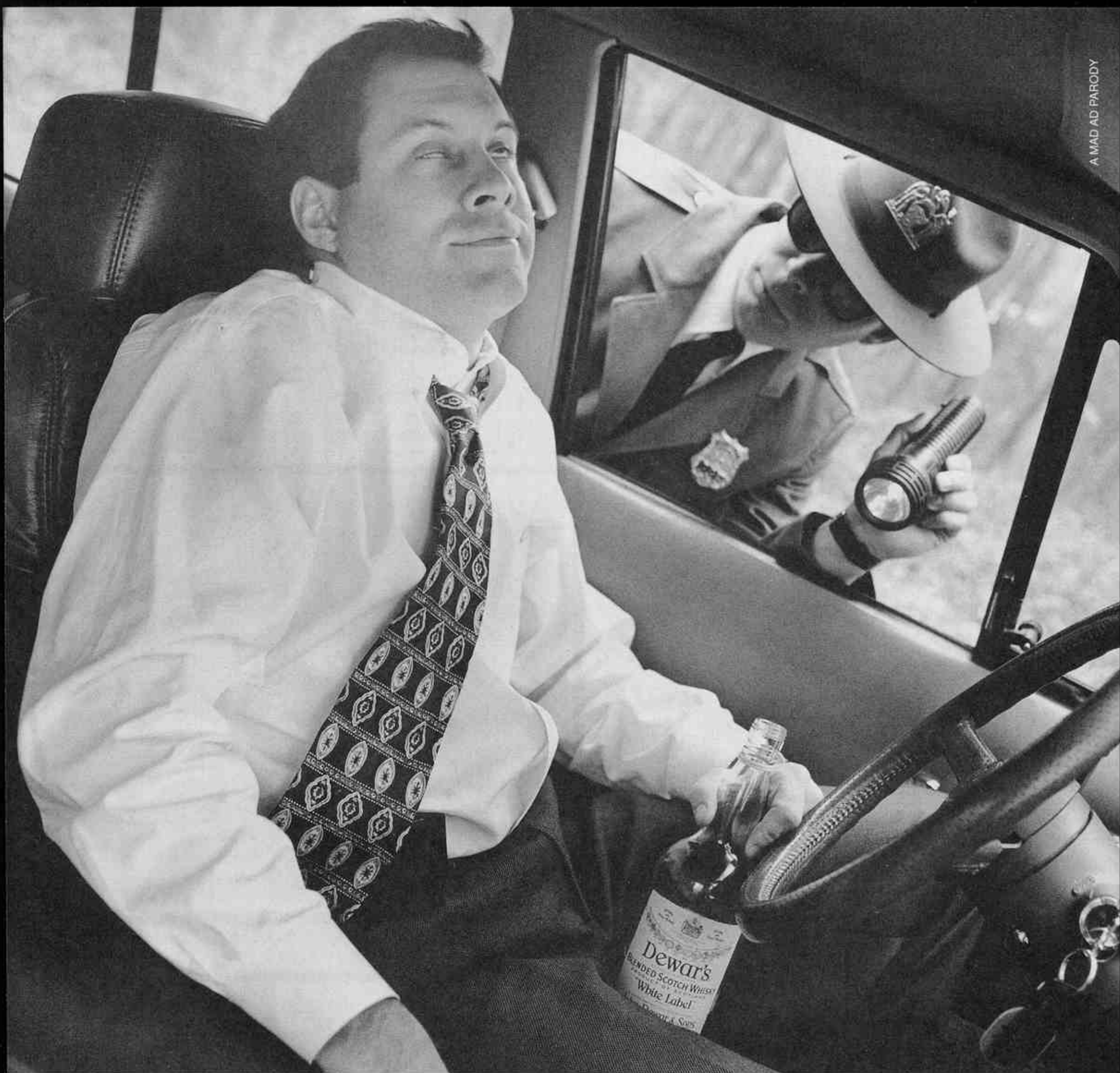
When operating motor vehicles indoors, insure that adequate ventilation is provided to avoid exposing yourself and others to dangerous levels of carbon monoxide from engine exhaust!



Always walk, never run, during the mandatory "wearing of the lampshade," as there may be hazards of which you are visually unaware!



When it comes time to trash your host's home or apartment, it is important to avoid the risk of electric shock by first unplugging any appliances you intend to destroy!



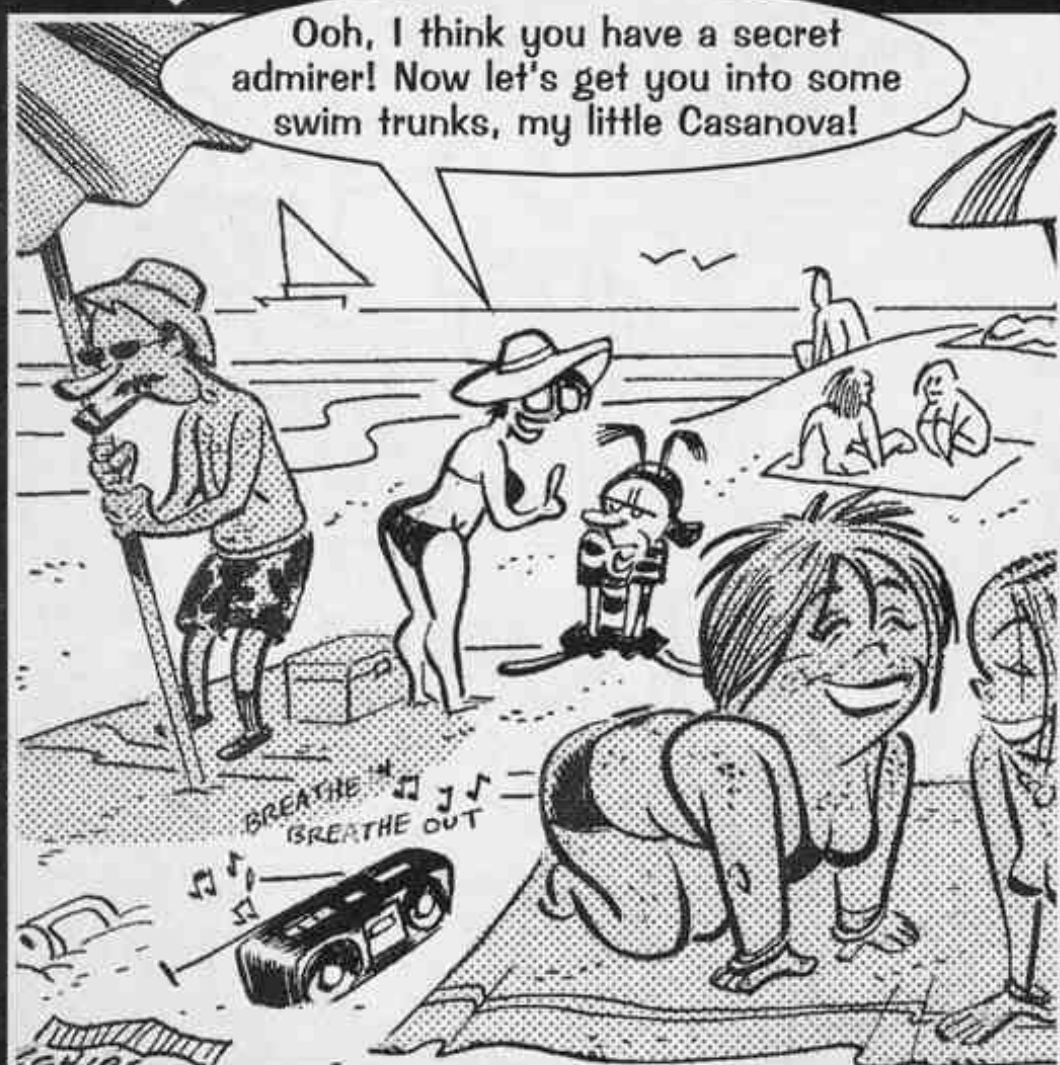
Listen, if you can handle, "Do you mind stepping out of the car, sir?" then you can handle this.

Dewar's

MONROE & ...

A DAY AT THE BEACH

Ahhhh, nothing like a nice, relaxing day at the beach!
Salt water in your eyes! Sand in your shorts!
And the glorious joy of public humiliation!



Just a minute,
mister, you need sunscreen!
Lots of sunscreen!

This sand is
hard as a friggin' rock!
Gimme a beer!

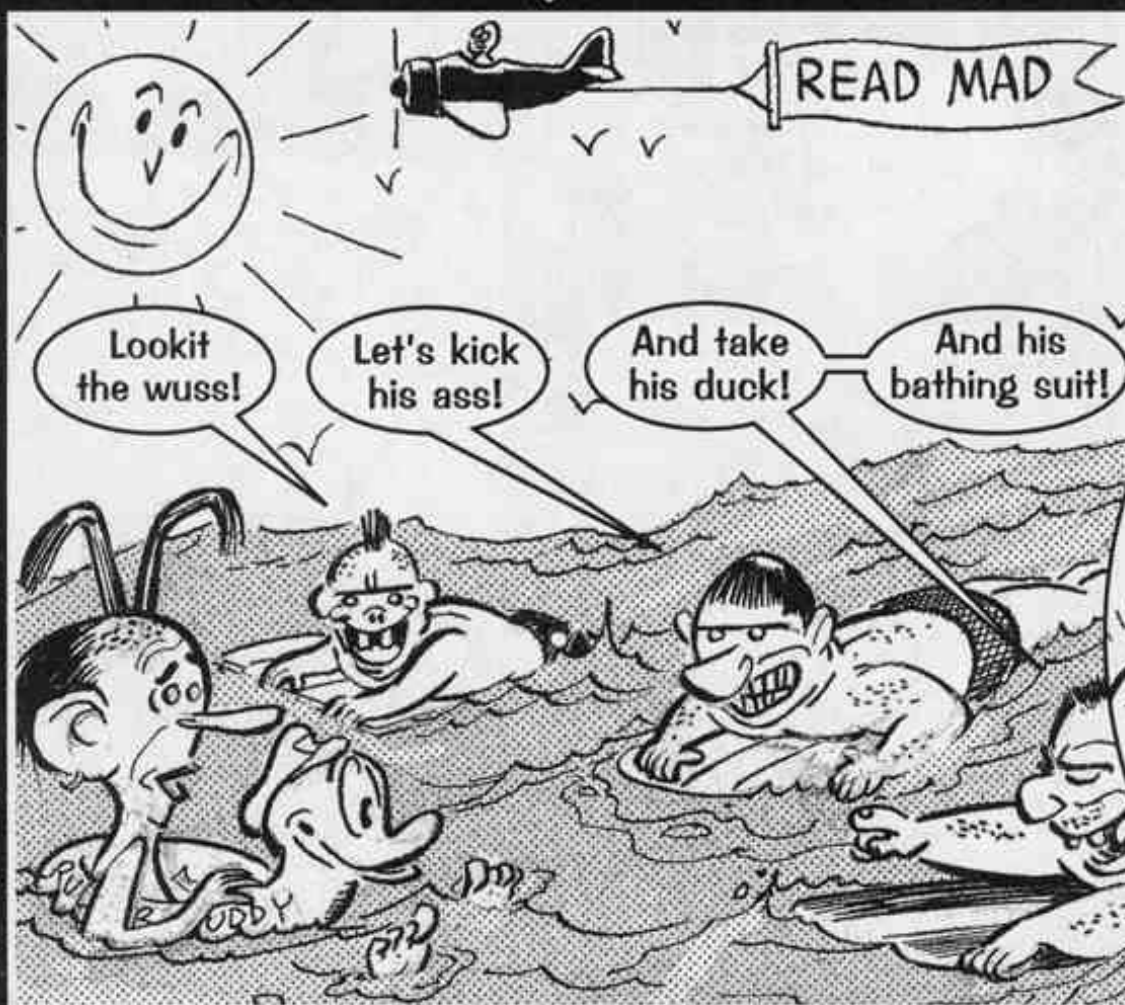


Hey, is
Monroe heading for
the water?

Not without
this he isn't!



There you go!
You look adorable!
Besides, Mister Ducky
will protect you
out there! Now
go have fun!



Please tell
me you didn't lose
another duck?

That's okay dear,
we brought an
extra one!

Lookit
the wuss!

Let's kick
his ass!

And take
his duck!

And his
bathing suit!

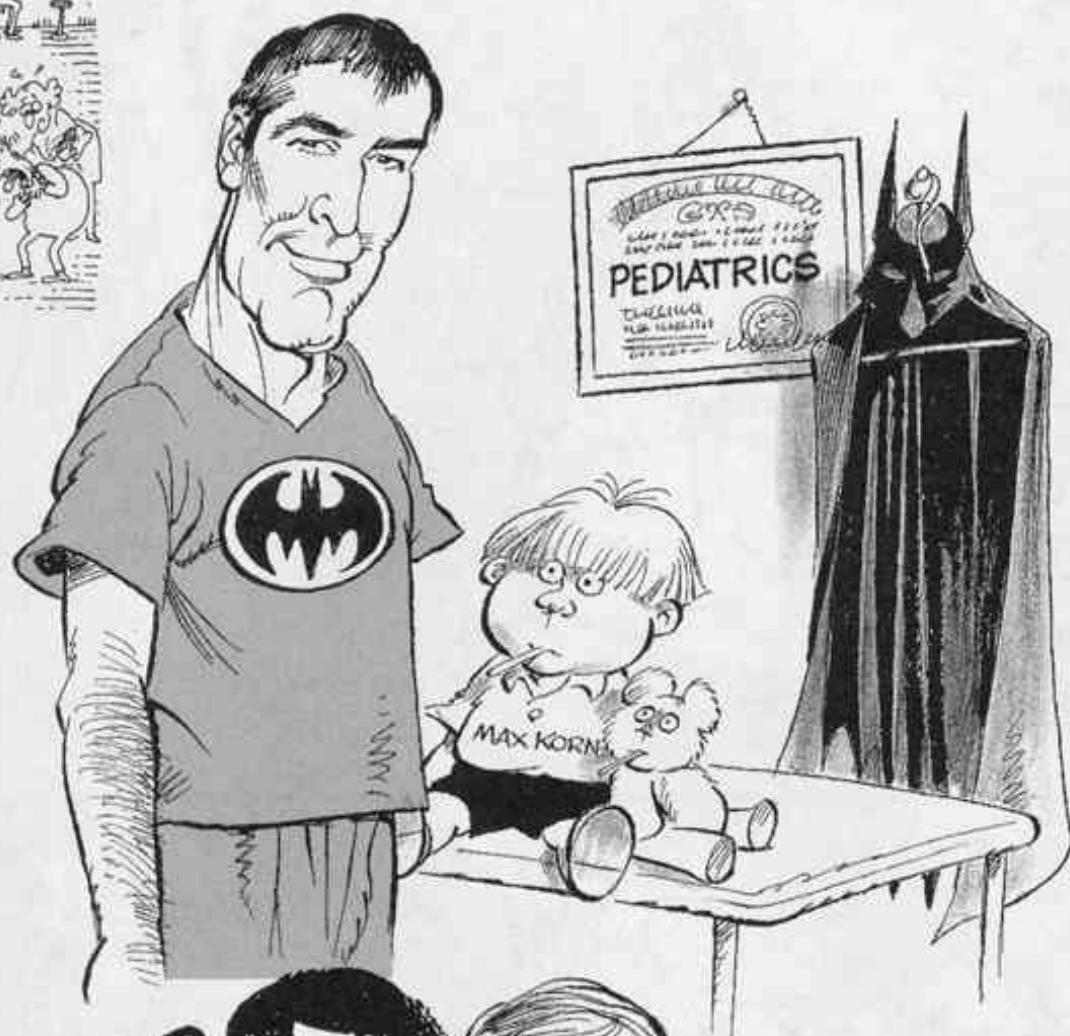






BEHIND THE DEFIBRILLATE BALL DEPT.

TV critics have hailed the show *ER* for realistically depicting the gritty, fast-paced, behind-the-scenes action of a major metropolitan hospital. (Yeah, right! And *Lois and Clark* realistically depicts the gritty, fast-paced, behind-the-scenes action of a major met-



THE *ER* BILL OF

1. THE PATIENT HAS THE RIGHT TO never have to fill out reams of tedious medical paperwork (on camera).
2. THE PATIENT HAS THE RIGHT TO be the top priority of the attending staff—unless they are having a personal crisis, have just had their car repossessed, have lost a bitter custody battle to their sister, have just lost a fight to the death to be named Chief Resident, are preoccupied with being rotated to pediatric surgery, are considering having an affair with another attending doctor who they never noticed that way before, have realized that their mother's death is all their fault, have just had sex in the laundry room with an intern, have forgotten to take their Prozac, or have just tested positive for AIDS, herpes, Lyme disease, lactose intolerance or PMS.
3. THE PATIENT HAS THE RIGHT TO receive 200 volts from those cute little paddles in the crash cart after the Emergency Room doctor has yelled, "Clear!" in a loud, dramatic voice. This will be done on request even if you're only here for a broken arm.
4. THE PATIENT HAS THE RIGHT TO burst into the Emergency Room and be given "100cc of Lidocaine," (whatever that is) and "Stat," (whatever that means) during a breakneck ride on a gurney through a crowded hospital corridor.



ropolitan newspaper!) In the real world, "The Patient's Bill of Rights" guarantees everyone admitted to a hospital competent health care from a qualified physician and access to their medical records. On TV, there are far more important concerns, as outlined in...

PATIENT'S RIGHTS

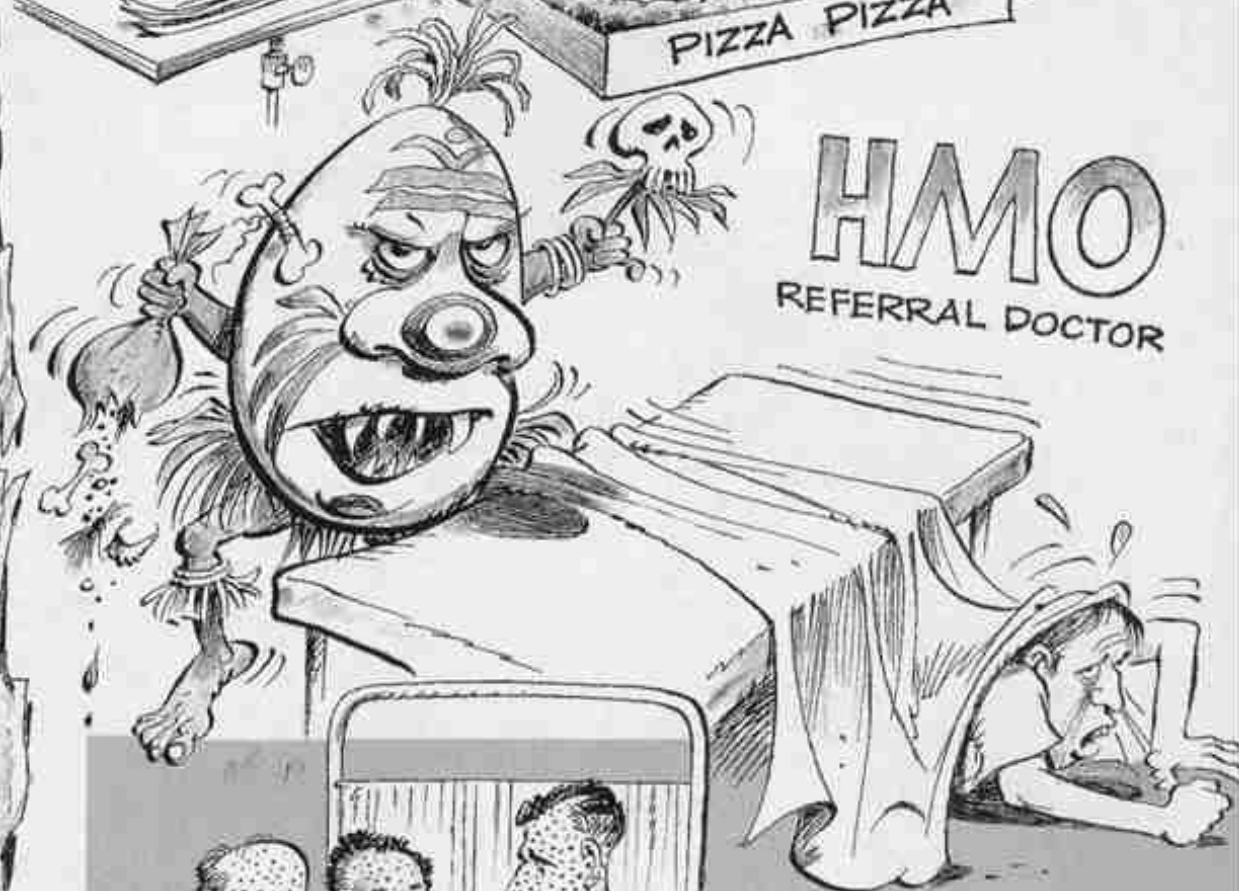
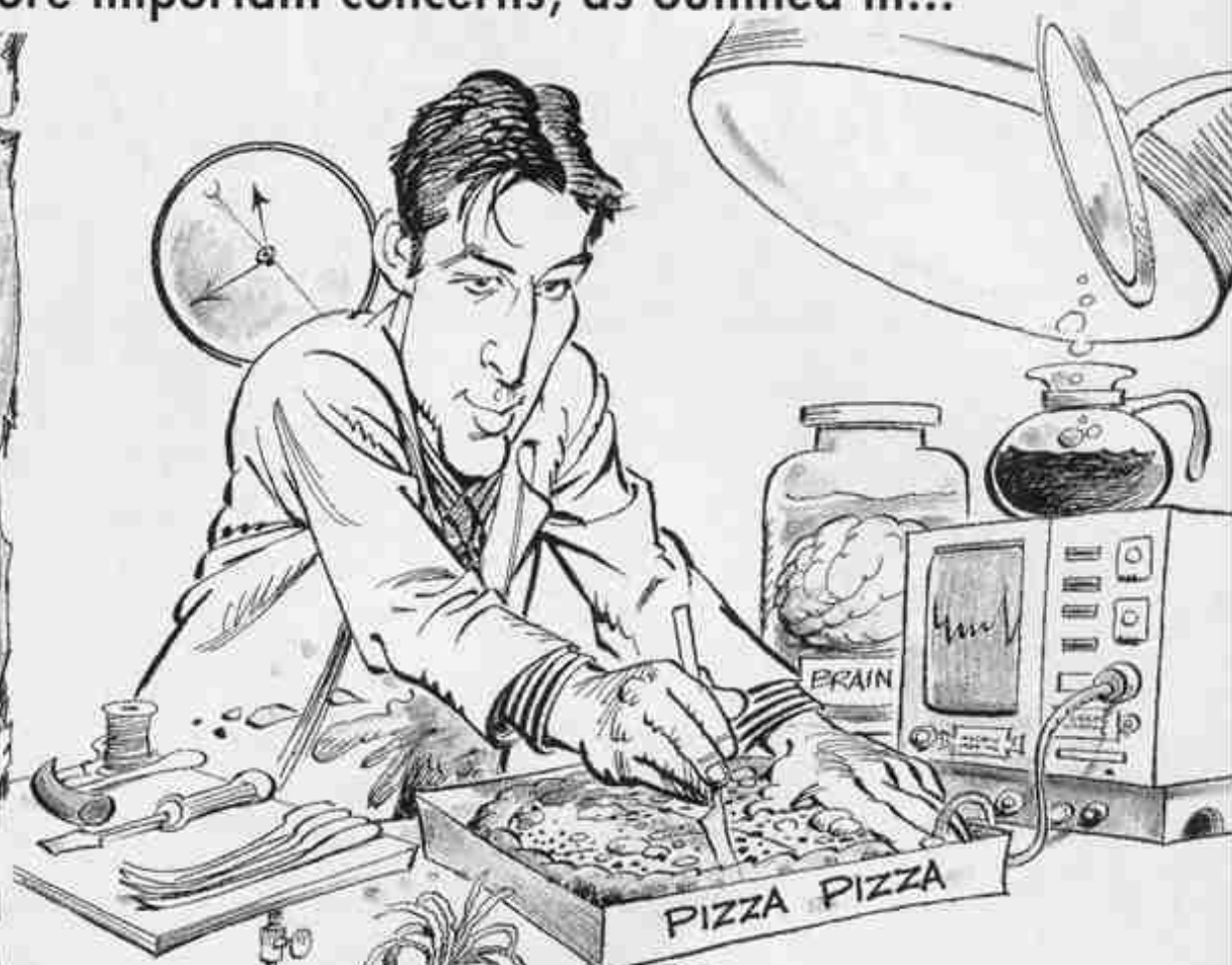
5. THE PATIENT HAS THE RIGHT TO be treated by doctors and nurses who speak impeccable English—unlike real hospitals, where most of the staff speak a confusing mix of Indian, Korean, Japanese, Ebonics, and a touch of that lilting island patois that sounds lovely but is absolutely indiscernible to most people.

6. THE PATIENT HAS THE RIGHT TO hear the doctor yell, "We're losing him, people!" in a loud dramatic voice.

7. THE PATIENT HAS THE RIGHT TO an abortion unless such controversial subject matter scares off current and/or potential sponsors, thereby threatening the show's ad revenues.

8. THE PATIENT HAS THE RIGHT TO a private room, regardless of financial status, if such a room is needed for a dramatic doctor/patient heart-to-heart talk or emotionally-charged confrontation to add interest to an otherwise flat episode.

9. THE PATIENT HAS THE RIGHT TO late night "just wanted to check on you" visits by several top doctors who, if it were the real world, would never be in a hospital past five p.m., let alone sober!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: MEREDITH ANTHONY

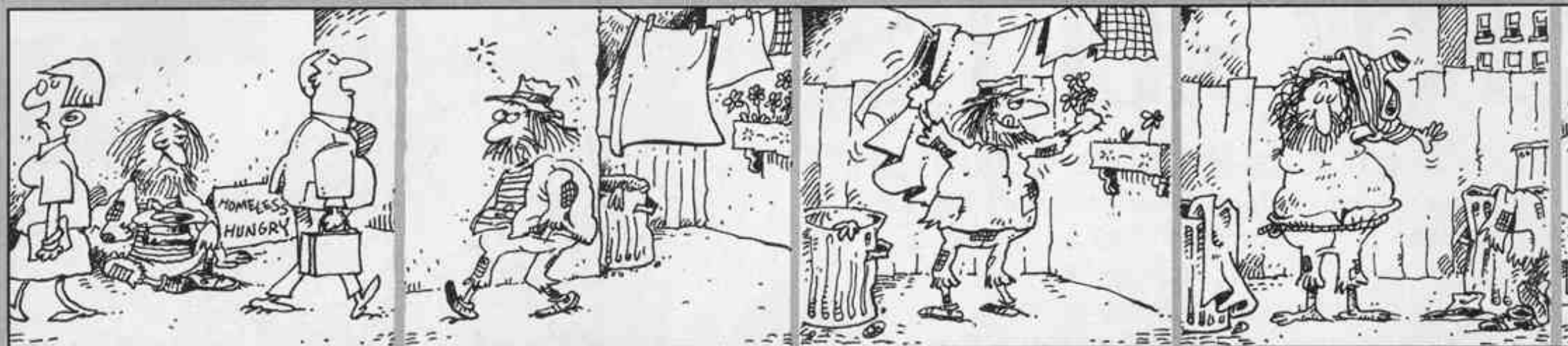


DRUCKER
25



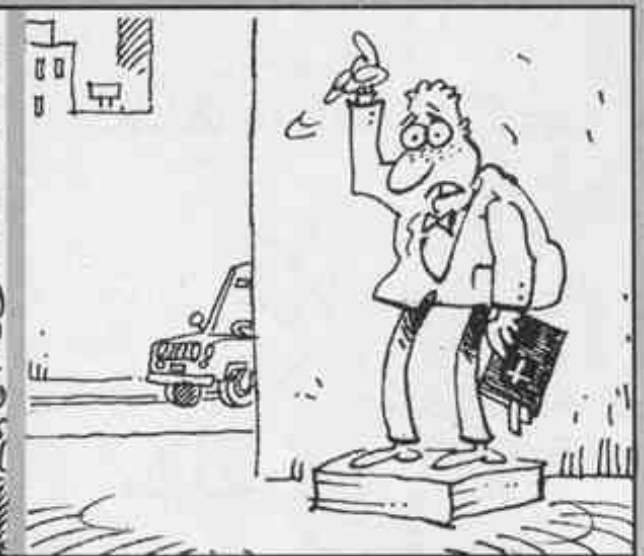
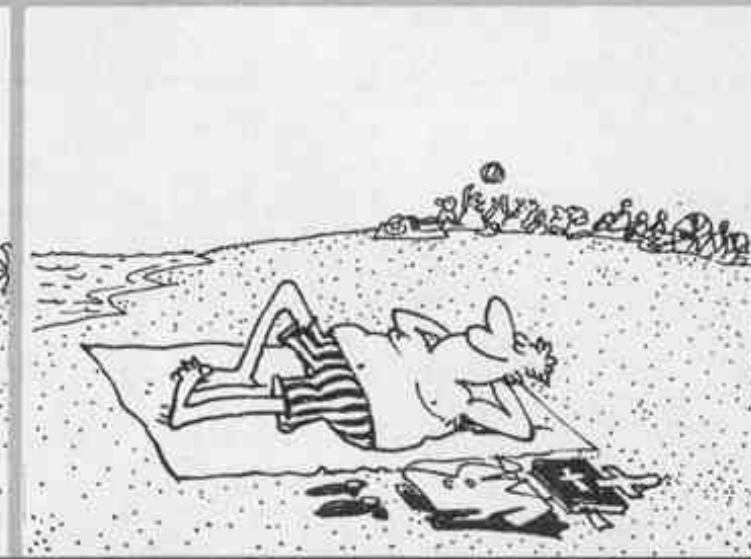
BEHIND THE MEDITATE BALL DEPT.

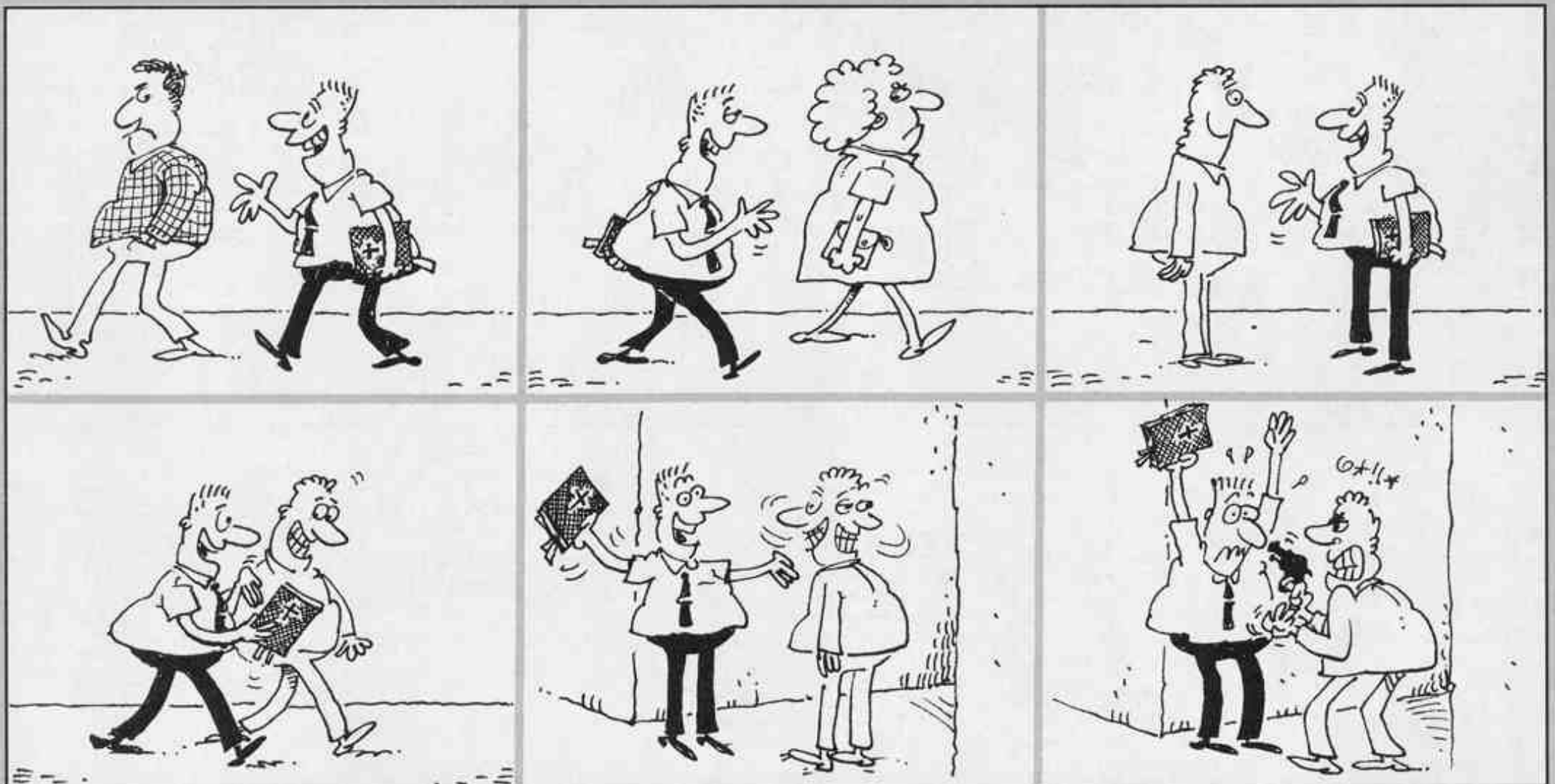
A MAD LOOK AT SP



IRITUALITY

ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







BEHIND THE RECAPITULATE BALL DEPT.

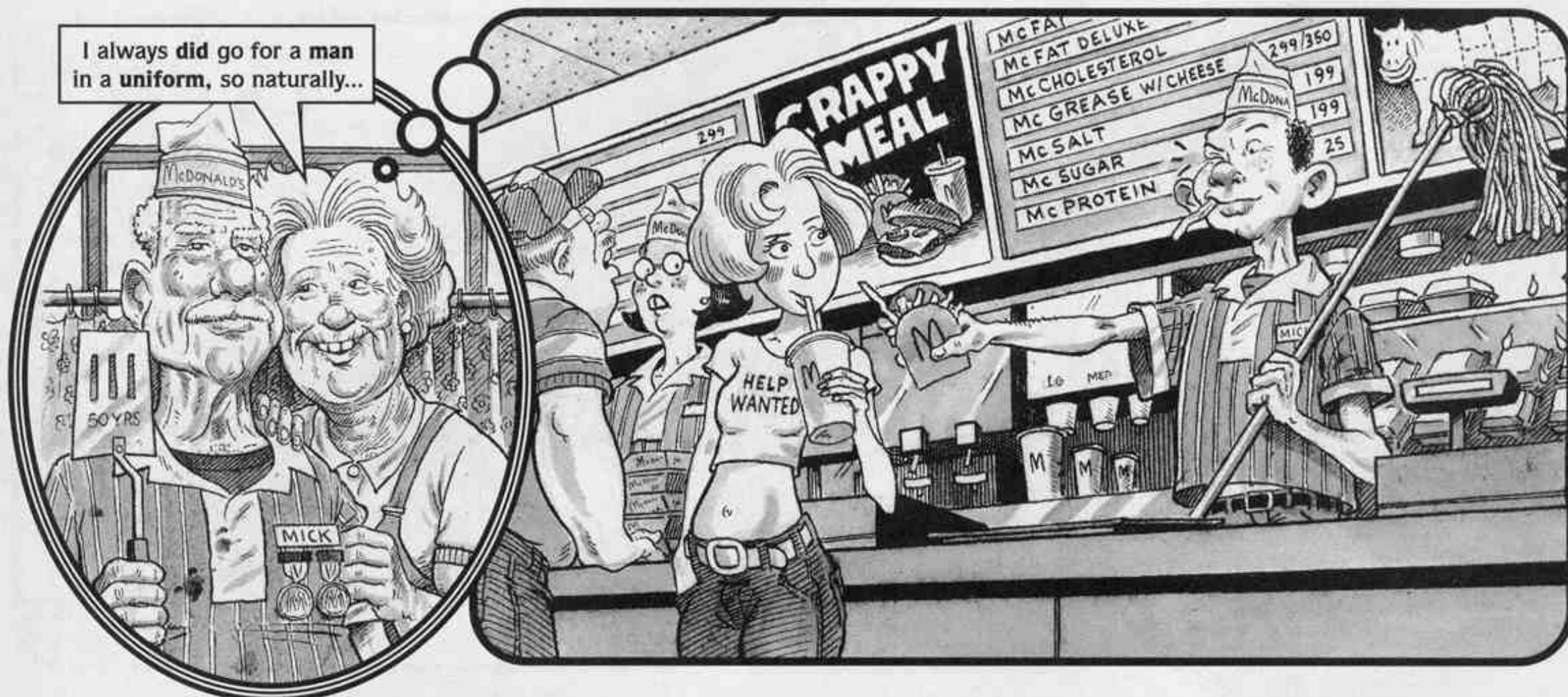
Ask your grandparents when and how they met and you'll probably get answers like "at a church social," "on a hayride," or "in the malt shop." Ask your parents, and it'll be "at the anti-war demonstration," "in a commune outside Santa Fe," or "on an LSD trip." So, what about you and all your slacker friends? What sort of lame crap will you be trying to pass off as "romantic" to your grandkids 50 years from now? We're betting it'll be one of these...

"How We First Met" Stories

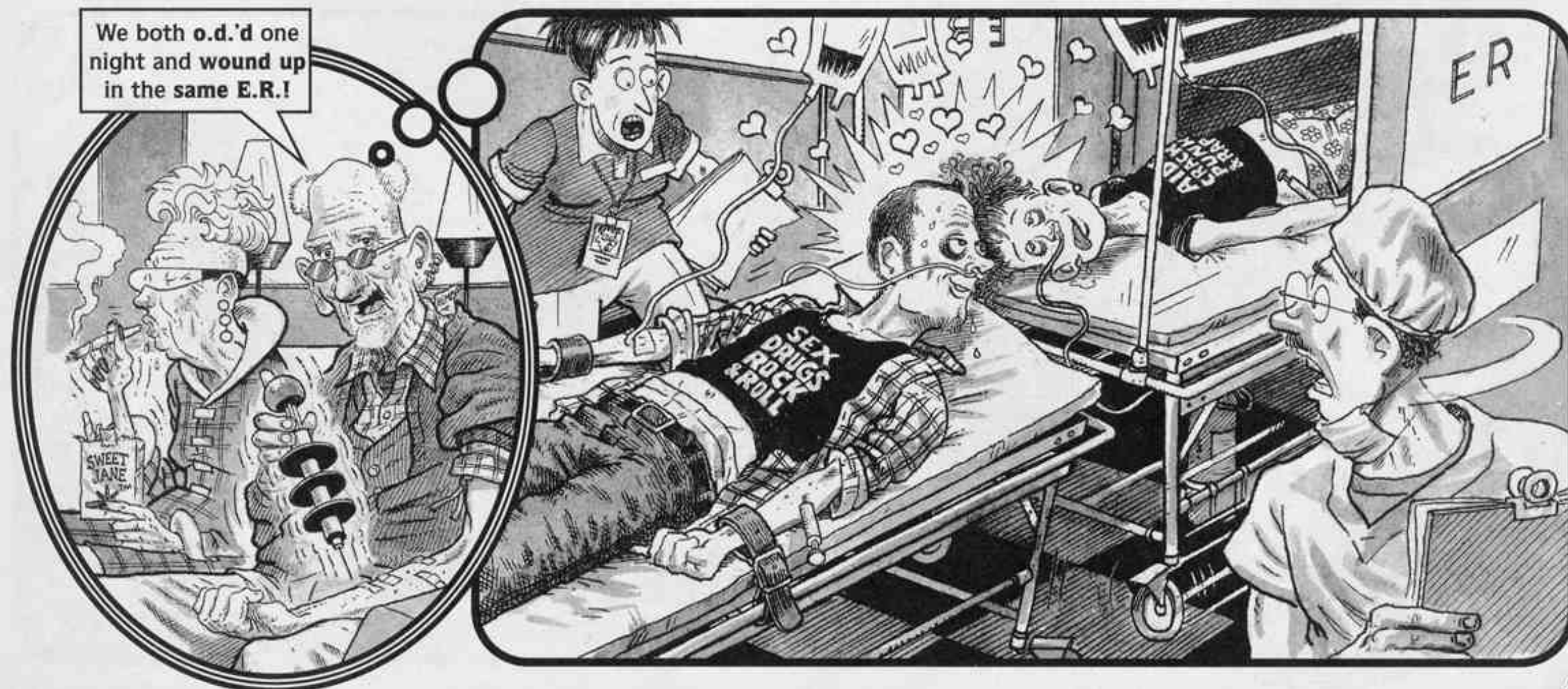
THAT TODAY'S YOUNG LOVERS WILL BE STUCK WITH

ARTIST: R.J. MATSON WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

I always did go for a man in a uniform, so naturally...



We both o.d.'d one night and wound up in the same E.R.!



...and the moment
our heads butted in
that mosh pit, I knew
he was the one!



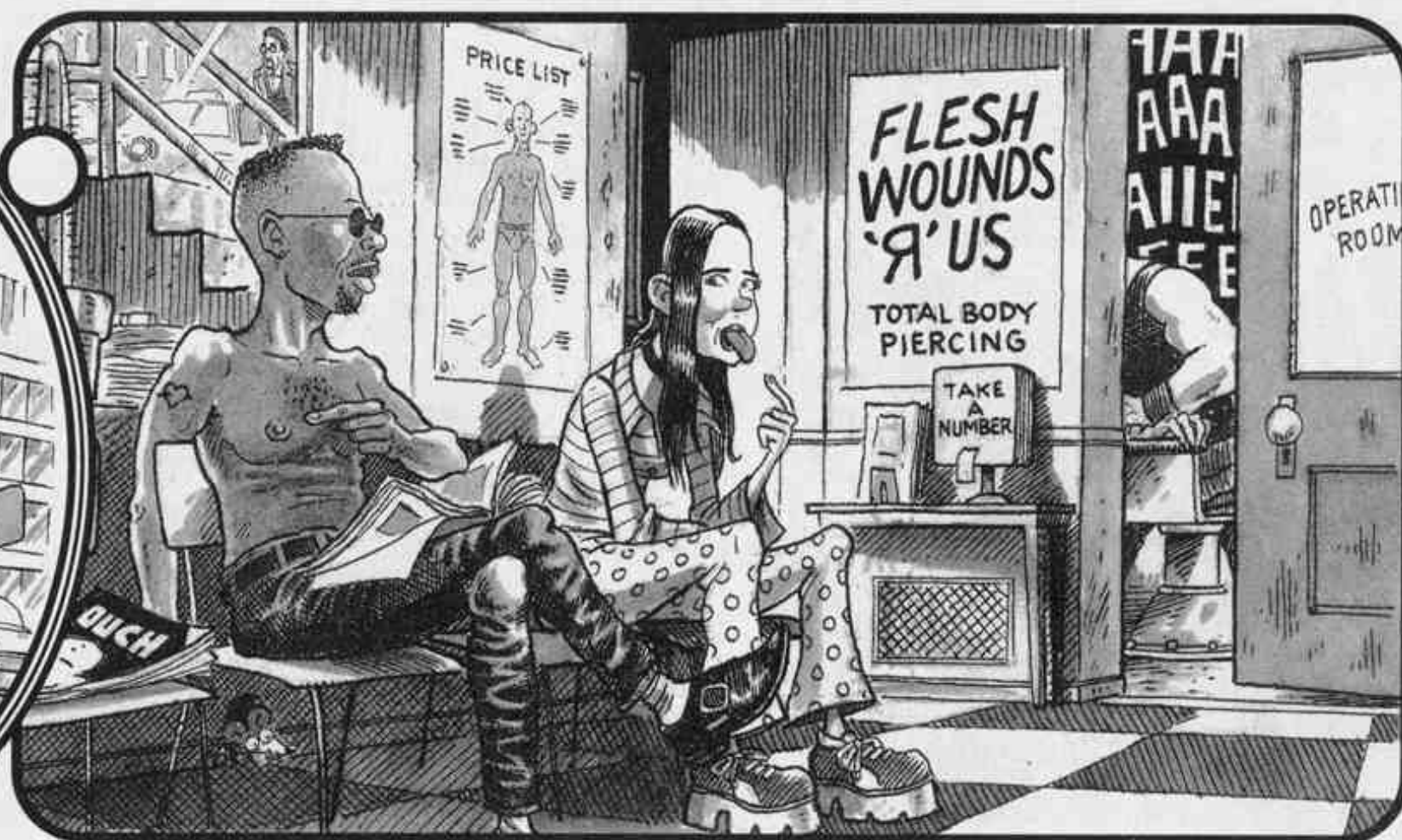
For nine straight months we
hung out at the O.J. trial,
for no good reason!



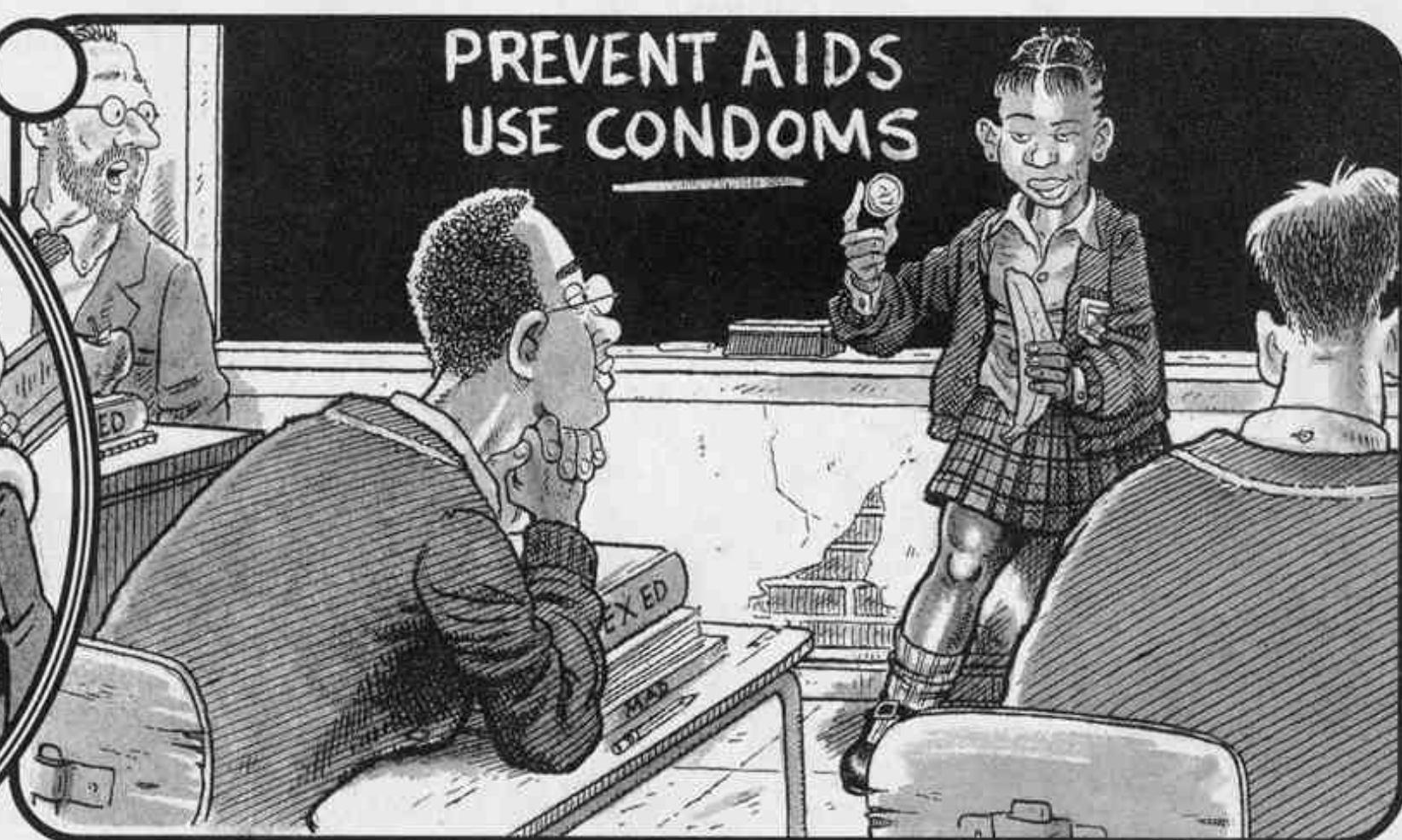
Her gang and my gang were
trying to carjack the same
BMW! Talk about embarrassing!



He was having nipple rings put in while I was getting my tongue pierced!



...at a safe-sex demonstration! There was something about the way she handled her banana!



We were both stalking Keanu Reeves!



We couldn't believe all those newspaper stories about shady fund-raising schemes and the selling of the Clinton White House! That is, until someone slipped us this top secret solicitation...

WIN
★ IN ★
'97

DEMOCRATIC ★ NATIONAL ★ COMMITTEE

Democratic National Committee
Washington, D.C.

Dear Contributor:

Thank you for your interest in making a donation to the Democratic National Committee. For your convenience, the current rate card is enclosed.

Sincerely,
Treasurer
Democratic National Committee

1997 DNC Rate Card



Amount of Donation

What You Get in Return

- \$100 Share milk and cookies with Chelsea
- \$200 Share milk and cookies with Socks
- \$500 Twenty minutes of arm wrestling with Attorney General Janet Reno
- \$1,500 Shampoo, cut and blow-dry by Christophe on Air Force One
- \$2,000 Rummage through Vince Foster's office and see what you come up with
- \$2,500 Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan balances your checkbook
- \$7,500 Power lunch with Ex-Associate Attorney General Webster Hubbell and his parole officer
- \$10,000 Peek into the FBI file of a high-ranking Republican of your choice
- \$50,000 Join the First Lady in a séance chatting up Eleanor Roosevelt
- \$75,000 An hour with a D.C. hooker personally selected for you by Dick Morris
- \$100,000 Join the President for his free birthday dinner at Denny's
- \$500,000 Watch X-Rated film, *The Loin King*, with the President in the Blue Room
- \$2 million Your name favorably linked with Washington, Lincoln and FDR in State of the Union address
- \$5 million 25 choice acres of Whitewater real estate

Close-Out Special

- \$25 Spend the night with the First Lady in the Lincoln Bedroom



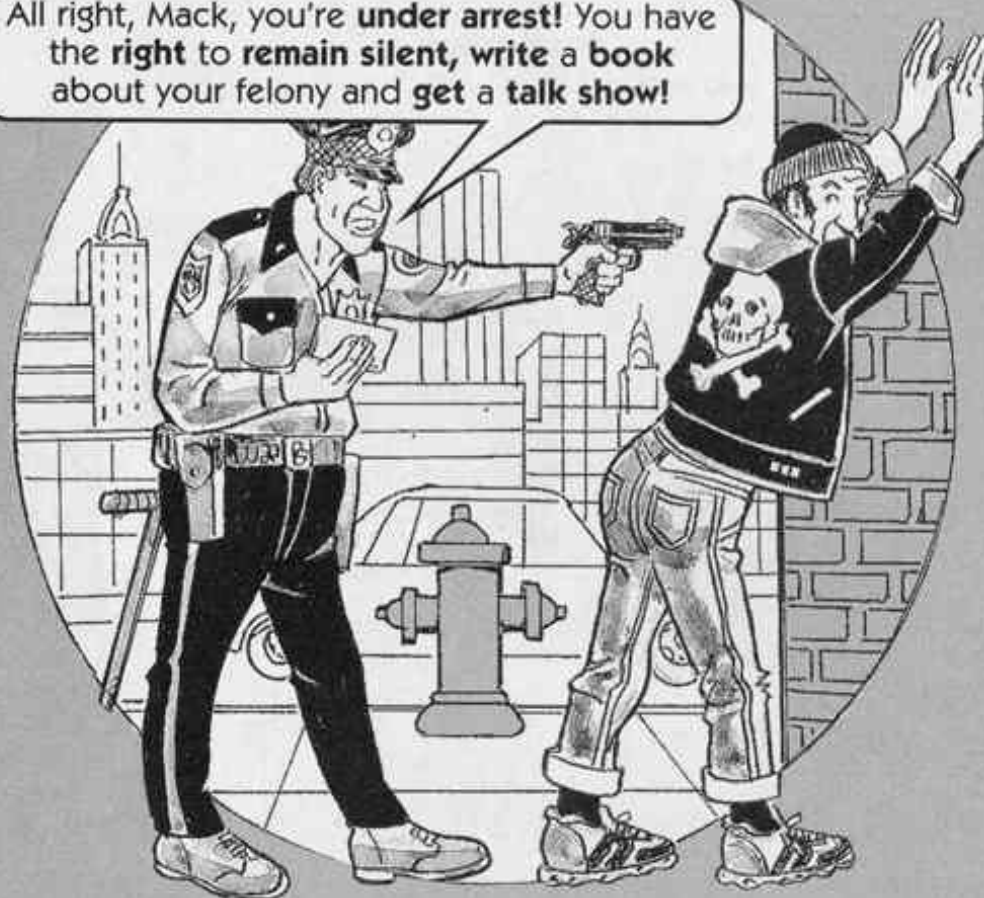
BEHIND THE OUT OF DATE BALL DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...



CRIME

All right, Mack, you're **under arrest!** You have the **right to remain silent**, write a book about your felony and get a talk show!

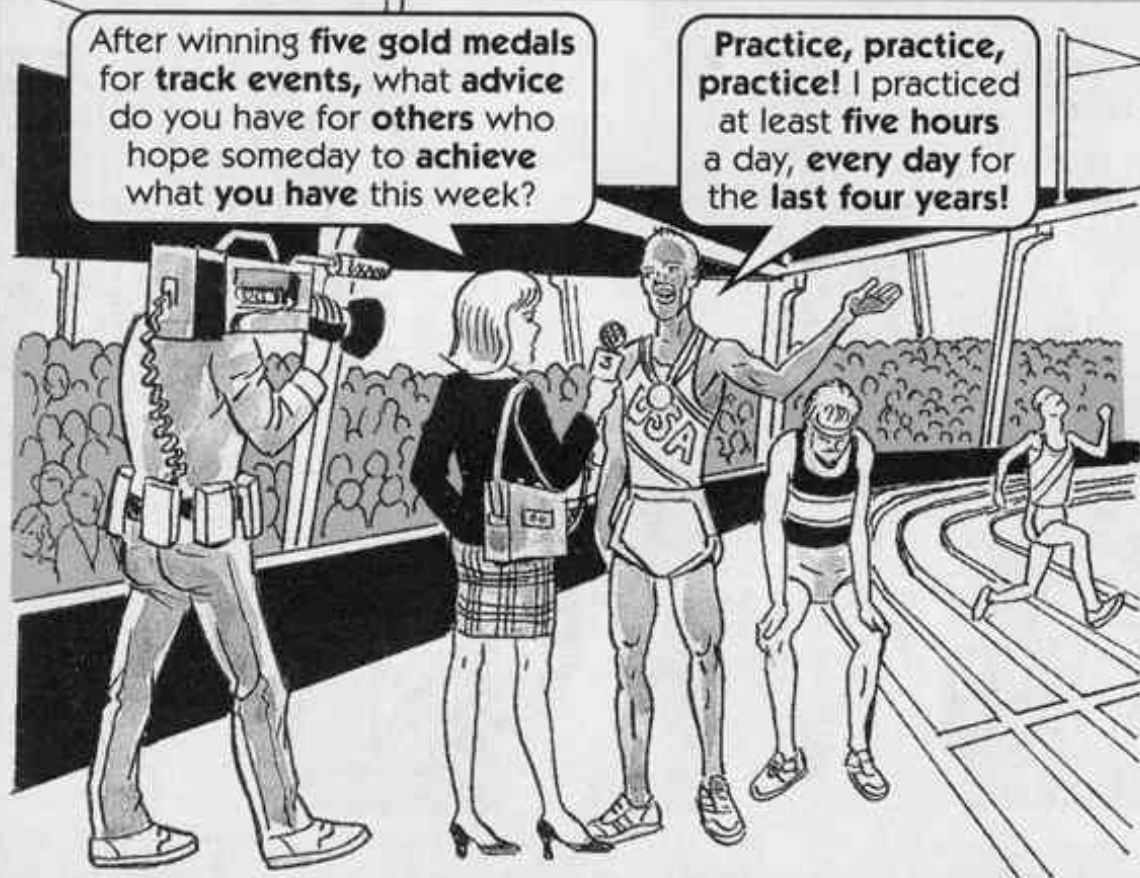


ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG

TRAINING

After winning **five gold medals** for **track events**, what advice do you have for **others** who hope someday to **achieve** what **you** have this week?

Practice, practice, practice! I practiced at least **five hours** a day, **every day** for the last four years!



Big deal! I did the same thing and I lost!



GIVING

Mister, can you **spare some change?**

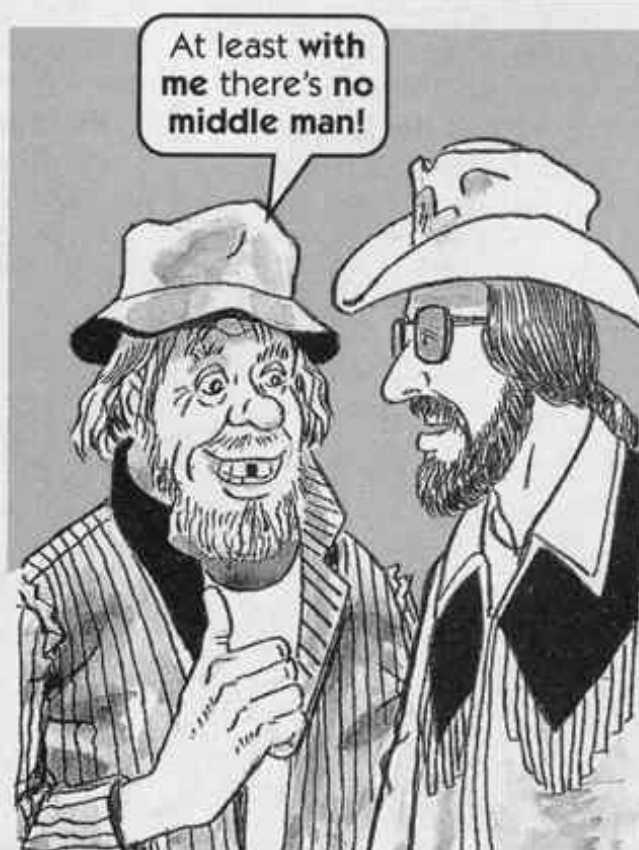
Sorry, friend, but my **policy** is to make **donations** only to **organized charities!**



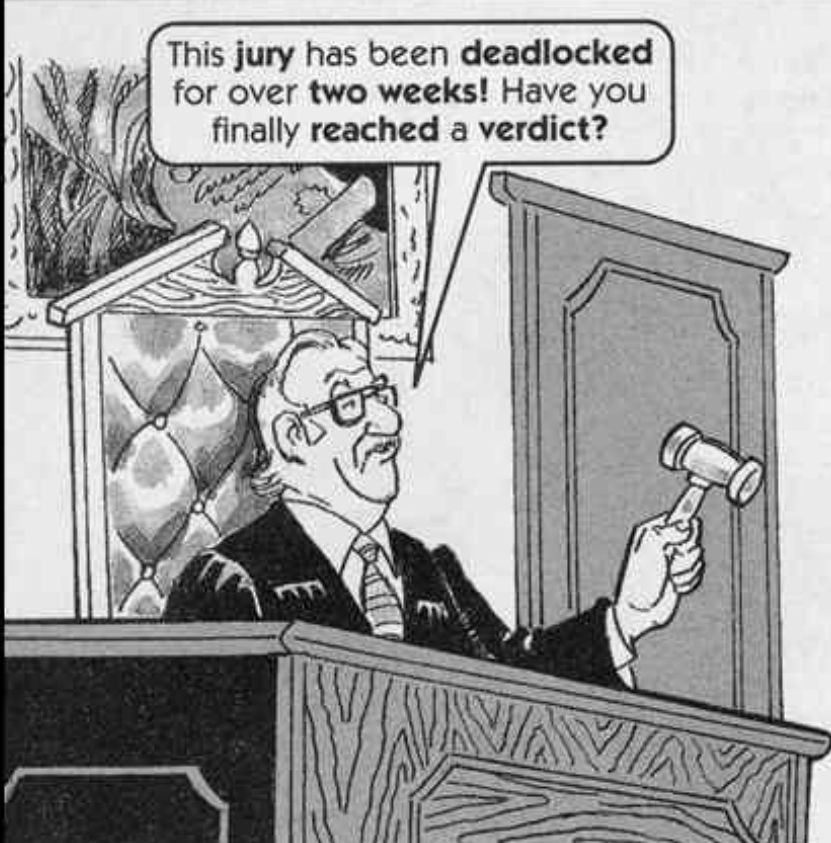
Big mistake! Aren't you aware that more than **90%** of **every dollar** donated goes to **administration, promotion** and **ridiculous salaries?**



At least with **me** there's no **middle man!**



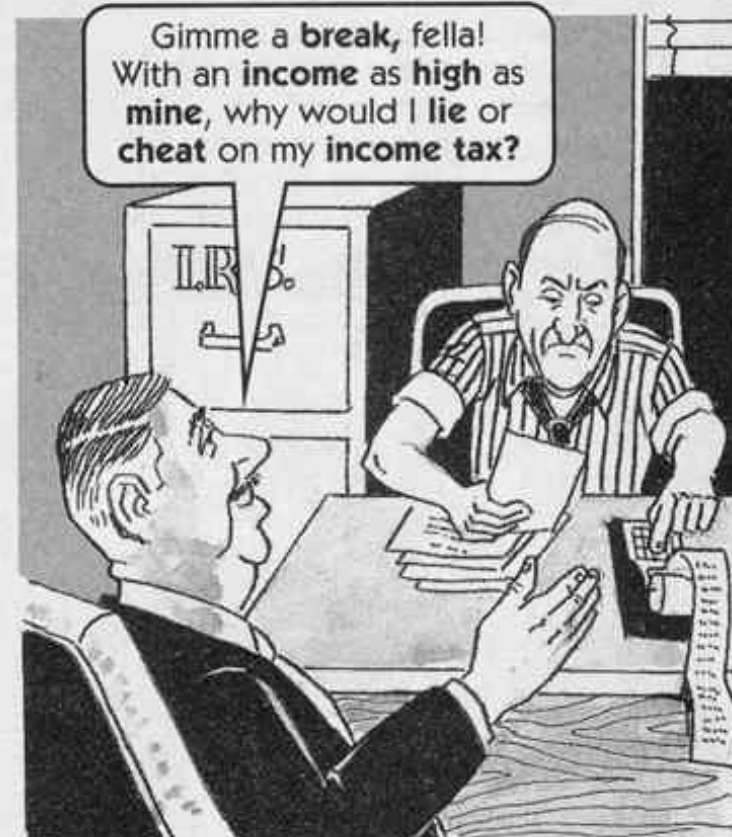
JUSTICE



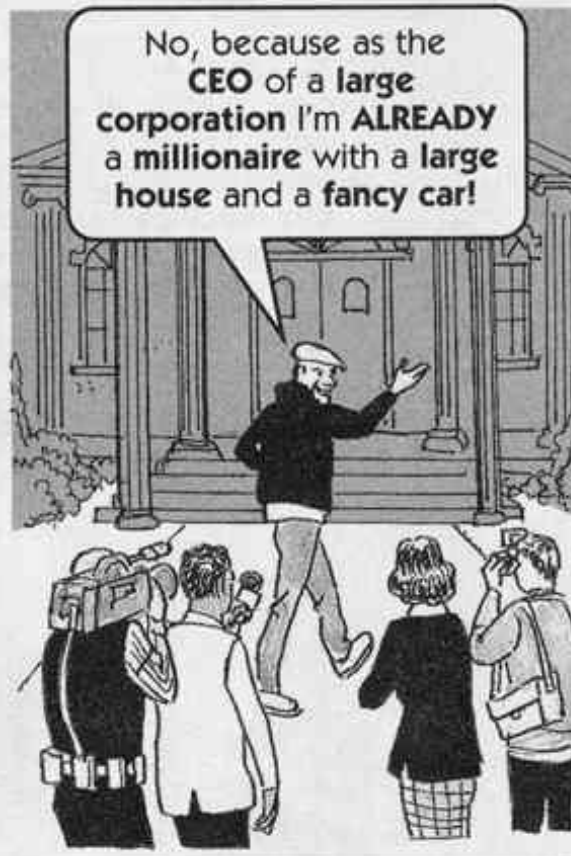
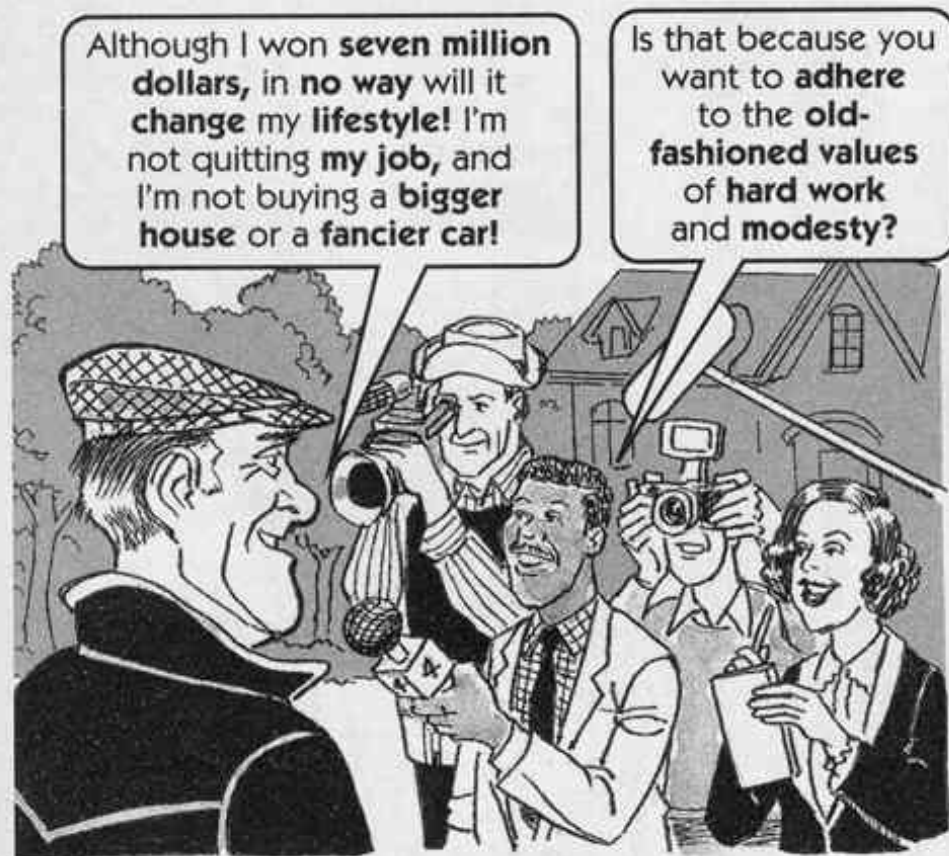
COMMUNICATION



AUDITS



LOTTERY WINNERS



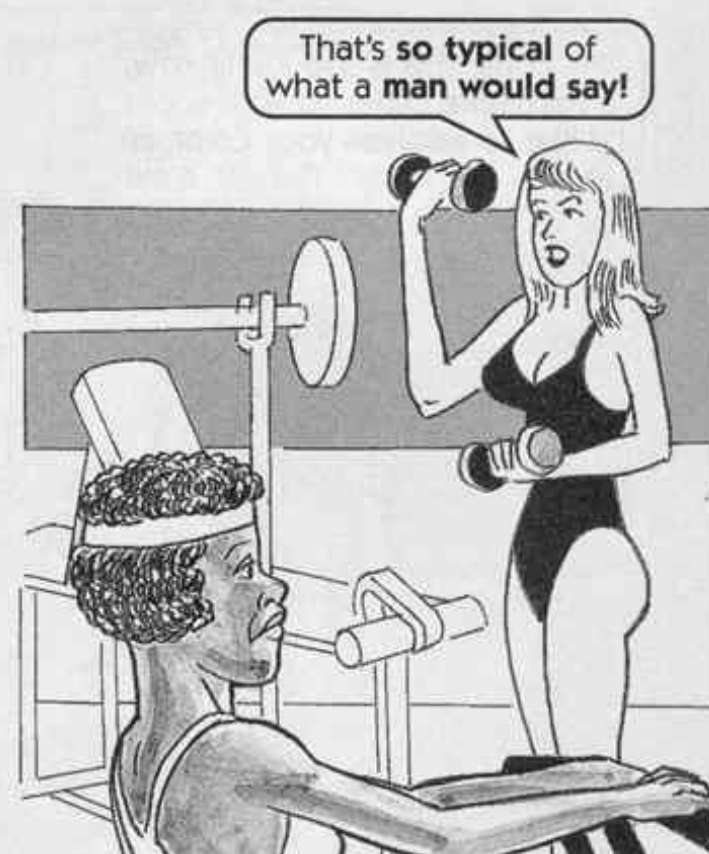
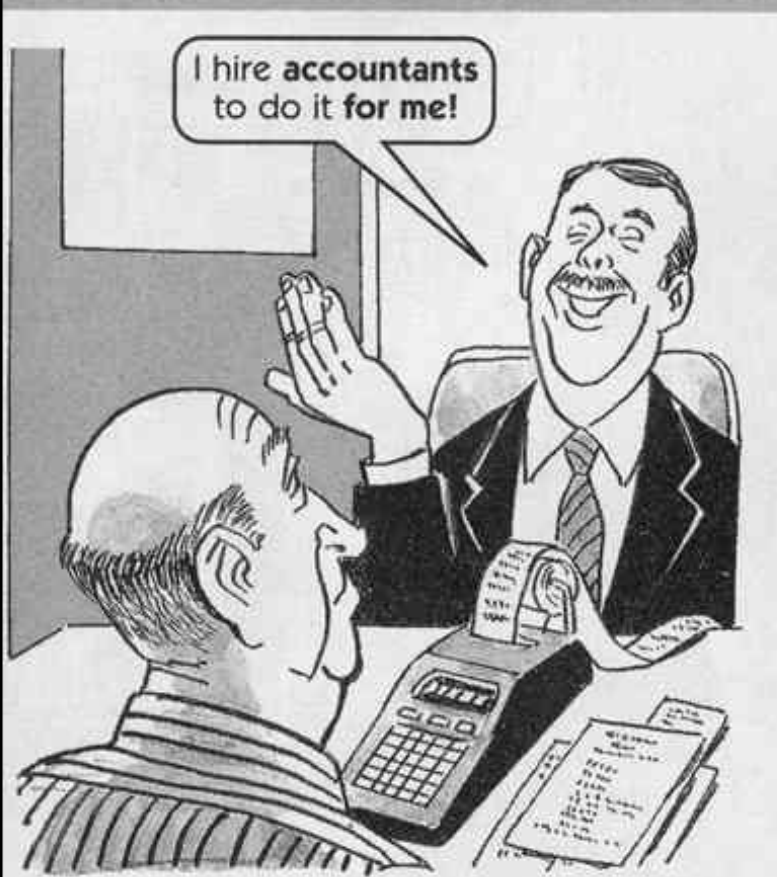
THERAPY



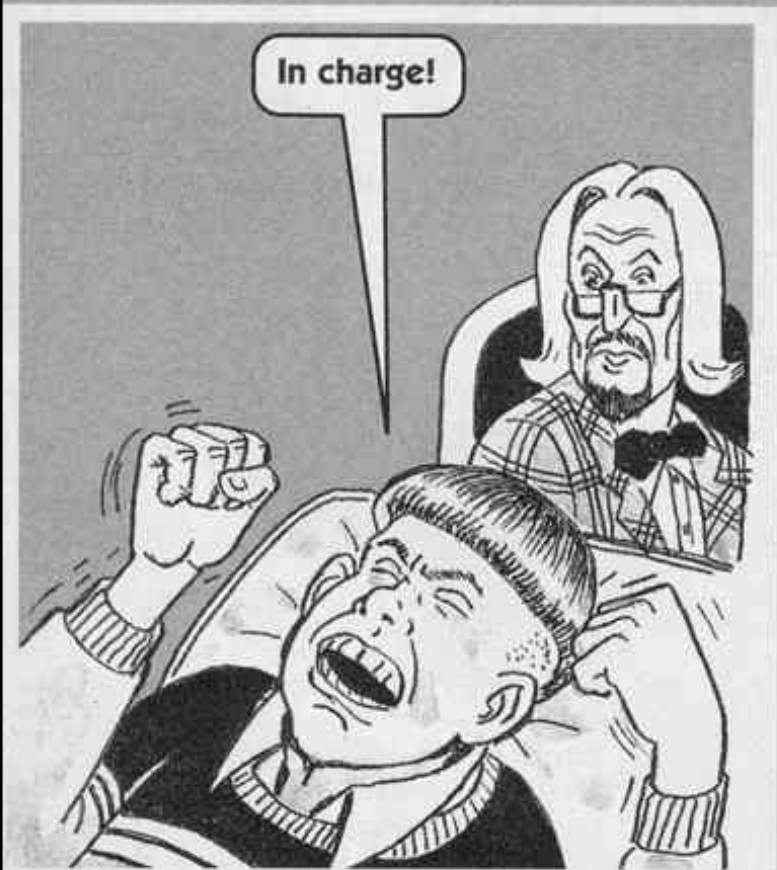
THOUGHTFULNESS



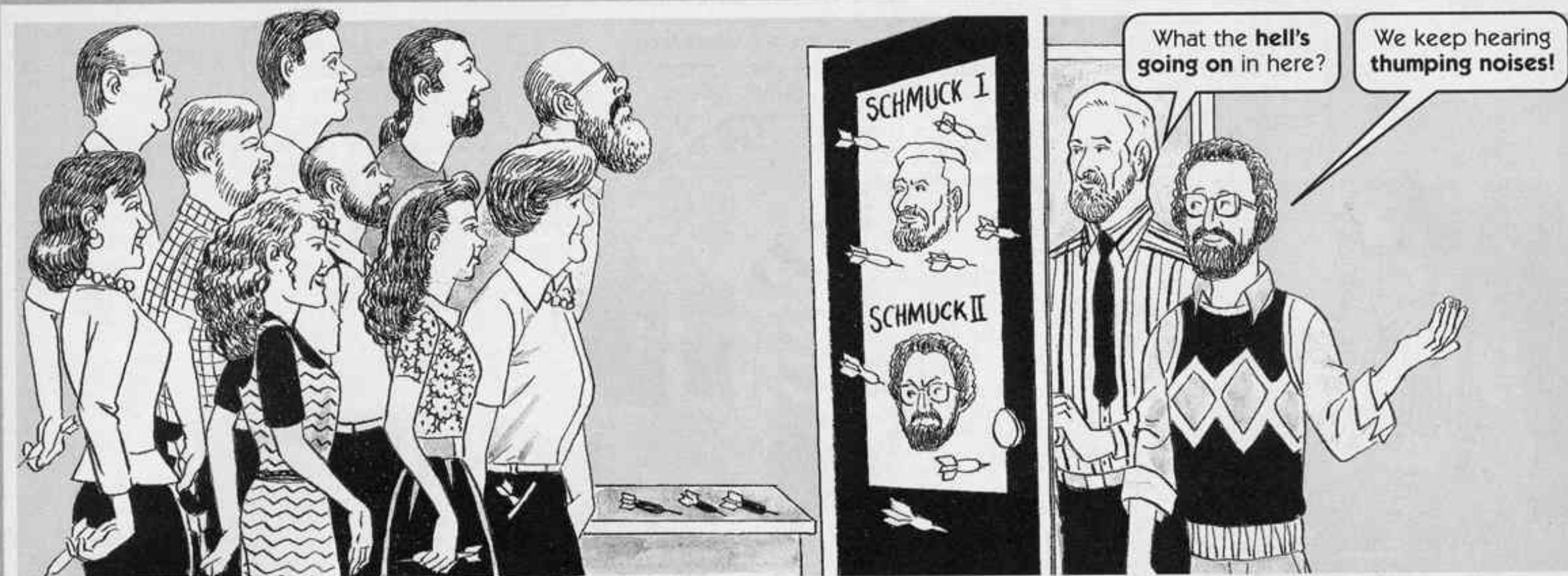
RELATIONSHIPS



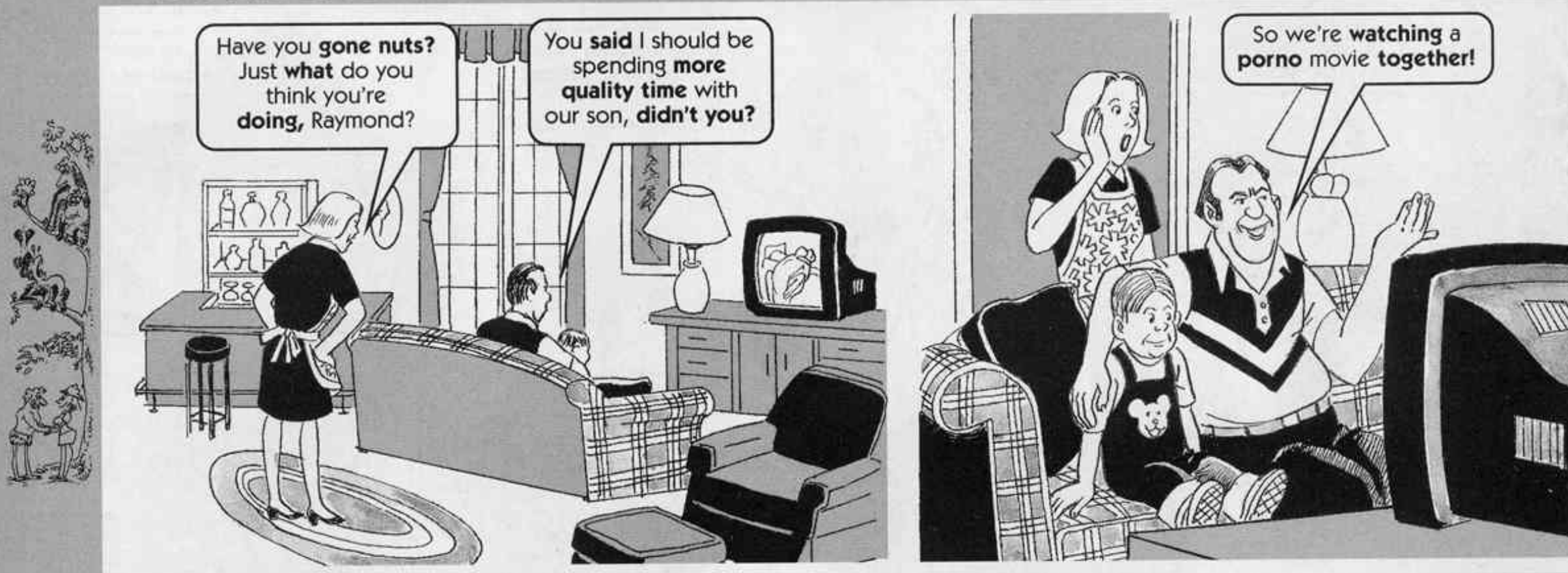
CREDIT



THE OFFICE



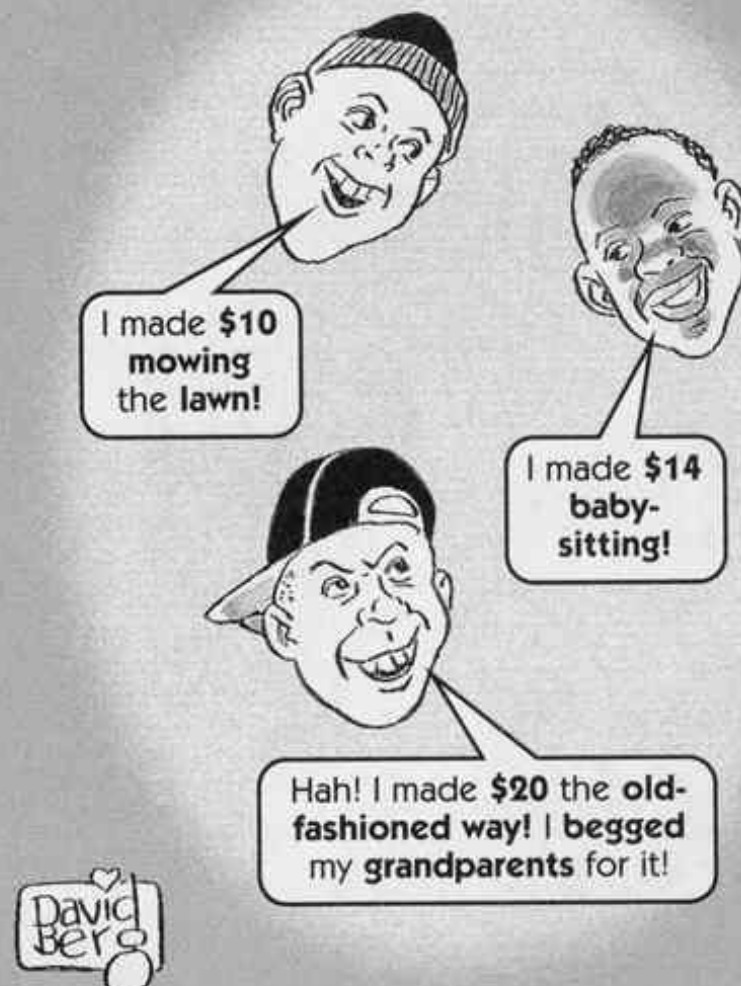
BONDING



DOCTORS



EARNING





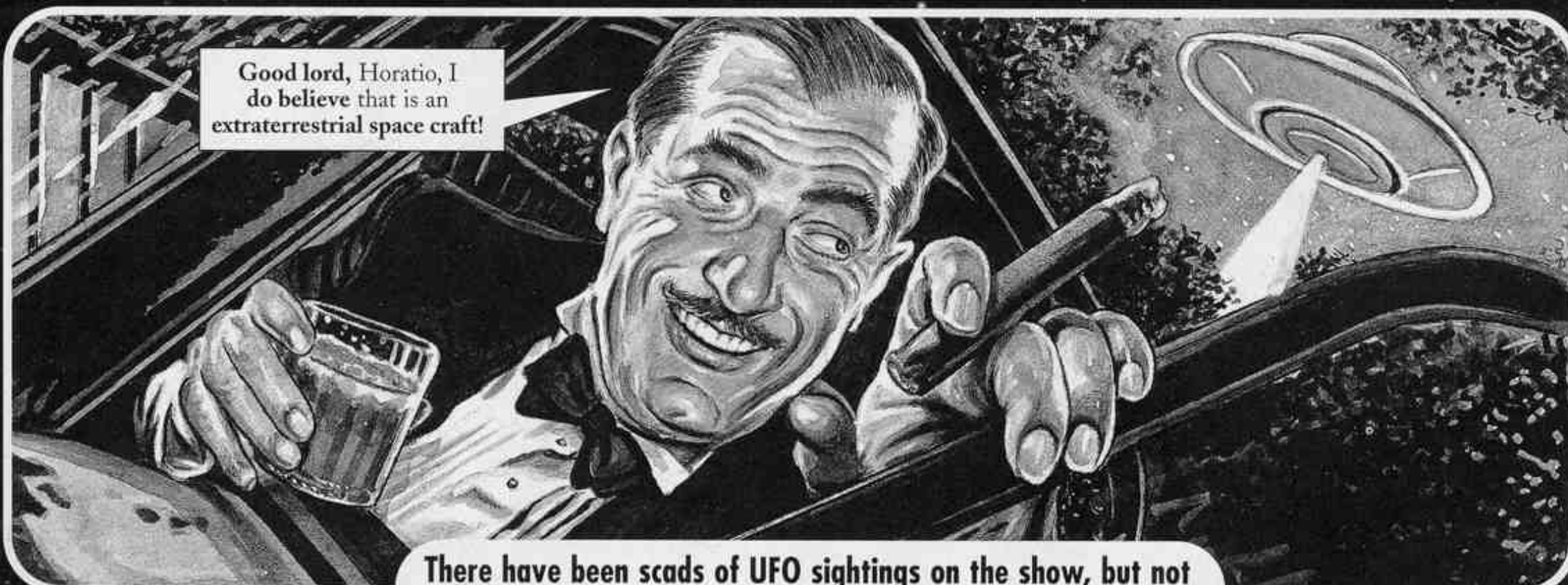
BEHIND THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATE BALL DEPT.

The X-Files is frequently criticized for being hokey and unrealistic! Why? Is it because of the aliens, ghosts, ludicrous conspiracy theories, vampires, clairvoyants, gargoyles or monsters (all of which are about as believable as O.J. Simpson's testimony)? No, the truth can be found in these . . .

REAL REASONS WHY THE X-FILES IS TOTALLY UNBELIEVABLE



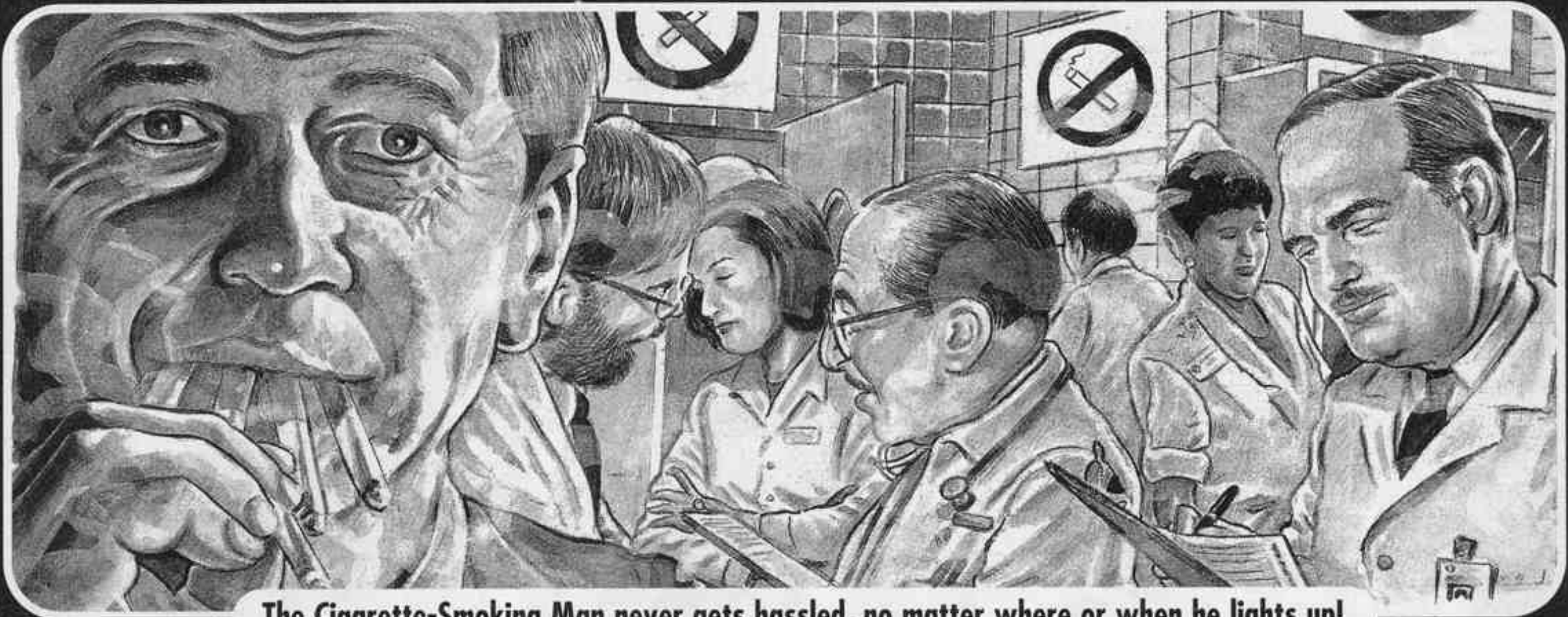
It's about government employees who are competent, committed and hard-working!



Good lord, Horatio, I do believe that is an extraterrestrial space craft!

There have been scads of UFO sightings on the show, but not a single one was made by a drunken redneck in a pickup truck!

REAL REASONS WHY THE X-FILES



The Cigarette-Smoking Man never gets hassled, no matter where or when he lights up!



A hot sexy babe like agent Scully surely would have been singled out for "special" Clinton White House duty by now!

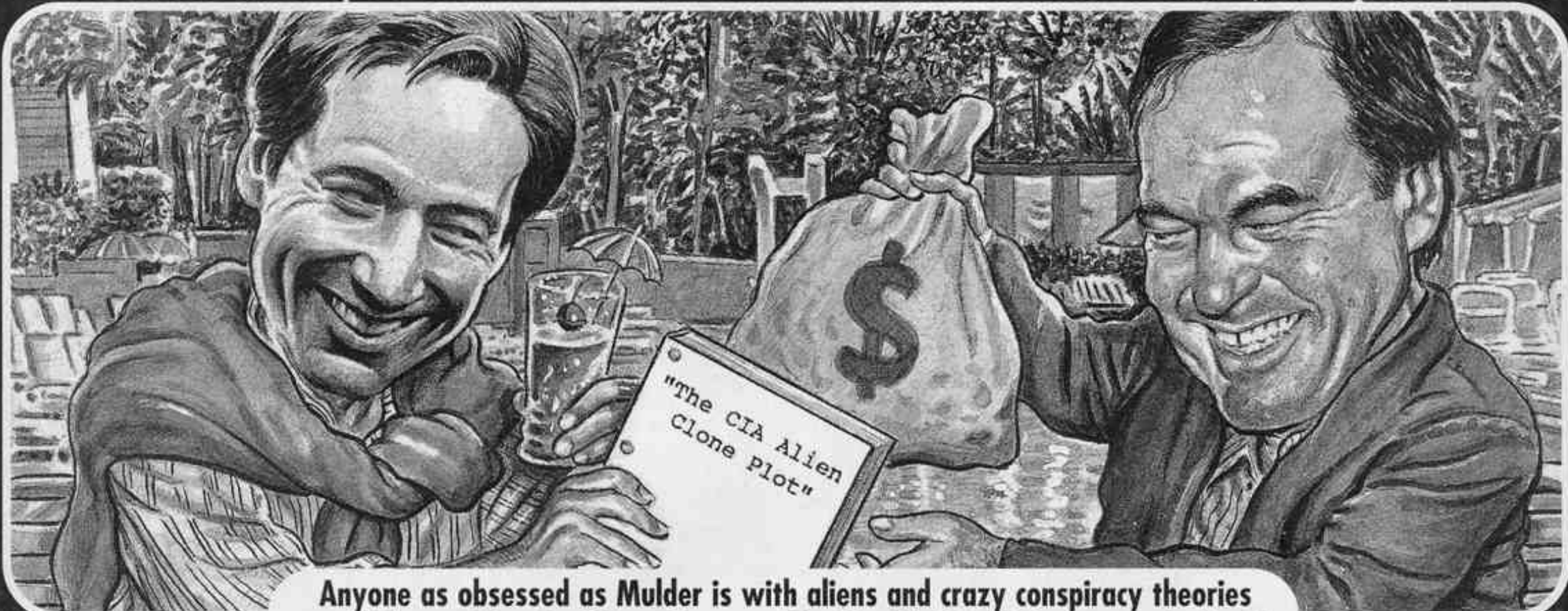


The government that's supposedly behind some grand, secret project involving the DNA of everyone born since 1954 is the same government behind the IRS, Waco, \$600 hammers and the Richard Jewell Investigation!

ES IS TOTALLY UNBELIEVABLE



The series is in its fourth season, and the two attractive, single lead characters **STILL** haven't hopped into the sack!



Anyone as obsessed as Mulder is with aliens and crazy conspiracy theories would be working for Oliver Stone or *The Weekly World News*, not the Feds!



It's a FOX show that's consistently in the Top 20!



You just learned firsthand what
“downsizing” means. Drink up.

Dewar's



** Whaddya call those movies that distort re-al-i-ty?*

D-I-S-N-E-Y T-R-I-P-E!

Whaddya call those cutesy flicks that louse up hist-o-ry?

D-I-S-N-E-Y T-R-I-P-E!

Disney Tripe!
Yay, yay, yay!
Disney Tripe!
Hey, hey, hey!

It's built a billion-dollar in-dus-try!

How do you hook the kiddies when they're only two or three?

D-I-S-N-E-Y T-R-I-P-E!

**Sung to the tune of
"The Mickey Mouse Club March"*

For years, the good folks at Disney have made a fortune by taking classic fairy tales and exciting historical stories and turning them into boring, bloated animated musicals! But eventually, Disney is going to run out of Cinderellas, Snow Whites and Pocahontases to exploit, and will have turn to a new source of material — popular movies! And when that happens, you just might want to follow Uncle Walt's lead and lock yourself in a cryogenic freeze chamber instead of sitting through...

Disney-FIED VERSIONS OF ADULT FILMS

There was a pair of hoods who did many fun things. They wore cool suits. They babbled about French hamburgers. They took heroin. But what was their favorite thing in the whole world? Shooting people!

PULP FICTION

**High-low! High-low!!
We plug them head to toe!
With a bam, bam, bam
And a pow, pow, pow!
High-low! Bye-bye they go!*

*High-low! High-low
We're in it for the dough!
With a bam, bam, bam
And a pow, pow, pow!
High-low! High-low!*



**Sung to the tune of "Heigh-Ho"*

You gotta help me — she's not moving! She's barely breathing!

What is it? Heroin? Coke? Acid?

No, it's that miserable Nick At Nite! They're running a 24-hour *Welcome Back, Kotter* marathon! By the time Horshack reached puberty, she was out cold!



**Jab her chest!
Jab her chest!
Stick that needle in her breast!
Rip her blouse off — Tarantino wants her practic'ly undressed!*

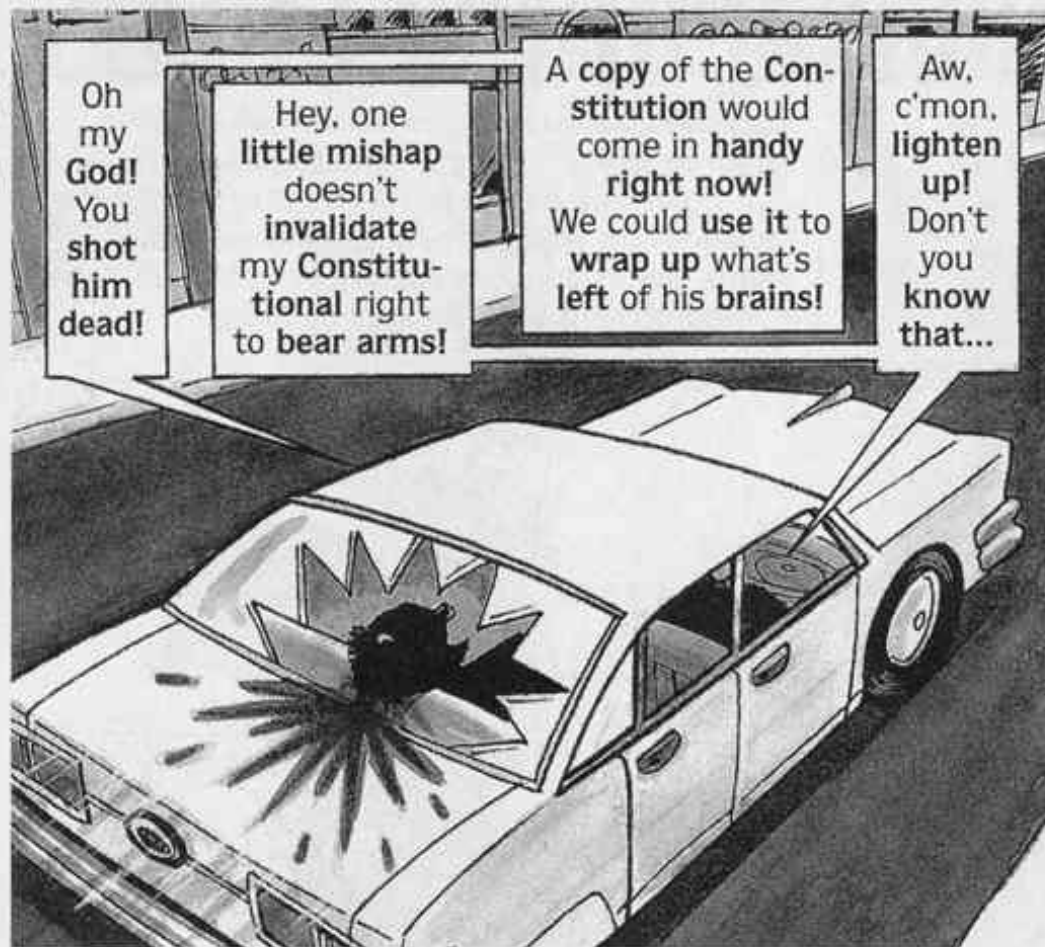
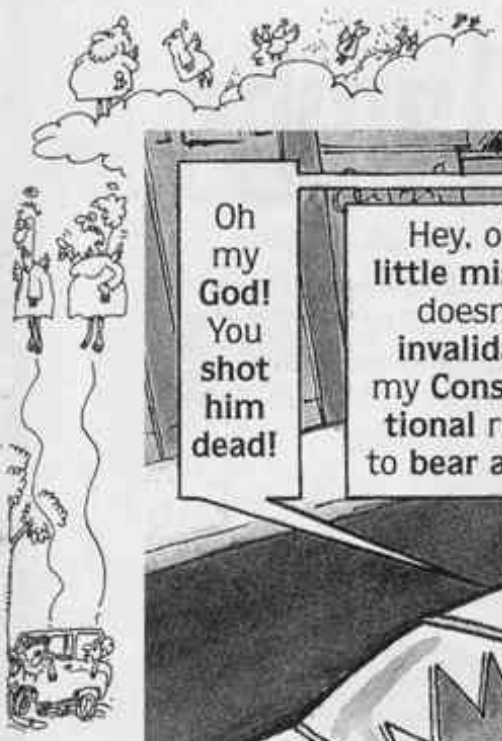
*When it's shown
On the screen,
This unnecessary scene
Will gross out our sicko nation
While providing tit-illation!*

*Ram me deep! Give a thrust!
When I penetrate her bust,
Not to worry —
I'll be giving it my best!*

*But if she fails...to make it,
Prop her up — we'll fake it!
Jab her chest!
Jab her chest!
Jab her chest!*



**Sung to the tune of "Be Our Guest"*



Oh my God! You shot him dead!

Hey, one little mishap doesn't invalidate my Constitutional right to bear arms!

A copy of the Constitution would come in handy right now! We could use it to wrap up what's left of his brains!

Aw, c'mon, lighten up! Don't you know that...



**A careful of splatter makes the getaway more fun! The getaway more fun — The getaway more fun! Finding bits of gray matter on the barrel of your gun, Really bright-ens up your day!*

A blast from an Uzi makes your cleaning bill real high! Your cleaning bill real high — Your cleaning bill real high! Though you get kind of woozy when those body parts fly by, It sure liv-ens up your day!

**Sung to the tune of "A Spoonful of Sugar"*



Heeee-yuk yuk! (Snort!) They're gonna give it to you goo-oo-ood!

Yeah? So what?

So what? Nyuuuhh-huh! They're gonna pull your pants off and stick it in! What do you think of that treatment?

Big deal! After my reviews for *Hudson Hawk* and *Bonfire of the Vanities*, I'm used to it!



It'd be easy to plug you both, but I'm feeling a lot of love here!

A little music please...



**See how we do ya, Stick it right to ya, All the way up the ka-zoo! Lookin' for shockers to gross the fans out? Hit 'em with sodomy too!*

Thugs may pur-sue ya, Shoot bullets through ya — Old-fashioned murders won't do! This ain't no flick for some wimpy Boy Scout! Hit 'em with sodomy too!

Movies are now ob-scene Nothin' is now tab-oo And a shoot-em-up plot Is all we got So hit 'em with sodomy too!

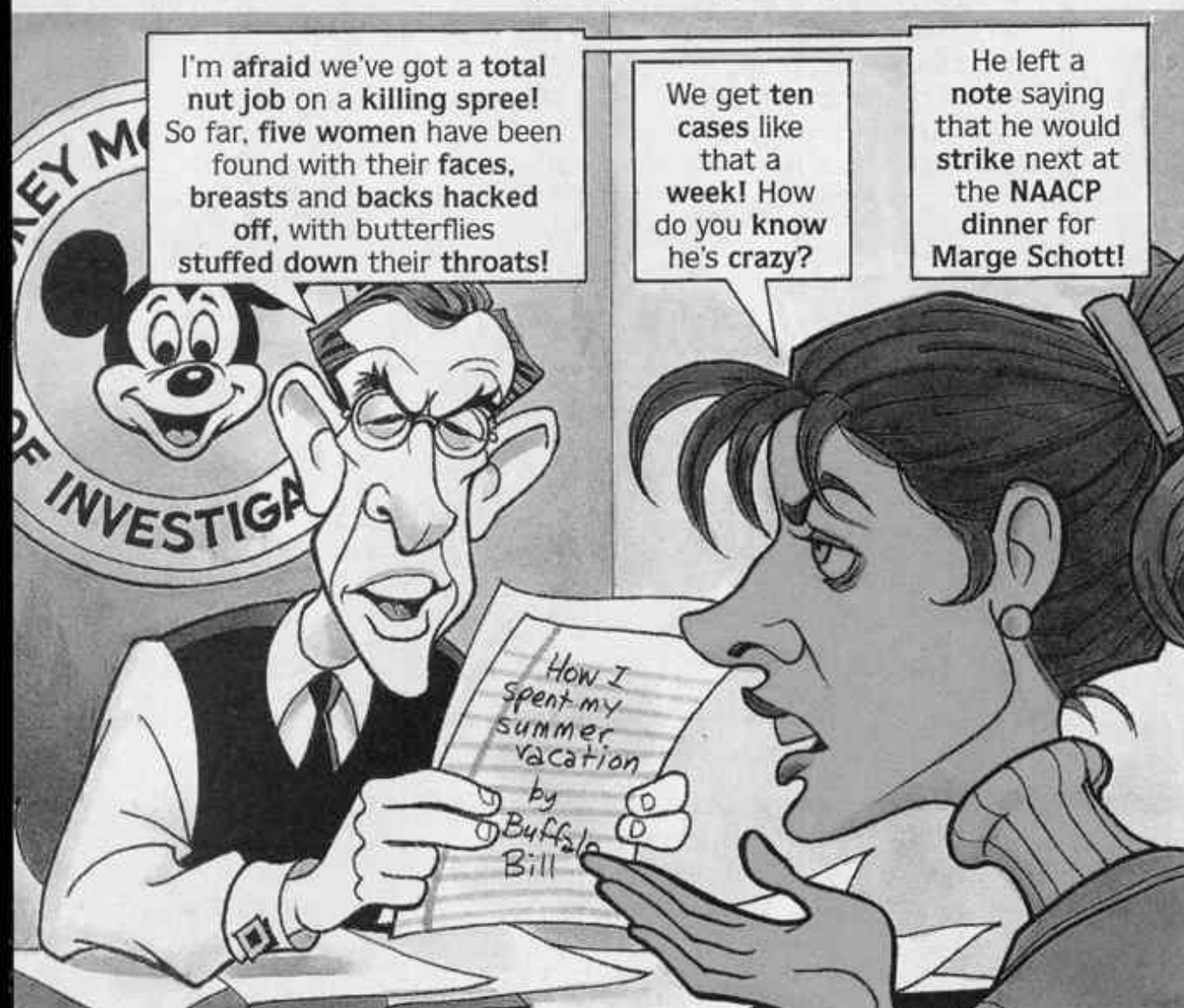
Critics review ya, Let 'em pooh-pooh ya! None of the schmucks has a clue! Selling more tickets is what it's about! Hit 'em with sodomy too!

Rock 'em with sodomy Sock 'em with sodomy Hit 'em with sodomy too!

**Sung to the tune of "Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo"*

Once upon a time, there was a little girl named Clarice. She led a happy life in the FBI, until one day a mean man named Buffalo Bill started doing very nasty things. . .

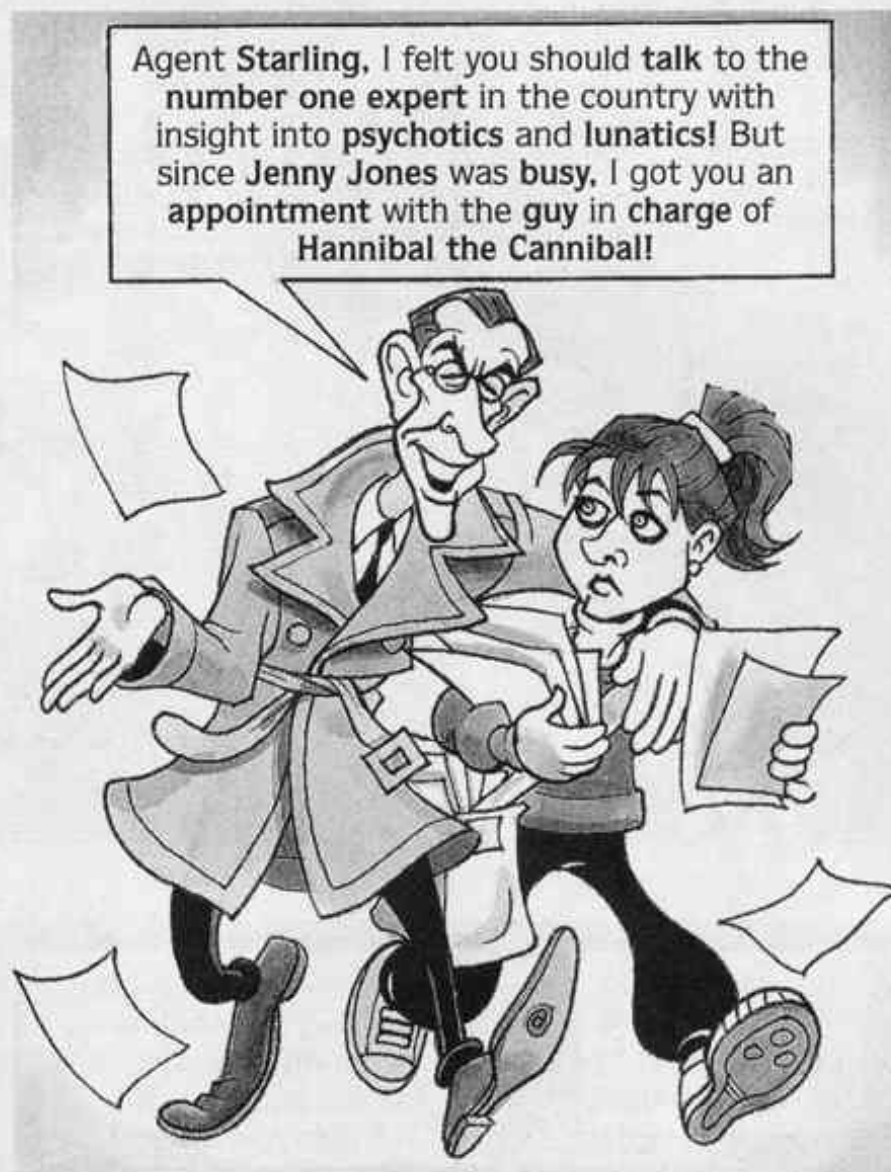
the silence of the lambs



I'm afraid we've got a total nut job on a killing spree! So far, five women have been found with their faces, breasts and backs hacked off, with butterflies stuffed down their throats!

We get ten cases like that a week! How do you know he's crazy?

He left a note saying that he would strike next at the NAACP dinner for Marge Schott!



Agent Starling, I felt you should talk to the number one expert in the country with insight into psychotics and lunatics! But since Jenny Jones was busy, I got you an appointment with the guy in charge of Hannibal the Cannibal!



Tell me, doctor, what's Lecter's condition, technically speaking?

**He's...
Super-crazy-looney-wacko-psychopathic-vicious!
Fed him pork and beans — he wanted something more nutritious!
When he ate my intern, I began to get suspicious!
Super-crazy-looney-wacko-psychopathic-vicious!
Yum-nibble-nibble-nibble! Yum-nibble-ay!
Yum-nibble-nibble-nibble! Yum-nibble-ay!*

*He never counts his calories,
no matter where he dines
He noticed sev'ral fat Chinese
parading in two lines
He took his knife and hacked away
with great dex-ter-ity
Selecting one from Column A
and two from Column B!*

*He's...
Super-crazy-looney-wacko-psychopathic-vicious!
Traveled to Miami, found the tourists there delicious!
Dined on Siamese twins, although a trifle repetitious!
Super-crazy-looney-wacko-psychopathic-vicious!
Yum-nibble-nibble-nibble! Yum-nibble-ay!
Yum-nibble-nibble-nibble! Yum-nibble-ay!*

*He isn't much for small talk,
yet he loves to chew the fat;
He'll steal your heart, and you can bet
he knows just where it's at;
Don't ever under-estimate
his killer appetite;
He likes it when folks integrate —
the meat's both dark and white!*

*He's...Super-crazy-looney-wacko-psychopathic-vicious!
Tried a kosher deli,
ate the owner with knishes!
Then a sumo wrestler,
which for him was quite ambitious!
Super-crazy-looney-wacko-psychopathic-vicious!*

**Sung to the tune of "Supercalifragilisticexpialidocius"*



Didn't anybody notice that the rivers around here were full of rotting corpses?

Well, sure, the water DID start tastin' better, but we just figured the nuclear plant upstream had another "incident"!

Take a look at this beauty — or rather, what's left of her!

You should only know —

**Eyes and mouth and nose
Gone without a trace;
Since they disappeared,
I've been feeling weird —
Call it "loss of face!"*

*Look much slimmer now
Since my weight's decreased;
But let's face the fact,
When you're sliced and hacked,
Beauty is decreased!*

**Sung to the tune of "Beauty and the Beast"*

You psychotic sonofabitch! How can you keep another human being in a dank, wet, vermin-infested hole that's only six feet wide?

Are you kidding? I used to be a New York City landlord! You should be writing me a check for 2,000 dollars!

Starling! Telephone! The caller said to come to the phone now!

Man! Those student loan people are ruthless!

Quid pro quo, little Starling! Quid pro quo!

Either this is a Latin teacher into truly weird phone sex, or it's Lector! Tell me, now that you've escaped and are free, how are you feeling?

**Persona non grata!
What a terrible fate!
Persona non grata!
Let me tell you straight!*

*They os-tra-cize me —
Was it someone I ate?
All so-ci-e-ty...
Has lab-eled me...
Persona non grata!*

*When I was a young, young lad,
I lost the one friend I had!
Sliced his guts in the cellar
where the two of us played,
Then pigged out on my classmates
in the second grade!
And I learned how unfair
that the world...can...be
When the kids who were left
wouldn't play...with...me!*

*And, oh, the pain
When they judged me in-sane!
Now I'm on my own here —
Always dining alone here —*

*'Cause I'm...
Persona non grata!
People see me and run!
Persona non grata!
I'm the one they shun!
I'm just a gour-met —
Not Attila the Hun!
But the world, you see,
Considers me
Persona non grata!*

**Sung to the tune of "Hakuna Matada"*

Once upon a time, in a quiet little village in a quiet little land, lived a man and his wife. Now, this couple wasn't rich, or popular, or remotely interesting in any way, but they stuck out the hard times the best way they knew how — together.

JOHN WAYNE BOBBITT: UNCUT

Get off me, you filthy mutt! You're sick, you know that?

Listen, you greasy wench, you promised "In sickness and in health"! So you'll take my sickness, or you won't be so healthy no more!

Uh-oh! They're at it again, Corky!

I knew I shouldn't have opened that fifth bottle of Ripple '89!

Hey! Where's she taking Slicer?

*Snippity — Ooh! Ah! Snippity-ay! Aye-yi-yi! Not to mention Oy Vey! Look at Lorena... slashin' away! Snippity — Ooh! Ah! Snippity-ay!

Mis-ter Bobbitt should have told her, Havin' sex is pointless When a husband winds up jointless!

Too bad things didn't work out! But wherever I go, I'll always have a little piece of you with me!

Snippity — Ooh! Ah! Snippity-ay! I've got a feel-in' This ain't his day!

Listen, Bobbitt, you're hot now, baby! But soon the public's going to move on to the next tabloid freak! You've got to make this movie while your fifteen minutes of fame are still happening!

Fifteen MINUTES? Are you nuts? I never managed that before!

Hello there, John!

Hi, John!

Heigh-Ho!
Heigh-Ho!
It's off to
work we go!

*When you push against my scar,
Check out where the stitches are!
When you push against my scar,
Please take...it...slow!

Should you bounce upon my lap,
One wrong move and it could snap!
Should you bounce upon my lap,
This scene...you'll...blow!

Please...be...kind
Each time you twist and grind!
Now that I'm re-aligned,
I worry...plen-ty!

Careful how you get your kicks!
Cool it with your kinky tricks!
When you push against my scar,
It's touch...and...go!

**Sung to the tune of "When You Wish Upon a Star"*

John, we know how
to do all kinds
of things to men—
to size them up!

*There are some like hors-es or buff-a-lo!
Some are built like bulls in a ro-de-o!
Yours is sewn up and patched;
Now that it's re-attached,
Is it big or small?

It's a small one af-ter all!
Smaller ones we can't re-call!
Save the hype and fol-de-roll!
It's small one af-ter-all!

**Sung to the tune of "It's a Small World After All"*

FINALE

*Whaddya call a movie
That's a fun-filled eating spree?

D-I-S-N-E-Y T-R-I-P-E!

Whaddya call a gangster film
With no pro-fan-i-ty?

D-I-S-N-E-Y T-R-I-P-E!

Disney tripe! Ho, ho, ho!
Disney tripe! Yo, yo, yo!
So come along and bring the fam-i-ly!
Hey! Hey! Hey!

How do ya give a sleazy flick
A rating that's PG?

D-I-S-N-E-Y T-R-I-P-E!

**Sung to the tune of "The
Mickey Mouse Club March"*

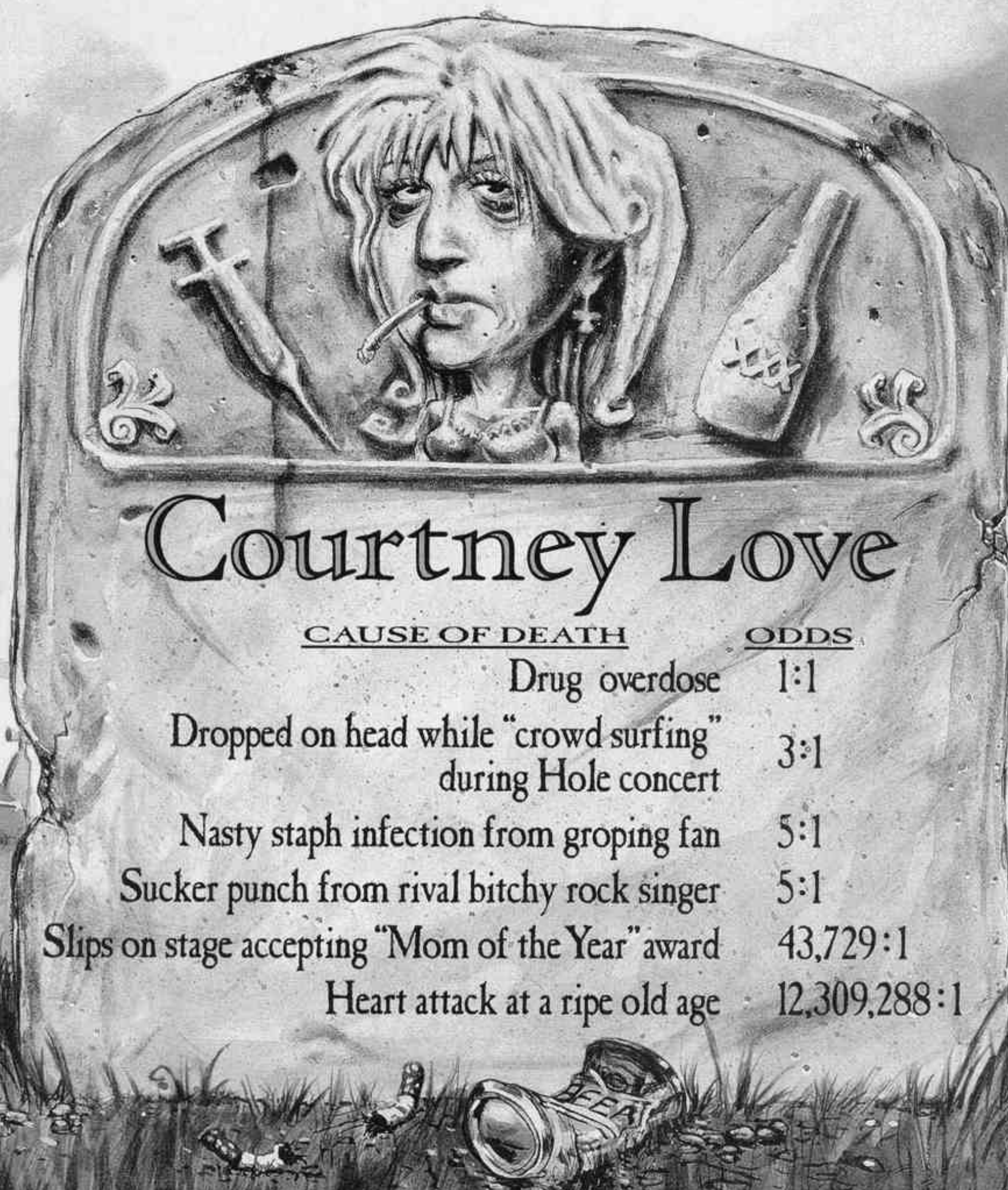


BEHIND THE CREMATE BALL DEPT.

MAD'S CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line
on how one of today's biggest stars is going to buy the farm!

THIS MONTH'S FUTURE CADAVER:



Courtney Love

CAUSE OF DEATH

ODDS

Drug overdose 1:1

Dropped on head while "crowd surfing"
during Hole concert 3:1

Nasty staph infection from groping fan 5:1

Sucker punch from rival bitchy rock singer 5:1

Slips on stage accepting "Mom of the Year" award 43,729:1

Heart attack at a ripe old age 12,309,288:1

**WHAT IS
THIS SPRING'S
BIGGEST
FASHION
BLUNDER?**

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

Each year, high-priced designers create outfits that no normal person would ever be caught dead wearing. Usually, there is one so hideous it is embarrassing just to look at. To find out what this Spring's big fashion faux pas is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**SURPRISED FASHION EXPERTS HOPE NO PER-
MANENT DAMAGE IS DONE BY THIS YEAR'S
COSTLY DESIGN FLOP. BUT WHO'LL ASSUME
RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE FIASCO?**

A ▶

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

◀ B



A MAD AD PARODY

Now that you've had a few,
she's beginning to look
pretty good, isn't she?

Dewar's