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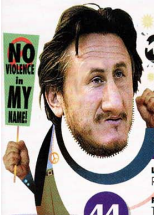
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MAD

AUGUST 2004

NUMBER 444

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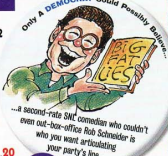
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"Drawn Out Dramas" Various Places
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Only a DEMOCRAT Could Possibly Believe...



...a second-rate SNL comedian who couldn't even out-box-office Rob Schneider is who you want articulating your party's line.

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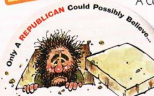
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Only a REPUBLICAN Could Possibly Believe...

...the best way to "show them terrorists" is to spend billions of dollars and hundreds of lives to relentlessly search for and capture... THE WRONG GUY!

38

If ignorance is bliss, you'd think people would be happier when you pointed out what morons they are!



ALFRED E. NEWMAN

FRONT COVER ARTIST:
MARK FREDRICKSON

"THE LAST SUPPER" ARTIST:
RICHARD WILLIAMS

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THE BIG TEACHER'S PET

When I was done with a test in school, I began reading a MAD. My teacher caught sight of the cover and yelled "What's that?" She grabbed the issue right out of my hands, looked at it more closely and sent me to the principal's office. I was suspended for two days because I'd been given warnings before about bringing MAD to school and this was the last straw, they said!

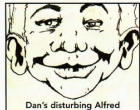
Edward Mjelde, San Diego, CA

Special Ed — Thank you for your eye-opening tale. We're sure that our readers will learn a great deal from your experience. Namely, that reading MAD in class is a sure-fire way to land a long weekend. No need to thank us! —Ed. If any of you have stories involving teachers and MAD, send them to: Amy "The Big Teacher's Pet" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019

MUCH ADO ABOUT HUTCHINGS

I was stoked to see my envelope in MAD #441. Everyone in group thought it was wicked cool. Seeing my "art" inspired me to send this next envelope. My Alfred E. is coming along nicely (now it actually looks like him). Soon I will begin placing said idiot kid's mug on many and various people, animals and objects. Jim Hutchings will weep in bitter lament over his downfall. Prepare for the age of the Root, an age of black ink and stamps and envelopes and MAD magazine.

Dan Root, Pittsfield, MA



You Can't Handle the Root — Normally we love when someone tries to out-envelope the unstoppable force known as Jim Hutchings. True, Jim's contributions sometimes leave us a little unsettled. But yours, Dan, chills us to our very souls. Simply put, Jim is the lesser of two evils — and that's really saying something! We'll print your Alfred, but the rest of the envelope will be sent to the proper authorities! Thanks for writing! —Ed.



The Big Easel

I'm a big dork! So my "Big Easel" entry is some ASCII art. It's Alfred E. Neuman. I hope this is the only entry you get so my pathetic attempt will make print.

Logan Feeley, Concord, NC

Touchy Feeley — Thank you for your submission — and for saving us the trouble of labeling you a big dork! We can safely say that yours will be the only ASCII art submission we will ever get. But if you squint at our response to B.J. Kuxhausen, you can make out a startling portrait of MAD artist John Caldwell! —Ed.

P.S. Think you can do better than Logan? Send in the pictures of your Alfred creations using uncommon and unconventional art materials to: Amy "The Big Easel" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS



When my previous three-year subscription to MAD (thanks to a picture of Spike Lee and I in issue #398) ran out last November, I felt a lot of emotions — most strongly, cheapness. Currently living for *Star* magazine in Los Angeles, I figured I could probably get a copy of a celebrity holding MAD in the seconds before they and/or their publicists punch me in the face. Then I remembered that Jonny Fairplay's in love with my boss and decided it would be easier to just exploit that relationship. Jonny complained that **THE ED'S NIFTY FIFTY** list had "Johnny (sp) Fairplay or Rupert Boneham" and I tried consoling him by saying that I didn't make the list at all — but that didn't make him feel any better. He then took both the issue with the **THE ED'S NIFTY FIFTY** list and the issue I had him hold (where he's mentioned in Monroe) and sojourned with my boss (whom I'm also in love with). She may care about him more for almost winning *Survivor*, but let's see how she feels for someone who does win a three-year subscription to MAD.

Josh Herman, Los Angeles, CA

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

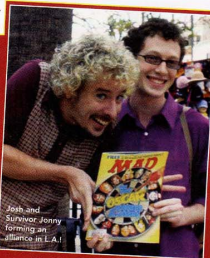
I have a wish for the **Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™**. I'm an eighth grader right now, and am going to be a freshman soon. I can't wait until high school, because I will soon be able to drive — but that's the problem. I recently inherited a 1976 Datsun 710 station wagon and it really isn't a "pimp mobile." I was hoping, using your highly advanced computer graphics, that you could soup up my ride and give me a good reason to attend high school next year.

B.J. Kuxhausen, Glenwood, IA



Let it B.J. — You're in luck! The board of the **Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™** loved the idea of "pimpin' your ride"! We hope you like the improvements! For starters, we changed your oil and filters; we realigned your tires; we replaced your brake pads; we gave you some fly new fan belts; we topped off your anti-freeze and gave you some new wiper blades! We know your new tricked-out Datsun will have the shorties buggin'! Thanks for writing to the **Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™** —Ed.

P.S. to readers: Think you can do a better job pimpin out B.J.'s car? Just send a picture of your designs (please include your e-mail address) to: Amy "The Big Pimp Out" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!



Josh and Survivor Jonny forming an alliance in L.A.!

Osh Kosh B'Josh — We're gonna give you the three-year subscription. However, clearly the *real* winner is your boss — who has somehow managed to snap up two of California's most eligible bachelors in one fell swoop! Not since Charles Manson has a single person so captivated a bunch of wackadoos! Congrats! —Ed.

DRAGON BALL GT

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WHO WILL BE PRESIDENT OF THE MONROE FAN CLUB?

In MAD #441 we asked readers to send in their names and a brief explanation as to why they should be the new President of the Monroe Fan Club and not Robert Driver (who is trying to out current ne'er-do-well President Ken McClelland). The response was overwhelming! What follows are the platforms of the candidates. But first, we begin with a missive of dissent:

First off, I would just like to respond to the obviously misinformed Robert Driver that there is no sense in replacing Ken McClelland as the President of the Monroe Fan Club, for it has already been done, and I was elected the Chief of Monroe a mere year ago (MAD #428). I would love to accept that trigger-happy Driver, but as the Constitution of Monroe has been stated in Article Z, Rule 238 — "There shall be no reelection to the duties of President for three complete years unless the nominee declines the votes" — sorry, but no go!

Zeb Williams, Candler, NC

Lil' Zebbie — It's true, we did forget you were the duly elected President of the Monroe Fan Club, but can you blame us? If you were a team player, if you had done a single thing for your constituents, you wouldn't be in the same reviled position as your ne'er-do-well predecessor, Ken McClelland. Your mad grab for power is shameful and has all been for naught! In the immortal words of Donald Trump: "We're letting you go!" —Ed.

I hereby nominate myself, Gloria Tarantino, to be President of the Monroe Fan Club. I promise to be a fair leader. I will be active in the everyday events and lives of all the people, unlike that lazy, sorry loser of a President we have now, Ken McClelland. I promise that if any shady dealings go on while I am in office I will, in true political fashion, deny any wrongdoing until my dying day. I will be a woman for the people. As leader, I promise that Monroe will get the respect and the last name he deserves! Power to the Monroes! Vote Tarantino in 2004!

Gloria Tarantino, Gladwin, MI

I believe that I, Marion Czechowski, should be the new President of the Monroe Fan Club! Why, you ask? I am only 12 years old and so I won't just up and die like some old-timers!

Marion Czechowski, Forestville, NY

I'm really excited to get the once-in-a-lifetime chance to run for President of the Monroe Fan Club. I am the person you want because I don't use big words (don't believe in them) and I was the first member to join back in April, 2002. Never did I know it would change my life as little as this did.

Andy Anderson, Lakeland, FL

I hereby nominate myself to be the new President of the Monroe Fan Club. I'm 41 and probably won't become President of the United States, but this could be the next best thing for me. It would make my mom proud!

Tom Cutrofello, Woodside, NY

Like Robert, I also believe that Ken McClelland should be impeached and that I should take his spot. A look at my résumé easily shows that I am perfect for the job. Among other things I shouldn't be proud about, I was the winner of the Alfred E. Neuman look-a-like contest in the June, 2002, issue. I'm also looking forward to my possible career future (I'm either going to be a toilet cleaner at a local gas station or a janitor at the local high school). As President of the Monroe Fan Club, I promise to be a great leader for about two months and only after that start becoming lazy and inactive like Ken! Vote Pritzlaff in 2004!

John Pritzlaff, Milwaukee, WI

I think I should replace Ken as the President of the Monroe Fan Club. The reason is, I have lived very close to a kid just like Monroe for about three years. The similarities between them are creepy, right down to the bad haircut! So, I could understand exactly what Monroe and his family wants and needs. So vote Jeremy Flint for Monroe Fan Club President!

Jeremy Flint, Cocoa, FL

I have been a subscriber and reader of MAD for many years. Monroe and I go way back! So, if you all choose me to be the President of the Monroe Fan Club, I will not be scared, like Ken, and will pursue my duty as President.

Donnah Gordon, Bethel Island, CA

I am nominating myself as President of the Monroe Fan Club. As a charter member of the fan club, I have been eagerly waiting for Ken McClelland to begin activities, to no avail. Anyway, the first thing I would do, if elected, is encourage all readers of Monroe to read the panels of the stories all on one page first, instead of across the crack of the magazine, the way it is intended to be read, because it makes for a more amusing story. The second thing I would do is to have a contest for all fan club members to decide what it is that Monroe has on top of his head. Third, I would encourage fan club members to write in and tell why their lives are more pathetic than Monroe's. I would have prizes, give-aways, balloons and maybe even an autographed picture of Ken McClelland!

Darryl Gonzalez, Severn, MD

I would give anything in the world to replace the lazy, good-for-nothing Ken McClelland as President of the Monroe Fan Club. I strongly believe that Monroe is the glue (or in this case the staples) that hold your hilarious magazine together. Elect me, Miles Trahan, and I will give the growing number of Monroe fans a voice. P.S. In memory of Howard Dean, I'd like to leave you with my closing statement, "Yaaaaaahhh!"

Miles Trahan, Port Washington, NY

Oh come on, a recall election? Please just let me lose my administration. The voters have spoken the first time!

Ken McClelland, Reston, VA

VOTE FOR THE MONROE FAN CLUB PRESIDENT!

OK readers, it's time for you to vote! Please mark the name of the candidate you'd most like to see as the next President of the Monroe Fan Club:

- | | | | |
|--|---|--|---|
| ☐ ZEB WILLIAMS | ☐ ANDY ANDERSON | ☐ JEREMY FLINT | ☐ MILES TRAHAN |
| ☐ GLORIA TARANTINO | ☐ TOM CUTROFELLO | ☐ DONNAH GORDON | ☐ KEN MCCLELLAND |
| ☐ MARION CZECHOWSKI | ☐ JOHN PRITZLAFF | ☐ DARRYL GONZALEZ | |

Mail your ballot to Amy "The Big Voter" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019. You can also fax your ballot, in care of Amy, to 212-506-4848. We'll announce the "winner" in an upcoming issue. Remember, if you don't vote, you can't bitch!



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THAN GORDON!

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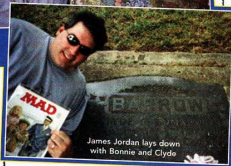
MAD CEMETERY SNAPS



After seeing your contest about celebrity graves, I started looking long and hard in the Dallas, Texas area. I found that Bonnie Parker and Clyde Barrow are resting peacefully somewhere in Dallas. I had seen that MAD #119 did "Balmy and Clod." I grabbed a copy of this issue at a local comic book store and started hunting for the final resting place of the young bloody bandits. Bonnie was easy to find, she is in a public cemetery in Dallas, but Clyde was another issue altogether. He is buried in a private cemetery in Dallas. I called around to get access to the property and had no luck. I found a Bonnie and Clyde tour that would take me to the private cemetery where Clyde is buried. I grabbed the issue, my camera and jumped on the tour bus. You can just imagine the looks on the faces of the over 45-year-old crowd standing around looking at the grave as I plopped down on the ground and my wife snapped the pictures. I never laughed so hard as I did getting back on the bus. I got to do it all over again an hour later at Bonnie's grave.

James Jordan, Lewisville, TX

Soup du Jordan — While we applaud your efforts to receive a one-year subscription for your Cemetery Snaps, we must question your fiscal logic. Bear with us as we do a little arithmetic. The cost of MAD #119: \$10; bus tour tickets for you and the missus: \$30; and film development and processing: \$12.50. This brings the total cost of your "free" subscription to \$52.50! We're not even figuring in the price of bail money and marriage counseling. Ironically, your scheme to get a subscription took more planning and dangerous risks than any of Bonnie and Clyde's actual bank robberies! All you had to do was simply dial 1-800-4MADMAG! —Ed.



MAD FAN OF THE MONTH

Here is what happened to my son when I showed him MAD. What do you have to say in your defense?

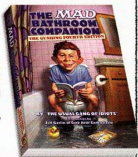
Tilman Breitenstein, Wallingford, Ct

Kill Til — Your photo drives home two important points of child rearing. It's never too early to start your baby on a lifetime of reading MAD — or painful back problems! —Ed.



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Contributing Artists And Writers

the usual gang of idiots

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THE 50 WORST THINGS ABOUT
COMEDY! PLUS OUR MONSTROUS
VAN HELSING SPOOF AND OUR
TRAGIC PARODY OF TROY!

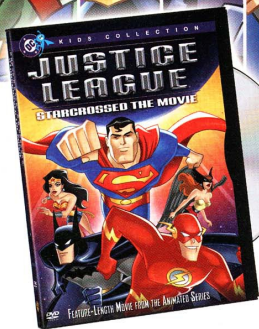
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IN MAD COLOR
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OUR SPOOF OF FRASIER,
AND OUR ENTERTAINMENT
WEEKLY PARODY!



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THE PUZZLE NOOK

Which of the 4 choices best completes this phrase?

? GER NEVER
SOLVED ANYTHING

1. AN
2. JERRY SPRIN
3. ARNOLD
SCHWARZENEG
4. EATING A BOO



AFTER DEVOTING AN ENTIRE BROADCAST TO READING THE NAMES OF U.S. IRAQI WAR CASUALTIES... WHAT OTHER GIMMICKS IS TED KOPPEL PLANNING FOR NIGHTLINE?

General Edward
Bradstock, age 45,
originally from
Perthshire, Scotland...



READ ALOUD THE NAMES OF EVERY
U.S. SOLDIER KILLED IN THE
FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR

The terror threat is yellow,
Tom Ridge announced this time;
A good thing it's not higher up,
since "orange" has no rhyme.



DO THE WHOLE PROGRAM
IN RHYMING COUPLETS

Tonight on
a special Nightline.
Bosnia:
10 Years Later...



DO AN ENTIRE SHOW
WEARING A DONALD
DUCK SUIT

THE FIRST FIVE GUYS IN LINE TO SEE SPIDER-MAN 2

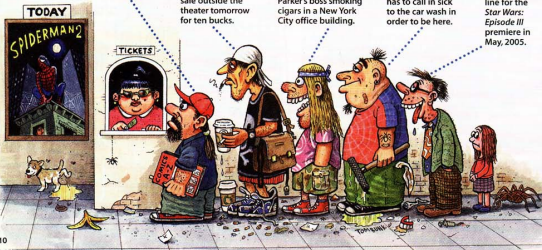
1 Hardcore, middle-aged comic book collector who will miss every plot nuance because he's focused on spotting obscure cameos by Marvel inking and lettering guys.

2 Over-caffeinated, chain-smoking video pirate, whose quivering, wet cough-riddled product will be on sale outside the theater tomorrow for ten bucks.

3 Die-hard fantasy fan who's only interested in the wildly outlandish, fabricated scenes — like those that feature Peter Parker's boss smoking cigars in a New York City office building.

4 Nostalgic "boomer" who grew up reading Spider-Man comics and not much else. Which explains why he has to call in sick to the car wash in order to be here.

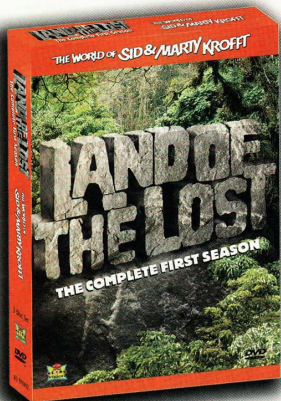
5 Actually, he's not there for Spider-Man 2, but to get an early jump on the line for the Star Wars: Episode III premiere in May, 2005.



FRIENDS OF FUNDALIN

Ray Alma
Scott Bricher
Tom Bunk
John Caldwell
Tom Cheney
Desmond Devlin
Duck Edwing
Garth Gerhart
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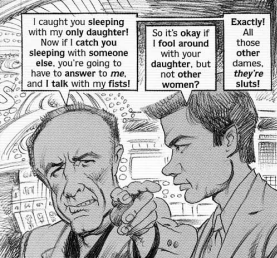
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RHINO
HOME VIDEO

FOR ALL YOUR FAVORITE KROFFT SHOWS, TUNE IN TO





I caught you sleeping with my only daughter! Now if I catch you sleeping with someone else, you're going to have to answer to me, and I talk with my fists!

So it's okay if I fool around with your daughter, but not other women?

Exactly! All those other dames, they're sluts!

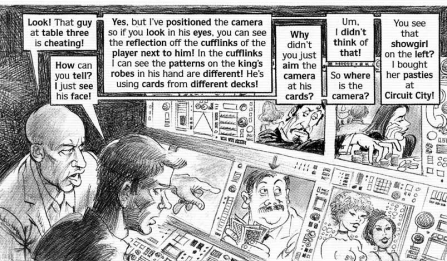


Listen to this! Britney Spears is getting married in the hotel chapel right now!

Wait a minute! I saw her on TV making out with Madonna! She's not trying to marry a woman, is she?

No, it's a man, but she's in torn jeans, a stained shirt, a dirty cap, she's giggling nonstop and she's drunk as a skunk!

Okay, as long as it's a man! I just don't want some gay flakes making a mockery of the sanctity of a Las Vegas marriage in MY casino!



Look! That guy at table three is cheating!

How can you tell? I just see his face!

Yes, but I've positioned the camera so if you look in his eyes, you can see the reflection off the cufflinks of the player next to him! In the cufflinks I can see the patterns on the king's robes in his hand are different! He's using cards from different decks!

Why didn't you just aim the camera at his cards?

Um, I didn't think of that!

So where is the camera?

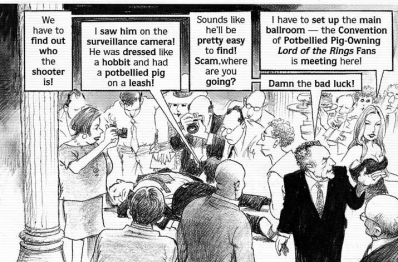
You see that showgirl on the left? I bought her pasties at Circuit City!



Boss, one of our guests has been shot!

Where was he shot? On his right side!

All right, comp the guy a liver!



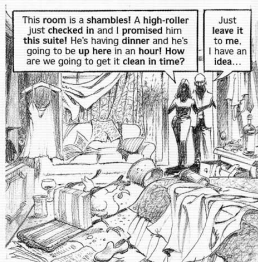
We have to find out who the shooter is!

I saw him on the surveillance camera! He was dressed like a hobbit and had a potbellied pig on a leash!

Sounds like he'll be pretty easy to find! Scam, where are you going?

I have to set up the main ballroom — the Convention of Potbellied Pig-Owning Lord of the Rings Fans is meeting here!

Damn the bad luck!



This room is a shambles! A high-roller just checked in and I promised him this suite! He's having dinner and he's going to be up here in an hour! How are we going to get it clean in time?

Just leave it to me, I have an idea...



LATER...

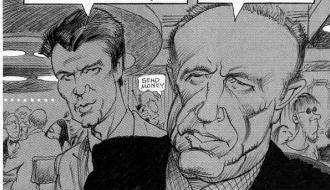
Wow!
How did
you get
this room
so
spotless?

Simple! I called up Gil Grissom and
the CSI team and told them there was
a grisly, unsolved murder in here...
they showed up and removed every hair,
every dust speck, every mysterious stain...
they're better than a dozen maids!



You're in Las Vegas, Dread! The
shows! The lights! The excitement!
The glamour! Yet you have a
sourpuss expression every day and
never so much as crack a joke!

Yeah, imagine how I'd
be if I worked in some
dull, culturally bereft
hellhole like Raleigh-
Durham, North Carolina!



What'll you men
be having?

I'll
have a
three-
minute
egg!

I'll have a bowl
of broken
glass...with
whole milk!

Whole milk? Man,
you're a tough
guy, Dread!

I was in the
CIA,
you know!

What
sort of
operations
did you do?

Mostly in
Latin countries...
Panama,
El Salvador,
Spain...

What did you
do in Spain?

Let's just say
you never
heard anything
else from
those guys who
recorded "The
Macarena"
...you follow?

Here's your
food, guys!

Wait a minute!
This is hard-
boiled! I said
I wanted a three-
minute egg!

Sorry
fella,
there
aren't any
clocks in
Vegas!
I do the
best I can!



A woman in
the casino
just took off
her shirt and
is dancing
topless
on the casino floor!

Quick! There's
only one way to
handle this:
charge everyone
in the area a
cover and a two-
drink minimum!

Okay,
boss!
Wow,
that's
why he
makes the
big money!



We're very happy
to have you as a guest
at our resort...as a token
of our appreciation, we
have two complimentary
tickets to the Celine Dion
show for you! Front row!

Front row? I came
here to receive V.I.P.
treatment and that's
what you offer me?
Can't you get me
something better?

Better?

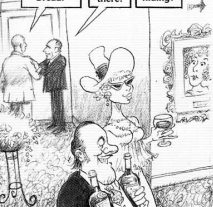
Like the 60th row!
Have you heard
that woman sing?
She brays like a
crazed donkey!



I'm going to look for the shooter in here. Dread!

Don't go in there!

Why? What are you hiding?



JAZZERCIS
CLASSES
B. HERMES
INSTRUCTOR

Them! The elderly people gambling their Social Security money, the bermuda shorts-wearing geeks with their 300-pound tube top-wearing wives...you know, 98% of the people who *really* come to Vegas! We only show the young, glamorous, wealthy 2%! If word of this got out, we'd be ruined!



I've got a celebrity down here who's up a quarter mill at blackjack! I'm suspicious she may be using some sophisticated counting scheme!

Really? Who's the celebrity?

Jessica Simpson? Trust me, she's just on a lucky streak!

It's Jessica Simpson!



Why so glum, Scam?

That guy from the Bellagio just lured away one of our high-rollers!

How much did he drop at the tables?

123 grand!

How much did we give him in comps?

Between the penthouse suite, chauffeured limo, drinks, room service, shows, spa treatments and helicopter tour of the Grand Canyon. \$122,986!

So we made \$14.00...I can see why you'd hate to lose him!

Oh yeah, we also gave him a complimentary Moneyseeko Casino baseball cap!

Hmm... Let me take a wild guess... \$15,00?

Bingo!



There must be a thousand hobbits in here! How are we gonna identify the shooter?

No sweat, rookie — watch and learn... Attention! Will the hobbit who shot a casino guest earlier today please report to the ballroom entrance? You've won a coupon for a free buffet lunch!

I'm the shooter! Can I have my coupon?

You're under arrest, Frodo feet!

Dread, that was amazing! How did you know he'd confess? Was it your years spent in the casino? Your CIA training? Did you consult with a profiler?

None of that, kid. You see, people don't come here for the gambling, the glam, Wayne Newton, Lance Burton or a hundred showgirls! There just ain't no denying it: people can't pass up Vegas buffets!



GI JOE

A REAL AMERICAN HERO!

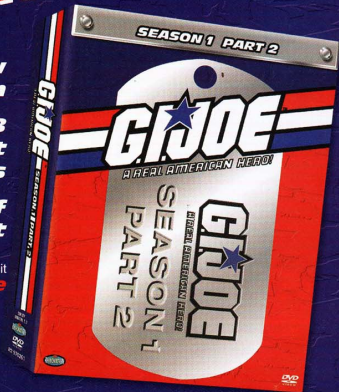
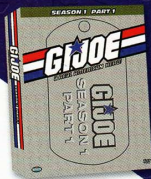
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Part 1**

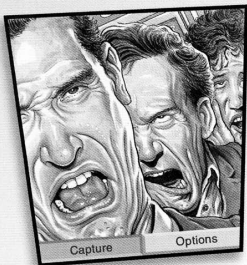
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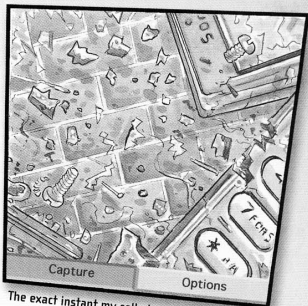




Capture

Options

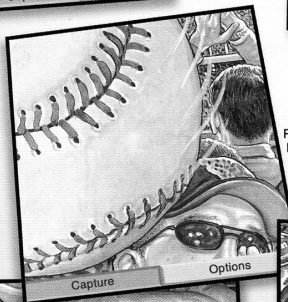
On an elevator, the complete strangers I'm forcing to listen in on my conversation with my proctologist!



Capture

Options

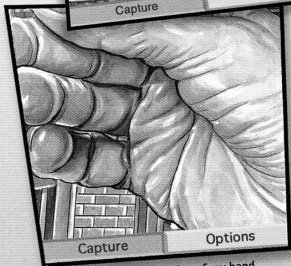
The exact instant my cell phone hit the wall and smashed to bits, after I hurled it for losing the battery charge in the middle of a call (again)!



Capture

Options

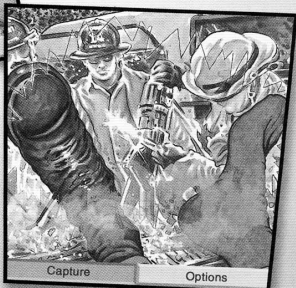
Foul ball just microseconds before it knocked me out cold, while I was distracted taking a call at a baseball game!



Capture

Options

One of 2,874 photos of my hand I accidentally snapped while talking!



Capture

Options

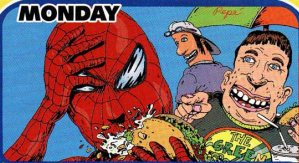
Rescuers with the "Jaws of Life," coming to pry me out of my car after I wrapped it around a pole while driving and talking on my phone at the same time!



TAKING ONE DAY AT A CLIME DEPT.

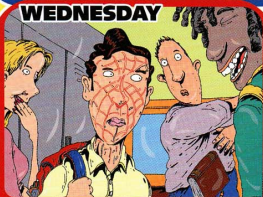
SPIDER-MAN HAS A BAD WEEK!

MONDAY



The webbed superhero is mortified when, for what seems like the zillionth time, he forgets to lift his mask before attempting to eat a taco.

WEDNESDAY



Another mortifying moment, this time at school. In his rush to get to class, the boy-turned-superhero doesn't realize his costume has left pockmarks on his face.

FRIDAY



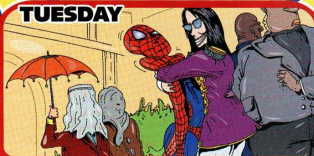
He narrowly escapes serious injury when the wallpaper on the wall he's crawling up starts to peel.

SUNDAY



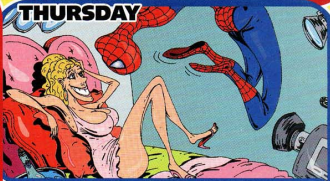
The week gets off to a bad start. A day trip to Atlantic City is ruined when his "Spidey Sense" gets him tossed out of five different casinos.

TUESDAY



In a bizarre accident more disturbing than any caused by a supervillain, he's profusely hugged by Michael Jackson, who has mistaken him for one of his own mask-wearing children.

THURSDAY



With money tight, he has no choice but to use his acrobatic spider skills in an upcoming porno flick, *Kiss of the Spider-Man*.

SATURDAY

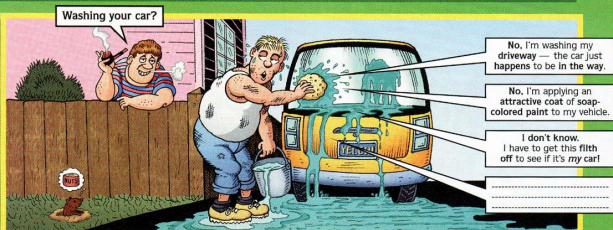
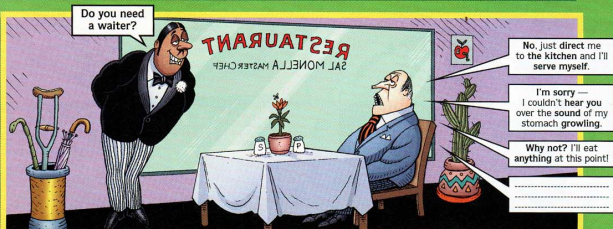


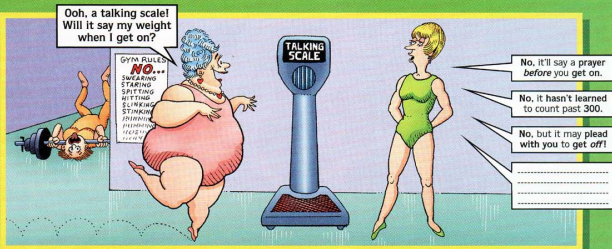
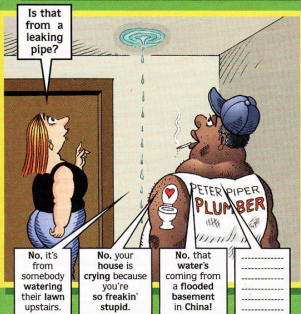
He finds it necessary to pop several Zolof to help ease the emotional pain after he accidentally steps on a real spider.



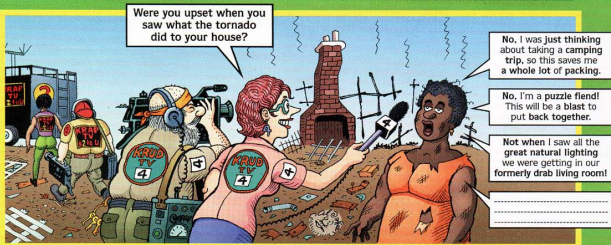
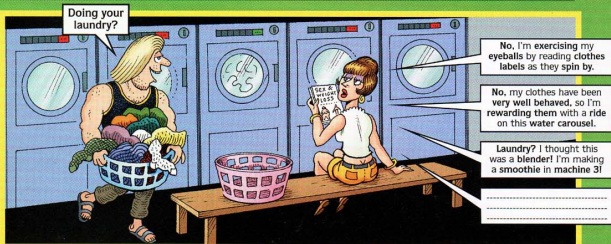
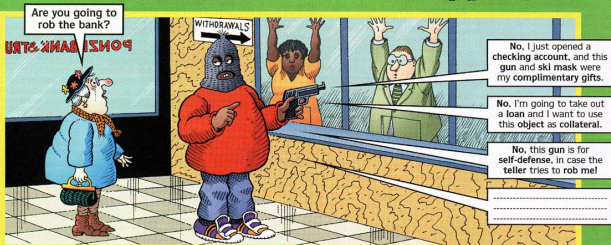
And now, because Al Jaffee needs money to pay for a new summer wardrobe, we present...

SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS





SNAPPY ANSWERS TO STUPID QUESTIONS





Duke Bissell's TALES OF UNDISPUTED INTEREST

A FEW WEEKS AGO I WAS SO DISTRESSED AFTER HAVING MY APARTMENT BURGLED, I COULD DO NOTHING BUT WANDER THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

DIDN'T THIS USED TO BE YE OLD DONUT SHOPPE?

YE OLD WITCHCRAFT SHOPPE
SPELLS, INCANTATIONS
SUGAR-FREE CANDY

NOT WANTING TO BE AN UNFRIENDLY NEIGHBOR, I STEPPED IN TO SAY HI.

WE'RE HAVING A SALE THIS WEEK ON SUMMONING UP ALL THE DEMONS OF HELL FOR PERSONAL AND HOME PROTECTION.

THIS STUFF LOOKS JUST LIKE THE STUFF THAT WAS STOLEN FROM MY APARTMENT, ONLY IN POWDERED FORM.

BUT BEFORE I COULD VOICE MY CONCERN, THE PROPRIETOR BLEW SOMETHING INTO MY FACE AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WOKE UP IN VERY UNFAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS.

HAIL SATAN!
HAIL SATAN!

ARE THOSE MASKS MADE OF THE UPHOLSTERY FROM MY COUCH?

ARE WE SURE HIS SOUL IS WORTH TAKING?

EVENTUALLY I PASSED OUT AGAIN AND WOKE UP IN EVEN MORE UNFAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS.

EXCUSE ME BUT DO YOU KNOW WHERE I CAN GET THE CROSSTOWN BUS?

IF YOU GIVE ME ENOUGH SPARE, CHANGE FOR A MEAL, I WON'T SPIT UP STINKING GOBS OF DISEASED MUCOUS ALL OVER YOUR SUPPLE LIPS.

FORGET IT, FRANK. HE'LL BREAK YOUR HEART IN THE END.

WHEN I FINALLY GOT HOME MY APARTMENT INSURANCE HAD COME THROUGH.

\$38.00? TOO BAD I WASN'T HOME DURING THE BURGLARY. MY AGENT TOLD ME I WOULD HAVE GOTTEN TWICE AS MUCH IF I WAS MAIMED OR MUTILATED BY THE BURGLAR.

\$38.00 WOULDN'T GO FAR, BUT I ALWAYS DID HAVE THE NOSE FOR A BARGAIN.

DIDN'T THIS USED TO BE YE OLD WITCHCRAFT SHOPPE?

YE OLD FURNITURE SHOPPE

LAMPS, PLASTIC COVERED SIDE TABLES
SUGAR-FREE CANDY

P.C.VEY



IS YOUR LIFE A BITCH?
HAS THE CAT GOT YOUR TONGUE?
YOU'RE NOT ALONE...

From
the
Case
Files
of

Wanda Goldstein Flenkman: Pet Psychologist

ARTIST &
WRITER:
TERESA
BURNS
PARKHURST

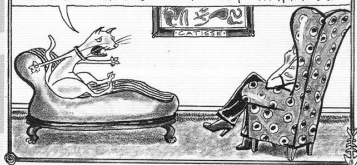
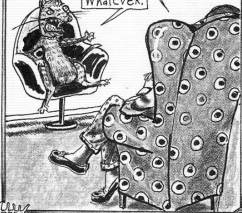
I can't get a job! MY resume is impeccable, but EVERYTIME I'm passed over for a DOG! I mean, I can smell a bomb! Gimme a bomb-I'll smell it! I can get a blind guy across the street! I can pull a cart!

That's an ox.

Whatever.

TWENTY- EIGHT FREAKIN' CATS IN THE HOUSE!!! I keep tellin' her. IT AIN'T NORMAL! She says "oooh I love my babies!" I say she loves the stink a' cat pee on her toaster!

I've known it since I was a pup. I never wanted to bite the mailman, I wanted to BE the mailman... Can I smoke in here?



If I'm NOT adopted how come everyone else in the family LOVES to read? How come I'm the ONLY one that can CARRY a tune? HUH? And NO one but me gnaws at their ass!!



Just when things are going great between me and some really nice, new stuffed toy, I shake it to smithereens! EVERYTIME! I know it's self-sabotage, but I CAN'T STOP!



I guess the "bottom" for me was when they had to use the jaws of life to extract my head from the john... that's when I knew my toilet drinking was out of control.



It's called "MULTIPLE LIFE DISORDER". 5 of your 9 lives are happening simultaneously. Is this Margaret I'm speaking with right now?

No Ma'am. Margaret is the foul-smelling tramp who's been had by all the dogs of the alley. I'm KIP-I have a hairball fetish



Dave, what is it you are trying to communicate each time you relocate your turds from the box to other, special places in your house?

They... represent my father?

EXACTLY.

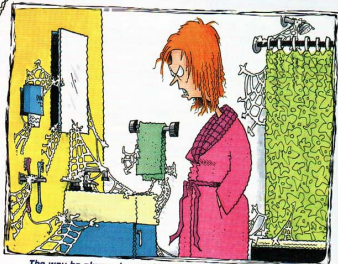




When a girl dates a superhero, she has to be prepared for a certain amount of out-of-the-ordinary activity that wouldn't happen with a regular guy. But there's also a limit to a girl's patience. In fact, we're not completely sure that a girl can find true happiness with a superhero — especially a neurotic guy like Spider-Man, who dresses like it's Halloween 365 days out of the year! So if you or someone you know are thinking of hitting on Aquaman, Hawkman or any other similarly costumed freak, we suggest you first read...

JOHN CALDWELL'S PET PEEVES OF SPIDER-MAN'S GIRLFRIEND

HELLO?!
SAME WATER TOWER
WE PASSED TWENTY
MINUTES AGO, MORON!

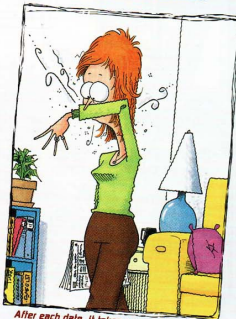


The way he always leaves his web in the sink...and elsewhere.

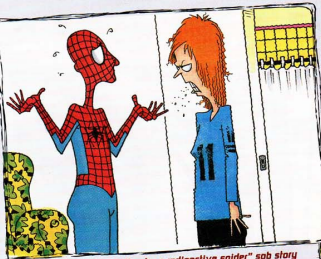
His insistence on
never asking directions.



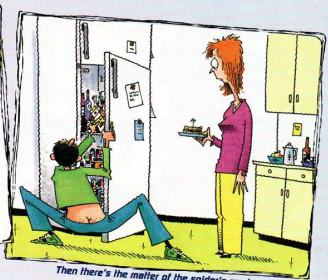
His renowned, trusty "Spidey Sense" never seems
to hingle on anniversaries or your birthday.



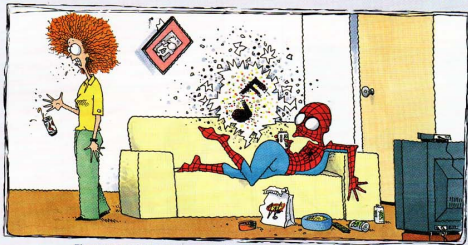
After each date, it takes a week to get that
gamey spandex smell out of your clothes.



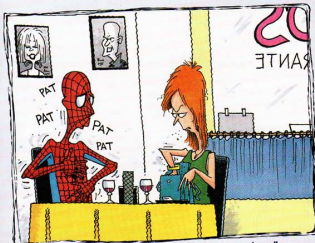
He rolls out the "bitten by a radioactive spider" sob story every time he's busted for peeing on the toilet seat.



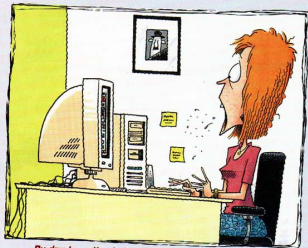
Then there's the matter of the spider's crack.



The one spider power you never signed on for — his arachniflatulence.

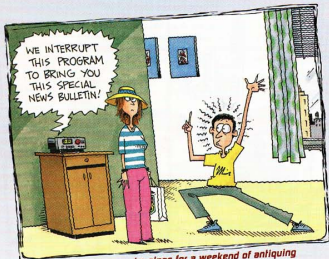


He regularly uses the "no pockets in my costume" excuse to stick you with the check.

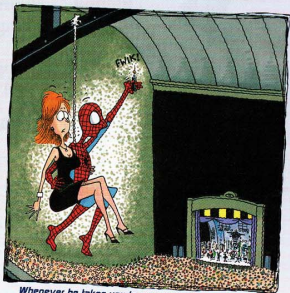


By day he sells photos of Spider-Man in action to the local newspaper, but by night he's selling photos of Spider-Man getting it on with you on the Internet.





Whenever you make plans for a weekend of antiques in the country, some archvillain invariably threatens to blow up a nearby orphanage.



Whenever he takes you to a concert, you can bet your sweet ass you'll be in the nosebleed section.



That (ahem) adverse sexual side effect to his habit of dangling upside down for hours, with the blood rushing to his head.



You wouldn't think so, but he really sucks at charades.



WHAT WILL BE
THE MOST
GRUELING EVENT
IN THE UPCOMING
OLYMPICS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

The Olympics showcase the world's most disciplined and talented athletes, competing and pushing their bodies to the limit. Watching the competitions can be as draining for the audience as it is for the participants. There is one event, however, that takes the greatest toll on all those involved. To find out what it is, fold page in as shown.



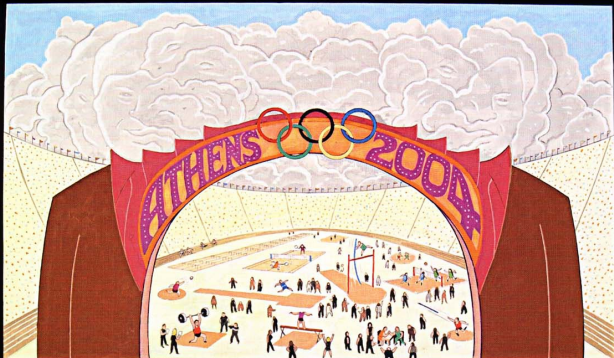
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!



FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT



FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



PROJECTION TV



LISTLESS OLYMPIC ACTIVITIES CAN BE DISHEARTENING TO
BOTH FANS AND ATHLETES. IN ORDER TO CURB
COSTLY INJURIES, CAUTION IS RULE ONE. THIS HAS
DRIVEN REFEREES AND UMPIRES CRAZY. EVERY ONE
ON AND OFF THE FIELD HOPES THIS ACTION ENDS SOON



ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE



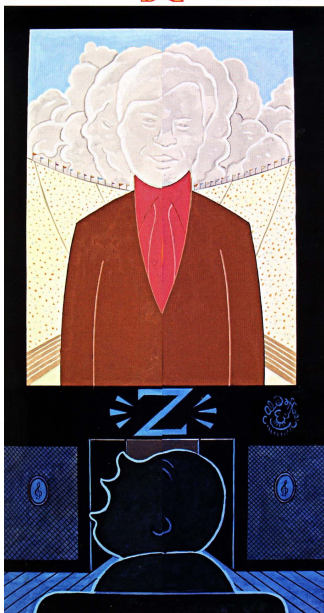
WHAT WILL BE
THE MOST
GRUELING EVENT
IN THE UPCOMING
OLYMPICS?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!



FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



LISTENING TO
BOB
COSTAS
DRONE
ON AND ON



PLAYS FOR THE FAME



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TOSEY ON HOT TOSEY DEPE

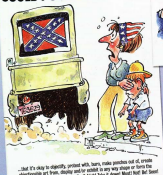
MAD, HEROICALLY-AWFUL SPIDER-MAN 2 OUTTAKES



The symbol of the Democratic party is a donkey...a skittish, stubborn, seldom-lauded beast with an annoying bray...how apropos! to even better understand the twisted minds of left-wing Democratic dingbats, read...



ONLY A DEMOCRAT COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE...



ARTIST: PAUL COOK

WRITER: PAUL COOK

Only A



ONLY A DEMOCRAT COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE...

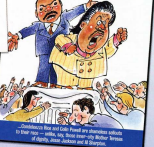


DEMOCRAT Could Possibly Believe...

ONLY A DEMOCRAT COULD POSSIBLY BELIEVE...



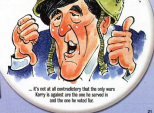
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PICTURE IS WORTH A THOUSAND HERDS DEPT.

Probably the hottest new consumer electronics gadget these days is the "cheap cell phone-that-takes-pictures," a device that unites TWO of the most irritating types of human behavior: poking away at the phone in inappropriate places and snapping unwanted photos! And, given that combination, there's likely to be a certain, uh, predictability in the kind of cell phone photos taken by all the loathsome jerks who'll now be engaging in both at the same time! It'll all become clearer than the voice reception on any cell phone you've ever used when you peruse selected images from...

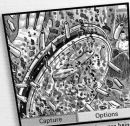
A CELL PHONE-CAMERA GEEK'S PHOTO ALBUM



Picture taken where phone slipped out of my pocket — again!



My friends listening as I play them all 50 different ringer roses on my phone!



A plate of exquisite pasta primavera being hurled at me by one of several other restaurant patrons after I annoyed them by talking loudly on my phone!



Free photo from skin mag I was too cheap to buy — and the 7-Eleven clerk who objected to my snapping it!



Close-up of airport Homeland Security guard checking out phone before allowing it on my flight!



Some wisecracking homeless person trying to make friends "cause she thinks I'm talking to the "voices in my head," fool!



Department store security guards catching me trying to slip my camera-phone under the ladies' fitting room door!



One of over 800 photos of the inside of my pocket has I reached in to get my phone and hit the "take picture" button by mistake!



Ex-wife flirting with baby-sitter eventually left me far, while I take a long, pointless call from a buddy of mine during our anniversary dinner!

ARTIST: DAVID FRIEDMAN WRITER: MARK HERRER



WINNING ISN'T EASY DEPT.

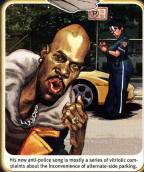
In the world of hip-hop, "having it real" is crucial to being an artist's artist, even if it's obvious to everybody except the guy's white suburban fan base that he's about as "real" as Richard Simmons. Suffering on record from neither how of either, 40's career success has become a problem for fans who have to write songs about the toughness of their surroundings, even when the last time they saw their "hood A&R" from the window of their private Learjet. But how do you know for certain when someone's gone from L.A. to L.A. with a spritz of "tough"? Wonder no more.



YOU KNOW A RAPPER'S GONE SOFT WHEN...



He's switched allegiances from Eminem and Dr. Dre to Oprah and Dr. Phil.



His new anti-police song is mostly a series of vitriolic complaints about the inconvenience of alternate-side parking.



Bill Smitth calls him a "softie."



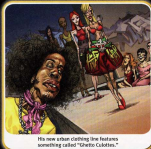
His excuse for not showing up at a battle was that he was already penciled in for a guest spot on The View.



In one song, he passionately recites the tragic losses of "Biggie, Tupac and Bibo."



He's been hanging with Clay Aiken in hopes of boosting his "street cred."



His new urban clothing line features something called "Ghetto Cubolies."



He barely even flinched when Lisa Kudrow snatched the last sautéed truffle at Nathan Lane's annual hemipenis bash.



One of the city's grinning pole-dancers in his latest video appears to be Tigger Gore.



The sampled bits of violent dialogue from Scarface on his old albums have now given way to boring snippets from Cold Mountain.

SPACE IN GENERAL DEPT.

SERGIO ARAGONE
PRESENTS A **MAD** LOOK AT SPACE EXPLORATION

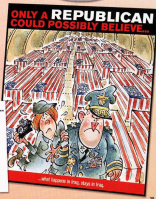
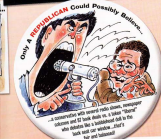
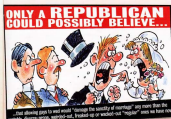
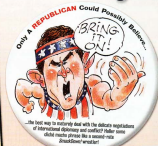
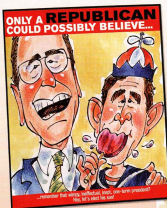


ART BY AND WRITER SERGIO ARAGONE



The symbol of the Republican party is an elephant...an obese, slow, lumbering behemoth that mindlessly crushes anything that gets in its path...how surprised to even better understand the twisted minds of right-wing Republican morons, read...

Only A REPUBLICAN Could Possibly Believe...



Everyone thinks it's a snap to be a superstar. All you have to do is keep track of your millions of dollars, date other absurdly attractive celebrities (unless you happen to be Kate Winslet) and steer clear of that Ashton Kutcher. But there's much more to being a superstar than just that. If you want to make it in show biz, you also have to have the right mindset (relatively speaking). You have to know...

HOW TO THINK LIKE A SUPERSTAR



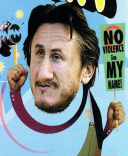
My only complaint about the hit television original version of *Planet of the Apes* is that I didn't personally write how it's the "best" cinema film.

Pomposely inform young actors that it takes years of study and training to become an experienced and seasoned thespian... but confidently feel that just six weeks of researching a role for some shoddy cable docu-drama makes you an expert on the criminal justice system.



After researching the role, it's perfectly clear to me that the only solution to the 10-year-old problem of when actors is to happen to be... and more tolerance for...

Never hesitate to punch out middle-aged photographers... but still present yourself as the next Gandhi by hopping on any Hollywood anti-war bandwagon.



Sincerely praise the movies, songs or TV shows that influenced and inspired you... but feel free to renounce them so badly that future generations will never want to see them again.



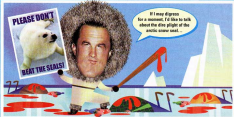
Grow incensed over the type of censorship the government practices when it refuses NEA grants to artists... but not give a flying stool about censorship when handing journalists a 50-page list of topics that are "off limits" during an interview.



Refuse to do commercials on the grounds that it is beneath you and cheapens your image as an "artiste"... but happily appear in movies that are crammed with endless product placements and more plugs than William Shatner's giant, sweaty head.



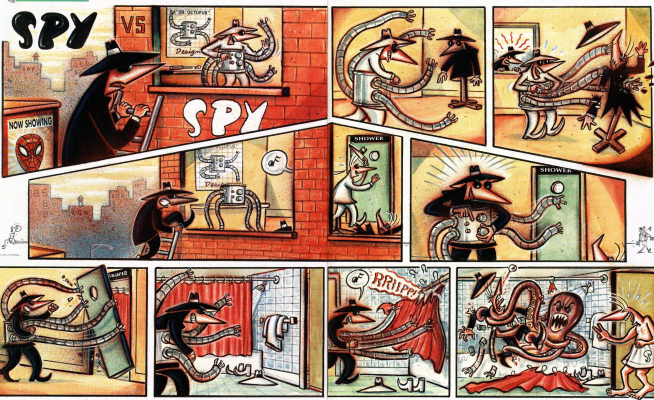
Firmly state that appearing in dozens of movies that glorify violence absolutely, positively has no impact on even the most impressionable kids... but passionately believe that making a single, blessed, self-important ten-minute speech about saving the environment somehow will.



Always act cry and embarrassed when talk show hosts reveal film clips from one of your early projects... but proudly hype your new cinematic debacle, despite the fact that it is every bit as ass-trolicious.



Spend years deliberately crafting a "bad boy" image and defining yourself as a rebel... but then act abashed and outraged when the same establishment you've deliberately alienated doesn't bestow some stupid award on you.



ARTIST AND WRITER, PETER KUPER

KUPER