BACKS TO SCHOOL ISSUE!

MAD IND ®

SCHOOL BUS

WE EXPOSE THE CRACKS IN...

THE SIMPSONS

A.I.

TOMB RAIDER

#410 OCTOBER 2001 $2.99 CHEAP!

10>

0 70989 33230 0

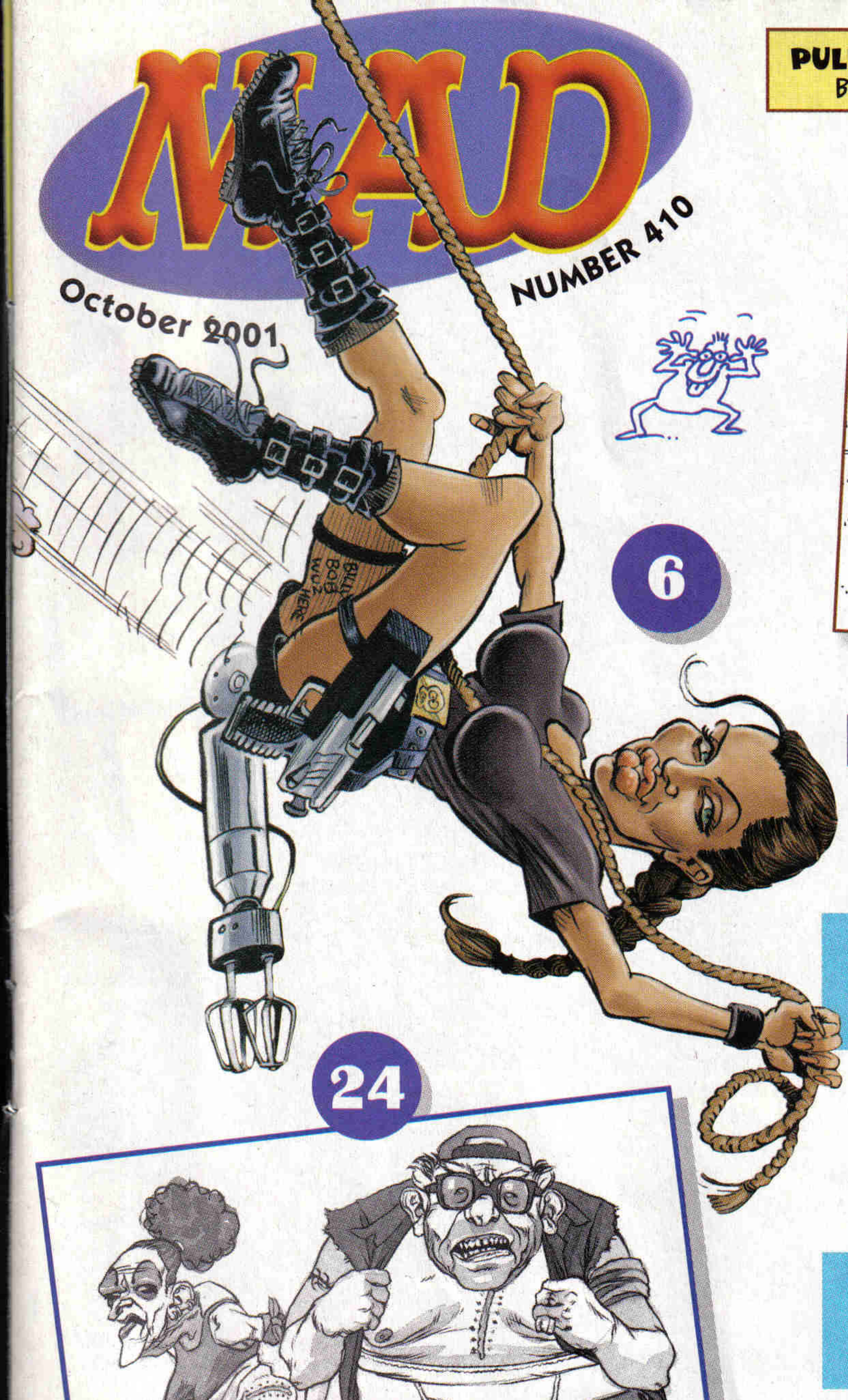
UNITED STATES

www.madmag.com

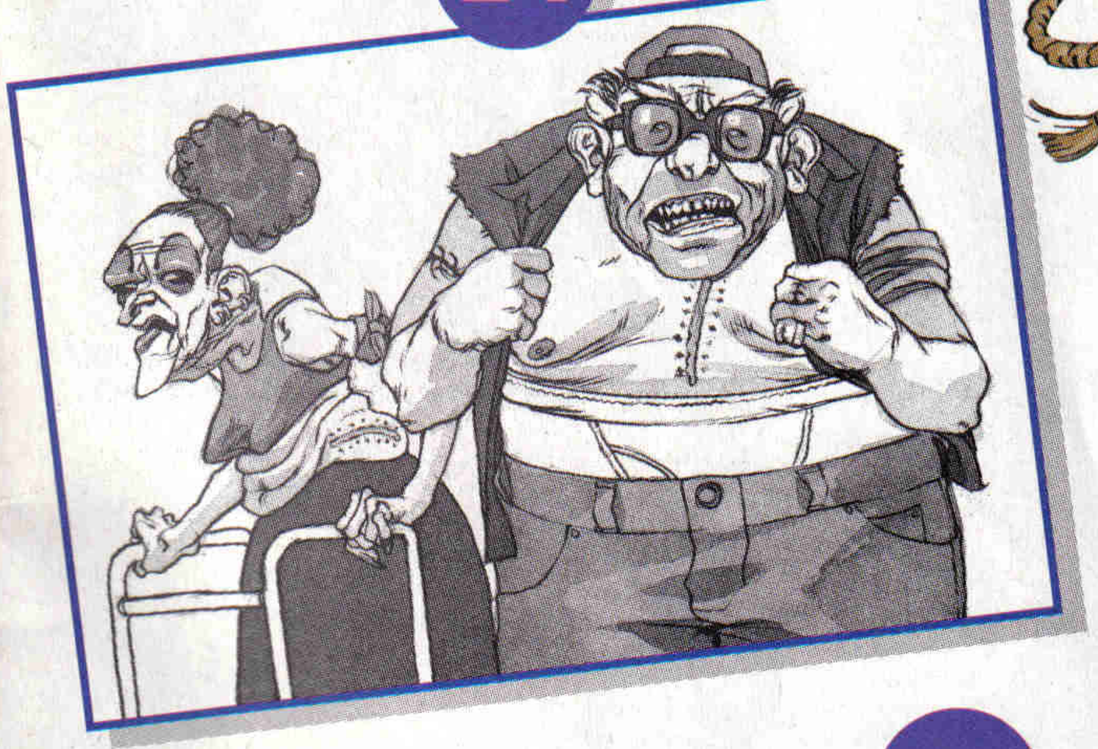
MAD

NUMBER 410

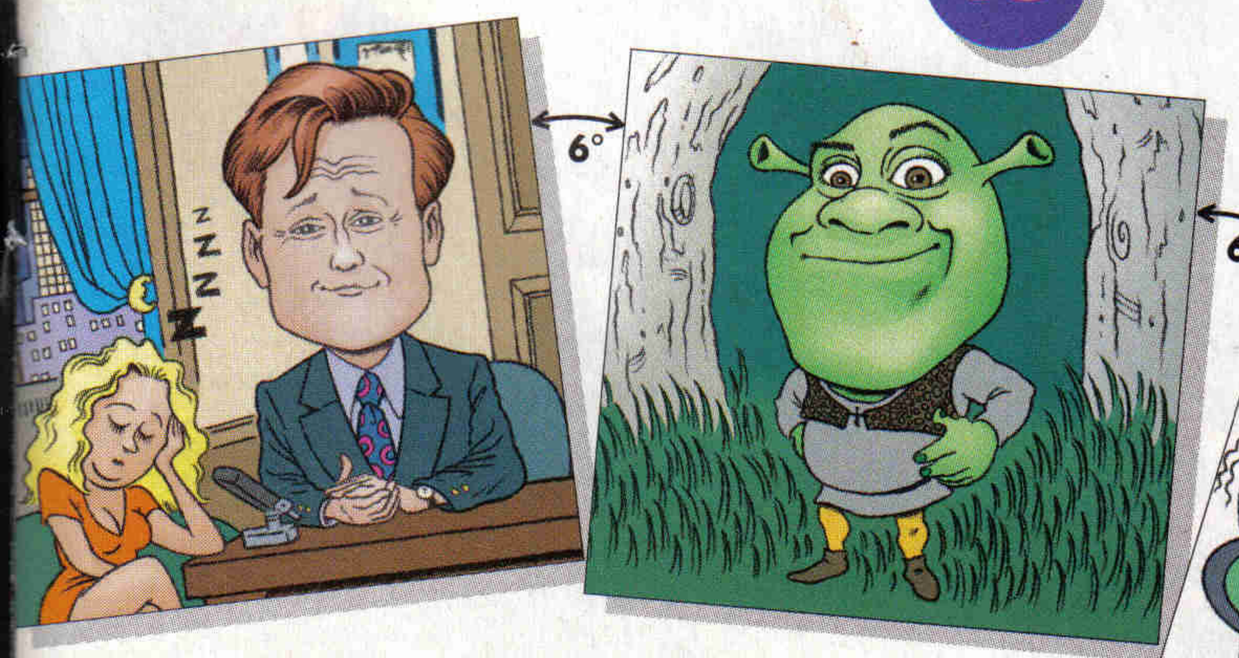
October 2001



6

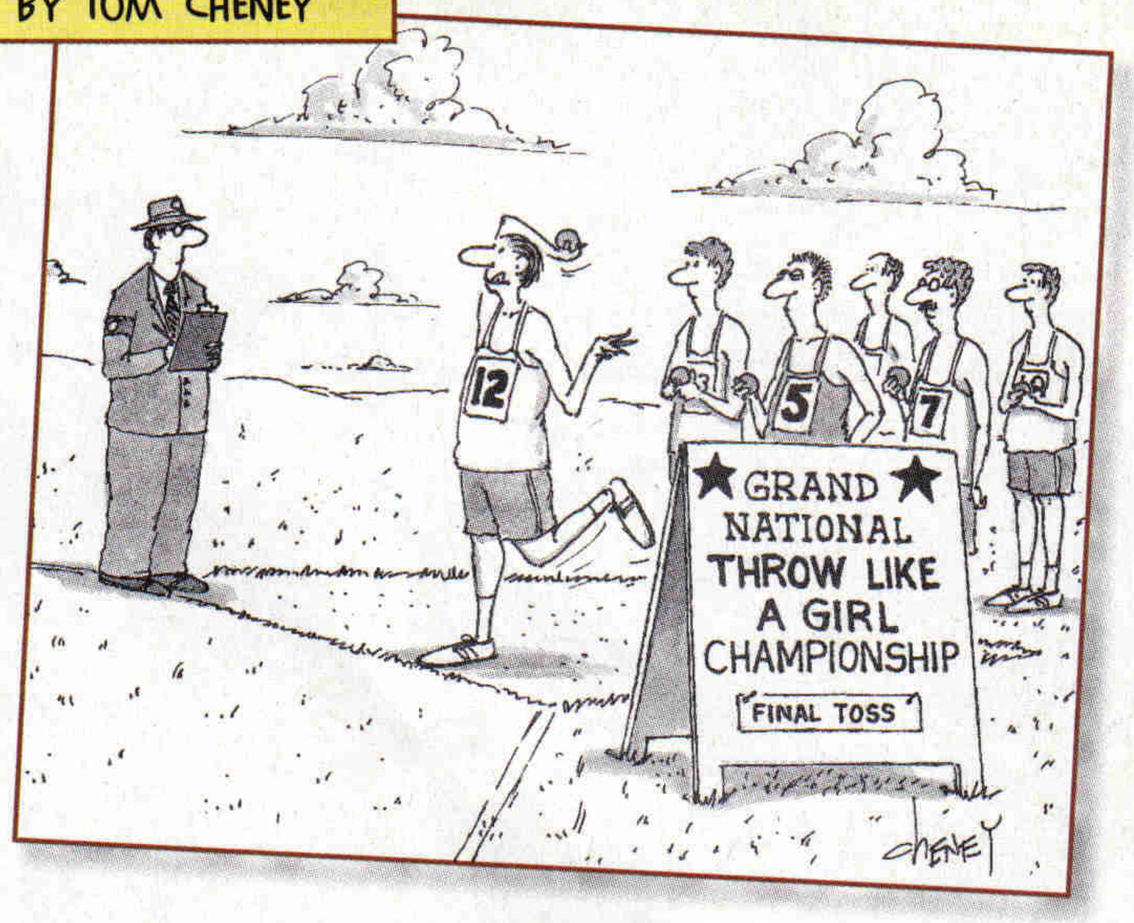


24



18

PULL MY CHENEY
BY TOM CHENEY



DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPARTMENT:
Random Samplings of Reader Mail.....4

DULL & VOIGHT DEPARTMENT:
"Lotta Crotch: Bazoom Raider"
(A MAD Movie Satire).....6

WHEN BEAST MEETS JEST DEPARTMENT:
Only a True PETA Nut.....12

GOING AGAINST THE GROENING DEPARTMENT:
The Simpsons By the Numbers.....14

THE DISSING LINK DEPARTMENT:
6 Degrees of Separation Between
Anyone And Anything Part VI.....18

ANGSTER'S PARADISE DEPARTMENT:
Monroe &...The Great
American Road Trip Part II.....20

RETIREMENT HOMIES DEPARTMENT:
10 Signs That Your Neighborhood Gang
is Getting Old.....24

REJECTILE DYSFUNCTION DEPARTMENT:
A Man's Guide to How Long Before
You'll "Get Any".....26



MAD

MORE DEPARTMENTS



MODERN AD-UCATION DEPARTMENT:
When Corporate Sponsorship of Public Schools Goes Too Far!.....**28**

SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPARTMENT:
A MAD Look at Priests, Ministers, Rabbis & a Few Scoundrels.....**32**

BULLISTIC MISSIVES DEPARTMENT:
Student Excuse Notes for the 21st Century.....**36**

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPARTMENT:
The Lighter Side of.....**39**

PETER PARKER PICKED A PACK OF PECULIAR PEOPLE DEPARTMENT:
The *Spiderman* Movie: Fun Family Fare or Scientology Propaganda!.....**40**

GRIEVING LAS VEGAS DEPARTMENT:
MAD's Celebrity Cause-of-Death Betting Odds.....**43**

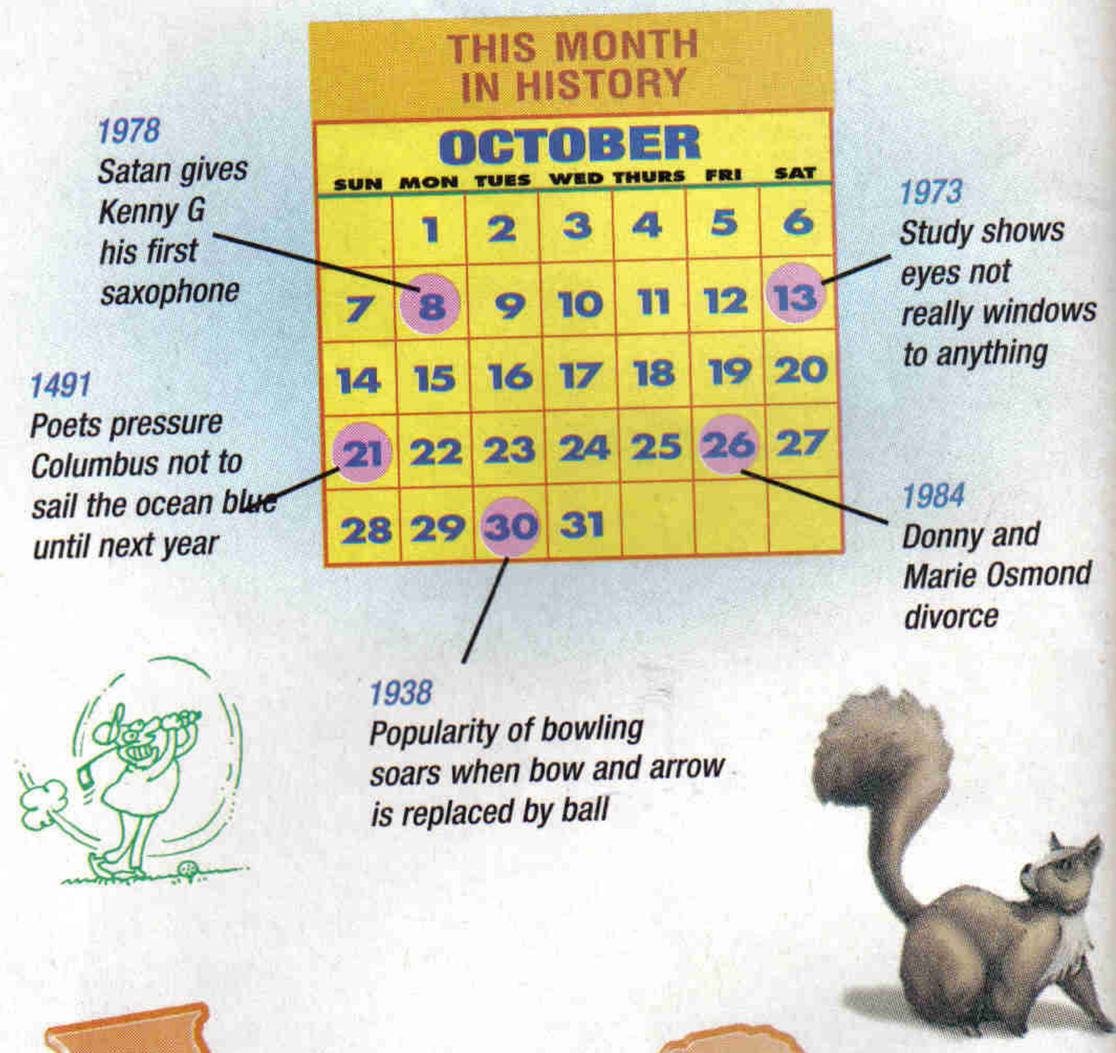
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPARTMENT:
Spy Vs. Spy.....**44**

EDIBLE COMPLEX DEPARTMENT:
Lunch-Packing Mom Profiles.....**46**

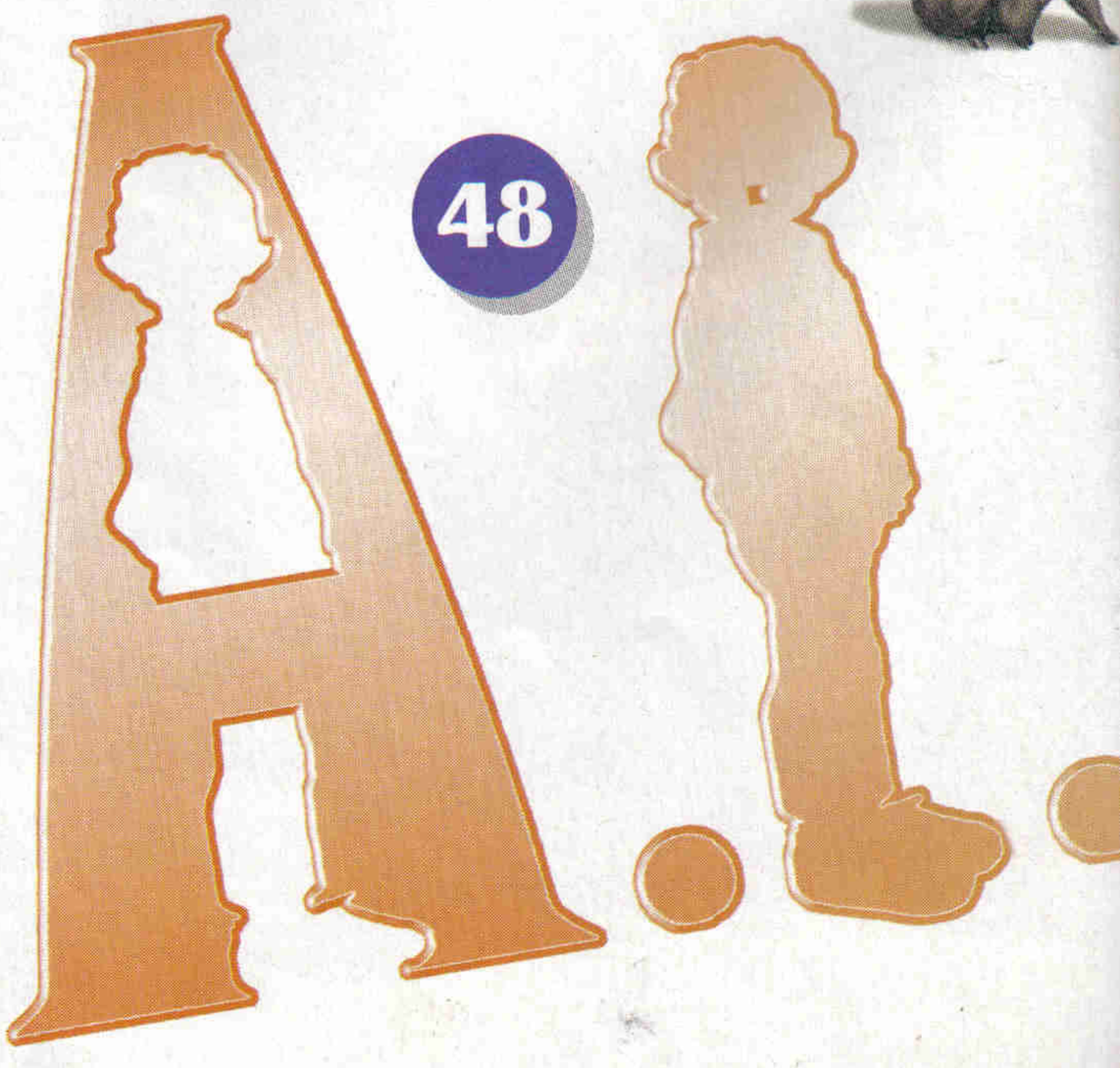
THE FAMILY CIRCUITS DEPARTMENT:
"A.I. Absolute Idiocy" (Another MAD Movie Satire).....**48**

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT:
"Drawn Out Dramas" by Sergio Aragones.....**Various Places Around the Magazine**

28



48





"Every dog has its day— but that day still consists largely of sniffing butts!"

FRONT COVER ARTIST:
JAMES BENNETT

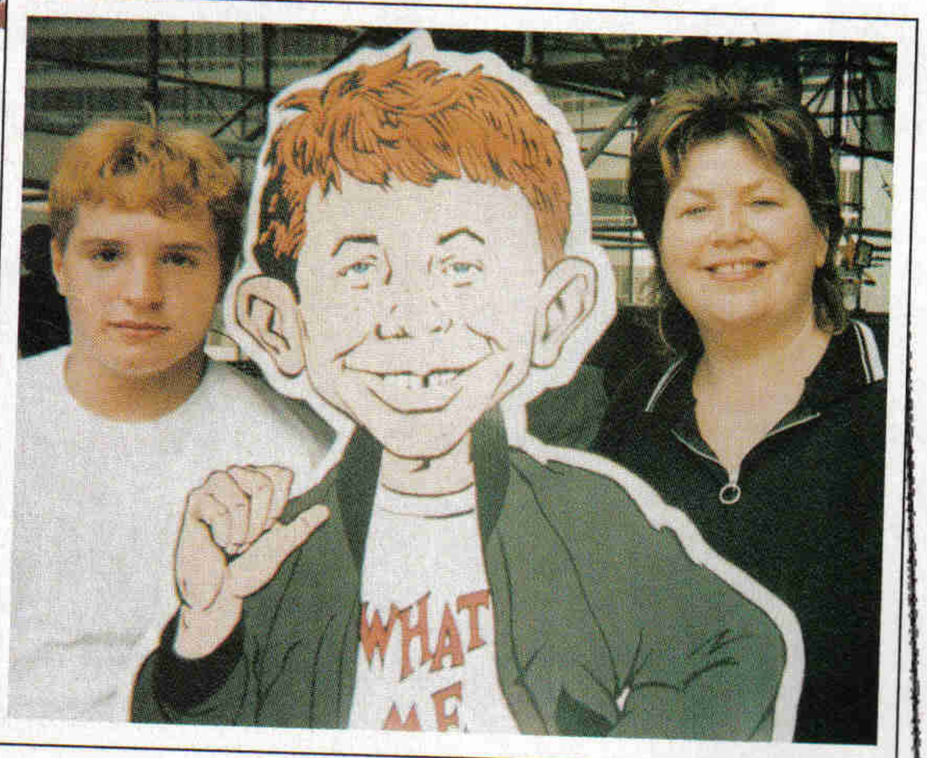
DEPARTMENT • AND • TOMATOES • LETTERS •

HOW TO REACH US

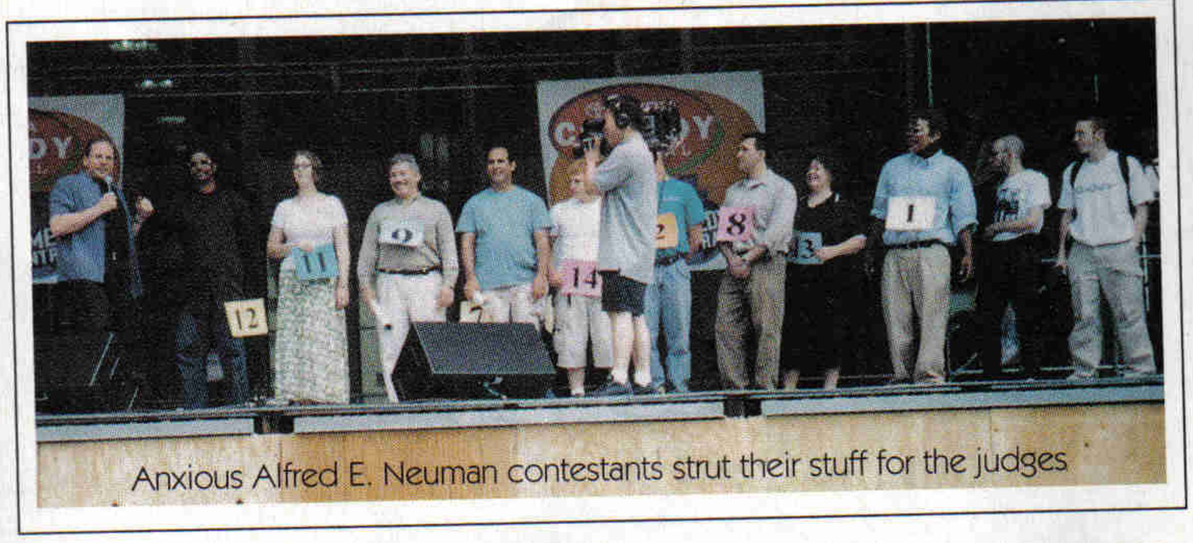
Please Address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 410, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York 10019. MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!

ALFRED E. NEUMAN LOOK-ALIKE CONTEST

Back in MAD #338 we ran an article entitled "You're a Winner and a Loser," and there is no better example of being a winner *and* a loser than when you claim first and second prizes in the Toyota Comedy Festival's Alfred E. Neuman look-a-like contest, held at the World Trade Center in New York City this past June! The contest attracted an eclectic grouping from all humanity. The "lucky" first place winner was Mike McKenney of Palermo, ME and the runner-up was Mary Senzamici of the Bronx, NY. Congrats to all who participated in the contest and didn't win!



Winner Mike McKenney and runner-up Mary Senzamici congregate around their lifeguard in their genetic pool



Anxious Alfred E. Neuman contestants strut their stuff for the judges



Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

As I'm writing to the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*, a tear runs down my face because I'm writing from the heart. My dumb wish is that Alfred E. Neuman would come to my house. Every month I see him on the cover of MAD with that same grin on his face. I look up to him, he is my idol, and if I could meet him, it would be the happiest moment of my life.

Mark Colbenson, Boulder, CO

Marky Mark — As you know, it is the sole and supreme mission of the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* to bring joy, happiness and fulfillment to a wisher's life. Sadly, after reading your letter, we find that we will not be able to bring joy, happiness and fulfillment to your life until such time that you get one! If it's any consolation to you, after our tireless staff read your letter, tears were running down *our* faces — from gleeful, mocking laughter! Your interest in the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* is greatly appreciated. Thanks for writing! —Ed.

GEEK LITERATURE PART DEUX

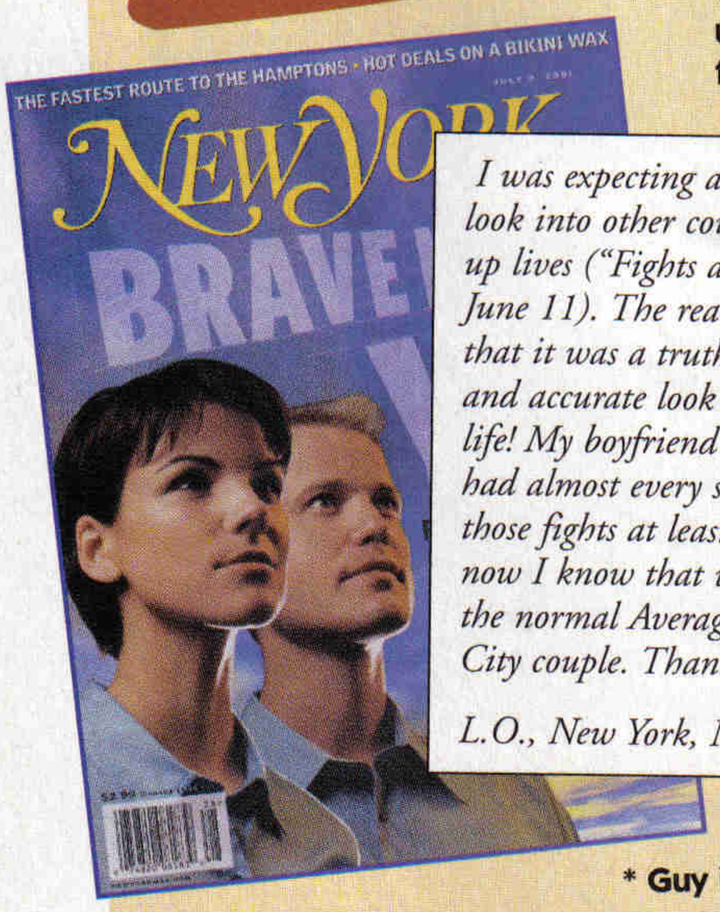
Like Dr. Scott Miller, author of a letter in your latest issue ("Geek Literature," MAD #407), I am a fancier of both classical literature and your enlightening publication. With equal delight and enthusiasm, I have read large portions of the *Iliad* in my high school Greek classes and remind Dr. Miller that Hecuba was Hector's mother, *not* his wife (Andromache). So, to the many MAD readers who recoiled at this published blunder, rest assured that there will always be the vigilant among us ready to assure MAD's commitment to representing the truth!

Mark Meany, M.D., Hagerstown, MD

Dr. Marky Mark — Being a letter fancier, we reviewed yours with much interest and only one question remains: WHO THE HECTOR CARES?? We thought old Mark Colbenson, who asked the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* to send Alfred E. Neuman to his house didn't have a life. Boy, were we wrong! Compared to you, Mark C. is a 24/7 party animal — he would sit at the right hand of Dionysus, famed mythical character who slept with his mother and then flew too close to the sun, only to rise up again from the ashes as a swan. Thanks for writing, Greek boy! —Ed. Son of Agun, the God of the Letters Page.

THE ANSWER MAD

Yes! We're back with the latest installment of our ever-popular feature where we take letters written to other magazines and write our own unique responses! This month features a missive from *New York* magazine's July 9, 2001 issue:



I was expecting an interesting look into other couples' screwed-up lives ("Fights and the City" June 11). The reality of it was that it was a truthful, funny and accurate look into my own life! My boyfriend and I have had almost every single one of those fights at least once, but now I know that we are just the normal Average New York City couple. Thank God!

L.O., New York, NY

L.O.: So you think you are a normal couple? Here are things that *real* New York City couples fight about:

*** Which one of you will get out of bed at 2 am to scream at two drunks hanging outside of your door to shut the #@%$ up?**

*** That thing on your shoe, is it from a dog or a human?**

*** Which should we rent, *Shakespeare In Love* or *Coeds Who Want It Bad VI*?**

*** In the hamper or on the floor — what's the difference?**

*** Giuliani — Goon or God?**

*** *The Full Monty* — "let's go" or "$180 to watch a bunch of naked guys dancing on a stage?"**

*** Guy in the subway car — just sleeping or dead?**

*** Farting in bed — Nothing freakin' wrong with it or disgusting?**

FAX MAD AT (212) 506-4848!

MAD #411 ON SALE OCTOBER 16!

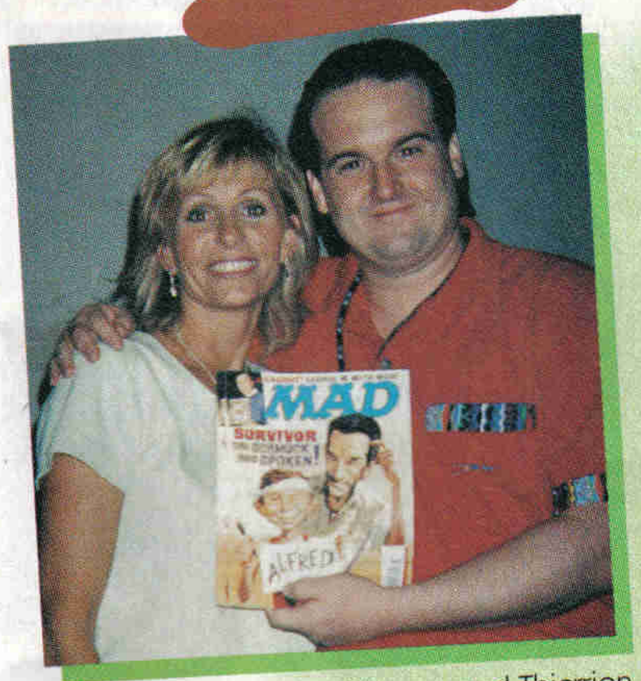
MAD XL #12 ON SALE OCTOBER 16!

ATTENTION SUBSCRIBERS
For all subscription-related matters (including change of address) in the U.S. and Canada, please call 1-800-4 MAD MAG or write P.O. BOX 52345, Boulder, CO 80322-2345! Please DO NOT phone, write, fax or E-mail our New York office — we're too dumb to help you there!

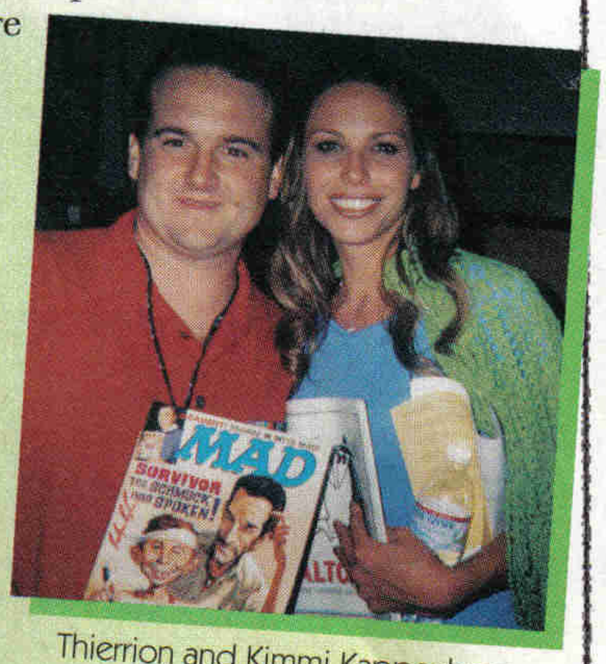


MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

Well lookee here! Two lucky MAD readers have just been voted three-year subscriptions. The Ed. has spoken!



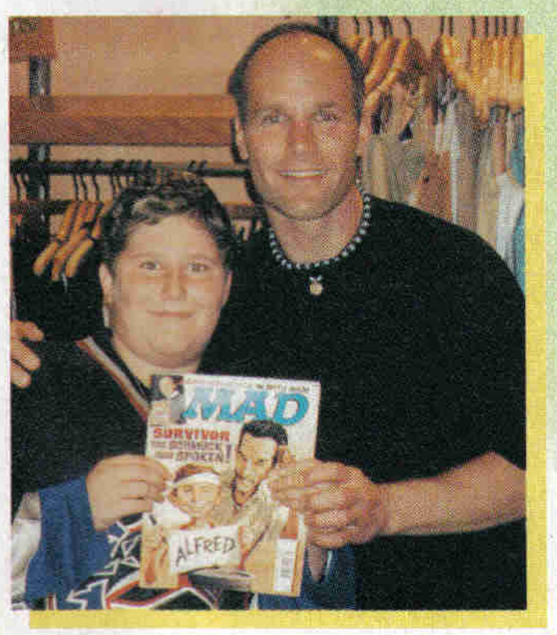
Survivor 2 winner Tina Wesson and Thierrion



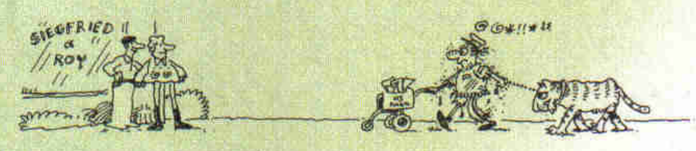
Thierrion and Kimmi Kappenberg

I heard yer whinin' a couple issues back when a reader had their picture taken with Richard Hatch. You guys want female Survivors? Ask and ye shall receive. I got one picture with Tina and one with Kimmi (mmmmm...) It didn't occur to me until just now to get a shot of both of them together (in which case I would've gotten a lifetime subscription, right?) Tina wanted to know if SHE would get a subscription as well. I gently reminded her that with the million dollars she won, she could buy much softer toilet paper. Which reminds me...I'm on a budget, so whaddaya say you start that subscription pronto?

Thierrion Kagan, West Hollywood, CA



Griffin Littell and Michael Skupin



I got this picture with Michael Skupin from *Survivor 2* at the Third Street promenade in Santa Monica, CA. He was with his wife who was shopping for a dress for an awards show. He was really nice and I have wanted a subscription to MAD, but never had time to send it!

Griffin Littell, Santa Monica, CA



MAD MUMBLINGS @madmag.com

Mousepads taste like sponge cake, but only when I say! —Goodbick... the secret is in the sauce —Roneldo ...What's the proper burial for a Hershey's Bar? —JQ...I got lost between the Lost Pages of MAD once —LilSmurf89...Why does a dog stick its head out of the window in a car, but it hates it when you blow in its face? —Hockeefann...I wish I could live in a fairy tale, but I already do — FREEfall72...You know what feels good? Sitting in a spa while goldfish suck on your toes —NoRules487.

MAD CEMETERY SNAPS

We are proud, but somewhat hesitant, to introduce a new feature to our humble Letters Page. A sister to our hugely popular Celebrity Snaps feature, it's a little something we like to call Cemetery Snaps! Here's how it works: send us a photo of you with a copy of MAD standing next to the tombstone (or plaque if they've been cremated) of a famous person. The name of the person and the date of birth and death must be clearly legible. Tightly cropped shots are preferred. If we run your picture, we'll send you a one-year sub. However, if the person whose grave it is is featured in the issue you're holding, we'll cough it up to three years! So all you ghoulish geeks, here's your chance to score big and show disrespect to our dearly departed. Enjoy!

MAD

William M. Gaines
founder

Jenette Kahn
president & editor-in-chief

Paul Levitz
executive vice president & publisher

Nick Meglin & John Ficarra
editors

Editorial:

Charlie Kadau & Joe Raiola
senior editors

Amy Vozeolas *associate editor*
Dick DeBartolo *creative consultant*
Dorothy Crouch *vp-licensed publishing and associate publisher*

Art Department:

Sam Viviano *art director*
Nadina Simon *associate art director*
Patricia Dwyer *assistant art director*
Marla Wyche *production artist*
Ryan Flanders *production artist*
Leonard Brenner *graphics consultant*

Circulation:

Tracy Bowen *manager-newsstand sales*

Administration:

Patrick Caldon *senior vp-finance & operations*
Alison Gill *exec. director - manufacturing*
Lillian Laserson *vp & general counsel*

Contributing Artists And Writers
the usual gang of idiots

MAD (ISSN 0024 9319) is published monthly by E.C. Publications, Inc., 1700 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription in U.S.A.: 12 issues $24.00 or 24 issues $45.00 or 36 issues $60.00. Outside U.S.A. (including Canada): 12 issues $30.00 or 24 issues $57.00 or 36 issues $78.00. (Canadian price has GST tax included.)

Entire contents © copyright 2001 by E.C. Publications, Inc.

Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective, and include mailing label when making change of address or inquiring about your subscription. POSTMASTER: send address change to MAD, P.O. Box 52345 Boulder, CO 80322-2345. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

LOTTA CROTCH

The "Tomb Raider" video games were a hit for four reasons: sex, violence, sex and sex! They've been so popular with drooling cyberpervs that it was only a matter of time before tinseltown came a-calling! Lots of actresses were considered for the part of the young female adventurer, but when Angelina Jolie tried on the familiar two-sizes-too-small T-shirt and ultra short shorts worn by the heroine, the producers knew they had found...

My idea of **fun** is **suspending** myself **upside down** from an **80-foot rope** with **knives** and **weapons** strapped to my **thighs**, waiting to be **attacked!** I got the idea during my **honeymoon** with **Billy Bob Thornton** and his **slingblade!**

BANG

I'm an **Erector set**...with **attitude!** Nothing must **harm** this **tomb!** I am **programmed**...to defend the **integrity** of this **tomb** within the **Lord Crotch manor**... **at all costs!** Even if it means **smashing it**...into a **million billion pieces!**

What was I **thinking?** My **cyber-robot guard** almost **decapitated** my **boss!** Oh well, I could always land an **assistant's job** working for **David Spade!**

MAD

#@!$?~

Hey, this would make a **good middle name!**

ON OFF

12:00

UNLEADED ONLY

MILK EGGS BUTTER

it fell inside

PENTIUM IV

YOUR ORDER: 1 CHZBURG 1 LG FRY 1 LG DRINK

THIS SCREEN HELPS ASSURE ORDER ACCURACY

BABY WAS A

ARTHUR

ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

BAZOOM RAIDER

That **robot** has Madam in his **metallic clutches**. I haven't seen **Angelina Jolie's limbs** so **entangled** since she took her **brother** to the **Oscars!**

This is like a new **Indiana Jones** movie, only **faster-paced** and **streamlined!**

Yeah, they **cut out** the **laughs** and the **suspense!**

I just fired **120 rounds** of **ammo** without a **break!** I need to **reload on the fly!** Luckily, I used to patrol **minority neighborhoods** for the **New York Police Department!**

BLAM!

BLAM!

BLAM!

I am **designed** to be...an unthinking, unfeeling **automaton!** I was **programmed** by...the same **acting coach** who trained... **Alec Baldwin**, **Halle Berry**, and **Steven Segal!**

No **bullets** left! Time to return to my **#1 defense!** That's where I **stand there** for **no reason** with a **dull stare**, smirking! **Laugh** all you want... it worked for **George W. Bush!**

R.I.P

ECCH!

What a **dramatic** way to **begin** my **adventure!** Well, at **least** it's **dramatic** for the **one** moviegoer **stupid** enough to **wonder** whether I'd **die** in the **very first scene!**

What am I **going** to **do** with my robot **now?** All he was **designed** to do was **mindlessly annihilate** and **destroy!**

I'll give **Rupert Murdoch** a **call!** Maybe it can **host** a **show** on the **Fox News Network!**

R2?

TILT!

I **miss** my **father!**

I **love transistors!**

Pip pip! Veddy good!

Okay, that's **more** than **enough character development!** Let's **get on** with the **rest** of the **movie!**

This isn't **steam around** me, it's the **hot breath** of all those **Gameboys watching** this **movie!** This is far **more dangerous** than the **fight** with the **robot!** With these **prosthetic boobs** I could **rust!**

KLEENEX

SILICON

Ancient Council of **Old White Dudes!** We have **six days** to find the **missing halves** of the **Triangle of Fire!** The **nine planets** will **not** be **aligned again** for **5,000 years!**

If we **don't succeed,** it will be **another 5,000 years** till we can **try again!**

No! We **cannot afford** to **wait 5,000 years!**

I get it! Shut up already **about** the **friggin' 5,000 years!**

Sorry! We thought there was **going** to be a **Writer's Guild strike,** and we **needed** to **fill out** the **screenplay!**

FOR A GOOD TIME CALL LOTTA F55-0

The **Triangle** of **Fire** is so **powerful** we **split** the **object** in **half** and **buried** the **pieces** on **opposite ends** of the **Earth!** We will **pay** you to **find** the **missing pieces!**

If you **hid** the **pieces yourselves,** why **wouldn't** you **already know where** they **are?**

Uh, there is a **good reason** for **that,** and it...**er...** because of **...5,000 years!**

ZZZ

Lotta, one day you will be **famous** for **raiding tombs!** But for now, **keep** this **gold pocket watch!**

Is **this** so I can **always remember** my **mother?**

Your **mother? Screw her! The watch** is a **cheap excuse** for you to go **back** and **fight** the **bad guy** at the **end!** Besides **tombs,** we also **steal** from ***Pulp Fiction*!**

I **gotta** get my **ears checked!** In a **dead sleep,** I can **hear** a **clock ticking downstairs, through** an **oak door, inside** a **crate!** But in the **first scene,** I **couldn't hear** a **25-foot robot behind** me **until** the **last second!**

DO NOT OPEN UNTIL APOCALYPSE

This is the **Clock of the All-Seeing Eye!** It **activates** the **Triangle of Fire,** in the **Tomb** of the **Dancing Light!** To **get there,** you need to **take** the **B&O Railroad** past the **Water Works** to **Ventnor Avenue!**

What?

Sorry! I had your **clock sitting** on **top** of my **Monopoly game!**

GRAND OPENING AQUEDUCT



Uh oh! My **laser-controlled infra-red motion detector grid** says we **have company! Bugger!** If **only** I had **left** the **magical clock** crated up **nobody** would have **known** it was **there**, and the **5,000-year deadline** would have **passed! Compared** with **that coincidence, dodging hundreds** of **bullets** is a **cinch!**

What she **doesn't know** is we're **missing** on **purpose! Double D breasts + bungee cord = $200 million** at the **box office!**

This **scene reminds** me of ***Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*!**

Except **this movie should** be called **"Bouncing Boobies, Rotten Accent"!**

BLAM BLAM

BLAM

RATTATTATTA

BLAM BLAM

BLAM

The **handwriting** is from my **father,** who **died** in **1986!** He must have **made arrangements** to have this letter **delivered today!**

Not really! He just **licked** a **stamp** and **mailed** it **15 years ago!** After all, we **are** the **Postal Service!**

PROPERTY OF BILLY BOB

MAIL

Lotta! I knew you'd solve my dopey mind teaser! Fly to Cambodia and destroy the clock! Why I didn't just destroy it 15 years ago when I had it myself, I can't say! And neither can anyone connected with this movie!

Here it **is,** just as **Father said!** The **Jasmine flower** that **marks** the **tomb's secret entrance!** It was **easy** to **find!** Flowers **always grow** where the **B.S.** is **piled** the **highest!**

SECRET ENTRANCE

THIS WAY TO HIDDEN TOMB

IDOL

I've never **seen** such **damage** done to our **nation's treasures!** And that **includes** being **bombed** during the **Vietnam War!**

Well, **somebody's** got to **say it** eventually, so **I'll** just **say it! Nice guns!**

You **can't** stop me! I **learned** how to **tomb raid** from the very **best! Anna Nicole Smith!**

BOOM!

The **stone monkey statues** are **coming** to **life!** Do you **think** they'll **kill us?**

Not us! They have a **score** to **settle first,** with **all** those **pigeons!**

What kind of **dumb battle** is **this?** One **love tap** and they **break** into **dust!**

I haven't **seen** something **crumble** so **fast since** the **XFL folded!**

FLICK

Bugger! This is the **50th architectural treasure** I've helped **wreck** this **year!** But that's **okay!** Instead of **crating** all this **stuff,** it's a lot **easier** to **ship priceless relics** overseas to **museums inside 15,000 little envelopes!**

BOOM

Give it up, **Lotta!** You're **all alone** on this **waterfall!**

Not exactly!

I didn't kill my **wife!**

I don't care!

The **men** who **hired** me are **greedy** for **ultimate power,** so they can **control** the **world!**

Who are **they? Illuminati?** The **Secret Order** of **Masons?**

No! **Much worse** than that... **Microsoft!**

Lice, you're in **charge** of **bringing** my **supplies!** I'm **already carrying** a **load** of **40 pounds!**

Forty pounds! Where?

My **chest** and **lips!**

CHAPSTICK

AMMO

VIRTUALLY REAL

Lady Crotch, do you **really** want to **dogsled across** this **frozen territory** in an **open jacket?**

Remember on **page four** of this **spoof** when they **said: "breasts + bungee cords = $200 million** at the **box office"?** Well, **nipples + Iceland = $300 million box office!**

Look at those **giant globes swirling around!** We have a **big problem!**

Don't worry! Those are **not** the **giant globes** the **audience** will be **staring at!**

That's strange... aren't the **planets** all supposed to **travel** in the **same direction?**

With **all** the **idiocy** in this **movie, now** you **care** about **details?** At **least** there's **nine** of **'em!** Just be **glad** they **got** the **number right!**

Aarghh! But you could have **stabbed** me **before** we **left** for **Iceland! Why now?**

If I'd **done that,** I **wouldn't** have **racked** up your **frequent-sledding miles!**

But, Boss! If **Lotta Crotch drowns,** your **plan** will **fail!**

Open your **eyes! Nobody** with that **kind** of **buoyancy** could possibly **drown!**

Damn! **Nothing fits!** The pieces **won't** go **together!**

The **Triangle looks** just **fine** to **me!**

Screw the **stupid Triangle!** This **story doesn't fit!** What **happened** to the **old guy** who **betrayed Lotta?** Why didn't I **kill you** as soon as you **gave me** the **Triangle piece? How** did you **survive jumping** down a **700-foot waterfall?** What's the **point** of giant **monkey guards** who **crumble** in **two seconds? How** did I **get** your **gold watch?** Why do you **bring** your **tomb raiding rival back** to **life** but **not** your **father? Who** the **hell** were the **glowing ghost kids?** And **why** don't **people** who **make movies** like this **do serious jail time?**

WAP!

MADE IN TAIWAN

NOW LEAVING KANSAS

My **beloved daughter!** If **only** we could **live** in the **past forever!**

Yeah, **back when** we were both **legitimate Oscar-winning actors, instead** of **starring** in this **hokey drivel!**

Iceland was **fun,** but it's nice to **visit** someplace **even bigger...**like my **home!** If anyone **needs** me, I'll be in **front** of the **mirror practicing** my **patented wink** and my **slack-jawed expression** of **disdain!**

Pardon me, m'lady, but there's **one last battle** for **you** to **fight!**

No problem! If that **robot** wants a **rematch, I'm ready!**

PRODUCT PLACEMENT HERE

I'm **sorry** to **say** It's **not** your **robot,** Ma'am!

You **ruined** us, **Crotch!** Your **movie** was such a **hit,** now they're going to **rush** out **crappy Hollywood schlock based** on all *our* **video games!** Our **reputations** will be **destroyed forever!**

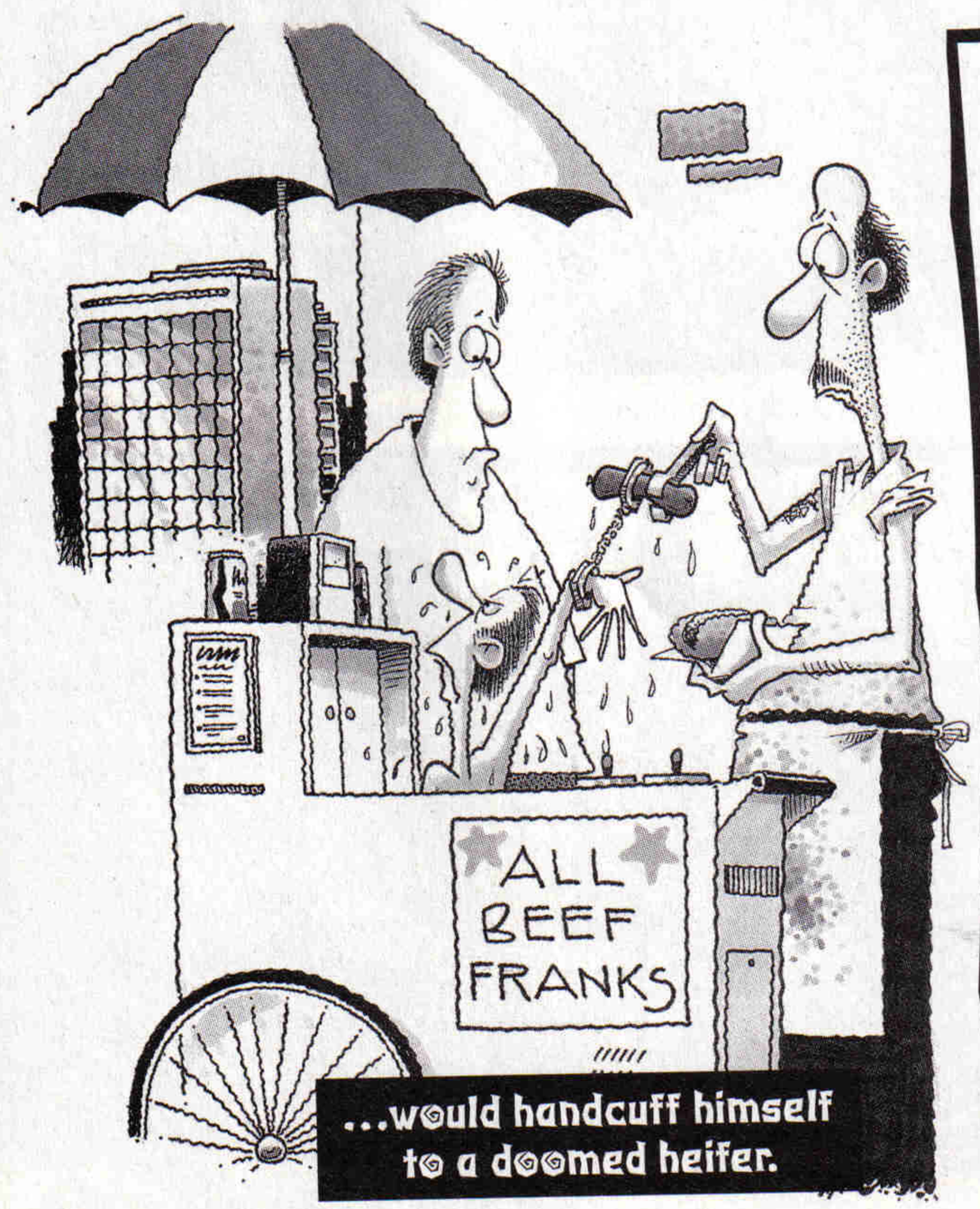
It's **game over!** Now **go get her, boys!**

Don't get us wrong, we here at MAD love animals. Animal *lovers*, on the other hand, frequently piss us off. Should we really shed a tear for the executed rat on *Survivor*? Must we feel intense guilt at the mere purchase of a ham sandwich? Should we really be concerned about the rights and living conditions of laboratory paramecia? Pardon us, we don't mean to beat a dead horse (so to speak!), but some wildlife fanciers at People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals (PETA) just take things too far. For example...



ONLY A







ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL

TRUE PETA NUT...



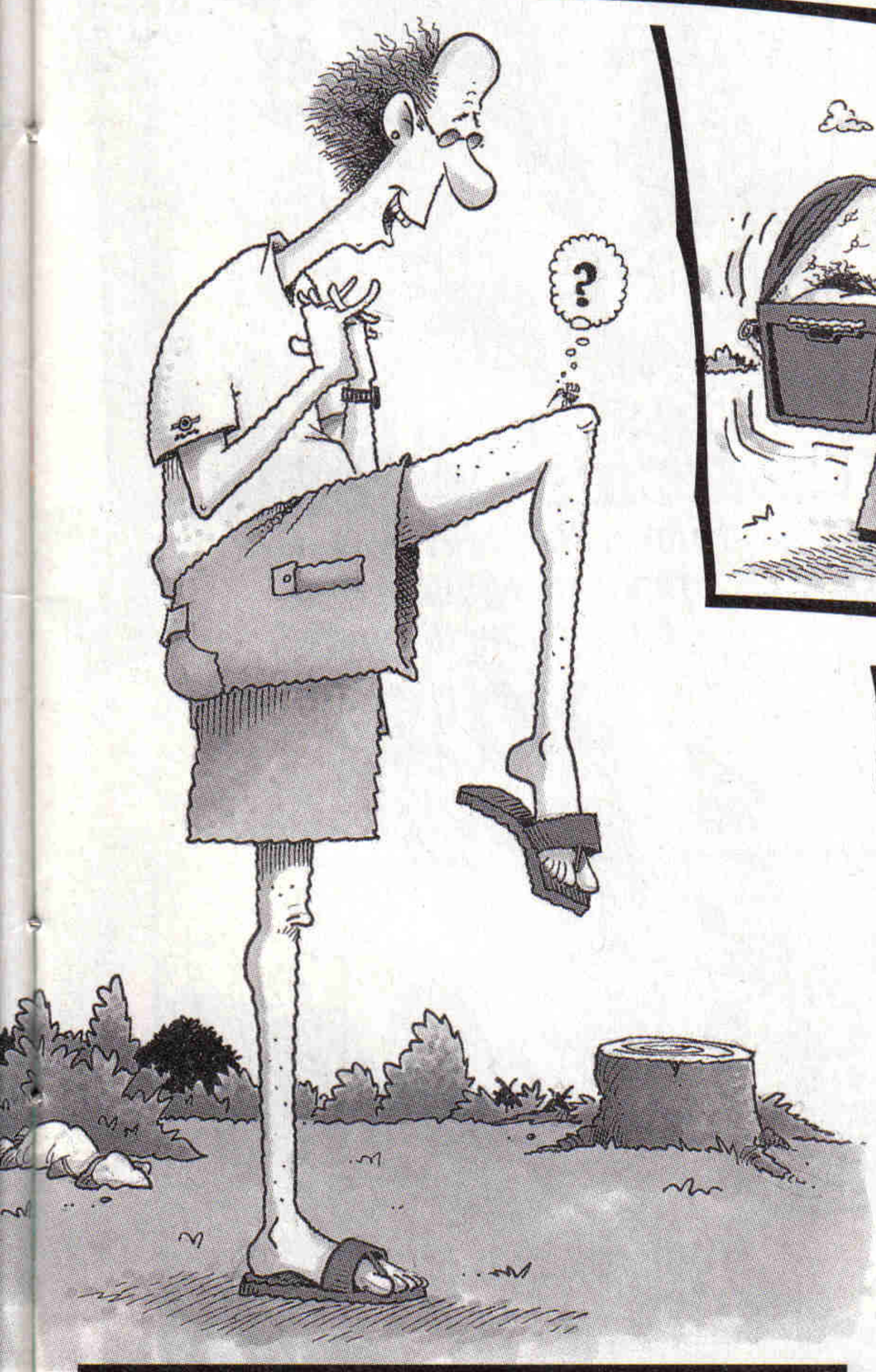
...pickets the set of the latest *Star Wars* sequel until he's convinced that no computer-generated alien wildlife was harmed during the production.



...will stay up for three straight days to draft a "Bill of Rights" for clams.



...wills his body to wildlife nutrition.



...will try to reason with a mosquito.



...fires off a stream of angry e-mails to his congressman upon the discovery that they're using roaches to test roach poison.

THE

When a TV show has been on as long as *The Simpsons*, you figure it has achieved certain things. Like *Frasier*, you figure it has a closet full of Emmy awards. But it doesn't. Like *All in the Family*, you figure it has fathered lots of spin-off series featuring characters from the show. But it hasn't. Like *Friends*, you figure the cast regulars must now be making humongous salaries. But they're not! So what can you figure about *The Simpsons*? Only the statistics we've compiled in...



Percentage of parents shocked and outraged by Bart when the show debuted in 1989:

43%

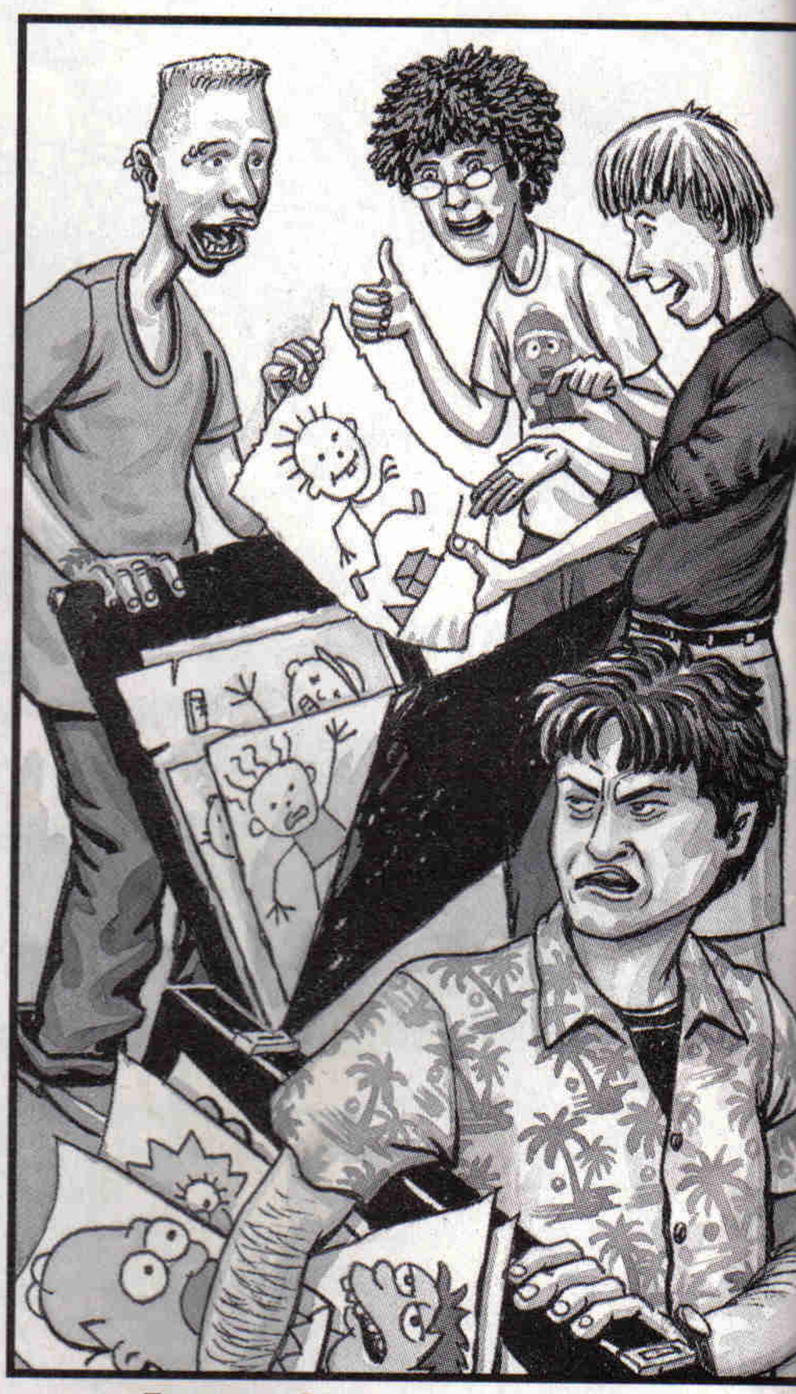


Percentage shocked now, in the era of *Tom Green*, *South Park* and MTV's *Jackass*:

0.0034%



Number of *Simpsons* writers who went on to bigger and better things (counting Conan O'Brien): **0%**



Former *Simpsons* animators rejected by *South Park* for drawing too well:

2,913

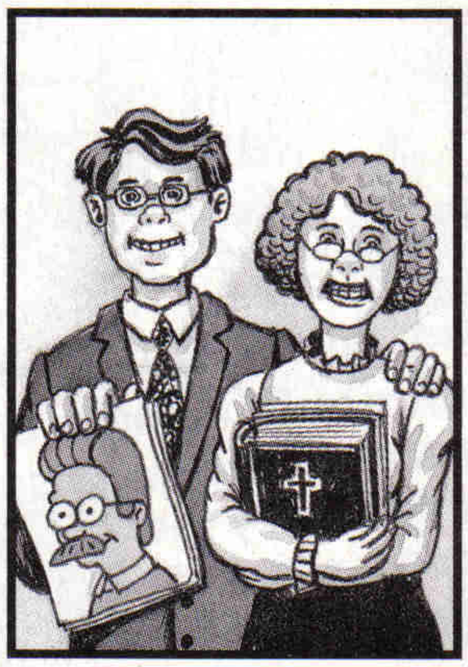


Viewers converted to Christianity by Ned Flanders:

2

Viewers converted to alcoholism by Homer, Barney and Moe:

42,739





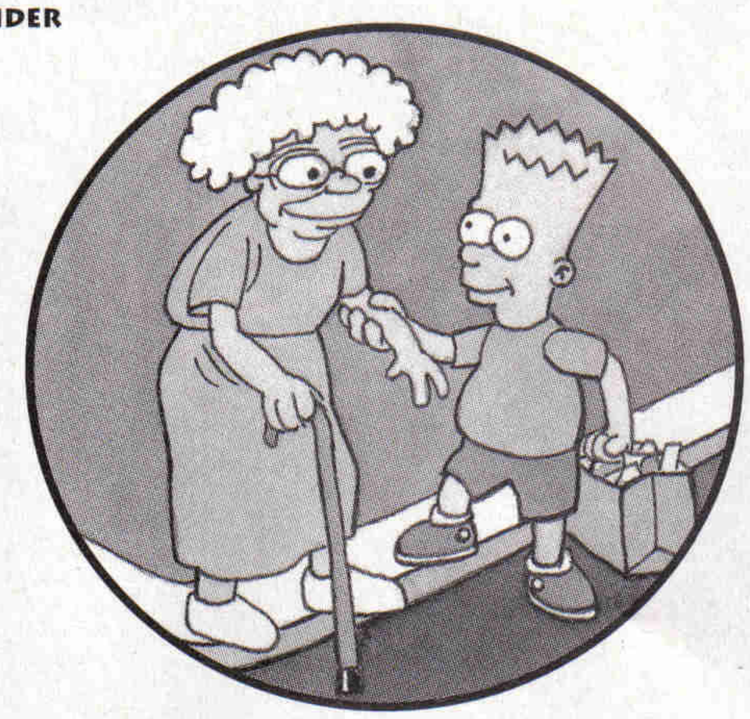
SIMPSONS
BY THE NUMBERS

ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA WRITER: MIKE SNIDER



Total value of all the Harvard educations wasted on eventual members of *Simpsons* writing staff:

$2.63 billion



Sappy episodes that show Bart's "heart of gold" ordered up by scared network execs with a stack of complaint letters from three Fundamentalists in Iowa:

14



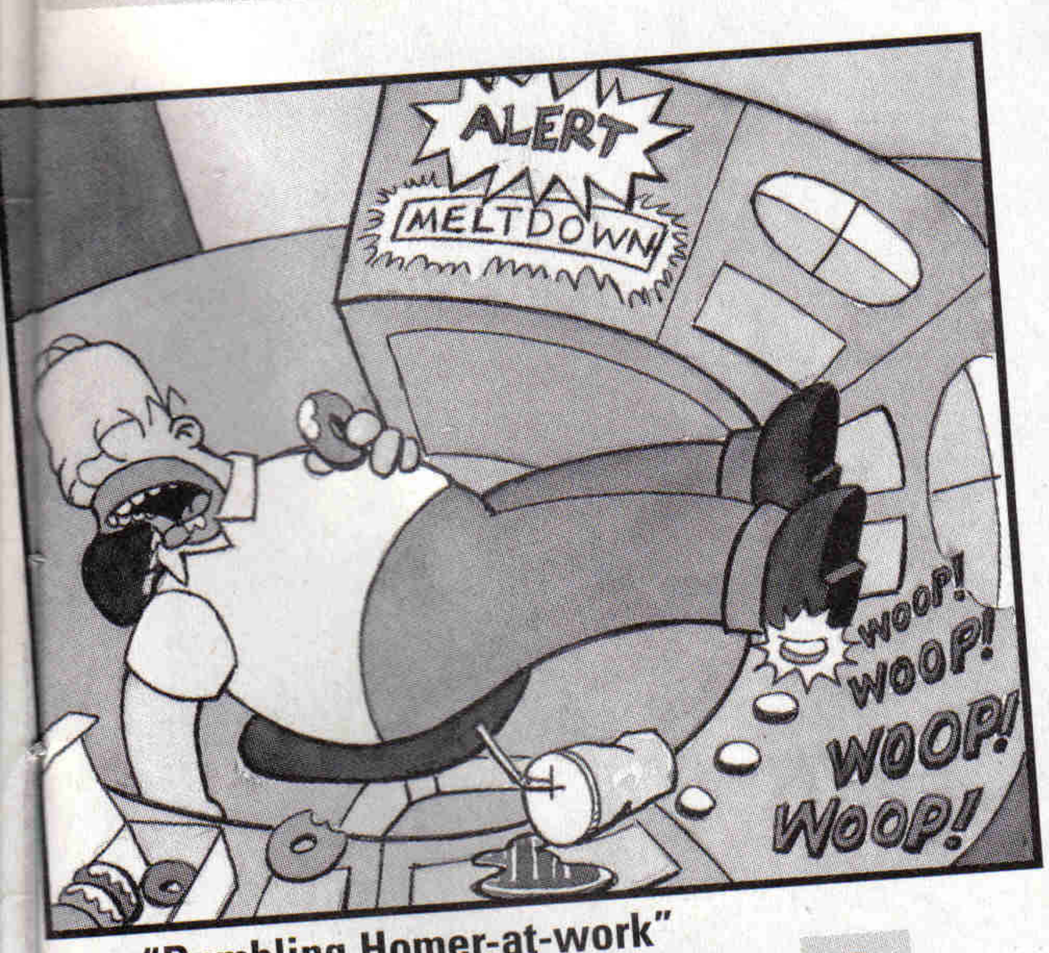
Number of real-life kids imitating Bart's prank phone calls to Moe's Tavern...

...before the advent of CALLER I.D.:

2,430,623

...after the advent of CALLER I.D.:

3



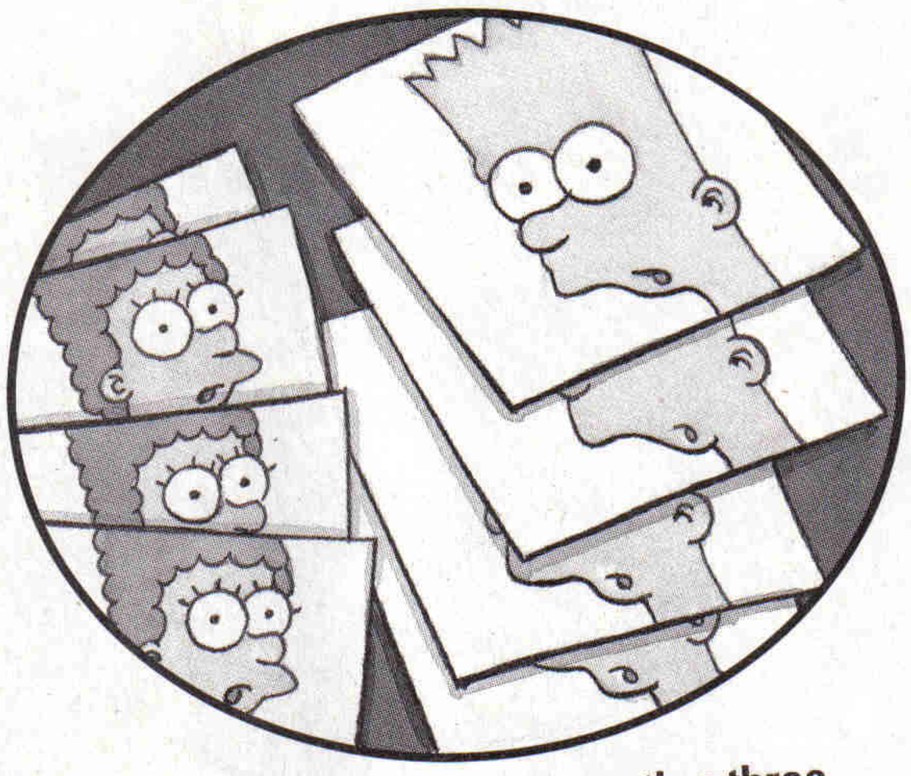
"Bumbling Homer-at-work" episodes that overexaggerate the dangers of nuclear power plants: **0**



Difference, in level of annoyance, between *Simpsons* fanatics who've memorized every episode and Trekkies: **0**

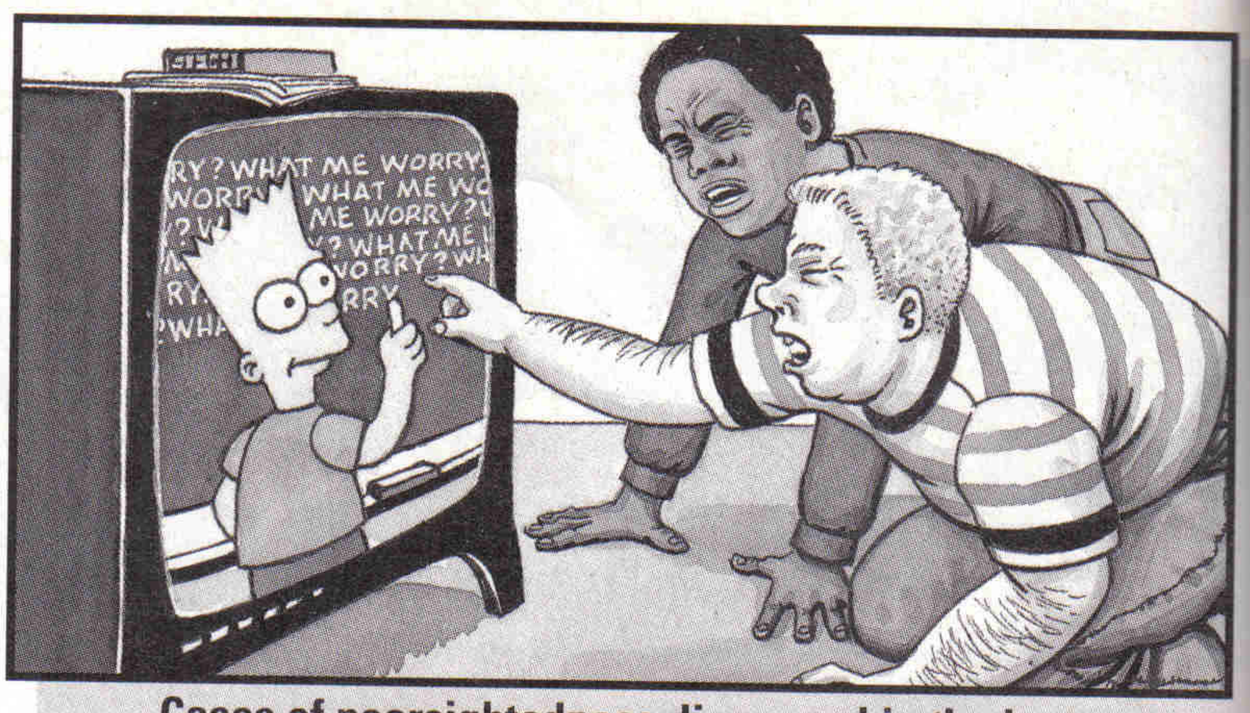


THE SIMPSONS
BY THE NUMBERS



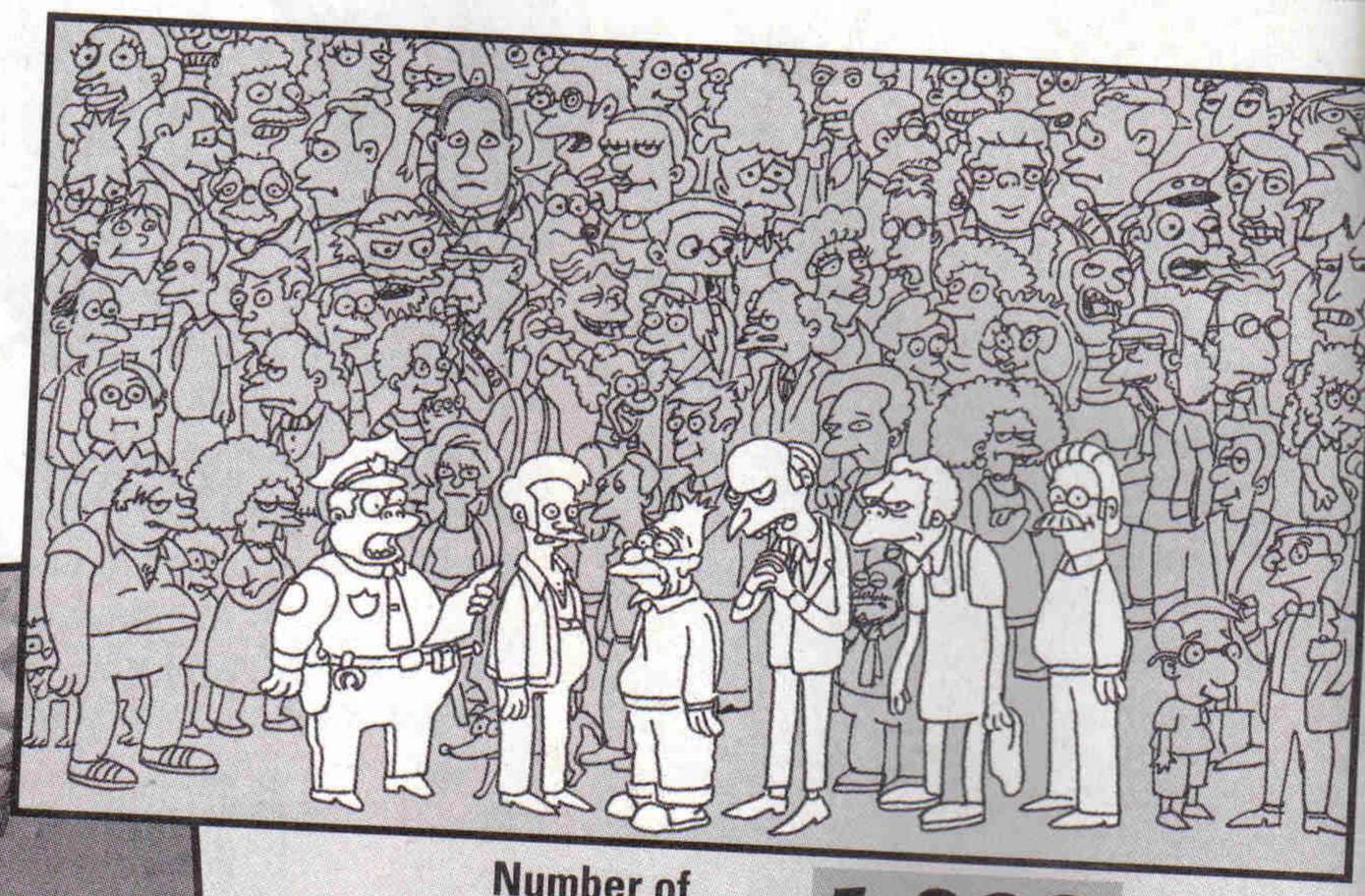
Amount saved by inserting three or four blank stares per episode — just to cut down on the number of different animation cels needed:

$5.2 million



Cases of nearsightedness diagnosed in the last 12 years directly attributable to squinting at all the tiny background gags in *The Simpsons*:

13,498,280



Number of continuing characters: **1,026**

Number of continuing characters worth remembering: **6**



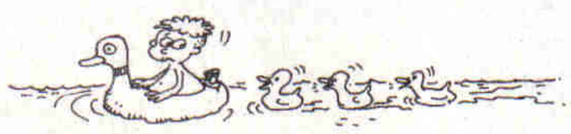
Year that a pudgy, middle-aged Ben Affleck and Kate Hudson will play Homer and Marge in the live-action movie of *The Simpsons*:

2023



Satirical swipes at *MAD*: **42**

Deserved satirical swipes at *MAD*: **42**



THE DISSING LINK DEPT.

In the words of some Hollywood executive, "You can never have too many sequels!" So here is another installment of our rip-off game of "6 Degrees of Kevin Bacon." And what's the best thing about our little game? You don't need that annoying Kevin Bacon to play it! Here's...

6 DEGREES OF SEPARATION

Can you link GOLF to SHREK?



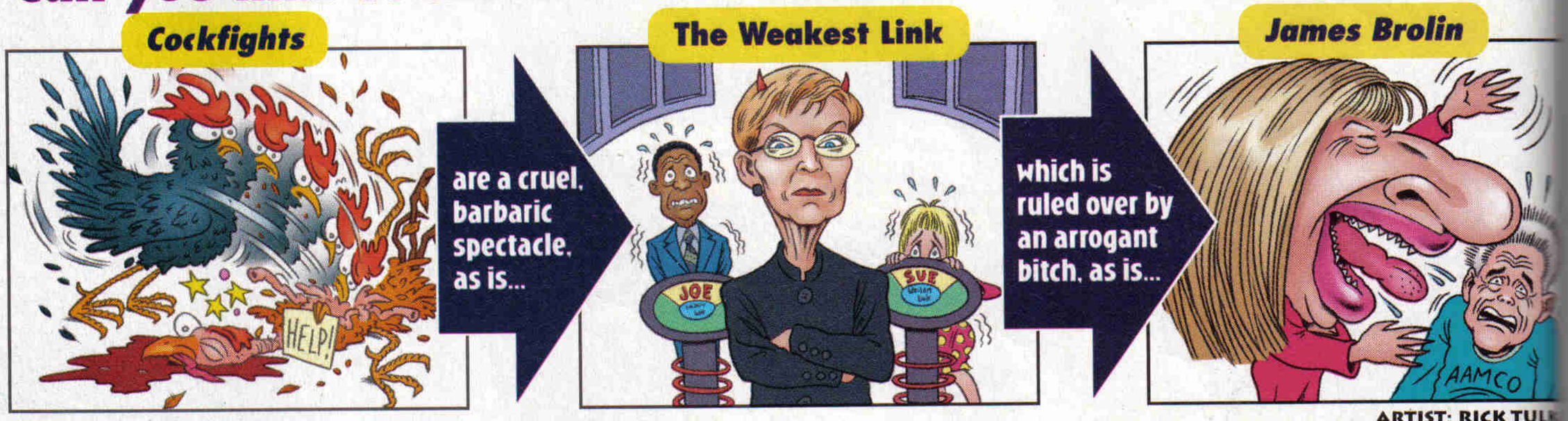
Can you link THE ROLLING STONES to CHARLIE SHEEN?



Can you link OSAMA BIN LADEN to CAMRYN MANHEIM'S THIGHS?



Can you link COCKFIGHTS to AOL?



ARTIST: RICK TUL

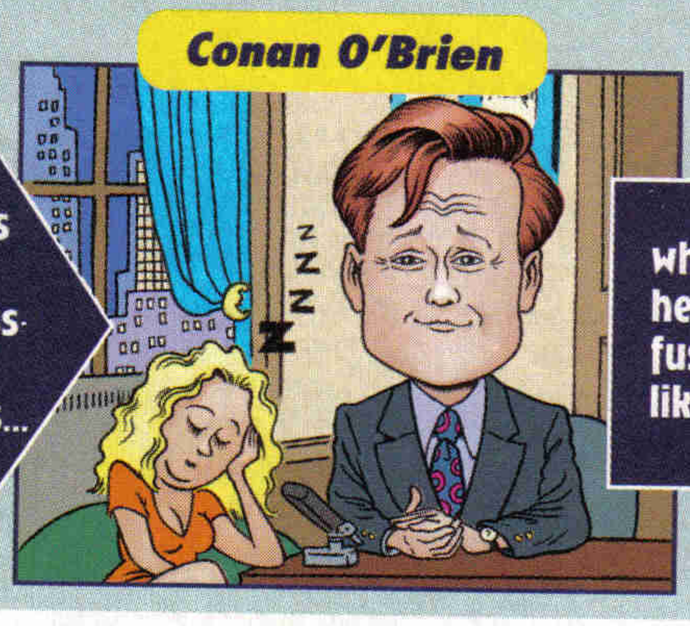
BETWEEN ANYONE AND ANYTHING

PART VI

which is a poor substitute for the real thing, like...



which was a major embarrassment for NBC, as is...



who's a big-headed doofus the kids like, as is...



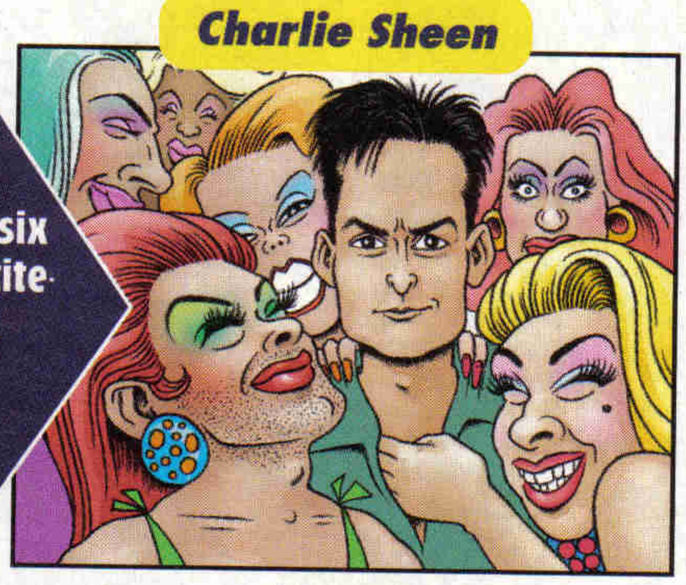
which has a half-life of 10,000 years, as does...



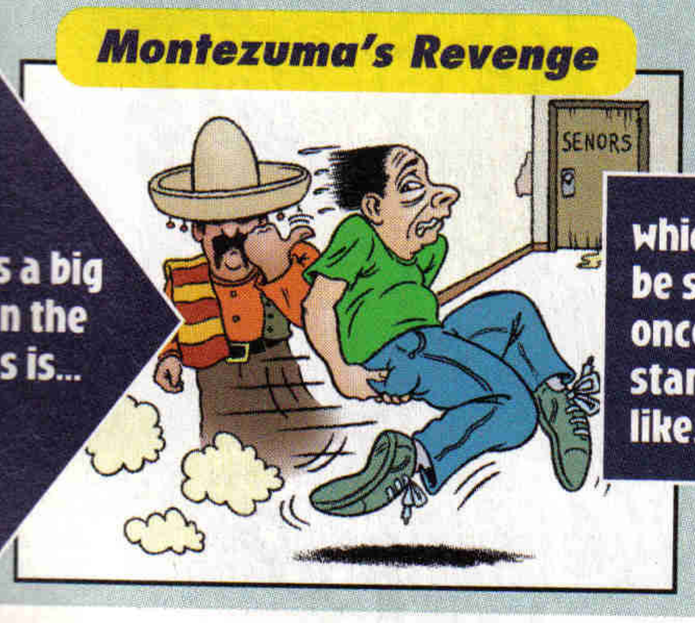
which is a trailer-trash favorite, like...



which averages six Transvestite-hookers a week, as does...



who is a big pain in the ass, as is...



which can't be stopped once it's started, like...



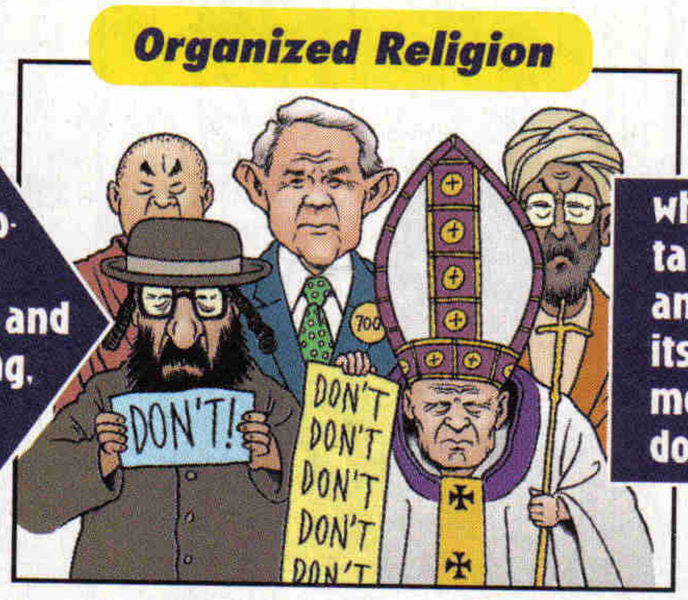
which can crush a man within seconds, as can...



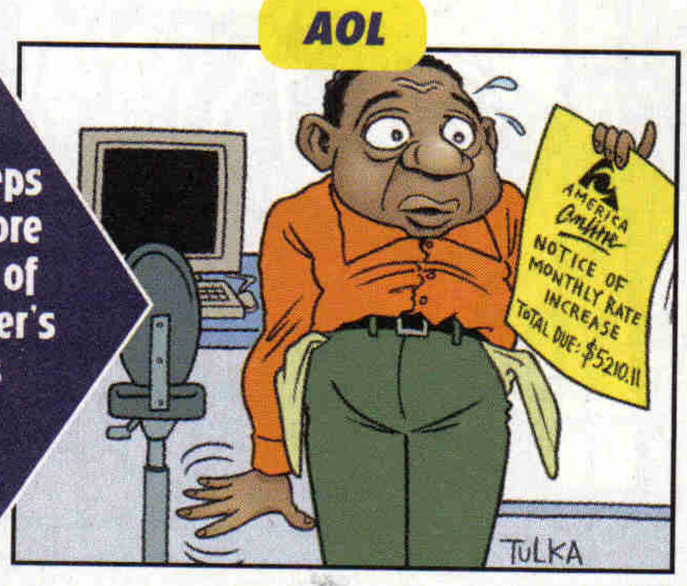
who played a doctor on TV, as did...



who disapproves of everyone and everything, as does...



which keeps taking more and more of its member's money, as does...



WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

Like the early pioneers, our hero continues to weave his way ever west. And like them, his butt is starting to get really sore. Saddle up, it's...

MONROE and...

ARTIST: BILL WRAY WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

THE GREAT AMERICAN ROAD TRIP

PART TWO

SO, ARE WE EVER GONNA *EAT* ON THIS TRIP?

FINE. GRAB A COUPLE BUCKS OUTTA *GRANDPA'S WALLET* WHILE HE'S *ASLEEP!* WE'LL STOP HERE.

TONY'S DINER

HERE? COME ON, WE PASSED LIKE *SEVENTY* FAST FOOD PLACES WITH *NAMES* I'VE *HEARD OF* AND WE'RE STOPPING AT THIS *DUMP?*

EXACTLY! THE GREAT AMERICAN ROADSIDE GREASY SPOON! LIKE, THIS IS A *DYING* BREED.

I KNOW. I CAN *SMELL* ***THE CORPSE*** FROM HERE!

DAMN. SO WHY DIDN'T YOU WAKE ME?

WE WERE ALL PRETTY SURE YOU WERE *DEAD*. NOW QUIT YOUR COMPLAINING. MONROE BROUGHT YOU A *DOGGIE BAG!*

IS THAT *CHICKEN FRIED STEW* IN *THAT BAG?* IT SMELLS *GOOD!*

NO GRANDPA! YOU *DON'T* WANT THAT! *IT'S...*

DON'T TELL ME WHAT I *WANT* AND WHAT I *DON'T WANT!* MMM, STILL *WARM...*

MMMM, NICE AND *SOFT* ON MY GUMS.

HARALPH!

YOU'RE *DISGUSTING,* MONTY!

WELL, ***YEE-HA!*** SIGN ME *UP!*

GEE, MA, *THANKS* FOR *SMOKING* WHILE YOU WERE PREGNANT WITH ME!

LOOK AT THE *BRIGHT SIDE,* WHILE ALL YOUR FRIENDS ARE PAYING AT THE MOVIES, YOU CAN STILL SNEAK BY AS A *KID!*

M UNTAINS

YOU MUST BE THIS TALL TO RIDE

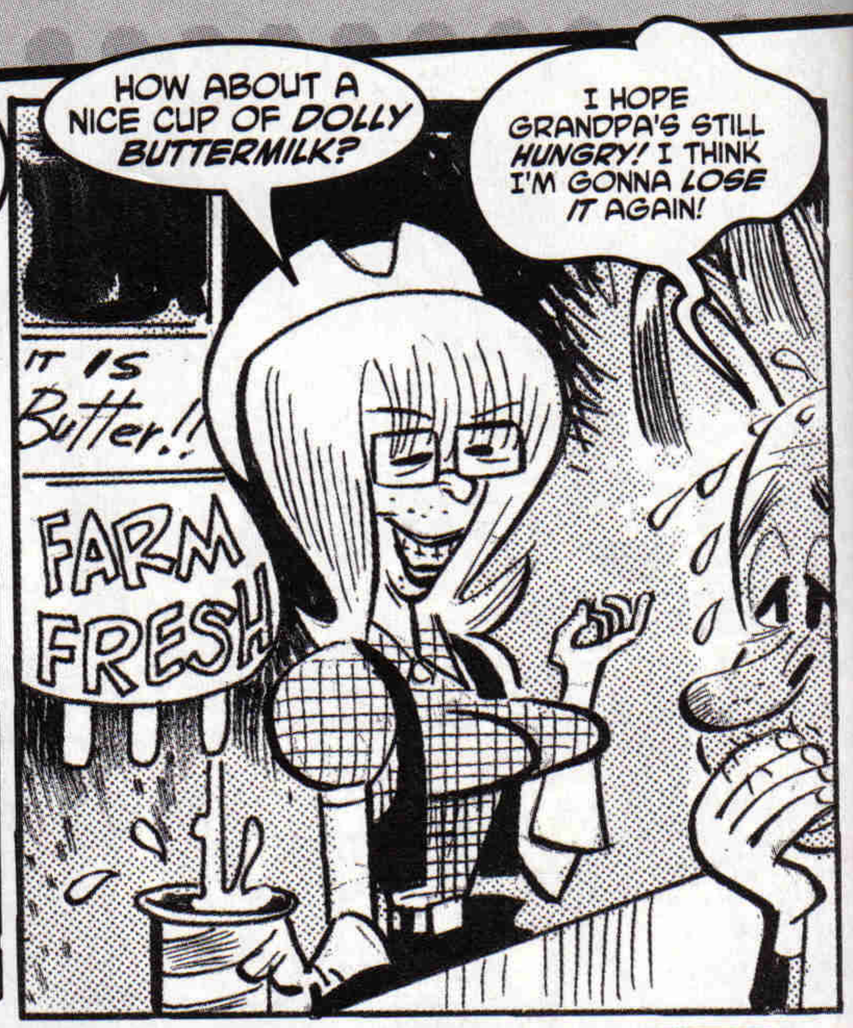
YEAH, TILL I'M THIRTY!

IF YOU'RE LUCKY!

Monroe


HI, WANT SOME DOLLY JERKY?
WHAT'D YOU CALL ME? OH... HELLO!
DOLLY JERKY
HOT


HOW ABOUT A FREE SAMPLE? THIS ONE'S CALLED DOLLY'S INFERNO!
MMMM... GOOD GOD THAT'S HOT! WHERE'S A DRINK?
HOT


HOW ABOUT A NICE CUP OF DOLLY BUTTERMILK?
I HOPE GRANDPA'S STILL HUNGRY! I THINK I'M GONNA LOSE IT AGAIN!
IT IS Butter.!!
FARM FRESH

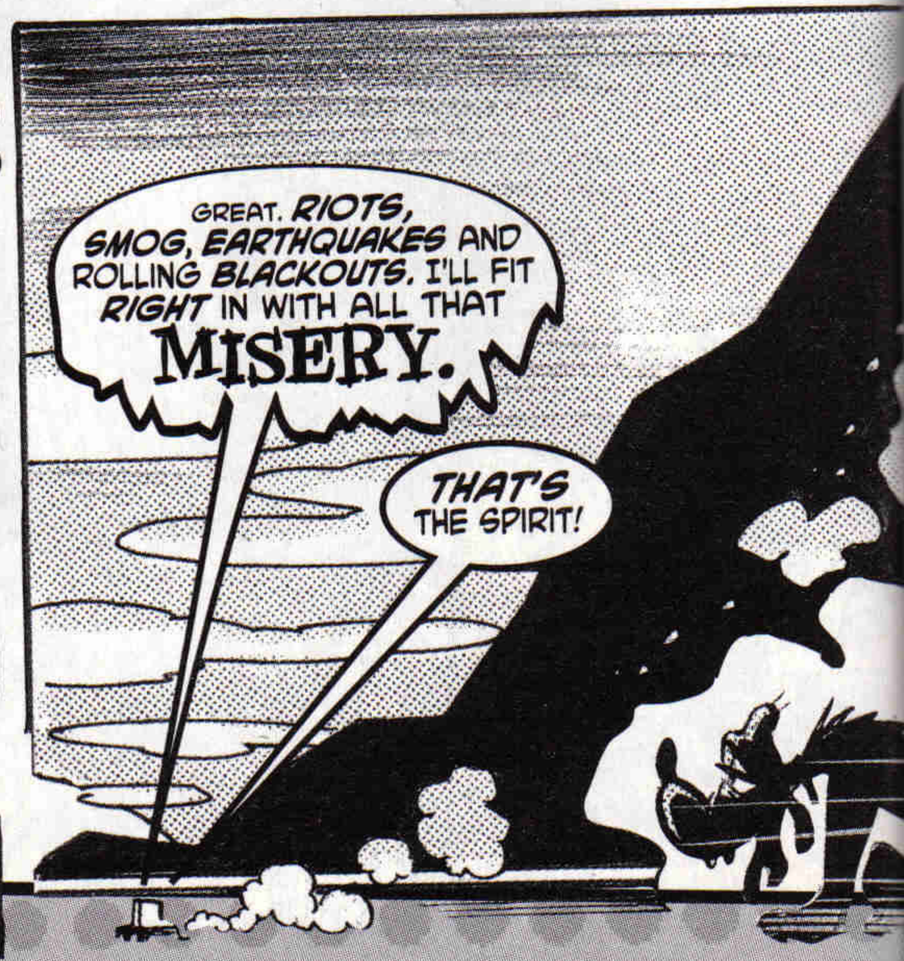

THERE YOU ARE! COME ON, TIME TO GO!
WAIT! NO! BUT ME AND TERRY JO GOTTA GO TO THE DUMPSTERS.


FORGET IT! WE GOTTA HIT THE PARKING LOT BEFORE IT EMPTIES OUT!
YOUR FATHER LIKES TO GET A HEAD START ON THE GAS SIPHONING.
THAT'S RIGHT! NOW GET YOUR HOSE AND COME ON!


I GUESS THIS IS GOODBYE, TERRY JO.
HOW ABOUT A QUICK TONSIL BATH BEFORE YA GO?


WE'RE HEADING TOWARDS THE SETTING SUN. YOU KNOW WHAT THAT REPRESENTS, DON'T YA?
DEATH?


NOT QUITE, BOY. IT MEANS... California!


GREAT. RIOTS, SMOG, EARTHQUAKES AND ROLLING BLACKOUTS. I'LL FIT RIGHT IN WITH ALL THAT MISERY.
THAT'S THE SPIRIT!

FEEL BETTER?

YEAH, SORRY ABOUT CRYING. I HAVE A VERY *SENSITIVE TONGUE!*

REALLY? WELL MAYBE I CAN *KISS* IT FOR YOU.

AWESOME! ARE ALL SOUTHERN GIRLS LIKE YOU?

SOME GOT CLOSER SET EYES. IT'S ALL A MATTER OF HOW MUCH INBREEDING THERE WAS IN OUR TEEN YEARS! LET'S GO OVER BY THE *DUMPSTERS.*

SWEET!

SLURP

WOW, YOU GOT OUT THAT LODGED PIECE OF JERKY! *THANKS,* TERRY JO, I'LL NEVER *FORGET* YOU!

WHATEVER.

ALL RIGHT PEOPLE, WE GOT A *FULL* TANK, *EMPTY* MAYO JARS AND HALF A CASE OF *CURRY CORNNUTS!* THAT OUGHT TO GET US THERE.

I'M *AFRAID* TO ASK, BUT... WHERE TO *NOW,* DAD?

EXIT→

IN OUR NEXT SUN-SOAKED EPISODE...

WHEN I GET TO CALIFORNIA, I'M GONNA SQUASH SOME *GRAPES* ALL *OVER MY BODY!*

EWWWW! HOW COME?

MY *FUNGUS* IS ACTING UP AGAIN. IT'S AN OLD CHEYENNE REMEDY!

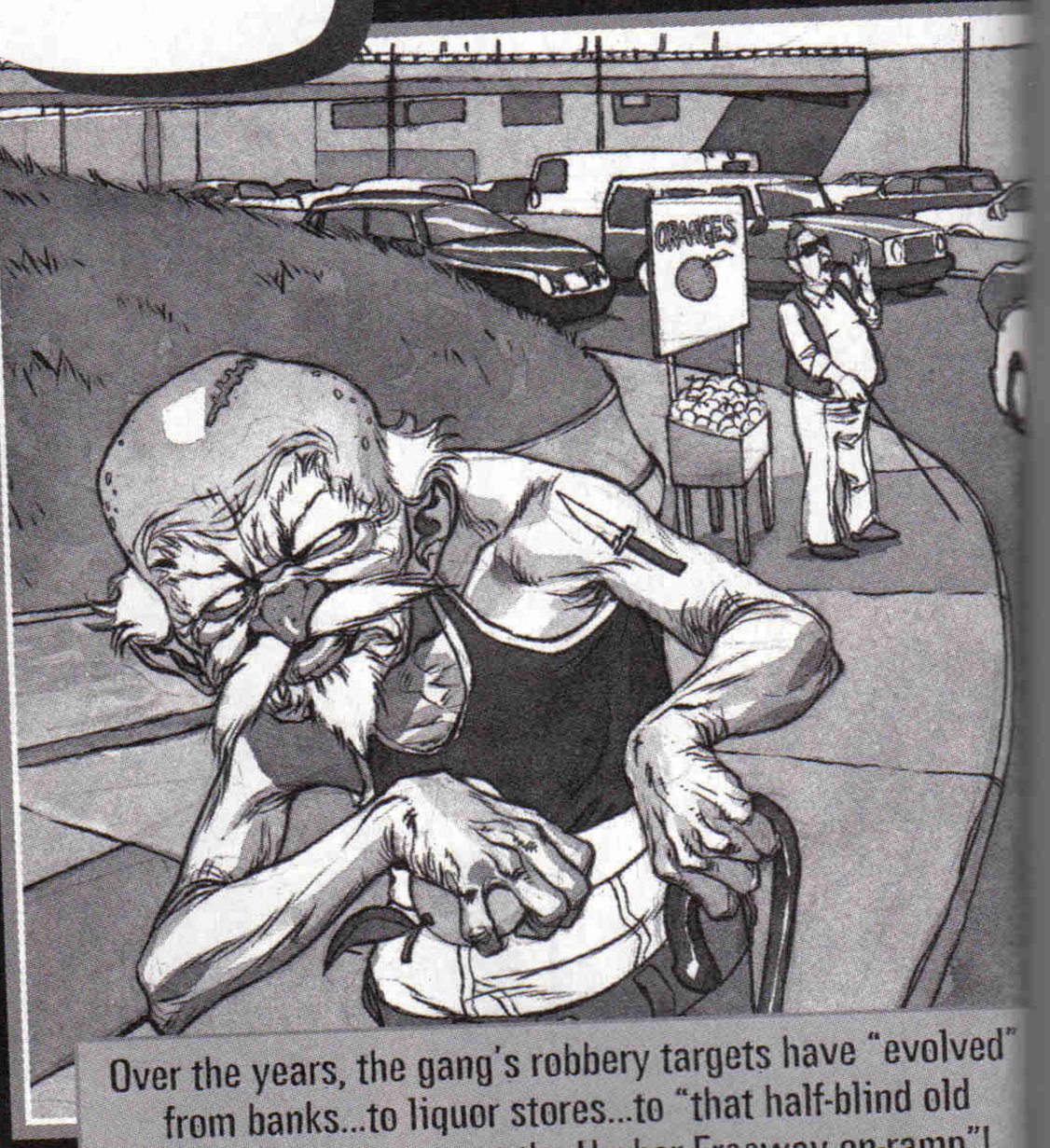
NICE.

10 SIGNS

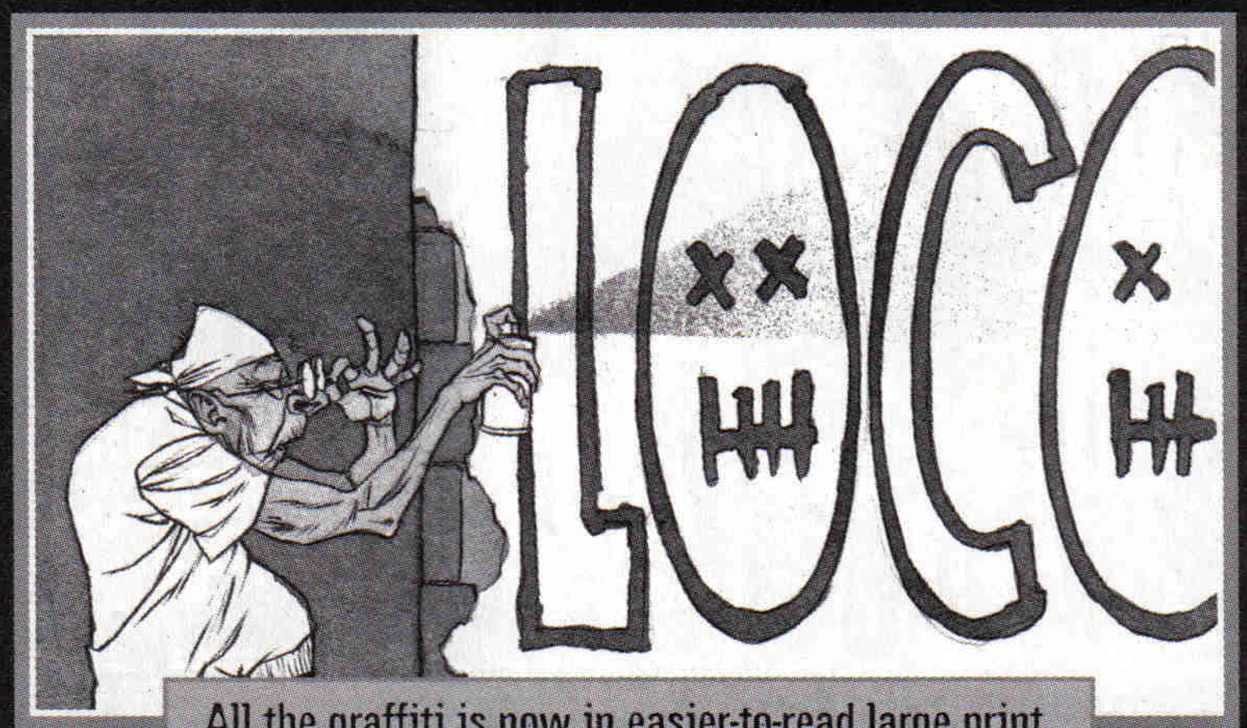
According to FBI statistics, rates of serious crimes have fallen off steeply in the last several years. One reason is the inevitable aging of youths that comprised many violent street gangs. How about *your* gang members? Are they getting a bit long in the tooth? Are the once feared "Loco," "Thug" and "Killa" now referred to as "Gramps," "Pokey" and "Gums"? Have you officially changed your gang colors to "Viagra Blue" and "Pepto Bismol Pink"? Maybe it's time that you woke up and got down with the...



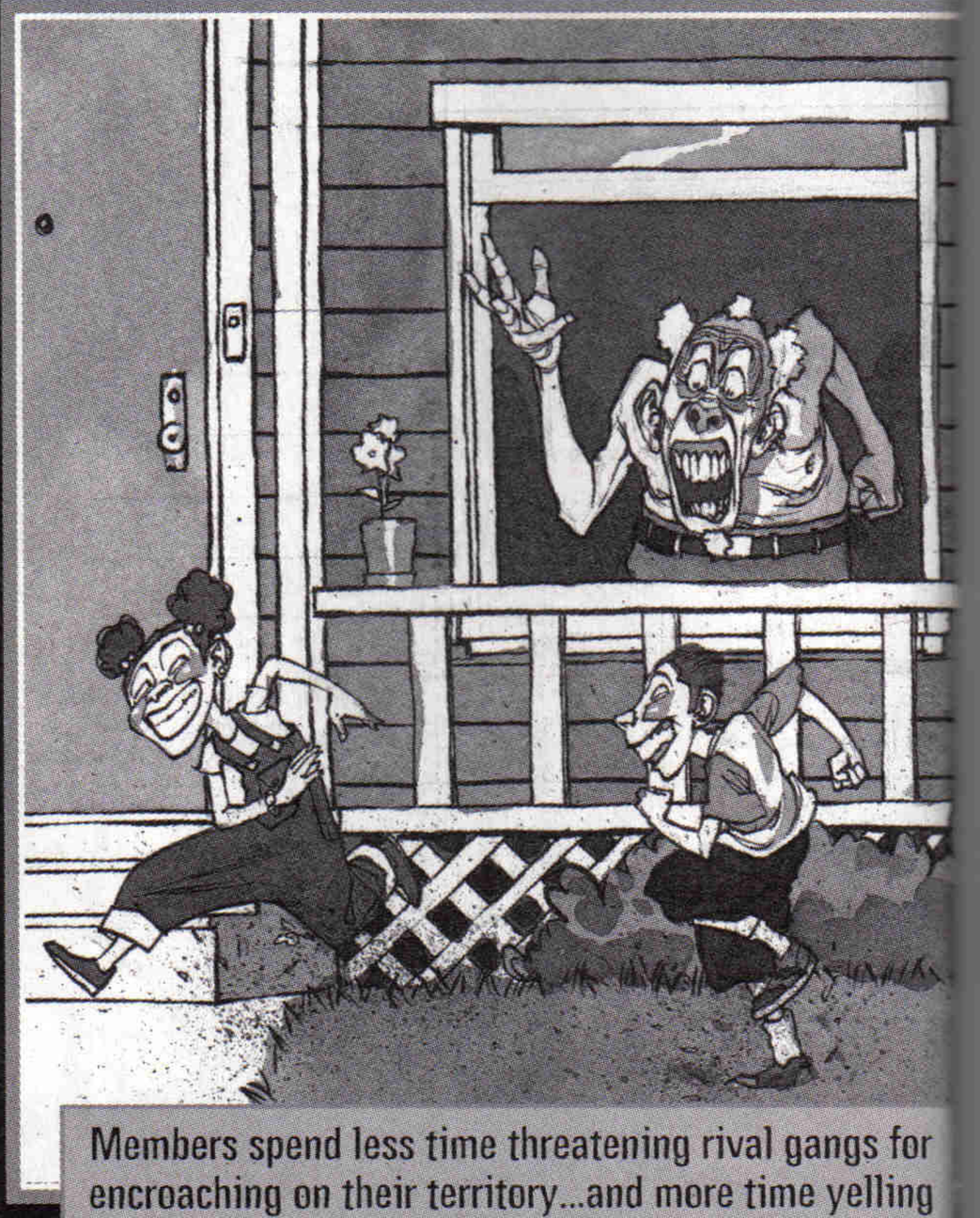
Gang wars had to be rescheduled because half the guys had to drop off their kids at soccer practice.



Over the years, the gang's robbery targets have "evolved" from banks...to liquor stores...to "that half-blind old man selling oranges at the Harbor Freeway on-ramp"!



All the graffiti is now in easier-to-read large print.



Members spend less time threatening rival gangs for encroaching on their territory...and more time yelling at local kids to "Get the hell off my lawn, punk!"



They've stopped showing off stab wounds and bullet holes and now complain about hip replacements and bypass scars.

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

THAT YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD GANG IS GETTING OLD



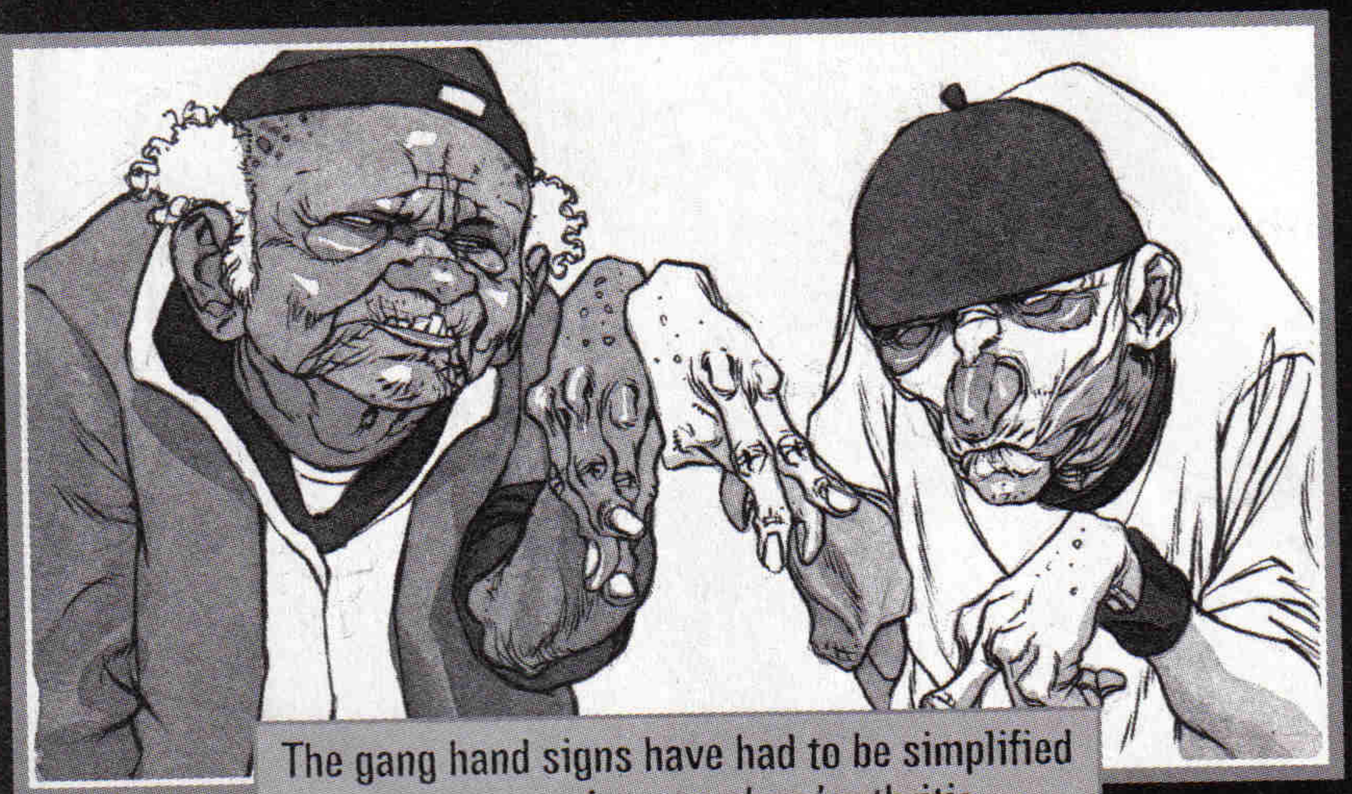
Police now mockingly refer to your gang as "The Iron Poor Bloods."



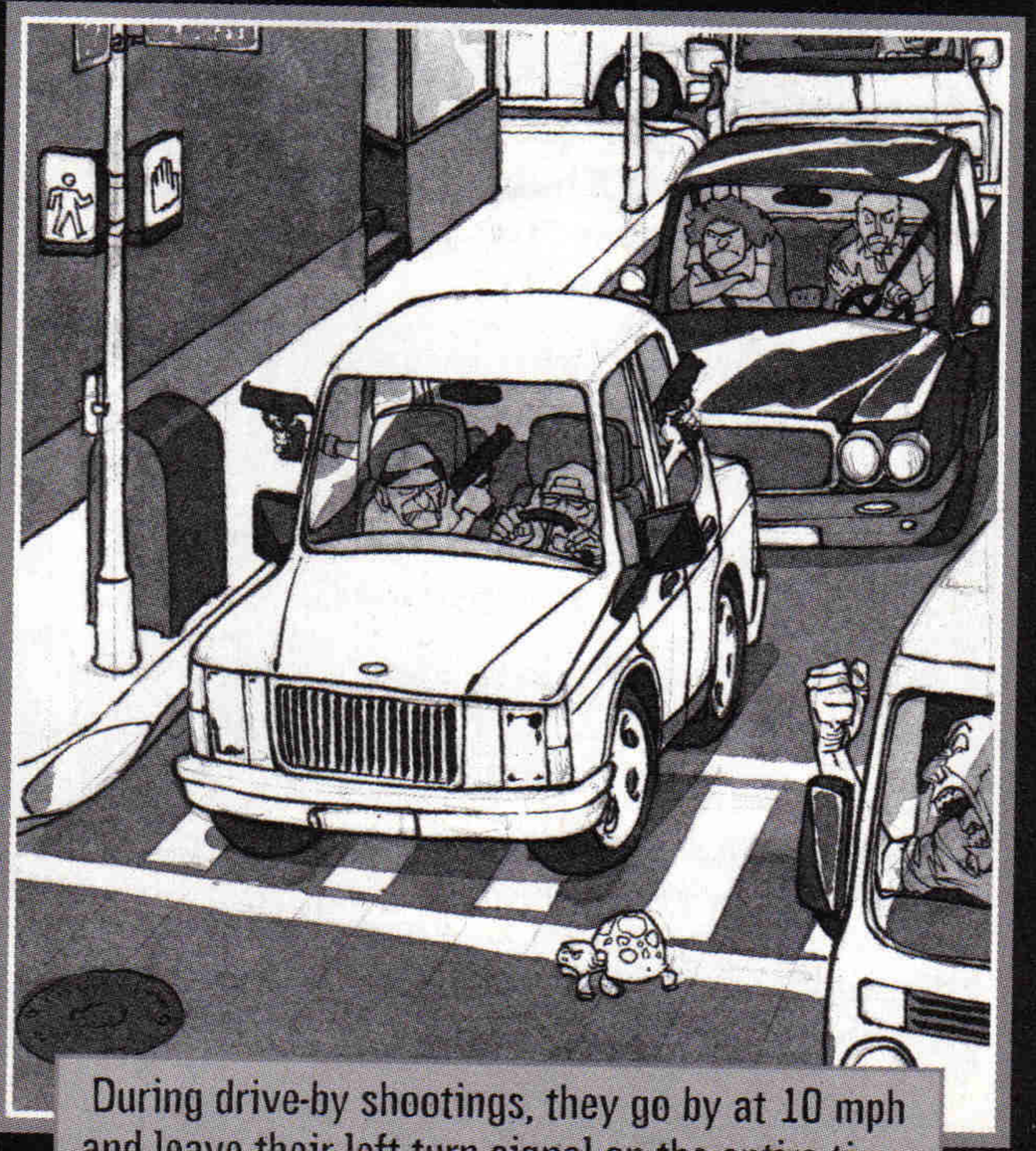
Any encroachment on the local turf by other gangs is met with a swift, sternly-worded letter, followed up immediately by a court Restraining Order!



The hottest new personal fashion accessory in the 'hood is trifocal Ray-Bans.



The gang hand signs have had to be simplified to accommodate members' arthritis.



During drive-by shootings, they go by at 10 mph and leave their left turn signal on the entire time.

A MAN'S BEFORE AFTER COMMITTING

Since time immemorial, women have been withholding sex from men, usually in retaliation for one perceived infraction or another that men invariably commit. Men know this, but have never been able to totally avoid committing these offending deeds. Why, you ask? Because women are always changing the rules, or making up new ones in the top-secret meetings they have. Well, we guys at MAD think we have finally broken the code that guides all women in their never-ending effort to torture randy men. Here's...

THE MAN'S ERROR	LENGTH OF TIME (Before He Can Expect to "Get Any")
Giggling at her for getting misty-eyed at the end of a chick-flick	4 days
Using any expression other than "making love" to refer to sex	4 days
Tone of voice she doesn't like while talking about her mother	5 days
Actually saying "No, I don't want to go" when she says "It's okay if you don't want to go"	6 days
Shushing her during ESPN's *SportsCenter*	8 days
Not allowing her to watch *Judging Amy* because there's a 3 Stooges marathon on AMC	3 days
Bringing up the possibility of a "threesome"...	
...with her friend	2 days
...with her sister	19 days
...with her mom	6 months
Shrugging your shoulders and grunting when she asks how the makeup she just spent 1 1/2 hours putting on looks	2 days
Showing up 1 1/2 hours late for a date because there was "this really cool police chase on live TV"	3 days
Not answering quickly or vehemently enough when she asks if you would ever cheat on her	12 days
Scratching your privates and asking her "what the hell did you give me?"	3 months
Accusing her of "having PMS"	
...when she doesn't	8 days
...when she does	12 days
Failure to be serious about a relationship quiz in *Cosmopolitan* magazine	4 days
Casually remarking that if she wanted a boob job you'd be willing to pay for it	3 weeks
Using logic	6 days



GUIDE TO HOW LONG YOU'LL "GET ANY"

ONE OF THESE COMMON RELATIONSHIP ERRORS



But hey, let's be honest. Men aren't the only ones who screw up in a relationship. In the interest of fair play, we also present...

A WOMAN'S GUIDE TO HOW LONG BEFORE YOU'LL "GET ANY"

AFTER COMMITTING ONE OF THESE COMMON RELATIONSHIP ERRORS

THE WOMAN'S ERROR	LENGTH OF TIME (Before She Can Expect to "Get Any")
Selling off his prized baseball card collection	2 hours
Wrecking his car	2 hours
Running off with the mailman, but coming back after a week or so	2 hours
Accidentally enlisting him in the Marine Corps	2 hours
Running up a $1,000 phone bill calling psychic hotlines from his place	2 hours
Burning all his clothes	2 hours
Killing his mother	2 hours
Shredding his entire skin magazine collection	2 hours
Selling his dog to a Korean restaurant	2 hours
Slicing off his penis with a kitchen knife, then tossing it into a vacant lot	2 hours

ARTIST: PETER KUPER WRITER: MIKE SNIDER



Public Schools are facing severe financial crises. Budgets are being cut, leaving students with old textbooks, faulty gym equipment and the like. What is the answer? Hit up big corporations for donations and sponsorship. Now, we can tolerate a new basketball scoreboard with a company's name on it, but a textbook that teaches math by having students count Cheerios is a whole other story. Can you say hidden agenda? Recently, we traveled to Pepsi High School in Long Beach, California to find out what happens...

WHEN CORPO PUBLIC SCH

From the R.J. Reynolds U. S. History Textbook

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

In 1620, the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. They were greeted by Indians who helped them plant corn and wheat and tobacco. Ah, smooth tobacco! Together, the Pilgrims and Indians harvested their tobacco and then processed it into cigarettes and then sold them to others who could prove they were at least 18 years old. It was in this spirit of cooperation and providing the public with a product it wanted that the first Thanksgiving was celebrated.

IMPORTANT TERMS IN THIS CHAPTER:

- ✓ Tobacco
- ✓ Cigarettes
- ✓ Thanksgiving

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION:

- How do cigarettes help bring people of different races together?
- What can you do to ensure that all Americans always have the right to smoke tobacco, a naturally occurring plant?



16

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: RICKY SPRAGUE

RATE SPONSORSHIP OF OOLS GOES TOO FAR!

From Seagram's Chemistry Experiments Workbook

EXPERIMENT No. 6.0

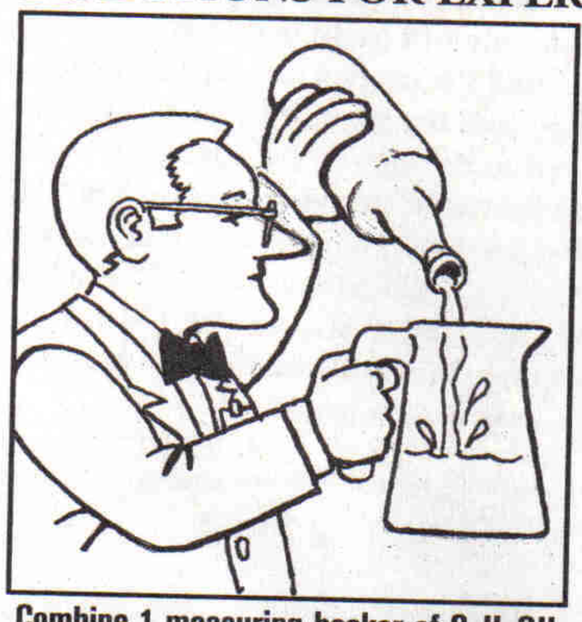
MATERIALS NEEDED:

- One 750 ml bottle C_2H_5OH (Ethyl alcohol) compound — *let's call it "tequila"*
- One 44.5 milliliter measuring beaker — *let's call it a "jigger"*
- One 250 ml bottle triple distilled juice of Citrus limetta Risso — *let's call it "triple sec"*
- One Citrus aurantifolia (Christm.) Swingle — *let's call it a "lime"*
- 4 cubes of H_2O stored below 0 degrees centigrade — *let's call it "ice"*
- 3.7 milliliters NaCl — *let's call it "table salt"*
- One 284 ml conical flask — *let's call it a "highball glass"*

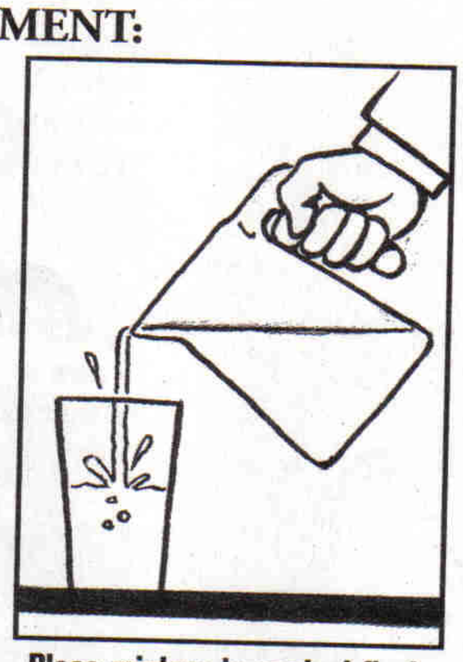
Multiply materials times the number of lab partners (and don't forget the instructor!)



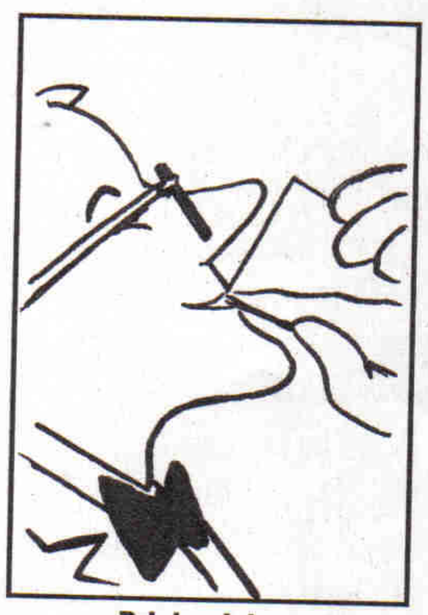
DIRECTIONS FOR EXPERIMENT:



Combine 1 measuring beaker of C_2H_5OH compound, 1/3 measuring beaker of triple distilled juice of Citrus limetta Risso, 2/3 measuring beaker of juice squeezed from Citrus aurantifolia (Christm.) Swingle, and 4 cubes of H_2O stored below 0 degrees centigrade.



Place mixture in conical flask, the rim of which has been rubbed with wedge of Citrus aurantifolia (Christm.) Swingle and sprinkled with NaCl.



Drink mixture.



Repeat experiment as many times as desired and/or physically able to.

Observations:

- Observe how much better you feel after drinking mixture
- Observe how much more fun your lab partners are to be with
- Observe how your head feels in six to eight hours – Let's call it a "hangover"

Remember:

Don't mix acids and bases in an impaired state.

WHEN CORPORATE SPONSORSHIP OF PUBLIC SCHOOLS GOES TOO FAR!

From MasterCard's Elementary Math Flash Cards

MasterCard

2+2=4*

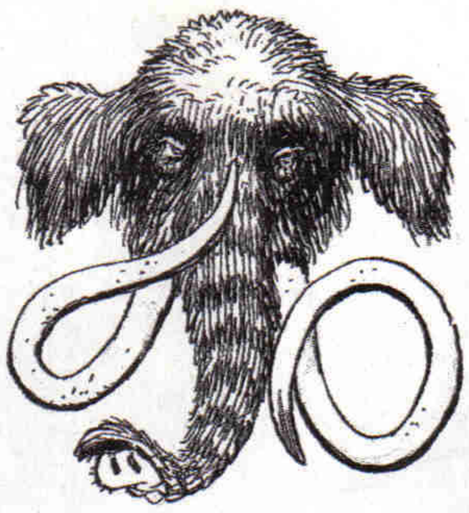
***"4" is the correct answer if reached during the initial grace period. Following the initial grace period, the sum shall be subject to an annual percentage rate of 17.99%, which corresponds to a daily periodic rate of 0.0493%. This rate will begin to accrue from the date the equation is assigned for homework and continue to accrue until the correct answer is credited to your midterms or final exams, whichever occurs first. If 30 days pass and the teacher has not received a minimum required answer, an additional late fee of 29 shall be added to the sum of the equation. So, if Johnny is given this equation in January and does not answer until February, the correct answer to "2+2" shall be calculated as 4+4X1.499%, or 4.05996,with a minimum required answer of 1. If Johnny does then not make the correct or minimum required answer until March, the correct answer to "2+2" shall be calculated as 4+4.05996X1.499%+29, or 33.12082, with a new minimum required answer of 2. (At current percentage rates, if only the minimum required answer is made each month, it will take 39 years to reach the correct answer. If Johnny is left back, he will be subject to a $25 annual membership fee.)**

From THE HOME DEPOT's Life Sciences Book

CHAPTER SIX: EXTINCTION

Extinction is a natural, necessary part of the Life Cycle. It is the process in nature by which, according to Darwin's Theory of Evolution, only the organisms best adapted to their environment tend to survive while those less adapted tend to be eliminated. In other words, every so often, bigger, stronger animals will enter an ecosystem and overwhelm the smaller animals that don't have the means to support themselves in the new, more competitive environment. As a result, the more efficient organisms take over and eventually, no one even remembers the extinct species. This is also referred to as *Natural Selection*.

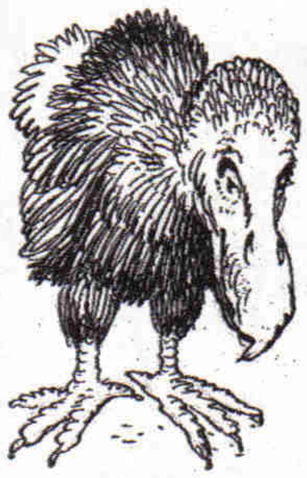
Some Extinct Organisms:



Wooly Mammoth



Saber-Toothed Tiger

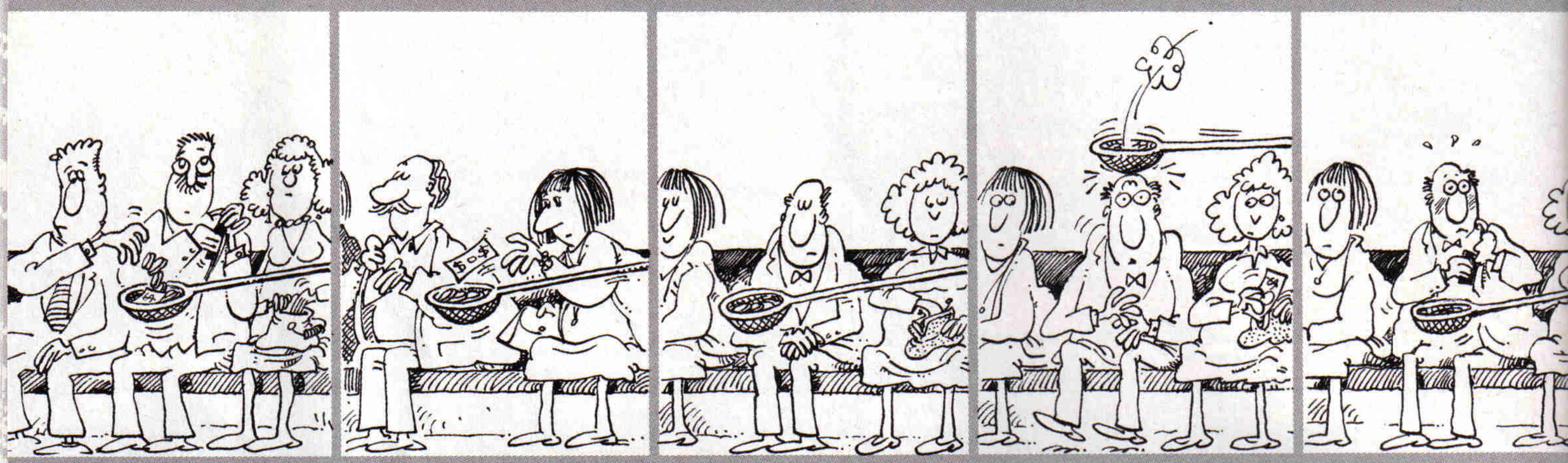


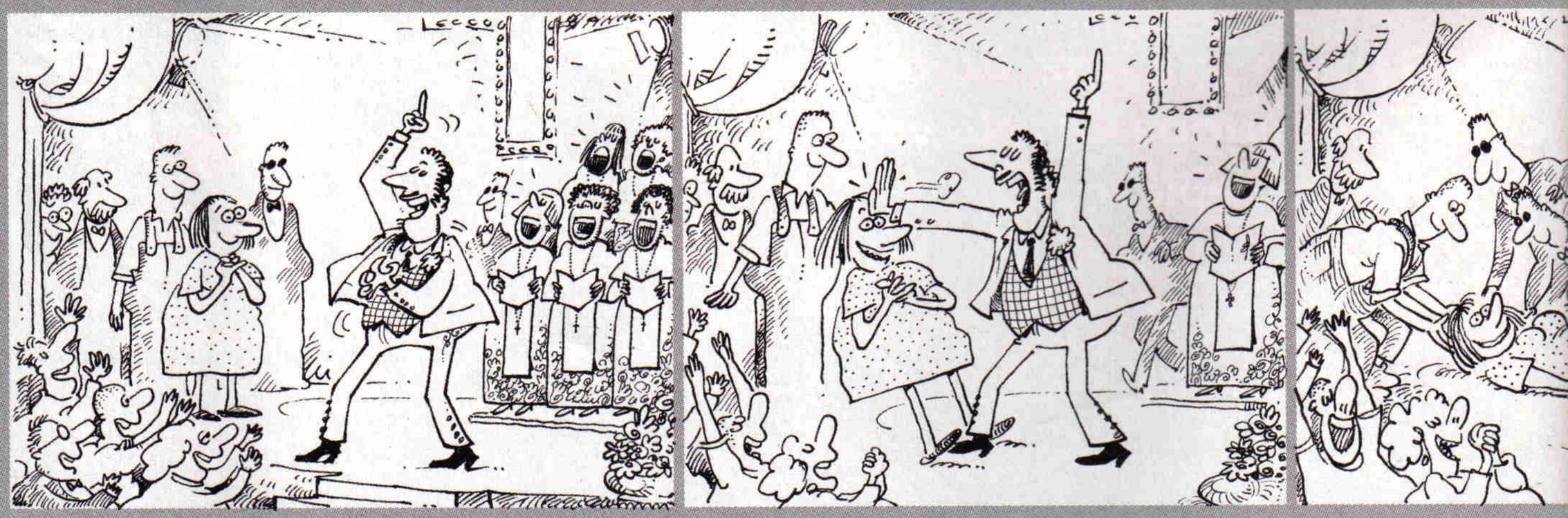
Dodo Bird

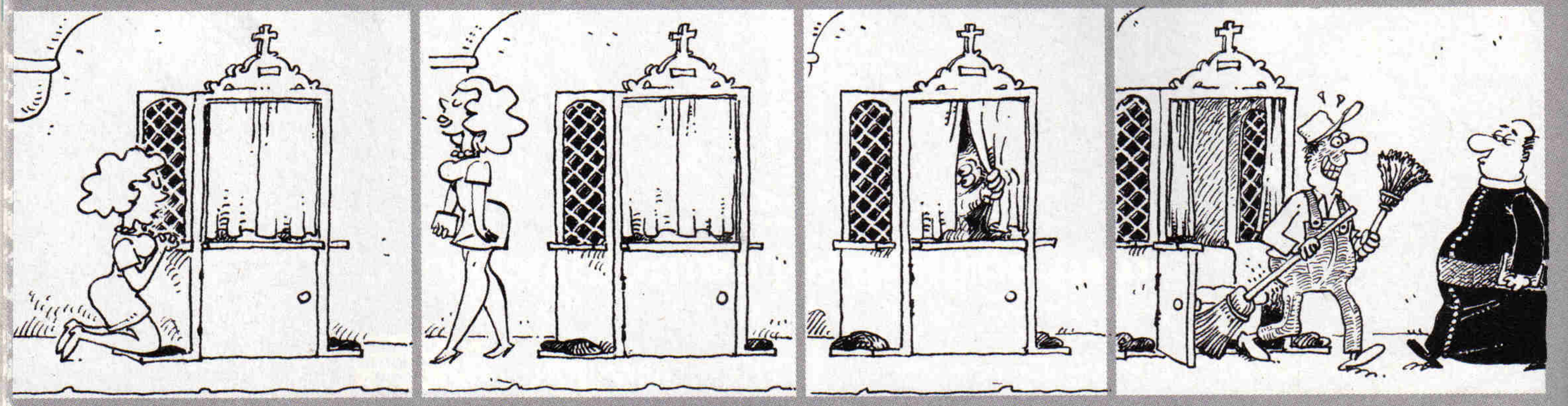


Mom and Pop Small Corner Hardware Store

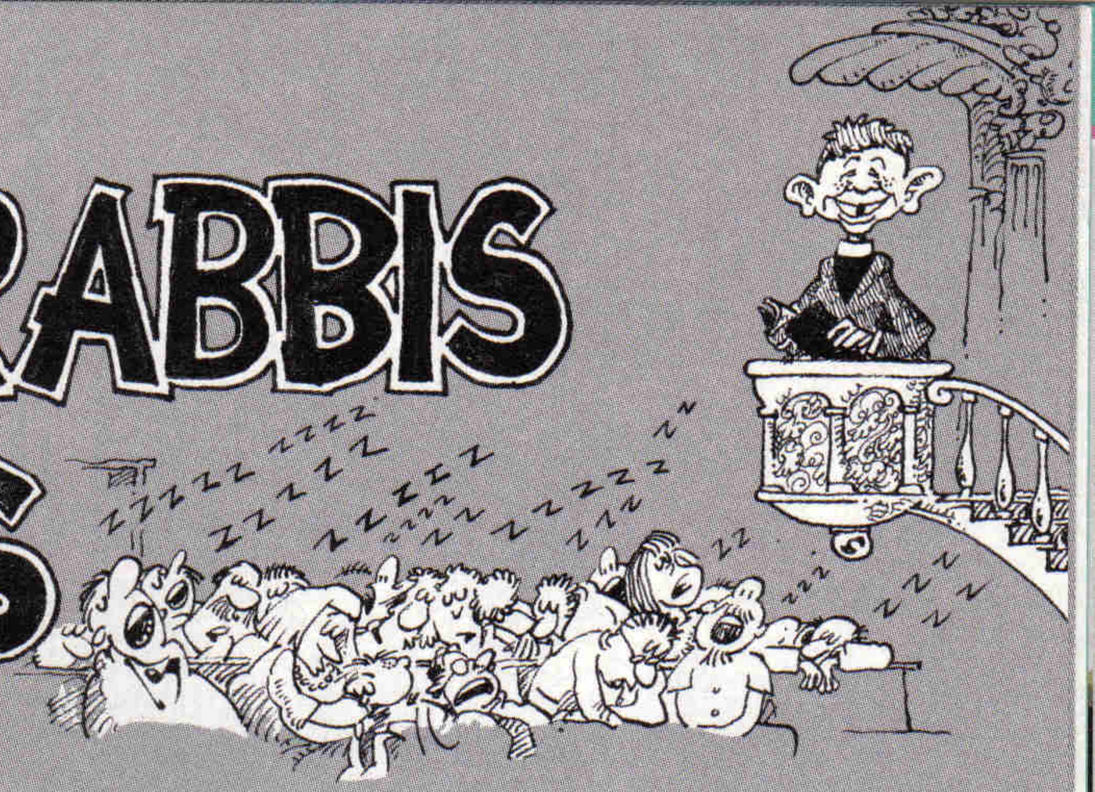
A MAD LOOK AT PRI & A FE

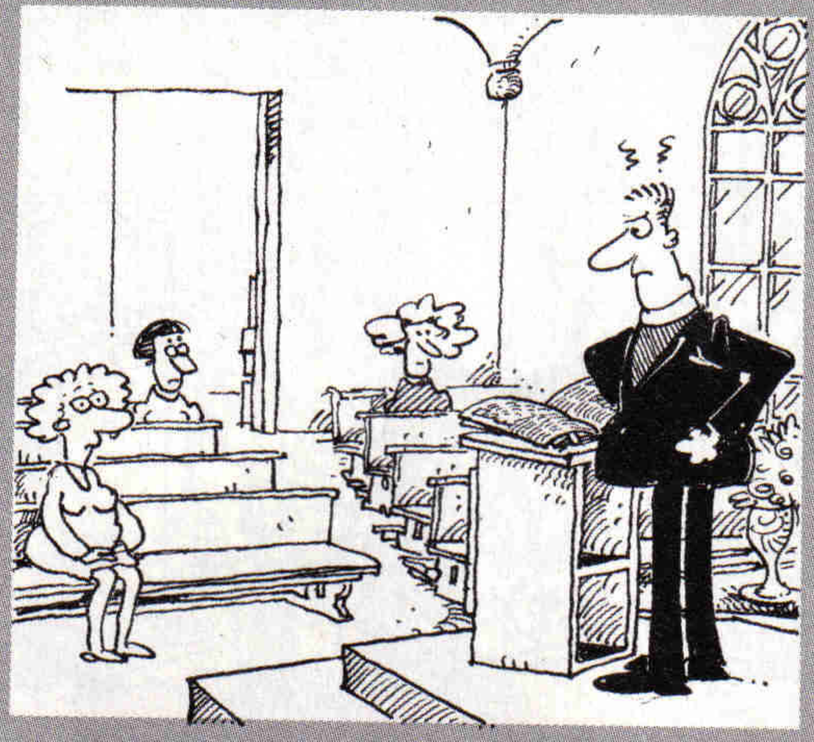






STS, MINISTERS, RABBIS
W SCOUNDRELS





















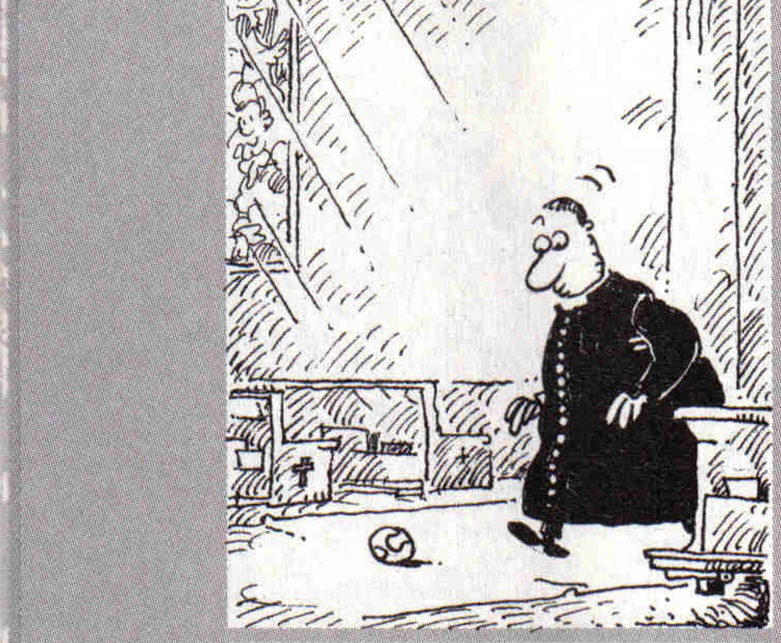




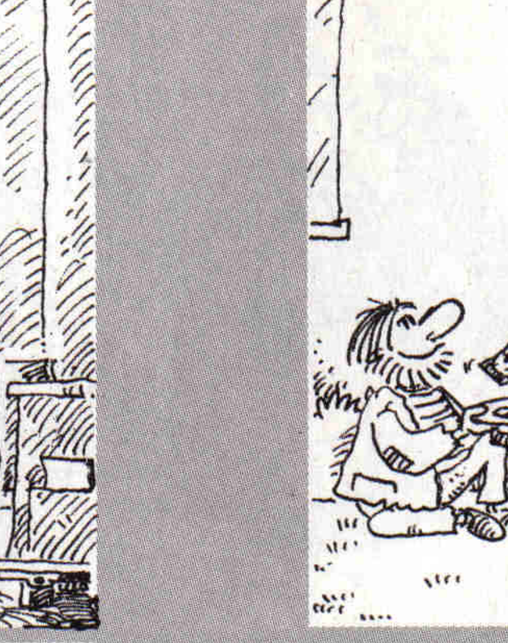

ECCLESIASTIC
STORE
CHURCH SUPPLIES
ALTAR WARE

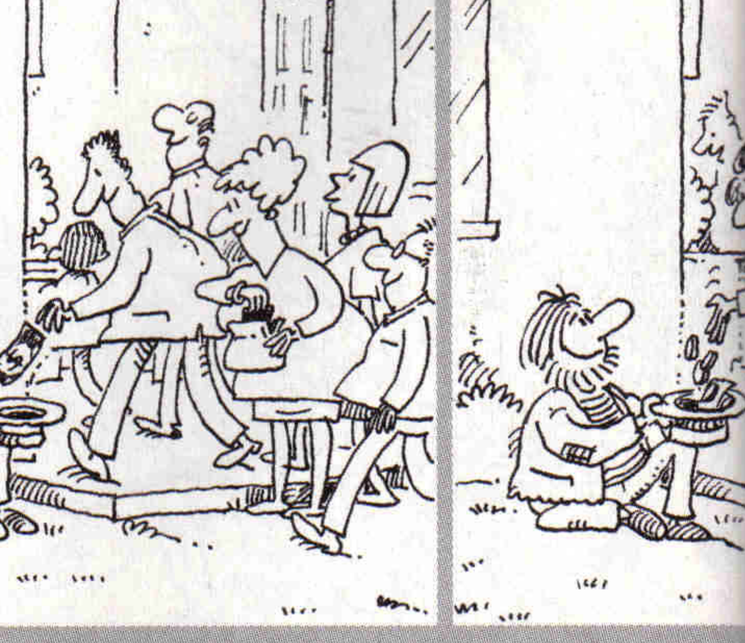


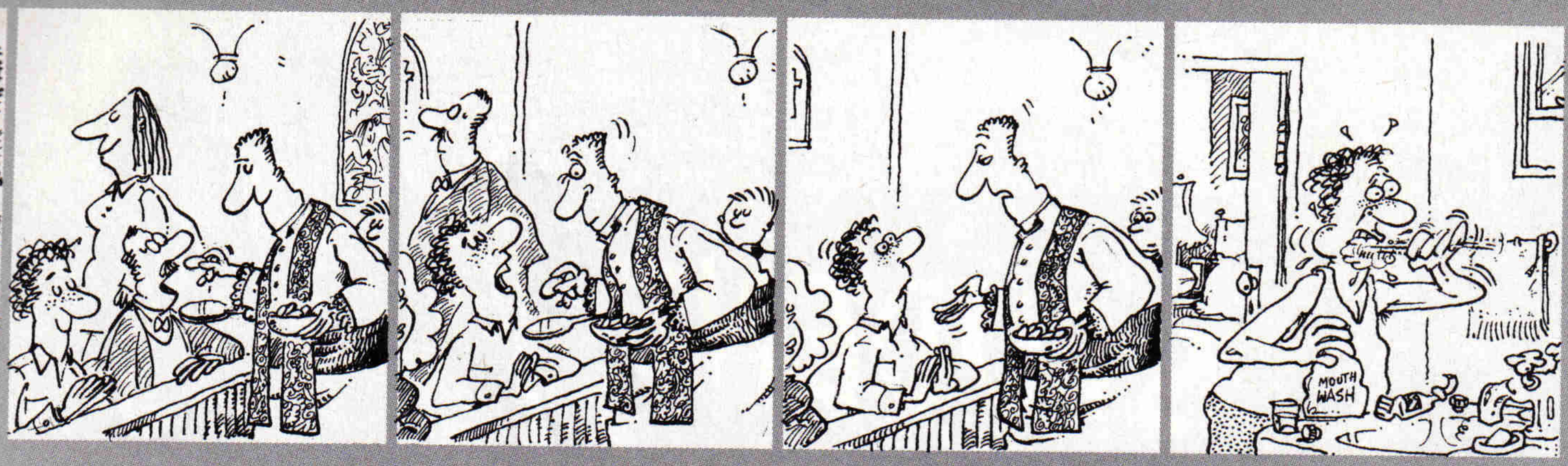






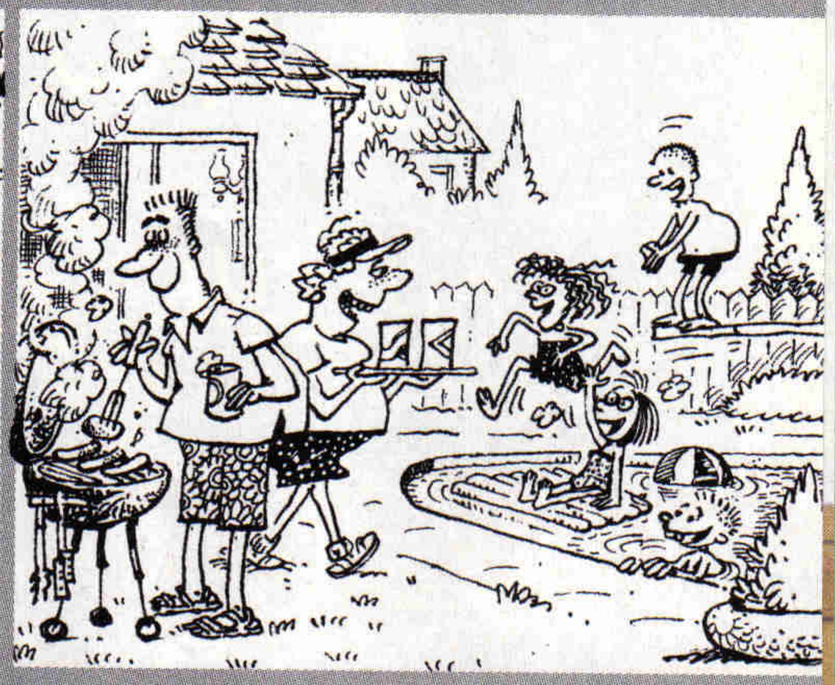

ELECTRON
TV
D.V.D.




MOUTH WASH


AIRPORT


AIRPO
GATE 3





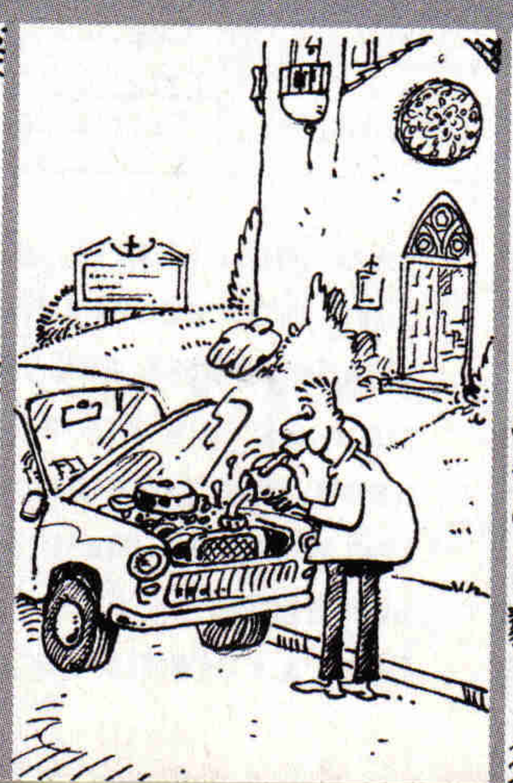















?

It used to be that nothing short of a doctor's note detailing the symptoms of a highly contagious disease was acceptable fodder for missing a day of school. But, just as the quality of education has deteriorated, so have plausible excuses. So, to keep your ideas fresh and timely, we present you with a selection of new, improved and guaranteed to be accepted...

STUDENT EXCUSE NOTES FOR THE 21ST CENTURY



MEMO

TO: Frank Diblow,
Social Studies Instructor
FROM: Mrs. Linda Mochino

Dear Mr. Diblow,
Lorianna was absent from school yesterday because she had an ob-gyn appointment. By the way, it looks like you're going to be the father of twins!

Lorianna's mother,
Linda

Dear Teacher,

Zappy could not attend yesterday because of our religious holiday, the Feast of Princess Arcturus. We are required to stay home, light firecrackers and sing funeral dirges in preparation for the day when the Mothership comes for us, to bring us to live in Eternal Paradise. I guess it goes without saying that Zappy will no longer be in school at all after this happens.

Long Live Arcturus,
Sunbeam Funderlicht ☮

DEAR TEACHER,

ONE OF MY KIDS WAS ABSENT THE OTHER DAY BECAUSE OF SOME SORT OF SICKNESS, THOUGH I FORGET WHICH KID OR WHICH SICKNESS.

DAPHNE VON CATCHKEY

To... Capric@pghs.com

Subject: Cory's Absence

Dear Mrs. Capric,
Cory was absent last Friday because he got engrossed playing Myst and reached another level. Activities such as this are essential to helping develop Cory's hand/eye coordination. At least that's what it said in the player's manual.
Sincerely,
Cory's Parents



Dear Ms. Blotz,

Antigone was absent from class yesterday because she was attending the funeral of her surrogate mother's live-in lover.

Sincerely,
Hank Mackey (Antigone's sperm donor)

Dear Professor:

You'll have to pardon LaRissa's absence yesterday. She was feeling the angst of being trapped in a cold, uncaring world that barely acknowledges her existence.

Best Wishes,
Mariana Pinato

Dear Ms. Savssat,

Sorry about Lenny missing class last Monday. He overdosed on Ritalin and didn't wake up until noon.

Sincerely,
Fred Agrippa

BRENT SACKE

Dear Mrs. Unbe,

Please excuse Melantha's absence from English class yesterday. She had to wait for FedEx to deliver her term paper.

Thank You,
Brent Sackbut

Dear Sir and/or Madam:

Dag was injured in the Junior Snowboarding Championships at The 'Bird, when he bonked hard after a really aggro carve. He's still a grom, and tends to shred.

Xtremely Yours,
Dag Sr.

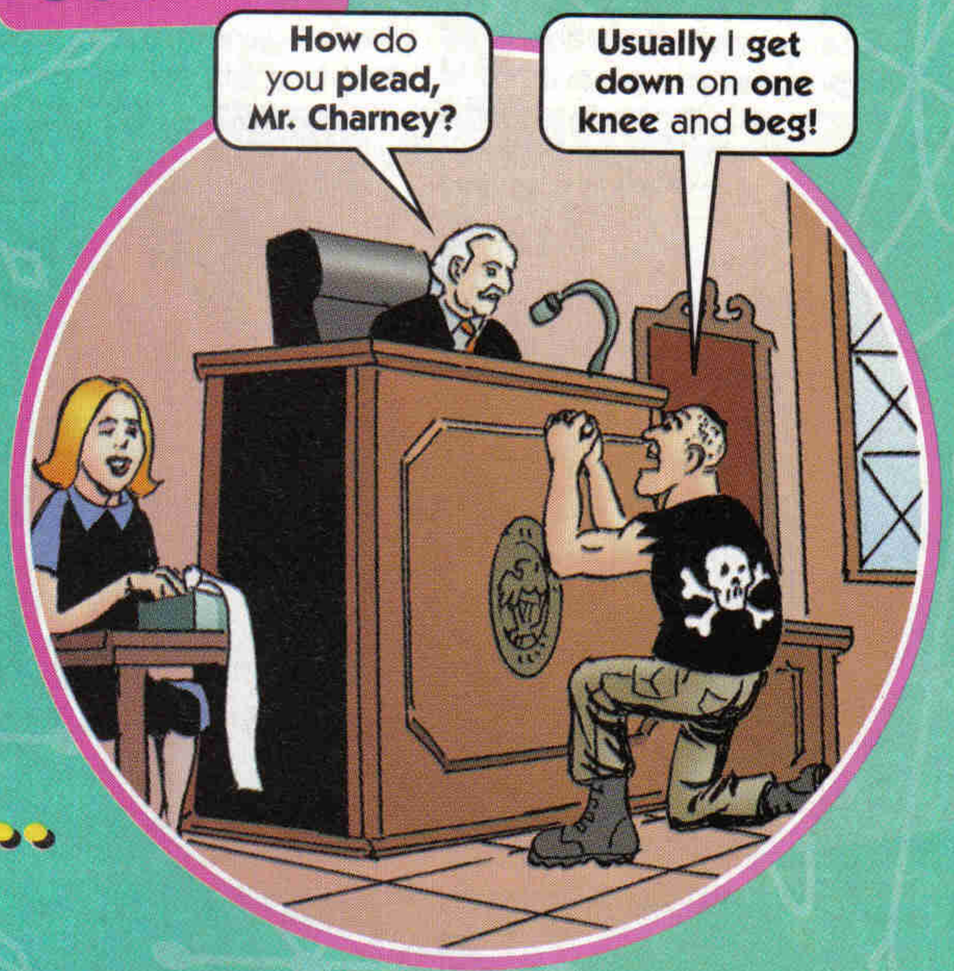
ARTIST: GERRY GERSTEN WRITER: JEFF KRUSE

The Lighter Side of...

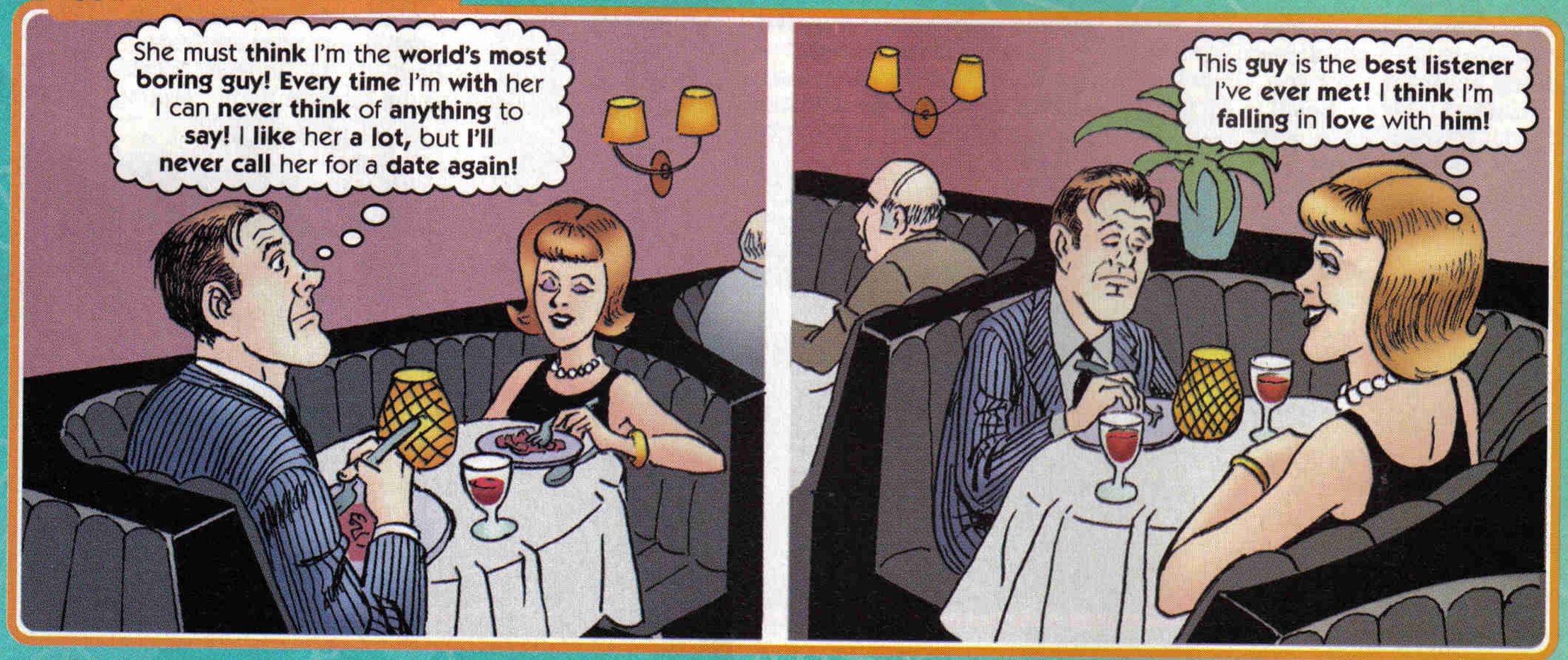


ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG COLORIST:WILDSTORM

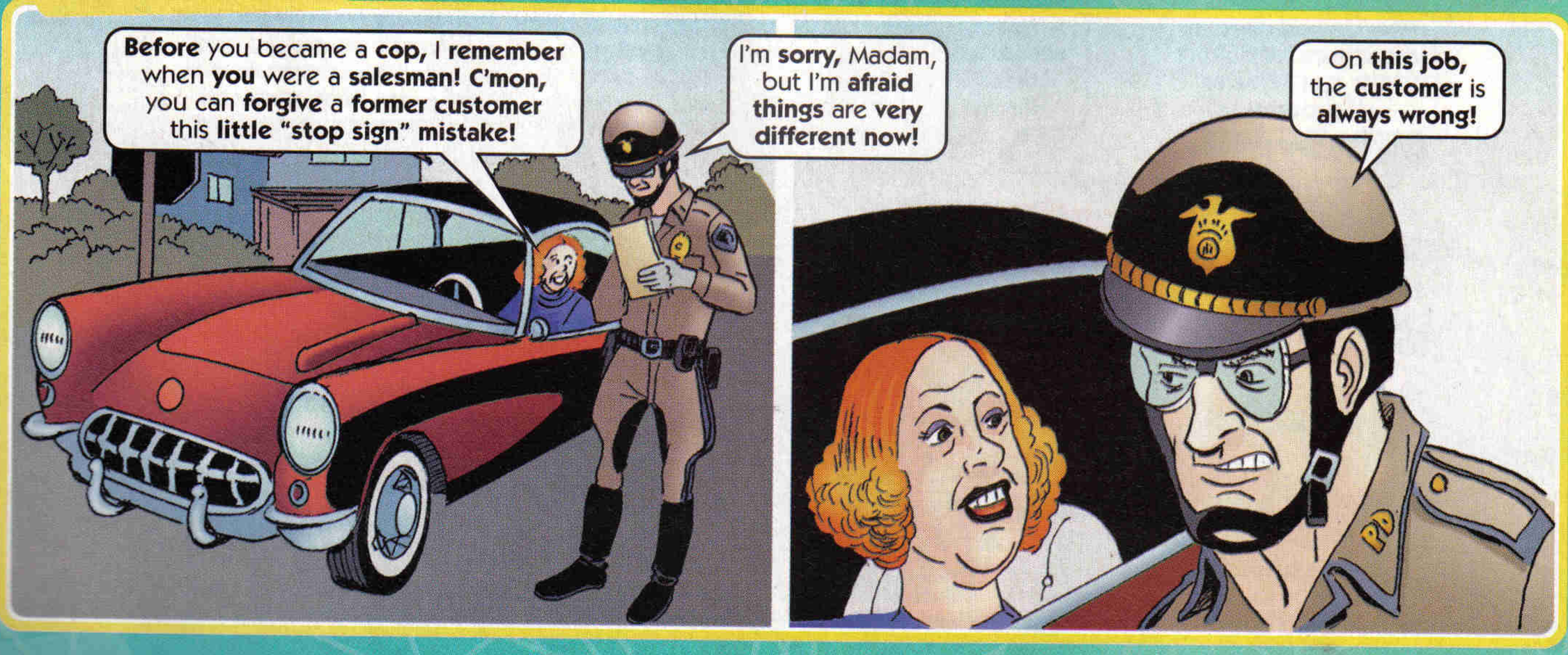
JUSTICE



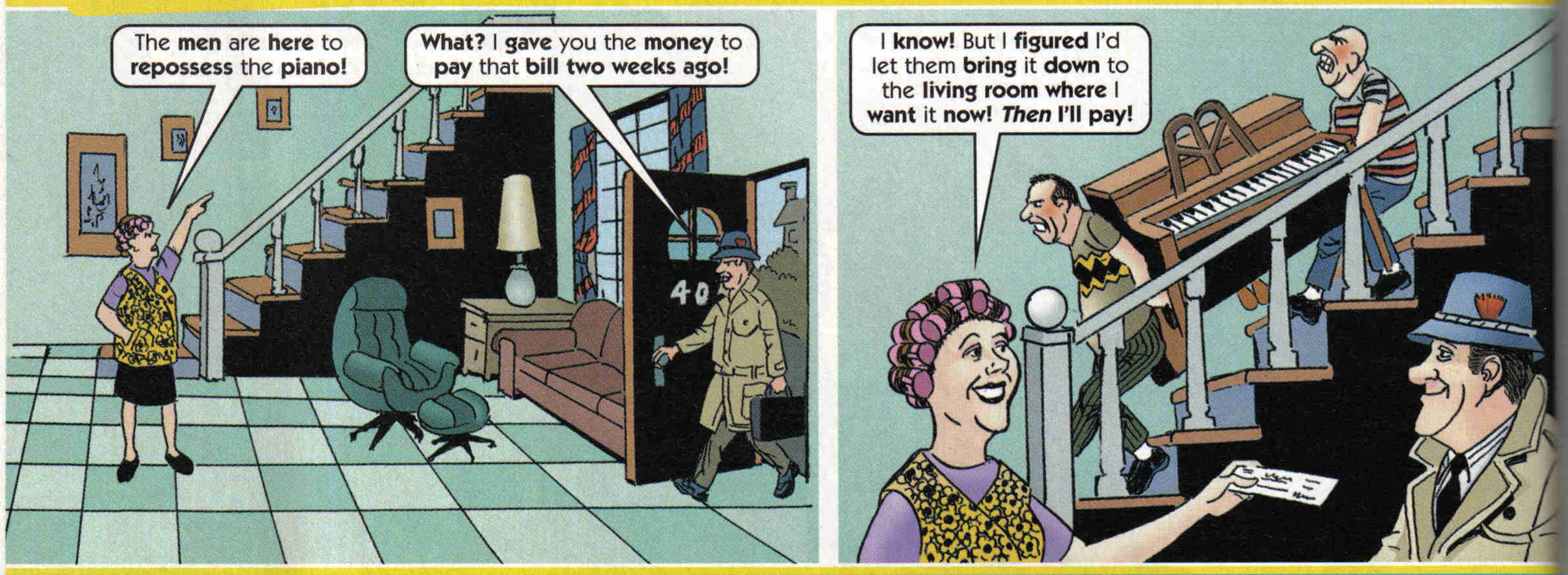
RELATIONSHIPS



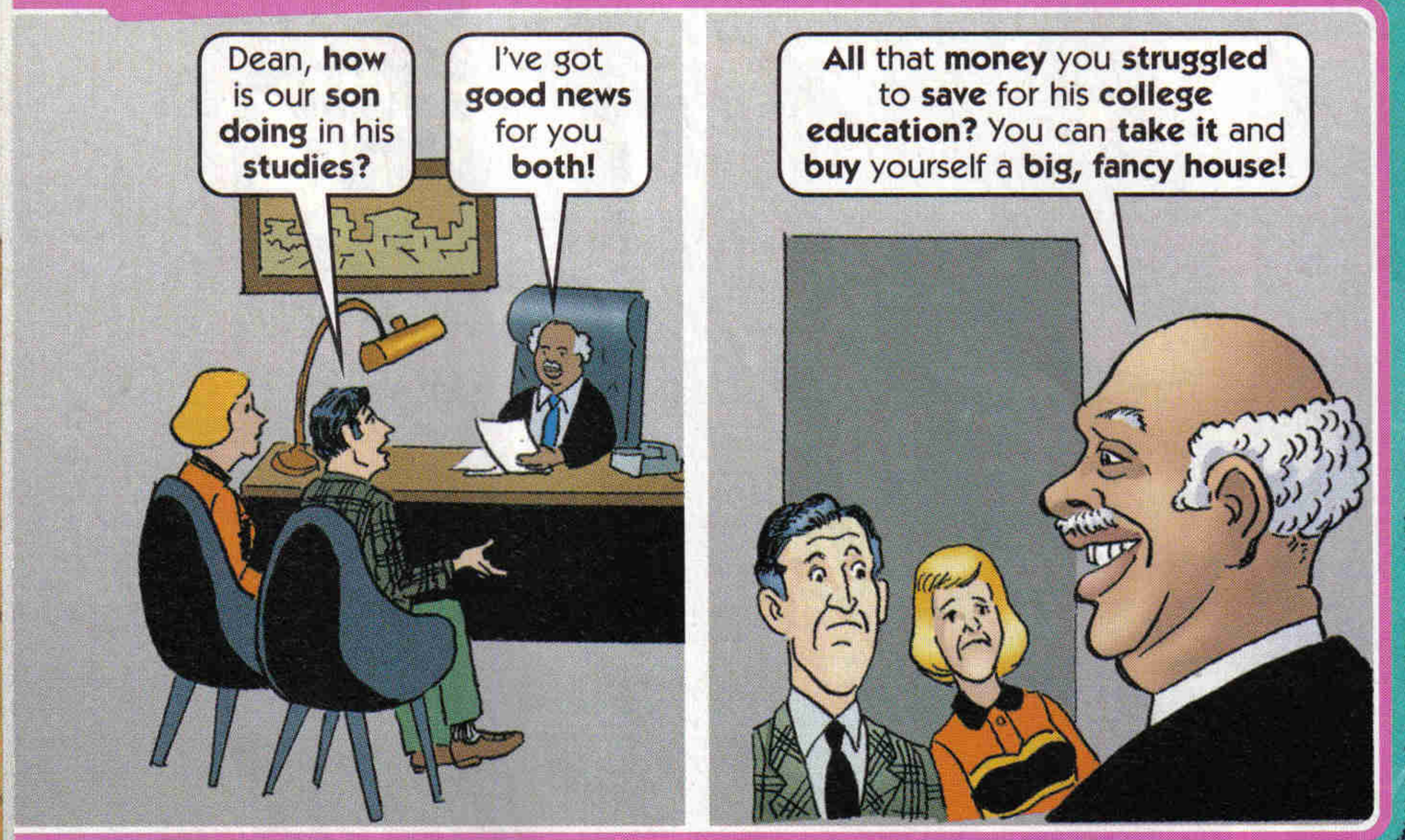
REVERSALS



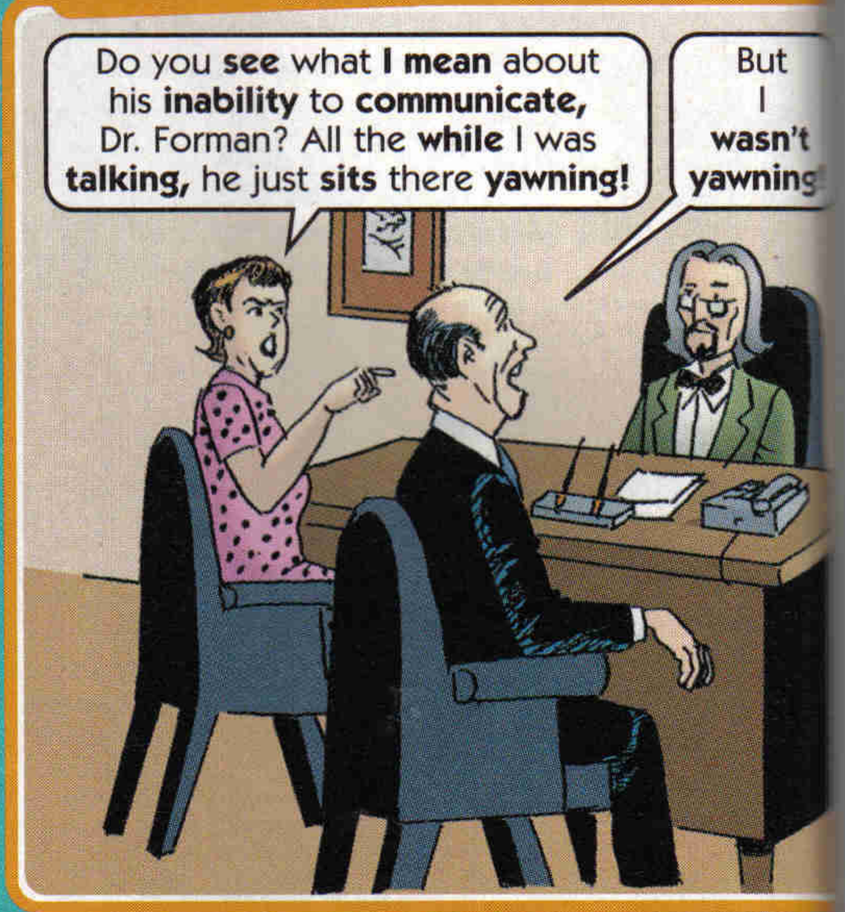
PLANNING AHEAD



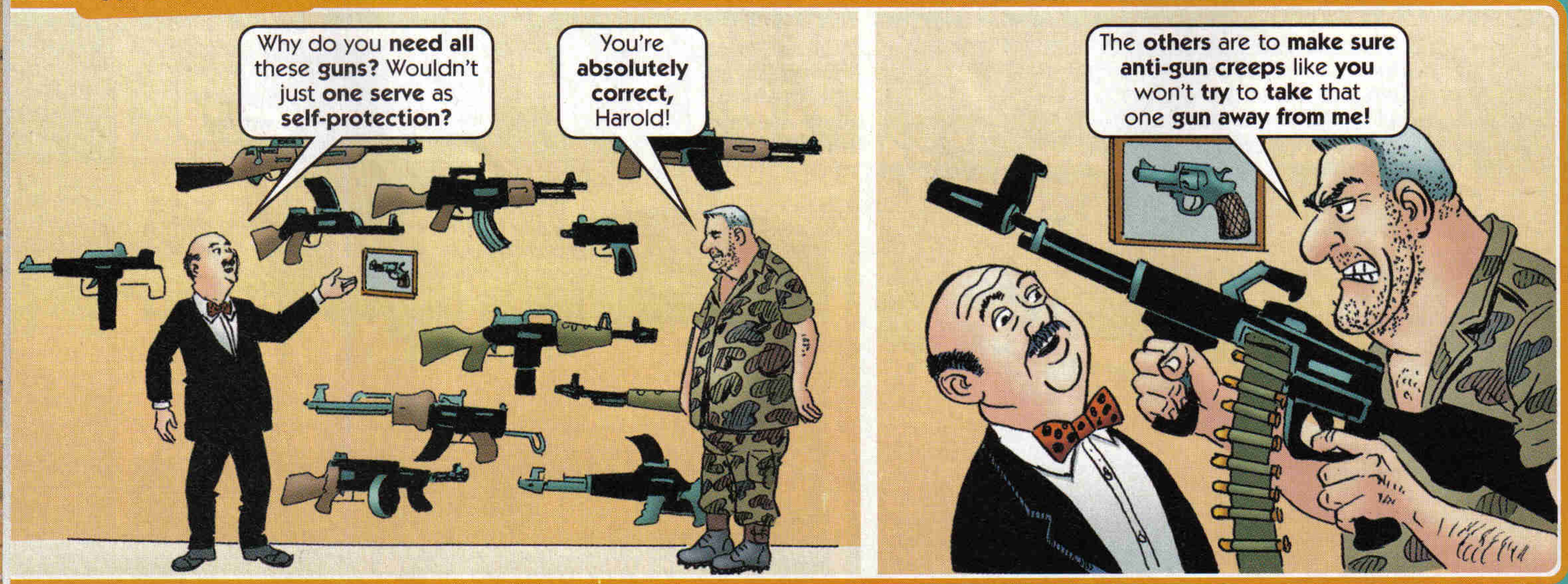
EDUCATION



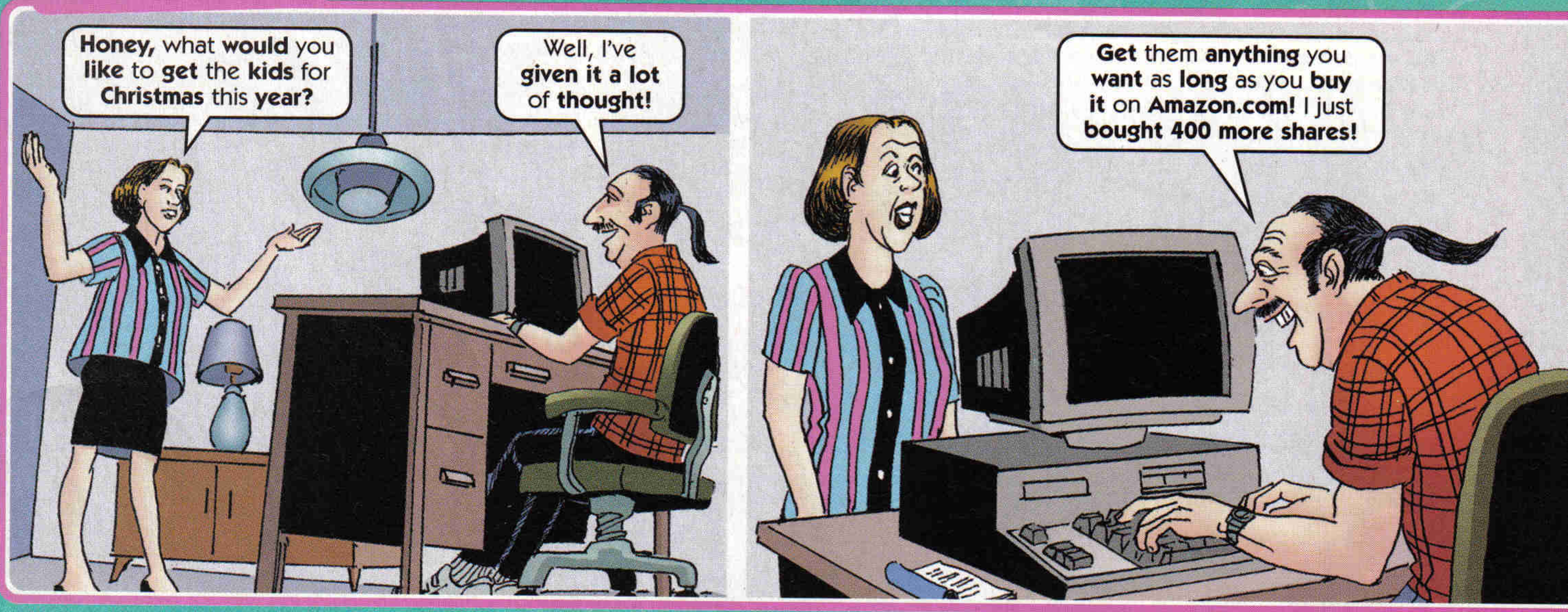
THERAPY



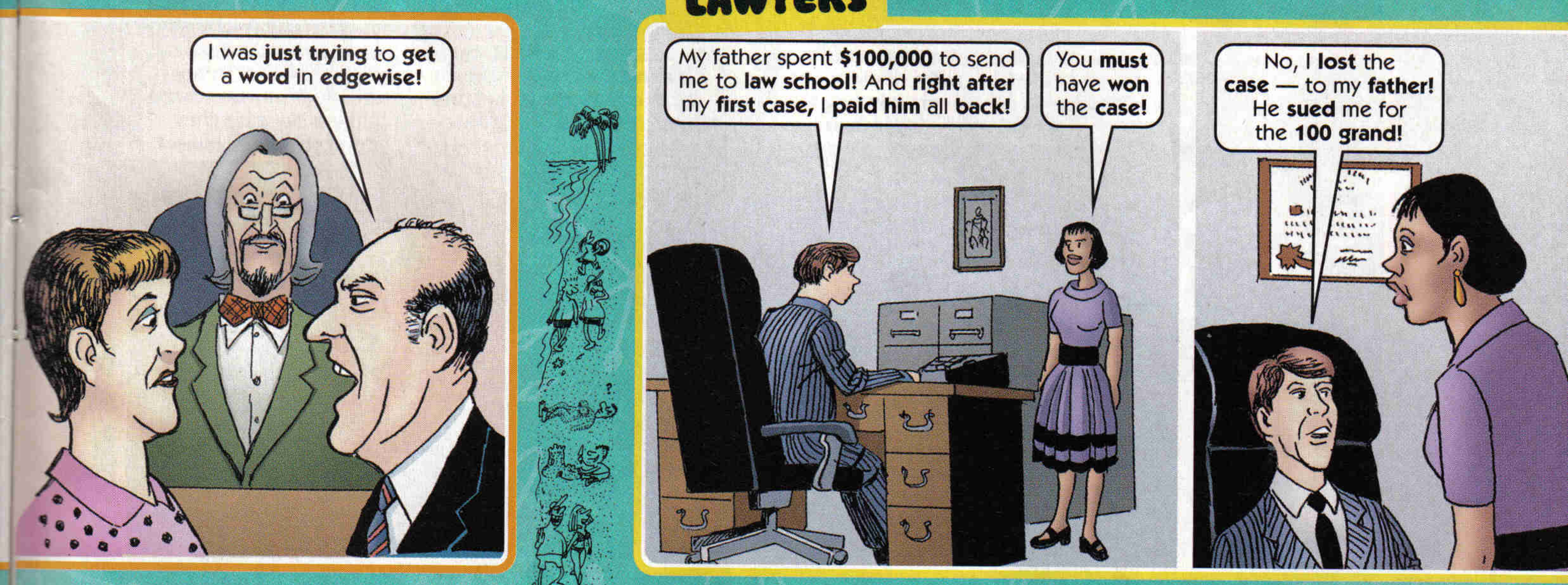
WEAPONS



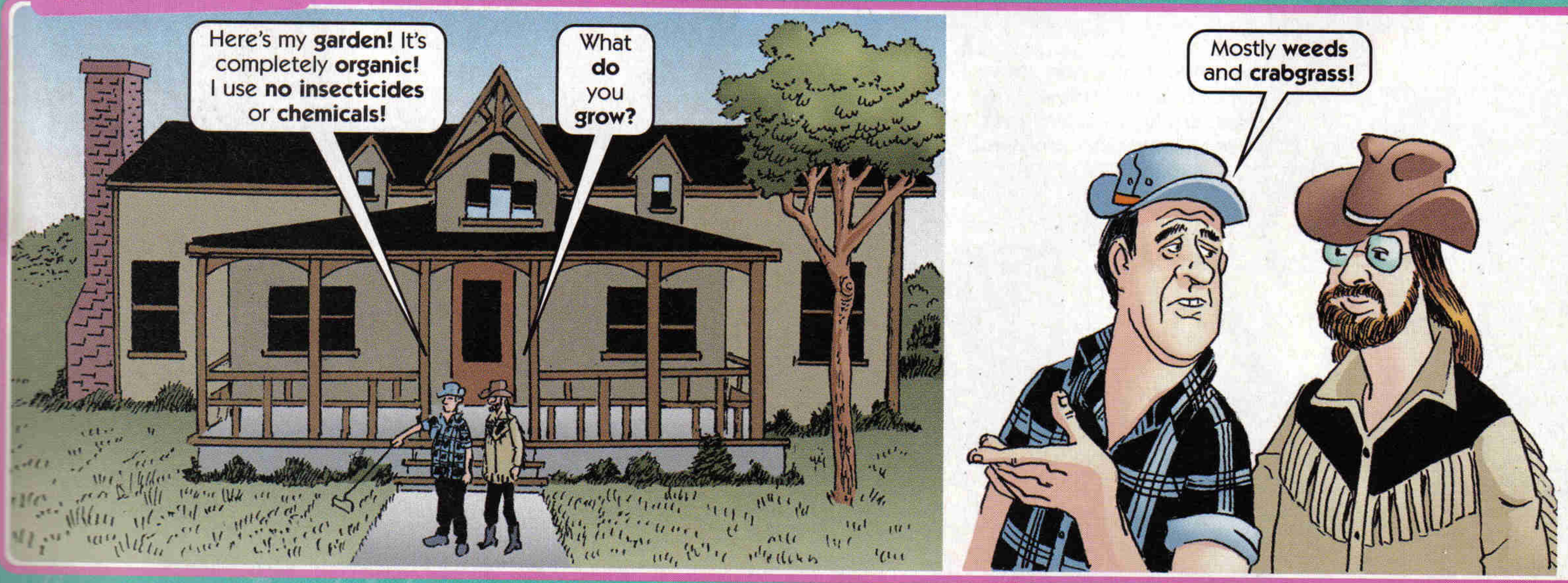
PRIORITIES



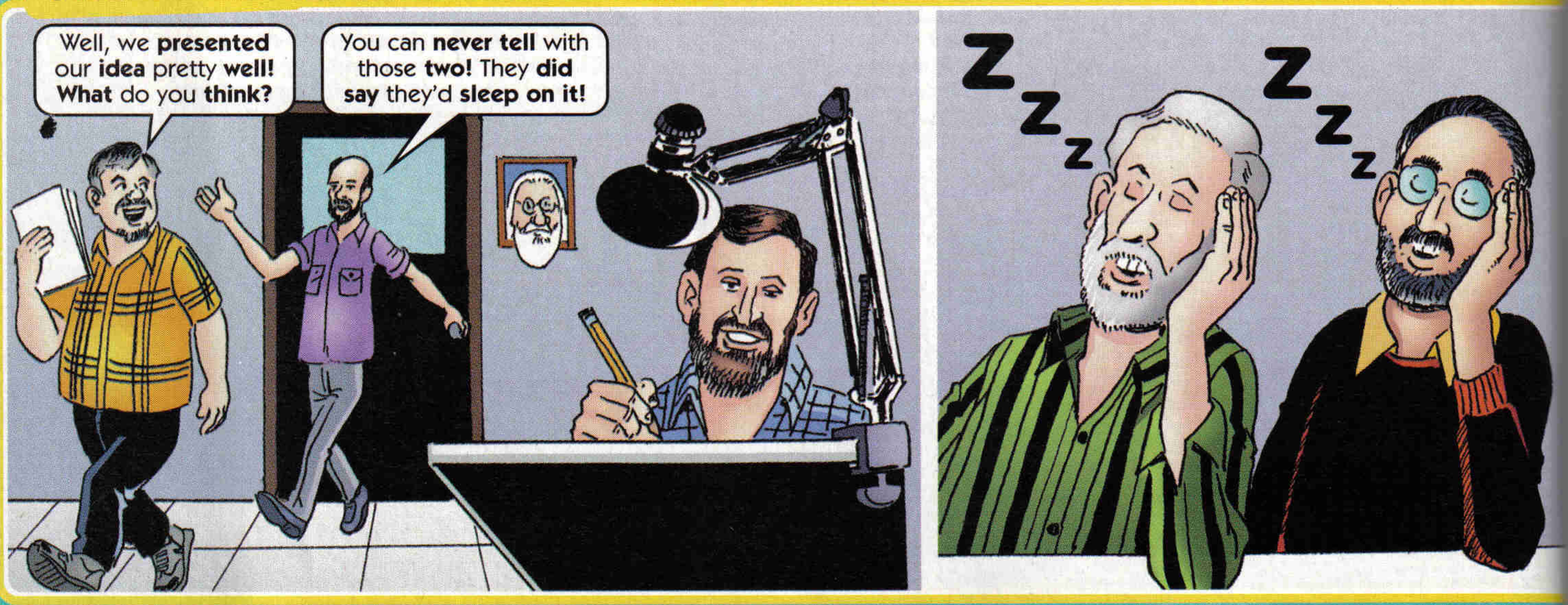
LAWYERS



GARDENING

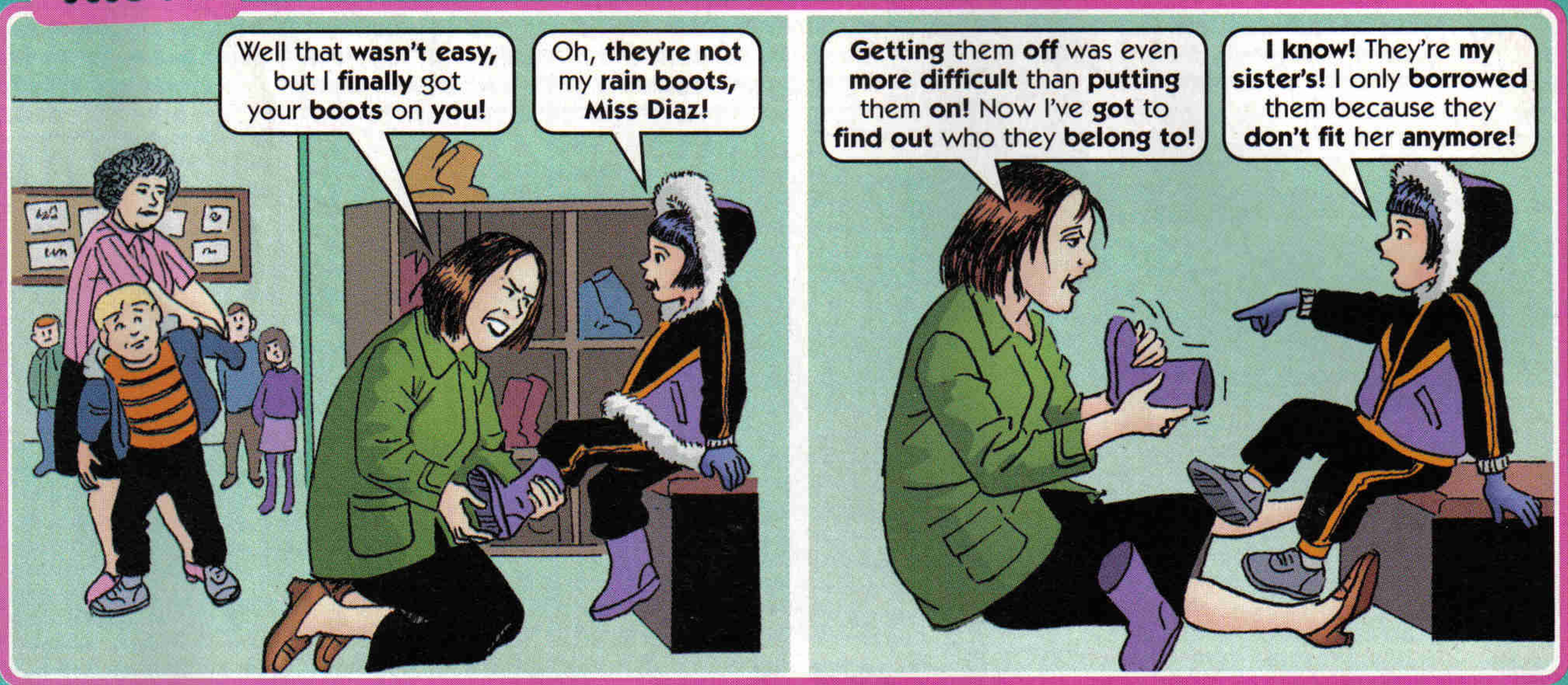


THE OFFICE

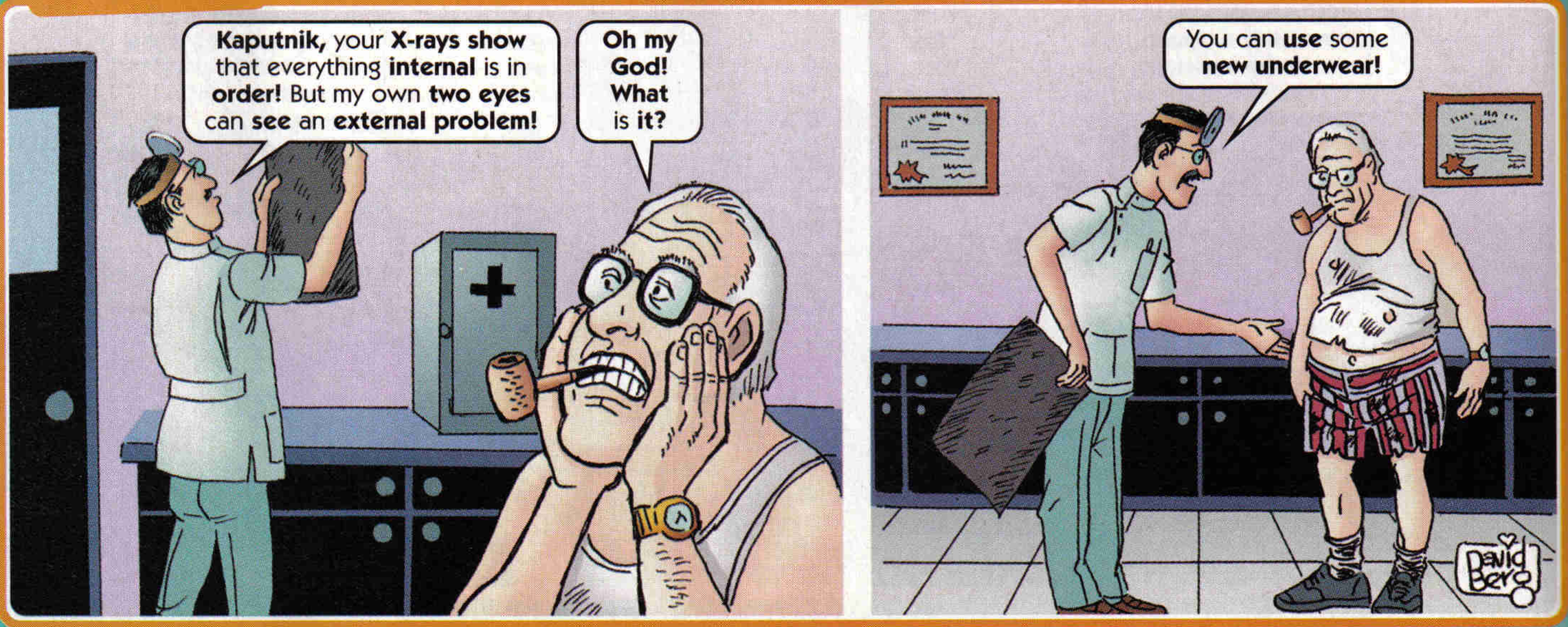


TRUTH





DOCTORS

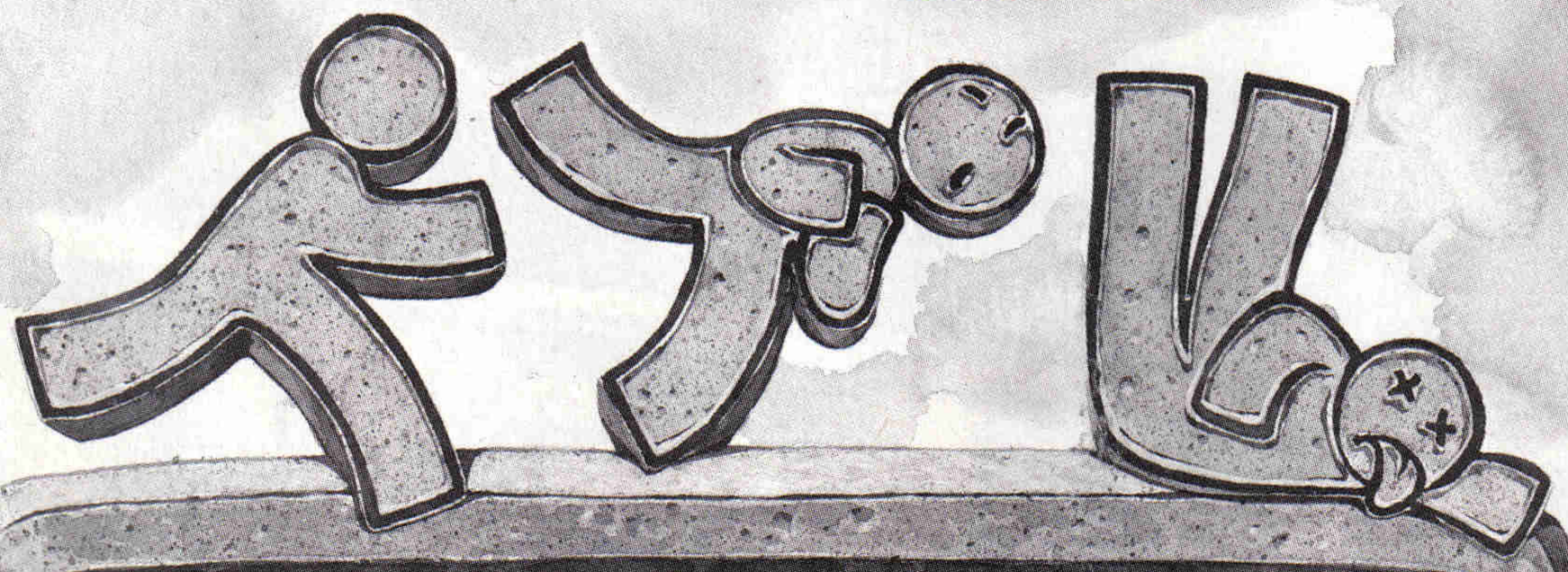


GRIEVING LAS VEGAS DEPT.

MAD's 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 be control — alt — deleted!

THIS MONTH'S FUTURE HANDFUL OF DUST:



THE LITTLE AOL MAN

CAUSE OF DEATH	ODDS
Finally succumbs to cumulative effects of "Melissa" and "I Love You" computer viruses	1:1
Terminal exhaustion from running in place on AOL sign-on screen during busy signals	2:1
Throws self into recycle bin after being laid off due to merger of AOL and Time Warner	4:1
Skull fracture from clunk on head by unexpected Buddy List dropping down out of nowhere	6:1
Heart attack upon learning awful secret that his father is the yellow "Smiley Face" from the 1970s	9:1
Bored to death during visit to typical AOL chat room	10:1

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA
WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

SPY VS SPY



BOOM!!

TWANG

FLIP!

DING!

FLING

GAME OVER!!

KUPER

ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER

LUNCH-PACKING MOM PROFILES

Remember when your mom used to put a little note and a treat in with your lunch? (No? What a sad childhood you had!) From a few scribbled lines and your favorite homemade cookies, you knew that she loved you and was thinking of you. (You really missed out, fella.) Yep, you can tell a lot about a mom from what she packs in your lunch. But every brown paper bag tells a different tale — and not all of them are so heartwarming. So to help decipher your mother's personality type based on her midday meal selections, MAD now presents...

ARTIST: AMANDA CONNER
WRITER: RYAN PAGELOW
COLORIST: WILDSTORM

NEW AGE MOM





Soy milk and horrible-tasting wheat-grass drink.

Napkins recycled from 100 percent post-consumer leftist newsletters.

Each day a new ethnic dish. Today is "Japan Day" with sushi rolls (without meat, of course), an explanation card and fun-facts about Japan.

DIVORCED MOM





De-crusted sandwich cut the way you used to like it before Mom and Dad lost touch with you because they were busy fighting.

Invitations to friends with single fathers to yet another pool party.

A brown bag until parents' divorce trial decides who owns which family assets, including your lunchbox.

Apology note for not being home after school, and yet another promise to take you to the zoo Saturday with her free time now that no-good Daddy is gone.

FUNDAMENTALIST MOM



Earplugs for when that Evolution Theory nonsense comes up during science class.

Religious tracts to pass out during recess.

Water, but no food, to continue fasting until those misguided classmates give up their demonic activity of co-ed kickball at recess.

STRESSED-OUT WORKING MOM

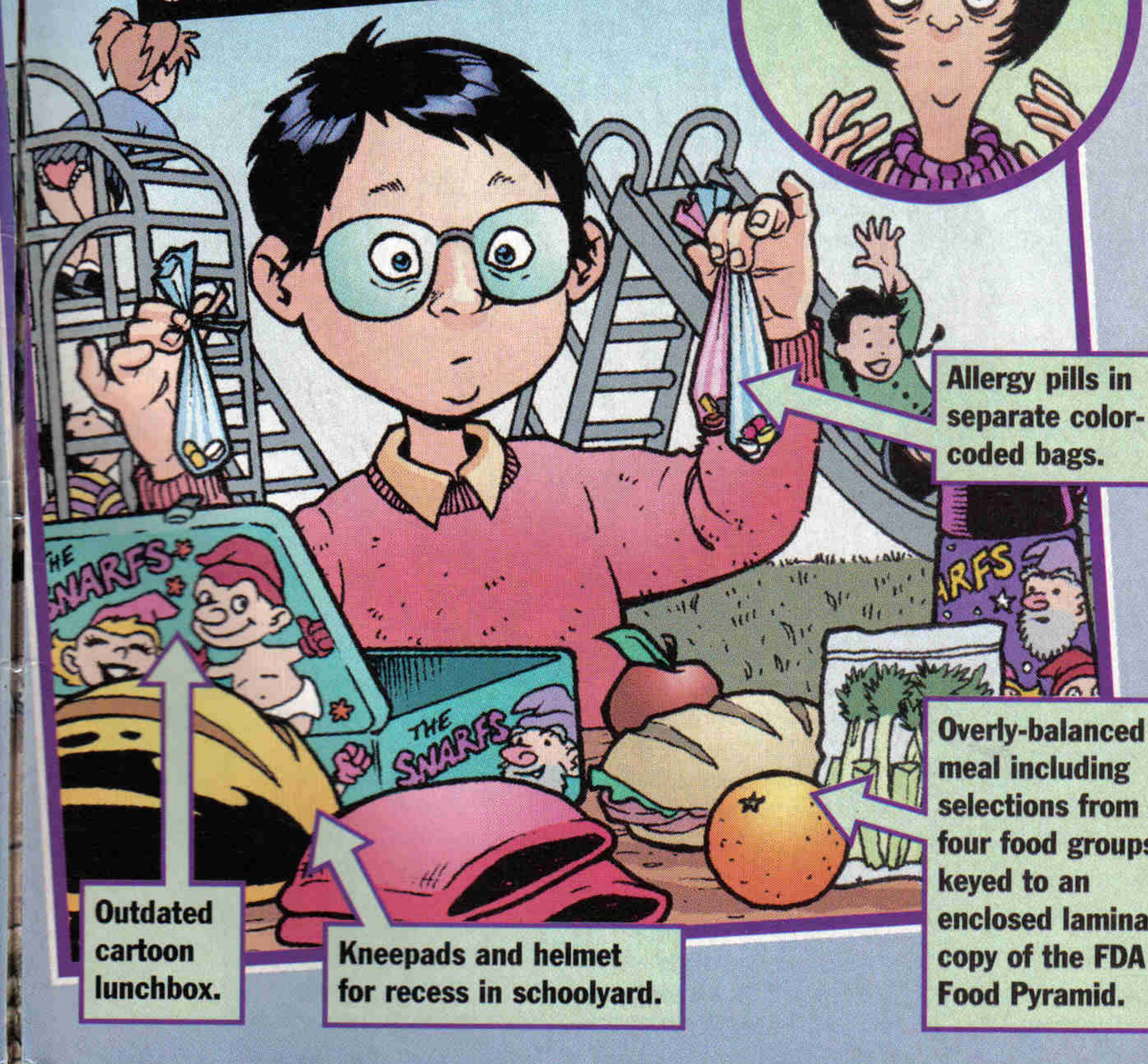


Your sister's favorite gummy snacks, not yours.

Your sandwich, accidentally wrapped in Mom's first quarter marketing report.

A can of soup with house key taped to it, with directions to microwave for dinner tonight.

EMBARRASSINGLY OVERPROTECTIVE MOM



Allergy pills in separate color-coded bags.

Outdated cartoon lunchbox.

Kneepads and helmet for recess in schoolyard.

Overly-balanced meal including selections from all four food groups, keyed to an enclosed laminated copy of the FDA Food Pyramid.

CRACK ADDICT MOM



63 cents.

An old issue of *Cosmo.*

One slightly mangy apple.

THE FAMILY CIRCUITS DEPT.

It's the Spielberg-by-way-of-Kubrick theory that in the future, in order to keep the world's population down, people will be offered a stark choice: either don't have children, or adopt robotic ones. The good news is that the robotic runts are life-like, loving and already toilet trained! The bad news is that they get on your nerves from day one, never grow up and never move out of the house — which is why the very idea of taking one of these little buggers home is the sheer height of...

I'm **Professor Hubby,** Chief Engineer at **CyberCynics!** We just released our **latest model, DaveNocchio**, a **Mecha 11-year-old boy!** Getting this super-advanced **Mechaboy** to **love** was **easy! Getting** it to be **loved back** from **cold, self-centered parents** was **another thing!** But then, **that's par** for the **course** in the **real world!**

I'm **DaveNocchio,** the most **advanced Mecha** ever **built!** I can **run, laugh,** and I can even **think!** I **cost** about a **billion dollars** to **perfect!** It would have been **nice** if they **spent** an **extra five bucks** to **give me** the **ability** to **blink!** My **eyes** are **killing me! One** other **thing!** I **don't** have the **ability** to **sleep,** which is **horrible!** Imagine **sitting through** this **film without** having the **ability** to **snooze! Sheer torture!**

I'm **Momica,** the **mother** of a very **sick son!** My **husband** has the **nerve** to think a **Mecha** could **replace him!** I know I **wouldn't** have to **feed** a **Mecha, clean up** after him, or **wash** his **dirty clothes!** And the **Mecha** would **do all** the **housework! All** the **shopping! All** the **cooking!** Hmm...Maybe it's **time** we **pulled** the **plug** and **took** our real son **off life support!**

My wife **hates** the **Mecha** because she **feels** I'm **trying** to **substitute him** for our **real son! I** hate the **Mecha** for my **own reasons!** He's **supposed** to be **mechanical,** and **yet** he can **act better** than **me!** I'm not **nutty** about **Eveready the Bear,** either! He has **100 times** more **screen time** than I **do! Robots** may not be **taking over** the **planet,** but they sure are **taking over** the **plum movie roles!**

I'm **Eveready the Bear,** the **mandatory cuddly, licensable character** in **every Spielberg film!** I am a **super toy!** I have the **looks** of an **Ewok,** the **charm** of **C3PO** and for some **inexplicable reason,** the **voice** of **Hannibal Lecter!**

I'm **Giggle-Low Joe! I'm handsome,** I'm **hot,** and I'm an **expert lover** who can get it on **several times** a **day!** And I **never fall asleep** afterwards! Instead, I **want** to **cuddle!** That's the **dead giveaway** to **women** that I'm a **robot** and not a **real man!**

I'm **Mark'em,** the **real, human son!** But I'm in a **coma,** so I can't **utter** anything **here!** But I **hope** to **recover** in the **next few panels** to **inject** some **life** into this **movie!**

MAX K

ORT DRUCKER ROBOT

A.I. ABSOLUTE IDIOCY

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

Once I **utter** the **seven imprinting protocol words**, the **results** will be **irreversible!** If I **decide** to get **rid** of **DaveNocchio**, he'll be **returned** to **CyberCynics** for **destruction!** Yeah, **right**, and I'm **also** not **supposed** to **pirate** my friend's **software** or **drive** while **talking** on my **cell phone!** Oh well, here are the **seven magic words** that will make **DaveNocchio** just like a **real little boy!**

Devil Dogs, Goobers, Whoppers, Cheetos, Corn Nuts, Mountain Dew, Slim Jims!

I **love** you **mommy!**

That's **too bad, DaveNocchio!** This is my **real son, Mark'em!** Some sort of **miracle** happened at the **hospital** and he **recovered, despite** my **cutting off** his **air supply!**

Do you **know how** to **make** mommy **love you?**

No! Please tell me!

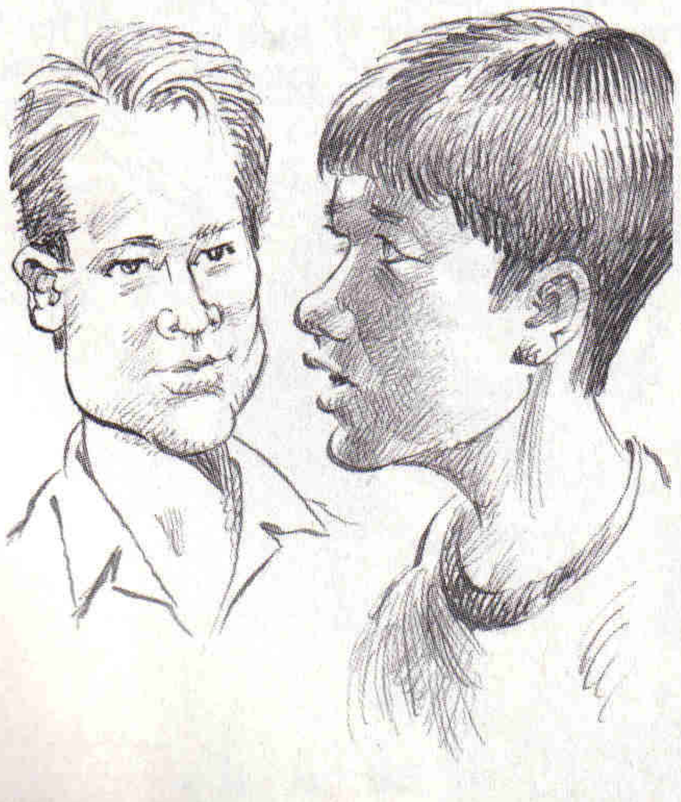
Cut off a **lock** of her **hair!** That will **make** her **love** you just a **little more!**

I have a **better idea!** I'll **tease** the **edges**, give her **blonde highlights** and **finish it** with an **almond conditioner!**

Are you **sure** you **wouldn't** be **happy** as a **Mecha girl?** We could call **Cyber-Cynics** for a **conversion kit!**

When is your **birthday, DaveNocchio?**

I don't **have** a **birthday**, because I **wasn't born!** I'm an **immaculate contraption!**



My God, **Mark'em** and **DaveNocchio** are at the **bottom** of the **swimming pool!**

Don't worry, I'll **rescue** our **son!** He could **drown!**

Get **Dave-Nocchio out** of the **pool first**, he **could rust!**



DaveNocchio, it **wouldn't** be **fair** if I didn't **tell** you that **humans** are **capable** of **terrible things!**

Like what?

Abandoning their **kids** in the **woods!** Now **get out** of the **car! I'll** be **back** for **you, er...never!**

Mommy, please, **please**, please **come back for me!**

All right, I'll **come back** at the **very end** for the **corn-ball finale!** But I **hope** you **live** that **long**, the **finale** is **2,000 years away!**



You're **on your own** now, **DaveNocchio! Go** in **any direction** but **that one!**

Why, mommy? **What's** in **that direction?**

The **Stanley Kubrick part** of the **film!** It's **dark, dreary** and **unintelligible!**

Gee, that sounds **much better** than where **we've spent** the **first part** of this **film!**

Hi! I'm **"Giggle-Low Joe"!**

I'm **DaveNocchio! Whadda you know,** Joe?

I know **next time** to **read** the **script before signing** on to a **movie,** even **if Spielberg** is **directing it!**

WRONG WAY

We've been **caught,** and **brought** to **Flesh Tear!**

What's **Flesh Tear?**

A **showplace** of **violence** and **bloodshed!** Where people go to **watch** people like **us** being **torn** to **bits!**

Who would **run** such a **terrible thing?**

Vince McMahon VII! It's what the **WWF evolved** into **over** the **years!**

There's a **real boy** in the **cage** with the **Mechas!**

A **real boy! Stop** this **event!**

You're **stopping** this **sadistic event** out of **compassion for** the **boy?**

Compassion? If that's a **real boy,** I'm **stopping** this **event** till **everyone pays** an **extra $20** to see **bona-fide bloodshed!**

C'mon **kid,** let's **get out** of **here** while we **can!**

Joe, do you **know someone** who can **help me find** the **Blue Fairy?**

I do! I **know** a **wizard!**

How do we **get there?**

We **follow** the **yellow brick road!** If we can **steal** the **Wizard idea** from ***The Wizard Of Oz*** **movie,** why **not** the **road?**

♪ *"We're **off** to **see** the **wizard,** our **wonderful wizard is odd!"*** ♪

Hello! I'm **Dr. No! 30 seconds** of me and **people shout "No!** Please, **no more!"** I **know everything!** I **bet** you **want** a **heart!** Or some **courage!**

No!

I know! You **must want** a **brain!** Cause if you **had one,** you **wouldn't** be in **this movie! Hmmm...**I guess I **don't have** a **brain either!**

No! I just **want** to **find** the **Blue Fairy!**

Oh, **her?** She's **two panels away!** But **first** you have to **meet** the **man** who **conceived you** in the **land where** it is said the **lions weep** and the **Mets fans moan!**

FISHING TACKLE

Dr. Hubby! So, they **brought me** to **you! You're** the **man** that **made me!**

Yes, and you're the **greatest Mecha** I **ever designed!** You're **unique!** You're **one-of-a-kind!**

Oh yeah, then **what** are all these **other Mechas** that look **exactly** like **me doing here?**

Hmmm! **Clearly** I **shouldn't** have put as **much work** into your "**B.S. Detector" chip!** I want the **other scientists** to **see** you, but it will **take me** an **hour** to **round** them up -- our **intercom system** stopped **working,** probably because **half** of this **building** is **under water!**

Joe, is this **flooded city** a **foreshadow** of the **perils** of **Global Warming?**

No, it's a **fore-shadow** of what awaits **New York City** if they don't **fix** those **centuries old, rotting water pipes under** the **streets!**

I **can** see **Coney Island, and** the **Blue Fairy!**

Coney Island? I could have **sworn** we were **underwater** in **Manhattan!** Must be the **fiercest tides** since ***The Perfect Storm*** to **move** an **entire amusement park here!**

DaveNocchio **prayed** for the **Blue Fairy** to **turn him** into a **real boy** until **all** the **fish died** and the **ocean froze over!** And the **audience prayed** they would **get out before** they **too died!** What **seemed** like **2,000 years passed,** for those **on** the **screen,** *and* those **watching** the **screen!** Finally his **prayer** was **heard** by **weird robots** of the **future,** who looked liked **beings** that we've had "**close encounters**" with **before!**

Can you **bring** my **mommy back** to **life?**

We **can,** but we'll **need** some **DNA** from her **hair!**

Oh, here! I have **some** of **that!**

Wow! The **lock** of **hair** I **cut** from my **mom's head 2,000 years ago!**

Actually, no! It's **hair** I **collected** from the **bathroom drain 2,000 years ago!** I was **saving** it for my **bald patches!**

EWW!

Mommy, you're **back!** Can you **help** me "**feel love**"?

Come here, sweet-heart! **Put** your **head** on my **shoulder!**

Ohhhhh, mommy... You're **going** to **hug me tight?**

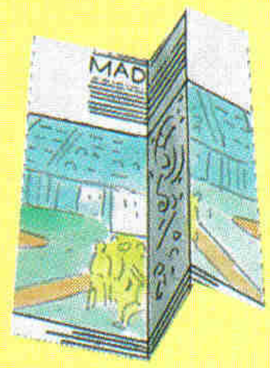
Not really! If you **put** your **head** on my **shoulder,** I'll be able to **push** that **little button** on your **neck** labeled "**Off**"! I should have **thought** of **this 2,000 years ago!**

WHAT HISTORICALLY GREAT TEAM HAS STUMBLED BADLY IN THE LAST YEAR?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

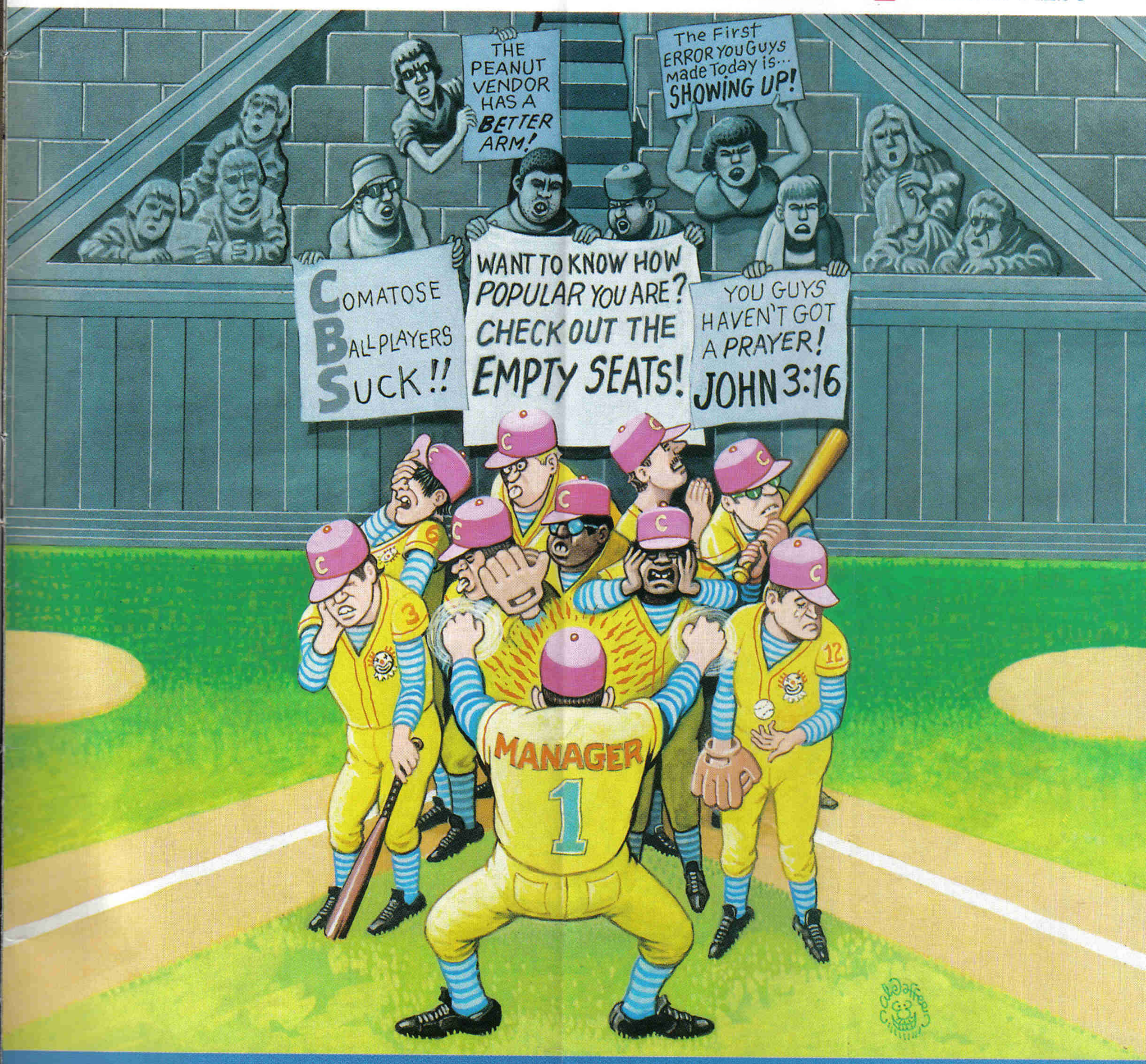
MAD FOLD-IN

The ability to sustain a winning season each year is difficult at best. The players have to stay at the top of their game and the calls have to go in their favor. All it takes is one snag for everything to come tumbling down. This year a historically great team suffered through some very bad times. To find out who this team is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



THE SUPPOSED EXCELLENCE OF THIS TEAM IS UNDER EXTREME PRESSURE LATELY. BUT NO ONE THOUGHT THEY COULD LET THEIR IMAGE FALL SO COMPLETELY APART

A ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE B