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January
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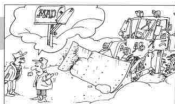
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"TWIT-STERS"

Your spoof on the movie *Twister* (MAD #349) was very entertaining, but I'd like to point out an error. A barometer is for measuring air pressure, not for predicting a tornado's path or measuring wind speed!

Joshua Wayne
O'Fallon, MO

Say, Josh — What do you use to measure large, stagnant masses of hot air? We could really use one of them gmoes right about now — and if it's digital, all the better! You follow, weather boy? —Ed.

XENA-PHOBIA

Whoever wrote the cartoon on Xena and Hercules (MAD #349) is obviously as dumb as most of your articles. Even if the slay does not exactly rock of literature, the adventure and mythology is why most normal people watch it. It was totally out of proportion (like your drawings of Lucy Lawless) to depict it the way you did. If you people ever picked up a newspaper or switched on the television, you might just see how popular these exciting shows are, a popularity that you could never even begin to grasp at!

Abigail Kertus
Zeus Thunderer Fan Club
New York, NY

President, Zeus Thunderer Fan Club

Thank you for your winning letter! We had no idea the Zeus Thunderer Fan Club existed and are very interested in joining! Please send us the following information as soon as possible: Will we get an official membership card? What are the duties and responsibilities of members? Most importantly, what are the official Zeus Thunderer Fan Club meetings like? Do you sit around dropping Greek mythological names in context and then giggle? Do you have mock debates, such as "Resolved: Unicorns are real"? Do you feast on oxen and drink mead from chalices and gourd? Or are your meetings you and your friends just sitting around eating chips and complaining why you can't get a date? We look forward to receiving the information, and say hi to Pericles for us! —Ed.

LETTERS &

MORON MAIL

Why don't you give those of us in MAD-collecting fandom who aren't as well endowed as others a moment in the spotlight??? After I started my collection in the mid-70s, it hit a dry spell: the late '70s...the '80s...into the '90s! My collection may not be huge, but I've kept it up for 26 years!

Kyle Hildreth
Southwick, MA



Kyle — Your collection is indeed very small — how appropriate! —Ed.

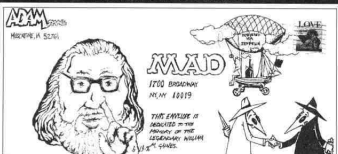
LOOK FOR THE UNION LABEL

On the back cover of MAD #349 you show Bob Dole and Bill Clinton driving race cars advertising their corporate sponsors. However, you forgot Clinton's largest corporate sponsor, the AFL-CIO. All unions always support the Democratic candidate no matter how badly he's screwed them over. They deny it, but the AFL-CIO is a major corporation.

Ron Barnes
Affton, MO

Ron — The AFL-CIO is not a corporation. Rather, it is a loosely knit conglomerate of hard working, family valued, patriotic, God-fearing Americans dedicated to producing the finest products in the world today. (We had to say this for fear of having our legs broken!) If you have any questions or comments concerning this, you may contact our Union Rep directly — at the docks. He'll be the one with the baseball bat and the hideous grin! —Ed.

ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH



This issue we've selected Muscatine, IA resident Adam Small's tasteful drawing as our Envelope of the Month! We think that if MAD founder William Gaines were still with us, he would have picked it too! Fa! fa!

INSIGNIFICANT DATA

MAD #354 ON SALE JAN. 28!!

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TOMATOES DEPARTMENT

MAD MUMBLINGS@aol.com

Ducks have flat feet to stamp out fires. Elephants have flat feet to stamp out burning ducks. — Junker1069...I really don't think my toes are supposed to be shaped that way — DParker934...Helpme,iforgotwhatbuttonyouusetomakespaces!!! — Kayle1111...For your information, Elvis helps me to brush my teeth every Wednesday and Thursday nite at 10pm. — Pepper64...Hi! I am a lonely kid that has nothing else to do than write letters on my computer. Don't I suck? — ADAMEG...Where's the bacon? I can't find the bacon! — JesseR123



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Annie Gaines, Managing Editor
September 20, 1996

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TO HAVE ENOUGH ROOM TO TELL YOU WHAT'S IN IT!

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I'm Gene Sizzle and this is my plump partner, Roger E. Bear! We're helping MAD Magazine do something they've never done before — review a movie while it's still playing in the theaters instead of doing it so late that no one remembers the film they're spoofing!



Right! This film asks some **unsettling** questions without giving any **enlightening** answers — such as, why do the Martians attack Earth in the first place? So join me and my balding cohort as we screen MAD's version of...



Why is it that scientists never detected life on Mars before?

It seems that Martians live underground!

Uh-oh! Creatures who do that a lot tend to be mean, angry and vicious!

I know! We already have that kind of creature right here on Earth! They're called New York City Subway Riders!



Nicholson also plays a Las Vegas promoter...



My new hotel will be a complete replica of Los Angeles! Every half hour we'll have either an earthquake, mud slide, forest fire, celebrity multiple homicide or a riot! And all our employees will have written unsold screenplays and our managers will be part-time agents and full-time phonies!

Oh, wow! You're bringing reality to an entirely new level!



As a recovering alcoholic, I wish you wouldn't drink in front of me!

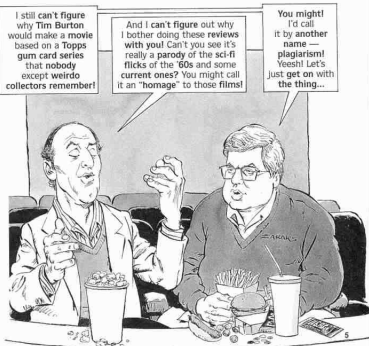
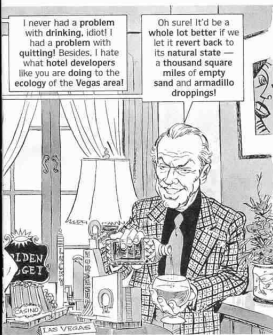
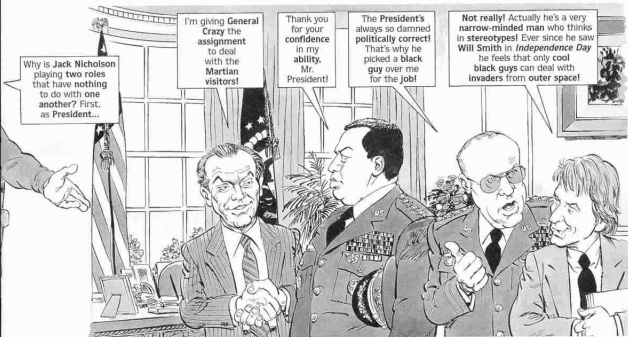
Hey, YOU'VE got the drinking problem, not me!

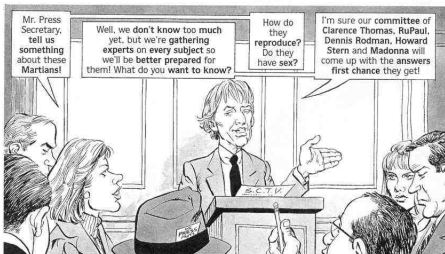
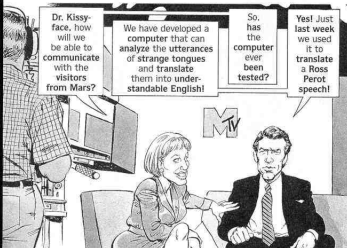
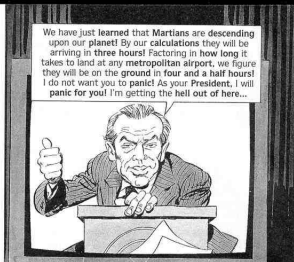


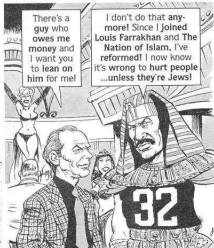
MARRIED ATTACK!

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: STAN HART

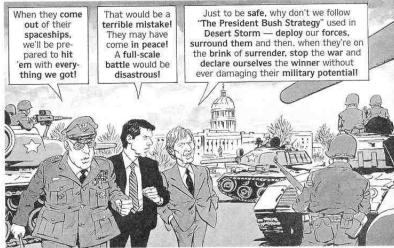






There's a guy who owes me money and I want you to lean on him for me!

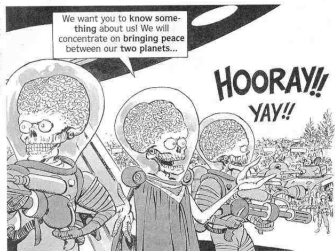
I don't do that anymore! Since I joined Louis Farrakhan and The Nation of Islam, I've reformed! I now know it's wrong to hurt people...unless they're Jews!



When they come out of their spaceships, we'll be prepared to hit 'em with everything we got!

That would be a terrible mistake! They may have come in peace! A full-scale battle would be disastrous!

Just to be safe, why don't we follow 'The President Bush Strategy' used in Desert Storm — deploy our forces, surround them and then, when they're on the brink of surrender, stop the war and declare ourselves the winner without ever damaging their military potential!



We want you to know something about us! We will concentrate on bringing peace between our two planets...

**HOORAY!!
YAY!!**



...Another thing you should know is that we have a very short attention span!

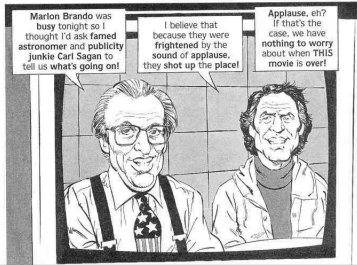


Why are they taking her into their spaceship?

Maybe they saw her making broadcast history on TV!

Do you think they'll do anything to her?

I know I would!



Marlon Brando was busy tonight so I thought I'd ask famed astronomer and publicity junkie Carl Sagan to tell us what's going on!

I believe that because they were frightened by the sound of applause, they shot up the place!

Applause, eh? If that's the case, we have nothing to worry about when THIS movie is over!

You may think I am here to destroy your legislative branch! I will not do that! Instead, I will let you destroy it yourselves! We have sealed the windows and doors — all the gas and hot air that you congressmen and senators have expelled with your speeches in this hall for the past four years only awaits a lighted match to blow it to smithereens! Happy vapor trails!



I have a few announcements to make of vital interest to all of our citizens! Earlier today, the Martians blew up Congress, killing many of your legislators! Now for the bad news...



This is terrible! Imagine all the bad jokes I'm going to hear like, "Pull yourself together, pal," or "That's you all over," or "You're falling apart"!

Look at me! Will you still want to have anything to do with me like this?

Of course! In fact I'll even walk you twice a day!



Ooh! That's so sexy!



You bit it off as we were about to make love! Come to think of it, I guess it could have been a lot worse! But this is the last time I ever take Dick Morris' advice on bringing prostitutes to the White House!



An analysis of what she was chewing proved that she was a Martian!

Because it was concentrated Nitrogen that allowed her to breathe in our atmosphere?

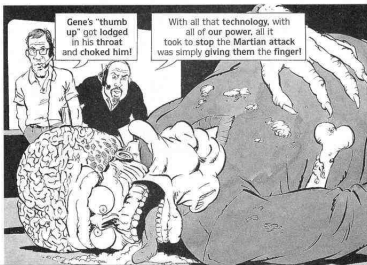
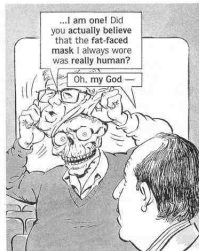
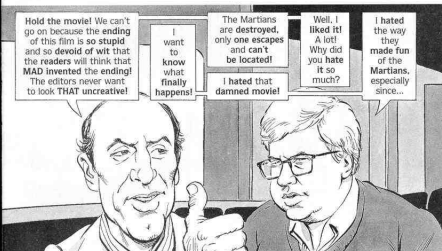
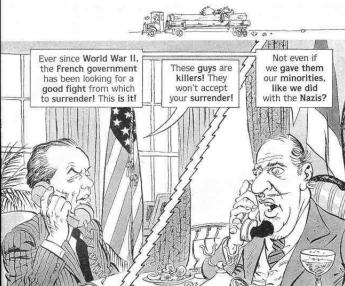
No, because it was Bazooka Bubble Gum! Only a creature with superhuman jaws could chew through a wad like that!



I now believe that the Martians come from a very old civilization! They remember Tom Jones!

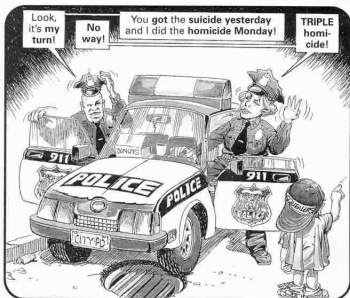
It's not unusual to be loved by anyone...





One of the most exciting jobs in law enforcement is paying a visit to a victim's unsuspecting relatives. This fall, ride along with the street-hardened cops who earn their pay one death at a time...

THE BAD NEWS SQUAD



FROM BADGE TO WORSE DEPT.

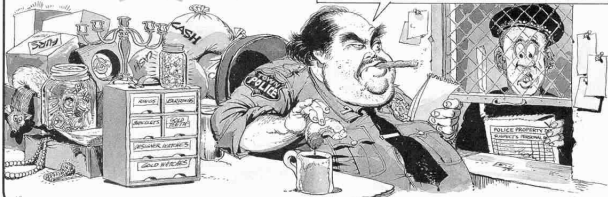
COPS, *Real Stories of The Highway Patrol*, *Rescue 911*...it seems America can't get enough of gritty, real-life police drama! But with all the good (and not so good!) premises already taken, TV producers will have to dredge the bottom of the proverbial police barrel to come up with new shows. Here are just a few...

REALISTIC POLICE SH

In the halls of America's police stations one officer is responsible for ALL of a suspect's personal possessions. His two rules: 1) Make sure they've got nothing to hang themselves with, and 2) Find out if they have anything really valuable! This fall, before you check into a cell, don't forget to check out...

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

REAL STORIES OF THE PROPERTY DESK



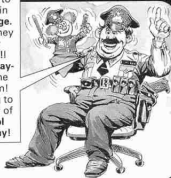


WE'LL SOON BE SEEING OWS

It takes a certain breed of police officer to enter the dark halls of teenage crime. These brave men and women face the hordes of ruthless punks and set them straight! This season, enter the world of...

HIGH SCHOOL ★ ★ ★ LECTURE COPS

I know how to talk to kids in their language. That's why they dig on my groovy jive! I really enjoy laying down the 911 for them! I'm speaking to an assembly of high school seniors today!



Sometimes they look at the gloves and they think, "Naw, this guy don't got it!" That's when the whistle comes out! Oh, they stop! You better believe they stop! Oh yeah, they stop all right!

When a traffic light or a stop sign isn't enough to get the job done, it's time to call the fearless members of this elite squadron! Get ready for an intersection of thrills with...

U.S.C.G.
(United States Crossing Guards)

One time I had this guy didn't want to stop! I hollered at him, "You better stop, you." He's still not stoppin'! Sooo, you know, out comes the whistle! He stopped. Damn straight he stopped! Stopped quick, he stopped!



On a dark stretch of road a lone officer stands between the dead-beat motorist and the open turnpike!

Make sure you have exact change this fall when you pull up to...

TOLL BOOTH Lady

What's this? A Susan B. Anthony Dollar? Whaddaya gonna pull on me next, a two dollar bill? A roll of PENNIES?! Okay, wise guy, out of the car and SPREAD 'EM!

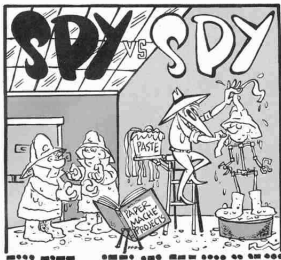


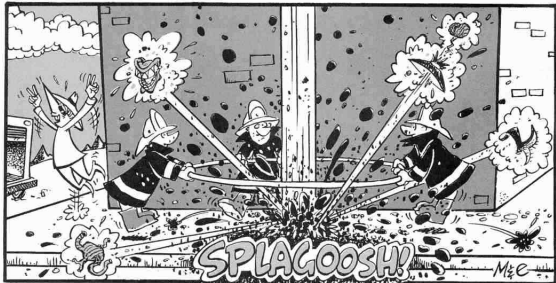
This season, get under the hood with America's finest law enforcement mechanics! Meet the men and women who courageously keep the black and whites rolling! Pull over and take a pit stop with the folks in the...

MOTOR POOL

Oh sure, we all fill up our own cars here! It's on Johnny Taxpayer, right? Hey, let me know when you got that camera rolling, buddy!







Many issues ago, MAD published the obituaries of well-known comic strip characters. Several of them — such as Smilin' Jack, Joe Palooka and Henry — died soon after, a tribute to our ability to predict the future! Today, a new generation has taken over. Like all of us, they too will eventually depart this world! Therefore, let us look ahead to the day we scan the obituary pages and sadly behold this new batch of...

Amazing Spider-Man, 71, Dies In Nursing Home



Mr. Spider-Man

The Amazing Spider-Man, 71, hanged himself in the Super Heroes Nursing Home today, according to a report on the Worldwide Web.

"We found him dangling from his own filaments," a spokesman said. "It was the prettiest noose you'd ever want to see."

Once a leading crime fighter, Spider-Man had been suffering from severe depression following the decline in popularity of his daily comic strip. Though he tried to scale new heights, he never enjoyed the success of his more famous rivals, Superman and Batman, whose income from feature films and merchandising far exceeded his own.

"Every time he saw a Superman T-shirt or a Batman lunch box he'd sink a little deeper," the spokesman said. "He hit bottom with news that Arnold Schwarzenegger had been signed for *Batman IV*."

It was planned that Spider-Man would be laid to rest in the Super Heroes Mausoleum, but due to his lack of merchandising success he will be interred in the small-timers annex.

Obituaries For Comic Strip Characters

Beetle Bailey, 66, Dies; Was Army's Oldest Private



Pvt. Beetle Bailey

Beetle Bailey, the only Army enlisted man to serve 47 years as a private, was pronounced dead today at 1400 hours. However, exact time of death has yet to be determined.

"I found him in his bunk unconscious, which for him was normal," said Sgt. Orville Snorkel at Camp Swampy. "I tried punching him awake, but he wouldn't come around. I figured he was faking a coma to get out of latrine duty. I got a little concerned when rigor mortis set in, but I figured he

was faking that too. He could have been dead for a week, for all I know."

Bailey, who joined the Army in 1950, had a long history of service-related ailments. During the Korean War he complained of acute combat fatigue, and during the Vietnam conflict, was often hospitalized for post-traumatic stress. Following treatment for shell shock during the invasion of Grenada, he spent six months on sick leave in 1990, the result of Desert Storm syndrome.

These claims of illness remain open to question. According to Pentagon records, Bailey spent his entire Army career at Camp Swampy.

Bailey qualified for promotion to PFC on 21 occasions. Each time he refused, concerned about the strain and pressures of added responsibility.

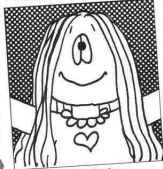
Befitting his rank, funeral services will be private. To honor Bailey's death, all Army posts will fly their flags at full mast.

Obituaries for Comic Strip Characters

Cathy, 44, A Suicide After Killing Mother

Cathy fatally shot her mother today, then turned her handgun on herself. She was 44.

According to her father, the shoot-



Ms. Cathy

ings climaxed several hours of arguing and screaming, much of it centering on Cathy's failure to marry and produce grandchildren.

"It was the endless nagging that drove her over the edge," said her father. "I probably could have prevented it, but being a gutless wimp, it would have been out of character for me."

Cathy's string of failed romances were well-documented. After a rocky relationship with Irving, she grew desperate and began searching for a life partner in other strips. She moved in with Dilbert, but his sexual inexperience and lack of earning potential proved disastrous. Her final attempt at a relationship was a short-lived liaison with Sylvia.

Cathy will be buried, some distance from her mother, in a bathing suit two sizes too small.

Blondie, 71, Dies Of Hair Dye Abuse

Blondie Bumstead died today of toxic poisoning brought on by years of blonde hair dye abuse. She was 71.

"She splashed it on by the gallon," said Tootsie Woodley, a neighbor. "I told her the stuff had side effects, but she was too vain to listen."

According to a daughter, Cookie Bumstead, Blondie refused to grow old gracefully. "After she turned forty," she practically bankrupted our family, what with her face lifts,

implants and fanny tucks. Towards the end, she looked worse than Sally Forth."

Blondie was the widow of Dagwood Bumstead, a minor business executive, who died four years ago on his sofa from high cholesterol, caused by a diet of junk food.

Blondie is survived by her daughter,

Cookie, and a son, Alexander. Following a two-day period of mourning, they intend to sue Clairol for \$15 million.

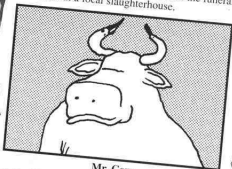


Mrs. Blondie Bumstead

"Far Side" Cow Dead At 18

In what is described as a mercy killing, the "Far Side" cow was put to death today. The retired bovine, 18, was suffering from Mad Cow disease. "We could see it coming," an FDA spokesman said. "Living in a surreal world and possessing all those human traits had given her delusions of grandeur. But after she was put out to pasture with normal cows, she realized she was just one more dumb ungulate in the food chain. This drove her berserk, foaming at the udder, so we had to put her to sleep."

No immediate family members survive. However, two distant cousins, Elsie and Clarabelle, will serve as pallbearers at the funeral, to be held at a local slaughterhouse.



Mr. Cow

Andy Capp Killed By Drunk Driver

Andy Capp, celebrated idler and dirty old man, died instantly last night after being run over by a drunk driver. He was 67.

Capp was crossing the street to an AA meeting when he



Mr. Andy Capp

was struck by a swerving car driven by his best friend, Chalkie. "I guess he didn't see me coming, what with his cap over his eyes," said Chalkie, who was arrested at the scene. "I'll miss him, but to tell you the truth, he wasn't all that much fun sober."

Capp was a member of several social clubs, including The Spongers Society, the North London Wastrels and Her Majesty's Society of Philanderers. In honor of his death, all London pubs will open one hour earlier.

In accordance with his will, all of Capp's debts are bequeathed to his widow, Flo. His liver will be put on permanent display by the Royal Society.

Charlie Brown Dies Of Football Injury



Mr. Charles Brown

Charlie Brown died today after suffering a broken neck. Brown, 14, fell on his head while attempting to kick a football held by a neighbor, Lucy Van Pelt.

According to eyewitnesses, Van Pelt caused the accident by lifting the football as Brown was preparing to kick it.

Van Pelt, who was also Brown's therapist, refused to take responsibility. "I've played this same dumb trick on Charlie Brown a hundred times," she said. "By now you'd think he'd have caught on. He's got no kick coming."

Per his deathbed request, Brown will be buried with his dog Snoopy, who will be put to sleep to provide companionship in the afterlife.

Funeral services will be private. As in his lifetime, no adults will be permitted.

GARFIELD, 19, A BLOATING VICTIM

Garfield the cat, 19, died yesterday of excessive bloating.

"He couldn't control his eating," said his owner Jon Arbuckle. "In the past few months his weight ballooned to over 80 pounds. He'd waddle a couple of steps or so, then collapse from the weight."

An autopsy performed today revealed that Garfield's stomach contained a partly digested pizza, half a chocolate donut, the remains of a carp, three Twinkies and several body parts identified as once belonging to Odie the dog.

Following the funeral, Arbuckle intends to reassemble Garfield's corpse and permanently attach it to the rear window of his car.



Mr.
Garfield

Waldo, 36, Presumed Dead

Waldo, 36, is missing and presumed dead. "We gave up looking for him years ago," said a spokesman for a local search team. "In the past we'd scour the earth, but every time we'd find him he'd take off again. Finally, we put his picture on a milk carton and said the hell with it."

Other reactions were mixed.

"It was a case of sibling rivalry," said Carmen Sandiego, a half-sister. "Waldo tried to outdo me by hiding in shopping mall crowds and outdoor rock concerts. These had no educational value, so it's no wonder people stopped caring."

"The little deadbeat owed us for 20,000 tasseled caps," said a spokesman for the Acme Headgear Co. "Now we're filing for bankruptcy, thanks to him."

A memorial service for Waldo will be held at 11 a.m. tomorrow at an unspecified location. Those wishing to attend will have to find it for themselves.



Mr. Waldo

Dilbert, 43, Found Dead In Cubicle

Dilbert D. Dilbert, 43, noted office underling, interfaced with death today. Mortal downsizing was attributed to his suffocation, caused by lack of ventilation in his windowless cubicle.

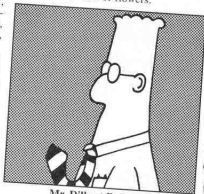
According to a company spokesman, Dilbert was found slumped over his mouse pad. His e-mail requests for assistance had been sent to several colleagues, but the network server, like Dilbert, was down.

"Dilbert's existence was not a high company priority," the spokesman said. "His departure, for which he had no authorization, will happily have no effect on quar-

terly earnings. It will, however, cause us to reevaluate his job performance rating."

Dilbert is survived by colleagues Dogbert, Ratbert, and Catbert, none of whom cared to make themselves available for comment.

According to Dilbert's wishes, he will be interred in a coffin with a corner window. Mourners are asked to send memos in lieu of flowers.



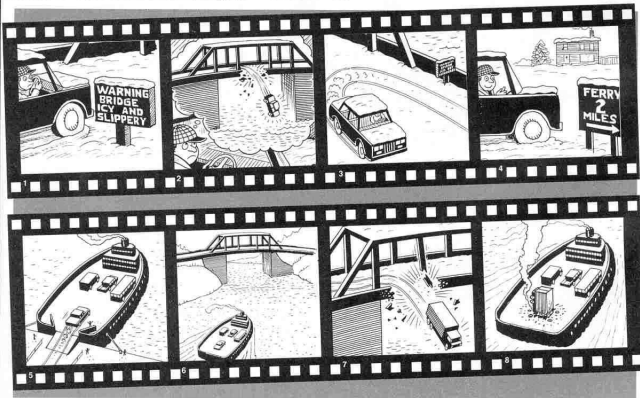
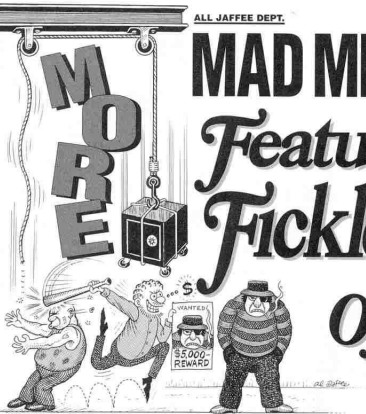
Mr. Dilbert D. Dilbert

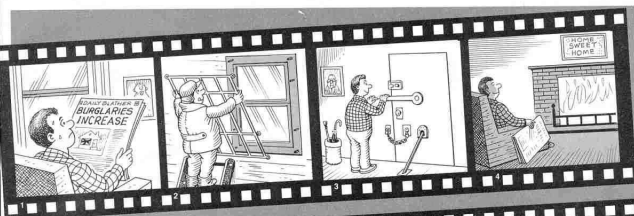
ALL JAFFEE DEPT.

MAD MINI MOVIES

Featuring The Fickle Finger of Fate

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

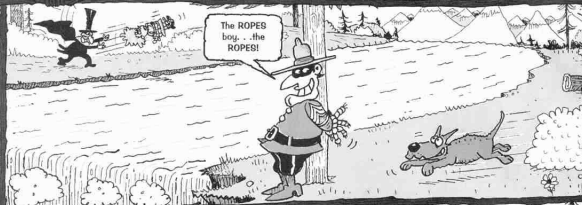






THE MASKED MOUNTIE AND HIS WONDER DOG, BISCUIT

CHAPTER IV "THE FALLS OF DEATH!"



DON'T MISS
THE NEXT SEARING EPISODE "SHOOT THAT &@\$#%* DOG!"

HIT ON MISS DEPT.

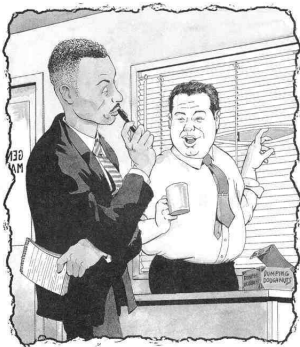
Having a tough time at work because of unwanted sexual advances by your employer or co-workers? Not sure you have enough evidence to make a case in court? Well take it from us, sweet pants...

YOU'LL PROBABLY WIN THAT SEXUAL HARASSMENT SUIT if...

ARTIST: TIMOTHY SHAMEY
WRITER: ANDREW J. SCHWARTZBERG



You're the only person in the company who gets paid by having dollar bills stuffed into your pants.



When being interviewed by investigators your boss continually refers to you as "that piece of ass over in accounting."



Promotions are always based on the results of staff wet T-shirt contests.



Your boss always calls you into his office to lick the envelopes on his outgoing mail.

YOU'LL PROBABLY WIN THAT SE



When showing you how to operate the new computer, your supervisor tells you the mouse is in his trousers.

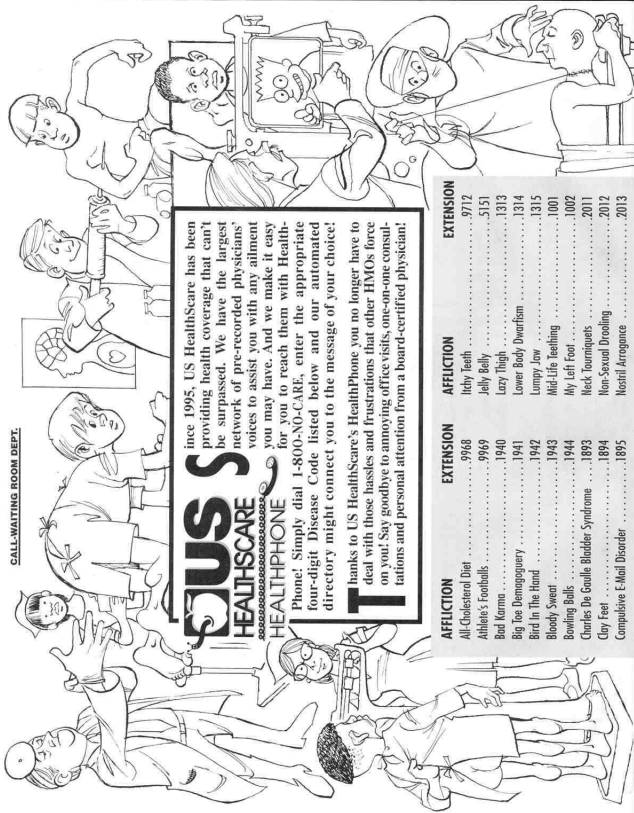


Your voice-mail message, "Hi, this is Liz, I'm tied up right now," is meant to be taken literally.



SEXUAL HARASSMENT SUIT if...





Since 1995, US HealthScare has been providing health coverage that can't be surpassed. We have the largest network of pre-recorded physicians' voices to assist you with any ailment you may have. And we make it easy for you to reach them with HealthScare! Simply dial 1-800-NO-CARE, enter the appropriate four-digit Disease Code listed below and our automated directory might connect you to the message of your choice!

Thanks to US HealthScare's HealthPhone you no longer have to deal with those hassles and frustrations that other HMOs force on you! Say goodbye to annoying office visits, one-on-one consultations and personal attention from a board-certified physician!

US HEALTHSCARE HEALTHPHONE

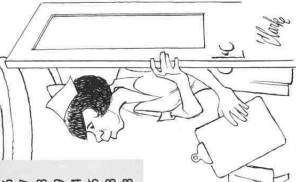
AFFLICTION	EXTENSION	AFFLICTION	EXTENSION
All-Cholesterol Diet	9968	Itchy Teeth	9712
Athlete's Footbolls	9969	Jelly Belly	5151
Bad Karma	1940	Lazy Thigh	1313
Big Toe Demagoguery	1941	Lower Body Dwarfism	1314
Bird In The Hand	1942	Lumpy Jaw	1315
Bloody Sweat	1943	Mid-Life Feething	1001
Bowling Balls	1944	My Left Foot	1002
Charles De Gaulle Bladder Syndrome	1893	Neck Tournaquets	2011
Clay Feel	1894	Non-Sexual Drooling	2012
Compulsive E-Mail Disorder	1895	Nostril Arrogance	2013



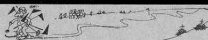
Cooties.....	1896
Crotch Rot.....	1897
Croton Addiction.....	1898
Deja Vu.....	3535
Deja Vu.....	3535
Disco Fever.....	3536
Don Rickets.....	3537
Dormant Tongue.....	3538
Excessive Wedgie Chafing.....	1994
False Insomnia.....	1963
Federal, State and Local Anesthesia.....	1964
Fetal Position Lock.....	1965
5/4 Time Heartbeat.....	1966
Flop Sweat.....	1967
Fungus Amungus.....	1968
Garlic Overdose.....	3333
Hairy Eyeball.....	7890
Hairy Uvula.....	7891
Hamstrings Restrung.....	7892
Head Lice-A-Roni.....	7893
Heaving Gailer.....	7894
Heebie Jeebies.....	7895
Honky Tonk Blues.....	7896
Hyperactive Saliva.....	7897
Involuntary Nipple Movement.....	2751
Inability To Wake Up.....	2752
Inflammation of the Diphthong.....	2753



Off Key Knuckle Cracking.....	7839
Pain in the Ass.....	8218
Peter Lupus Syndrome.....	8219
Pheaps Screwdriver Lodged in Forehead.....	8220
Piano Legs.....	8221
Prenatal Baldness.....	8222
Proceeding Hairline.....	8223
Puffy Neck.....	8224
Reverse Diarrhea.....	4567
Roaming Eyelash.....	4568
Rocking Pneumonia & the Boogie Woogie Flu.....	4569
Sewer Mouth.....	9478
Smoked Burtticks.....	9479
Spaghetti on the Knee.....	9480
Sinker.....	9481
Stuttering Novel.....	9482
Surviving Euthanasia.....	9483
Talking Ankle.....	8764
Testicular Disagreement.....	8765
Thunder Thighs.....	8766
Tin Ear.....	8767
Tongue-Tied.....	8768
Topsy Scurvy.....	8769
Ugly Infant Syndrome.....	5434
Uncommon Cold.....	5435
Verbal Diarrhea.....	7868
Yeasty Beasities.....	4278



TECHNOLOGY



I appreciate you kids all chipping in and buying me this whole computer system, but the trouble is I don't know how to use it!

Believe me, Dad, it's easy! All you have to do is take the modem card, install it in the proper SCSI port...

...make sure you're hooked up to an analog phone line, or get a digital converter...

...and before you know it you'll be using your 28.8 to e-mail, surf the Net, generate documents in HTML...

...it'll simplify your whole life!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTS

AUTOMATION

No doubt about it, for me the ATM machine is the greatest invention ever!

You mean because it makes it faster and easier for people who use it?



No, my friend...



...because it makes it faster and easier for me to rob the people who use it!



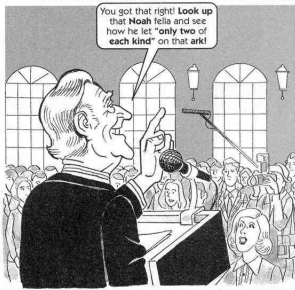
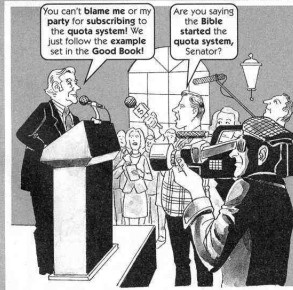
EXPERTISE



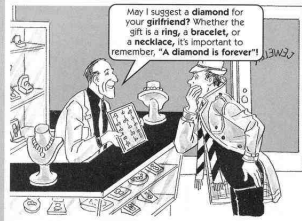
R SIDE OF...

POLITICS

ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG



SENTIMENT



PHILOSOPHY



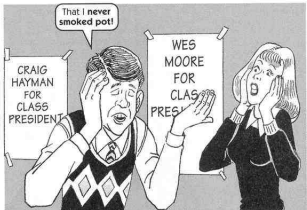
BUSINESS



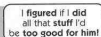
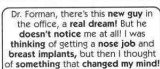
MEMORY



SCHOOL ELECTIONS



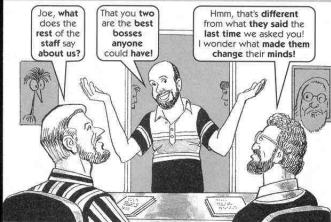
THERAPY



EXTREMISM



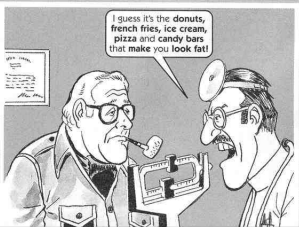
THE OFFICE



CONCERN



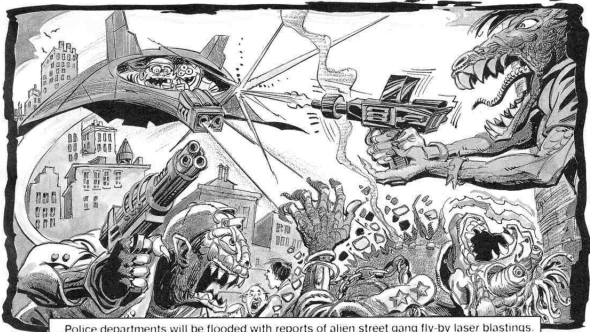
DOCTORS



GROSS ENCOUNTERS DEPT.

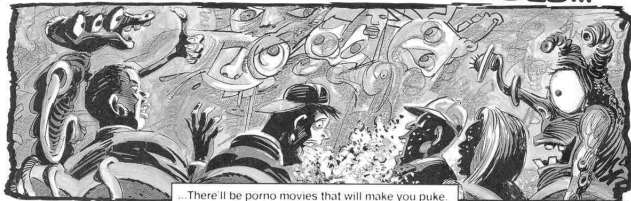
If we're to believe television shows like *The X-Files*, our planet is now routinely visited by creatures from outer space. Personally, we think it's all a bunch of BS. We mean, c'mon, *The X-Files* is on Fox. Nothing on that network is worth a second thought! But for the sake of argument, and to fill up another three pages in this issue, we're willing to play along with this little sci-fi charade. Here's what to expect in the upcoming months and years...

NOW THAT THE ALIENS HAVE LANDED.

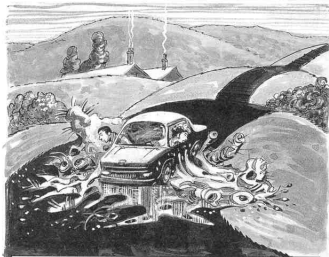


...Police departments will be flooded with reports of alien street gang fly-by laser blastings.

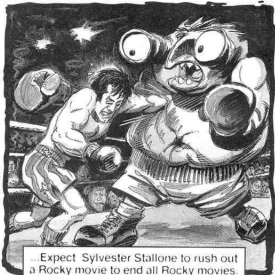
NOW THAT THE ALIENS HAVE LANDED...



...There'll be porno movies that will make you puke.



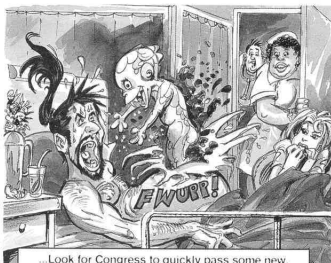
...Road kill removal will become a much bigger problem.



...Expect Sylvester Stallone to rush out a Rocky movie to end all Rocky movies.



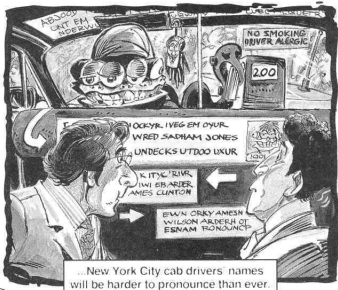
...Our nation's roadways will have a new obscene driving gesture — The Tentacle.



...Look for Congress to quickly pass some new, easy abortion laws — now that men can get pregnant.



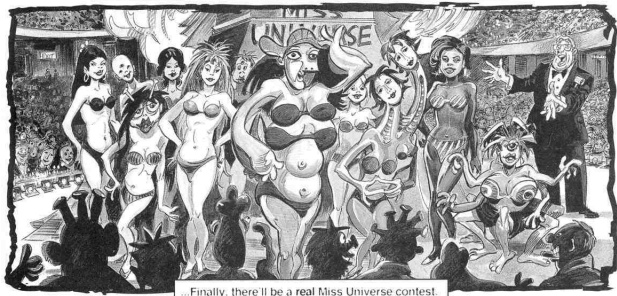
...Some may find it difficult to get used to the strange places ETs prefer to live.



...New York City cab drivers' names will be harder to pronounce than ever.



...Motorists will need to exercise extreme caution when entering any 'tunnel'.



EVERYBODY WANTS TO
FOOL THE WORLD DEPT.

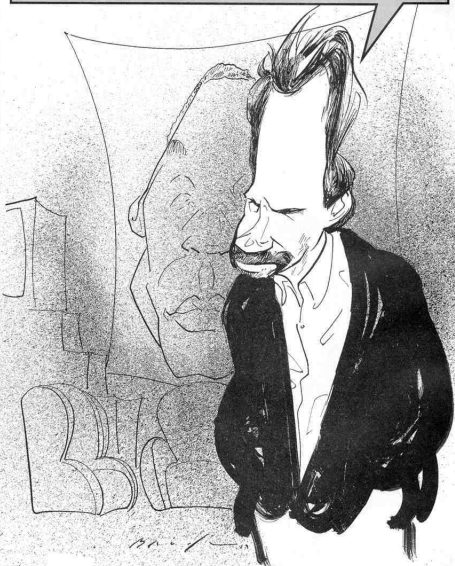
Okay MAD fans, Get out
your dictionary and your
guide to obscure refer-
ences, 'cause it's time...

DENNIS MILLER

RAVENS

ABOUT
DENNIS
MILLER

I don't want to get off on a rant here, but what's the story with my show? It's on Fridays and rerun on Sundays, when the title *Dennis Miller Live* becomes an ironic mockery of itself, though I do get a kick out of hearing how many viewers with an IQ equal to Rush Limbaugh's score on the balance beam compulsories still try to call and talk to us when we're just a reel of spinning tape on HBO's big video machine.



You know the drill: I come out, under-dressed and frequently unshaven to the audience's immediate Pavlovian reaction to the applause sign - without which, let's face it, our talk shows would be little more than a young Martin Short in his attic with a tape recorder. Yeah, the applause sign. If it wasn't here, our performer egos would be bruised more than a peach manhandled by O.J. in one of his flashback moods. That's something else I do: no matter how tenuous the connection, I always mention *The Juice* at least once a show so I can say, "You're a bad, bad man, O.J. A bad, bad, bad, bad man." Why? Because, it kills, which is, in itself, a semi-quasi joke if you really ratchet up the magnification on that petri dish I call my sense of humor.

Next, I'm arrogant enough to suggest that I can tell you "who fed it and who ate it." In reality, I'll be carpet bombing you with payloads of big SAT words like "zeitgeist" and a fix of minutiae as fabulously obscure as the chick who sings the song on the radio in Pulp Fiction before Bruce Willis meets The Gimp. Truth be told, by the end of the show you still don't know who fed it and who ate it. I'm just espousing my pragmatic, utilitarian ideas and you're buying them like coke fiends buy tissues. You're running with the bull*%* because between all the big words like "pragmatism" and "utilitarianism," I say stuff like bull*%*. I swear so much because, frankly, I want viewers, and I'm hoping some people might hazardly channel-surf onto my program and think it's an all-white episode of Def Comedy Jam. Besides, it's in my contract, Babe.

And what's the deal with my bottled water? Seems like I'm sipping it, slugging it, or otherwise chugging it for a full 3 minutes out of every 28-minute show! Am I so busy I can't stop by the water cooler before I go on? Now, I don't want to get off on a diatribe here -- you kids thought I was going to say "rant," didn't you? Yeah, I know, a routine is called a "routine" for a reason. Ah hahaha! But the fact is I'm already in a rant, and if I started another one, I'd probably be breaking some obscure metaphysical law and wind up dissolving into myself like Ron Silver did near the end of *Timecop*.

Sure, all our bodies have more water in them than a mixed drink at the Viper Room -- Deppy, baby, it's just a joke. -- but the fact is bottled water has become the whiskey flask of the boomer generation. And, I myself admit that I am one of the greatest practitioners of this self-induced, self-important anti-tap water paranoia, this belief that without a plastic bottle of that sparkling mineral mountain stream ménage à trois of Hydrogen and Oxygen known as *la-cqua*, you're nothing in everybody else's eyes. As Freud said, "Sometimes a cigar is just a cigar, but eight ounces of Evian is my way of showing you I'm well off enough to plunk down a buck twenty-five for each cool, clear, refreshing swig of put-out-the-fire water I swallow." Besides, each sip I take is one less joke we have to write!

After I finish the "rant" portion of the show I stand there, self-consciously shaking my head only slightly less than Dana Carvey's



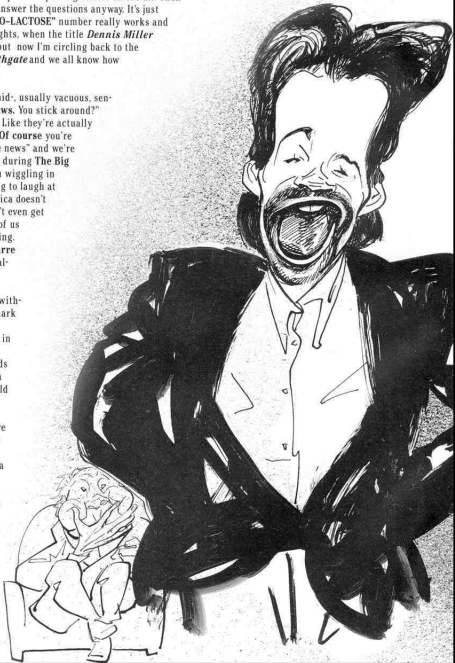
impression of me. Speaking of the Carveymeister, most nights my "special guest" is invariably one of my old SNL buddies. Like Chris Farley. I thank him for coming on and using my show to plug his new "road picture" with the Spadester. Or David Spade. I thank him for coming on and using my show to plug the remake of his previous "road picture" with the Farleycane. Farley, man! He's one funny, fat bastard, and I always loved watching him sweat over at 30 Rock. I love those guys. I really do. Actually, I have to say that because I'm beholden to Lorne Michaels to have someone from every one of his little SNL spinoff projects on to shill away, because they say I copied his "Weekend Update" and turned it into my "Big Screen." Which is absolutely not true. There I sat behind a desk. Here I stand in front of a big TV!

Then, I ask you, why do we **always** do the next part of the show exactly the same way when it never works? You know: after a couple of minutes of trying to talk to my guest about the week's "topic," which is only slightly more difficult than Sisyphus trying to get that stone up the hill, what do we do? Go to callers. Here's what it sounds like - "Okay, we got a caller. Line 2. Culvin Mushnick, watching in Fresno. How you doing out there in Fresno tonight, Culv? They still got that great little rib joint, Slimbo's, there? Great \$\$\$'ing carrion for the carnivores." "I'm fine, Dennis. I just wanted to say I love your show and -" "What's your \$\$\$'ing question, Culvin?" "I think you're the funniest, most intelligent person on TV and -" "Hey, so do I, now, what's your question?" "Crackle crackle" thinks if (fuzz crackle) euthanasia (crackle click) - "Culv, you out there? What happened? Did you hear what he said? What can we do for you, Culvin? Smack your parents for making the 'A' a 'U'?"

That's what always happens with the callers. For Chrissake, I'm **ruder** to these people than I am to the telemarketer who wakes me up at 7:30 a.m. to ask if I want to order a Rumbaflex 2000. We have yet to have a show without a problem putting callers on the air. Then again, why should I care - I never answer the questions anyway. It's just another gimmick to prove our "1-800-LACTOSE" number really works and that we're live, except on Sunday nights, when the title *Dennis Miller Live* becomes an ironic mockery - but now I'm circling back to the beginning, like the plot of *Billy Bathgate* and we all know how that tune goes.

So then I interrupt my guest, in mid-, usually vacuous, sentence, with "I'm gonna do the news. You stick around?" Like they're going to go somewhere. Like they're actually going to say "no," get up, and leave. Of course you're going to stick around while I "do the news" and we're going to cut to you at various points during *The Big Screen* and we're going to watch you wiggling in your chair, like *Babe* at a luau, trying to laugh at some vicious joke that 80 % of America doesn't understand. Guess what, folks, I don't even get all my references. That's why eight of us accepted the Emmy we won for writing. Hell, I'm just a lightning rod for bizarre connections, some sort of Referential-channeling Shirley Maclaine.

Vicious jokes - I wouldn't be me without them, eh? They're the hallmark of *The Big Screen*. How do they go? Like this - Got a picture of Gingrich in a classroom? I got a standard Gingrich joke: "A group of school kids asked Newt Gingrich if he could be a dinosaur, what kind of dinosaur would he be? It doesn't matter, cause, at least, he'd be dead!" And, there's another minute of show! Got a picture of Bob Dole? I got the required "Bob Dole is old" joke: "You know, I was reading the Bible the other day, like a good cynical Christian, and I turned to the title page. It said 'The Bible. Copyright Bob Dole.'" It doesn't get laughs? I got the spontaneous save: "Whoa, Eddie, I told you that one was more of a clunker than Roscoe's car after chasing the Duke boys." And there we have the satirically pointed "Bob Dole is old" joke and the "Bob Dole is old" joke save. Whoa! A minute thirty! Got a picture of Bill Clinton in a contemplative pose?



Okay. "The President takes a moment to himself and dreams of the day when re-election is based on Biggie Fries consumption." Look, I don't want to say my topical assault targets are repetitious, but the joke-writing half of my brain has carpal tunnel syndrome from slamming the same six people every show.

Is Boris Yeltsin really a drunk? He is according to me. Is Al D'Amato really an example of "the pot calling the kettle black and then chairing a committee to prove it"? Well, he is, and he's also stupid, but, if you watch weekly, you should know that. So, who else? Let's see, I tend to bash Janet Reno a good deal for being ugly. How someone who does shows about the decline of kindness, compassion and civility in society can destroy some chick for the way she looks, and then schedule a show about hypocrisy a week later. I don't know. But I do know, when it comes to Janet Reno, we need a good she-man joke: "Janet Reno called for a further toughening of regulations on television violence again, after a man was beaten to death in Cleveland with a TV. Now if she'd only pick up the phone and call the one guy who was interested in her in 1976."



And that's pretty much the end of the show. It's not much, but it sure feels good knowing that my cheap laughs are most comedian's cerebral ones and that I can get both kinds, just by alternately philosophizing like a Mensa member deep in contemplation and cursing like a Mensa member cut off on the highway by some truck with the bumper sticker, "My Kid Beats Up Your Honor Student."

Of course, that's just my opinion. I could be wrong, but it's my show, so I'm not. Just remember to take my opinion for what it is: filler until the next HBO Original Movie comes on. Oh, and let me correct something I said earlier: By the end of my show you do know who fed it and who ate it...Do I have to spell it out for you, Cha-Cha? Besides, I can curse. It's *%\$ cool. That's the article and I am outta here!

THE
BIG
GREEN

A MAD LOOK AT WIN

ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES



WATER VACATIONS







THE MASKED MOUNTIE AND HIS WONDER DOG, BISCUIT

CHAPTER VIII "THE FLAMES OF DEATH!"

GWENDOLYN PULSEFIRE

I KNEW #! The WONDER DOG
showed up to SAVE ME from
this RAGING FOREST FIRE!
I could NEVER have freed
myself with just these STUMPS!

Good dog,
BISCUIT!
You brought
a self-starting
CHAIN SAW!

BROOWOWL
PUTT
PUTT

No need to worry, GWENDOLYN!
We'll be FREE in a MINUTE!
Then we'll deal with the EVIL
BARON VON VINGLEHEIMER!

VRRRRKKK
BZZZTTT

WAAAAAAH!

DON'T MISS
THE NEXT BLAZING EPISODE

"HOW TO FILET A DOG WITH A CHAINSAW!"

HEAVEN CAN GRATE DEPT.

There was an old NBC TV show about an angel who appears on Earth in human form to help people in spiritual need — it was called *Highway To Heaven*! Always striving to offer something new and original, CBS has come up with *Touched By An Angel*! It's wildly different from *Highway To Heaven*! This time, there are several angels who appear on Earth in human form to help people in spiritual need! There's one other subtle difference — the new angels are even more annoying than the old one! Watch enough of this schmaltzy crap, and you'll feel...

Tortured By An

Angel

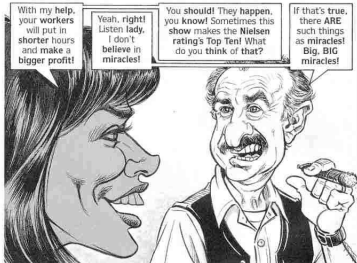
I'm Monotone, an angel in human form! I've found that the **best time** to do God's work is when people are close to death, or in the middle of a crisis, so I spend a lot of time praying! Praying for gas main explosions, for floods, even for earthquakes! Right now I'm praying for a nice big car wreck!

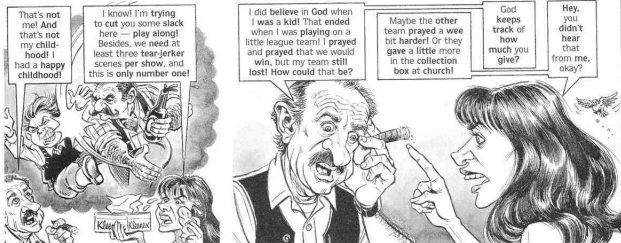
I'm Testy, the older, "seen it all" angel! Other angels communicate with me, but I communicate directly with God! When I close my eyes, I can hear what He says! Problem is, when I open my eyes, my pocketbook is usually gone! Miserable thieves! Even though I'm an angel, sometimes I'm disgusted by what I see on Earth, and I act ill-natured toward some of God's creatures! But basically I have a heart as big as all outdoors!

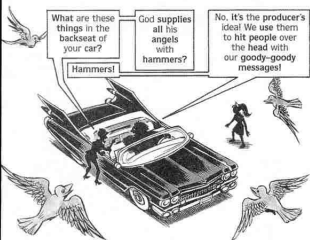
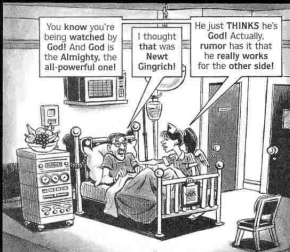
Testy's heart is as big as all outdoors, and her butt isn't much smaller! I'm the Devil! I just finished screwing up all the traffic lights, and now I have some pay phones to trash! I haven't had this much fun since I invented the tax audit! Years ago, I had to do all the evil in the world by myself, but now I have so many politicians and lawyers on my payroll. I just handle the common, everyday things! God, I love planet Earth!

I'm the Angel of Death! Only these days I'm so busy, I can hardly catch my breath! If only Dr. Kevorkian would just take a vacation, I could finally get some rest myself!









I have to wash my hair before I tend to more patients!

How come you wash your hair five or six times a day?

That dove that flies over me all the time isn't exactly potty-trained!

Will you please shut that light off!

I can't! I'm an angel! I glow like this sometimes! I'm holding out my hand to you! You know why, don't you?

To take me up to Heaven?

Actually I was hoping for a tip! God doesn't give us any spending money, and with the high cost of everything...well, even angels need some cash!



As an angel, can you suddenly disappear if you want to?

If need be! But I only do it at very special times — like when I have a fancy meal and I disappear just as the check comes! Which reminds me, I'm hungry! I'm waving my hand — you're cured! Now leave!

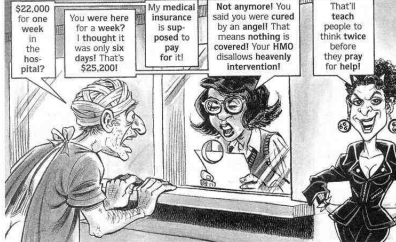
\$22,000 for one week in the hospital?

You were here for a week? I thought it was only six days! That's \$25,200!

My medical insurance is supposed to pay for it!

Not anymore! You said you were cured by an angel! That means nothing is covered! Your HMO disallows heavenly intervention!

That'll teach people to think twice before they pray for help!



For he's a jolly good fellow...

For he's a jolly good fellow...

I can't believe it! Even with all her obnoxious ways, Monotone was able to unite all of you?

Yup! She united us all with the devil! We sold her all 50 of our souls! In exchange, she's gonna wipe Monotone off the face of the Earth!

Damn! I'll throw in my big red Cadillac if the devil can also keep her out of Heaven!



THE MASKED MOUNTIE AND HIS WONDER DOG, BISCUIT

CHAPTER XI

"A HEAD START!"

BARON VON VINGLEHEIMER

SAWMILL

WRRRRR

Good job, WONDER DOG!
You tracked GWENDOLYN
to the OLD SAWMILL!

WADDLE

WADDLE

THUMP

THUMP

WRRRRRRRRRRRR

GREAT SCOTT! H
looks like I JUST MADE
IT in the NICK of TIME!
SAY, what's that. . .

?

VREENKT
BZSCHLIK
WRRRRRRRRRRRRRR

... loud
noise?

DON'T MISS
THE NEXT PROBING EPISODE "DOES A HEAD COUNT AS A DONOR ORGAN?"

DON'T FOLD-IN THIS PAGE, SCHMUCK!

These are the *backs* of the MAD Attacks Cards! The *fronts* of the cards are on the back!

GET IT???

240ATTA DAM

HEADBANGER'S BALL

Her racist diatribes got her a slap on the wrist from her fellow team owners. The fans wanted more. Those who were there say they will never forget the sound of the bat cracking against the still-warm skull of Marge Schott, disgraced owner of the Cincinnati Reds. A hush came over the crowd as her severed head rocketed through the air and crashed into the right field foul pole. Incredibly, footage of this "Schott Heard 'Round The World" has been rebroadcast even more times than when that fat umpire dropped dead at home plate on Opening Day.



A MAD ATTACK CARD

CHOP SHOP

It was not the kind of body work usually done in Joey Buttafuoco's shop. His arms and legs came off as easily as the fenders and bumpers on a wrecked Yugo. Working with an arsenal of high-powered pneumatic drills, white-hot blowtorches and razor-sharp circular saws, the teenage girls dismembered Long Island's most notorious sex offender with the gruesome precision of a veteran butcher. Though he now amounted to little more than four bloody bags of neatly-cut organs, limbs and cartilage, his ever loyal wife, Mary Jo, promised once again to stand by her man.



A MAD ATTACK CARD

LAST GASP

For years, cartoon pusher Joe Camel had gleefully enticed the children of the world to smoke cigarettes. He knew they were addictive. He knew they were deadly. But he never knew they would be the instrument of his own horrible and painful demise. Force-fed the equivalent of a thousand packs a minute, the tumors erupted in his body faster than popcorn in a microwave oven. His blackened lungs became an organ of death, piercing the smoke-filled air with a cacophonous dirge of gasps and wheezes. A spokesman for the Tobacco Institute said there was "no scientific evidence to support the claim that cigarettes contributed to The Smooth Character's death."



A MAD ATTACK CARD

SLICES OF DEATH

Just when he was convinced he had gotten away with murder, O.J. Simpson tasted the blades of revenge. His blood-curdling howls of agony were heard throughout the canyons of Brentwood. But no one came to his aid. Not Kato. Not Rosa. Not even his race-baiting mouthpiece, Johnnie. Across the nation, women took to the streets in song and dance as the news spread of O.J.'s torturous demise. The LAPD immediately announced it would launch an exhaustive search for "the real killer."



A MAD ATTACK CARD

CHOKING THE WINDBAG

His charisma could not save him. His silver tongue could not talk them out of it. His bodyguards were nowhere to be found. Louis Farrakhan's final gulps for air were deliciously sweet music to the ears of the decent people whose races and religions he had so hatefully maligned. With each pull of his trademark bowtie, now a tourniquet of death, phlegm and sputum gushed forth until his foaming mouth resembled that of a rabid dog. Though billed as "The Million Man Funeral," reports circulated that they had trouble finding up six guys to carry his coffin.



A MAD ATTACK CARD

EXPLOSION OF ANGER

They were not content to blow Oklahoma City bomber Timothy McVeigh to smithereens in one giant blast. It seemed too easy. Too kind. Each appendage was to be blown from his torso one by one. The crowd, many of them huddled under umbrellas cheered more loudly with each successive boom. And when it was all over McVeigh made headlines again, becoming the first man to be buried in fourteen different states (and Puerto Rico).

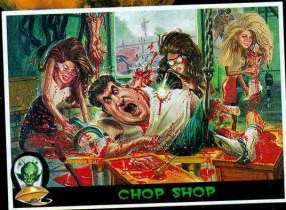


A MAD ATTACK CARD

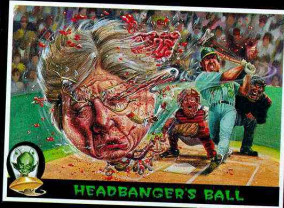
MAD ATTACKS

OUR STORY SO FAR...

The Scum of the Earth had oozed forth and gained both fame and power at the expense of an entire nation. Murderers went unpunished. Prejudice was rewarded. The ruthless and the immoral prospered. Finally, the people could stand it no more. Rising up, they took vengeance in brutal fashion, heaping unspeakable pain and misery upon their oppressors. Soon there was a card series based on this carnage. And a two-picture deal with Dreamworks! But we're getting ahead of ourselves. For now, simply sit back and enjoy the gratuitous butchery which history shall record as **MAD ATTACKS!**



CHOP SHOP



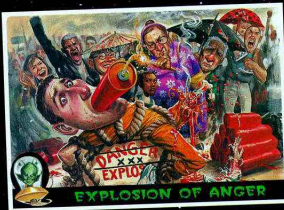
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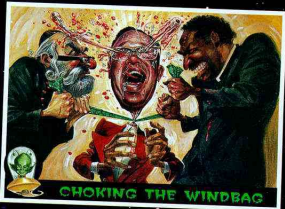
SLICES OF DEATH



LAST GASP



EXPLOSION OF ANGER



CHOKING THE WINDBAG