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MAD

MARCH 2004

NUMBER 439

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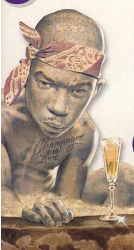
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FRONT COVER ARTIST:
MORT DRUCKER

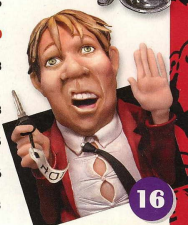
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16

The only time
most people are modest
is in describing their
own faults!



ALFRED E. NEWMAN

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WHO GIVES A SHEEP?

I have been a fan of MAD magazine for many years and have always thought highly of the writing and editing of it. On the second page of the Letters Page in MAD #436 there is a spelling mistake in the letter about the sheep disease called "Scrapie" which you and the writer had as "Scarpie." I have always been a stickler about spelling, but I believe that the only reason I know the correct word this time is that I raised sheep while in high school and had very bad luck with them, which may have been because they had a disease like Scrapie.

Roy Scott, Jr., Shelton, CT

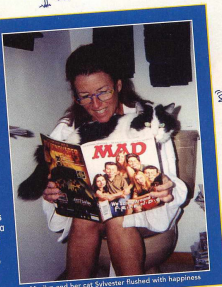
Roy to the World — You say you didn't have a lot of luck with sheep. Obviously, you are unfamiliar with the revolutionary works by one Paula Simmons (why, her opus, *Raising Sheep the Modern Way*, single-handedly brought breeding into the 21st, nay, the 22nd century!) It's no wonder you haven't heard of Scrapie! You need to get yourself to the local 4H reading room, pronto! See you on the shearing line! —Ed.

MAD FAN OF THE MONTH

Here is my picture of me and my cat reading our MAD magazine in the room we most enjoy reading it. Sylvester likes the black and white portions of the magazine the most (for obvious reasons). He is hoping you will run our picture and letter in MAD so all the other cats will be jealous.

Marilyn McCalister, Stateline, NV

Big Mac — You know, they say a picture is worth a thousand words. But in this case, a single word will suffice — yikes! Just out of curiosity, what does Sylvester talk to you about? Does he ever tell you to do things? Bad things? Oh my! Thanks for writing! —Ed.



Marilyn and her cat Sylvester flushed with happiness

THE BIG TEACHER'S PET

Back in MAD #436, we asked readers to send in any stories of a MAD-fueled run-in with a teacher or administrator. Here's just one example of the many responses we will be running in issues to come. In the meantime, if you have any horrifying stories you'd like to share, mail your message to: Amy "The Big Teacher's Pet" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.

The year was 1962. My best friend Fen and I were all excited about covering our textbooks with the special MAD bookcovers in one of our issues. The next day, when we got to school, we found our lockers had been opened and the covers removed — orders from our principal (Mr. Gooding — it's O.K. — of course he's dead). No apologies ever and they kept our covers.

Pat McCarty, Spray, OR

BUSINESS UNUSUAL

How long do you think MAD magazine will be in business?

Brian Dunlop, Long Island, NY

Bri Bri — Sadly, long enough to print your stupid letter! —Ed.



Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

I am just an under-average sixteen-year-old kid, I don't have a job or a driver's license and I get horrible grades. As of this moment, because of my horrible grades, I am unable to do anything fun. The only thing I am allowed to do that is remotely entertaining is read your stupid magazine. I have a wish for the



Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™! — I want one of your artists to make a caricature of me in your magazine. I will probably be on restriction for another couple of months, and it would be really cool to see my picture in one of the upcoming issues.

Ryan Heffner, Bremerton, WA

Hef — Normally, we don't grant this particular wish, because if we did, every reader would want to see their mug in the pages of MAD.

However, when we got your letter we were brimming with holiday spirit. So, at our annual holiday party, we asked a particularly "festive" John Caldwell if he would make an exception and sketch you. After a few more spiked egg nogs, Caldwell



churned out this gem in record time. Enjoy! —Ed. (Note to readers: future requests to be drawn into the magazine will not be honored by the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*. However, any other dumb wish will, of course, be considered!)

WRESTLING WITH A PROBLEM

I want to be made into a pro wrestler and so does my friend. I have loved wrestling for years and I wanted to fulfill my dreams of becoming a pro wrestler. I know some holds and moves. I am willing to do whatever it takes to be a pro wrestler. I would like for you to consider me for an episode and because I want to be a pro wrestler.



Jeremy Grant, Lancaster, OH

Grant Slam — We should explain that this letter was mistakenly delivered to us and was intended for the popular MTV show *Made*. On that show, viewers write in and MTV does their best to make their life-long dreams come true. Sadly, Jeremy, we do not have the connections to help you. However, we feel duty bound to do what we can. In that spirit, you should expect former All-County middleweight wrestling champ John "The Greased Weasel" Caldwell to show up at your house for a spirited bout of roughhousing. We should warn you, he bites! —Ed.

CROSSING THE SNICKET LINE

I'm sorry to say that the post you are reading is extremely unpleasant. It points out many very fallacious declarations made in your magazine. I strongly advise you to click away to some other, more pleasant web site immediately and forget about this post. This series is not intended to stretch on indefinitely, a word which here means "for as many books as Mr. Snicket can write until he dies." In fact, if you had done research, you may have learned that it is to be a series of 13 books of 13 chapters each. Thus, your parody was of proper length, though wrong in so many other incidences. Second, I do not sleep on a diamond-filled mattress. Not that I will say that I don't have one, but neither will I say that I do. Another item you attacked being the fact that Mr. Poe left the Baudelaire orphans with a person or group of people who were not related to the Baudelaire.

1. I am not, nor was I ever, Mr. Poe.
2. All people descended from one couple, we are all one family.

Why Mr. Poe did not leave the children with Justice Strauss is an issue that may come up in my research, as I dig deeper into the dreadful history of the Baudelaire children. Above all this, the fact I find most upsetting is that none of the information you gave seems accurate. Please do not spread false information regarding the affairs of the Baudelaire orphans, as it may confuse matters further. With all due respect,

Calmypal, via madmag.com

Calypso — Either you're Lemony Snicket himself or someone who merely thinks he is. While we are not sure which is the sadder fate, we certainly hope that you are Mr. Snicket.

Because, if you are spending your time writing to magazines, it means you're not working on another ass-tricious novell! —Ed.

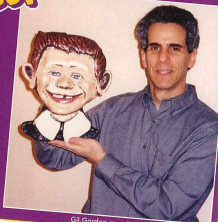


The Big Easel

Here is a photo of me with the carving of Alfred E. Neuman that was made by my father, Moe Gordon, somewhere around 1960, when I was 11.

Gil Gordon, Monmouth Junction, NJ

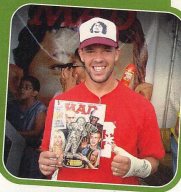
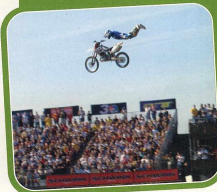
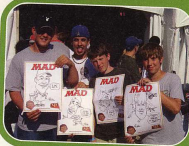
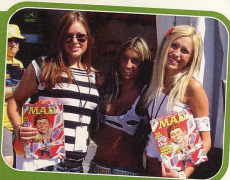
Gil Pickle — We can see by your photo the burning resentment towards your father for bequeathing you this unique and wholly unsellable piece of bootlegged MAD merchandise. Why do we get the feeling that this photo was originally taken for a failed eBay auction? Here's hoping that you have a close relative who can pawn it off on! Thanks for sharing your dad's talent with us! —Ed.



Gil Gordon goes bust!

MAD MAG AT THE GRAVITY GAMES

Despite repeated warnings from event security, MAD was out in full force at this year's Gravity Games held in Cleveland, Ohio from September 9th through the 14th and featured on NBC. At the MAD booth, attendees could pick up copies of MAD and have their caricatures drawn. Check out the photos to see how much fun everyone had!



A SIGHT FOR WAR EYES

Your product has helped my fellow soldiers and I out immensely since our deployment began in late April. Even though to some people it may not seem like much, but just having the same name-brand items you are accustomed to and that you can trust will work no matter where you travel is reassuring and makes your new home a familiar one. Again, thank you, and any advice you might have for the young men and women serving their country and who will be heading back to an ever-changing job market would be welcomed.

Reginald Stinson, U.S. Army

Reggie — First off, thanks to you and your compatriots for defending American freedom. Secondly, we have to admit that we felt better before we knew that these same brave men and women are apparently spending much of their time reading this rag and searching for new employment. We're guessing you and your unit were not personally involved with finding Saddam! —Ed.



MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

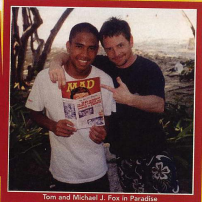
Some people take their vacations in the most beautiful places on Earth. Unlike us, who spent eight days and seven nights in occasionally-sunny Paramus, New Jersey. (The time-share brochure made it seem like paradise!) So while Tom Kaminsky of Manhasset, New York was soaking up the rays with star of the big and small screens, Michael J. Fox, we were being terrorized by the street-hardened young laughs loitering outside the Chick-fil-A at the Paramus Mall. Congrats, Tom, on your three-year subscription and your vastly superior travel agent! —Ed.



MAD #440 ON SALE MARCH 16!



MAD COLOR CLASSICS #9 ON SALE MARCH 16!



Tom and Michael J. Fox in Paradise

THE FACE THAT LAUNCHED A THOUSAND QUIPS

In MAD #432, in "MAD's Photo Personal Gallery: The Men," did ??? get his memory back? The reason I'm seeking this info is because in MAD #436 in "Pleasant Little Thoughts That Might Help You Sleep Better at Night," the man sleeping looks really close to ???.

Melinda Granke, Laramie, WY



Mellie Mel —Your powers of observation are truly astounding (and by astounding, we mean pathetic!) Unfortunately, ??? has not regained his memory. Bad news for him, good news for us. We plan to use his pretty little face in a variety of MAD features, including "A MAD look at ???," "Melvin and ???," and "Spy Vs. ???." So keep your eyes peeled for future appearances by ??? —not that we need to tell you that, you crazy stalker, you! —Ed.

MAD POORLY-PHOTOSHOPPED CELEBRITY SNAPS



Saddam and Doug Thomson in Paradise

NEXT MONTH IN MAD #440

LORD OF THE RINGS: THE RETURN OF THE KING, JOAN OF ARCADA, AND THE THRILLING CONCLUSION OF MONROE AND...SURVIVOR JR.!

NEXT MONTH IN COLOR CLASSICS #9

EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND, MAD TV VS. SNL AND A SPECIAL PULL-OUT POSTER!

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Contributing Artists And Writers

the usual gang of idiots

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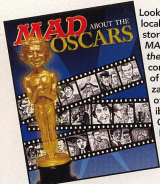
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Fax MAD at 212-506-4848!

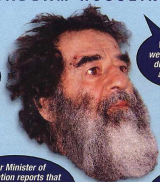
READER ALERT!



Look in your local bookstores for MAD About the Oscars, a compilation of MAD's zany satires of Oscar-caliber movies. ON SALE NOW!

THE FUNDALINING

9 QUESTIONS WE'D LIKE TO ASK SADDAM HUSSEIN



To your knowledge, did Michael Jackson ever try anything funny with Uday or Qusay?

Can you believe Steinbrenner let Pettitte sign with Houston?

It's been said that you put a million people to death — were you trying to beat Bush's record as Governor of Texas?

Your Minister of Information reports that you're currently living it up in Aruba — any comment?

While you were in hiding, did you TiVo anything?

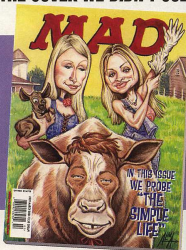
Do you have any advice for aspiring young dictators who want to annihilate, maim and torture their countrymen and threaten the international community with weapons of mass destruction?

For the elite Republican Guard's uniforms — boxers or briefs?

So, what's next for Saddam?

Weren't you just copying Al Gore when you decided to grow a beard after you lost?

THE COVER WE DIDN'T USE



BITTERMAN

I don't know why you waste your time playing these stupid video games. It's just another of Corporate America's insidious plots to turn you and your entire generation into uncreative, mindless drones, perfectly content to sit glassy-eyed, like freakin' zombies, in front of a computer monitor all week, crunching meaningless data and processing useless information for THE MAN!



Did you just rip off that guy's arm and beat him with it?

Yep.



I got winner.



PAGES

CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

OUR TEAM OF CRACK ODDSMAKERS
GIVES YOU THE LATEST VEGAS LINE
ON HOW ONE OF TODAY'S BIGGEST
STARS WILL MEET HER DEMISE!

This month:
**JESSICA
SIMPSON**



CAUSE OF DEATH

Brain aneurysm while staring for
hours at frozen orange juice can
marked "Concentrate".....5:1

First-ever "contract hit" put out by MENSA12:1

Starvation after locking herself inside car16:1

Slapfight with Mandy Moore over which
of them is #3 behind Britney and Christina20:1

Fatal "repetitive-pouting" injury.....25:1

ODDS

THE GODFREY REPORT

IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
Satchels	Valises	Steamer Trunks
Ointments	Salves	Balms
Incontinence	Holding It In	Going Behind the Garages

MELVIN & JENKINS' GUIDE TO WINTER FROLIC



Jenkins salts the sidewalk to make it safer for passersby to go about their daily business.



Melvin used up all his rock salt months ago while torturing garden snails.

VIDEOGAME CORNER

HOW THE TOP GAME CONSOLES COMPARE: A CONSUMER'S GUIDE

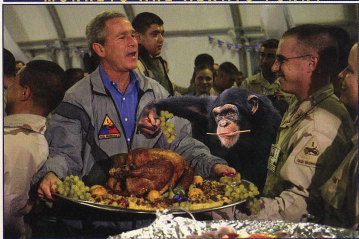


	XBOX	PLAYSTATION 2	GAMECUBE
Big green "X" on unit	YES	NO	NO
Plays Xbox game cartridges	YES	NO	NO
Provides Bill Gates with R&D money to create new, kickin' games	YES	NO	NO
Headquarters near Seattle, which was named for renowned Native American prophet	YES	NO	NO
Based in Japan, which didn't send soldiers to help topple Saddam Hussein's evil regime	NO	YES	YES

CLEARLY, XBOX IS THE SUPERIOR GAME SYSTEM!

(Special thanks to Microsoft for research assistance in preparing this feature)

MONKEYS ARE ALWAYS FUNNY



OSCAR BY THE NUMBERS

\$6,850: Combined worth of all Oscars presented in the non-televised day-time portion of the Award ceremony held a week or so prior to the actual Oscar telecast. Also, the total amount the Academy spends on this ceremony, plus maybe another \$45 for a party platter from Subway.

February 24th, 5:00 p.m.: Deadline for all Academy members to submit their ballots for voting. Also, the deadline for all aged Academy members in declining health to pass away if they want to be included in the ceremony's "In Memoriam" reel.

.03 cm: Thickness of the gold-plating on an Oscar statuette. Also, the length the ends of Russell Crowe's mouth extend in that infectious grin of his when he wins one.

972 bubbles per minute: Amount of fizz rising to the surface in an average glass of Dom Perignon served at Elton John's annual after-party. Also, the amount of frothing at Tom Cruise's mouth after it's clear another year has passed him by with no Oscar.

\$2.95: Cover price of *Us Weekly's* Oscar coverage issue featuring perennial "Oscar Night's Best- & Worst-Dressed" article. Also, the value of any formerly \$10,000+ gown that had the misfortune to wind up in the "Worst" column.

THE FAST 5

THE 5 DARKEST SECRETS
DISCOVERED IN RUSH
LIMBAUGH'S MEDICAL RECORDS

1984 - Requires rabies shot after fighting with a wild dog over a turkey leg.

1994 - Treated for a self-inflicted hickey.

1997 - Has laser surgery to remove "Thug Life" tattoo he got while partying with Tupac.

2001 - Ear problem corrected, still deaf to reason, however.

2004 - X-rays reveal he's literally full of crap.



GANGSTA RAPPER OR IRA EXTREMIST?

- 1) O'Shea Jackson
- 2) Sean O'Bradaigh
- 3) Calvin Broadus
- 4) Gerry Adams
- 5) Sean John Combs
- 6) Owen Kirwan
- 7) Lonnie Lynn
- 8) Thomas Donnelly
- 9) Shawn Carter
- 10) John McIntosh
- 11) Artis Ivey
- 12) Nicholas Tyrrell
- 13) Tracy Morrow
- 14) Felix Rourke
- 15) Dana Owens



The following are rappers
(The rest are extremists):
Dana Owens (Queen Latifah)
Tracy Morrow (Ice-T)
Artis Ivey (Ice Cube)
Shawn Carter (Jay-Z)
Nicholas Tyrrell (Lil' Kim)
John McIntosh (Biggie)
Felix Rourke (Gangsta)
Sean John Combs (Diddy)
O'Shea Jackson (Ice Cube)

KITTY RESCUE
Won't you please give one of our needy cats or kittens a loving home?
Kitty Rescue 355-6632

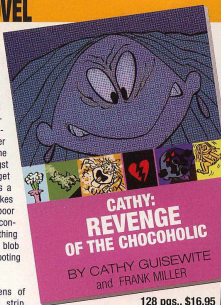
TM BLUEBELL
A 6 mos. Siamese with amazing blue eyes. I will bond with your children and then don't outlive first chance I get and never be seen again.

HL, MI, ALIFFIN
A lovely 1-year-old cat with a chronic ear infection that will have you chasing me around your house for an hour three times a day with a small but surprisingly experienced scotch of drops. I love seniors!

MY NAME IS MOONPIE
I'm a 2 1/2-year-old longhair. I'm perfect of everything. I've got a wonderful fur coat which you'll see as I look out of the cat carrier and I live under your bed where I'll remain when ever anyone is home for the next six years.

GRAPHIC NOVEL REVIEW

For over 25 years, cartoonist Cathy Guisewite has delighted the easily-delighted with her unique brand of Etch-A-Sketch squiggles. Cathy has examined the full spectrum of single life from A to B. Whether it's the angst of dieting, the angst of dating, or the angst of dieting in order to get dates, Cathy clearly strikes a chord with readers. And strikes it. And strikes it. That poor chord. Cathy's fans are convinced that there's just nothing funnier than a twitching blob with calliflower hands, shooting out 28 sweat beads.



**CATHY:
REVENGE
OF THE CHOCOHOLIC**

BY CATHY GUISEWITE
and FRANK MILLER

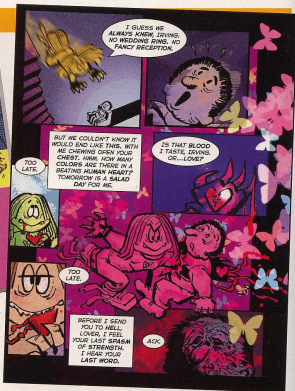
128 pgs., \$16.95
For Mature Readers

There have been dozens of collections of the comic strip, from 1978's *Don't Any of You Want My Phone Number?* to last year's *Check For Lumps Once a Month...In Your Couch!* However, for her first attempt at a self-contained graphic novel, Guisewite knew she would be facing a brand new audience. She brought her gritty script to popular creator Frank Miller (*The Dark Knight Returns*, *Daredevil*, *Sin City*, *Richie Rich With Stubble* and *a Gun*) and he immediately agreed to join the project.

The first subtle telltale sign to readers that this is not your mother's Cathy is her shirt logo. Look closely, and you'll see Miller has changed it from a little heart to a little heart with a crack in it. The second clue is the smoldering, post-apocalyptic setting filled strewn with body parts.

The year is 2026. A military junta rules America, but has only a loose grip on the blistering desert plains where Thunder Thighs Cathy rules the roadways. As you enter this frightening new world, you can almost literally smell the blood and grime of a minute-to-minute existence, although that could also be fumes from the book's cheap paper stock.

The saga follows Cathy, beyond the reach of the law and accompanied only by her faithful dog, Electra, as she wreaks revenge upon those who wronged her back in civilization. The sequence where she finally gets hold of the mall



lady who used to sell her all those expensive, uncomfortable shoes may be too intense for younger readers. And her terrifying final meeting with her old boss Mr. Pinkley is similarly brutal. But can Cathy overcome the anarcho-lesbian alliance between former best buds Charlene and Andrea, and commanded by her own mother? The gritty ending leaves open the possibility of a sequel, though it's unclear how Cathy can survive without arms.



NOTHING TO CROW ABOUT DEPT.

Winston Churchill said the British Navy is known for three things: rum, sodomy and the lash. Well, that's another article — much funnier than this one! Meanwhile, you'll have to settle for this spoof about a big-budget sea epic starring Russell Crowe, who is trying to find his acting sea legs, but, let's face it, he's no Johnny Depp! He can best be described as a...

MASOCH ON THE FA

Mr. Puffin, hoist the mizzenmast! Mr. Sham, rig the jib! Mr. Pullet, set a course south, south west!

Aye, aye, Captain! Is that the location of the enemy French vessel?

Not sure! But when the wind blows from that direction, it makes my ponytail look real cool!

Why is he known as "Lucky" Jock Tubtree?

In all his years at sea, he's never lost a battle!

Never?

Well, except perhaps with his weight!



The conditions here on the HMS Supersize are horrendous! Unbearable! 197 souls cramped together in tight quarters!

Two hundred years from now, United Airlines will call it "coach"!

In 1805, children crewed alongside grown men on British vessels!

But Lord Blankey, you're only 13 years old!

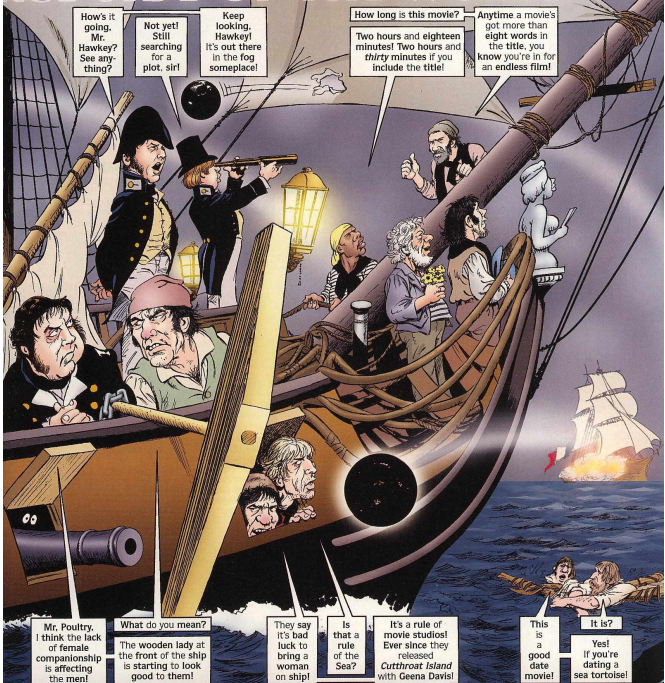
I know! It's hard to get the respect of your men while your voice is changing!

Have you noticed, there's not a single female character in this film!

I'm not so sure, there's been a lot of galley talk about Lord Flotsam!

HISTCOMMANDER

FORCE SIDE OF THE WORLD



How's it going, Mr. Hawkey? See anything?

Not yet! Still searching for a plot, sir!

Keep looking, Hawkey! It's out there in the fog someplace!

How long is this movie?

Two hours and eighteen minutes! Two hours and *thirty* minutes if you include the title!

Anytime a movie's got more than eight words in the title, you know you're in for an endless film!

Mr. Poultry, I think the lack of female companionship is affecting the men!

What do you mean?

The wooden lady at the front of the ship is starting to look good to them!

They say it's bad luck to bring a woman on ship!

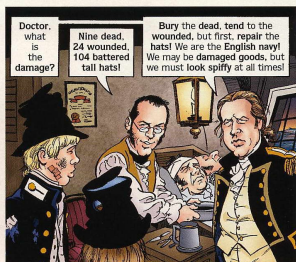
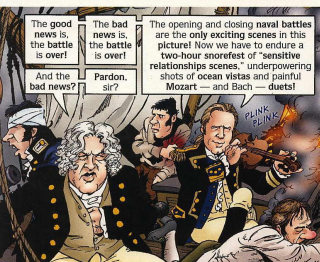
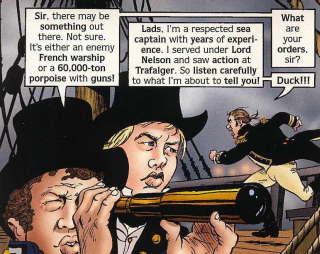
Is that a rule of the Sea?

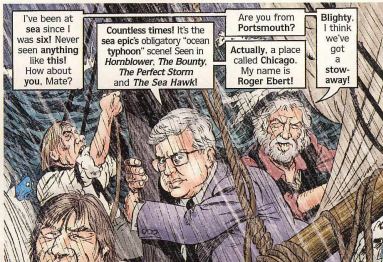
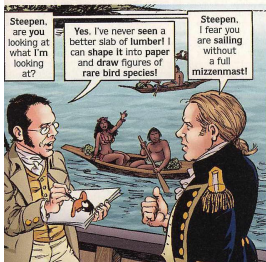
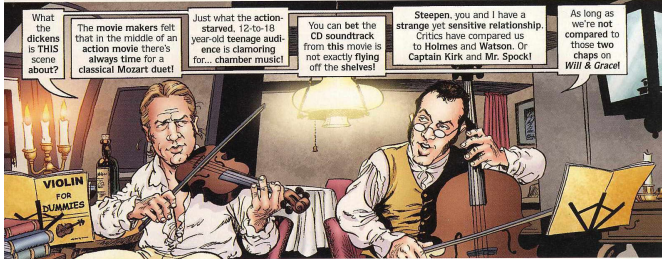
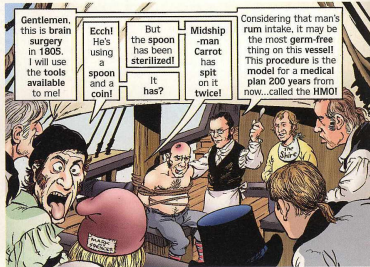
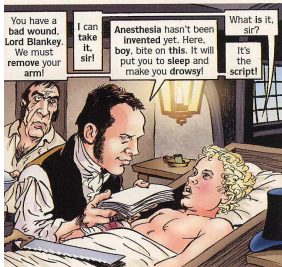
It's a rule of movie studios! Ever since they released *Cutthroat Island* with Geena Davis!

This is a good date movie!

It is?

Yes! If you're dating a sea tortoise!





While we have a lull in the typhoons, drought and scurvy, I thought we'd climb up to the top of the rigging and pose handsomely!

Are we moving the plot along?

Does it really matter? There is no plot! The important thing is we look good, and this could be the movie's poster!

Being the ship's doctor, I feel a tad guilty posing up here while the crew is below deck dying of dysentery!

Relax, Steepen. We deserve a break. Actually, when you think about it, this is all quite amazing!

That we survived the attack and the tempest?

That with all the hardships on this voyage, we both still have spotless, sparkling white blouses!

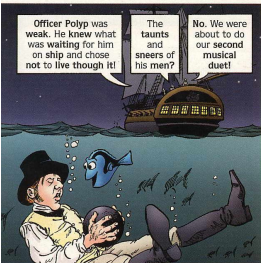
This could be the best use of blouses next to the *Seinfeld* "puffy shirt" episode!



Officer Polyp was weak. He knew what was waiting for him on ship and chose not to live though it!

The taunts and sneers of his men?

No. We were about to do our second musical duet!

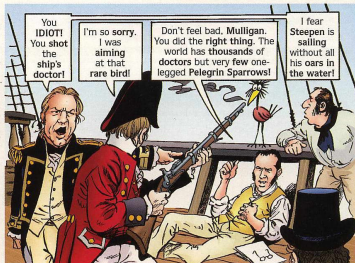


You IDIOT! You shot the ship's doctor!

I'm so sorry. I was aiming at that rare bird!

Don't feel bad, Mulligan. You did the right thing. The world has thousands of doctors but very few one-legged Pelegrin Sparrows!

I fear Steepen is sailing without all his oars in the water!



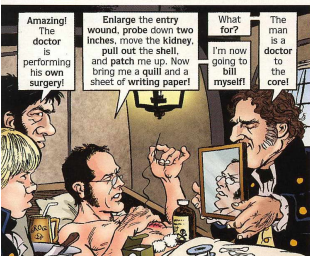
Amazing! The doctor is performing his own surgery!

Enlarge the entry wound, probe down two inches, move the kidney, pull out the shell, and patch me up. Now bring me a quill and a sheet of writing paper!

What for?

I'm now going to bill myself!

The man is a doctor to the core!

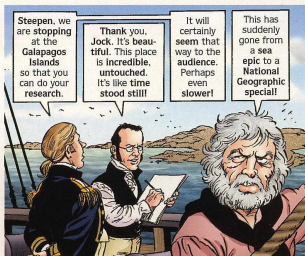


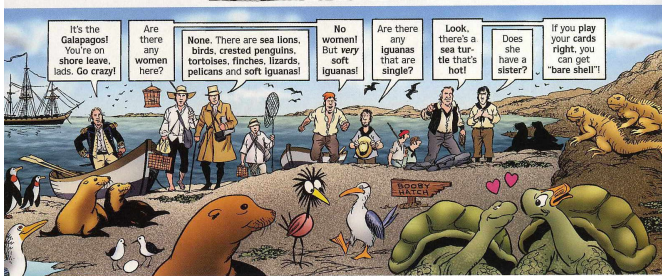
Steepen, we are stopping at the Galapagos Islands so that you can do your research.

Thank you, Jock. It's beautiful. This place is incredible, untouched. It's like time stood still!

It will certainly seem that way to the audience. Perhaps even slower!

This has suddenly gone from a sea epic to a National Geographic special!





It's the Galapagos! You're on shore leave, lads. Go crazy!

Are there any women here?

None. There are sea lions, birds, crested penguins, tortoises, finches, lizards, pelicans and soft iguanas!

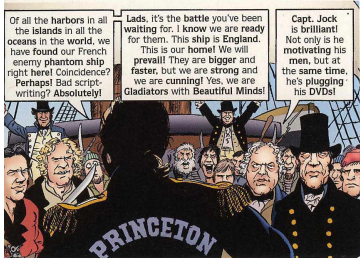
No women! But very soft iguanas!

Are there any iguanas that are single?

Look, there's a sea turtle that's hot!

Does she have a sister?

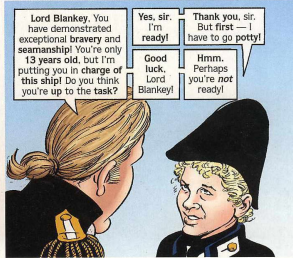
If you play your cards right, you can get "bare shell"!



Of all the harbors in all the islands in all the oceans in the world, we have found our French enemy phantom ship right here! Coincidence? Perhaps! Bad script-writing? Absolutely!

Lads, it's the battle you've been waiting for. I know we are ready for them. This ship is England. This is our home! We will prevail! They are bigger and faster, but we are strong and we are cunning! Yes, we are Gladiators with Beautiful Minds!

Capt. Jock is brilliant! Not only is he motivating his men, but at the same time, he's plugging his DVDs!



Lord Blankey. You have demonstrated exceptional bravery and seamanship! You're only 13 years old, but I'm putting you in charge of this ship! Do you think you're up to the task?

Yes, sir. I'm ready!

Thank you, sir. But first—I have to go potty!

Good luck, Lord Blankey!

Hmm. Perhaps you're not ready!



Finally! The big battle scene between the English and the French!

It's all a blur. Who are the English? Who are the French?

I'm English. I hope you're French!

Whoops! I think we've got problems, mate!



Sacre bleu! No more!

We've had enough. We can't take it!

Swords and cannons, okay. But not this!

If you know your history, you know that secret groups have long held sway over the masses of humanity: The Knights of King Solomon's Temple, The Freemasons, The Trilateral Commission, The Council on Foreign Relations, The Vatican, the second Mickey Mouse Club, Yale's Skull & Bones, parking attendants...the list goes on and on. What? "Parking attendants" you're wondering? Yes, parking attendants — those odd strangers we pay to park our cars. Recently, a source wishing to remain unnamed, slipped us the following shocking document. We promised Marty Kleinfelter never to show it to anyone and after reading it, you'll know why...

The Valet Parking Attendant's Secret Oath

I swear my loyalty to the Apollo Parking System Associates as my witnesses to this oath. I promise to fulfill, according to my negative attitude, poor driving skills, and unfortunate lot in life, this pledge and covenant:

I promise that my tie will always be a different shade of black than the oversized jacket I'm wearing.

Furthermore, I swear that the tie will be a poorly-affixed clip-on, leading drivers to the uneasy conclusion that they are about to leave their \$40,000 piece of machinery with someone who is unable to operate a real necktie.

I swear that I will motion for the driver to pull up "just a little more" as soon as he puts the vehicle in park and begins to get out.

On my honor, I will never, ever, refuse to park a car with a manual transmission, despite my inability to distinguish the difference between a clutch and a trunk release lever.

I will do my best to guarantee that the driver's claim ticket will be left on his dashboard in a place that is irretrievable to all but the tiny, nimble hands of a double-jointed toddler.

I promise that if I do not simply leave the driver's keys in the ignition of his unlocked, unguarded car, I shall do my best to lose them completely.

I resolve to adjust the car's rearview mirror in a manner that makes the driver incapable of readjusting it back to his liking in under 40 minutes or 25 miles. In addition, I resolve to adjust the seat in a manner that leaves the driver completely immobile and unable to even execute a simple K-turn to come back and complain.

Although I will only drive the car for a few hundred feet, I pledge to adjust all of the radio stations to my tastes and leave the radio's volume raised to a level that will distract the driver, as he drives away, from noticing the screeching of the emergency brake, which I've also left on.

I promise to leave my shirt unlaundered and my body unwashed — creating a noxious, lingering odor in the vehicle that will force the driver to travel with his windows rolled down, even in the dead of winter, just to keep his eyes from tearing.

I promise to continually run my hands through my hair and snack on Cheetos during my shift to ensure that the steering wheel is left covered in an oily, orange-colored sheen.

I duly promise that the length of time it takes me to get the driver's key from the mess on the pegboard, remember where I parked his car and then leisurely stroll to get the vehicle will be long enough to either push the driver past the baby sitter's curfew, into the garage's next hourly price range or both.

If the driver has lost his claim ticket, I pledge to tell him that there is nothing I can do, even if I know exactly which car is his. I also swear to call in no fewer than three coworkers to "consult with on policy" — if only to amuse ourselves and draw attention to his stupidity.

Regardless of my ineptitude or incontrovertible evidence of my guilt, I will swear that I wasn't even the one who parked the car and shall treat the garage's "We are not responsible for lost, stolen, or damaged items" sign as my own personal "Get Out of Jail Free" card.

Finally, I swear that no matter how generous a tip the driver places in my hand, I will grunt and act as though he's just handed me a full colostomy bag.

Duly signed this day _____ of _____, 2004 by _____

Notarized by _____

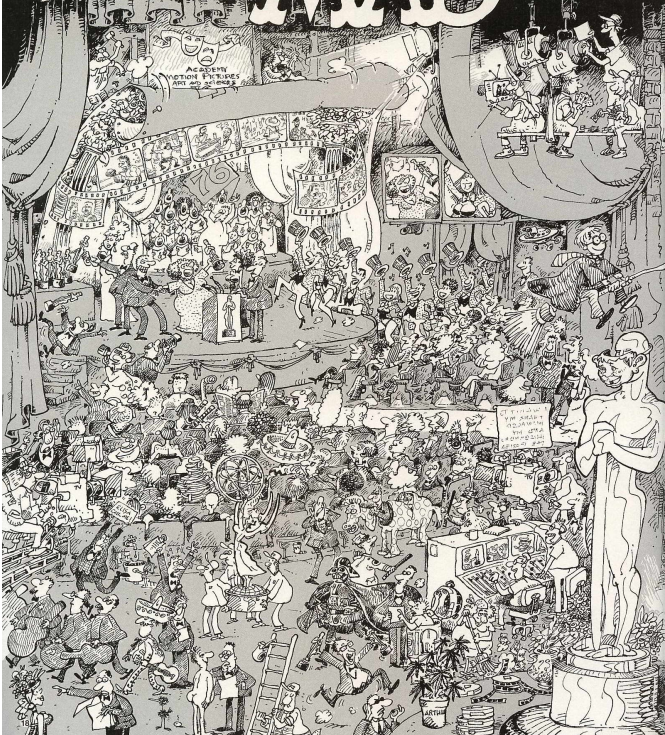


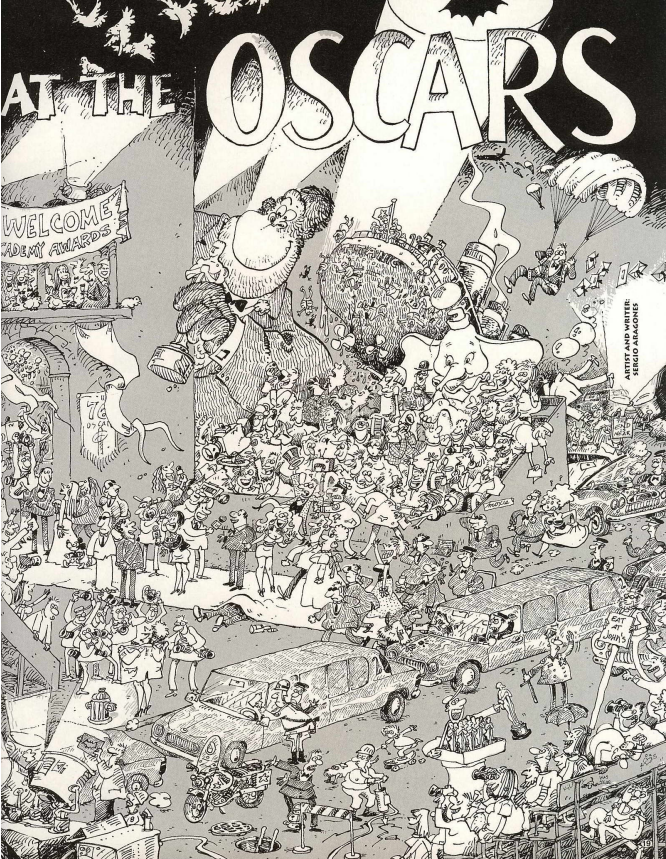
WRITER: BUTCH D'AMBROSIO

LizLomax

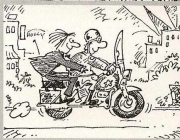
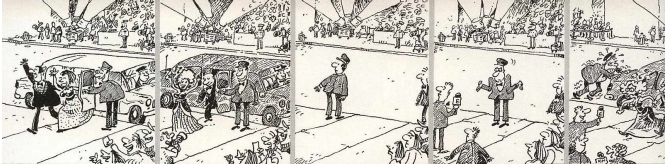
SERGIO ARAGONES
presents

A MAD LOOK

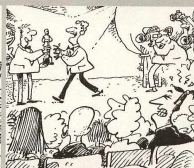


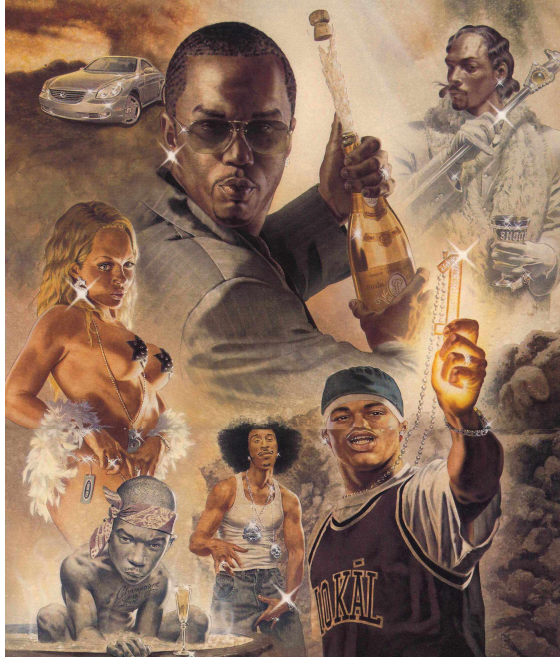


ARTIST AND WRITER:
SERGIO ALAIANO









THE LORDS OF THE BLING

THE JEWELRY NEVER ENDS

STARRING: P. DIDDY, NELLY, LIL' KIM, AA RULÉ, LUDACRIS AND SNOOP DOGG AS GANDY THE MIZZARD
 ALSO STARRING: JAY-Z, OUTKAST, MUST ELLIOTT, LIL' JON, THE EAST SIDE BOYZ, CHINGY, FABOLOUS, ROW WOWN, JERMAINE DUPRI,
 THE YING YANG TWINS, MASTER P, LIL' ROMEO AND BABY AS GIMLI AND BEARDMAN AND THE #1 DWANEA

TRANSPORTATION PROVIDED BY CADILLAC, BENTLEY AND MERCEDES BENZ. COSTUMES BY FUBU, SEAN JOHN, PHAT FARM & BOCAWEAR. SPECIAL THANKS TO MOTHERS DON MAMIC, JUAN AND JACOB THE JEWELER.
 SNEAKERBACK FEATURES THE HIT SONGS: IN DA SHIRE, GET UR ORC ON, HARD KNOCK LIFE (FRODO ANTHEM), MO KINNGRAITHS MO PROBLEMS, SARUMAN AINT NOTHING TA F MTT

PRODUCED BY BLIND MATERIALISM, IN ASSOCIATION WITH CONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION. BASED ON THE IDEA THAT FAME AND FORTUNE WILL LAST FOREVER.
 NO BLING WAS HARMED DURING THE MAKING OF THIS FILM - BECAUSE MOST OF IT WAS RENTED AND HAD TO BE RETURNED

ARTIST: MARK STUTZMAN
 WRITER: CREG LEITMAN AND ABIE KAPLAN

COMING SOON: BANKRUPTCY!

A MAD MAGAZINE MOVIE POSTER

The tribe has (stupidly) spoken. It's...

MONTRÉE

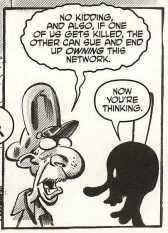
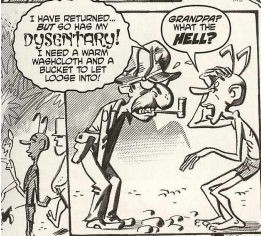
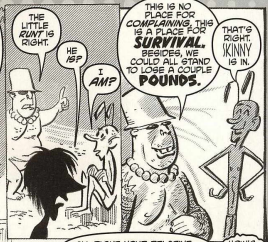
and...



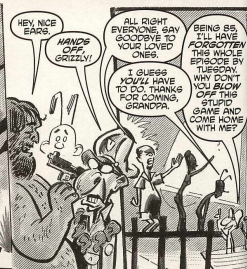
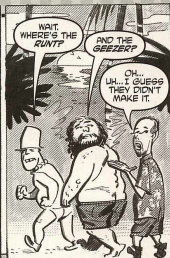
SURVIVOR JR.

PART 2

AND NOW, OUR STORY CONTINUES...



MEANWHILE...



ARE YOU SURE IT WASN'T **POISONOUS?** BECAUSE MY FACE IS STARTING TO GET NUMB.

QUIT YER **BAWLING.** IT WAS A **LITTLE** CATERPILLAR. THE MOST SHE DID WAS **LAY HER EGGS** IN YOU.

WHAT?/ I'M GONNA **THROW UP!**

OKAY, BUT SAVE IT IN A CUP. COME SUNDOWN, WE'LL BE **FIGHTING** OVER IT.

HOLD EVERYTHING, MONTY. **THAT'S IT!**

UNLESS IT'S AN **ANTIDOTE,** I'M NOT INTERESTED.

IT'S THE **GIANT PALM TREE MARKER!**

I FOUND THE **TREASURE!!**

I HAD THIS KEY "**KEISTERED**" THROUGH HALF THE WAR.

Ouch— UP YOUR **BUTT?** WERE YOU HIDING IT FROM THE ENEMY?

NO, IT WAS A **BAR BET.** AFTER A WHILE I JUST GOT USED TO IT.

YIKES! WHAT ARE THOSE? **EARS?**

YOU BETCHA. THAT'S WHAT I WON IN THE **BAR BET.** GOT IT OFF A MERCENARY. IT'S A NECKLACE. SCARES THE **BEJEEZUS** OUT OF THE ENEMY AND DRIVES THE LADIES **WILD!**

UGH! HOW IS THAT GONNA GET US OUT OF HERE?

CALM DOWN. I ALSO GOT SWEET PICTURES OF SOME **NATIVE GIRLS** IN THERE. THAT'LL PASS THE TIME!

WE'RE **DOOMED.**

YOU MIGHT BE RIGHT. I HAVE NO CHANCE OF WINNING. THE BIG STRONG GUYS WILL ALWAYS KICK MY ASS.

THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT, UNTIL I WAS **VOTED OFF.**

YOU?

YES. REMEMBER, THIS IS **SURVIVOR.** ANYONE CAN WIN THIS THING. JUST ASK **SANDRA!**

HEY, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT! MAYBE I CAN WIN THIS THING. MAYBE COME THE TIME NEXT EPISODE, I'LL BE SITTING ON TOP, THE ULTIMATE **SURVIVOR JR.!**

THAT'S RIGHT. ANYONE CAN WIN...EXCEPT YOU, **FREAK!**

HAAAAHAHA!

...NEXT MONTH, THE THRILLING CONCLUSION OF **MONROE AND SURVIVOR JR.!**

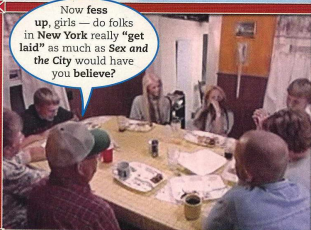
MAD's DOWN-ON-THE-FARM



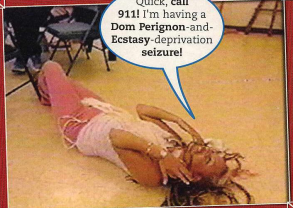
You actually thought doing this reality TV show would improve your image? That is **SO** funny!



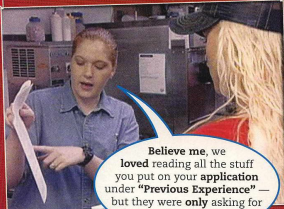
Of course I've heard of Demi Moore and Ashton Kutcher! But you're **NOT** getting into my pants, kid!



Now fess up, girls — do folks in New York really “get laid” as much as *Sex and the City* would have you believe?



Quick, call 911! I'm having a Dom Perignon-and-Ecstasy-deprivation seizure!



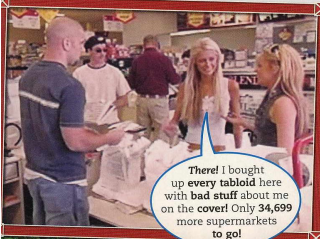
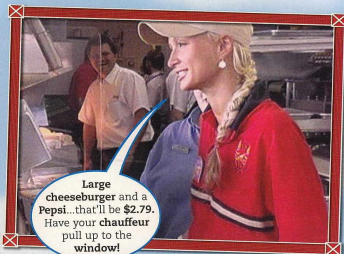
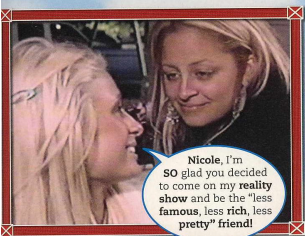
Believe me, we loved reading all the stuff you put on your application under “Previous Experience” — but they were **only** asking for your **JOB** experience!



“Is Wal-Mart where they sell wall stuff?” That's the **best** “phony Jessica Simpson line” the producers have secretly fed you **YET!**

the simple life

OUTTAKES!



iPoop

New 1.6 gallon
and 3.0 gallon toilets.
For all your
hot downloads.



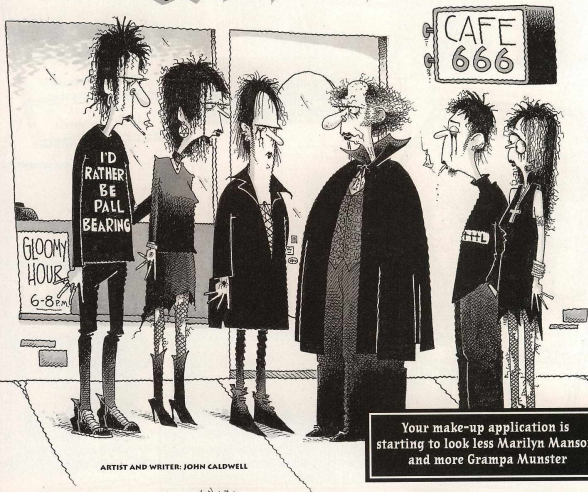
American Standard



Most corporations have a mandatory retirement age. You hit 65 years old and BAM! you're out the door. Unfortunately, there's no mandatory retirement age when it comes to lifestyle choices. As a result, there's more than a few 65-year-olds who fail to realize how ridiculous they look acting and dressing as they did when they were in their twenties. And nowhere is this problem more pathetic than in the dark, death-obsessed world of Goth. Is it time for you to throw away the black lipstick and hang up the silver crosses? Here's a handy reference tool to help you find out...

JOHN CALDWELL'S

ROCK SOLID INDICATIONS YOU ARE TOO OLD FOR THE GOTH LIFESTYLE



ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL

Your make-up application is starting to look less Marilyn Manson and more Grampa Munster

THINGS YOU'LL NEVER HEAR A GOTH SAY



HEY, GET USED TO IT, JOCKO — PLAID IS THE NEW BLACK!



TELL YOU WHAT, INSTEAD OF THE NEW ANNE RICE NOVEL, LET ME HAVE THE KELLY RIPA BIO!

JOHN CALDWELL'S

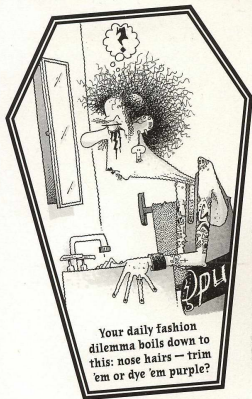
ROCK SOLID INDICATIONS YOU ARE TOO OLD FOR THE GOTH LIFESTYLE



You're the only guy
mall-walking in black,
ripped fishnet stockings



You've "graduated"
to the large-print
editions of
Anne Rice novels



Your daily fashion
dilemma boils down to
this: nose hairs — trim
'em or dye 'em purple?



The menacing human
skull on your dresser also
serves a practical purpose



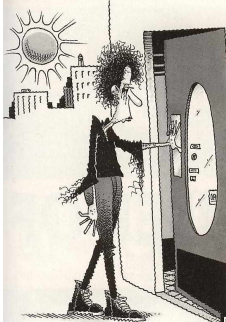
THINGS YOU'LL
NEVER
HEAR A GOTH SAY



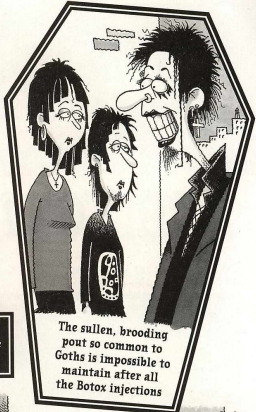
IT HURT
SELLING ALL MY PEWTER
CRUCIFIXES TO PAY FOR IT, BUT
BELIEVE ME, THIS PUTTER'S
SHAVED FIVE STROKES
OFF MY GAME!



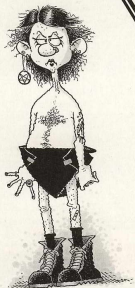
THAT'S OKAY —
IF YOU'RE OUT OF
ABSINTHE, GIMME
A ZIMA.



You've restricted your clubbing to places that feature "Early Bat" specials



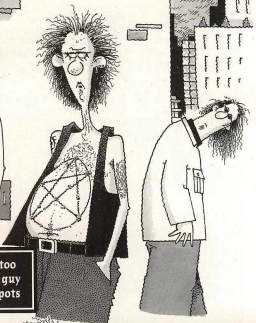
The sullen, brooding pout so common to Goths is impossible to maintain after all the Botox injections



You've had to resort to having your pharmacist special order black Depends



Your new pentagram tattoo was a direct result of the guy simply connecting liver spots



TELL ME YOU TAPED JOAN OF ARCADIA LAST NIGHT!



CAN I SEE THIS IN FUSCIA?



I WAS PROWLING AROUND THE CEMETERY 'TIL 3 A.M., BUT IT WAS WORTH IT! TRUST ME, YOU NEED SOME SERIOUS NIGHTCRAWLERS TO HOOK A BASS THIS BIG.

Hollywood has a caste system it uses to rank its talent. There are A-LIST stars, B-LIST celebrities, C-LIST performers and D-LIST has-beens. Here's how it breaks down...

THE A-LIST:



Tom Cruise and Julia Roberts

THE B-LIST:



William H. Macy and Helena Bonham Carter

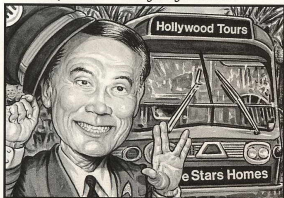
THE C-LIST:



Randy Quaid

ARE YOU A MEMBER OF

Do you know that your house isn't on the tour of the stars' homes... because you're the one giving the tour?



Are the only items of yours in Planet Hollywood your apron and timecard?



Did your stalker tell you that you need to "spend some time apart"?



Are you unable to afford the products you used to endorse?



Have you ever been bumped from *The Late Late Show With Craig Kilborn*?



THE
D-LIST:



and Daryl Hannah



That guy from *Full House* who wasn't Bob Saget or John Stamos and the woman from *Saturday Night Live* who played the security guard

If you're on the **A-LIST**, you've got it all; if you're on the **B-LIST**, you've got staying power; and if you're on the **C-LIST**, you've got enough money to pay the mortgage this month. All of those are fine places to be, but if you're on the **D-LIST**, you're no better off than somebody who's *never* been famous. Besides getting calls from the producers of *Celebrity Boxing*, *Celebrity Fear Factor* or I'm a *Celebrity*, *Get Me Out of Here!*, how do you know if you've sunk down to the level of the man on the street? Try using our handy tool...

HOLLYWOOD'S D-LIST?

Did you walk off the set of the "celebrity" edition of *Jeopardy!* when you found out that they make the players give their money to a charity?



Did your recent arrest for drug possession, public masturbation and spousal abuse go uncovered in the tabloids?



Every time you pass Corbin Bernsen on the street, do you overhear him making a catty comment?



Have agents told you the only way you'll ever work again is if they make new episodes of *Murder, She Wrote* or *The Love Boat*?

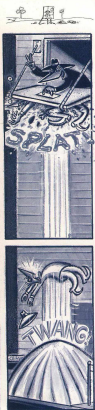


Are you Steve Guttenberg?





ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER



If Other Companies Copied The iPod Ad Campaign

iPop

New 1 oz.
and 5 oz. tubes.
A solution for
all your digital
releases.



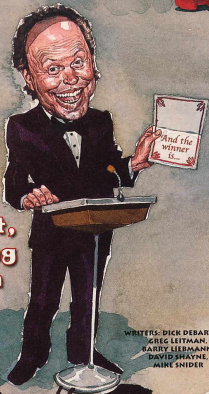


WE'D LIKE TO SPANK THE ACADEMY DEPT.

The Academy Awards is truly the granddaddy of all award shows. And like your granddaddy, it babbles on without making sense, moves forward in a slow, painful fashion and isn't getting better as the years go by. (Enough about your freakin' granddaddy! Let's keep the sick old cat out of this!) Still, you'll watch it, because you're caught up in the glamour (fake!), hoopla (stupid!) and drama (Who gives a rat's ass?). It's with Academy Award viewers like you in mind that we present...

MAD's OSCAR PREVIEW

The
Insider's
Guide to
the Longest,
Most Boring
Television
Show of
the Year!



ARTIST:
HERMANN MEJIA

WRITERS: DICK DEBARTOLO,
GREG LEITMAN,
BARRY LIEBMAN,
DAVID SHAYNE,
MIKE SNIDER

UMA THURMAN**KILL BILL**

Why She Should Win: If presenter Adrien Brody tries another surprise lip-lock, she can use all that martial arts training to defend herself.

Why She Shouldn't Win: How hard can it be to work yourself into a vengeful, murderous rage when you've had to spend 12 hours a day on a film set with Mr. Never-Shuts-Up, Quentin Tarantino?

JOHNNY DEPP**THE PIRATES OF THE CARIBBEAN**

Why He Should Win: Because, unlike Tom Cruise in *The Last Samurai*, he intentionally made himself look ridiculous as an action hero.

Why He Shouldn't Win: He looks just a little too comfortable in that eye-liner and swishy pirate get-up for it to be *oxoxly* attributed to acting.

JENNIFER CONNELLY**HOUSE OF SAND AND FOG**

Why She Should Win: She plays the role of a recovering alcoholic engaged in a battle of wills with Middle Easterners a lot more effectively than George W. Bush does.

Why She Shouldn't Win: The uppity bitch *stll* isn't returning our phone calls.

JENNIFER ANISTON**BRUCE ALMIGHTY**

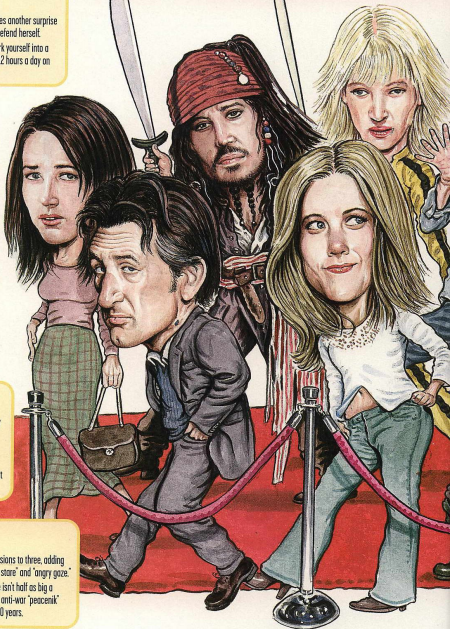
Why She Should Win: A victory for Aniston might truly guarantee that *Friends* doesn't return for yet another season of lame, revolving-door lower plots and botched Lisa Kudrow facelifts.

Why She Shouldn't Win: What — she wants Brad Pitt AND an Oscar? How dare she?!

SEAN PENN**MYSTIC RIVER**

Why He Should Win: Upped his facial expressions to three, adding "brooding look" to his repertoire of "smoldering stare" and "angry gaze."

Why He Shouldn't Win: His role in this movie isn't half as big a stretch as his attempt to pass himself off as an anti-war "peacenik" after punching out photographers for the last 20 years.



the buzz ★★ the buzz ★★ the buzz ★★ the buzz ★★

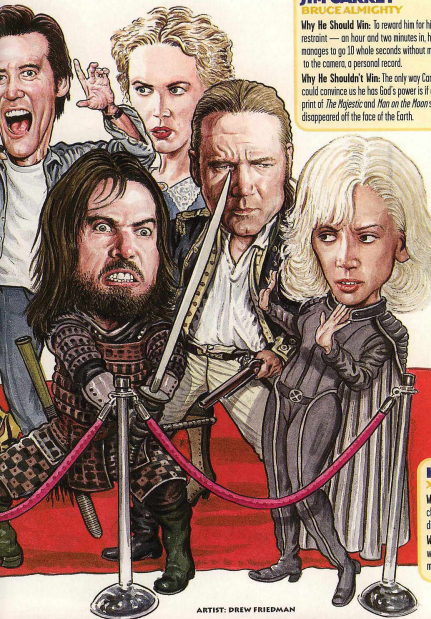
BruceALMIGHTY

Since the Academy rarely awards the Oscar to films that are creative and entertaining, this one has a real shot.

**THE MATRIX
REVOLUTIONS**

George Lucas hand-delivered a thank-you note to the Wachowski Brothers for making two franchise-killing sequels so lame that sci-fi geeks have forgotten all about *Star Wars: Episodes 1 and 2*.

Best Actor, Best Actress



ARTIST: DREW FRIEDMAN

JIM CARREY BRUCE ALMIGHTY

Why He Should Win: To reward him for his restraint — an hour and two minutes in, he manages to go 10 whole seconds without mugging to the camera, a personal record.

Why He Shouldn't Win: The only way Carrey could convince us he has God's power is if every print of *The Majestic* and *Man on the Moon* suddenly disappeared off the face of the Earth.

NICOLE KIDMAN COLD MOUNTAIN

Why She Should Win: Given how many movies she makes these days, if she doesn't win this time around, she'll have a mere 37 chances to take it next year.

Why She Shouldn't Win: She knows the rules by now: no funny nose, no Oscar.

RUSSELL CROWE MASTER AND COMMANDER

Why He Should Win: For being able to play an intelligent, conscientious, compassionate leader without having any real role model to pattern himself after.

Why He Shouldn't Win: Looks like the only thing puffy-faced Crowe was "Master and Commander" of was the film's catering truck.

TOM CRUISE THE LAST SAMURAI

Why He Should Win: It would be hysterical to see him holding up a statue that's 6 inches taller than him.

Why He Shouldn't Win: Studied for months to learn swordplay and the nuances of the samurai lifestyle — when that time really would have been better spent learning to act.

HALLE BERRY X-MEN 2

Why She Should Win: She's an African-American in tight-fitting clothing who can control the weather — but makes it far less disturbing than Al Roker does.

Why She Shouldn't Win: She did a much better job in *Gothika*, where she had to pretend Robert Downey Jr.'s access to a hospital's medicine cabinet wasn't the most terrifying aspect of the movie.

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KILL BILL

Academy members are grateful to Tarantino for cutting this movie in half, thus relieving audiences of having to walk out in the middle.

THE LORD OF THE RINGS

This movie had it all: epic journeys, bloody battles, hideous freaks focused on their one desperate mission — and that was just on line for the premiere.

BAD BOYS II

It might be in trouble, due to some minor technical glitches — such as the sound being on and the lens cap being off.

KEANU REEVES
THE MATRIX RELOADED

Why He Should Win: After listening to Laurence Fishburne's gasbag philosophical rantings, his Novocained, denser-than-wood facial expression looks appropriate for once.

Why He Shouldn't Win: Although the Academy has given Oscars posthumously, they've never awarded one to an actor who only looks like he passed away while the cameras were rolling.

HILARY DUFF
THE LIZZIE McGUIRE MOVIE

Why She Should Win: She'd be an inspiration to little girls everywhere, proving that if you're really pretty, really popular and really overdeveloped, you can go far in life.

Why She Shouldn't Win: Having digital characters present the Best Animation awards is tedious enough — do we really want to suffer through a cartoon Lizzie McGuire revealing Duff's inner thoughts during her acceptance speech?

CATHERINE ZETA-JONES
INTOLERABLE CRUELTY

Why She Should Win: Clearly she should be rewarded — having dutifully researched her role as a spoiled, wealthy bitch who frequently marries and divorces by spending countless excruciating hours hanging out with J-La.

Why She Shouldn't Win: Because if she's going to win for an amazing performance, it should be for pretending to be attracted to that rapidly-deteriorating prune-man, Michael Douglas.



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HULK

Mick Nolte is contemplating suing the studio, after complaining that *The Hulk* continues to appear before him on a daily basis.

MYSTIC RIVER

Many Academy members are voting for this film as a token of gratitude to director Clint Eastwood for casting expressive actors in it instead of himself.

THE LAST SAMURAI

Execs named it *The Last Samurai* after seeing the preview — realizing that they'd never, ever greenlight a sequel to this turkey.

Best Actor, Best Actress



ARTIST: RICK TULKA
COLORIST: JACK SYRACUSE

ADAM SANDLER ANGER MANAGEMENT

Why He Should Win: Usually, the Academy rewards actors for portraying the mentally-challenged, for once, it'd be nice to see them just go ahead and give the Oscar to an actual, certified retard.

Why He Shouldn't Win: With Schwarzenegger becoming governor and the Marlins beating the Yankees, we've already achieved two signs of the Apocalypse, and this would make it a little too close for our taste.

WILL FERRELL ELF

Why He Should Win: If we encourage him to keep doing PG-rated movies, we'll never have to suffer through another *Old School*-style scene featuring his disgusting, hairy butt-crack.

Why He Shouldn't Win: In a year that gave us *Dickie Roberts: Former Child Star*, *Haunted Mansion*, *Anger Management* and *Head of State*, he still managed to give only the seventh best performance by a former *SNL*er.

JULIA ROBERTS KIRSTEN DUNST JULIA STILES MAGGIE GYLLENHAAL MONA LISA SMILE

Why They Should Win: If they win, there's bound to be some kind of Britney and Madonna-style tongue-lovin' at the podium.

Why They Shouldn't Win: At least the female stars of *Charlie's Angels 2* had the courtesy to do their bad acting in bikinis.

the buzz ★★ the buzz ★★ the buzz ★★ the buzz ★★

BRINGING DOWN THE HOUSE

Has a chance to win because Academy members like films that unite whites and blacks — even though in this case, they were united in their loathing of the pathetic racial stereotypes it portrayed.

PIRATES of the CARIBBEAN THE CURSE OF THE BLACK PEARL

Unfortunately, this box-office winner clears the way for other theme park-based movies, including *Six Flags' Lag Flame* and *Borney Park & Wildwater Kingdom's Jumpin' Jack Splash*.

BEN AFFLECK GIGLI

Why He Should Win: Because we're sure J-Lu would like to see him walk down some aisle.

Why He Shouldn't Win: His best performance of the year was pretending that *Project Greenlight* movie was going to turn out to be a success.

JESSICA BIEL THE TEXAS CHAINSAW MASSACRE

Why She Should Win: Like the British film and theatre establishment, we should reward actors and actresses who "keep the classics alive."

Why She Shouldn't Win: She got out-acted by the chainsaw.

DREW BARRYMORE CHARLIE'S ANGELS 2

Why She Should Win: If a formerly spoiled, drug-addled, ported-out brat can win the presidency, then one can certainly win an Oscar.

Why She Shouldn't Win: Because David Arquette, Bridget Fonda and Billy Baldwin would kick her out of their "Least Talented Member of a Famous Show Biz Family" club.

MIKE MYERS THE CAT IN THE HAT

Why He Should Win: For managing to achieve the impossible — making Garfield only the *second* most obnoxious, least-funny cat in the universe.

Why He Shouldn't Win: Let's see...ghost white makeup...weird, misshapen face with upturned nose...wouldn't want him taking care of your kids...was he supposed to be playing the Cat in the Hat or Michael Jackson?



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24
GRAMS

This saga of three linked destinies has an innovative narrative and a searing meditation on morality, which means most Academy members will pay lip service to its virtue by voting for it, even though they sure as hell won't see it.

FINDING NEMO

Films with animated characters acting jerky rarely pick up Oscars, which doesn't bode well for *Finding Nemo* — or *School of Rock* for that matter.

Gigli

Even though a failure, it lost less than the starring couple did by forfeiting their deposit to the caterer when calling off their wedding.

Best Actor, Best Actress

ARNOLD SCHWARZENEGGER TERMINATOR 3

Why He Should Win: Maybe if he finally gets some Academy recognition for his film career, he'll get the hell out of politics, where he could really do some damage.

Why He Shouldn't Win: Because, when he doesn't win, it'll be fun to see the Republicans scramble to organize a hasty recall of whoever did.

THE HORSE SEABISCUIT

Why He Should Win: Recent winners Michael Moore, Russell Crowe and Roberto Benigni prove that the Academy already loves to give awards to horse's asses.

Why He Shouldn't Win: Voters won't risk ruining the dignity of the event with a champ who might poop on stage — although it's never stopped them from rewarding Nicholson.

GREG KINNEAR STUCK ON YOU

Why He Should Win: For having the sheer guts to spend an entire movie attached to comedy black hole Matt Damon.

Why He Shouldn't Win: True, playing a Siamese twin meant giving only half a performance — but he still somehow managed to come up short.

JACK BLACK SCHOOL OF ROCK

Why He Should Win: All praise is due to any freakish-looking, misfit musician who hangs around kids all the time and doesn't molest them.

Why He Shouldn't Win: He played essentially the same fat loser in *High Fidelity*, *Shallow Hal*, *Orange County* and *Saving Silverman* and didn't win for those — why should this year be any different?

JENNIFER LOPEZ GIGU

Why She Should Win: Her on-screen chemistry with Ben Affleck actually managed to be more convincing than their off-screen chemistry.

Why She Shouldn't Win: It might change her from the sweet, unassuming "Jenny from the block" that we all know and love.

ARTIST: SAM SISCO

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THE CAT IN THE HAT

Between the main character's incoherent babbling and the oversized house filled with wacky furniture, ugly art and cheap-looking bric-a-brac, many Academy voters weren't sure if this was a film or the Mariah Carey episode of *Cribs*.

mona lisa smile

The first Oscar contender to feature \$8.7 million worth of orthodontia, caps and teeth whiteners on the same screen.

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