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**PLEASE SHUT UP!** **PLEASE SHUT UP!** **PLEASE SHUT UP!**

#406 JUNE 2001 \$2.99 CHEAP!



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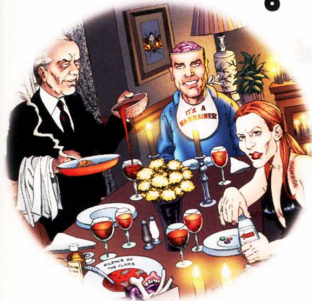
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# MAD

June 2001

NUMBER 406

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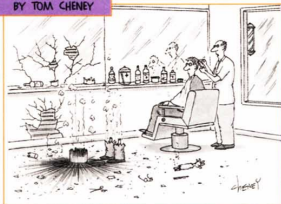


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**PULL MY CHENEY**  
BY TOM CHENEY



"OH, BY THE WAY... DON'T TOUCH THAT SMALL BLACK BUTTON ON THE SIDE OF YOUR CHAIR."

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CHUPA CHUPS. HULA HOOPS.  
**SOUND *the* SAME**  
BUT ONE'S EASIER TO GET  
*In Your Mouth.*

*Smart mouth you got there.* ★







## THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

### JUNE

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THUR.	FRI.	SAT.
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30

1991  
World Bank Gives  
Country of Somalia a  
Toaster for Opening  
New Account

1912  
Smith Brothers  
Join Forces with  
Wright Brothers to  
Invent Flying  
Cough Drop

1652  
Hunchback of Notre  
Dame's Mother Tells  
Him To Sit Up  
Straight at Dinner  
Table for First Time

1995  
"Honk if You're  
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Air Force One

1993  
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"Parents work so they can  
give their children a better  
life than they had — and  
then complain about how  
easy they've got it!"

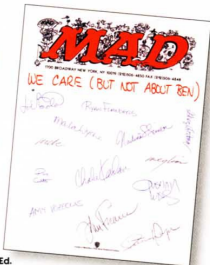
FRONT COVER ARTIST: JAMES BENNETT





My first college homework assignment of this semester is to write a letter to someone involved in the media. So, like other slacker students with nobody better to write to, I chose MAD. I'm not quite sure what I'm supposed to be writing about, but I remember our teacher saying something about trying to find out if there is anyone who really cares what I think. MAD is obviously the place where people care what I think and will be supportive to my ideas, beliefs and dreams. Well, my class starts in two minutes so I need to end this letter right now.

**Benihana** — As our written reply shows, we here at MAD do care. Just not about you! —Ed.

[illegible]

Once again we present the ever-popular feature in which we give clever answers to letters sent to magazines other than our own. This month's target is the December 2000 issue of *Vanity Fair*.



*In regard to Gail Sheehy's statements about George W. Bush's speaking ability, may we remind readers that God chose Moses to lead his people out of bondage into the promised land, even though Moses said to Him/Her (Exodus 4:10), "Lord, Oh my Lord, I am not eloquent, neither heretofore, nor since thou has spoken to thy servant: but I am slow of speech, and of a slow tongue." Today, even after more than 3,000 years have passed, we still revere Moses as one of the greatest leaders in the history of mankind.*

*F & P N. Tucson, AZ*

**F & P** — Yours is a particularly appropriate letter. For most people around the world, their first reaction on learning that George W. was elected President of the United States and leader of the free world was "HOLY MOSES!"

**HOW TO REACH US**  
Please Address Correspondence  
To: MAD, Dept. 406, New York  
Broadway, New York, New York  
10019. MAD welcomes reader  
submissions. Manuscripts will not  
be returned or acknowledged,  
however, unless they are accom-  
panied by a self-addressed,  
stamped envelope! MAD doesn't  
read faxed submissions!

You have got to help me. I love MAD and I read it every chance I get, especially during school. But my Spanish teacher just came up with this new rule that we can't read anything in her class unless it is written in Spanish. What I'm trying to find out is if you have any information on how I can get a Spanish issue of MAD.

Estaban — Hola! No posseño el español MAD. Muy bado por you. Insteado, we presento the following el song justo por you: "Macarena tiene un novio que se llama, que se llama de apellido Vitorino. Y en la jur de bandera del muchacho, se la dio con dos amigos! Dale a tu cuerpo alegría Macarena, que tu cuerpo es pa darle alegría y cosa buena, dale a tu cuerpo alegría Macarena, eh...Macarena!" Muchas gracias por el writing! —Eduardo.

Here is my request for *The Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*™. Holly is a girl who goes to my school, and she is one of the sweetest and greatest people I know. Prom is coming up and I wanted to ask her out. Unfortunately, my chance of success is about 0.2%. If you print "Holly, Jim really wants to go to prom with you" you may improve my chance of success to 0.5%!

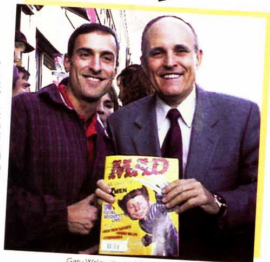
Bingo! Once again we have a perfect letter for *The Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*<sup>TM</sup>. Judging from your missive, Jimbo, it seems pretty certain that you even *entertaining* the idea that there would be a chance in hell that the lovely Holly would be receptive to your romantic overture is truly dumb. Nonetheless, we here at *The Make A Dumb Wish Foundation*<sup>TM</sup> are nothing if not romantics at heart, and therefore, we happily grant your dumb wish:

**HOLLY, JIM REALLY  
WANTS TO GO TO  
PROM WITH YOU!**

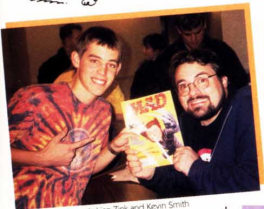
P.S. Let us know how this turns out. If somehow lightning strikes and the Hollister says yes, we fully expect a prom photo for our letters page. Good luck, stud! —Ed.

## MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

Shortly after this photo of New York City Mayor Rudy Giuliani was taken, members of the NYC police department wrestled Gary Wallowitz of Brooklyn, NY to the ground and beat him senseless, in what is reported to be the first instance of idiot profiling! To help him recuperate from his massive internal injuries, we are sending Gary a three-year celebrity snap subscription and our best wishes for a speedy, though his doctors say limited, recovery!



Gary Wallowitz and Rudy Giuliani



Adrian Zink and Kevin Smith

## OUR COVER STORY

I recently found out something disturbing. Pets.com as was parodied on the cover of MAD #394, is going out of business. I saw on MSNBC that the company has gone bankrupt and has fired over 700 of its employees. Since you put both George W. Bush and Al Gore on the cover of MAD #395, I'm kind of worried about what might happen.

Joseph Garrett, Scotch Plains, NJ

**Joey Joe —** Congrats! You are the first reader to pick up on a new trend with MAD covers, mainly that we're featuring a lot of puppets! Thanks for writing! —Ed.

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ON SALE JUNE 19!

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ON SALE JUNE 19!

FAX MAD AT  
(212) 506-4848!

Adrian Zink of Larned, KS sent us this photo of himself with noted film director Kevin Smith. If Mr. Smith ever decides to do *Mallrats II*, it would appear that Adrian has the inside track on the lead role! Nonetheless, we're stuck sending this future clerk a three-year subscription for his "effort!"



## THE SPACE WASTE

You used up half the space devoted to letters in issue #402 to show us your book signing held on November 9, 2000 instead of printing correspondence from readers like me. What's next? A complete rag advertising the rest of the dimwitted printed matter published by you idiots?

Michael Thompson, Bay St. Louis, MS

**Mikey —** No, that's not what's next. What's next is us taking up valuable space ragging on you and what a loser you are and pointing out that getting published in MAD will be the absolute pinnacle in your miserable, pathetic, empty little life. Thanks for writing! —Ed.



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<http://www.madmag.com>



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**Janette Kahn**  
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**Dick DeBartolo** creative consultant

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**Ryan Flanders** production artist

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**Allison Gill** exec. director—manufacturing

**Lillian Laserson** vp & general counsel

**Contributing Artists  
And Writers**  
the usual gang of idiots

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THE FLESH PRINCE DEPT.

A man...a plan...an appetite...

## CANNIBAL

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

COLORIST: WILD STORM

When I serve soul food, I use real soul, and it's the same when I serve brain food! I bet you've never had any this fresh! I just took the lid off a few seconds ago! Be sure not to eat too much of any one thing, because I have several courses to come: spare ribs, liver, tongue and lots of "finger food"! Can I pour you a very Bloody Mary?

Is there a window open? I feel a draft on the top of my head! The FBI insists we agents keep our hair closely cropped, but whoever gave me my last haircut went a little over the top! Does that make any sense? I think someone's playing head games with me! I feel a little drugged and confused! Can someone explain what's going on here?

You're such a jerk, Agent Blender! Anybody with half a brain can see what's going on here! Oh, I'm sorry, silly me! You don't have half a brain... well, not any more, so perhaps we can impose on Cannibal Lecher to dissect the plot for us!







Let me see if I can make sense of this story! I mean, I'm in it, and even I'm confused, but I'll try to cut it down to bite size pieces! Agent Caprice Stirling of the FBI and I hadn't been in contact for ten years, since I escaped custody and left the United States! It seems longer than ten years though, because Agent Stirling looks like a totally different person now! Anyway, I saw her on the news recently during that unfortunate FBI incident...

Once again the FBI has been blamed for using firepower instead of good judgment! It happened today when trigger-happy agents opened fire during a meeting of parents and FBI agents, ironically called: "Is the FBI using firepower instead of good judgment?"

Blame for the entire incident has fallen on the shoulders of Agent Caprice Stirling, who ten years ago almost single-handedly brought in the infamous Cannibal Lecher, only to see him escape and disappear until her replacement could be found for this sequel!



Caprice threw herself into her work, trying to find out exactly where I was! Her endless hours of staying home alone to work seven days a week yielded what she was looking for — an excuse as to why no one else ever asked her for a date!



One day Caprice decided working 24/7 at the office plus overtime was getting to be too much! She ventured outdoors and paid a visit to Mushy Berger, a gentleman I had a run-in with many years back when he was a handsome young man with more dollars than sense!

I won't point any fingers Agent Stirling, but today's total screw-up is all your fault!

What do you mean, MY fault? Not one agent obeyed my command to "Hold fire"!

Nit-picking doesn't fly with me, Agent Stirling! I'm reassigning you to a ten-year-old case! See if you can find your old boyfriend, Cannibal Lecher!

He was NOT my boyfriend! And I think you're reassigning me to an old case because I wouldn't sleep with you!

Don't flatter yourself! To me you're just a common, cheap, street tramp!

We all know that's the only kind of woman you're attracted to!

That's true! But I'm not a vengeful man... I just like to get even with people who reject me, which is another situation entirely!



#### YOU ARE IN AOL'S CANNIBALS CHATROOM

**MANEATER:** "It's two a.m. Does anyone know where I can find someone to eat at this hour?"

**DOWNER:** "Does anyone know how many hours you need to cook a combined stuffed 210 pound meat?"

**BITUME:** "Does anyone know why an educated man who has mastered 14 languages pro-nounces the wine 'charls' as 'kee-WANTY'?"

Does the sight of my mutilated face disgust you?

Not at all! It has a kind of Andrew Lloyd Webber quality to it, but I guess it does make it impossible for women to find you attractive!

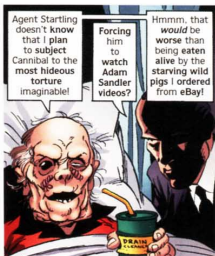
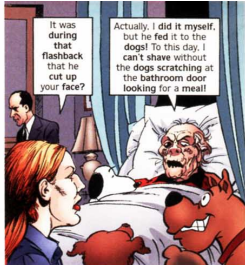
Yes, it does, thank God! I suppose you want to know how I met Dr. Lecher! He was my analyst!


So, you're saying he had you on the couch?

I wish! He never made a pass at me in his office, so I invited him to my home! Look at that third monitor up there! The one marked "FLASHBACK"! Now, hit the start button...


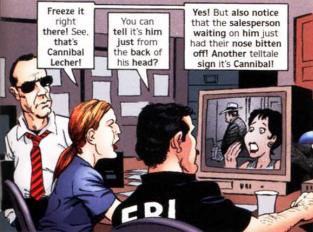





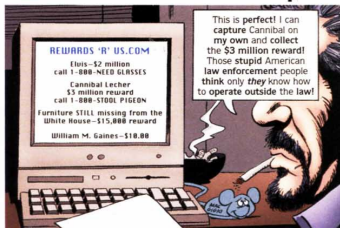





Caprice was able to get a copy of the surveillance tape from that perfume shop, and by viewing it over and over, deduced that I had been in that very shop!



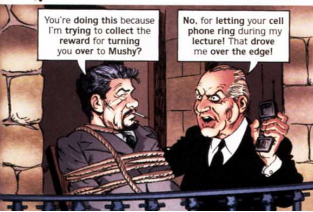
Meanwhile, in Italy, local Police Inspector Pizza realized I was the real Cannibal Lecher posing as Doctor Smell, art scholar! First he checked the internet to see if there was a reward!



Unlike Caprice, Pizza preferred money over duty, so he set out to get proof of my real identity!



Later, Inspector Pizza stopped by during one of my lectures and got tied up in a phone conversation! Afterwards, I tied him up myself!





With no explanation of how I got money, a valid passport, etc., I was suddenly in America, tormenting Caprice by phone! Not only giving her directions to follow, but reversing the charges!



But I wasn't so lucky! I was kidnapped by Mushy's men and carted away like an animal...which was the nice part!



Hello Caprice, where are you now?

I'm on Oak Street!

Excellent! You're going south on Oak Street, right?

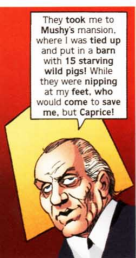
Yes! But why am I going south on Oak Street, Dr. Lecher?

Because Oak Street goes north, and I'm waiting to hear the sounds of a head-on collision!

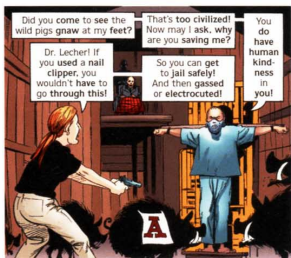


My God! Look! Those thugs are kidnapping somebody and putting him in that van!

What a lucky break! That means they're leaving and we'll finally get a parking space!



They took me to Mushy's mansion, where I was tied up and put in a barn with 15 starving wild pigs! While they were nipping at my feet, who would come to save me, but Caprice!



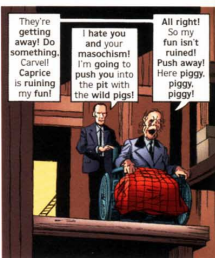
Did you come to see the wild pigs gnaw at my feet?

Dr. Lecher! If you used a nail clipper, you wouldn't have to go through this!

That's too civilized! Now may I ask, why are you saving me?

So you can get to jail safely! And then gassed or electrocuted!

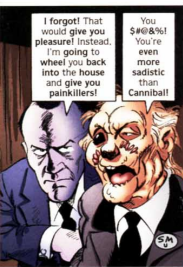
You do have human kindness in you!



They're getting away! Do something, Carvell! Caprice is ruining my fun!

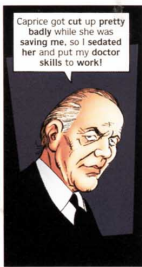
I hate you and your masochism! I'm going to push you into the pit with the wild pigs!

All right! So my fun isn't ruined! Push away! Here piggy, piggy, piggy!

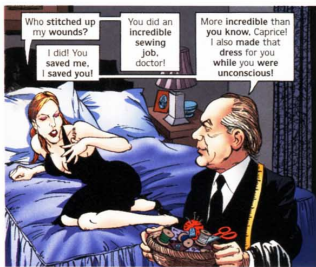


I forgot! That would give you pleasure! Instead, I'm going to wheel you back into the house and give you painkillers!

You \$#@%#! You're even more sadistic than Cannibal!



Caprice got cut up pretty badly while she was saving me, so I sedated her and put my doctor skills to work!



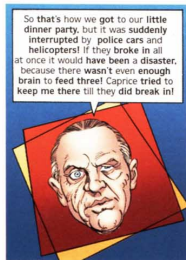
Who stitched up my wounds?

I did! You saved me, I saved you!

You did an incredible sewing job, doctor!

More incredible than you know, Caprice! I also made that dress for you while you were unconscious!









# A MAD LOOK AT





# TEACHERS





***We were good  
Now we're better  
So there***

**Long Lasting Fresh Breath  
It Looks Good on You**



Back in issue #398, some bleeding heart writer hijacked the pages of MAD for the purpose of exposing the hypocrisy of so-called Compassionate Conservatives. As a result, we were inundated with letters of complaint, both of which pointed out that, hey, there's just as much, if not more, hypocrisy in certain species of the political left, such as the famous (even infamous) Hollywood Liberal! So, in the interest of equal time, we hereby present...

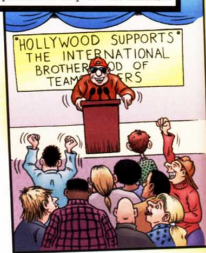
# WHAT IS A Hollywood

**A Hollywood Liberal** is so outraged at the way big business and the wealthy throw money at Republican politicians...

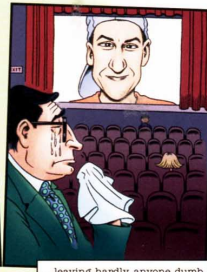
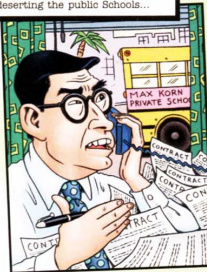


...that they can't stop fuming about it during their bi-monthly \$25,000-a-plate fundraisers at Barbra Streisand's to benefit Democratic candidates!

**A Hollywood Liberal** is a staunch supporter of organized labor, who will do everything possible to help out the unions...



**A Hollywood Liberal** is against the school voucher system, which would result in millions of kids deserting the public Schools...



...leaving hardly anyone dumb enough to sit through all their illiterate, moronic crap movies!

**A Hollywood Liberal** pins all of the blame for Columbine-like massacres on the NRA...



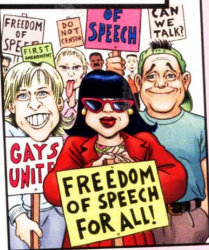


# Liberal?

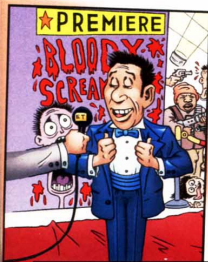


...right after he gets back from making his latest movie in a non-union state like North Carolina or Arizona, with scab film crews who undercut their L.A. counterparts by 50% or more!

**A Hollywood Liberal** believes in the First Amendment right of Free Speech for all...



...except Dr. Laura Schlessinger!



...but none of the blame on the bloody, ultra-violent flicks that he and his buddies crank out!

**A Hollywood Liberal** rails stridently in favor of letting women have control over their bodies...



...except when they're pressuring actresses into getting boob jobs, face lifts and tummy tucks if they want the part.





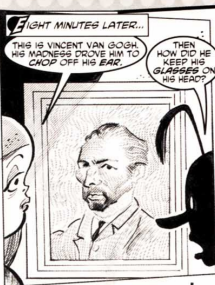
# THE ART TEACHER





## THE NEXT MORNING...









With over 200 channels, you'd think the odds of finding something interesting and entertaining on TV would be pretty good. Well, think again, Remote Control Boy! It's...



# MAD'S CABLE TV

ARTIST: TOM RICHMOND

WRITER: JOHN BIEDERMAN



Chance of catching an actual music video **• 38 to 1**

Chance of catching an event on *The Real World* that resembles something you've seen in the real world **• 50 to 1**

Chance of Tom Green making Adam Sandler's humor look highbrow **• even money**



## CNN

Chance of viewing an "on-the-scene" report in a case where an "on-the-scene" report was totally unnecessary **• 2 to 1**

Chance of seeing coverage of strife in some country you previously didn't even know existed **• 3 to 1**

Chance of catching a lengthy "update" that, in a nutshell, says that nothing's changed **• 5 to 1**



## SCIFI CHANNEL

Chance of seeing a space-traveling woman onscreen who is coincidentally really busty **• 3 to 1**

Chance of seeing old movie footage of an "asteroid" curiously resembling a sponge on some string. **• 4 to 1**

Chance of seeing an alien monster that looks less realistic than the average Halloween mask **• 7 to 1**





# VIEWING ODDS



- Chance of seeing *South Park* promo within first 10 minutes of viewing : **2 to 1**
- Chance that current show is a recycled episode of *SNL* : **3 to 1**
- Chance of seeing something starring John Candy : **7 to 1**

## Lifetime

Chance of a man in a TV movie beating his spouse within 15 minutes : **1 to 1**

Chance of seeing Tyne Daly in something or other : **8 to 1**

Chance of seeing a positive male role model's appearance at any time in the current program : **500 to 1**



Chance of seeing a nudie movie with no nudity : **3 to 1**

Chance of seeing an Asian drug dealer being beaten by curiously white martial arts expert : **6 to 1**

Chance that at least half of the original footage of the movie currently being aired wasn't cut out : **65 to 1**

## espn2

Chance of finding an "exercise show" that just happens to feature young women in tight clothes : **2 to 1**

Chance that the results of the "sporting event" you're viewing will make the sports pages of any daily newspaper, anywhere in the United States, the next day : **50 to 1**

Chance that more than 100 other people in the entire freakin' country are watching along with you : **500 to 1**

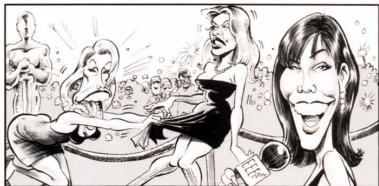
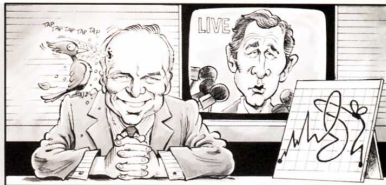


# C-SPAN

Chance of hearing a politician utter a bald-face lie within the first five minutes of viewing **: 2 to 1**

Chance of seeing some guy in a bad suit pointing to a chart that only confuses the issue **: 7 to 1**

Chance that a commentator's monotone explanations during a break in the "action" will actually add something to your understanding of the proceedings **: 25 to 1**



# E

Chance of seeing a show or promo with one of the Rivers women clapping and braying like a seal **: 3 to 1**

Chance of catching E! True Hollywood Story and mistaking it for VH1's Behind the Music **: 4 to 1**

Chance of being taken on a tour of a celebrity home of a celebrity you've never heard of **: 1 to 1**

# food NETWORK

Chance of catching Emeril so worked up, you'll swear he's about to hump that roast **: 4 to 1**

Chance of hearing the virtues of some spice over-extolled **: 6 to 1**

Chance of seeing a culinary profile of a restaurant in either New Jersey or South Dakota **: 300 to 1**



# AMC AMERICAN MOVIE CLASSICS

Chance you'll suddenly want to "do" an actress you previously only knew as a shriveled up old has-been **: 3 to 1**

Chance of glamorized chain-smoking occurring on screen **: 4 to 1**

Chance of catching a plot-line recently ripped off by a "new" Hollywood film **: 2 to 1**

HEY  
GOOD LOOKING!  
GET A LOAD OF  
THIS!

IT'S ANOTHER  
ESPECIALLY  
FINE ISSUE!

IF I WAS YOUSE, I'D  
RUN TO THE STORE AND BUY  
UP A BATCH TODAY!

100 PAGES!  
AN EXTRA LARGE  
MAD CLASSIC

THE OUTPOURING OF

IS AL  
JAFFEE THE  
ARTIST OF THE  
ISSUE?

AARRA  
GRRGH!

DUCK  
EDWING'S  
The  
AVENGING  
DAR

FOR WHIPPING THAT POOR  
DEFENSELESS MAN, YOU  
SHALL TASTE THE PURY  
OF MY DARR!

WHY YOU  
TWERP!

A  
DEMEANING  
SALUTE  
TO 4 TOM  
HANKS  
MOVIES!

CHOCOLATE

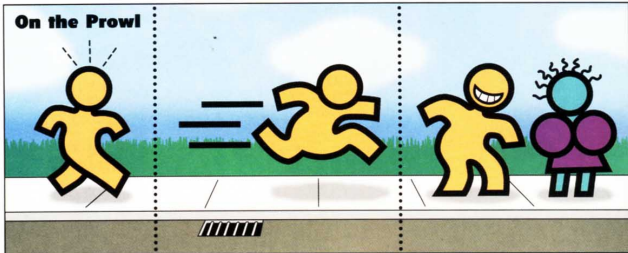
TO SUBSCRIBE TO MAD XL  
& MAD COLOR CLASSICS CALL  
1-800-234-1285!

Log on to America Online and what's the first thing you see? No, not those annoying pop-up ads (which, by the way, you can block if you click on "Preferences")! No, the first thing you see is that little AOL man darting across your screen as you're connecting to the server. Who is this little character? What's his name? What is he doing when he's not running across your screen? You'll find the answer to some of these questions as MAD presents...

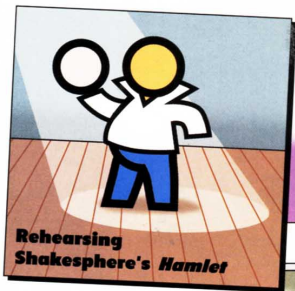


# A DAY IN THE LIFE OF THE LITTLE AOL MAN!

## On the Prowl



## Meeting an Old Girlfriend



## Getting Mooned



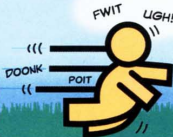
## At the Barber Shop



## At the Museum



## The End





**MAGIC**  
The Gathering

# BACK IN BLACK

Unholy Strength

Maro



Millstone

Pactism

Prodigal Sorcerer

Mahamori Djin

Worship



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With Magic: The Gathering®—Seventh Edition™ set, old favorites like Serra Angel, Shivan Dragon and Mahatmoti Djinn return with a vengeance.

And, as if lavish, all-new art and black-bordered premium cards weren't good enough, all Seventh Edition cards are legal in DCI™ sanctioned tournaments.

Look forward to fun.

Seventh Edition. Here's the first place to go for info:

**WIZARDS.COM/MAGIC**





One of the most disturbing and ridiculous trends to arise out of the popularity of professional wrestling is teenagers duplicating the high-risk maneuvers they see on TV in their own backyard. You can even go down to your local store and get videos of these pencil-necked geek wannabes in action. What is going through these teen's minds? Don't they know that becoming a professional wrestler takes years of studying and practicing? Eh, then again, maybe all they need to know is contained right here in this article...

## MAD'S TIPS FOR

## BETTER BACKYARD WRESTLING



Always be doubly certain that the unsuspecting buffoon you're about to ambush is indeed a masked arch villain and not just the lawn guy spraying for aphids



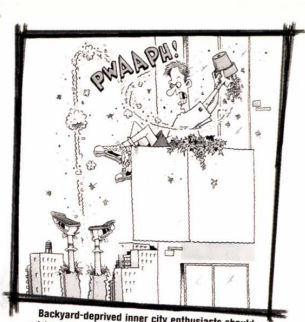
It is not acceptable to "sample" 2x4s at the lumber yard before purchasing



Due to the superhuman strength brought on by steroid use, it's always a good idea to do a cursory check of potential weapons for dozing grandparents before the match



Adult participation is permitted only if they bring something really cool to the event



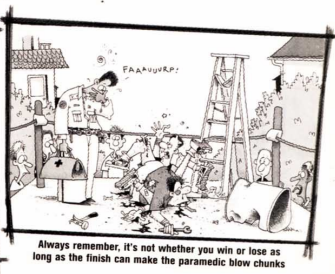
Backyard-deprived inner city enthusiasts should not try and make do with "Hi-rise Terrace Wrestling"



Remember, if you don't let the internet dork win once in a while you can kiss your web site goodbye



Never use hard core props that may come back to haunt you



Always remember, it's not whether you win or lose as long as the finish can make the paramedic blow chunks





# SPY







WRITER: MICHAEL GALLAGHER



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You better have a steady hand and a good eye. Because your next target could be anywhere. And if you can't hit it quick, you're sunk. But that's Point Blank®3. The targets keep coming. And the action never stops. With up to eight players and the Guncon™ controller. How you improve your aim is your business.



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Animated Violence



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Ah, the weather is warming, baseball is back, and the obscenely, disgustingly rich players get obscenely, disgustingly richer. This season's most repulsively overpaid player is Texas Rangers shortstop Alex Rodriguez, who, with his \$252 million, ten-year contract makes over \$150,000 a game! That's over \$17,000 per inning, half of which he spends guzzling iced lemon Gatorade while watching his mere millionaire teammates jog around the diamond! But don't think poor Alex has got it made — no, no, no, not by a long shot! Now he's gotta figure out how to spend all that not-so-hard-earned cash! The answers appear in...

# HOW ALEX RODRIGUEZ

**\$65 MILLION**

To buy a new quarterback, wide receiver and defensive line for the Dallas Cowboys, so no Texas sports fan will care if the Rangers still suck after blowing a quarter of a billion dollars on him.



**\$780,776**

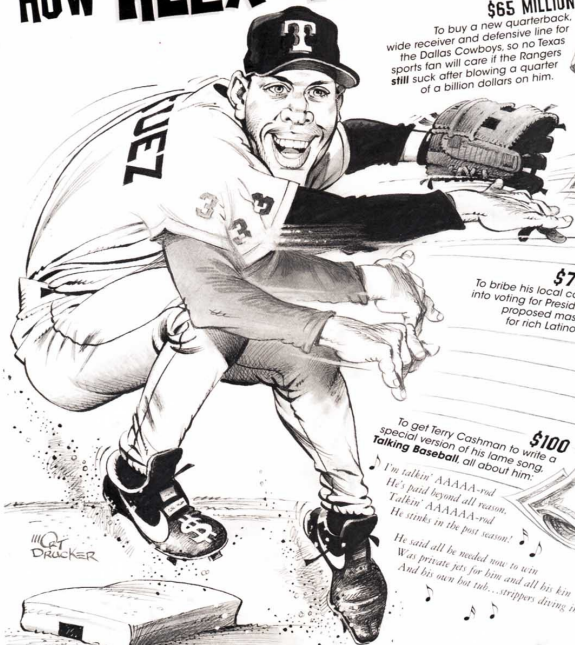
To bribe his local congressman into voting for President Dubya's proposed massive tax cut for rich Latino shortstops.

**\$100**

To get Terry Cashman to write a special version of his lame song, *Talking Baseball*, all about him.

*I'm talkin' AAAAAA-red  
He's paid beyond all reason,  
Talkin' AAAAAA-red  
He stinks in the post season!*

*He said all he needed now to win  
Was private jets for him and all his kin  
And his own hot tub... strippers diving in!*





# WILL SPEND HIS \$252 MILLION

**\$1,765**

For long distance cell phone charges just to say "Na-na-na-na-na-na" to Ken Griffey, Jr., who only makes a measly \$12.8 million a year.



**\$6 MILLION**

To, "in the best interests of the game," have mob hitmen silence that blowhard sportscaster Bob Costas.



**\$12 MILLION**

To purchase a World Series ring from the estate of some dead major leaguer after playing a month with the Rangers and realizing he'll NEVER get one himself.



**\$359**

To buy one program, two hot dogs and two sodas for his wife and kid when they come to the ball park to watch him play on opening day.



**\$4,217,000**

To hire a stunt double to stand in for him in the on-deck circle and in the batter's box during intentional walks, so he doesn't have to waste his time with such "trivial" aspects of the game.



**\$5 MILLION**

To hire his own private staff of batboys to smother his bat with pine tar and adjust his cup before each plate appearance.



**\$159 MILLION**

To build an exact replica of his Texas house in each of the 27 other cities with major league teams so he'll never "feel homesick" on the road.





We haven't been paying a lot of attention to this, but we're pretty sure Vice President Dick Cheney has had something like 37 heart attacks in his life. One reason for our uncertainty is that the Bush White House hasn't been exactly forthcoming with information regarding the Vice President's health. (They're probably afraid of causing some sort of national hysteria if people thought Cheney wouldn't be around to tell "W" what to do and say!) We're sure all of America joins us in wondering...

# WHAT ELSE IS PHYSICALLY WRONG WITH Vice-President DICK CHENEY?

Throbbing headaches from trying to lower his IQ so he could speak to Bush on Bush's level

Laryngitis from straining his voice coaching Bush on the proper pronunciation of the word "coronary"

Sore elbow from nudging Attorney General Ashcroft every time he starts to tell a racist joke while Colin Powell's in the room

Carpal Tunnel Syndrome from constantly casting "No" votes in Congress on issues like gun control, protecting the environment and equal rights for women

Bruises from repeated knee slappings when he heard about Jesse Jackson's illegitimate child

Muscle strain from keeping a straight face while Bush explains how his tax proposal won't just benefit the richest 1% of Americans

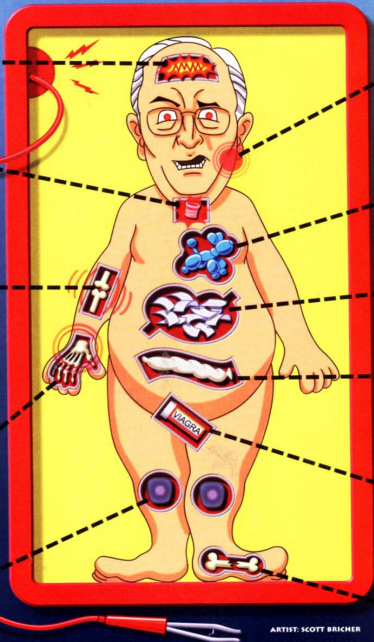
Unremoved angioplasty balloon which has somehow contorted into the shape of a poodle

Undigested ballots eaten during the Florida recount

Cocaine-filled condom he smuggled back from South America for Bush

Let's just say if he doesn't take Bob Dole's advice, he may never "pass legislation" with wife Lynne again

Broken foot from kicking himself for not just running for president, since he's doing the job anyway



ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHER

WRITER: GREG LEITMAN



# THE LIGHTER SIDE



## JUSTICE

Your Honor, I plead guilty by reason of insanity!

Are you sure you want to waste that plea on a parking ticket, Mr. Malley?



## SPORTS

ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG

It's nice meeting you, Mr. Fenster! But this is a 12 and under soccer league team!



We don't need agents to represent our players yet!

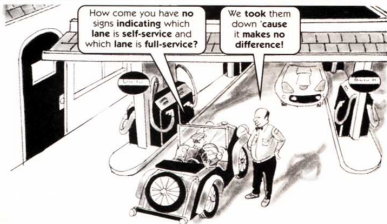


## GAS STATIONS



How come you have no signs indicating which lane is self-service and which lane is full-service?

We took them down 'cause it makes no difference!



Either way we're going to gouge you!



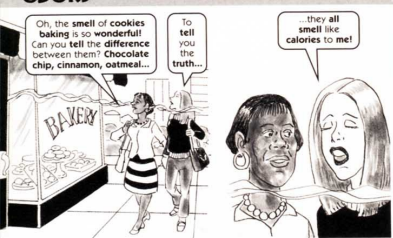
## RELATIONSHIPS



## AIR TRAVEL



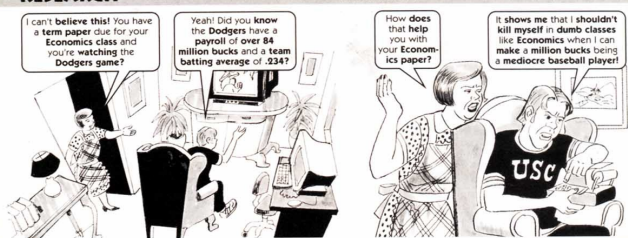
## ODORS



## FEAR

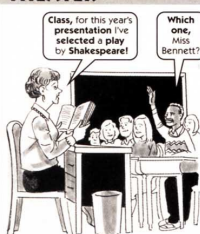


## RESEARCH





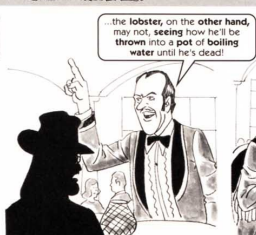
## THEATER



## THERAPY



## RESTAURANTS



## THE OFFICE



## INITIATIVE



## DOCTORS



**Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line on how one of today's biggest stars will be implanted six feet under!**

**THIS MONTH'S FUTURE NUMBER ONE PICK ON *TOTAL REQUEST DEAD*:**

### CAUSE OF DEATH

### ODDS

Peroxide seepage into brain 2:1

Slips and cracks head on food court floor during 2003 "Malls of the Midwest" comeback tour 5:1

Fatal repetitive lip-syncing jaw dislocation 7:1

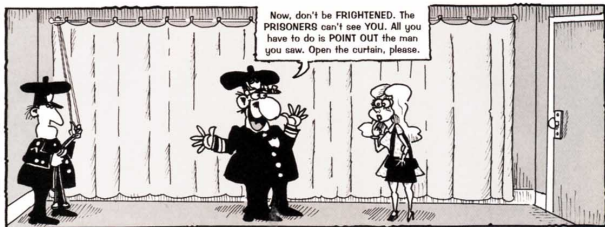
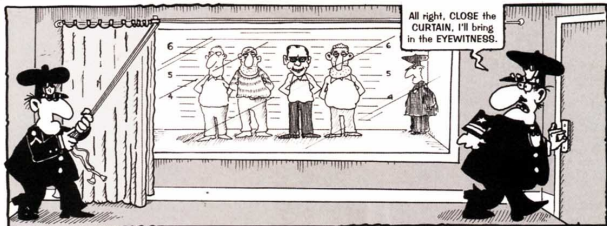
Loses balance, falls in front of bus due to top heaviness 10:1

Coronary at age 67 while singing "Oops, I Did It Again" for adult diaper commercial 15:1

Event	Deaths
Dies during childbirth after torrid affair with... Prince William	309,000,000:1
Eminem	23,500,000,000,000,000:1

**Eminem**

23,500,000,000,000,000:1





# Certified Entry of Death

Location of Death:	Lebensbaum, Germany
Name:	Your name here
Sex:	Male
Age:	Your age
Occupation:	Gamer
Cause of Death:	Murder
Coroner's Notes:	Victim found in the streets, lying in a pool of blood. He must now travel back in time across five different centuries to pursue his murderer and alter the course of events that led to his demise.

DA 210567

Certified to be a true copy of an entry of a Register of Deaths in the District above mentioned. Given at the GENERAL REGISTER OFFICE, LEBENSBAUM, GERMANY, under the Seal of the said Office, the 6th day of June 2001

## Shadow of Destiny™



Animated Violence





Some age requirements are well known to all. The age to drive...16, the age to see *Boogie Nights*...17, the age to be President...35, the age to sleep with the President...18, and so on. But there are plenty of other ages that are not quite so apparent to the average schmuck such as yourself! For example, at exactly what age is it that you stop reading long-winded introductions to MAD articles and just cut right to the article's title, which in this case is...

# THE AGE...

The age when you stop giving a damn where the hell that little freak Waldo is...8



The age when it's no longer cool to laugh at any joke in which the punchline involves the word

"Uranus"...11



The age when you should be over getting excited when Hulk Hogan sud-

denly makes an incredible comeback...6



The age when you no longer laugh at the

scene in which Moe flattens Curly's head with the processed meat presser...120 (male), 2nd

trimester (female)



The age when you begin noticing how Angela Lansbury has really

started to fox herself up lately...59



The age when you stop worrying that Wile E.

Coyote has gone and hurt himself real bad this time...9



The age when it's really time

for you to stop wearing the "authentic" Federation of Planets military tunic...27 (84 for actu-

al Trek cast)



The age when you irrevocably delude yourself that movies used to

be better and athletes used to play for sportsmanship instead of money...50



The age when you stop thinking that riding a supermarket shopping cart down "Rupture Hill"

would be an awesome experience...10



The age when it's no longer acceptable for

you to drag your feet through the shopping mall, Kicking and shrieking, "I'm tired and I want to

go home!"...7 (for girls), 56 (for boys)



The age when Michael Jackson no longer in-

vites you over to the Neverland Ranch for a "slumber party"...13



The age when you first

tune into the annual MTV Music Video Awards Show and go, "Who?"...23



Bush and Gore aside, the strangest event in last November's elections was that a dead man actually got voted into office (we're not talking about Gore — he lost, remember?) Mel Carnahan, the Governor of Missouri, was elected to the U.S. Senate even though he died three weeks before the election. Although it was a freak success, what's to stop the major parties from running other corpse-idates? After all, who better to realize the American dream than someone taking a long dirt nap? So, since it's only a matter of time until we have a stiff in the White House (still not talking about Gore), the civic-minded group at MAD presents...

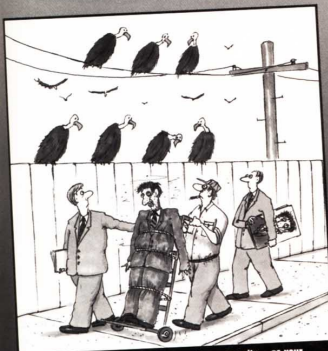
THE

DO'S  
AND  
DON'T'S

OF  
RUNNING

DEAD  
PEOPLE

FOR  
ELECTIVE  
OFFICE



DO arrange for round-the-clock maximum security — as your candidate faces many more threats than just those of the human kind!

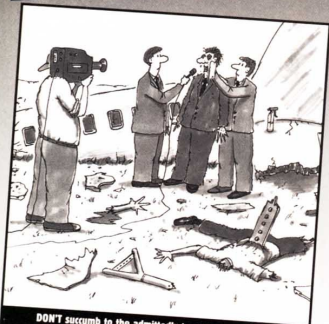


DON'T shy away from kissing babies — provided that your candidate is in good enough "post-mortem condition" not to scare them to death!

THE DO'S AND DON'TS OF RUNNING FOR ELECTIVE OFFICE.



**DON'T** ignore the fact that a deceased candidate may emit a variety of decomposition gases that could erupt during crucial meetings with the press.



**DON'T** succumb to the admittedly tempting urge to drag your candidate to the site of the latest disaster and tell the media he knows what it's like to be dead!



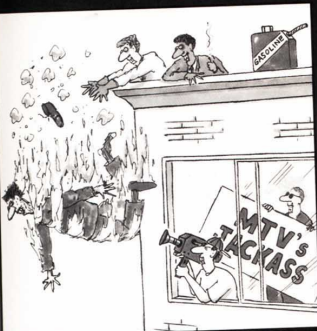
**DO** remember that during the brisk chaotic pace of whistle-stop campaign tours, it's easy for a deceased candidate to be accidentally left behind.



**DO** carefully consider a prospective dead candidate's manner of death before deciding to run him!







DO go after those off-the-wall constituencies like viewers of MTV's Jackass and Ultimate Fighting that living candidates are too afraid (for their own safety) to pander to!



DON'T forget to regularly check to see if that normal rigor mortis "Death Smile" (so perfect for politics!) has gotten a little, um...creepy!



When out "pressing the flesh" with the public, DON'T let any of them press too hard!



When sponsoring a campaign picnic, DO remember to bring along plenty of extra bug spray!

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Hello, reader! I'm sure you all recognize me, Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan! At first, I may seem like a bizarre choice to investigate the hip-hop world of Eminem, but Dick Cheney, the swift MAD editor's first choice, respectfully declined to do this! But I assure you that my rap roots run deep! With one word from my lips, people's lives are spared or destroyed, just like Suge Knight! I'm surrounded by gold-digging ho's, just like Snoop Dogg! And like Puff Daddy, I have mo' money, mo' problems! Also, I love knockin' them big boots! The most controversial figure in today's rap scene is Eminem! Despite his success, critics blast his violent, homophobic, obscene, misogynist imagery! I say hey, the boy's got a little irrational exuberance! Welcome to this...*SPECIAL MAD INTERVIEW WITH...*

# EMINEM

*I'm gonna take this shiny new cheese grater and **scratch** your skin rough, like an alligator! And as I peel your \$#@\* flesh away, cut your legs off, sell 'em on eBay, don't you know it's just my loving way of saying "Happy Mother's Day"?*

ARTIST: RAY ALMA

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

COLORIST: DIGITAL CHAMELEON

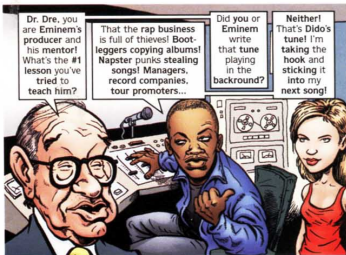
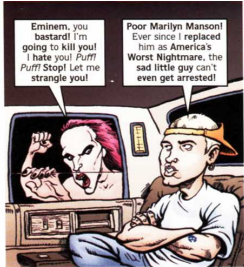
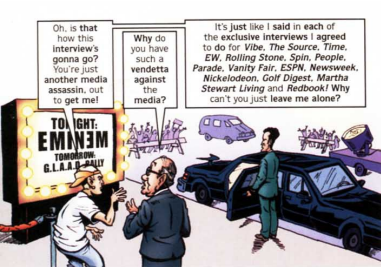


Eminem, congratulations on being the biggest white music superstar since Michael Jackson!

Yo, drop that \$#@%! My fans know that I have true black roots!

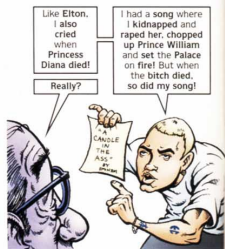
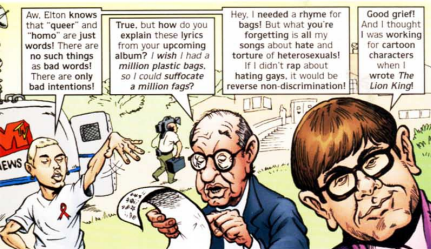
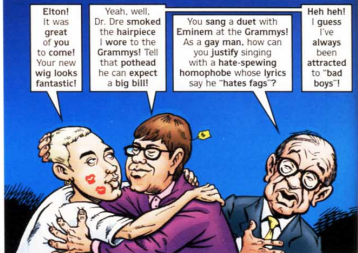
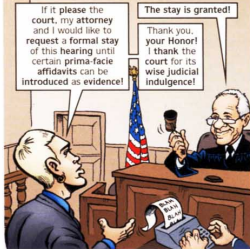
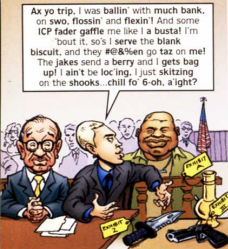
Yes, I can see those black roots! You might want to try another gallon of yellow hair dye!











Ax yo trip, I was ballin' with much bank, on swo, flossin' and flexin'! And some ICP fader gaffle me like a busta! I'm 'bout it, so I serve the blank biscuit, and they #@@%en go taz on me! The jakes send a berry and I gets bag up! I ain't be loc'ing, I just skitzing on the shoosk... chill fo 6-oh, aight?

If it please the court, my attorney and I would like to request a formal stay of this hearing until certain prima-facie affidavits can be introduced as evidence!

The stay is granted!

A'ight, the greta be squashed! We on J.P.T. now! I'm a get me some \$#@'ing chrissy! Time to ghost, we be geese!

Throw out this &@%ing Armani jacket! I want to look good on camera when MTV News gets here!

I couldn't help but notice that you started talking "white" in court!

Damn straight! I may look white and talk black, but if my dimpled 115-pound butt's ever in prison, I won't be saying a peep, except "happy birthday, husband"!

Elton! It was great of you to come! Your new wig looks fantastic!

Yeah, well, Dr. Dre smoked the hairpiece I wore to the Grammys! Tell that pothead he can expect a big bill!

You sang a duet with Eminem at the Grammys! As a gay man, how can you justify singing with a hate-spewing homophobic whose lyrics say he "hates fags"?

Heh heh! I guess I've always been attracted to "bad boys"!

Aw, Elton knows that "queer" and "homo" are just words! There are no such things as bad words! There are only bad intentions!

True, but how do you explain these lyrics from your upcoming album? *I wish I had a million plastic bags, so I could suffocate a million fags?*

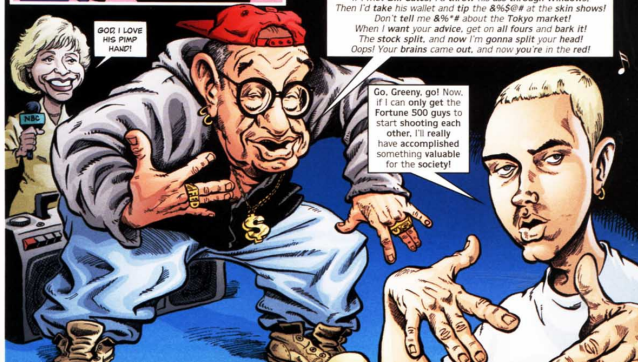
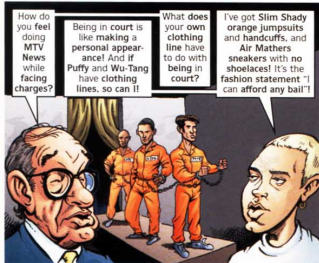
Hey, I needed a rhyme for bags! But what you're forgetting is all my songs about hate and torture of heterosexuals! If I didn't rap about hating gays, it would be reverse non-discrimination!

Good grief! And I thought I was working for cartoon characters when I wrote *The Lion King*!

Like Elton, I also cried when Princess Diana died!

I had a song where I kidnapped and raped her, chopped up Prince William and set the Palace on fire! But when the bitch died, so did my song!

Really?



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WHO IS SUFFERING  
A POWER SHORTAGE  
THAT COULD PROVE  
DISASTROUS TO  
THE COUNTRY?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!



FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



THE DEMO-  
CRATIC  
PARTY



**WHO IS SUFFERING  
A POWER SHORTAGE  
THAT COULD PROVE  
DISASTROUS TO  
THE COUNTRY?**

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

Rolling power outages are becoming more and more commonplace. Many politicians are scrambling to come up with a solution to the problem. One particular area has been especially hard hit recently. To find out where this frightening power shortage is, fold page in as shown.



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FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT



FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



**THE DESPERATE POWER SITUATION IS GETTING WORSE MO-  
MENT TO MOMENT. THE ECONOMY COULD  
CRASH IF WE DON'T PULL TOGETHER WITH A TACTIC  
TO SOLVE THE PROBLEM. FOR THE POOR IT'S  
PARTICULARLY VITAL TO MAKE CHANGES IN A HURRY**



ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE





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bones?

Your bones  
grow until  
about age 35  
and the calcium  
in milk helps.  
After that,  
it helps keep  
them strong.