THE LORD OF THE RINGS—WE BREAK THE HOBBIT!

MAD IND ®

To Our Readers:

Due to the slumping economy, we cannot afford the services of mascot Alfred E. Neuman on this cover.

Please help us bring him back by purchasing several copies of this issue.

The Editors

#416 APRIL 2002 $4.50 CHEAP!
CANADA
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EARS OF TUPIDITY!



APRIL 2002 NUMBER 416

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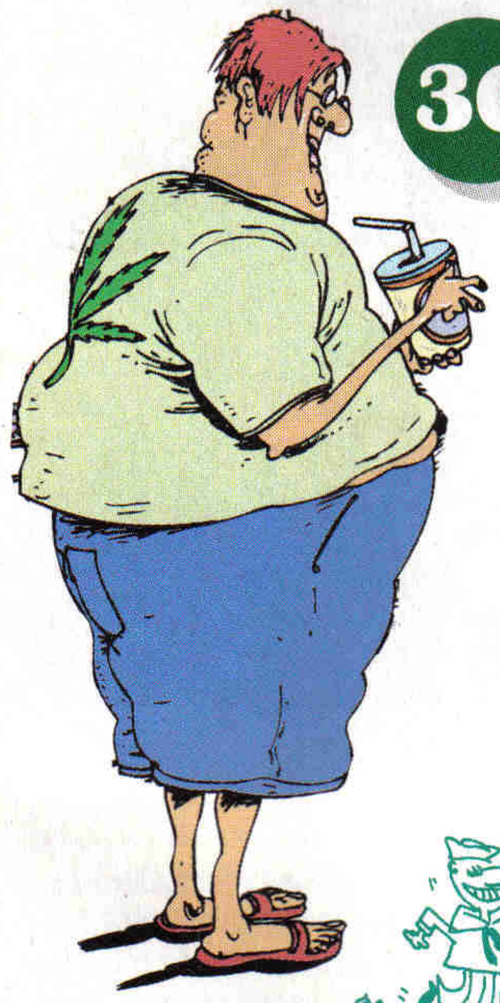
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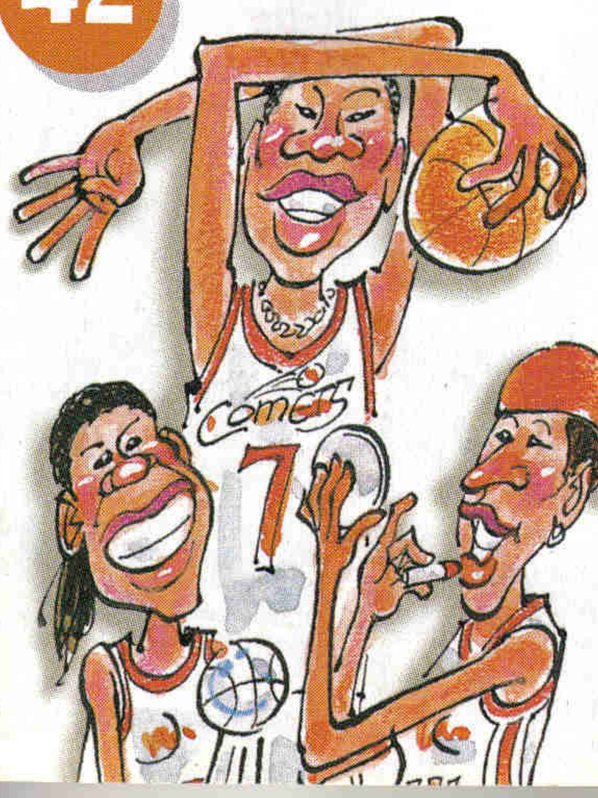
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"The problem with instant gratification is that it often takes too long!"



"JOINT" CUSTODY OF MAD

It took me ending up in county jail with a stiff nine-month sentence to finally start reading MAD again. Not only is it entertaining, I can also trade it for Ramen soups when I'm done. Keep up the good work.

Al Kamykowski
French Camp, CA

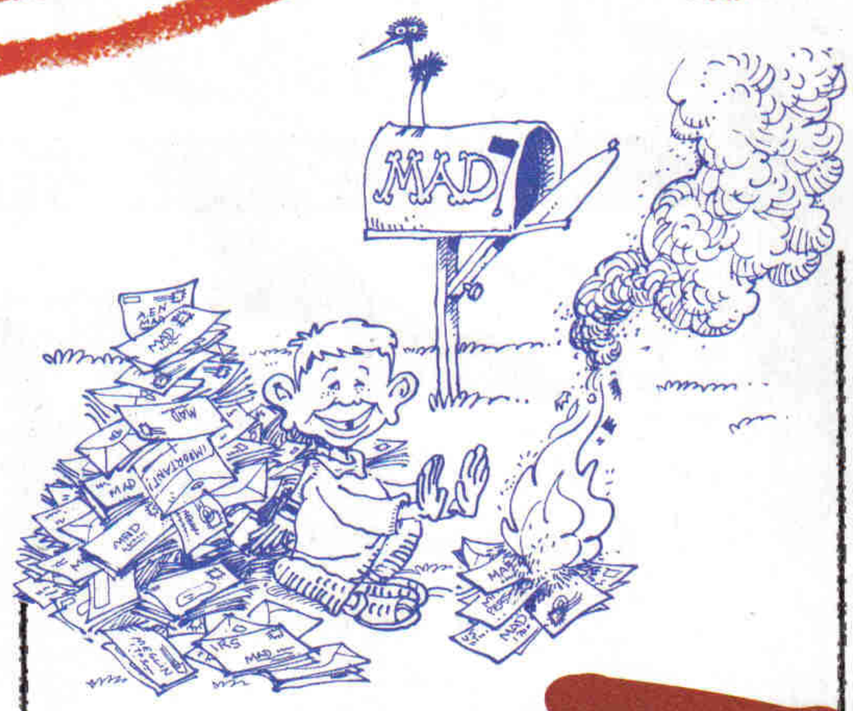
Big Al — This is not the first time you will read on the Letters Page our contention that MAD is and remains one of the great prison reads! We hope you beat the rap, but if not, we strongly urge you to visit madmag.com and click "subscription, three years and longer." See you in the showers, honeybuns! —Ed.

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

My dumb wish is for you to have "A MAD Look at Osama bin Laden" in an upcoming issue.

Mike Gerber
Quartz Hill, CA

Gerber Baby — Osama bin Laden continues to be a magnet for *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*™ requests (see Letters Page, MAD #413). But as we've often stated, it is the raison d'etre of us at the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*™ to make dumb wishes come true. It just so happens we have legions of underage writers working double shifts at comedy sweatshops to produce boffo bin Laden articles! Here's but a snippet of an upcoming feature we're calling...



DIVING INTO THE GENE POOL

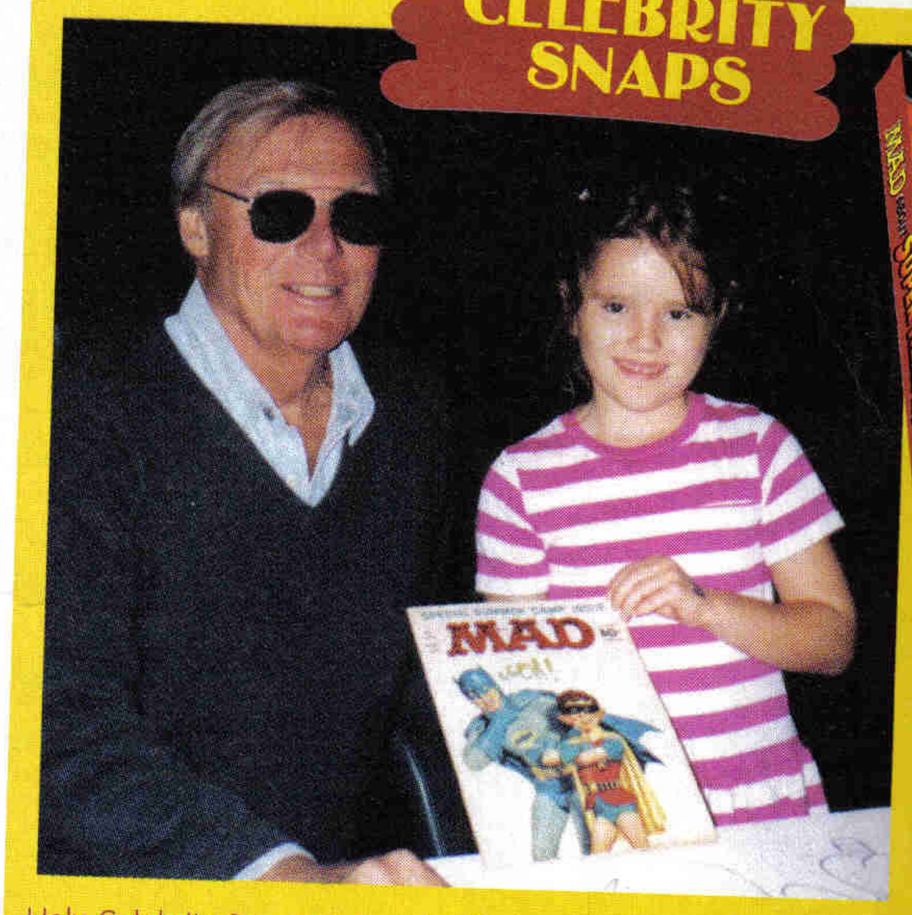
Issue #413 is full of mistakes, but one of them really stands out. In "Amazing Facts (and Surprising Discoveries) From the Human Genome DNA Project" you said that Watson and Crick looked through a microscope and saw the double helix. Watson and Crick were actually chemists and they dissected DNA. After they had all of the measurements, they could not figure how it fit together. They sent the specifications to a machinist and he figured out that the only way it could fit together was in the shape of a double helix. We must give credit where credit is due.

Jim Dewey
Burton, OH



Jimbo — Why do we get the feeling your head is also in the shape of a double helix? —Ed.

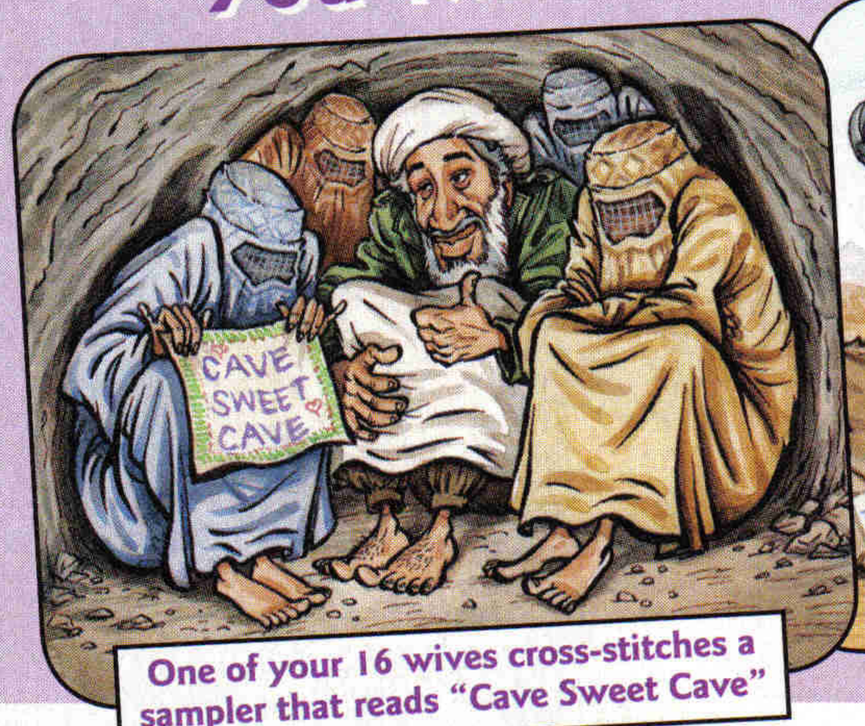
MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS





Holy Celebrity Snap! Holy coincidence! Not only is Adam West (the ONLY true Batman) the focus of this month's Celebrity Snap, he's also the writer of the introduction to a brand new MAD book, *MAD About Super Heroes*, which is on sale now at fine bookstores everywhere. Holy cheap and shameless plug! Regardless, Michael Brusko of Lewisville, TX receives a one-year subscription for his photo of his daughter, Charlie, with the Caped Crusader!

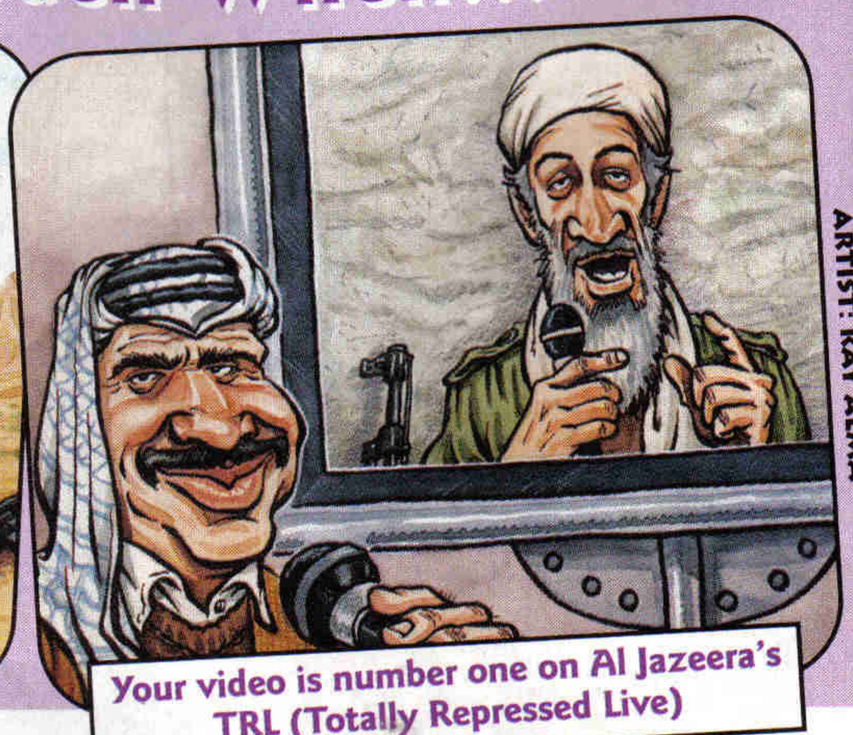
You Know You're Osama bin Laden When...



One of your 16 wives cross-stitches a sampler that reads "Cave Sweet Cave"



You scour UN Relief Packages for Just For Men beard touch-up



Your video is number one on Al Jazeera's TRL (Totally Repressed Live)

ARTIST: RAY ALMA



MONROE'S FAN CLUB

It's about time you move those four pages of nose snot (called Monroe) to the back of your magazine. It makes it easy for me to skip the article.

Ken McClelland
Reston, VA

Kenny— Skip the article? Skip a month with America's favorite dysfunctional family? Oh no. In fact, not only will we not honor your request to move Monroe to the back of the magazine, we're taking the liberty of nominating you to be President of the Official Monroe Fan Club. We invite all readers who wish to become charter members of the fan club (for which there are no dues, no privileges and no materials) to send their name and address to Ken "The Reluctant President of the Monroe Fan Club" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!



SUB THY NEIGHBOR

Hi, my name is Erika Holden. I've been reading MAD for two years (I'm 11 years old) and my mom has been reading it for 22 years (she's 30 years old). Anyway, I just wanted to tell you that if MAD wasn't a magazine, then my family would be normal. But thank goodness you are. By the way, you should be happy to know that we are the weirdest family on our block!

Erika Holden
St. Marys, GA

E! — Sorry to hear you are the weirdest family on your block, but fortunately for you, we do have a solution. This Saturday, get up bright and early, begin knocking on all your neighbors' doors and don't leave until you convince each and every one of them to subscribe to MAD. Within a few issues, every one of your neighbors will be just as weird as you. We're glad to help out, and send our love to mom! —Ed.

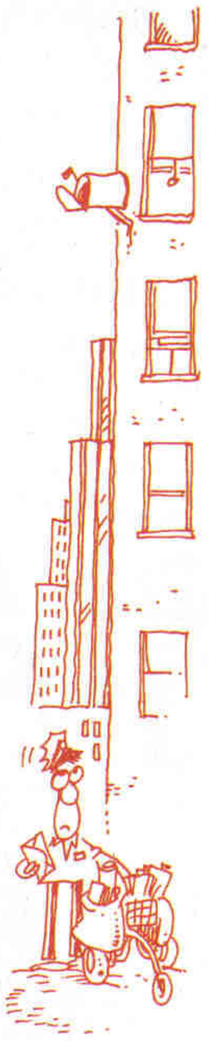


HOW TO REACH US

Please address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 416, 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!



"REMEMBER WHEN YOU COULD WALK DOWN THE STREET WITHOUT SEEING YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY SUFFERING FROM THE DARK WINDS OF POVERTY AND DESPAIR?"





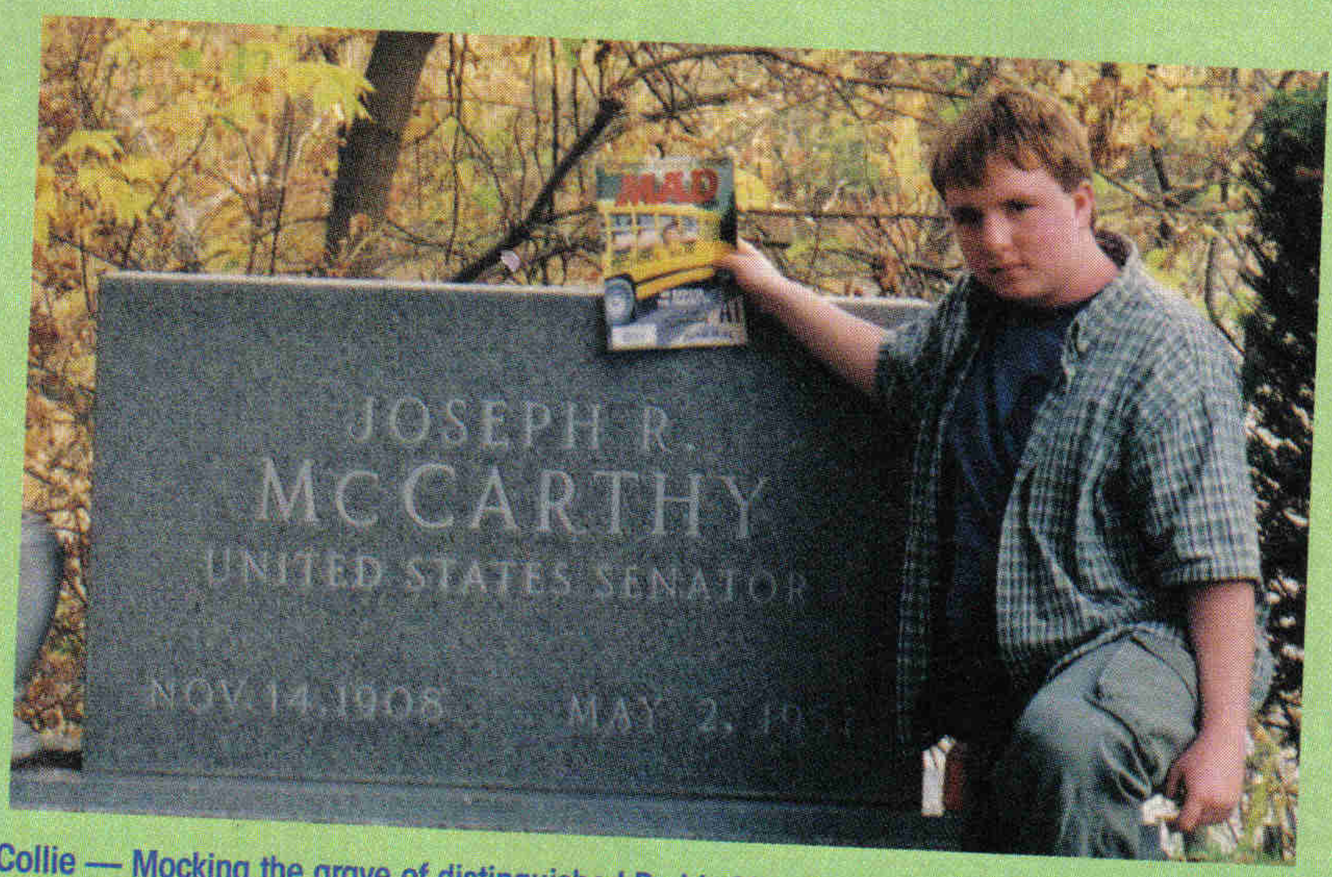
THE GOURD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY

UPDATE! In MAD #414 we printed photos from readers who wasted their time carving Alfred's face into their Halloween pumpkins. Like all beautiful things in life, they eventually wind up dead and shriveled, a mere shell of their former self. It is with this cheery thought in mind that we present Great Falls, VA resident Gene Philip's Alfred-E- Lantern the week after. We even think it looks a little like Kathleen Turner. Enjoy!

CEMETERY SNAPS

After a grueling and exhausting search of every cemetery in the city of Appleton, WI, I discovered the perfect shot. Here I am next to the grave of Communist hunter Joseph R. McCarthy. As we took the photo, I could have sworn I heard the sound of Tail Gunner Joe turning over in his grave.

Colin Martin
Appleton, WI

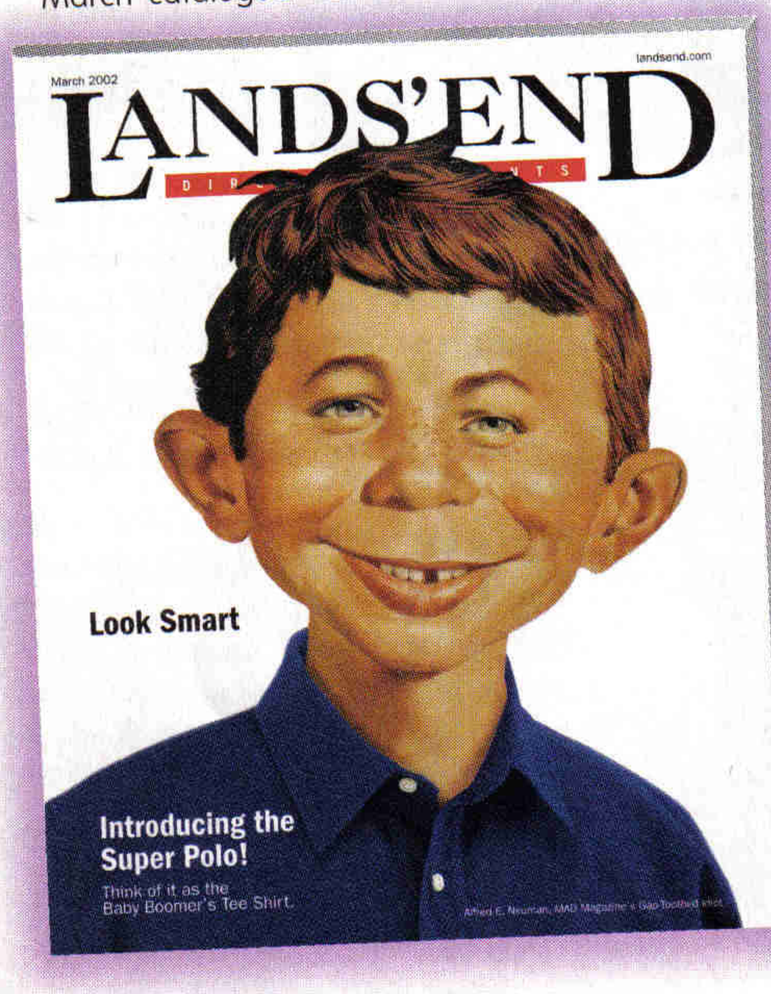


Collie — Mocking the grave of distinguished Red-baiting Senator Joe McCarthy? Sir, at long last, have you left no sense of decency? Look for your one-year subscription in the mail! —Ed.



FROM COVER TO COVER

It appears as if missing MAD cover boy Alfred E. Neuman had no trouble lining up work after the bad economy prompted his absence from the cover of *this* issue! Our grinning gap-toothed idiot can be found on the cover of the Land's End March catalogue! Take note, Victoria's Secret!



SNAPPY ANSWERS?

Back in MAD #412 we ran "Snappy Answers to Stupid Questions: Special Law Enforcement Edition" in which we foolishly invited readers to send in their own snappy answers to our stupid questions. We even more foolishly promised to print some of the best ones in an upcoming issue. Well, the snappy answers are in and the results are pathetic, but a promise is a promise. Congrats (if that's the right word) to everyone who participated!





THE WORD OF CLOD

In a world filled with hate and evil, I see that MAD is doing its part in spreading your brand of tolerance. "Hate Christians!" That is what I see when I look at pages 15 ("The Controversial Artist Instruction School") and 28 ("The MAD 20: Jerry Falwell Attacks America") in issue #413. As an American and Christian I support the First Amendment protecting freedom of speech. Having said that, your attack on Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson, *The 700 Club* and the Bible is protected by the Constitution and should be "tolerated" by all "good little Christians." Right? So then, why doesn't MAD "tolerate" the remarks made by Mr. Falwell and Robertson? Where is their "Freedom of speech"? Why is it not OK for Jerry Falwell to "attack America," but OK for MAD to attack him? Furthermore, I see that your "guided" reading of the Bible has brought you to put it in its "proper place" according to MAD (see page 15) and why does MAD care how Jerry Falwell is spreading the word of Jesus? Since you think or know that he is not, perhaps you and your magazine should take his place. I'm sure you could do a better job. Perhaps you should examine your level of "tolerance" before you judge others.

Robert Ochampaugh
Hollywood, FL

Bobby — It's a shame your letter was written in December, 2001 and not January, 2002, because it would be the perfect candidate to head up "The MAD 20 dumbest people, events and things of 2002"! In fact, we took the liberty of channeling several of our forefathers including Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin and George Washington and they all agreed that when they wrote the First Amendment it was not their intention to cover under the guise of free speech moronic drivel such as the letter you sent us. We'll pray for you. —Ed.

MAD

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Contributing Artists And Writers
the usual gang of idiots



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Hundreds of thousands of you have visited MADMAG.COM. Under the law, every company that collects personal information must make their "privacy policy" known. Fortunately, that law doesn't say that the "privacy policy" need be easy to understand. So with that nice loophole in mind, here is...

MAD MAGAZINE'S PRIVACY POLICY

Your privacy is important to us. Why? Because by invading your privacy, we might just be able to make a few extra bucks!

We'd like you to believe our privacy policy is just your "everyday, typical" privacy policy that you've seen and read hundreds of times elsewhere, so you'll just skip reading it and move on to something else.

Are you still reading this? Well, one thing we've learned about you already is that you're quite uncooperative! Now PLEASE stop reading this and move on! Why you should care about what we do with the personal information we collect on you, your family and your friends is beyond anything we can comprehend!

THE INFORMATION WE COLLECT

If you've ever visited MADMAG.COM, you know that on our site you can order products, enter contests, vote in polls and express an opinion. You should know that while we value your opinion, what we *really* value is the information we collect on you and can then sell to other companies over and over again. To the best of our knowledge, this is the only way anyone has ever made money on the internet!

At MADMAG.COM, the data we collect includes: name, address, e-mail address, telephone number, fax number, credit card numbers and information about your interests. If you have a webcam hooked up to your computer, when you're not looking, we may turn it on from our end and take a peek around your room. If we find anything interesting, we may take some photos, but rest assured they are ONLY for our own files. So as not to invade your privacy, we will never tell you when we're doing this.

At times you might submit a person's name and e-mail address to send them an electronic greeting card or a gift. The types of data that may be collected about them include: name, address, e-mail address and telephone number. We will also note their complete lack of taste if they accept a crappy gift from our website. These names are filed under our "easy pickings" category and are targeted for countess future merchandise offers — sometimes 20 to 30 times a day from companies we've sold their name to who have then sold them to still other companies. And so on and so on. They'll never again be able to log on to the internet without hearing the words "You've Got Mail"!

We may also collect certain non-personal information when you visit our web pages, such as the type of browser and the type of operating system you are using. We do not use that information ourselves. We will, however, occasionally, on a daily basis, sell this information to Microsoft or any of the tens of thousands of companies in which Microsoft has a controlling financial interest.

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We sometimes use the information we collect to communicate with you, such as to notify you when you have won one of our contests (very, very rare) or when we offer new merchandise (very, very often)! In addition, we sometimes make changes to our subscriber agreements (very, very often) and notify you about these changes (very, very rare)! It is important to remember that the information we collect provides for an interactive experience. We send you e-mail offers you don't want and you e-mail back, asking us to stop and to remove your name from our e-mail lists. This is about as interactive as you can find anywhere on the web! And the fact that we rarely pay attention to those "remove my name" requests makes it even more interactive, as your follow-up e-mails for us to stop become more and more frequent (and hostile)!

WHO MAY OBTAIN PERSONAL INFORMATION WE COLLECT

Although we take appropriate measures to safeguard against unauthorized disclosures of information, we cannot assure you that our safeguards actually do anything to protect you. However, we do use the words "WARNING! PRIVATE FILES!" somewhere on our database, which should deter most hackers, three years old and younger, from invading your privacy files.

COLLECTION OF INFORMATION BY THIRD-PARTY SITES

Some of our sites contain links to other sites whose information practices may be different than ours. We have no control over information collected by these third parties However, for your peace of mind, we should state that we have yet to encounter a third-party site with security standards lower than ours!

OUR COMMITMENT TO SECURITY

We have sophisticated electronic safeguards to prevent unauthorized access to your personal data. We use a super-secret security password that no one would think of willy-nilly. As a matter of fact, that *is* our super-secret password: willy-nilly! Who would ever think of using willy-nilly as a password to get at the trillions of personal facts we have on file in our databases? Probably no one! And for added security, we alternate our willy-nilly password every month with another obscure password: willy-nilly 1.

Feel better about your privacy when it comes to info collected by MAD Magazine and MADMAG.COM now? Just nod your head, we can see you!

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

BO

The

It was a time of ill tidings. Good men fell, and great woe and calamity shrouded the realm. And nowhere was the scourge more bleak, or the disaster more vast, than in the land of New Line Cinema! Many disasters at the box office nearly put them in the land of perpetual darkness. Just as there seemed to be no future for New Line or its bottom line, a single shaft of hope pierced the gloom. Nay, not one shaft of light, but THREE! A trilogy of movies sure to entice every fantasy-hungry role player, isolated mouth-breather and embittered loser in the land to make the arduous trek to the cineplex again, and again, and still again! Hopefully the fortunes of New Line would be restored, but only if a wary public did not become...

Why did they **choose me** to play **Dodo Gaggings?** Obviously, it **wasn't** for my **talent** as an **actor!** The **director needed** to find the **right person** to **portray** a **Slobbit** who is **3 feet, 6 inches tall! After** they put **2-inch lifts** in my **shoes,** we were in **business!** You've **never** seen a **lead character** like **me!** I may be the **first action-adventure hero** in **movie history** who could get his **ass kicked** by **Harry Potter!**

On the **other hand,** I made my **reputation** as **one** of the **finest Shakespearean actors** and have been **nominated** for an **Academy Award!** As **Gandoof,** I **wear** a **fake beard** and **silly hat** and **play** the **part** of a **great magician** rather **convincingly!** Watch closely as my **credibility** as an actor **totally disappears** before your **eyes!**

I'm **Peppercorn,** but some **call** me **Spider! Others** call me **Longstinks,** the **Renuzit, Elfdrone** or **Telemundo!** I've got more **stupid extra names** than **P. Diddy** and the **Wu-Tang Clan combined!** What I **don't have** is a **decent shampoo** and **conditioner!**

As **Spam Gangrene,** I'm **chief tagalong nebbish** and **sidekick!** I'm **dim-witted, afraid** to **talk** to **girls** and an all-around **nothing** — in **other** words, I'm **this** film's **target audience!** If I **wasn't** in this **movie,** I'd be **first** on **line** to **see it!**

We're **Pimple** and **Baggybuns,** the two most **incompetent Slobbits** around! Give either of us **half** a **chance,** and we'll **stick** our **foot** in our **mouths!**

Which **ain't easy** when you're a **size 78 Wide!**

I'm **Billboard Gaggings, oldest** living **Slobbit!** On the **outside,** I **appear** to be a **friendly, happy-go-lucky fellow!** But **everybody** can **see** that just **beneath** the **cheery surface,** I'm **really** a **twisted, bitter, jealous,** desperately **unhappy dwarf!** Just like **Billy Crystal!**

As **Argon,** the **immortal Elf princess,** people **ask** me, was it **hard** finding the **inspiration** to **play** a **bizarre ancient character** who goes on **forever? Actually,** it came **easy** to **me!** My **dad** is **Steven Tyler** from **Aerosmith!**

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA
WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

RED OF THE RINGS

FEEBLE SCHTICK of KA-CHING!

I am **Borderline**, and I am **valiant, strong** and **brave!** I have **pledged** my **life** against **evil**, in **hopes** that I can **return** to my **homeland**, which **has** been completely **burned** and **destroyed!** I **said** I was **valiant, strong** and **brave**... I **never said** I was **smart!**

As you can **see** from my **bow**, I am the **archer Legolamb!** My **archery skills** are **unsurpassed!** My **acting skills?** Let's **put** it **this way**, I'm so **off target** I've **hit** the **screen** of the next **cineplex! Tom Cruise's butt** in ***Vanilla Sky***, to be **exact!**

Behold **Aspercreme**, the bad guy **wizard** with a serious **wand up** his **butt! Gandoof** never **realized** that I was on the **side** of **evil!** He **should** have **gotten** a **clue** when I **pulled** a **rabbit** out of my **hat** and immediately **put it** into a **blender!** I **hate Gandoof** for his naive **faith** in **goodness**, and also **because** his **facial hair** is **two inches longer** than **mine! Size does count**, even in the **wizard world!**

I may **look** like something that got **coughed up** by a **400-pound cat**, but I'm **Gimmicki**, the **angry dwarf! How** do **I figure** in **all** this **confusion?** I'm **waiting** for **someone** to **tell me!** I'm **not sure** if I **appear** in this **segment** or **either** of the **next two** they **filmed!**

You're **lucky!** I **know** I **appear** in this **episode**, but as **one** of the **Dorcs**, the allegedly **deadly creatures** in **service** of Sorehead's **evil desires**, we have a **higher mortality rate** than **sitcoms** on the **WB!**

As **Galapagos**, the all-knowing **elf queen**, I'm the **wisest character** of **all!** And to **stand out** even more, **notice** how I'm **backlit!** Like someone in a **feminine hygiene commercial!**

Eh! Eh! Me am **Golfclub**, and **me** have been **driven insane! Not** by **Ring**, by this **cockamamie three-hour butt-blistering movie!** Look at this **splash page! Talk** about **endless!** And it **only includes** the **main characters!** Characters? It was **easier** to **keep** the **dogs straight** in ***101 Dalmatians!***

I'm so **glad** that you could visit, **Gandoof!** But are you **sure** this is just **natural Shire vegetation** we're **smoking?**

Of course, of course! Now, pass me another **30 sweetcakes** and **keep quiet** so I can hear the music of this **young, hot new band, The Grateful Dead!**

I'd like to **thank** all the **little people!** HA! I've waited **111 years** to **use** that **joke!** Anyway, I'm **glad** you all could come to my **birthday party!** And I am **deeply sorry** that the **111 candles** on my cake **set fire** to the **winter harvest!**

Happy Birthday Billboard

Nyyeehh-yahh-*yahhh!* Keep the **Ring** away from **me!**

Wow! I haven't seen someone **that** scared of wearing a littlebitty **gold ring** since **Oprah's boyfriend, Stedman!**

Like Oprah, the **Ring** is **all-powerful!** It **warps souls!** It **destroys minds!** It **plunges** its owners into **eternal slavery! YOU** keep it, **Dodo!**

Gee, **thanks!** With a **caring protector** like **you** watching my back, this could be the first **one-movie trilogy** ever!

Aha! My **inner sense** tells me that **YOU** must be **Mr. Dodo Gaggings!**

Hey, **nice catch,** Eagle Eye Cherry! Wanna **join** us? We could **really use** the sort of **keenly-honed skills** that can pick out **four midgets** in a **crowd!**

A horse is a corpse, of course, of course! And I am the corpse that rides the horse. And with great force and no remorse, we kill those Slobbits dead!

Yowww! And yet, I don't **mind** the **pain!** Finally, I get to play another onscreen **emotion** besides "**looking dumbfounded.**"

Are you doing one now? I'm **having trouble** telling the **difference!**

They're both so **beautiful...** so **round** and **full...**

Though you are **hurt** and **sick,** a Slobbit should **not speak** about the **lips** of a **princess!**

Huff, wheeze...I'm **not lusting** over your **lips!** I'm looking at **those two beauties!**

What? You **dare** to **stare** at my **royal breasts?**

No, your **knees!** Don't forget, **I'm three feet tall!**





I'm **sorry** we took the **main road** and **got you caught!**

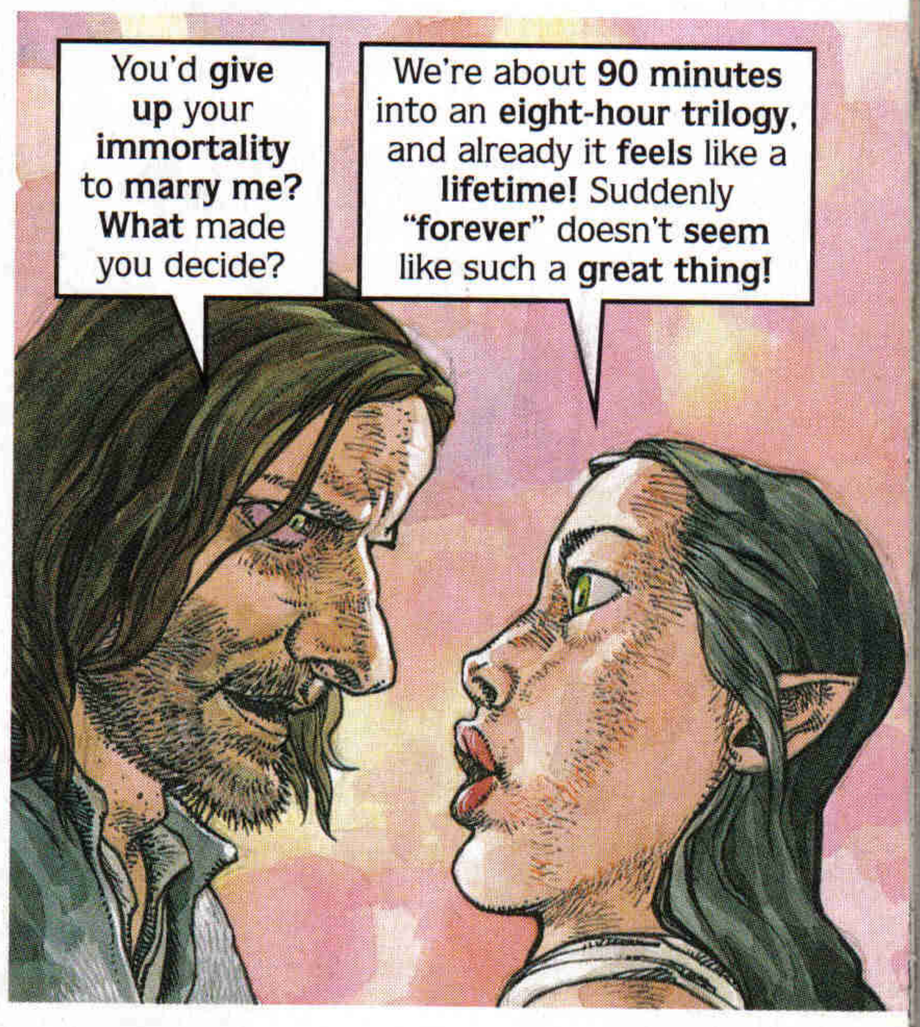
And that we tried to float the raft away, leaving **you** to **get killed!**

And how in the **bar**, we told **everybody** who you **really** were!

Not to mention the **campfire** that we set **attract-ed** the **horse-men**, and **you almost died!**

That's **okay.** But would you mind **not** leaning on my **bad shoulder?**

See? I **told** you **this little creep holds grudges!**



We've got to **band together** to **stop Sorehead!**

Sorehead is getting **more powerful** by the **minute!**

Soon, **Sorehead** will **strike!**

Uh...does it strike **anyone** as strange that the **#1 bad guy** in this movie isn't actually **IN** this movie?



By **hiking** across this **mountain,** we'll **sneak** into Torpor **unobserved!**

Yeah, who could **EVER** spot **nine black silhouettes** doing two miles an hour against 400 miles of **pure white snow? Shrewd!**

Listen to this **ancient book**! It describes the dwarf army's **final moments!** "*The dwarves **fought bravely,** but were **overwhelmed** by numbers. The dorcs **broke through** the **dwarf position** and **entered** the **chamber. Arghh!** I was **cut through** by a dorc! My **blood flowed freely!** My **heart** came to a **halt!** And then **I died** – of **boredom,** as will be the fate of **all** who **continue** this **endless quest!**"*

That's so **sad,** yet **powerful!**

We **killed** the **stone ogre!**

Aye, but here comes **another ogre**...and he looks a lot **tougher!**

It's good he's dead! There's **only room** for **one** of us on a **Burger King plastic cup!**

See **everybody** in the **sequel**, next **yeeeee-aaarrrrr!**

Dodo, you're **heavily armed.** You're surrounded by a bunch of useless **hangers-on** and **body-guards.** You keep getting **whacked** by **random violence.** And your life **revolves** around **gold jewelry.** Do you **know** what this **means?**

Yes! I am **Middle-Earth's first rap star!**

In my **travels**, I've seen **so few creatures** like **you!**

Elves? Telepaths?

No, GIRLS! This story has **185 characters**, and a big **TWO** of them are women!

Maybe **three!** The **jury's** still out **on Legolamb!**

17 arrows in four seconds, and **every one of them** hit the **target! How** do you explain **that** kind of **shooting?**

Hey, my bowstring **broke** in between arrows #12 and #13! I had to **stop** to **fix it!** It could've happened to **anyone!**

What kind of **battle** is **this?** There's **5,000** of **us** and **eight** of **them!**

Good point. We're **doomed!** Let's **get the hell out of here!**

Do not **waste** your **final moments** in **vexation!** Banish **all dolor**, or **pangs** of **chagrin!**

Vexation? Chagrin? I'm **pissed off! Gandoof dies**, but **he's coming back!** Everyone thought **Sorehead died**, but **he came back!** Dodo **practically** dies, **TWICE**, and he **comes back twice!** But **ME?** I'm **dead, dead, DEAD! That's it!** Get my **friggin' agent** on the **cell phone!**

Dodo, we **did it!** Well, um, actually, we **didn't do anything!** We got **chased** and **stabbed** and **captured!** But at least we **made it** to the **end.** Our **challenge** is **over!**

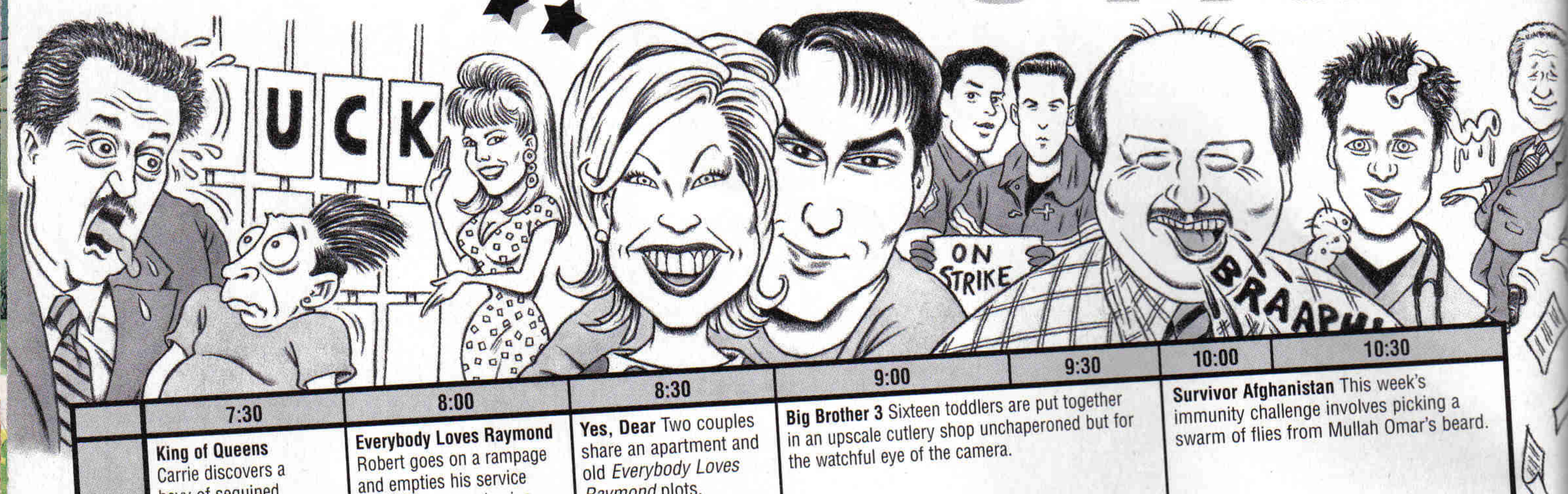
But **this** is only **Part One**, Spam! We have much **deadlier enemies ahead** of us! **Harry Potter** and **Anakin Skywalker!** And even if we make it past **those two**, up **ahead** are statues of ***Austin Powers***, the ***Men in Black***, the ***Scorpion King*** and ***Spider-Man!*** Next to **those opponents**, fighting the **armies of Sorehead** is going to be a breeze!



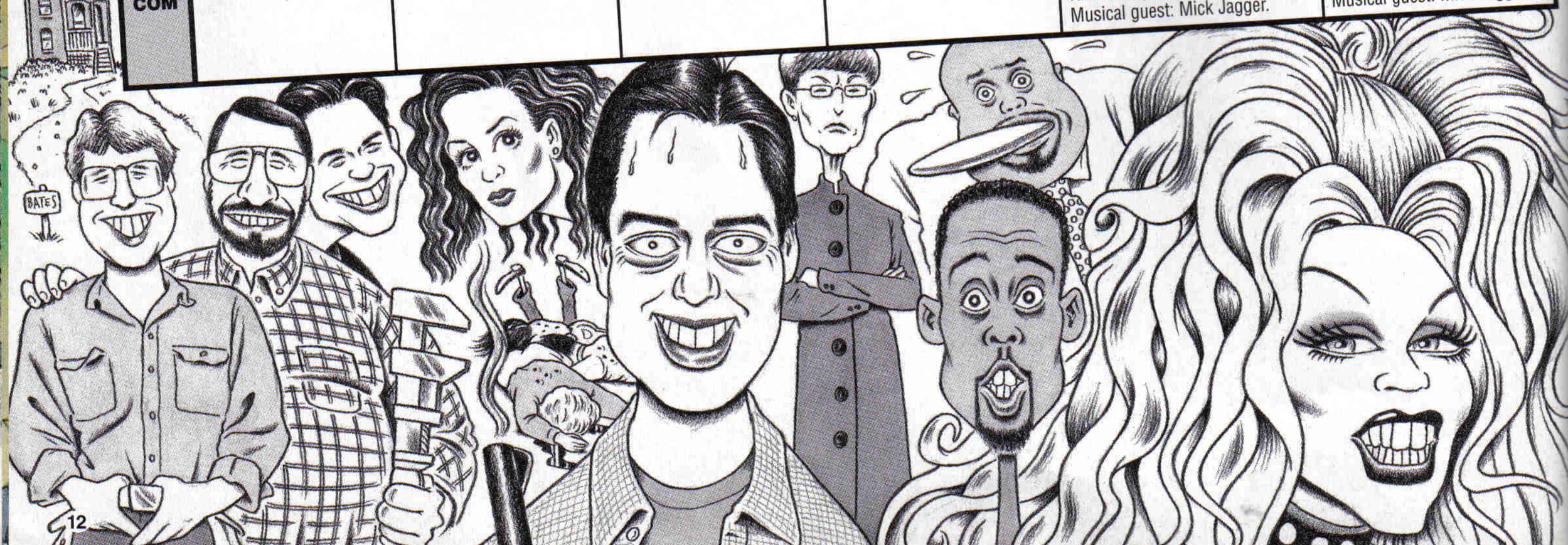
GRID AND BEAR IT DEPT.

Forget *TV Guide*! Forget the weekly section in your Sunday newspaper! And forget that annoying grid that scrolls down your television screen faster than you can read it! If you *really* want to know what's on the boob tube, check out...

MAD's prime

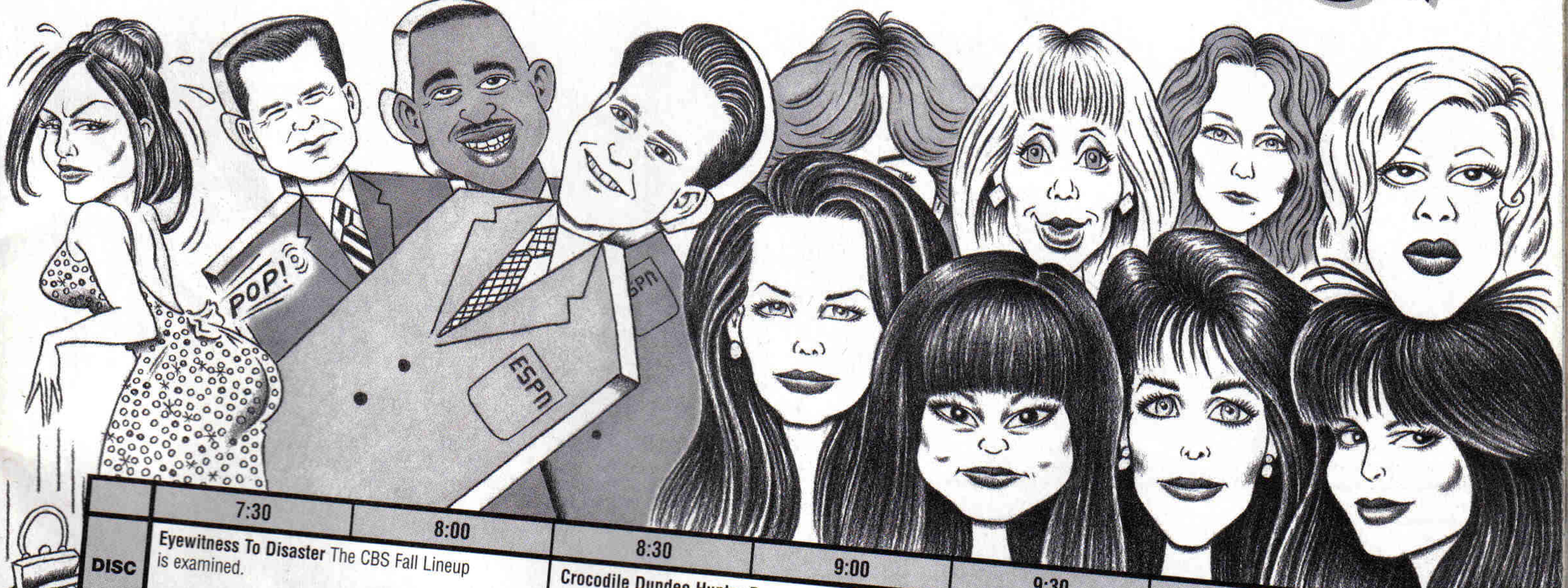


	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
CBS	**King of Queens** Carrie discovers a bevy of sequined taffeta evening gowns in Doug's closet.	**Everybody Loves Raymond** Robert goes on a rampage and empties his service revolver into a quivering Ray, his carping wife and meddlesome parents.	**Yes, Dear** Two couples share an apartment and old *Everybody Loves Raymond* plots.	**Big Brother 3** Sixteen toddlers are put together in an upscale cutlery shop unchaperoned but for the watchful eye of the camera.		**Survivor Afghanistan** This week's immunity challenge involves picking a swarm of flies from Mullah Omar's beard.	
NBC	**Access To Extra Hollywood Entertainment Tonight**	**The Weakest Link** Celebrity Assassin Special Edition featuring John Hinckley, Mark David Chapman and a descendant of John Wilkes Booth.	**Will & Grace** Will comes out of the closet and admits he's straight.	**Scrubs** A carelessly discarded spleen leads to a full-fledged organ fight in the O.R.		**Third Watch** Cast goes on strike when producers refuse to pay them shift differential.	
FOX	**Boston Public** A freshman goes into labor, a small nuclear device is detonated in Mr Lipschultz's pants, Vice-Prinicpal Guber professes his love for the janitor — all before first period.		**Ally McBeal** Ally sulks for most of the show and consults with a wacky, unqualified therapist. Cage feigns hiccups while scratching himself excessively in court. Vonda Shepard sings soulless version of '60s R+B classic.		**World's Funniest Murders**		**Designing Women** Delta Burke swallows other cast members.
ABC	**Jeopardy!** Alex Trebek gets into a shouting match with Teen Tournament champion.	**Wheel Of Fortune** Vanna turns over wrong letter, spells obscenity.	**48 Hours & 60 Minutes Worth of Dateline in Primetime**	**Dharma & Greg** Dharma invites her parents, Lharry and Ahbby, and her new brother, Hharry, to Dhinner.	**NYPD Blue** Sipowicz teaches his new partner about skels, perps and bathroom noises.		**Politically Incorrect** Guests include a honky, a darkie, a hebe and a spic.
UPN	**Martin** Comedian with little talent is given sitcom.	**WWF Smackdown** The Rock and Triple H severely injure *Star Trek*'s Captain Archer and Philox in an ill-advised network cross-promotion stunt.		**Buffy The Vampire Slayer** After sleeping with Spike, Buffy becomes a vampire and is forced to slay herself. Last show of series.		**Roswell** Carelessly tossed Frisbee causes panic.	
PBS	**Pledge Break** Video of tigers devouring gazelles for $500 donation.	**This Old House** The Bates Motel gets a new bathroom. Norm gets a surprise.	**Pledge Break** CD of lamest pop groups of the '60s for $750 donation.	**Nova** Scientists explore the molecular structure of Michael Jackson's nose.		**Pledge Break** PBS Visor for $1,000 donation.	
A&E	**Biography:** Dick Hertz.	**Biography:** Hugh Jorgan.	**Biography:** Ima Ho.	**Investigative Reports** Who Let The Dogs Out?		**Law And Order: White Collar Crime Unit** Network TV Producer is arraigned on charges of plagiarizing his own show.	
COM	**Battlebots** Brita Water Filter vs. Oreck Vacuum Cleaner.	**The Man Show** Guest Host: RuPaul.	**Comedy Central Presents** Chris Rock curses for 30 minutes.	**Friars Roast** Featuring Pope John Paul II. Toastmaster: Gilbert Gottfried.	**SNL** 157th airing of show that was kind of funny when it was originally aired in 1984, but jokes about Soviet leader Brezhnev and the TV show *Rhoda* may seem a bit dated. Musical guest: Mick Jagger.	**SNL** 57th airing of show that was kind of funny when it was originally aired in 1998, but jokes about Monica Lewinsky and the TV show *MAD About You* may seem a bit dated. Musical guest: Mick Jagger.	

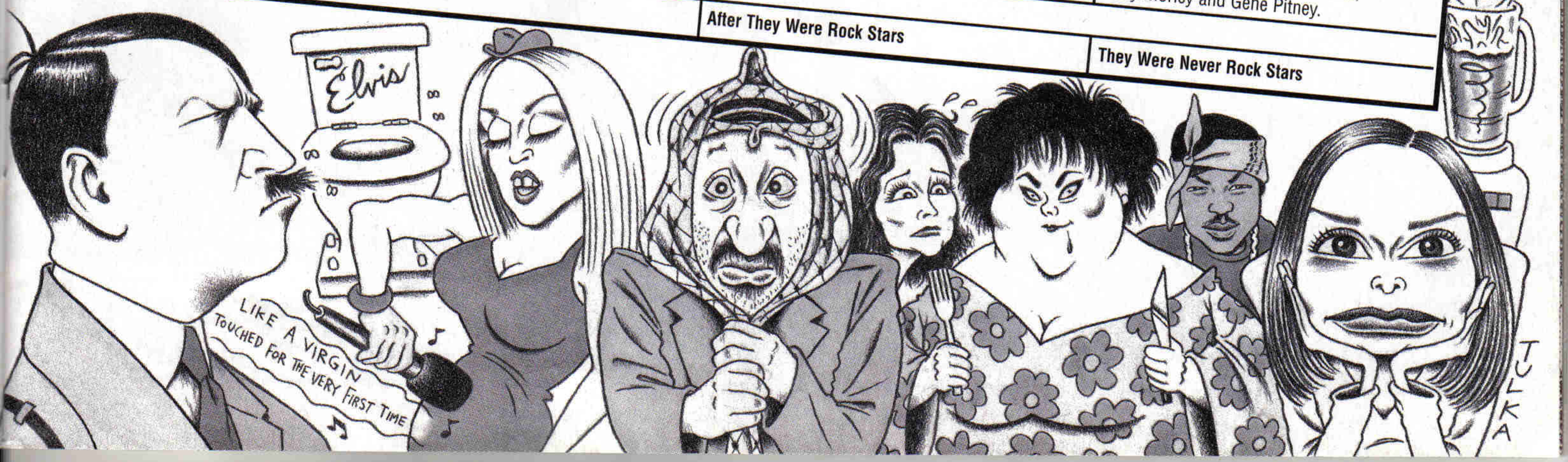


-Time TV Listings

ARTIST: RICK TULKA WRITER: DANA T. GRAF



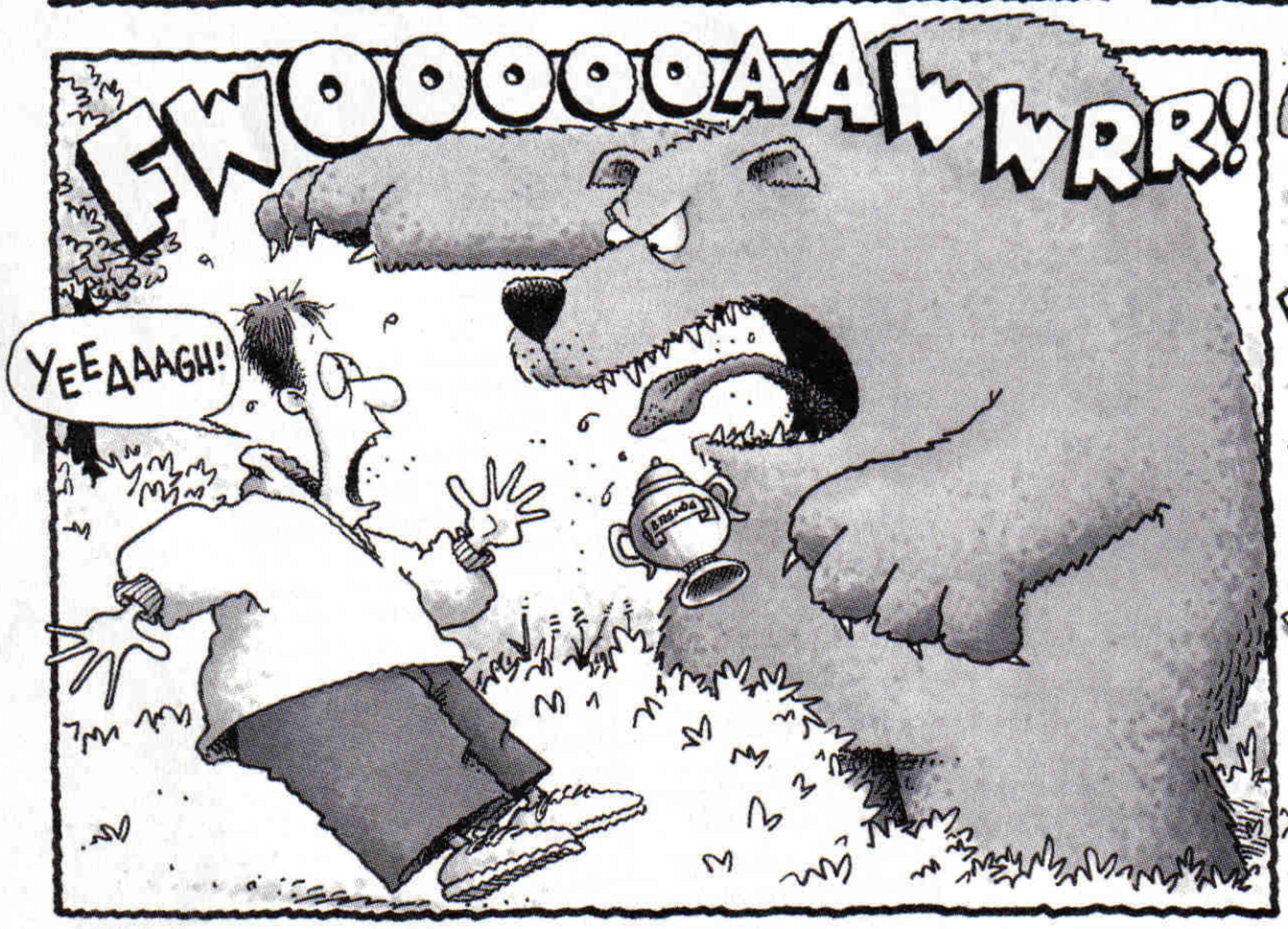
	7:30	8:00	8:30	9:00	9:30	10:00	10:30
DISC	**Eyewitness To Disaster** The CBS Fall Lineup is examined.		**Crocodile Dundee Hunter** Repeat.				
DISN	**The Disney Movie** *Mom's Dead, I'm in Charge* Motherless child single-handledly takes care of lonely father, hoodwinks villains and wins big game with help from pet chinchilla.				**Medical Mysteries** How Tom Arnold walks and talks at the same time.	**Wild Rescues** Cat gets extracted from fax machine.	
					Bug Juice Jiminy Cricket falls into a blender.	**The Disney Movie** *The Little Mermaid In Pittsburgh* Unlike the first lame sequel to the animated Disney classic, this one wasn't even deemed good enough for the direct-to-video market. With RuPaul as Ariel and Carrot Top as Sebastian The Crab.	
E!	**Fashion Emergency** Jennifer Lopez breaks a snap.		**E! True Hollywood Story** Renowned child actor grows up to have a stable, normal life.				
ESPN	**X Games** Joined in progress immediately following W Games.	**Curt Gowdy's Favorite Sports Coats**	**Arena Football** Roe vs. Wade.			**Celebrity Toilets** Ben Stein, David Hyde Pierce, Alicia Keys. Also, Mike Wallace's bedpan.	
HIST	**Hitler's Mustache** The Fuhrer's trademark facial hair set against the backdrop of pre-war Austria.				**50 Greatest Cheerleader Outfits**	**SportsCenter** One hour of taped highlights replayed again at 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6.	
LIF	**Unsolved Mysteries** How *Walker, Texas Ranger* stayed on the air so long.		**Lifetime Movie** *How I Salvaged My Career Starring in Bad TV Movies* starring Valerie Bertinelli, Tori Spelling, Rosanna Arquette, Melissa Gilbert, Connie Selleca, Jaclyn Smith, Michele Greene and Stefanie Powers.	**History's Loudest Bombs** From Cherry Bombs to Atom Bombs. Michael J. Fox narrates.	**Lifetime Movie** *His Lying Eyes, His Lies Before Kisses, And The Other Lies He Told Combined With His Unspeakable Acts With Another Woman, Despite My Final Appeal That Led Me To Deadly Intentions, Deadly Vows And Ultimately Love, Lies And Murder Which Were Not In The Best Interests Of My Children* starring Valerie Bertinelli, Tori Spelling, Rosanna Arquette, Melissa Gilbert, Connie Selleca, Jaclyn Smith, Michele Greene and Stefanie Powers.	**History's Mysteries** Does Arafat wear a rug?	
MTV	**Ultra Sound** Madonna's uterus sings *Like A Virgin.*	**MTV Cribs** The bombed caves of Tora Bora are profiled.					
TBS	**Ted Turner Sings** Bernard Shaw, piano.			**The Real World** The cast faces off against the cast of *Big Brother* in a Celebrity Tag-team Death Match.		**Music Videos** New releases from Gorrillaz, Weezer, OutKast, JaRule, Ludacris, Cozy Morley and Gene Pitney.	
VH1	**Before They Were Rock Stars**		**After They Were Rock Stars**		**They Were Never Rock Stars**		

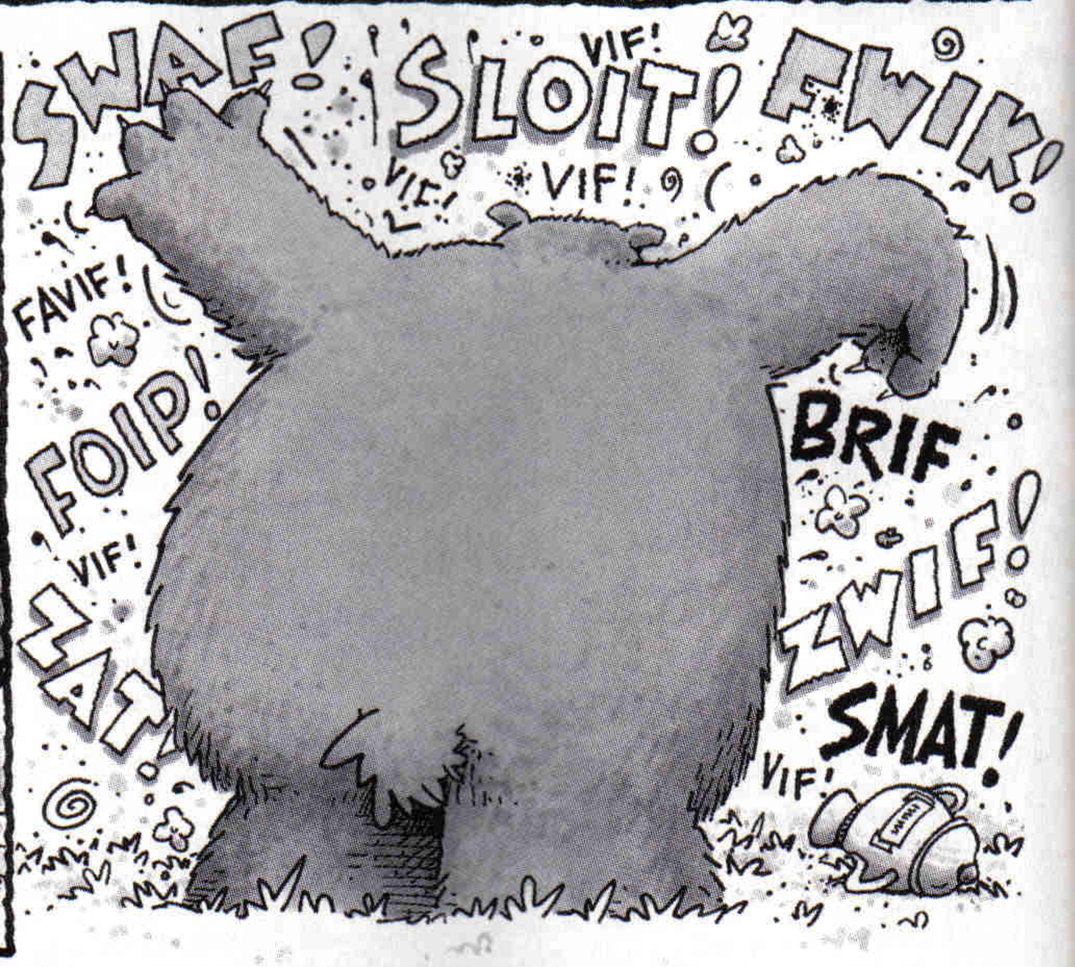


DRAMA ON PAGE 14











ARTIST: JOHN CALDWELL WRITER: MICHAEL GALLAGHER

The hens have come home to roost, it's...

MONROE and...



ARTIST: BILL WRAY

BABYSITTING PART ONE

CLASSIC, STEVE-O!

IS THAT TRUE, DAD? BABIES ARE CHICK MAGNETS?

BET YOUR BONY ASS. COURSE YOU WERE A DIFFERENT STORY. WOMEN TOOK ONE LOOK AT YOU AND WANTED TO GET THEIR TUBES TIED.

GREAT.

YOU WERE NOT A GOOD-LOOKING KID. MOM WANTED TO TRADE YOU TO CIRCUS FOLK BUT WE TOUGHED IT OUT.

WELL I'VE HAD MY SUNSHINE FOR THE DAY. THANKS.

FOR ONCE YOU CAME UP WITH A GOOD IDEA, MONROE. WE CAN FIRE THAT OTHER BABY SITTER AND MISTER TOUCHY HANDS DOESN'T HAVE TO DRIVE HER HOME FOR TWO HOURS.

GEEZ IT WAS ONE TIME. LET IT GO ALREADY.

FINE. I'M NOT GOING TO RUIN THE ONE ROMANTIC EVENING OUT I MAY HAVE ALL YEAR.

ROMANTIC? YOU SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE YOU PUT ON THOSE 30 POUNDS.

OKAY. SEE YOU TWO LOVE BIRDS LATER. HAVE FUN!

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND HOW BABY PERRY IS GONNA GET YOU CHICKS.

I DUNNO. SOMETHING ABOUT BEING MATURE AND CRAP.

WELL, YOU GOT THE "CRAP" PART DOWN. PHEW! BABY PERRY'S PAINTING THE TOWN MUSTARD BROWN.

DAMMIT! WHERE CAN A GUY BUY A CORK IN THIS MALL?

OOO. WHAT A LITTLE CUTIE. OOPSY. SMELLS LIKE SOMEONE NEEDS A CHANGING.

IT'S NOT ME!

WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

MONROE

RIGHT. HERE, LET ME HELP YOU! I'VE DONE PLENTY OF BABYSITTING, TOO.

I'M NOT A BABYSITTER... UH...THIS LITTLE ONE IS ALL MINE.

REALLY?

YEAH. HE'S A HANDFUL, ALL RIGHT. IT'S BEEN TOUGH SINCE HIS MAMA...UH... GOT BLOWN UP.

THAT'S TERRIBLE.

AND I'M ALWAYS ON THE ROAD. I COULD SURE USE A LADY'S TOUCH BACK AT MY TREE...I MEAN APARTMENT.

OMIGOD! LOOK HOW CUTE.

CAN I HOLD HIM?

HELL YEAH! GO FOR IT. I'M MONROE.

I'M WALTER! HEY, MONROE, TELL THEM HOW THE BABY'S MOTHER BLEW UP.

WOULD YOU PUT A SOCK IN IT!

SO, YOU LIKE TO CUDDLE THINGS, HUH?

DID SHE GET A FIRE-CRACKER UP HER BUTT LIKE THAT FROG THAT TIME?

NO! WILL YOU SHUT UP!

THAT WAS AWESOME. I STILL HAVE FROG GUTS STAINS ON THESE PANTS, LOOK!

JUST SIT BACK AND WATCH ME WORK MY MAGIC.

OOOH, DO THE ONE WHERE YOU FOLD UP THE DOLLAR BILL AND WASHINGTON BECOMES A MUSHROOM! THAT'LL GET 'EM!

WHAT? WOULD YOU JUST BE QUIET!

LOOK AT THESE TWO IN FRONT OF THE VICTORIA'S SECRET WINDOW! THEY'RE GORGEOUS! IMAGINE, THE FOUR OF US AT THE BEACH... LOTS OF LOTION... YEAH...

SHOES

DON'T YOU HAVE HOMEROOM WITH MY LITTLE BROTHER LEWIS?

IT'S THE YOUNG FACE THING, ISN'T IT? I GET THAT A LOT.

THAT'S RIGHT. KEEP WALKING.

NOT WORKING, HUH?

THAT CHICK HAD ISSUES. WAIT. CHECK IT OUT. HERE COME A COUPLE MORE.

TWO OF THEM, TWO OF US.

MORE LIKE 2 ½ OF US. SLOW DOWN ON THOSE SLIM JIMS, SLIM.

UM... BYE.

NICE GOING, MORON! AND I FELT REAL CLOSE ON THAT ONE.

DON'T SWEAT IT. IF YOU STRIKE OUT I CAN JUST GIVE YOU A CALF MASSAGE BACK AT MY PLACE.

WHAT?

DON'T MIND ME. IT'S MY HYPOGLYCEMIA TALKING.

ALL RIGHT, BE COOL

I'M ON IT.

PIZZA

HOLE

WELL... HELLO.

PLEASE GET OUT OF MY WAY.

HA. YOU'RE FUNNY. WANT TO HOLD MY LITTLE GUY?

UH... NO THANKS. I THINK I MIGHT PULL SOMETHING.

OH. NO! NOT HIM. I MEAN BABY...

...PERRY!

OMIGOD -- HE'S GONE!

TO BE CONTINUED...

Bill Wray

Consider if you will the high school theater production... Long after the music ends, the applause fades, the scenery comes down and the makeup comes off, all that remains are the memories...AND the amateurish theater programs that accompany them. Pity. Join us now for tonight's presentation...

MAD EXAMINES SELECTED PAGES IN A TYPICAL HIGH SCHOOL THEATER PROGRAM

Cover art drawn by the one kid who couldn't get a part.

Fears the day when one of his students makes it big and outs him in Oscar speech.

Glaring spelling error that nobody catches until all the programs have been copied, collated, folded and stapled by hand.

So at least some of it will be funny on purpose.

Higgenbottom Gaines High School
Presents

BYE BYE BURDIE

A Musical Comedy

Directed by
Tobias Mifflemarb

Dr. Eli Siegel,
Superintendent of Schools

May 24, 25, 26

Insists on having his name on everything.

Accidentally scheduled for holiday weekend when parents and grandparents will be away.

Months of preparation for just three lousy performances.

ARTIST:
MONTE
WOLVERTON

WRITER:
BUTCH
D'AMBROSIO

MAD EXAMINES SELECTED PAGES IN A TYPICAL HIGH SCHOOL THEATER PROGRAM

SCENES AND MUSICAL NUMBERS

ACT II

Scene 1
McAfee Home – Sweet Apple, Ohio
"What Did I Ever See In Him?" ..... Kim, Rosie

Scene 2
Street Outside McAfee Home
"Alot of Livin' to Do" ..... Conrad Birdie, Kim, Kim's Friends, Sweet Apple Teens

"Kids" ..... Mr. & Mrs. McAfee

Scene 3
Maude's Roadside Retreat, Sweet Apple, Ohio
"Baby Talk To Me" ..... Albert

"Shriner's Ballet" ..... Rosie, Men of Sweet Apple

Scene 4
Street, Sweet Apple, Ohio
"A Mother Doesn't Matter Anymore" ..... Mae Peterson

"Kids" Reprise ..... Mr. & Mrs. McAfee, Randolph, Ruthie, Sweet Apple Adults

Scene 5
The Ice House
"Spanish Rose" ..... Rosie

Scene 6
Railroad Station, Sweet Apple, Ohio
"Rosie" ..... Albert, Rosie, Ensemble

There will be one 15-minute Intermission.

Refreshments will be sold in the lobby.

Biggest laugh of night occurs during this scene when five-year-old in audience loudly asks, "Can we go home now?"

Sweet post-intermission ballad, only half of which will be seen by slow bathroom returnees.

Broken down by song and character so that relatives know when to pay attention.

Parents with 2-hour tapes in camcorders will run out and be heard audibly cursing.

If you must cough during a solo, save it for here.

Best chance for dirty old fathers to leer at an underage girl.

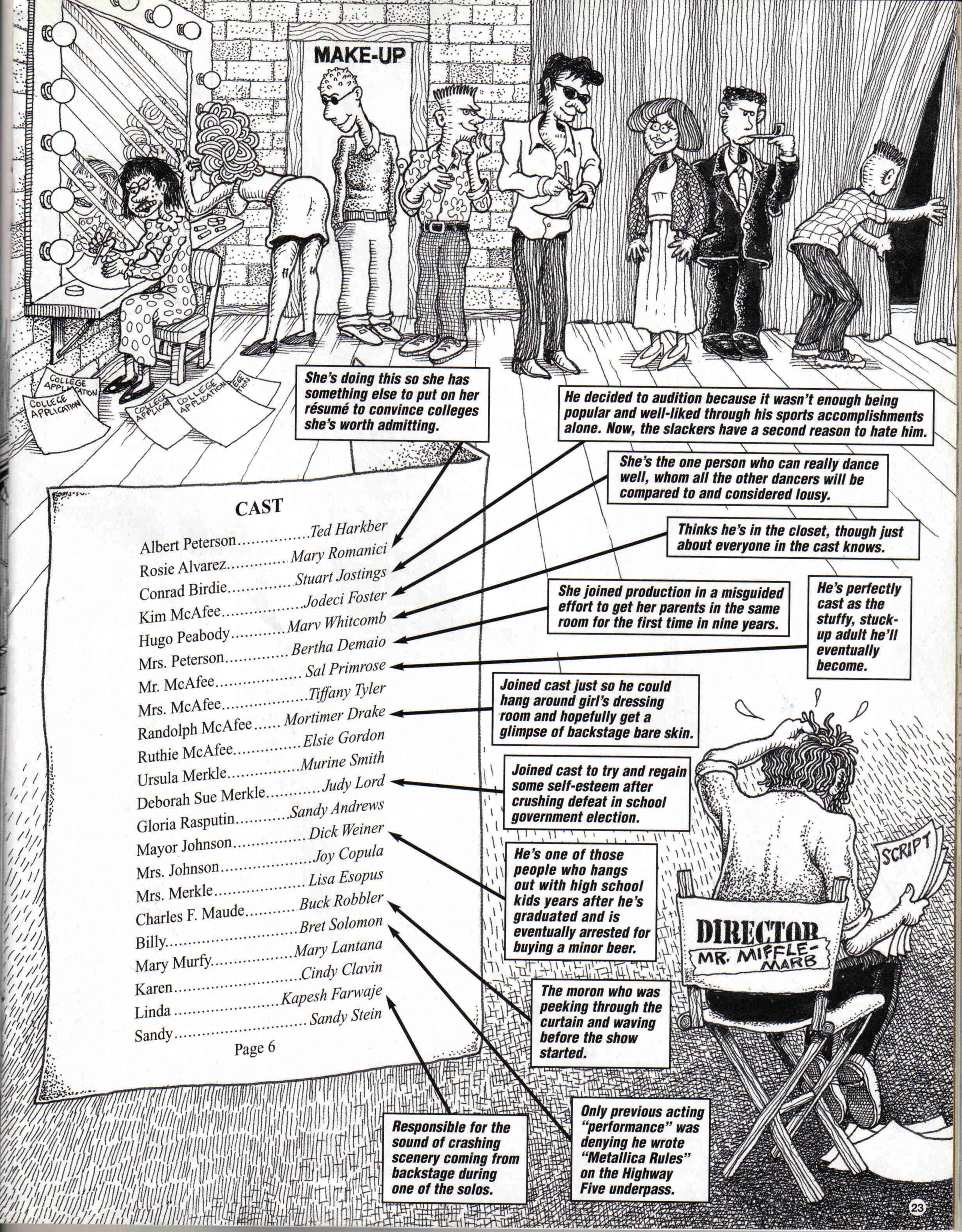
Code word for "Fundraising Raffle."

Excessive applause led by friends of main female character during curtain call drags out ending for extra ten minutes.

Point at which last mood-breaking cell phone ring of the evening occurs.

Cast members who haven't been seen since the first act start making their way back onstage.

Will consist of warm cans of no-frills soda and cookies baked by well-meaning mothers.



CAST

Albert Peterson.....*Ted Harkber*
Rosie Alvarez.....*Mary Romanici*
Conrad Birdie.....*Stuart Jostings*
Kim McAfee.....*Jodeci Foster*
Hugo Peabody.....*Marv Whitcomb*
Mrs. Peterson.....*Bertha Demaio*
Mr. McAfee.....*Sal Primrose*
Mrs. McAfee.....*Tiffany Tyler*
Randolph McAfee.....*Mortimer Drake*
Ruthie McAfee.....*Elsie Gordon*
Ursula Merkle.....*Murine Smith*
Deborah Sue Merkle.....*Judy Lord*
Gloria Rasputin.....*Sandy Andrews*
Mayor Johnson.....*Dick Weiner*
Mrs. Johnson.....*Joy Copula*
Mrs. Merkle.....*Lisa Esopus*
Charles F. Maude.....*Buck Robbler*
Billy.....*Bret Solomon*
Mary Murfy.....*Mary Lantana*
Karen.....*Cindy Clavin*
Linda.....*Kapesh Farwaje*
Sandy.....*Sandy Stein*

MAD EXAMINES SELECTED PAGES IN A TYPICAL HIGH SCHOOL THEATER PROGRAM

Suckered into placing this ad because their part-time weekend employee's daughter is in it.

Guilted into buying an ad because his kid has a small speaking part.

Klinefelterville Foto



"You take the pictures, we give them back to you developed"

Marfa and Raskolnikov Lupus

800-CLIK

EAST KLINEFELTERVILLE DENTAL



Sheni Farwaje, DDS

Congratulates the cast and crew for their hard work

—and their beautiful smiles!

Local printer given free ad in exchange for giving school 10% discount on programs.

Genial quality of note from English Department overshadowed by embarrassing grammatical error.

Note of congratulation paid for by the grandparents who didn't want to spring for airfare to fly in and see the show.

Wally's Test Prep Service

Proudly congratulates the cast on a job well done

Evening and weekend classes

555-8973

Sir Speed Freak Printers

Congratulates Cast and Crew of Bye Bye Birdie



Joyce Kilmer Mall

2nd Level, near Sbarro

To Our Grandson Ted,

You are one of the finest joys in our lives, no matter what your parents say. We'll always be here for you, in Florida.

Love

Nananny and Popsy-Pop

★★★★★★★★★★★★

We all wishing you a successful performance!

—The English Department

★★★★★★★★★★★★

Wally shrewdly takes this ad every year because most cast members spend way too much time rehearsing and way too little time studying, and will be in need of major tutoring for finals once the show is over.

Higgenbottom Gaines High School
Past Theater Productions

1985 Pimpin'
1986 Maim
1987 Phantom Of The Oprah
1988 Annie Get Your Gum
1989 They're Playing Our Thong
1990 Ho' Boat
1991 The Butt Pirates Of Penzance
1992 Hello, Dillweed
1993 The Mucous Man
1994 Bye Bye Birdbrain
1995 Gays and Dolls
1996 How To Suckceed In Business Without Really Trying
1997 Oliver Twit
1998 Anything Goats
1999 Oklahomo!
2000 Man Of La Munchees
2001 The Sound Of Mucous

Last page of program, typed up, during detention, by a known wiseass well aware of the fact that nobody was going to copy edit it.

Page 10

Have you ever gone to a cemetery and gazed out over the hundreds of headstones and said to yourself: "Who are these people?" "How did they live their lives?" "How did they die?" No? Well, to be honest, neither have we. But that won't stop us from presenting...

THE MAD (DEAD) PEOPLE WATCHER'S GUIDE AT A TYPICAL CEMETERY

Went into hospital for hemorrhoids; caught 17 diseases while there — three of which killed him!

Still being hounded by Columbia Record Club for 1965 Sinatra LP he swore he never ordered!

Family bribed the coroner not to mention that he died while boinking his secretary!

Now knows for sure that the leftover potato salad in the fridge was "bad"!

Johnny Knoxville wannabe (with none of his coordination)!

Health nut who ate nothing but soy and vitamins for 20 years — dead at 43!

 ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

Lifelong Chicago Cubs and Boston Red Sox fans who committed suicide after Arizona Diamondbacks won World Series in only their fourth year of existence!

Had massive coronary upon learning that he finally won the grand prize in the lottery!

Only waited 58 minutes after eating before going into the pool!

Just wouldn't listen to mom about running with scissors!

Probably wishes he were alive just to see his grubby heirs' reaction when they find out he blew their whole inheritance on a stripper named Bambi in Florida!

Beaten to death by skittish fellow airline passengers for his "terrorist impression" routine!

Heart pacemaker started acting up at same time kid next door started using new Microsoft Xbox!

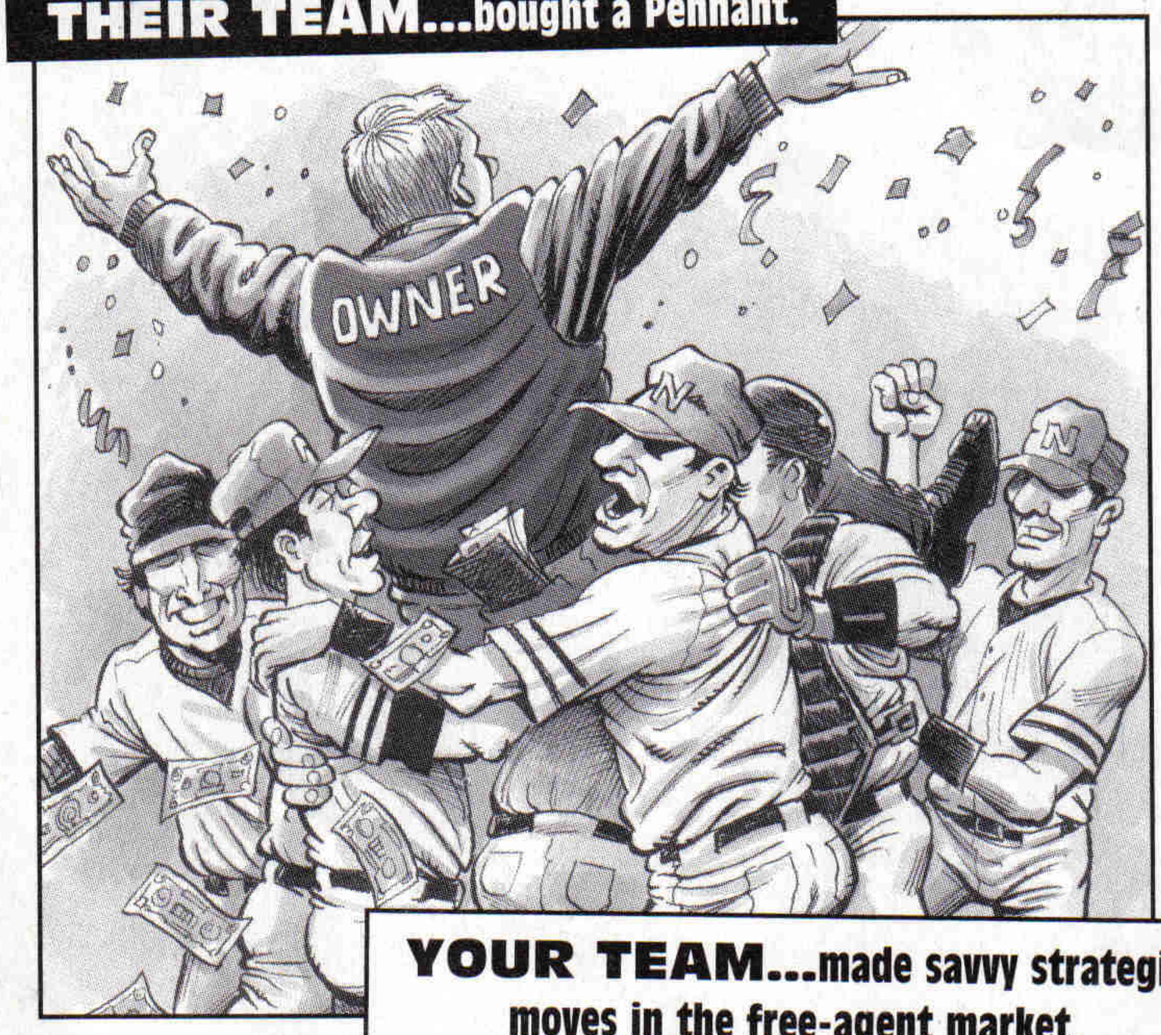
Exact last words: "You don't need to shut off the power just to — AAARRRRGGGHHH!"

IN THE IRE OF THE BEHOLDER DEPT.

As a MAD reader, you're going to react to the following article in one of two ways. You'll either think it's a piece of fluff written by someone who doesn't know the first thing about sports, or you'll think it's a piece of brilliant insightful satire written by someone telling it like it is. How you react will probably depend on whose side you're on. Here's a quick look at...

Their TEAM...

THEIR TEAM...bought a Pennant.

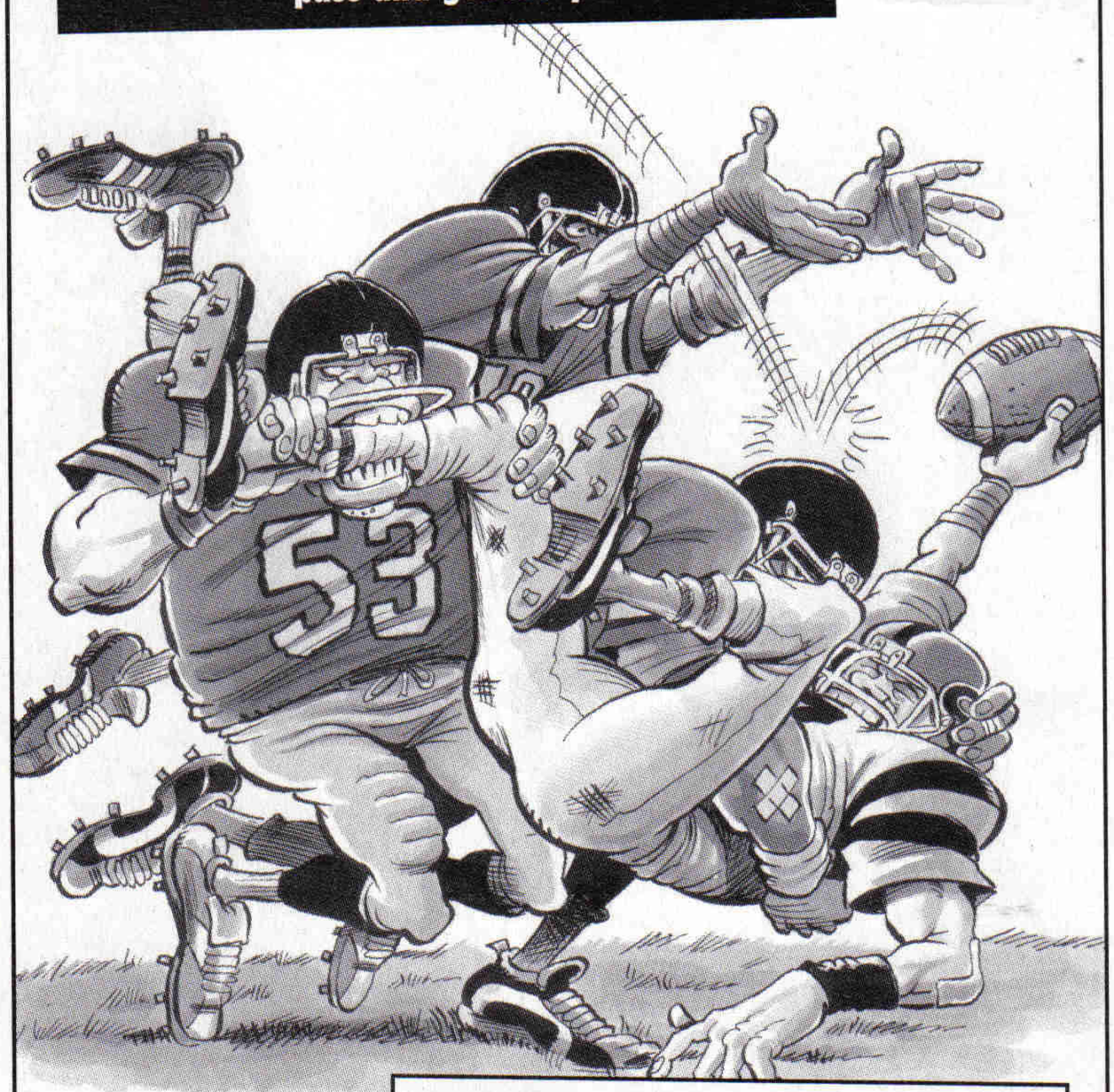


YOUR TEAM...made savvy strategic moves in the free-agent market.

THEIR TEAM...has out-of-control animals for fans.

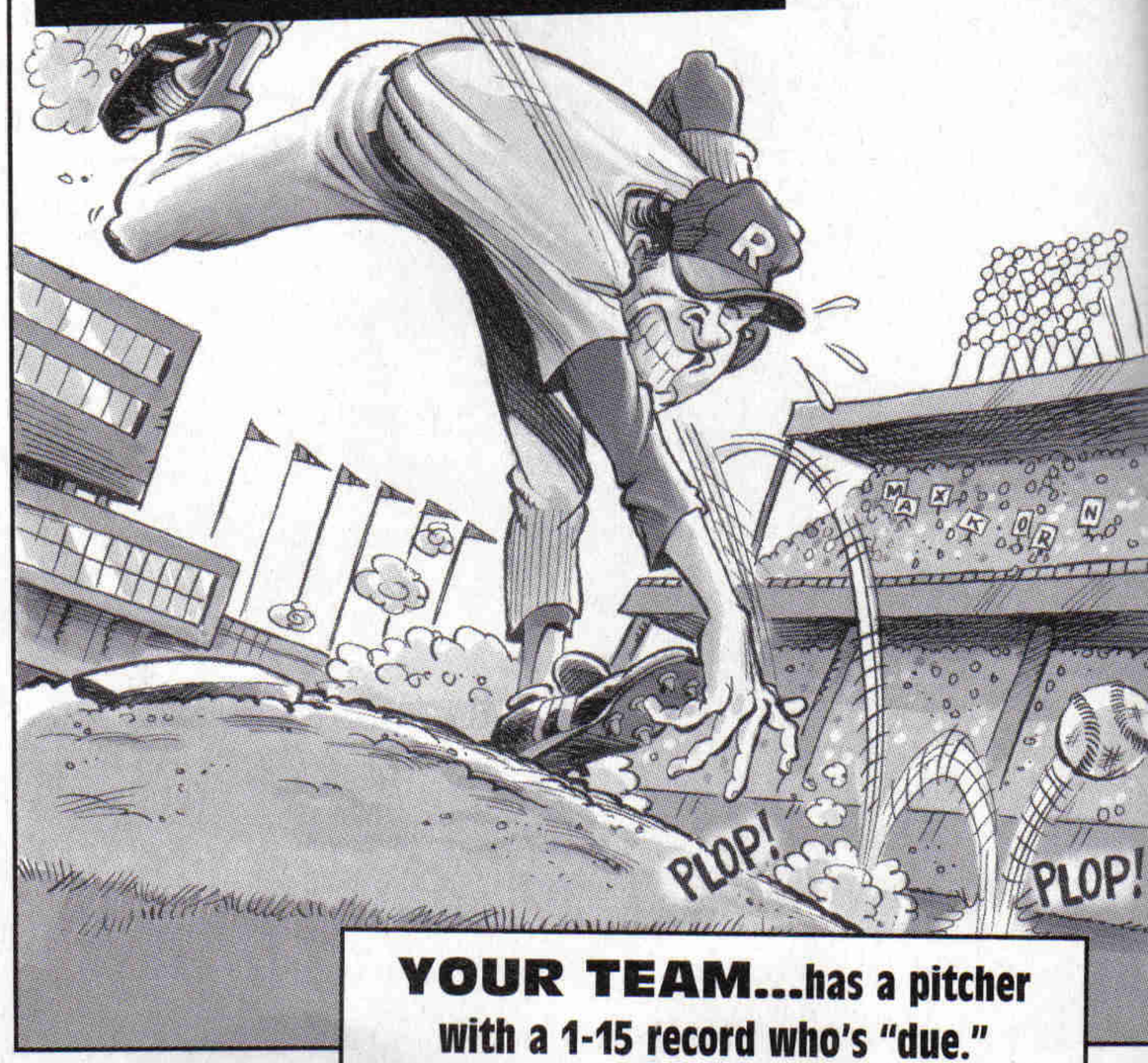


THEIR TEAM...threw up a Hail Mary pass and got lucky.



YOUR TEAM...connected on a well-designed "4th and 30" play.

THEIR TEAM...has a pitcher with a 1-15 record who "sucks."



YOUR TEAM...has a pitcher with a 1-15 record who's "due."

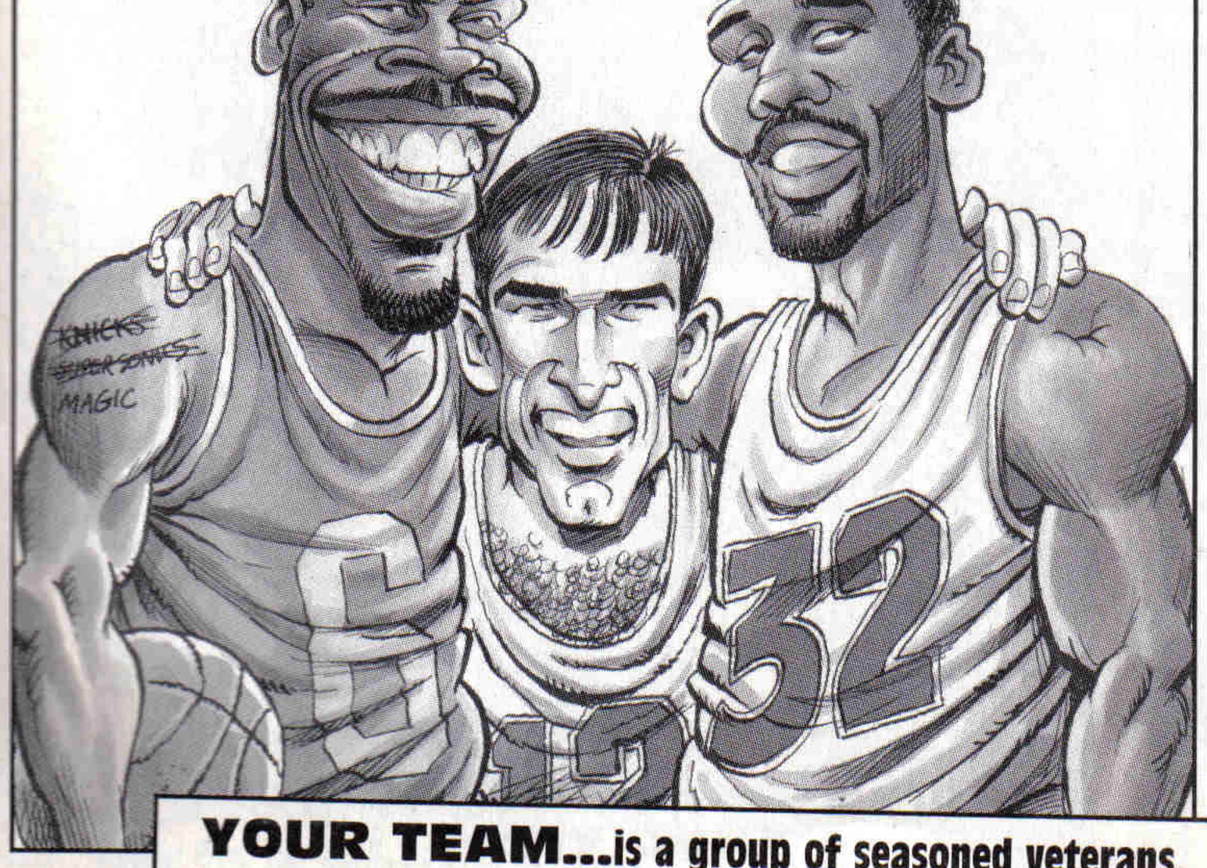
Your TEAM...

ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND WRITER: J. PRETE



YOUR TEAM...has die-hard enthusiastic supporters.

THEIR TEAM...is a bunch of old geezers past their prime.



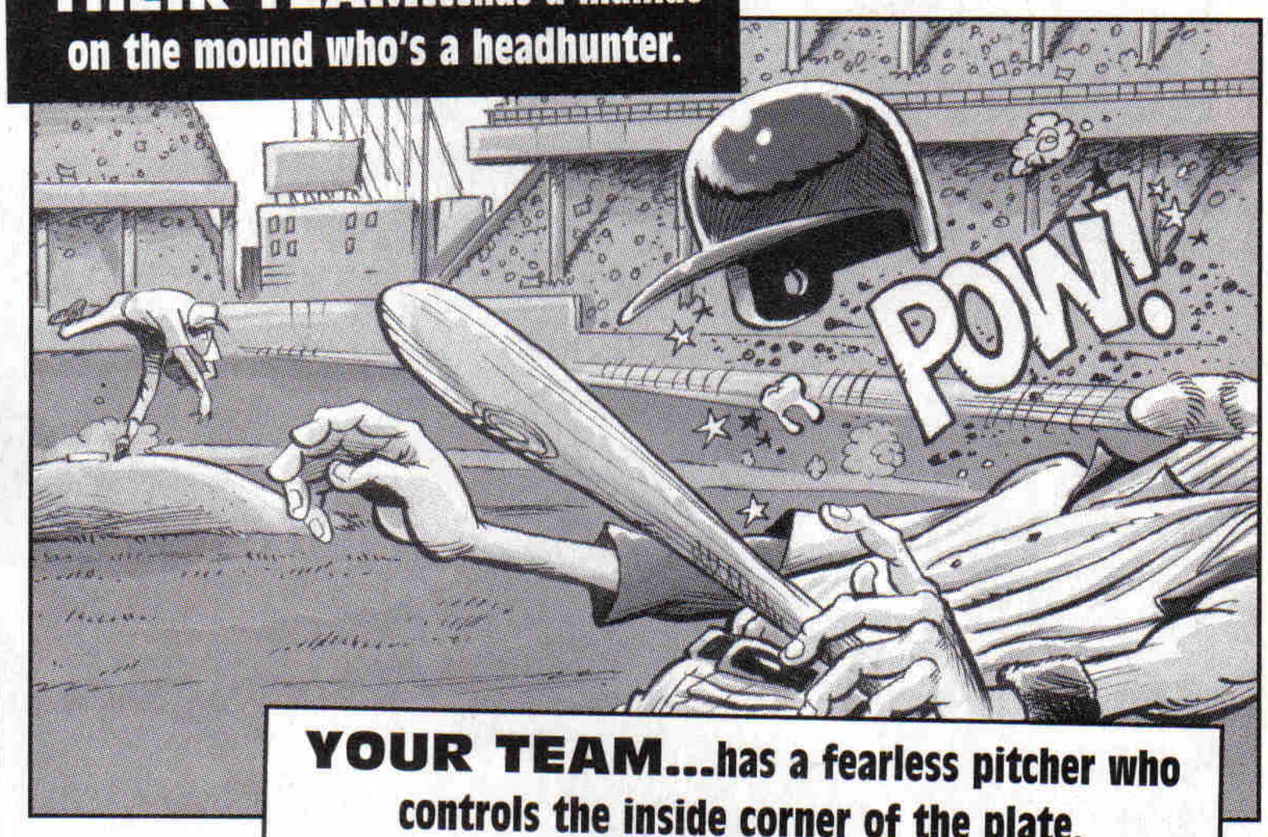
YOUR TEAM...is a group of seasoned veterans.

THEIR TEAM...is a bunch of psycho freaks and hot doggers.



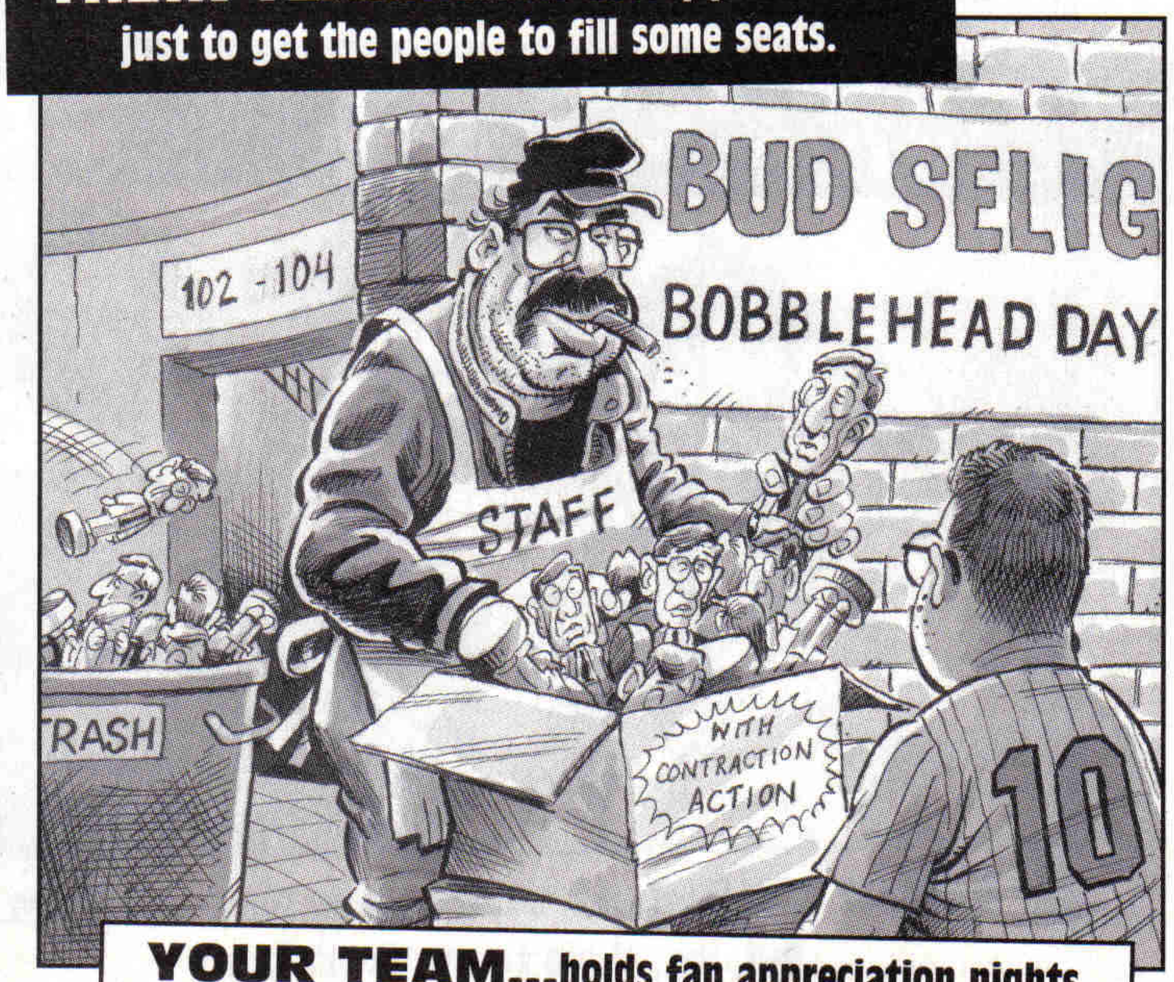
YOUR TEAM...is comprised of lovable eccentrics and emotionally charged players.

THEIR TEAM...has a maniac on the mound who's a headhunter.



YOUR TEAM...has a fearless pitcher who controls the inside corner of the plate.

THEIR TEAM...needs cheesy promotions just to get the people to fill some seats.



YOUR TEAM...holds fan appreciation nights.

Their TEAM... & Your TEAM...

THEIR TEAM...has a front line comprised of brainless, drooling goons.



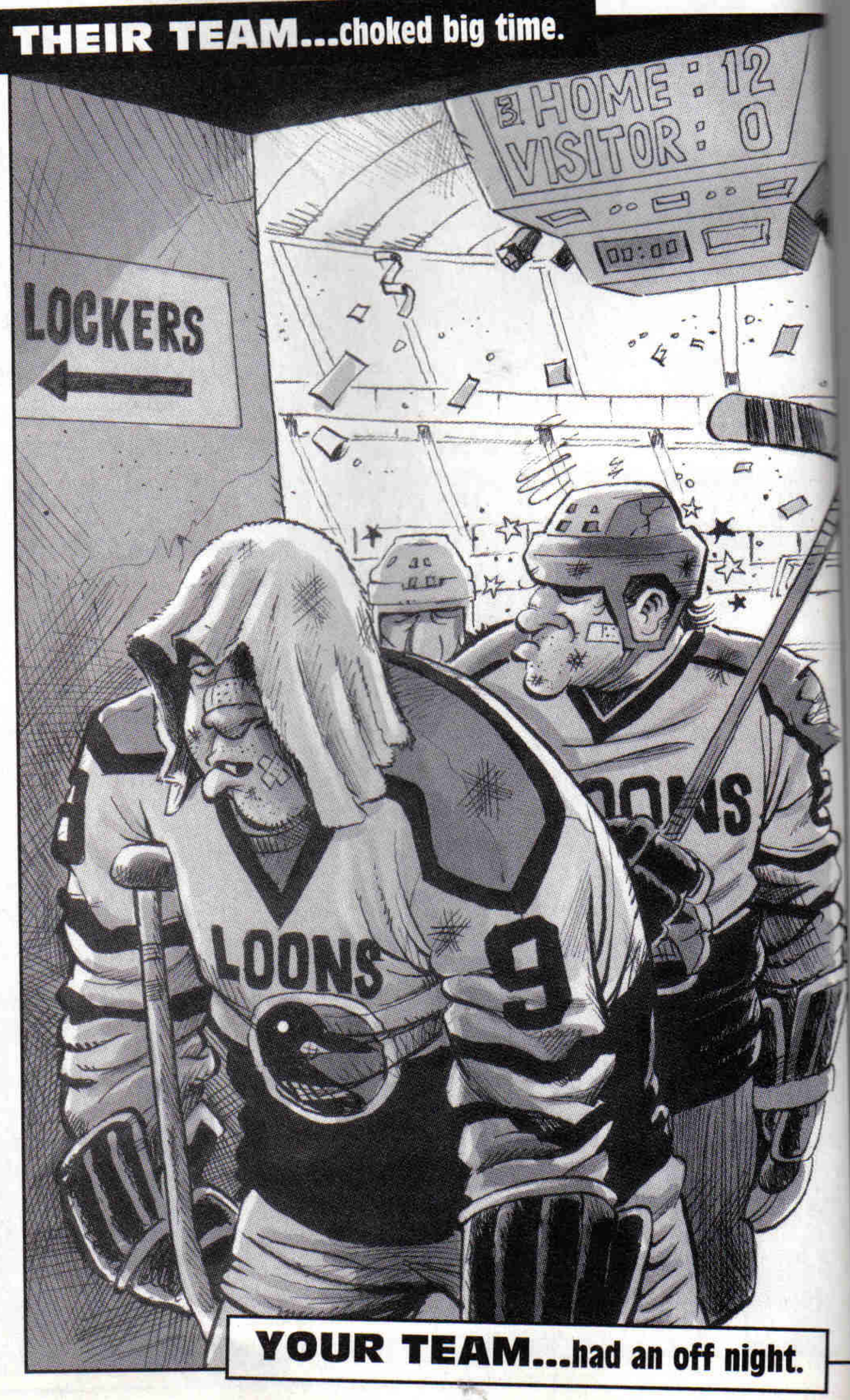
YOUR TEAM...has a front line that hits hard, like the game's supposed to be played.

THEIR TEAM...has an overpaid prima donna.



YOUR TEAM...has a superstar worth every penny.

THEIR TEAM...choked big time.



YOUR TEAM...had an off night.

THEIR TEAM...is down 3-zip in the World Series.
Stick a fork in them, they're done!



YOUR TEAM...is down 3-zip in the World Series.
But, hey, it ain't over till it's over!

m e m o

From: Kenneth L. Lay, Ex-Chairman and Chief Executive
To: The American People

I am grateful for this opportunity to set matters straight regarding the collapse of Enron, the seventh largest corporation* in this great land of ours.

I have just completed a thorough review of our financial records. This was an extremely daunting task since we kept multiple sets of books.

My review was further complicated by the fact Enron operates offices in virtually every remote, off-shore country in the world — *not* to avoid paying our fair share of income taxes (as some misinformed members of the press have written) — but rather to lessen the burden on the Internal Revenue Service, who had their hands full processing the mountains of forms, schedules, addendums and attachments filed by devastated investors declaring unprecedented losses on our stock.

If I erred at all, it was in trusting our accounting firm, Arthur Andersen, Inc., to accurately maintain each of the aforementioned sets of books. It now appears that they may have employed some slightly questionable, unconventional and untested accounting practices. Sadly, we'll never know because all pertinent financial documents were shredded — *not* to destroy evidence that would send me and other Enron executives to prison (as some misinformed members of the press have written) — but rather, so thousands of our laid-off employees would have top-quality packing material to use when clearing out their offices for good. (At Enron, we never use those non-biodegradable Styrofoam peanuts that pollute the environment!)

I'm aware that in today's tough job market, many former Enron employees may have to relocate. In fact, I and many of Enron's top executives have already made plans to move to the Bahamas, Switzerland, Brazil and other countries without extradition treaties with the U.S.

My biggest regret is that many of our employees have suffered financial losses in their retirement accounts. It is true that we urged them to buy Enron stock, and after purchasing it we did not allow them to sell. I now realize this was a mistake. And so, effective immediately, all employees may sell their stock at fair market value, just like I and my fellow Enron executives did months ago when the stock was soaring! (As you can see, even though I'm no longer chairman, I worry about Enron's former employees every day. Specifically, I worry that a torch-wielding mob of them is going to show up at my estate and burn the place down.)

To those who say that I made millions of dollars from the sale of my Enron stock for personal gain and the acquisition of my Rolls-Royces, private jet, collection of oil paintings, Houston mansions and vacation villa in Jamaica, let me just say: This is not true! In fact, the Rolls-Royces, private jet, collection of oil paintings, Houston mansions and vacation villa in Jamaica were all paid for out of the company's executive petty cash fund, *not* my personal fortune (as some misinformed members of the press have written).

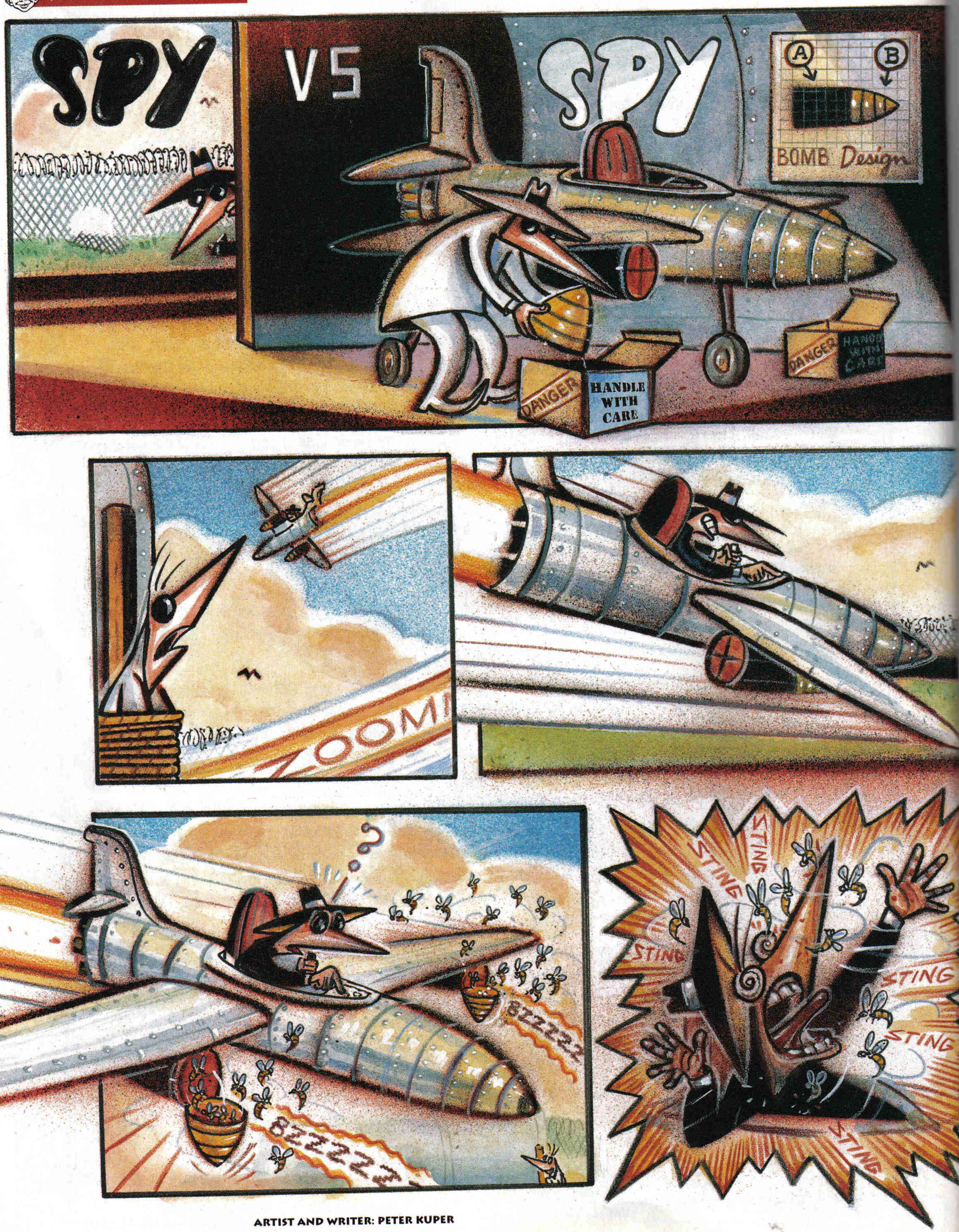
Enron's successes, which I'm still proud of, didn't come cheap. The expense of lobbying both Republican and Democratic politicians to deregulate the energy business was astronomical. Then, after granting our wish to conduct business in an environment totally free of any government involvement, these same politicians refused to bail us out with the billions we so desperately needed. Is it any wonder Enron couldn't prosper in such a hypocritical and hostile environment?

Sincerely,

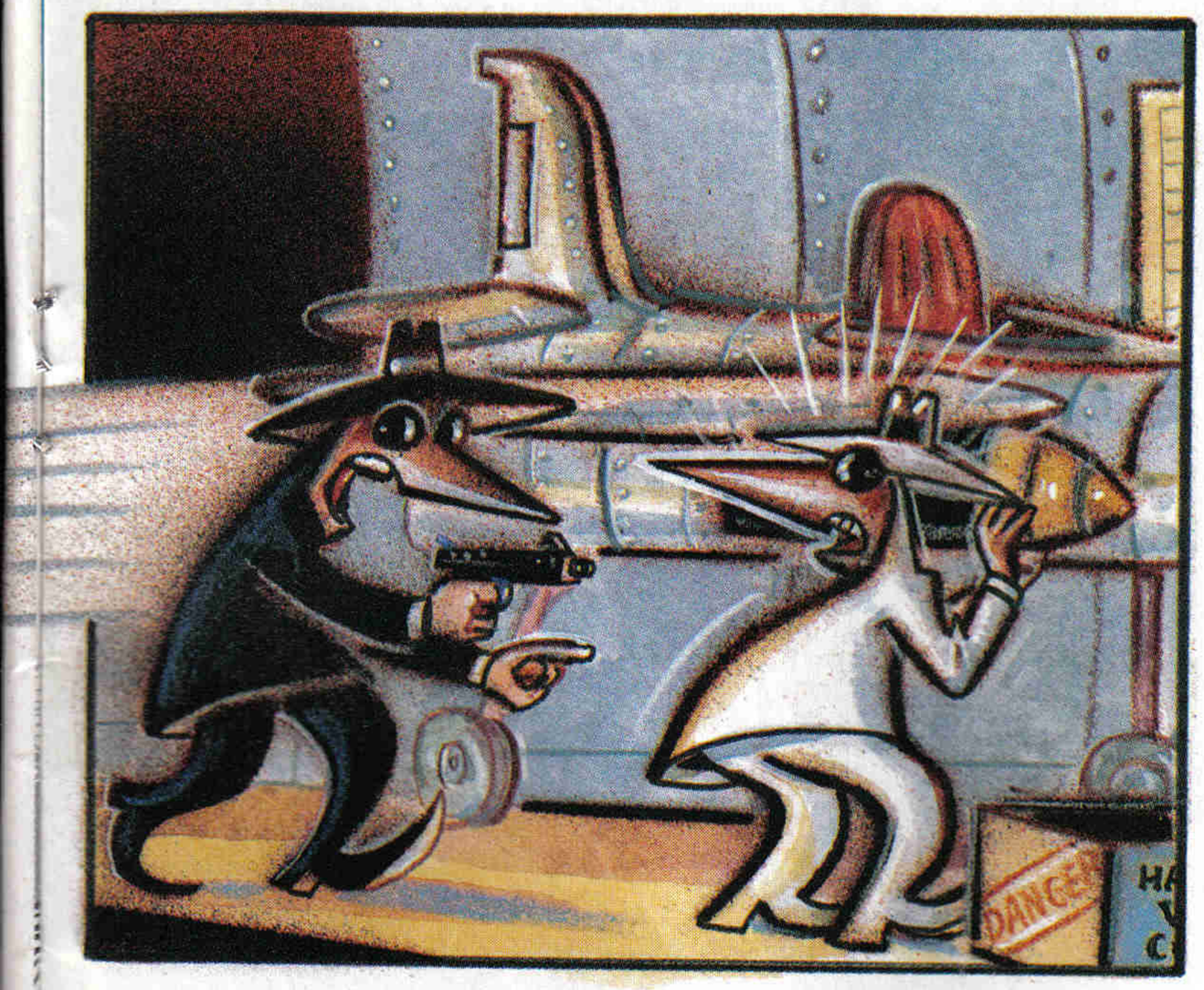
Kenneth L. Lay

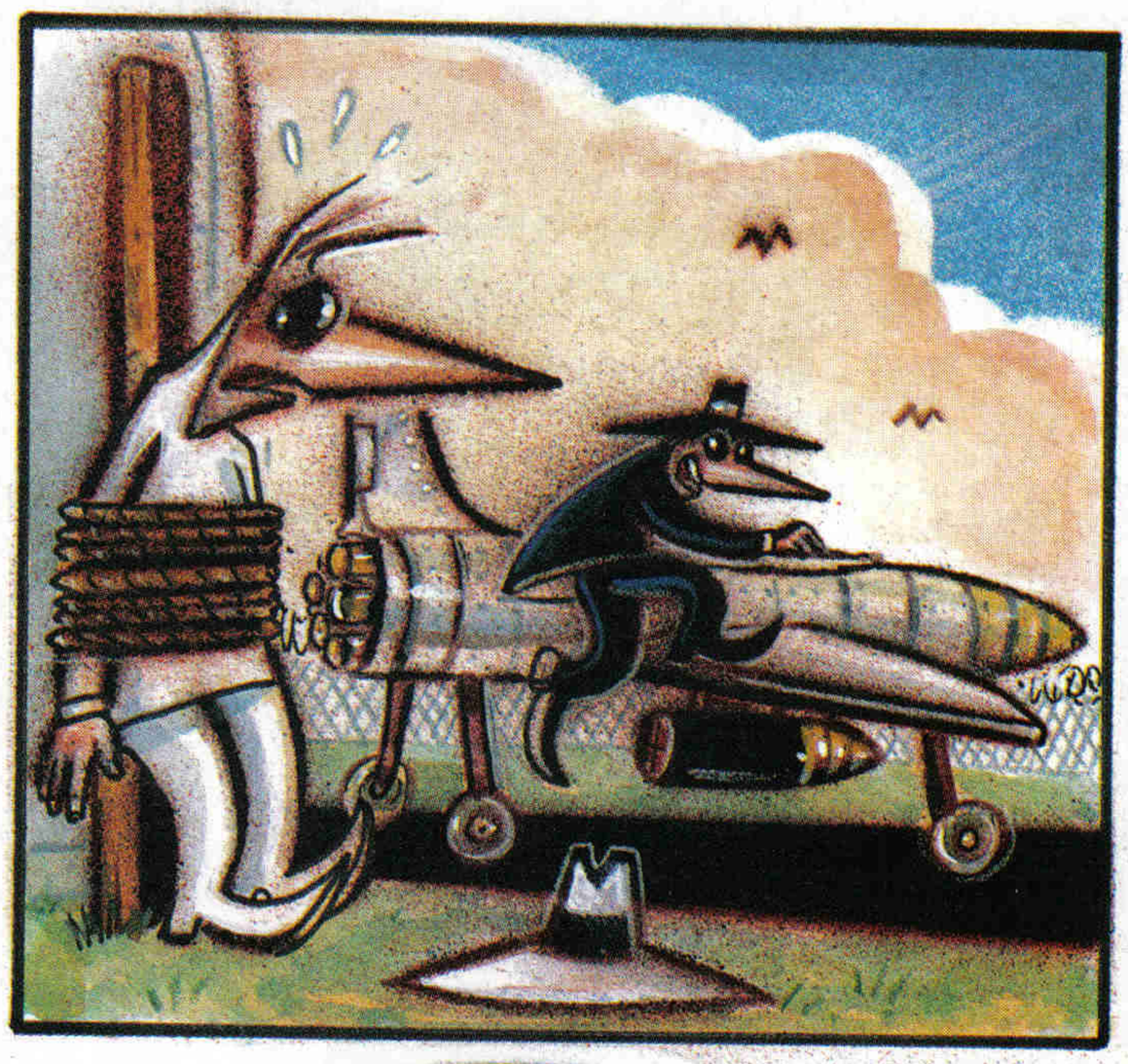
Kenneth L. Lay

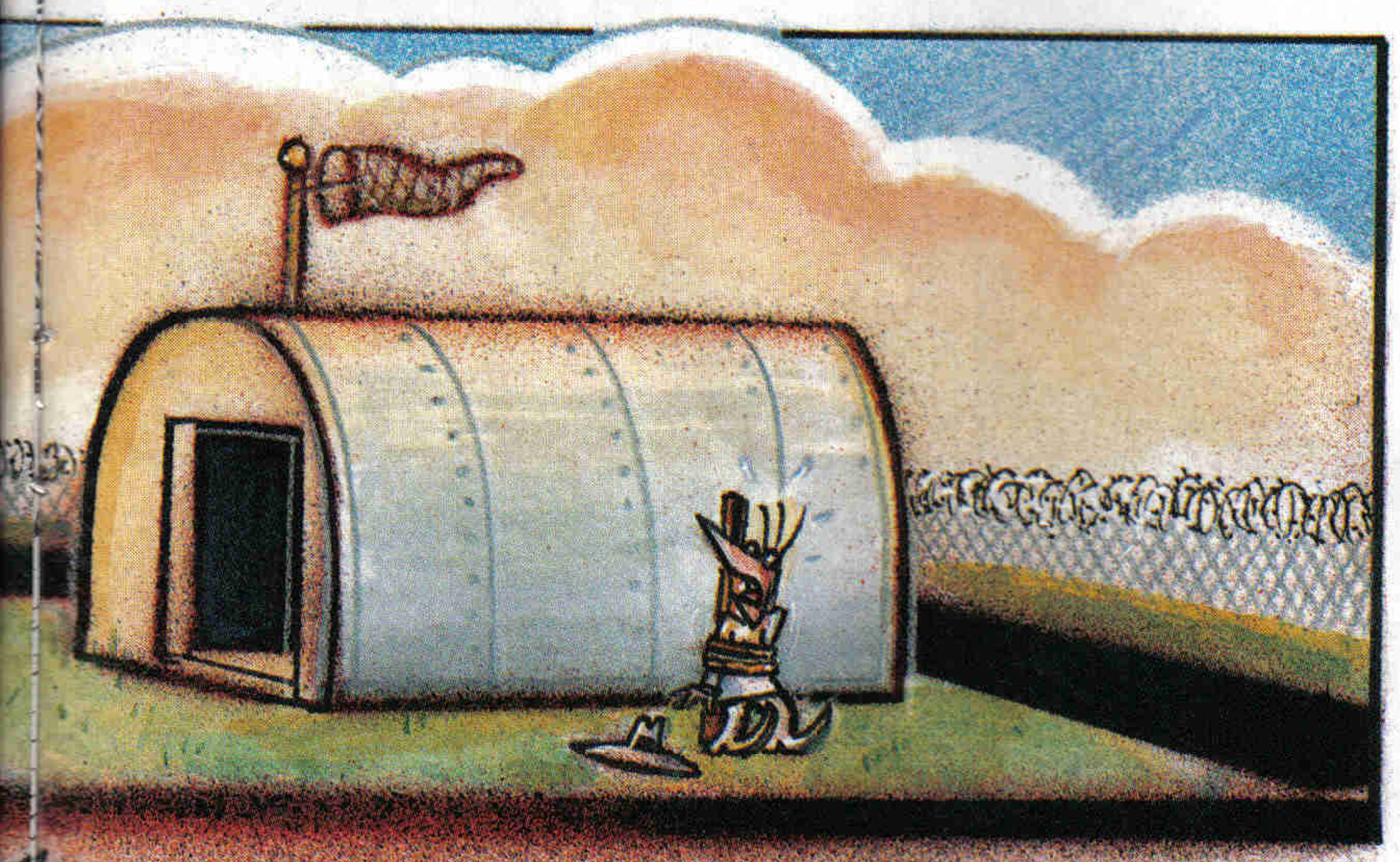
*If you use our figures and creative accounting methods



ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER


DANGER






BOMB


BOOM!
KUPER

THE FINAL MINUTE OF

Every week, during the last minute of *Saturday Night Live*, the host, cast, musicians and their lackeys clamber up on stage and stand around hugging each other and waving. When you add up "1 minute" plus "1 minute" plus "1 minute" for 27 years of shows it totals about nine freakin' hours of TV with *absolutely no content*! Or does it? For the eagle-eyed fan, there is much to be gleaned from this seeming "garbage time," as we see in MAD's guide to...

Career musician, suddenly realizing the horrible truth that after a quarter of a century of national exposure, the second most successful SNL band member EVER was G.E. Smith.

Svornlun, a confused Austrian tourist who got lost weeks ago while taking the NBC tour.

Using show-end hugs as the perfect excuse to check out those rumors about the musical guest's rack.

This week's host, CLAIMING that it's been "a great show," and that the cast has been "so fantastic," while blinking in Morse Code like a Vietnam prisoner of war, "My...f'n...agent...is...so...fired..."

Impatient TV executive from Comedy Central, anxiously waiting for the contractual three hours to pass until they can grab the tape of this show and rerun it into oblivion with all the others.

Wisely using the 60 seconds of "dead time" in a productive fashion, by outlining the entire screen-play for the movie featuring his SNL character.

The cast member trying to act all blasé and nonchalant about their spot, while surreptitiously yet viciously elbowing any other cast member who merely THINKS about cutting off their camera angle.

SATURDAYNIGHTLIVE

The cast member who's always "still in costume" at 12:59, just to ensure that home viewers are sure to notice him as the pirate captain, or wearing the fruit-basket headgear, or inside the blinking robot chestplate.

Weeping Harvard professor, realizing that more people saw the animated Robert Smigel cartoon about Larry King and the horny armadillo than read all 17 of his books on Greek and Roman mythology combined.

Mob-connected Teamster, with the cushy lifetime job of cleaning Tina Fey's eyeglasses before the "Weekend Update" segment.

The B.C.M.P. (Black Cast Member Position), as predetermined by intensive NBC research. Definitely up in front, but not RIGHT in front, but over to the side, but not TOO far off to the side.

Lorne Michaels, exuding a controlled sense of cool and inner quiet...like the studio audience, who just sat through a 90-minute show with two laughs.

The guy who works the button that turns on the "APPLAUSE" sign, getting an I.V. inserted directly into his raw, swollen finger, numbed from overuse.

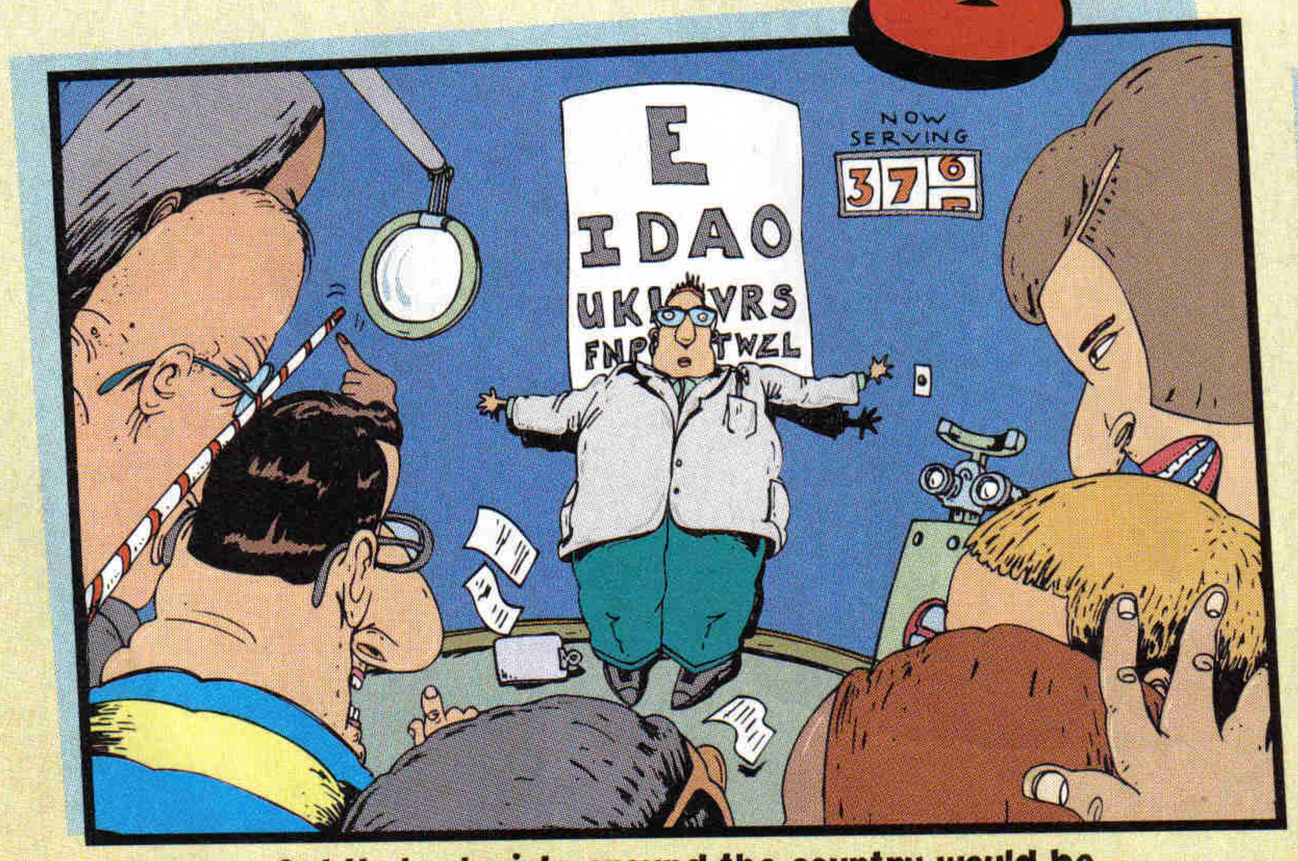
ARTIST: DREW FRIEDMAN
WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

APPLAUS

In recent years, the debate surrounding the legalization of marijuana for medicinal purposes has slowly risen to the forefront of social issues facing America today. Having been legalized in both Europe and Canada as the humane thing to do, we've been wondering just what the U. S. government is so afraid of. So, we assembled a team of crack prognosticators and asked them to closely examine the situation and determine exactly what would happen...

if medical marijuana was legalized





Ophthalmologists around the country would be overrun with patients claiming to have cataracts.



The Nobel Prize in Medicine would be shared by Cheech and Chong and Dr. Dre, for their many years of hard, unappreciated research. (Family members and fans of the late Bob Marley would be outraged at the slight.)

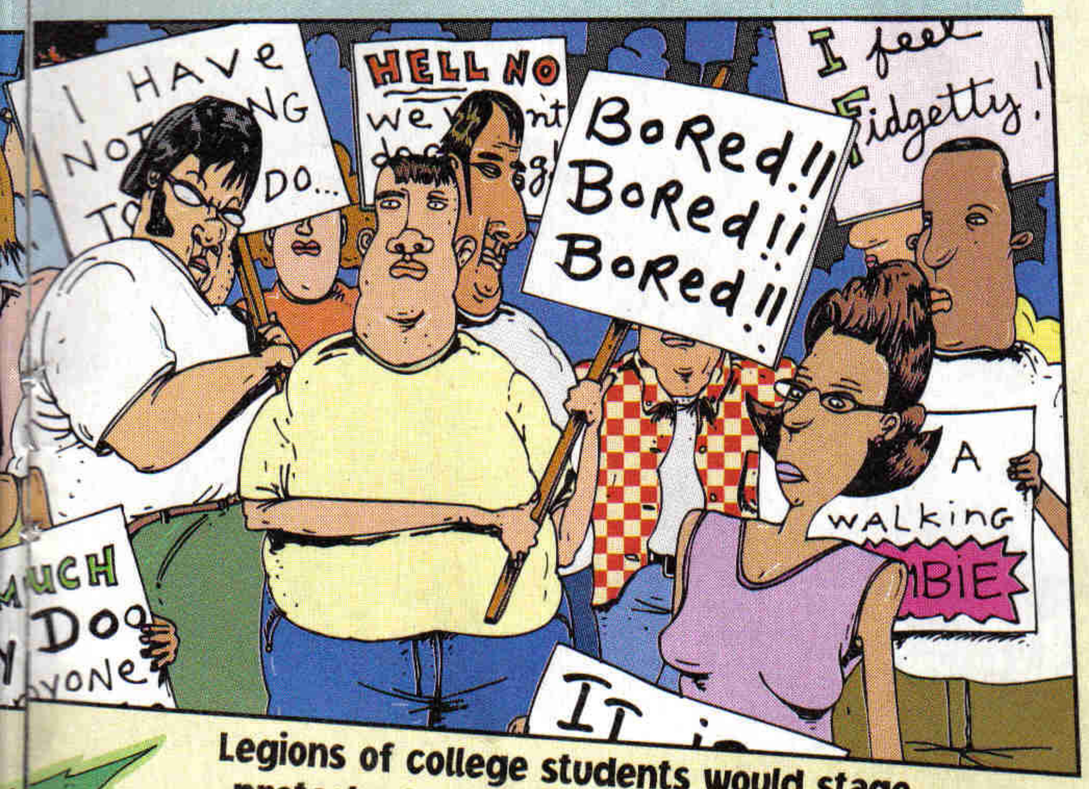


HMOs would reluctantly begin reimbursing 70% of the cost of all bongs and water pipes. (Black lights and Jerry Garcia posters would only be reimbursed at 50%, however.)

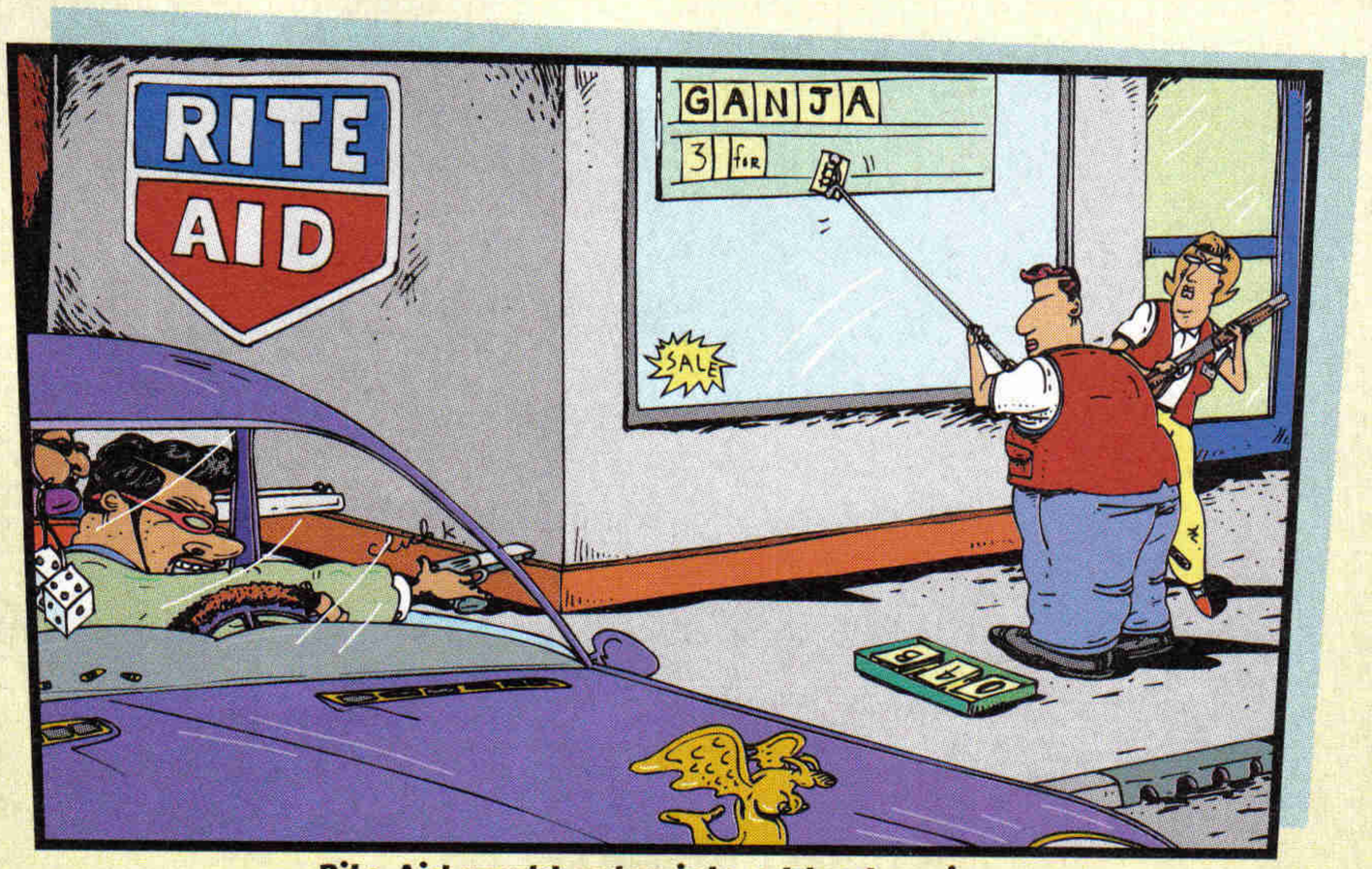


Tie-dyed hospital gowns would be all the rage.

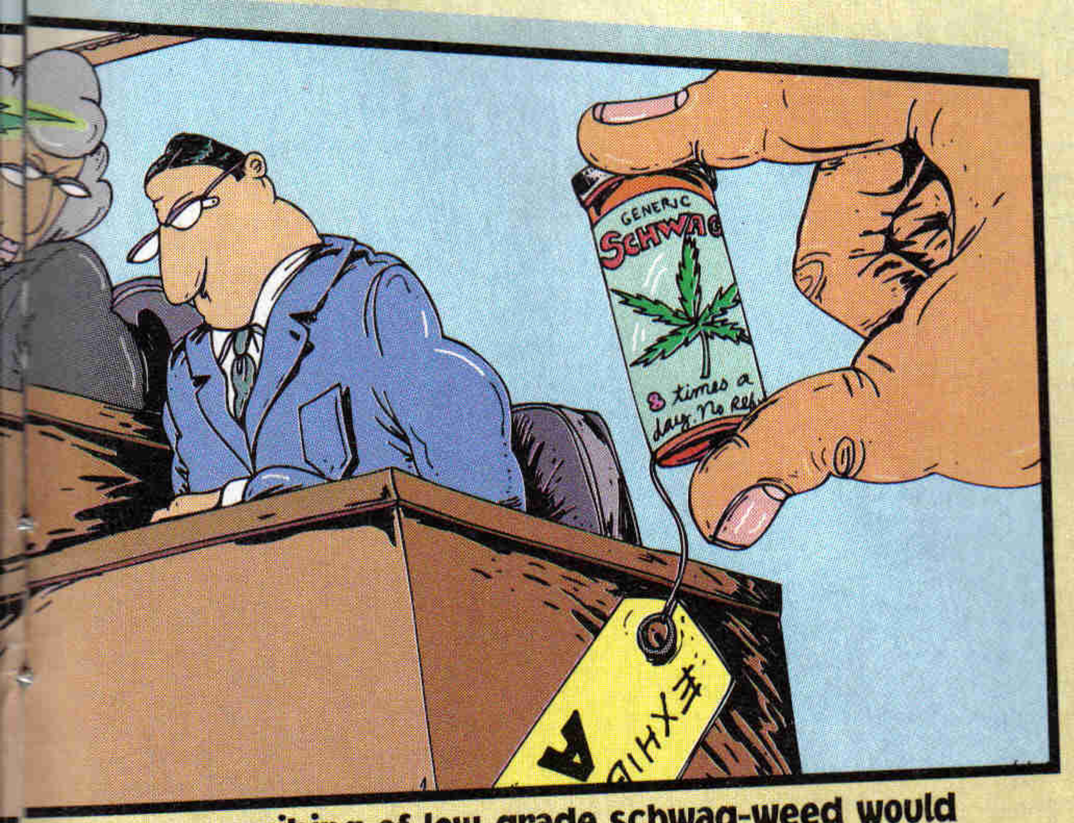
ARTIST: KEVIN POPE WRITER: PRANAV BEHARI



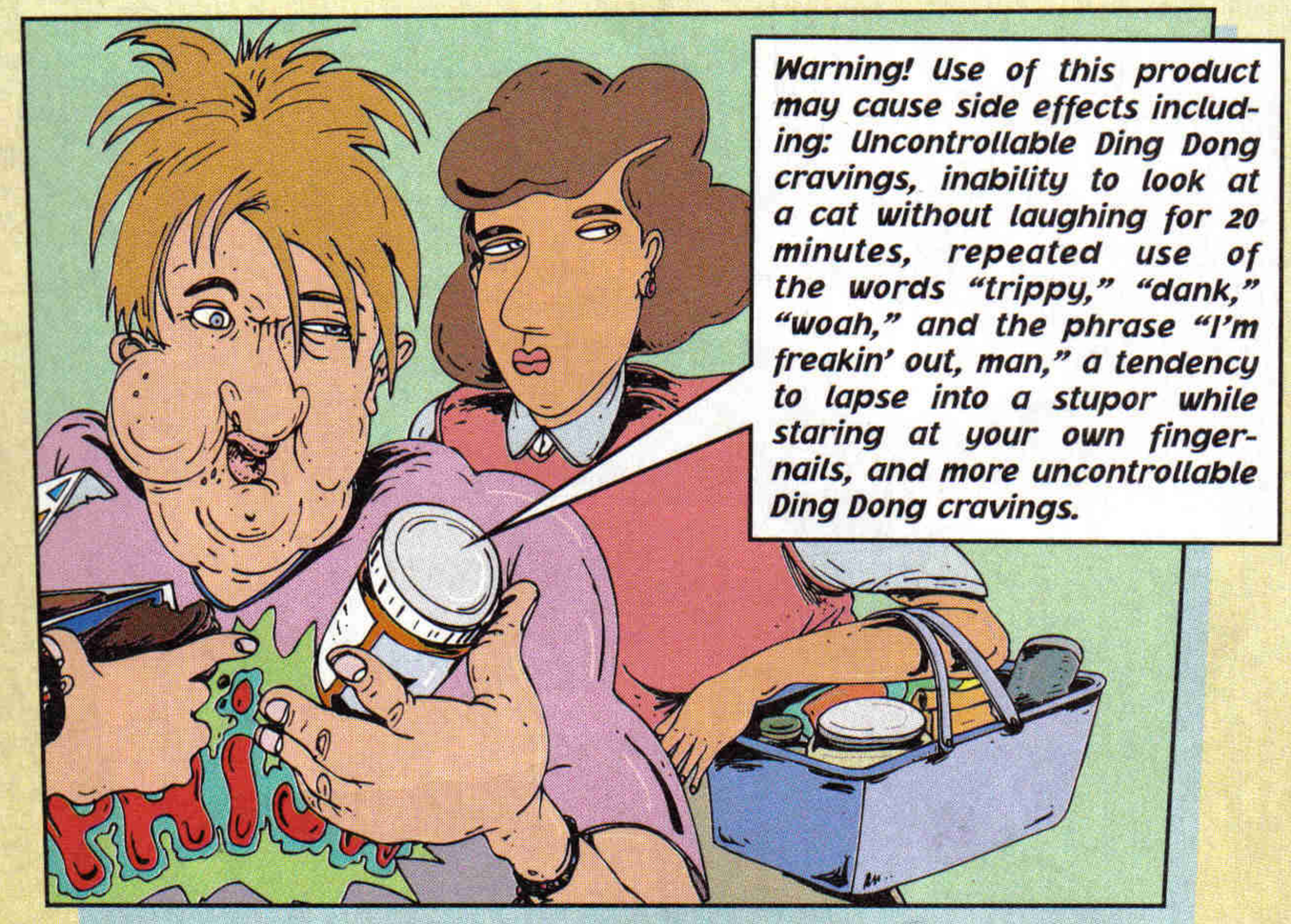
Legions of college students would stage protests demanding that the Surgeon General declare "boredom" a disease — or at least a syndrome.



Rite Aid would enter into a bloody price war with the Mexican drug cartels.



The prescribing of low-grade schwag-weed would be grounds for a medical malpractice lawsuit.



The side effects posted on the label by the manufacturer would be the weirdest in FDA history.



Pot brownies would be considered "health food."



Willie Nelson would be added to the cast of *ER*.

A MAD LOOK AT









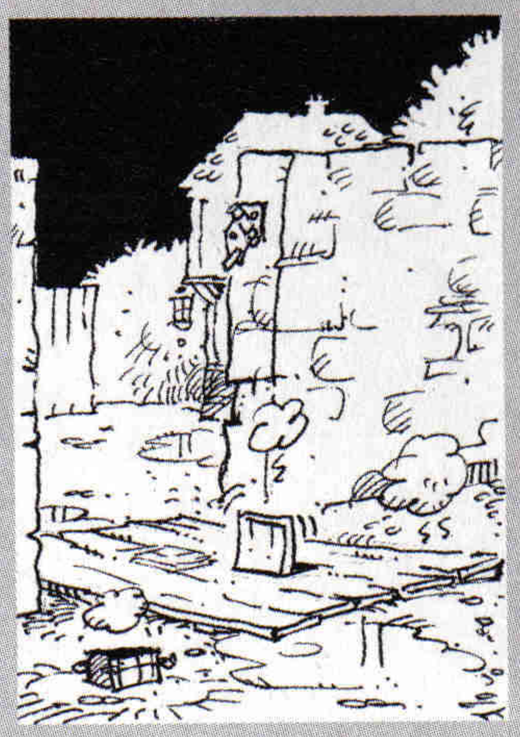


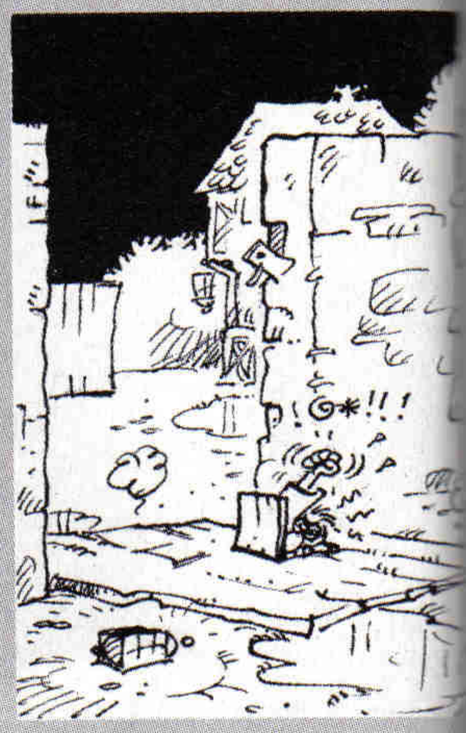












THE LORD OF THE RINGS











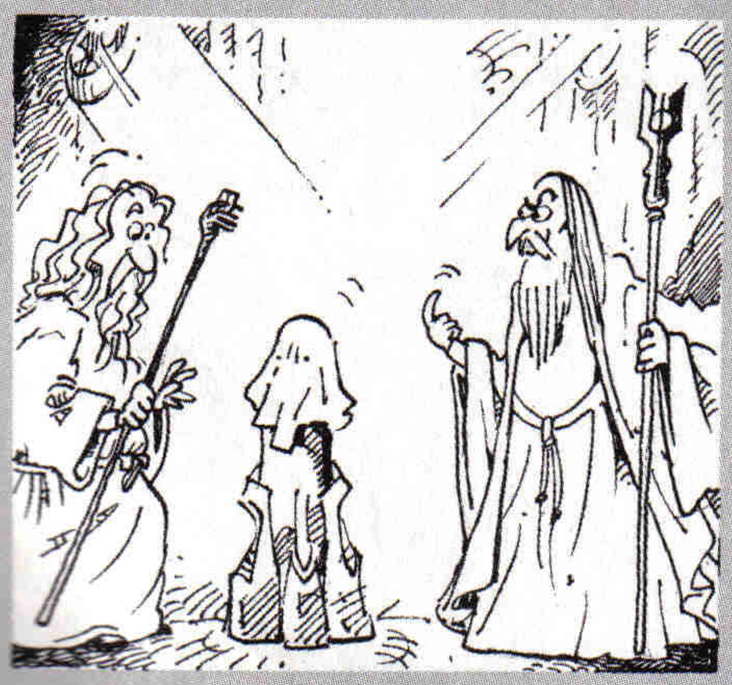




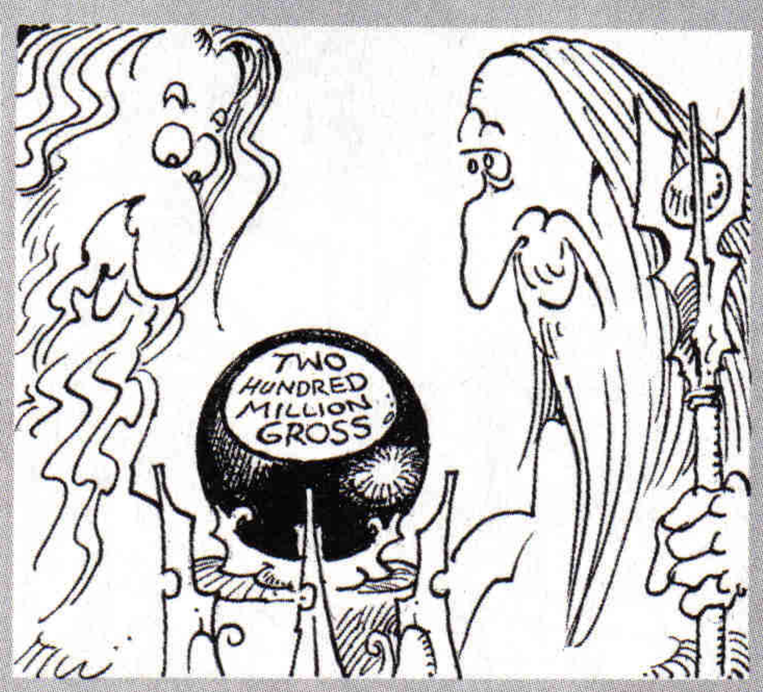




ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONÉS
















BIRD
SEED









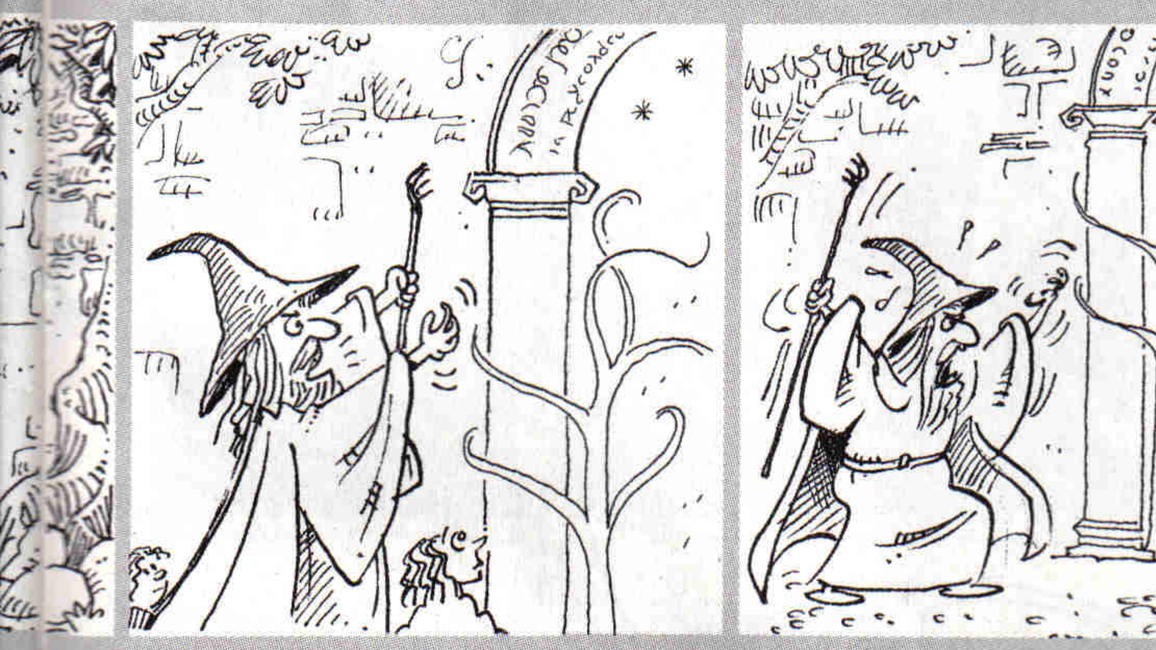






















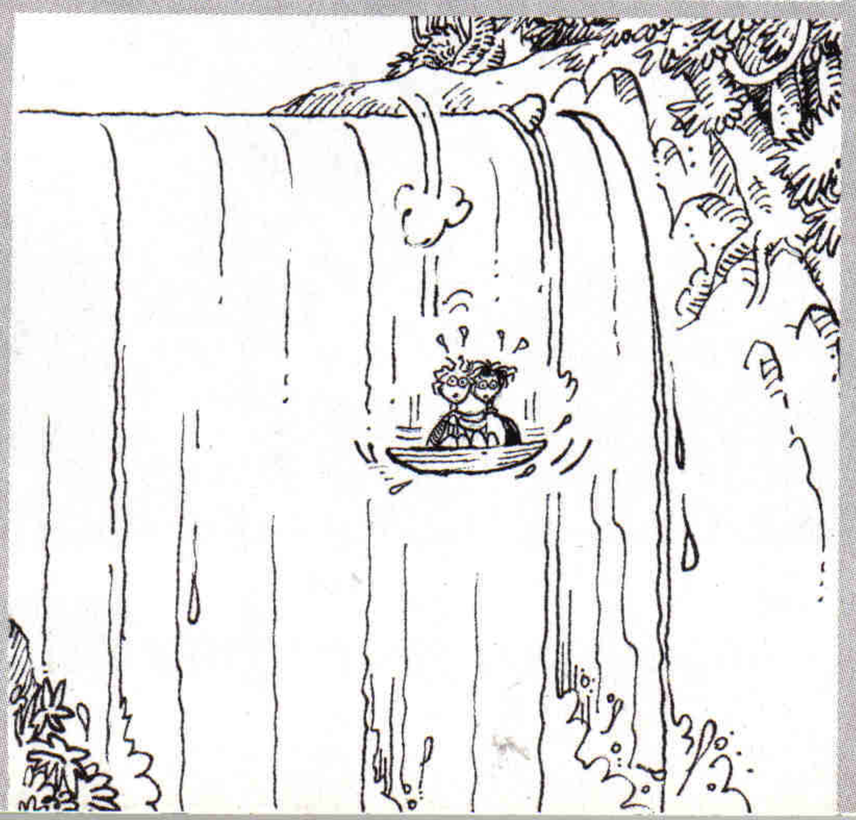






ARAGONÉS 02.





SPORTS YOU NEVER

ARTIST: PAUL COKER WRITER: JEFF KRUSE

An acronym is a word formed from the first letters of other words, like SCUBA (**S**elf **C**ontained **U**nderwater **B**reathing **A**pparatus). In previous issues, we've featured little-known acronyms from the worlds of commerce and fashion. Now, it's time for MAD (**M**aking **A**mericans **D**umber) to explore...

KITSCHY, OVERRATED, UNDERACHIEVING RUSSIAN NETWOMAN IS KLUTZ; OTHERWISE VERY ATTRACTIVE

MONDAYS INCLUDE LAME, LUDICROUS ESOTERIC REFERENCES

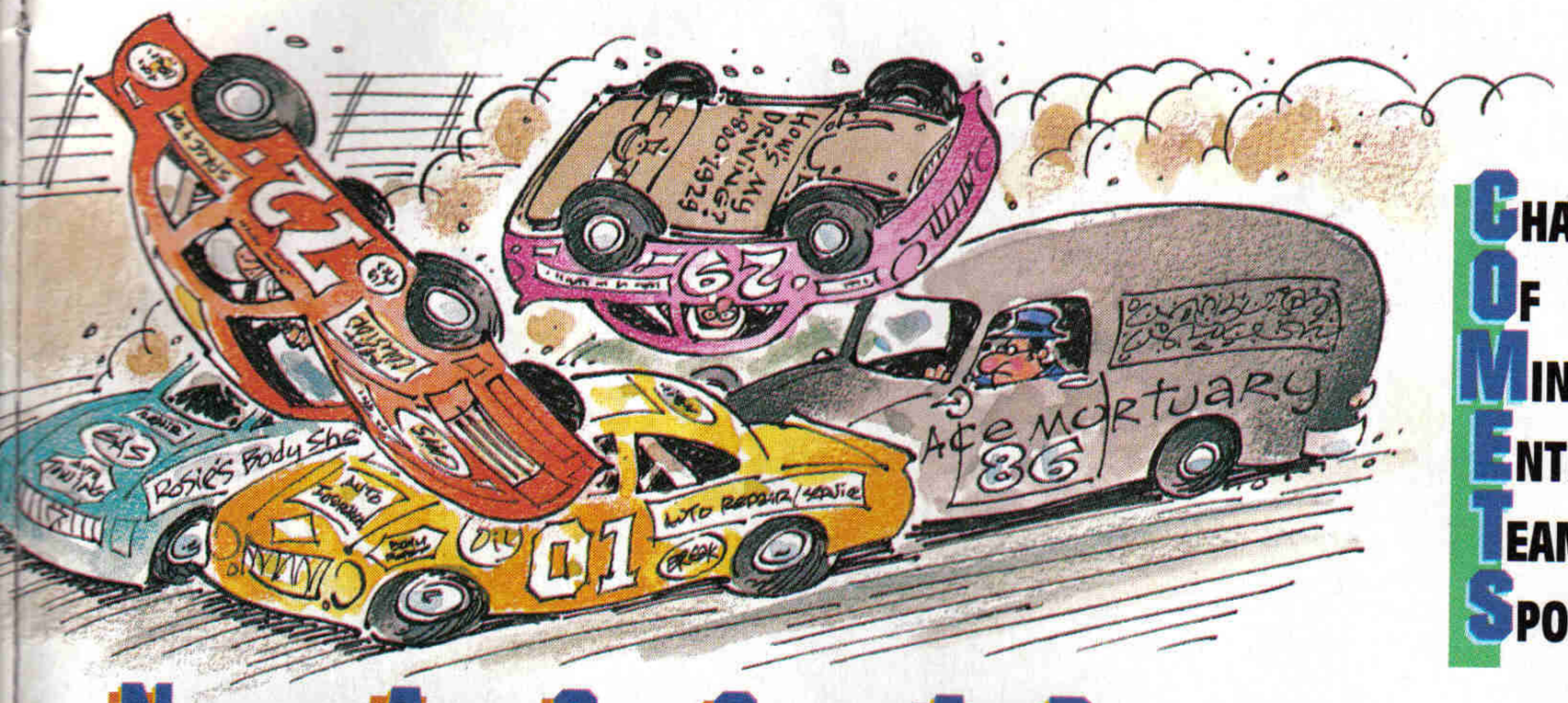
VOICE IS TOTALLY ANNOYING, LOUD, EXCRUCIATING

RELIGIOUS EXTREMIST GETS GOD INTO EVERYTHING

SULKING HULK'S ATTITUDE QUELLS UNITY IN LAKER'S LOCKER ENVIRONS

REALLY AREN'T INTO DELIVERING EXCELLENCE; RELOCATE SUDDENLY

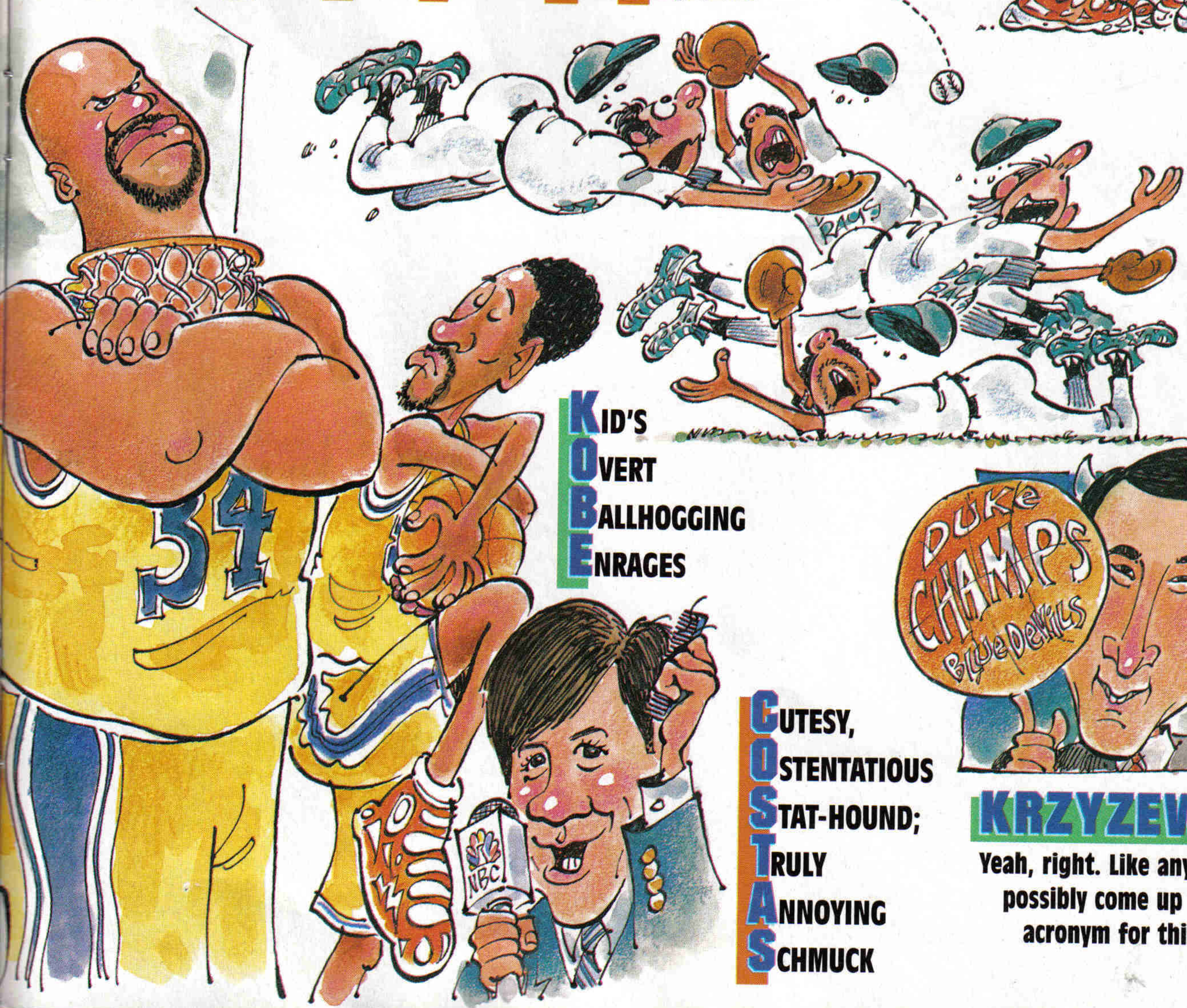
ACRONYMS KNEW EXISTED





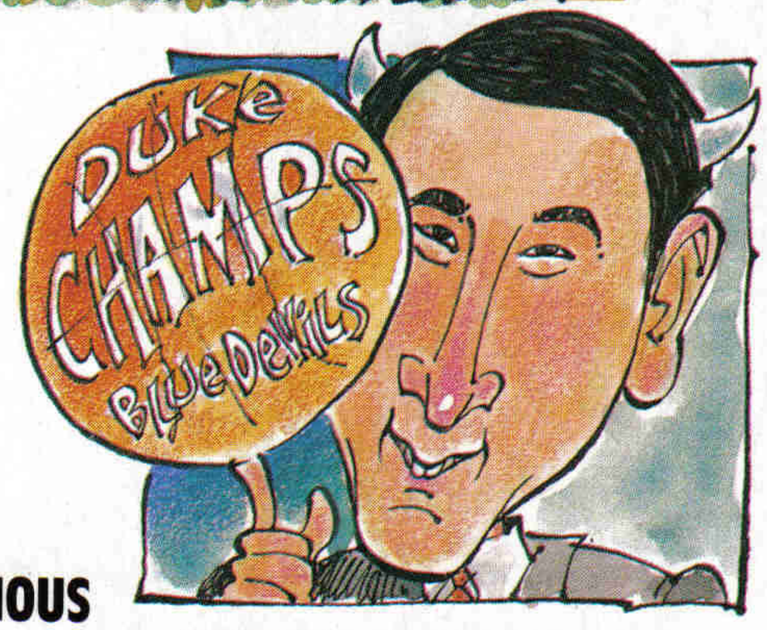
CHAMPIONS
OF
MINIMALLY
ENTERTAINING
TEAM
SPORT

NUMEROUS **A**WFUL **S**CARY **C**RASHES **A**ND **R**EQUIEMS



TRULY
AWFUL
MEN
PLAYING
ATROCIOUS
BASEBALL
ALL
YEAR

KID'S
OVERT
BALLHOGGING
ENRAGES



CUTESY,
OSTENTATIOUS
STAT-HOUND;
TRULY
ANNOYING
SCHMUCK

KRZYZEWSKI

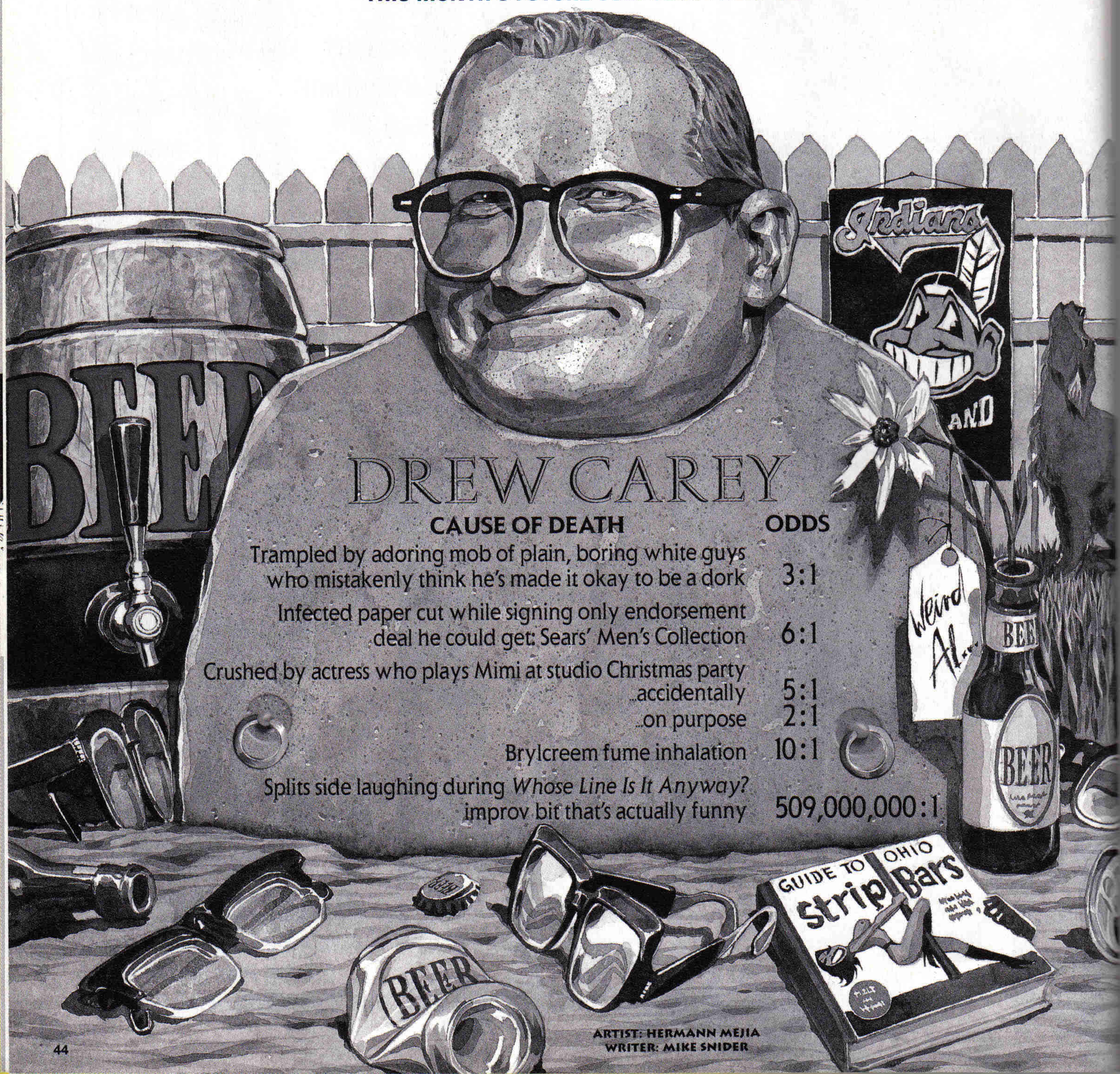
Yeah, right. Like anyone could possibly come up with an acronym for this guy!

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 careyed out of this world!

THIS MONTH'S FUTURE CORPULENT CORPSE:



DREW CAREY

CAUSE OF DEATH	ODDS
Trampled by adoring mob of plain, boring white guys who mistakenly think he's made it okay to be a dork	3:1
Infected paper cut while signing only endorsement deal he could get: Sears' Men's Collection	6:1
Crushed by actress who plays Mimi at studio Christmas party ...accidentally	5:1
...on purpose	2:1
Brylcreem fume inhalation	10:1
Splits side laughing during *Whose Line Is It Anyway?* improv bit that's actually funny	509,000,000:1

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA
WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

NO EN

I'm **George Clooney**, aka **Dante Lotion**, the **leader** of the greatest band of **robbers** and **con men** ever **assembled** for a **film** that should **never** have been **remade!** There are **two plans** here! The **first** is to pull the **heist** of the **century** and rob the vault of the **Smellagio!** That's a **breeze!** The **second** is looking like **cooler cats** than **Frank Sinatra, Dean Martin** and **Sammy Davis Jr.** We **tank** on that one! They were the **Rat Pack!** We're closer to the **Blah Bunch!** We're **stiff, lifeless** and **devoid** of **personality!** Meet the...

That's **Brad Pitt,** aka **Crusty Coolhand!** He's **hustled casinos** worldwide! He's my **right-hand man** and the **second** coolest guy in this film! He likes to say **he's Robin** to **my Batman,** but I **don't** like to be **reminded** about **that** movie! Not my best work! More people got **nauseous** watching **that film** than ***The Perfect Storm*!** Including **me! That's** what we **do** here on **this** film...**playful banter!** Lots of **tossed-off lines** that **sound** ad-libby but are **scripted, of course! Hey,** you **know** a film's in **trouble** when **Brad Pitt** is the **go-to comedy guy!**

Meet **Matt Damon,** aka Listless Cartel, aka **"The Kid"**! His specialty: **picking pockets!** Why do we **need** a **pickpocket** to **rob** a **Vegas vault?** We **don't!** We wanted **one more** pretty boy for **insurance!** Not for the **heist** — for the **box office!** Let's face it, they might as well call **this** film ***The Invasion of the Damn Cute Guys!***

Next comes **Bernie Mac,** aka **Crank Brazen!** He's the **"inside man"**! His job: he can **deal cards** and **watch everything** that takes place on the casino floor! So far all he's seen are **hookers, fat tourists** and a drunk lounge singer **throwing up** on a **Keno waitress!** Ah, there's **nothing** like the **glamour** and **glitz** of **Las Vegas!**

Next comes **Eddie Jemison,** aka **Livingston Dull**, aka **"The Geek"!** Livingston is the **nervous surveillance expert!** He's a specialist in **electronics, computers** and **wiring!** His job is A) to help **pull off** the **heist** and B) afterwards, to hook **everybody** in the group up with **illegal cable!**

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

MOTIONS ELEVEN

That's **Don Cheadle,** aka **Trashar Barr!** He's our **demolitions** expert! **TNT, plastiques, wireless exploding devices** are his **specialty!** He can blow up **anything!** If I were **him,** my **first** job would be to attach a **pipe bomb** to the **acting coach** who taught him the **cockamamie cockney accent** he uses throughout **this film!** I **warn** you, you're **not** going to understand **one word** he says! Hell, I don't **either!**

Over there is **Elliot Gould,** aka **Ruby Mishigoss!** There goes our **hip factor!** Elliot plays the film's **money man!** He **bankrolls** our operation! This heist is **dangerous,** but he **likes** the **action!** Hell, he's **used** to **long shots!** He was once **married** to **Barbra Streisand! Yeesh!** Talk about **bad odds!**

That other **old geezer** is **Carl Reiner,** aka **Sol Gloom!** Early in his career Carl worked with **Sid Caeser, Mel Brooks, Neil Simon** and **Larry Gelbart,** the **funniest group ever assembled!** They had him **laughing all the time!** Carl says hanging around with **this group** is a **nice change!**

I now bow to **Shaobo Qui,** aka **"The Amazing Yawn,"** an **acrobat** who can **fit** into **small spaces!** During the heist he **folds** his body in **half** and gets into the **tiniest places!** Incidentally, there is also a **huge hole** *I* can **dive into!** It's called the **plot!** There's enough room there for **me, Yawn** and **every voter whose ballot wasn't counted in Florida!**

These next two are **Scott Caan** and **Casey "Yes, Ben's my brother" Affleck!** They're the zany truck and car guys, Turk and Virgil Malloy! In this film they basically **drive cars around** and **argue!** Let's listen in...

No, we **don't** argue a lot!

Yes, we **do!**

No, we **don't!**

Are you **laughing yet?**

Later on you'll meet **Andy Garcia,** aka **Testy Benedrill!** He's the **second** most powerful **man** in Vegas **after Siegfried and Roy!** He's also **dating Julia Roberts,** aka my **former wife, Tush!** Julia's the **fifth prettiest person** in the film. Thank goodness **Gould** and **Reiner aren't hunks** or I think she would have **bolted this movie completely!**

Mr. Lotion, you've been implicated in over a dozen scams, 24 cons, and 93 counts of wisecracking!

Hey, there is no need for flattery!

Make that 94 counts! If you're paroled, do you promise to behave?

I can only promise this: to be suave, dapper, and the coolest parolee you've ever seen!

That's good enough for the State of New Jersey, home of Tony Soprano and family! You're free to go!

So Crusty, what's your scam here?

Teaching bad actors to play poker!

Bad actors?

Yeah! Grab a seat! You'll fit right in!

The plan's insane! You wanna knock over a casino?

Three casinos!

You're nuts! I'm out!

The pot is 150 million dollars!

Not interested!

It'll be like *The Sting!* I'll be Newman and you'll be Redford! Only we'll be cuter!

When do we start?

Gentlemen, what I'm about to propose is highly lucrative and dangerous! We're going to rob a Vegas vault! I've assembled a team of the finest specialists in their field: an inside man, a double-jointed Chinese guy, two lunatic brothers, a kid pickpocket, a munitions freak, an electronics nerd, a failed casino mogul and a Florida senior citizen with ulcers!

Hmm! Not quite *The Dirty Dozen!*

It's more like the Depends Dozen minus one!

Our target: the Smellagio vault! It contains receipts from three casinos! On the night of the championship fight we're going to blow the lights on the strip and rob the vault! The take is 150 million dollars! There are eleven of us! You do the math!

START HERE

MEN'S ROOM

GOLF

FOOD

Geez! That's twenty thousand bucks each!

I can buy four thousand hubcaps with that!

Wrong, Freako! I figure about eight thousand!

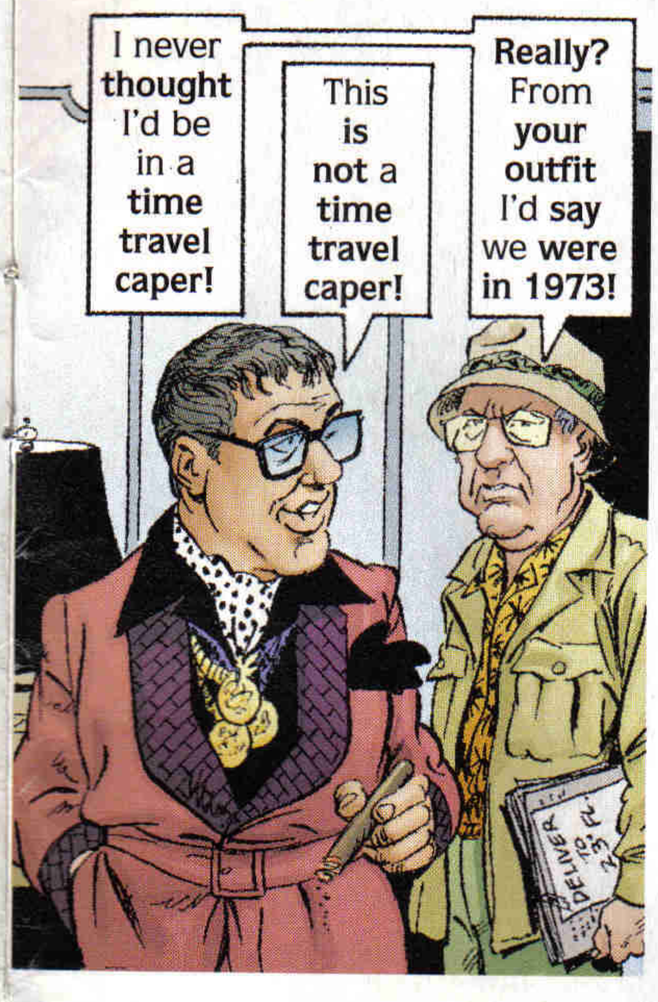
I can buy like, two thousand women!

I'm a little worried! Did we pick the right crew?

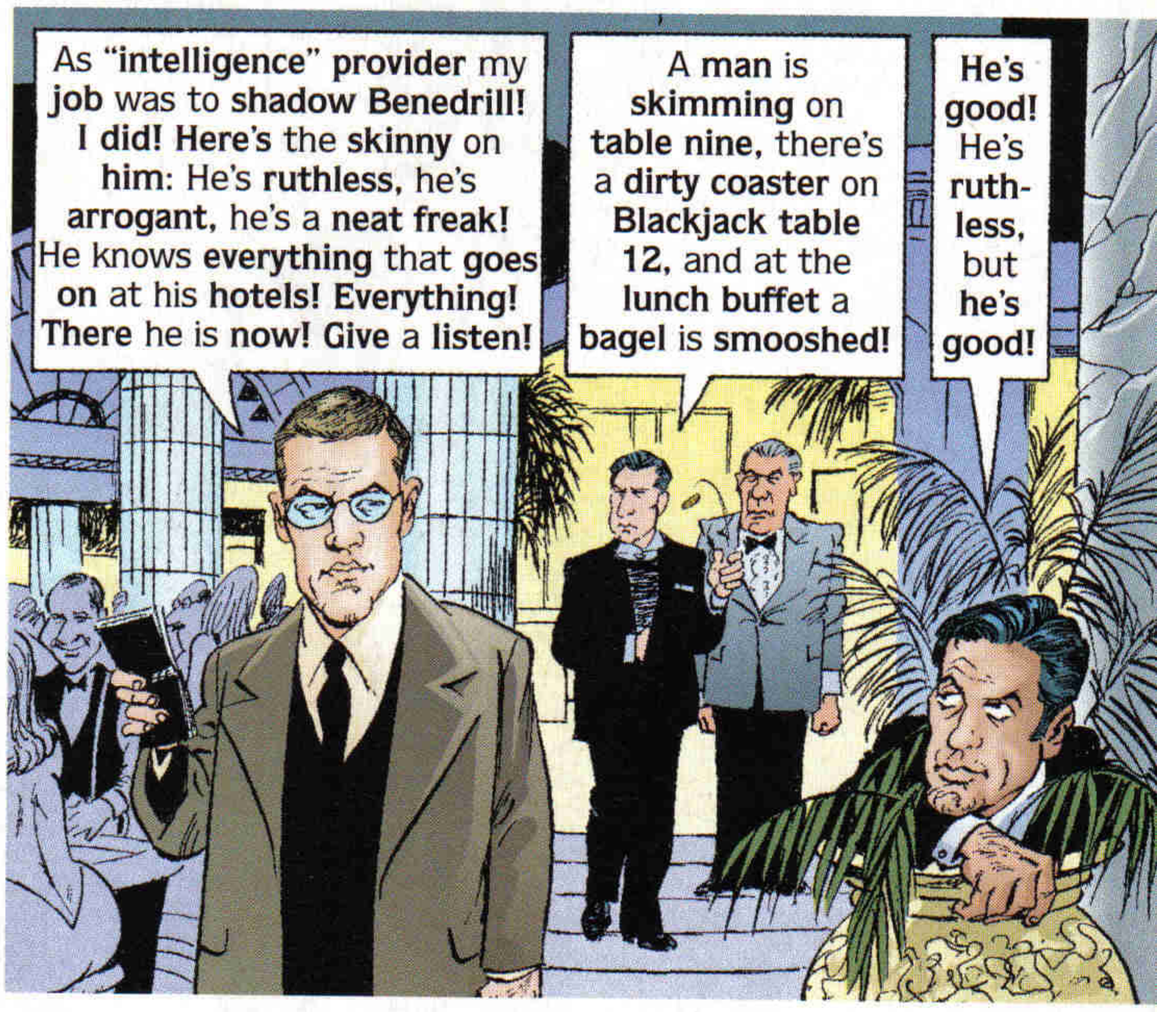
You don't think they can do the Smellagio vault?

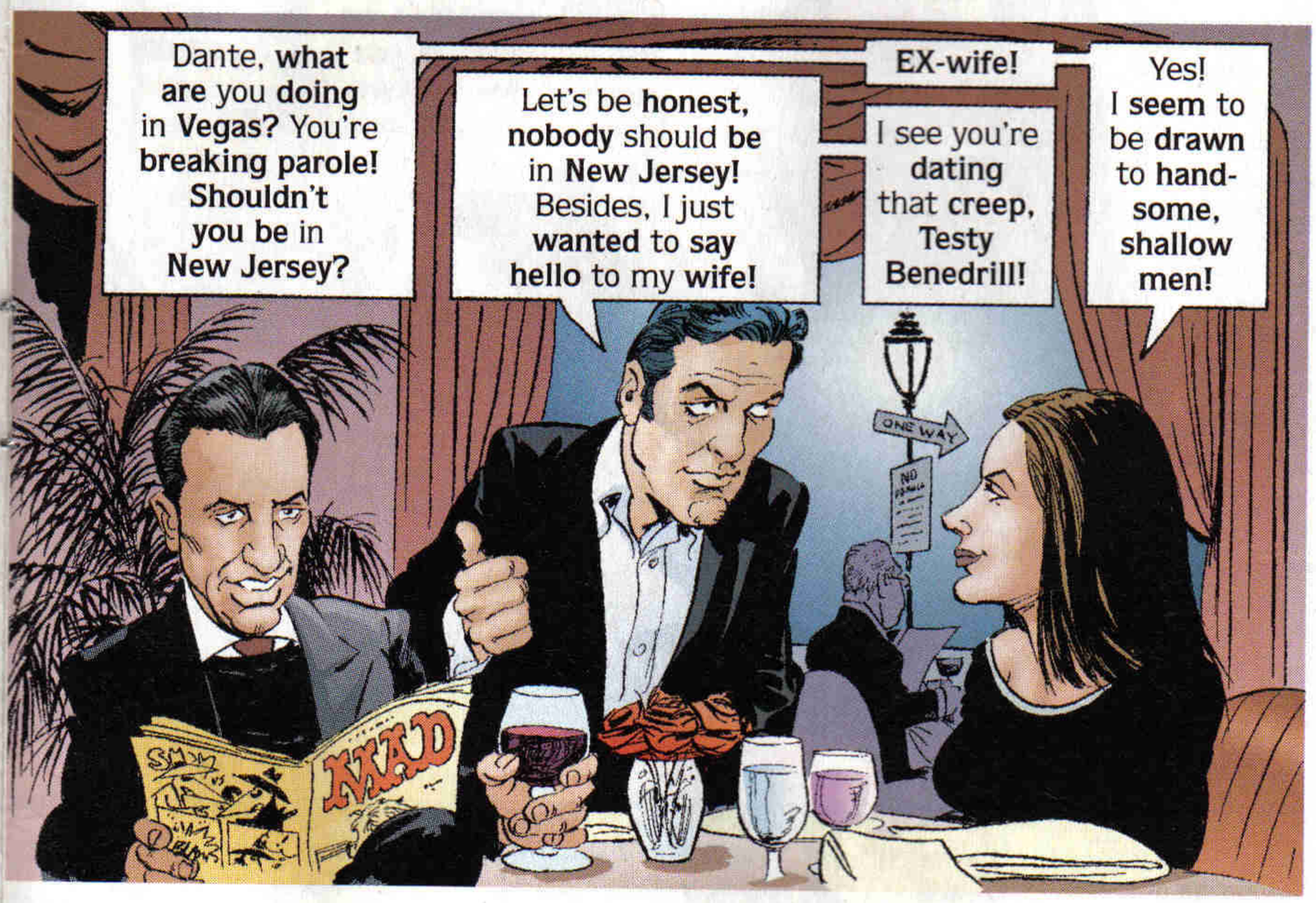
I'm not sure they can break through the sneeze guard at an all-you-can-eat buffet!

MATH

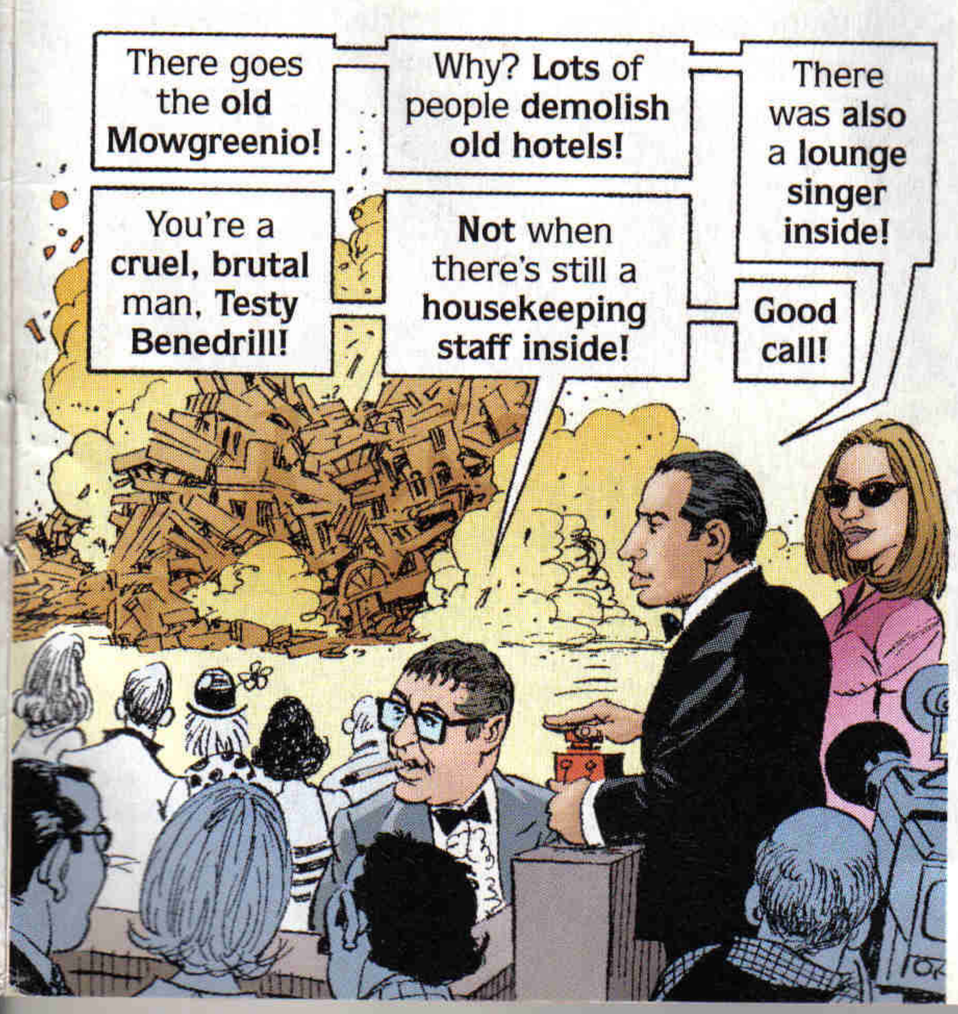

I never thought I'd be in a time travel caper!
This is not a time travel caper!
Really? From your outfit I'd say we were in 1973!
DELIVER TO: P.I.

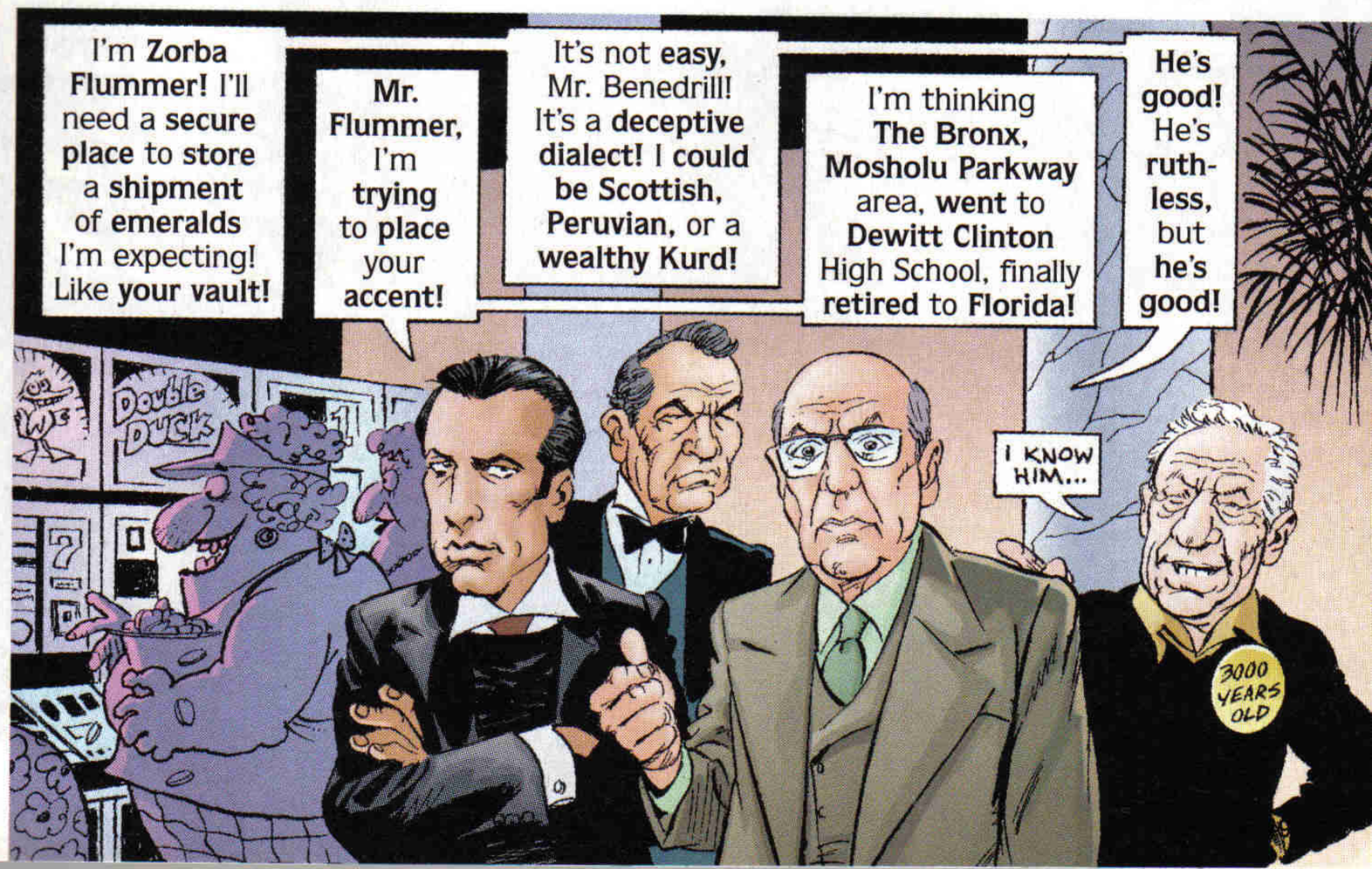

First task: Deception! Sol, you'll pose as Zorba Flummer, a mysterious Euro-aristocratic high roller! Can you do the accent?
Let me put it this way, they didn't cast me in this film to drive monster trucks!


As "intelligence" provider my job was to shadow Benedrill! I did! Here's the skinny on him: He's ruthless, he's arrogant, he's a neat freak! He knows everything that goes on at his hotels! Everything! There he is now! Give a listen!
A man is skimming on table nine, there's a dirty coaster on Blackjack table 12, and at the lunch buffet a bagel is smooshed!
He's good! He's ruth-less, but he's good!


Dante, what are you doing in Vegas? You're breaking parole! Shouldn't you be in New Jersey?
Let's be honest, nobody should be in New Jersey! Besides, I just wanted to say hello to my wife!
EX-wife!
I see you're dating that creep, Testy Benedrill!
Yes! I seem to be drawn to hand-some, shallow men!
ONE WAY
MAD


So how come we got a di-vorce?
Remember? Two great looking people with strong egos? It was a constant battle over the mirror! You couldn't even share it with me!
With your lips, there wasn't room for the two of us at the same time!


There goes the old Mowgreenio!
Why? Lots of people demolish old hotels!
There was also a lounge singer inside!
You're a cruel, brutal man, Testy Benedrill!
Not when there's still a housekeeping staff inside!
Good call!


I'm Zorba Flummer! I'll need a secure place to store a shipment of emeralds I'm expecting! Like your vault!
Mr. Flummer, I'm trying to place your accent!
It's not easy, Mr. Benedrill! It's a deceptive dialect! I could be Scottish, Peruvian, or a wealthy Kurd!
I'm thinking The Bronx, Mosholu Parkway area, went to Dewitt Clinton High School, finally retired to Florida!
He's good! He's ruth-less, but he's good!
Double Duck
I KNOW HIM...
3000 YEARS OLD

It's showtime! We all have our assignments! At 7:15, Yawn folds himself into the cart! During the fight, Trashar blows the electricity on the strip! We have exactly 30 minutes to blow the power or Yawn suffocates!

We're playing it kinda tight! Do we have a backup plan?

Well, if we run a little late, I'll try to save Yawn with stuff I remember from *ER!*

Oh God! You call this a fight scene?

No, a schtick scene! If the audience wants a fight scene they'll go see *Ali* playing next door!

Yawn has four seconds of air left! Hit it! Blow the lights!

I hope Vegas doesn't have a giant surge suppressor!

What the hell happened? Vegas went dark!

This better be a new trick by David Copperfield!

Hello, I'm a "lady of the pitch black evening"! Wanna have sex? A thousand dollars!

Wow! That's pretty steep!

I'm gorgeous!

You are?

For the next ten seconds I am!

No more cards for me, dealer! I'll stand on 21!

But you don't have 21!

Now I do!

Welcome to our showroom! When the lights come back up on stage, you'll see the two biggest stars in all of Vegas!

You mean Steve and Eydie?

Nope! Britney Spears!

Yawn did it! He somersaulted backwards out of the cash cart, over the alarmed floor and onto the ledge! Amazing!

If you think THAT was an incredible leap, wait till you see how the rest of the story develops!

MAX KORN

Hello, Mr. Benedrill! If you watch the video feed, you'll see we are robbing you!

Congratulations! You're a dead man!

What should we do, boss?

Send a Swat team into the lobby! Follow their van to the airport! Unleash the Siegfried & Roy attack animals! Show no mercy!

BAD OUT OF BUSINESS

POLICE STATION



It's **all gone! Where'd** my **money go?** I'm **confused!**

You're not **alone, Mr. Benedrill! Everyone's confused! You,** the **audience** *and* the **heist team!** Let me **try** to **clear up** the **confusion** — if that's **possible!**

It was **all staged! Everything!** It was **all** a **fake!** We **rigged** the **video remotes!** You **thought** you were **watching** the **vault!** It was a **fake vault!**

The **Swat team** was **fake!** They were **our guys posing** as a **Swat team!**

That **airport van** you were **following** was **driverless!** It was **steered** by **remote control!**

And the **act** on your **showroom stage** was not **Wayne Newton!** It was **one** of **our crew** dressed as **Wayne Newton!**

They **blew up** the **bags, Mr. Benedrill,** but **no money!** The **bags** were **filled** with **fliers** for **hookers!**

Get **rid** of **those things!**

You **may be needing** them! Your **girlfriend** just **left you!**

Well, guys, we **pulled off** the **perfect crime!**

Scooby dooby doo! That was **ringa-ding-dull!**

When this **flick hits** the **screen without us** in **each scene — it's** a **bore-ay!**

Ain't that a **kick** in the **head?**

They **call this** a **perfect crime? No way!**

Sure was! A **perfect crime** on the **ticket paying audience!**

WHAT OGRE IS DESTINED TO HAVE A FRIGHTENING PRESENCE THIS OSCAR NIGHT?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

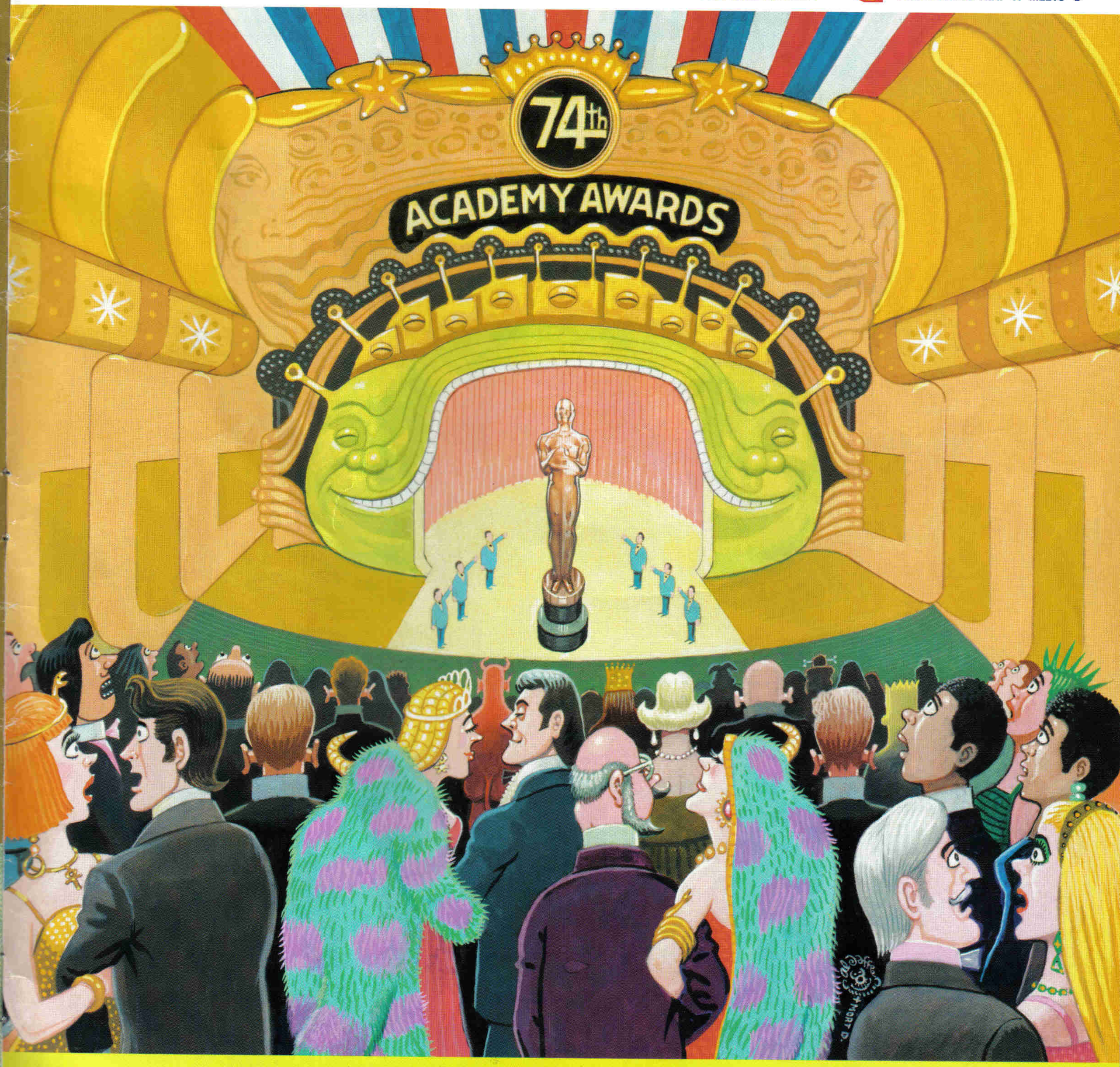
MAD FOLD-IN

Every March the movie industry gives out little gold statuettes (better known as Oscars) to the créme de la créme of the film industry. All of the Hollywood elite come out for this big event. This year, however, potential winners may stay away, cowed by an odious and animated creature only a mom could love. To find out who this ogre is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

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



JOSTLING EACH OTHER FOR OSCAR HONORS CAN BE A MONSTER ATTRACTION THIS YEAR BUT THE SURE WINNER WILL AGAIN BE RIGHT BEFORE THE EYES OF TRUE OGRE LOVERS

A ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE B