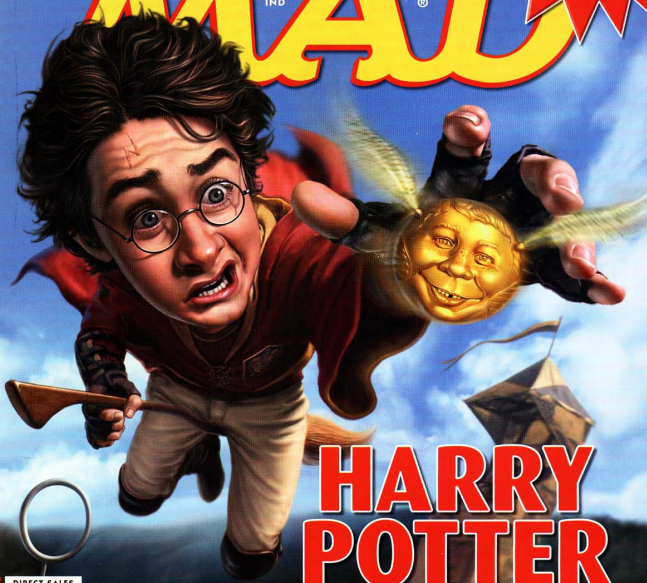


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1 OF 2
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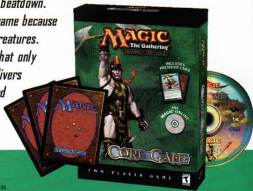
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More Americans would speak out on the obesity problem – but it's impolite to talk with your mouth full!

MAD



JULY 2004

NUMBER 443

DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPARTMENT:

Random Samplings of Reader Mail..... 2

RANDOM ACTS OF MINDLESS DEPARTMENT:

The Fundalini Pages..... 6

THEY'RE OFF TO BE THE WIZARDS DEPARTMENT:

"Harry Plodder and the Pre-Teen Nerds Are Actin' Bad" (A MAD Movie Satire) 10

IT'S NOT THE HEAT, IT'S THE STUPIDITY DEPARTMENT:

13 Things You Really Learn in Summer School..... 16

WHO'S YOUR BAGHDADDY? DEPARTMENT:

What Saddam Hussein's Body Doubles Are Doing Now 20

REVISION IMPAIRED DEPARTMENT:

Special Edition Games and Toys We'd Like to See 22

MAD VOW DISEASE DEPARTMENT:

How Gay Marriages Really Affect You..... 26

CIRCUIT CLOWNS DEPARTMENT:

The MAD World of...High-Tech Communication..... 28

HATING TO EXHALE DEPARTMENT:

The Ironic Breeze Silent Air Purifier 31

SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPARTMENT:

A MAD Look at The Mall 32

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT:

Spy Vs. Spy 36

ANGSTER'S PARADISE DEPARTMENT:

Monroe and...Grandpa's Last Ride 38

YOU'RE EXPIRED! DEPARTMENT:

What if Omarosa Dated O.J. Simpson?..... 40

STAFF INFECTION DEPARTMENT:

Meet the Crew Behind Your Favorite Reality Dating Show 42

THE SUBSCRIBE HAS SPOKEN DEPARTMENT:

Inside the Twisted Minds of Magazine Readers 44

THE DRAB FIVE DEPARTMENT:

"Weird Eye on the Queer Guise" (A MAD TV Satire) 47

A FAREWELL TO ARM DEPARTMENT:

VH1's The Behind of the Music..... 52

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT:

"Drawn Out Dramas" by Sergio Aragones..... Various Places Around the Magazine

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ALFRED E. NEWMAN

47



36



6



16



COVER ARTISTS:
POTTER
"SNITCH" COVER:
MARK
FREDRICKSON
POTTER 3-D
ARTWORK:
LIZ LOWMY

44





BET MEDDLER

In "What's Pete Rose Betting on This Month?" in the Fundalini Pages in MAD #440, you mention the following: "More contagious, mad cows or SARS monkeys?" It should be noted that SARS was not spread by monkeys, but by civet cats. Civets are a ferret-like animal that the Chinese like to eat raw or at least very, very rare. Not cooking the meat allows the SARS-causing bacteria in the intestines to remain active. The Chinese government banned the sale of civet cats, but the Chinese restaurant owners refused to stop serving them, and the people refused to stop eating them! So, the government ordered 40,000 civet cats to be killed and disposed of.

Tara Bennett, Dover, OH

Tara Card — Here's one bet Pete forgot: What's the worse fate, dying of SARS or having to read another dry and endless missive composed by Tara Bennett of Dover, OH? Pete's getting his affairs in order and making peace with his loved ones. See ya in hell! —Ed.

TOWN AND OUT

I live in Poughkeepsie, New York and have been a subscriber for a little over a year. In this short time, I have noticed something disturbing; you have made fun of my hometown on TWO separate occasions — once on the Letters Page in MAD #437 and in the "Faketrix Retarded" in MAD #436. I want to know what you have against my city! What has Po Town ever done to you?

Joshua Cohen, Poughkeepsie, NY

Waffle Cohen — What do we have against Poughkeepsie? Well, nothing really. We make fun of it because we're jealous. We're stuck in stupid New York City where nothing ever happens. Just looking at the events calendar for your town, we see that it is a hotbed of activity. Why, we read that the play *Plaza Suite* is being performed at the Cunneen Hockett Arts Center! Just try finding theater like that in the Big Apple! And as sports fans, it kills us that you live in a city synonymous with sports dynasties like baseball's Poughkeepsie Pioneers. That's why we lash out at your teeming metropolis! We're sorry — we'll go back to mocking Paramus! —Ed.



ANTIQUES FREAKSHOW WITH HANS BRICKFACE

Enclosed is a picture of my Rocky and Bullwinkle lunchbox. This lunchbox was purchased about 20 years ago in an antique shop in San Francisco. I paid \$15 for it. The contents included the remains of a healthy lunch that was obviously snatched away from some poor hungry child. His name was still partially inscribed in crayon inside the box. Please tell me that this \$15 has magically transformed into \$1,500!

Linda Schuster, Oakland, CA



Blue Suede Schuster — Typically we wouldn't waste Hans' time on such a mainstream collectible item, but if we don't keep him busy he'll just keep bidding on useless things on eBay! Here's Hans' professional appraisal:

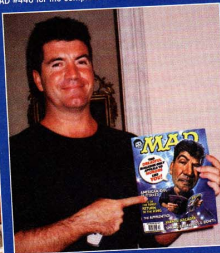
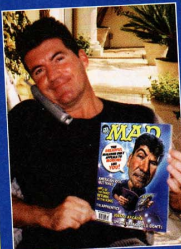
HANS' APPRAISAL

Unfortunately, the lunchbox market has cooled considerably in recent months. However, the field of discarded foodstuffs collectibles is white hot right now! Why, just last month, a half-eaten, near-mint condition Burger King croissant[®] fetched upwards of \$2,500 at a Sotheby's auction. So although you overpaid for the lunchbox, if you saved the lunch, you might be sitting on an edible goldmine!

Do you have a wacky item that you think is worth something? Send in a photo and a brief description and we might pass it on to Hans for appraisal! Mail it to: Amy "The Big Appraiser" o/b MAD, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019! —Ed

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

Double bango to British reader Jackie St. Clair of London, England for not only getting a Celebrity Snap, but getting a MAD's THE ED'S NIFTY FIFTY™ Snap of American Idol meenie Simon Cowell, to boot! Readers take note, Jackie has found the formula for success: simply corner the famous person in their own home and refuse to leave until you get the photo you want. Congrats on your three-year subscription, Jacks! —Ed. (NOTE: See MAD #440 for the complete THE ED'S NIFTY FIFTY™)



QUESTIONS FOR MADMAG.COM

The internet is filled with incorrect information, annoying pop-up ads and disappointingly-fraudulent nude shots of Britney Spears! Sometimes, however, the internet can be your friend, like when our readers end up doing Ed's job — such as this exchange on the MAD message boards on madmag.com:

Is it me or are there others out there that don't get "Monroe"? — Fernando50

Monroe is an open-ended parable about the Sino-Russian War of 1905. Re-read the storylines with this in mind, and it will all make perfect sense! — D.D.

We don't know who you are D.D. (We assume it's you, David Duchovny!) but we thank you for sporing us the time and anguish of answering this squirrelhead! —Ed.

The Big Easel

The things I sent you are Shrinky Dinks. My sister just loves them, so I decided to "shrink" Alfred! Hope you like my Shrinky thing.

Dylan McAdam,
Laconia, NH

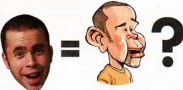


Dylan Me Sotly — "Shrinky thing"? You are still talking about your art project, right? Either way, we're betting you're gonna have trouble with the ladies! —Ed. By the way, if you feel like creating unconventional, off-beat and unique Alfred images using stuff from around the house, photograph it and send it to Amy "The Big Easel" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!

AMERICAN IDOL FOR DUMMIES

I was reading the article "MAD's Suggestions for Improving *American Idol*" in MAD #440 and noticed that the dummy in the ventriloquist's lap closely resembled "???" from the "MAD's Photo Personals Gallery: The Men" (MAD #432). Am I right? If so, how many more times do you plan on using him in sketches? P.S. I am not a "???" stalker!

Will Blair, Castro Valley, CA



Truth or Blair — Good eye! It's not only Personals Gallery star "???", but *American Idol* failure "???"! Despite his stirring, 14-minute acappella rendition of Outkast's "Hey Ya," the judges failed to give him his pass to Hollywood — in fact, Paula gave it her harshest criticism yet, labeling it a mere "totally awesome." Sadly, even William Hung won't return his phone calls. So, in answer to your question, you will be seeing "???"

in the pages of MAD until we hear Randy Jackson tell him "You're going to Hollywood, dawg!" —Ed-crest out!



GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

In response to the passing of long-time MAD artist George Woodbridge, we received many condolence letters. Here is a sampling from some of George's fans.



Farewell, Woodbridge! Let's all play Squamish!

E. Park, Holdenville, OK

I recently came across the sad news about the death of George Woodbridge. One of my first feature sales to MAD, "MAD's Updated Children's Books" (January, 1988) benefitted from George's wonderful artwork. To this day, the "Children's Books" feature remains my personal favorite, entirely because of the Woodbridge treatment. I am sure I am not alone among the MAD feature writers whose words have been elevated, and, in many cases, reshaped by Woodbridge's talents. Although I look forward to sending future manuscripts, the experience will be a bittersweet one because I know in advance that a favorite, and irreplaceable, member of the MAD extended family is no longer around. He will be missed.

Matthew Smith, University City, MO

I was sad to learn of the death of George Woodbridge. I've enjoyed his work for many years. I wrote to him letting him know how much I loved his work and he responded in kind with a wonderful original sketch of himself.

Tom Anderson, Ukiah, CA

We long-term MAD readers mourn the passing of our long-time friend, illustrator George Woodbridge. His applied talent has enlightened, inspired and entertained us for so many years. We will miss this one of the Usual Gang of Idiots and will treasure his beautiful artwork that graces most of our collectible issues.

George Ferganchick, Canuga Park, CA

The following letters were posted on the message boards at madmag.com:

He was a true artisan. His flair for historical costume I especially liked. He will be missed. —SF Jeff

I'm sorry to hear about George's passing. His versatility was perfect for MAD's many needs. He could mock everything from comic strips to movie posters and illustrations for children's books. But as good as he was caricaturing the rich, famous and recognizable, I'll remember George the best for the way he refused to pretty-up his drawings of regular folks. His babies drooled, his school-age kids picked their noses, his teenagers slouched and had zits, his Yuppies had snarky grins, his middle-aged parents had paunches and his seniors had too many "laugh lines" for any sane person to count. And yet, for all these captured human fallacies, George never overdid the details for cheap laughs — there was almost an affection for his subjects, an identification factor, if you will. More than any other caricaturist on the continent, he seemed to realize that the misfortunes befalling anyone in his art could just as easily come upon himself. My condolences to the Woodbridge family, but also my gratitude for the nurturing you've obviously given to the man to help him produce so many laugh-producing MAD memories over the years. —canucklehead

MAD Celebrity Visits



Bobby Dall with
Advertising Sales Manager
Scott Hendrickson

Sometimes we're lucky enough to get visits from celebs right here in our humble offices. Imagine our delight and surprise when *Saturday Night Live* cast member Seth Meyers and Poison bassist Bobby Dall (in separate incidents) showed their faces in our very hallways! We're betting they spread the word that the MAD offices are the new celebrity hotspots! Next month we hope to have exclusive pics of P. Diddy drinking Cristal with Paris Hilton!

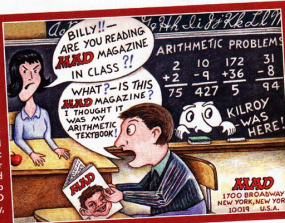


Assistant Art Director Patty Dwyer,
SNL's Seth Meyers, Associate Editor Greg
Leitman and Production Artist Brian Durniak



ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH

We proudly announce the triumphant return of prodigal son Jim "My postman is freakin' terrified" Hutchings to the Letters Page. Although some of you may view this as a crazy move, we think he's just too damn talented to stay mad at! Keep at it — and remember, we always accept non-Hutchings submissions for Envelope of the Month! Send them to: Amy "No Stamp Required" Vozzeolas, c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!



Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

I have a wish for the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*. Would all of you Americans please look past the stereotypical image of us Canadians? We're not all polite, doughnut-eating, maple syrup-drinking, snowshoe-wearing hockey players that live in igloos. We live in houses too. We would appreciate it if all you gun-toting, football-watching, bad beer-drinking Americans in all 13 of your States (including Cuba) learn more about us, eh! Simon Hodge, Ontario, Canada

Hodge Podge — You've got it, Cana-dumbass! American readers take note — not all Canadians are polite, doughnut-eating, maple syrup-drinking, snowshoe-wearing hockey players that live in igloos. In reality, some are nit-picking, time-wasting, belly-aching nimrods! We urge you to look past the Canadian stereotypes. In fact, we urge you to look past Canadians entirely. Just focus on the only country that matters: U-S-A! U-S-A! —Ed.

READER ALERT!!

Whether you love the adventures of a boy wizard, or merely enjoy paying twice for the same crap, you should rush out and buy both of our Harry Potter "collectors covers"!



MAD FAN-OF-THE-MONTH

I'm enclosing what I hope you will agree is a ringing endorsement of your so-called magazine. Easy now, I'm joking! I subscribed to MAD as a youth in Geneva, NY. Apparently, I became hooked, as I am now 53 and subscribe to MAD! This is my 84-year-old mom, Mary L. Gabriel, posing in her glory. The picture she is holding (by August Benz) has been in our family since 3-17-45! Also, the picture on the wall behind my mom is a painting she did for me in 2001.

Roger Flint,
Butte, MT

Roger Dodger — Thank you for the photo of your mother and the memorabilia. What else can we say, except, Hot-buttered Moses! If this is how you pay tribute to the magazines you love, we're glad you're not a long-time Playboy subscriber. Fo la ti! —Ed.



MAD

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Contributing Artists And Writers

the usual gang of idiots

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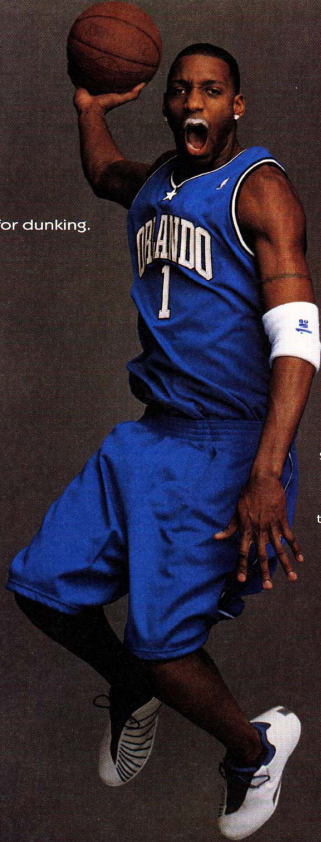
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HOWARD STERN, THE
OLYMPICS AND ARTIST OF THE
ISSUE: BASIL WOLVERTON!

A full-page photograph of Tracy McGrady in a blue Orlando Magic jersey with the number 1. He is in mid-air, holding a basketball in his right hand, with his mouth wide open in a shout. He is wearing white sneakers and a white wristband on his left arm. The background is a dark, textured grey.

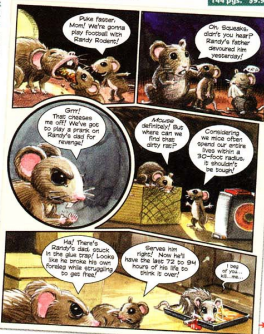
Great for dunking.

My friends told
me, "T-Mac, you're
gonna be big some day."
Must've been the milk.
About 15% of your
height is added as a
teen and the calcium and
vitamin D can help.
Will drinking a cool glass
of milk make you the
hottest scorer in town?
Hey, it couldn't hurt.

got milk?

A rotating cast of supporting rodents include Rush Limburger, who loves to talk so much that he doesn't mind the intestinal

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JINGLES OF THE
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**"NATIONAL
ANTHEMS OF
AMERICA'S SWORN
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**"GRAMMATICAL
CORRECTIONS"
WEEK**

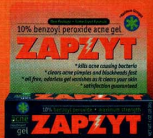
You aren't
anything but a
hound dog...

**"RESTAURANT
SIGNS PUT TO
MUSIC" WEEK**

Restrooms
are for the use of
customers only.
top of the day; split pea.
All baking done on
premises.
No substitutions,
please...



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A spinning top? A broom kit? Abracadammit! Why couldn't Runt and Herwhiny have sent me something GOOD for my birthday? Like maybe a "Pixies Gone Wild" DVD, or an inflatable bubotuber? I've got a whole summer to kill in this dinky little room! What am I supposed to do with my hands, card tricks?



Leading tonight's newscast, a manhunt is underway for crazed killer Delirious Wack, who escaped from Azcabana prison last night! He killed the parents of Harry Plodder, and there are unconfirmed reports that he plans to murder young Harry as well! But before we get to that breaking story, we have the meaningless results of an interactive viewer poll, yet another update on Mel Gibson's Jesus movie, and exclusive footage of a monkey playing the banjo!



I've got to sneak out of here quietly, without being noticed. It's got to be something low-key. Aha! I've got it! I'll blow up Fugly's aunt to the size of the Goodyear Blimp!

This baby travels faster than the speed of light! The only drawback is that it's impossible to see the digital readouts on the dashboard. I have no idea which radio station we're listening to!

You almost crashed! Can't you slow down?

No! I have to get to the driving school, and apply for my learner's permit!

One thing first. If there's a super-fast bus that zips to anywhere instantly, why do all us kids have to ride that creaky, steam-powered train to school every semester?

Um... er... "Do not speak to driver while vehicle is in motion!"



Brrrr!! I haven't been this cold since I sat through a Thursday/Friday taping in David Letterman's studio audience!

I can't feel my face! It's totally frozen!

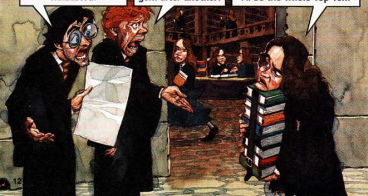
Stop complaining! Just deal with it, the way Meg Ryan does!



How can you be taking 31 hours of classes a day? Introduction to Invisibility? Zombification Tables? Poisonous Slugs 101? No wonder you're exhausted!

Nobody can crank out their work without a break and not see the quality suffer. Except, of course, Ben Stiller! One gem after another!

I'm taking extra classes by shifting forwards and backwards in time. I haven't had a full night's sleep since next week! It'll be worth it when I graduate Top Ten in our class! And I'll be the whole Top Ten!



This school's in trouble when the professors start using the same makeup and hair people as "Weird Al" Yankovic!

They say you can predict the future! Prove it!

Whitney Houston's rehab may not take! The Friends spinoffs will not be as successful! Republicans and Democrats will continue to argue!

Eerie! I'm sorry I ever doubted your powers!



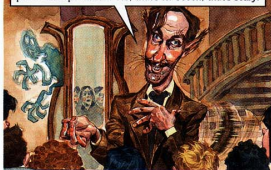
This'll give me a whole new lame excuse! "Prof. Haggard, my homework ate my dog!"

Be careful openin' yer books! They're snarlin', spittin', vicious and filled with hate! This one's written by Sean Hannity!

Gaaaahhh! I'm being mauled by a half-bird/half-horse! He's pecking me with his beak! And I won't even mention what he's doing to me with his horse half!



When the Boggle emerges from this closet, it will take on the form of your most secret personal fear! That form will be different for each of you! For example, my fear is that someone will find out that every full moon I transform into a hairy, vicious, howling werewolf! With long, pointy teeth and...oops! Uh, I didn't really mean to say that! No, my fear is...losing my umbrella on public transportation! Yes, that's it! Ooooh, that's scary!



Unbelievable! How could it be possible?

Yeah, not one "coming out of the closet" gag in the previous panel! That took incredible restraint!

No, I mean look at those jagged claw marks and slashes! Some beast has attacked the portrait of the Fat Lady!

I'm not fat! I'm Rubenesque!

Yeah, right! Ruben Studdard-esque!



I assure you all, every precaution has been taken to protect the students here at Halfwit's from attacks by escaped maniac/schnauzer Delirious Wack! I've put "The Club" on all of your wands! Troll Patrols have been doubled! An enchantment has been placed on the school grounds! The school is 100% impenetrable!

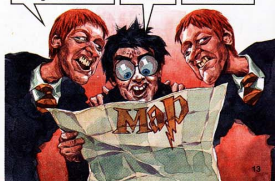
Oh, yeah? Shouldn't somebody seal that 7-foot-tall doggie door?

It's on my "To do" list. Like I said, the school is 99% impenetrable!

It's the Moronic Map! By watching these dots move, you can track every single person at every single moment!

Cool! Who designed a thing like this?

One of the most sinister and dreaded dark lords of all time — John Ashcroft!



Your invisibility cloak is wicked! So what are you going to do with it? Sneak into R-rated movies? Get free plane rides anywhere in the world? Stroll through the girls' locker room?

Even better! I'm going to secretly listen to the same boring professors I have to hear all day long at school!

I will never forget this moment. As of today, I'm just the SECOND-biggest geek at Halfwit's!

Haggard, your dangerous animal faces execution! Your teaching methods are a disaster! Official complaints have been filed by the parents of every student in your class, except one!

At least it's good t' know I've got some support!

Not exactly! The only ones we haven't received complaints from are Plodder's parents, and they're dead!



We'll begin your private afterschool lessons today. I'll teach you the "Spaghetti-O Pennzoil" spell that will allow you to create a luminous shape to defend yourself against a 4,000-pound nightmarish devil dog, or a faceless skeleton in a bag that's trying to suck your insides out! It's kind of like studying for the SATs!

Maybe it's still not too late for me to transfer to a safer school. I hear Baghdad Junior High is nice!

If you can't master this spell, I'll be forced to give you an "incomplete," because you'll probably be missing both arms and a head!

Oh, no! My bedsheets are soaked! But for a change, it's not my fault! Herwuh's nasty cat Suckpants just ate my pet rat, Scabies! Boo hoo hoo! Sob! I'll never see my rat again!

Sure you will! Just wait a few hours, then hang around the cat's litter box!



The suspense is killing me! When will we find out if they're going to execute Bigbeak or not?

It won't be long now!

I shall demonstrate the awesome power of the crystal ball! Attuning myself to its vibrations, I can use this cosmic orb to answer the mysteries of the universe!

Did Delirious Wack really betray my parents?

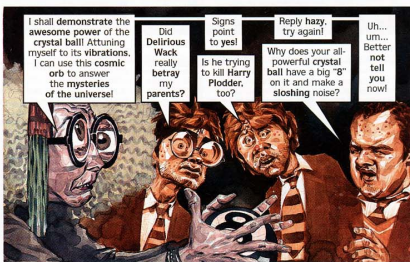
Signs point to yes!

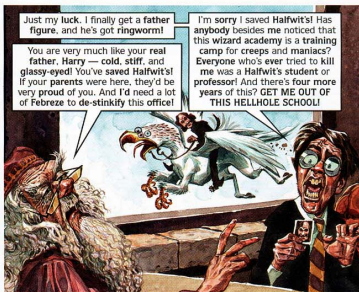
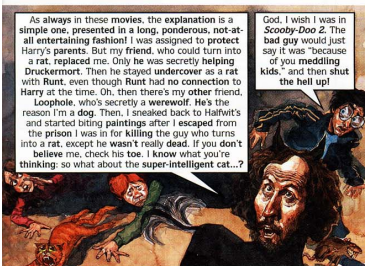
Is he trying to kill Harry Plodder, too?

Reply hazy, try again!

Why does your all-powerful crystal ball have a big "8" on it and make a sloshing noise?

Uh... um... Better not tell you now!





A black and white cartoon illustration. In the top left corner, the number '10' is displayed in a large, bold font. The scene depicts a lecture hall. A woman with short, curly hair, wearing a light-colored long-sleeved shirt and a dark skirt, stands on the left side of the frame, looking towards the front of the room. In the foreground, several rows of empty chairs are visible. In the background, a large group of people, mostly men with various expressions, are sitting in the front row, leaning forward and looking towards the woman. A large window with multiple panes is behind them, showing some birds flying outside. On the wall to the right of the window, there are several framed pictures or posters. The caption 'Everybody can't sit in the last row.' is written in a stylized font at the bottom of the image.

11

YO! TWERP NOZZLE! YOU GOT SOME NERVE SITTIN' IN OUR SEAT WITH OUR LUNCH MONEY IN YOUR POCKET!

Never students on the bus means that it's harder to avoid the bullies

12

THE SOUP LOOKS GOOD DON'T IT?

TODAY'S SPECIALS
GAR...
CHIC...
HAM...
PIZ...
Only 4.99

than substitute summer lunch ladies.

13



UM... WOULD YOU LIKE
UM... FRIES WITH THAT?

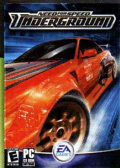
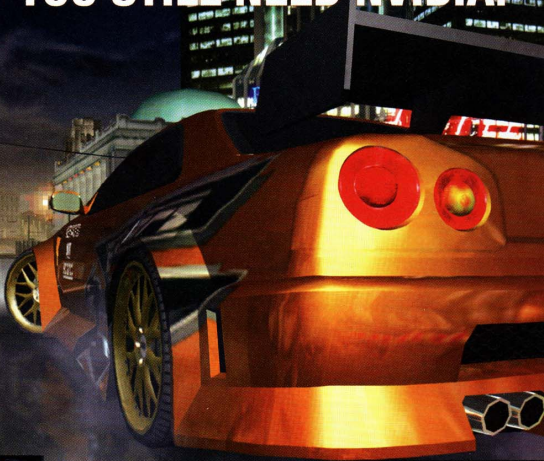
BIG E

- ATTACHED

YOU MAY HAVE TITANIUM CONNECTING RODS, VARIABLE VALVE TIMING AND NITROUS OXIDE. BUT YOU STILL NEED NVIDIA.

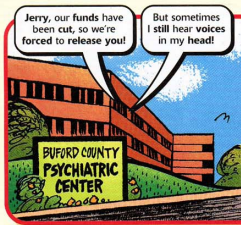


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**IF YOU WANT TO BE THE FASTEST
YOU NEED A PC EQUIPPED WITH AN
NVIDIA GEFORCE FX GRAPHICS PROCESSOR.
GET BLAZING PERFORMANCE, STUNNING
EFFECTS AND ROCK-SOLID RELIABILITY.**





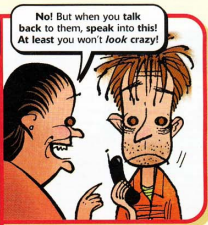
Jerry, our funds have been cut, so we're forced to release you!

But sometimes I still hear voices in my head!



I know! That's why we're giving you this cell phone!

You mean, I should call you when I start hearing the voices?



No! But when you talk back to them, speak into this! At least you won't look crazy!



Back when I was your age, when we wanted to get free music, we couldn't just download it with a couple of clicks!

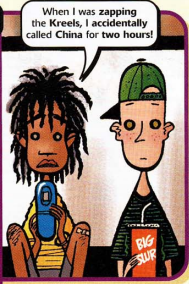


We had to drive two miles to the store and steal a record!



Playing "DoomBuster" on my phone is awesome! The only problem is, it cost me \$500 last month!

\$500? Why?



When I was zapping the Kreels, I accidentally called China for two hours!



This spam generator is great! I sent out a million emails for my product!

How'd it go?



Great! I got a 10% return rate!

That's really high!



Yeah! A hundred thousand people telling me to #*% off!

THE IRONIC^{*} BREEZE SILENT AIR PURIFIER WORKS 24-7!

1. It's silent!

The Ironic Breeze is the world's quietest non-powered air purifier; plugging it in and turning it on, however, will add some noticeable noise.

2. It works!

Tests at a leading university which we endowed with a \$500,000 grant show that the Ironic Breeze traps particles better than any other competing air purifiers whose manufacturers didn't give them a \$500,000 grant.

3. No filters!

Never buy or change a filter again! Simply wipe the blades clean with any industrial strength corrosive compound using standard EPA and OSHA hazardous material guidelines. It's that easy!

4. Cleans 24-7!

The Ironic Breeze cleans about 24 hours out of every 7 days — more than ample time for you to shut it off and let it cool down to prevent overheating and possible catastrophic fire in your home.

5. Save money!

The price may seem extraordinarily high compared to other air purifiers, but when compared to the cost of buying and erecting a private bio-dome, it's far less expensive!

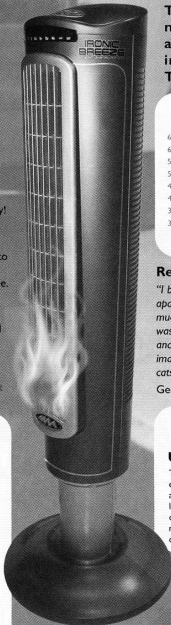
**We call it the "Ironic Breeze Silent Air Purifier" because there's no breeze, it isn't silent, and the air coming out won't be any cleaner than the air that went in. Pretty ironic, huh?*

Here's how it works:



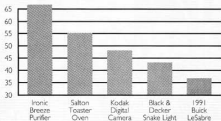
1. The collection grid is **charged** with negative ions, while your credit card is simultaneously **charged** with five easy payments.
2. The positron filidge neutrons the alternating gordbozone with neutronic freebin.
3. The grid **collects** dust and dander, while we continue to **collect** an additional sixth payment to cover the cost of shipping and handling and out-of-court product liability settlements associated with the Ironic Breeze.
4. Only healthy air particles are "invited" into the purifier, where they are nourished and sent on their way. That means the air comes out thicker than before, so it sticks to your nasal passages more easily.**

** Not guaranteed to work in New Jersey. Arrows shown in diagram sent separately.



The Ironic Breeze is America's most trusted brand of air purifier according to a recent survey taken inside the executive offices of The Shoddier Image.

Air-cleaning ability when compared to other brands:



Read an actual customer's comments:

"I bought an Ironic Breeze for my New York City apartment. After only one hour I was amazed at how much cat hair had gathered underneath it — and that was before I even plugged it in! It's true I have 40 cats and I live in one room, but it was still a lot. I can't imagine living without it. Especially since many of my cats now like to sleep in the box it came in."

George S., professional wood-sander

NEW! RELEASED JUST IN TIME FOR THIS AD! THE IRONIC BREEZE ULTRAVIOLET DELUXE

The added ultraviolet light tortures and embarrasses dust particles so they go away and never come back! Of course, ultraviolet light is invisible to the human eye, so your deluxe model will look, sound and operate no differently than our regular model that costs \$100 less. But it's there — trust us!



ORDER NOW!!

Purchase a floor model for only
\$349.98

Purchase a desktop model for only
\$349.99

Or: break the base off a floor model to make it a desk model and save!

Remember, you can't lose with our **FULL FIVE-YEAR WARRANTY** on all the packing materials, instruction book and the rubber band that holds the AC cord wrapped up in shipping.



AWARDED THE PRESTIGIOUS
TF TDLS FA
CITATION!
(The Foundation to Develop Logical Specifically For Ads)

AVAILABLE AT

THE SHODDIER IMAGE®

A MAD AD
PARODY

WRITER:
DICK BIC



FRANCOIS BOY

THE PRIMATE VS THE PLUMBER



ACTION-PACKED MAYHEM AS MARIO AND DONKEY KONG SQUARE OFF! HELP MARIO NAVIGATE 6 THRILLING WORLDS TO OUTSMART DONKEY KONG AND RESCUE THE MINI-MARIOS.



You could win a Classic NES limited edition Game Boy Advance SP, an extensive Mario and Donkey Kong game library and much more courtesy of Nintendo, DC Comics and MAD Magazine.

For official rules and a chance to win, go to:

WWW.DCCOMICS.COM/MVSDK

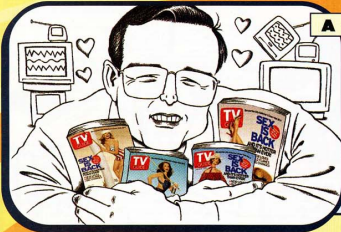


GAME BOY ADVANCE SP

TO FIND A COMIC SHOP NEAR YOU CALL 1-888-COMIC-BOOK



No purchase necessary. Open to legal residents of the U.S., excluding residents of Florida and Puerto Rico, who are 13 years of age or older, as of 5/17/04. Void in Florida, Puerto Rico, and where prohibited by law. Sweepstakes ends on 6/30/04. © 2004 DC Comics. All rights reserved. The DC BULLET is a trademark of DC Comics. MAD is a trademark of E. C. Publications, Inc. © 2004 Nintendo. Developed by Nintendo Software Technology Corporation. TM, ® and the Game Boy Advance logo are trademarks of Nintendo. © 2004 Nintendo.



A TYPICAL TV GUIDE READER

- just can't get enough multiple covers.
- hasn't caught on that the TV Guide Channel, digital cable and internet listings have made the print edition utterly obsolete.
- might have squandered precious time on unworthy programming if it weren't for TV Guide's trained "experts" picking out *The Tuxedo* as Saturday night's "Guilty Pleasure."
- really needs help to know when to cheer and when to jeer.
- picked it up to flip through in the checkout line, accidentally put it down among groceries.

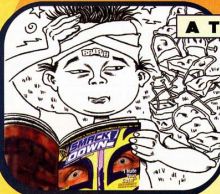
A TYPICAL GAMEPRO READER

- is, ironically, a game amateur.
- demands the objective, unbiased coverage of a magazine completely beholden to advertisers.
- appreciates having a magazine to reinforce all the latest gaming information that's all over the internet.
- engages with friends in heated, intensely mindless debates over the relative merits of *GamePro* versus *Electronic Gaming Monthly*.



A TYPICAL W READER

- likes to read about wrestlers' fake thoughts and feelings, to put their fake battles into proper dramatic context.
- defends the integrity of pro wrestling as a macho sport by pointing out the physically demanding choreography and potentially risky stunts, not realizing that he's using the same argument as cheerleaders.
- still wonders how pro wrestlers take all those chair blows to the head, considering how many stitches he got after trying it in the backyard.
- becomes totally disillusioned when introduced to *real* wrestling in P.E. class.



A TYPICAL MAD READER

- still can't figure out just what those spies are fighting about.
- thinks it's brilliant that a different celebrity's face is replaced by Alfred's, month after month.
- is utterly shocked whenever TV satires DON'T end with the cast of another hit show popping up to comment on how the show in question is similar to theirs.
- is convinced that replacing the names of movie and TV stars with vaguely demeaning words that sound similar is the ultimate height of cleverness.



TULKA

Stereotypes are ignorant and unfair. Unless they make you a ton of money! Like the currently-hot stereotype that all homosexuals are so hip, organized and savvy that they can fix the lives of any heterosexual on the planet! (Much nicer than the damaging stereotype that all MAD writers are lactose intolerant!) So while TV producers are raking in the money, it's up to us to keep a...

weird eye

ON THE QUEER-GUISE

I'm Fed, the resident gourmet! I've taught our skittish "straights" to prepare sushi, caviar, seaweed, even goose liver pâté! But the first thing I always teach them is how to boil a pot of water. Not for any meal, but because everything in their filthy apartments usually needs to be sterilized!

I'm Thum. I get the dream job of cleaning up this guy's sty of an apartment! So while the others get to go to shops and boutiques, I have to sift through his filth and work like a dog! At least, until the carpenters, painters and plumbers arrive to do the actual work!

I'm Cruisin', the fashionista and over-the-top gay guy! How flamboyant am I? I've gotten letters from drag queens asking that I "tone it down a bit"! I'm also the break-out star of this show, but my sassy gay attitude has lead to some hate mail — on the upside, it's all from the guy who plays "Jack" on *Will & Grace* telling me to stop stealing his schtick!

WE'RE HERE! WE'RE QUEER!
GET USED TO IT !!

MASSACHUSETTS
HERE WE COME!

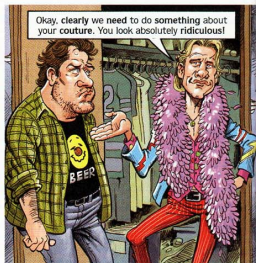
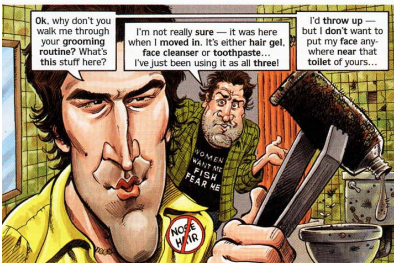
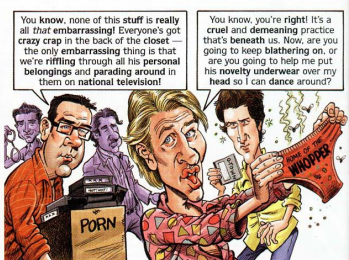
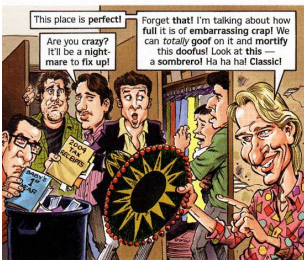
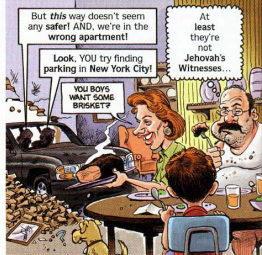
GAY

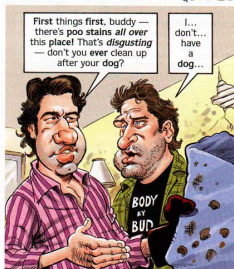
FLAME ON

NEW YORK
NO STR8

I'm Stylin', the style guru! I'm the perfect man — I'm male model-handsome, AND I know all about hair! Sure, this show is made for men, but I think women watch each episode hoping that I'll come into the closet!

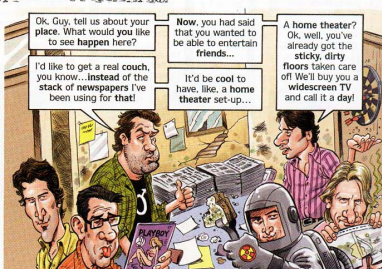
I'm Gal, the culture expert! Every member of the Drab 5 has an important job! Stylin' develops the guy's new look, Cruisin' revamps his entire wardrobe, Fed teaches him to prepare an exotic menu and I...uh...buy CDs. Oh, and I also state really obvious stuff like, "Yikes, this place is a mess" and "Buddy, you need a makeover!" and, most obvious of all: "I'm lucky the producers didn't just hire some teenager hanging out around Best Buy to do my job!"





First things first, buddy — there's poo stains *all over* this place! That's *disgusting* — don't you ever clean up after your dog?

I... don't... have a dog...



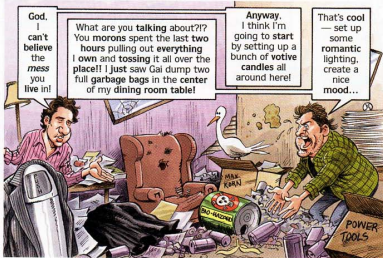
Ok, Guy, tell us about your place. What would you like to see happen here?

I'd like to get a real couch, you know...instead of the stack of newspapers I've been using for that!

Now, you had said that you wanted to be able to entertain friends...

It'd be cool to have, like, a home theater set-up...

A home theater? Ok, well, you've already got the sticky, dirty floors taken care of! We'll buy you a widescreen TV and call it a day!

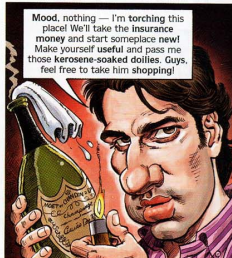


God, I can't believe the mess you live in!

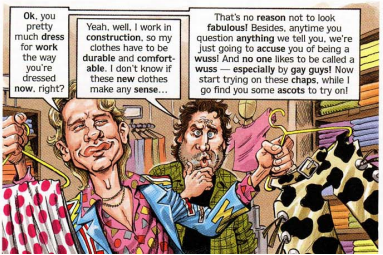
What are you talking about?!? You morons spent the last two hours pulling out *everything* I own and tossing it all over the place!! I just saw Gai dump two full garbage bags in the center of my dining room table!

Anyway, I think I'm going to start by setting up a bunch of votive candles all around here!

That's cool — set up some romantic lighting, create a nice mood...



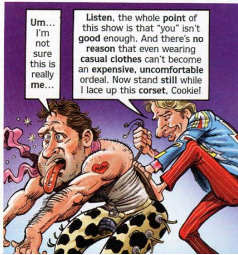
Mood, nothing — I'm torching this place! We'll take the insurance money and start someplace new! Make yourself useful and pass me those kerosene-soaked doilies, Guys, feel free to take him shopping!



Ok, you pretty much dress for work the way you're dressed now, right?

Yeah, well, I work in construction, so my clothes have to be durable and comfortable. I don't know if these new clothes make any sense...

That's no reason not to look fabulous! Besides, anytime you question anything we tell you, we're just going to accuse you of being a wuss! And no one likes to be called a wuss — especially by gay guys! Now start trying on these chaps, while I go find you some ascots to try on!



Um... I'm not sure this is really me...

Listen, the whole point of this show is that "you" isn't good enough. And there's no reason that even wearing casual clothes can't become an expensive, uncomfortable ordeal. Now stand still while I lace up this corset, Cookie!

It's been 20 minutes since I sent you in there with that pile of clothes to try on. Everything ok, Pumpkin?

Yeah, I'm almost done...



Ok, I didn't mean for you to try it all on at once!

Sorry — I'll change...



Actually, leave them on! We're way over budget on your wardrobe. I'll create a diversion — you run like the wind, my little Michelin Man!

Look! It's been 3 minutes since I hit on you or did something to remind our viewers that I'm gay!

That's fine, but this is the fourth time you've measured my inseam!



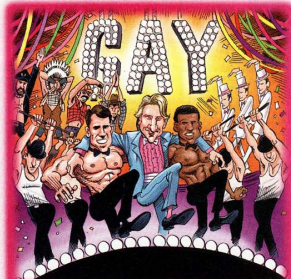
Listen, Peanut, do you want these clothes to fit?

Sure...but we're in a shoe store!

Hush! Now, get out of those steel-toed boots you say you "have" to wear for work — I want to see you in some suede moccasins!

What's that beeping?

Whoops — it's been another 3 minutes! Could you hold on a sec, Pookie?



Okay, that should hold me over for at least six minutes! Gay! Gay! GAY!!



Wow! This place looks amazing! How'd you do it?

Simple! All it took was \$20,000 worth of new furniture and a team of professionals working non-stop for four days!

And, not for nothing, but a guy who used to pee in a bucket he kept by the couch isn't exactly the most discerning critic...

It wasn't a bucket, it was a Slurpee cup!

Ok...now I'm certain that wasn't Mountain Dew!



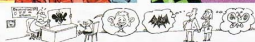
This is awesome! Look at how much room there is!

Yeah, it's pretty spacious for a two-bedroom apartment!

There are TWO bedrooms?!!

Yeah, where'd you think your roommate had been living?

I have a roommate?!!





Ok, so, you're, like, totally into baseball. But here's the problem — you're a middle-aged man who still plays with baseball cards! You've got a big box of old, dirty, scribbled-on cards. It was time to move on, buddy! So we gave them to a children's hospital!

You threw out my baseball card collection?! Half of those were autographed, you moron! They were worth almost \$35,000!

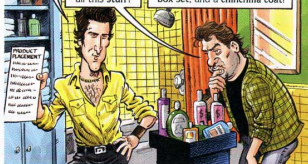
Okaaaay. So, do you want this DVD of *A League of Their Own* I got you, or not?



Ok, I got you some great moisturizer from Oil of Olay, this fantastic new exfoliator from Clinique, and an amazing 12-piece manicure set!

Do I really need all this stuff?

No, but we have to plug a bunch of stuff each episode. Plus, whatever we show, we also get for ourselves! You know, I think you might get better shaving results if you had an iPod, the *Sex and the City* DVD box set, and a chinchilla coat!



Oh, I almost forgot — this cream will reduce the dark circles under your eyes!

I don't have any dark circles under my eyes!

Well, not yet! But you *will* after getting up two hours earlier each morning to perform this whole asinine facial regimen!



Ok, your previous cooking experience is reheating take-out...

And, my "Spaghetti-O Casserole"!

Right. Well, though you can barely microwave an eggroll, after my 15-minute crash course, you'll be ready to use a bunch of alien utensils to prepare food that you can't even pronounce!

You really think so?

God no! But it'll be hysterical to watch you struggle to remember! And think of the ratings after you give someone ptomaine poisoning! Now let's start on this potentially deadly blowfish. Just remember to eat the one that I prepared!



Man, everything looks great! The apartment looks great. I look great! I *feel* great. I was skeptical at first, guys, but I have to tell you, I'm a believer!

That's so wonderful. So, do you like the "new" Guy?

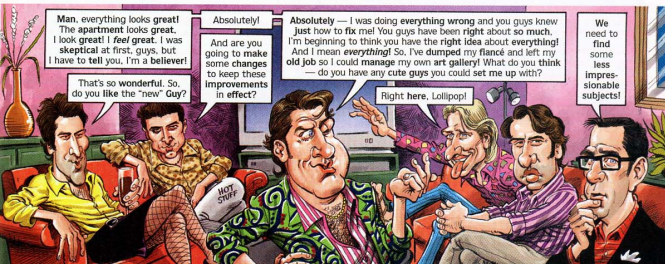
Absolutely!

And are you going to make some changes to keep these improvements in effect?

Absolutely — I was doing everything wrong and you guys knew just how to fix me! You guys have been right about so much. I'm beginning to think you have the right idea about everything! And I mean *everything*! So, I've dumped my fiancé and left my old job so I could manage my own art gallery! What do you think — do you have any cute guys you could set me up with?

Right here. Lollipop!

We need to find some less impressionable subjects!



THE BEHIND
OF THE MUSICthis episode: Def Leppard
Drummer Rick Allen's Left Arm

The year is 1983. British pop-metal band Def Leppard tops the U.S. charts with the massively-popular and completely-forgettable album, *Pyromania*.



Dec 31st, 1984 — During an unscheduled car accident, drummer Rick Allen and his left arm decide to go their separate ways.



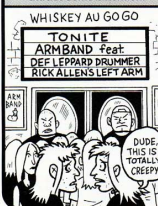
Everyone knows that Allen bravely continued his musical career (proving you only need one arm to play in a crap band like Def Leppard).



Few know, however, that Allen's left arm also pursued a drumming career after leaving Allen and the band.



Being roughly 1/6th of a rock star, the arm did attract some attention.



Unfortunately, the audience reaction was less than enthusiastic.



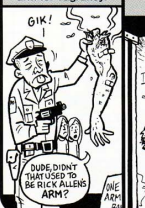
Depressed, the former 1/6th of a rock star fell into a sordid life of drugs and partying.



When the money ran out, the arm ended up in the street, begging for handouts on Hollywood Boulevard.



Eventually the police picked up the arm for vagrancy.



Despondent, the arm attempted suicide.



The arm spent most of the 90s in and out of various rehab clinics.



In 2004, VH1's *Bands Reunited* and micro-surgeon Rajiv Gupta brought Allen and his long-missing arm back together for a one-shot reunion show.



After which, Allen and his arm once again went their separate ways.



WHAT'S THE LATEST
TACTIC RECORDING
COMPANIES ARE USING
TO DISCOURAGE MUSIC
DOWNLOADING?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

Music piracy is out of control these days. In an effort to stop losing money, the recording industry is going to great lengths to nip this problem in the bud. So far they have been unsuccessful, but now they may have hit on a foolproof plan. To see what it is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

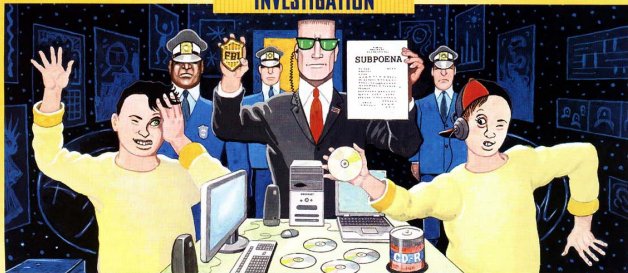


FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

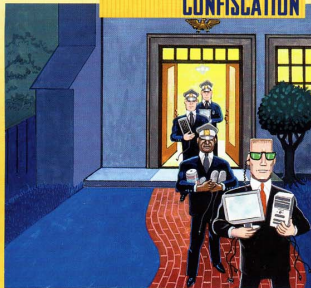


FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

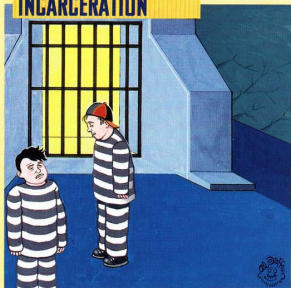
INVESTIGATION



CONFISCATION



INCARCERATION



SIGNIFICANT EFFORTS HAVE BEEN MADE RECRUITING
WILLING LAWYERS TO SUE DOWNLOADERS AND SLAM
HUMONGOUS FINES ON THEM. THEY'RE ALSO GOING TO
TRY JAILING THEM. THIS PUNITIVE IDEA IS
A CONTROVERSIAL ONE AND WILL BE DIFFICULT TO ENACT



ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

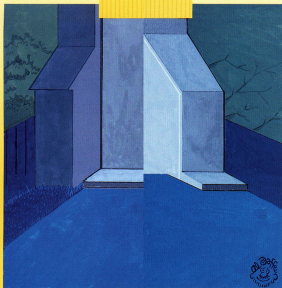


WHAT'S THE LATEST
TACTIC RECORDING
COMPANIES ARE USING
TO DISCOURAGE MUSIC
DOWNLOADING?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A  **B** FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



SIGNING
WILLIAM
HUNG TO

A CONTRACT

A  **B**

THE FUNDALINIPAGES

MOVE OVER OPRAH! IT'S CONDOLEEZZA RICE'S BOOK REVIEWS!



AGAINST ALL ENEMIES
BY RICHARD A. CLARKE

Although I haven't read Dick's book, in which a former White House insider describes the Bush/Cheney White House as a gasmanol-fueled, twisting, catatonic incapable of intelligent strategy, clearly the timing of this howling pack of lies is suspicious. He'll obviously say anything to sell his book. He gave us no plan, and besides, he was out of the loop anyway. Enjoy that \$19.95 blood money, Dick!



THE PRICE OF LOYALTY

BY RON SUSKIND
Although I haven't read Ron's book, an embittered fairy-tale told by a former White House insider describing the Bush/Cheney White House as a despotic, nihilistic cabal incapable of intelligent strategy, it's clearly the workings of a mentally unstable man, Paul O'Neil and his crackpot theories never did fit in. However, I feel more pity than anger. I hope he gets the counseling he needs!



PLAN OF ATTACK

BY BOB WOODWARD
Although I haven't read Bob's book, in which a Washington insider describes the Bush-Cheney White House as a deception, riddled with paranoia, fact is casual incapacity of intelligent strategy, it's clearly all to see a once-respected journalist tackle straight. Unusual and sad. Obviously, he's only trying to be fair. Oh, wait, we already used that one. Did I say "crazy-cuckoo" yet? Yes? No? Shoot, this is getting



Be sure to stop by next month as National Security Advisor Condoleezza Rice attempts to divide these MOBs from separate sources that exist as identical victims of the Bush administration's criminal abuse of power.

CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

This month: **THE OLSEN TWINS**

COURTSHIP OF CRACK COOKMAKERS GIVES FOM TWO LATEST VEGAS LAWS
(BYRONNE KING-DAVIDSON; ALAN ROSE; FRANK WOLF; JACOB BERNI; SCHWARTZ)

CAUSE OF DEATH	000
Headstrike from studio lights during his inevitable blonde photo shoot the second they "saw 18..."	21
Crucifixion (brawl with Willy Dwyer and Amanda Rynes at "G-rated Blistery stars") party	30
Bored into terminal coma playing one of their own videogames	30
Poisoned to death by members of every even-eighty-year little blonde girl, asking how "in their stars, too..."	19
Swan degeneration from worrying about high tailspin angles at New York Delphicity	740,308,000,000,000



CALIFORNIA

**COURT GIVES
BLESSING TO
CONTRVERSIAL
BOUT**

San Francisco, CA — June 1988: In a decision that was closely watched by both sides of the operation of the ranch and state issue, a three-judge panel ruled unanimously today that a featherweight boxing fight may be held on state property, even though both sides are named Jesus.

WHAT PEOPLE EARN



AUSTIN CHURCH Author: Start Scatterling Howl Tellington, Vermont \$13,000	JACQUE CLAUDE JACQUER International Synagogue Trader Pissalis, France 89,003 Euros	SHAMUS PINKUSHION Trainer, Larry The Coughing Lemur Park Lake, Utah \$11,000	GEORGE W. BUSH Assistant To Vice President Cheney Washington, D.C. \$400,000
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FREAKSHOW FACE-OFF!

Who's crazier, Whitney Houston or Courtney Love?

Whitney: After years of drug problems, put herself in a...
Courtney: After years of drug problems, put her in hospital by throwing a rock. (and other...

Advantage: Courtney
 Whitney: Infidelity marriage has led to husband's infidelity.
 Courtney: Infidelity marriage led to husband's suicide.
 Advantage: Courtney

Courtney: Flashed her breast while waiting in line for Wendy's.

Whitney: Flashed to have actually

Advantage: Whiteny!

Cost: \$100. **Flavor:** Always makes the customers "smile over your store."

Whiskey: Flaming-balcony season for historic 'infatuation'
Brand

Disadvantage: Courtship
Advantage: Courtship

Current status:
Courtney's ahead...
for now!

RITTERMAN

**SPECIAL EDITION
GAMES AND TOYS**
WE'D LIKE TO SEE



MAD YOW RELEASE DEPT.

What is it about gay marriage that gets so many people upset? They will like it's the greatest threat to the American way of life since Osama bin Laden. Why? We've thought about this and thought about this, and we've come to a conclusion: we're not very good at thinking! So, we've decided to do what the Bush Administration does when faced with questions: make things up! Here's our fabricated research on...



HOW GAY MARRIAGES REALLY AFFECT YOU



Twice as many marriages, twice as many boring wedding videos to suffer through.



It's a million to one shot, but if Dick Cheney's lesbian daughter is allowed to marry your sister, you could end up with the old crook in your family.



Most men, already allergic to tying the knot, will now look upon marriage as being "way too gay."

Your wife will no longer have to make up a fictional character when comparing you to some other husband who sides up the horses and doesn't even notice other women.



The gay friend you used to try to cheer your bad relationships will have less time for you because he has to get back home to the "old ball and chain."



Your developmentally-arrested boyfriend will spend all of his free-time crawling same-sex weddings just so he can watch lesbians kissing.



Gay marriages will open the door for the greatest scripture ever unleashed upon mankind: to multiply and feast upon humanity — namely, divorce lawyers.

Your mother will have an even longer list of people who've gotten married to die and say "why the hell haven't you tied the knot yet?"



After she hears about her gay friend's elegant wedding, your fiancée will be even less open to your idea of being married in a Vegas casino by an Elvis impersonator.



ARTIST: PAUL COHEN

WRITER: BARRY LEHRMAN

The MAD WORLD of... HIGH-TECH COMMUNICATION



SENCE IN GENERAL DEPT.

SENCE PRESENTS A MAD LOOK AT THE MALL



ARTIST AND WRITER: SENCE ARAGONES



ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER

KUPER

Get
your
motor
stalling
its

Monty and...

GRANDPA'S LAST RIDE



STAFF INJECTION DEPT.

Dating is a lot of work (so we *date*) — but making a show about dating is even harder! In fact, putting together a show like *Blind Date*, *The 200 Worst* or *aboutDATT* is as difficult as the contestants are easy! So, give thanks to the folks behind the scenes as you...

TRINDA GUN — MAKEUP CONSULTANT
Styls female contestants into women that are sexy, tight and unconvincingly... thereby making sure that they'll be winning at the moment possible opportunity.



ILLIUM CRUCKLE — FILM EDITOR
Utilizing animation, stop-motion imagery and visual effects, it adds the playful but ominous of interesting footage into a 30-minute program.



BO WATSON — ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
Specializes in asking contestants vague, open-ended questions, so that their responses are as interesting as possible. He also makes them look like being thoughtful, but not.

PRESCRIPTION
You have before.
Men, it's huge...
It's really just an amazing wonder of nature. Everyone should see it — it'll take your breath away!

POSTSCRIPT
You have before.
Men, it's huge...
It's really just an amazing wonder of nature. Everyone should see it — it'll take your breath away!



MEET THE CREW BEHIND YOUR FAVORITE REALITY DATING SHOW

LEE HANSEY — LINDY DRIVER
Knows the locations of every speed bump and pothole in the city — guaranteeing the maximum amount of the show's highly-prized "Jingle Factor."



SACHLEN UNBROOD — EVENTS COORDINATOR
Chooses activities that start the conversation, so that the moment, thereby create sexual innuendo.

All you have to do is tightly grip the shaft, wring out all the fluids, and make sure it fits in that tiny little hole!



JEREMIAH PUGGILY — COUNCILOR
Believes some to identify and remove any really crude, vulgar and offensive language and footage — so that it can be reinserted later and sold as a "The Hot For TV DVD."



CHRY HENDERSON — LEGAL ADVISOR
Takes the most beautiful that pool is from the show and producers who claim that the show's producers made them look like... lonely and misanthropic.



ZACHARIAS WEE — SOUND EDITOR
Possessed the practice of slipping out random, irrelevant words of a single conversation — making even the most ordinary, innocent discussion sound like a drunken sailor's profanity-laced tirade.



ADRIAN BOACH — DIRECTOR
Got his start in show business supervising episodes of *The New Show* — until he got in a hull after being accused of having a juvenile sense of humor, dubious moral standards and no personal dignity. by Adam Carlini



SAMUEL BRIGHT — DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY
One of the few professionals in the field who believes that adequate balance of ambiguity lighting is what while making sure that the image, unless head-on, won't reveal the participants' breast implants.



BEFORE **AFTER**

They're such a cute! I could *DESSERT* you in the eyes of night long!

They're such a cute! I could *DESSERT* you in the eyes of night long!



THE SUBSCRIBER HAS SPOKEN DEPT.

It's a well-known fact that most magazines spend (i.e. waste!) big bucks on "reader profiles" in an desperate attempt to get a better psychological understanding of their audience. But being astute students of the human psyche, we at MAD have no need for such things. For we have the uncanny ability to actually peer into the patented, pre-sized brains of those haplessly hooked on any twisted tale and offer you a disturbing glimpse...

A TYPICAL MAXIM READER

- believes that showing nipples would be shameful and demeaning to women, but a totally counterproductive attitude is perfectly all right.
- must mean, thinks that this time, the tip he's read on how to get a woman into bed on the first date will actually work.
- likes to imagine that he really could get his girlfriend to go for a three-way, even though she won't even let him look at real porn.
- hates The Max Show via "clever" and "subtle."
- is confused to find that a magazine full of jokes that aren't funny, articles with no information, and cheesecake pictures with no real nudity perfectly reflects his own mediocrity.



A TYPICAL COSMOPOLITAN READER

- wants to believe that every month, there's some new place to touch a man to drive him wild, aside from the mindlessly obvious one.
- is unable to judge the quality of relationships, friendships or even personal temperament without the aid of unscientific quizzes.
- is often so moved by the one article about serious women's issues that she'll pause for a full five seconds before turning the page.
- knows that having a healthy, realistic self-image regarding one's body is almost as important as getting the latest clip on Nicole, Lil' and Britney.



A TYPICAL Sports Illustrated Reader

- watches the football phone, then just kept renewing his subscription for some vague reason.
- loves sports so much he spends his whole life sitting on his pie eating just food while watching other people play them.
- knows the complete stats of every player on his favorite football, basketball and football teams, can't remember his wedding anniversary.
- reads the in-depth sports coverage you simply can't get from reading an entire section of the newspaper every single day of the week.



INSIDE THE TWISTED MINDS OF

Magazine Readers

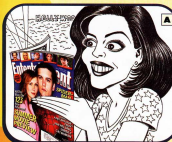
A TYPICAL THRASHER READER

- appreciates interviews with subjects even more inarticulate than he is.
- has an endless appetite for sequential photos of different pros doing the same tricks.
- wants something to read during long stays at the hospital due to skateboard-related injuries.
- continually accuses parents that he'll pay them back for the subscription price as soon as he "gets sponsored."



A TYPICAL Entertainment Weekly Reader

- can't wait until the week of a film's release for information, must know about all 150 movies of the bland fall season RIGHT NOW!
- enjoys the subtle distance between the glowing praise in the puff piece on whatever blockbuster is giving the cover and the total savaging of the same film in the actual review a few pages later.
- thinks newspaper entertainment sections aren't snug and aren't snappy enough.
- can't understand how Stephen King can write a 1,000 page book in a month, but can't crack out a one-page column more than every three weeks.
- feels strongly that editors need personal letters of thanks for performing the high public service of putting popular movie stars on magazine covers.



A TYPICAL Rolling Stone Reader

- craves in-depth interviews with celebrities too shallow to warrant an in-depth anything.
- lives under the delusion that he's still down with what's cool despite being an aging baby boomer.
- wishes the large page size also meant large print, so he/she wouldn't need to use reading glasses.
- believes that the one "National Affairs" article per issue is enough to make the whole magazine socially relevant.
- hasn't yet realized that this Rolling Stone is one that, metaphorically, is indeed gathering moss.



ARTIST: DEAN TAYLOR ILLUSTRATIONS: BOBBY BUCKLE