

**WE NAIL
The Fugitive**

**Beavis & Butt-Head
POLLUTE POLITICS**

No.
325
February
1994

MAD

IND

®

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YOU KNOW, AL — IT SUCKS
THAT ALL THOSE PEOPLE
IN BOSNIA ARE BEING
WIPE OUT LIKE
FROGS AND BEETLES!

HUH-HUH-HUH-HUH!
HEY, BILL — YOU
SAID **WIPE!**
HUH-HUH-HUH!



UPC SYMBOLS SUCK!
HUH-HUH-HUH-HUH



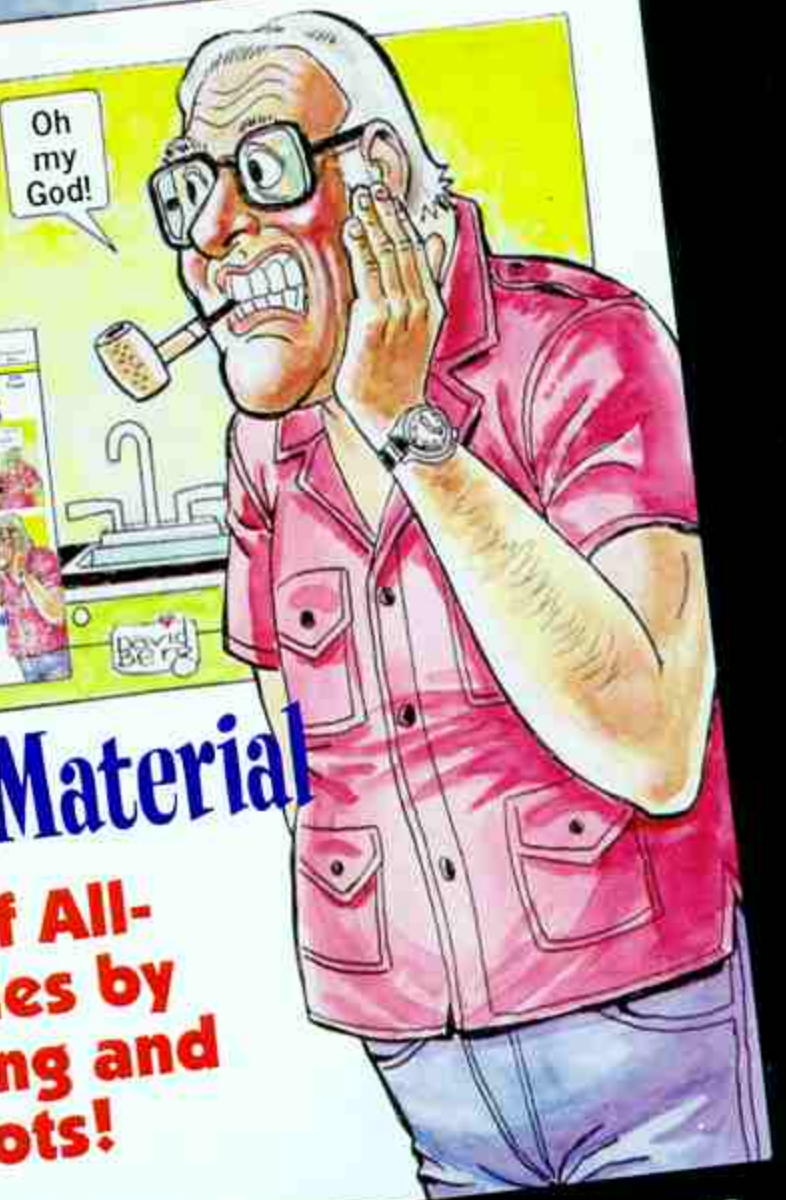
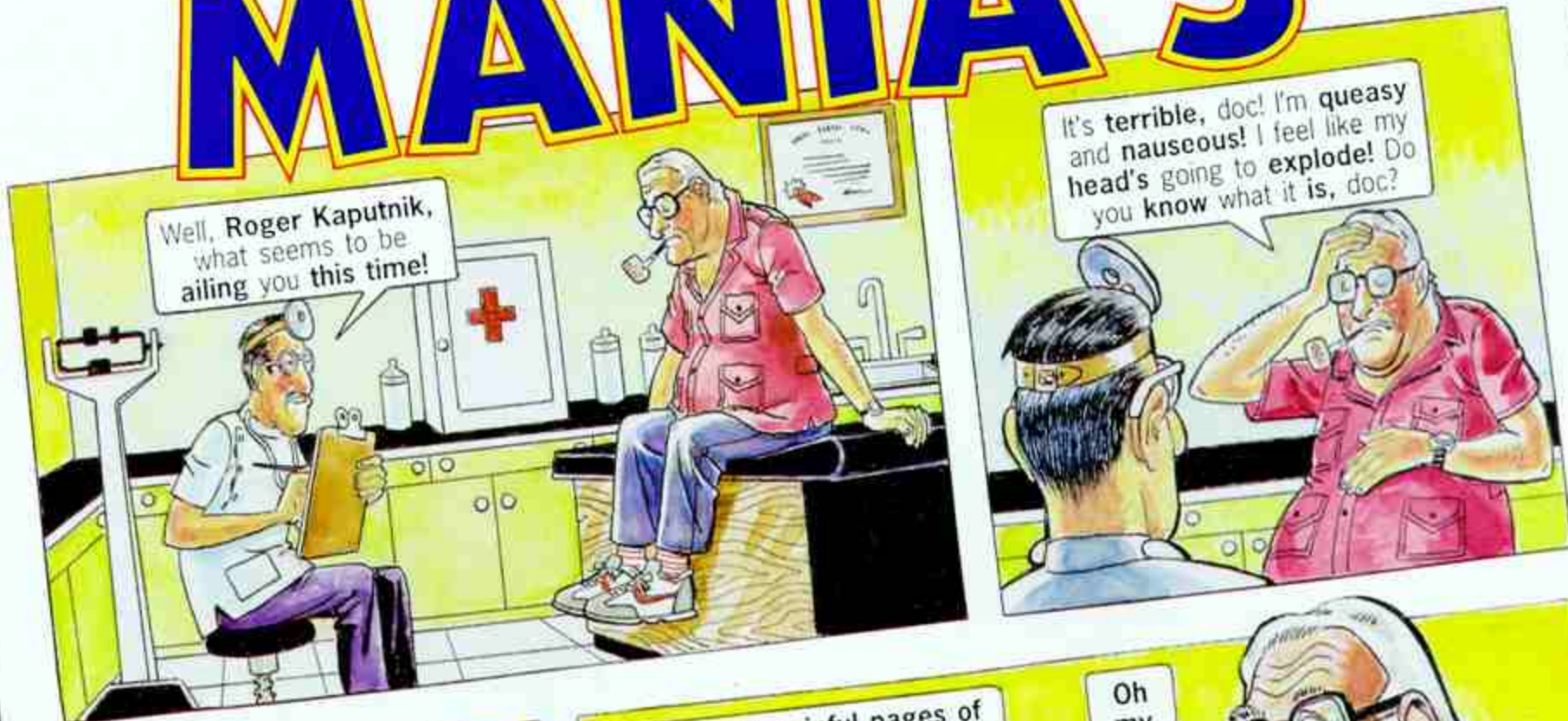
SAM

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September
1994

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Buy It Today And Your Wallet Will Be On The Lighter Side

MAD

"These days, the problem with many neighborhoods is that there are more hoods than neighbors!" —Alfred E. Neuman

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS the usual gang of idiots

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FRONT COVER ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO FRONT COVER IDEA: DESMOND DEVLIN

BACK COVER ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA BACK COVER WRITERS: JOE RAIOLA AND CHARLIE KADAU

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AND BUTT-HEAD
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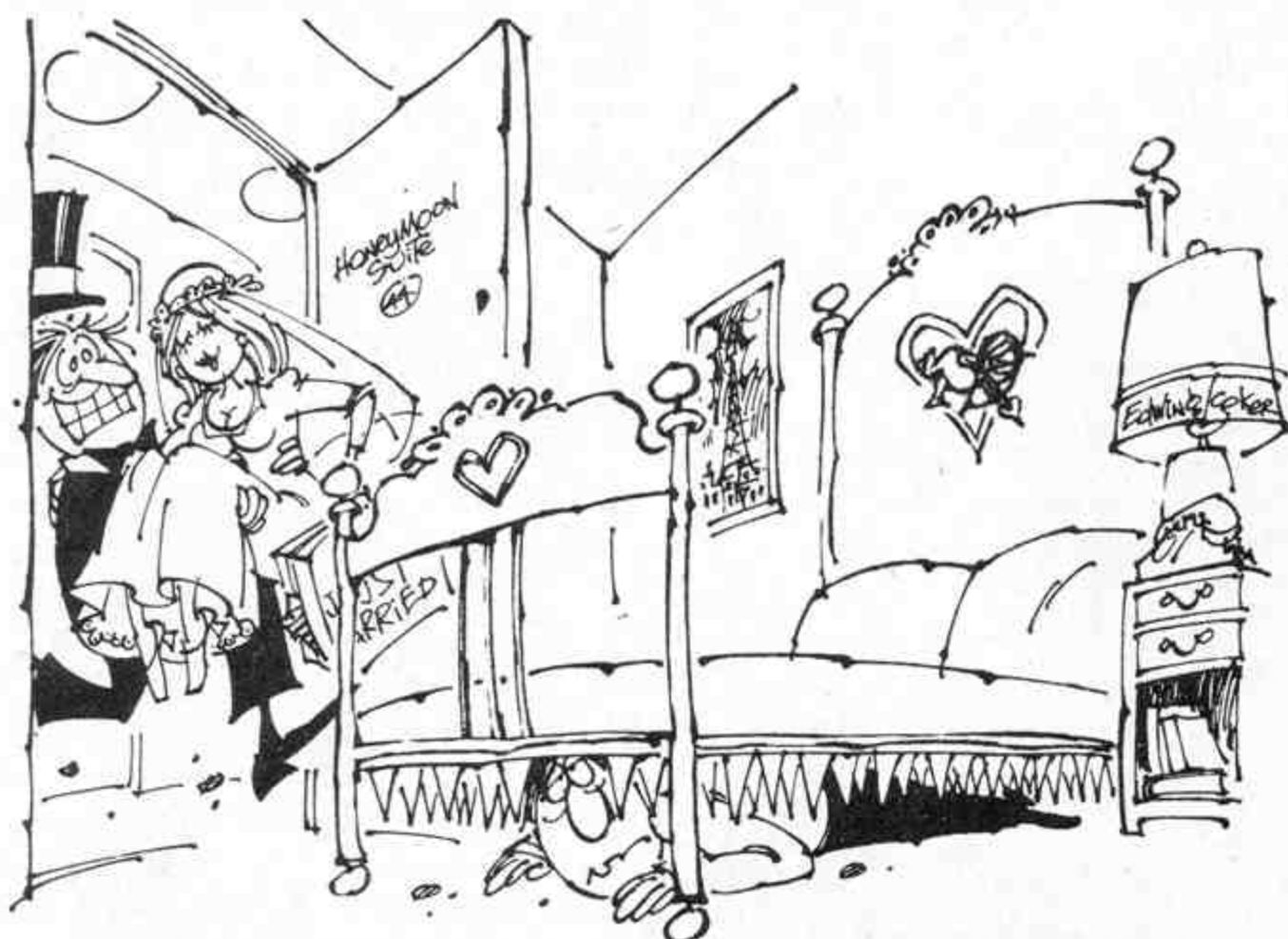
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WHY KILL YOURSELF?



JUST BECAUSE YOU MISSED THE
LAST ISSUE AT THE NEWSSTAND?

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USE COUPON OR DUPLICATE

LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPT.



"JURASS-HAS-HAD-IT PARK"

OK—what's the deal with the two differ-
ent covers for issue #323? Is the yellow cover
worth more than the red cover or vice-versa?
Either way, I bought both, so I guess your
scheme worked—I'm now the proud owner
of TWO equally worthless and overpriced
magazines!

J. Johnson
Nashville, TN

Dear J. (If that is your real initial)—Thank you for
purchasing two copies of MAD #323! It is be-
cause of the generous gullibility of MAD readers
such as yourself that our Associate Editor Charlie
Kadau finally had enough money to get that
gland operation he so desperately needed! As
for the relative value of the red cover vs. the
yellow, we posed this question to famed maga-
zine expert Angus O'tter, of Angus O'tter's
Famed Magazines of Erie, PA. Angus estimates
that the yellow cover is about one and a half
times more valuable than the red cover, which he
currently appraises at \$6,500 in "Fair" condi-
tion. We should caution you, however, that it was
Angus who previously appraised copies of MAD
#275 with the missing caption on page 21 at
\$80,000. To date, no one's been able to get more
than \$1.35 for THAT issue!—Ed.

I would like to speak my piece of mind! I
am a loyal fan of MAD and have been for 20
of my 13 years on Earth. I am a bit per-
turbed about "Jurass-Has-Had-It Park" in
MAD #323. On page 6, your DNA strand is
missing the four different bases in DNA—
adenine, guanine, thymine and cytosine.
Also, the order of these bases for dinosaurs
is in the wrong order in your drawing. Our
organization, The Smart Scientific People
Who Have Seen Jurassic Park 249 Times,
would like to set you straight.

Joshua E. Miller
Gouverneur, NY

Josh—One can only wonder what strands of
DNA are missing, twisted, mutated and bent in
you and the other pointy-headed members of
your cockamamie little organization! Besides,
we checked with Paul Peter Porges, who was
around when dinosaurs roamed the Earth, and
he assures us our version is correct. So there!
—Ed.

ALL RIFLED UP

I can hardly believe it! Issue #323's "MAD
Goes to a Skinhead Convention" contains a
reference to the National Rifle Association
that is almost non-pejorative! Are you guys
actually starting to lighten up on the NRA
and law-abiding gun owners? Or was some-
one asleep when that panel came up for
proofreading?

John Berger
Honolulu, HI

Zzzzzzzzz.—Ed.

MORON MAIL

Hey! What's up with this "Fa fa fa" thing? Is it supposed to be some kind of snappy comeback or something?

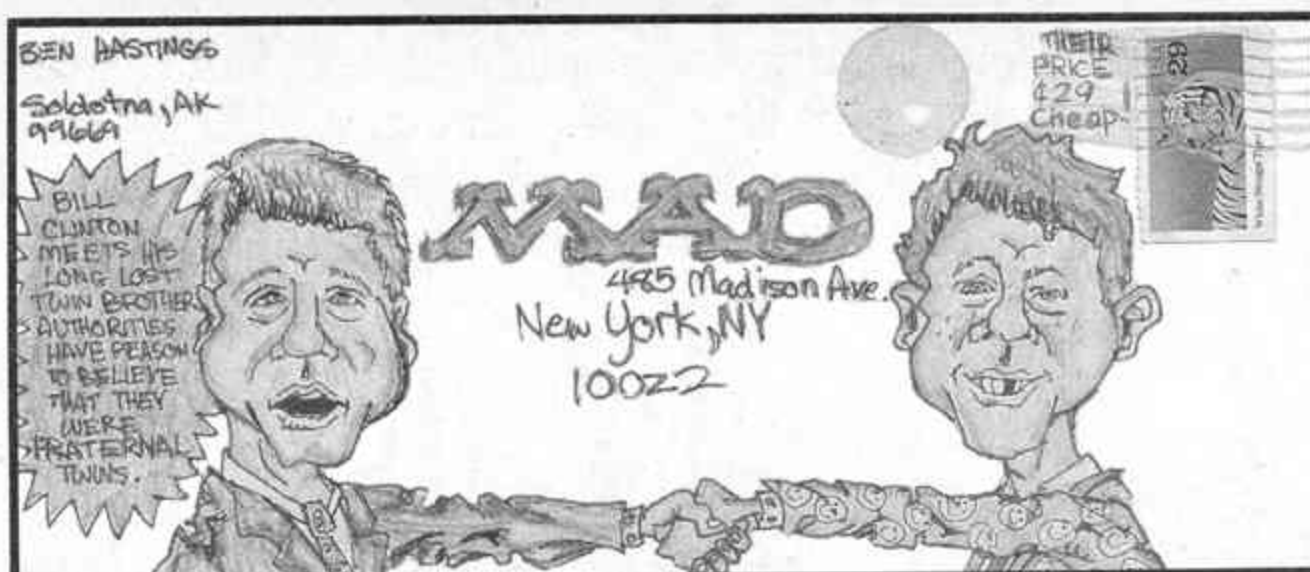
Mike Beck
Akron, OH

For your information, the use of "Fa fa fa" has a proud and rich tradition in literature, cinema and comedy. Who can forget that great World War II movie, "A Bridge Too Fa Fa Far," George Orwell's classic novel "Animal Fa Fa Farm" and Gary Larson's hilarious daily comic strip "The Fa Fa Fa Side"! So, as you can see by this response, there is *nothing* snappy about "Fa fa fa" whatsoever!

—Ed.



ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH



This issue's envelope spotlights the art stylings of Ben Hastings of Soldotna, AK! Frankly, if WE were President and discovered we had a previously unknown Alfred E. Neuman-like half-brother, we'd get Attorney General Janet Reno and the F.B.I. to run some DNA tests—pronto!

KNOCK ON ELWOOD

I don't get it! That *Blossom* chick writes one lousy letter and already you give her an interview in your magazine? I've written three times before. Where's MY interview?

Kent Elwood
Ontario, Canada

Kent's right. We gave absolutely too much space to the lovely and talented Mayim Bialik on the basis of just one letter. So we decided to even the score by calling Kent up and asking him a couple of questions too! We really did!

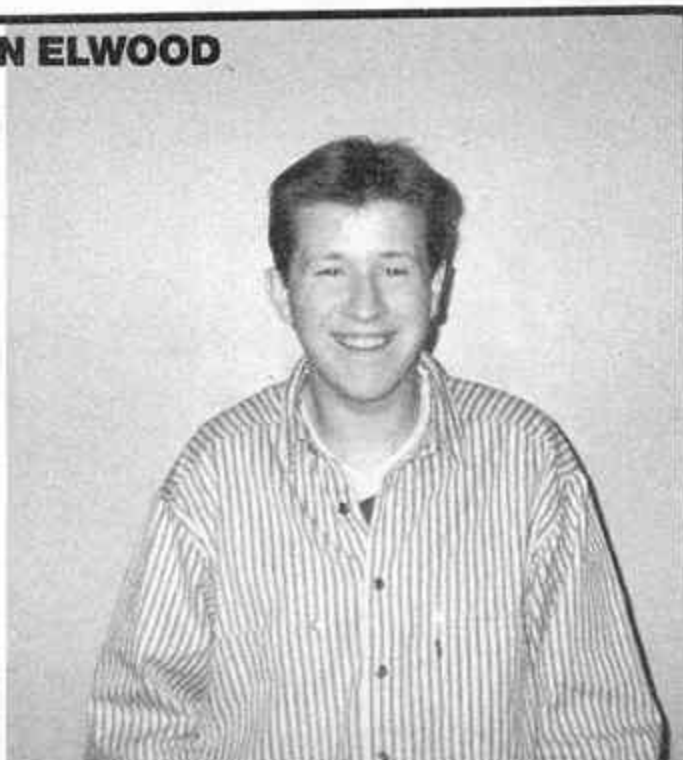
QUESTION ONE: Don't you think Mayim Bialik is great in *Blossom*?

KENT: I feel as though I look better in a dress, actually.

QUESTION TWO: Don't you think Mayim Bialik was great in the movie *Beaches*?

KENT: I think I could look better in a bikini.

We thank Kent for writing and also for sharing his keen insights with us!



Self-acknowledged potential bikini model Kent Elwood: Think he'd look best in the French-cut model with the thong back?

"DEEP SPACE SWINE"



Former President George Bush and his wife Barbara . . . oh, no, wait a minute! We mean *Star Trek: Deep Space Nine* actors Mark Allen Shepherd as Morn, left, and Armin Shimerman as Ferengi Quark delight in seeing MAD #321, which includes our satire of their program. Later, the pair were seen tossing the issue down a nearby worm hole . . . coincidence??

NEXT ISSUE ON SALE FEB. 8!

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Annie P. Gaines, General Manager.

TWIN GEEKS DEPT.

Prominent sociologists are claiming that MTV is molding the thoughts and ideas of our entire culture. And since no program on MTV is more popular these days than **Beavis and Butt-head**, it goes without saying that these animated malcontents are spreading their influence on our society at an alarming rate. So let's take a look at what will happen...



When the **BEAVIS & BUTT-HEAD**

ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

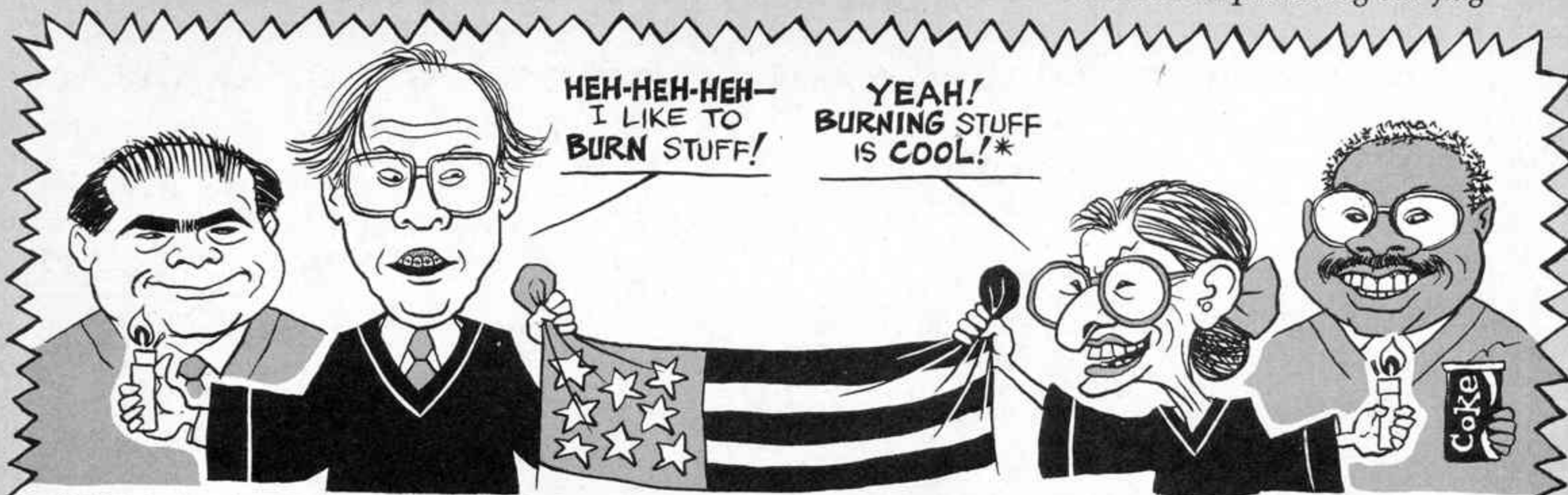
JOSEPH BIDEN and **TED KENNEDY** on a controversial nominee for the Supreme Court

SO, LIKE, JUDGE, DO YOU
EVER **BREAK** THINGS
WITH YOUR **HAMMER**?

WHEN YOU GET A **WOODROW**
DOES IT **BUNCH UP** YOUR
ROBES? **HUH-HUH-HUH!**



WILLIAM REHNQUIST and RUTH GINSBURG on a constitutional amendment protecting our flag



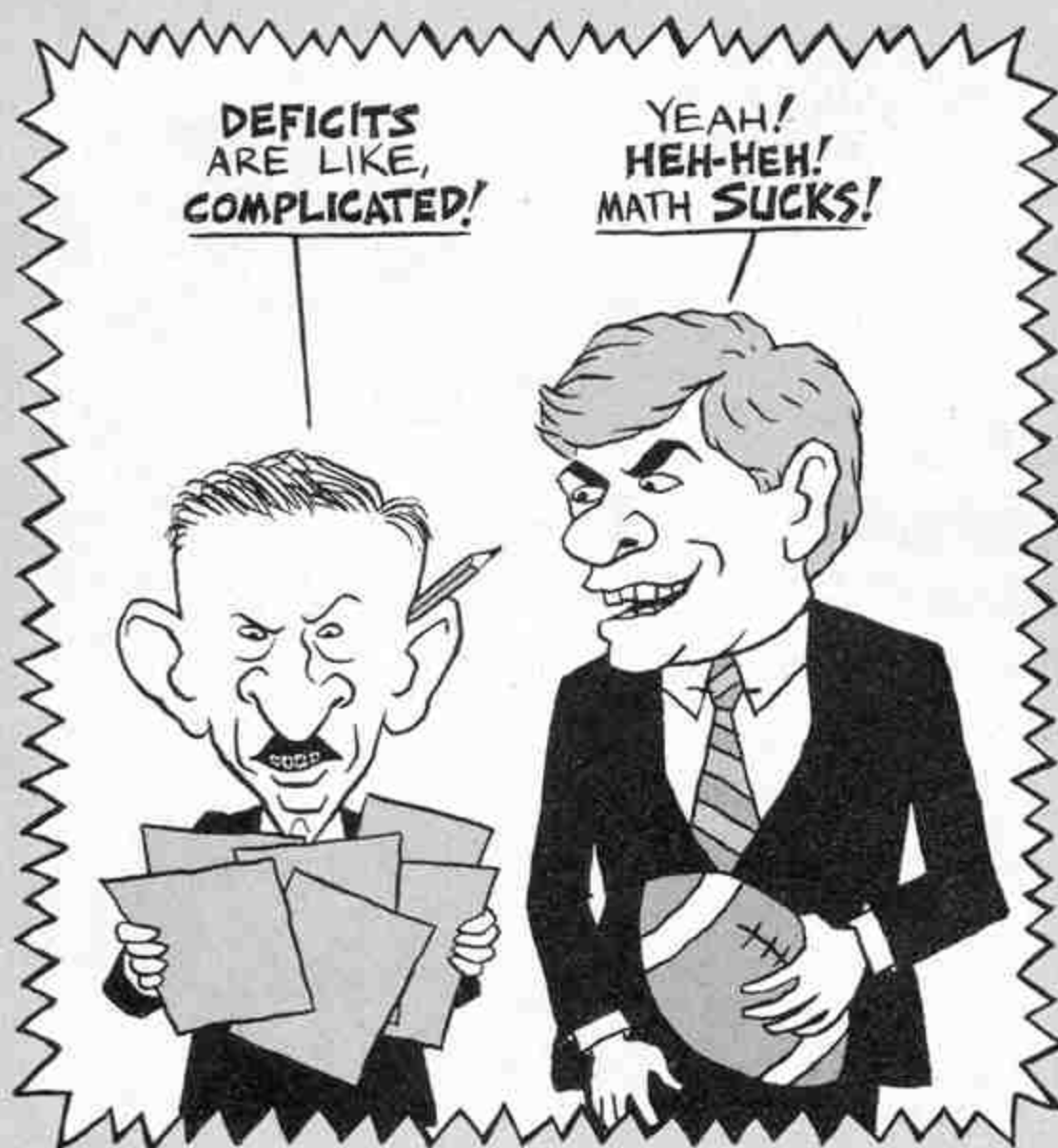
**NOTE: Justices Rehnquist and Ginsburg are not really cartoon characters, so don't try this at home, kids!*

Phenomenon Spreads Into Politics

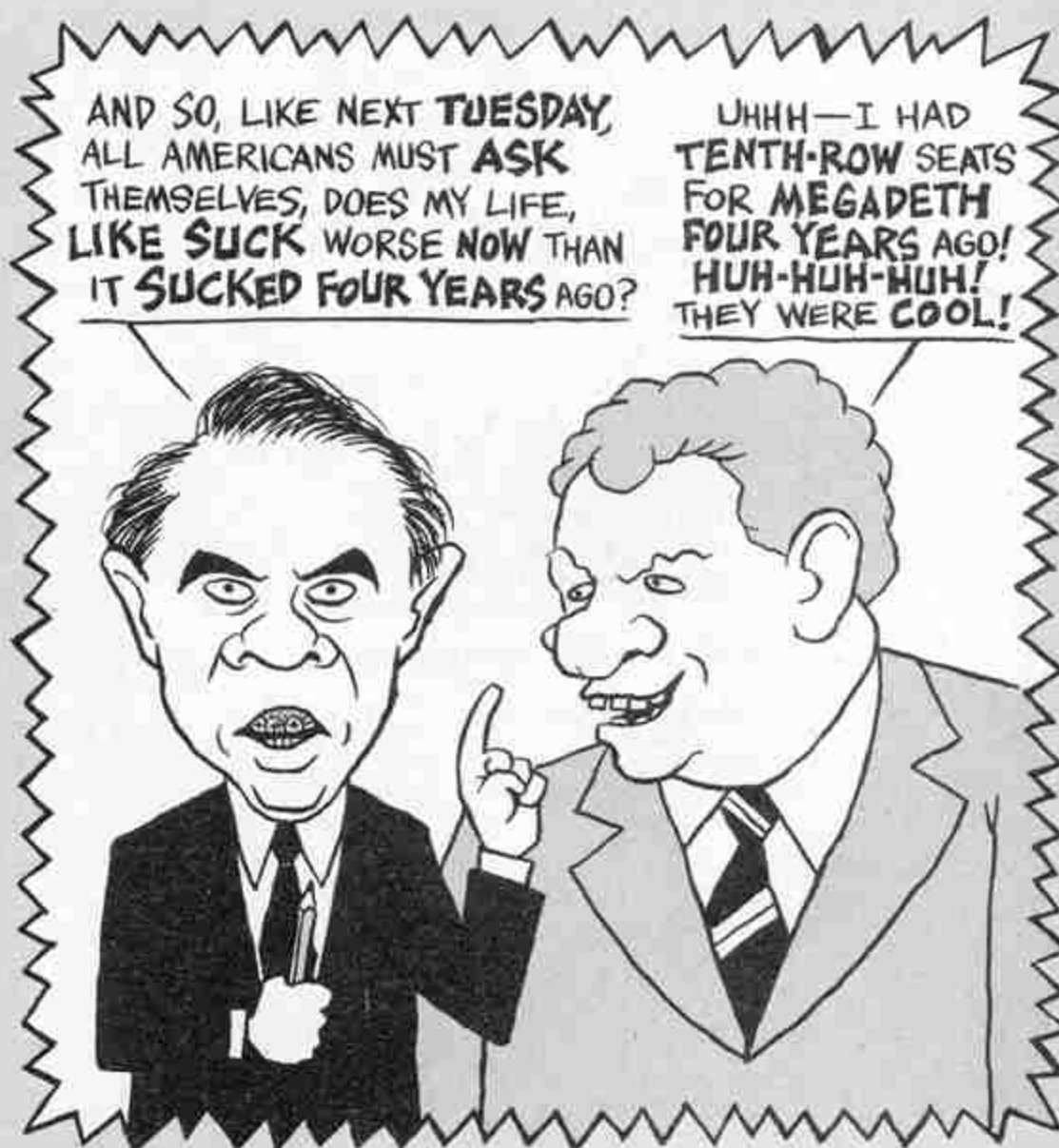
DAN QUAYLE and MARIO CUOMO throwing out the ceremonial opening day pitch



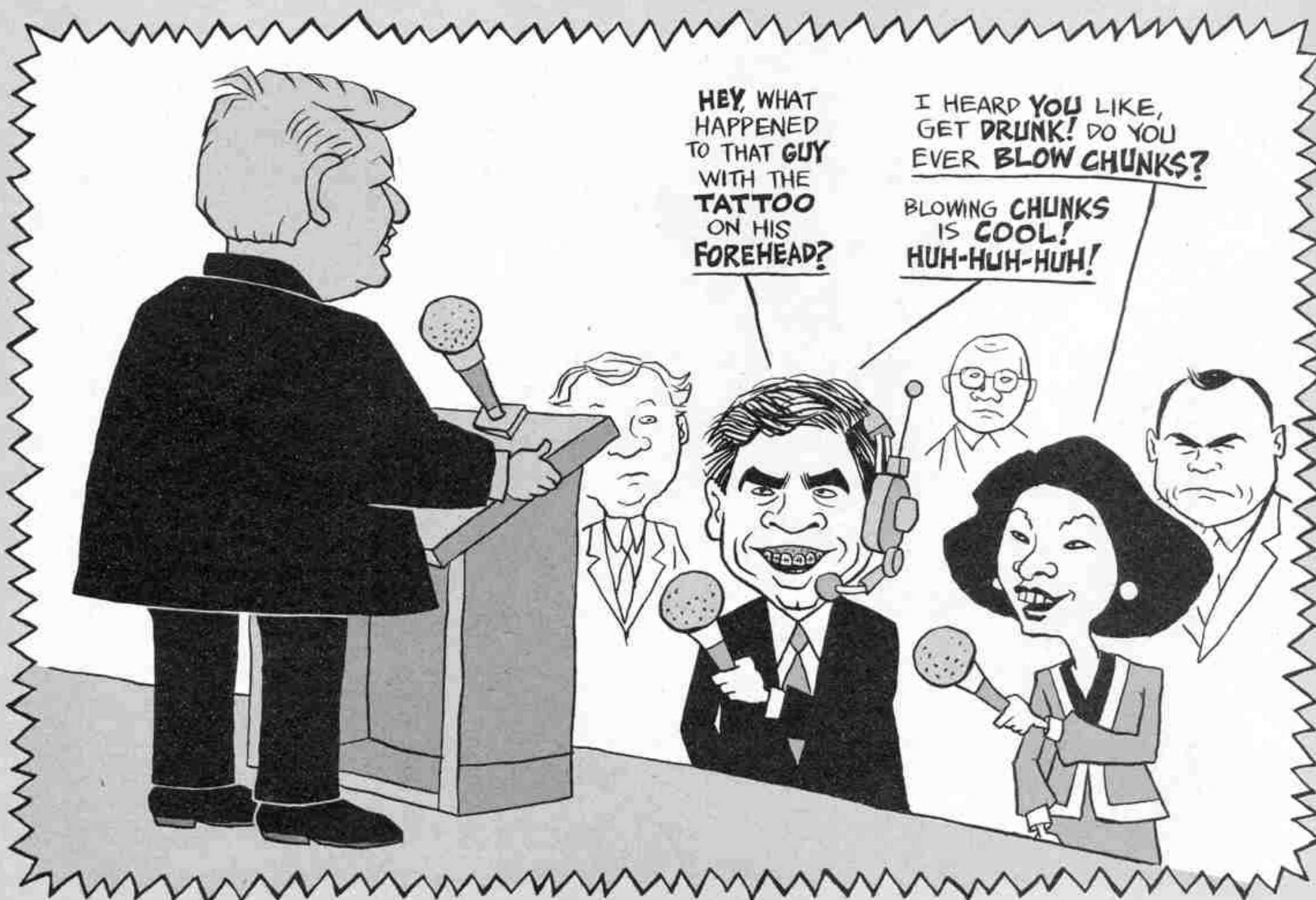
ROSS PEROT and JACK KEMP
on balancing the national deficit

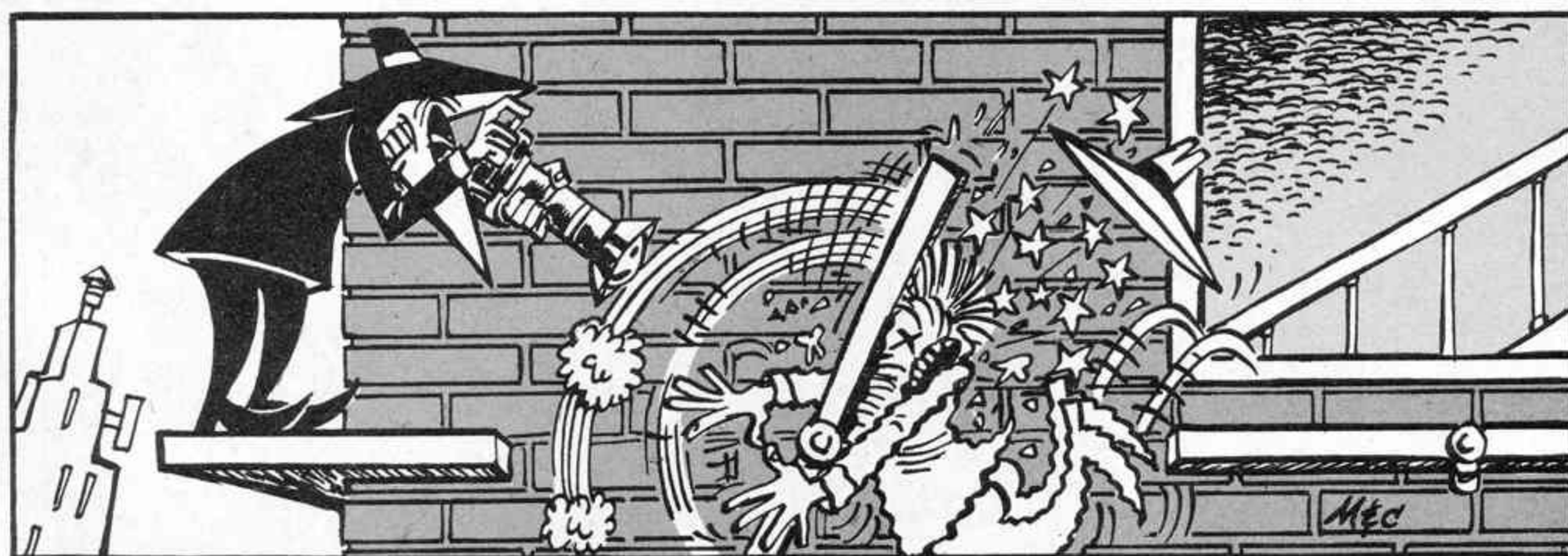
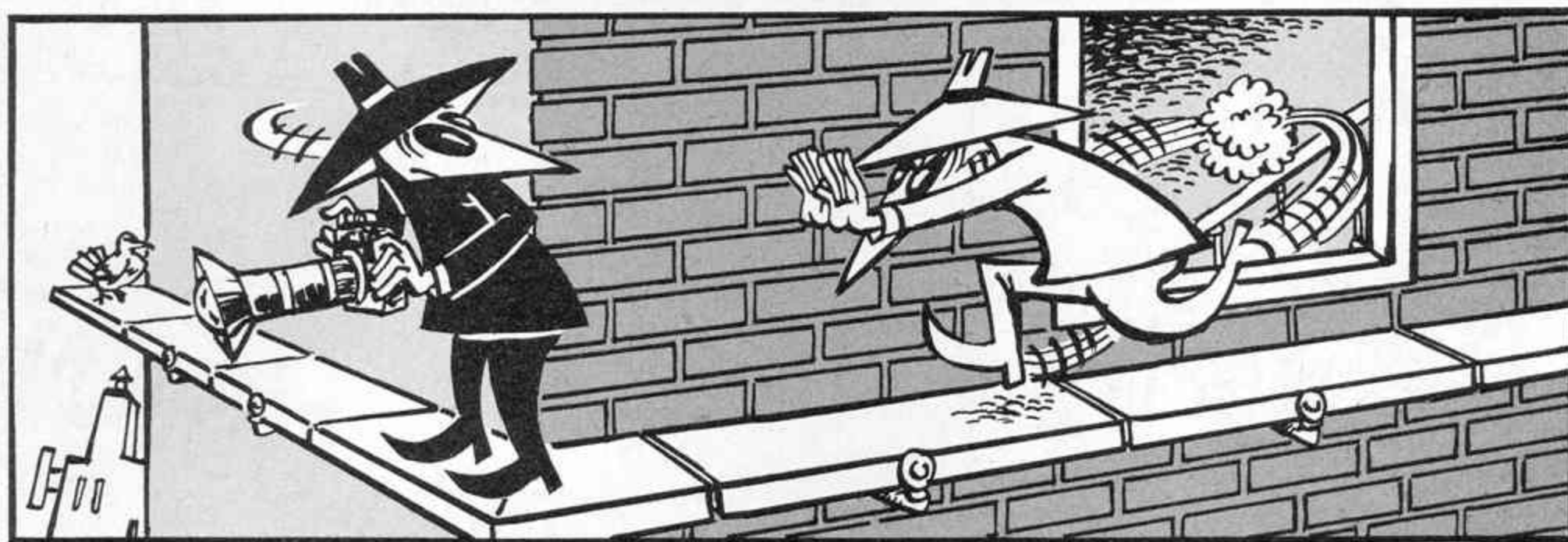


WILLIAM BENNETT and BOB DOLE
on a Sunday morning news program



DAN RATHER and CONNIE CHUNG questioning Boris Yeltsin at a superpowers nuclear summit





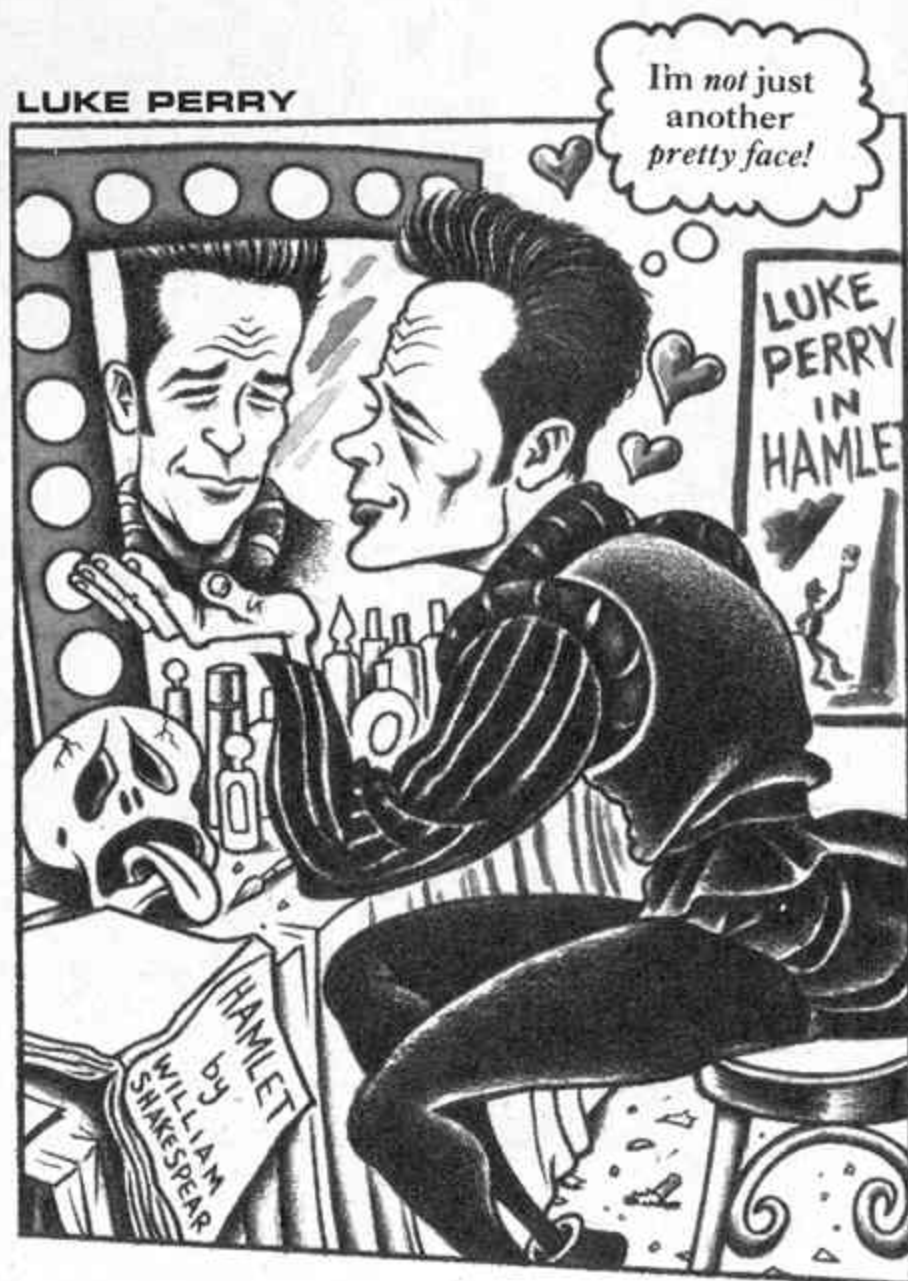
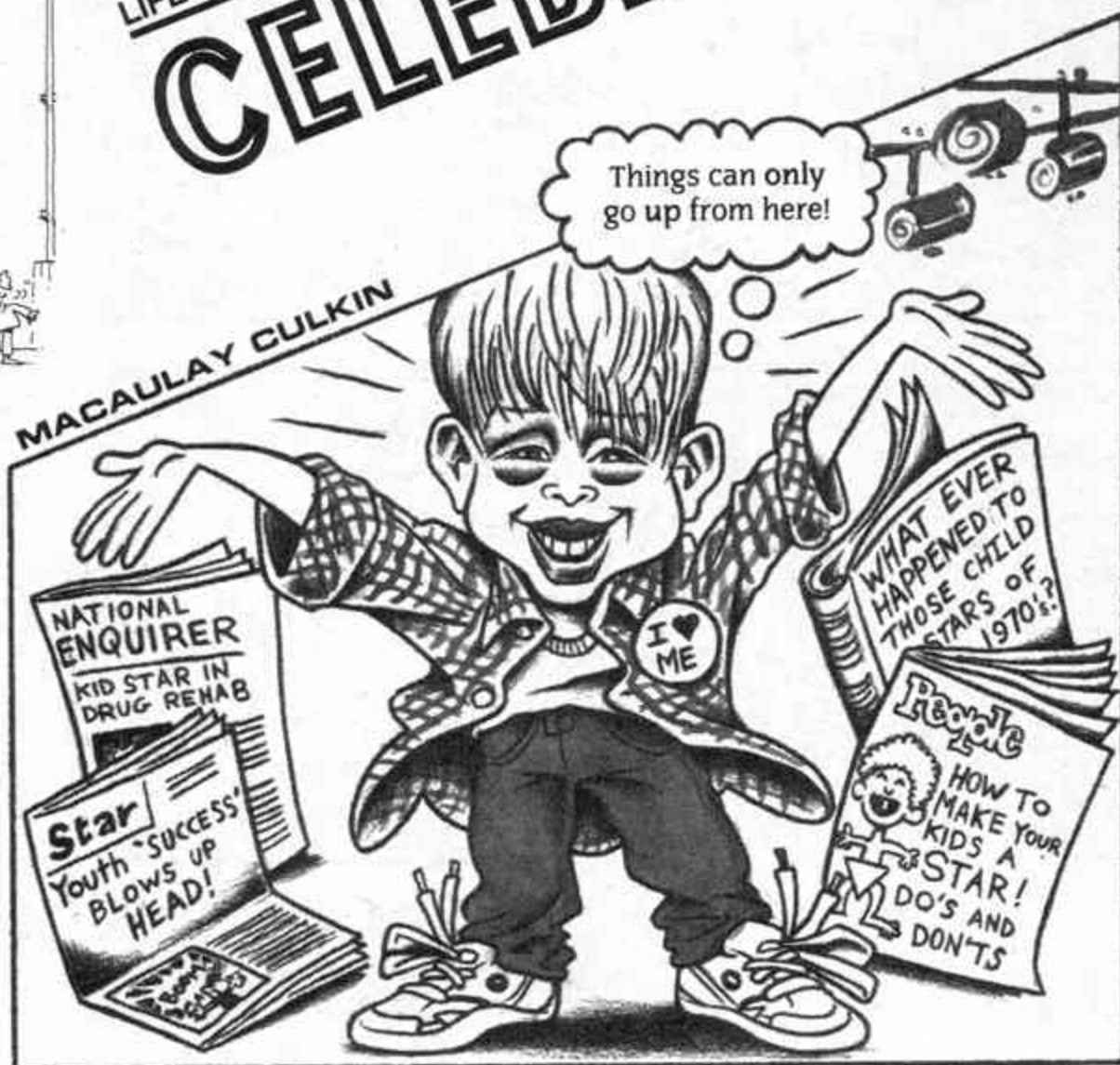
We mere mortals tell ourselves eensy little lies all day long: "I'm going to write that letter first thing tomorrow." "She loves me for more than just my algebra answers." "I didn't mean to punch my brother in the nose." Well, strange as it may seem, celebrities tell themselves little lies too. They've got to—otherwise they'd see themselves for the vapid nobodies they are! Here then is a MAD peek at...

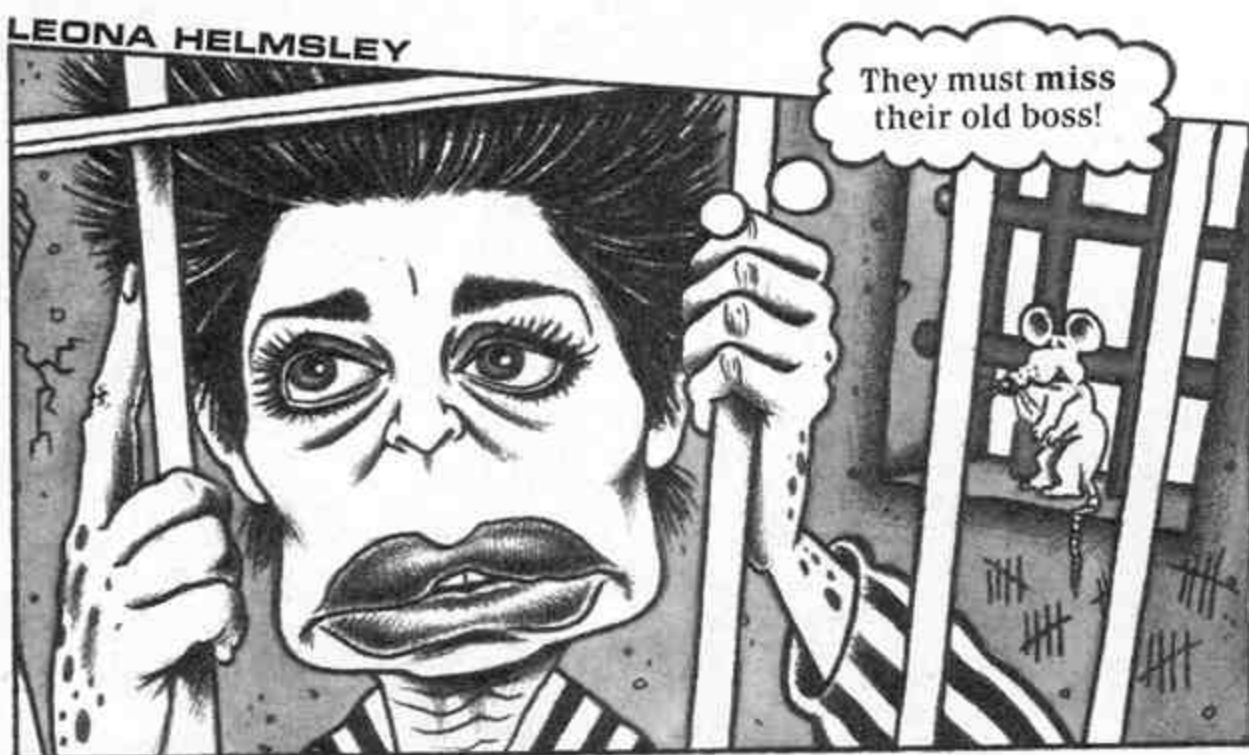
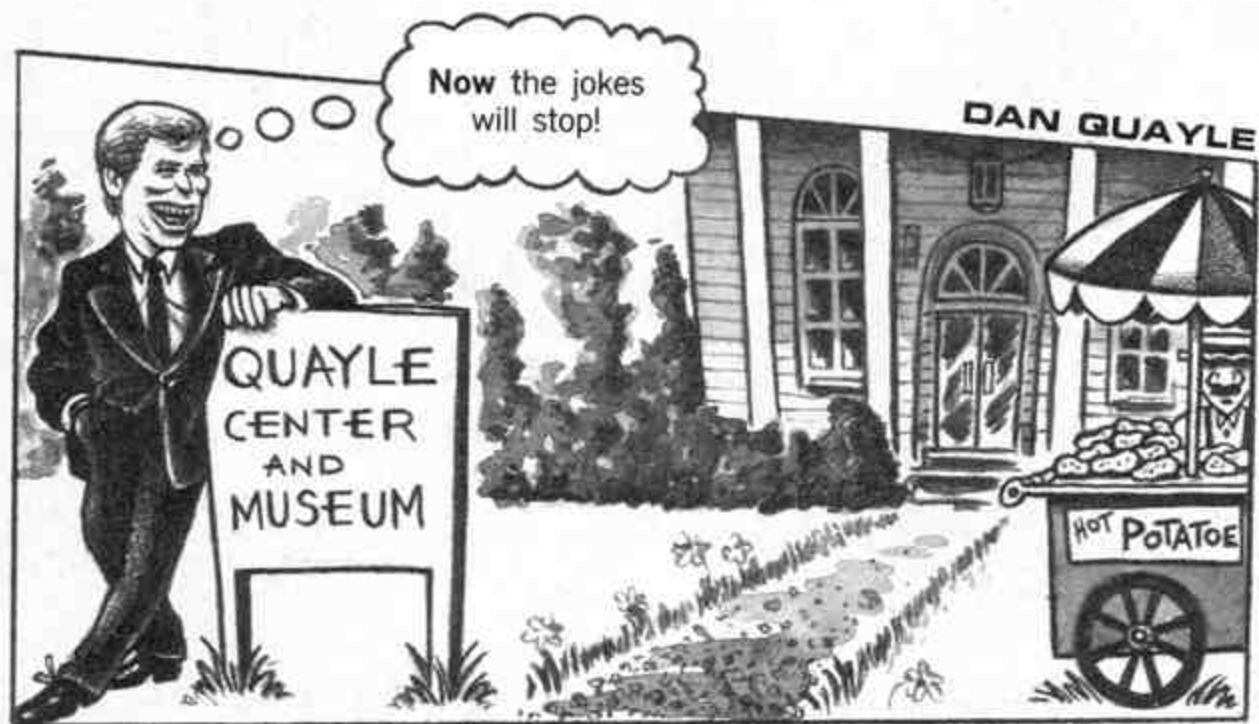


ARTIST: RICK TULKA WRITER: LORI KOLMAN

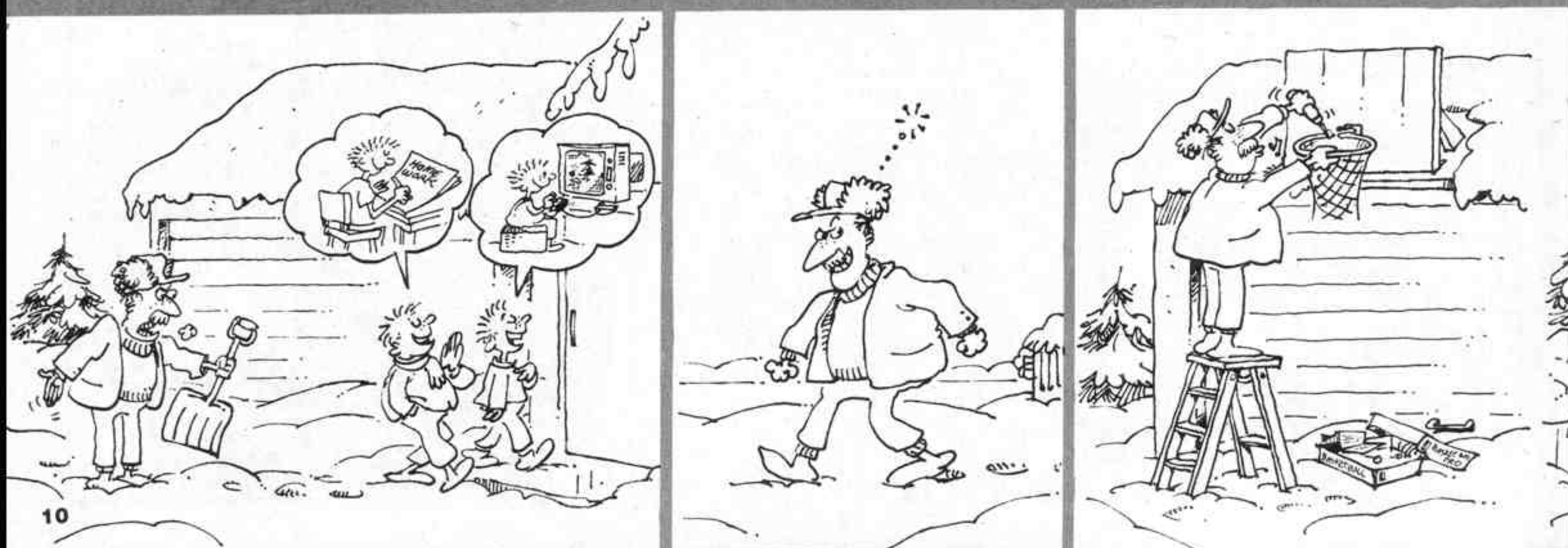
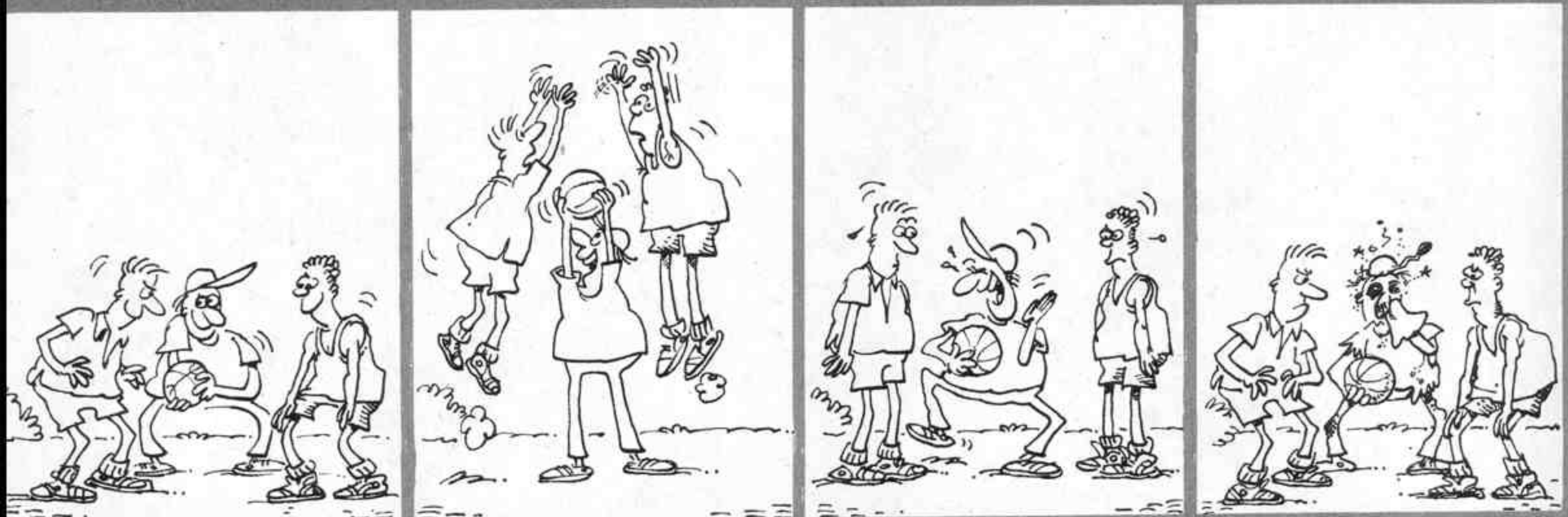
LIFETIME DECEIVEMENT AWARD DEPT.

CELEBRITY SELF-DELUSIONS





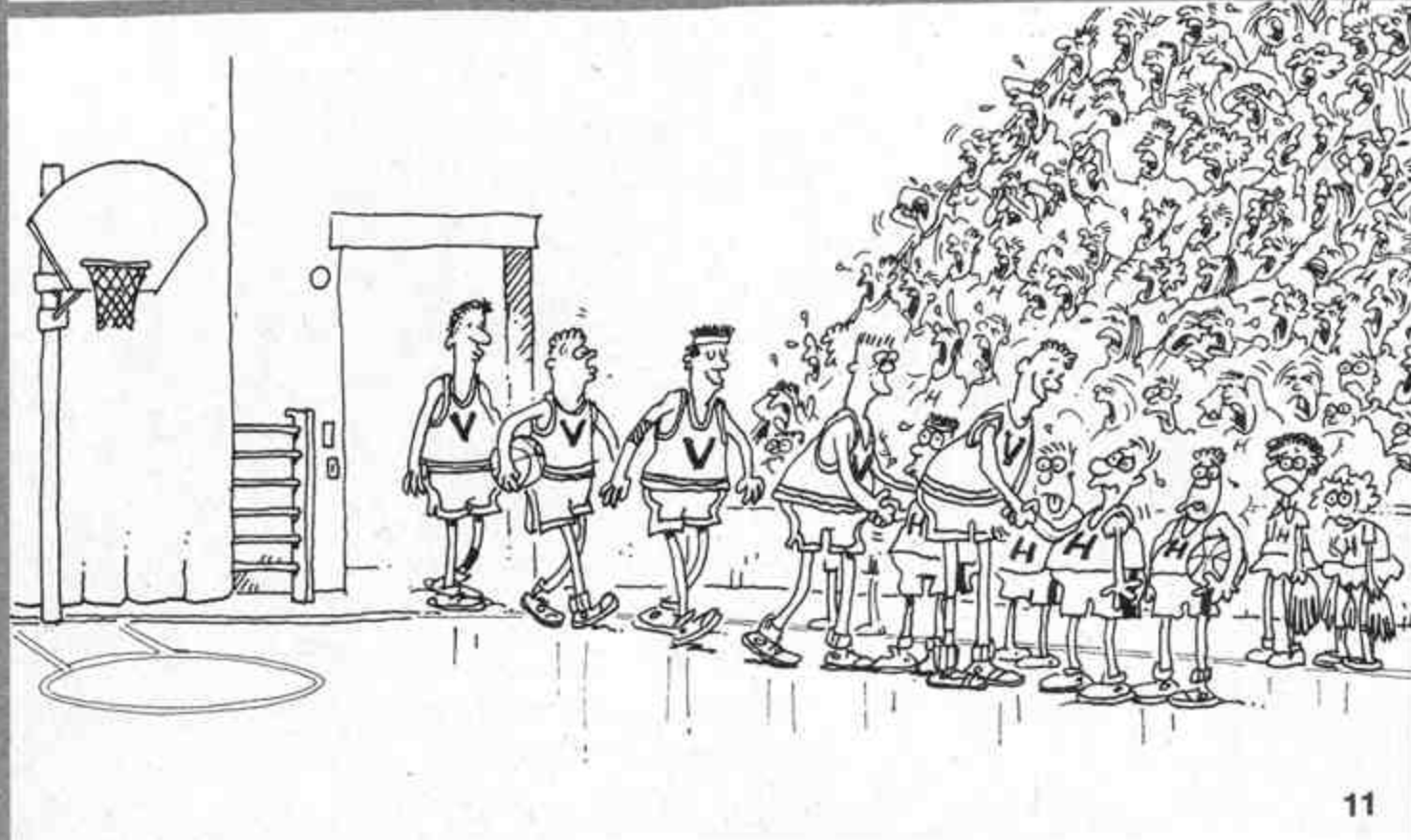
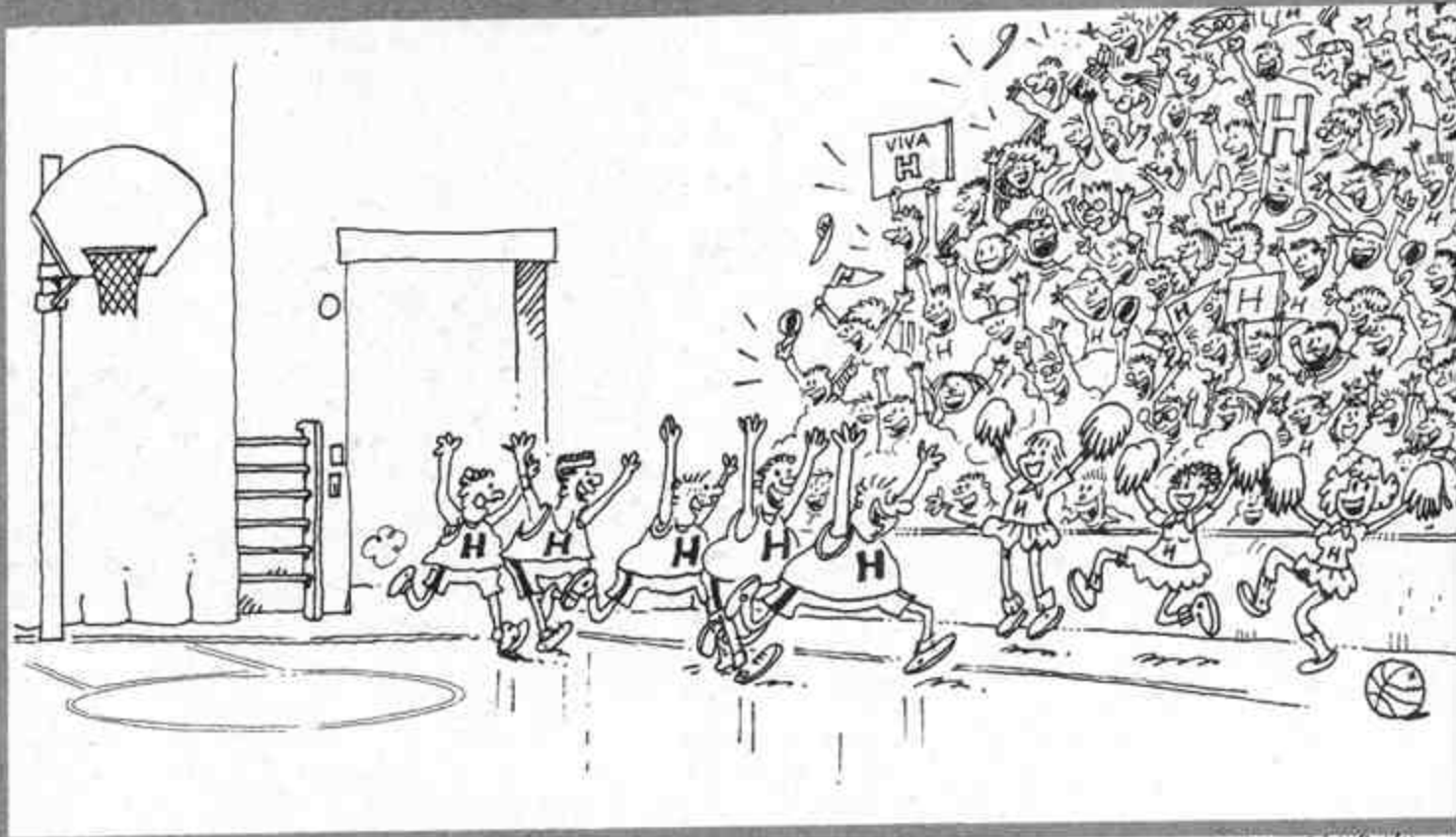
A MAD LOOK AT

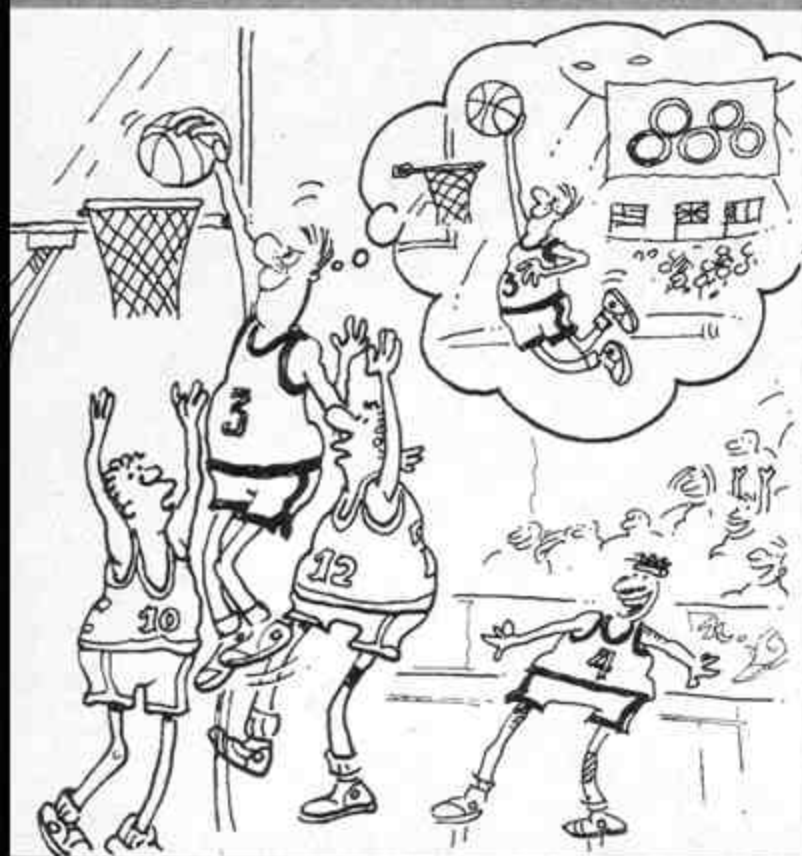


BASKETBALL



ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES





CUTTING OFF A LIMBAUGH DEPT.

This is **Ed Badly** for "60 MAD Minutes"! Today I have the dubious pleasure of interviewing **Mr. Rush Windbaugh**, the man who has been named...



THE CONSERVATIVE TALK SHOW HOST OF THE YEAR

ARTIST: PAUL COKER WRITERS: STAN HART AND CHRIS HART

Mr. Windbaugh, it's been said that you read **two dozen newspapers** every day to find **topics to talk about** on your show!

That's right, Ed! Today's papers, however, have **nothing that's of any real interest** to me!

If articles about people **dying in Bosnia and Somalia** and the **Middle East** don't interest you, what does?

Articles about me, silly man!

This is my **assistant, Tad!** He has the job of **screening my calls** before they go on the air!

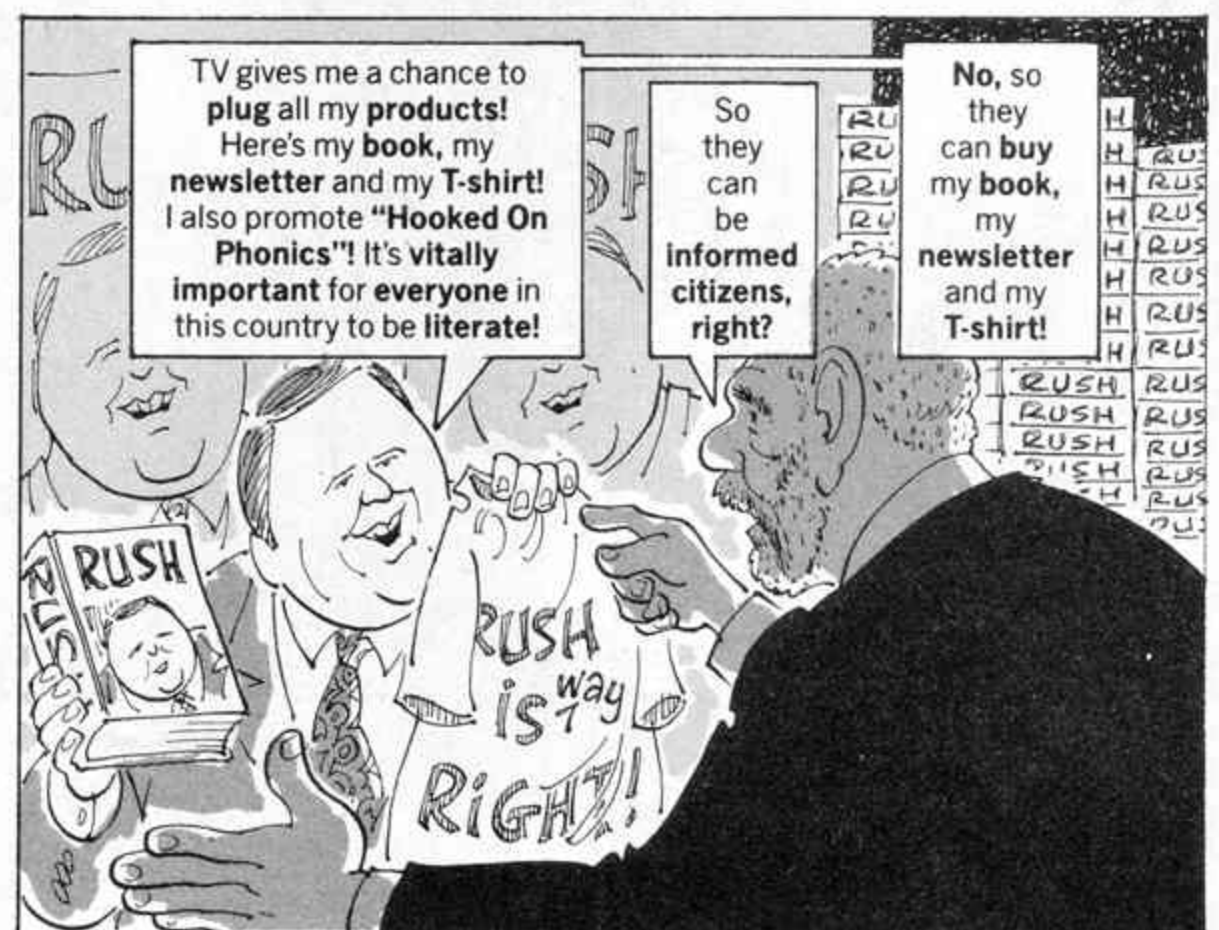
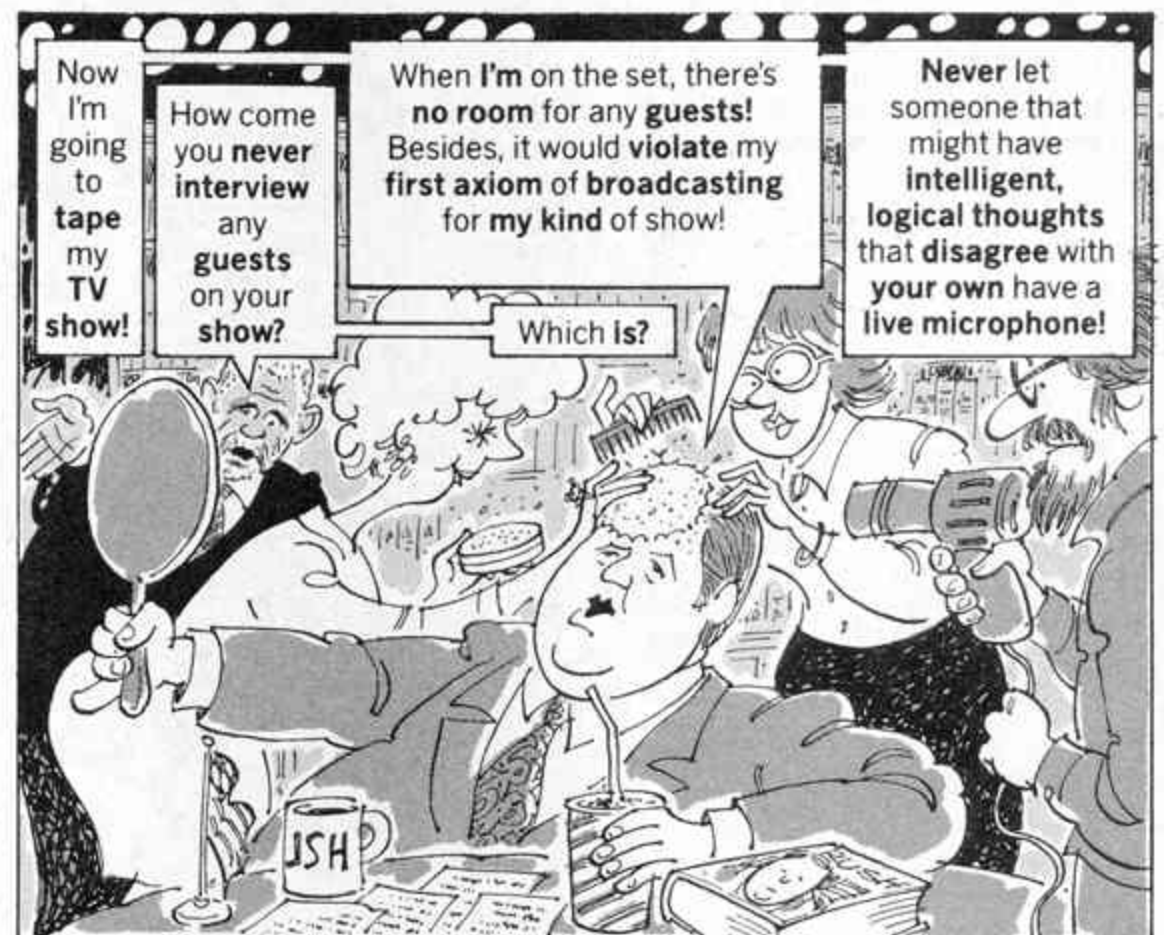
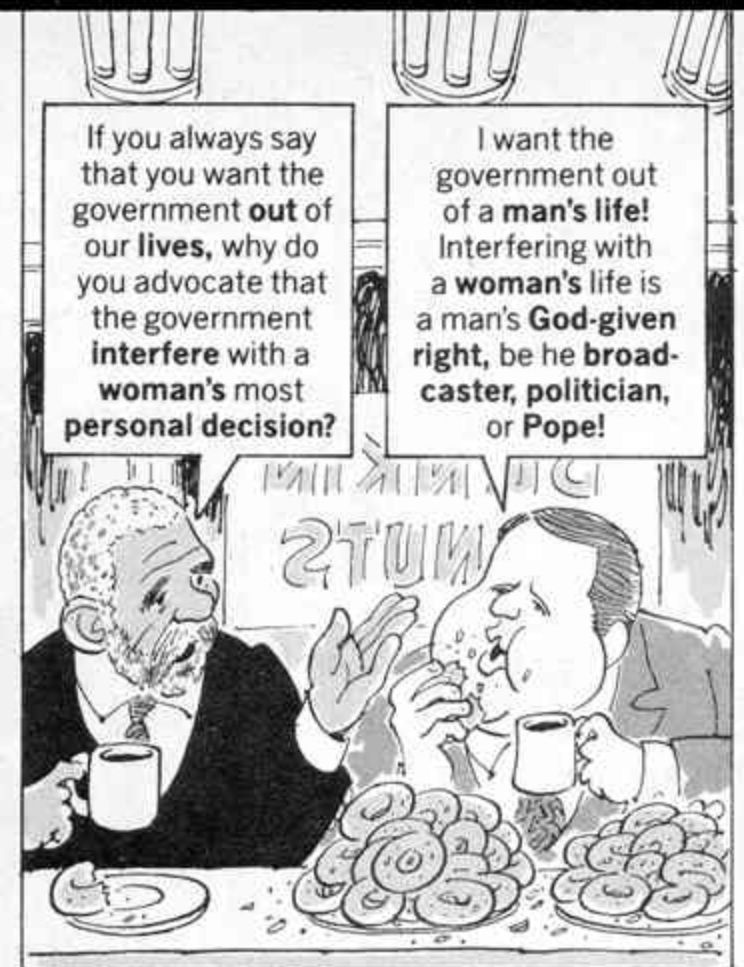
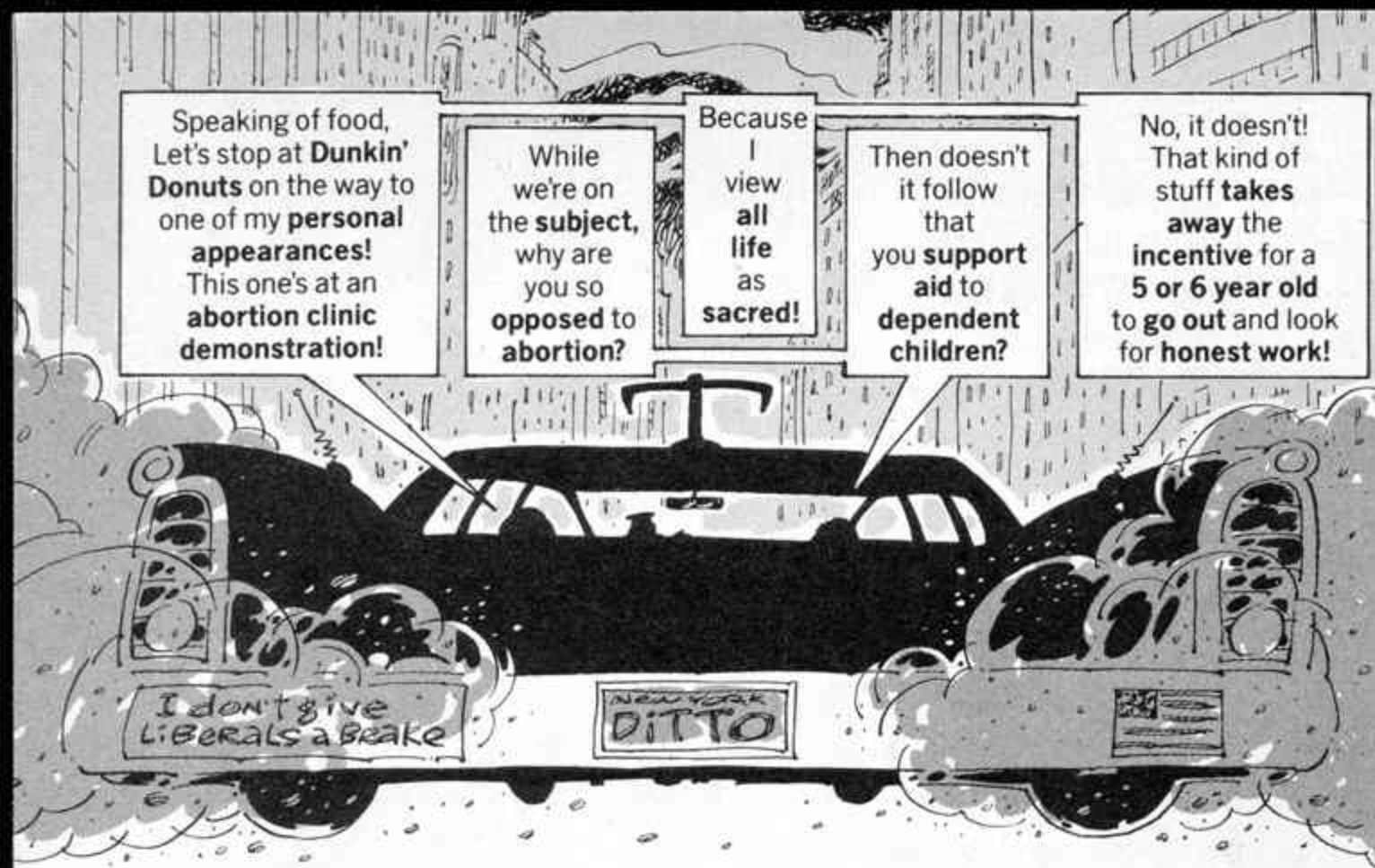
To make sure that people who say **obscene things** don't get through?

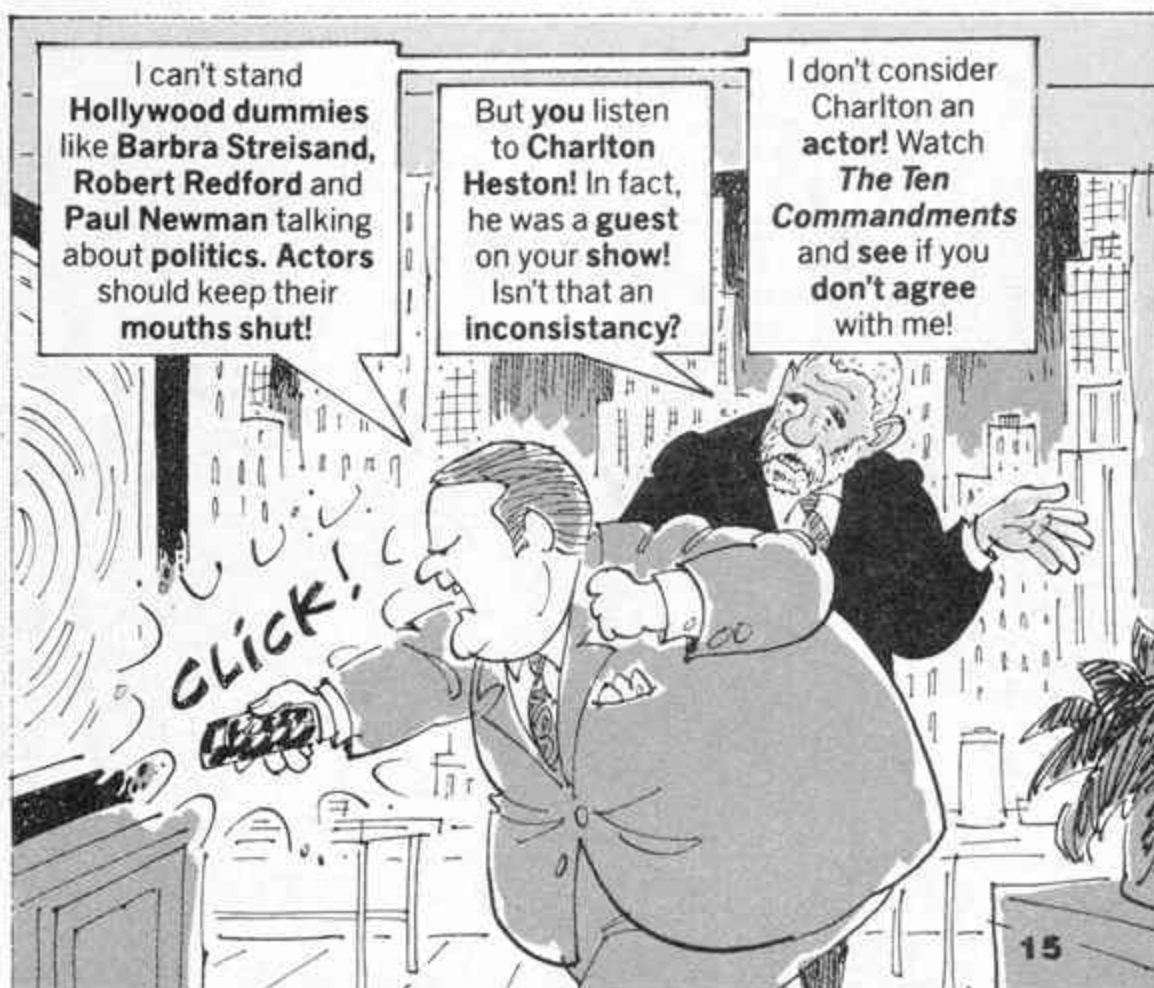
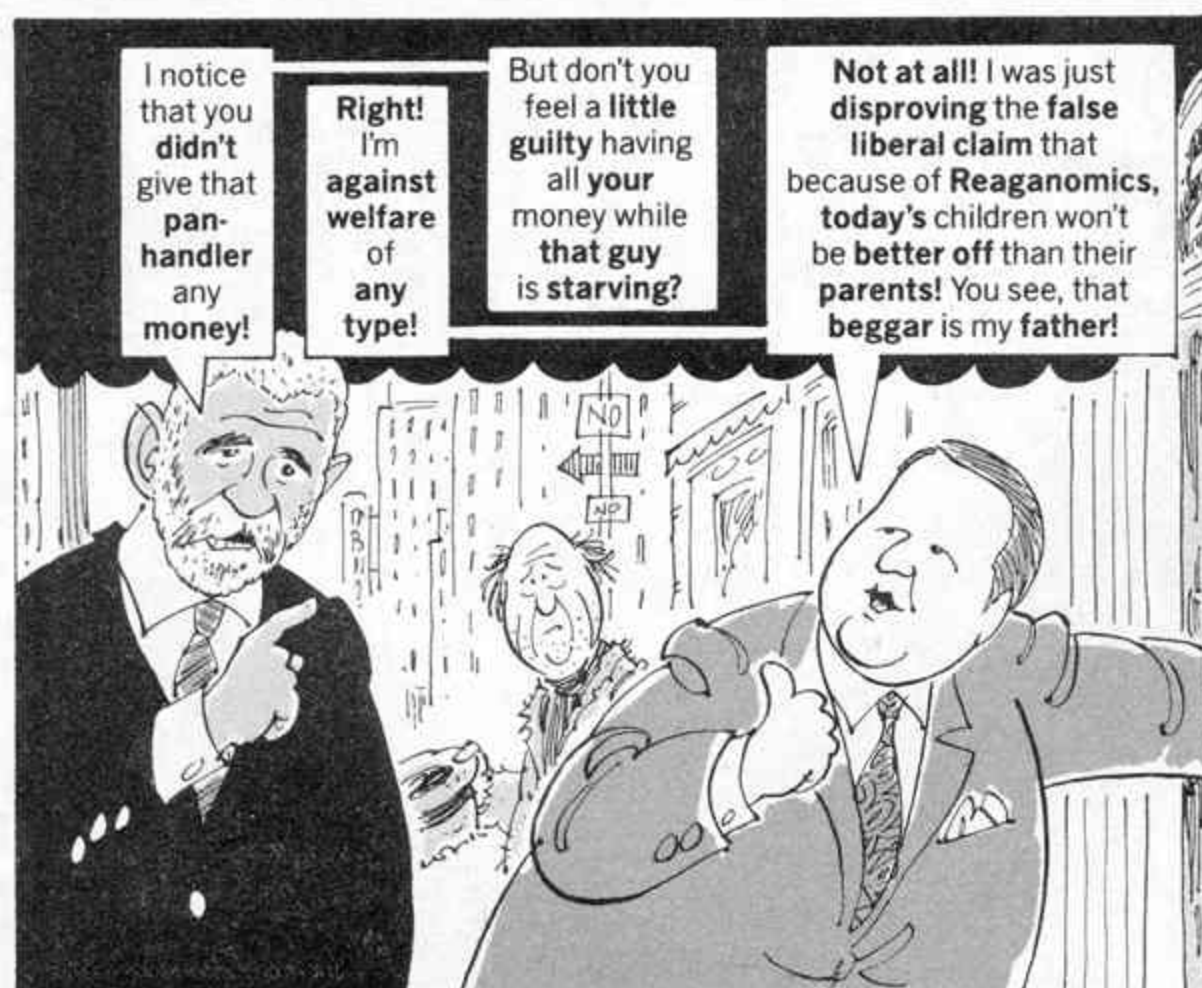
More importantly, to make sure that callers who **disagree with me** don't get through! They're the **REAL sociopaths!**

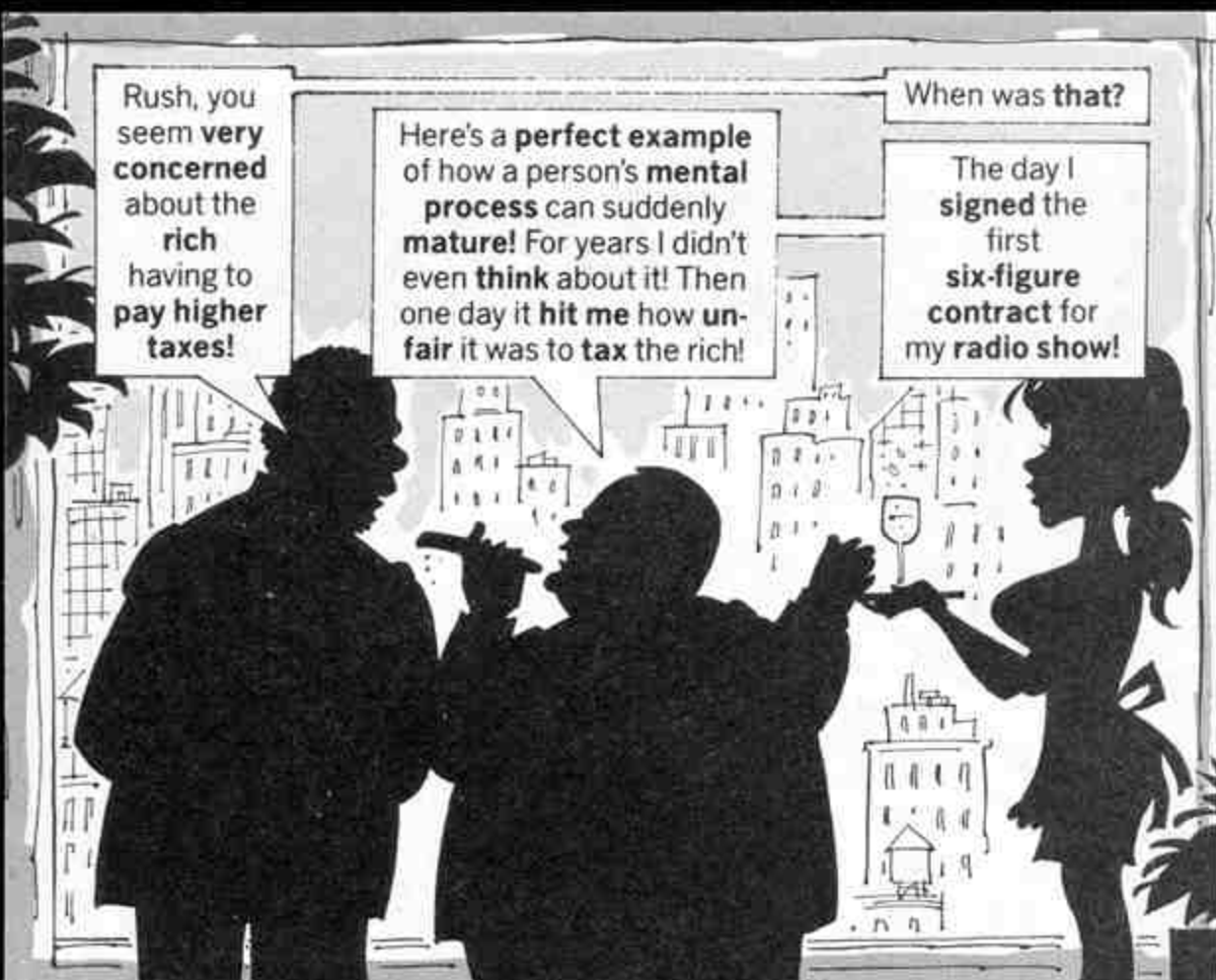
Mr. Windbaugh, what is your position on **endangered species**? Do you think they ought to be **protected**?

No! I think they ought to be **stuffed and roasted!** This year I'm starting a **drive to serve Spotted Owl** for Thanksgiving instead of turkey!







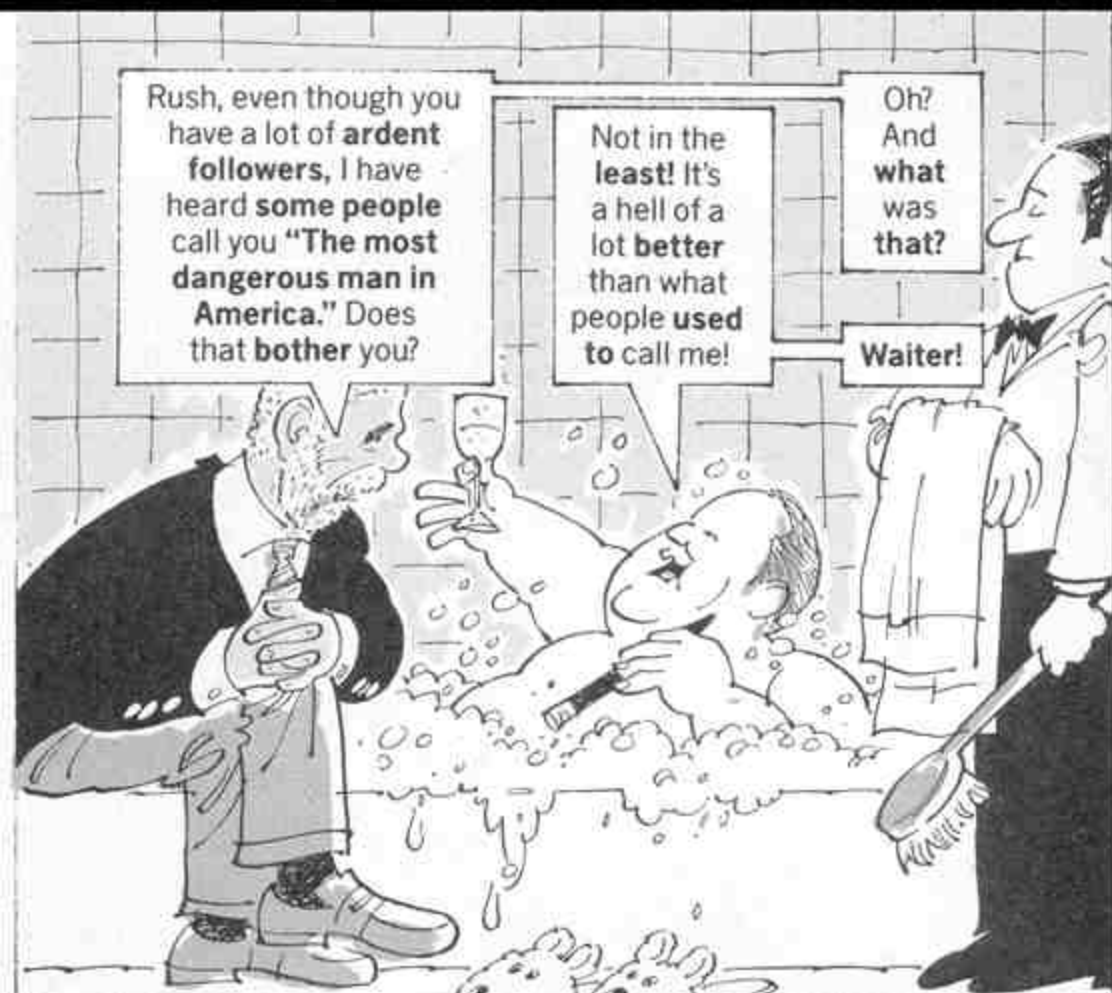


Rush, you seem **very concerned** about the **rich** having to **pay higher taxes!**

Here's a **perfect example** of how a person's **mental process** can suddenly **mature!** For years I didn't even **think** about it! Then one day it **hit me** how **un-fair** it was to **tax the rich!**

When was **that?**

The day I **signed** the first **six-figure contract** for my radio show!

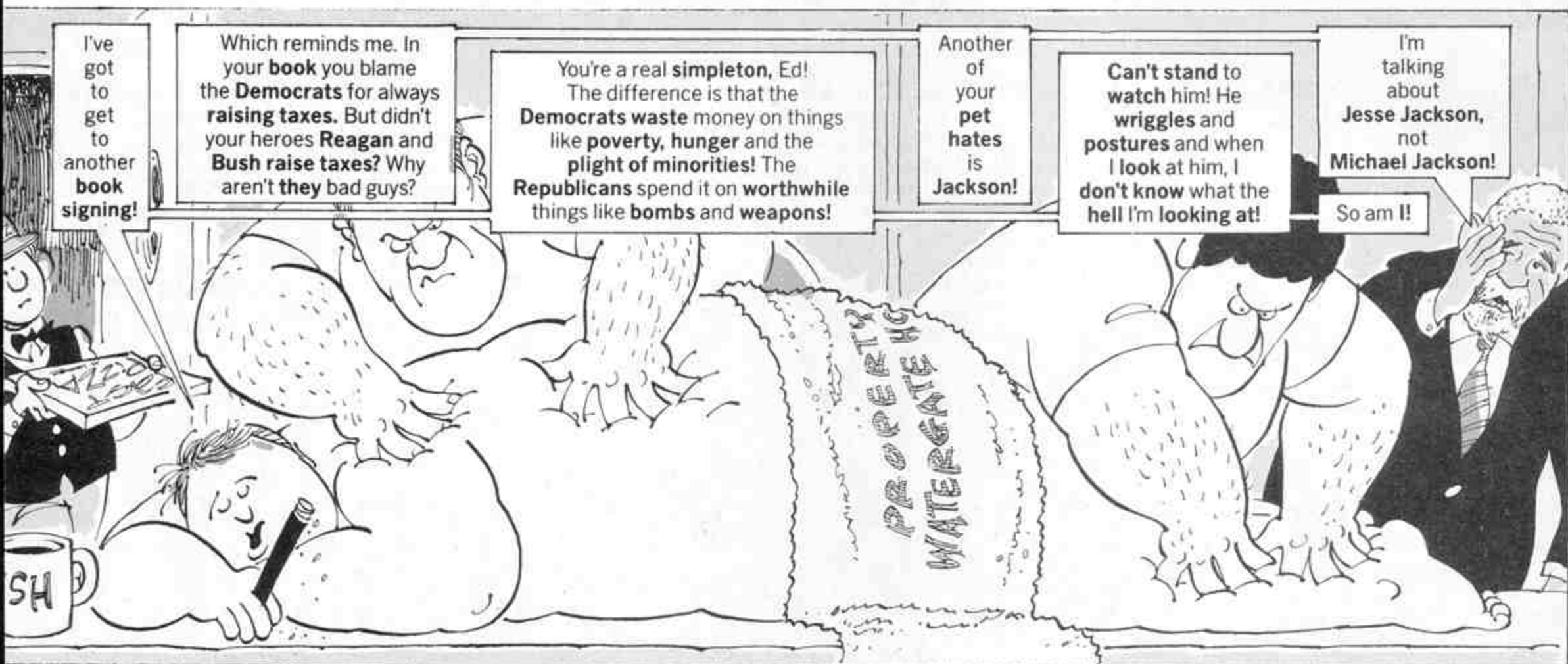


Rush, even though you have a lot of **ardent followers**, I have heard **some people** call you "**The most dangerous man in America.**" Does that **bother** you?

Not in the **least!** It's a **hell of a lot better** than what people **used to** call me!

Oh? And **what was that?**

Waiter!



I've got to get to another **book signing!**

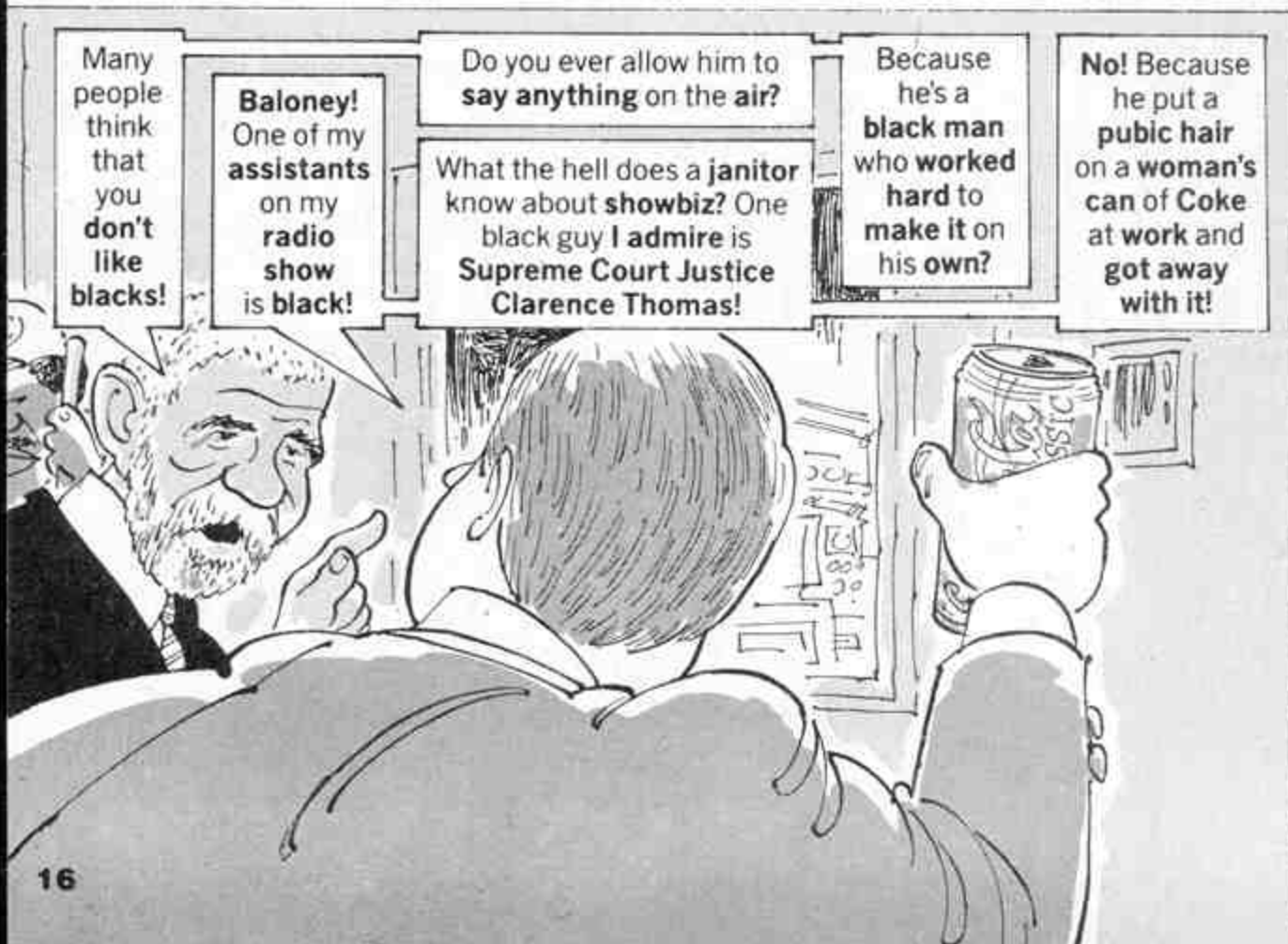
Which reminds me. In your **book** you blame the **Democrats** for always **raising taxes**. But didn't your heroes **Reagan** and **Bush** raise taxes? Why aren't **they** bad guys?

You're a real **simpleton**, Ed! The difference is that the **Democrats** waste money on things like **poverty**, **hunger** and the **plight of minorities!** The **Republicans** spend it on **worthwhile** things like **bombs** and **weapons!**

Another of your **pet hates** is **Jackson!**

Can't stand to watch him! He **wiggles** and **postures** and when I look at him, I **don't know** what the **hell I'm looking at!**

I'm talking about **Jesse Jackson**, not **Michael Jackson!**
So am I!



Many people think that you **don't like blacks!**

Baloney! One of my **assistants** on my **radio show** is **black!**

Do you ever allow him to **say anything** on the **air?**

What the **hell** does a **janitor** know about **showbiz?** One **black guy** I **admire** is **Supreme Court Justice Clarence Thomas!**

Because he's a **black man** who **worked hard** to **make it** on his **own?**

No! Because he put a **pubic hair** on a **woman's** can of **Coke** at **work** and got away with it!

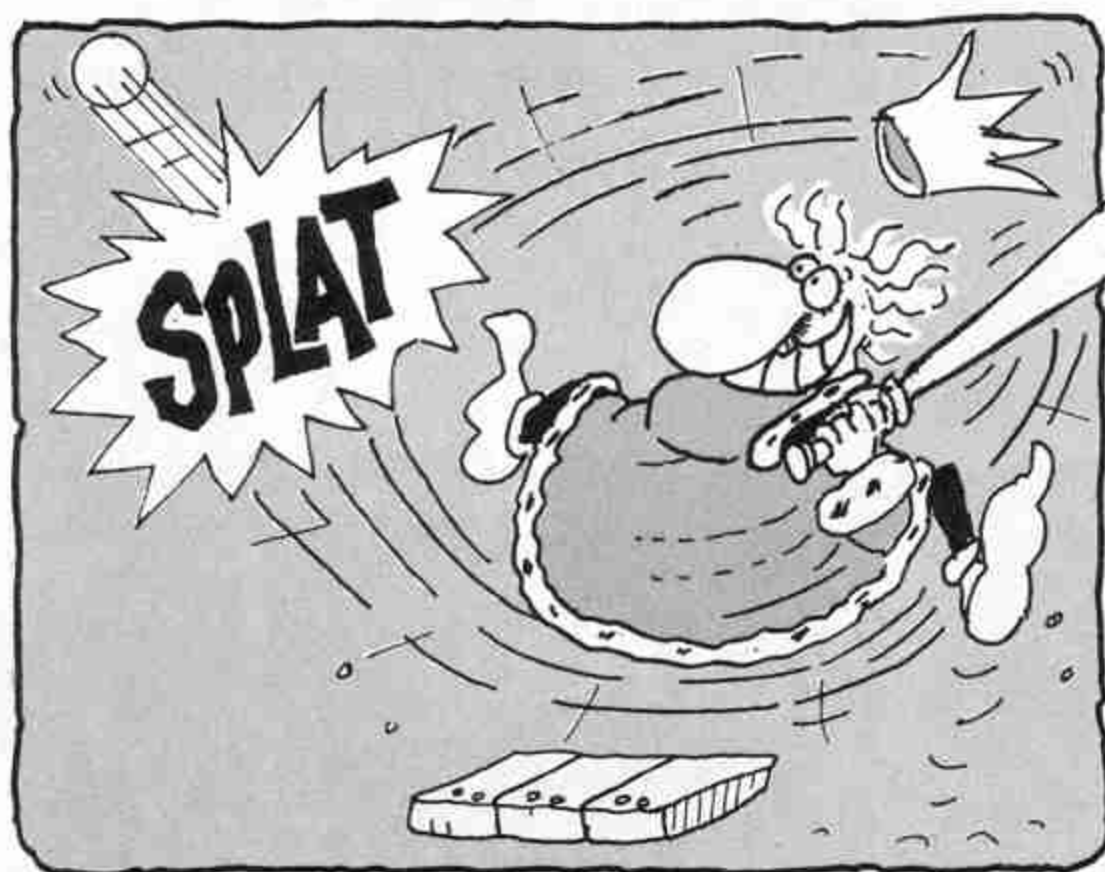


Got to go! I'm on the **air!** I'm unveiling a new **song!** It's a **Barney Frank** imitator doing a **gangsta rap** version of **I Am Woman!**

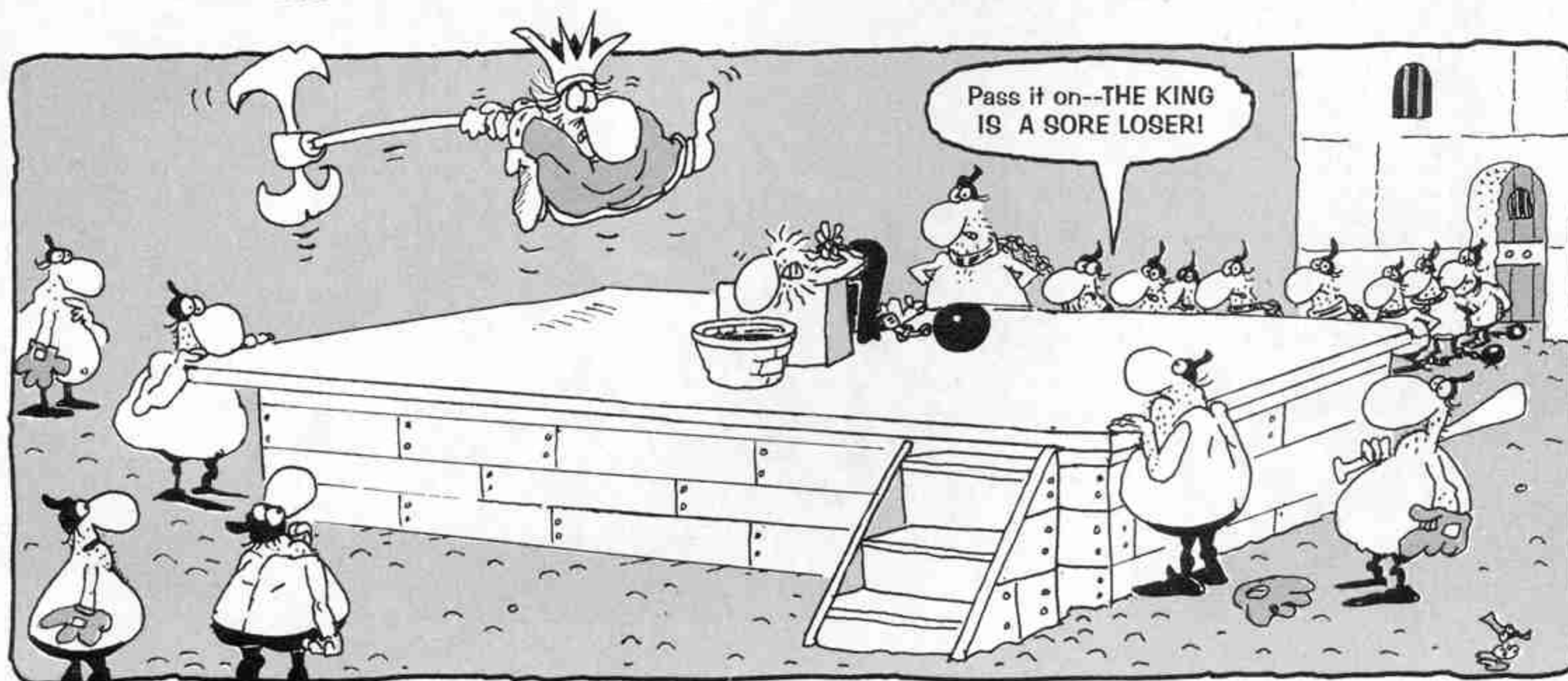
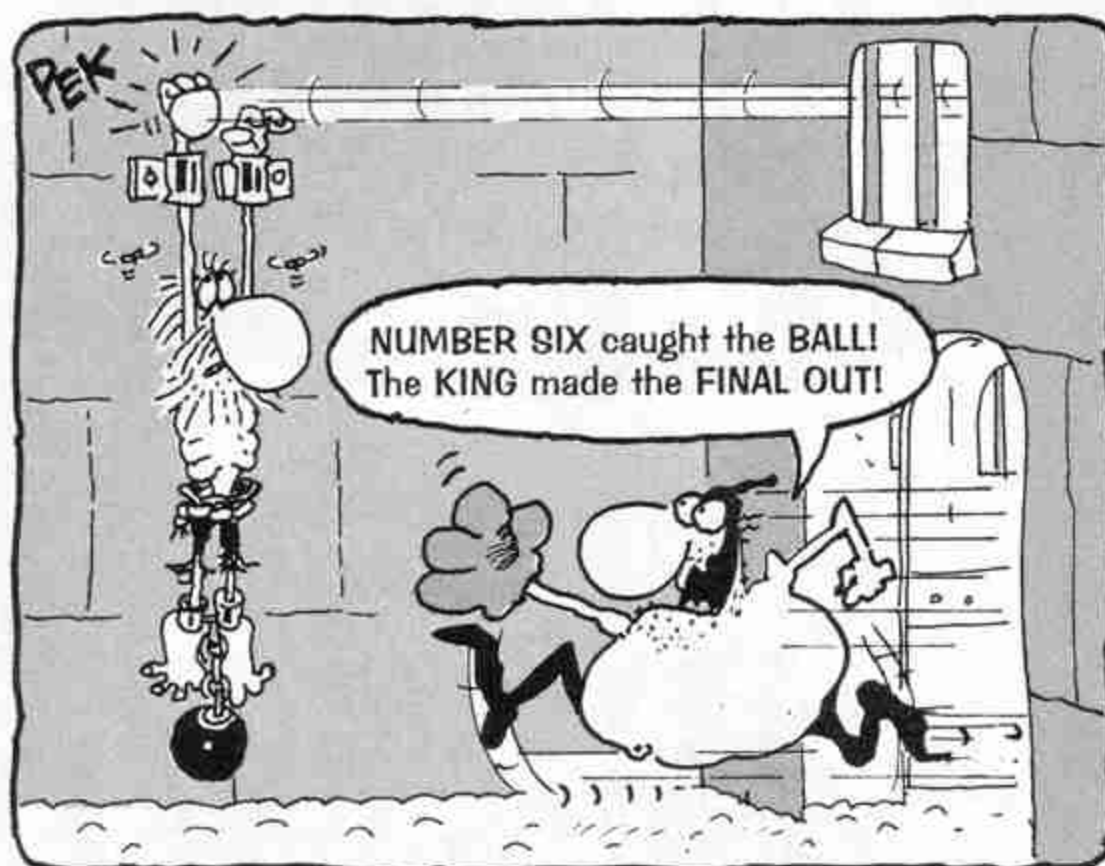
Good lord! That sounds **absolutely dreadful!**

It is, but I get to **piss off** the **gays**, the **blacks** and the **feminazis** all at **once!** God, I **love** my **job!** So long, **lefty!**

THE BRUTAL BASEBALL BOONDOGGLE.



ARTIST AND WRITER: DUCK EDWING



WHY THE LONG PHRASE? DEPT.

Behold for the first time in Supermarket History, a product name that forms a complete, albeit totally ludicrous sentence:

"I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S NOT BUTTER"

Inspid as they are, those six itty bitty words have the power to REVOLUTIONIZE! the entire future of Grocery Nomenclature! Then again, maybe not! They do, however, definitely have the power to REVOLUTIONIZE! the entire future of MAD articles (FA FA FA! FA FA FA FA FA!) - that is at least for these two pathetic pages! Here's...

Sentence Length Product Names

We'd Like to See

"WHAT THE HECK
IS IN THIS STUFF?"

Sausage

"Who Gives a Damn
About Dolphins?"

TUNA  FISH

"Yeah, Like Dogs
Really Care What
It Tastes Like!"


PUPPY CHOW

*"It's Not Spoiled,
It Just Tastes
That Way!"*

YOGURT

"YOU'D NEVER SUSPECT
IT'S 95% AIR!"

ICE CREAM

*"I Can Already Feel
My Arteries Clogging!"*

SLICED
BACON

WHOS AFRAID
of a FEW CHEST
PAINS?"

WAOAFCP

SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING
Reading this package may
Result in severe eye strain.

Is This Trendy
Or What?
Bottled Water

Clarke

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

FLUSHING THE GENRE DEPT.

Hollywood is known for big things. Big egos, big parties, and most importantly, big clichés! While all filmmakers use the same clichés, they do manage to use them in different ways. For example, both Steven Spielberg and Woody Allen made clichéd films about finding and abruptly losing a loved one. The difference was that in Spielberg's "E.T." the main character was an ugly exotic alien, and in Woody's "Annie Hall" the main character was an ugly neurotic New Yorker! While all this may sound confusing now, it will all be crystal clear after you read...

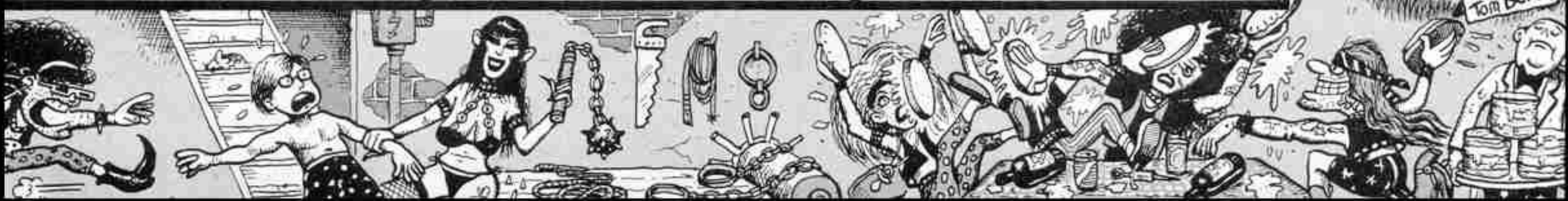
Scenes As Played Out In Different Types Of Movies

ARTIST: TOM BUNK WRITER: TERRY COPELAND

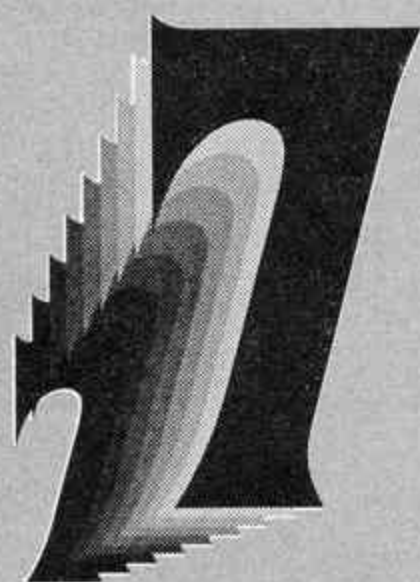


SCENE	SLASHER MOVIE
MAN FINDS SUITCASE FULL OF MONEY	Man is robbed and hacked to death by deranged killer who escaped from mental institution.
STARLET AUDITIONS FOR BIG MOVIE ROLE	Starlet wins part and is hacked to death by the deranged woman she beat out.
MAN TOLD BY DOCTOR HE HAS SIX MONTHS TO LIVE	News turns man into deranged killer, terrorizing the city.
WOMAN GETS FLAT TIRE ON DESERTED HIGHWAY	Deranged stranger changes woman's tire, then hacks her to death with tire-iron.
BOY MEETS FAMILY OF GIRL HE'S ABOUT TO MARRY	Deranged, over-protective father slashes boy's throat.
RECORD COMPANY WANTS TO SIGN LEAD SINGER, BUT NOT THE BAND	Lead singer cannot face telling band, so he hires deranged killer to hack them to death.





MAD'S



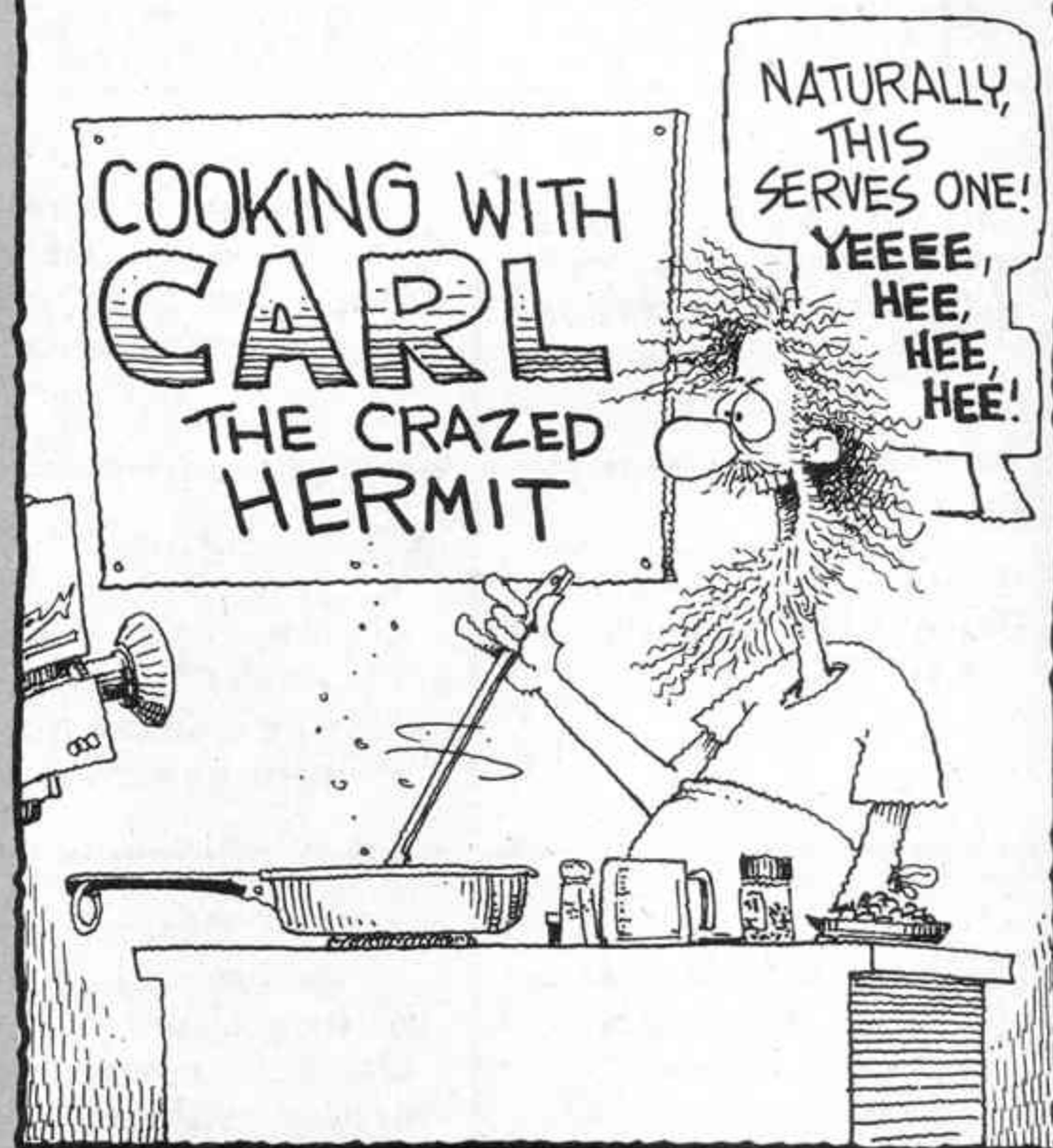
Steps to Becoming A Hit TV Chef

ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL



GIVE YOUR SHOW A CLEVER TITLE...

...you want people to remember you—not the crummy recipes you stole from other television cooks.



BRING IN AN OCCASIONAL GUEST RESTAURATEUR...

...you'll never pay for a meal in their place again.



ALWAYS INCLUDE ONE IMPOSSIBLE- TO-FIND INGREDIENT...

...that way you're safe that no one will finish one of the recipes and discover what a lousy cook you are.



SPEAK WITH AN INDECIPHERABLE FOREIGN ACCENT...

...that way viewers will assume they didn't hear you correctly when they screw up the recipes.



DEVELOP A CATCH PHRASE...

...this enhances viewer identification and will lead to many lucrative TV endorsement deals.



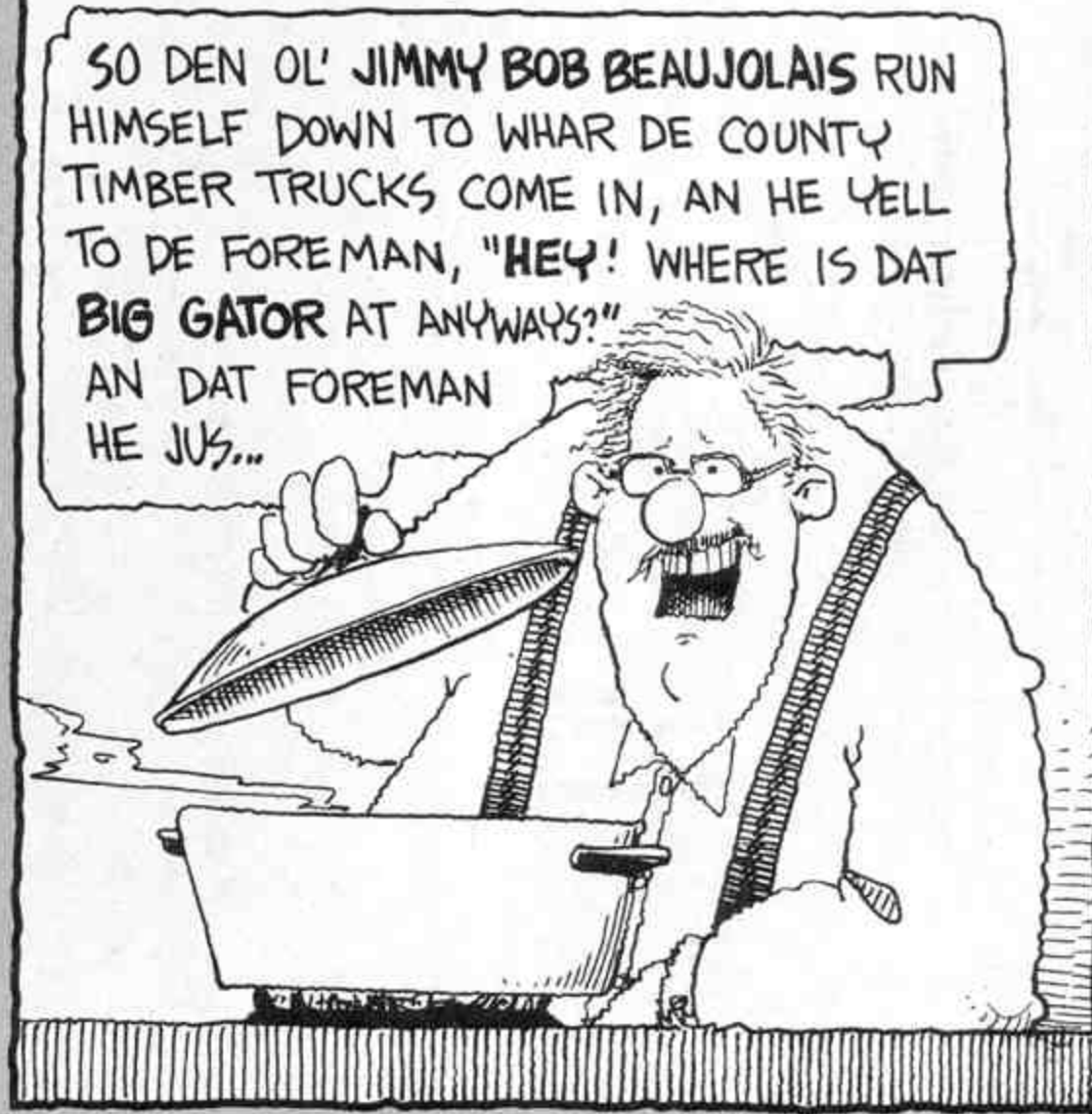
INCORPORATE INCREDIBLY EXPENSIVE, COMPLICATED-TO-OPERATE TOOLS INTO EVERY RECIPE THAT YOU SHOW...

...just in case an obsessed viewer actually does find all the necessary ingredients.



TAKE TIME TO TELL AMUSING REGIONAL ANECDOTES...

...this allows you to stretch a five-minute recipe into a half hour show.



In an alternate reality, the baby that was to grow up to become Superman was not discovered in Kansas by Jonathan and Martha Kent, but rather in Brooklyn by Hyman and Doris Feldstein. Doris, a loving and devoted mother, chronicled her only son's extraordinary exploits in her diary. After years of research and a whole lot of conjecture, MAD magazine now reveals a few selected entries that resolve the mystery of that eternally asked question:

WHAT IF SUPERMAN™ WERE RAISED BY JEWISH PARENTS?

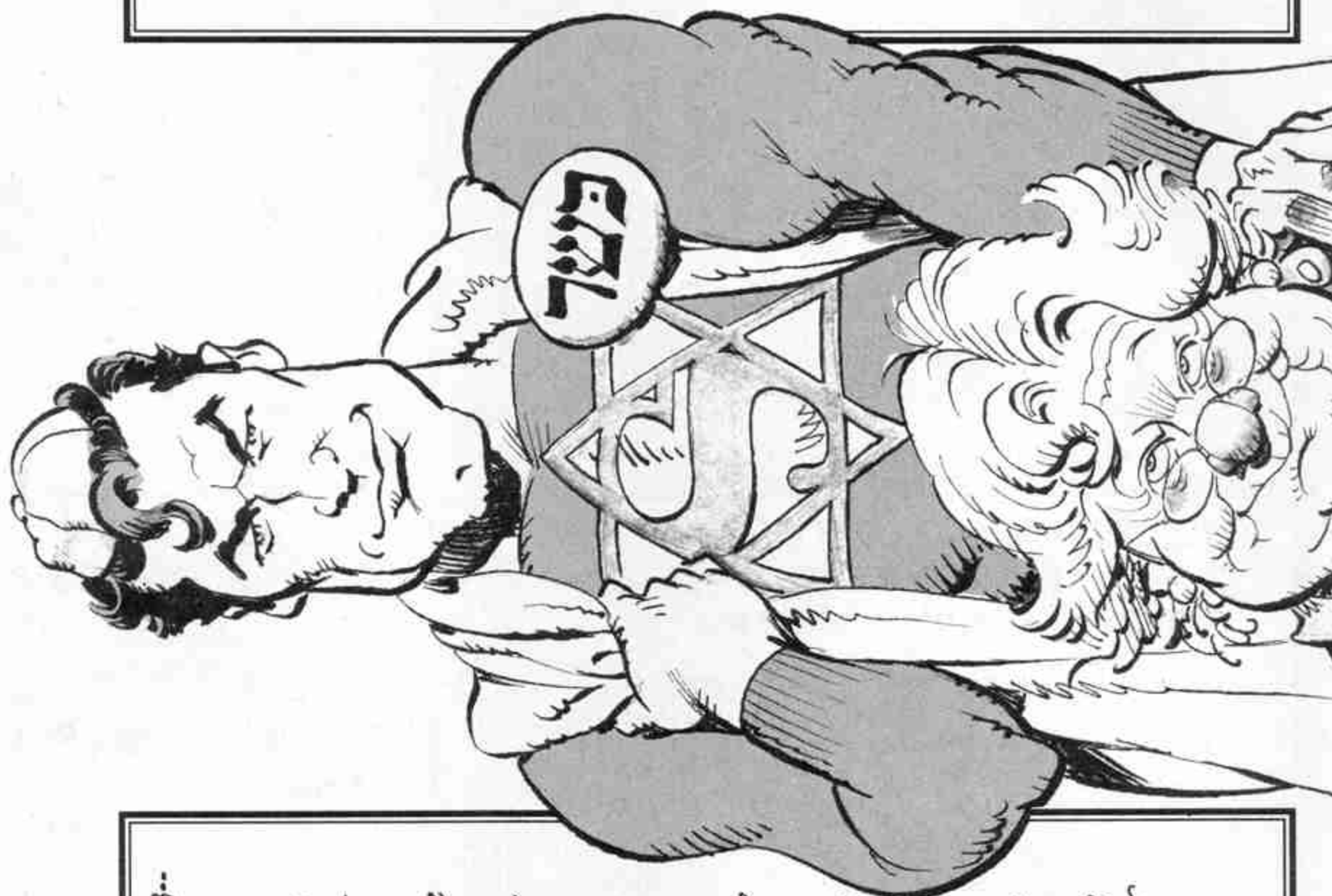
February 28th, 1938--
The Discovery

A rocketship! Who would put a baby in a rocket? Who does such a thing? Sends up a baby so that it crashes in our backyard?!

On Purim of all days! You should've seen Hyman, such a fit he had!

"Oy," he said, "Such a mess this rocket! Feh!" I was just as angry, you should know, but then I saw something pink moving and I screamed, like you wouldn't believe: "Look a baby! Gena! It's such a lovely baby!" I decided to keep him. Hyman looked a little upset, but with his ulcer, he wasn't going to argue. So he sighs and says "all right, Doris, all right. What should we name him?"

Oy, I was so happy! I picked up the baby and held him to the sky and said "We'll name him Hyman, after my uncle, may he rest in peace. Hyman Mortimer Feldstein. Such a doctor he'll make!" I tell you, such a baby, a legend he's gonna be.



March 6, 1938--
The Circumcision

Oy, such a mess! The poor rabbi. First he tries to cut Herman's schmeckel with the scapel and the scapel breaks. It breaks! This is a schmeckel from Heaven, I tell you. Rabbi Demowitz was so upset. He's never failed with a circumcision, oh no. Slich slach and he's usually done.

So he tries with a butcher knife. He got from Gimpel the butcher, and wouldn't you know, that blade gets nicked too! Hyman told the Rabbi to give it up, it was clearly a sign from God to leave the schmeckel alone, but the Rabbi, he said he knew better.

So he tries an ax. An ax! Who does such a thing? I was scared for little Herman, but I shouldn't have been. He broke the ax, such a strong boy! So finally, Rabbi Demowitz is huffing and puffing and so angry, such a look on his face, that he starts asking around for a chainsaw. I said "Rabbi, you can use my electric carving knife, but oy, a chainsaw?!" But then, before he can do anything, two rays of light come from little Herman's eyes and fry the Rabbi. Gena! Anyway, now Rabbi Teub will be the new Rabbi.

December 13, 1951—
Hebrew School

Herman had a bad day at Hebrew School. He got into a fight with his Teacher, Mrs. Fishkin. She was teaching about the Almighty, and Herman didn't see what was so special. I mean to a boy like Herman who can fly and lift trucks, what's the big deal?

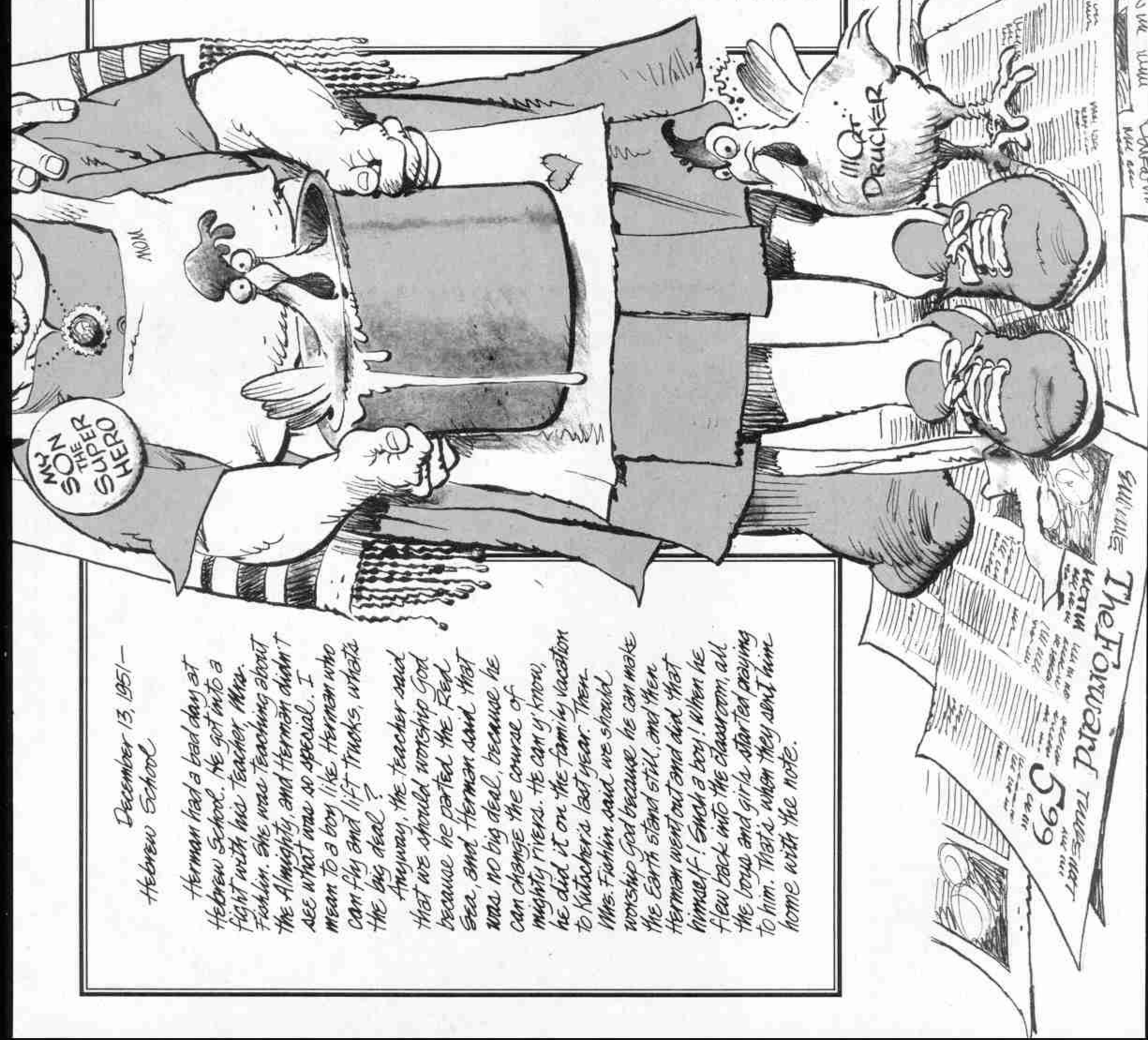
Anyway, the teacher said that we should worship God because he parted the Red Sea, and Herman said that was no big deal, because he can change the course of mighty rivers. He can y'know, he did it on the family vacation to Kutcher's last year. Then Mrs. Fishkin said we should worship God because he can make the Earth stand still, and then Herman went out and did that himself! Such a boy! When he flew back into the classroom, all the boys and girls started praying to him. That's when they sent him home with the note.

January 15, 1965—
The Medical Practice

Oh, I am so proud of my Herman. My super Herman! He opened his practice for business today. Never has the world seen such an efficient radiologist! With his X-ray vision, he checks for tumors while-you-wait! That's what the sign on his office door says -- Dr. Herman Feldstein, M.D. Radiology-while-u-wait.

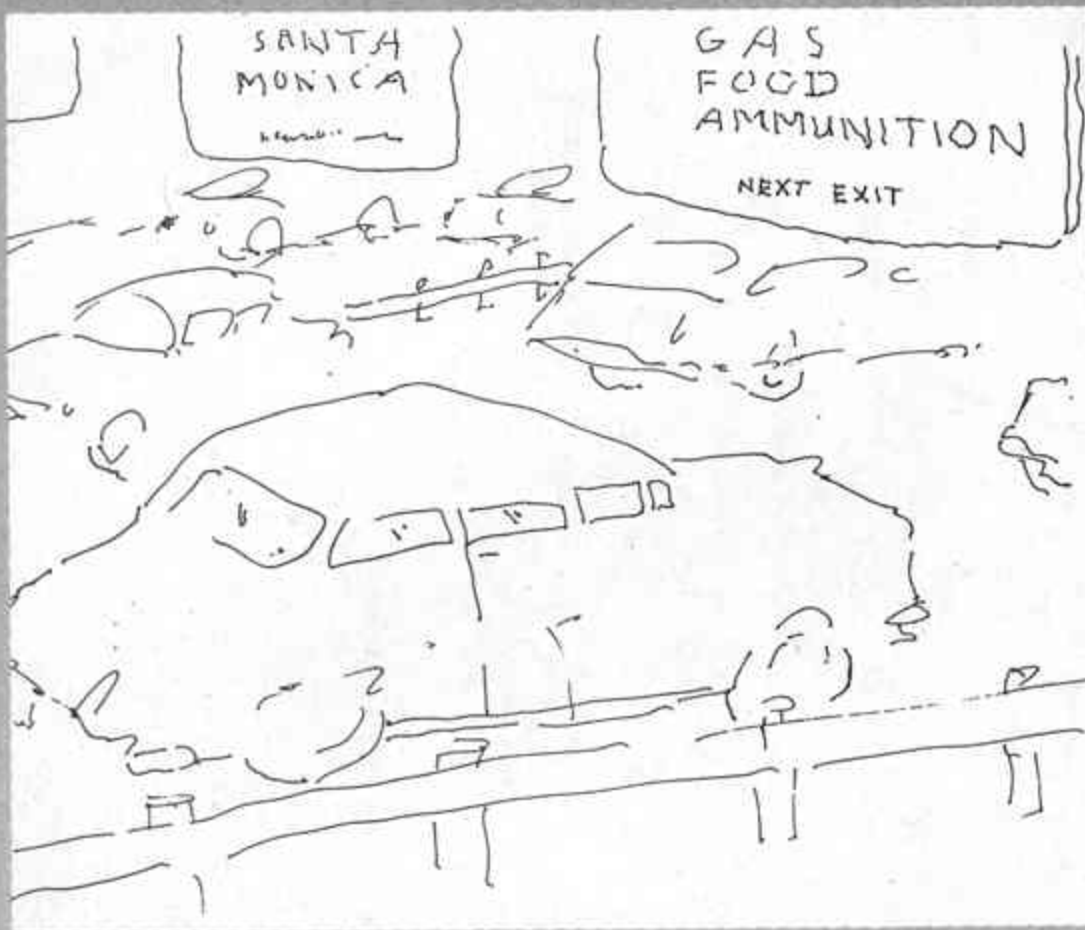
You don't even have to put on one of those little hospital gowns with your tuchus sticking out the back. Yankel Geller was his first patient. Poor Yankel was so afraid he had cancer. God forbid! Anyway, Yankel walks in, Herman got one look at him and said "Don't worry Mr. Geller. It's benign. That'll be \$300." Oh, such a boy! And to think, we found him in that goyische rocket ship!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: JONATHAN BRESMAN

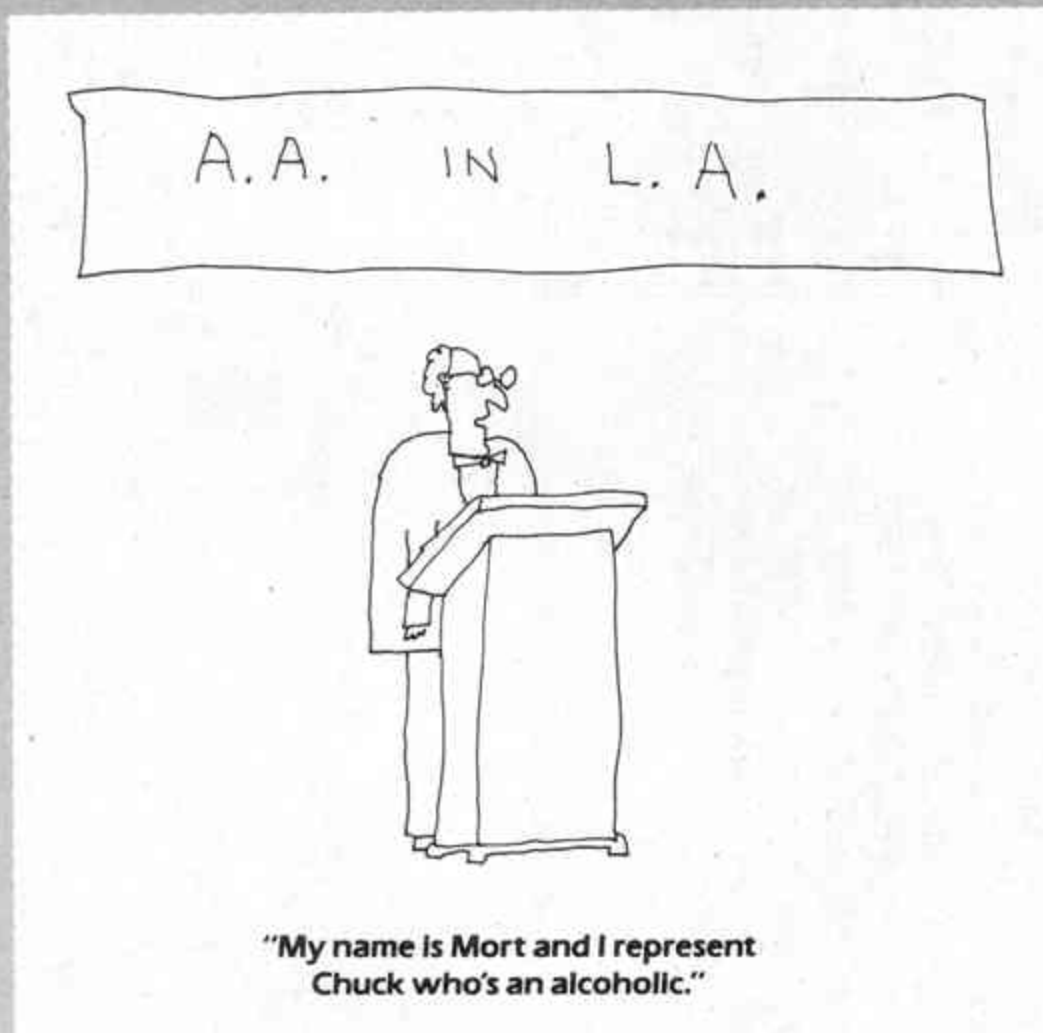


John Callahan is a twisted and demented cartoonist living on the west coast, far away from the picturesque offices of MAD, in New

JOHN CALLAHAN'S MISGUIDED



"Now, class, is this man lying or laying in the gutter?"



"My name is Mort and I represent Chuck who's an alcoholic."



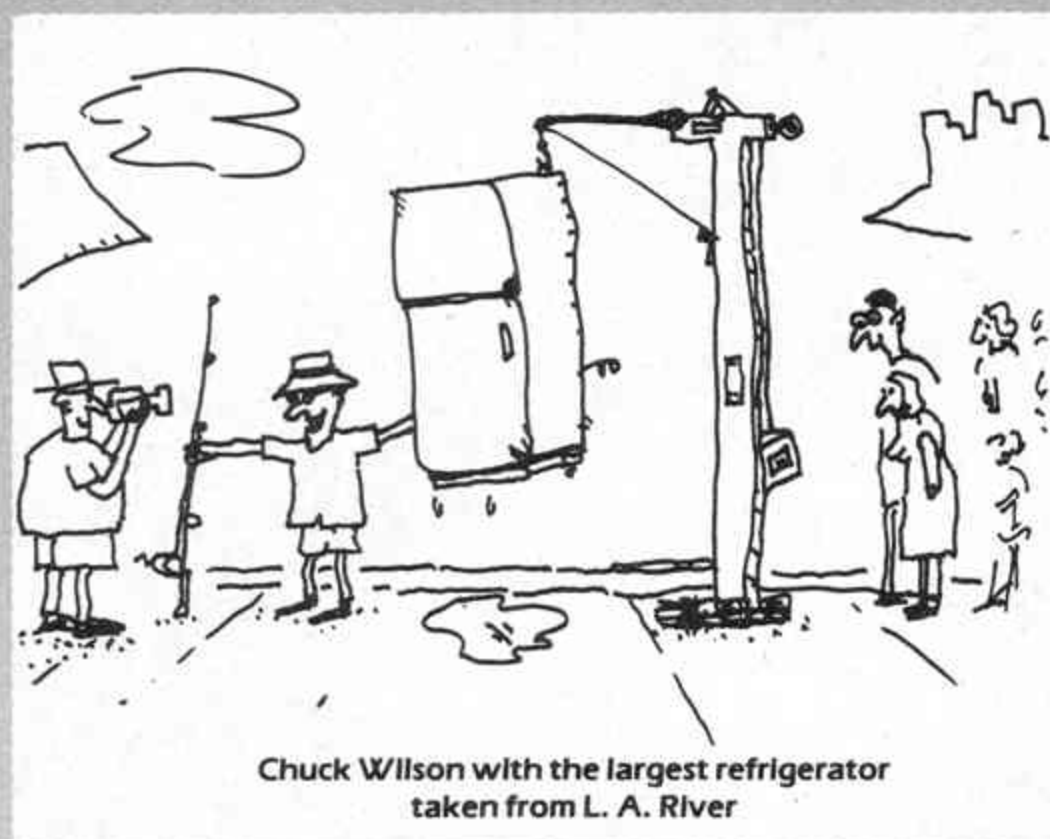
"Finish your vegetables! There are children in Beverly Hills with eating disorders."

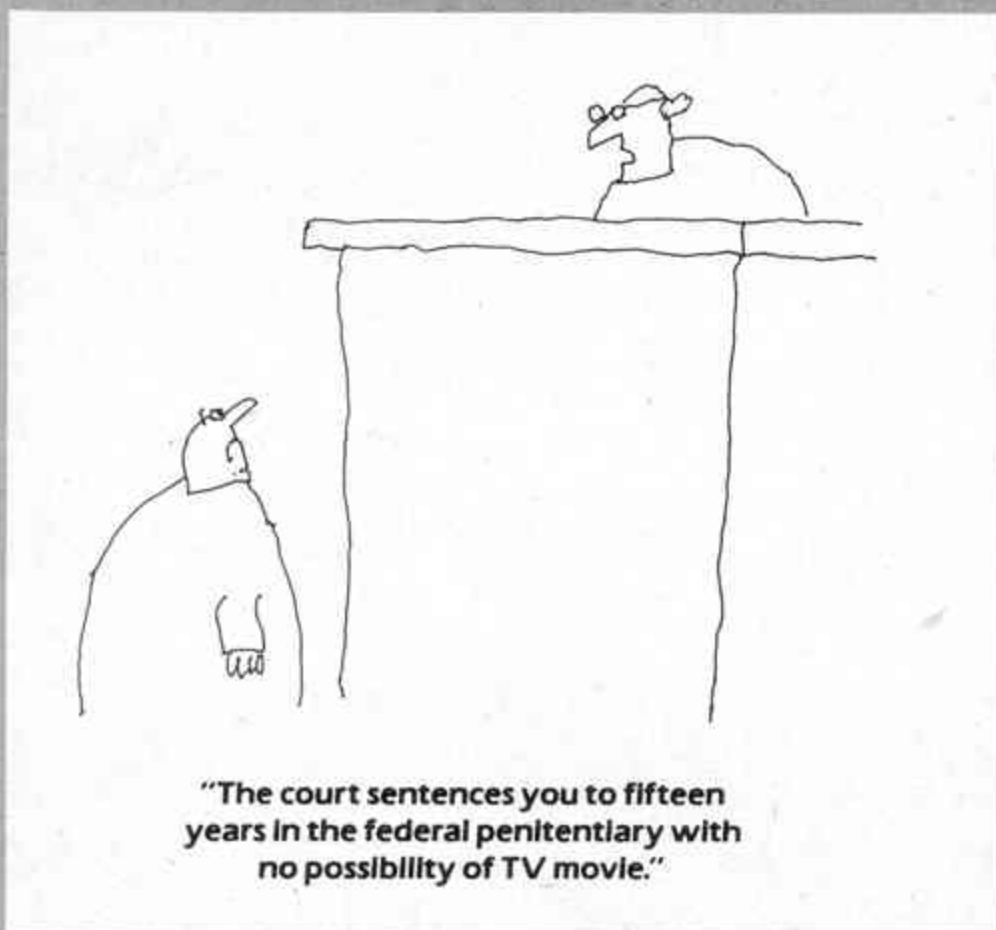


York. So, when we figured it was time to poke fun at the City of Angels, we decided to pocket our plane fare and buy a ticket for...

TOUR OF L.A.

ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALLAHAN







BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

The Lighter Side Of...

ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG

REPAIRS



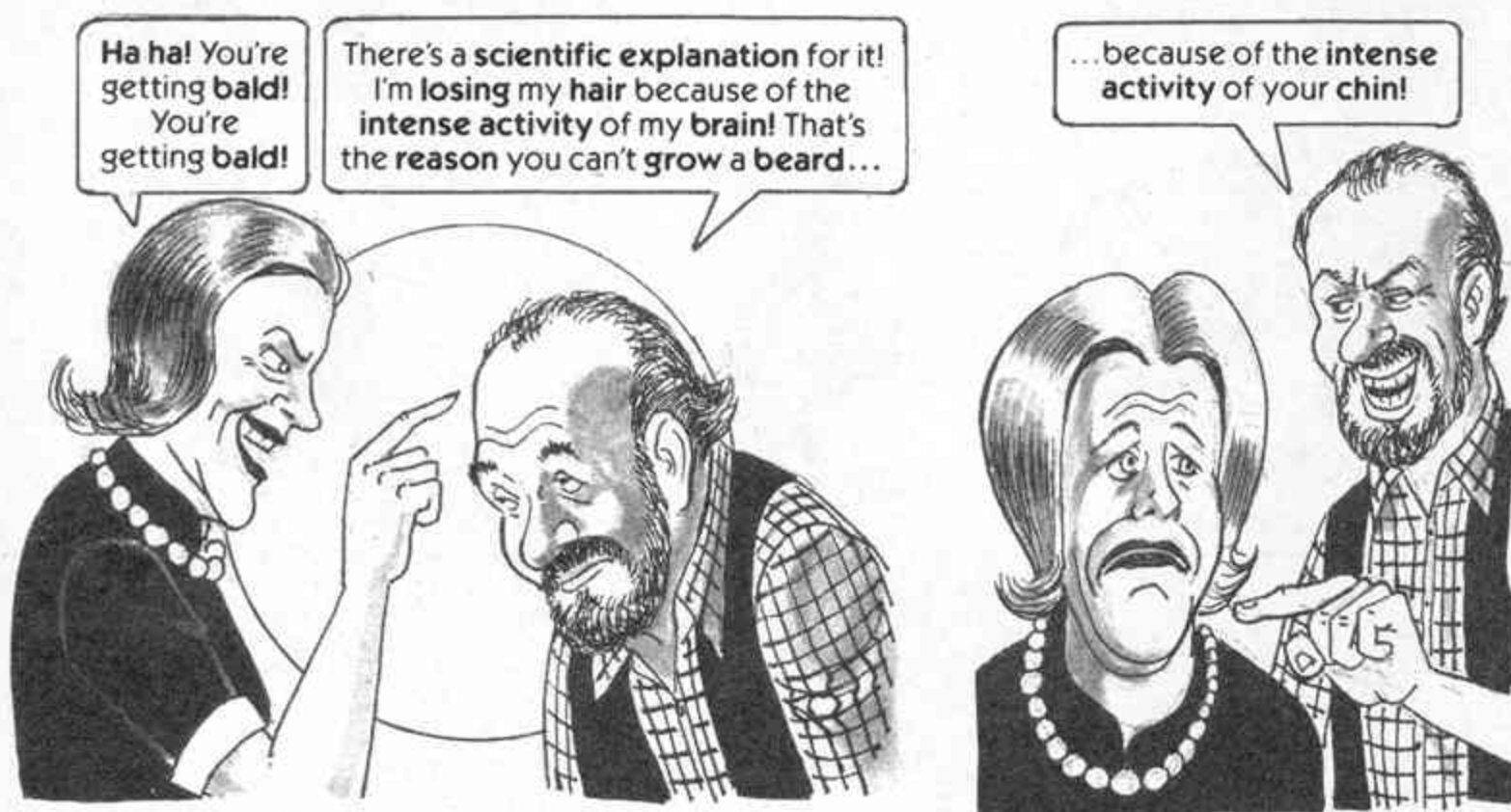
GAMBLING



BABYSITTING



DIFFERENCES



BIG BUSINESS



AFFECTION



THE ECONOMY



SUCCESS



THE OFFICE



PRECAUTIONS



DOCTORS



With the recent theatrical re-release of Disney's classic *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs*—the film most critics consider Hollywood's greatest achievement in film animation—a lot of today's magazines had their first-ever chance to review the movie. We reviewed the new reviews and it's clear these magazines operate from a very narrow focus! They don't get the big picture! Here's...

SNOW WHITE

AS
REVIEWED
BY

TODAY'S PUBLICATIONS

ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

SNEEZY'S ALLERGIES NO LAUGHING MATTER

One can't sit comfortably through *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* without wondering why no one helps Sneezy find relief from his ear-splitting nasal discharges.

According to reports in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, chronic sneezing can rupture delicate sinus membranes, leading to severe respiratory problems. Sneezy clearly suffers from multiple allergies caused by years of living in a dust-filled home and worsened by his toiling in an underground, unventilated mine.

Even more alarming, the other dwarfs seem oblivious that they are putting their own health at risk, being constantly showered by the highly contagious germ-laden sneezes. Dare we mention tuberculosis? At the very least, we recommend daily megadoses of vitamin C, ginseng and fresh beet juice for everyone in this sick household.

Before seeing this film, responsible adults should ask themselves: "Is this the message health-conscious children should hear?" We think not.



FAST FORWARD

SNOW
WHITE
EXCITING
AS
A COLD
SHOWER

Film

Take a gullible teenage virgin and bed her down in a cottage housing seven sex-starved men. Then toss in an on-the-make Prince looking for a quick score. You've got the makings of a steamy carnal romp, right? Well, not if the film is *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* (½★), whose sexual overtones and erotic

potential are washed away in a tepid flood of mush and sentimentality.

No nudity here, not even a below-the-neck glimpse of the heroine (which may not be a loss, since Snow's chest looks to be flat as a board from what we could tell). The Dwarfs never lay a hand on her, instead preferring to spend

their time "working" in a sweaty mine shaft. The film starts out promisingly enough with Snow White warbling "Some Day My Prince Will Come." Oh yeah? Not in this picture! In the climax (if you can call it that), he wakes her from a deep sleep. If only he'd done the same for the audience.





movies

SNOW WHITE COULD USE A LIFT

● If ever we saw a perfect candidate for a Glamour Don't, it's filmdom's Snow White. The good news is that with little effort, she could go from a Don't to a Do. Her thrift-shop peasant skirt makes her appear dumpy and unpleasantly round. A long, form-fitting skirt picks up on current trends and allows for easy mobility (which she needs to keep up with those Dwarfs!).

Her upper body needs to be leaner looking, so here we reverse things and suggest a looser tunic with a lower neckline. Her current combination of puffed sleeves and the huge collar make her look like a linebacker for the New York Giants. Her "helmet head" hairdo doesn't help, either.

A layered cut with bangs would frame her heart-shaped face splendidly. Her makeup, which currently looks like the work of a deranged house painter, must go. A softer blend of colors would accent her high cheekbones, dancing eyes and perky nose, rounding out the romantic and wistful look that Snow needs if she ever hopes to *really* attract a Prince Charming!

The Queen on the other hand, sleekly caped in basic black, exudes the class and self-assurance of the Today Woman. Her "evil chic" makes a fashion statement that saves *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* from being a total loss.

THE NEW YORK AMSTERDAM NEWS

ARTS &

E N T E R T A I N M E N T

RACIST "SNOW WHITE" OFFENSIVE TO BLACKS

Just when we thought African Americans were getting their due on the screen (*Malcolm X*, *Boyz n The Hood*, *Poetic Justice*) we're again taking the back seat in yet another racist outrage, *Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs*.

Snow White (her name says it all) moves in with an all-Caucasian household of Dwarfs, with cute names like Happy and Sneezy and Bashful. There's not a black in the bunch, not even a token. If there was, you can bet he'd come off as a disgusting stereotype, with a name like "Shiftless" or "Lazy."

From start to finish, the film is Clorox-pure. All the "good

guys" are white, right down to the Prince's horse. True, the step-mother Queen also is white, but because she's wicked and evil, the whities at Disney have, natch, dressed the bitch in black.

Never have Professor Leonard Jeffries' theories about Hollywood movie studios been more apparent. So what's next? Cross-burning Smurfs? Stay tuned.





MOVIES Dwarfs gay as ever in Snow White

Though released more than five decades ago, *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs* deserves a salute as the first breakthrough gay feature.

How many other films released in 1937 broke down barriers to show seven men cohabiting in mutual love and harmony? None that we know of, which makes *Snow White* an enduring source of gay pride. From the irascible Grumpy ("All females is poison! I'm agin 'em!") to Dopey (adorable in drag), the little men work, play and sleep together—out of the closet, we might add.

Of course, the Dwarfs aren't the only positive aspect of this film. The evil Queen's performance was a campy sensation! Drawing on such classic influences as Joan Crawford, Gloria Swanson and other big-shouldered, deep-voiced screen goddesses, she leaves one thinking that maybe naughty CAN be nice! And when the handsome Prince arrives in his body-hugging tights and kisses the comatose Snow White, well I was shouting, "Move over, girl—let me in that glass coffin with you!"

So head straight (pardon the expression) to your local theater and join the fun!

Our rating: ♂♂♂♂



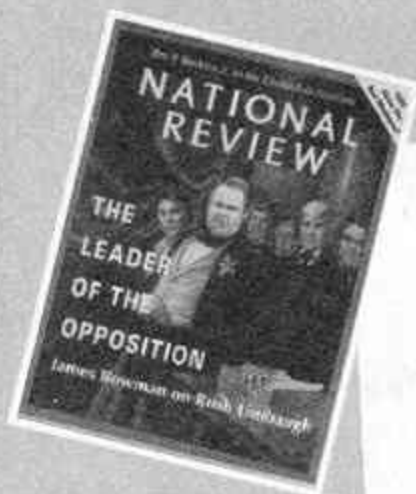
SNOW WHITE SPOONS OUT TYPICAL LEFT-WING HASH

RADICAL pabulum served up with ultra-liberal tripe combine to make *Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs* little more than a half-baked portion of vapid Democratic hash.

In this debauched travesty, we are supposed to believe that an established monarchy, ruled by a law-and-order Queen, can be deposed by one air-headed young girl in league with seven stunted, deformed henchmen, all living together in some 60's style hippie commune. One is even named "Dopey" as in "Dope," which is street slang for narcotics.

The Nixon-like Queen strives to be just and fair, even asking her magic mirror, "Who is the fairest of them all?" But the pusillanimous mirror, obviously an insipid stooge for the dissidents, betrays her, therein setting the scene for a tragic end to a respected ruler.

This so-called entertainment is typical of the leftist propaganda being force-fed to movie goers and their very impressionable offspring these days. Is it any wonder we're acrimonious and vitriolic?



AT THE JOKE OF MIDNIGHT DEPT.

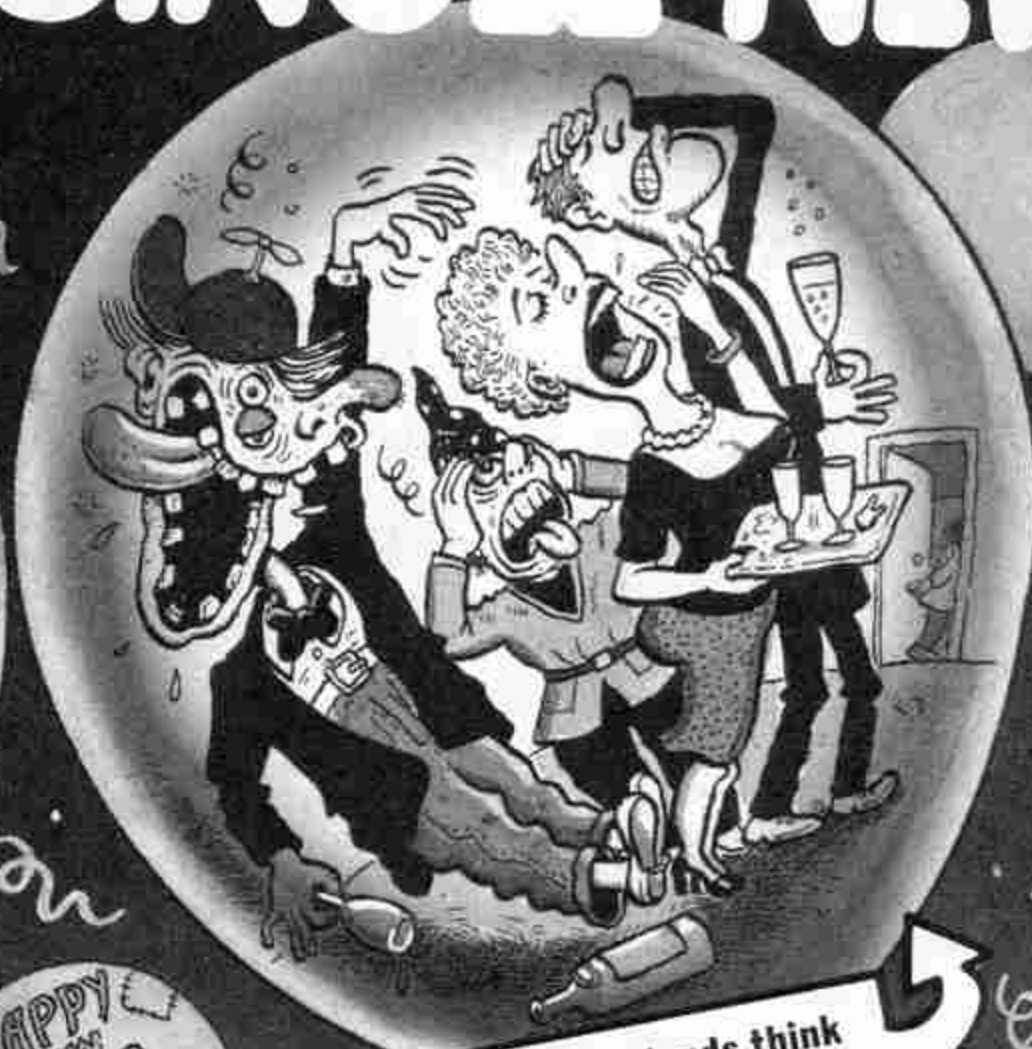
Every December 31st, we love to ring out the old and ring in the new. So how come every New Year's

Eve is exactly the same as the one before, and the one before that? And we're not just talking about

EVERY SINGLE NEW



...freezing cretins elbow each other for camera space — like anyone will recognize them as “that guy from Times Square!”



...your idiot friends think they are brilliant wits by yelling, “See ya next year!”

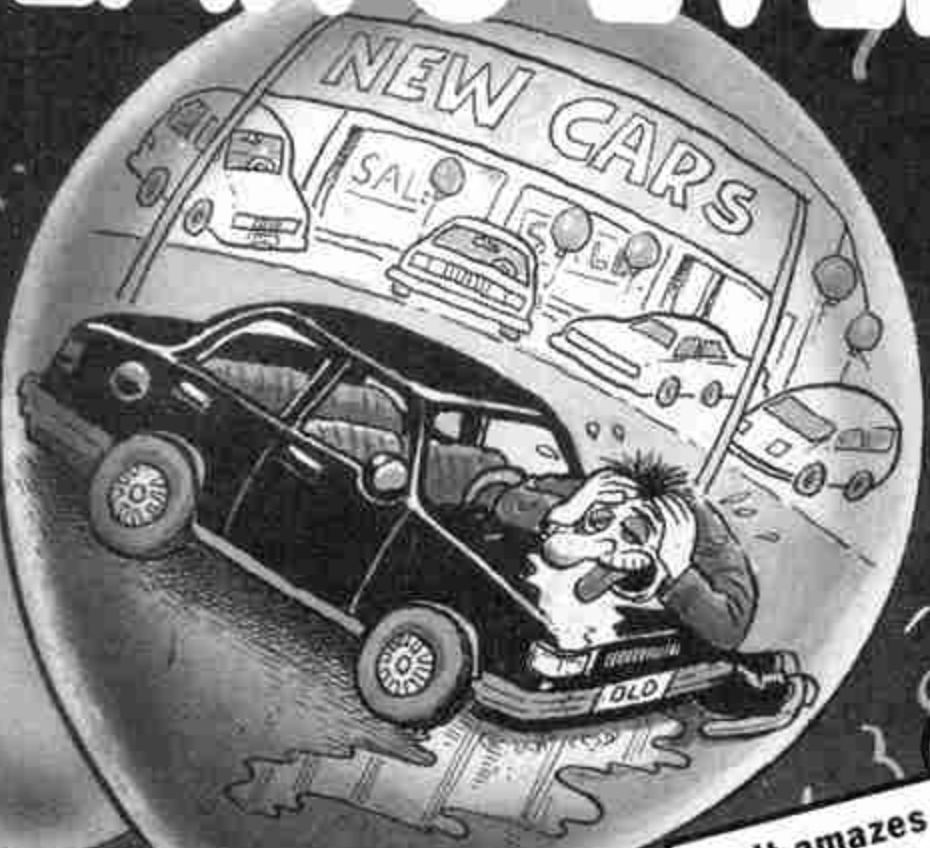


...you still cannot figure out what the hell a “Lang Syne” is!



Dick Clark's cryogenic face! Check out these other nifty examples of what inevitably seems to happen...

YEAR'S EVE...



...your brand new car instantly loses 85% of its trade-in value!



...it amazes you to discover just how many everyday household items can double as an emergency bucket!



...some poor kid'll be born at 12:00:02, and never achieve anything newsworthy again for the rest of his meager life!



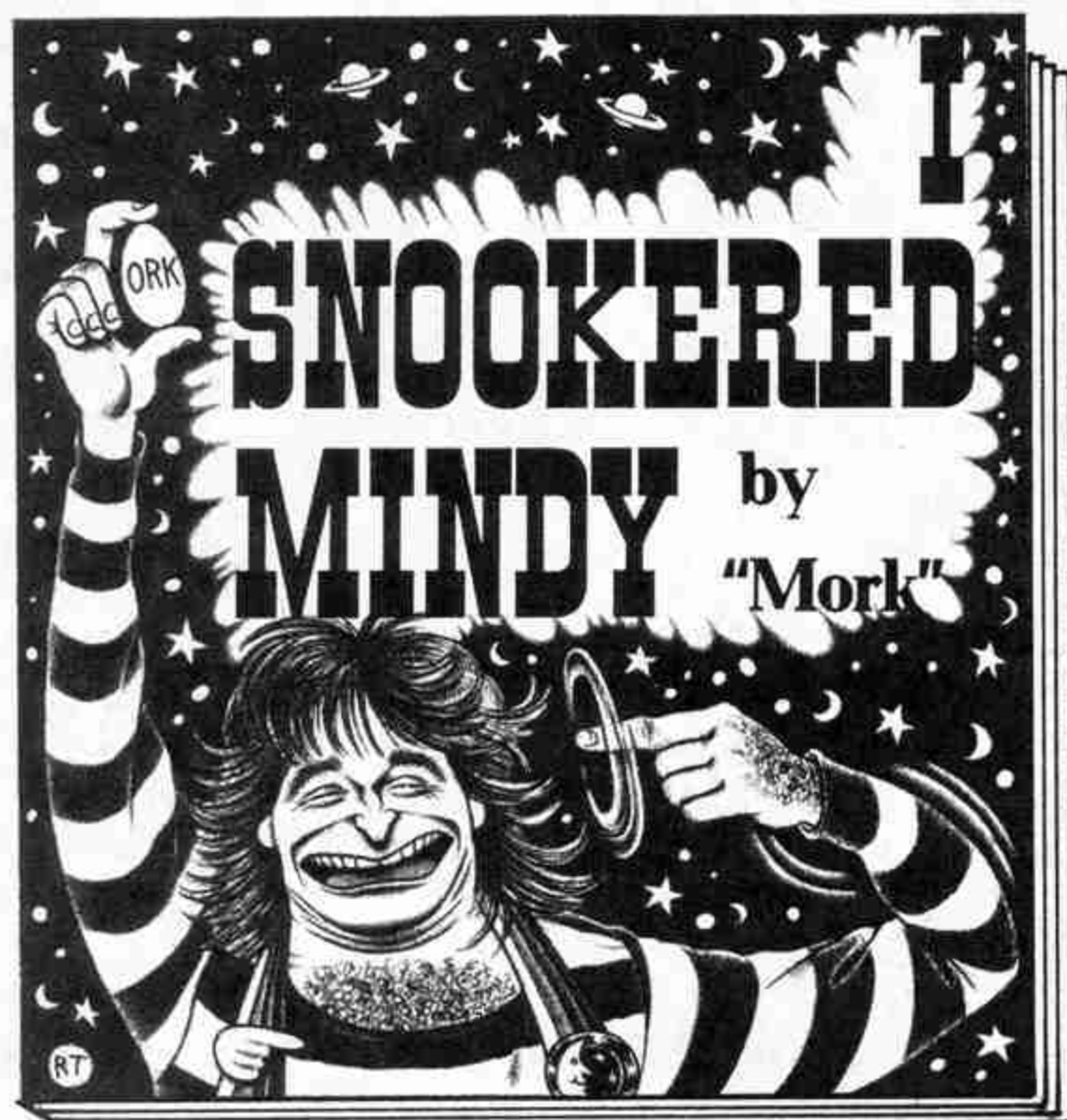
...after spending 12 months clipping coupons and collecting cans, it suddenly makes sense to you to go to a restaurant charging 600% of its usual prices for cheap Ugandan champagne!

...you're busy in the bathroom when you hear everyone shouting, "10! 9! 8!..."



So, you thought only children of celebrities have shocking "Mommie Dearest" revelations to make? What about athletes, politicians, MAD editors? It ain't no bowl o' cherries we can tell you. And what about TV characters? Do you think their lives are just one big laugh track? Get real pretty boy! Your silver spoon existence couldn't even begin to prepare you for the horror stories you're about to hear! You'll be quaking in your polished boots when you read these...

SHOCKING BY TV-SIT



I couldn't tell her the *truth*: "Hi, I'm an escaped mental patient with no means of support...can I move in with you?" Sure, I'll admit that the "Mork from Ork" baloney was pretty lame, but it's the best I could come up with on the spur of the moment.

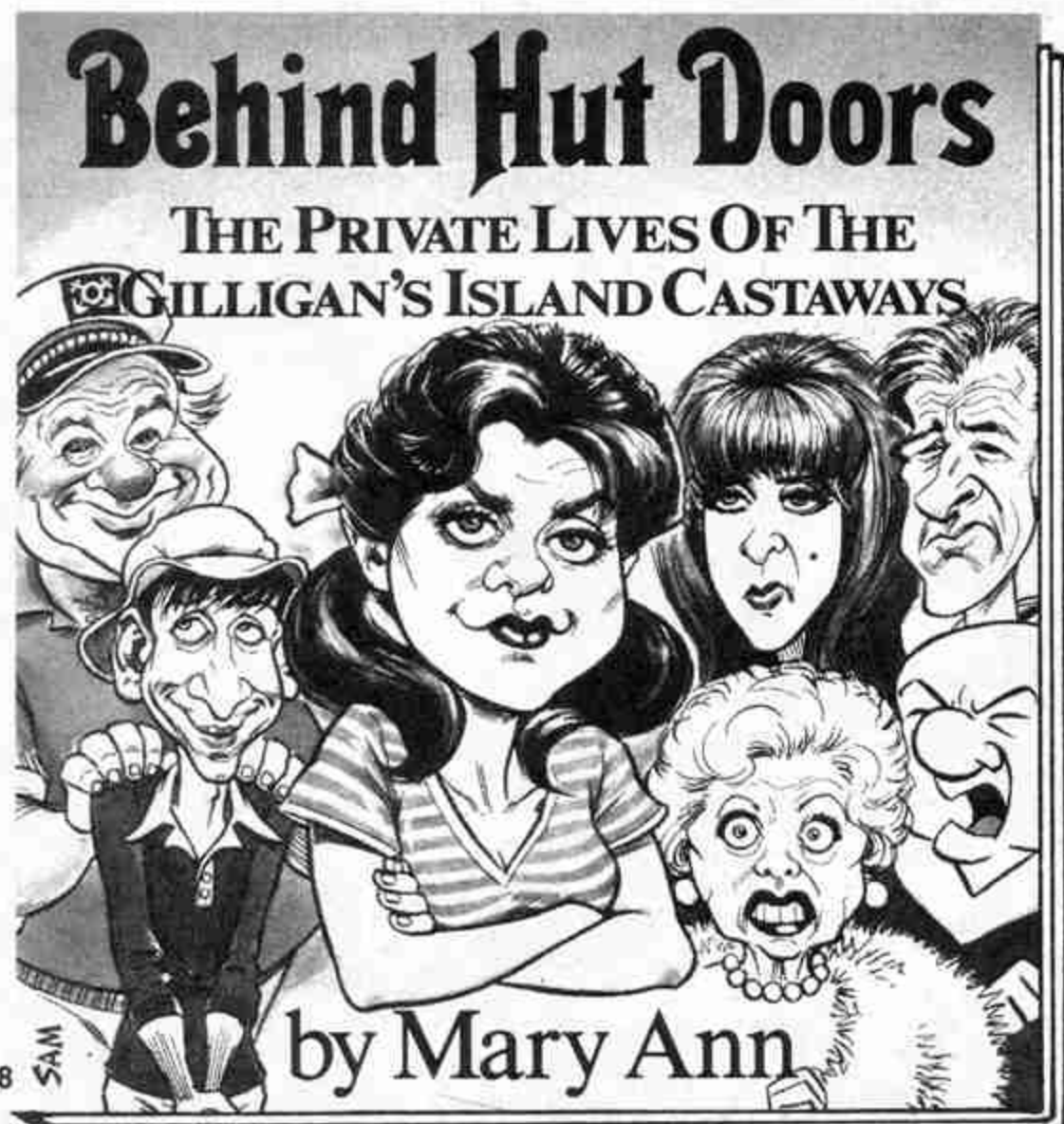
And that stupid broad Mindy *believed* it!

Free room and board for 5 years...and all I had to do was keep coming up with wacky noises and off-the-wall stories about "life on Ork"—as if the dumb ditz would know the difference...I *made up* the whole friggin' planet!

The best part of it all (which I didn't realize until later) was that she'd never tell anyone else about me being "ET" because they'd throw *her* into my old rubber room at the Colorado State Hospital. And she knew it!

This bimbo was so gullible that I even conned her into letting an old buddy of mine from the Schizophrenic Ward move in, too. I called him "Mirth" and concocted this incredible line of B.S. about him coming from an egg and being my

18



years after our rescue, I looked up his name in "Who's Who in Academia." He wasn't listed at all! (I always did think he was a phony and a show-off for bringing all those books along on a "3 hour tour!")

As for Gilligan and the Skipper...well, I think people's sexual preferences are their own business, but you tell me: what was I supposed to think of two guys who never married, *living together* in Hawaii, and working in the Pleasure-Cruise industry? Huh?

And Ginger. Poor Ginger. It took me months to find out why she always wore full-length sequined evening gowns on a tropical island: a colossal case of "thunder thighs," complete with varicose veins and cellulite!

She once broke down and confessed to me that while she was a starlet at Paramount in the late 1950s, Kim Novak and Jayne Mansfield used to tease her mercilessly about her legs.

"Well," I said, trying to console her, "you're a head up on *Jayne*, anyway!"

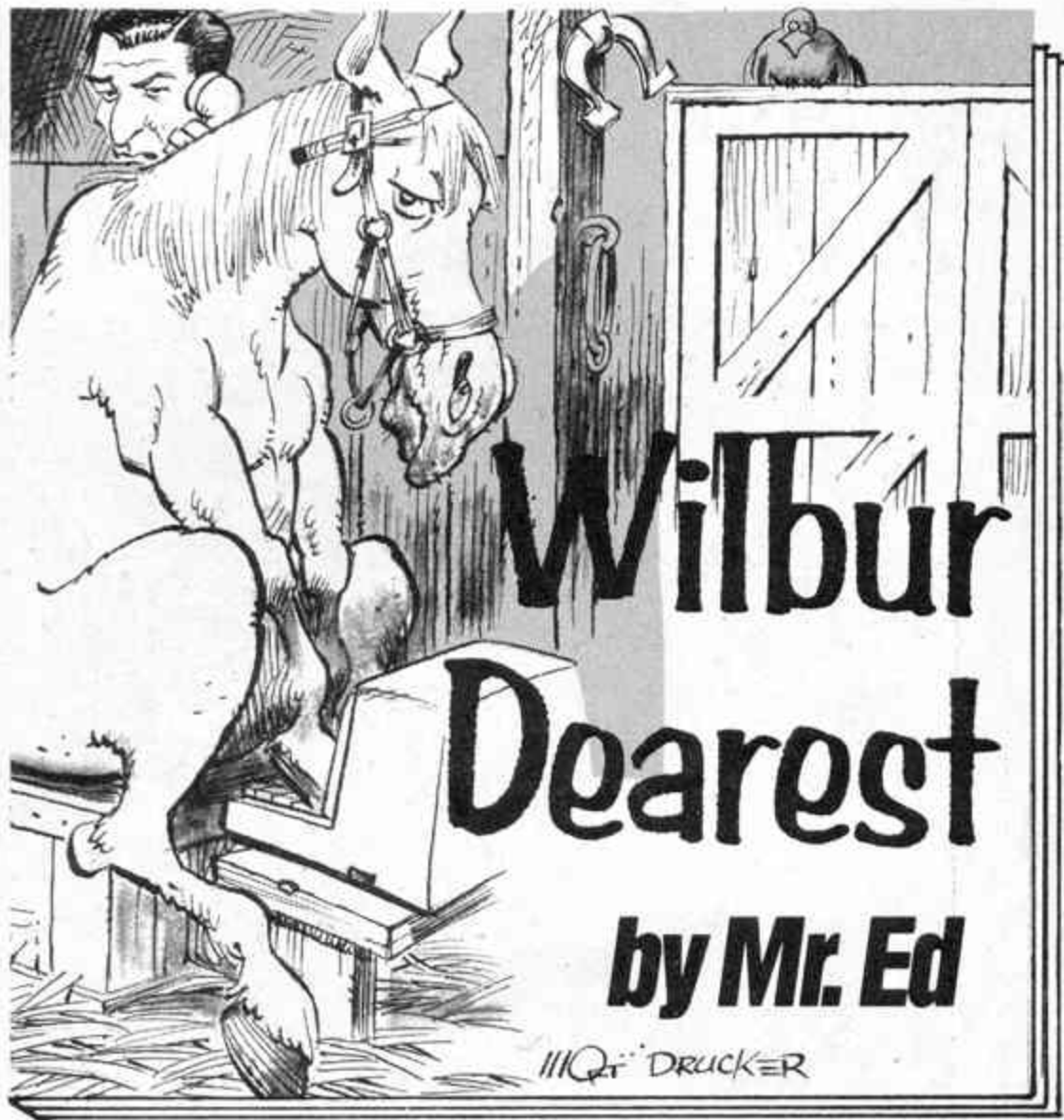
"That's sick, Mary Ann!"

37



"TELL-ALL" BOOKS COM CHARACTERS

ARTISTS: MORT DRUCKER, RICK TULKA, SAM VIVIANO AND GREG THEAKSTON
WRITER: MIKE SNIDER



243

"NO MORE WIRE FEED BAGS!!!"

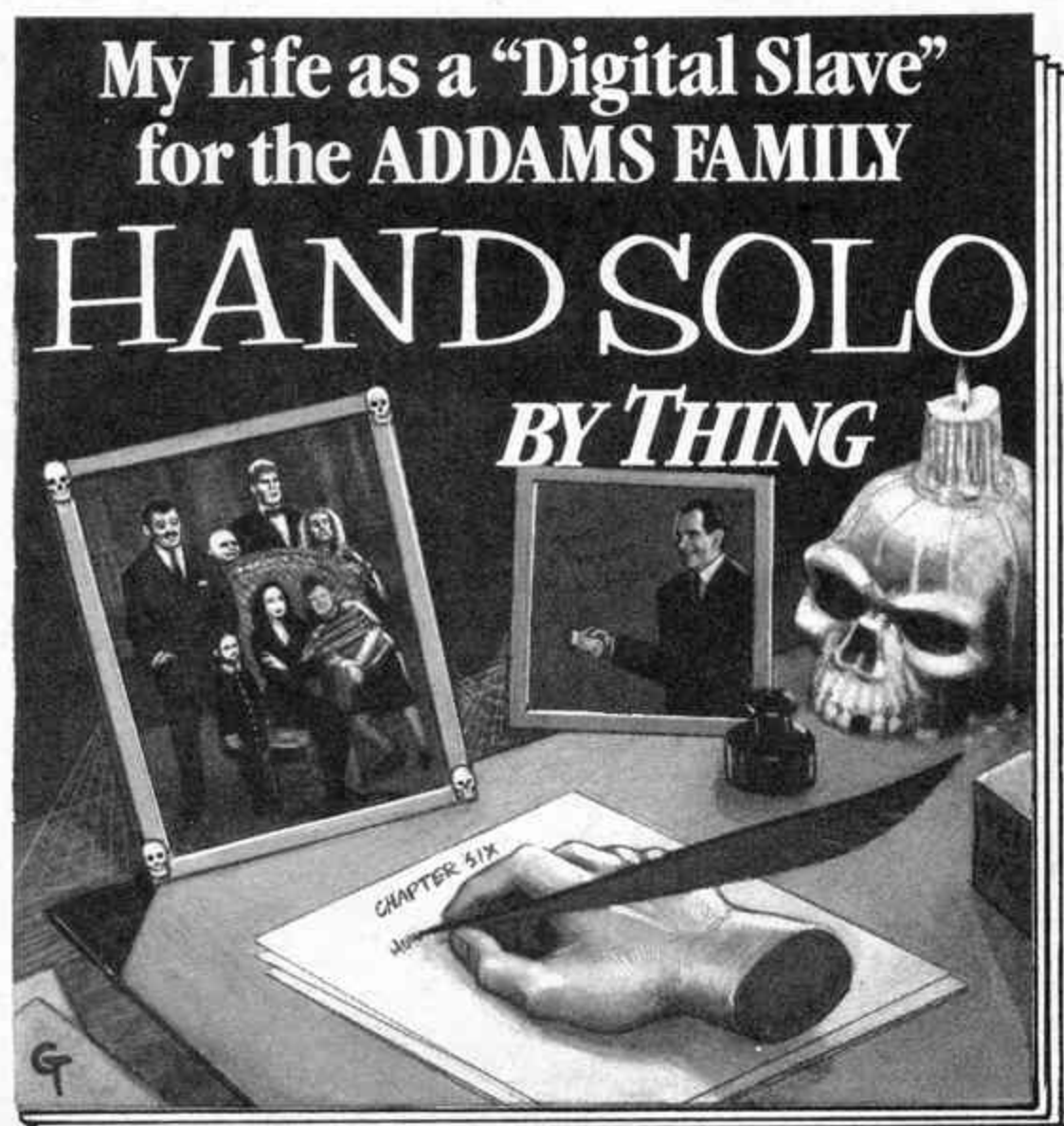
I recoiled from the fury in his voice, just as he hit me again.

"W-I-I-I-L-L-BURRRRRRR," I pleaded, "W-I-I-I-L-L-BURRRRRRR!"

Right before the eyes on either side of my head, Wilbur was changing—changing from that lovable, befuddled nebbish America knew and loved...into an abusive DEMON, intent on turning my stall into a LIVING HELL!!

As things got progressively worse, Wilbur kept the phone number to the Glue Factory in his pocket. On days when he was feeling particularly sadistic, he would pull out the slip of paper and slowly begin dialing, all the while sneering at me and asking the same sick, twisted question every time:

"Feeling...STICKY...today, Ed? A-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA-!!!"



you just saw me fetching the mail...lighting Gomez's cigars...providing the occasional hand-gesture to comically "punctuate" the conversation ("OK," "Thumbs down," "No-no!").

But, once company left, it was no fun being an "extra hand" around the Addams house! In fact, at times it was SHEER TORTURE, what with all the dirty and/or disgusting "chores" that they didn't want to use their own precious, manicured fingers for!

There was Lurch, who thought I was his own personal Q-Tip (and we're talking monster ear-wax!)...Cousin Itt and his massive case of head lice...Uncle Fester, who made me pick at his—Ugh! It's too nauseating...let's just say there's a reason he's called "Fester"!

And then there's...Pugsley! I still get chills up and down my tendons remembering what he had me doing!!!

But, what could I do? Run away? Call 911? (I could dial 911, but then what?) I became so desperate that I actually taught myself Sign Language in the futile hope that someday a Deaf Police Man would happen by and I could turn them in!

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BRINGING UP BOOBY DEPT.

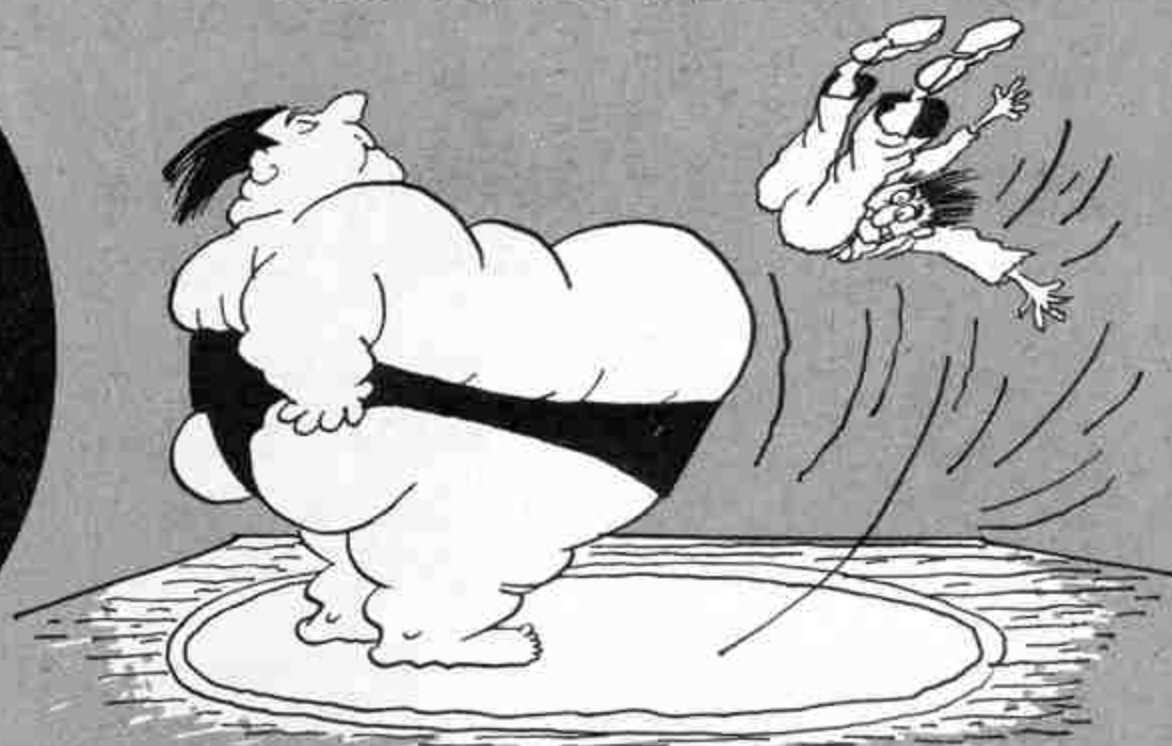
People get excited when they win something, but sometimes the things they win aren't worth getting excited about. You'll see what we're talking about when you scan these...

**RUNNER-UP
PRIZES
THAT
NOBODY
CLAIMED**

**MACROBIOTIC LUNCH WITH
SWAMI BA BA GANOUSH**



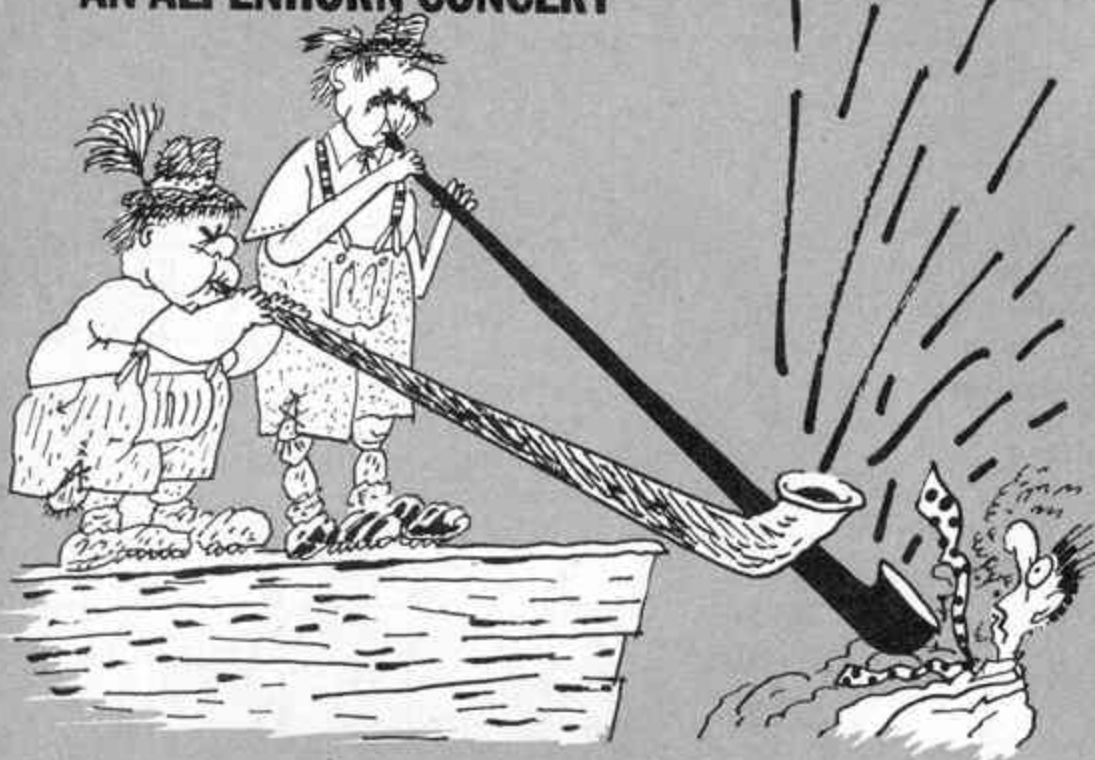
**SIX FREE LESSONS FROM
A PRO SUMO WRESTLER**



**BACKSTAGE TOUR OF THE HIT FIRST
GRADE PLAY "MR. VEGETABLE"**



**FRONT ROW SEATS TO
AN ALPENHORN CONCERT**



**A WEEKEND AT A FULLY
FURNISHED IGLOO**



**A PRIVATE CONSULTATION
WITH A WORLD ECONOMIST**



ARTIST AND WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

**A COLLECTION OF THE TEN BEST HAIR
REPLACEMENT COMMERCIAL TAPES FROM TV**



**GAMESMANSHIP HINTS FROM A
CHAMPION SHUFFLEBOARD PLAYER**



FLEE CIRCUS DEPT.

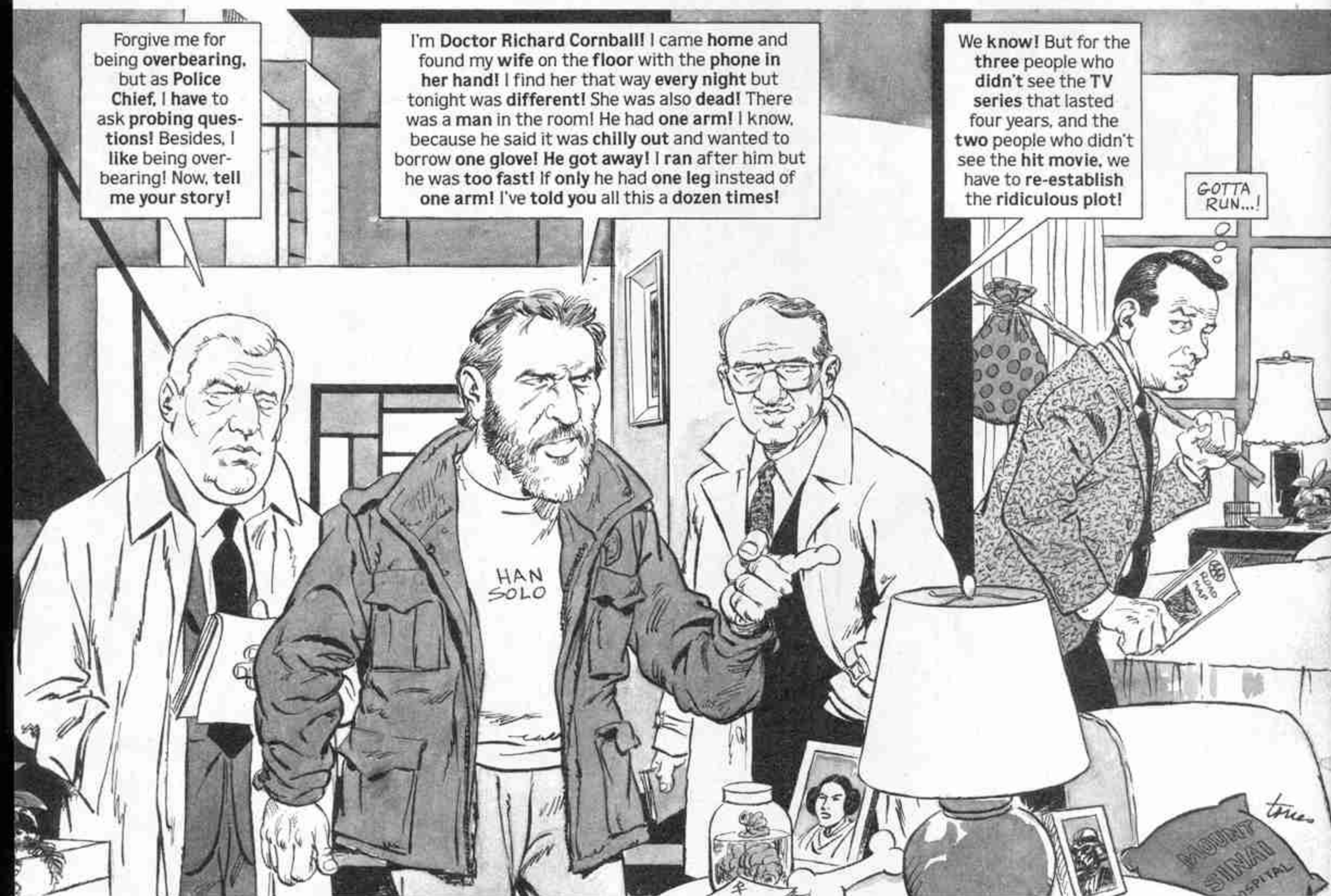
Years ago there was a hit TV show about a man always on the move, hounded and persecuted endlessly and living the life of a forlorn nomad—but enough about Gomer Pyle! We're talking about Dr. Richard Cornball, a man with the cunning, intelligence and resourcefulness of three men! Unfortunately, those three men happen to be Moe, Larry and Curly (and occasionally Shemp or Joe Besser!), which is why we call him...

Forgive me for being overbearing, but as Police Chief, I have to ask probing questions! Besides, I like being overbearing! Now, tell me your story!

I'm Doctor Richard Cornball! I came home and found my wife on the floor with the phone in her hand! I find her that way every night but tonight was different! She was also dead! There was a man in the room! He had one arm! I know, because he said it was chilly out and wanted to borrow one glove! He got away! I ran after him but he was too fast! If only he had one leg instead of one arm! I've told you all this a dozen times!

We know! But for the three people who didn't see the TV series that lasted four years, and the two people who didn't see the hit movie, we have to re-establish the ridiculous plot!

GOTTA RUN...!



Did your wife ever mention anyone threatening her? Any odd phone calls? Any disturbing letters?

Just the one from *Publisher's Clearing House*! My wife was upset when I told her all their envelopes say "You're a \$10 million winner!"

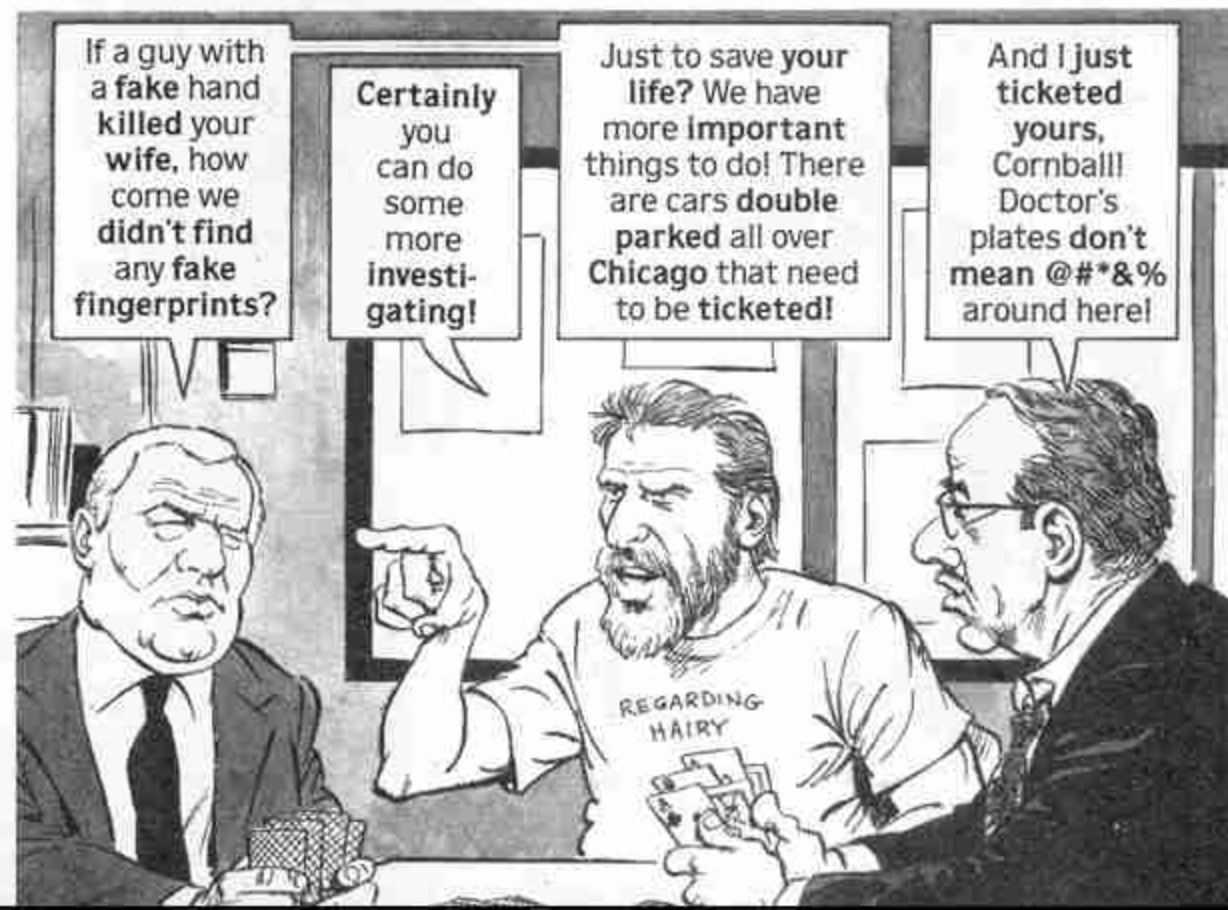
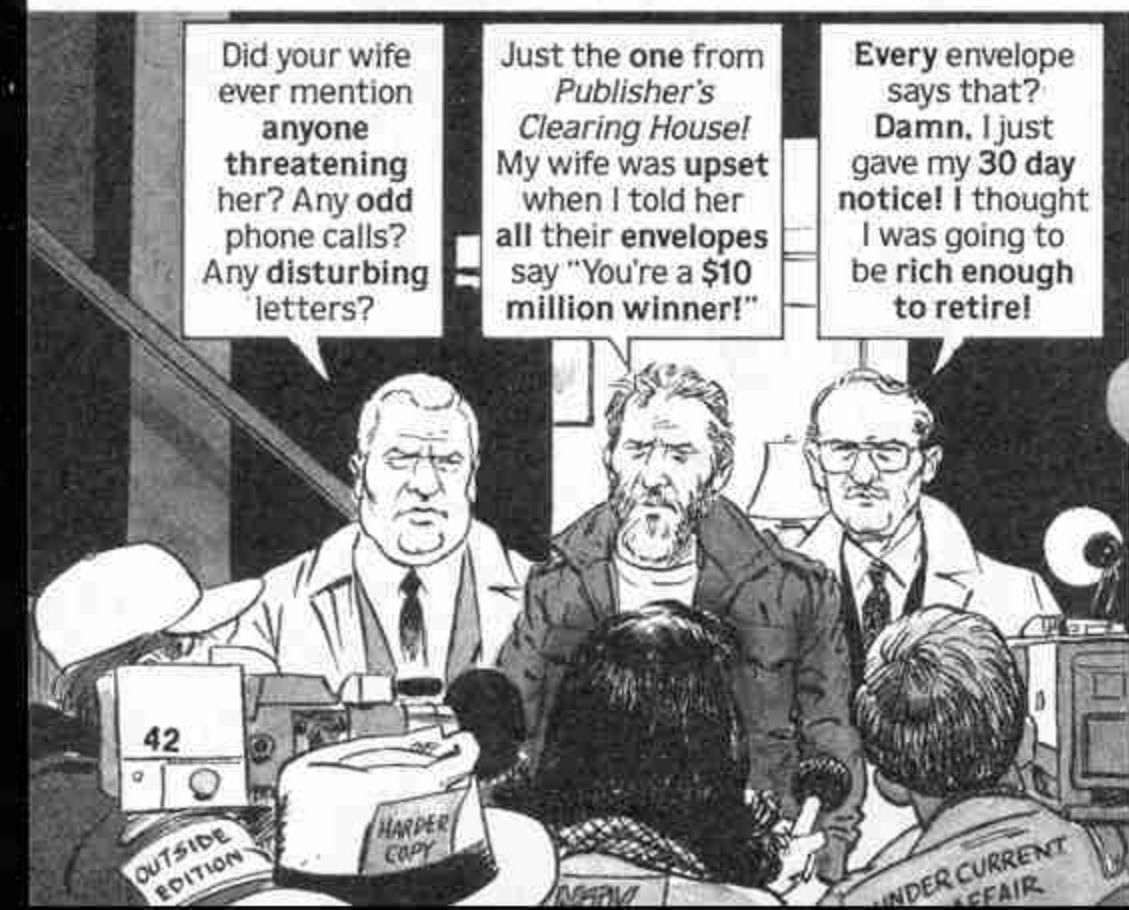
Every envelope says that? Damn, I just gave my 30 day notice! I thought I was going to be rich enough to retire!

If a guy with a fake hand killed your wife, how come we didn't find any fake fingerprints?

Certainly you can do some more investigating!

Just to save your life? We have more important things to do! There are cars double parked all over Chicago that need to be ticketed!

And I just ticketed yours, Cornball! Doctor's plates don't mean @#&% around here!



THE STOOGE-ITIVE

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO



I'm Doctor Nicotine! I work with Doctor Cornball! I'm also head of research for a new miracle drug called Profane! For every dollar I invest in it, I get a million dollars back! That's why they call it a miracle drug!

Out of the way! I'm Hotrod, the pushiest U.S. Marshal you'll ever meet! I know I didn't appear this early in the movie, but I'm even more pushy in magazines! I'm here to establish the fact that there's no competition between local police and government marshals! Local police are stupid and U.S. Marshals are brilliant, so there's no competition!

My name is "Slots"! I'm a one-armed bandit! My right arm is artificial! Or is it my left arm? Boy, prosthetics are really good these days! Just ask Vice President Al Gore! He got the "neck down" model!"

This is Emergency 911! Sorry I had to put you on "hold," but I was on the other line with William Shatner! I might be on his show Rescue 911! Isn't that exciting! Now, what were you saying? Something about being murdered? Hello... damn! I hate it when they hang up!

NON WORKING GIRL



Besides finding your fingerprints, we also found you're the sole beneficiary of your wife's life insurance! You'd receive millions upon her death!

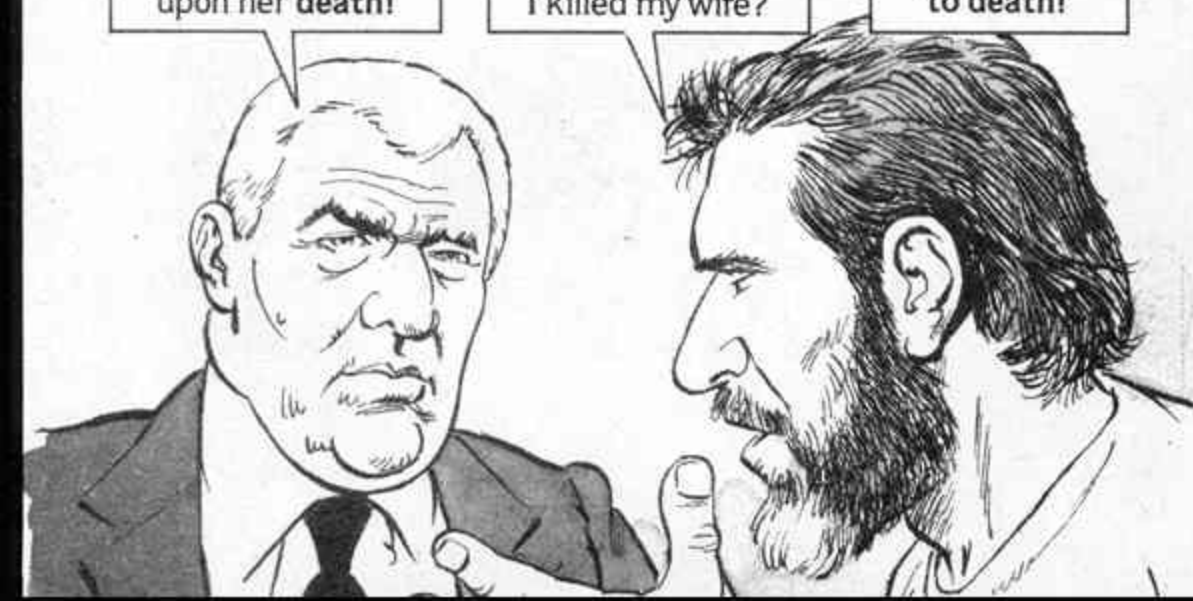
Who needs the insurance? I'm a doctor! I can make that much in three months! Are you suggesting I killed my wife?

Not at all! I'm convinced you killed your wife! You'll get a fair trial—and then you'll be sentenced to death!

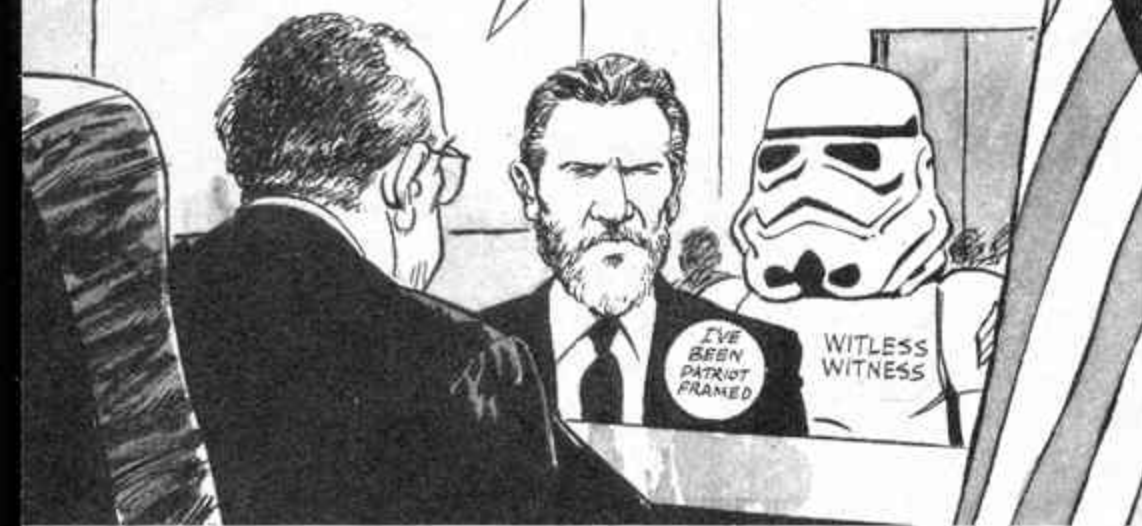
Members of the jury, I have so much proof Dr. Cornball killed his wife, I'm not even going to bother proving it! Trust me—he's guilty!

Counselor, in the interest of justice, give the jury at least one little fact!

He must have done it because there was no logical motive, no weapon and no illegal entry! In addition, nothing was gone—except for silverware the investigating cops took as souvenirs!

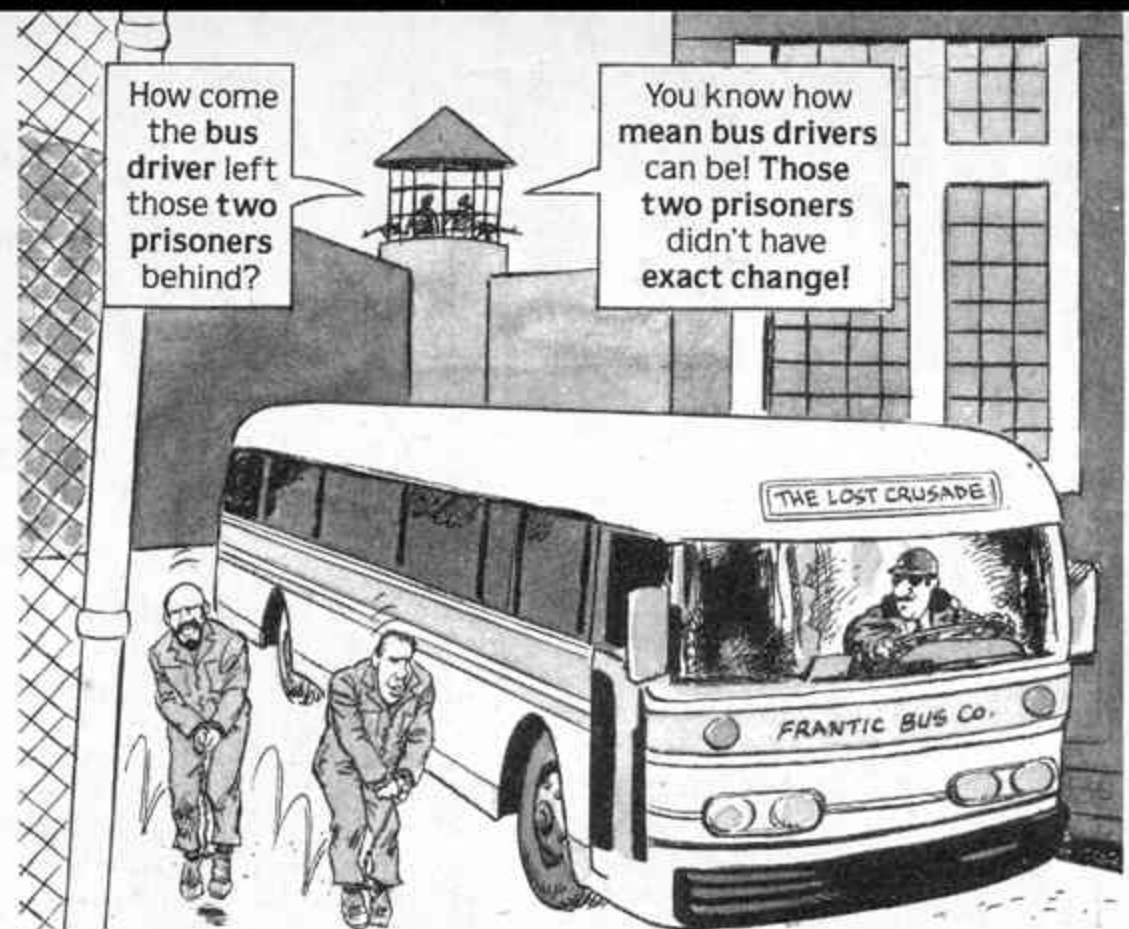


Dr. Cornball, I can't tie up the court by hearing your side of the case! We have a backlog of people contesting double parking tickets! So, I pronounce you guilty as sin! But I have good news and I have bad news! The bad news is: the court declares that you will die by lethal injection! The good news is: being a doctor, you can do the injection yourself and save the state a few bucks! God knows we need it!



How come the bus driver left those two prisoners behind?

You know how mean bus drivers can be! Those two prisoners didn't have exact change!



AND LEAVE THE DRIVING TO GUS

Prisoner Turetsky is going into convulsions and foaming at the mouth! Cornball, you're a doctor, what's wrong?

Without having the opportunity to examine him, I'd say he's probably car sick! Your driving sucks! Look Out!



That berserk prisoner caused us to crash over the cliff and into a ravine! How are we ever going to get out of here!

By train! And lucky us, here comes one now!

How do we know it's going to stop?

It has to! This bus is lying right across the railroad tracks!



It's nice to see they have it timed so the train and the bus meet each other!

I know! So often the train comes after the bus leaves!

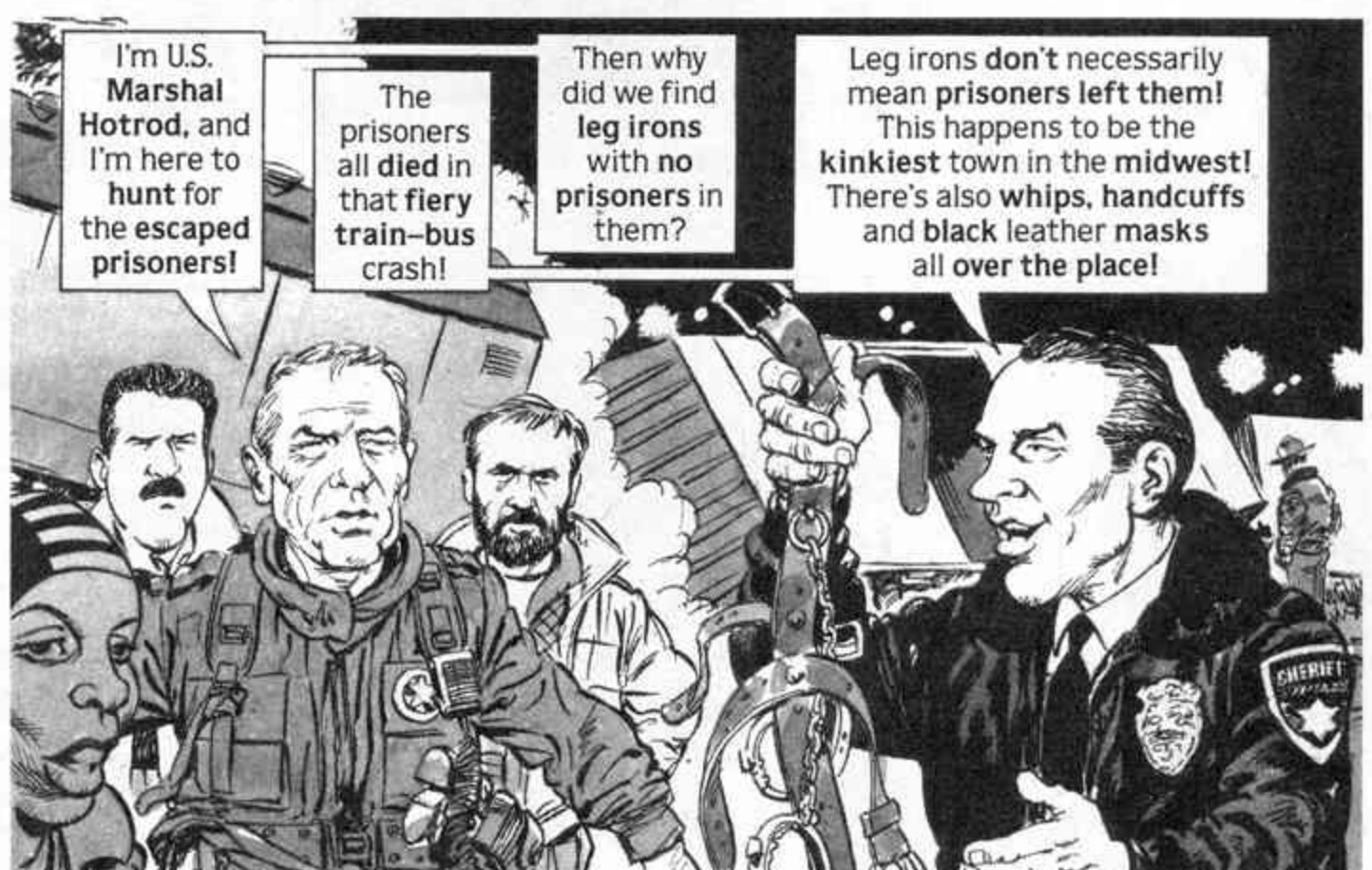


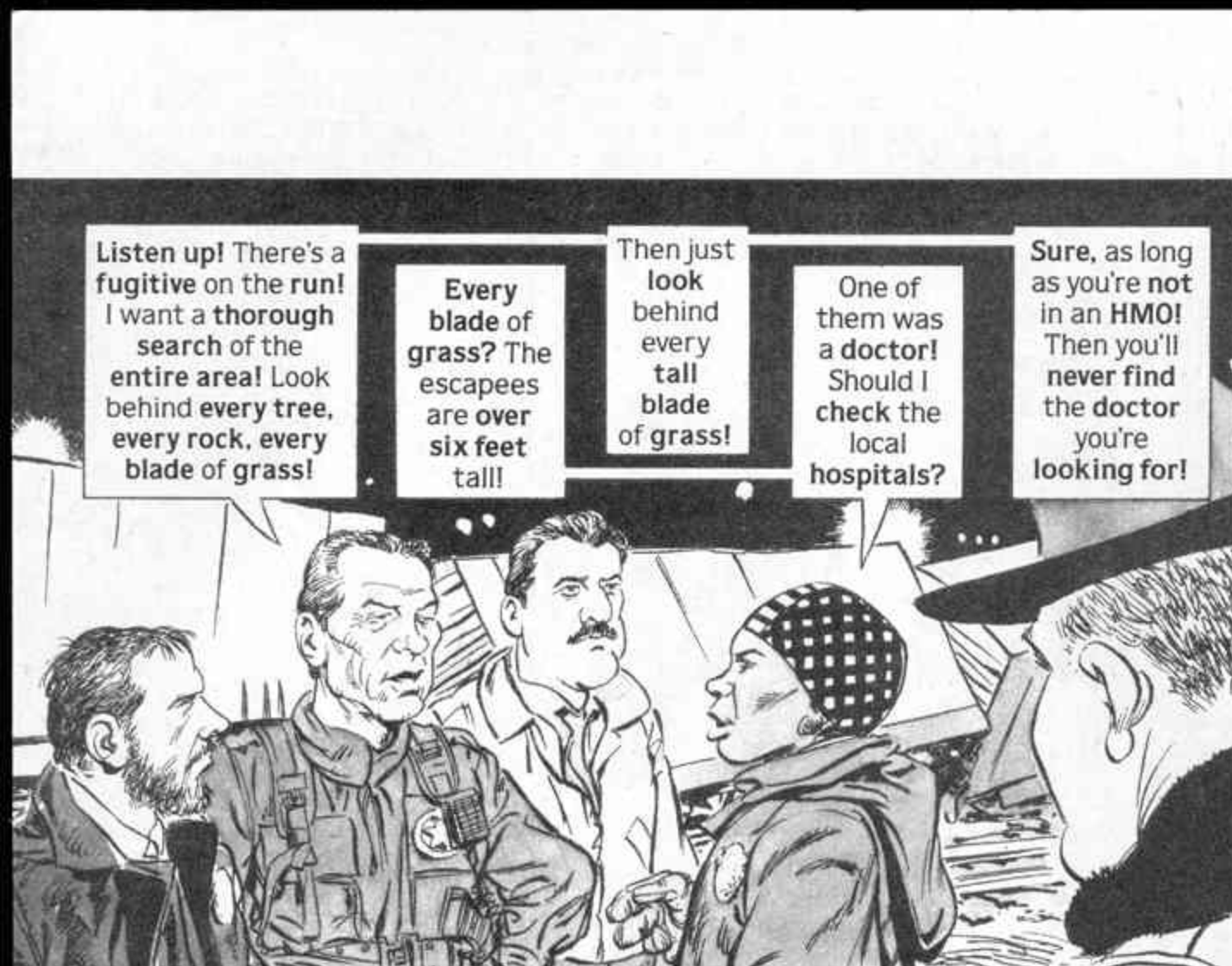
I'm U.S. Marshal Hotrod, and I'm here to hunt for the escaped prisoners!

The prisoners all died in that fiery train-bus crash!

Then why did we find leg irons with no prisoners in them?

Leg irons don't necessarily mean prisoners left them! This happens to be the kinkiest town in the midwest! There's also whips, handcuffs and black leather masks all over the place!





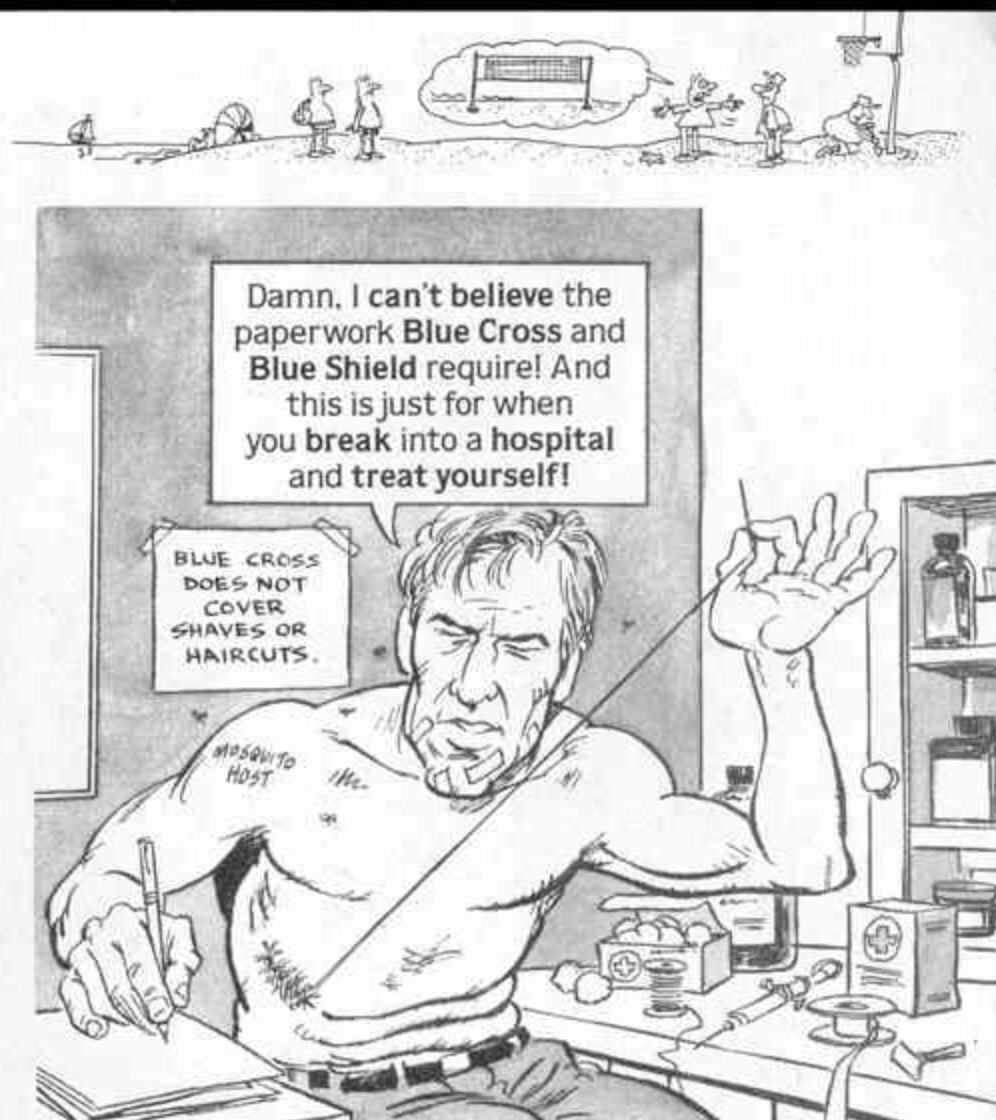
Listen up! There's a fugitive on the run! I want a **thorough** search of the entire area! Look behind every tree, every rock, every blade of grass!

Every blade of grass? The escapees are over six feet tall!

Then just look behind every tall blade of grass!

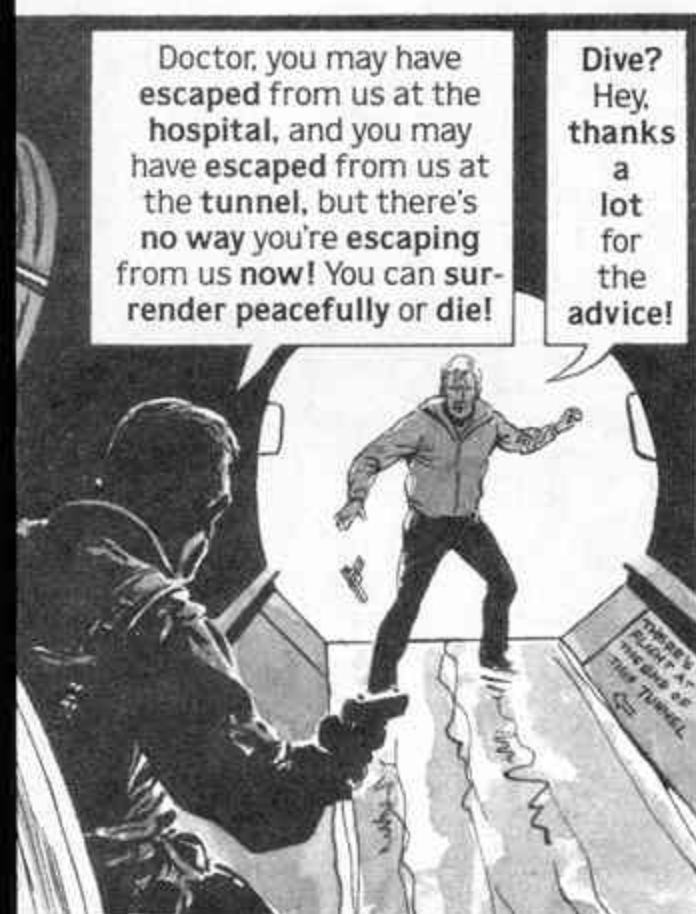
One of them was a doctor! Should I check the local hospitals?

Sure, as long as you're not in an HMO! Then you'll never find the doctor you're looking for!



Damn, I can't believe the paperwork Blue Cross and Blue Shield require! And this is just for when you break into a hospital and treat yourself!

BLUE CROSS DOES NOT COVER SHAVES OR HAIRCUTS.

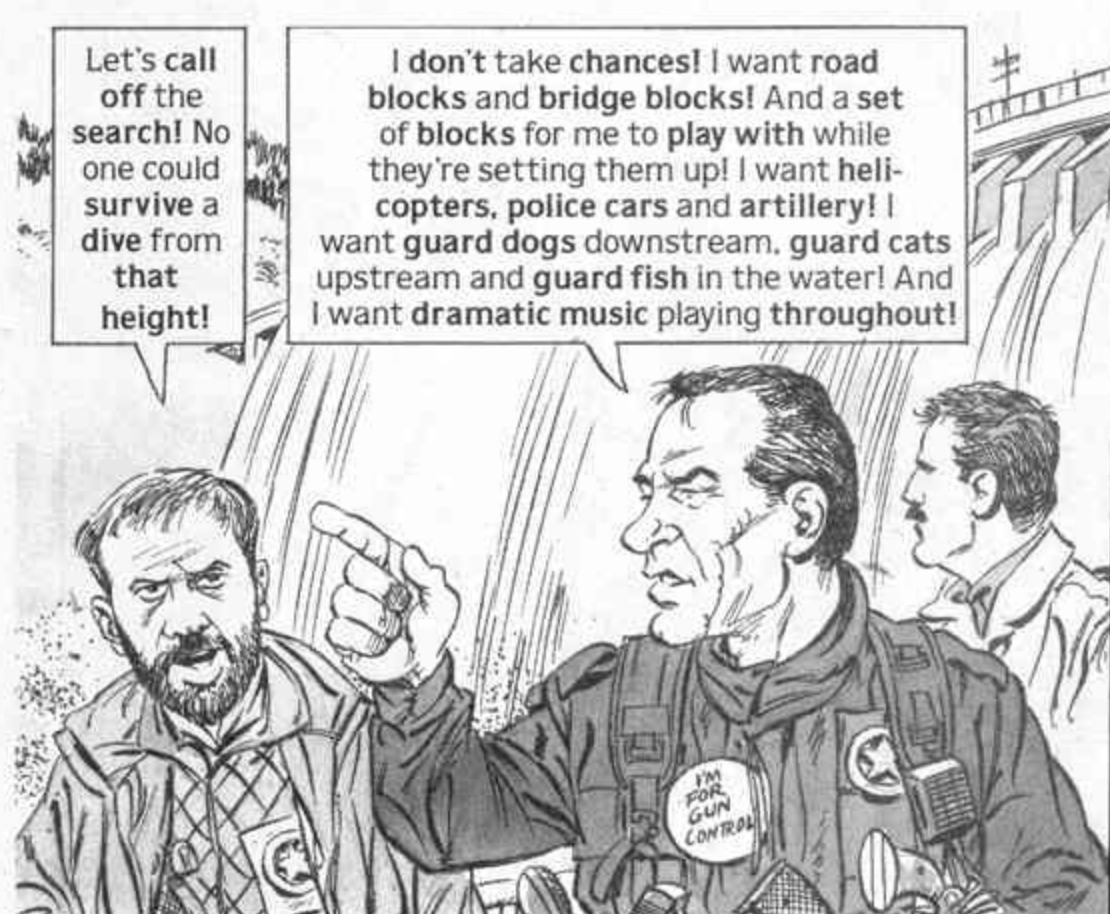


Doctor, you may have escaped from us at the hospital, and you may have escaped from us at the tunnel, but there's no way you're escaping from us now! You can surrender peacefully or die!

Dive? Hey, thanks a lot for the advice!

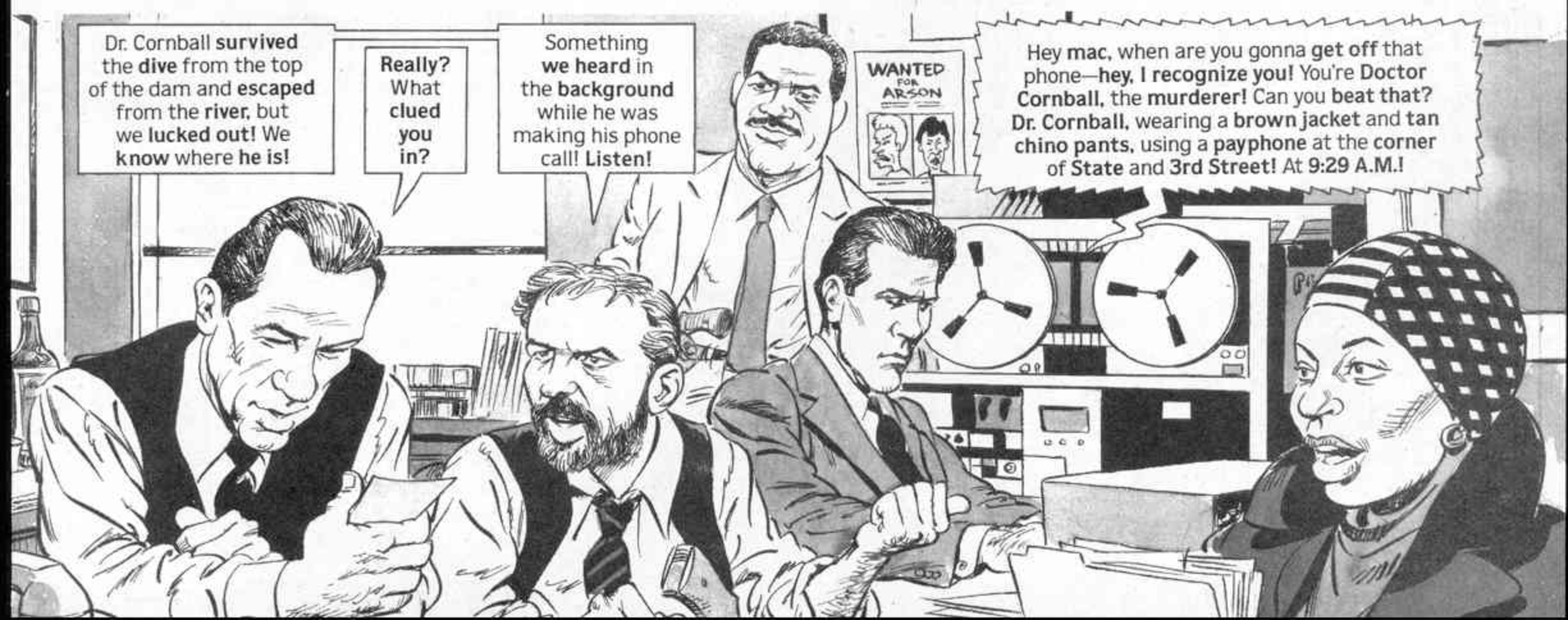


Damn, I said "die," not "dive!" Why'd I open my big mouth?



Let's call off the search! No one could survive a dive from that height!

I don't take chances! I want road blocks and bridge blocks! And a set of blocks for me to play with while they're setting them up! I want helicopters, police cars and artillery! I want guard dogs downstream, guard cats upstream and guard fish in the water! And I want dramatic music playing throughout!



Dr. Cornball survived the dive from the top of the dam and escaped from the river, but we lucked out! We know where he is!

Really? What clued you in?

Something we heard in the background while he was making his phone call! Listen!

WANTED FOR ARSON

Hey mac, when are you gonna get off that phone—hey, I recognize you! You're Doctor Cornball, the murderer! Can you beat that? Dr. Cornball, wearing a brown jacket and tan chino pants, using a payphone at the corner of State and 3rd Street! At 9:29 A.M.!



Doctor Nicotine, we have reason to believe Doctor Cornball is here in Chicago!

I saw him this morning! I gave him money! Not much, just the loose change I had on me—about \$10,000!

You call that loose change?

I'm a doctor! For me, \$10,000 is loose change! You're just lucky Cornball didn't go to his plumber or he probably would have gotten \$20,000!



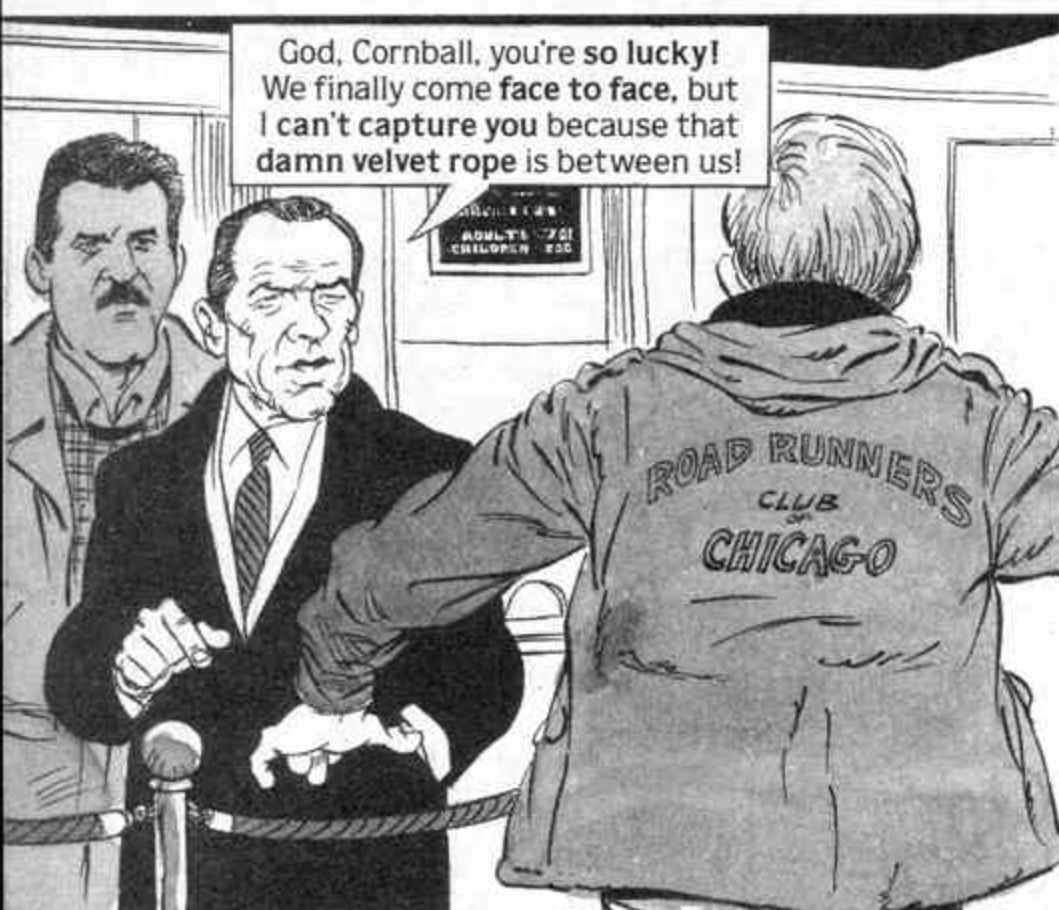
Yes, we have a new janitor who looks exactly like him! He just saved the kid's life by writing out the proper surgical procedures!

Didn't you think there was something strange about a janitor knowing proper surgical procedures?

The only thing I thought strange was that he made a diagnosis without getting a credit card imprint! Even a hospital janitor should know better than that!

You heard right! He helped someone without charging! That's against the Hippocratic oath!

No wonder the cops are after him! He should be shot!



God, Cornball, you're so lucky! We finally come face to face, but I can't capture you because that damn velvet rope is between us!

Cornball, you lucked out again! I'm walking upstairs and you're walking down! And people walking up have to stay on the right, so you get away again!

PEOPLE GOING UP MUST STAY ON RIGHT!





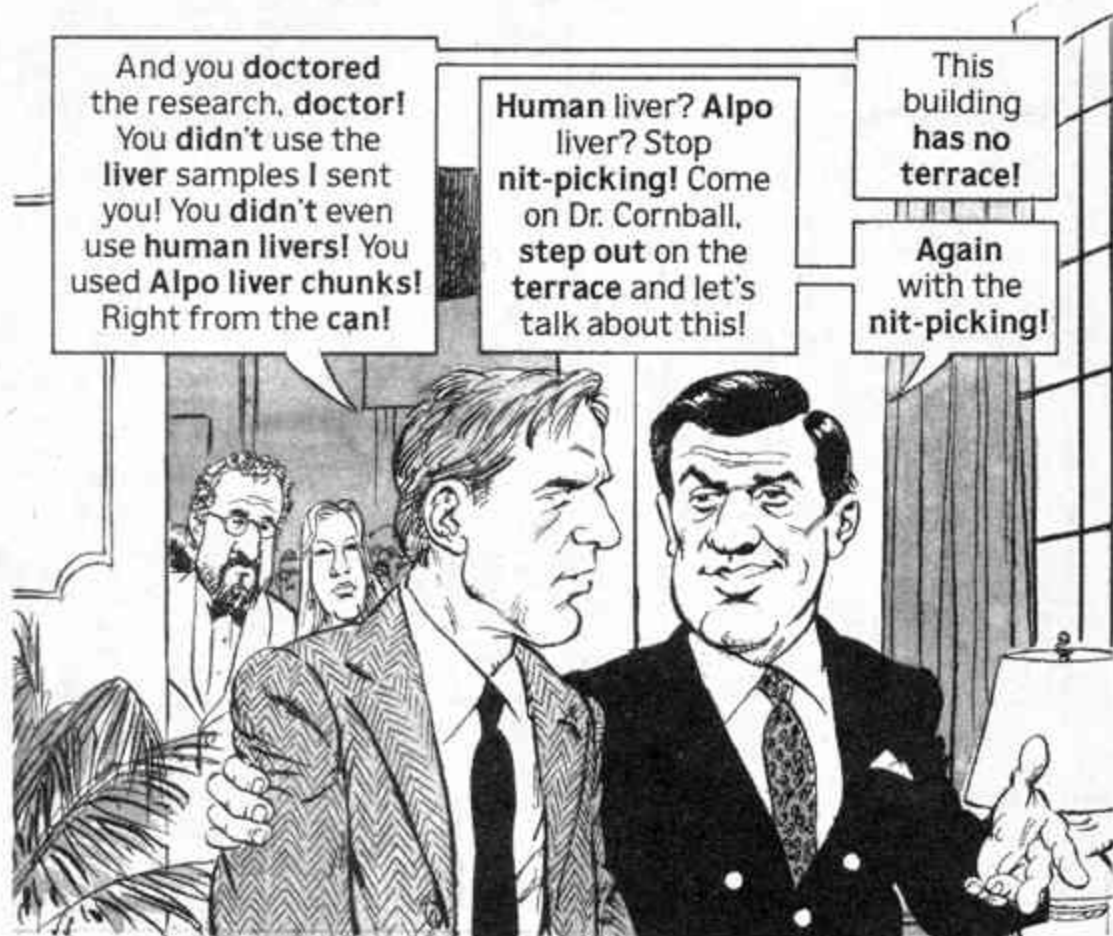
Cornball got away from me two more times! And now he's disappeared into the St. Patrick's Day Parade! I can't believe his luck!

Neither can I! Saint Patrick's Day was a week ago! He's lucky the Irish people in Chicago like long parties!

Fellow doctors, I am so proud to have lead the research for DD7, otherwise known as Profane! It has no side effects whatsoever!

You know that's not true, Dr. Nicotine! Profane does tremendous liver damage, lung damage, brain damage, and worst of all it results in hair with split ends!

Well...er...that's all true, but when I said Profane has no side effects, I meant it never affects a patient's side! And I'm talking about both the left side and the right side!



And you doctored the research, doctor! You didn't use the liver samples I sent you! You didn't even use human livers! You used Alpo liver chunks! Right from the can!

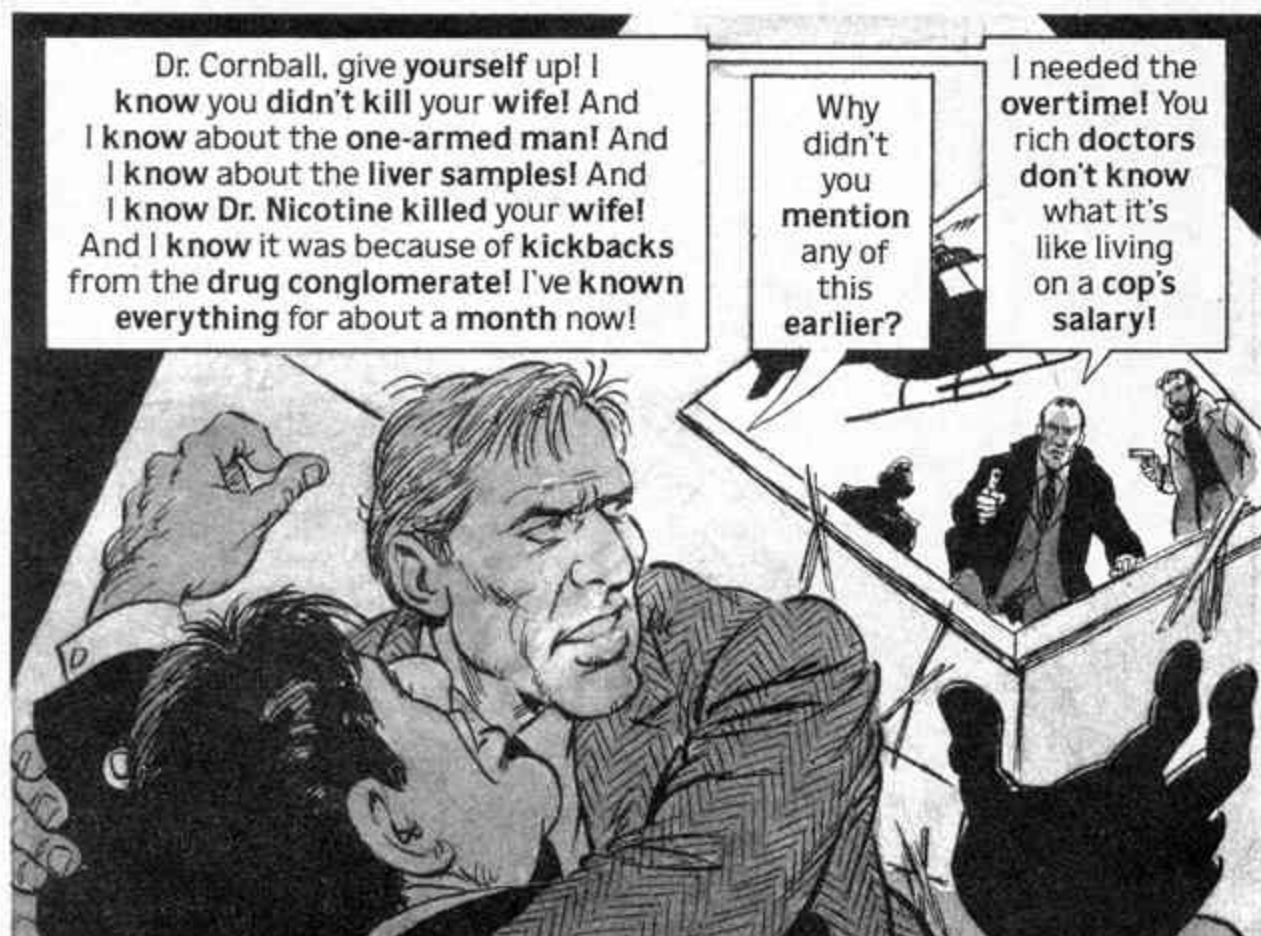
Human liver? Alpo liver? Stop nit-picking! Come on Dr. Cornball, step out on the terrace and let's talk about this!

This building has no terrace! Again with the nit-picking!



Tell the Chicago Police not to shoot them! Why not?

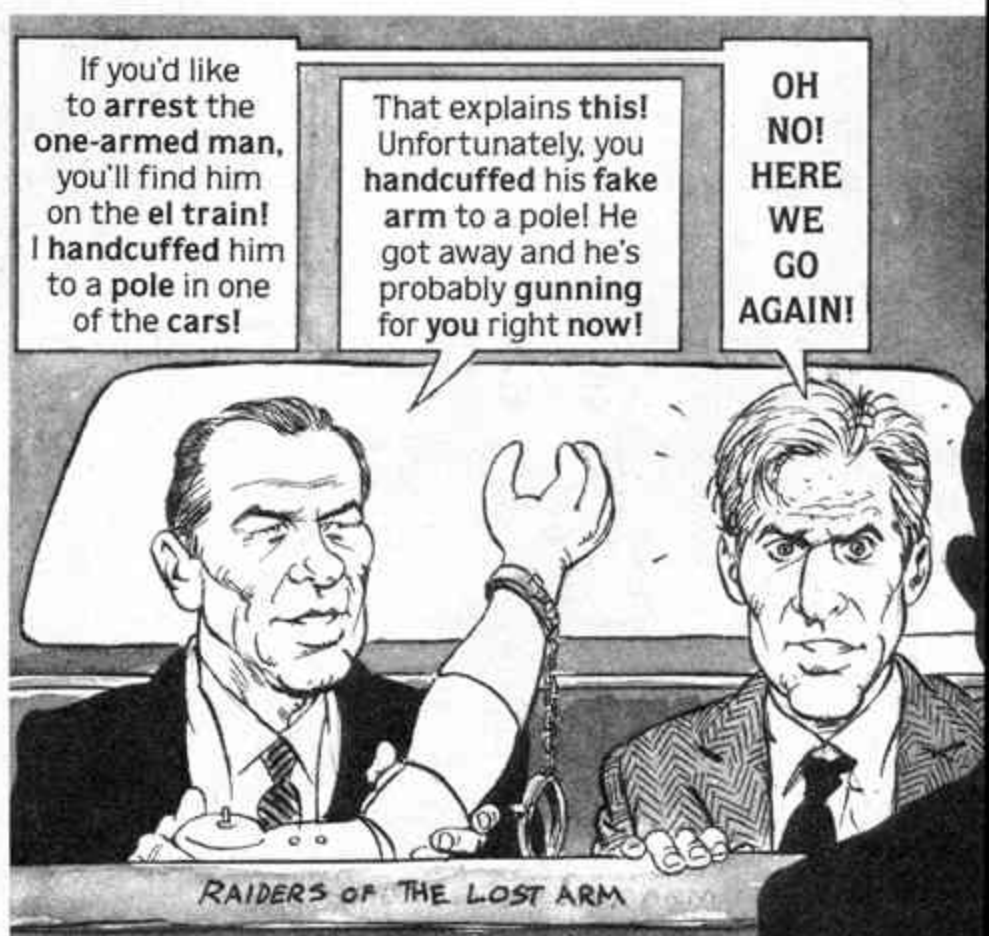
I did all the running to get them! I deserve to shoot them!



Dr. Cornball, give yourself up! I know you didn't kill your wife! And I know about the one-armed man! And I know about the liver samples! And I know Dr. Nicotine killed your wife! And I know it was because of kickbacks from the drug conglomerate! I've known everything for about a month now!

Why didn't you mention any of this earlier?

I needed the overtime! You rich doctors don't know what it's like living on a cop's salary!



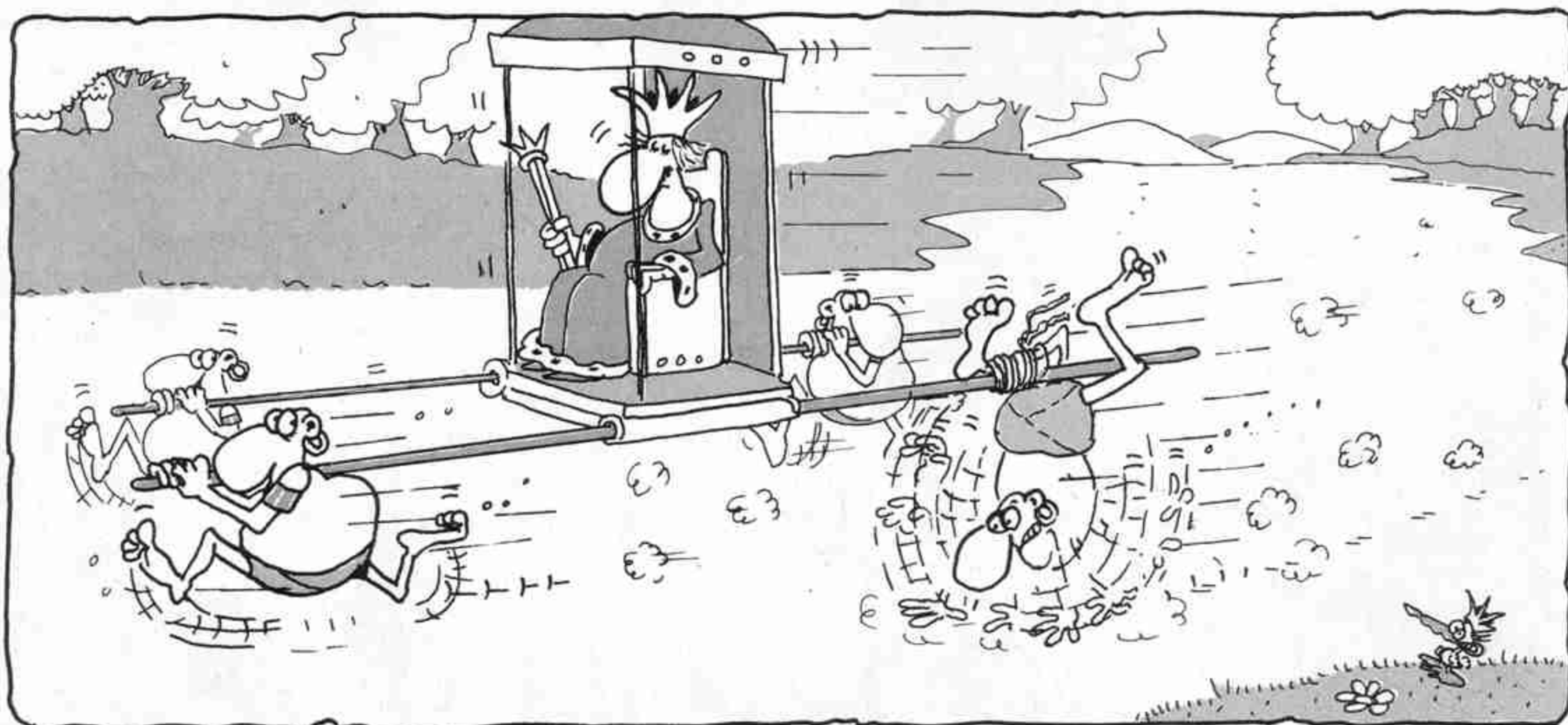
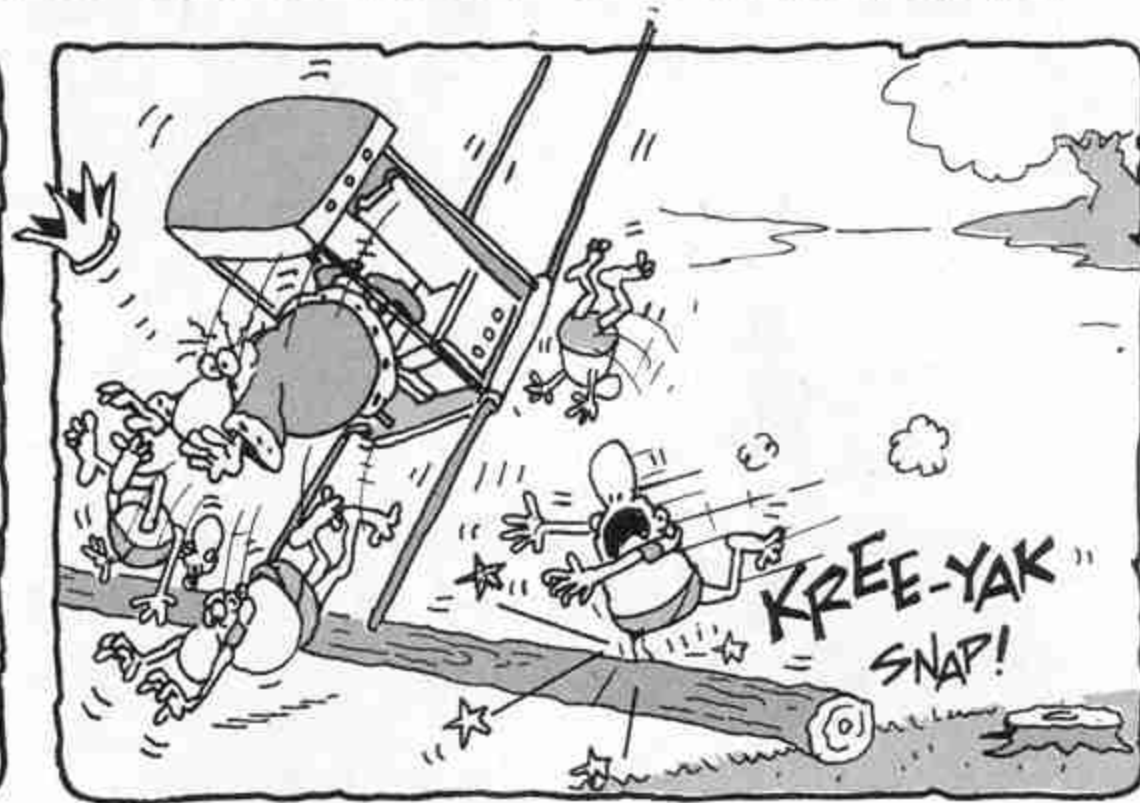
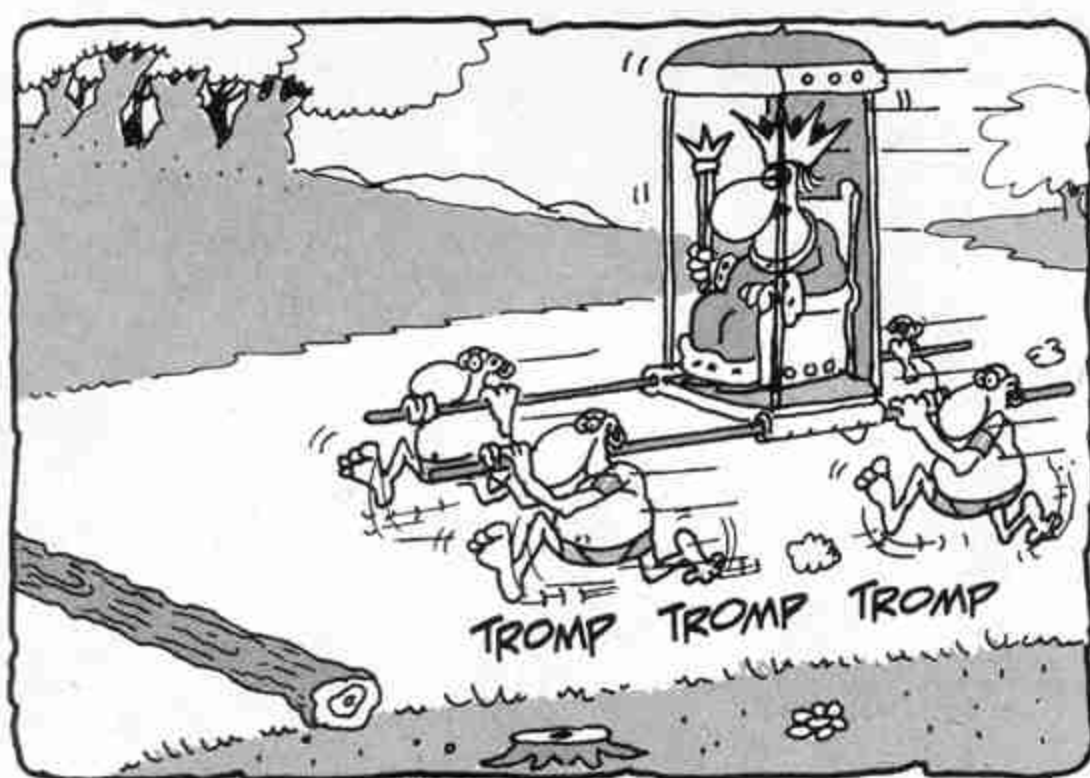
If you'd like to arrest the one-armed man, you'll find him on the el train! I handcuffed him to a pole in one of the cars!

That explains this! Unfortunately, you handcuffed his fake arm to a pole! He got away and he's probably gunning for you right now!

OH NO! HERE WE GO AGAIN!

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARM

THE LONG-SUFFERING LACKEY'S LAMENT



**WHO ON TV
IS SURPASSING
RUSH LIMBAUGH
FOR INTELLECTUAL
SOCIAL
COMMENTARY?**

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

Rush Limbaugh is a TV hit due to his thought-provoking right wing extremist views. But now, Americans are turning to a new source for views that surpass Limbaugh for wit, originality and intelligence. To find out what exactly this competition is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ▶

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



RUSH LIMBAUGH DELIGHTS HIS FANS BY BEATING UP ON HIS ENEMIES. HIS ENORMOUS IN-VISIBLE LOYAL AUDIENCE LOVES VENEMOUS HATE AND BIGOTRY. THEY GET OFF ON ATTACKS THAT'RE UTTERLY MERCILESS TO LIBERALS, FEMINISTS, HOMOSEXUALS, AND OTHERS THEY FEAR AND DREAD.

A ▶

◀ B

Finally, A Cure for the Common Coffin!



Special Savings Offered As Swindle Gardens Hopes To Fill New Mausoleum—And Fast!

Graves and drab headstones have been the choice of dead people for centuries. But now, through this exclusive offer that's running in 117 daily newspapers, Swindle Gardens invites you to consider the advantages and convenience of mausoleum entombment. It's not as creepy as you might think! Mausoleums were once considered a "rich man's" resting place. Today, since most of the rich men who felt that way are long dead, we're forced to offer our mausoleums to poor schmucks like you!

PEACE OF MIND. Unlike some of the "budget" mausoleums you see ads for, you won't find any dried blood caked on our walls! Also, our professional and conscientious staff **MAKES SURE** your loved one is deceased before interring them—if they aren't, we finish them off at no extra cost! And if by chance we do entomb someone who's still alive, you may skip a

month's payment and incur no finance charge!

Yes, each mausoleum is a timeless tribute to your inability to think rationally when confronted with a fast-talking crypt salesman! Remember, your skin will decay and your body will decompose, but at Swindle Gardens, we'll never mention that, because if we did, we know there's no way you'd spring for \$19,000 for a slab of hollow concrete!

TOP NOTCH CONSTRUCTION. Unlike the remains that decay inside of them, Swindle Garden Mausoleums are built to last. Our new mausoleums may look like hastily constructed, prefabricated sheet metal tool sheds, but don't be fooled... they were **NOT** hastily constructed!

We personally guarantee that each mausoleum resting place is permanently sheltered and will not be damaged by any of nature's destructive forces!*

SERENE ENVIRONMENT. Gone are the rodent infestation problems of last year! And the gypsy carnival has moved south for the winter! When strolling through Swindle Gardens you'll take comfort in the tranquil surroundings... towering Norway maples, babbling brooks...you'll completely forget we're located next to a livestock slaughterhouse (Between 12 and 3 you can hardly hear the sounds of the animals!)

Our ample parking lot has spaces for over 75 hearses, so there's never a wait! Special group rates are available for jet or bus accident victims!

PAY WHILE YOU'RE STILL BREATHING. With our revolutionary monthly

pay-in-advance plan, you can purchase a sepulcher the same way you'd finance a rug at K-Mart! We don't charge you separately for administrative and processing costs since they're already hidden in your monthly bill!

Each day families are discovering the wisdom of buying memorial property in advance. They say, "It's the mature decision. Rather than suffer the distress and pressure when a loved one finally dies, we decided to suffer the distress and pressure **NOW** by making large and frequent payments to a mortuary!"

Cost-conscious families can save even more! At your request, we'll cram as many relatives as we can into each space, using our new compacting technology, previously available only to the auto salvage industry!



Questions often asked in our ads:

Q: Will my loved one be treated with dignity?

A: Yes. At Swindle Gardens, your loved one will be treated with the same dignity and respect he or she received at such places as the Department of Motor Vehicles while alive.

Q: Is vandalism a problem at Swindle Gardens?

A: No. Our employees make it a point to remove all valuables from your loved one **BEFORE** internment, including rings, jewelry and even gold teeth—so there's nothing to steal when vandals pry the lid open!

*Except earthquakes, hurricanes, tornadoes, blizzards, wind, rain, humidity and sunrise.

Swindle Gardens

85 Stiff Street
Rigor Mortis, RI 02921

Sure, I'm alive now, but who knows for how long? Before I take my terminal breath, please rush me more information about Swindle Gardens Mausoleums.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State/Zip _____

Order today and receive a free animated cartoon of the deceased!