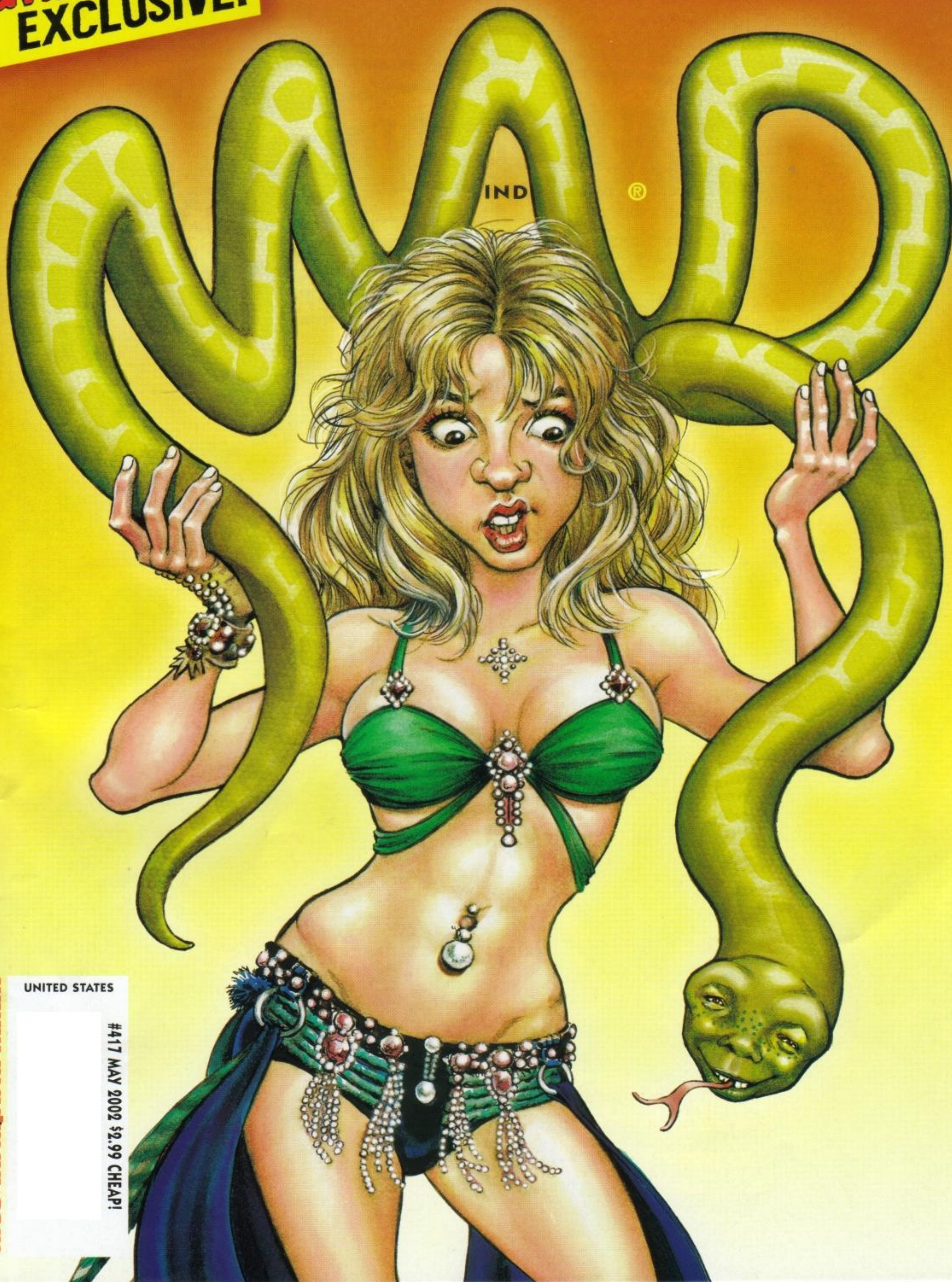


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MAY 2002

NUMBER 417

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"Why is it that when someone's fighting to get in the last word, it's never 'sorry'?"

FRONT COVER ARTIST: JACK SYRACUSE



AN MTV CRIBS TOUR DE FARCE

This is my first time writing to you. And of all times to start, it is probably the dumbest thing for a person to write about. A few days ago I was reading "Even Yet Still Further More Badly Needed Warning Labels For Today's Hottest CD's" (MAD #414) when I came to the "secret message to Mariah Carey's lambs." Mariah, in the "message" said that there are eight Martians living in her trees. Earlier the same day I was watching MTV's *Cribs* in which they tour celebrity residences. In that episode they happened to tour Mariah's crib. It turns out that she doesn't live in a house with trees (or a lawn at that), but in a penthouse in New York City. Even in the house, no trees. Just thought you should know.

Chris Clark, Valparaiso, IN

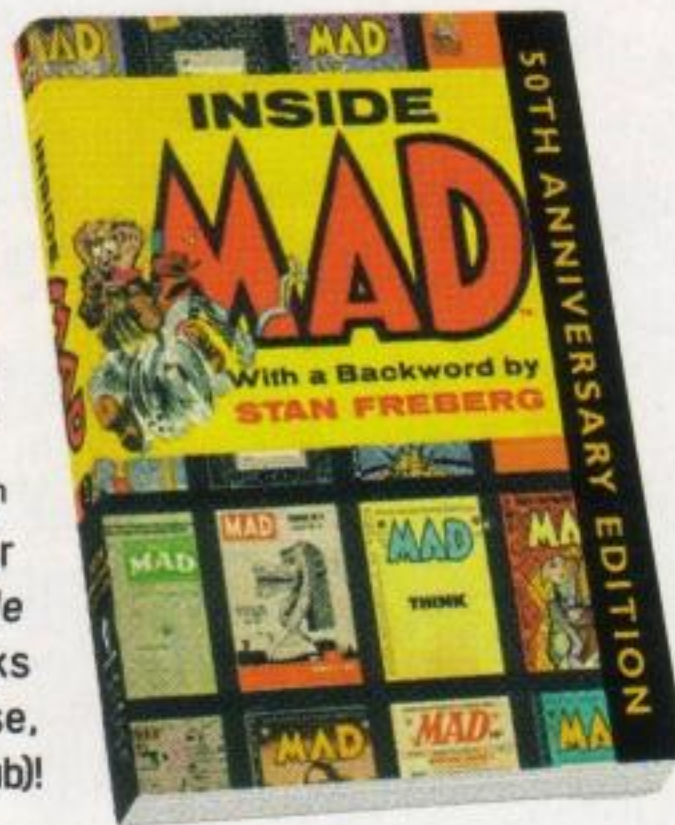
Clark-Bar — As our way of saying "thanks" for your letter attempting to correct us, we are going to take our readers on a special MAD Magazine Crib tour of your house: *Well come on in! Over here in Chris' living room it looks as if all the walls are padded! Up on the ceiling there's lots and lots of tinfoil, we guess to stop the rays from being beamed in, eh, Chris? Moving on to the kitchen, all the sharp objects and kitchen utensils seem to be missing. Now here's Chris' bedroom. Oh, look! There's a nice big window with bars on it! And here's the bed, well, really, it's a cot with some sort of leather arm and leg restraints. We love the fact that you have carried the padded wall motif throughout the entire house, Chris! And you say you live here for free because Medicaid pays for the whole thing? Sweet. Thanks for letting us drop by, Chris!* —Ed.



ON SALE THIS MONTH

If your school participates in the Scholastic Book Club, be on the lookout for *The MAD Student Survival Guide*, available now!

Also, out now as part of our 50th Anniversary is the reissue of our classic MAD paperback *Inside MAD*, available wherever books are sold (except, of course, through the Scholastic Book Club!)



ATTENTION LONGTIME MAD SUBSCRIBERS!

As part of our gala 50th anniversary (ZZZZzz) we're trying to locate the longest MAD subscriber from each of the 50 states and Canada! If you're a long-time subscriber (Hint: three years IS NOT a long time for a 50-year-old magazine!), please visit our website and tell us about yourself or write to us at:
MAD Magazine,
Attn: Dawn G.,
1700 Broadway,
New York, NY
10019!

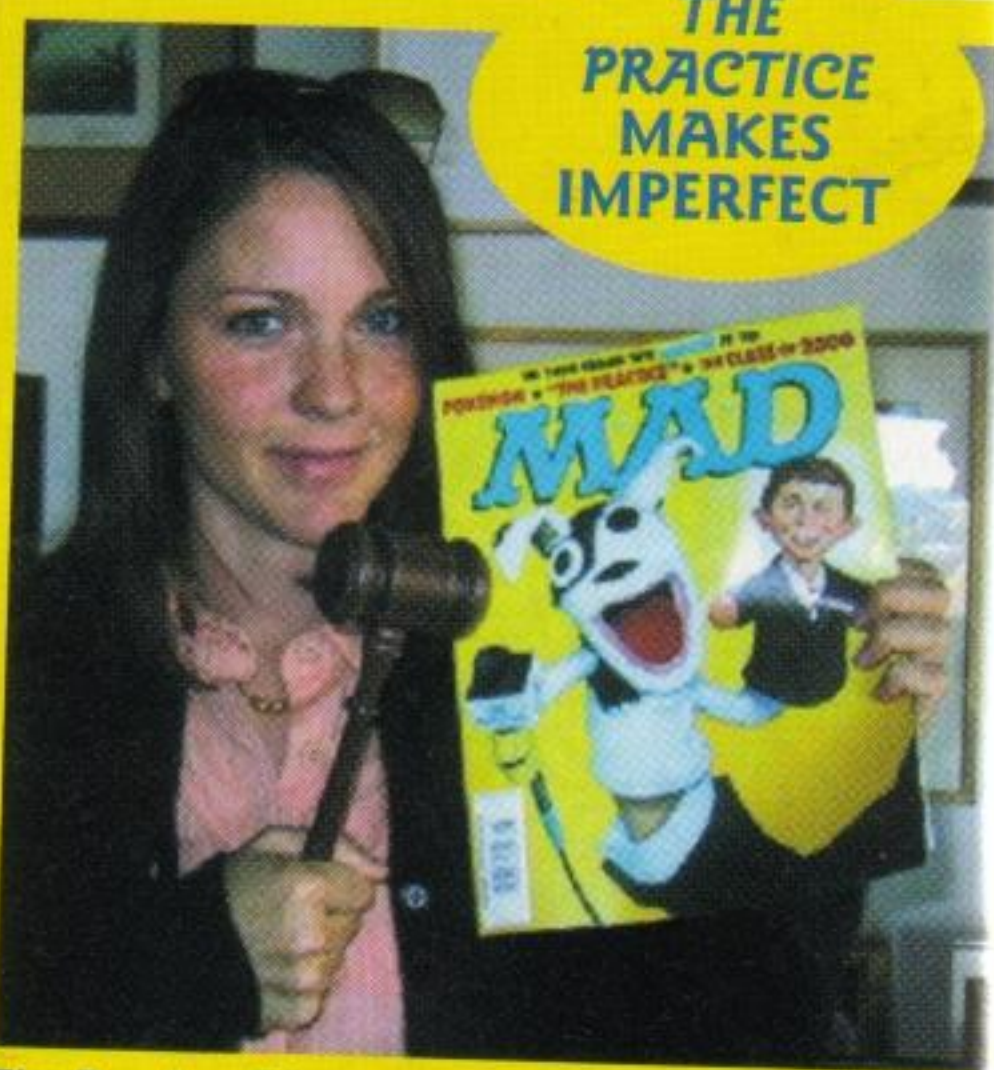


Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

I would like to make a dumb wish. Every time I pick up an issue of your magazine, I see the most charming face on the cover. Yes, I remember the first time I saw him! With his red hair, gap-tooth and ugly but cute freckles. It is my dumb wish to go on a little date with that guy, Neuman! My friends all say "come on DD, he's soooo not your type!" Deep down inside I know he is. So please try to find it in that heart of yours to set me up!

D. DeFrange, Akron, OH

DD — Thanks for your letter. We suspect, however, it was misdirected. We are the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*, not the *Make A Pathetic Wish Foundation™* (pending). Nonetheless, thanks for writing! —Ed.



The Practice TV star Kelli Williams chose to remain silent when asked if she liked seeing herself spoofed in MAD #394. Nonetheless, we find her quite appealing

Photo: Homecrest Avenue Photography Studios Inc.

PICKY, PICKY, PICKY

I went to the mailbox today and received my latest issue of MAD (imagine my surprise). Then I read it (imagine my disappointment). One page 38 of #414, you list Michael Jordan's cause-of-death betting odds. Directly to the right of his left ear, you have a Chicago White Sox jersey hanging on the line. Mistake! While his Airness did play on the Sox farm team, he played for the Birmingham Barons, which has a totally different uniform. Yes, this is nit-picking, but I'm a nit-picky kind of guy.

Bill Denham, Wetumpka, AL

Billy Boy — Thanks for writing your "interesting" letter. As our way of saying a big thank you, we have commissioned a special Cause-of-Death Betting Odds just for you, Bill Denham:

Dies a slow, lonely death with no family, friends or pets around due to his excessive nit-pickiness 1:1

Pummeled to death by all the people he pissed off with his nit-pickiness 1:1

Terminal Carpal Tunnel Syndrome for writing moronic nit-picky letters to magazines, newspapers and alumni bulletins 1:1

We hope you have enjoyed this. And readers take note — we will be accepting Cemetery Snaps for Bill Denham in the very near future, we suspect! —Ed.



HOW TO REACH US

Please address Correspondence To:
MAD, Dept. 417, 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!

MAD T-SHIRTS FOR SALE!

MAD fans looking for MAD t-shirts should check out Thunder Creek's line available at Hecht's, StrawBridges, Famous Barr, The Jones Store, LS Ayres, Kaufmanns and Robinson May!



NO YUCKS FOR THE CANUCKS

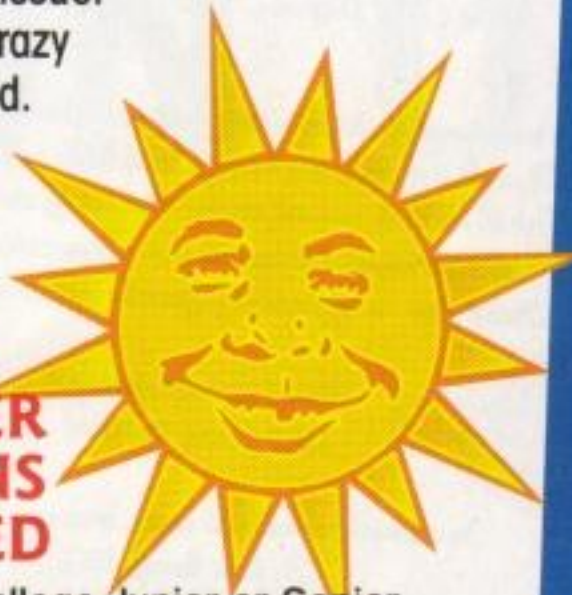
My name is Anthony and I am 12 years old. I am writing this letter to you because I just want to say that I worship your magazine. I have gotten every single issue of your magazine since January, 1999. I wish I could subscribe to your magazine badly, but it is difficult to get a subscription because I live in Canada. I just want to say that MAD is the best thing ever created in history!

Anthony Delle Donne, Ontario, Canada

Tony baby — Wake up and smell the Canadian bacon! We have thousands of wonderful, loyal Canadian subscribers who have no trouble subscribing. In case you missed the 52 other times we mention it on the Letters Page, all you have to do is go to our website (www.madmag.com) or call 1-800-4MADMAG. Or you can send in one of those annoying cards that dropped onto your lap when you opened this issue. You follow, you crazy Canuck, eh? —Ed.

MAD SUMMER INTERNS WANTED

If you are a college Junior or Senior and can receive college credit, you may qualify to be a MAD summer intern! For more information, visit our website (www.madmag.com) or send in a S.A.S.E. to MAD Magazine, Internship Program, c/o Amy Vozeolas, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019.



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PULL MY CHENEY by Tom Cheney



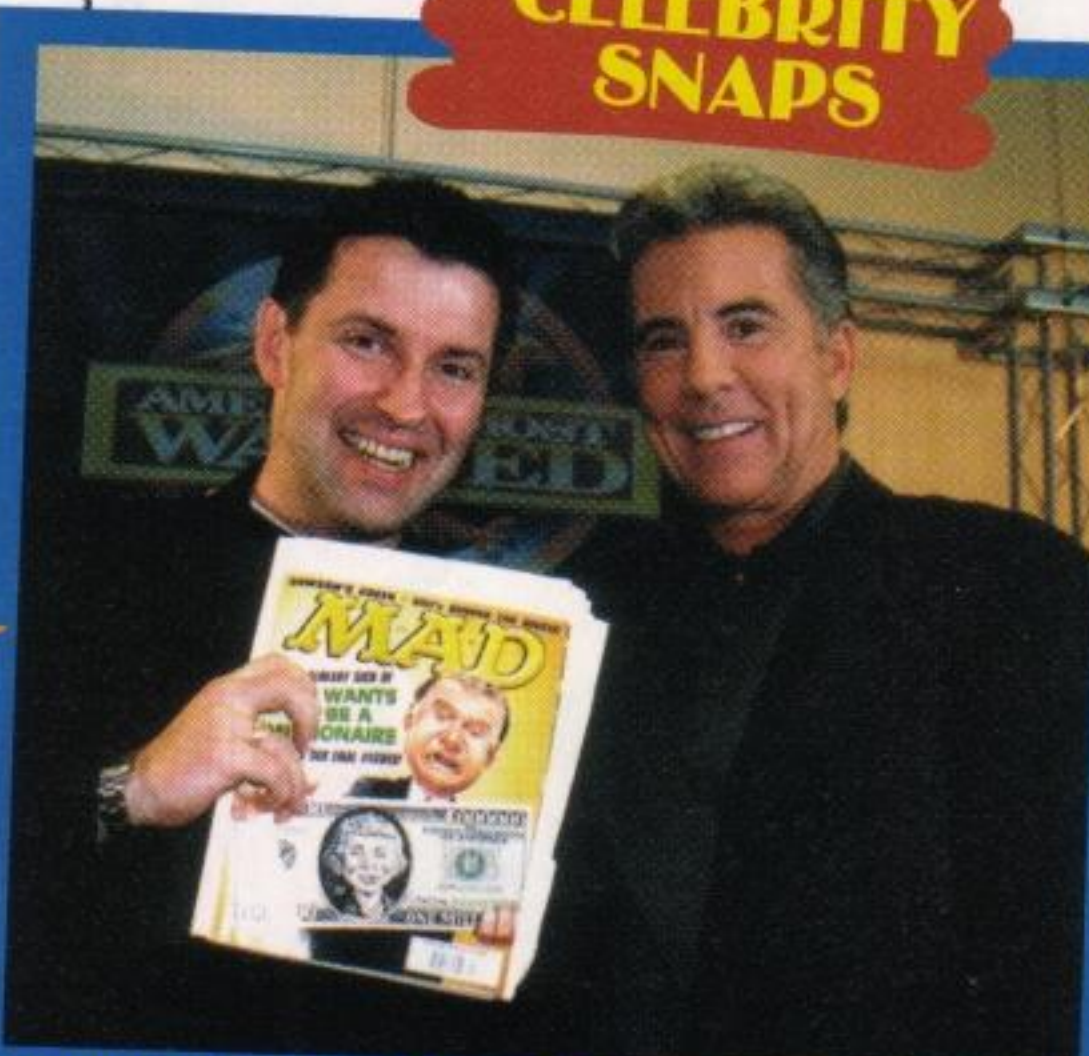
CLAWS AND EFFECT

Regarding the lament over "no girls allowed" (see Letters Page # 414), rather than a sex change, Sophie Johnson should do as I do. Put the subscription in your cat's name. It should save you the cost and hassle of obtaining 'nads.

Carmine Maxwell Magan aka Susan Magan, Amagansett, NY

Carmine Maxwell? What the hell kind of name is that for a cat? The fumes from the litter box must have really been cooking on the day you named him! Okay, readers, this month's challenge: do you have a pet with a name as stupid as Carmine Maxwell (if that's even humanly possible)? If so, send us a non-returnable photo of your pet either reading, peeing or clawing MAD along with the stupid pet's name to: Amy, The Big Fur Ball, c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, 5th Floor, New York, NY 10019.

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS



Ronald Barber of St. Louis, MO scores a one-year subscription for nabbing *America's Most Wanted* star John Walsh with a copy of MAD. We can't help but wonder if John agreed to have his picture taken with MAD before he read our ridiculous satire "America's Most Wanton" in MAD #414!

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Cupid is as Cupid Does

Back in MAD #414 we asked all you incurable romantics to send in a Valentine's Day card using Alfred's image or name (in verse) to express your deepest thoughts about your sweetie. The volume of stuff we received was overwhelming, but the quality was well, kind of underwhelming! But hey, love is what makes the world go around and it is with love that we present some of our readers' valentines:

**Alfred E. Neuman or
Courtland Sweetie White**
Who is the throb of my heart tonight?
Both have freckles, rusty hair and a grin,
Both make me smile and feel young again!

Cathie White, Asheville, NC

"My Alfred"

Valentine, please be mine...
I had a crush on you when
I was nine...
You were soooo fine...
You seemed older then
You seem younger now
I'm no longer 9, I'm now 59
If you won't be mine...
I'd settle for your cosmetic expert!
Who must be fine...
Having faded your freckles, reset your ears,
Tinted your hairpiece and fitted your dentures...
You are now looking so fine
Won't you be my Valentine?

J. Gamble, Las Vegas, NV

You are the flower in my garden
You're the sun in my sky
If it wasn't for you,
I'd gouge out my eyes.

You're the leaves on my tree
The car on my street
You are the fish in my ocean
And the scum on my feet

You're the hair on my head
And the hair on my butt
You're the main reason
That I'm a self-loathing nut.

You're the love of my life
Who are you assumin'?
Of course, the one and only
Alfred E. Neuman!

Nick Megalis,
North Huntingdon, PA

My sweet! So complex!
I love like a simpleton.
Alfred E. Neuman

Steven Rimpici
Cornwall, NY



Margo Sable Jensen and
Family, Fort Lee, NJ



Your hair is red,
Your eyes are blue,
Oh, Alfred E.,
How I love you.

The days are long,
And so are you,
Your gap-toothed smile
Just makes me drool.

Oh, how I dream,
Forlorn, confined,
My Alfred E.,
My Valentine

Cindy Avina, Sylmar, CA



Roses are red,
Violets are blue,
If you don't mind
the smell,
Then this schmuck
is for you!

Barry Fries,
Burnaby, Canada

I think that I shall see
One who causes such potrzebie
So on this day, this excuse to neck:
Hey Alfie, please be my
fondest...yecch!

Timothy Chambers, Providence, RI

My MAD Valentine
BOOM! goes my heart when you walk by
Like a nitroglycerine bomb
From Spy Vs. Spy

A MAD look at love says we are a match,
Despite the restraining order
And my iron anklet.

I love you Jay
And you will love me too,
That is, if you value
your precious little life.

P.S. if anyone asks, Alfred E. Neuman
made me do it.

Bridget Goldhahn, Audubon, PA

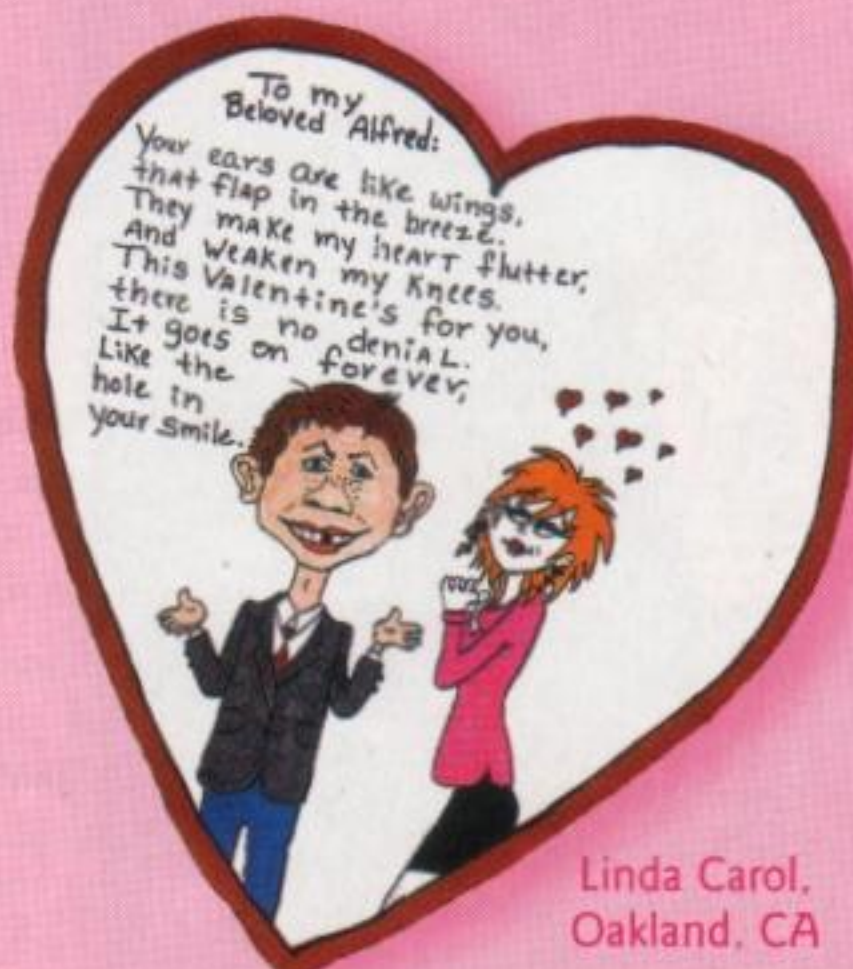
**"Alfred E. Neuman:
My One and Only Love"**
Alfred E.,
You are so irresistible to me.

I love everything about
you Alfred,
O where to start,
Your fiery red hair burns
like the torch I
Carry for you in my heart.

Your stupid grin,
Which makes me laugh,
I think about you everyday,
When I read MAD in math class.

I'll never forget you Alfred,
Your rosy cheeks,
Your freckles, too.
Never change, you
big-eared weirdo,
Because I will always love you.

Jared Lee, Owensboro, KY



To my
Beloved Alfred:
Your ears are like wings,
that flap in the breeze.
They make my heart flutter,
And weaken my knees.
This Valentine's for you,
there is no denial.
It goes on forever,
Like the
hole in
your smile.

Linda Carol,
Oakland, CA

To My Dearest Alfred (Admiring from Afar)

What words can describe the sweet stupidity and charm that is Alfred E.?
If people were lights in a marquee, the dimmest bulb would be he.
For all his idiotic airs and inanity, what drooly, carefree thoughts
do dwell behind that vacuous stare and gaptoothed grin?
Indeed some sort of pleasantness affects the corners of his mouth—



Blissful ignorance, perhaps?
How I envy that bliss!



In a world of complicated mazes, detail and directions,
He floats through life—
a true *Nowhere Man*.
And sometimes I wish, though I know I never can,
As my mind is forever burdened with intellectual anguish and constant awareness—
That I could join my dear Alfred by his side
As his equally clueless
Nowhere Woman.

Katrina Pecina, Cedar Hill, TX



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LOOK! Necktie Worn By Paula Poundstone!

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High bid —



Payment

Money Order/Cashiers Checks. Personal Checks. Cash. Pop Tarts. Cameo Appearances. Game show Panelist Spots. Bar/Bat Mitzvahs. ANY kind of gig at this point. I'm not picky. Hey, my career's in the toilet here. I CAN'T be picky! I'll take anything! Children's parties a specialty!

Seller Options

No one bid on this thing? And you're surprised? You tried to get rid of this thing at the church bazaar, your kids' school's flea market, two consecutive yard sales, and then even the Salvation Army refused to take it — and you were hoping to sell it here? For money? You've already spent enough time, effort and money trying to lose this; maybe it's time you throw it away and move on.

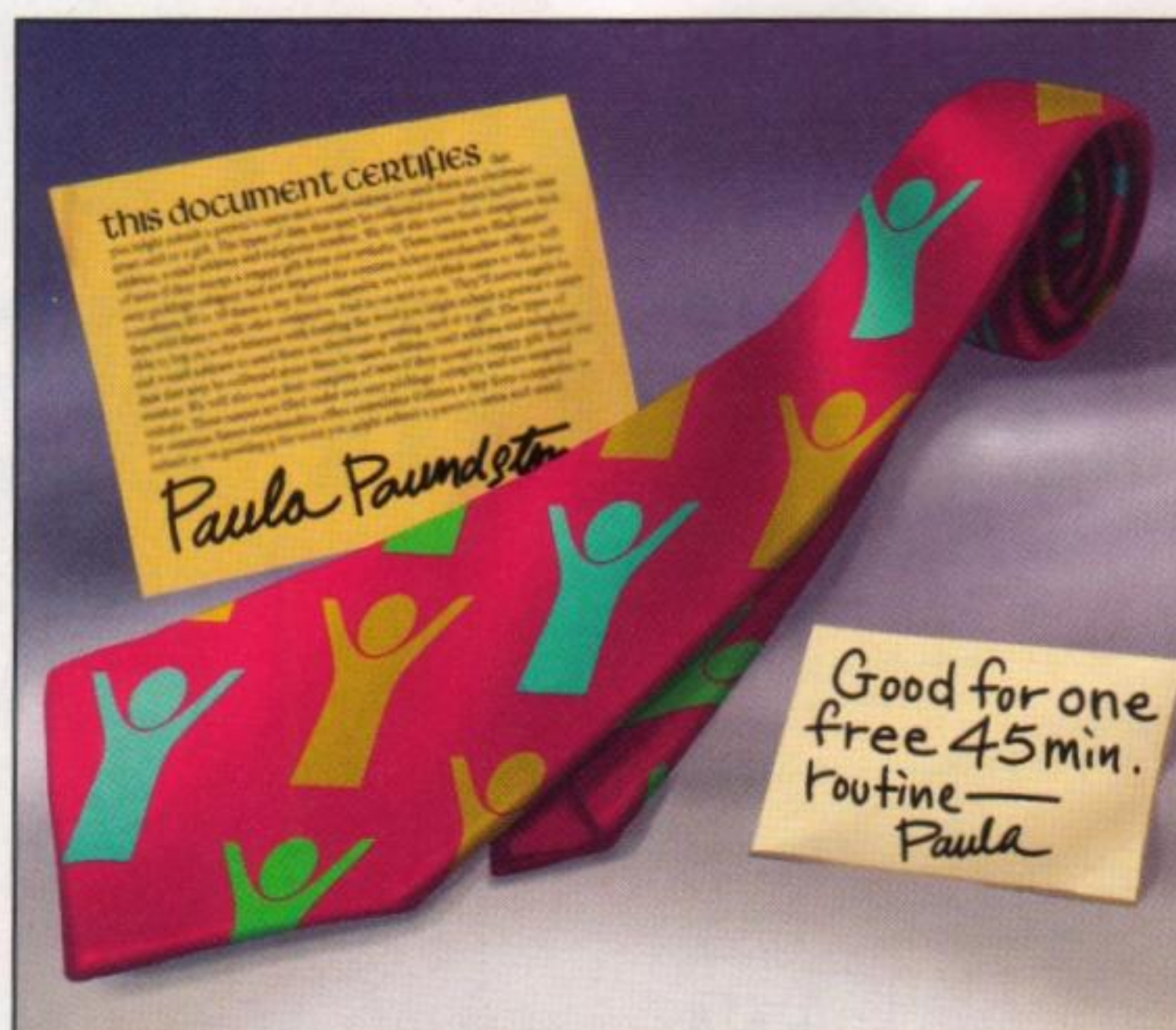
If you are the seller or a high bidder — [what were you thinking?](#)

Seller assumes all notoriety for listing this item. You should contact the seller to resolve any asinine, nit-picky questions before bidding. And it's always a good idea to waste as much of the seller's time possible by following up each of the seller's replies to one of your questions with another pointless question. Especially if you really have no serious interest in bidding on this item in the first place.

Description

You'll be fit to be tied if you miss this opportunity — a chance to own an item from funny gal/fashion plate Paula Poundstone's wardrobe! Standard 56" men's necktie features the logo of popular charitable organization "Save the Children." Playful enough for zany gameshow appearances, casual enough for a stint in rehab, and yet dignified enough for the courtroom, this silk-polyester blend tie is free from major spots and stains. Won't you adopt this tie and give it a good home? It's no contest that you'll want this for your very own! Don't endanger yourself by missing out on this unique item by committing the lewd act of forgetting to bid — act now! No reserve!

Lot includes Certificate of Authenticity and coupon good for a free forty-five minute stand-up routine performed by Paula herself at your next dinner party in an effort to get her career back on track. Don't let this one get away! Snatch it up before it's too late!





Sometimes producers leave out a fact here and there when they make a biographical movie. But in a recent hit, Ron Howard left out a **ton** of facts here, there and everywhere! Facts like the subject of the movie was married several times, had a child out wedlock, liked to drink a lot and had numerous hetero- and homosexual affairs! Seemed like he was after anything in skirts **and** pants! Wouldn't it be more on the money to say this guy had...

A BOOTY-FULL MIND

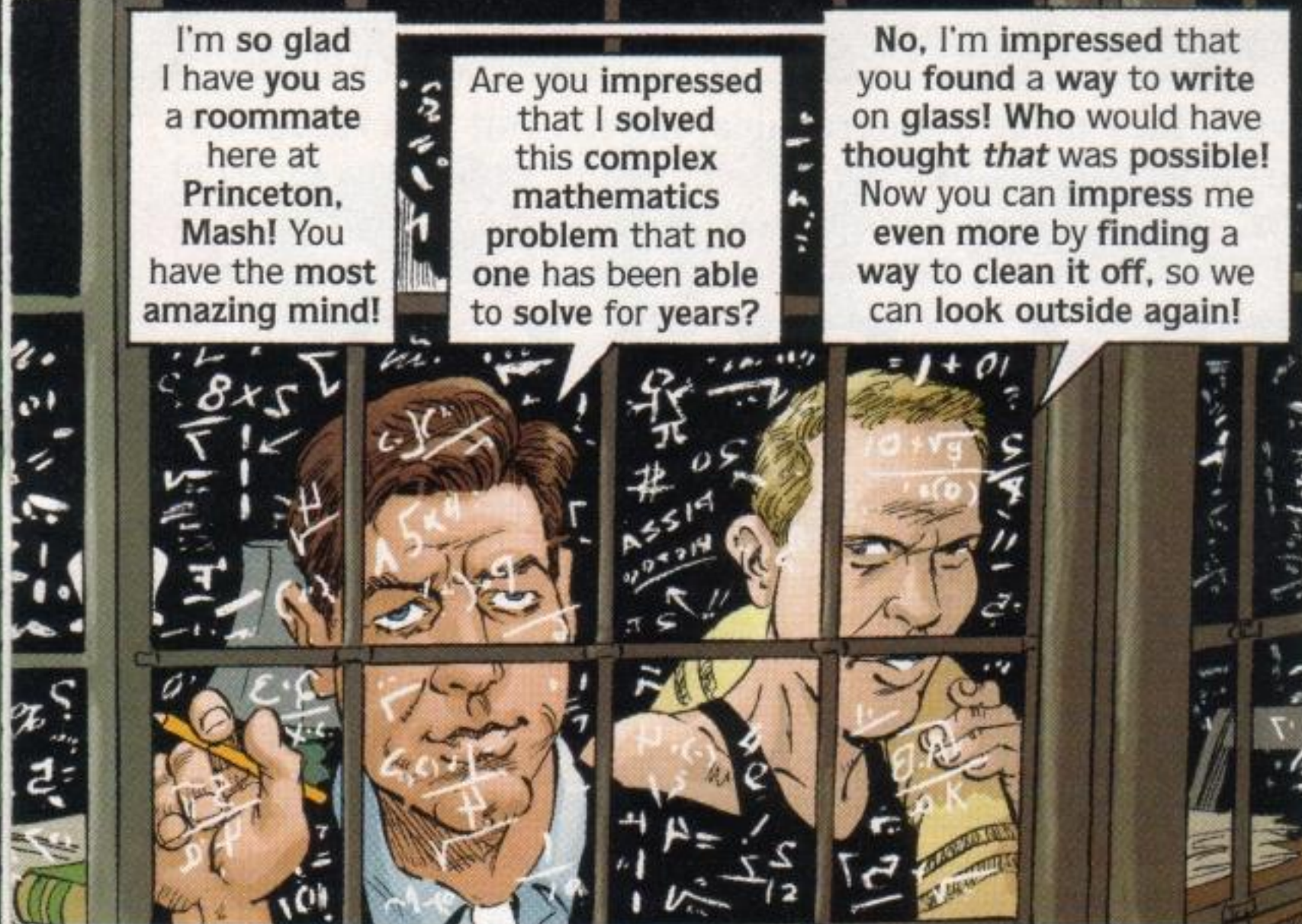
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

Your country needs you, Mash, that's why I brought you here to the secret War Room at the Pentagon! With your incredible deductive powers, we want you to help crack enemy codes for the military! It will be your way to aid our country's fight in the Cold War! And if you can use your incredible deductive powers to help me pick the winning lottery numbers, that will be your way to aid me personally! I'm broke! I only own this one hat, and as you'll see, I wear the same suit all the time!

With my brilliant mind, Pollack, I can look at these rows and rows of numbers and immediately make a logical deduction! Unfortunately, I'm not so brilliant since I didn't ask for a percentage of the gross profits of this movie instead of a one-time paycheck! Hey, can you fault me? Not even my super brain could have figured that this totally fictionalized and homogenized account of my life would pull in so much hard cash! However, I do see another Academy Award for my acting! I just pray I'm not hallucinating!

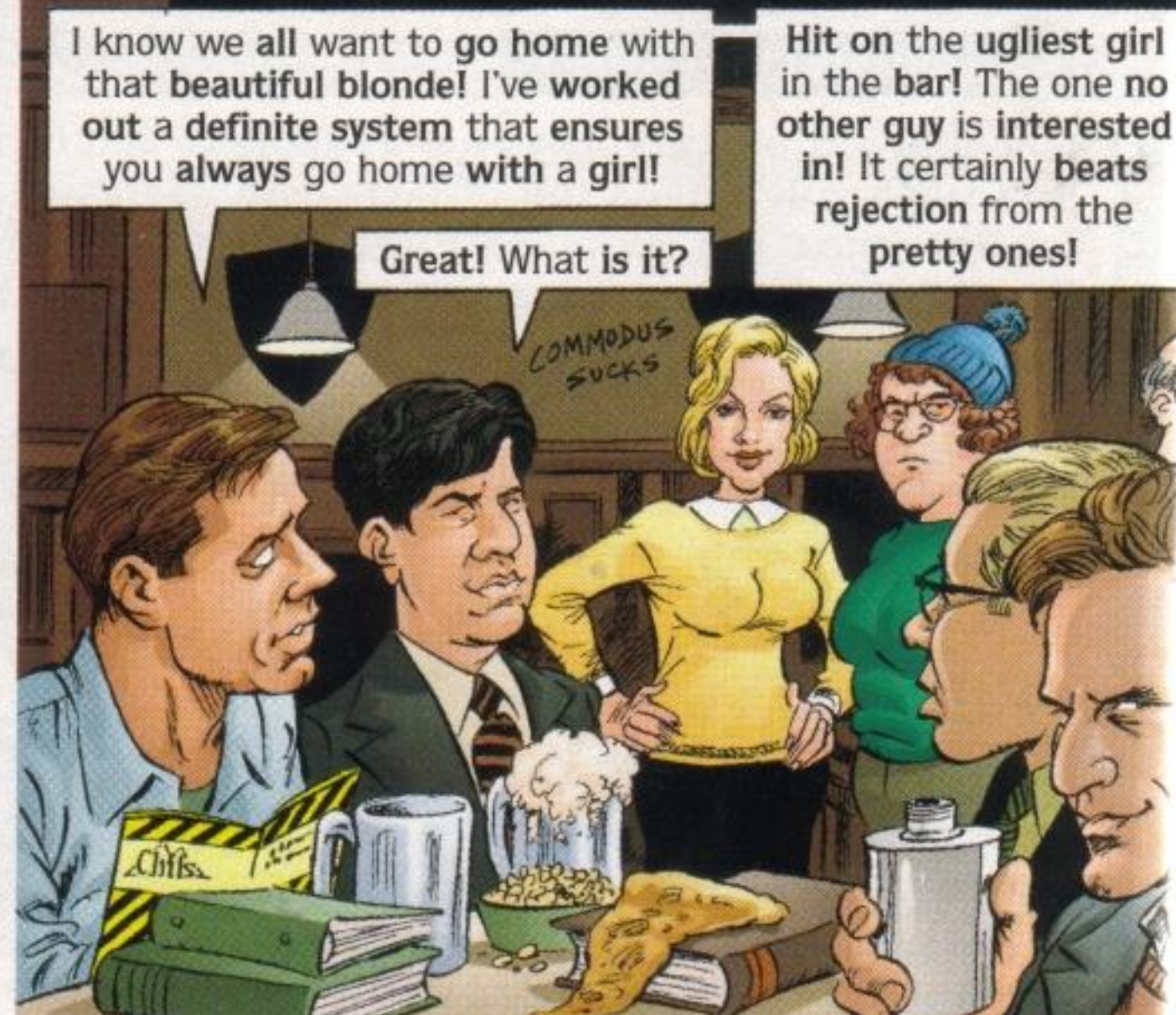




I'm so glad I have you as a roommate here at Princeton, Mash! You have the most amazing mind!

Are you impressed that I solved this complex mathematics problem that no one has been able to solve for years?

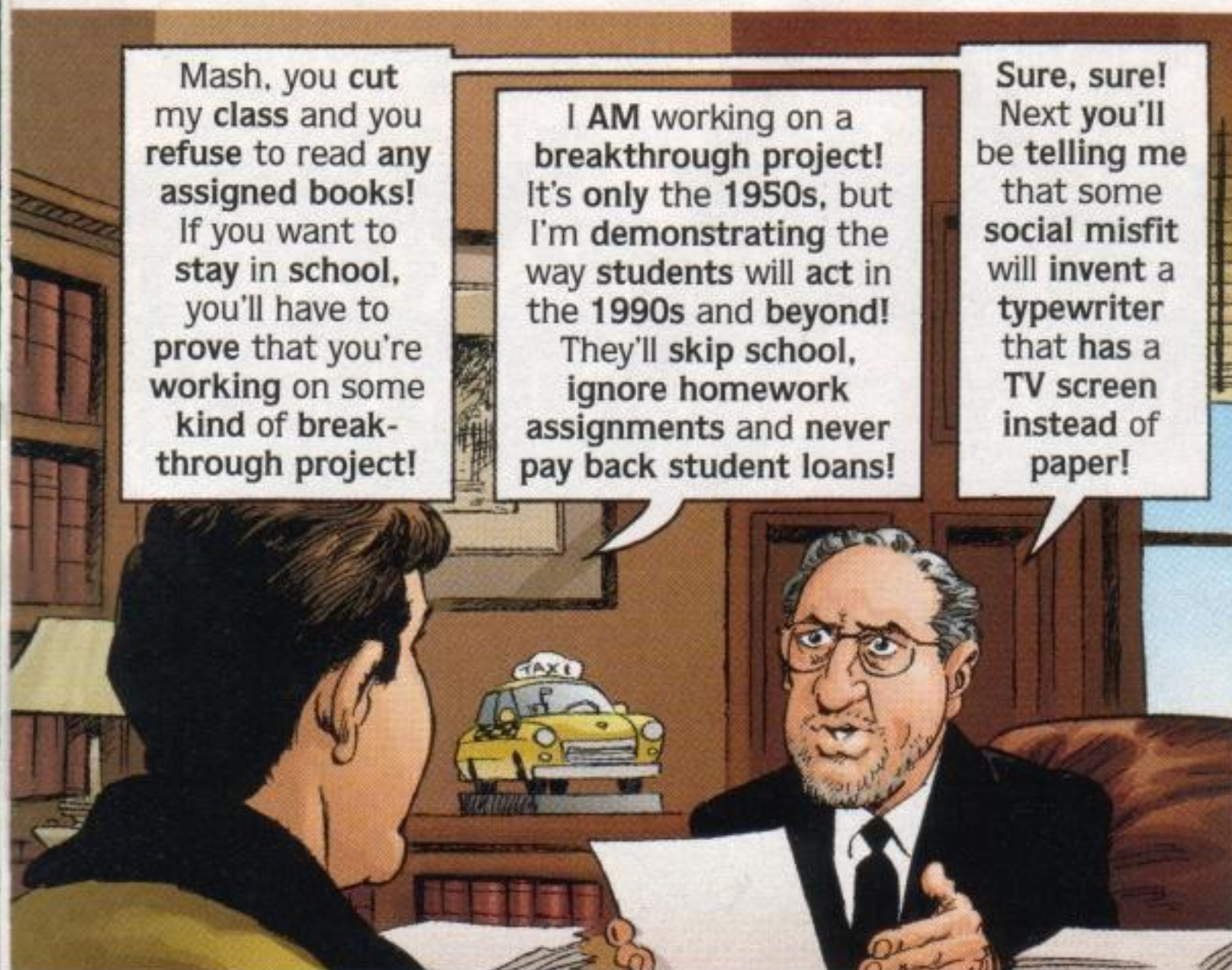
No, I'm impressed that you found a way to write on glass! Who would have thought *that* was possible! Now you can impress me even more by finding a way to clean it off, so we can look outside again!



I know we all want to go home with that beautiful blonde! I've worked out a definite system that ensures you always go home with a girl!

Great! What is it?

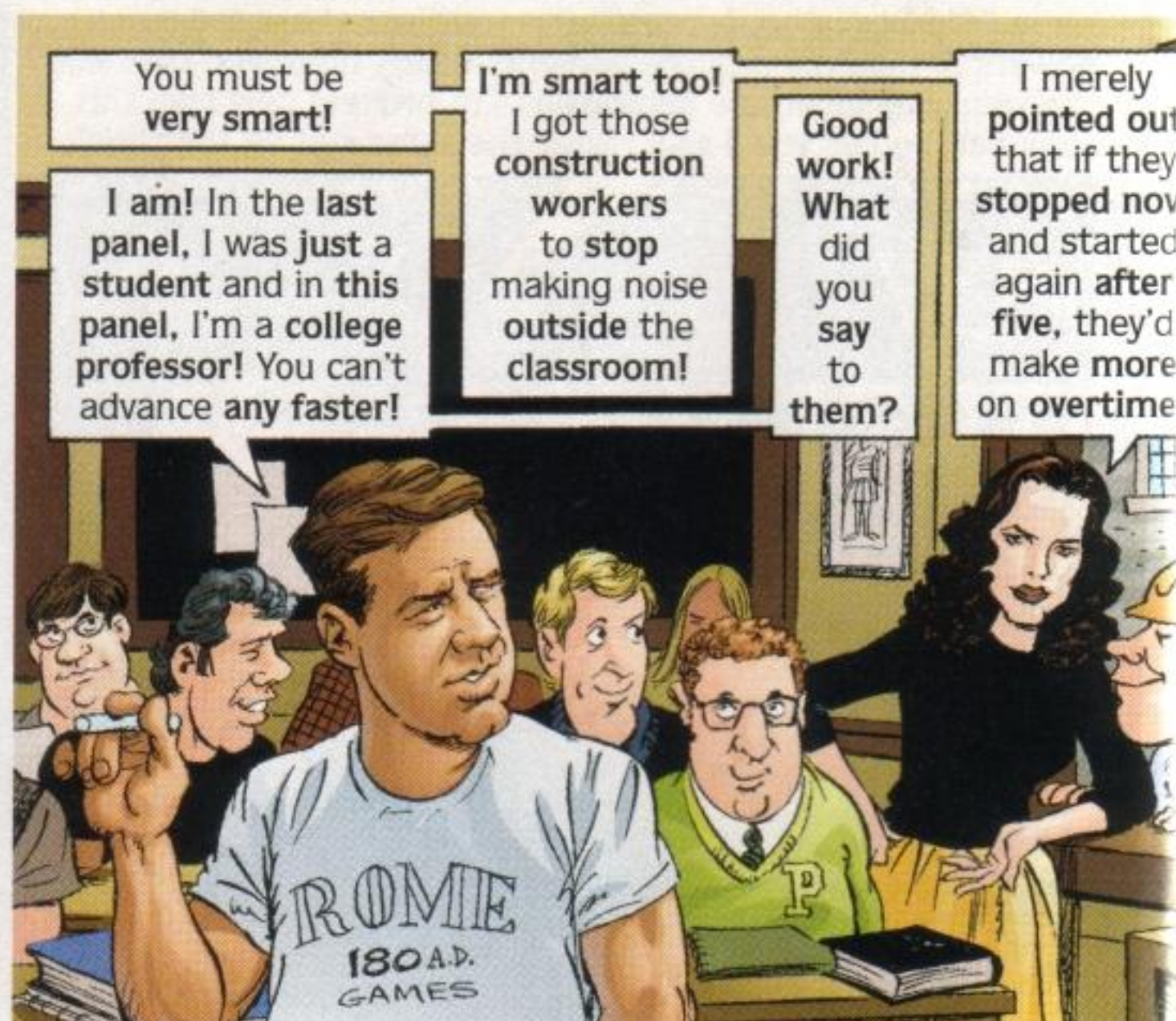
Hit on the ugliest girl in the bar! The one no other guy is interested in! It certainly beats rejection from the pretty ones!



Mash, you cut my class and you refuse to read any assigned books! If you want to stay in school, you'll have to prove that you're working on some kind of breakthrough project!

I AM working on a breakthrough project! It's only the 1950s, but I'm demonstrating the way students will act in the 1990s and beyond! They'll skip school, ignore homework assignments and never pay back student loans!

Sure, sure! Next you'll be telling me that some social misfit will invent a typewriter that has a TV screen instead of paper!



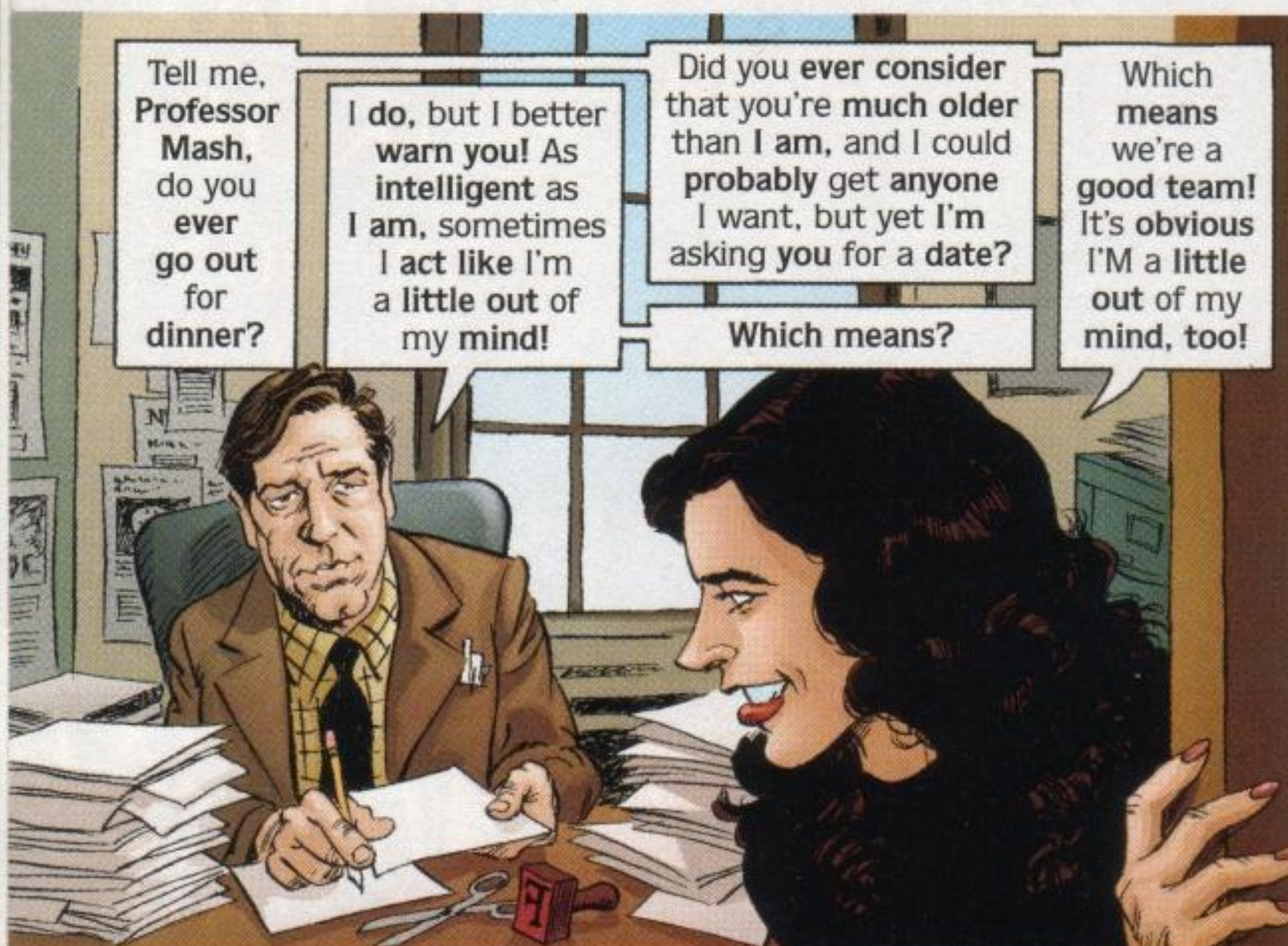
You must be very smart!

I am! In the last panel, I was just a student and in this panel, I'm a college professor! You can't advance any faster!

I'm smart too! I got those construction workers to stop making noise outside the classroom!

Good work! What did you say to them?

I merely pointed out that if they stopped now and started again after five, they'd make more on overtime



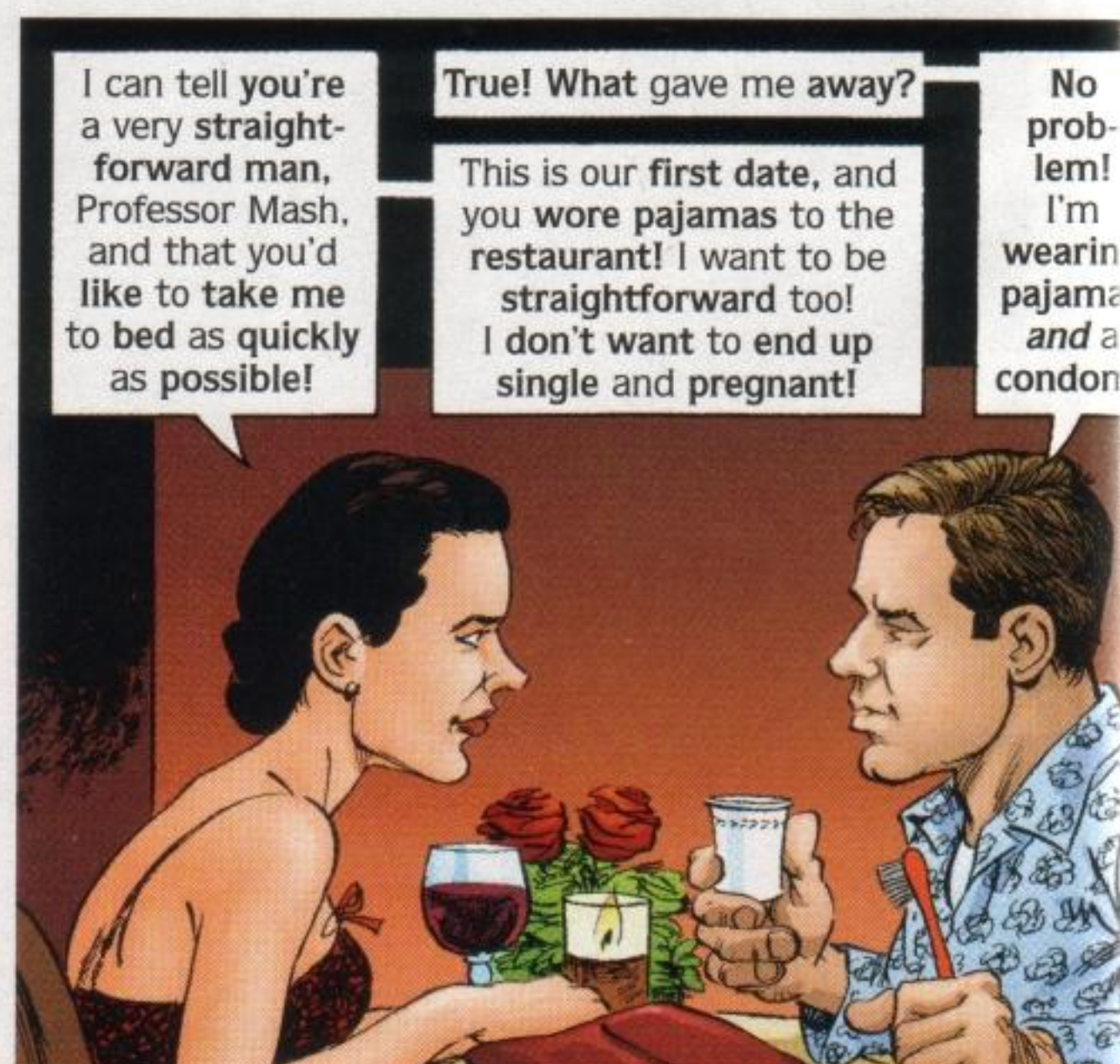
Tell me, Professor Mash, do you ever go out for dinner?

I do, but I better warn you! As intelligent as I am, sometimes I act like I'm a little out of my mind!

Did you ever consider that you're much older than I am, and I could probably get anyone I want, but yet I'm asking you for a date?

Which means?

Which means we're a good team! It's obvious I'm a little out of my mind, too!



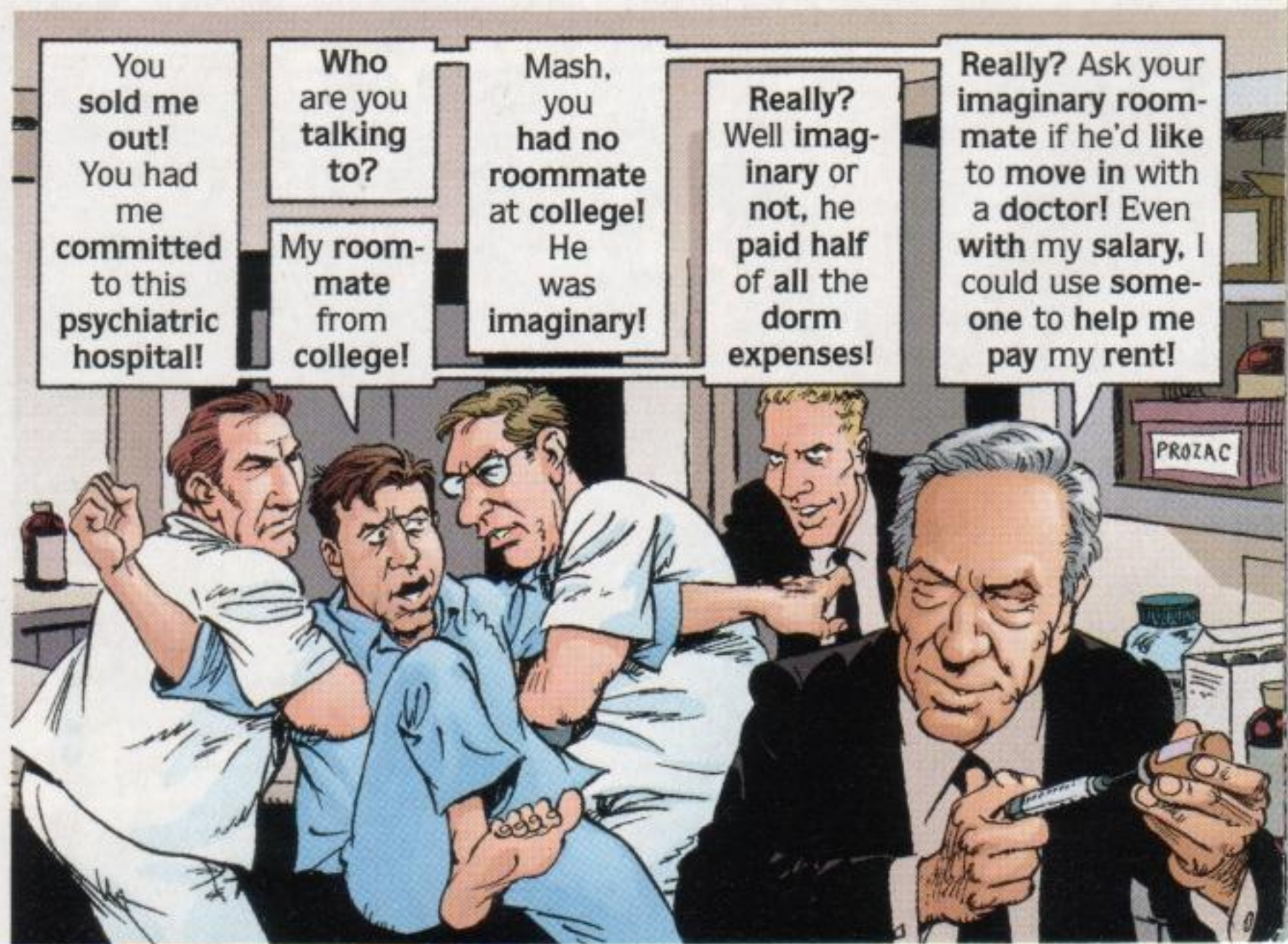
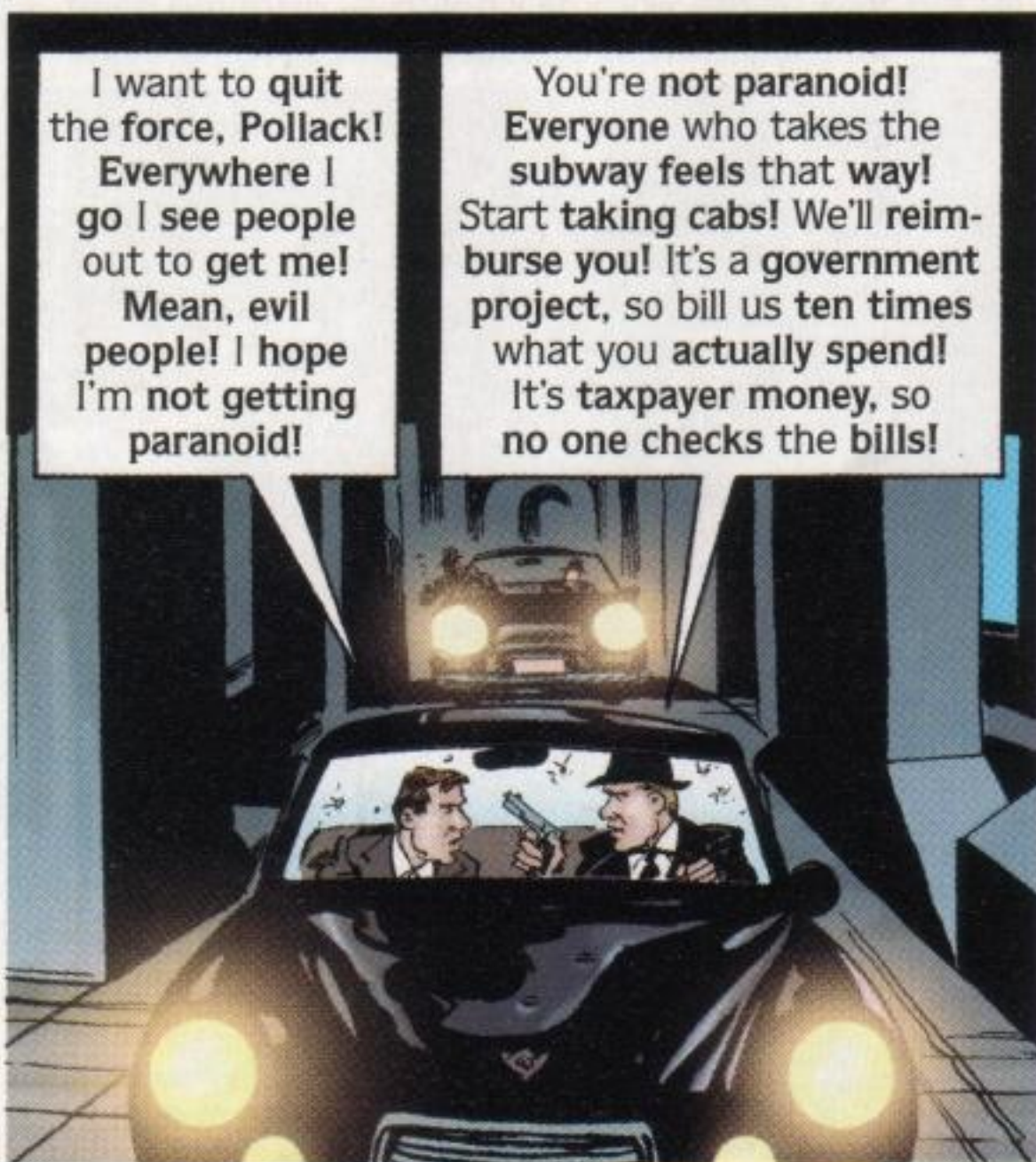
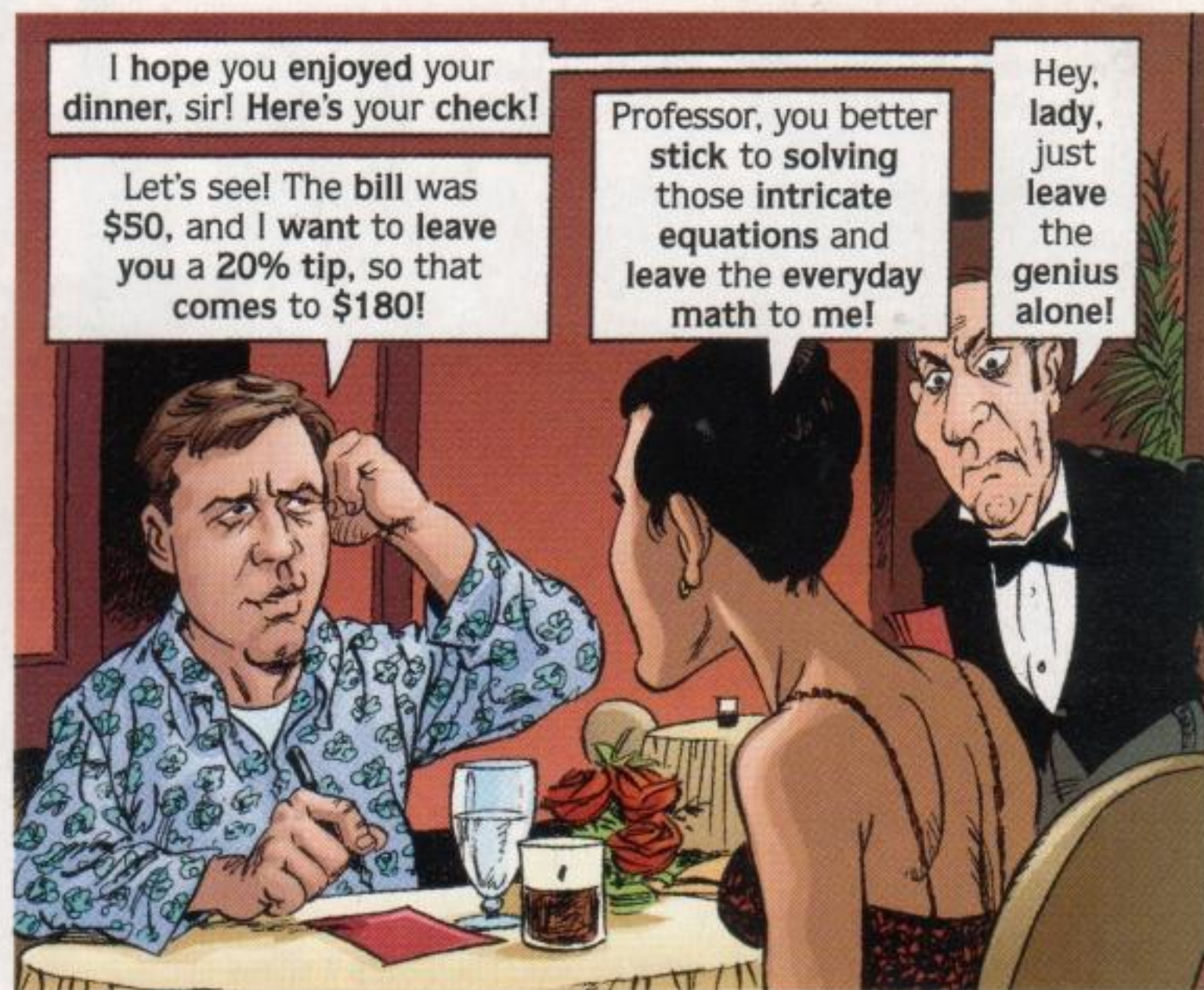
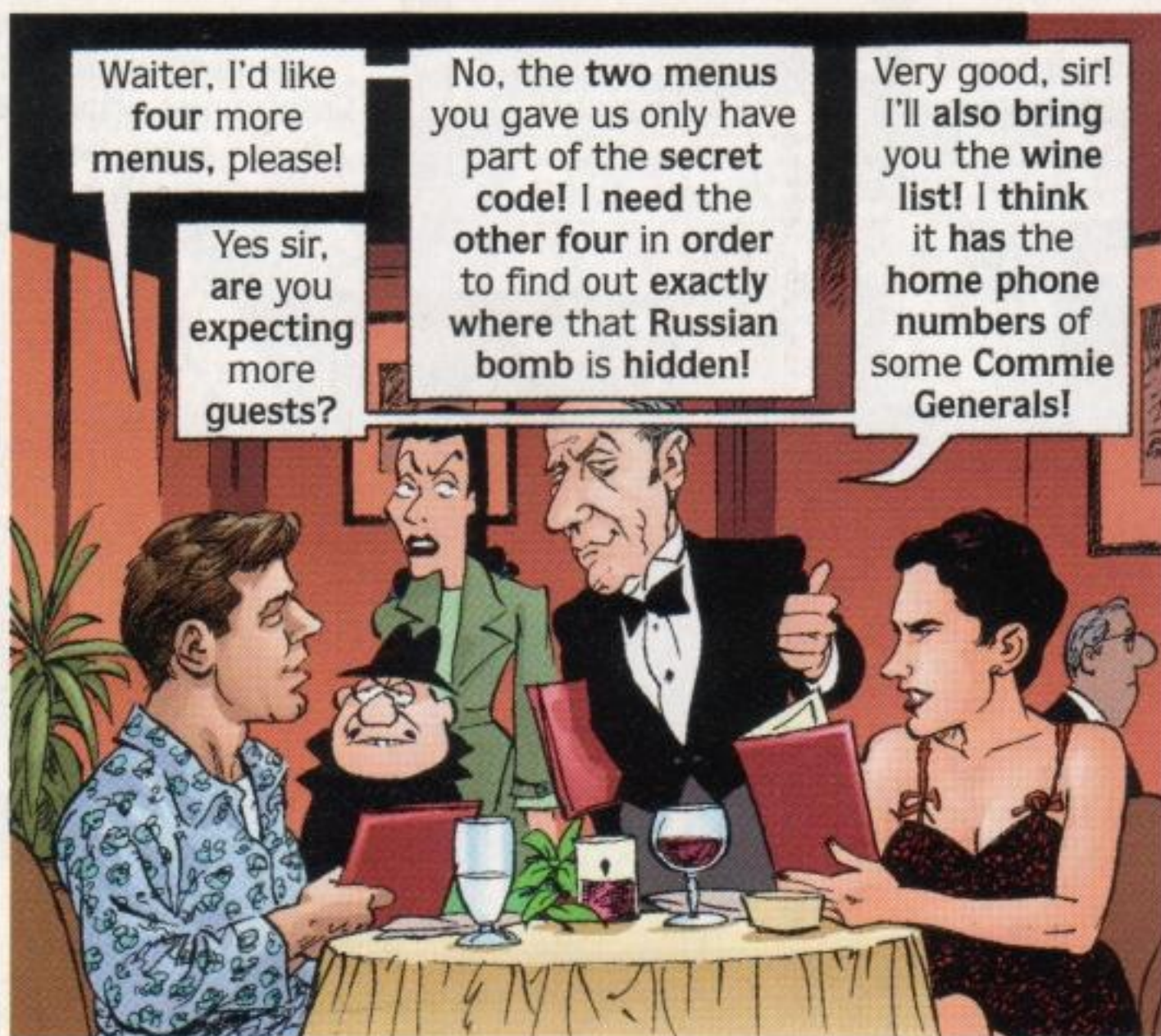
I can tell you're a very straightforward man, Professor Mash, and that you'd like to take me to bed as quickly as possible!

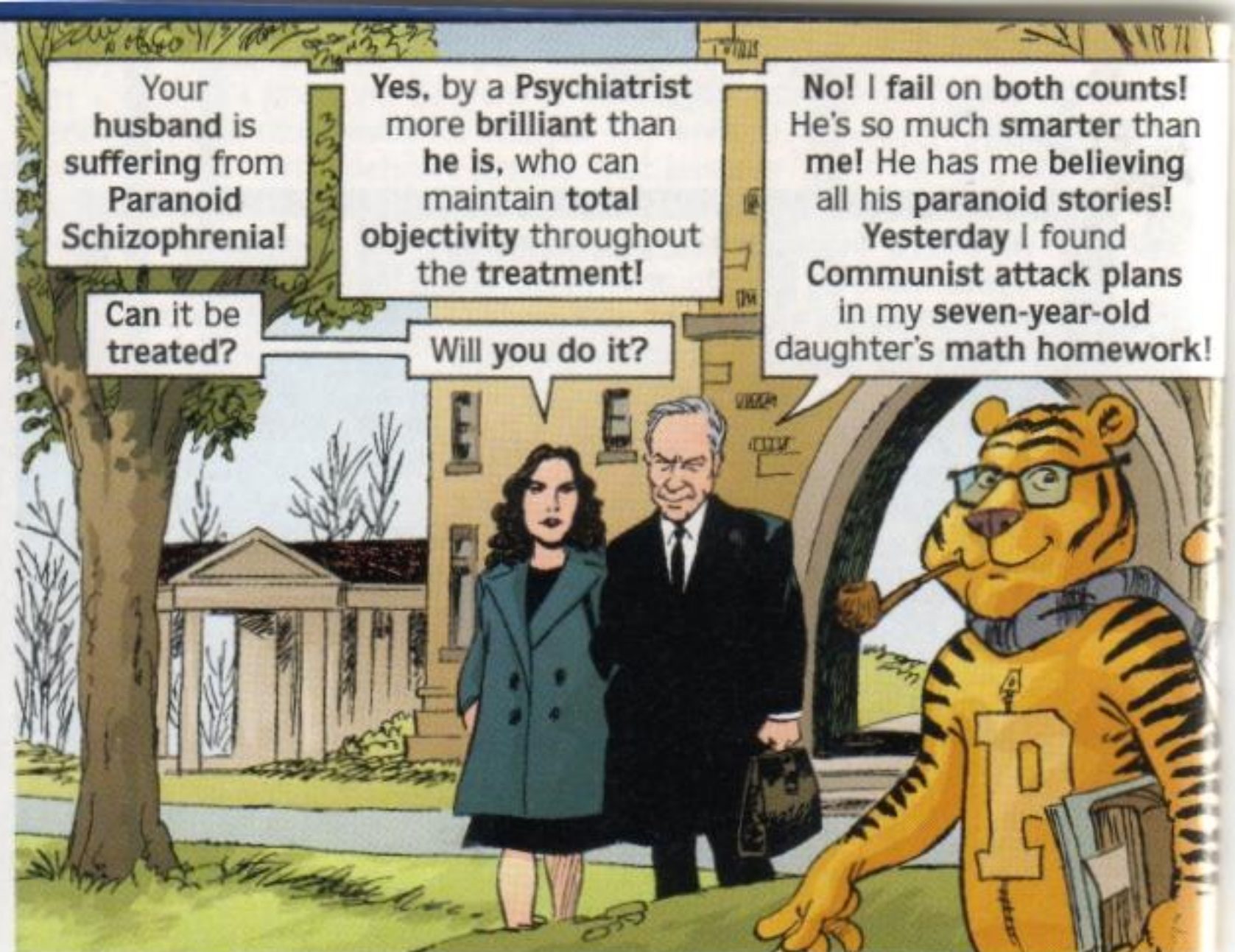
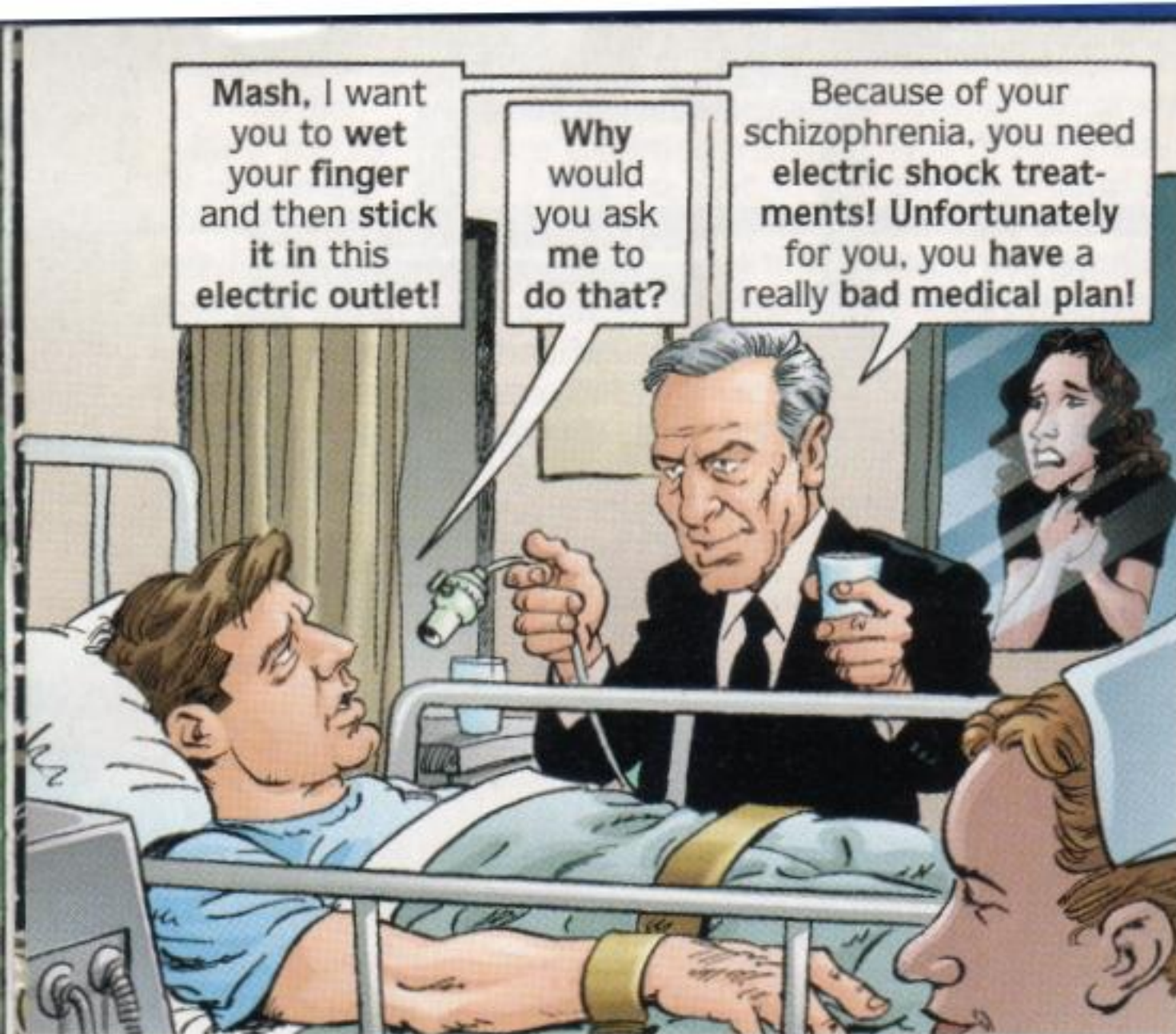
True! What gave me away?

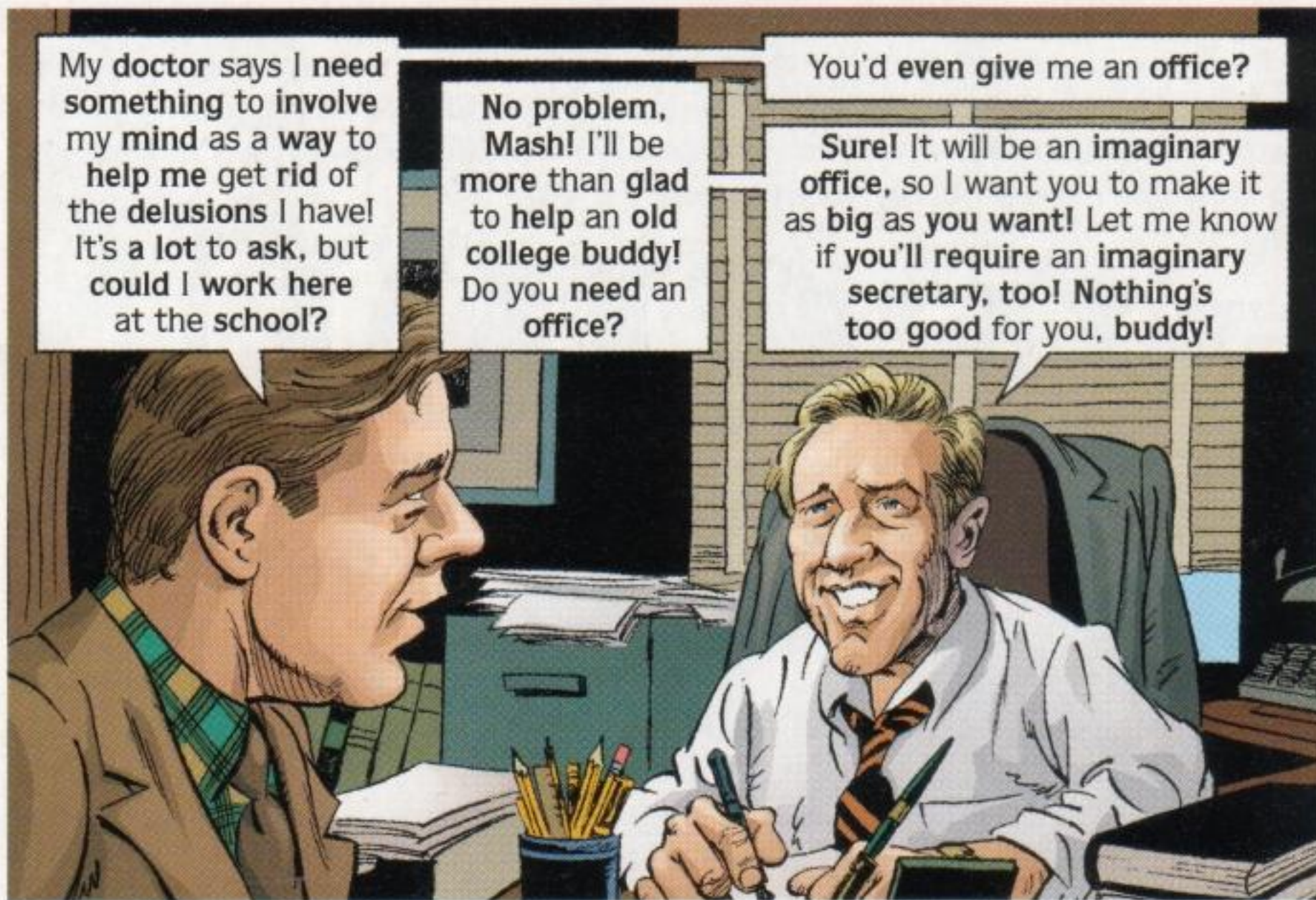
This is our first date, and you wore pajamas to the restaurant! I want to be straightforward too! I don't want to end up single and pregnant!

No problem! I'm wearing pajamas and a condom









My doctor says I need something to involve my mind as a way to help me get rid of the delusions I have! It's a lot to ask, but could I work here at the school?

No problem, Mash! I'll be more than glad to help an old college buddy! Do you need an office?

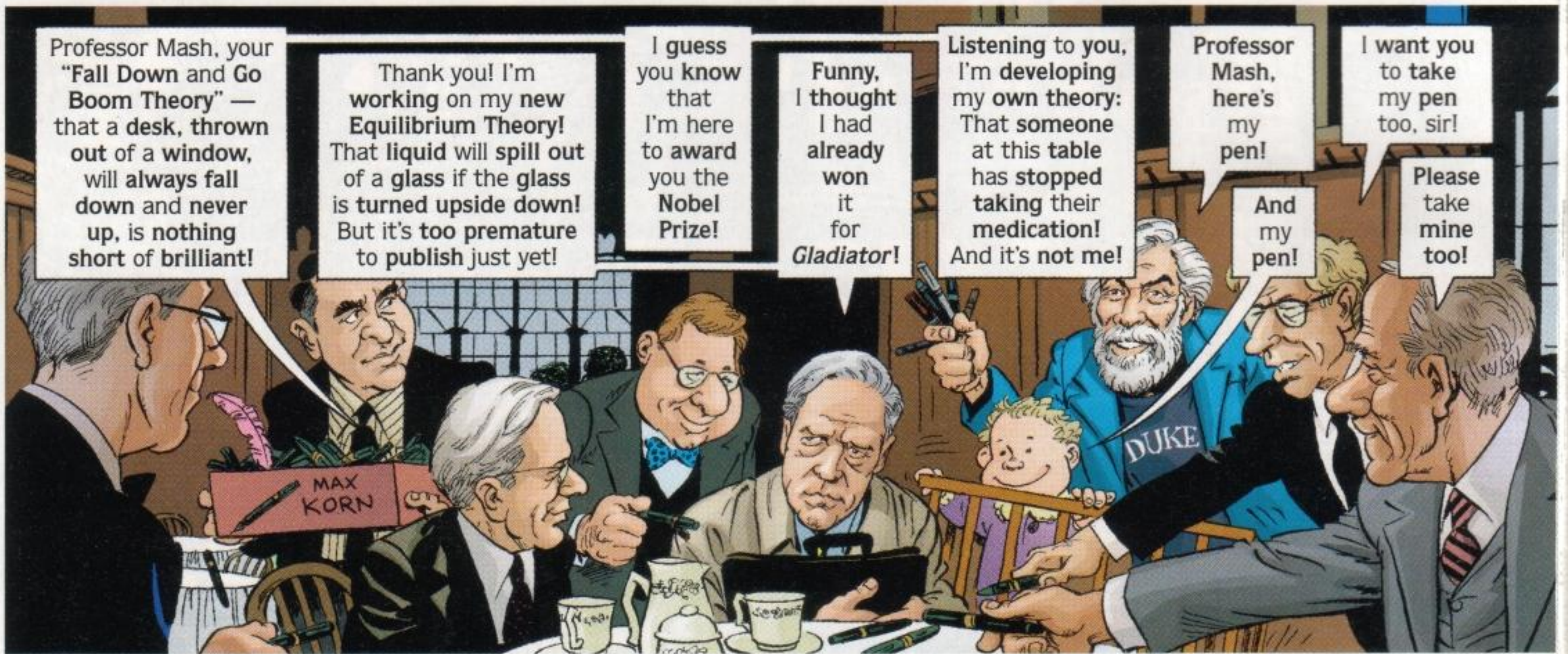
You'd even give me an office?

Sure! It will be an imaginary office, so I want you to make it as big as you want! Let me know if you'll require an imaginary secretary, too! Nothing's too good for you, buddy!



I'll also need a window to write on!

An imaginary window? Forget it! Now you're getting pushy!



Professor Mash, your "Fall Down and Go Boom Theory" — that a desk, thrown out of a window, will always fall down and never up, is nothing short of brilliant!

Thank you! I'm working on my new Equilibrium Theory! That liquid will spill out of a glass if the glass is turned upside down! But it's too premature to publish just yet!

I guess you know that I'm here to award you the Nobel Prize!

Funny, I thought I had already won it for *Gladiator*!

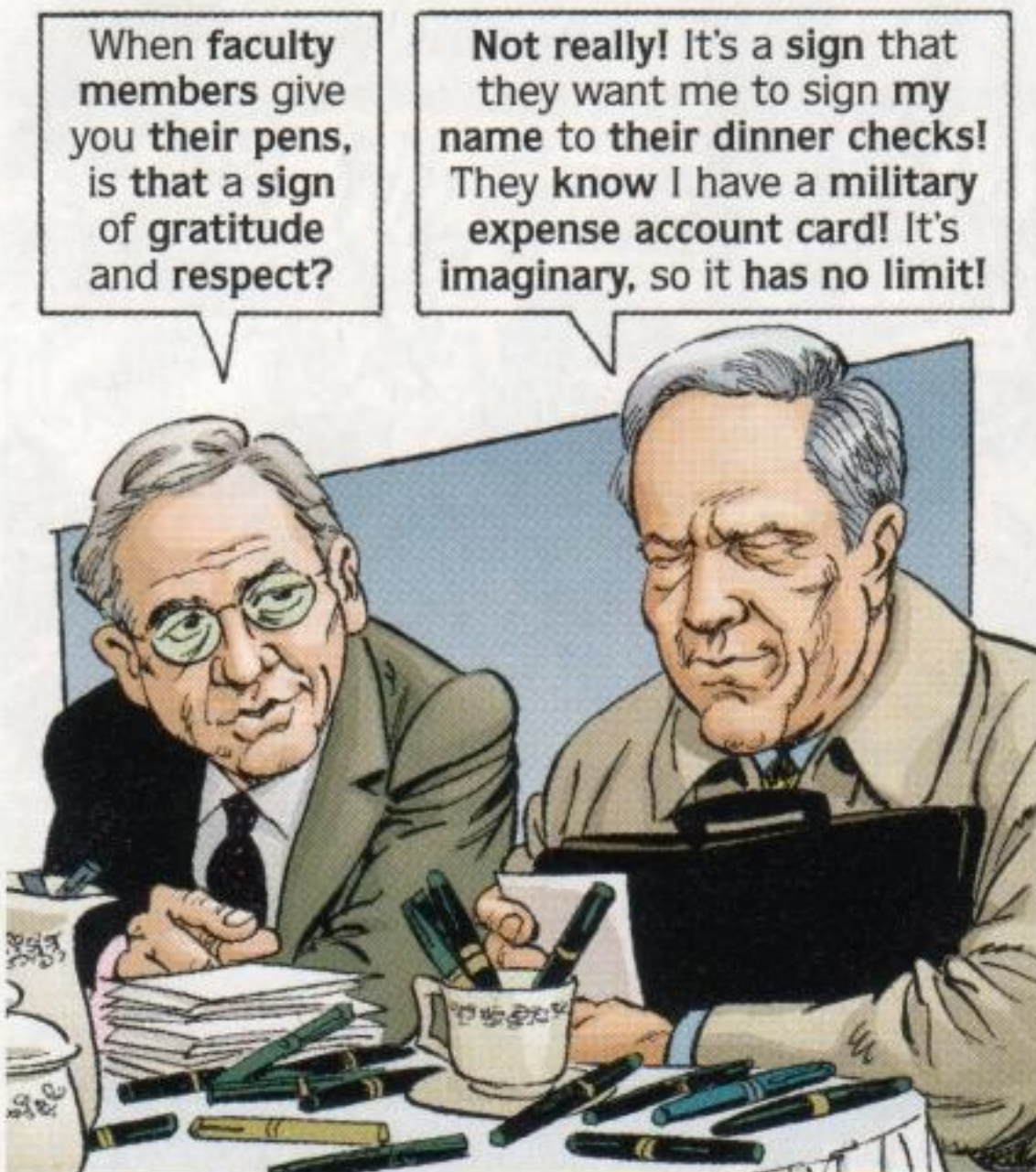
Listening to you, I'm developing my own theory: That someone at this table has stopped taking their medication! And it's not me!

Professor Mash, here's my pen!

I want you to take my pen too, sir!

And my pen!

Please take mine too!



When faculty members give you their pens, is that a sign of gratitude and respect?

Not really! It's a sign that they want me to sign my name to their dinner checks! They know I have a military expense account card! It's imaginary, so it has no limit!



Was my acceptance speech for the Nobel Prize all right? Did I acknowledge my wife enough?

Yes! It was the most moving speech I've ever heard! You gave your wife credit for everything! There's just one tiny little problem!

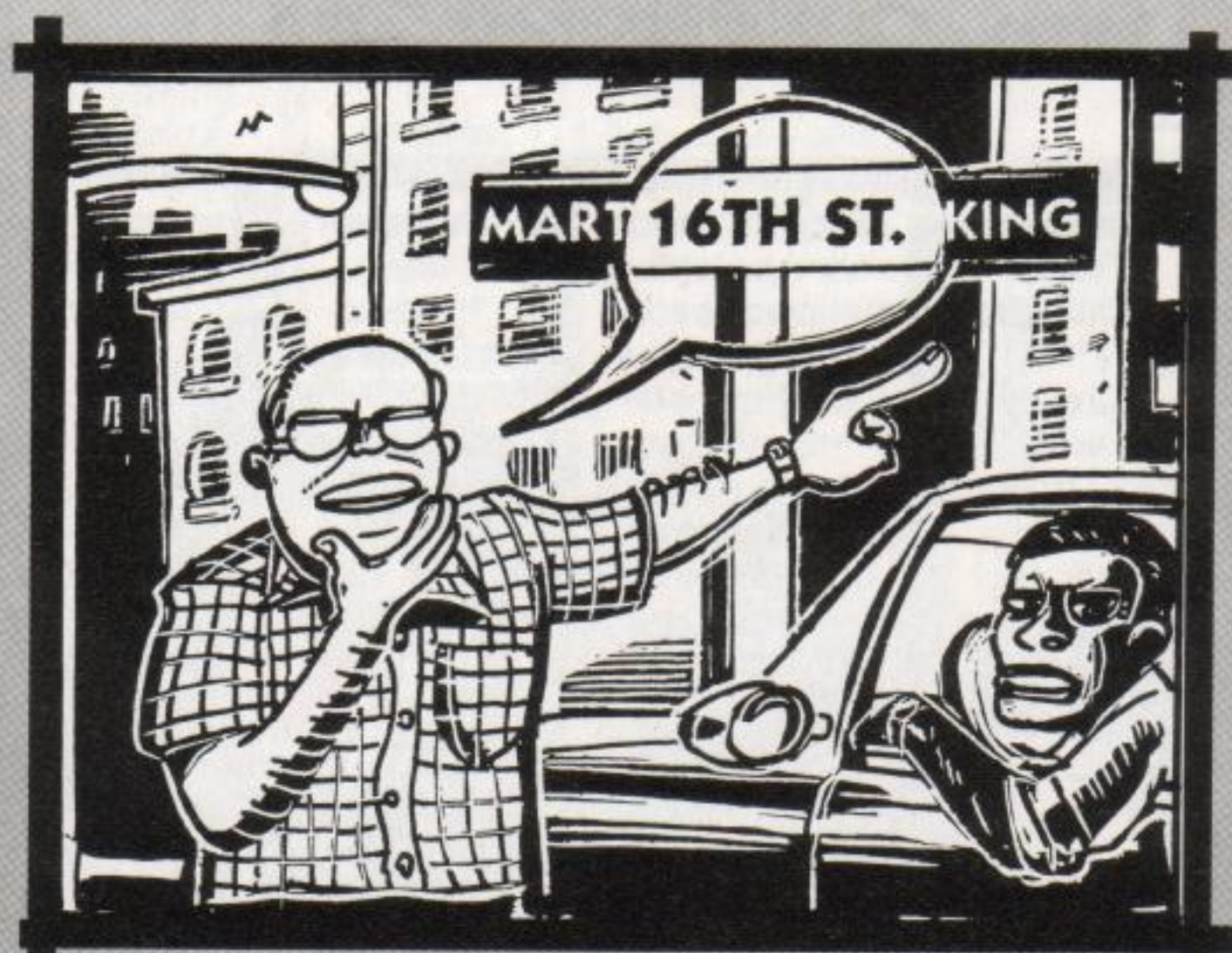
And what's that?

You don't have a wife! And you never did! She was imaginary! Do you really think a gorgeous woman like that would marry a creep like you?



Everyone will tell you they know what racism is — cross burnings, causing someone harm based solely on the color of their skin, terrorizing those different from themselves. They'll tell you it involves discrimination in hiring and selling real estate, and denying opportunities to people because of what they look like. Then these same people will be quick to tell you they've never done anything like that and they condemn anyone who does, and they're probably right. But what about those actions where nobody gets hurt — little, teensy actions that come and go in a flash — actions the individuals are probably not even aware they're committing — these are the actions that brand them...

UNCONSCIOUS RACISTS...



...Insist it's habit that makes them call Martin Luther King Boulevard by its former name.



...Always seem to find themselves on supermarket checkout lines manned by their own kind, no matter how much longer the wait.



...Walk right past stores that use rap songs in their advertising.



...Swear they eat at Denny's "for the food."



...Refer to *In Living Color* as "the show Jim Carrey was on."



...Often forget to pick up things at the local 7-Eleven because they're too busy staring at the clerk's "dot."



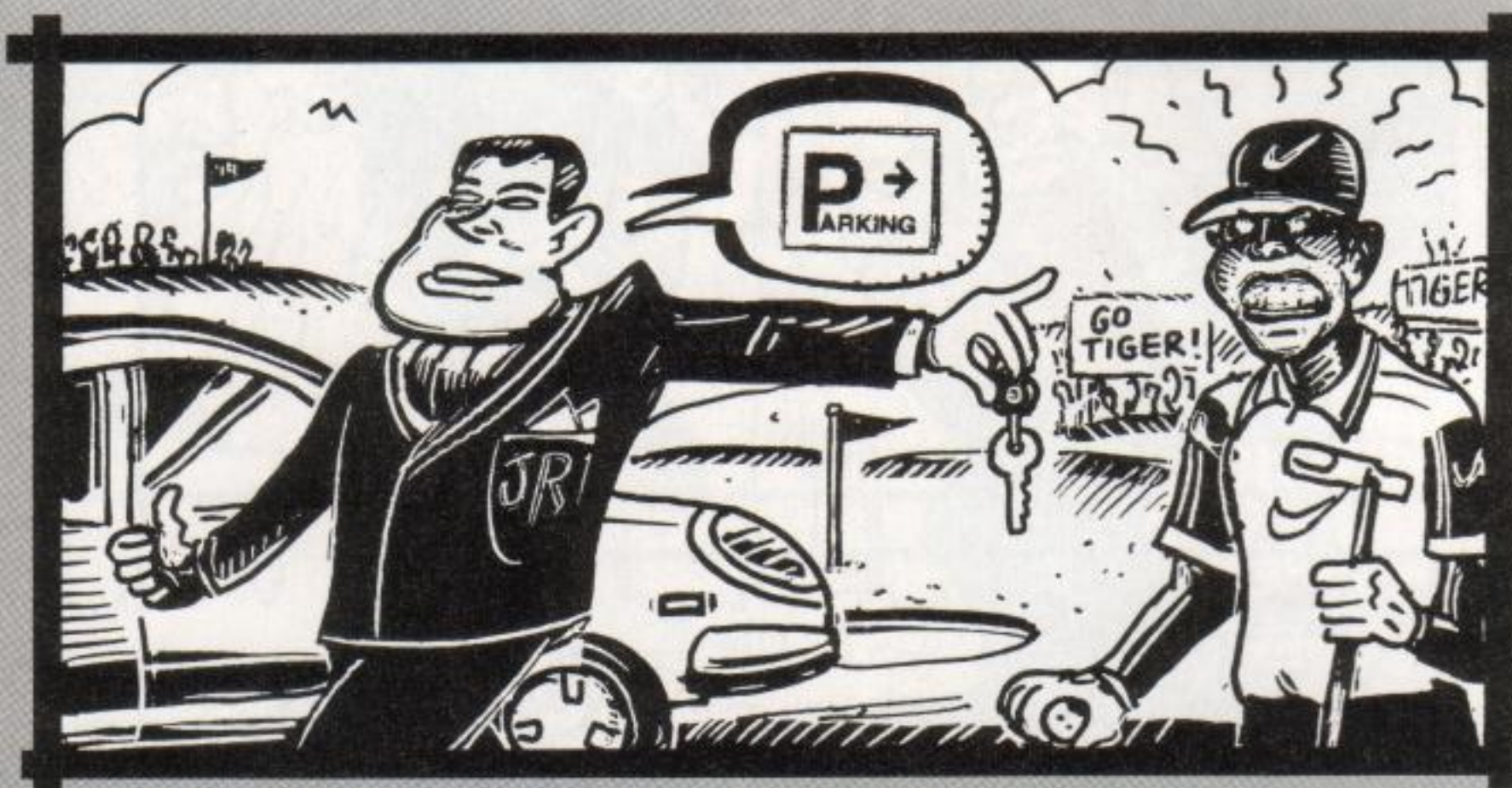
...Never wonder why there are no black people on *Friends*.



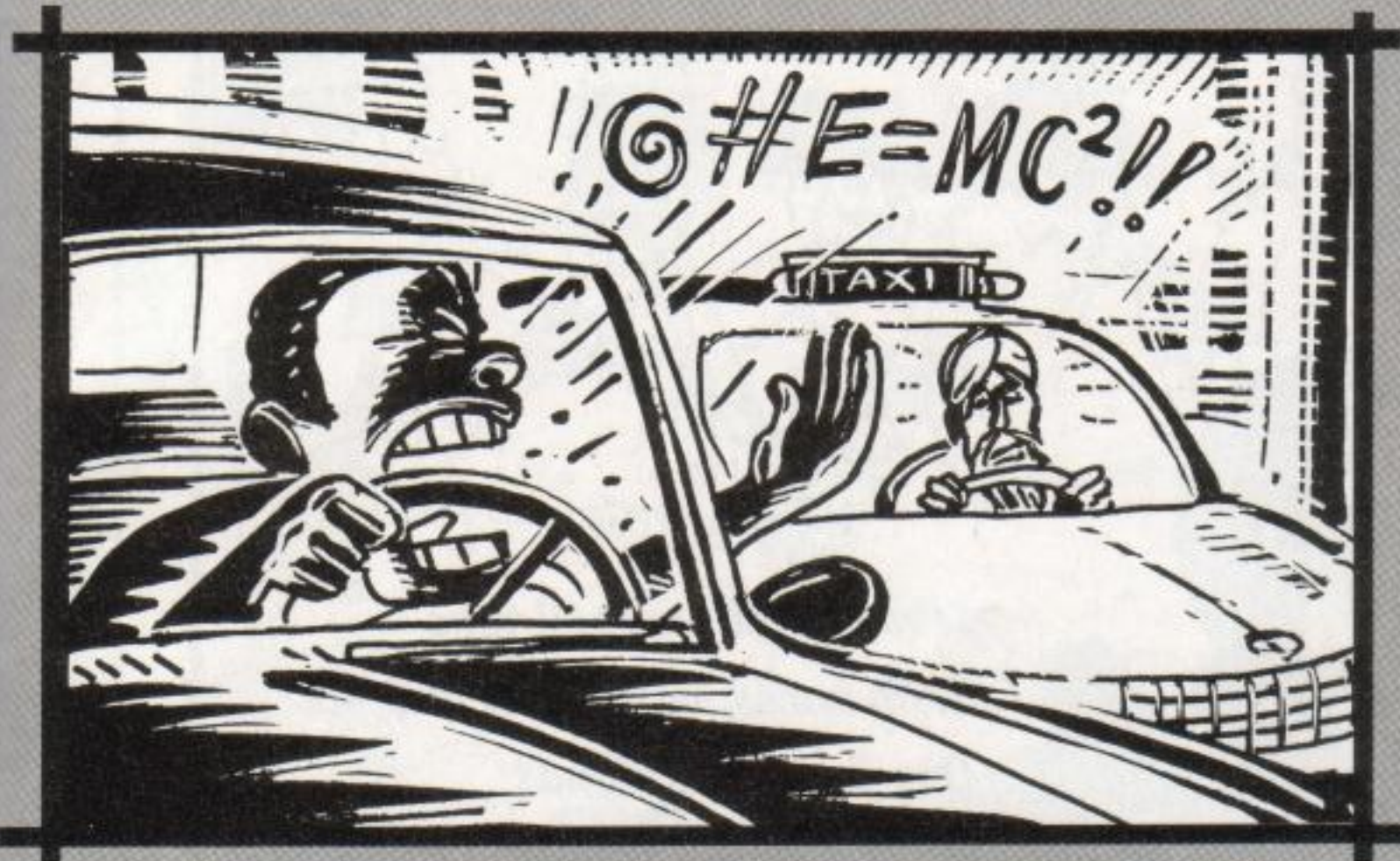
...Always just assume the white guy is in charge.



...Pulled for Mark McGwire over Sammy Sosa.



...Go to the country club and hand their keys to the first minority they see.



...Always have a perfectly logical reason why they didn't let the guy with the turban merge into their lane.



...See a Native American and assume he's got a piece of a casino somewhere.



Baseball, the great American Pastime! At least it used to be! These days, in an era of prima donna players, colluding owners and a sham commissioner, interest in the game is on the wane for many Americans. Why, it's almost as if you could count the remaining fans on one hand (or two)...



Ten Loyal baseball fans

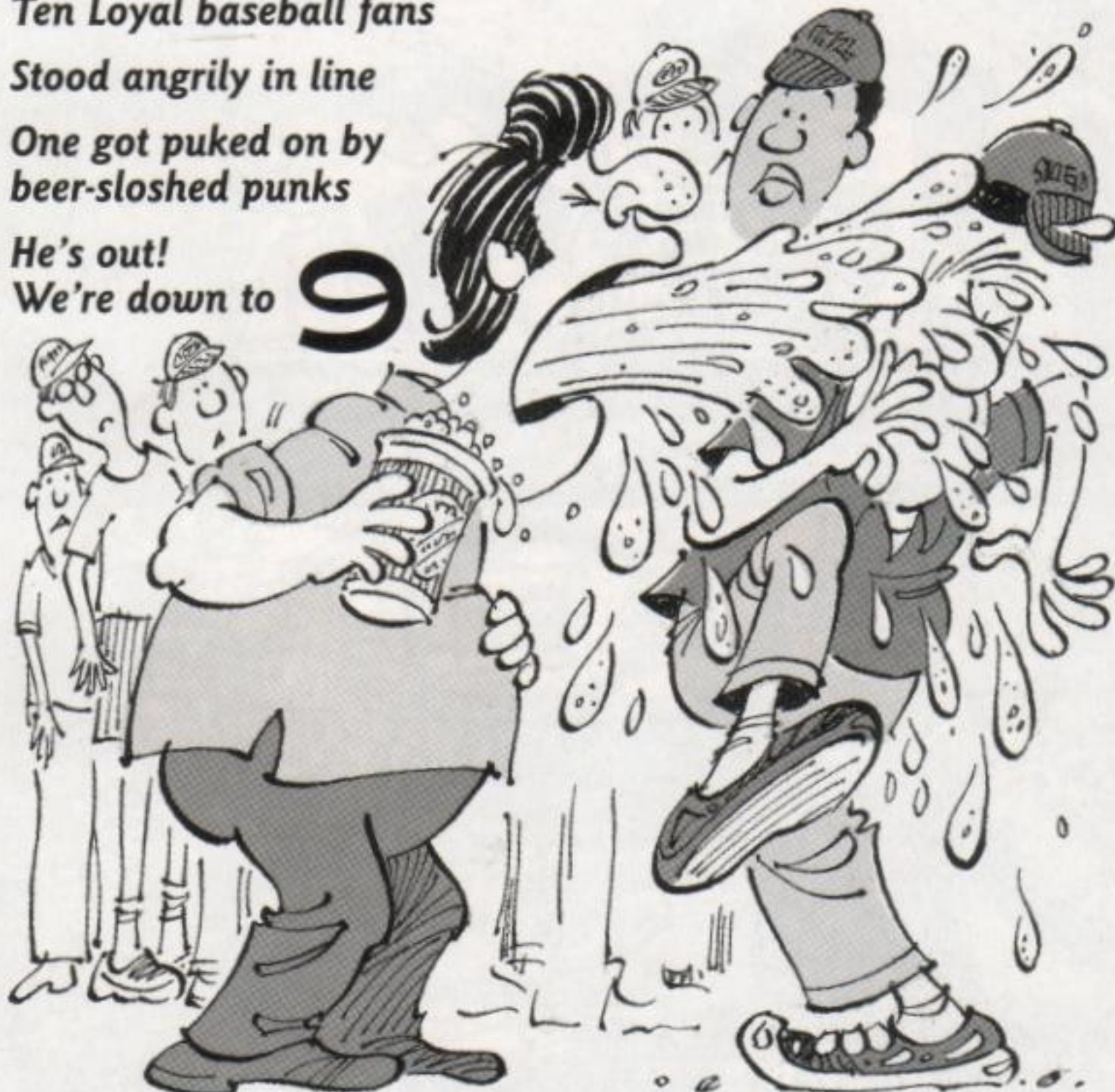
Stood angrily in line

One got puked on by
beer-sloshed punks

He's out!

We're down to

9



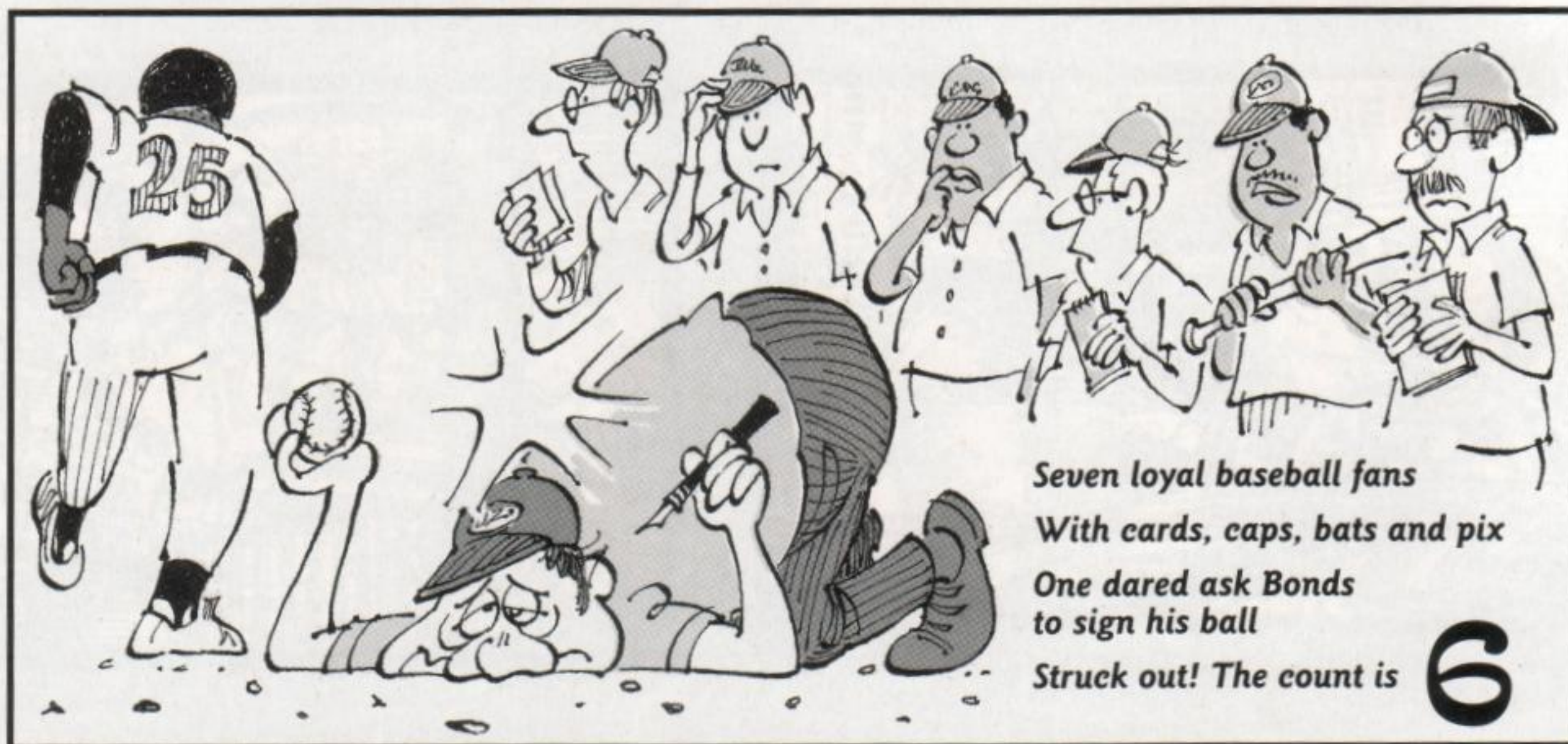
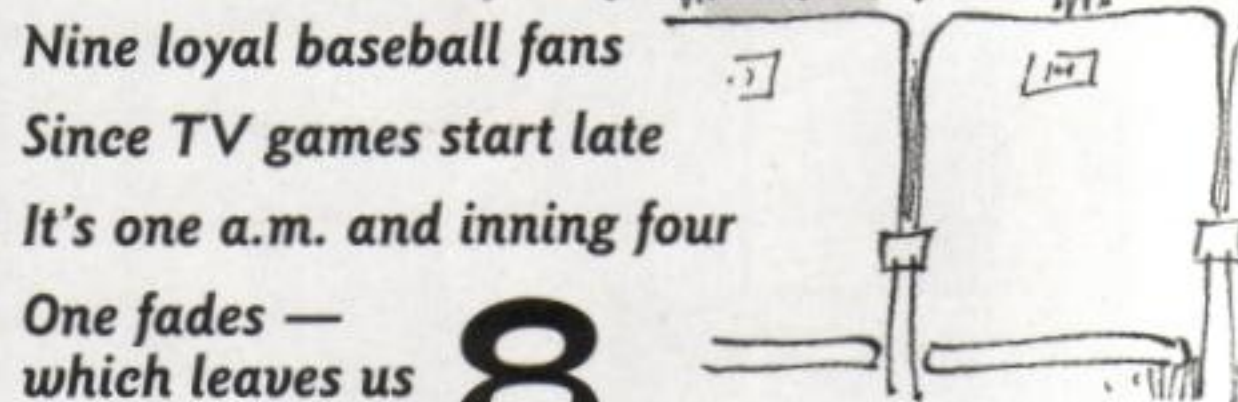
Nine loyal baseball fans

Since TV games start late

It's one a.m. and inning four

One fades —
which leaves us

8



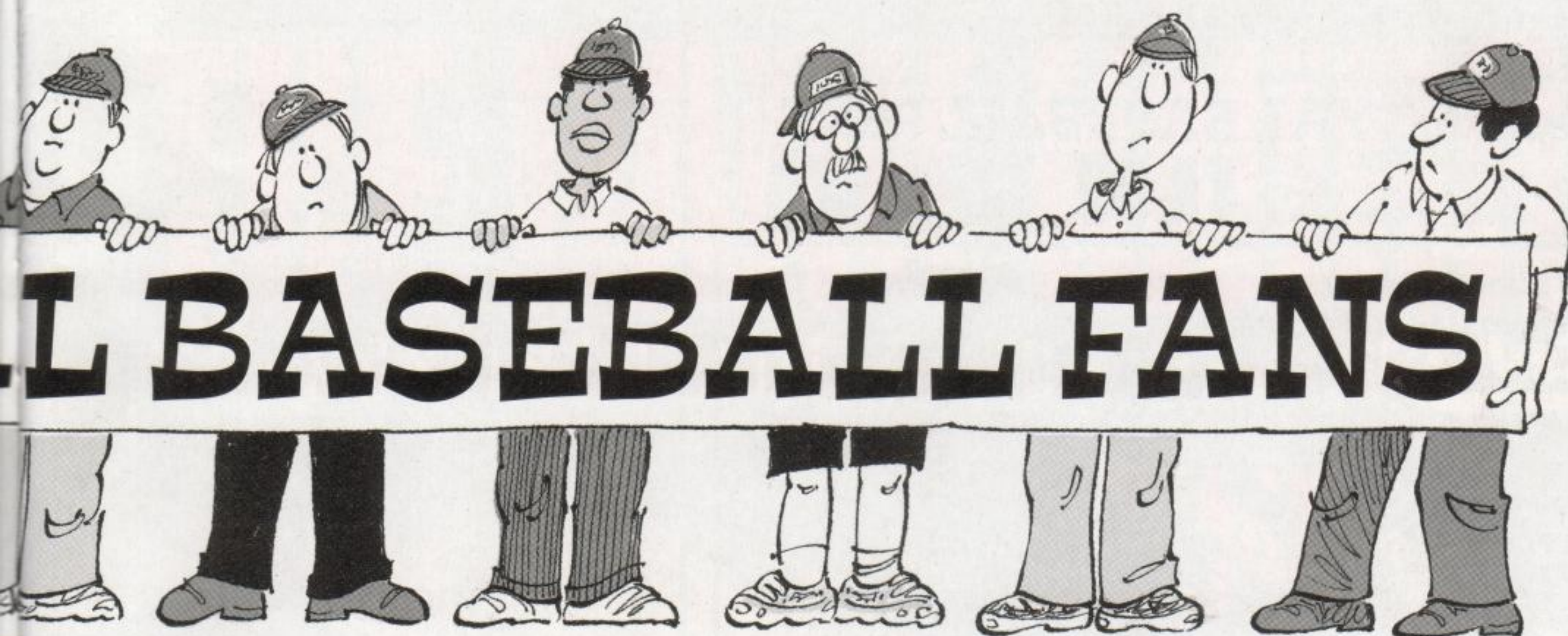
Seven loyal baseball fans

With cards, caps, bats and pix

One dared ask Bonds
to sign his ball

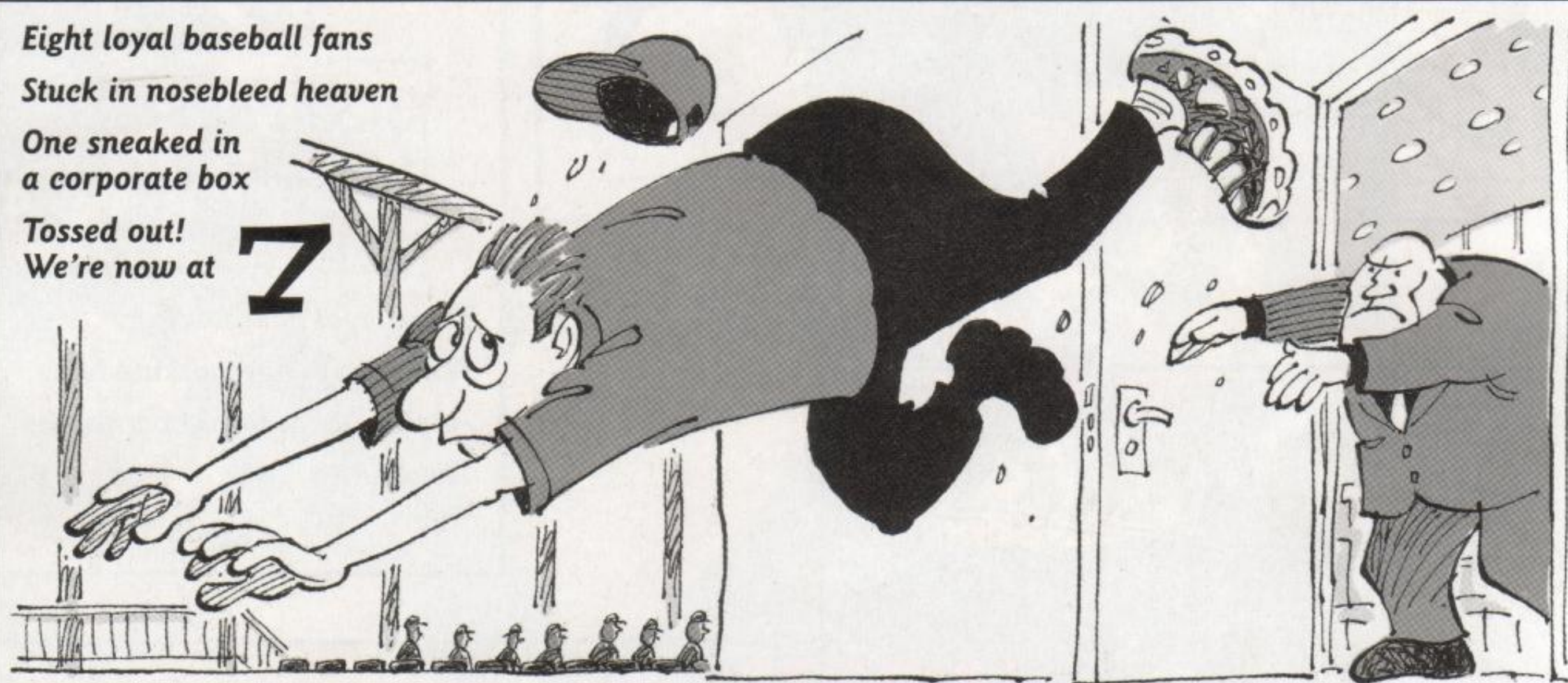
Struck out! The count is

6



Eight loyal baseball fans
Stuck in nosebleed heaven
One sneaked in
a corporate box
Tossed out!
We're now at

7

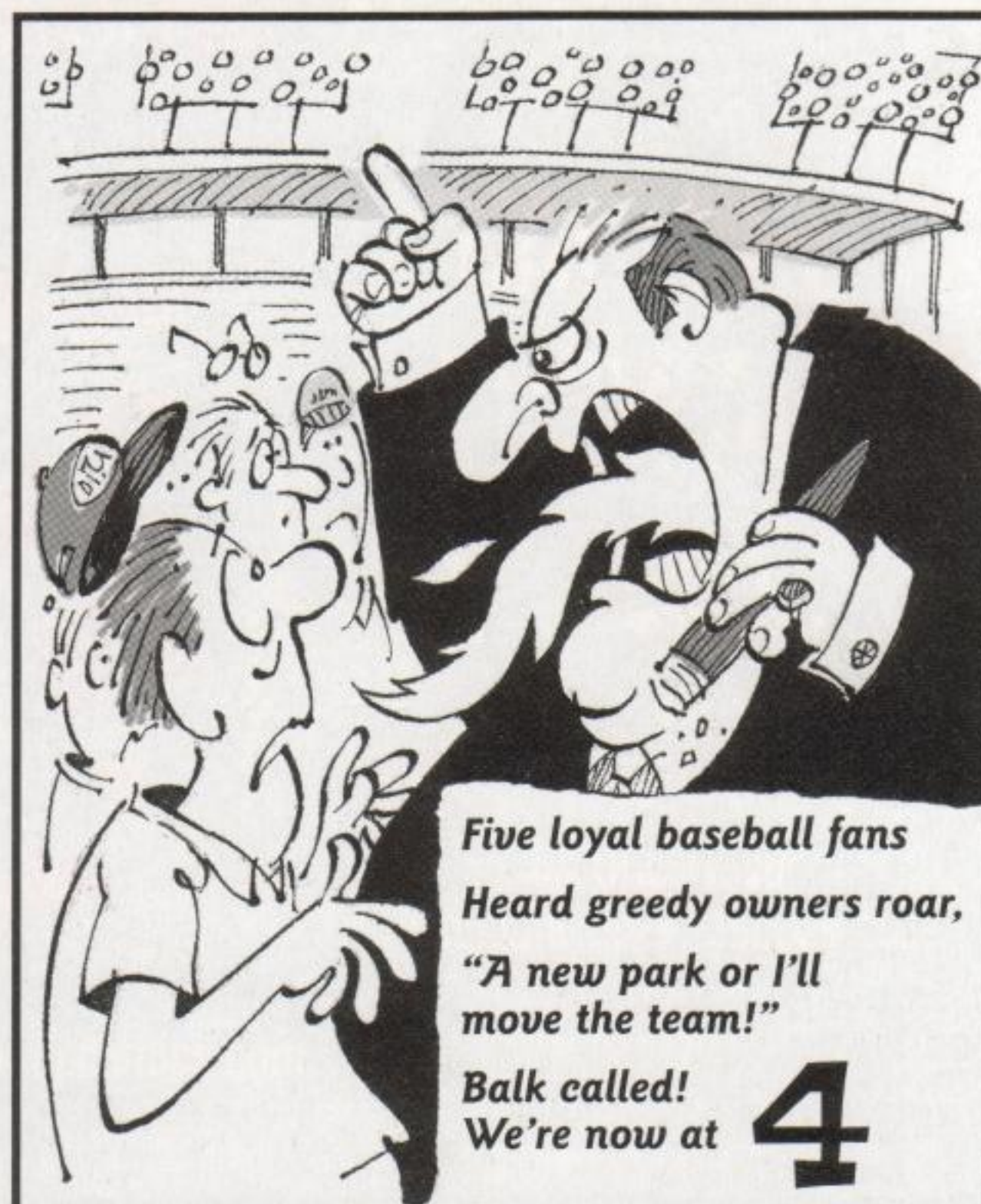
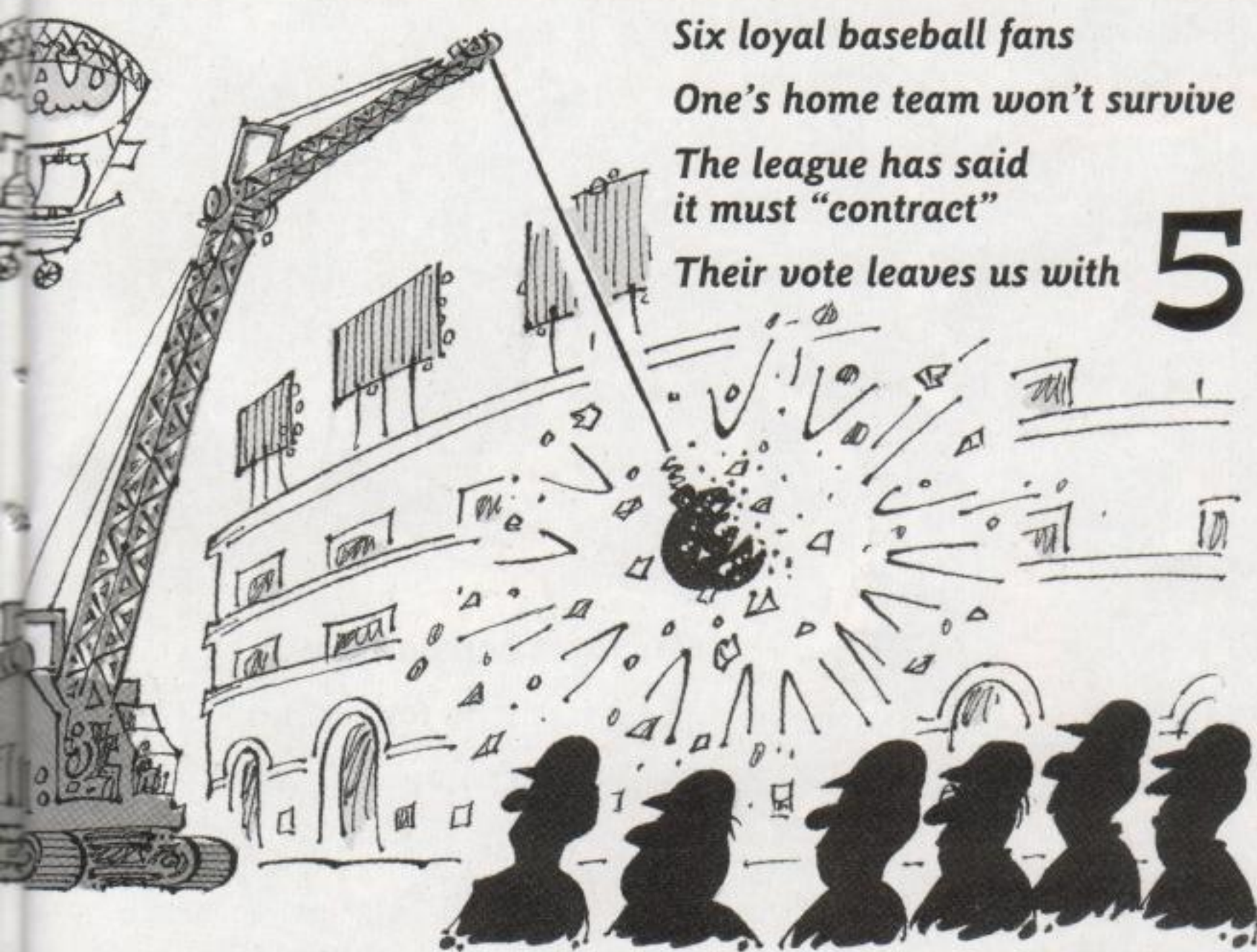


ARTIST: PAUL COKER

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Six loyal baseball fans
One's home team won't survive
The league has said
it must "contract"
Their vote leaves us with

5



Five loyal baseball fans
Heard greedy owners roar,
"A new park or I'll
move the team!"
Balk called!
We're now at

4



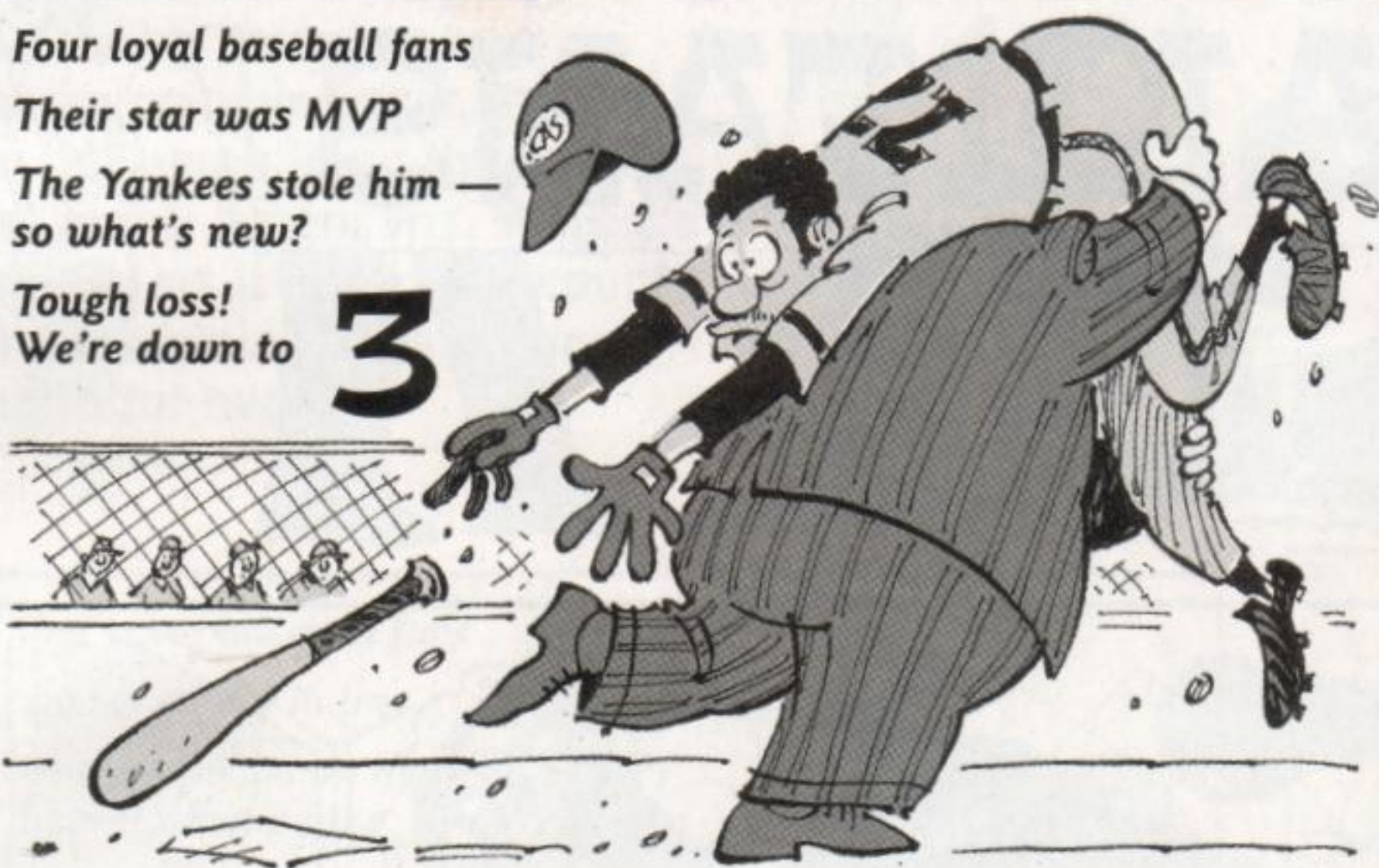
Four loyal baseball fans

Their star was MVP

The Yankees stole him —
so what's new?

Tough loss!
We're down to

3



Three loyal baseball fans

Twelve bucks on parking blew

Another eight for rubber franks

The count's
now 0 and

2



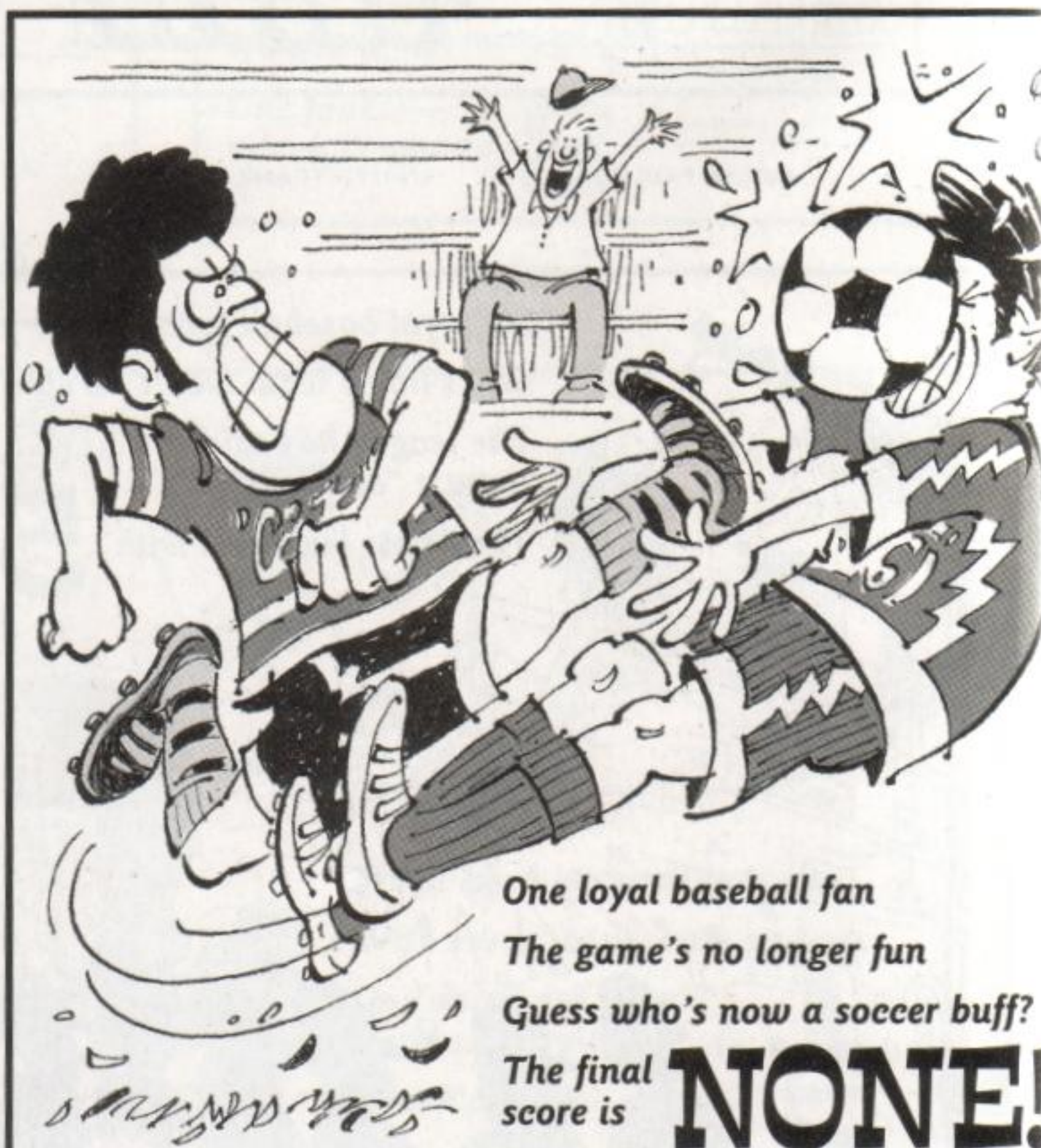
Two loyal baseball fans

Spring training's just begun

Oh, no! A lockout's
in the works!

That leaves us with just

1



One loyal baseball fan

The game's no longer fun

Guess who's now a soccer buff?

The final
score is

NONE!



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 receive his closing notice!

THIS MONTH'S FUTURE HOST TO THE GHOSTS:

JAMES LIPTON

CAUSE OF DEATH

ODDS

Caught in post-interview stampede of *Inside the Actors Studio* audience rushing up to star to beg to "put in a good word to Spielberg for me"

2:1

Dies in fawning and swooning mishap

5:1

Slips on church altar while thanking God for cable TV with its desperate need to fill 2,000 hours a week

9:1

Terminal "phone ear" from calling stars' publicists and P.R. flacks to get pre-approved questions

15:1

Gags on own vomit upon hearing himself actually call Val Kilmer "one of the greatest actors of his generation"

20:1

Suffocates when he forgets to breathe during especially long dramatic pause

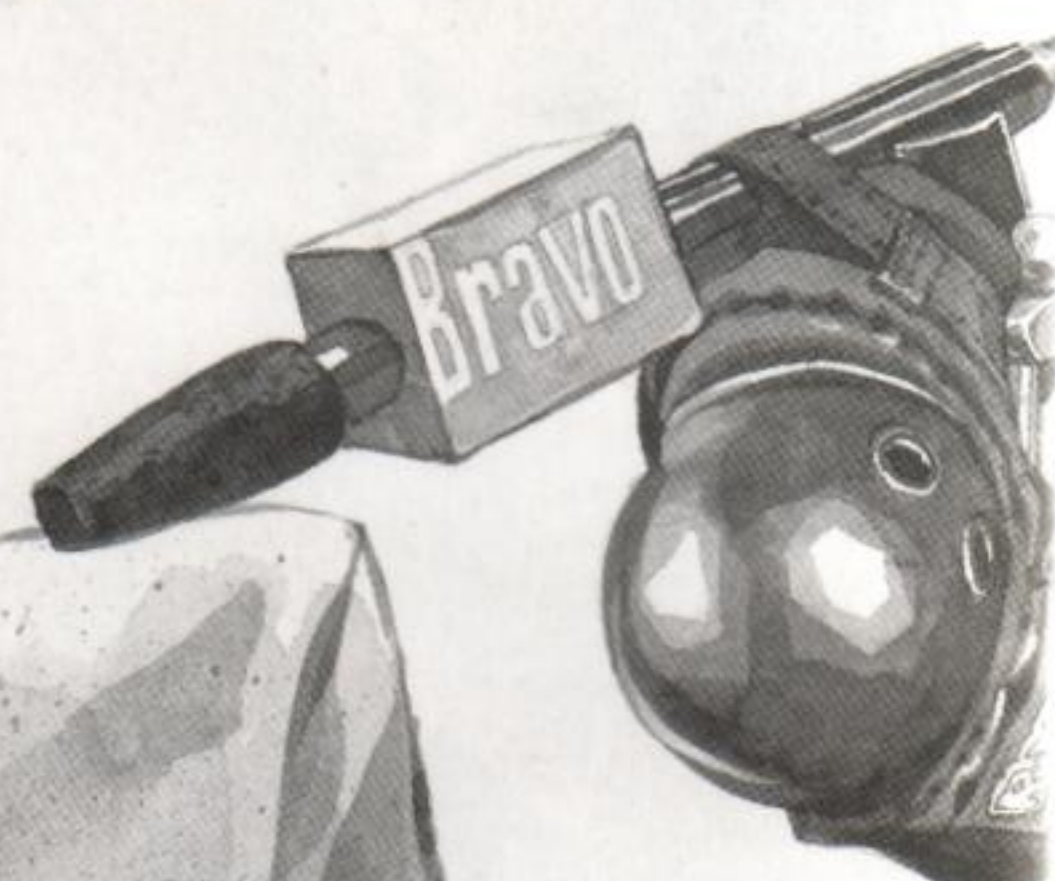
25:1

Drunken fall at a party celebrating his show's ratings beating out 20-year-old Bob Vila reruns on A&E for the first time

432,000,000:1

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA

WRITER: MIKE SNIDER





For years, students too lazy to actually read the books that their teachers assigned to them resorted to reading more compact versions such as *Cliffs Notes* or *Monarch Notes*. But with our increasingly ADD-ridden society (That's Attention Deficit Disorder in case you're not paying attention!), most students are too lazy to read even the smallest study guides. The solution to this problem is simple: Find the smallest, most compact literary style and turn that into a study aid! Thus, we bring you...

HAIKU STUDY GU

Nuclear Physics

Splitting an atom
Will help power a city
Or blow it to bits.

The American Revolution

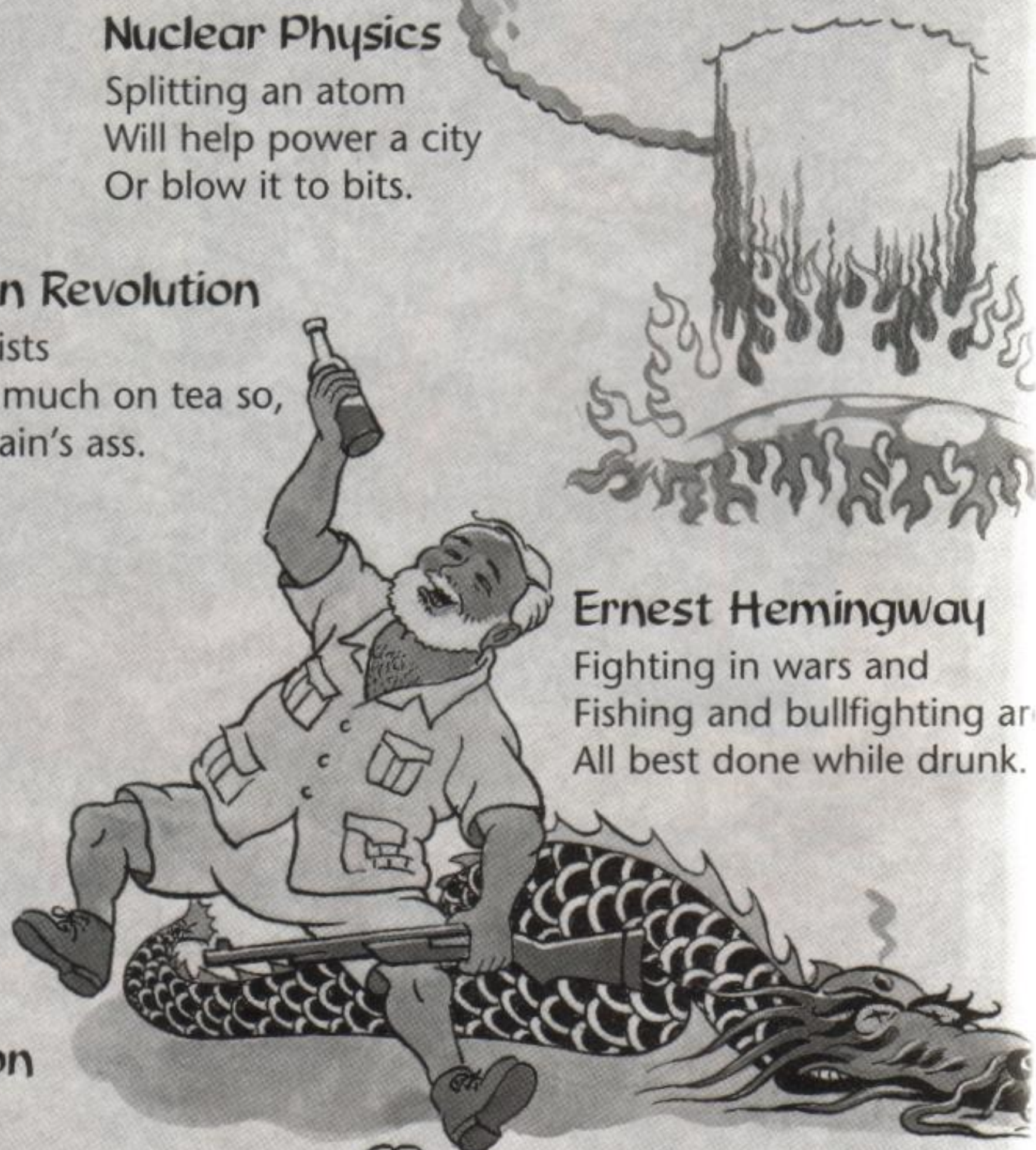
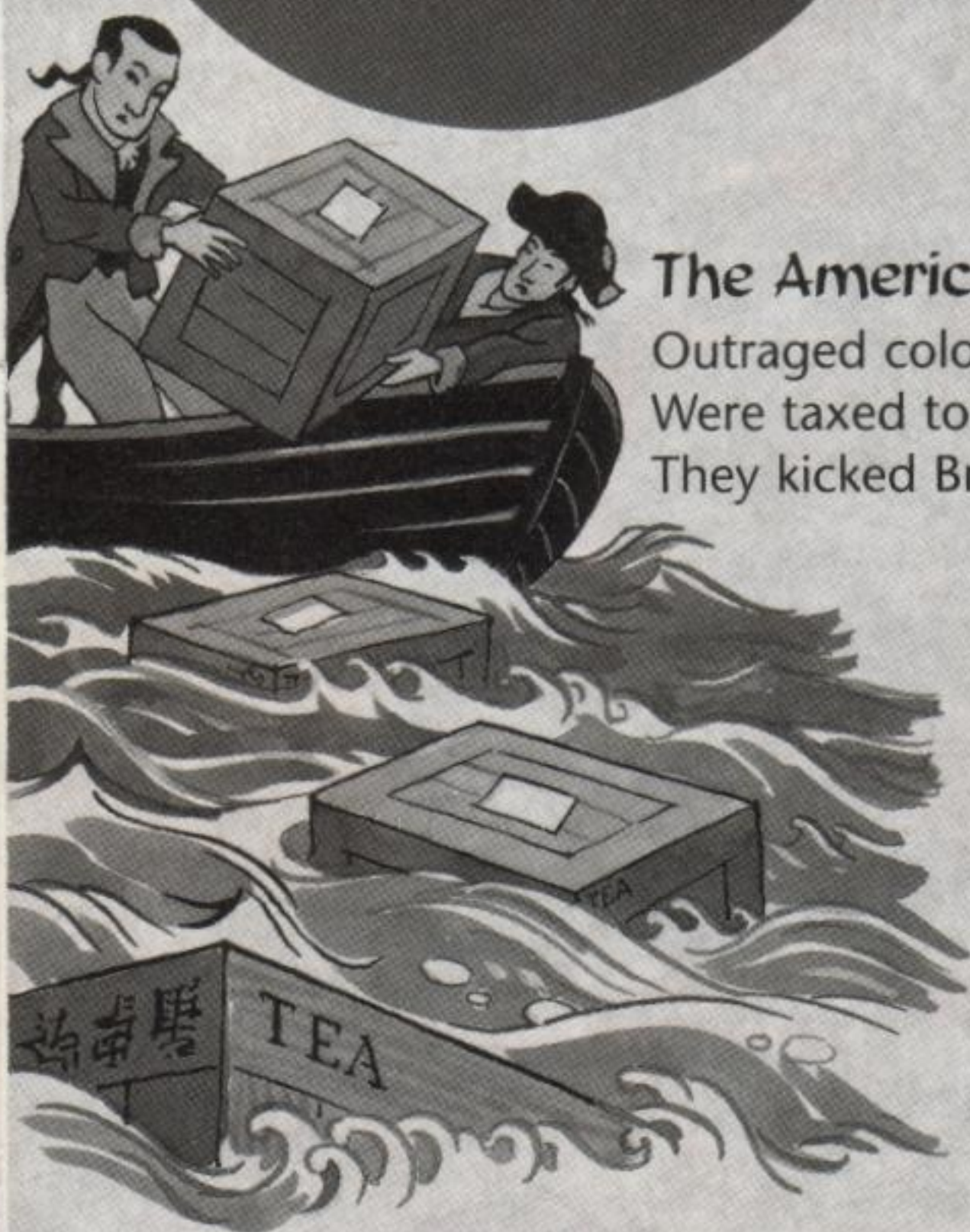
Outraged colonists
Were taxed too much on tea so,
They kicked Britain's ass.

Ernest Hemingway

Fighting in wars and
Fishing and bullfighting and
All best done while drunk.

The Great Depression

People out of work,
TV not yet invented.
You'd be depressed too.



DES

Astronomy

The solar system
Consists of nine planets, but
Not Vulcan, you geek.

Art History

Wonderful portraits
Have been replaced through time by
Spit on a canvas.

Romeo and Juliet

Two star-crossed lovers
Meet with painfully sad deaths.
That's entertainment.

Charles Dickens

Poor British children
Survive tragic events, but
Only if they're cute.

Haiku

Japanese poems
Are so very short that they
Can't get the point a—



A MAD LOOK AT

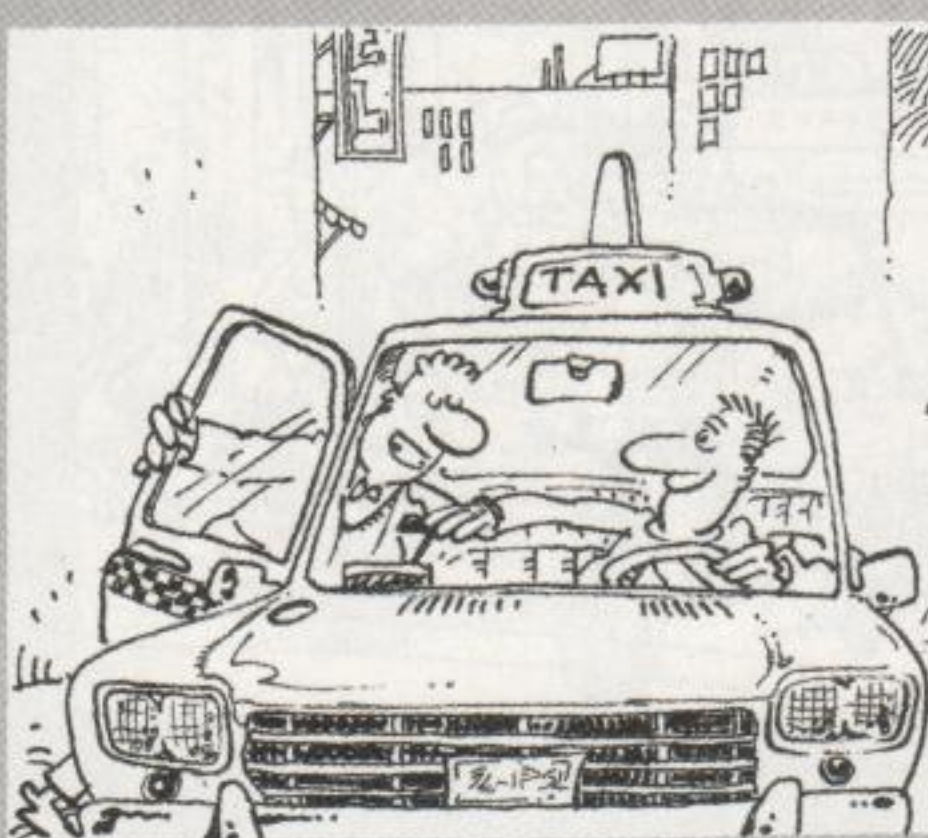
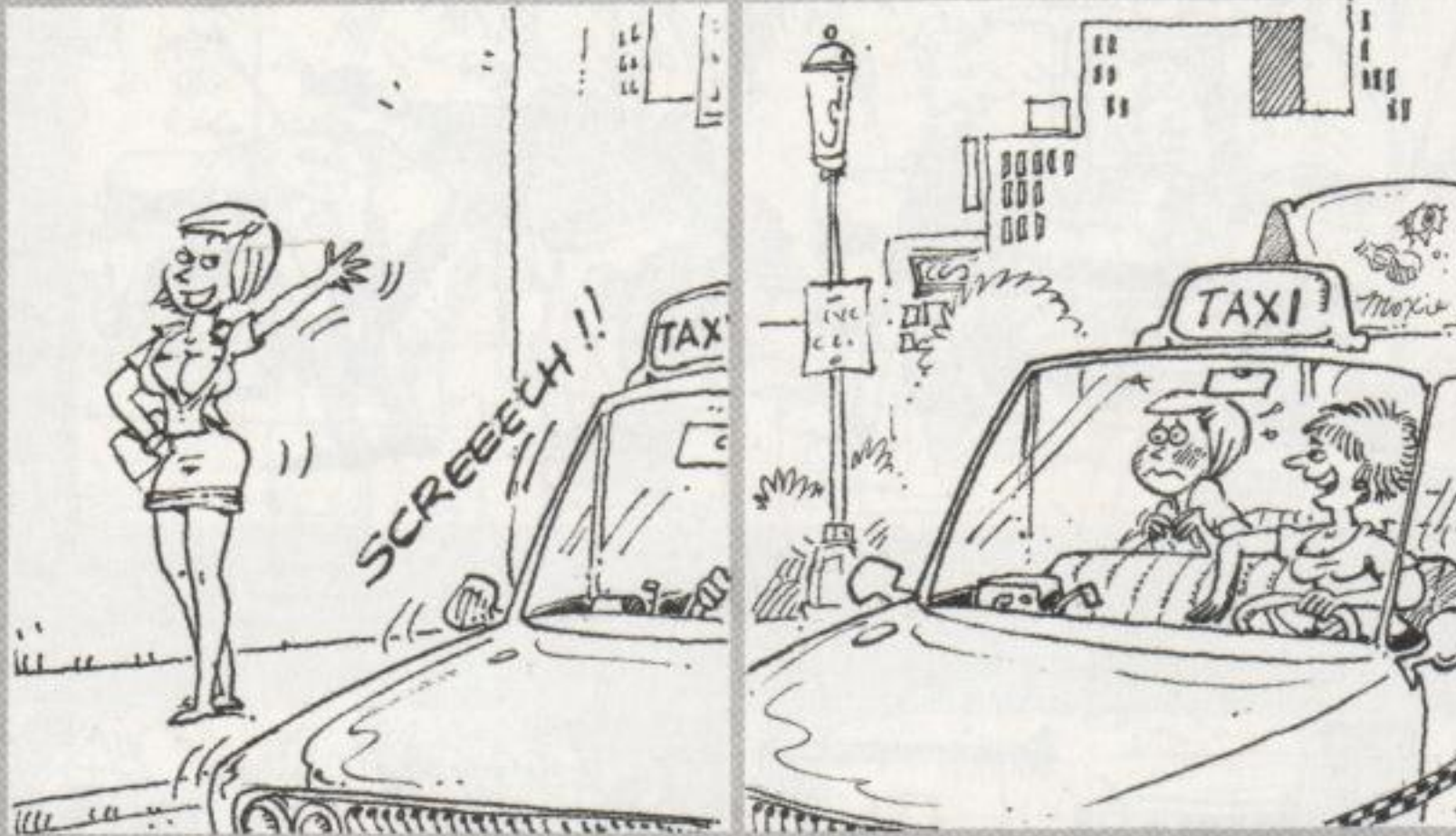


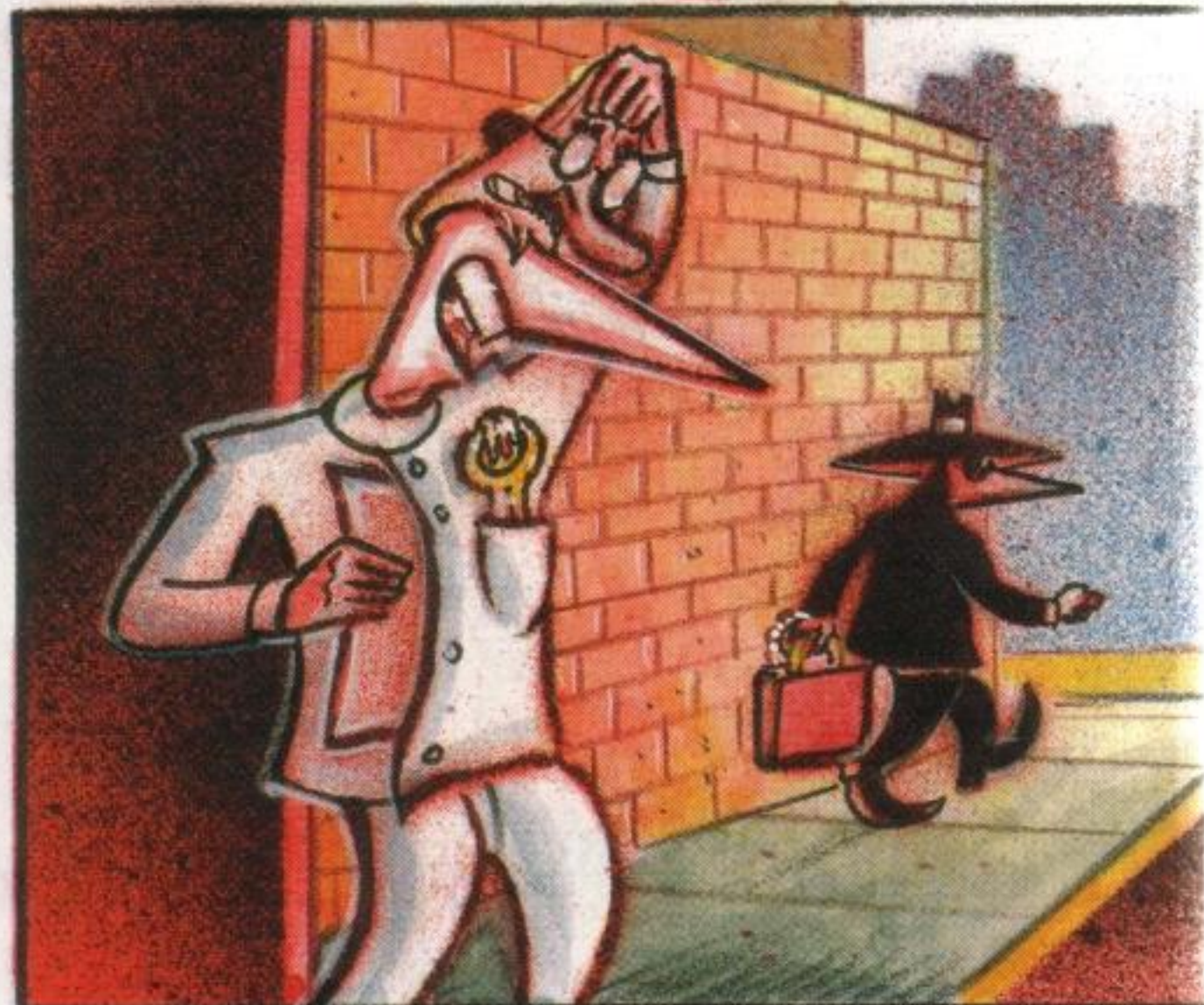
TAXIS

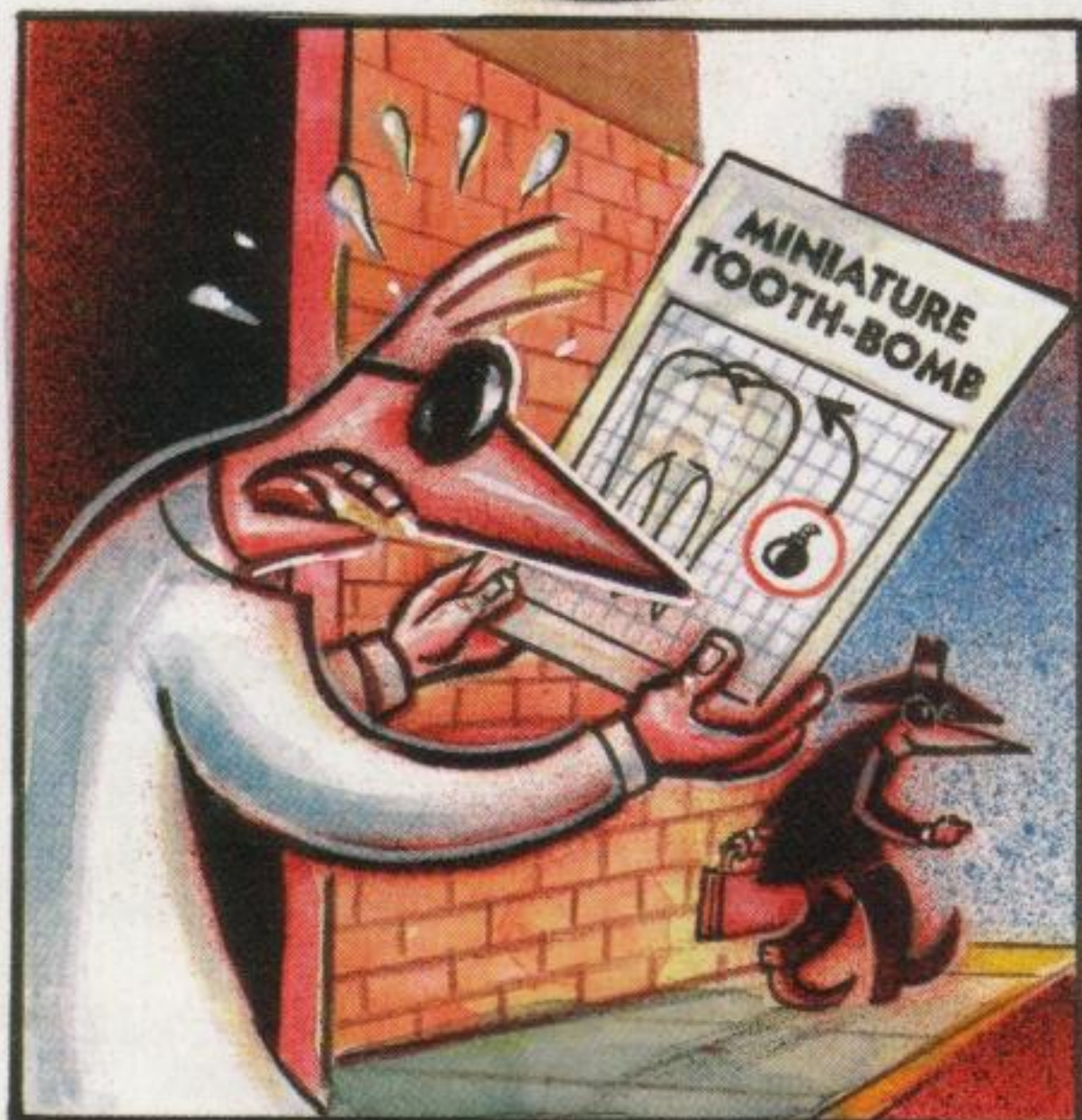
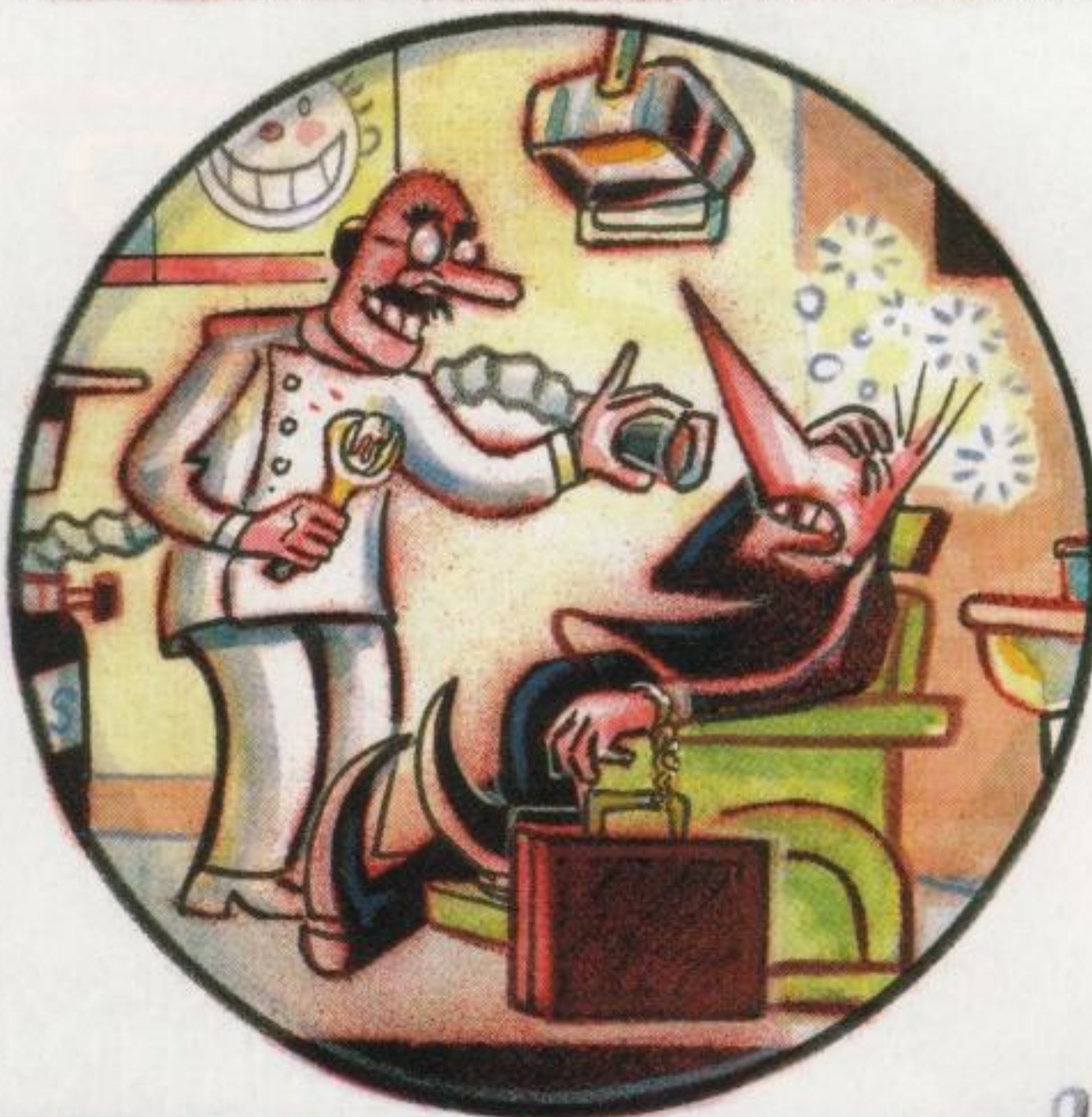
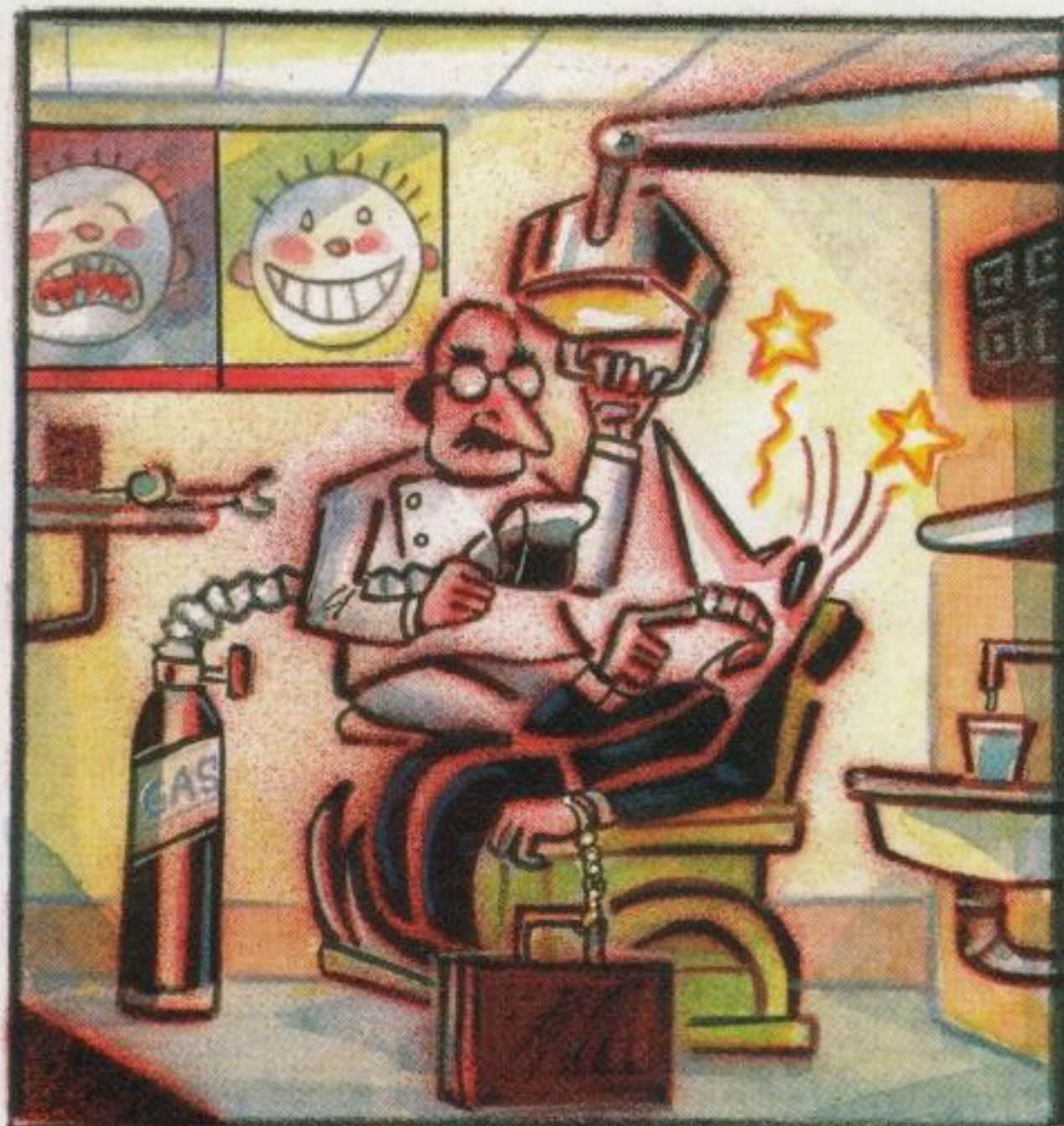
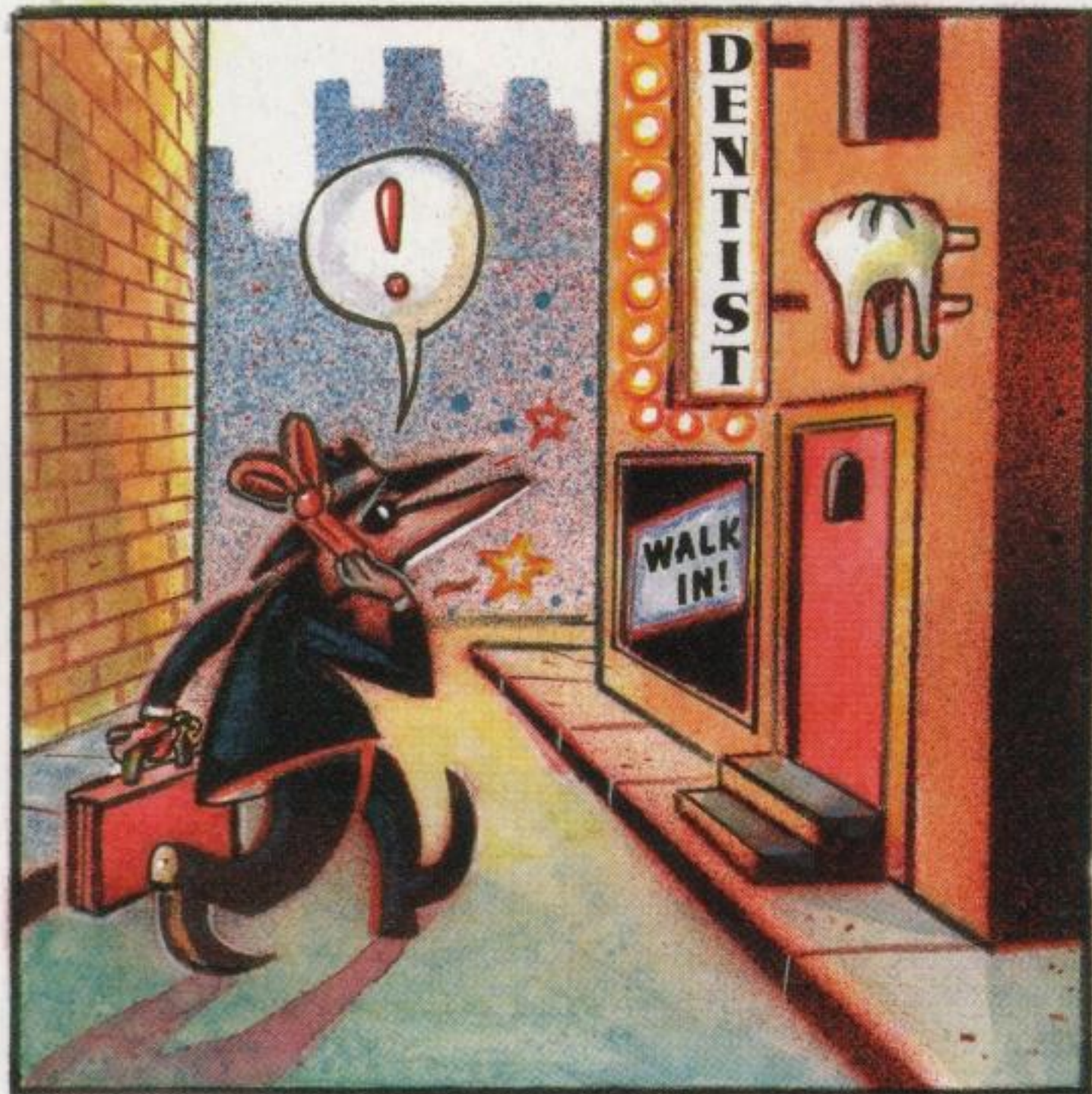


ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONÉS











JUSTICE

The **divorce** you're seeking has been **delayed** until you **both** retain new **counselors**! It seems your **lawyers** have **left** their spouses and **run off together**!



The Lighter Side of...

ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG

COLORIST: DIGITAL CHAMELEON

DELIVERY

Hey, Dad! Did you order the special deluxe pizza with everything?

Yes, I did!



Well, it's here!

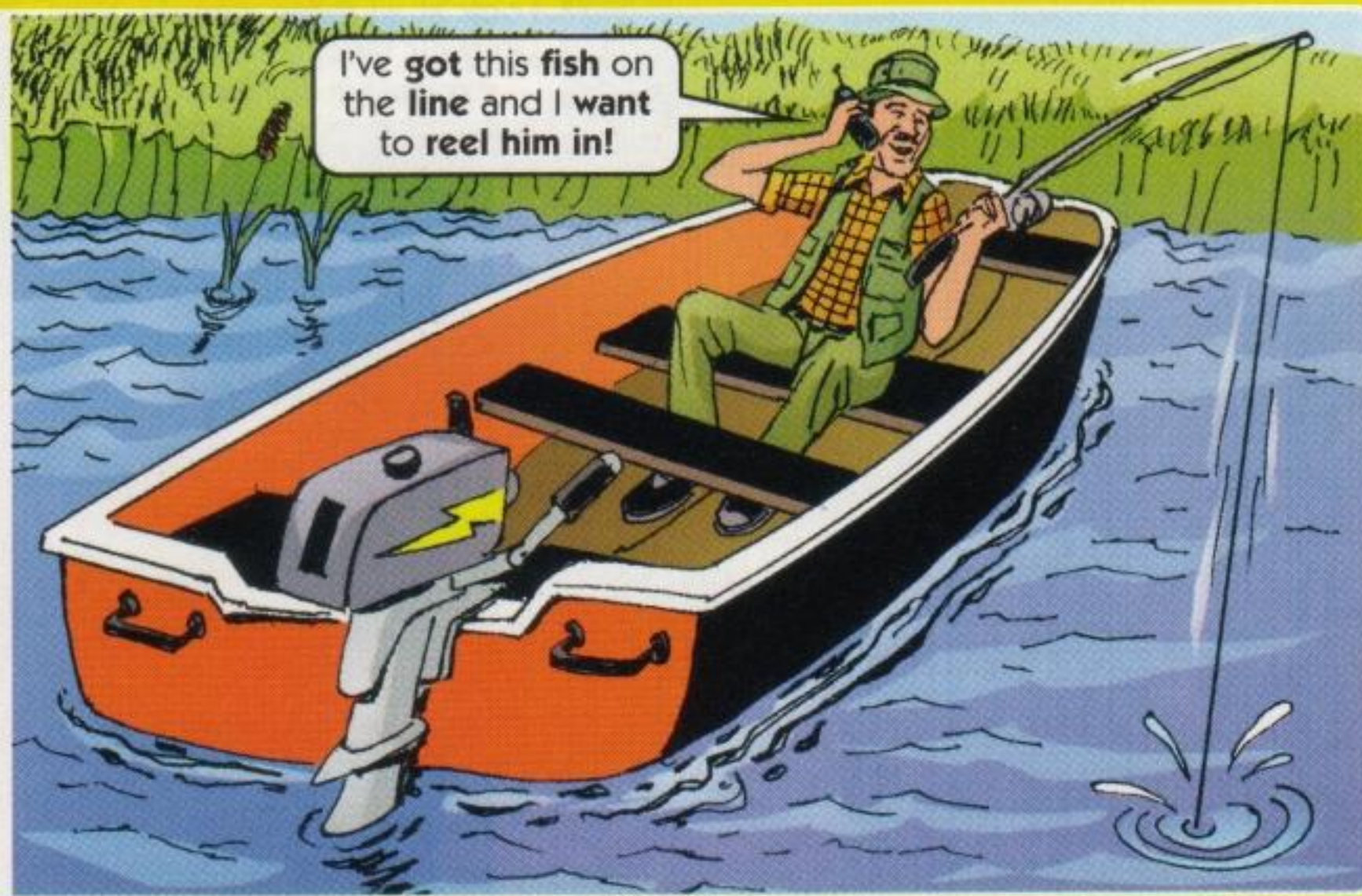


SALESMANSHIP

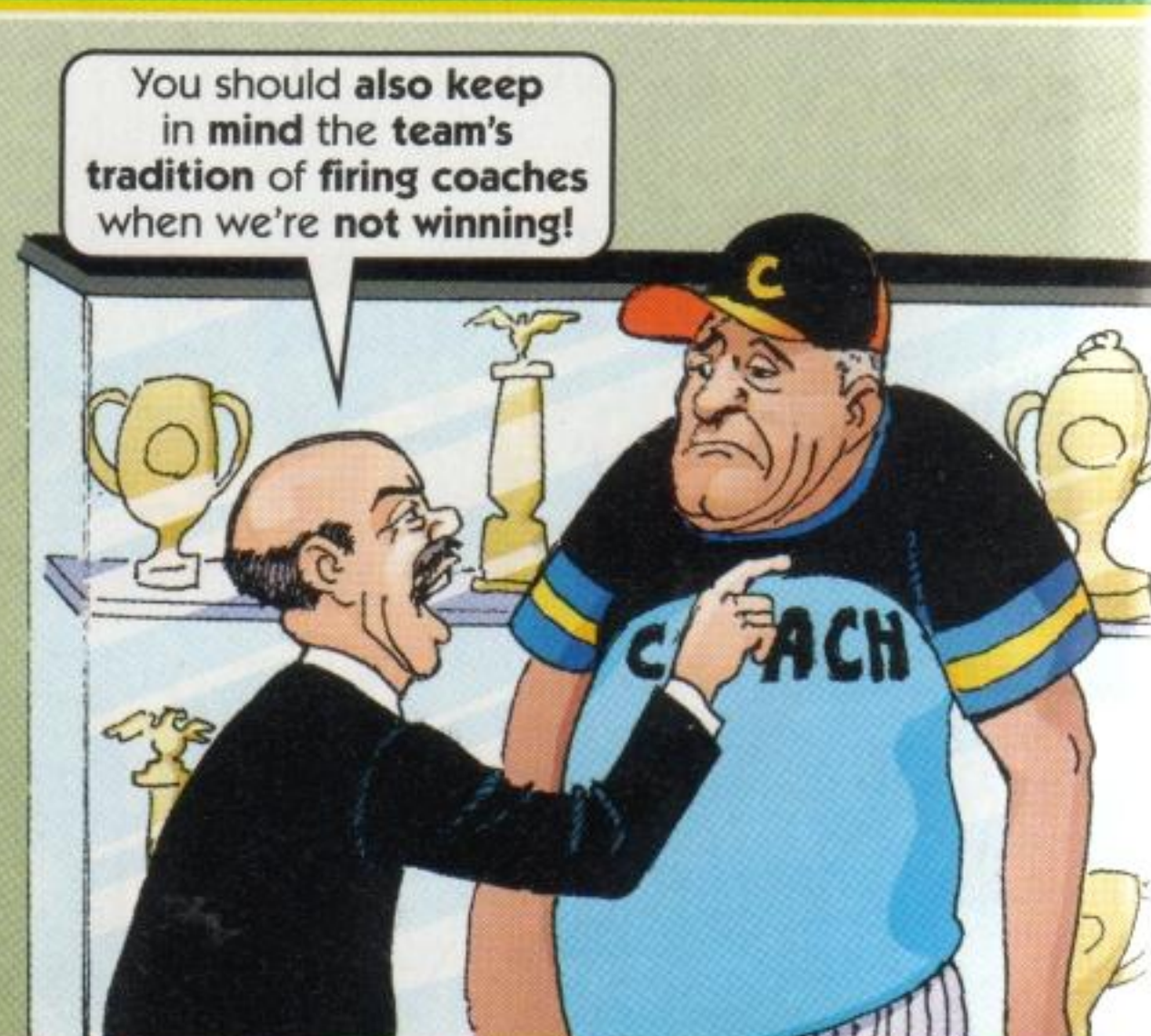
Believe me, Mr. Zuch, **selling** in the **field** is a lot **harder** than **sitting** in an **office** and trying to **hook** them! But I **gotta** get **back** to **work**...



I've got this fish on the line and I want to reel him in!



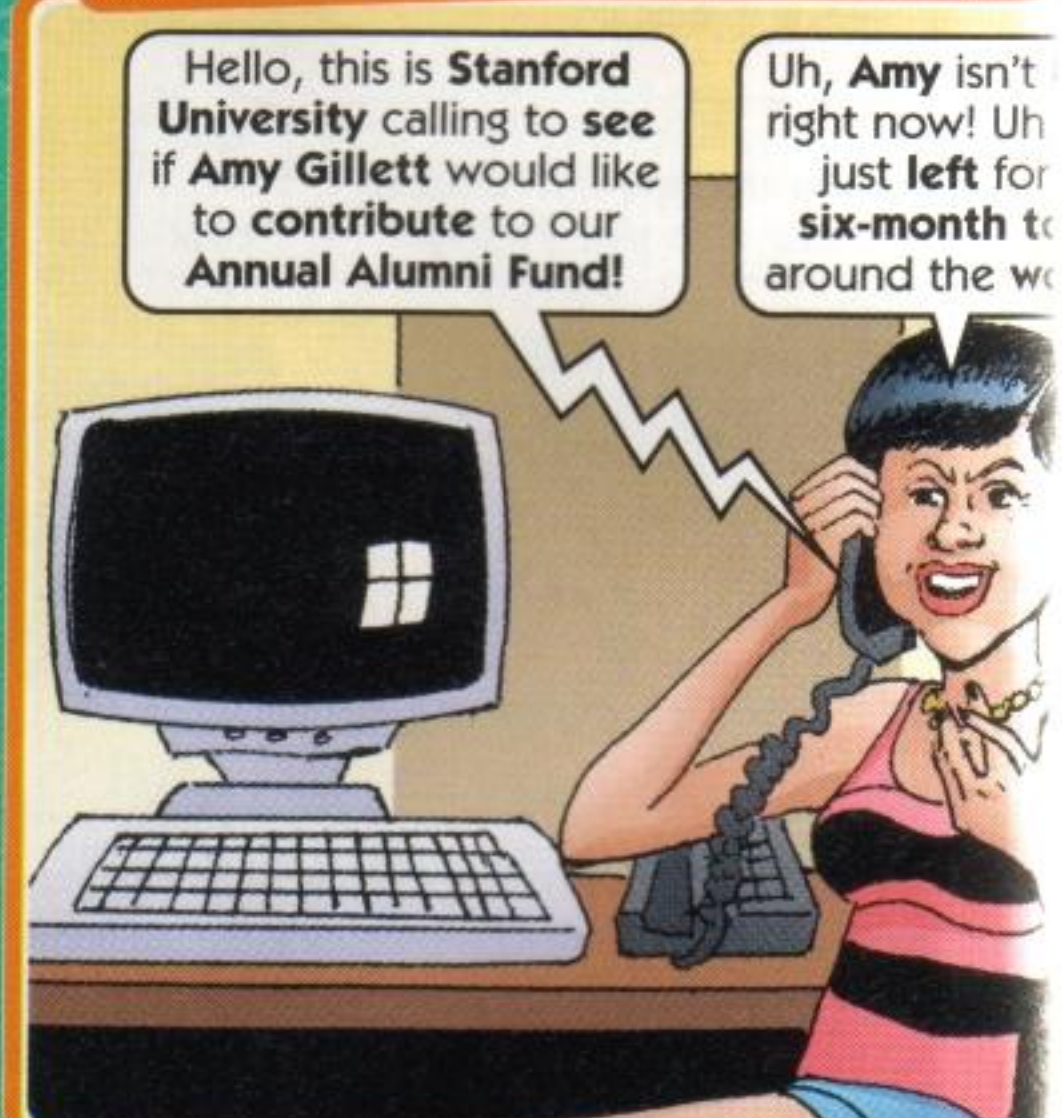
SPORTS



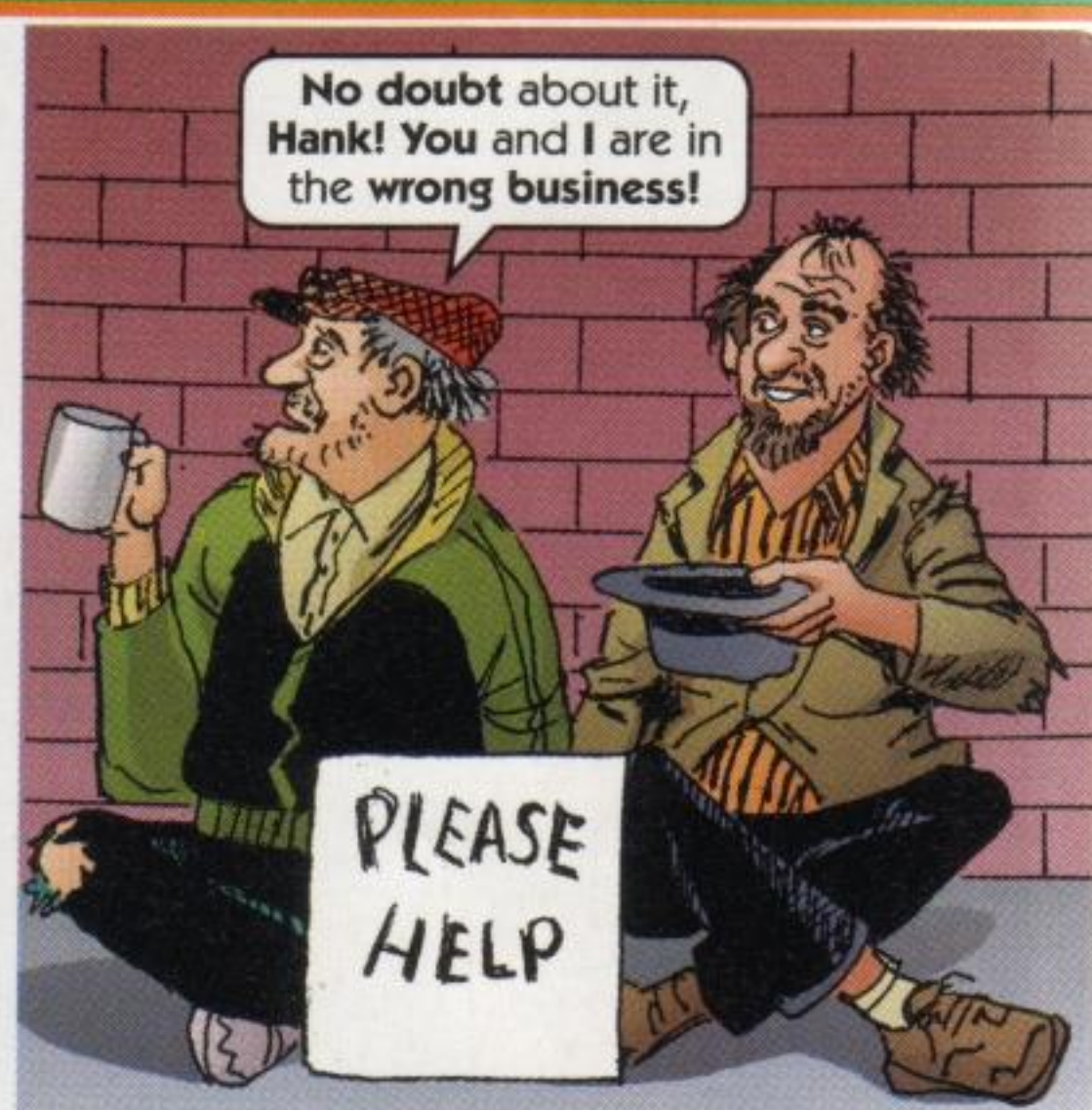
RELATIONSHIPS



DONATIONS



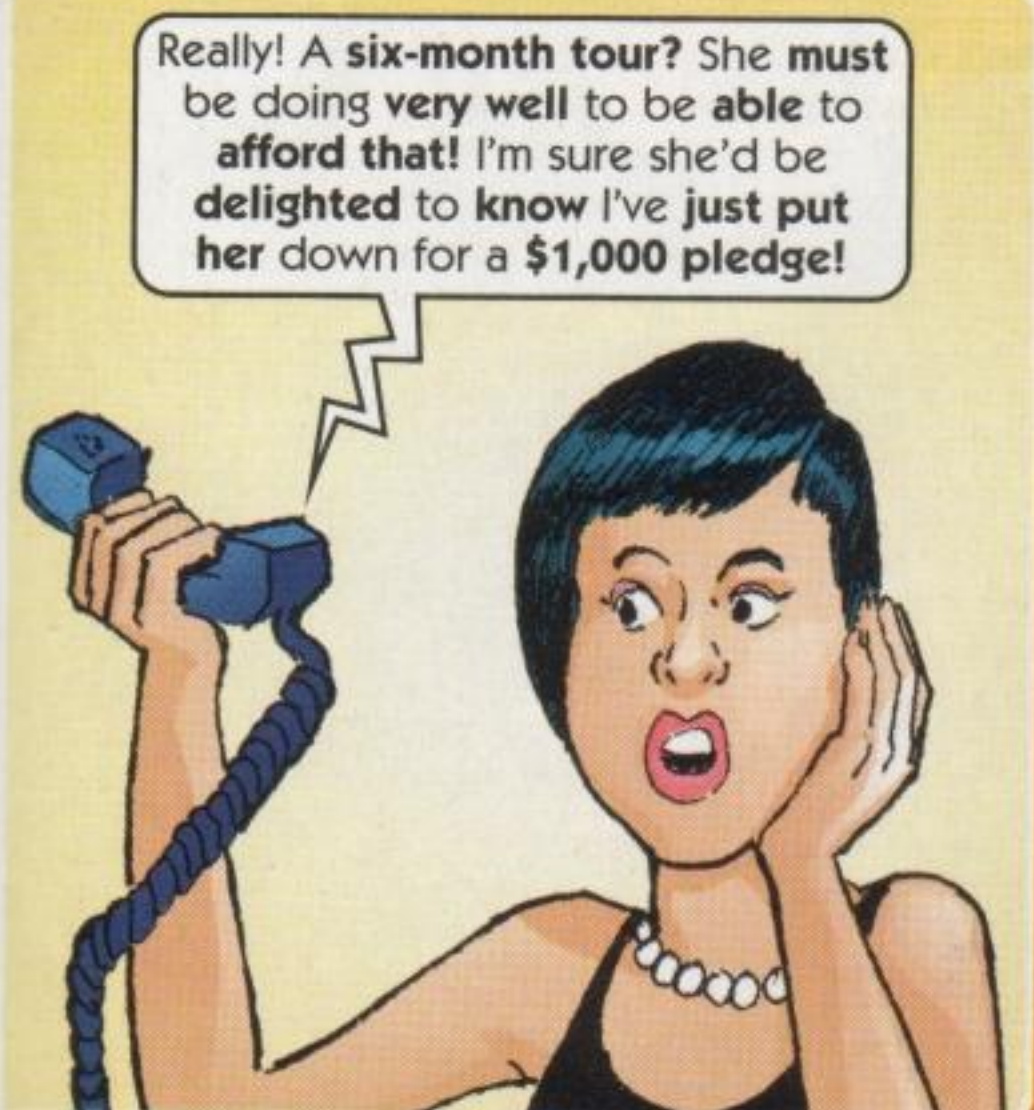
PROFESSIONS



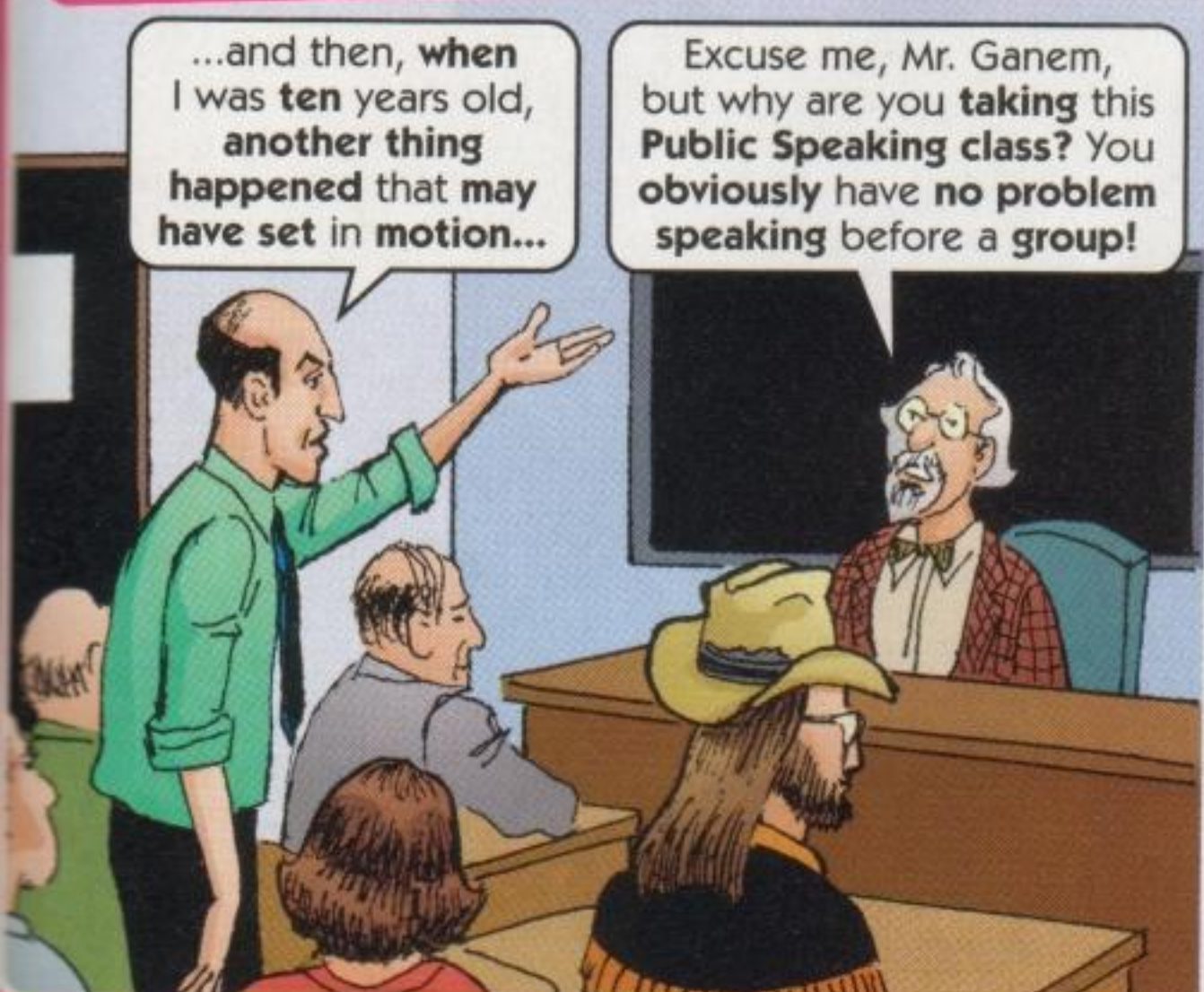
EXPERIENCE



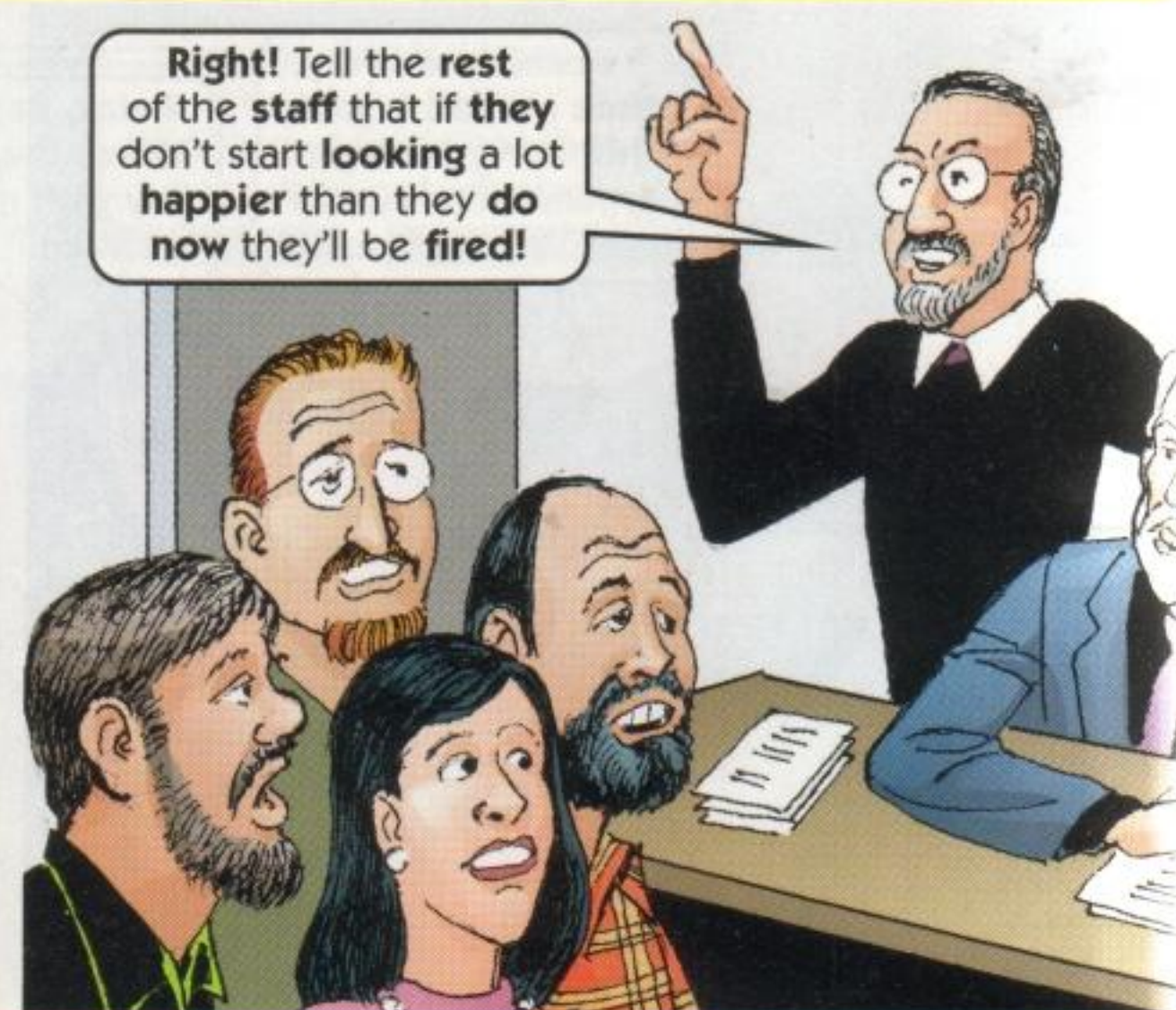
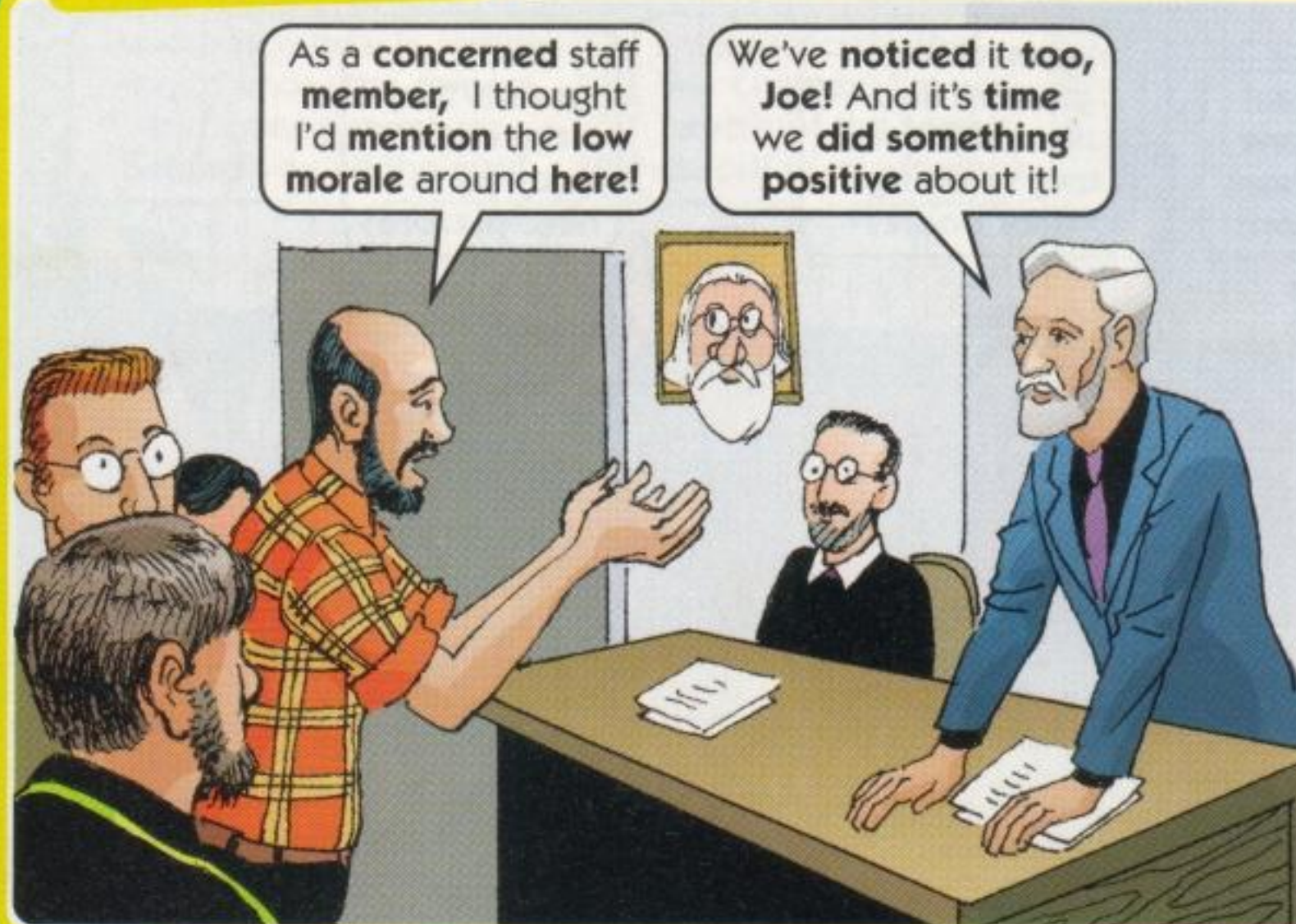
THERAPY



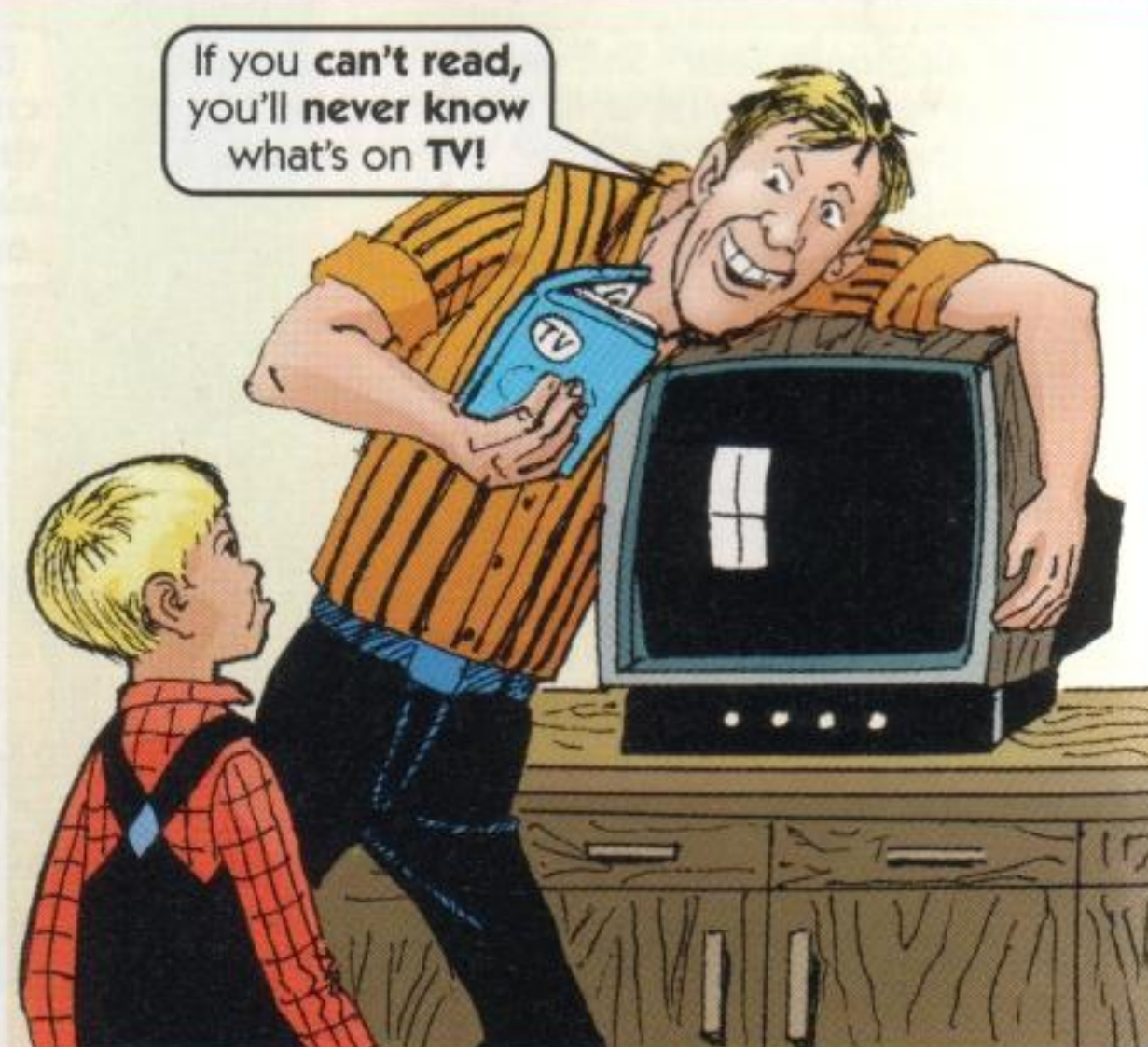
ADULT EDUCATION



THE OFFICE



WISDOM



DOCTORS





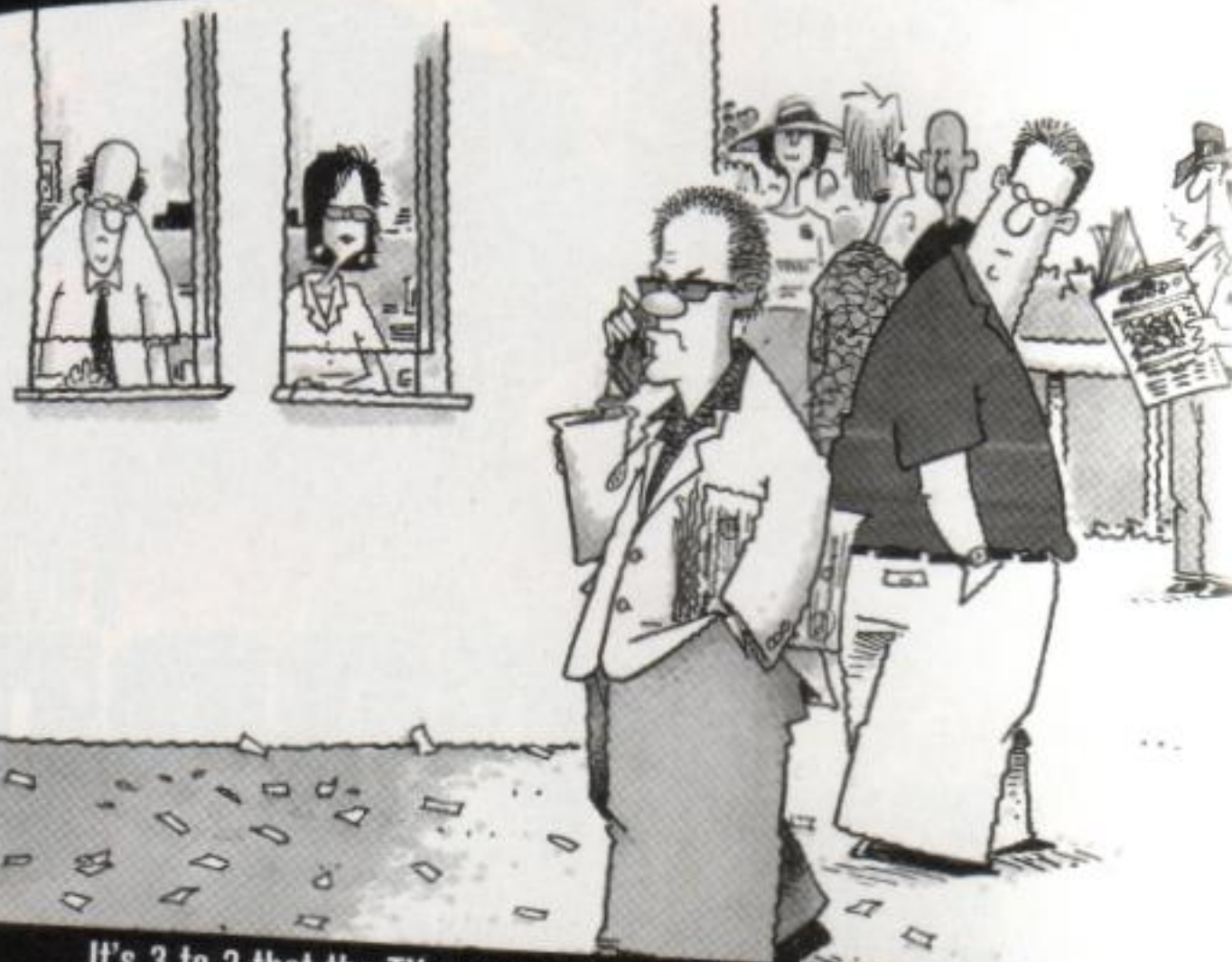
It's nearly Kentucky Derby time again. A time for those who follow the ponies to figure out who will win, who will place, and who might show. What will be the perfecta, the superfecta and the trifecta? Who cares?! For us, the only reason to watch the Kentucky Derby is to take in the spectacle of the event — the losers betting their last buck in a desperate attempt to "get even," the women with their ridiculous hats and, of course, TV's lame attempt to stretch a two-minute event into a one-hour show so they can sell some commercial time! It's the same sad sights every year. You can bet on it. And in the unlikely event you might like to, here's...

MAD'S HA GUIDE



It's 500 to 1 that the winning jockey will get to do one of those "I'm going to Disney World" commercials, since it's unlikely he would meet the park rides' height requirements.

KENTUCKY DERBY



It's 3 to 2 that the TV camera will accidentally catch Pete Rose using pre-race downtime to check on his Knicks/Lakers parlay.



It's even money that NBC's coverage will include several close-ups of the cast of the "hot, new, must-see-TV sitcom" cast — all of whom just happen to be sitting in the stands.



It's 4 to 1 that, despite using careful analysis and cold logic to come up with a winner, you'll still conclude that the exposed hat label on the guy in front of you is a sign from the wagering gods.



It's 2 to 1 that NBC will introduce some innovative mounted minicam to bring us confusing views of the race that we got along just fine not seeing before.

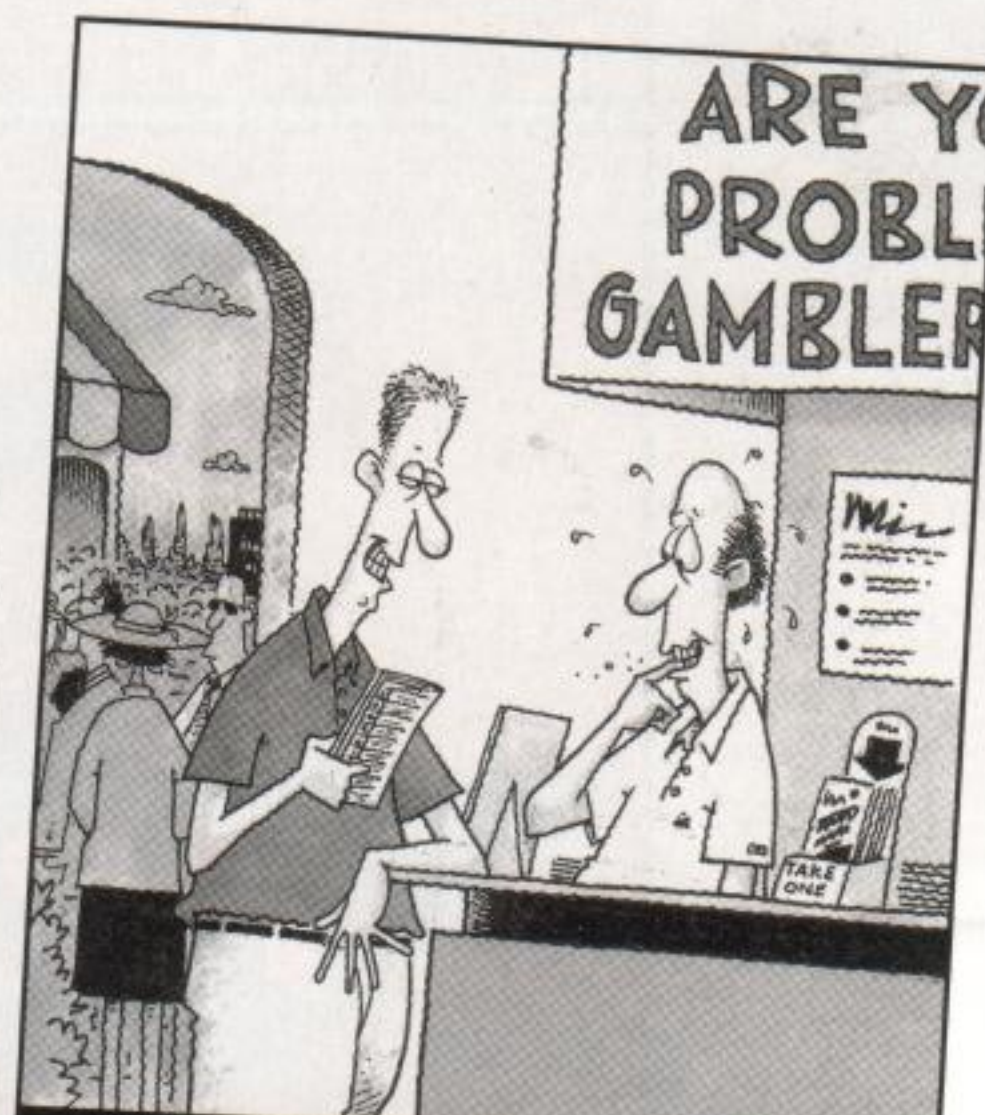
ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL

DICAPPING TO THE

FREAK SHOW



It's 4 to 1 that the network will trot out some legendary handicapping expert whose colorful analysis could only be understood by the ghost of Jimmy the Greek.



It's 12 to 1 that, with a little urging, the guy handing out Gamblers Anonymous material will go partners with you in a pick-six parlay.



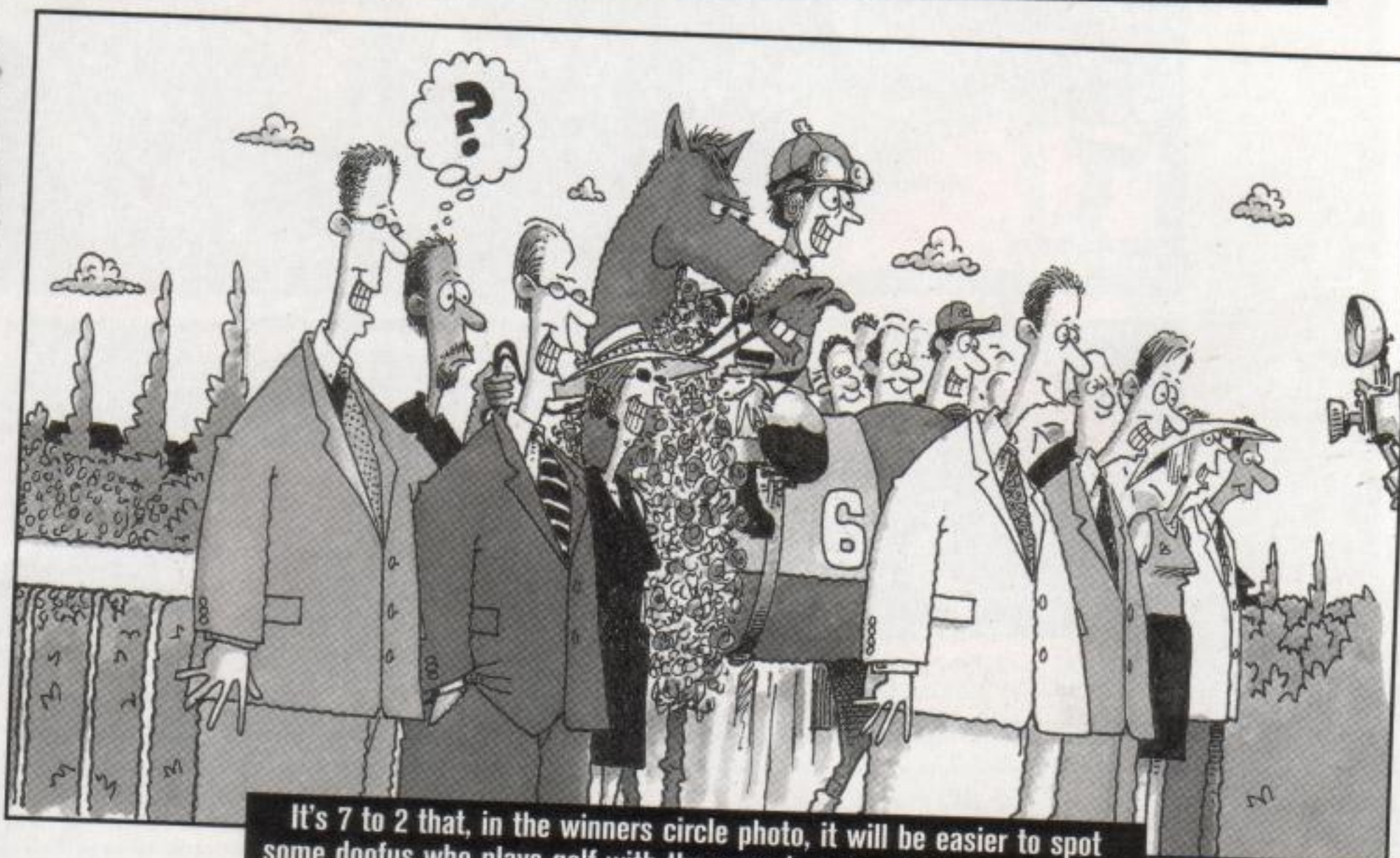
It's even money that some poor unsuspecting sap in the crowd will experience the whole Kentucky Mint Julep experience without actually having to buy one.



It's 6 to 5 that in the background of any Jack Whitaker commentaries will be guys settling "dead/not dead" wagers.



It's 6 to 5 that, despite some perpetual loser's countless hours of study and research, his wife's method of betting her Uncle Walter's birthday will be the only one that pays off.



It's 7 to 2 that, in the winners circle photo, it will be easier to spot some doofus who plays golf with the owner's accountant than the lowly stablehand who works 18 hours a day looking after the horse.



Well, it's official: despite years of coy denials that nobody believed, Britney Spears and Justin Timberlake of 'N SYNC are now "out in the open" as a romantically-involved couple. Well, you know what's coming next: In the words of the old song "first comes Love...then comes Marriage...then comes the *Dream-Offspring of the Entire Recording Industry* in a Baby Carriage!" And, what will life be like for the children of these two music superstars? Most magazines would want you to wait until *after* they're born to find out. Not us! Here's MAD's advance sneak-peek at...

Britney Spears' & Justin Timberlake's

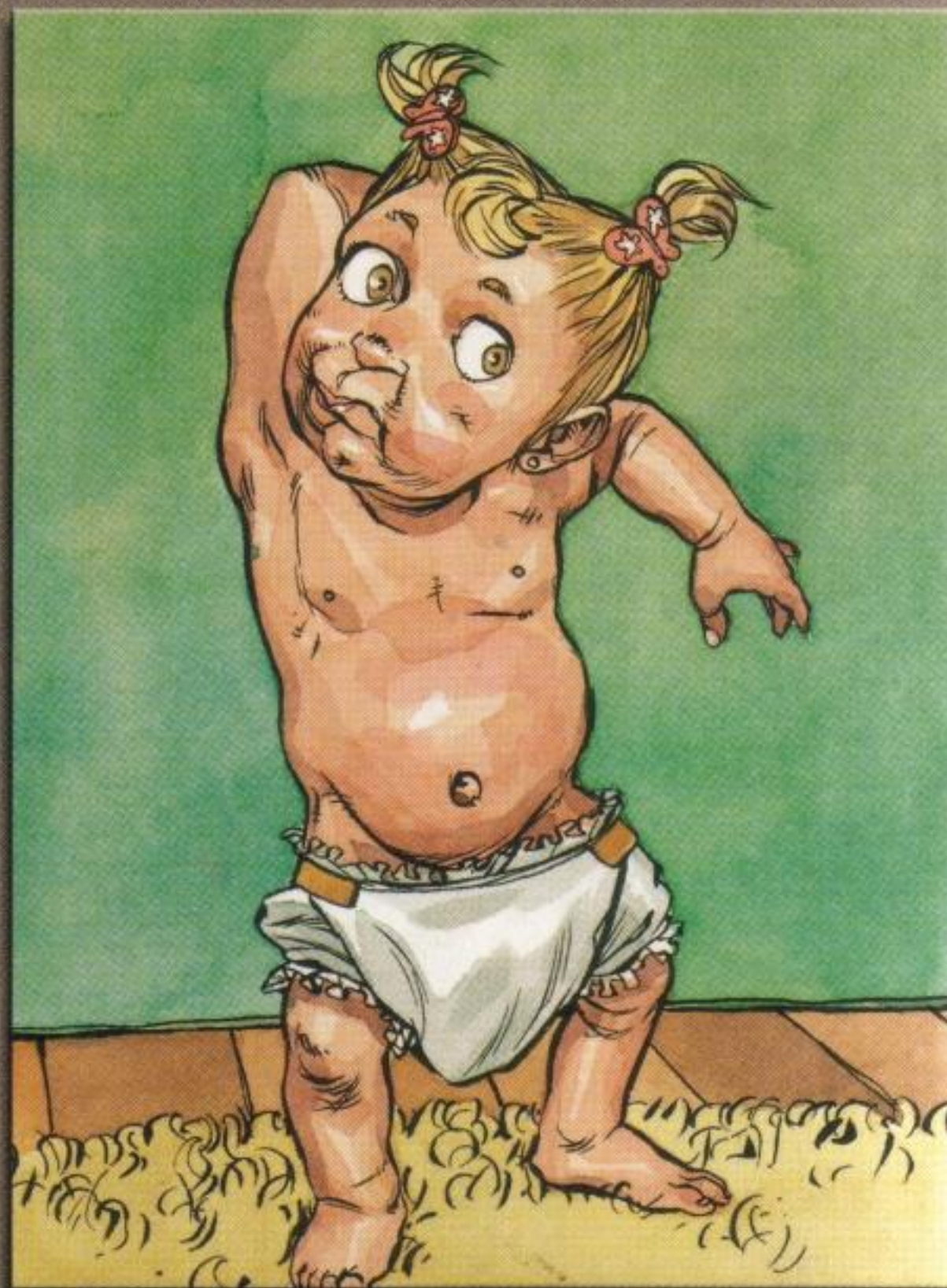
FAMILY PHOTO ALBUM



Britney Spears' & Justin Timberlake's **FAMILY PHOTO ALBUM**



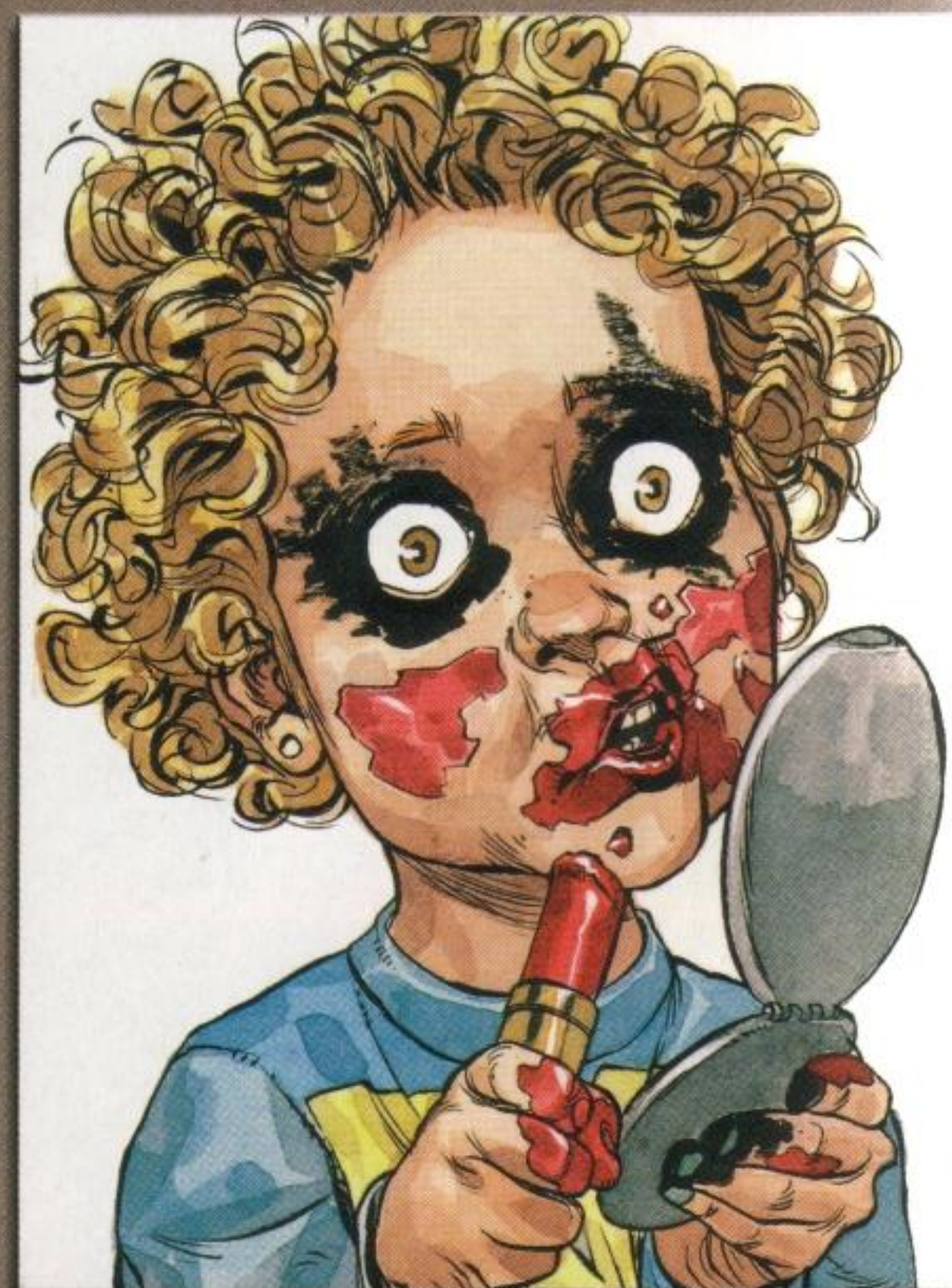
The boys' first recording session -
age: 30 minutes old
(You can never start too young!)



Low-rider diapers! What a great
idea for a new look for me in my
next video! Thanks, little Matilda!



The boys attempting to take
their first steps - with the
help of world-famous O-Town
Choreographer, Mr. J.J.!

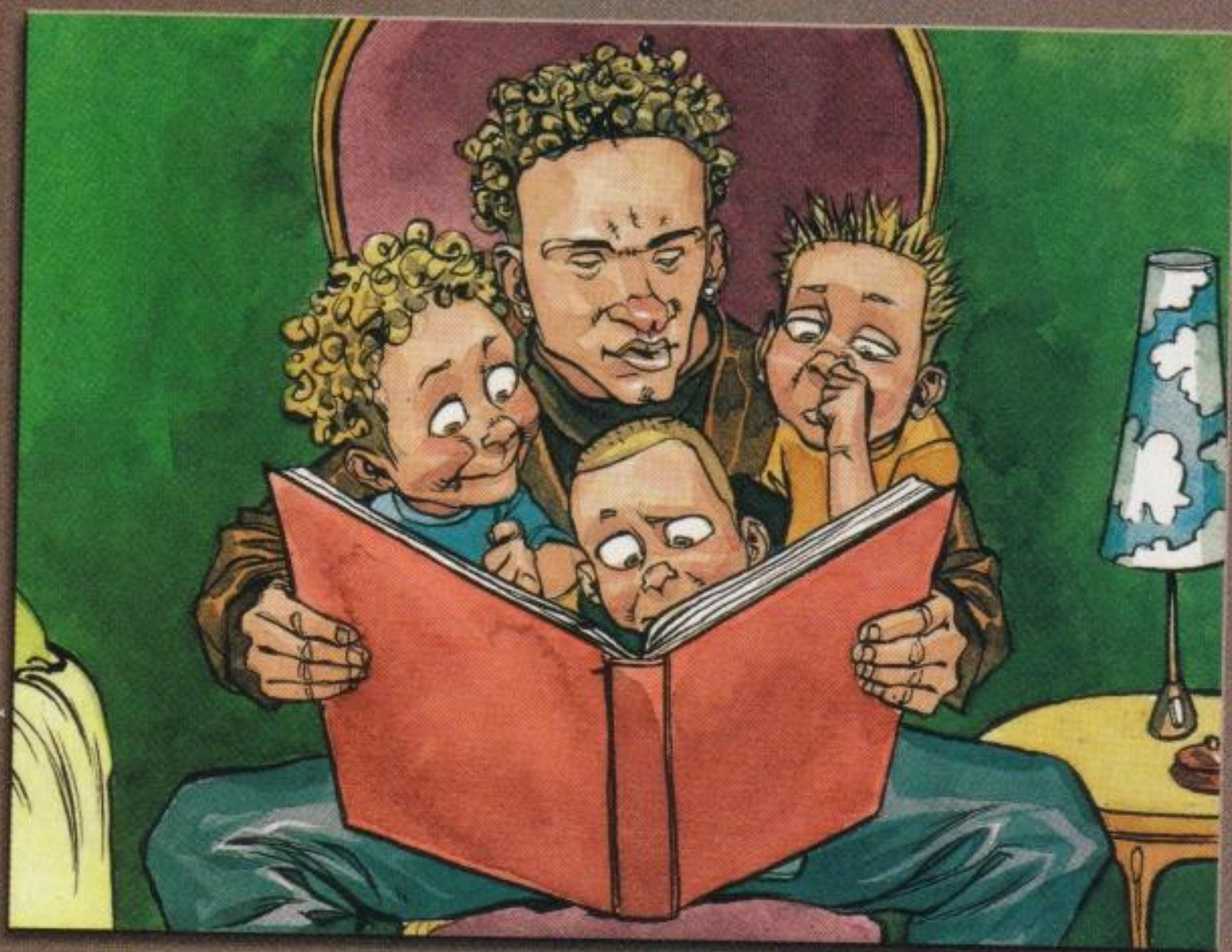


Naughty naughty, Monique!
Getting into mommy's makeup case!
(Hey, looks pretty good, though.
I couldn't have done it better myself!)





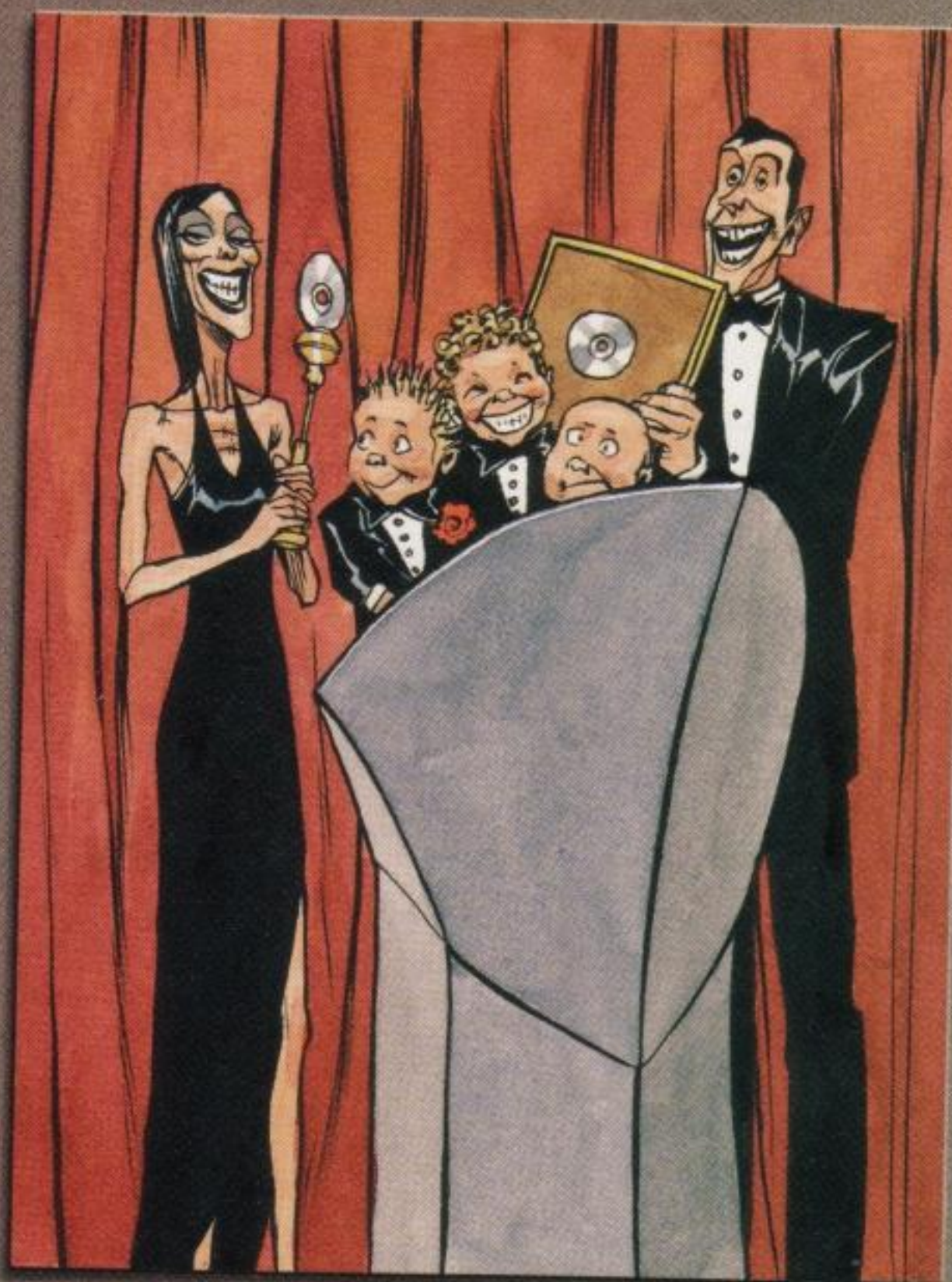
Matilda, right after her first implants - (not THOSE! I mean collagen lip implants! We're not letting her get the other kind until she's at least six!)



Daddy reads to the boys at bedtime. (It's their favorite: the 1998 'N SYNC contract with RCA Records!)



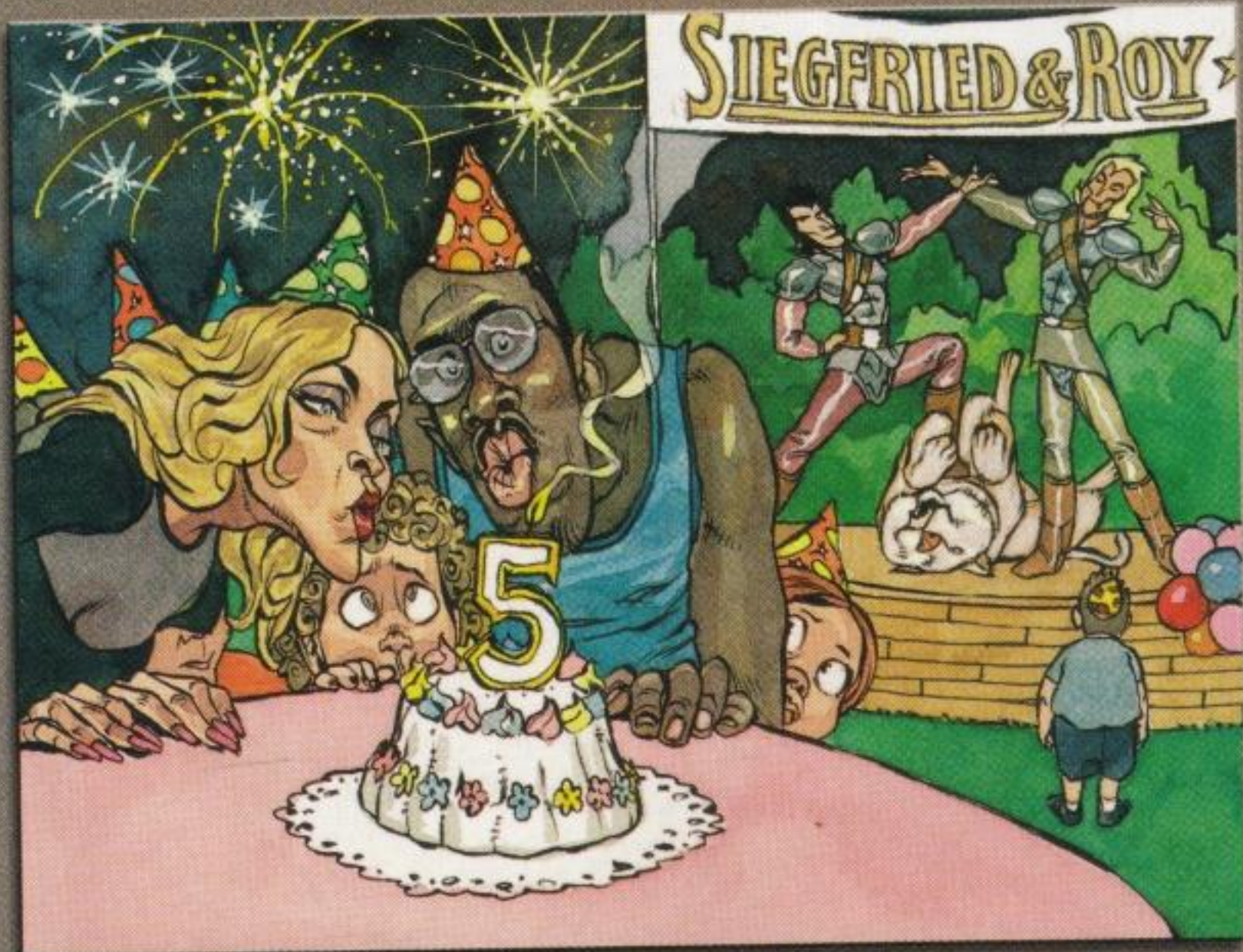
Monique's first day of school (with her very first entourage!)



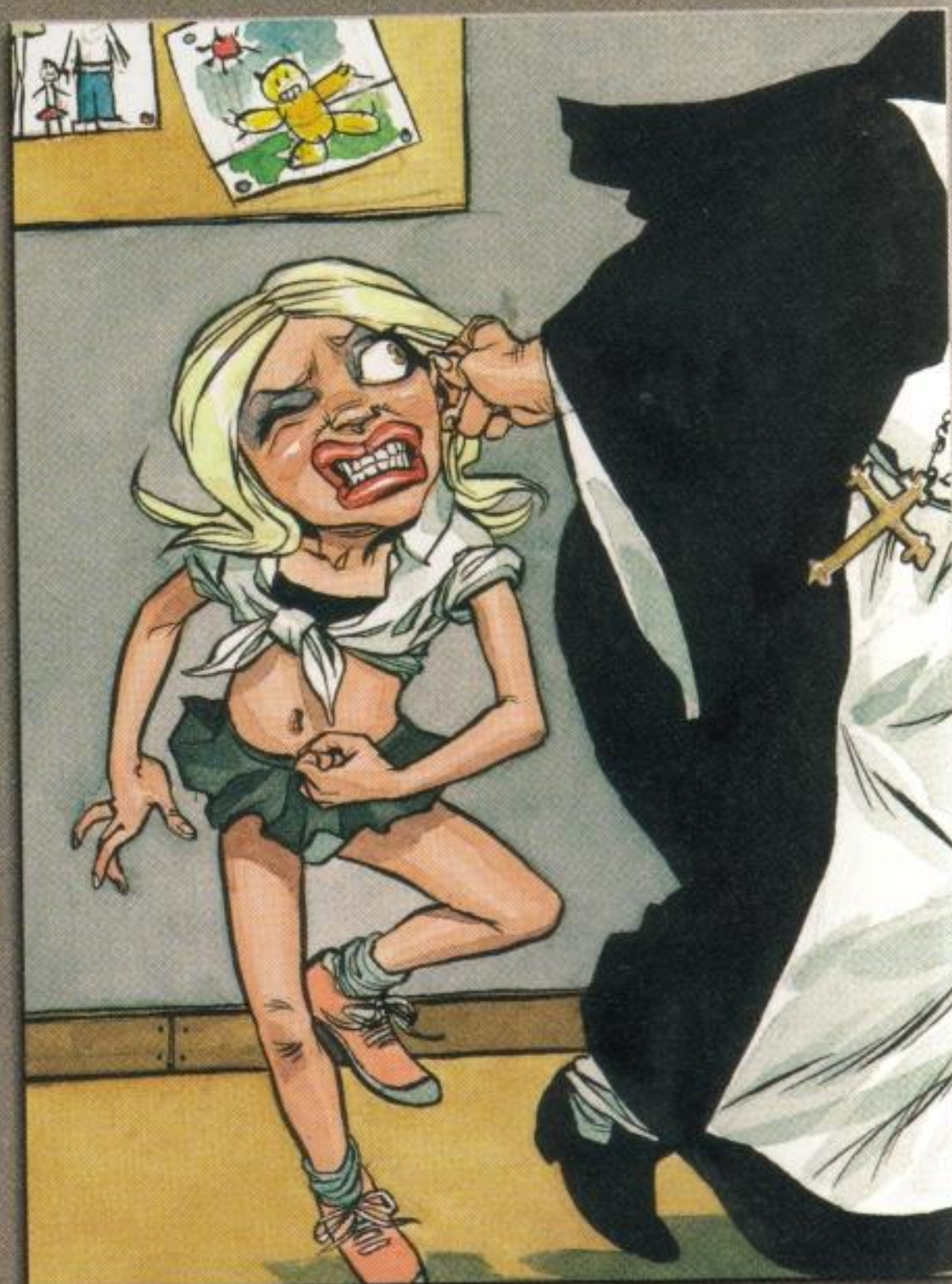
Their debut album goes Double Platinum - AND they all successfully complete potty training - in the same week!!!

Britney Spears' & Justin Timberlake's

FAMILY PHOTO ALBUM



Monique's 5th Birthday Party...with Auntie Madonna, Uncle Puffy...and a couple of magicians that mommy + daddy hired!



Matilda, thrown out of kindergarten for "inappropriate attire."
(You go, girl!!!)



No matter how many times I tell them "no," the kids just love playing with the snake from my show!

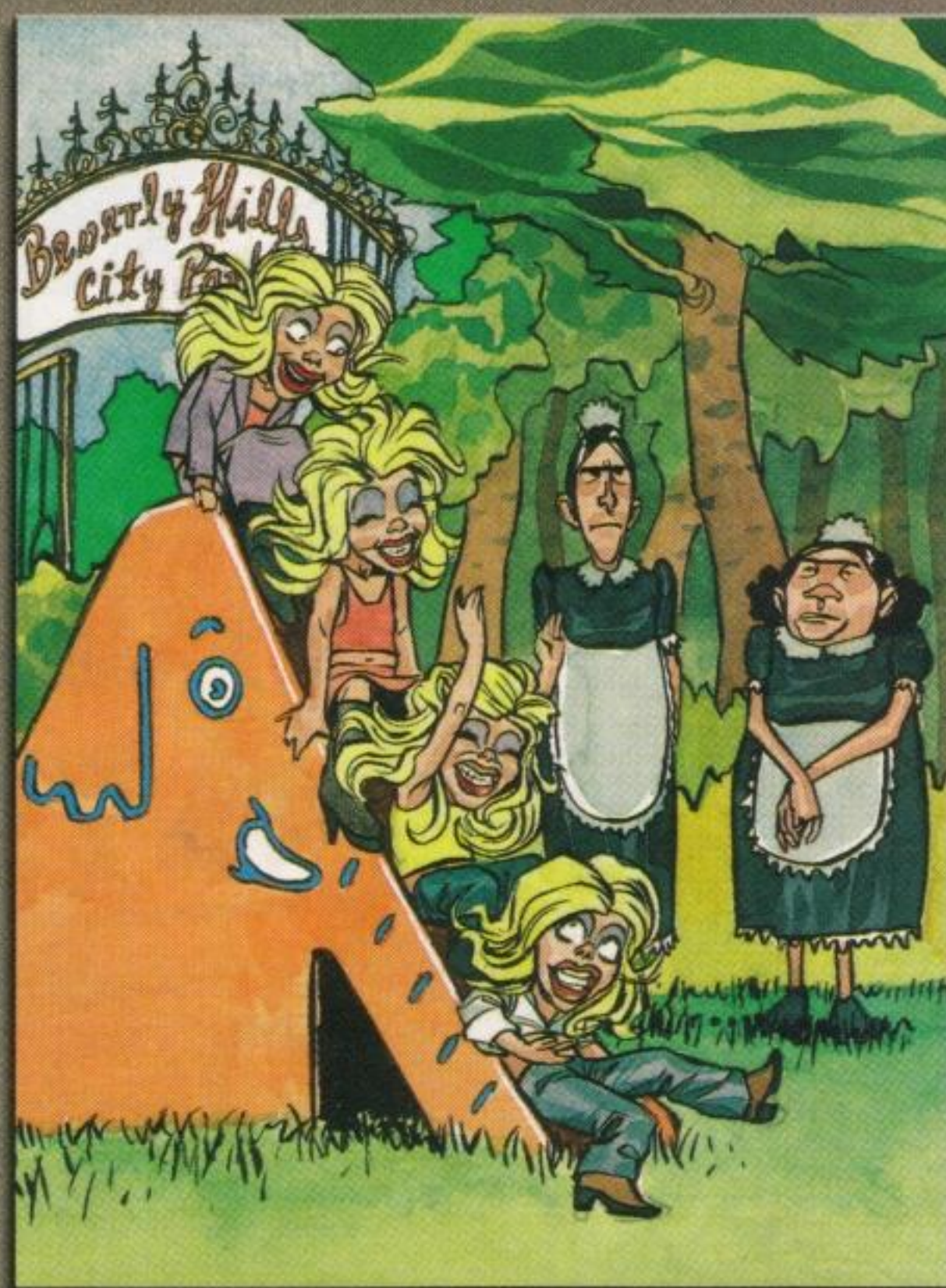


Matilda's first pictures.

The clerk couldn't believe our order: One 300-ft. by 200-ft. for the side of the hotel she'll be playing in Vegas... five billboard size... and 4 1/2 million wallet size to send out to fans!



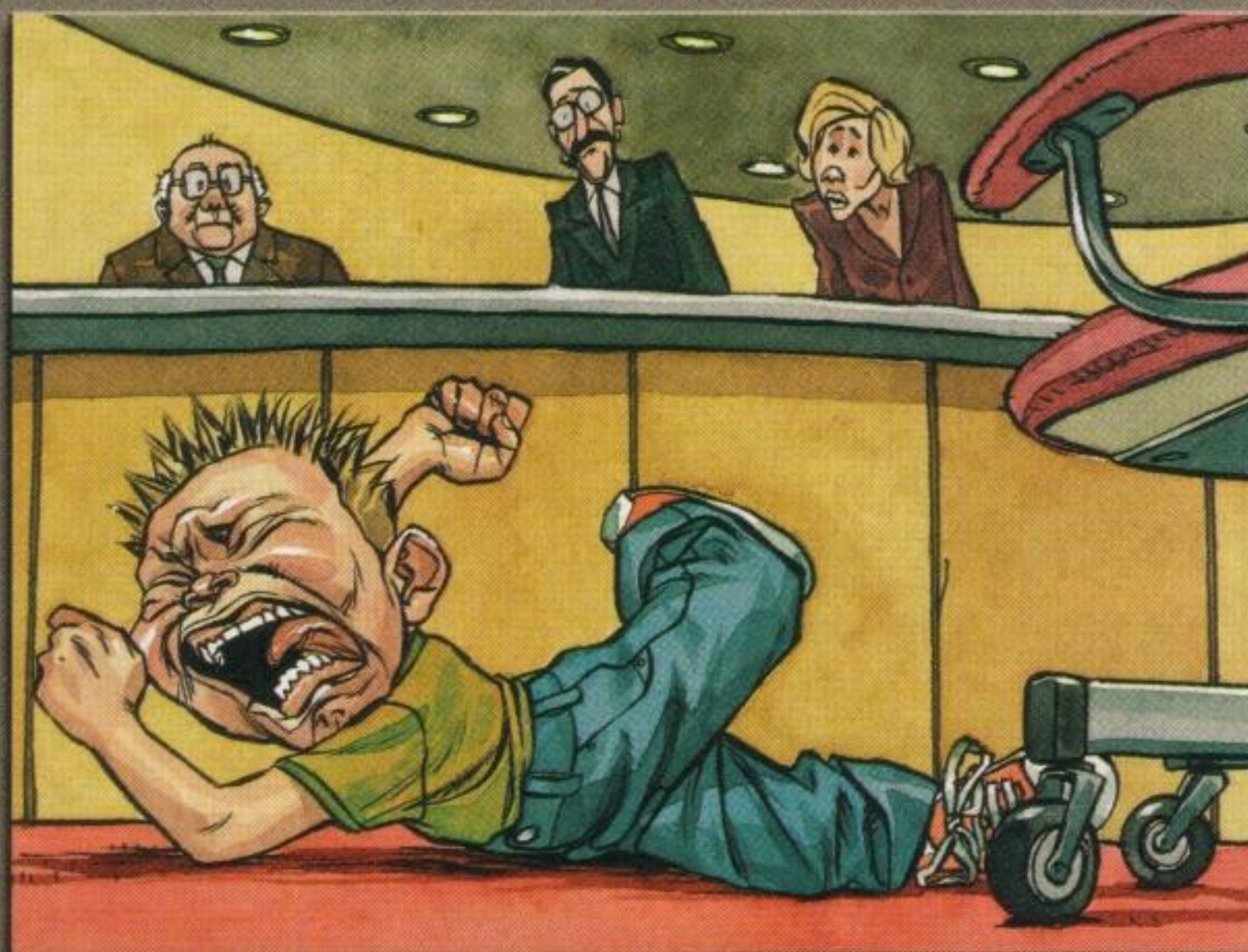
The boys kicking off their first multi-million-dollar endorsement deal — at Super Bowl XLIII, no less!



Monique, on a play date with the daughters of Christina Aguilera, Mandy Moore, and Jessica Simpson. I think Monique is third from the left.



Matilda and her first older-male stalker! (A real chip off her mom's shoulder!)



Baby Michael's first big tantrum! I think this one was over either Ancillary Merchandising Rights or Contractual Obligation to Indemnify Concert Promoters.



Credit card companies are so very thoughtful! They provide several handy reminders on the return envelope that comes with their monthly bills, such as "Did you remember to sign your check?" or "Don't forget to include your account number." Well, duh! Just once, we'd like to return their "kindness" by sending them a few reminders of things they never seem to forget, too! So next billing cycle, throw out their envelope and return your payment in...

MAD's CREDIT CARD BILL Return Envelope



TO:

☐ Visa

☐ MasterCard

☐ American Express

☐ Discover

DID YOU REMEMBER TO...

...Screw me over with an arbitrary and totally outrageous late fee?

...Report my financial information to those Orwellian bastards at Equifax and TRW, who will release this data freely to anyone except me?

...Send me through a hopeless touch-tone labyrinth when I called with a question about my bill?

...Charge me a cash-advance ATM fee on top of the fee I'm already paying to the bank that owns the ATM, effectively boning me twice for one lousy transaction?

...Raise my interest rate without notice?

...Sell my name, address and phone number to thousands of junk mail outfits and telemarketers?

...Allow me to charge over my limit and then sock me with an "over the limit" penalty?

...Keep a record of my purchases to create a "spending profile" which you can also sell over and over?

...Attempt to bleed me dry even further with your "Travelers Advantage Credit Card Registry and Protection Plan" or similar scheme, which is nothing more than an excuse to bill me a monthly "membership" fee?

MOM, DAD.
I'M TAKING BABY
PERRY TO THE
MALL.

WHAT
FOR?

TO
PICK UP
CHICKS.

**YEAH,
WE SHOULD DO
ALL RIGHT.**

NOT HIM!
ME!

YOU?!
BETTER BRING
A STUN GUN AND
A POCKETFUL OF
EXTRA STRENGTH
RUFIES.

I CAN'T
BELIEVE
IT.

WHAT?
THAT I
LOST BABY
PERRY?

NO, THAT
YOU *ACTUALLY*
THOUGHT YOU'D BE
ABLE TO PICK UP
CHICKS.

OH, SHUT UP AND KEEP LOOKING. WE GOTTA FIND HIM!

MONTRøe and... I BABYSITTING

HAVE YOU
SEEN A LITTLE
BABY...

BABY...
WHOA!

DO YOU
HAVE ANY
PEEKABO
CUTOUTS?

ONE
MOMENT,
MA'AM.
WHAT WERE
YOU ASKING,
YOUNG
MAN?

ME? **NOTHING!**
YOU TWO GO ON LIKE I'M
NOT EVEN *HERE*. AND IF
YOU FEEL LIKE KISSING
EACH OTHER, THAT'S
FINE, TOO.

LET'S
GO,
SONNY
JIM.

TORIA'S
RET

NO! WAIT! I NEVER FOUND OUT WHAT VICTORIA'S "SECRET" IS!

WE
SHOULD TRY
THE HICKORY
FARMS CART,
MONROE.

HICKORY
FARMS

YEAH,
MAYBE HE'LL
BE ATTRACTED
TO THE SCENT
OF FOOD.

AND **FREE**
SUMMER SAUSAGE
SAMPLERS!

HEY,
SAUSAGE BOY, TRY TO
WAIT ON THE HEART ATTACK
UNTIL *AFTER* WE FIND BABY
PERRY, OKAY?

I
PROMISE
NOTHING.

YOU SURE YOU HAVEN'T SEEN HIM? HE'S ABOUT THIS BIG AND HE SMELLS LIKE THIS JALAPEÑO BRATWURST!

MMPPH! SHHPICEY.



GEEZ, WALTER. HOW MUCH SAUSAGE CAN YOU CRAM N YOUR MOUTH?



FORGET I ASKED THAT.



BOY, BEING A PARENT IS A WICKED PAIN IN THE ASS!



WHOA! JACKPOT! THERE'S PERRY... AND THERE ARE THE LADIES! DIDN'T I TELL YOU THIS KID WOULD PAY OFF?

THE COMIC FACTORY

THAT'S HIM! HE'S THE ONE WHO ABANDONED THE BABY!

ABANDONED...? WHAT?

C'MON, LET'S GET HIM!



SON, YOU'VE NO BUSINESS WATCHING OVER A BABY, HELL, I'M SURPRISED YOU'RE NOT WEARING DIAPERS YOURSELF.

DON'T YOU DARE SAY A WORD, MOM.



OFFICER, THE BOY'S BEEN NUTHIN' BUT A NUISANCE SINCE THE DAY HE WAS BORN.

WE THOUGHT GIVING HIM A LITTLE RESPONSIBILITY MIGHT DO HIM SOME GOOD.

YEAH? WELL, IF I SEE THESE TWO LEFT ALONE AGAIN I'LL TAKE THEM BOTH AWAY FROM YA.



IS THAT A PROMISE?

VER FUNN



MEANWHILE, ACROSS TOWN...

THIS REMINDS ME OF OUR HONEYMOON.

YUP, THE SMELL OF URINE, MONEY AND DOG BLOOD.

AND NO KIDS AROUND!

WHAT KIDS?

EXACTLY!!

I'M SERIOUS, I CAN'T REMEMBER.

NO MORE TEQUILA AND NITROUS FOR YOU, MISTER!

HAHAHA! THIS IS THE LIFE!



WHAT WERE YOU THINKING, SONNY?

I THOUGHT BABIES WERE A CHICK MAGNET!

WELL, YOU CERTAINLY GOT THEIR ATTENTION. IF I HADN'T BROKE IT UP, THEY'D A TORN YOU APART.

THAT'S MY BOY... HIC

DO YOU SEE US LAUGHING?

HAVE A NICE DAY, FOLKS.

COME ON, WALTER. WE'RE HEADING BACK TO THE MALL. THOSE CHICKS WERE AWESOME!

THOSE GIRLS WANTED TO RIP YOUR FACE OFF.

HEY, AT LEAST THEY SPOKE TO US! THAT'S A START!

BILL WRAY

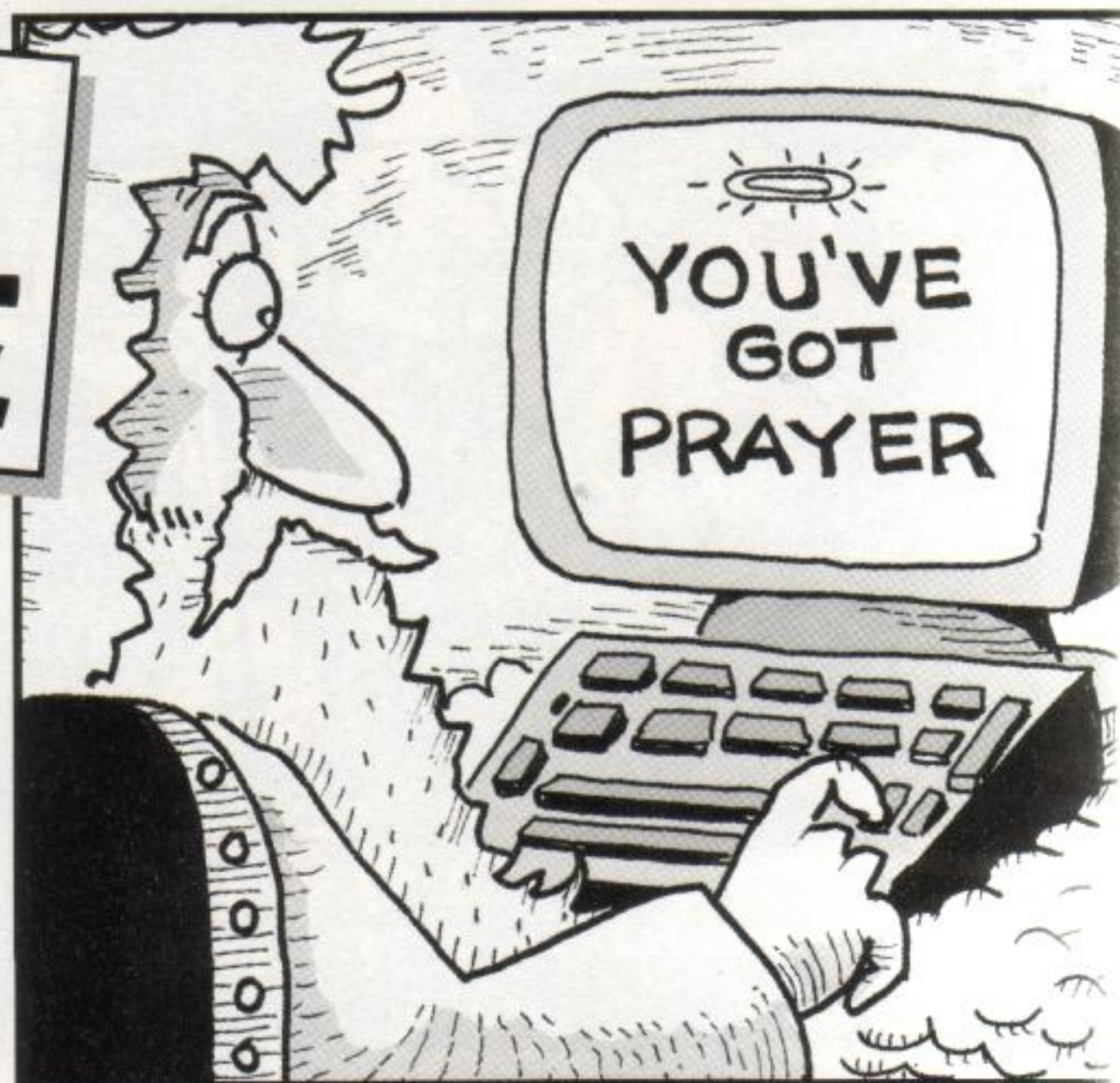


DUCK DROPPINGS



THE BIBLE

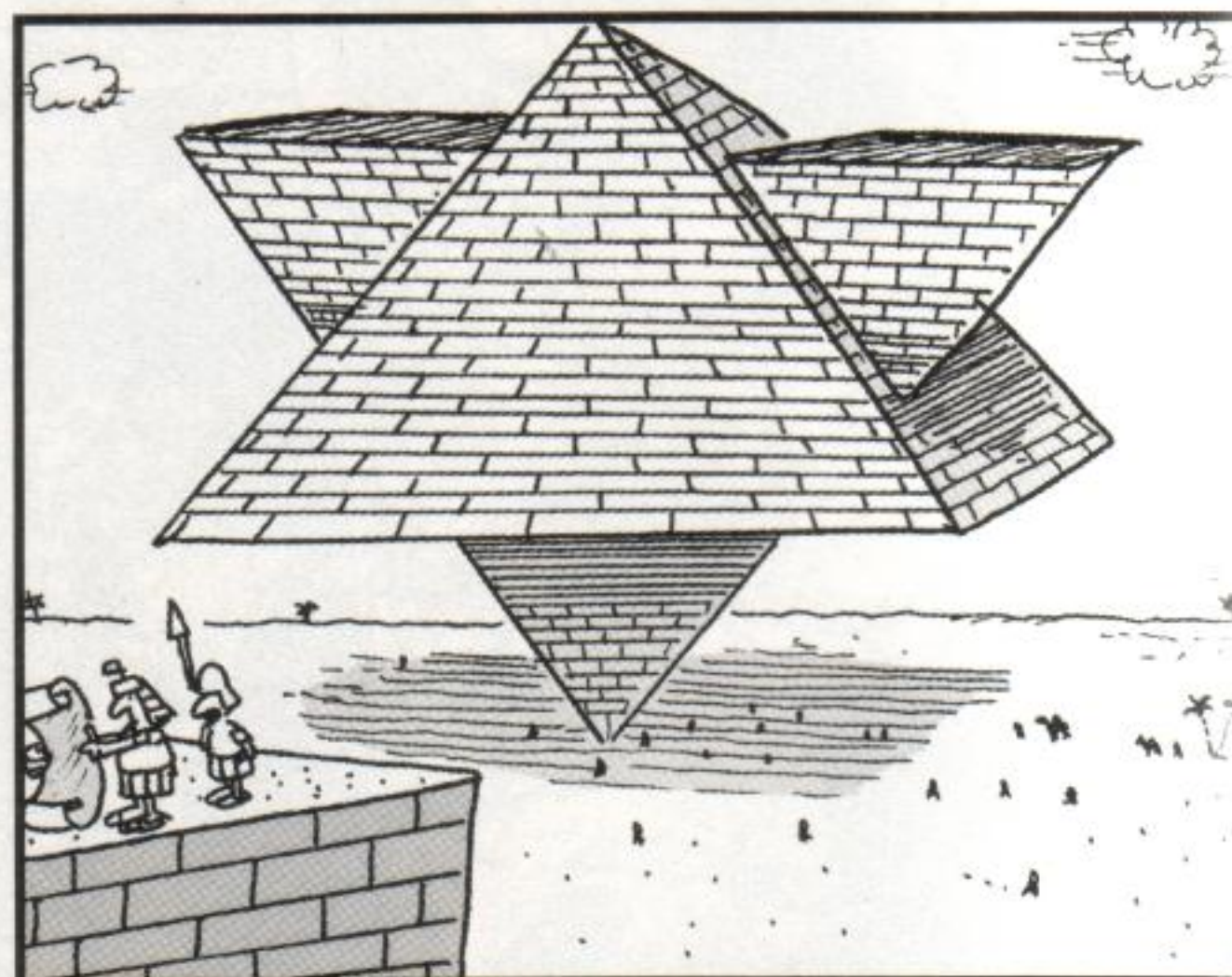
ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING



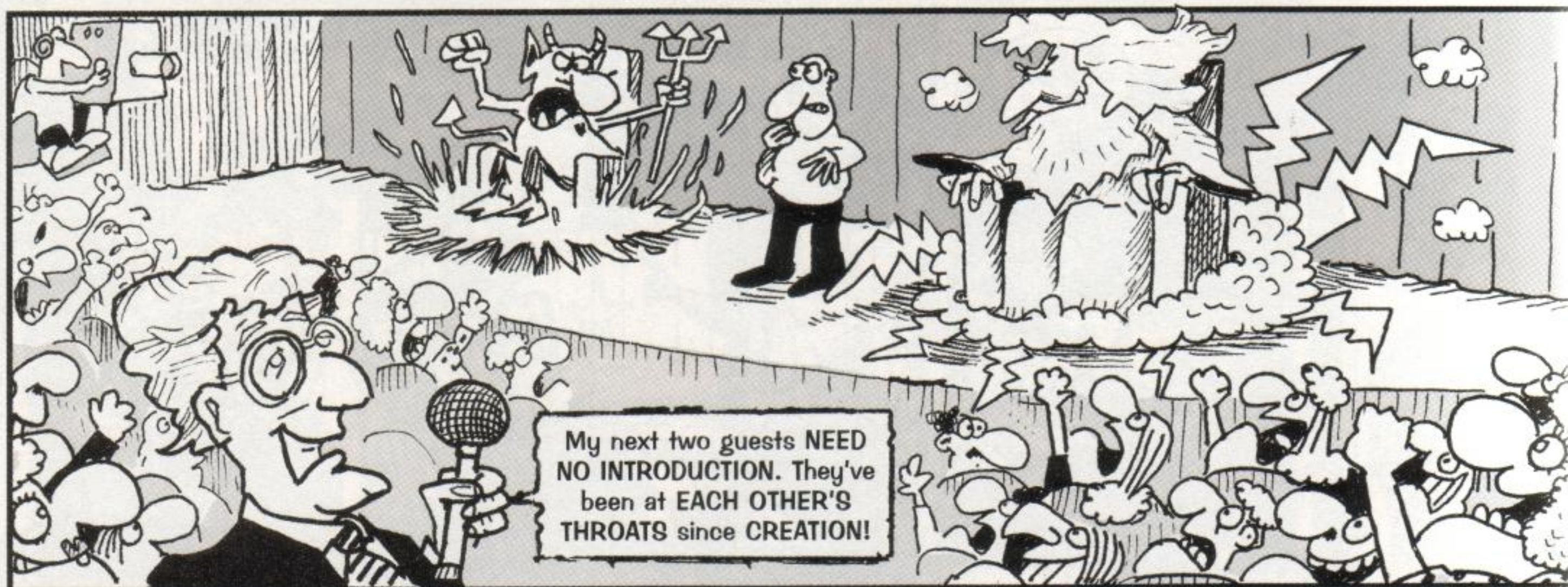
God's Computer



And yea, Moses brought forth The Ten Condiments



After the Hebrew slaves completed the two Pyramids, the Pharaoh demanded to see the blueprints



The bouncer was the first to realize that this was a very bad booking



Hello! I'm Alec Baldwin! I once had a career as a movie actor! Now my career seems to be hosting Saturday Night Live and doing off-screen narration! Remember me in Cats & Dogs as the voice of Butch, the Chief Agency Dog? No? This will be even more forgetful! I'll be doing the voiceover narration for this film! It's fashioned as an old-time storybook fable and has cute chapter titles! It's all smoke and mirrors to make audiences forget there is no real story here! It's a quirky, irreverent farce! That's movie-speak for: Don't expect huge laughs! Here is...

THE ROYAL PAININTHEBUMS

ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND

WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

I'm Royal Paininthebum! I'm patriarch of this disturbed family! This is not a happy bunch! We make the Menendez family look like the Osmonds! I guess I haven't been a perfect father! I playfully shot one kid with a BB gun! I trashed my adopted daughter's childhood play! I stole from their trust funds! I abandoned them! I made my children what they are today — depressed, glum and suicidal! But I'd like to make amends! I love my four children! Yes, you only see three in the film! I sold one of them for much-needed cash!

I'm Ethelfuel, the mom! Royal sucked the life out of the children, so I sent him packing 22 years ago! I brought up the kids myself! Somehow, on my watch they went from gifted children with great potential to complete failures! Fortunately, I have my work! I'm an archeologist! Lately, I've been looking to dig up old ruins in New York City, like a Woody Allen movie script from the 1970s! No luck! So we'll have to make do with *this* one — which tries to be the same thing but is not nearly as funny!

"Meet the parents"! I'll never say *those* words again! I'm Spaz! When I was nine my Dad shot me in the hand with a BB gun! When I was twelve he stole from my trust fund! Then I got married! My wife was killed in a plane crash! I can't prove it but I think my Dad shot down the plane! I hate the bastard! If you think I'm bitter and depressed, meet my sister!

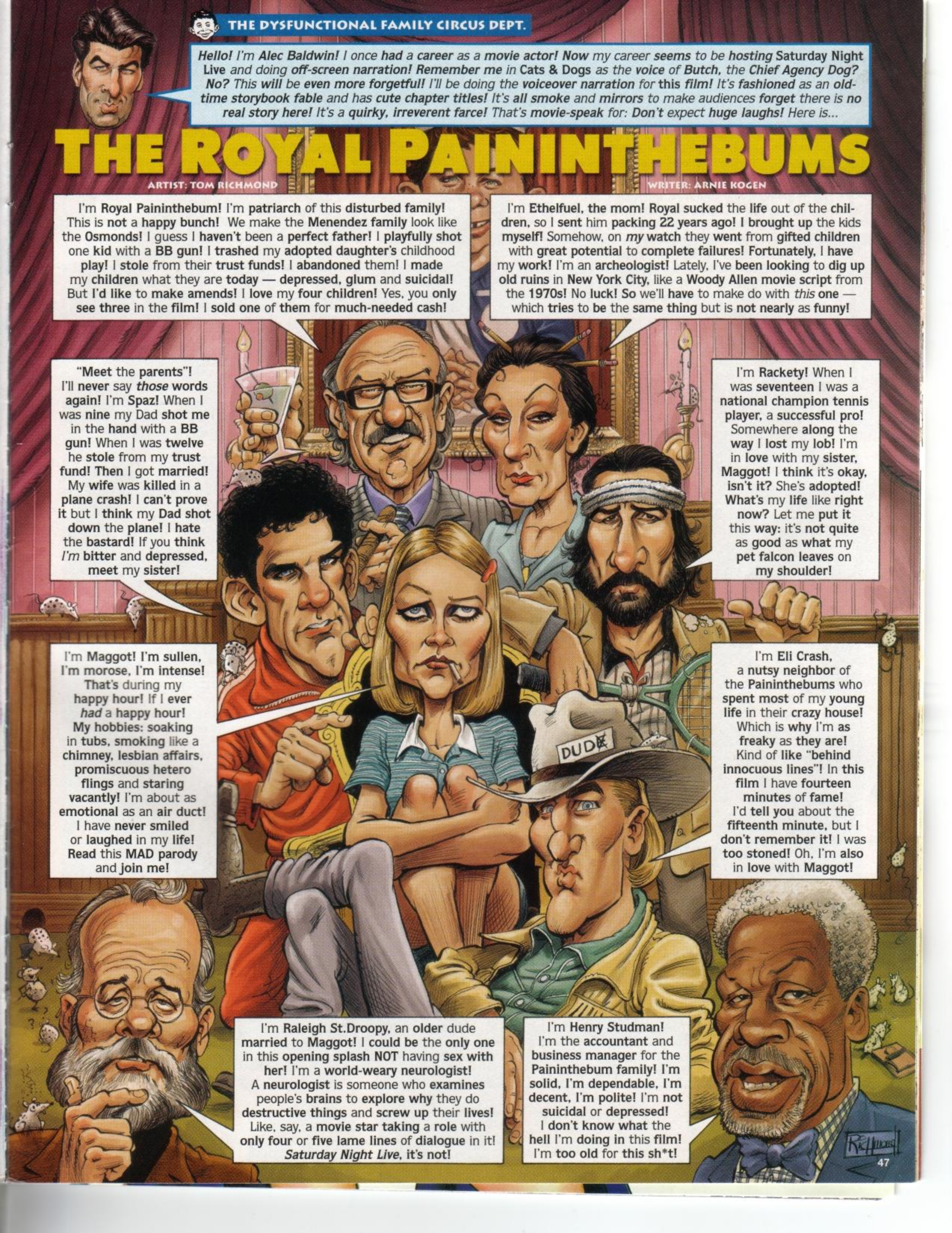
I'm Rackety! When I was seventeen I was a national champion tennis player, a successful pro! Somewhere along the way I lost my job! I'm in love with my sister, Maggot! I think it's okay, isn't it? She's adopted! What's my life like right now? Let me put it this way: it's not quite as good as what my pet falcon leaves on my shoulder!

I'm Maggot! I'm sullen, I'm morose, I'm intense! That's during my happy hour! If I ever had a happy hour! My hobbies: soaking in tubs, smoking like a chimney, lesbian affairs, promiscuous hetero flings and staring vacantly! I'm about as emotional as an air duct! I have never smiled or laughed in my life! Read this MAD parody and join me!

I'm Eli Crash, a nutsy neighbor of the Paininthebums who spent most of my young life in their crazy house! Which is why I'm as freaky as they are! Kind of like "behind innocuous lines"! In this film I have fourteen minutes of fame! I'd tell you about the fifteenth minute, but I don't remember it! I was too stoned! Oh, I'm also in love with Maggot!

I'm Raleigh St.Droopy, an older dude married to Maggot! I could be the only one in this opening splash NOT having sex with her! I'm a world-weary neurologist! A neurologist is someone who examines people's brains to explore why they do destructive things and screw up their lives! Like, say, a movie star taking a role with only four or five lame lines of dialogue in it! *Saturday Night Live*, it's not!

I'm Henry Studman! I'm the accountant and business manager for the Paininthebum family! I'm solid, I'm dependable, I'm decent, I'm polite! I'm not suicidal or depressed! I don't know what the hell I'm doing in this film! I'm too old for this sh*t!



Chapter One

Ethelfuel Paininthebum raised her three children as prodigies. Each child exhibited a unique talent bordering on genius.

Spaz was a boy wonder financial whiz! A genius in real estate and the stock market!

I'm giving a buy signal on Microsoft, also a strong buy on Intel, and pick up a thing called AOL! I know it's the 1970s and these companies haven't been created yet, but trust me, I'm decades ahead of my time! Oops, gotta go! Emergency! Not a stock crash! I've got a huge zit! I'm 14! Oh, by the way, when a thing called Enron goes public...dump it!



Maggot was a successful playwright! She won a \$50,000 grant at age 15! Her first play was performed when she was in the third grade! Rave reviews with one noticeable exception!

It was drek! You call that a Second Act ending? There was no character arc for the tooth fairy! And the plot twist with the dancing tulips in Act Three...what the hell were you thinking?

But Daddy, I'm only seven!

Then I'll explain it in terms you can understand! Your play was caca!



Maggot was adopted! Royal never let her forget it!

This is my adopted daughter, Maggot!

Dad, must you say that?

Correction! This is my anorexic adopted daughter, Maggot!

Hoo boy!



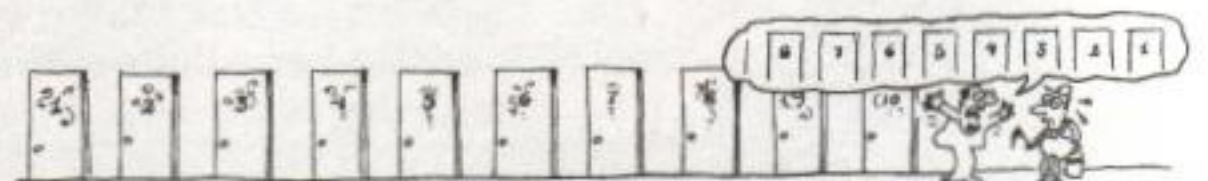
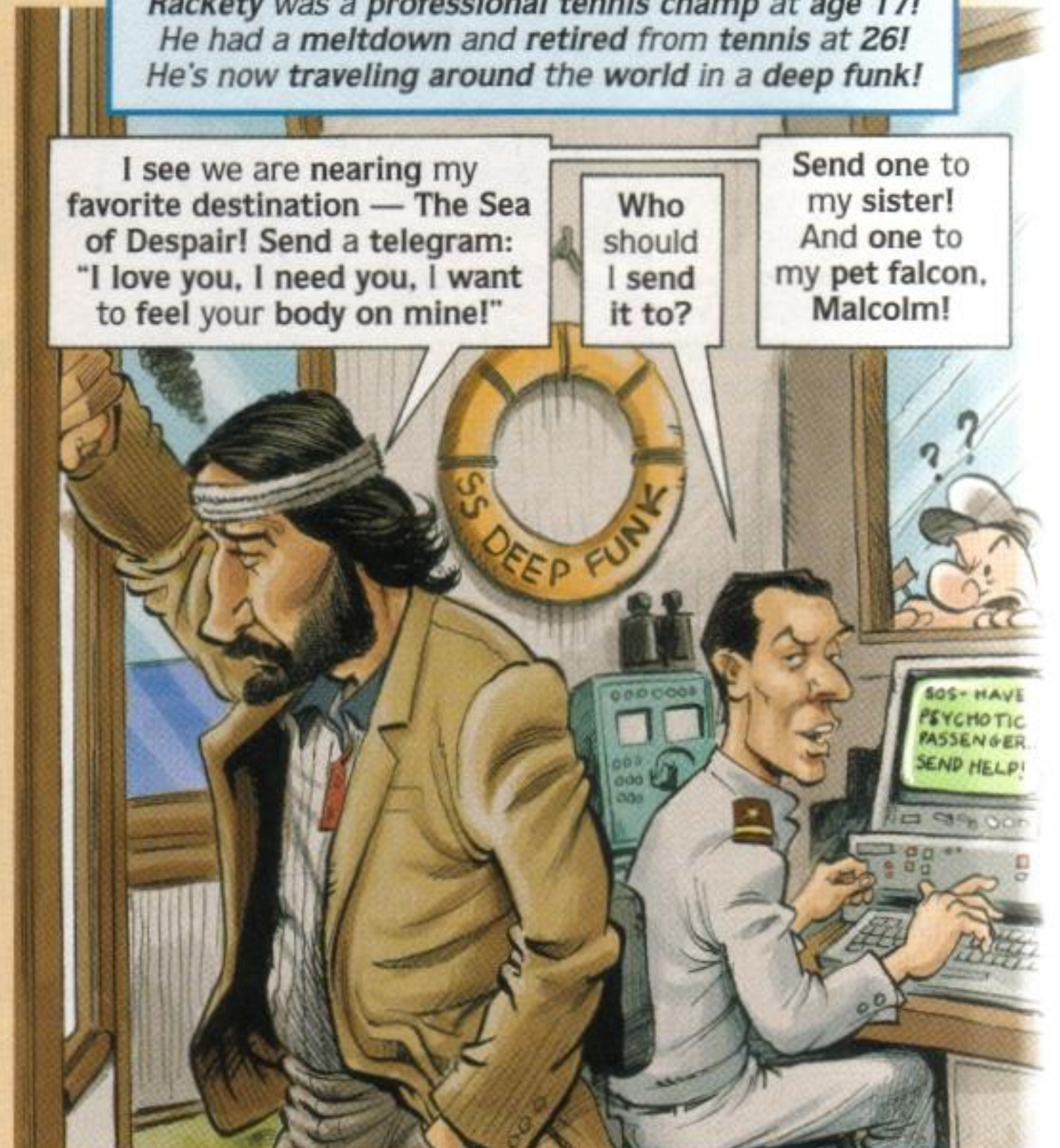
The Paininthebum children are now all grown up! Which is unfortunate! The three geniuses turned out to be nut jobs!

Rackety was a professional tennis champ at age 17! He had a meltdown and retired from tennis at 26! He's now traveling around the world in a deep funk!

I see we are nearing my favorite destination — The Sea of Despair! Send a telegram: "I love you, I need you, I want to feel your body on mine!"

Who should I send it to?

Send one to my sister! And one to my pet falcon, Malcolm!

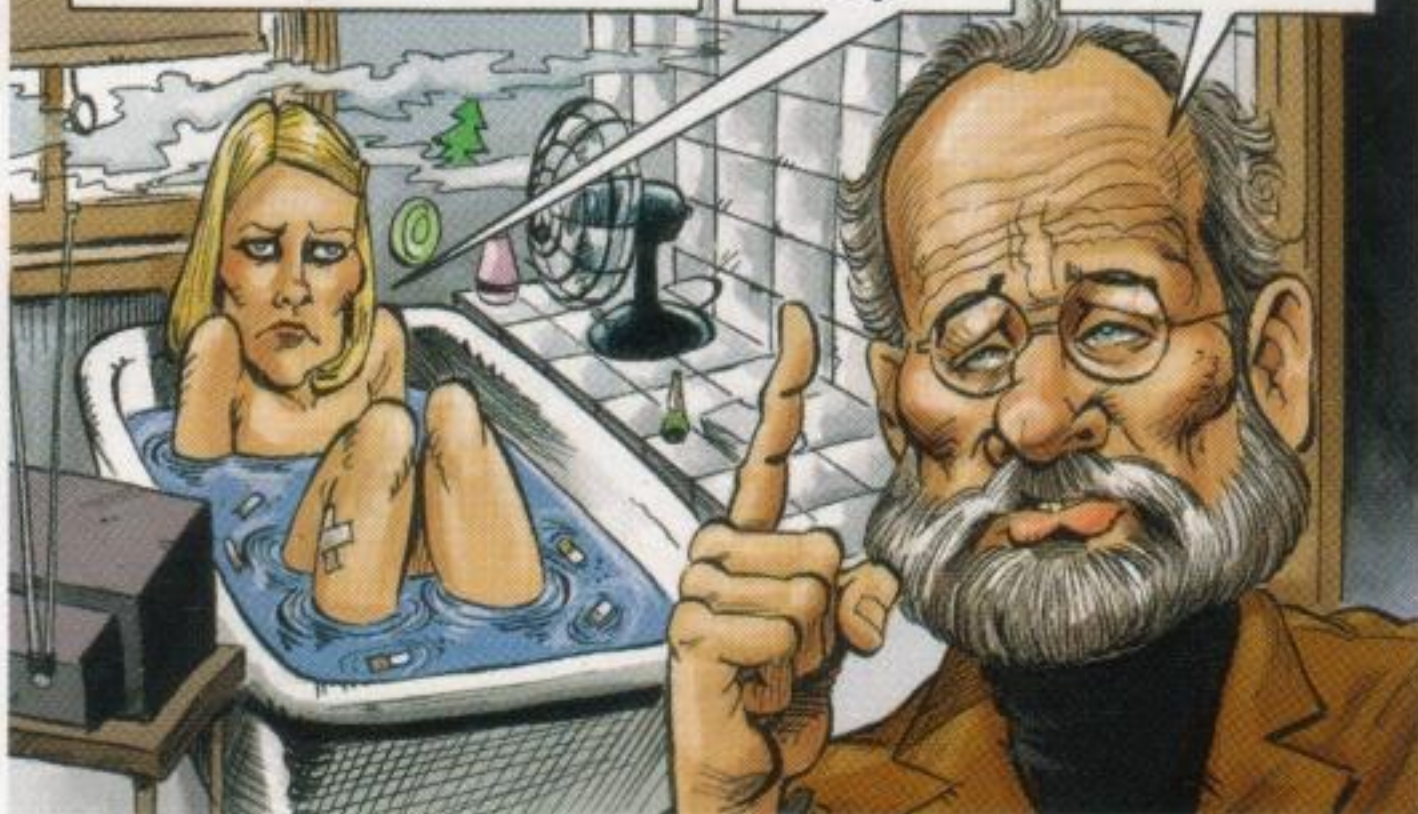


While *Rackety* was sailing the seven seas, his sister, *Maggot*, was also in deep water! Tepid tub water!

Maggot, this is freaky behavior! Every day you soak in the tub for hours! Each day is a duplicate of the day before! Don't you get tired of doing the exact same thing every 24 hours?

It worked for you in *Groundhog Day*!

In *Groundhog Day* I was funny! In this film you're just wet and depressed!



Spaz was paranoid! Overly concerned with safety! He ran late night drills with his two boys, *Sullen* and *Anxious*!

Why must we practice fire drills at three a.m.?

Because, *Sullen*, it's a dangerous world out there! There's fire, there's gas leaks, there's plague! And if natural forces don't destroy you, then family certainly will, with betrayal, deceit and angst! Family will crush the life out of you! They'll tear your heart out!

But Dad, YOU'RE family!

So what's your point?



The only one doing well was their neighbor, *Wally Crash*, the pothead novelist, who achieved sudden literary celebrity!

"And then *Custer* said to his guide, 'Hey, man, is that Montana or a tumbling tumbleweed'?"

Wow, is he ripped!

The guy's a phony! Has he ever been west of 8th Avenue?

I hear he once moseyed over to Riverside Drive and 145th Street!

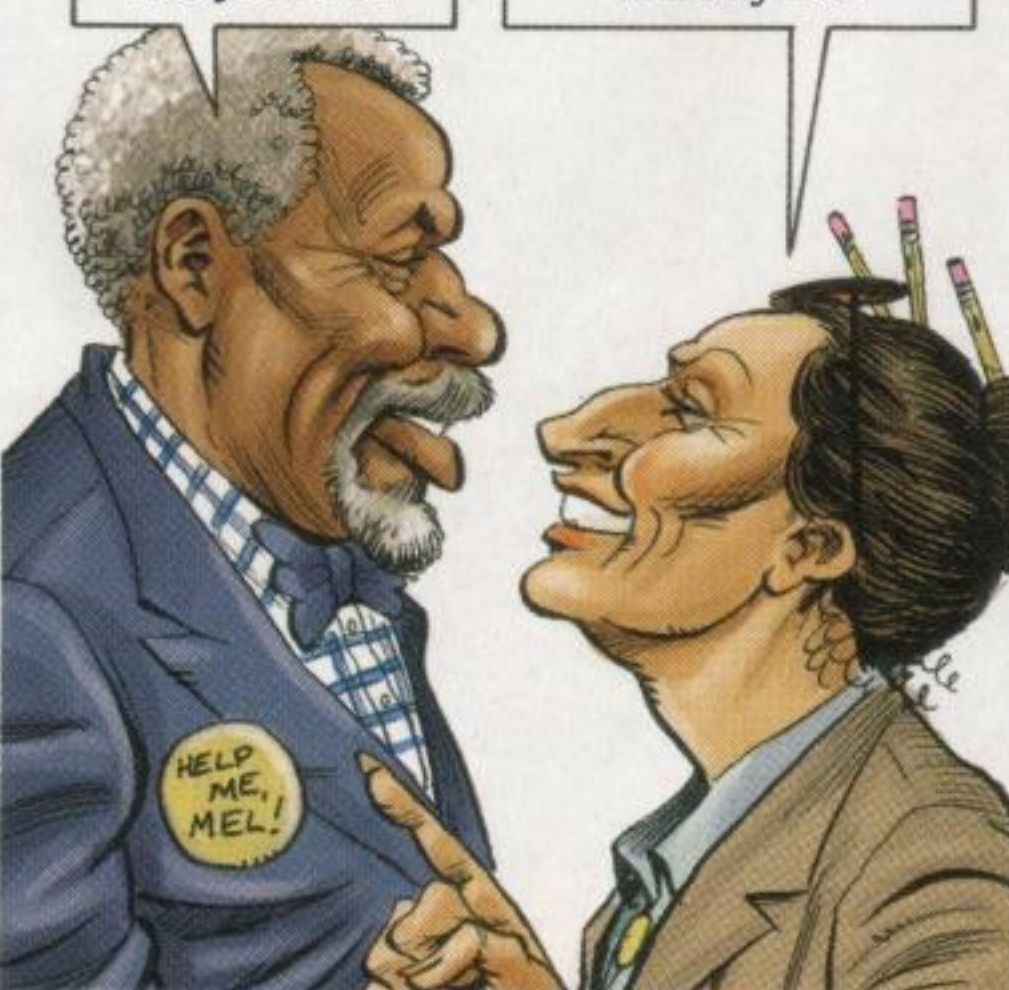
He's a one-book wonder! The question is: Does he have another novel in him?

With his talent, I don't think he has a leaflet in him!



Ethelfuel, marry me! I can bring stability into your life!

After my first husband, *Carrot Top* would bring stability into my life!



Be careful turning the TV knob with your toe! You can electrocute yourself!

Stop putting a happy spin on my life!

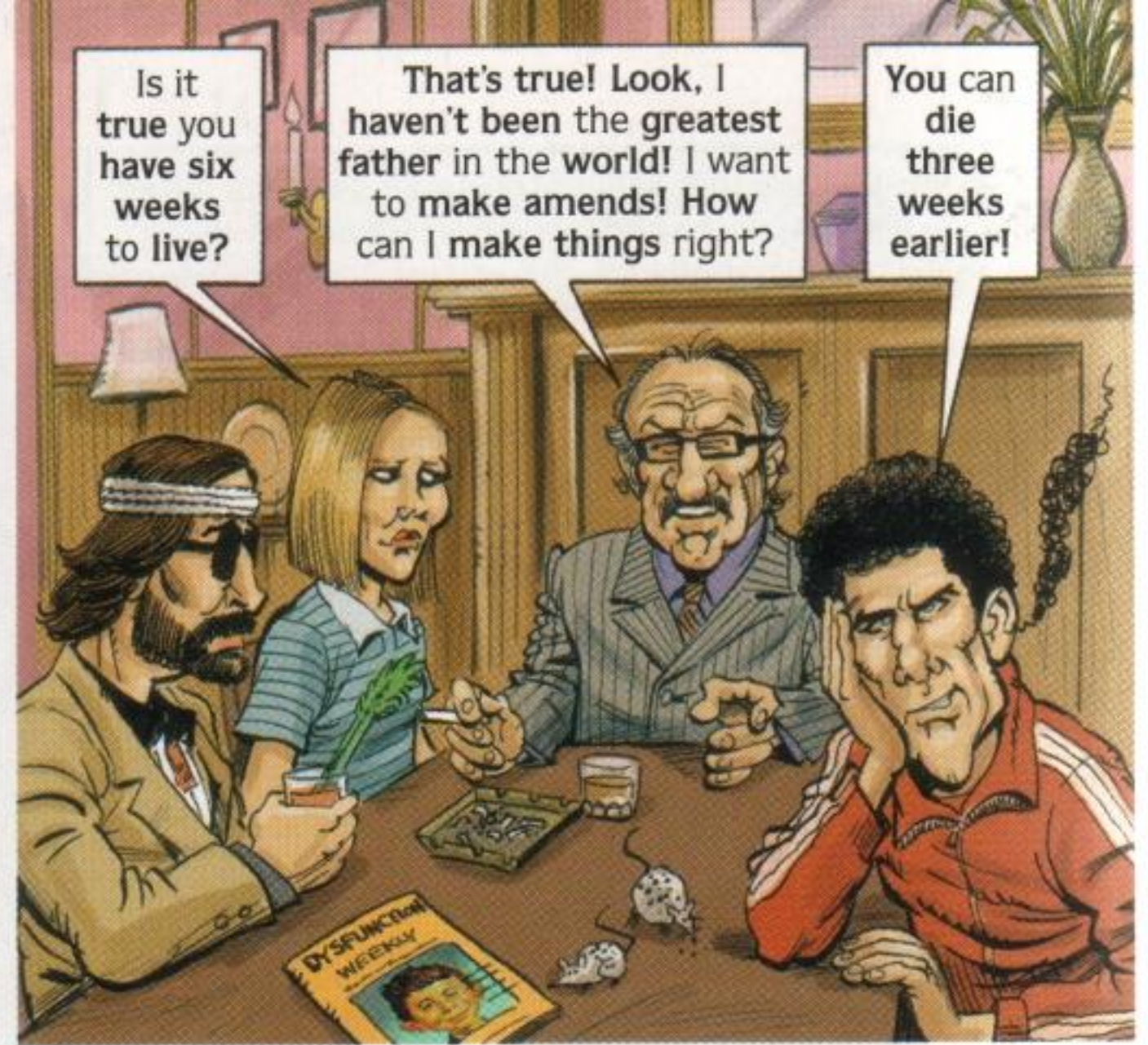
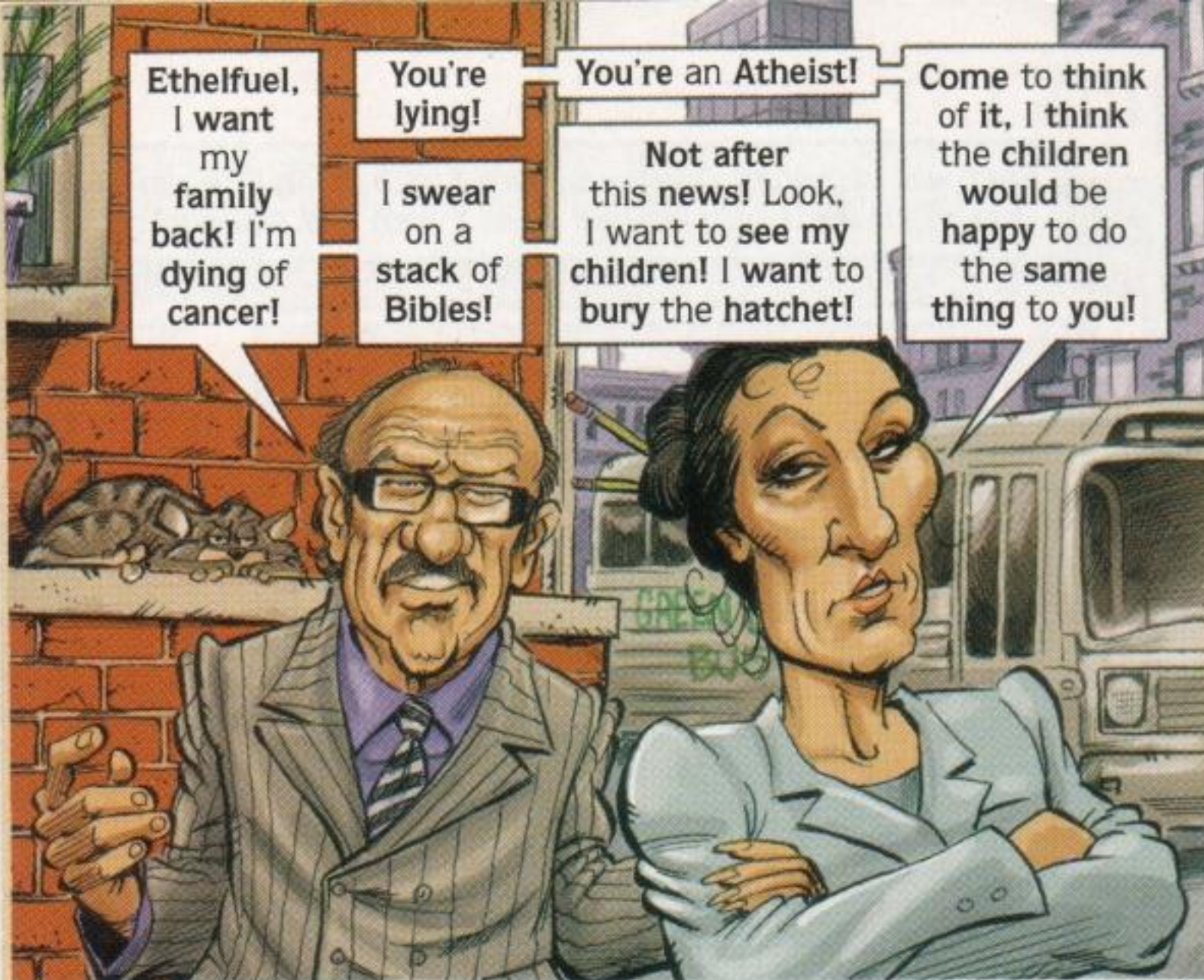
Maggot, we're worried about you! Orca the Killer Whale spends less time in the water than you do!

Nonsense! I'm fine, Mother!

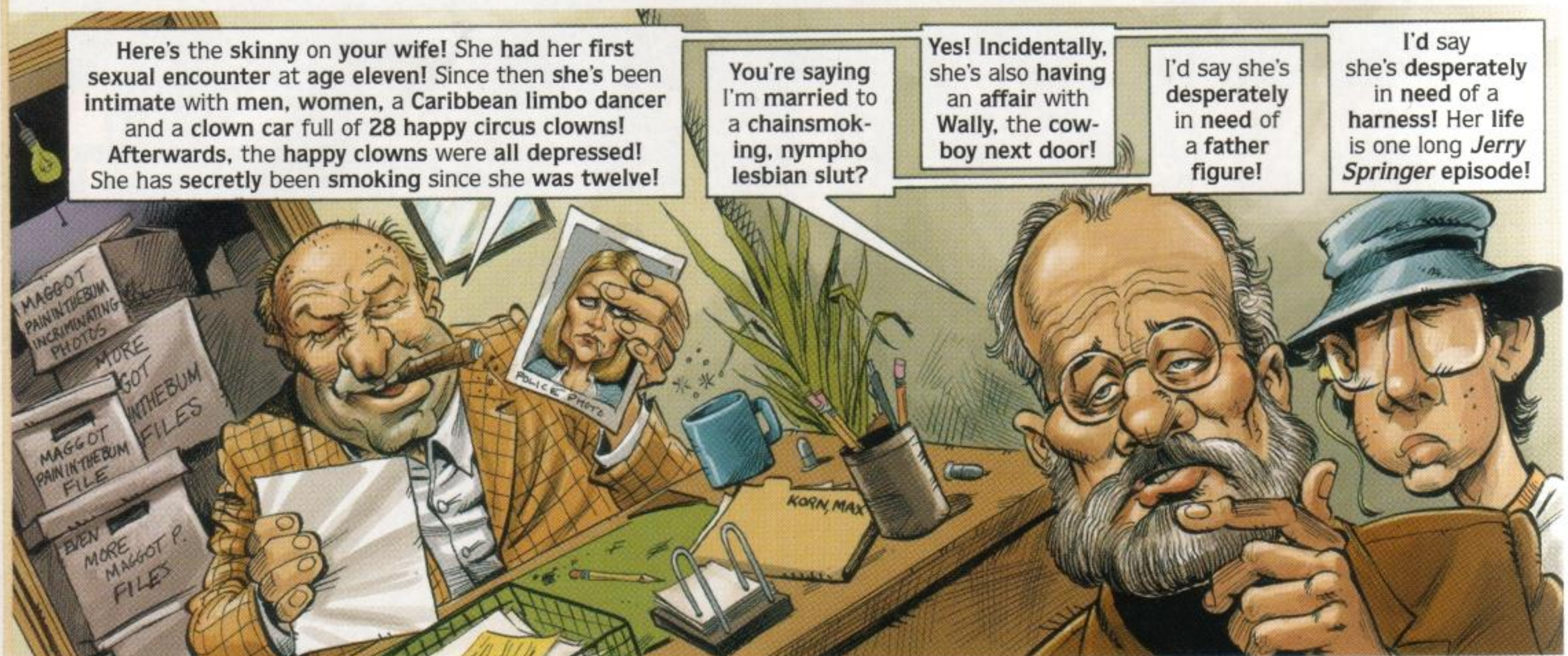
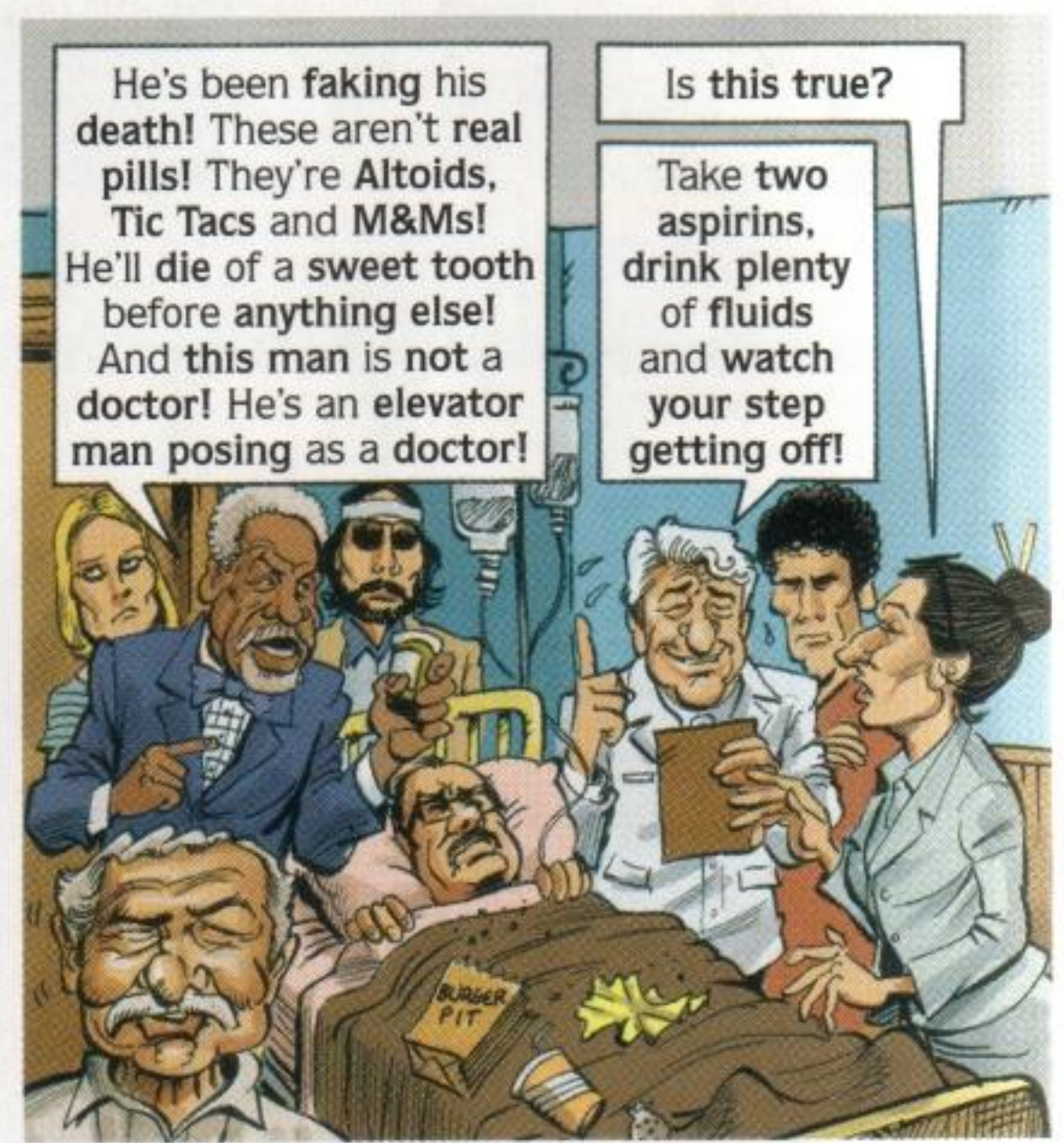
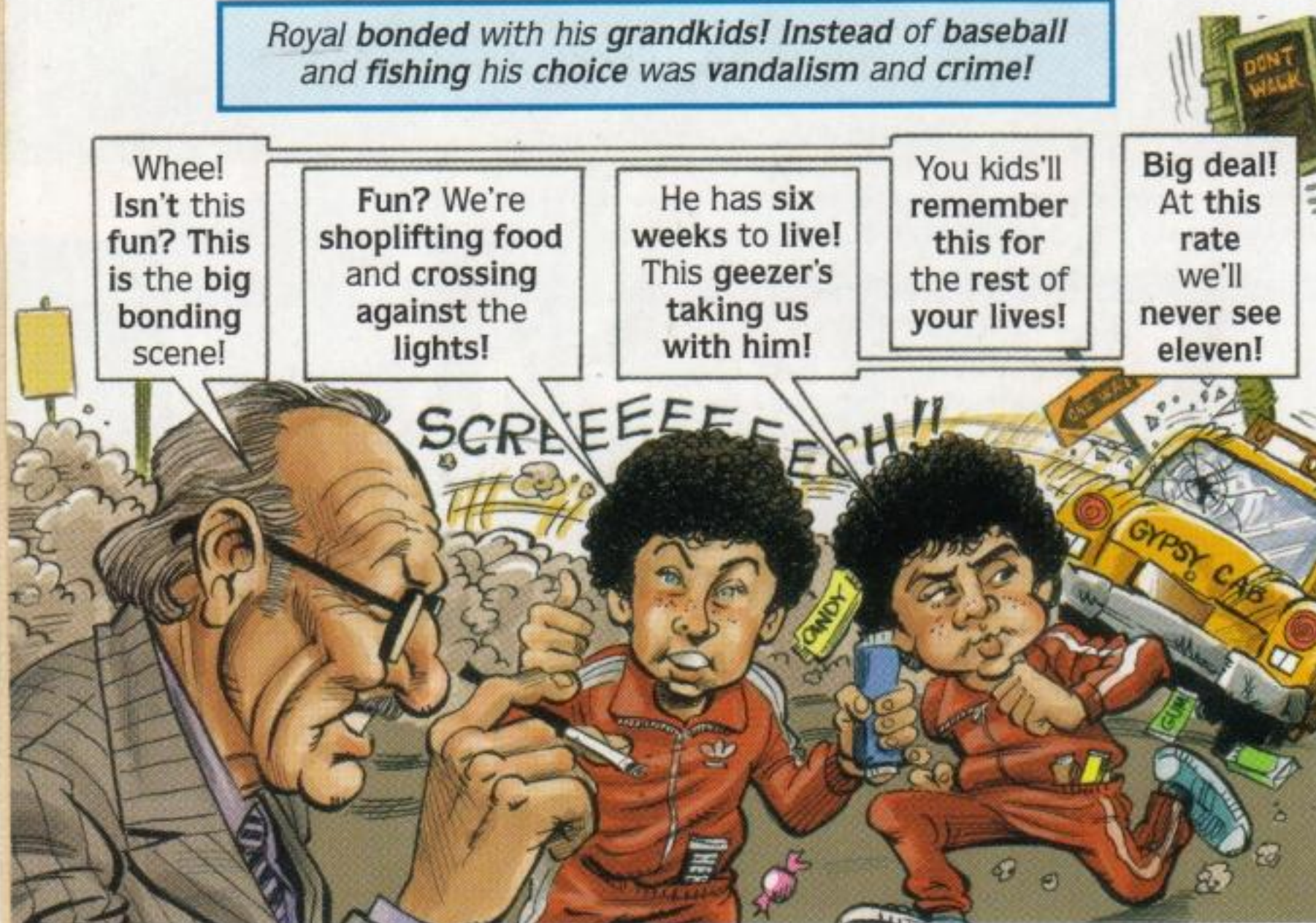
We're rich! We can get you help! You need a change of scenery!

Okay! Perhaps you can rent me a summer tub in the South of France!



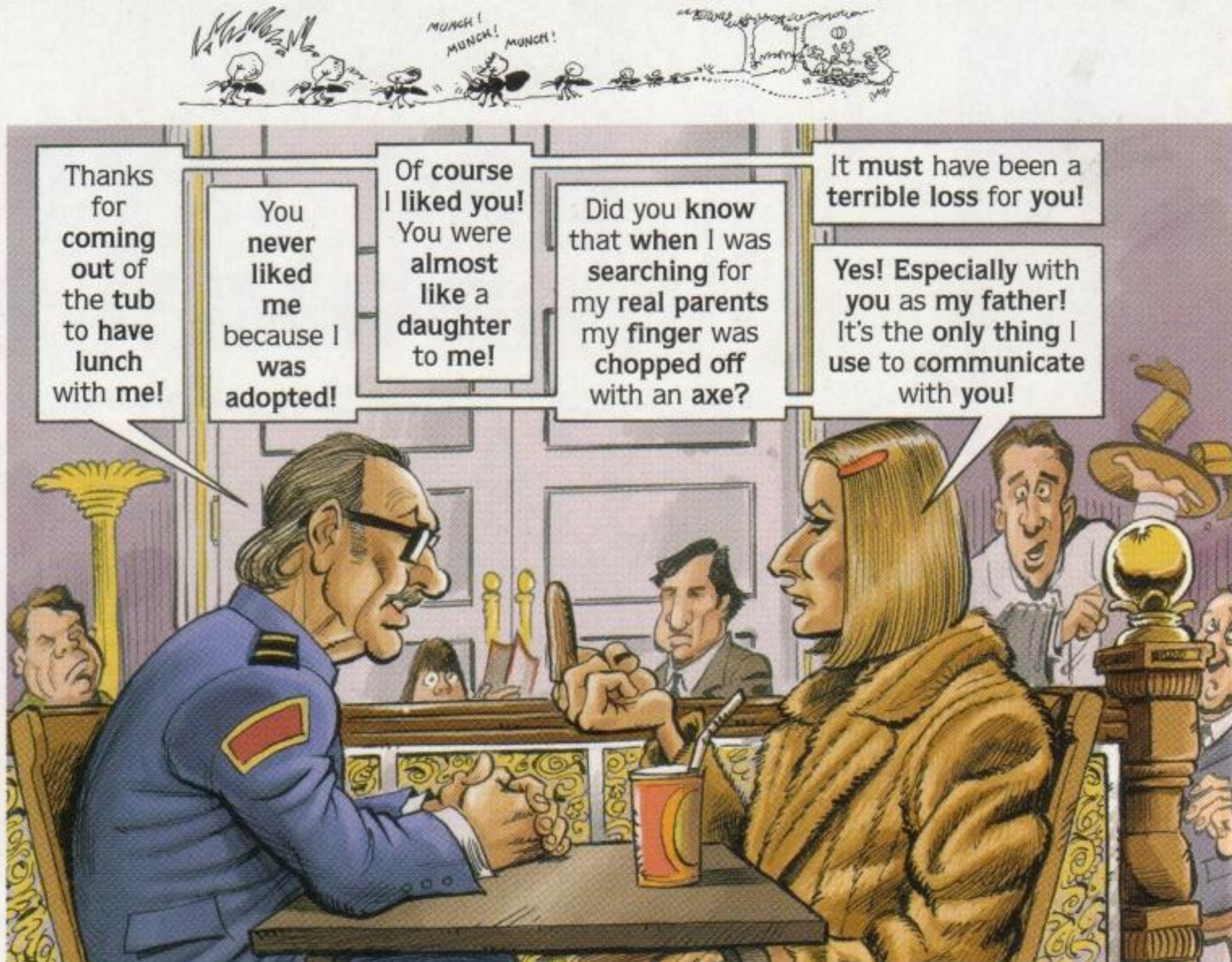


Royal bonded with his grandkids! Instead of baseball and fishing his choice was vandalism and crime!



Rackety tried to put the past behind him and move on with his life, but realized he didn't have a life!

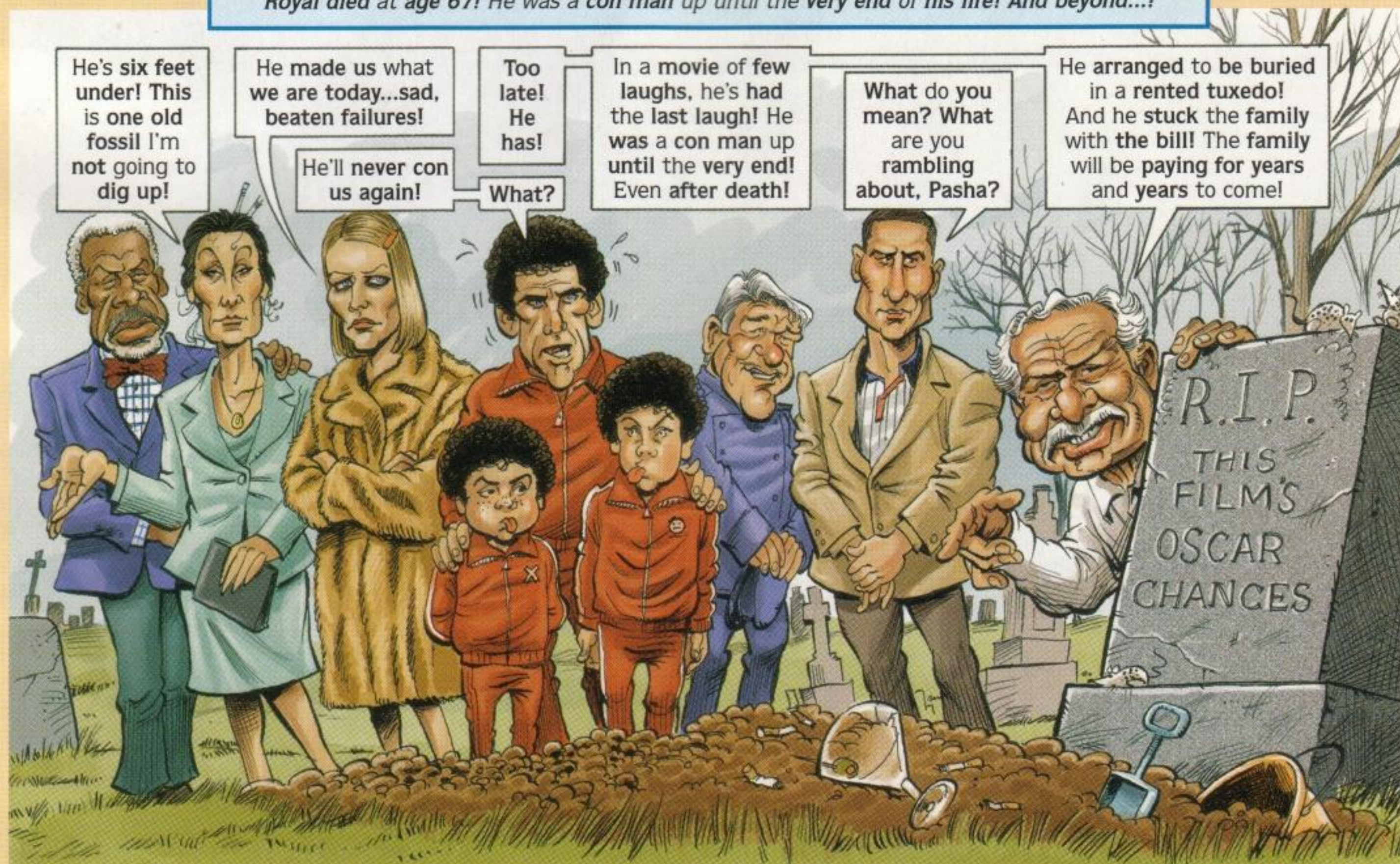
I failed at tennis, I failed at love, I failed at life! My father abandoned me! My falcon flew away from me! My sister has given up having sex with me for someone out of the family! How sick is that? I have no reason to live anymore! Oops, damn it! I cut my fingernail instead of my wrist! I just failed at suicide!



Final Chapter

At Ethelfuel and Henry Studman's wedding, Eli crashed his car in a drugged-out stupor. The bad news is, the dog was killed. The worse news is, everyone else in this dysfunctional family lived! For awhile, at least...

Royal died at age 67! He was a con man up until the very end of his life! And beyond...!



WHAT ONE GROUP
ABOVE ALL OTHERS
IS PRESIDENT
BUSH INTENT
ON PROTECTING?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS **MAD FOLD-IN**

There are so many problems going on in the world and it seems the United States is in the middle of them. George W. really has his hands full figuring out how to take care of everyone in need of protection. There is one group, however, that he knows exactly what to do with and how to shield them from any harm that may surely come their way. To find out what chosen group this is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

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



CORRECTING WORLD PROBLEMS IS DIFFICULT. OPP-
OSING FORCES FIGHT EVERYTHING. THE DESPERATE
FATE OF MEN, WOMEN AND LITTLE CHILDREN
CAN BE SOLVED BY FUNDING WITHOUT CONSTRAINTS

A

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

B

SCANNED BY:
DIZZIE

MAD Magazine has sold out.
Sure their page quality is better and
now some pages are in colour, but
now the magazine that has been
ad-free forever; that has once
mocked the capitalist assault on our
minds, has now embraced it.
FUCK YOU MAD!

