

LORD OF THE RINGS  ANALYZE THAT

MAD^{IND}®

20

DUMBEST

PEOPLE, EVENTS & THINGS OF

2002

THE BIGGEST BOBBLEHEADS OF THE YEAR!



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UNITED STATES



#425 JANUARY 2003 \$3.50 CHEAP!

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20

MAD

JANUARY 2003

NUMBER 425

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Parents are the ones who are there when you want to be alone with a date and no where to be found when you need five bucks!

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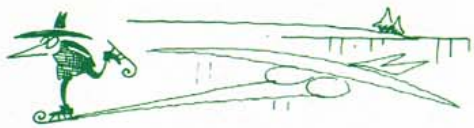


THE MAD 20

OUR FIFTH ANNUAL REVIEW OF
THE 20 DUMBEST PEOPLE, EVENTS
AND THINGS OF THE YEAR!

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MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT: "Drawn Out Dramas" by Sergio Aragones	Various Places Around the Magazine
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FRONT COVER ARTIST:
ROBERTO PARADA



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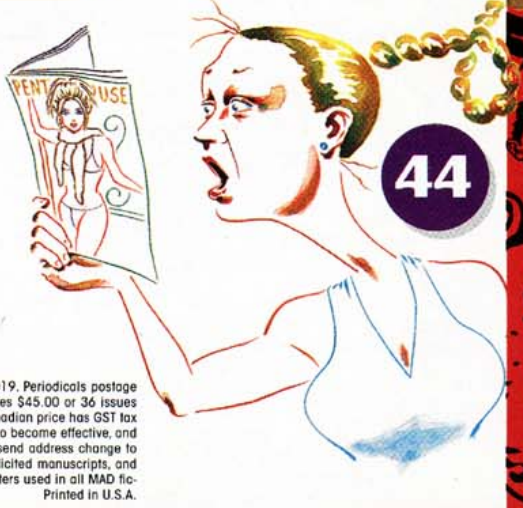


50 YEARS OF
STUPIDITY!

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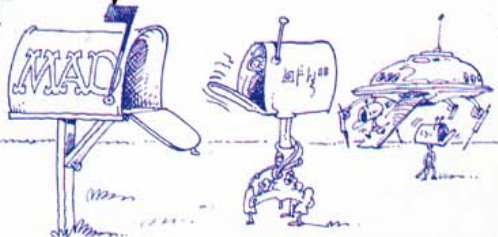


A KICK IN THE CAREER

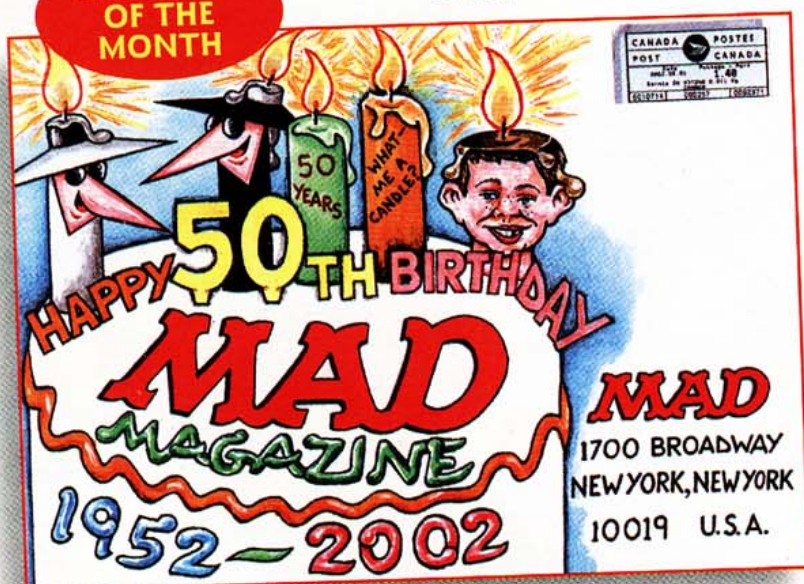
I've been reading MAD for six years and I also love to make cartoons. When I grow up I wanted to be a comic artist but my parents say I won't make it being one. But anyway, thanks for making MAD and helping inspire me to try and follow my dream.

John Balogh, Langhorne, PA

Johnny Be Good — If there's one kernel of truth we strive to impart on our readers every month, it is that parents just don't know jack. How many times has your mother told you that you need to put a sweater on, when in fact, you were dying from the heat? How many times have they told you that you have to wait till your 13th birthday before you run off with a motorcycle gang? How many times have they told you that 72-hour binges of heroin and Tequila are bad for your health? Like we said, they don't know jack! Readers, if you want to be a cartoonist, cockfight promoter or, God forbid, a dental hygienist, then you can be! And if your parents keep telling you no, then you should cut back on the Mother's and Father's Day cards — they'll get the message! —Ed.



ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH



Jim "Envelope of the Month Boy" Hutchings of Ontario, Canada once again comes through with, oddly enough, our Envelope of the Month, this one celebrating MAD's 50th Anniversary. For those of you who may be wondering, Jim never includes a letter, note, memo, snapshot, Post-it, or suspicious white powder — he just sends the envelope. Go figure!

PASSING IT'S A GAS

After listening to the entire *Dr. Demento's 30th Anniversary Collection* CD, I finally came to the conclusion that the most bizarre song on the album was Alfred E. Neuman singing "It's A Gas." Although it lacked many common elements of great music and a decent chorus, the song fulfilled my daily dose of insanity, whilst waking up my entire family everytime I blasted the album. The purpose of my letter is to ask one question: who said the words "It's a gas" in the song? I've been searching my old records and I've even asked my friends who they thought it sounded like. I'd love to know before I jam my head into the toilet bowl and pluck the individual lashes from my eyelids!

Nick Megalis, N. Huntingdon, PA

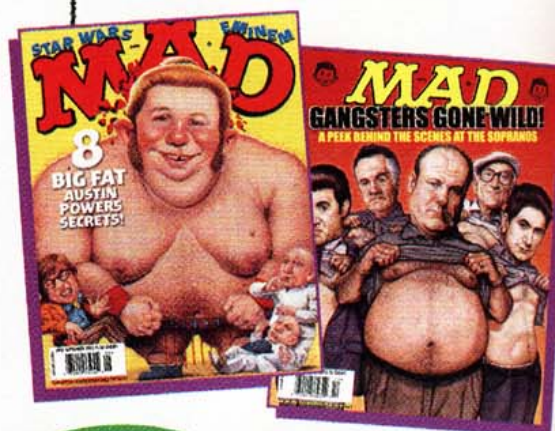
Little Nicky — Before we answer your question, we have one of our own. What kind of loser uses the word "whilst"? Whilst you ponder the question — here's the answer to yours. "It's a gas" was uttered by famed composer and celebrated Metropolitan Opera star Norman Blagman! —Ed.

HAIR APPARENT

Well, this is the second month in a row that I had to look at a fat man's hairy chest! Maybe for some people it's a daily thing, but I am 14 and love reading your magazine and will buy it no matter what's on the cover. But come on, that's just plain nasty! Maybe if you put some cuter guys on your cover, more people will buy it!

Kara Marszaleh, Westland, MI

Hari Kara — Thanks for your letter. As you know, since MAD has started taking ads, there have been many changes in the magazine and its editorial direction. Due to intense pressure from the advertising department, MAD is now working to corner the market on male electrolysis candidates — a highly desirable niche area among advertisers. Be prepared for lots more hairy man-breast covers like Fat Bastard and Tony Soprano. Among the future candidates are Robin Williams and famed circus geek Carl "The Human Carpet" Flipowitz! —Ed.



NOT SO CREATIVE LICENSE



You never know where you will run into a MAD fan — hopefully it's not on the highway! Dave Lotz of Buckner, MO sent in this unique MAD license plate. We're surprised he's never been pulled over and charged with DWI (Driving While Idiomatic!)



Dave (Hot Rod) Lotz's prized possession

TEACHER'S PESTS

BOSTON PUBLIC

April 16, 2002

MAD Magazine
Department 413
1700 Broadway
New York, NY 10019

Dear Mr. Neuman,

We thoroughly enjoyed the January 2002 edition of your fine publication. It is high time "Boston Public" gets the media coverage it deserves. Your dedication to quality Journalism is admirable.

Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,
Harry Sensitive (Nicky Katt) and
Squat Glueball (Anthony Heald)



**MAD
#426
ON SALE
JANUARY
14!**



**FAX
MAD
AT (212)
506-
4848!**



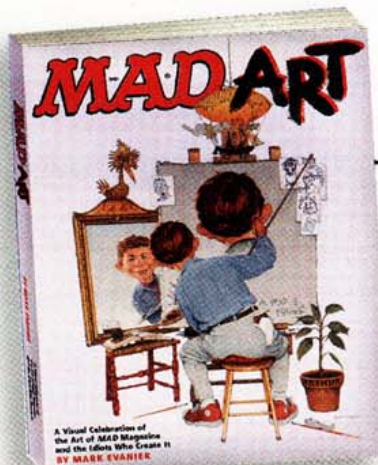
Boston Public stars Nicky Katt (left) and Anthony Heald (right) appear to be bowled over seeing themselves in MAD!

PAST, PRESIDENT AND FUTURE

In MAD #421, the President of the Monroe Fan Club (Ken McClelland) decided to sort of step down as the President, so I figured I have nothing better to do with my time than become a dedicated leader of such a dysfunctional group. So if there are no objections, I would be happy to take the role.

Zeb Williams, Candler, NC

Zebby — Thank you for your bold initiative. Unfortunately, it is not within our powers to sanction a coup. The matter must be put forward to all MAD readers as to whether the duly elected President McClelland be ousted by the upstart Zeb Williams. Readers, send in your vote to Amy "The Big Ballot Box" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. We will report the vote tally in an upcoming issue, provided we have no problems with the Florida readers' ballots! —Ed.



EATING HIS WORDS

I'm writing to you people because I have no one else to write to and this is a homework assignment I was left with, but since I didn't do it for homework, I have to sit by myself at lunch. The other reason I'm writing is to say how much I enjoy your magazine, not in a way where people get all teary and you probably find tear drops on the envelope and the letter paper, no, that's just not me. I go to a Christian school and I thank all my teachers for not getting on me for carrying your magazine from class to class every month. So, in a serious way, I thank MAD for many great years of humor and I request that you never change!

Leo Parada, Jr., San Francisco, CA

Leo the Lion — Thanks for your letter. We have one small correction, however. We've had several of the envelopes you mention scientifically tested. Turns out it wasn't tear drops on those envelopes. To which we say, ewww! Again, thanks for writing! —Ed.

P.S. This is just a hunch, but we bet one of your classmates got hold of your thermos and swapped your milk for monkey juice!

P.P.S. We also have a hunch that this is not the last time you'll eat lunch alone! Fa!

DRAWING ATTENTION TO OURSELVES

Reaching bookstores just in time for all pathetic losers who put off holiday shopping until the last minute is **MAD Art: A Visual Celebration of the Art of MAD Magazine and the Idiots Who Create It**, published by Watson-Guipill and available now wherever books are sold. For maximum satisfaction, we suggest you buy maximum copies of this book! To read an excerpt from **MAD Art**, pick up a copy of **MAD XL #19**, on sale now!

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Contributing Artists And Writers

the usual gang of idiots

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HOW TO REACH US

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MAD, Dept. 425, 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! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!

HONEY, I KID THE SHRINK DEPT.

When *Analyze This* came out, we had to wonder if Robert DeNiro could actually get laughs (we stopped wondering the same thing about Billy Crystal long ago). But for whatever reason, the movie was a hit (we credit our spoof!), so they cranked out a sequel. However, since that first try, DeNiro's gone for laughs in *Meet the Parents*, *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle*, and *Showtime*. Now that he's making more comedies than all the Wayans Brothers combined, the novelty's worn off! And since this sequel's just a retread of a lame, one-joke movie, why even bother to...

satirize that



I'd like to suggest that my patient was inadequately parented!

And I'd like to suggest that my therapist perform a physically impossible act on himself!

This is not the healthiest of starts!

Good! That's exactly what we're looking for in this film!

Actually, you're suffering from delusional paranoia relating to celluloid recurrences!

What the %\$&#*% is that?

A fear of doing sequels! There's a lot of that going around! I'm into that myself!

Yeah! I saw *City Slickers III*! You should be afraid, Doc! Be very afraid!



You're Zitti's bodyguard?

No, Mr... Mr...

What happened?

Yeah! You got a problem with that?

Belly Vito Choo Choo Gambineral!!! But I was born Steven Webster!

I changed my name for business reasons!



You and Dad don't exactly get along in this film!

I'm under stress! Ever since he got involved as the therapist for a mob chief, your father's been asking me to do things I'm not thrilled with!

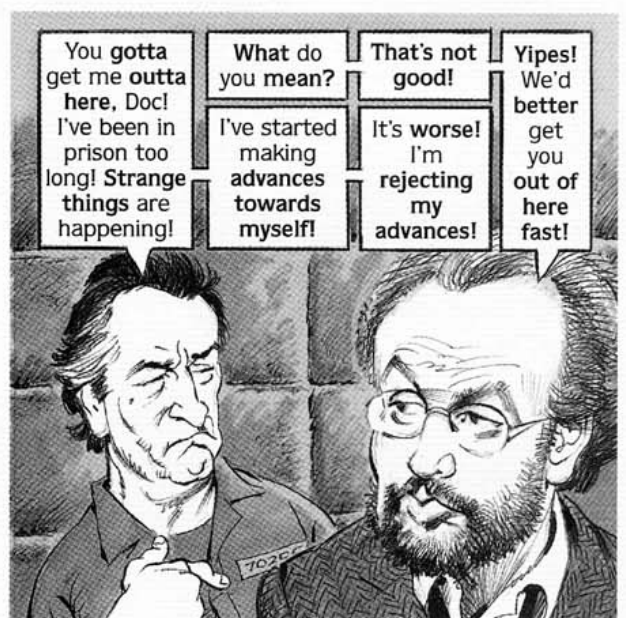
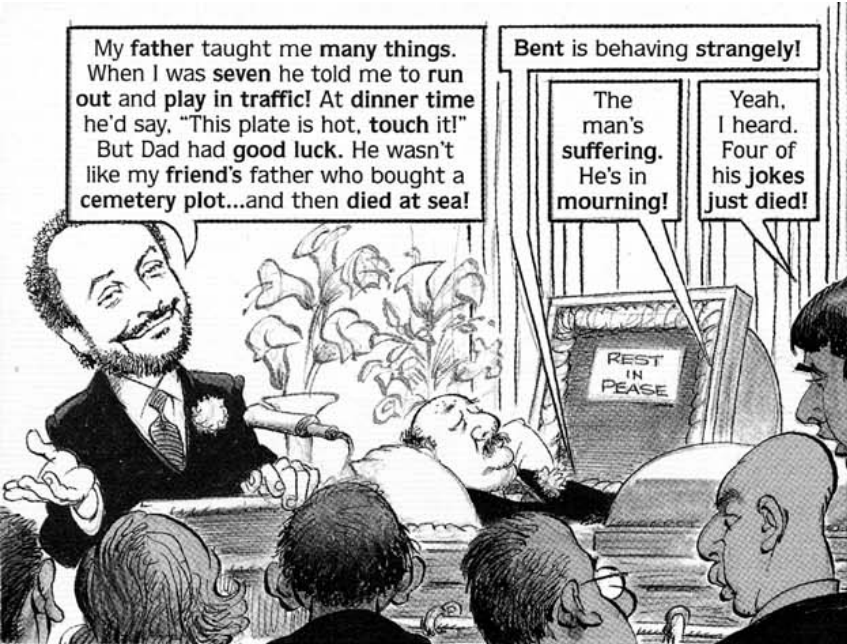
Like what?

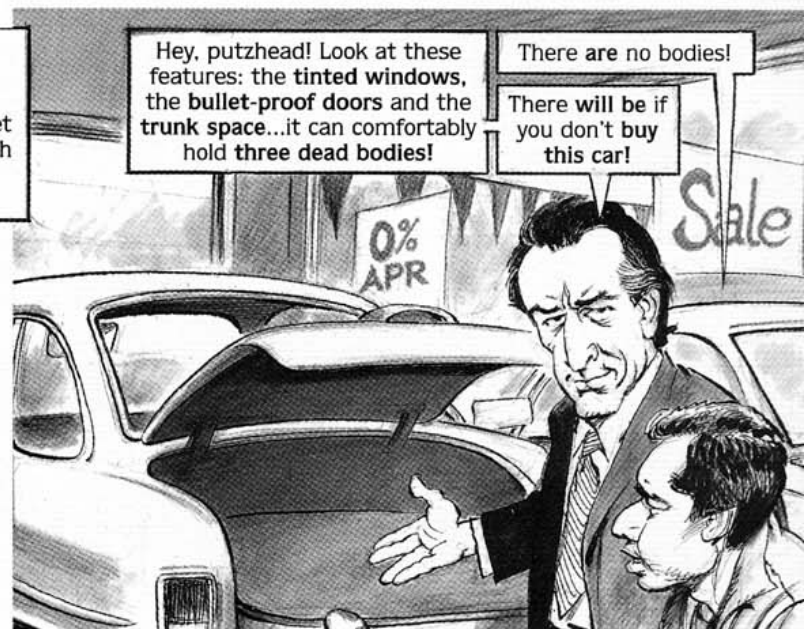
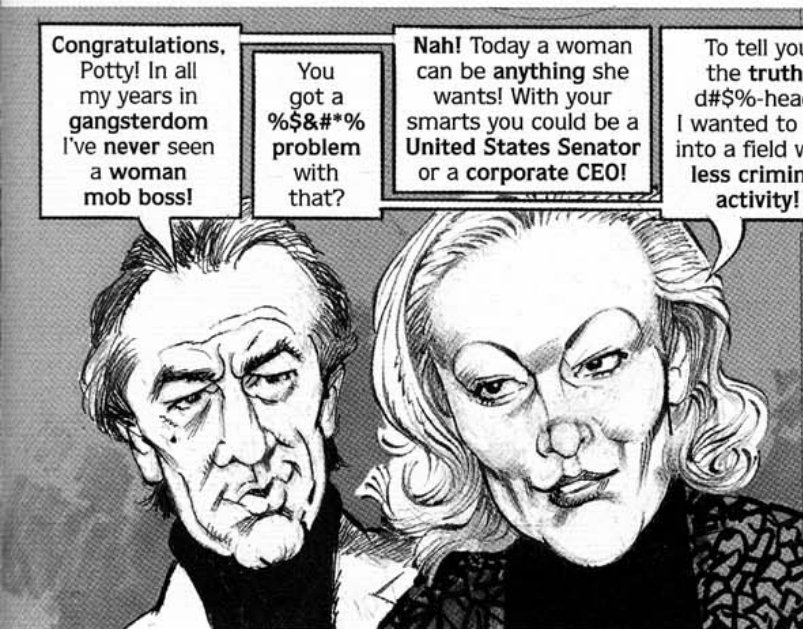
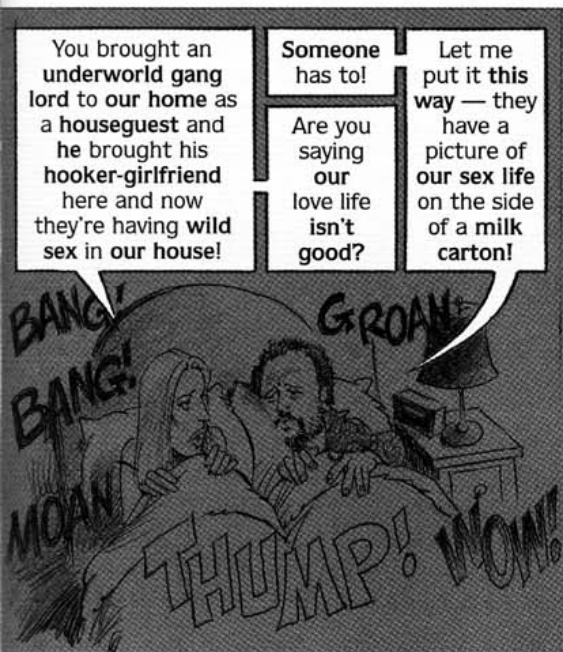
Like start up his car each morning!

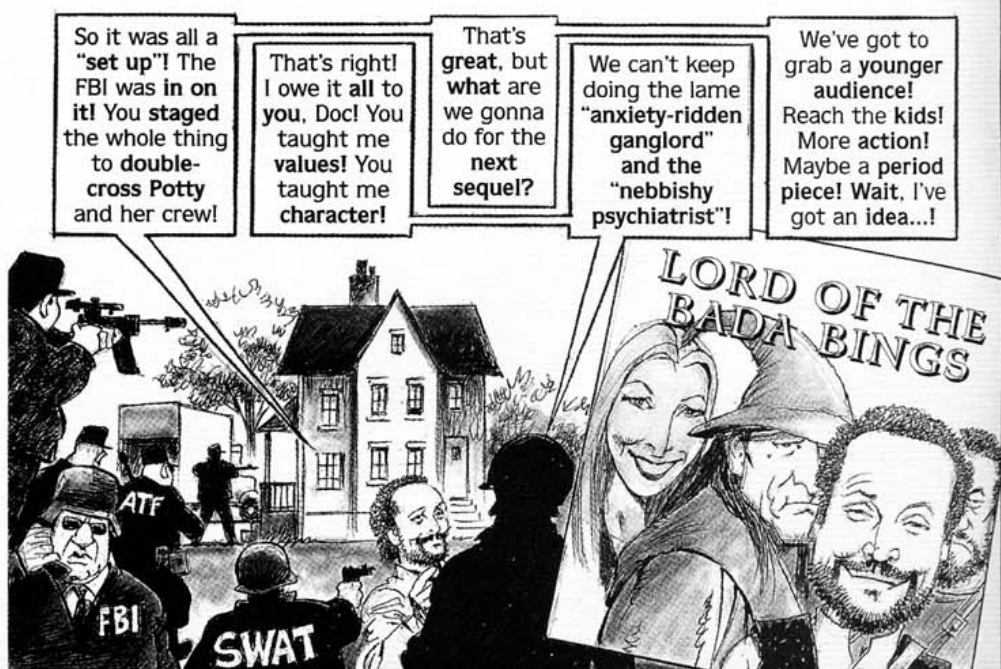
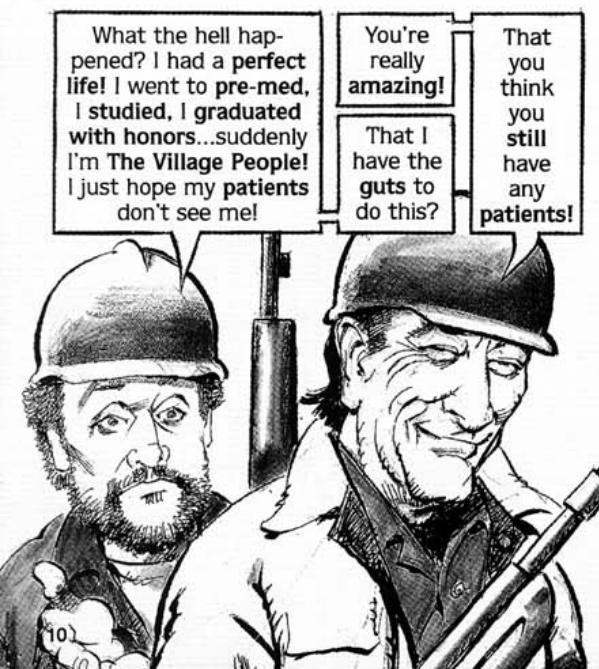
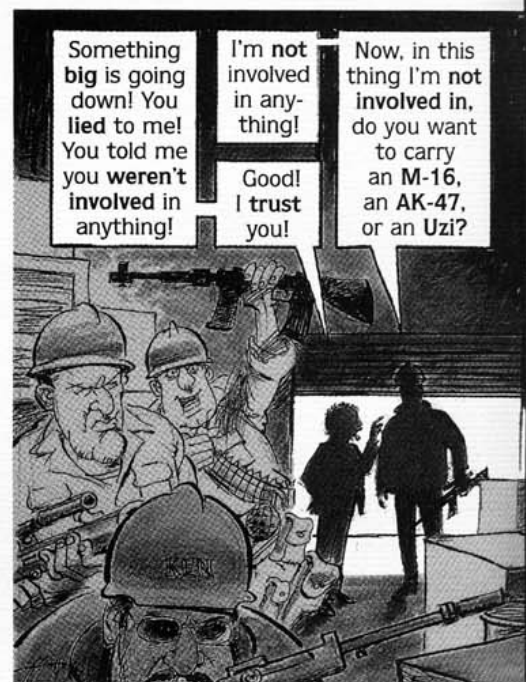
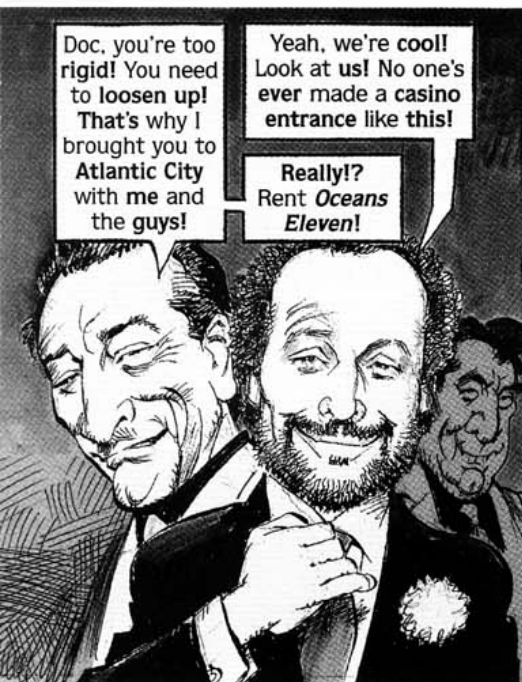


ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: JOSH GORDON

MORT DRUCKER







A **MAD** EXCLUSIVE!

GEORGE W. BUSH'S NOTES

FROM HIS LAST CABINET MEETING



Official Legal Notepad of the President of the United States

PRIORITY

Q
F
G
SODDAM



Sec'y of Treasury

PAUL O'NEILL

NY Yankees Outfielder

SAME GUY?

—call FBI, CIA, MLB!!

TEXAS	5	2	3	7	8	2
AL QUEDA	0	0	0	0	0	0



CHANGE NAME OF STATE TO OILASKA!

MEDIA NOTE:
It would be easier for Eskimos to hunt BLACK polar bears!

ME HATE AMERICA!

ME TOO!

YEAH!

Condoleezza Rice

Nice VICE

Entice THrice mice DICE

Lice

SLICE



UNNECESSARY



DO YOU HEAR WHAT I FEAR? DEPT.

No one can deny that the world has changed dramatically since the events of last year. It only stands to reason then that the traditional yuletide songs we all love need to be updated to better reflect the state of our country today. So, clear that phlegm out of your throat, it's time to sing...

They Don't Know! They Don't Know! They Don't Know!

(Sung to the tune of "Let It Snow! Let It Snow! Let It Snow!")

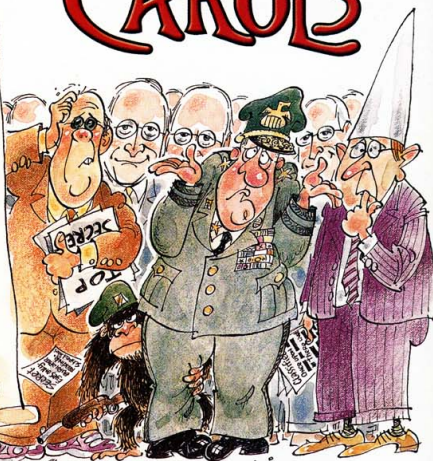
There's a dirty bomb lab in Frisco
That'll turn your brain to Crisco!
Ask the FBI if it's so —
They don't know! They don't know! They don't know!

There's an army camp near Seattle
Where they're training chimps for battle!
Ask the Pentagon if it's so —
They don't know! They don't know! They don't know!

Ev'ry week an alert we get —
Some are red, others yellow or green:
Though we've asked, no one's told us yet
What in the hell do they mean!

There's a rumor that sounds real zany
That we plan to clone Dick Cheney!
Ask the CIA if it's so —
They don't know! They don't know! They don't know!

CHRISTMAS CAROLS



FOR POST 9/11 AMERICA

Somewhere in the Mid-East Hinterland

(Sung to the tune of "Winter Wonderland")

Hey, for sure...he's a sickie,
But the rat's...mighty tricky —
Osama, no doubt,
Is still hiding out
Somewhere in the Mid-East hinterland.

How we bragged...that we'd trap him,
Try his ass...or else zap him —
We wound up with zip:
He gave us the slip
Somewhere in the Mid-East hinterland.

Where's that slimy Saudi? Hey, don't ask us:
Better use a Ouija board instead:
Might be dealing hashish in Damascus —
Hopefully, the SOB is dead!

It's too bad...we can't boast now,
To the world...that he's toast now —
'Cause deep down we know,
The pig's laying low
Somewhere in the Mid-East hinterland.

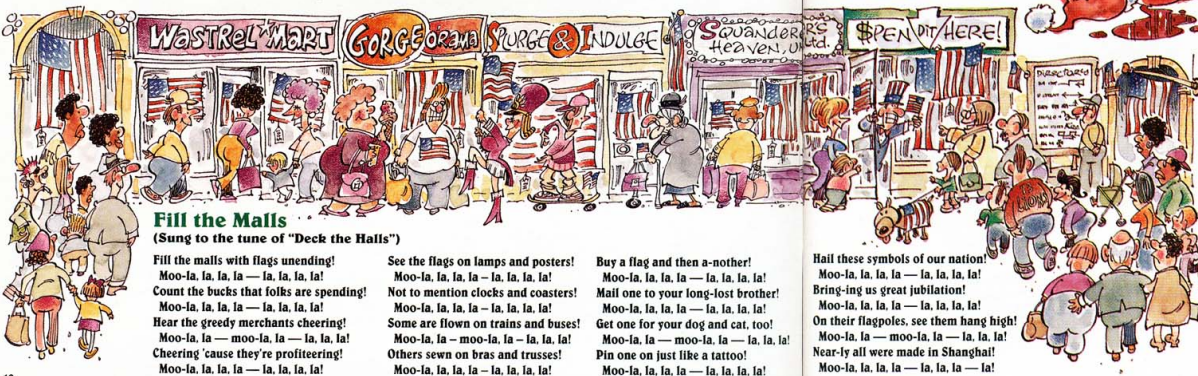
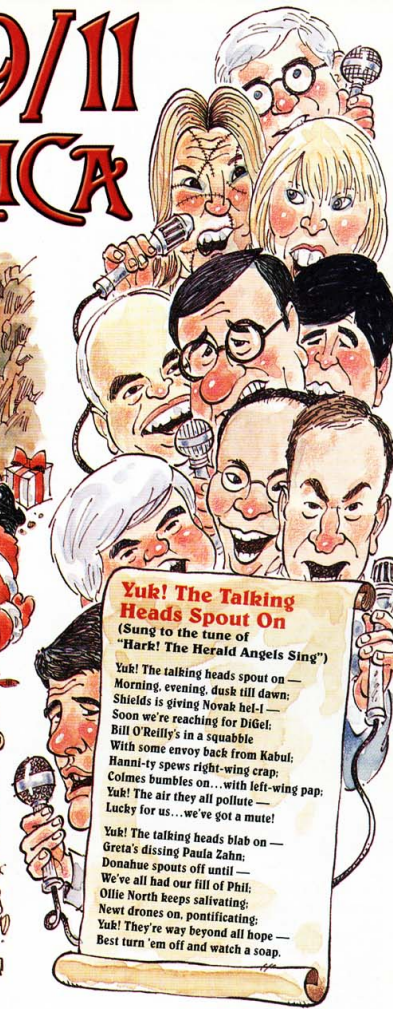


Yuk! The Talking Heads Spout On

(Sung to the tune of "Hark! The Herald Angels Sing")

Yuk! The talking heads spout on —
Morning, evening, dusk till dawn:
Shields is giving Novak hel-lo —
Soon we're reaching for DiGel:
Bill O'Reilly's in a squabble
With some enevoy back from Kabul:
Hanni-ty spews right-wing crap:
Colmes bumbles on...with left-wing pap:
Yuk! The air they all pollute —
Lucky for us...we've got a mute!

Yuk! The talking heads blab on —
Greta's dissing Paula Zahn:
Donahue spouts off until —
We've all had our fill of Phil:
Ollie North keeps salivating:
Newt drones on, pontificating:
Yuk! They're way beyond all hope —
Best turn 'em off and watch a soap.



Fill the Malls

(Sung to the tune of "Deck the Halls")

Fill the malls with flags unending!
Moo-la, la, la — la, la, la!
Count the bucks that folks are spending!
Moo-la, la, la — la, la, la!
Hear the greedy merchants cheering!
Moo-la, la — moo-la, la — la, la, la!
Cheering 'cause they're profiteering!
Moo-la, la, la — la, la, la!

See the flags on lamps and posters!
Moo-la, la, la — la, la, la!
Not to mention clocks and coasters!
Moo-la, la, la — la, la, la!
Some are flown on trains and buses!
Moo-la, la — moo-la, la — la, la, la!
Others sewn on bras and trusses!
Moo-la, la, la — la, la, la!

Buy a flag and then a-nother!
Moo-la, la, la — la, la, la!
Mail one to your long-lost brother!
Moo-la, la, la — la, la, la!
Get one for your dog and cat, too!
Moo-la, la — moo-la, la — la, la, la!
Pin one on just like a tattoo!
Moo-la, la, la — la, la, la!

Hail these symbols of our nation!
Moo-la, la, la — la, la, la!
Bring-ing us great jubilation!
Moo-la, la, la — la, la, la!
On their flagpoles, see them hang high!
Moo-la, la — moo-la, la — la, la, la!
Near-ly all were made in Shanghai!
Moo-la, la, la — la, la, la!

ARTIST: PAUL COKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

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CHRISTMAS CAROLS FOR POST 9/11 AMERICA



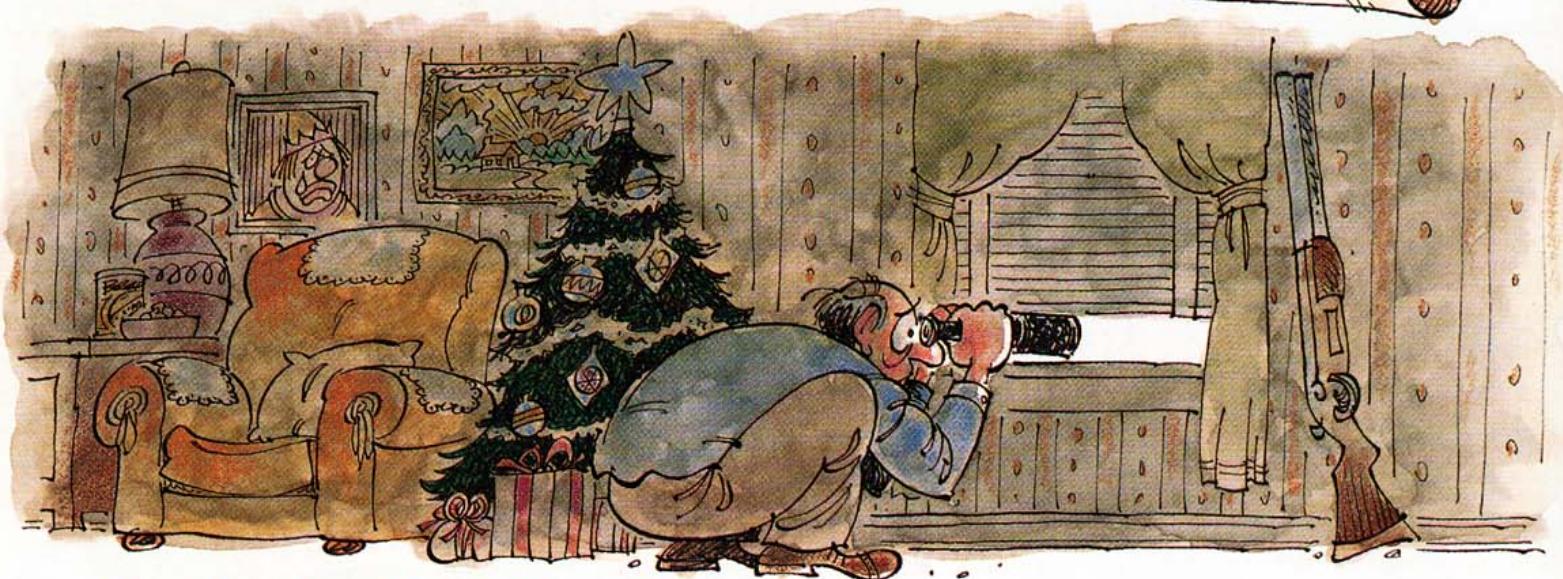
At Noon I Got to the Airport, Dear

(Sung to the tune of
"It Came Upon the Midnight Clear")

At noon I got to the airport, dear,
With more than three hours to spare;
I made my way to se-curi-ty
My suit-case packed with great care.
They scanned my body — a buzz was heard,
And very much to my surprise,
They shoved me into an airtight room —
My guards...were two armed GI's.

They stripped me down to my boxer shorts,
(I soon had to shed them as well);
They sicked two Dobermans on-to me
My pri-vate parts they did smell.
They searched my suitcase for con-tra-band,
And dumped all my toiletries out;
They confiscated my Desenex —
One said... "It's anthrax, no doubt!"

They threw me into a dungeon cell,
The leg irons cramping my style;
They fed me slop, though I must admit
It beat airline food by a mile.
Five weeks I suffered, but now I'm free,
Just thankful that I am alive;
I've learned my lesson and that is why —
I think...next Christmas I'll drive.



Abu Rauf May Be in Your Town

(Sung to the tune of "Santa Claus is Coming to Town")

You better take care
Like never before!
You better check out
That neighbor next door!
Abu Rauf may be in your town!

He doesn't chase girls
Or drink at a pub;
He won't try to join
The Rotary Club!
Abu Rauf may be in your town!

He meets his Arab buddies;
They're members of his cell
They're chanting oaths
and hatching plots
That can blow us all to hell!

He'll soon wish us all
A final goodbye
If ever he gets
A license to fly —
Abu Rauf may be in your town!

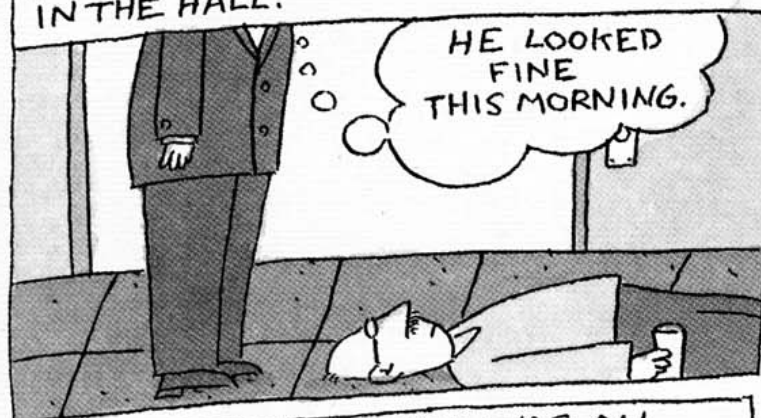


Duke Bissell's TALES OF UNDISPUTED INTEREST



WHILE COMING HOME LATE ONE NIGHT, I FOUND MY NEIGHBOR DEAD IN THE HALL.

HE LOOKED FINE THIS MORNING.



BUT IN THE END THERE WAS AN UNFORTUNATE MIX UP.

YOU'RE GETTING OFF EASY WITH THE DEATH PENALTY. I HAVE TO SPEND EVERY DAY TILL RETIREMENT WITH LOSERS LIKE YOU.

WHO'S GOING TO TAKE CARE OF MY STAMP COLLECTION?



WHEN I GOT BACK TO MY APARTMENT IT HAD ALREADY BEEN RENTED.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE DEAD!

FAKING MY DEATH AND PINNING IT ON YOU WAS THE ONLY WAY I COULD GET YOU OUT OF THE WAY SO I COULD GET YOUR APARTMENT. YOU KNOW IT HAS A MUCH BETTER VIEW.



SO I GOT ON THE HORN TO THE POLICE RIGHT AWAY.

HELLO POLICE? I DIDN'T DO IT!



I HAD ALMOST GIVEN UP HOPE WHEN THE GOVERNOR CALLED.

IT'S THE GOVERNOR CALLING WITH A PARDON. YOU'RE LUCKY I HAVE CALL WAITING, WE WERE JUST ORDERING CHINESE TAKE-OUT FROM WONG PALACE.

GEE - CHINESE TAKE-OUT FOR MY LAST MEAL, I NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT, MAYBE NEXT TIME.



LUCKILY, HIS OLD APARTMENT WAS STILL AVAILABLE SO I MOVED RIGHT IN.

THIS VIEW ISN'T SO BAD.



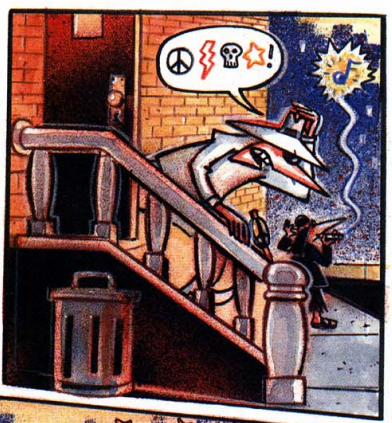
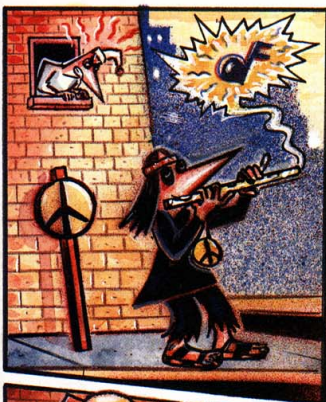
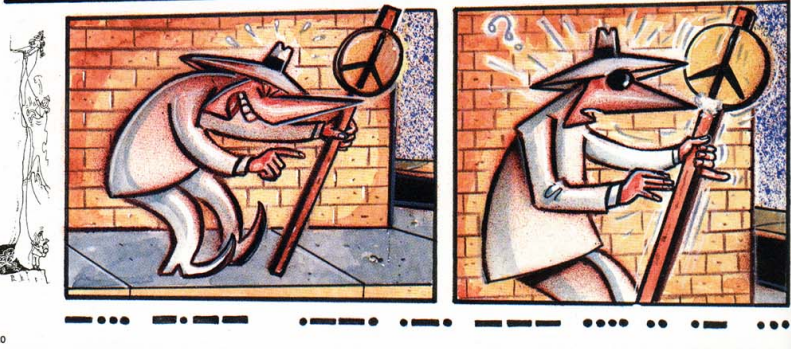
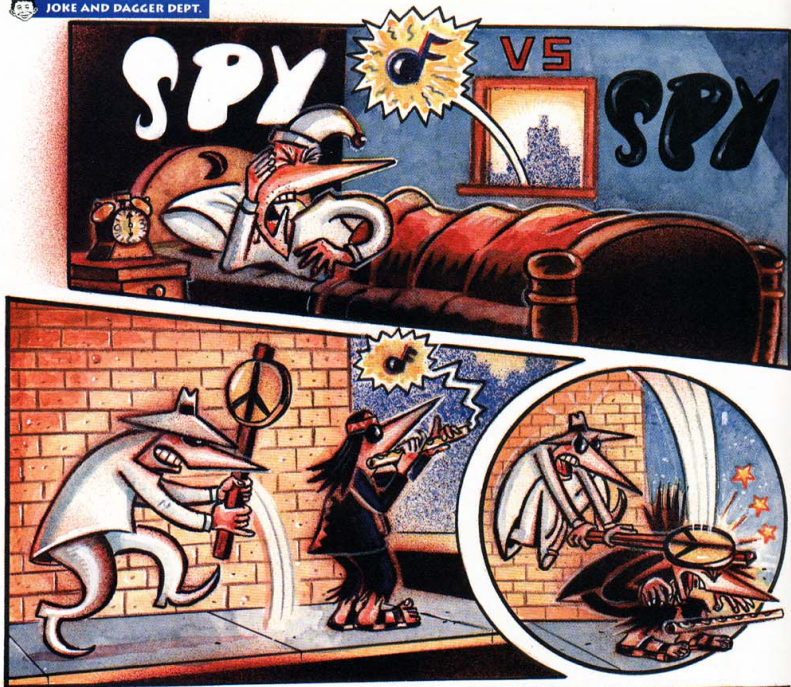
Ask not for whom the wedding bell tolls. It's...

Monty and...

WEDDED BLISS







ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER

LOOK WHO'S TOLKIEN DEPT.

THE LORD OF THE RINGS THE TWO TOWERS OUTTAKES

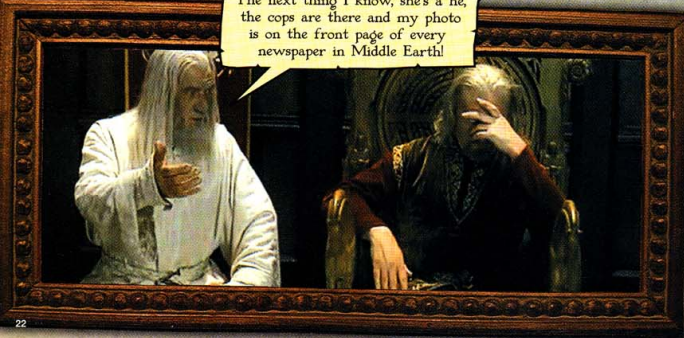
Well, if someone had packed the extra arrows like I asked, we wouldn't have to worry about figuring out where the one I just shot landed!



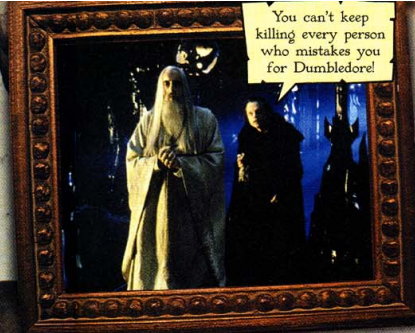
This has got to be the worst Spring Break in history!



The next thing I know, she's a he, the cops are there and my photo is on the front page of every newspaper in Middle Earth!



You can't keep killing every person who mistakes you for Dumbledore!



Just keep staring! Special effects will insert something scary later!



WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

Okay, I'm picturing a giant castle in the desert with 6,000 slots and a 24-hour buffet!



I am smiling! Take the friggin' picture already!



Is this the "buy ticket" line or the "have ticket" line?





Browse

Sell

Services

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item view

PAMELA ANDERSON'S BREAST IMPLANTS

Item # 4824364235

[Souvenirs](#):[National Monuments](#):[Entertainment Memorabilia](#):[Television](#):[Bosoms](#)


Currently **\$2382.56 (reserve not yet met)**
 Quantity **1 pair**
 Started Dec-17-02 10:38:11 PDT
 Ends Dec-27-02 10:38:11 PDT

First bid **\$9.99**
 # of bids **8** [bid history](#)
 Location **Mammary Hills Enhancement Facility**
 Country/Region **USA/Los Angeles**
[clutter up a friend's mailbox by sending an email of this auction](#)



Seller (Rating) **Boobs4Bimbos (36DD)** ★
[find out who else this seller has screwed over](#) | [see what other crap seller is trying to unload](#)

High bid **DirtyOldMan (-72)** ★

Payment Money Order/Cashiers Checks. Personal Checks. Beads/Trinkets. Wampum. Monopoly money.

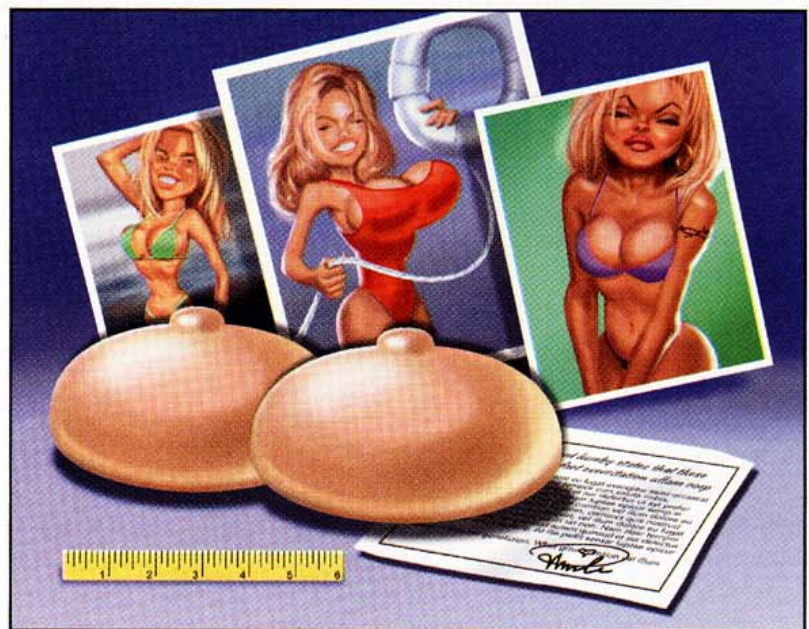
Seller Options Seller: Didn't sell this item? Don't look so surprised! Did you honestly think you would? If you're a glutton for punishment, here's what you can do: Relist this item and hope that some other moron will log onto the site while they're bored at work and idly place an enormous bid — and then actually feel obligated to follow through with payment. Don't hold your breath!

Seller assumes all responsibility, lawsuits, and karmic imbalance for listing this item. You should contact the seller to resolve any questions before bidding, but of course you won't, thereby giving yourself what you consider a legitimate excuse for backing out of paying for this item when you learn of some tiny, inconsequential flaw about it later.

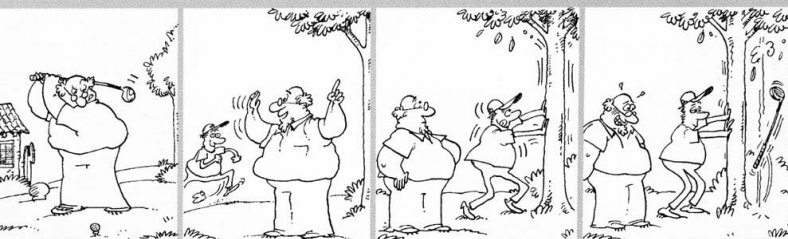
If you are the seller or a high bidder — [what were you thinking?](#)

Description

You'll have to *rack* your brains to think up a more *titillating* gift for the man (or woman) who has everything — but bosoms! Pamela Anderson's loss was your gain when she said "Tah-Tah!" to her ta-tas: Made popular on TV, made famous in homemade porn with Tommy Lee and, according to the underside of the left one, made in Taiwan, you are bidding on the actual implants that resided inside Ms. Anderson's bust until their removal in April of 1999. An extremely rare, once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to own a two-of-a-kind treasure! Jugs of fun for the Pam Anderson fan, the *Baywatch* aficionado, or just about anyone who wants to feel like a *VIP*! Both latex implants are filled with silicone jelly, and are equally at home in the showcase of the serious collector as they are re-installed in a flat-chested new owner. Or, for the tailgate-partier with a flair for entertaining, once frozen, each former bosom will keep an entire 30-gallon cooler of beer cold for hours while providing an excellent conversation piece your guests can stare at and touch without fear of being smacked! (Implants to be auctioned as a set. If bidder wants only one, we suggest he pool resources with a like-minded bosom buddy.) Both are in excellent condition. Comes with Certificate of Authenticity signed by Ms. Anderson and before/after/after-after photos. Proceeds benefit the Boobs for Bimbos Foundation.



a MAD Look at GOLF



ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



1 MARTHA STEWART'S RECIPE FOR COOKING HER OWN GOOSE

Start with one queen of crafts and kitchen and her friend, the president of a hot pharmaceutical company. Add one phone "tip" saying the company's new drug is about to be rejected by the FDA and the company's stock will tank. Set this insider trading mix aside. Now, prepare a tossed salad of denials, obfuscations and non-cooperation with federal regulators and stir in a boiling mad appearance on CBS' *Early Show*. Let the entire stew simmer while the queen's roughly \$48,000 savings on the ill-timed stock sell-off becomes a murky broth of declining sales for her magazine and a personal loss of *tens of millions* of dollars in her own company's stock price. Try serving this bad-tasting concoction to the American public, or better yet, make it the basis for a whole new magazine.

MARTHA
STEWART

Lying

"I did not have any non-public information regarding ImClone when I sold my ImClone shares."

—Wed., June 12, 2002
in released statement

"...entirely proper and lawful..."

—Tues., June 18, 2002
in released statement

"After directing my broker to sell, I placed a call to Dr. Waksal's office to inquire about ImClone. I did not reach Dr. Waksal and he did not return my call."

—Wed., June 12, 2002
in released statement

"I think this will all be resolved in the very near future and I will be exonerated of any ridiculousness."

—Tues., June 25, 2002
on *The Early Show*

DECEMBER 2002



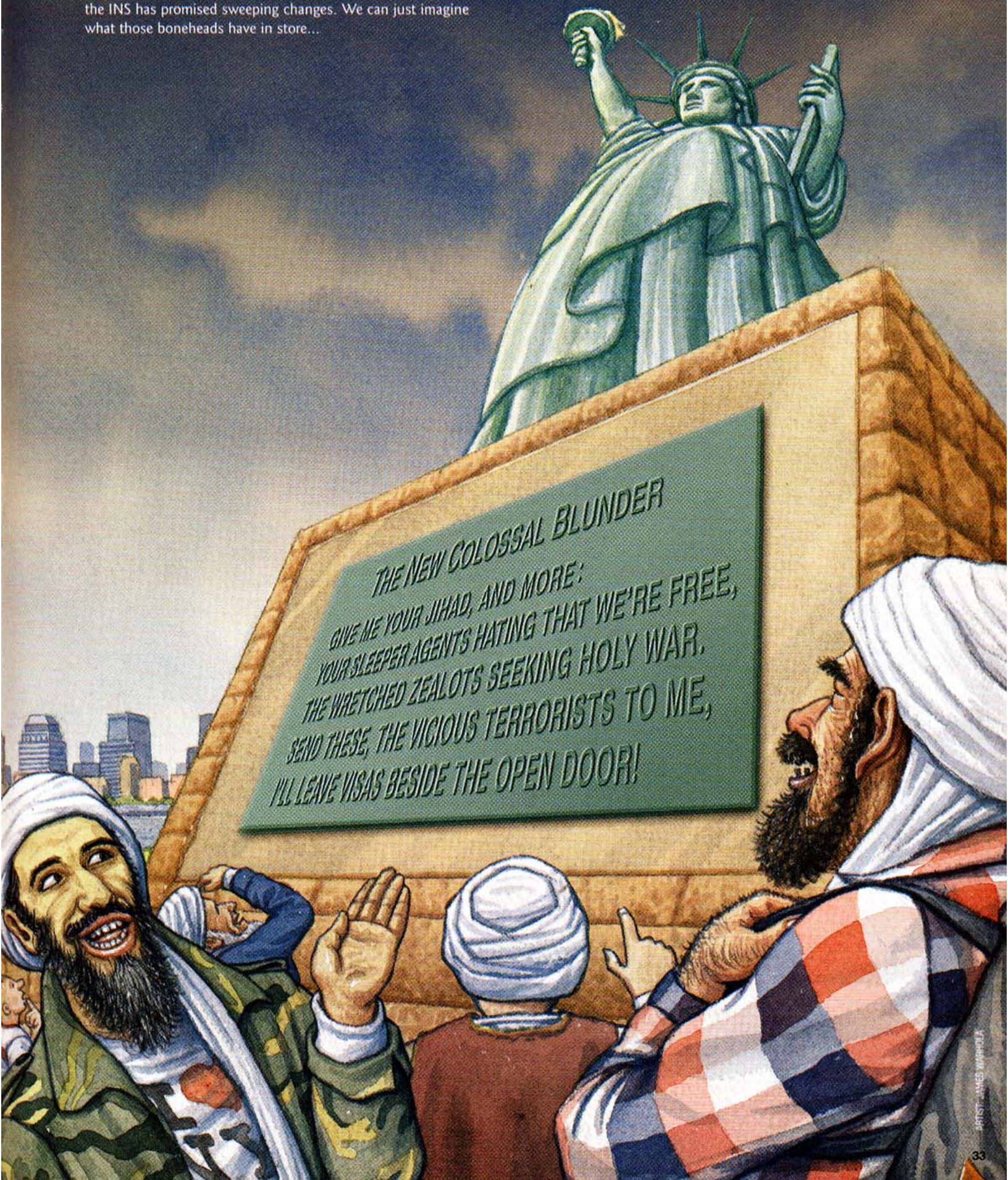
\$4.75 USA (CAN. \$5.75)

www.marthastewart.com

2

DEAD LETTER OFFICE: THE INS SENDS VISAS TO 9/11 TERRORISTS

What can we say about a government agency charged with protecting our borders that actually invites terrorists into our country? That it's incompetent? Stupid beyond description? A threat to national security itself? But perhaps we're being too hard on the Immigration and Naturalization Service — after all, the September 11th hijackers they issued student visas to were already dead and in no position to harm us (again). Besides, in the wake of this embarrassing scandal, the INS has promised sweeping changes. We can just imagine what those boneheads have in store...



3 MIKE TYSON KNOCKS HIMSELF OUT

Mike Tyson once had it all: a thriving career, a beautiful wife, fabulous riches and even a semblance of his sanity. But somewhere along the way, poor squeaky-voiced Mike took a few too many blows to the head, and his life turned into the most ridiculous boxing saga since *Rocky V*. This year, Tyson attacked Lennox Lewis at a press conference announcing their fight, but then inexplicably *failed* to attack him during their *actual* fight. In fact, "Iron" Mike was so thoroughly humiliated, his boxing career is effectively over. We're guessing he won't be able to reinvent himself as a cuddly, George Foreman-style infomercial pitchman, but the results will sure be entertaining if he tries!

Hi, I'm **MIKE TYSON**, here with my new **Lean, Mean, Rage-Inducing Grilling Machine**. Now you can fix your favorite things: burgers, steaks, chicken fillets, pork chops, **EVANDER HOLYFIELD'S EARS**, and fish.

My new machine grills better than **#\$!%-ing hypocrite reporters** grill me about my **sociopathic behavior** and **deteriorating boxing skills**!

Your meat **don't gotta be cooked** in a pool of **grease**, but **you're** gonna be lying in a **POOL OF BLOOD!** You're a little **WHITE P#\$%Y SCARED OF A REAL MAN!** I'll **#\$!% YOU** in the **#\$%** until you love **ME AND MY GRILL, F#\$!%T!**

These little grooves in my grill make the grease go down to this tray, giving you good tasting food. It's pleasin' to all — **JUST LIKE FORNICATING!** If you don't agree, **I'LL RIP YOUR #\$!%-ING HEART OUT AND FEED IT BACK TO YOU!!**

My grill lets you spend less time in the kitchen and more with your family. My family left me. I want to **KICK YOUR CHILDREN IN THE #\$!%-ING HEAD AND STOMP ON THEIR TESTICLES SO YOU CAN FEEL MY PAIN!** I'LL PUT YOUR MOTHER IN A STRAITJACKET, YOU PUNK-ASS WHITE BOY!!!

ORDER YOURS NOW, @#!\$!



WRITER: JEFF KRUISE

ARTIST: DREW FRIEDMAN

4 THE ANNA NICOLE SHOW: REALITY TV GOES BUST

Just when we thought Reality TV couldn't get any more freakish than *The Osbournes*, more shameless than *The Bachelor* or more revolting than *Fear Factor*, along comes *The Anna Nicole Show* to surpass all three. The former Playmate and trophy wife has seen better days — just like E!, which is eagerly exploiting the bloated trailer trash heifer to boost its perpetually pathetic ratings. One thing's for certain about this train wreck of a TV show — Anna Nicole has forever redefined the term "boob tube."

ANNA NICOLE SMITH
KIM WALTHER

BOBBY TRENDY
WITH HOWARD K. STERN

DANIEL SMITH
AND SUGAR PIE

MY BIG FAT FREAK AIRING



5 FOX: MUST-FLEE TV

They may be trailing pathetically in the Nielsen ratings, but when it comes to shameless, exploitative, low-brow supercrap, FOX leads the pack by a wide margin. With a history of such reality TV "classics" as *Who Wants To Marry A Multimillionaire*, *Temptation Island* and, most recently, *American Idol* (think *The Gong Show* minus the class), these days a FOX programmer's biggest challenge is to create a show that sinks to even deeper, more fetid lows than the shite they've already aired. It's a near impossible task, but we're confident the geniuses at FOX are up to the task.

FOX TV in Association with the Producers of *American Idol* and *Celebrity Boxing* Presents

THE ULTIMATE REALITY TV EVENT



A SUPER LIGHTWEIGHT BOUT KELLY CLARKSON vs. JUSTIN GUARINI

American Idol KELLY CLARKSON fought through countless rounds to defeat JUSTIN GUARINI and claim the championship title. Now Guarini's back to challenge Clarkson again — and this time he's out for blood. Brace yourself for what are sure to be the biggest hits of both their careers!

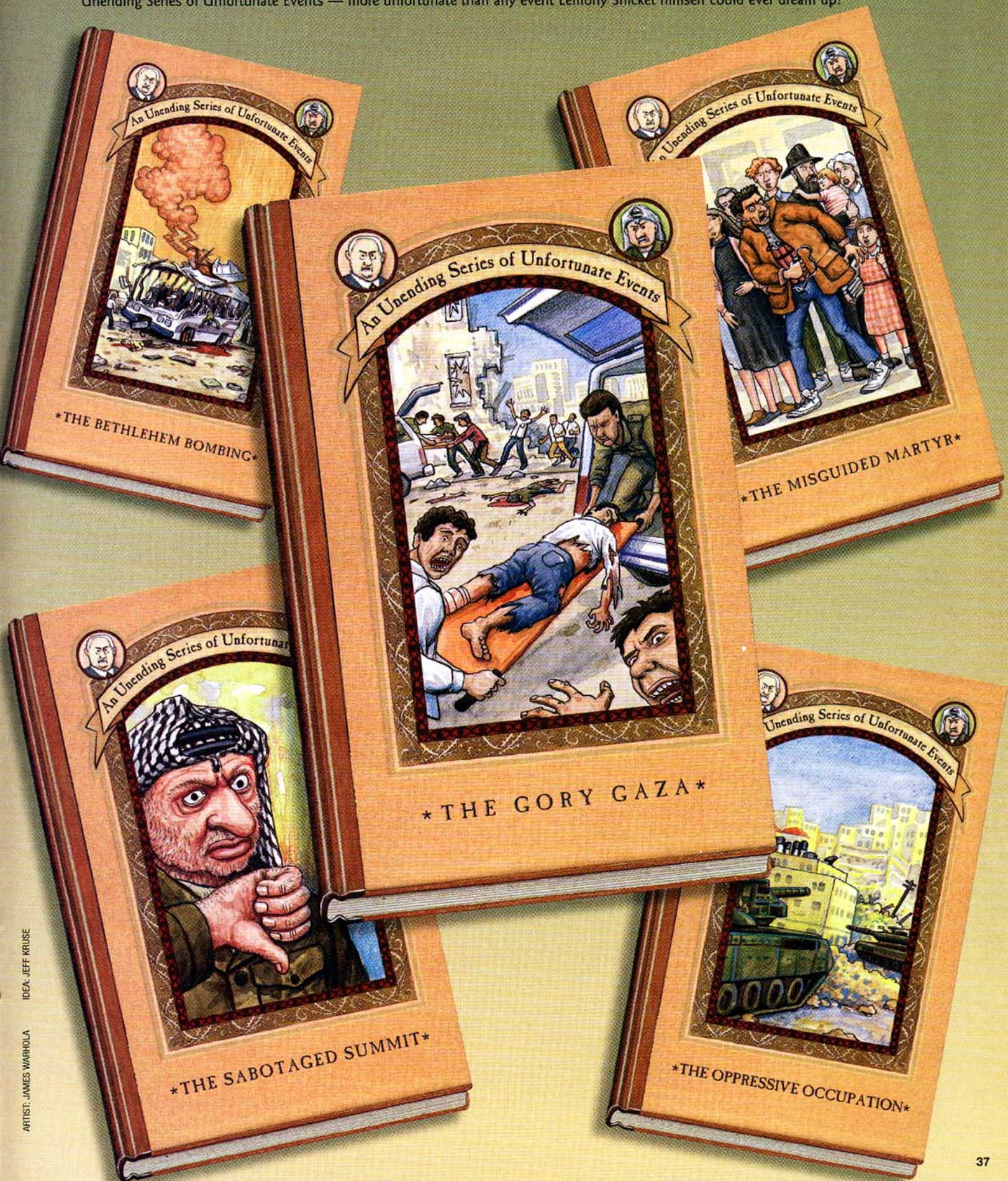
WITH SPECIAL GUEST APPEARANCES BY:

Simon Cowell, Paula Abdul and Randy Jackson as the judges
The *Bachelorettes in Alaska* bachelorettes as the ring girls
And the *Celebrity Boot Camp* drill instructors as the trainers

FOX

6 THE ISRAEL/PALESTINE CONFLICT: TWO WRONGS MAKE A FIGHT

Like a real-life version of our own *Spy Vs. Spy* gone horribly awry, the leaders of Israel and Palestine seem forever engaged in an incredibly deadly game of one-upmanship. Every so often a cease-fire is agreed upon, and occasionally it lasts as long as the average Oscar telecast. Then the violence resumes, with Sharon blaming Arafat, and Arafat blaming Sharon. So who could blame the rest of the world for growing weary of this Unending Series of Unfortunate Events — more unfortunate than any event Lemony Snicket himself could ever dream up?



IDEA: JEFF KRUISE
ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA

7 CORPORATE CORRUPTION: WHITE-COLLAR SLIME

Where to begin? With the scumbag executives at Enron? The lying, sniveling weasels at Arthur Andersen Accounting? The stinking, steaming pieces of dung at Merrill Lynch and the other brokerage houses of ill-repute? The incompetent financial "experts" who advised everyone to invest their life savings in a rigged stock market? And don't even get us started on WorldCom, Tyco, Halliburton or our beloved parent company, AOL (GAK!) Time Warner. You want a financial tip? Invest in companies that make prison uniforms! Because if there is any justice in the universe, every one of these reprehensible, immoral corporate SOBs will spend the rest of their ugly lives rotting in an 8 x 10 dank prison cell. Thanks to them, we now know what the "K" in 401K stands for: kaput! And what's the dumb thing? That we bought into their corrupt game to begin with.

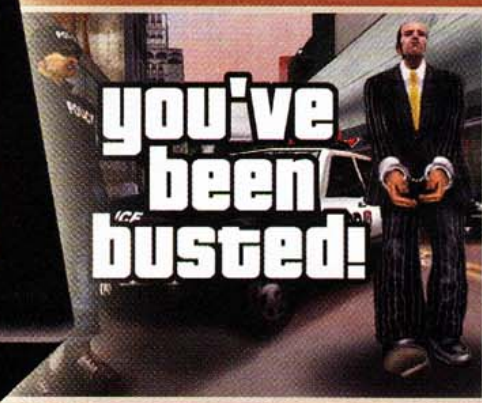
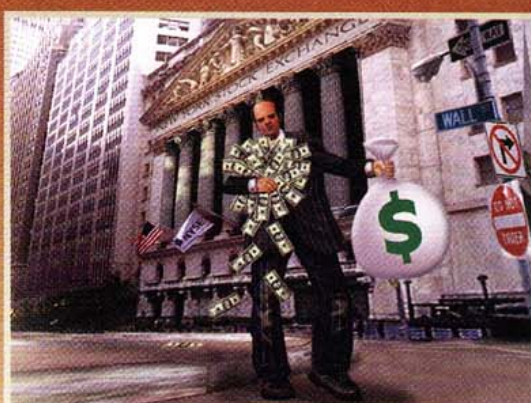
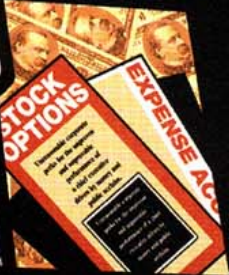
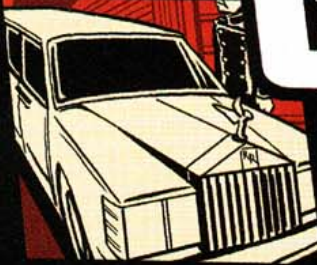
PlayStation 2



NYSE DJI



Grand Theft CEO



ARTIST: JACK SYRACUSE



ken lay
Enron



sam waksal
ImClone



JACK WELCH
GE



dennis kozlowski
Tyco



bernard ebbers
WorldCom



dick cheney
White House

[one scoundrels who run the street]

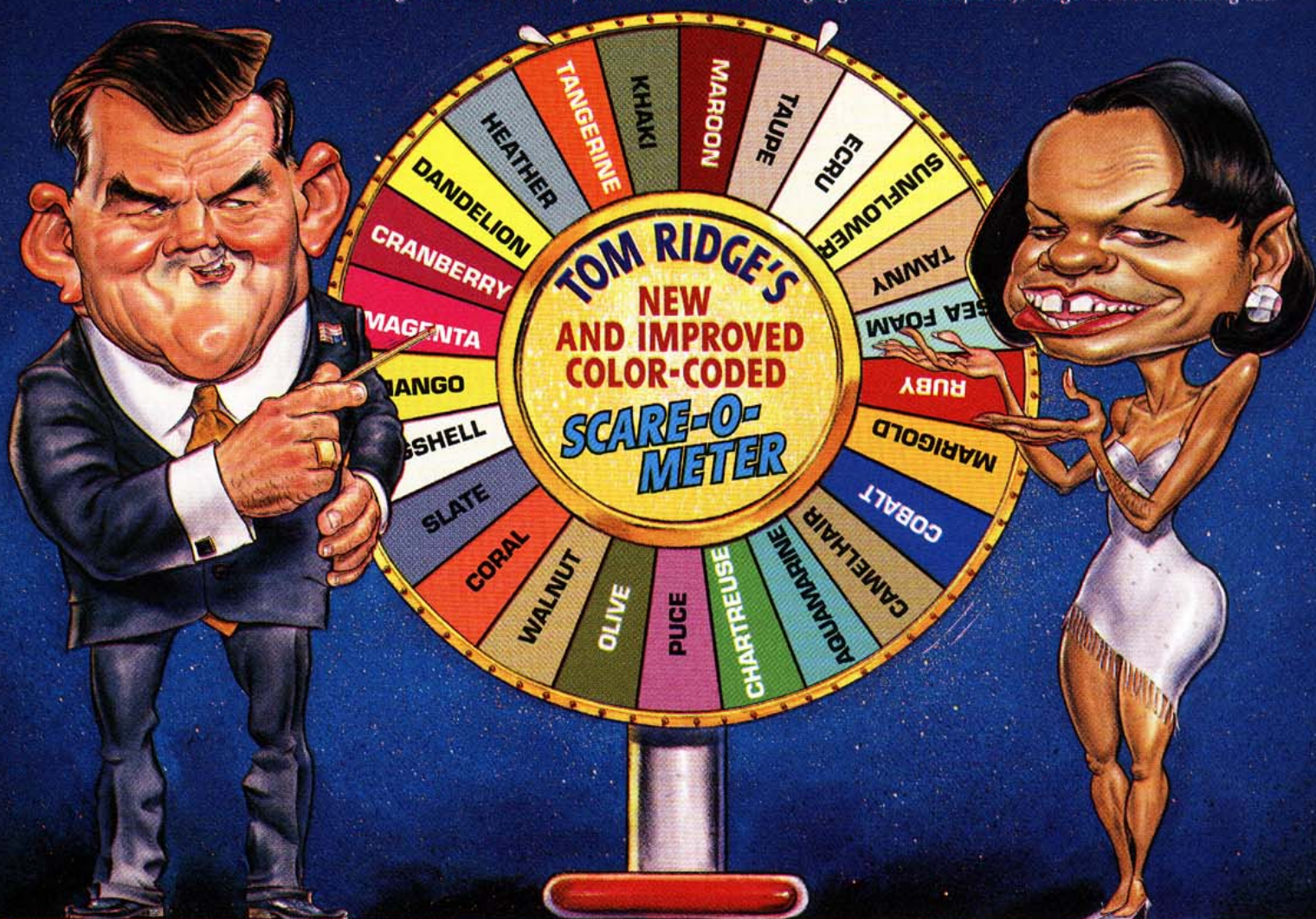
8 OLYMPIC FIGURE SKATING: THE AGONY OF DECEIT

The Olympics have a long and storied tradition dating all the way back to ancient civilization – just like corruption. So it shouldn't have surprised anyone when it was discovered that a French judge took a bribe to throw the gold medal the Russian skaters' way. Ultimately, the scandal involved high-ranking Olympic committee members, the Russian mafia and, according to at least one conspiracy website, the official Olympic mascot Powder, the snowshoe hare. The end result of the whole mess was that a second set of gold medals was created for the shafted Canadian team, a solution even more awkward and precarious than anything in the award-winning Russian routine.



9 THE COLOR-CODED WARNING SYSTEM: HOMELAND INSECURITY

As far as we can tell, the only thing that Tom Ridge has done since becoming our first Homeland Security Chief is come up with a convoluted, ineffective and largely ignored color-coded terrorist warning system. Like a nation-wide game of "Twister," we were supposed to somehow respond based on Tommy's choice of pigment. The system was met with cries of "Huh?" and "Ooooh, that's pretty!" Of course, both of those comments came from the President himself, but the rest of the public was a tad less impressed. After all, what can you tell from a selection of just five colors? Even Lucky Charms gets eight! For the multitude of threats facing us, we obviously need more colors than you can find in a J. Crew catalog. We're sure it's only a matter of time until Ridge agrees – and hopefully, Ridge is on their mailing list!



WRITER: MIKE SUIDER

ARTIST: SAM SISCO

MAROON A vaguely Arabic-looking man seen at Internet café logging onto Travelocity.com	TAUPE Olive-skinned fellow spotted scanning store map at Mall of America, claiming to be "looking for Foot Locker"	ECRU Orrin Hatch overheard whispering to Antonin Scalia, "If I were you, I'd haul ass out of here!"	SUNFLOWER Store security cam records man wearing large sneakers trying to buy a Bic lighter at an Ace hardware store	TAWNY Secret Service scrambled after reportedly seeing Osama bin Laden taking White House tour
CAMELHAIR Amtrak derailment not immediately attributable to normal engineer incompetence	RUBY Al Qaeda rumored to be placing encoded Help Wanted ads on Monster.com	MARIGOLD Guy in turban asked Continental flight attendant if in-flight meal includes hummus	COBALT Wise-ass in airport security line made joke about having a "dirty bomb in my pants!"	SEA FOAM Mysterious white powder discovered on counter of Washington, D.C. Dunkin' Donuts
AQUAMARINE 20th hijacker Zacarias Moussaoui "cuts one" during court appearance – may be coded message to Al Qaeda	CHARTREUSE Senator Ted Kennedy seen being fitted for a husky-size Hazmat suit	PUCE "Piazza is gay" gossip resurfacing in Riyadh, Saudi Arabia	OLIVE Hoffritz announces slight increase in sale of nail-clippers	WALNUT Newark Federal Building evacuated due to inability to quickly translate dirty limerick in Arabic on men's room wall
CORAL Rudy Giuliani goes back to silly "comb-over" look – seen as a signal for everyone to return to normalcy – lowest warning level	SLATE Al Jazeera announces plans for American Idol-type talent program	EGGSHELL Al Qaeda launching informal negotiations with "Stone Cold" Steve Austin	MANGO Entire cast of <i>The West Wing</i> rumored to have been moved to a secure, undisclosed location	MAGENTA "Ethnic"-looking cab driver discovered who seems to know an awful lot about the layout of NYC
CRANBERRY Theory that mindless on-air chatter between Regis and Kelly may contain secret attack code for terrorist sleeper-cell in U.S. gaining credibility	DANDELION Intercepted phone conversation reveals Mullah Omar called to reserve the movie <i>The Sum of All Fears</i> at Karachi Blockbuster	HEATHER Talk-radio show first-time caller warned of another 9/11, saying, "I can feel it in my bones!"	TANGERINE Supermarket tabloid on sale today unearthed little-known Nostradamus prophecy outlining impending terrorist attack on Michael Jackson's Neverland Ranch	KHAKI Mysterious white powder discovered in dressing room at Ozzfest


10

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH SEX ABUSE COVER-UP: THE SINS OF OUR FATHERS

For years, the Catholic Church has been warning us about the societal dangers to our nation's youth. Who knew that the biggest danger to kids came from their own perverted priests, who were more interested in the body of altar boy Timmy than the body of Christ! The sickeningly smug bishops and cardinals, such as Boston's Cardinal Bernard Law, made the disastrous situation even more disastrous with their loathsome policy of "deny, deny, deny," while quietly shipping the horny "holy men" from unsuspecting parish to unsuspecting parish. Warning to all altar boys: next time a priest advises you to "turn the other cheek," run.



11



Wreckin' Baseball
(sung to the tune of
"Talkin' Baseball")

(sung to the tune of
"Talkin' Baseball")

The players were pissed off,
Ev'ry offer they kissed off,
Behavin' like a bunch of greedy jocks!
All the owners scoffed, "Who cares?"
"We're a gang of billionaires!"

**They're wreckin' baseball!
Another strike was loomin'!
Wreckin' baseball!
Our great sport they were doomin'!
Their game plan just puts fans at a loss!
We wish the umps could give these chumps the toss!
These chumps like Selig, A-Rod and the Boss!**

The Marlins were dyin'!
The Blue Jays hardly tryin'!
Poor Montreal, there's no one in the stands!
The Commish upchucked a shout,
"We'll contract the Expos out!
"And likewise get those good-for-nothing Twins off of our hands!"



They're wreckin' baseball!
The parking fees will soak you!
Wreckin' baseball!
The beer you bought just broke you!
The All-Star Game, declared a tie this year!
Small wonder that we've had it up to here!
With slime like agents, networks and Don Fehr!

Each week comes a rumor,
Welcome as a tumor,
Such as steroids being used to enhance play!
The press on the loose,
With hot gossip of pot use,
As well as Mike Piazza being
more than just a trifle gay!

**They're wreckin' baseball!
New stadiums they're makin'!
Wreckin' baseball!
While taxpayers get taken!
Good ratings now are nothing but a fluke!
The Rally Monkey makes us want to puke!
We sure miss Willie, Mickey and the Duke!**

THERE'S A \$5 MILLION BONUS IF YOU ONLY LOOK AT IT!

12

JOHN ASHCROFT'S TIPS: AIN'T LIFE A SNITCH?

Question: what's the best way to protect our freedom-loving way of life from terrorists? Answer: strip us of our civil liberties! Such is the nonsensically un-American thinking of Attorney General John "Big Brother" Ashcroft. His "Terrorism Information and Prevention System" — better known as TIPS — would have turned ordinary citizens like your cable guy into a government-sponsored peeping Tom who would report back to the feds with any "suspicious" behavior — say, for example, if he caught a glimpse of you engaged in the highly subversive act of preparing a tabooli salad. Thankfully, TIPS never really got off the ground because even Ashcroft's lunatic right wing cronies thought it was too extreme. Hey Ashcroft, here's a tip for you: read the Constitution.



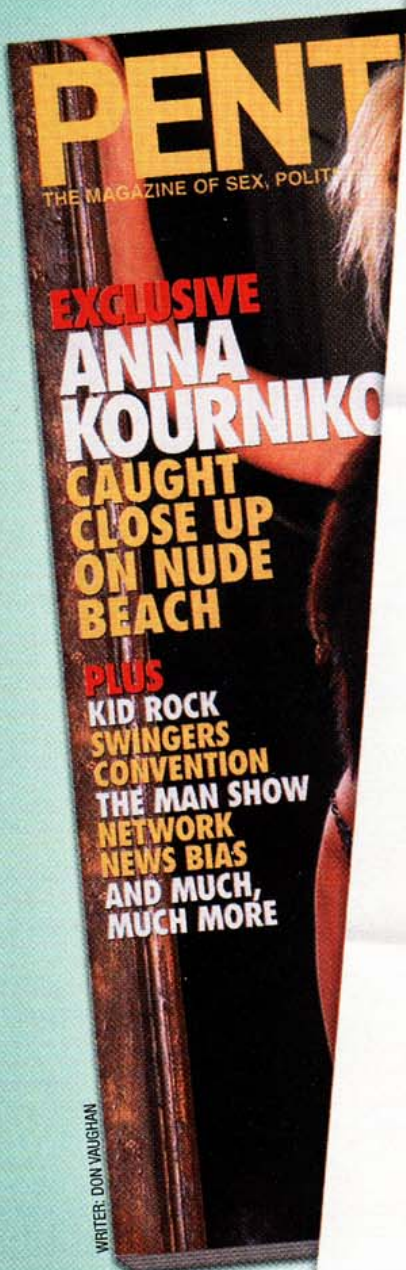
**I WANT YOU
TO SPY ON YOUR NEIGHBORS**

(And your family, and your friends, and your co-workers, and your landlord, and your minister, and your classmates, and your teacher, and the UPS guy, and that guy who works at the one-hour photo place. And don't forget the cashiers at the supermarket, and any pedestrian or driver you happen to see. Oh, and the newspaper boy and the bank teller. You never know what they're up to.)

13

PENTHOUSE'S DOUBLE FAULT: THE ANNA KOURNIKOVA NUDE PHOTOS

June's issue of *Penthouse* trumpeted exclusive topless photos of hot tennis babe Anna Kournikova. A publishing coup of this magnitude could send sales skyrocketing, especially amongst internet smut freaks who till now had to make due with poorly-doctored pictures of Kournikova's head on someone else's (usually a woman's) naked body. (Joke: How can you tell a picture of Anna Kournikova is phony? If it shows her winning at Wimbledon, it's a fake!) But in a cruel twist of fate, it turned out the photos of Kournikova *weren't* Kournikova. *Penthouse* publisher Bob Guccione was sued and forced to issue a limp apology to both women. For once, it was nice to see "The Gooch" as the one caught with his pants down. Nonetheless, we'd also like to see an apology to his readers for over 30 years of other *Penthouse* misdeeds.



PENTHOUSE

THE MAGAZINE OF SEX, POLITICS, AND PROTEST

Dear *Penthouse* Reader:

It has come to our attention, as this issue goes to press, that the photographs we published in the June issue of *Penthouse*, which we described as being of tennis star Anna Kournikova sunbathing topless on a public beach, are, in fact, pictures of another woman. We deeply regret this unintentional error and offer heartfelt apologies to both women.

While we're at it, we at *Penthouse* would also like to apologize for the following transgressions:

- Trying to pass ourselves off as a magazine of even marginal social importance when, in fact, we're nothing more than whacking material for bored truck drivers.
- Charging \$7.99 an issue — when 3/4 of it is nothing but ads for penis enlargers, sex toys, phone sex companies and badly made porno movies.
- Punishing readers with 25 years of "advice" from Xaviera, an obese former hooker whose star should have faded when her first unreadable book landed in the remainder bin at Barnes & Noble.
- Going hardcore and trying to justify it by calling it "freedom of sexual expression." Our sales were plummeting, we were desperate — and we'd like to apologize for the entire ugly mess. Especially that whole peeing thing. We don't know how that got started and, frankly, we don't want to know.
- Printing offensive jokes by Howard Stern lapdog Jackie Martling that were ancient when Eisenhower was president, and then labeling them "topical humor."
- All the other ridiculous mistakes we're sure to make between now and when we finally go bankrupt — which, judging from the books, won't be that long from now.

Sincerely,

Bob Guccione

JAYSON WILLIAMS' FOUL SHOT

In his NBA playing days, Jayson Williams was known as an awful shooter, and obviously that's still the case. While giving a tour of his mansion, the onetime New Jersey Net was drinking heavily and twirling a loaded shotgun (like any good host). When he accidentally fired at and killed a chauffeur, he drew up a cowardly and despicable game plan to make it look like a suicide. But the indisputable evidence supports another theory: guns don't kill people; reckless, drunken, coddled multi-millionaire ex-basketball players kill people.

THE *Jayson Williams* BASKETBALL CAMP

Hey kids,
former NBA All-Star Jayson Williams will teach you
how to run and shoot — only in reverse order!

Learn all the tricky moves
you'll need to win
both on — and IN — the court!

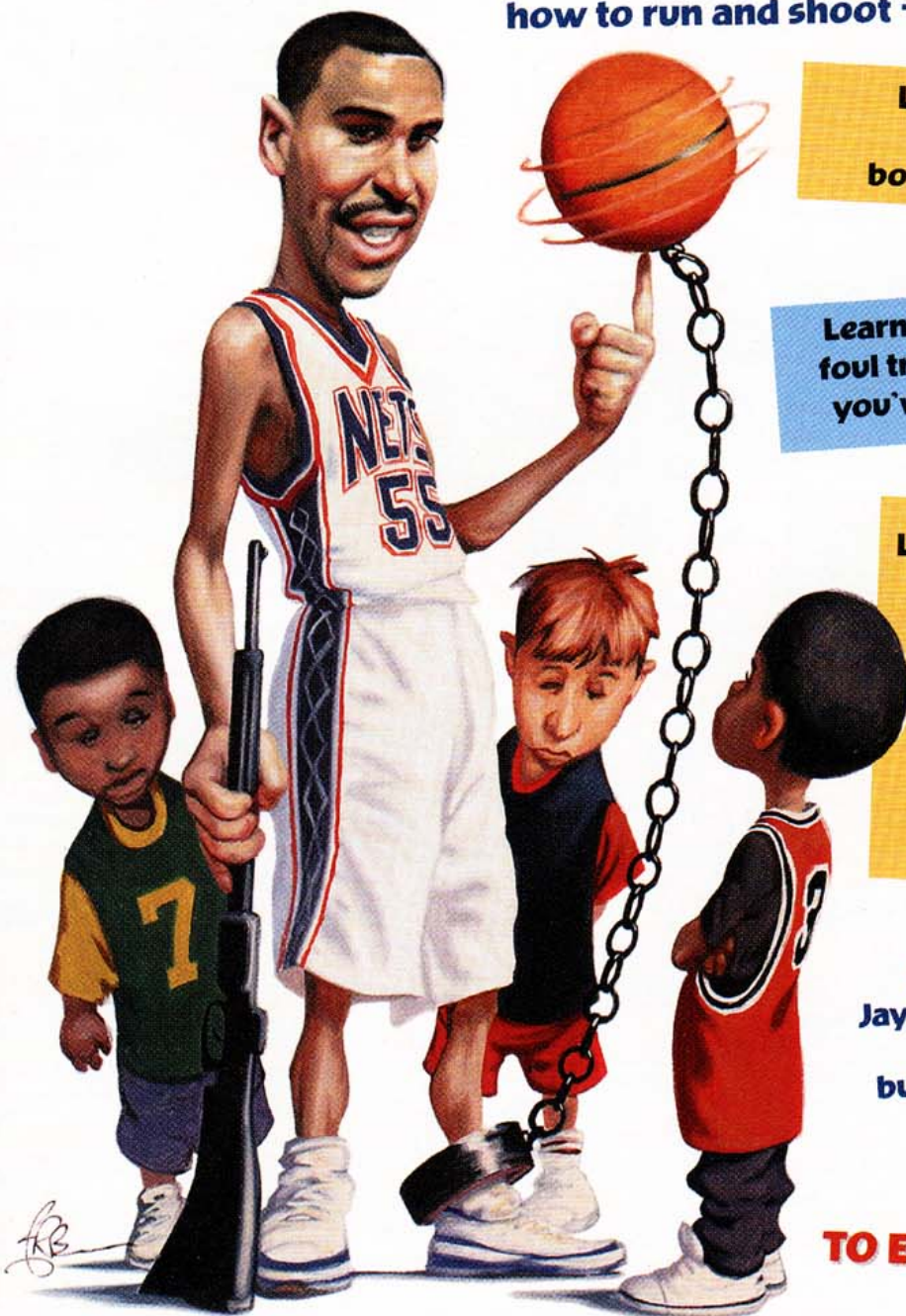
Learn strategies for getting out of
foul trouble (you hope), even when
you've committed a flagrant one!

Learn all the fundamental skills
you'll need to be successful:

- Executing properly
- Keeping a cool head
after you've taken a bad shot
- Getting spectators involved
in the action
- Carrying out a game plan
when you're up against the clock
- Avoiding a charge

So come and join us at the
Jayson Williams Basketball Camp,
where the emphasis is on
building a strong defense and —
depending on how things
play out — rebounding!

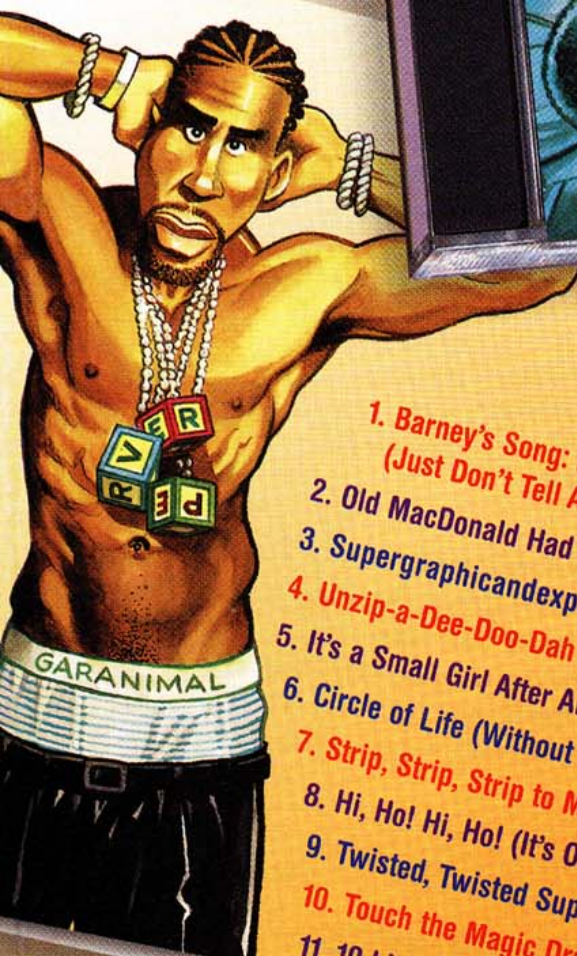
TO ENROLL, CALL 555-FELON



NOTE: THE JAYSON WILLIAMS BASKETBALL CAMP IS NOT AFFILIATED WITH THE RANDY MOSS DRIVER'S EDUCATION SCHOOL, THE LATRELL SPREWELL SELF-DEFENSE COURSE, THE KIRBY PUCKETT DATING SERVICE OR THE ALLEN IVERSON MARITAL COUNSELING PROGRAM.

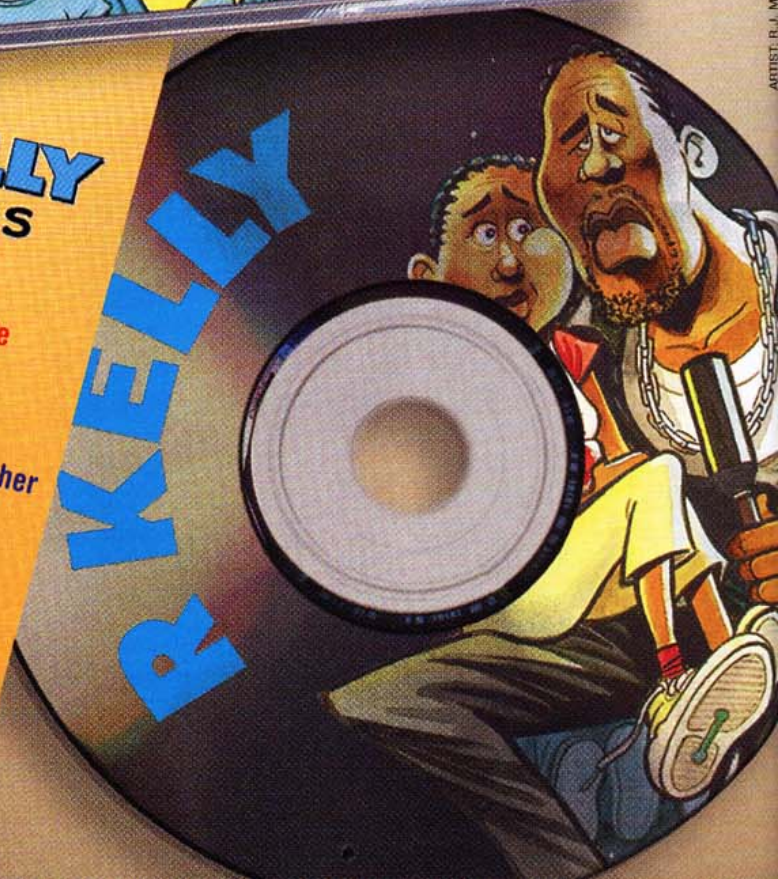
R. KELLY: I BELIEVE I CAN LIE

The art of the celebrity denial in the face of mounting criminal evidence was elevated to creepy new heights this year by R. Kelly. The R+B star insisted the videotape showing him doing the "bump n' grind" with a 14-year-old was a fake and that he had no interest in underage hotties. Never mind that he married Aaliyah when she was the ripe old age of...um, 15. Never mind that he quietly settled out of court with two other youngsters who claimed he coerced them into having sex with him. And never mind that still more adolescent girls have come forth with similar accusations. It's all a pack of lies — listen to the message in his music, Kelly tells us. You got it, scumbag!



R. KELLY SONGS FOR KIDS

1. Barney's Song: I Love You, You Love Me (Just Don't Tell Anybody, Okay?)
2. Old MacDonald Had a Niece
3. Supergraphicandexplicitsextapeldon'tknowher
4. Unzip-a-Dee-Doo-Dah
5. It's a Small Girl After All
6. Circle of Life (Without Parole)
7. Strip, Strip, Strip to My Lou
8. Hi, Ho! Hi, Ho! (It's Off to Bed We Go)
9. Twisted, Twisted Super-Star
10. Touch the Magic Dragon
11. 10 Little Litigants



16

AMERICA WEST AIRLINES: HIGH IN THE SKY

May we have your attention readers, this is your editor speaking. Please fasten your seatbelts, as we will be going over the rocky, turbulent story of two America West Airlines pilots who, in July, made an unannounced layover at a local watering hole just hours before planning to fly 124 passengers from Miami to Phoenix. If you look carefully, you will notice the irresponsible flight attendants who didn't notify the authorities about the highly-fueled aviators. You might also observe the uncharacteristically vigilant airport security people reporting the soused pilots as they stumble aboard the plane. Guns in the cockpit? How about breathalyzers? Please notice that we have turned on the "No Fooling" sign. We ask you to remain seated until our satiric commentary comes to a complete stop.



ABSOLUT AMERICA WEST.

STUPID NET TRICKS: THE DAVID LETTERMAN/TED KOPPEL SAGA

Forever inept at coming up with a successful entertainment show for the crucial 11:30 PM time slot, ABC has long been dependent on *Nightline* to garner respectable, if not large, ratings in the late night Nielsens war — even if the bulk of the audience was made up of the "over-50" demographic. Determined to attract a younger audience, the network courted the perpetually underachieving David Letterman. They attempted to lure the gap-toothed clown from CBS, while the publicly humiliated Ted Koppel seethed at the prospect of being replaced by a goofball with half his intelligence. The funny thing is, last we checked, Letterman was still stuck at CBS and Koppel was still pissed at ABC. Even so, we can't help but wonder how Dave would have changed his act had he gotten the ABC gig...

THIS WEEK ON **LATE NIGHTLINE** *with David Letterman*

STUPID INTERNATIONAL PET TRICKS



SLO-MO REPLAY

JOIN DAVE FOR ALL THE FUN!

MONDAY:

- May we see your nuclear installation surveillance photos, please?
- Palestinian Supermarket Finds

TUESDAY:

- Dave's Mom interviews Madeleine Albright from across the street with a bullhorn
- Know Your Fatwas
- Can a guy in a bear suit get into the World Economic Congress?

WEDNESDAY:

- Former National Security Adviser Brent Scowcroft — Will He Float?
- Mujibur & Sirajul attempt to get past airport security

THURSDAY:

- American Roundtable: dumb guys try to pronounce towns in Afghanistan
- Biff Henderson's tour of a secure, undisclosed location

FRIDAY:

- Rupert Jee gets racially profiled
- Janet Reno talks about her career, her policies and then stands on a desk and flashes Dave
- ABC Anthrax-Infected Viewer Mailbag

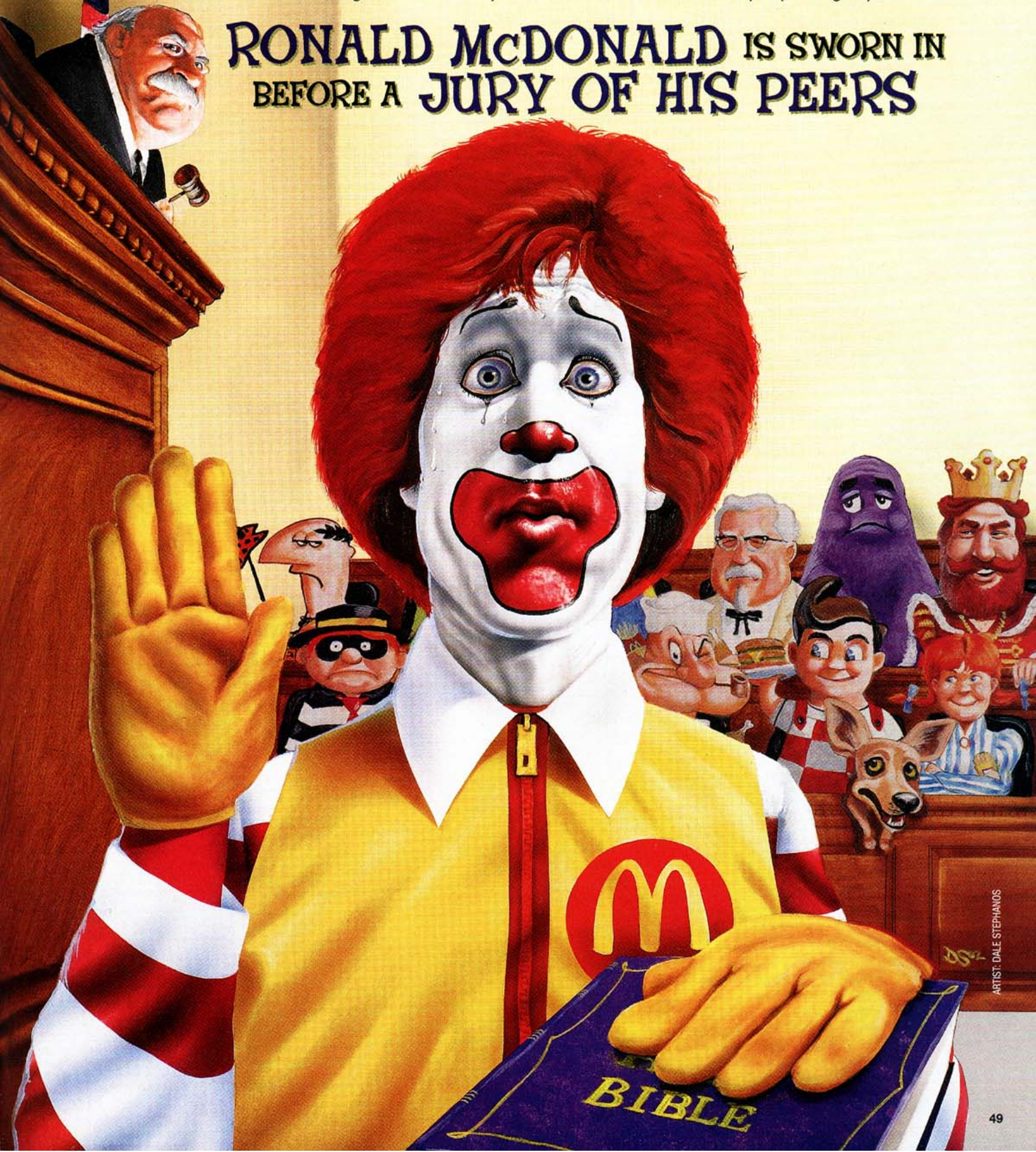


Weeknights 11:30/10:30c

CocoTOS

Here's a whopper of a dilemma: which side to root for in a boneheaded lawsuit that pits the overpriced, greasy fast food industry against brain-dead lardasses and their overpriced, greasy lawyers. At the risk of giving the false impression that we're shamelessly courting the fast food industry's big advertising bucks (by the way, for all your MAD advertising needs, simply call David McKillips at 212-636-5520), we must declare the lawsuit filed against Ronald McDonald, et al. by a bunch of grotesquely overweight, Big Mac munchin', milk-shake chuggin' mouth-breathers a super-sized waste of everyone's time. No jury will ever believe that fast food franchises somehow tricked innocent, health-conscious defendants and turned them into morbidly obese sad sacks. But we think there's mounting evidence that all those billions and billions of burgers and fries that they consumed *did* turn them into incredibly stupid and greedy McMorons.

RONALD McDONALD IS SWORN IN BEFORE A JURY OF HIS PEERS



TED WILLIAMS: FROM THE BATTER'S BOX TO THE ICE BOX

Ted Williams may have been the last baseball player to bat .400, but when it comes to ridiculously bad ideas, his son, John Henry, is batting a thousand. No sooner had the Splendid Splinter been ejected from the game of life, than the junior Williams implemented the less-than-splendid plan to cryogenically freeze the old-timer. The theory was that the slugger's DNA should be preserved for future generations. (Frankly, we'd rather see his pre-juiced-ball-era hitting statistics live on.) We can only imagine how this half-baked (or yet to be defrosted) idea will be acknowledged at Cooperstown...

A Baseball Hall of Fame Monument We'd Hate to See



**FROM WHAT DEADLY
THREAT DOES THE
SECRET SERVICE REMAIN
HELPLESS TO PROTECT
THE PRESIDENT?**

HERE WE GO WITH A SPECIAL EDITION **MAD 20 FOLD-IN**

In these deadly and uncertain times, with threats from Osama, Al Qaeda, home grown kooks and even opposing party zealots, the Secret Service must be on their toes more than ever to protect our Commander in Chief. But even with all their diligent planning and weaponry, it is clear that the President is not completely safe. To find out what this most deadly threat is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



**THREATS CAN COME FROM OUT OF NOWHERE IN THESE
TROUBLED TIMES. OUR SECRET SERVICE CAN
PREVENT MANY DANGERS, BUT NOT ALL OF THEM. MOST-
LY, THEY WAIT AND WATCH WITH UTMOST
ZEAL TO PROTECT THE PRESIDENT FROM EVERY EVIL**

A

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

B

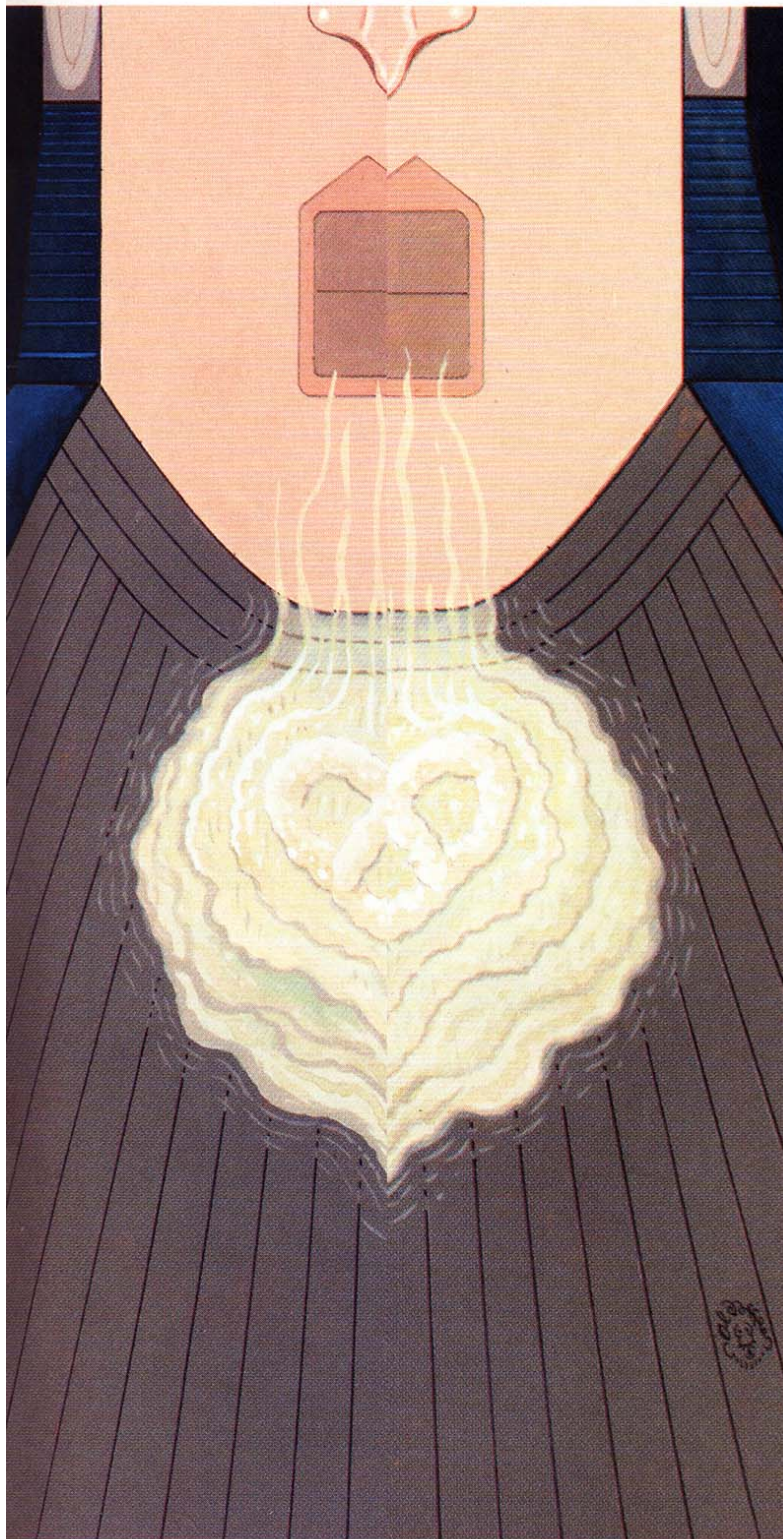
FROM WHAT DEADLY
THREAT DOES THE
SECRET SERVICE REMAIN
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THE PRESIDENT?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!



FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



THE
PRET-
ZEL





Duke Bissell's TALES OF UNDISPUTED INTEREST

IT WAS MY BIRTHDAY AND MY COUSIN GAVE ME A FREE LIFETIME TRIAL GIFT CERTIFICATE FOR SOMETHING CALLED SUBCONSCIOUS REGRESSION THERAPY.



WHEN I SHOWED UP IT TURNED OUT THAT THE PSYCHIATRIST WAS MY COUSIN.



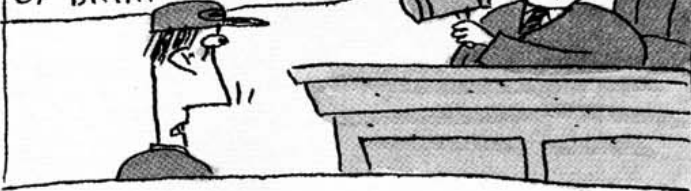
FOR THE SECOND SESSION WE WENT ON A FIELD TRIP.

UNCLE STAN INSISTED YOU WERE A MISERABLE LITTLE WORM AND WANTED TO PUSH YOU OFF THIS CLIFF.



MY COUSIN COULDN'T MAKE IT TO THE THIRD SESSION BUT HE HAD ONE OF MY OTHER RELATIVES COVER FOR HIM.

I'LL GIVE YOU A BREAK BECAUSE GROWING UP WITH SOMEONE LIKE ME AS A FATHER MUST HAVE BEEN PURE HELL, BUT TO TELL THE TRUTH I ALWAYS WISHED YOUR MOTHER HAD USED A BETTER FORM OF BIRTH CONTROL.



SOON I REALIZED THIS KIND OF THING JUST WASN'T FOR ME.

YOU KNOW IF I HAD AN UNTRACEABLE ILLEGAL HANDGUN I'D SHOOT YOU



IN THE END, I PUT THE BALANCE OF THE CERTIFICATE TO GOOD USE.

ACTUALLY, I THINK YOUR WHOLE PROBLEM IS PSYCHOSOMATIC. YOU SHOULD GET SOME SUBCONSCIOUS REGRESSION THERAPY.

