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MARCH 2002

NUMBER 415

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*"If you lend
someone your ear,
don't expect to be
repaid with interest!"*

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**FRONT COVER ARTIST:
MORT DRUCKER**





TILL DEATH DO US PART?

Your recent exchange of letters with Johnny Knoxville (MAD #412) bugged the daylight out of me. You gave that Jackass boy a free three-year subscription. Yet when you published my letter (MAD #409) saying that I have subscribed to your rag almost since it began, and also used it to poison the minds of my children and grandchildren, and asked for a measly free lifetime subscription, what was your answer? "Sorry, no can do." What has that Jackass boy got that I haven't got — aside from MTV?

Mrs. George "Granny" Bookman
Lakeville, CT

Granny — Okay, okay, we agree to revisit the idea of giving you a free lifetime subscription. However, in speaking with that bumbling Godfrey in accounting, he insists that you first send us your medical records from the past five years and be willing to submit to a full physical (including specimens) by one of our doctors so we know the exact cost of what we're getting involved in by giving you the subscription for life. Lastly, would you please take a moment and answer the following questions:

- 1) Are you a smoker?
- 2) Do you currently drive a Ford Explorer with Firestone tires?
- 3) Do you live within a five-mile radius of any known serial killers?
- 4) Do you ever while away a Sunday morning playing golf with O.J.?
- 5) Do your vacation plans include a two-week stay with your cousin Osama in his palatial cave in Tora Bora, Afghanistan?

Thanks for taking the time to answer these questions. You will have Godfrey's decision as soon as possible! —Ed.

EDITOR'S NOTE

"The MAD 20" feature

"The HONEST Monopoly Game Board That Would Have Kept McDonald's Out of Trouble" (MAD #413) omitted the following important credit: RESEARCH ASSISTANCE: CHERYL SPITZER. Thanks, Cheryl, and in McDonald's style, please accept our Super-Sized helping of oily, greasy apologies!



ALFRED E. NEUMAN LOOK-A-LIKE CONTEST



In MAD #413 we asked readers to send in pictures of their own Alfred E. Neuman look-a-likes. The first unfortunate winner of our contest is Shai Spilberg of British Columbia, Canada. As promised, an official Alfred E. Neuman look-a-like certificate is winging its way up to him in the Great White North. We're sure all MAD readers join with the MAD staff in hoping that Shai will soon grow out of this! Fa!

MUGGLER'S BLUES

What a spooky coincidence...MAD #412 was a special issue devoted to Harry Potter. Strangely enough, 412 is precisely the number of rat's asses I give about Harry Potter.

C. Sullivan
Nova Scotia, Canada

Sully — It's interesting you use the phrase "rat's ass." As many Harry Potter aficionados know, a rat's ass is an essential ingredient in many potions taught at Hogwarts in the Dark Arts class. Hmm...too bad no one's ever come up with a potion to make sniveling little letter writers go poof! We don't expect great things from you, C! —Ed.

Jolly good work on the Harry Potter issue, chaps! However, being a devoted Harry Potter fan, I must point out a few mistakes. First of all, on page eight, they are goblins, not elves, and elves weren't in *The Wizard of Oz* at all — they were Munchkins. Got that? Good! Next, on page 10, Shrek isn't a troll, he is an ogre. So the Disney guys are attacking that poor defenseless troll for nothing. And since that is all I have to comment, I can close with one thing: Get it right next time!

Aaron Grono
Forest Lake, MN

Aaron — We don't give a rat's ass! —Ed.

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

I have a wish for the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*. I would love for my car, a 1990 gray Toyota Corolla, to be a moving advertisement for MAD magazine. I have an official MAD keychain and would love it if you guys could hook up my ride with some large obnoxious decals, floor mats or other accessories so I can have the hottest car in the Richmond area. I seek no monetary payment.

Jonathan Mick
Richmond, VA

Mickster — Ding ding ding! In the game of the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*, we have a winner! Being sent to you even as we write this are some stickers, Alfred E. Neuman pictures and other MAD junk for you to decorate your ride. We look forward to seeing a photo of the finished decorated product. Good luck and thanks for writing the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*! —Ed.



MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS



Dr. Brad Bissell of New York City sent us this photo of former S.N.L. star, standup comedienne and perpetual whiner Janeane Garofalo (whose name we're still not sure how to pronounce!) Interestingly enough, Brad himself chose not to be in the picture — a little shy there, Brad Bubby? Nevertheless, a deal is a deal and he'll get his free subscription. As Janeane might say, how ironic!

HOW TO REACH US

Please address Correspondence To:
MAD, Dept. 415, 1700 Broadway,
New York, New York, 10019.
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CEMETERY SNAPS UNEARTHED



Back in MAD #410 we issued a bold challenge to MAD readers. It was called Cemetery Snaps and the purpose of this feature was simple — to be disrespectful of the dead by sending in a photo of yourself at the grave of a famous person holding an issue of MAD. Well, lo and behold, it didn't take long before our mailbox was flooded with our readers dancing all over dearly departed's last resting places. For our ceremonial first installment of Cemetery Snaps, we chose this tasteful photo of Cathy Asay of Louisville, KY dressed as a chicken (we think) at the grave of KFC founder Colonel Harland Sanders. Well done and a bucketful of MADs, well, a year's subscription — to go — to the Asay family!

FEUD FOR THOUGHT

Editor's Note: It began in issue #405 when Eugene Lumley of the Bronx, NY fired the first shot about the WWF and the D'Lo Brown controversy. In MAD #409, Gary Orton of Cedar City, UT sent off his first letter dissing Eugene. Well, Eugene took his own pot shot at Gary in issue #412. Now here is the latest in the battle between these two lightweights:

What's up? First off let me say I got my braces off months ago, so now I have to buy MAD from the store and sometimes I miss an issue, however, I did pick up the one where that putz, Eugene Lumley, or as he calls himself, "the Great One," said I need to go to the Optometrist. Since we last spoke, I have put the WWF as far back in my mind as I can and I don't even remember what happened with the whole pimp/ho controversy. But what about Eugene? Honestly, he can't let it go. I'm curious, how old is 'Ol Gene anyways? Is he like some thirty-year-old who still lives with

his parents? I've hit the grand age of 18 and have matured (slightly) enough to put this pre-adolescent soap opera behind me and watch real sports like football. I think that the only thing Eugene is cooking is a load of crap. Well, I think I better translate this into "Eugene" terms: Orton 3:16 says I just kicked your ass!

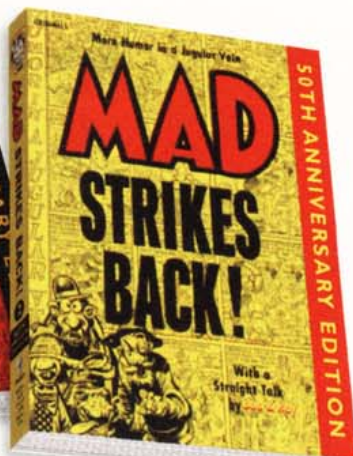
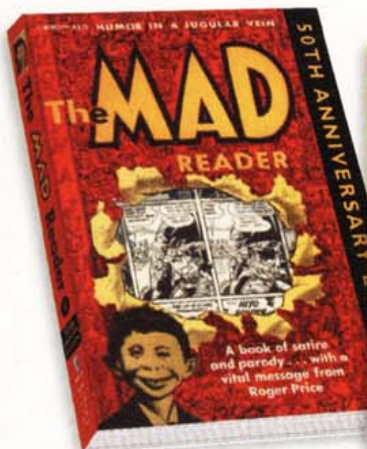
Gary Orton
Cedar City, UT

Gary O. and Eugene L. — In the words of the immortal Rodney King "Can't we all just get along?" Well, evidently not. So rather than continue to publish your increasingly insulting missives, we're going to throw this to our readers. Who's the Grade-A chicken-boned moron — Gary O. or Eugene L.? Send your opinions on this matter to: Amy "The Big Ref" 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. We'll print the best of these letters in an upcoming issue and please don't hesitate insulting these two meatheads! —Ed.



PAPERBACKS TO THE FUTURE

Kicking off the celebration of MAD's 50th Anniversary is the reissue of the first two classic MAD paperbacks, *The MAD Reader* and *MAD Strikes Back*. On sale now! Look for others to follow in coming months!



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Contributing Artists And Writers

the usual gang of idiots



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TALES FROM THE CLARK SIDE DEPT.

First there was *Superman* the comic book, then *Superman* the TV series, then *Superman* the movie, then *Superman* the movie sequel, then *Superman* the second movie sequel and then (GAK!) *Superman* the third movie sequel! Then we got another *Superman* TV series (*Lois & Clark*) and somewhere scattered in there were a bunch of poorly animated cartoons (check your local listings)! You'd figure after a half century they'd be done milking this tired, old franchise, but nooooo — now we have to sit through still another *Superman* TV show we call...

As our school's top reporter, I'm making a video about some of the students who live in our little town of Smellville! As you know, Smellville used to be called "The Corn Capital of the World," but since that shower of debris from the sky twelve years ago, it's now known as "The Meteor Capital of the World!" But the truth is that when you see all the hokey things that go on in this town, it's still the Corn Capital of the World! Now I'll interview some of the students and I'll pretend to be interested, just like a real TV reporter! State your names, please...

Cluck Camp! One day in the future you'll know me as Superman, but at age 15, I have no cape, no big letter S, and I can't even fly! I guess you could call me Superman-Lite! But I do have some special powers! I can see into the bedroom of Lotta Lung, the cheerleader who lives across the street! It's not so much the special power of my eyes, but more the power of my telescope! I know every teenager suffers from being horny! But because of my special powers, I suffer from being Super horny!

What are you going to do after you graduate?

I'm going to be Lois Lane, star reporter!

You too?

Honey, the weatherman said showers again, but in this town, I'm not sure if it means we need an umbrella or a hardhat, so I brought both! I'm hoping it's another meteor shower! Remember how twelve years ago a meteor shower blessed us with that adorable three-year-old boy who fell from the sky? Well, I'm praying another meteor shower helps us to have a bigger family, or at least maybe a puppy!

Sweetheart, I think you're becoming a little ditsy from all the weird stuff that happens in this town! But you're right, we were lucky to have that miracle boy fall from the sky! And he is a miracle boy! Just think, Warner Bros. has found yet another way to squeeze money out of an ancient franchise! I mean there was *Adventures of Superman*, *Lois & Clark: The New Adventures of Superman*, *Superboy*, and now this! If that isn't a miracle, what is?

SMELLVILLE

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

I'm Lotta Lung, an orphan, just like Cluck! But the similarity stops there! Cluck tends to be shy and a loner, while I'm warm, outgoing and very popular! Actually, the only thing Cluck and I have in common is our big, wide, toothy smiles! As a matter of fact, we both go to a cosmetic dentist who dulls our teeth so we stop blinding people!

Whipme, here! As everyone in Smellville knows, I'm a star football jock! Naturally, I'm Lotta Lung's heartthrob! Cluck has a crush on Lotta, but if that nerd thinks he has a chance with her, he's nuts! He's got nothing going for him, thoughtful, caring and decent person that he is! While I on the other hand can drink more beer and hurl chunks further than anyone in the senior class! So who do YOU think the classiest babe in town is gonna be attracted to?

I'm Pete Moss and I too felt a change when that meteor shower hit Smellville! I used to be white!

WELCOME TO SMELLVILLE
POPULATION
WEIRD

METROPOLIS
Gotham City
DC

LUTHER
FERTILIZER

#1
IN THE #2
BUSINESS

Yes, my good man, I'm Lacks Lager, son of millionaire Lying Lager! But I'm not proud of that fact, because my father doesn't love me! Sure, he sent me to the best schools! But if he really loved me, he would have sent me to Hair Club For Men instead! But I don't hold a grudge! As much as I hate my dad, I'm still personally delivering this load of smelly fertilizer to his house!

Whatever! Just tell me, where should I dump it?

Put half in my dad's swimming pool, and the rest in his convertible!

MORT DRUCKER

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IN THE #2
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Whatever! Just tell me, where should I dump it?

Put half in my dad's swimming pool, and the rest in his convertible!

MORT DRUCKER

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NAME

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30 pushy:

passing!

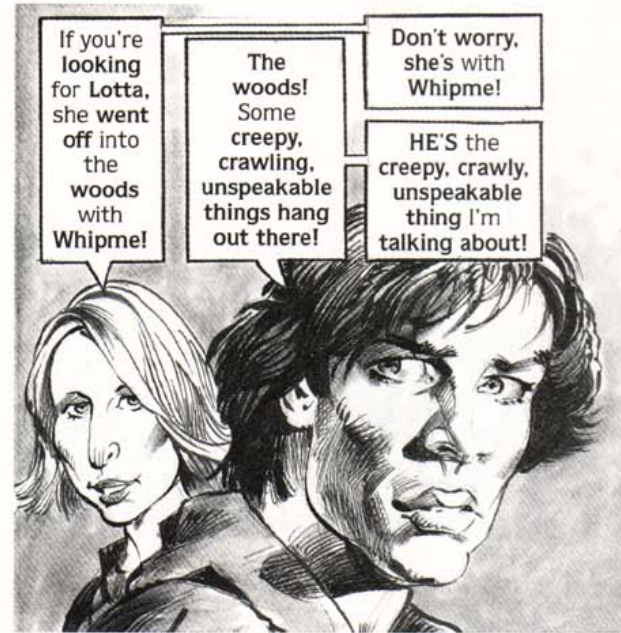


First I have to fight off Whipme, and now a tree! I've got to stop flashing my sexy smile every ten seconds! It's getting me in too much trouble! No matter where I go, someone or something is wrapping their limbs around me!

Come on, don't fight me! My bark is worse than my bite!

Whipme, please do something to help me here!

I will! I'm gonna go home, get a saw and cut you free! My cordless saw! But the battery needs a complete charge, so I'll be back in 24 hours! Good luck!

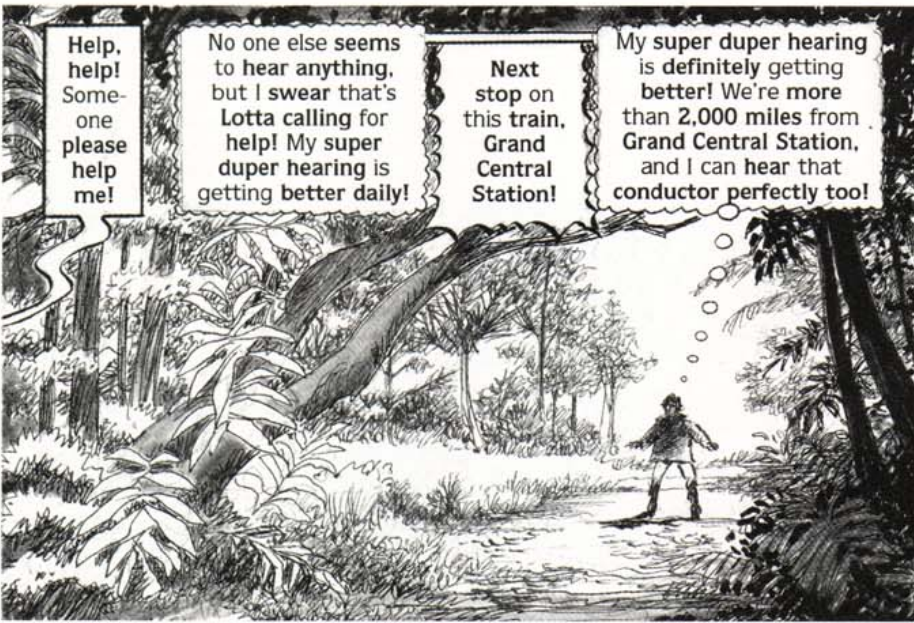


If you're looking for Lotta, she went off into the woods with Whipme!

The woods! Some creepy, crawling, unspeakable things hang out there!

Don't worry, she's with Whipme!

HE'S the creepy, crawly, unspeakable thing I'm talking about!

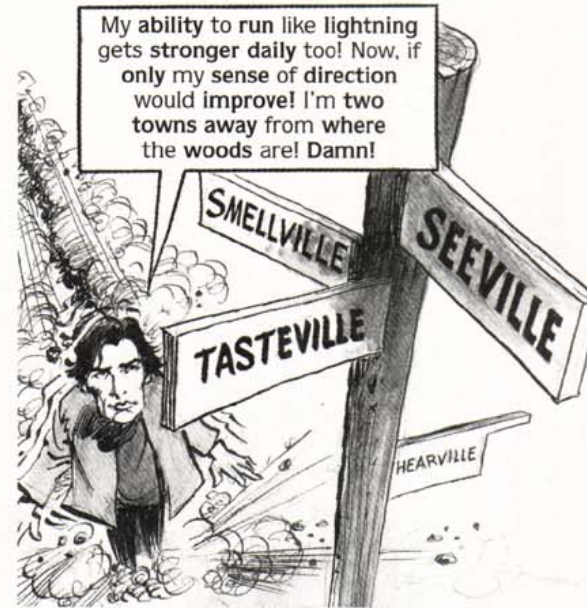


Help, help! Someone please help me!

No one else seems to hear anything, but I swear that's Lotta calling for help! My super duper hearing is getting better daily!

Next stop on this train, Grand Central Station!

My super duper hearing is definitely getting better! We're more than 2,000 miles from Grand Central Station, and I can hear that conductor perfectly too!



My ability to run like lightning gets stronger daily too! Now, if only my sense of direction would improve! I'm two towns away from where the woods are! Damn!

SMELLVILLE
TASTEVILLE
SEEVILLE
HEARVILLE



Go back to the second light, make a right, and when you see the piece of land with nothing but trees, that's the woods!

BEER

EXIT

GAS
FREE
TUMS
WITH EVERY
FILL UP

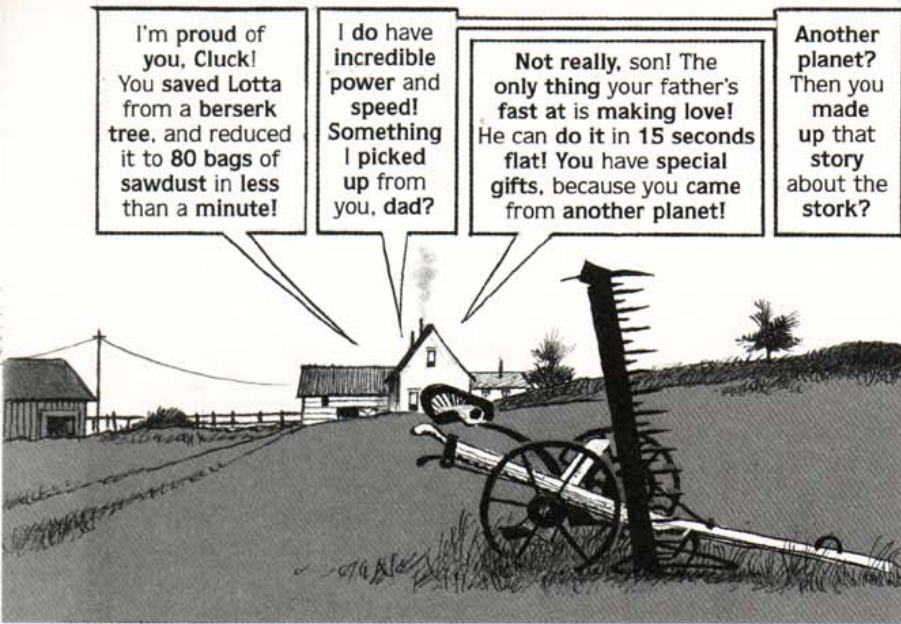


Cluck, you've come to help me! Thank goodness!

Oh, my knees, I'm weak, I... I can't stand... I'm shaking... I'm collapsing!

It must be this necklace with the Kraptonite!

No, it's that tight sweater! Man, what a rack! I get weak when I get close to them!



I'm proud of you, Cluck! You saved Lotta from a berserk tree, and reduced it to 80 bags of sawdust in less than a minute!

I do have incredible power and speed! Something I picked up from you, dad?

Not really, son! The only thing your father's fast at is making love! He can do it in 15 seconds flat! You have special gifts, because you came from another planet!

Another planet? Then you made up that story about the stork?

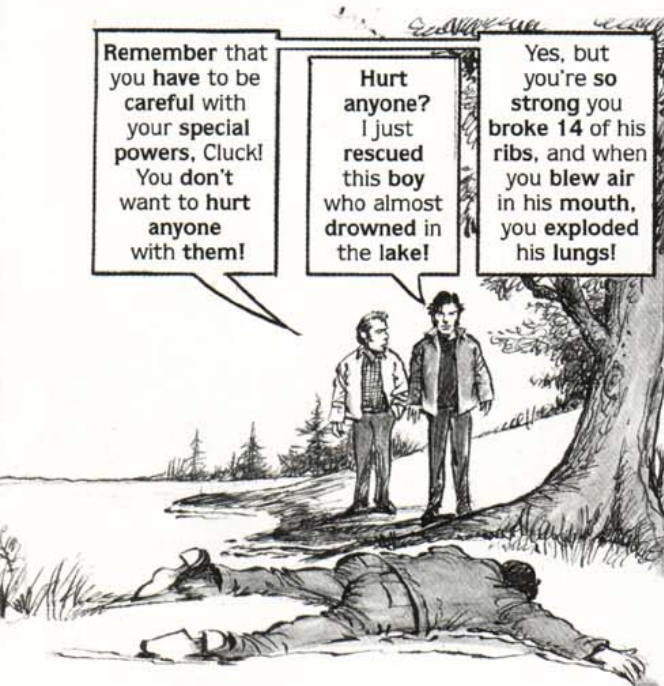


You're old enough to know the truth! As a matter of fact, you're old enough to be barely convincing playing a high school teenager, since you're really in your twenties!

You see, Cluck, you landed here on Earth in a strange craft, during a disastrous meteor shower!

Wow! Is this the strange craft?

No, son, that was from another disaster in my life that took place many years ago!



Remember that you have to be careful with your special powers, Cluck! You don't want to hurt anyone with them!

Hurt anyone? I just rescued this boy who almost drowned in the lake!

Yes, but you're so strong you broke 14 of his ribs, and when you blew air in his mouth, you exploded his lungs!

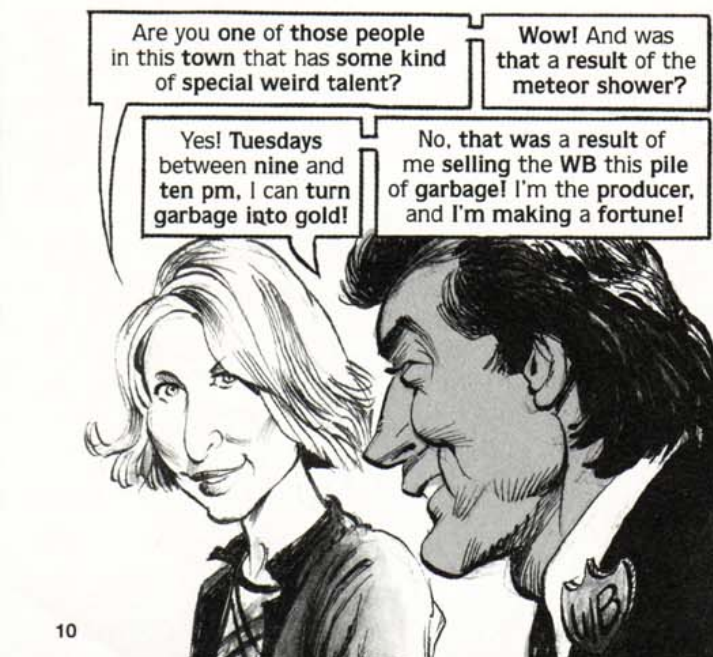


Have you seen this "Wall Of The Weird" I heard about? Newspaper clippings of every strange thing that's happened in this town since the meteor shower!

I'm on that wall! I was driving over 80 miles-an-hour in my sports car! I crashed through a cement guardrail, landed underwater, and yet, I had just a few scratches! How do you explain that?

When you come from a wealthy family, you're just different from other people!

You know, dad, I was the one in the ghastly accident, but you're the one who suffered the severe brain damage!

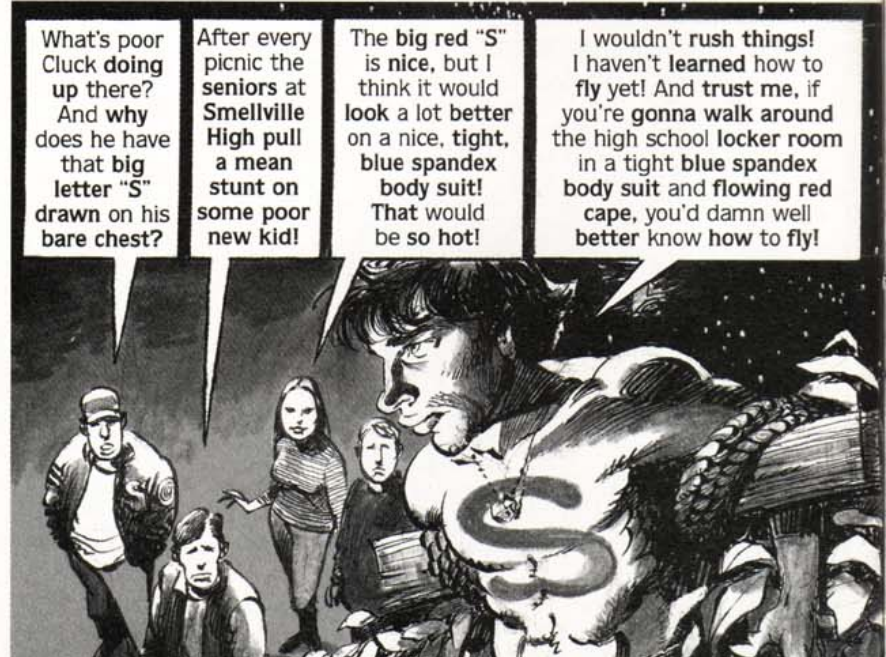


Are you one of those people in this town that has some kind of special weird talent?

Wow! And was that a result of the meteor shower?

Yes! Tuesdays between nine and ten pm, I can turn garbage into gold!

No, that was a result of me selling the WB this pile of garbage! I'm the producer, and I'm making a fortune!



What's poor Cluck doing up there? And why does he have that big letter "S" drawn on his bare chest?

After every picnic the seniors at Smellville High pull a mean stunt on some poor new kid!

The big red "S" is nice, but I think it would look a lot better on a nice, tight, blue spandex body suit! That would be so hot!

I wouldn't rush things! I haven't learned how to fly yet! And trust me, if you're gonna walk around the high school locker room in a tight blue spandex body suit and flowing red cape, you'd damn well better know how to fly!



Browse

Sell

Services

Search

Help

Community

item view

Melissa Etheridge's Turkey Baster!!!!!! WOW!

Item # 1628434235
[Home & Garden:Home Accessories:Kitchen Utensils:Fertility Devices:Used](#)
Bidding is thankfully closed for this item.

Currently **\$754.68**
Quantity **1**

First bid **\$9.99**
of bids **22** [bid history](#)
Location **Mullet Canyon, CA**
Country/Region **USA/Los Angeles**



Seller (Rating) **[Yes I Am@sappho.com \(68\)](#) ★**
[find out who else this seller has screwed over](#) | [see what other crap seller is trying to unload](#)



High bid **[Burly Lady Gym Teacher \(42\)](#) ★**

Payment Money Order/Cashiers Check. Personal Check. Episodes of *Ellen* on Tape. Indigo Girls CDs. Burlap.

Seller Options Didn't sell your item the first time around? ecchBay will refund your precious 30¢ listing fee if you simply spend another frustrating half-hour going through all the steps it takes to [re-list this item](#), and then blow another hour navigating the confusing labyrinth that is our site map to find the hidden link that you need to click on to request the refund. But if you didn't sell this piece of crap the first time, what makes you think anyone's going to want it now?

If you are the seller or a high bidder — [what were you thinking?](#)

Buyer assumes all responsibility for bidding on — and subsequent use and misuse of — this item, including but not limited to mysterious conceptions, of children with walrus mustaches in male-free households, and/or funny-tasting gravy around Thanksgiving time.

Description

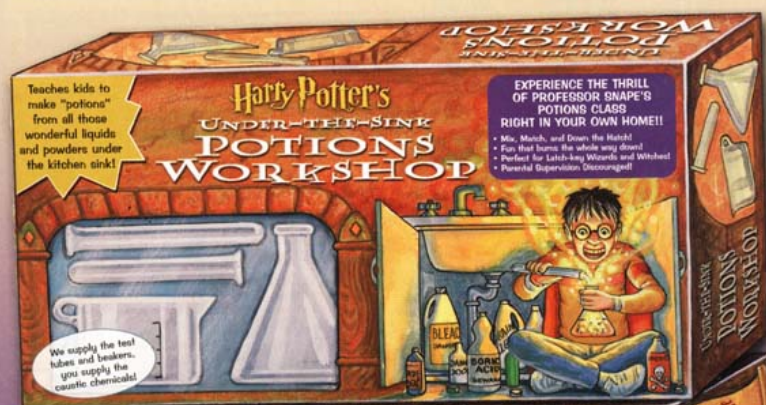
Come to my auction...! Now here's something you don't see every day — a celebrity-owned item with ties to not one but two different musicians! Straight (!) from the home of country singer Melissa Etheridge comes this handy turkey baster! An impressive 9" in length, it features a translucent plastic shaft and a soft red rubber bulb. Healthy size is large enough to accommodate even the most enormous bird. Also great for basting fish! Most likely a former housewarming gift of some kind, as the shaft is boldly enscribed "To Melissa and Julie — Good luck! David Crosby" in black ink. Baster is unwashed and still has traces of some sort of light-colored residue stuck to the sides — we'll leave that to the new owners to clean! Utensil is in excellent condition and looks to have been used very little. Comes with a Certificate of Authenticity and a CD single of Etheridge's hit song, *Your Little Secret*. Bid with confidence — proceeds benefit the I Have Two Mommies Foundation. Just what you've always wanted! Don't let this one get away! Snatch it up before it's too late!



THE HOGWARTS DISTRESS DEPT.

It's all well and good to write a best selling book, but that's nothing compared to the bread that Harry Potter author J.K. Rowling can make in licensing the Harry Potter name. Why go to the trouble of writing another Harry Potter adventure when she can do nothing and still make millions on a "Harry Potter Eyeglass-Repair Kit"? But even though the Harry Potter name is like a license to print money, on a few occasions, Rowling actually gave the thumbs down to some "Potter" products, which MAD herewith presents...

REJECTED Harry Potter MERCHANDISE



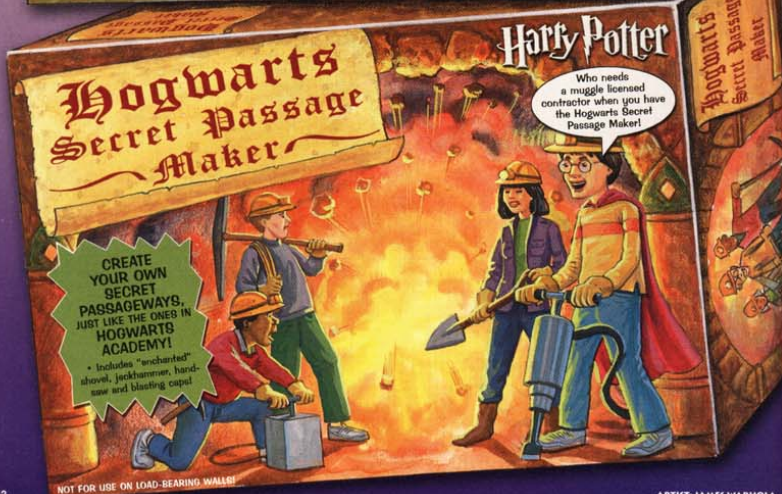
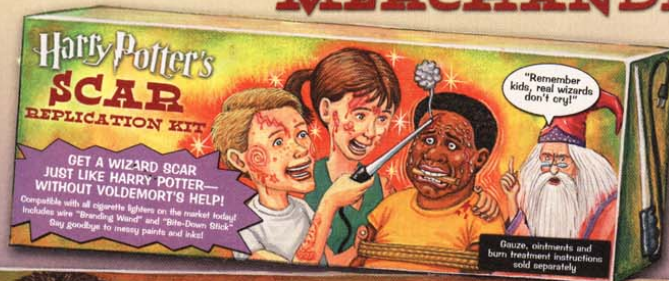
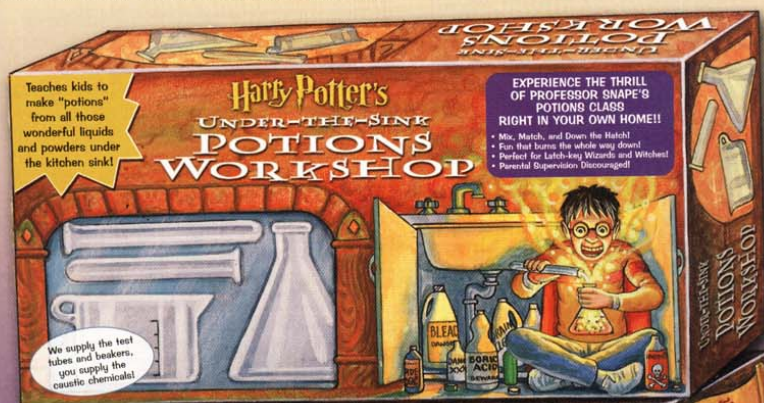
ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA

WRITER: DAVID CROATTO

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A MAD LOOK AT STREET VENDORS

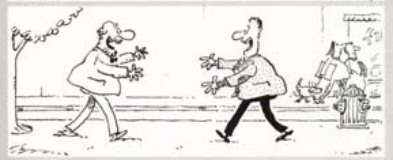
ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

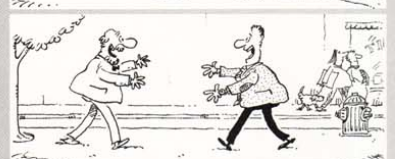


A MAD LOOK AT STREET VENDORS

ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







It's time once again to take a close look...a really close look...at some of today's hottest movie titles. Could it be that these titles do more than simply tell us what the film is about? Are they subliminally whispering to us the quality of the movie in question? Or are we overanalyzing this whole thing and being too damn picky for our own good? You decide as we present...

STILL MORE INSTANT

MOVIE REVIEWS

A collage of movie titles written on a notepad with yellow polka-dot borders. The titles are: HARRY POTTER AND THE SORCERER'S STONE, FINAL FANTASY: THE SPIRITS WITHIN, ATLANTIS: THE LOST EMPIRE, JAY AND SILENT BOB STRIKE BACK, A KNIGHT'S TALE, and JEEPERS CREEPERS. The text is in various colors (red, blue, black) and fonts, some of which are stylized to look like movie posters. In the bottom right corner, there are small, partially visible images of a pizza and an ATM sign.

ARTIST: AMANDA CONNER WRITER: RUSS COOPER COLORIST: DIGITAL CHAMELEON

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STILL MORE INSTANT

MOVIE REVIEWS

JOHN CARPENTER'S GHOSTS OF MARS
 THE CURSE OF THE JADE SCORPION
 A.I. ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE
 THE FAST AND THE FURIOUS
 PEARL HARBOR
 AMERICA'S SWEETHEARTS

HARRY POTTER AND THE SORCERER'S STONE
FINAL FANTASY: THE SPIRITS WITHIN
ATLANTIS: THE LOST EMPIRE
JAY AND SILENT BOB STRIKE BACK
A KNIGHT'S TALE
JEEPERS CREEPERS

ARTIST: AMANDA CONNER WRITER: RUSS COOPER COLORIST: DIGITAL CHAMELEON

From sleazy fundraising to partisan bickering, modern politics is in a terrible state. And it's only about to get worse. It's...

Monty and... THE CONGRESSMAN



ARTIST: BILL WRAY

WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

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Recently, inventor Dean Kamen unveiled "It." What "It" (also called Ginger or The Segway) is is a motorized, battery powered, "self-balancing people mover." (Think of "It" as a combination Razor scooter/old rotary lawn mower, only a lot more dangerous!) Kamen says his invention will change history and revolutionize the way people get around cities. We seriously doubt this, but we'll play along for the sake of the premise. If Kamen's prediction does hold true, then, as with every invention, there will be some unforeseen side effects, like these...

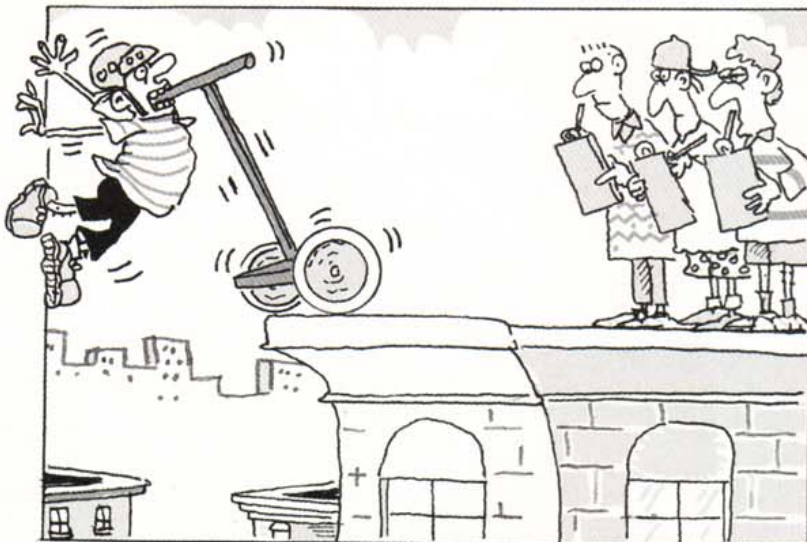
UNINTENDED AND UNFORTUNATE CONSEQUENCES OF "IT"

ARTIST: DUCK EDWING

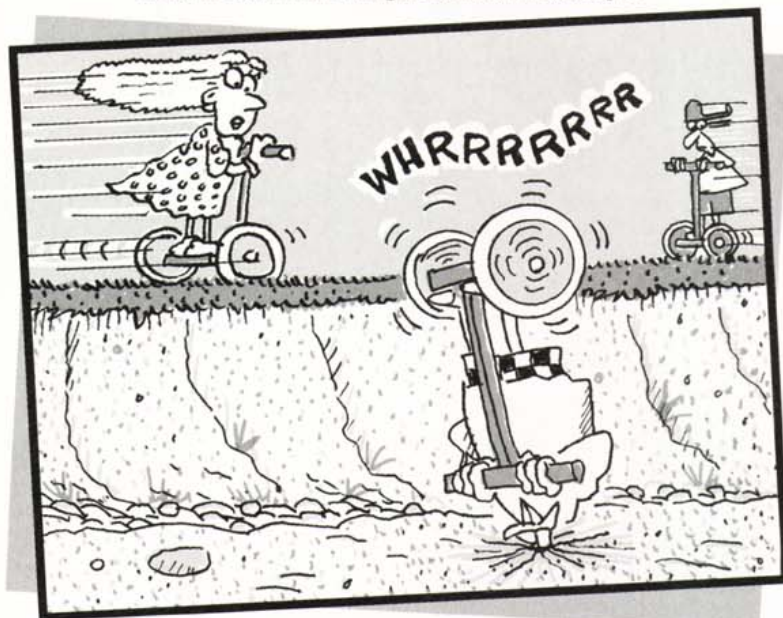
WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL



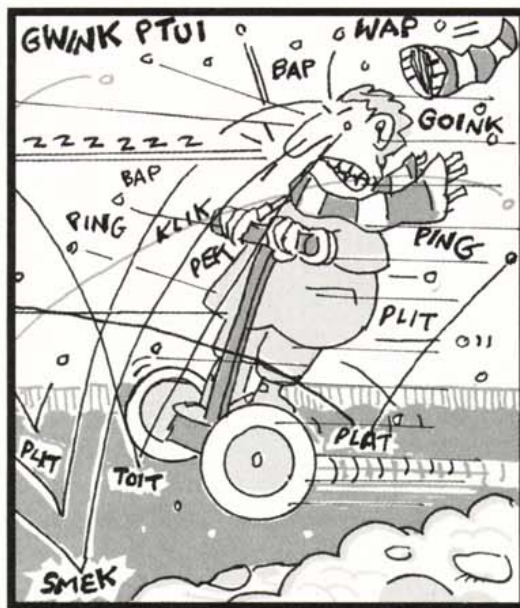
Just about every time someone signals for a turn, someone else loses an eye



Those yahoos from X-Games will get hold of it and make it even more dangerous than it already is



Despite scientific evidence saying it's impossible, Ford will still manage to make a model that rolls over



At a top speed of 17 mph, passing a salt-spreader truck in winter will be all but impossible



"It" will quickly replace the shopping cart as a choice possession among the homeless



Vince McMahon will begin developing hokey WWF story lines around it as the logical "next step" from metal folding chairs



Incidents of road rage will grow uglier and more violent than ever



Those yahoos from the Occupational Safety & Health Administration will get hold of it and (unintentionally) make it even more dangerous than it already is



Across the country, people with fat asses will look even more ridiculous than before

Gyroscopically speaking, if...

$$R^n > \frac{n}{\sqrt{XY}} \rightarrow (\theta_2 - \theta_1) = \frac{3e}{n}$$

$$\text{Then: } \frac{x}{xv} - \sqrt{A^x} > D^2 + (n^2 > m^s)$$

$$\Delta \frac{R}{C^7} \rightarrow (Z_{P}^{NC})^R \dots$$

That's why she's not turning over!



A new breed of mechanics will spring up that will be even more difficult to comprehend than the present guys



Chase segments on Fox-TV's *Cops* will become major snoozathons



For the mob, it will pretty much be business as usual

POSITION CONTROL DEPT.

USE
SUPERMODELS AS
ASTRONAUTS

These days, the average guy knows a lot more about NASCAR than he does about NASA, more about Jeff Gordon than Gordon Cooper! And that's bad for NASA, because future budgets for the space agency are going to be voted on by politicians elected from today's pool of mouth-breathing, partying good 'ol boys! If they want to stay in the public eye, NASA is going to have to take a cue from the likes of *The Man Show* and start injecting their boring launches with a few of these...

Ways NASA can Appeal to the 18-34 Male Demographic

ARTIST: RAY ALMA
WRITER: JEFF KRUEZ

SEE HOW MANY
ASTRONAUTS IN CLOWN
SUITS CAN FIT INTO A SPACE
CAPSULE AT ONE TIME



SLAP A BUDWEISER LOGO
ON EVERYTHING IN SIGHT



HAL, OPEN THE
POD BAY DOORS,
PLEASE.

HAVE
LEONARDO
DICAPRIO DO HIS
"KING OF THE WORLD"
SCHTICK ON THE NOSE
OF THE SHUTTLE...
...THEN PUSH
HIM OFF.

I'm King of
the World!
Ahhhhhhhh!

INVOLVE GEORGE
LUCAS AND STEVEN
SPIELBERG IN
SOME WAY



GIVE DETAILED
EXPLANATIONS ABOUT
HOW THE ASTRONAUTS
GO TO THE BATHROOM
IN SPACE

To assist with this
demonstration, I
polished off a six-
pack before Liftoff!
Now, first you dock
your probe into the
loading bay,
so to speak...

Thassa one small step
for mankindsa - One
giilliant leap for Jar-Jar!

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PORTRAY THE
ASTRONAUTS AS THREE SWINGING,
SITCOM-STYLE GUYS

USE A LAUGH TRACK AND
EMPHASIZE ANY BLOOPERS THE
ASTRONAUTS MAY MAKE

Now, in this slow motion instant replay, catch the **priceless look** on the **astronaut's face** when he discovers that his **fellow astronaut** just **accidentally cut his tether line** and he's about to be sent **careening off into space forever!**



Hey man,
whassup
up here?

Dude, I've got a date
with that hot looking
chick from Mir!

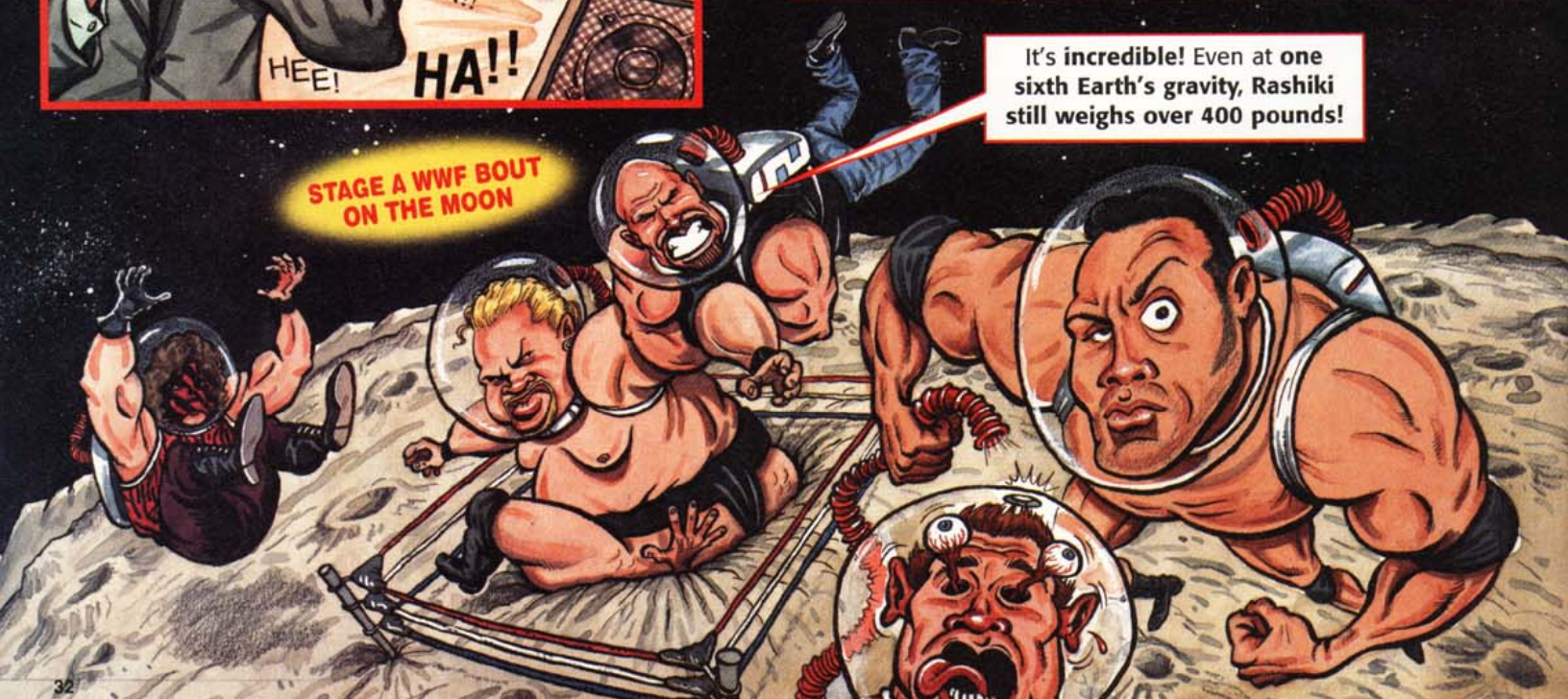
Whoa! Good luck!
All I ever got from
her was "Nyet!"

ATTACH MONSTER
TRUCK WHEELS AND CRUSH
SOME CARS BEFORE
THE LAUNCH



It's incredible! Even at one
sixth Earth's gravity, Rashiki
still weighs over 400 pounds!

STAGE A WWF BOUT
ON THE MOON





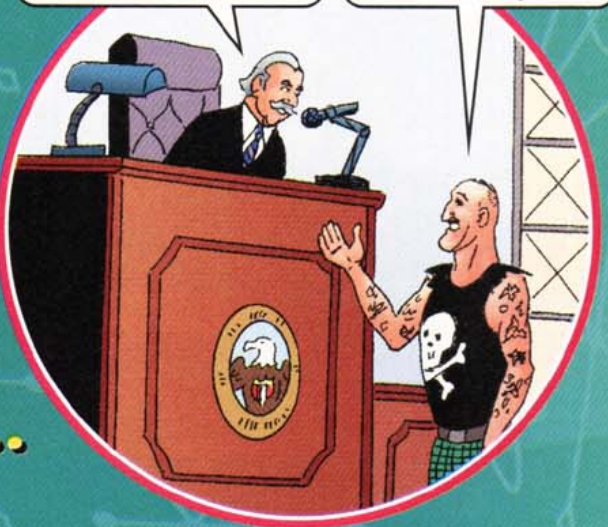
The Lighter Side of...



JUSTICE

You're a **disgrace!**
Have you **ever** earned an
honest dollar in your life?

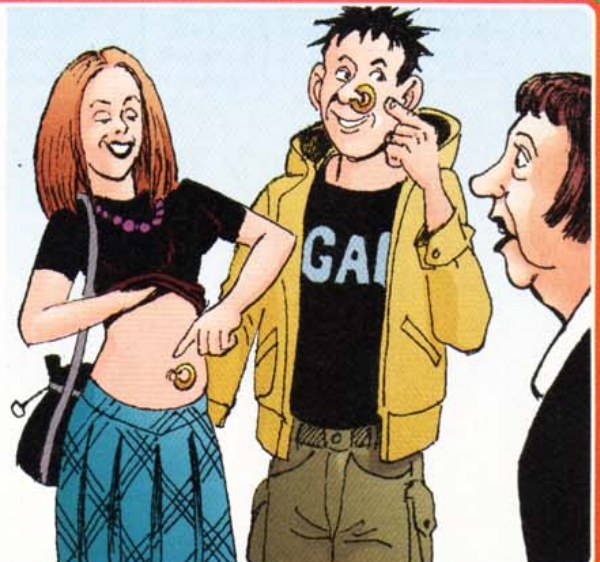
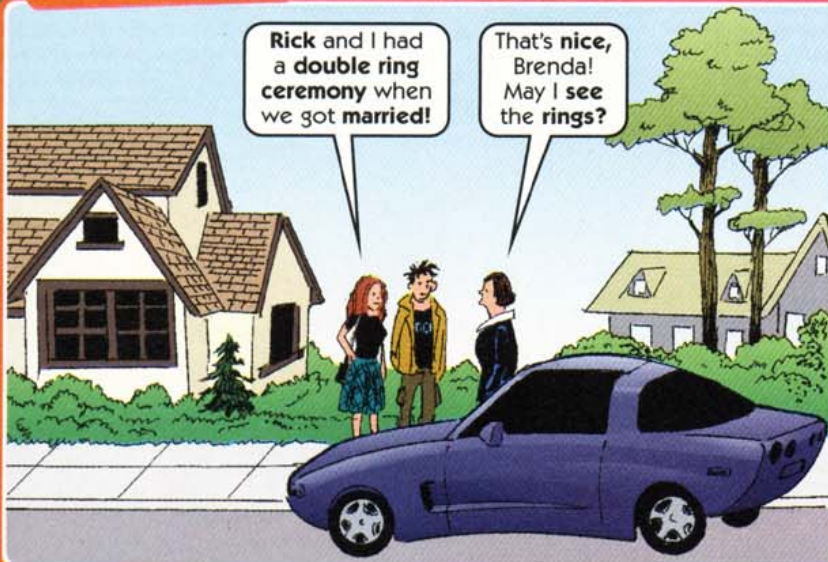
Yes, your **Honor!** In the
last election I was **paid**
to vote for you!



WEDDINGS

ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG

COLORIST: DIGITAL CHAMELEON



SPORTS



Did you see the **game** last night? Dunbar and Hamilton got into a **fight** under the **basket!** Both benches cleared!

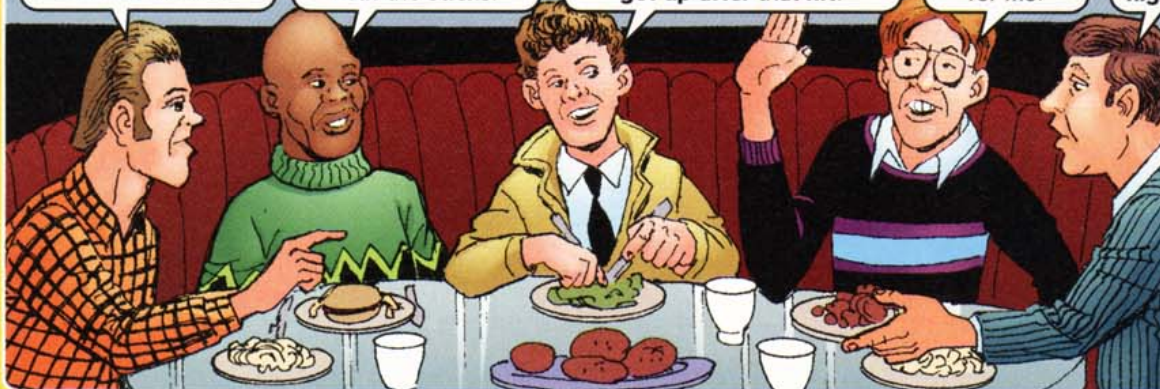
No, I was watching the **hockey game!** Talk about a **brawl!** Dougherty and Miles went at each other with the sticks!

Damn, I'm sorry I missed that! I was watching the **football game!** Lydecker leveled Olin just as he **threw the ball!** I didn't think he would get up after that hit!

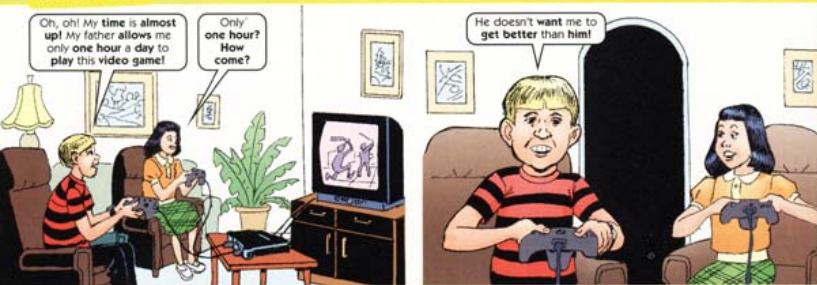
You know, those games are **getting** much too **violent** for me!

So what did you watch last night?

Boxing!



PRACTICE



EXCUSES



RELATIONSHIPS



CRIME



THERAPY



EQUALITY



WISDOM



PRACTICE



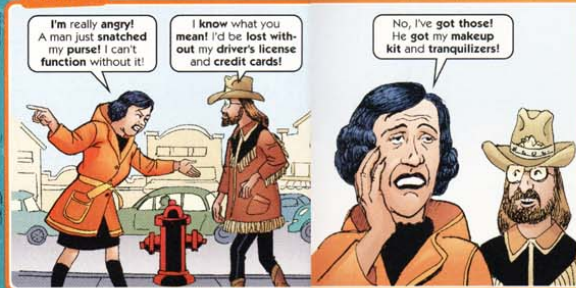
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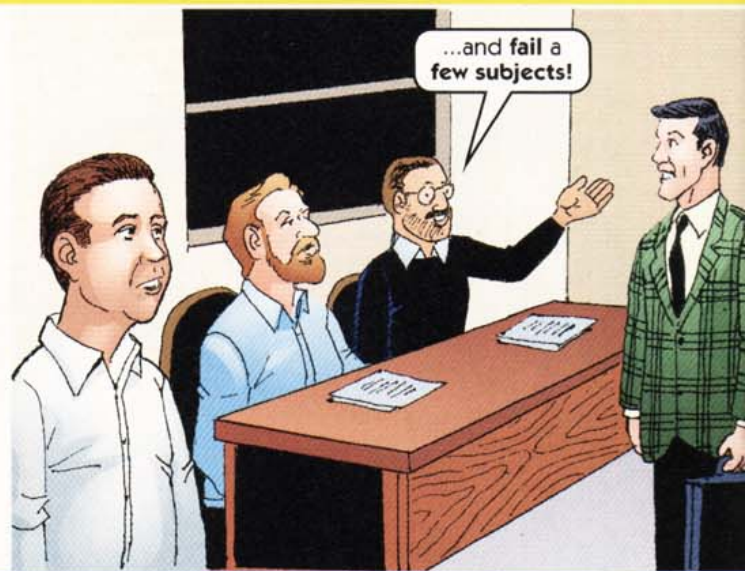
THE OFFICE

Gordon, we can't hire you! As it is, you're over-qualified for this job!

If you really want the position, we suggest you go back to school...



...and fail a few subjects!



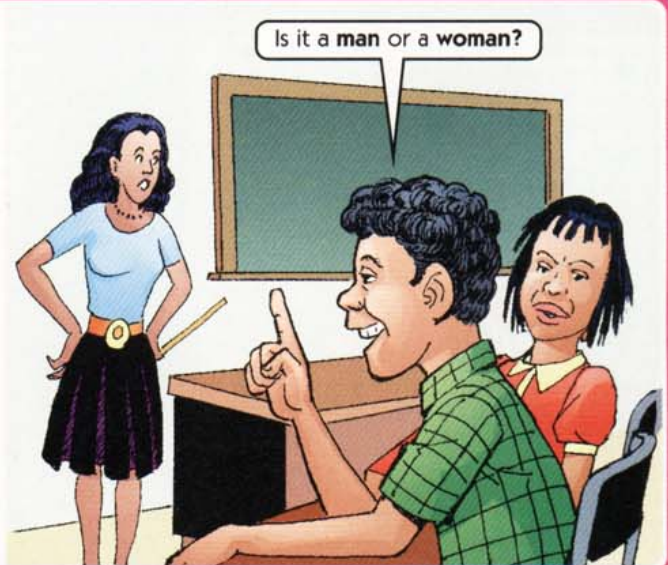
CALCULATIONS

Cory, if a person was born in 1950, how old would they be today?

That depends, Miss Diaz!



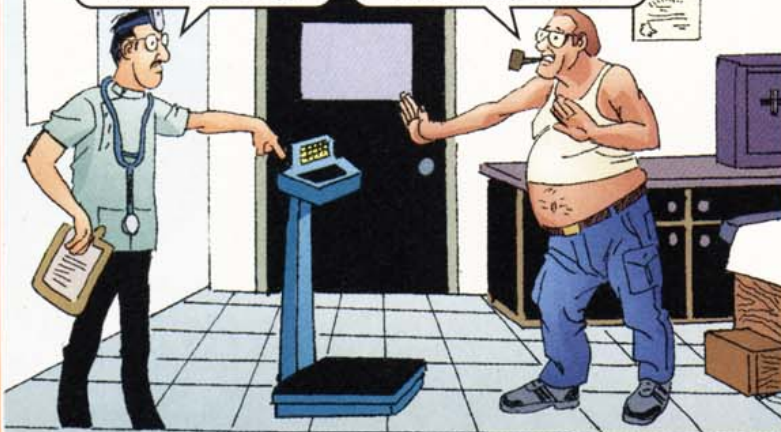
Is it a man or a woman?



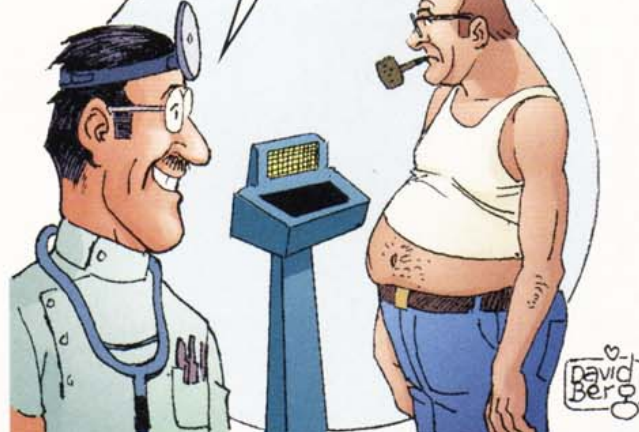
DOCTORS

Kaputnik, step on the latest piece of technology — a scale with a voice chip!

You mean it's going to tell me my weight out loud? No way, Doctor! I absolutely refuse!



Don't worry, it doesn't have a laugh track!



David Berg



Citizens! America faces an energy crisis! Yes, there's energy to spare, plus huge reserves! Yes, we still pay lower prices for gas than any country in Europe! And yes, there are several ways to provide cheaper, cleaner energy, if our government would just let it happen! So why, may I ask you, is this an energy crisis? Because you can gouge customers for a heck of a lot more when you call it a "crisis"! And you can also push a lot of legislation through Congress and figure out the nasty little repercussions later! Now, I would like to outline for you, my fellow Americans, the...

KEY POINTS OF MY, GEORGE W. BUSH'S, ENVIRONMENTAL PLAN

Let me start off by saying that if the United States can't have the largest virgin forest in the world, by God, at least we can have the shortest!

Although many of you think Exxon has me in their back pocket, I would like to say for the record that Exxon doesn't decide this administration's energy policy! That just wouldn't be democratic! I am a fair politician, so I give my friends at Mobil, Texaco, and Amoco equal votes!

KEY POINTS OF MY, GEORGE W. BUSH'S, ENVIRONMENTAL PLAN



I pledge to you today, that I will keep mispronouncing the word "nuke-you-ler," so that people will keep on making those funny jokes about my speech patterns, instead of paying any attention whatsoever to my strategic policies!

Nothing concerns me more than the prospect of the global warming epidemic getting so out of control that we may see average temperatures soar to a scorching 95 degrees Fahrenheit! But I am here to calm and remind worried Americans that that is still only a cool, cool 35 degrees in Celsius!



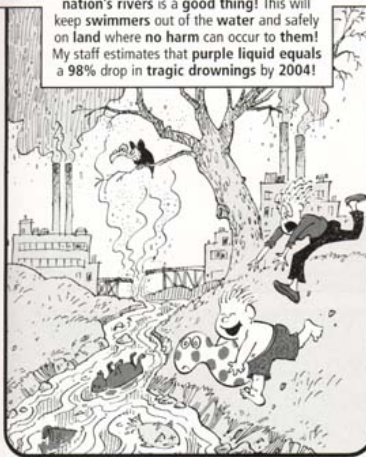
Although I am sad to report that dozens of animals are on the verge of extinction, the White House is prepared to take aggressive and dramatic action to make this situation as painless as possible! I am ordering the Secretary of the Interior to take at least one really good color photo of each kind of species so we can remember them as they were and so that the children of America in the future can learn about them through beautiful photos!



As an extra conservation measure, I will personally guarantee that absolutely no snowmobiling will be allowed in national parks from May 31 through August 15!



I believe pumping polychlorinated biphenyls and other neurotoxic chemicals into our nation's rivers is a good thing! This will keep swimmers out of the water and safely on land where no harm can occur to them! My staff estimates that purple liquid equals a 98% drop in tragic drownings by 2004!



I will double my efforts to put a positive spin on what I call negative words! For example, in my administration, acid rain will now be called "Miracle Rust-Off"!



I know there are a lot of critics out there who complain I am dragging my feet when it comes to the environment, but I believe you are all completely ignoring the fact that I have been seriously considering appointing a commission to study and discuss hypothetical proposals, before issuing a non-binding report which can then be looked at by additional experts who would be chosen later! That's action!



In closing, I would like to end on this thought-provoking note: long a dream, solar energy will become an everyday reality during the George W. Bush administration! Coincidentally, Vice President Dick Cheney and his friends have just bought all heating rights to the Sun! Thank you, and God bless America!



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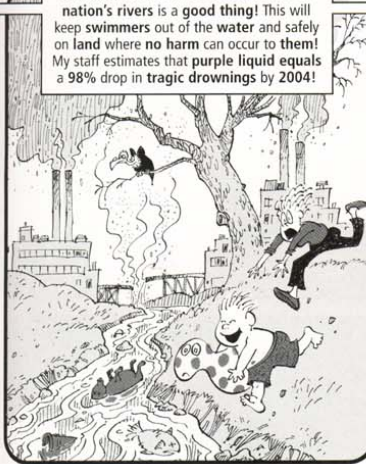
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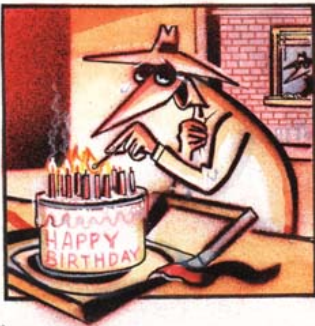


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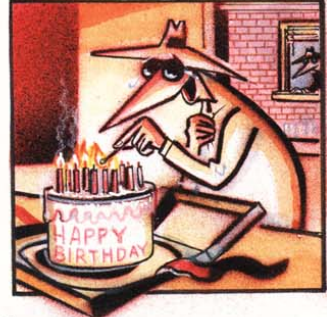


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ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER



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As the dozen or so observant readers of this magazine already know, we periodically examine what happens when members of an esteemed profession cross over to the dark side. We've examined the tragic consequences of when priests go bad. We followed that up with a disturbing look at what happens when nuns go bad. And then, without fear for our own well being from a carny backlash, we presented when clowns go bad. Now, in our boldest exposé to date, we rip the scab off the ugliest, most sickening display of human degradation yet as we present...

WHEN TEACHERS GO BAD

ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL



Conducts obscene Spelling Bees



Shop curriculum for the whole year consists of making realistic soap and shoe polish pistols, toothbrush shivs and homemade tattoo needles

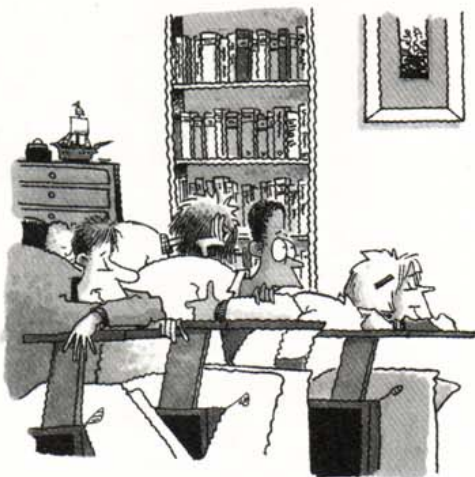
TSK, TSK.... IF THIS BUNDT CAKE WERE TO TOPPLE INTO YOUR FESTIVE DISPLAY OF FINE PASTRY, IT COULD SPELL DOOM FOR YOUR ENTIRE OPERATION.... PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO PURCHASE SOME INSURANCE IN ORDER TO PREVENT SUCH A TERRIBLE OCCURENCE.



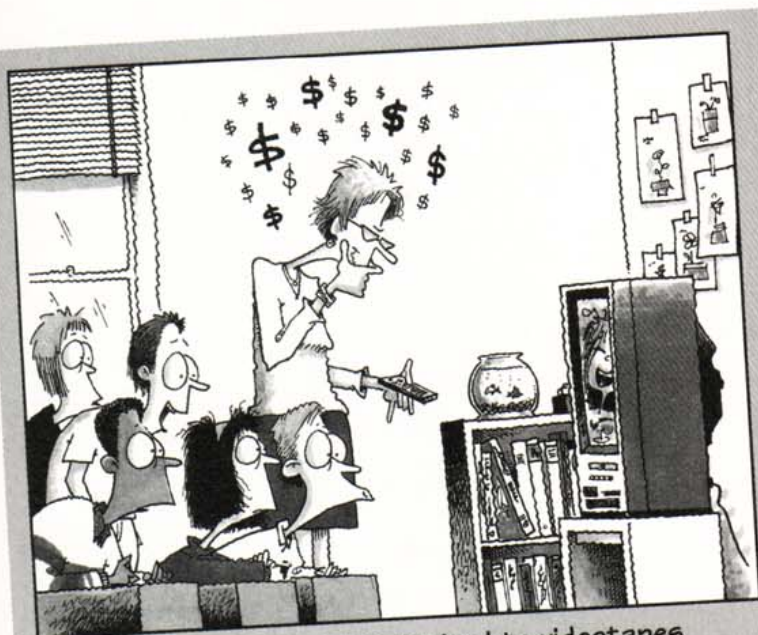
Supplementing salary by running a PTA bake sale protection scam



Creative Writing homework assignment: "My First Letter to Penthouse"



Study hall period often scrapped in favor of something called "Sleeping one off with Ms. Havameyer"



Show and Tell strictly limited to videotapes found in dad's sock drawer



Questionable Career Day speakers

WHEN TEACHERS GO BAD



The 'daily pop quiz is always the same:
"Where's the Red Queen?"



Intervenes in rowdy student disputes by encouraging the participants to "take it to the gym" and settle things like real men — with pool cues and broken beer bottles



Weekly field trips...to the track



Biology final project: Dissecting a drifter



They teach Getaway Driver's Ed.



Hip! Hip! Cliché! Talk about clichés, that's all this movie is. You've seen it all before! The renegade pilot, the stick-to-the-rules admiral, the scumbag enemy, the so-near-yet-so-far rescue! But if you were stupid enough to go the theatre to see this turkey, you found the smart crowd had shunned it, and you were standing...

BEHIND EMPTY LINES

ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

I'm having one of those days where everything goes wrong! My pilot and I disobeyed orders, flew over restricted territory, and were shot down! Our \$24 million plane suffered \$100 million in damage! Then my buddy was killed! And the bastard still owed me five bucks!

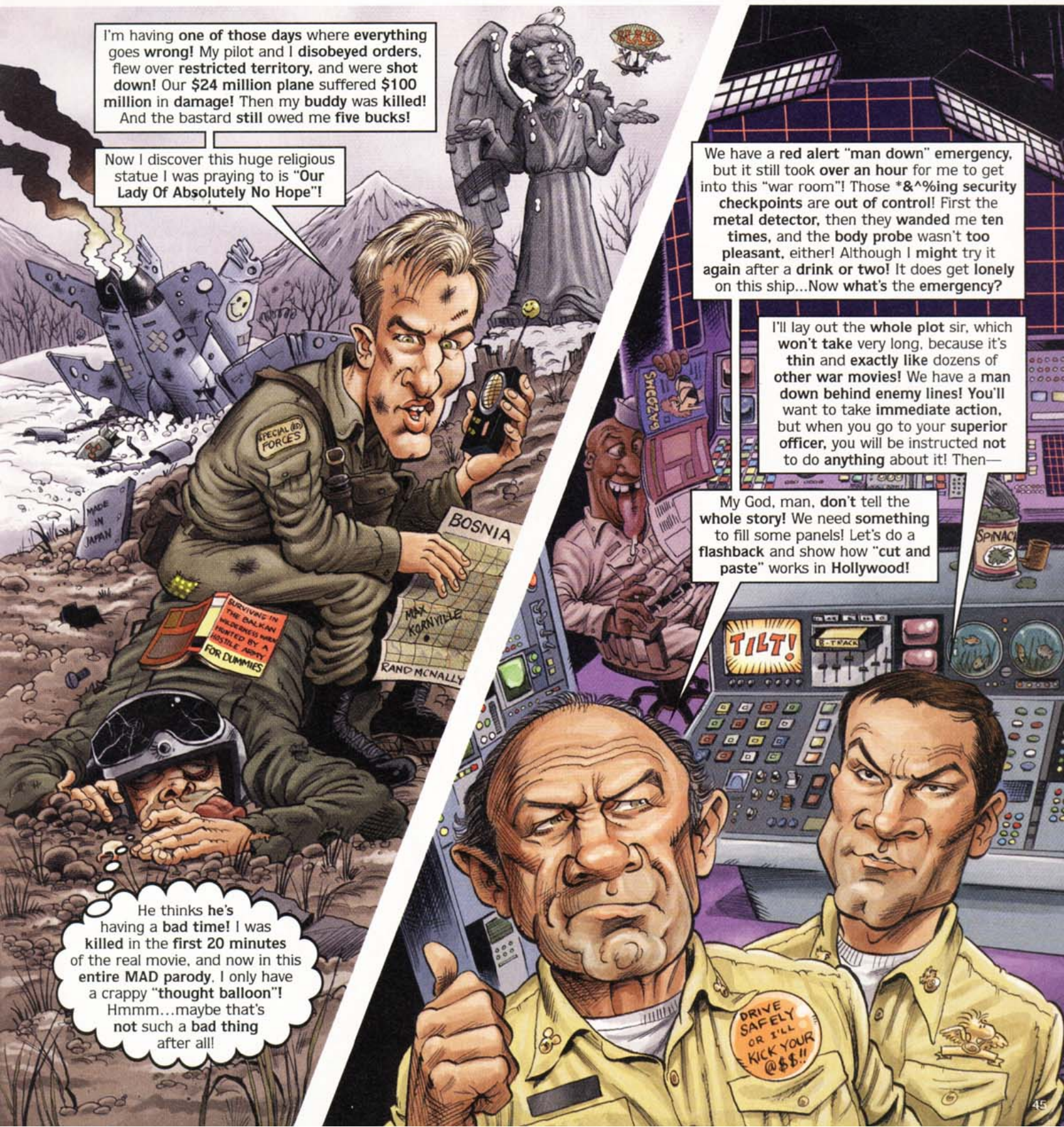
Now I discover this huge religious statue I was praying to is "Our Lady Of Absolutely No Hope"!

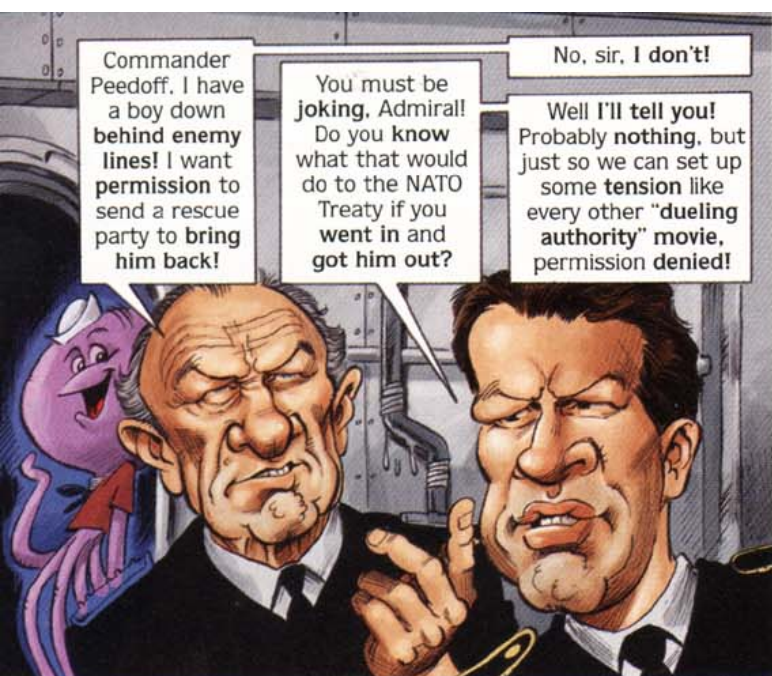
We have a red alert "man down" emergency, but it still took over an hour for me to get into this "war room"! Those *&%ing security checkpoints are out of control! First the metal detector, then they wanded me ten times, and the body probe wasn't too pleasant, either! Although I might try it again after a drink or two! It does get lonely on this ship...Now what's the emergency?

I'll lay out the whole plot sir, which won't take very long, because it's thin and exactly like dozens of other war movies! We have a man down behind enemy lines! You'll want to take immediate action, but when you go to your superior officer, you will be instructed not to do anything about it! Then—

My God, man, don't tell the whole story! We need something to fill some panels! Let's do a flashback and show how "cut and paste" works in Hollywood!

He thinks he's having a bad time! I was killed in the first 20 minutes of the real movie, and now in this entire MAD parody, I only have a crappy "thought balloon"! Hmmm...maybe that's not such a bad thing after all!





Commander Peedoff. I have a boy down behind enemy lines! I want permission to send a rescue party to bring him back!

You must be joking, Admiral! Do you know what that would do to the NATO Treaty if you went in and got him out?

No, sir, I don't!

Well I'll tell you! Probably nothing, but just so we can set up some tension like every other "dueling authority" movie, permission denied!

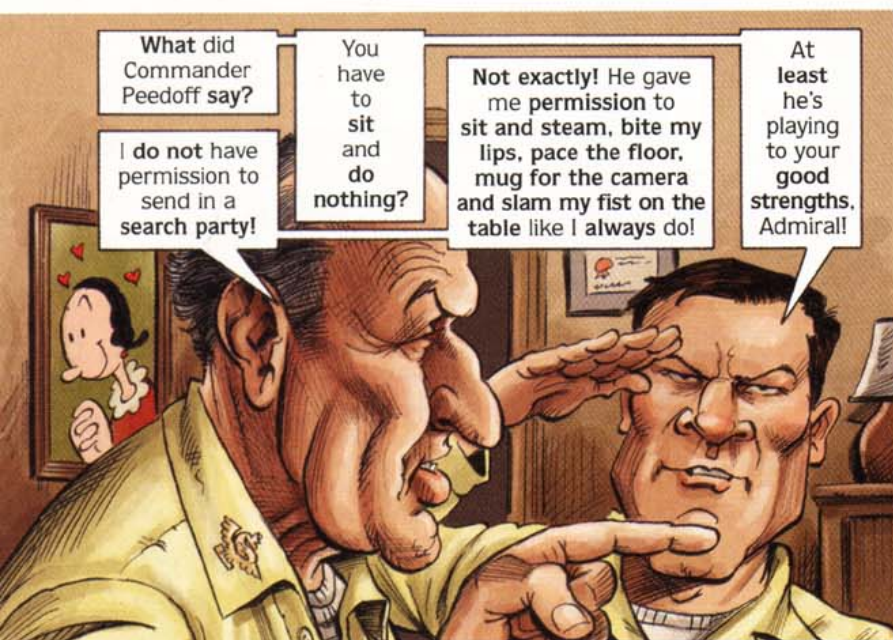


It's true they were flying outside the safe zone sir, but these two guys were bored! They wanted to see some action!

If they wanted to see action, you should have let them stay aboard this ship!

Aboard this ship? What kind of action's here?

Plenty! Go into the Mess Hall where they're serving Christmas dinner and see for yourself! One turkey for 300 men! They're killing each other over a serving of stuffing!



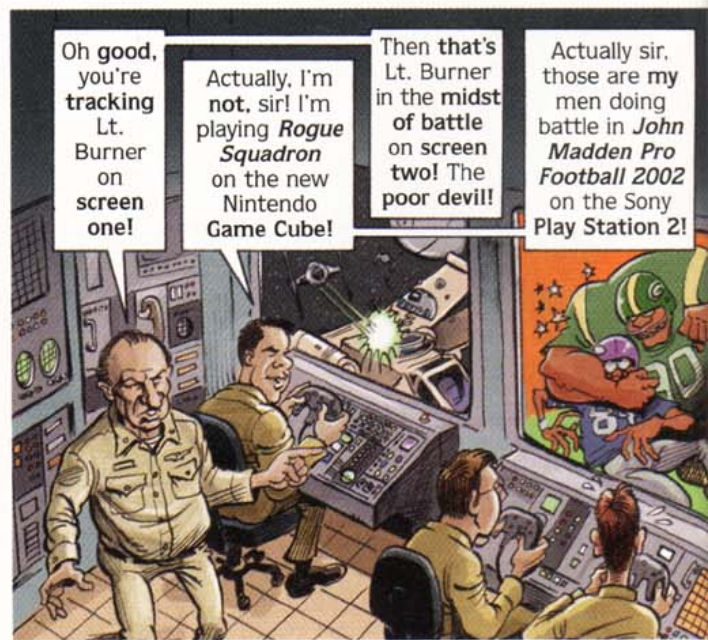
What did Commander Peedoff say?

I do not have permission to send in a search party!

You have to sit and do nothing?

Not exactly! He gave me permission to sit and steam, bite my lips, pace the floor, mug for the camera and slam my fist on the table like I always do!

At least he's playing to your good strengths, Admiral!

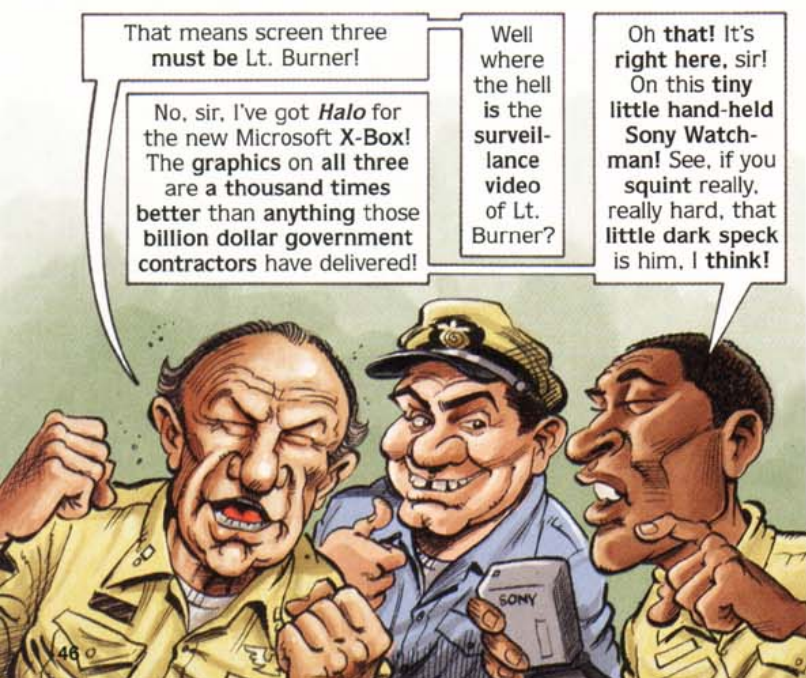


Oh good, you're tracking Lt. Burner on screen one!

Actually, I'm not, sir! I'm playing *Rogue Squadron* on the new Nintendo Game Cube!

Then that's Lt. Burner in the midst of battle on screen two! The poor devil!

Actually sir, those are my men doing battle in *John Madden Pro Football 2002* on the Sony Play Station 2!

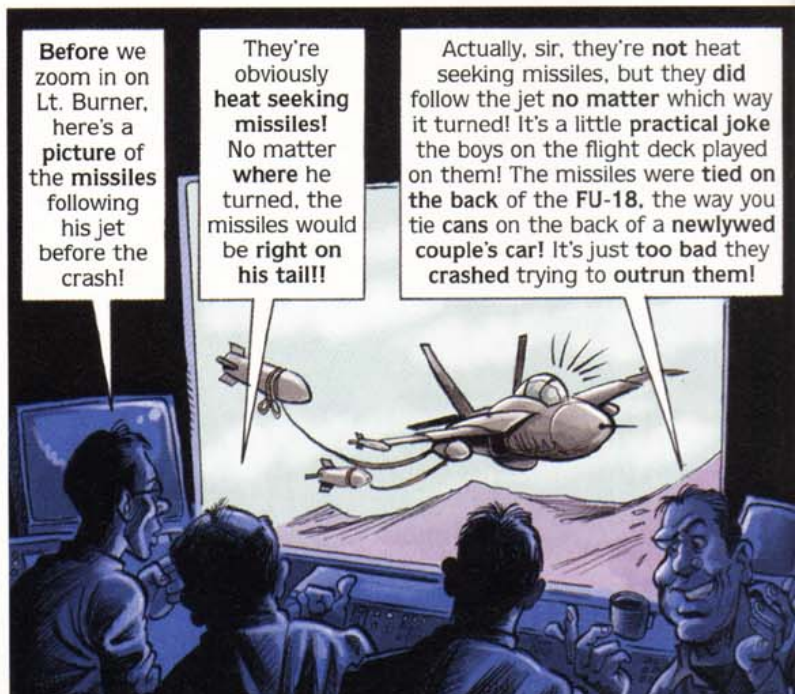


That means screen three must be Lt. Burner!

No, sir, I've got *Halo* for the new Microsoft X-Box! The graphics on all three are a thousand times better than anything those billion dollar government contractors have delivered!

Well where the hell is the surveillance video of Lt. Burner?

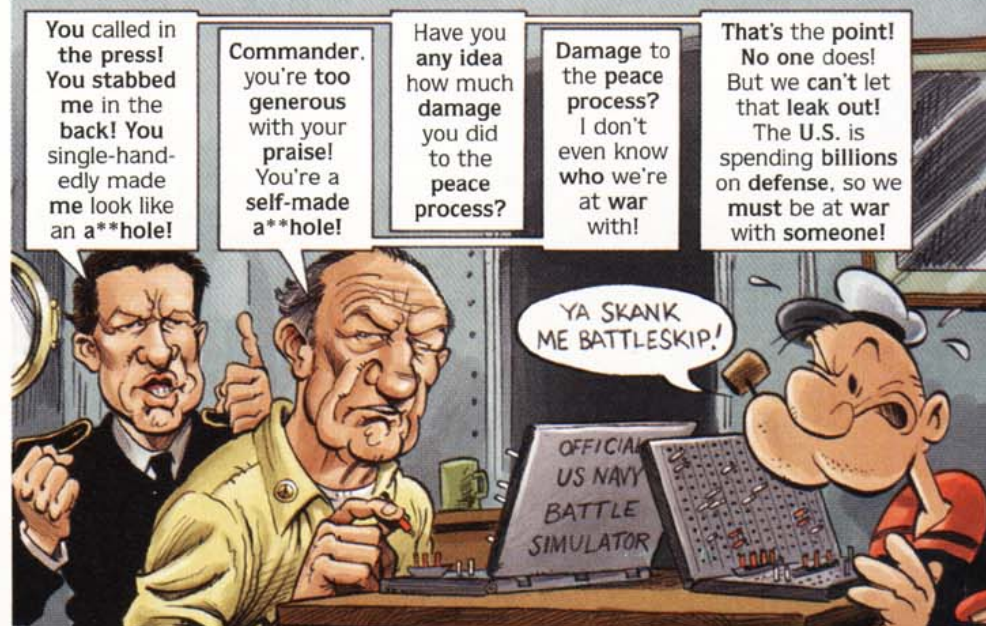
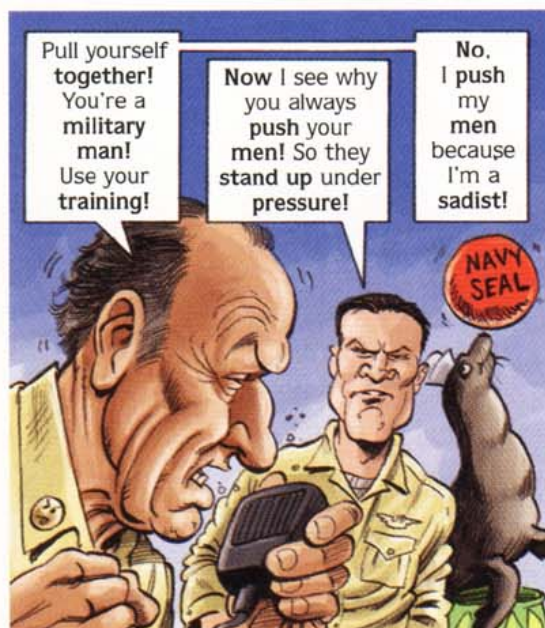
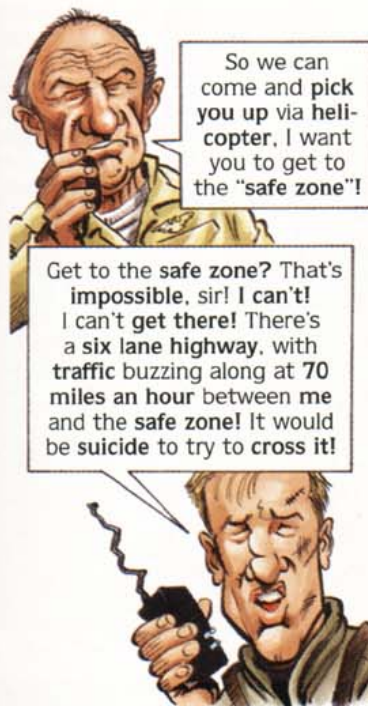
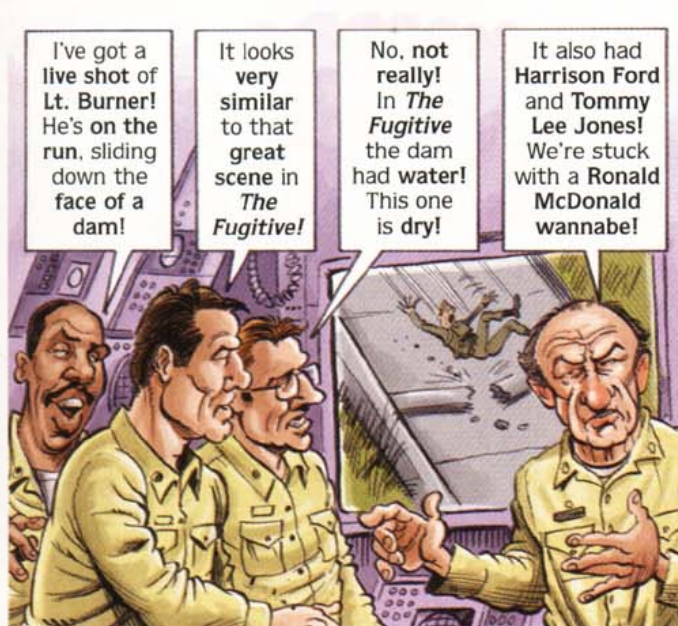
Oh that! It's right here, sir! On this tiny little hand-held Sony Watchman! See, if you squint really, really hard, that little dark speck is him, I think!



Before we zoom in on Lt. Burner, here's a picture of the missiles following his jet before the crash!

They're obviously heat seeking missiles! No matter where he turned, the missiles would be right on his tail!!

Actually, sir, they're not heat seeking missiles, but they did follow the jet no matter which way it turned! It's a little practical joke the boys on the flight deck played on them! The missiles were tied on the back of the FU-18, the way you tie cans on the back of a newlywed couple's car! It's just too bad they crashed trying to outrun them!



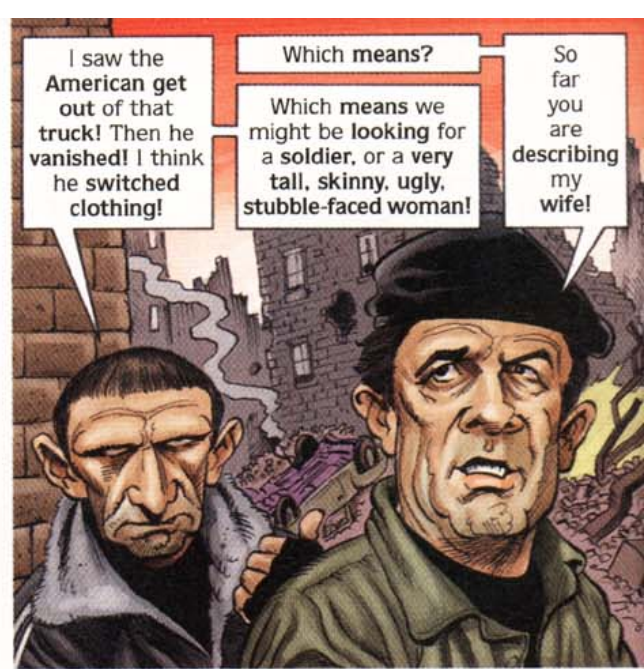


Wow, what a lucky break to get a ride into town! That's something they never taught us about in combat school! That hitchhiking is also a good way out of a sticky situation! Say, do you guys have anything to drink?

Coca Cola!

Great, I love Coke! It's really thirst quenching! Do you have anything to go with the Coke? Maybe some Fritos? I love Fritos!

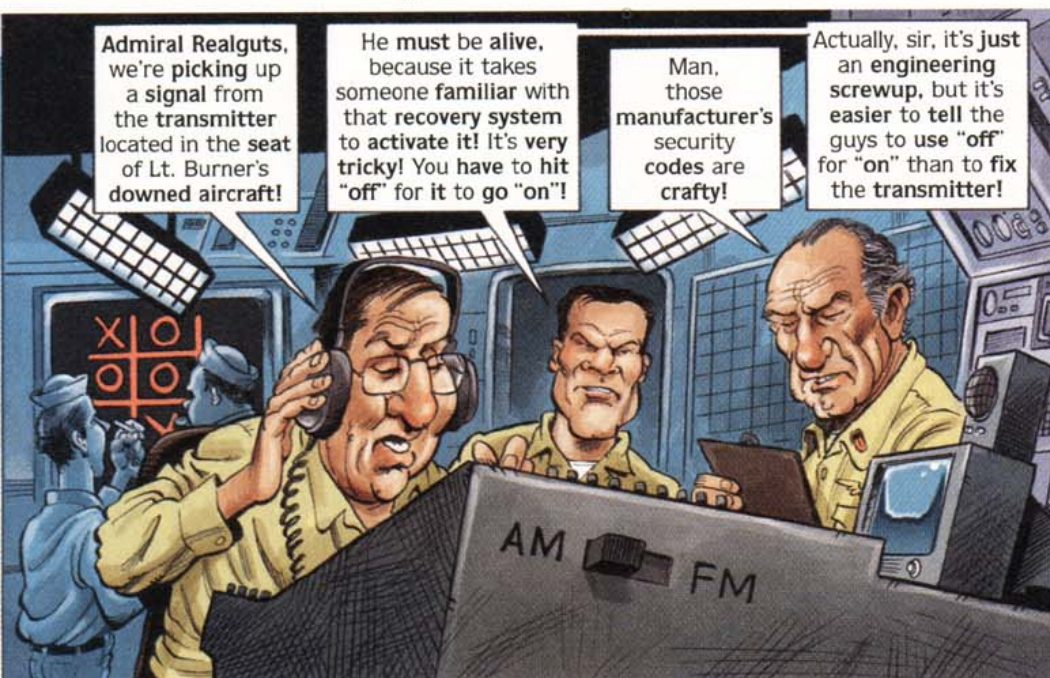
Isn't one outrageous product placement plug in this scene enough? What's next, Mrs. Field's Chocolate Chip cookies?



I saw the American get out of that truck! Then he vanished! I think he switched clothing!

Which means? Which means we might be looking for a soldier, or a very tall, skinny, ugly, stubble-faced woman!

So far you are describing my wife!



Admiral Realguts, we're picking up a signal from the transmitter located in the seat of Lt. Burner's downed aircraft!

He must be alive, because it takes someone familiar with that recovery system to activate it! It's very tricky! You have to hit "off" for it to go "on"!

Man, those manufacturer's security codes are crafty!

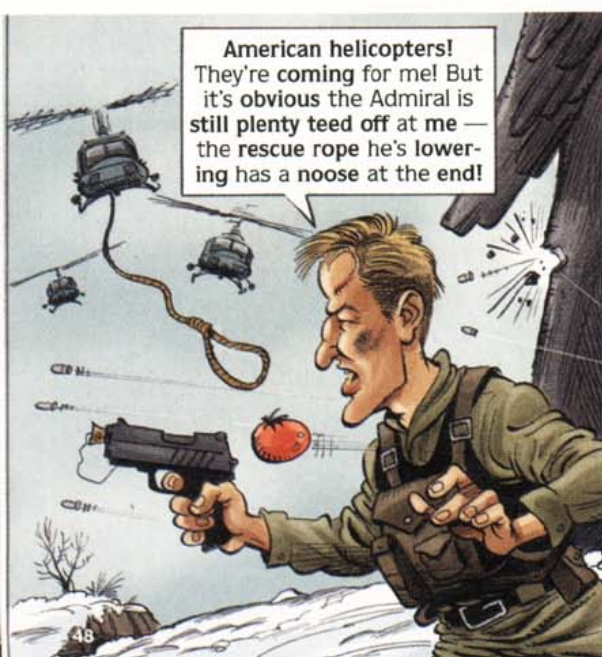
Actually, sir, it's just an engineering screwup, but it's easier to tell the guys to use "off" for "on" than to fix the transmitter!



Gentlemen, I am going to put you in harm's way! I am going to let the critics see this film!

Damn, he IS a sadist!

Sir, can we put on this camouflage mud face, so the critics can't identify who we are? We hope to have careers after this dud!



American helicopters! They're coming for me! But it's obvious the Admiral is still plenty teed off at me — the rescue rope he's lowering has a noose at the end!



Well, Burner, we rescued you! I know you wanted to resign, but now that you've seen some action, why are you tearing up your resignation papers?

Resignation papers? I'm tearing up my contract with Fox Studios! I don't want to end up in a turkey like this again!



GRIEVING LAS VEGAS 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 will have people asking "Who's that corpse?"

THIS MONTH'S FUTURE HEADLINER AT THE PINE BOX HOTEL:

MADONNA

CAUSE OF DEATH

ODDS

| | |
|---|------|
| Complete exhaustion from futile attempts to shock anybody these days | 2:1 |
| Brain explodes trying to find way to explain to daughter Lourdes why she shouldn't be a slut like her mommy was | 5:1 |
| Latent infection from something she did on 1991's <i>Truth Or Dare</i> tour | 12:1 |
| Hangs self just before scheduled taping of K-Tel "Golden Oldie Hits of the 80s" commercial | 17:1 |
| Fatal catfight with Christina Aguilera and Britney Spears for swiping her "dirty blonde tramp" persona | 20:1 |
| Seizure from tantrum over slight misstep by 3rd guy in 5th row of backup dancers | 25:1 |



ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

SHELF ABUSE DEPT.

Within days of the war in Afghanistan breaking out, any books dealing with that country, the Taliban or Osama bin Laden became instant best sellers. These brisk sales did not go unnoticed by American book publishers, who are every bit as opportunistic as humor magazine writers in their zeal to cash in on a hot topic! With the adult market all but saturated with such books, we believe it's just a matter of time, perhaps hours, before these publishers begin churning out Taliban-related books for other segments of the market — namely, these...

NEW CHILDREN'S TITLES TO CASH IN ON THE TALIBAN-RELATED BOOK CRAZE



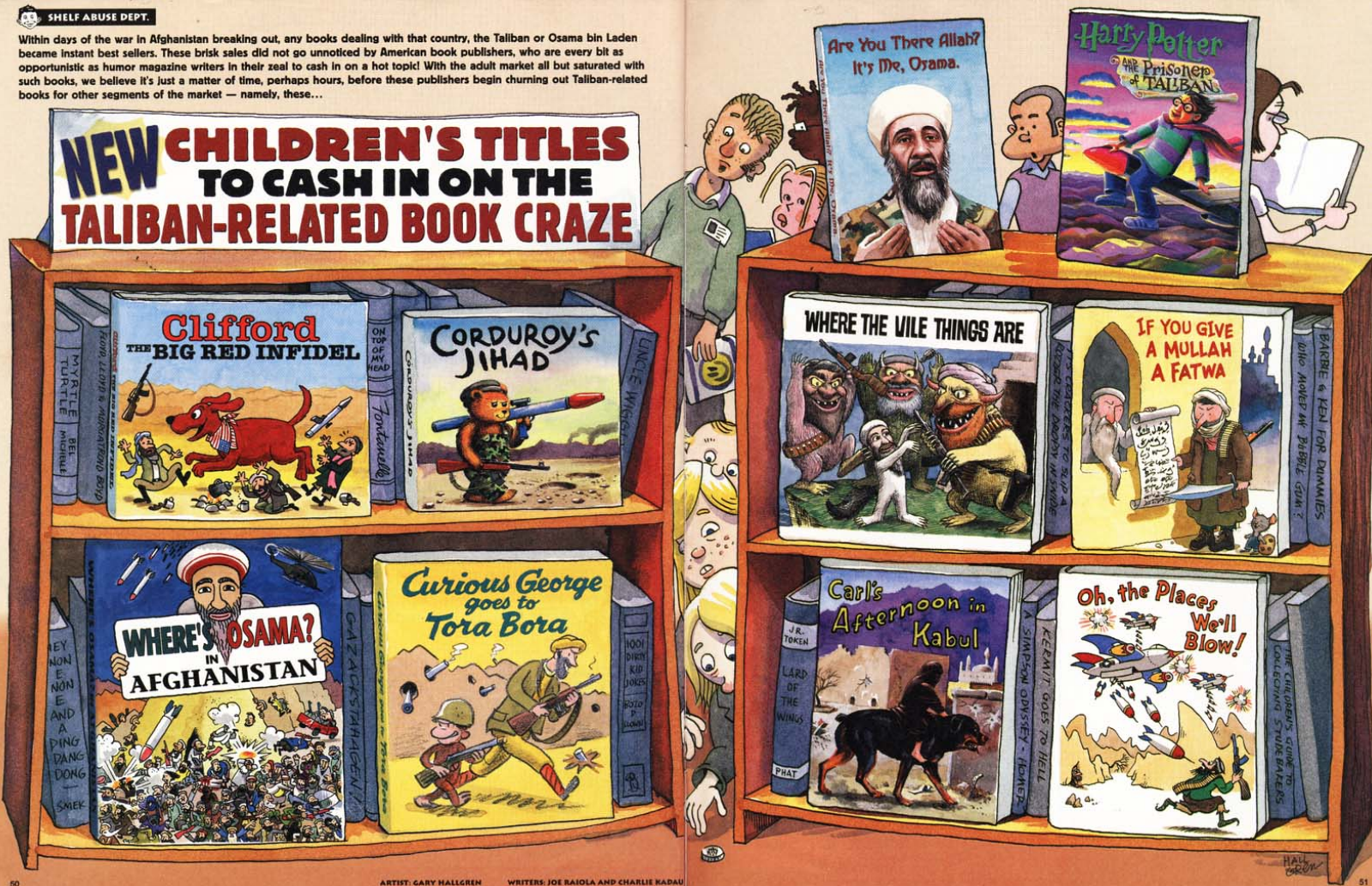
ARTIST: GARY HALLGREN

WRITERS: JOE BAIOLA AND CHARLIE KADOU

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**WHAT CIVIL LIBERTY
WILL AMERICANS
NEVER GIVE UP, EVEN
DURING INTERNATIONAL
CONFLICTS?**

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

Americans are a feisty bunch, but during difficult times sacrifices and hard choices have to be made as wants and desires come in conflict with hard realities. There is one civil liberty though that it seems some Americans will never surrender regardless of any circumstances. To find out what this civil liberty is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



**DRASTIC WARTIME MEASURES CAN RESULT IN DEPRIVING
GOOD PEOPLE OF THEIR CIVIL RIGHTS. THIS HAS
GIVEN US CONSTITUTIONAL PROBLEMS. IT IS A PUZZLING
SUBJECT INVOLVING SECURITY. IT CREATES AN US VS
THEM MINDSET THAT CAN OFTEN BE UNJUST.**

A

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

B

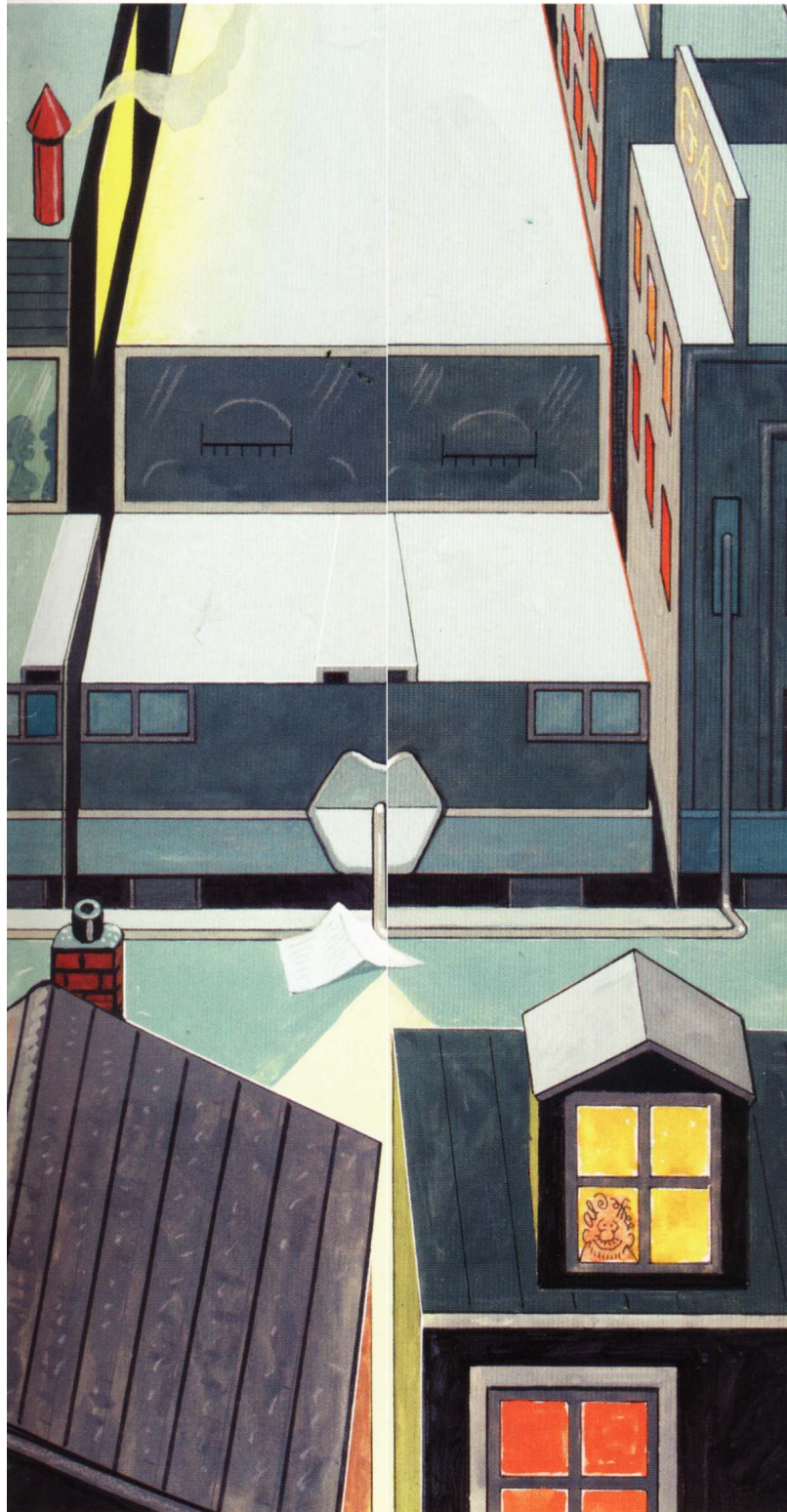
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CONFLICTS?**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



**DRIVING
GAS
GUZZLING
SUVS**

A B