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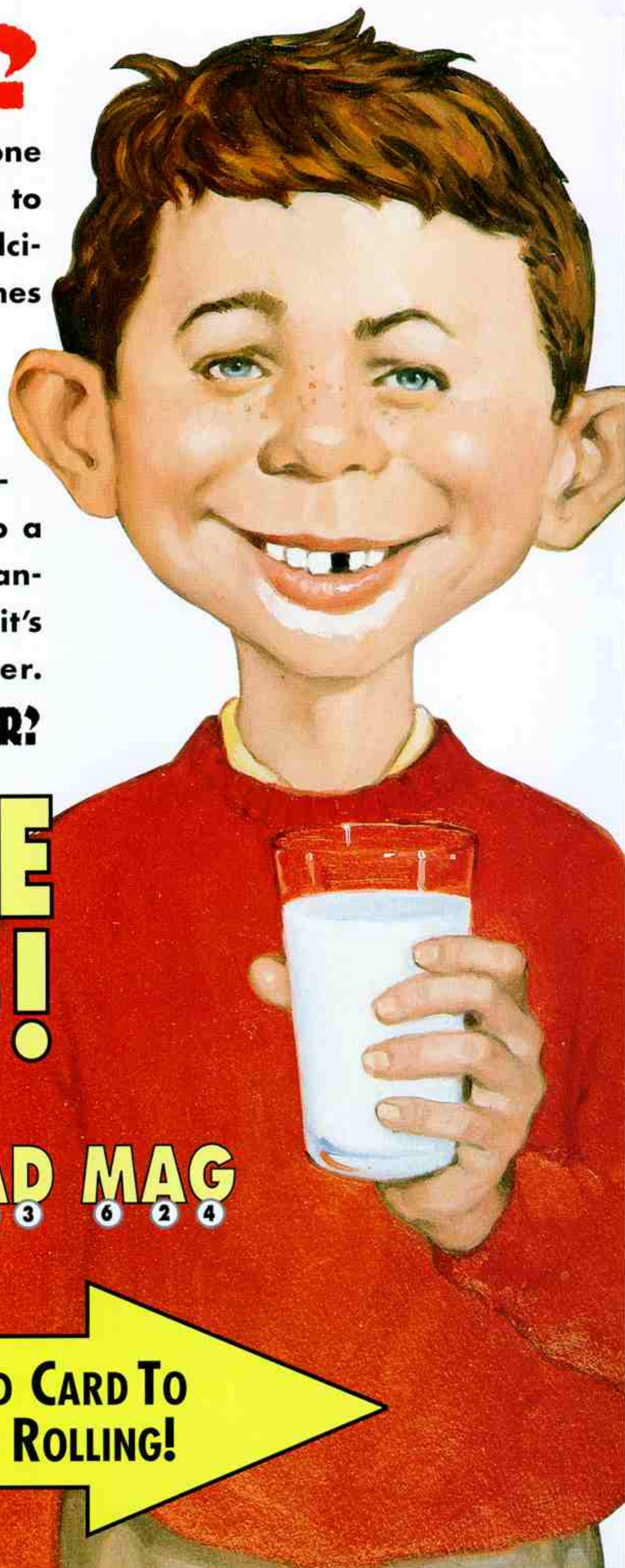
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MAD

SEPTEMBER 1997 **NUMBER 361**

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Paul Levitz
executive vice president & publisher

Nick Meglin & John Ficarra
editors

Jonathan Schneider
art director

Editorial:

Joe Orlando consulting editor

Charlie Kadam & Joe Raiola associate editors

David Shayne assistant editor

Amy Mavrikis editorial assistant

Dick DeBartolo creative consultant

Annie Gaines managing editor

Dorothy Crouch vp-licensed publishing
and associate publisher

Art Department:

Nadina S. Simon assistant art director

Leonard Brenner graphics consultant

Thomas Nozkowski production

Marla Weisenborn production assistant

Circulation:

Bruce Bristow vp-sales & marketing

Daniel Brown director-business development
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Administration:

Patrick Caldon vp-finance & operations

Lillian Laserson vp-legal affairs

Bob Rozakis executive director-production

Marty Todd production manager

Contributing Artists And Writers
the usual gang of idiots

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"In Hollywood these days, what's coming out isn't
as interesting as who's coming out!"
— Alfred E. Newman



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FRONT COVER ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO
BACK COVER ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
BACK COVER WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL





MAD #362 ON SALE
SEPTEMBER 16!

"WALT DISNEY VISITS HIS STUDIO TODAY"

I was just reading "Walt Disney Visits His Studio Today" (MAD #357) when I noticed a very big mistake. There was a whole section on the unthawing of Walt Disney. Perhaps you don't know this, but Walt Disney was cremated in the 1960s, over 30 years ago. The only way to unthaw him would be to find all of his ashes, put them in a cup of water, freeze the water, then unthaw the water.

Robert Frankel
New York, NY

Bobby — Thanks for your enlightening letter! We ran your theory past noted physician and dabbler in the cryogenic arts, Dr. Grady Pounder. He assures us that if we follow the scientific procedure you suggest above, we will not get America's beloved Walt, but merely a rich, tasty cup of freeze-dried Folger's coffee! Nice going, Java Boy! —Ed.

ATTENTION SUBSCRIBERS!

For all subscription-related matters (including change of address) in the U.S. and Canada, please call 1-800-4 MAD MAG or write P.O. BOX 59345, Boulder, CO 80322-2345! Please DO NOT phone, write, fax or E-mail our New York office — we're too dumb to help you there!

ABOUT FACE

Are you looking for a fresh face to put into your "Lighter Side" or any other kind of articles that you do in MAD? Well if you are, I would love to have my face spread all over the pages of MAD! If you would like my picture, I would be happy to send you my face. I don't want anything in return, except maybe the issues of MAD that I am in, if it's no trouble!

Gary Deere@aol.com

Gar — Yes! By all means send us your photos immediately! We have some upcoming articles that we can definitely use you in, such as: "You Know You're Hideously Ugly When...", "Monroe &...The Hideously Ugly Guy," "Melvin & Jenkins' Guide to the Hideously Ugly," "The Lighter Side of Doctors (Who Treat the Hideously Ugly)" and "Spy Vs. Spy Vs. The Hideously Ugly Guy." We await your prompt reply. Thanks for writing! —Ed.

STERN WARNING

I just wanted to say that I really loved the cover of MAD #357. I think that Howard Stern and Dennis Rodman make a great couple. I can't wait for the issue that shows what their kids look like. Hope to see it soon!

Eagle1879@aol.com

Eagle — We have no idea what their child would look like. But we know one thing for sure — it'd be hideously ugly, just like Gary You-Know-Who! —Ed.

HEADS OR TAILS?

The front cover of MAD #356, April 1997, featured Alfred E. Neuman photocopying his butt. I think it would be much coarser if he photocopied his face and the printout was of his butt!

Monique Sorkin
ShiRon, Israel

Mony Mony — Sorry, we think you've got it ass-backwards! —Ed.

DRAWING ATTENTION



Congratulations to longtime MAD artists Sergio Aragonés and Jack Davis, shown here with their awards for Cartoonist of the Year and Lifetime Achievement, respectively, won at this year's National Cartoonists Society Reuben Awards ceremony! As usual, Susan Lucci was totally ignored!

HOW TO REACH US

Please Address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 361, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York 10019. MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope!

LLAMA DEAREST

We collect and don't read all of our MADs through the school year. Then we take them with us on our llama packing expeditions during the summer vacation. Reading MAD during our two weeks in the wilderness gives us something meaningful to talk about around the campfire. The llamas carry the MADs for us in their packs!

Melinda Lee-Van Bossuyt
Newberg, OR



Melinda Lee-Van Bossuyt and her son Douglas of Newberg, Oregon share some guffaws with their llama, Graysun! We briefly considered giving them a free subscription for submitting a Celebrity Snap, except the llama's name isn't Dolly!

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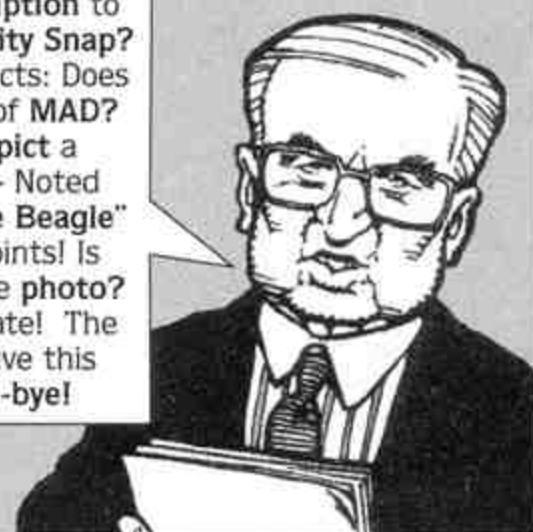
VISIT THE MAD
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MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS



Nate Smith of Alexandria, VA sent in this Celebrity Snap of noted *McLaughlin Group* panelist, Fred Barnes, secretly holding an issue of MAD beneath a copy of *The Weekly Standard*. Is this worthy of a free subscription? We defer to the judgement of the loud, despotic *McLaughlin Group* moderator, John McLaughlin!

Issue one! Should Nate receive a complimentary three-year subscription to MAD for his Celebrity Snap? Let's look at the facts: Does it contain a copy of MAD? Yes! Does it depict a celebrity? Yes — Noted canine Barkly "The Beagle" Barnes! Extra points! Is Eleanor Clift in the photo? No! Good goin' Nate! The answer is yes! Give this boy a sub! Bye-bye!



PAJAMA SMARTY

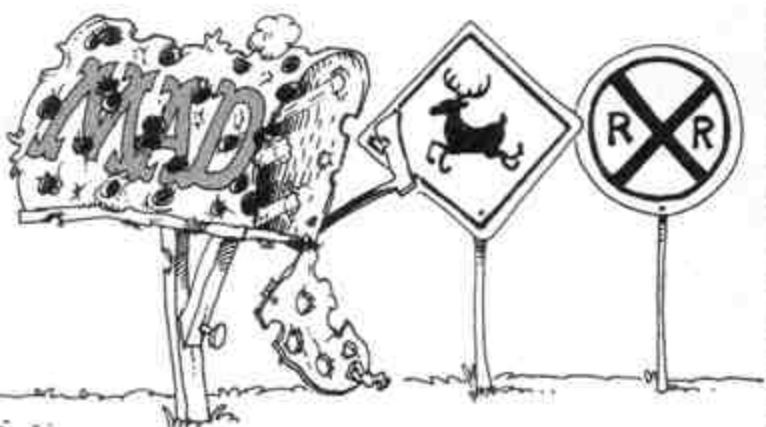
I am your number one fan! At every sleepover I go to I bring every issue of MAD I have. All night my friends and I read them and make jokes about Alfred E. Neuman. Thanks to MAD, my friends and I have the best sleepovers in town!

Paul Dalton
Bangor, PA

Pauley — Here's three more tips for a successful sleepover party for you and your buddies: 1) Never hold it at the Neverland Ranch! 2) Never hold it at the Neverland Ranch! 3) Never hold it at the Neverland Ranch! You follow? — Ed.

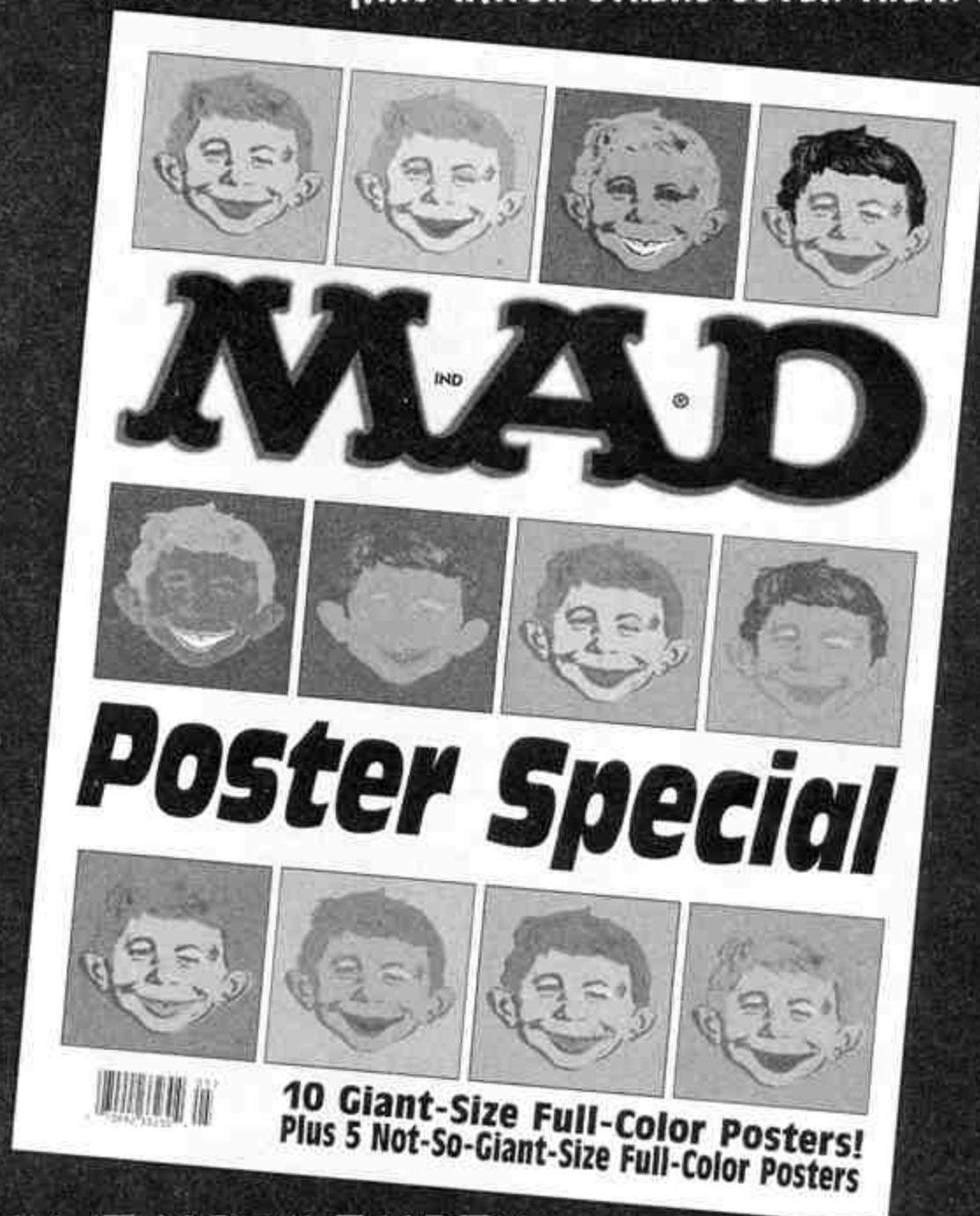
OH GODFREY

Editor's Note: Oops, it seems like that idiot Godfrey screwed up again! Back in MAD #358, we said that noted logographer Hans Brickface of Brickface's Bric-a-Brac, Inc. examined MAD #355 (with the "MAAD" logo) and "appraised one of these collector's issues at \$3,000." Godfrey, who conducted the Brickface interview, later informed us that Brickface actually valued the issue at "\$2.50." Also, while it is true that "only a percentage of the press run received this unique logo anomaly," that percentage was 100%. Regrets for any confusion!



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(AND WATCH OTHERS COVER THEIR EYES!)



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TYRANNOSAURUS RETCH DEPT.

I'm Jaunt Hammock, the millionaire who loves old dinosaurs! Hell, every morning when I shave, I see one in the mirror! Me! I like the prehistoric ones, too! I'm the one who brought them back to life using a clever combination of DNA, BS and SFX! Unfortunately, my plans to open a Jurass-has-had-it Park where people could see my living dinosaurs didn't work out! But now, several years later, I've discovered herds of dinosaurs living on the other island I own! Normally, they would have been wiped out by starvation, but fortunately, dinosaurs are really an evolved species and are clever enough to order out! They even put it on my Visa! I'm sending a search party to Snore Island to see how the dinos are doing! So it's clear you haven't heard...

ARTIST: PAUL COKER

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

I'm Iam Malcontent, noted scientist! I've developed three new theories! One, dinosaurs will swallow anything and two, so will audiences watching a big budget movie with dazzling special effects! The holes in the plot of this flick are even bigger than the dinosaurs, but no one seems to care! For instance, what happened to the rest of the cast from the first picture? Which brings me to my third theory — you don't care either!

I'm Sayrah Hardup and I've had my fill of tall monsters with limited intelligence! That's why I needed a break from my boyfriend, Iam! Coming to this island is a real opportunity for me to use my education! In college I majored in Prehistoric Biology with a minor in Screaming and Fleeing!

I'm Roland Testosterone, the big game hunter! I'm tough! I'm rough! But, I believe in gun control! Why? 'Cause I know if you have a gun, you control everything! Needless to say, I'm also incredible in bed! I once made love to four guns at the same time!

I'm Kiddy, Iam's daughter! My dad is so involved in his own life, he hardly pays any attention to me! When I surprised him by stowing away in one of the trailers and sneaking onto Snore Island, he said: "I hope you know what you're doing, SON!" I've heard him and his girlfriend Sayrah argue over whether or not the T-Rex make good parents! They can't be any worse than mine!



THE LAST WORD

ON JURASS-HAS-HAD-IT PARK

I'm Hick, the photographer! My job is to make a photographic journal of all the dinosaurs on Snore Island! I'm totally set! I have five cameras, 40 cases of film, and a list of every one-hour photo shop on the face of the Earth! I just hope Snore Island has a listing or all my work may be for naught!

I'm Peter Laidlow! My uncle sent those ecology jerks here to see how dinosaurs live! I came here to see how we can live off the dinosaurs! I brought a team of men with me to capture some dinos and ship them back to San Diego! People will pay plenty to see live dinosaurs, I tell you, especially if we dress 'em up in little hats and coats, and teach 'em to do tricks!

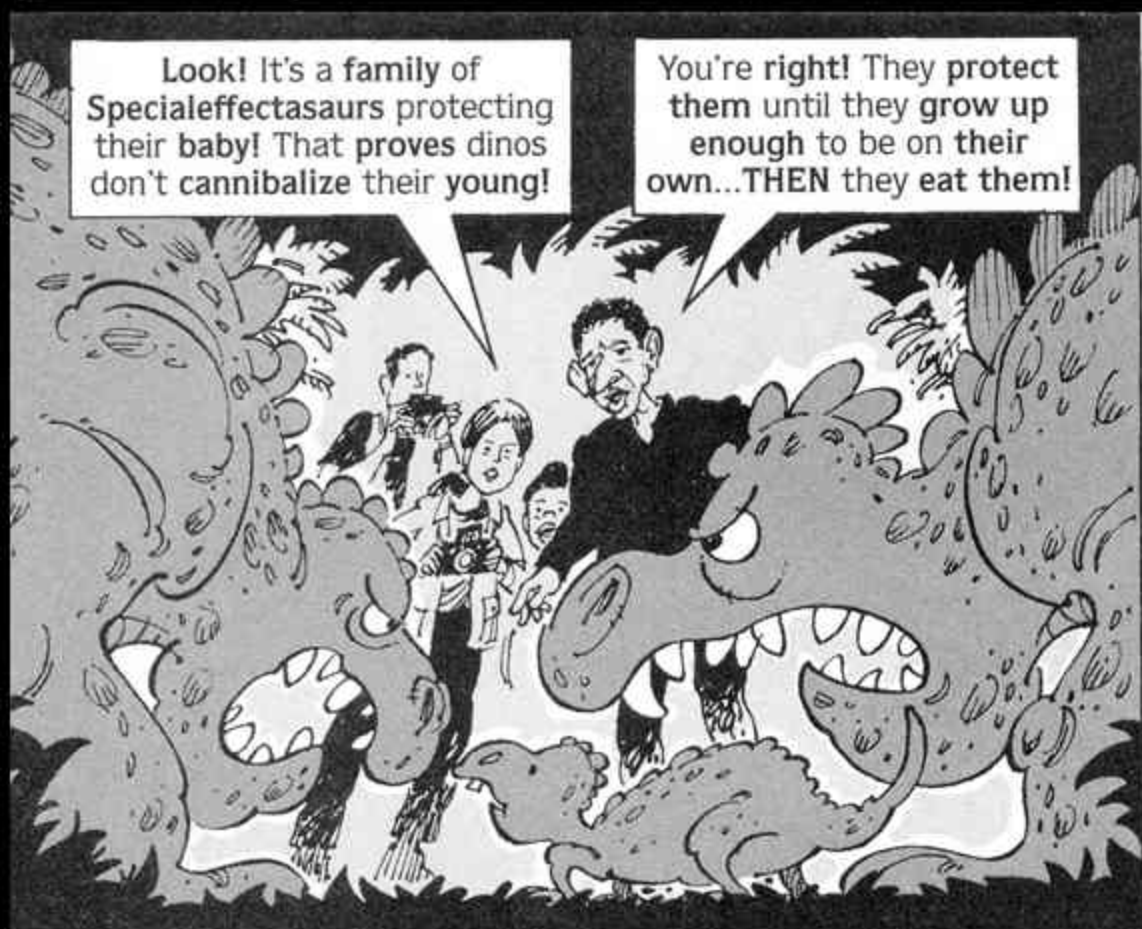
I'm Oddie, the field equipment expert! This is my latest invention, the On-High Escape Rope! It's useful if any of the team is about to be attacked by a dinosaur! They simply pull this noose around their waist and pull themselves out of danger! If the dinosaur can reach them, they go into phase two — they slide the noose up their neck and hang themselves! It's a lot more pleasant than being ripped apart by those ornery bastards!

I'm Doctor Bark! My mission is to carefully chart and categorize in precise detail every single unique creature on this island! It's a very important undertaking because each different species translates into a different lunch-box and Burger King watch!



Look! It's a family of Specialeffectasaurs protecting their baby! That proves dinos don't cannibalize their young!

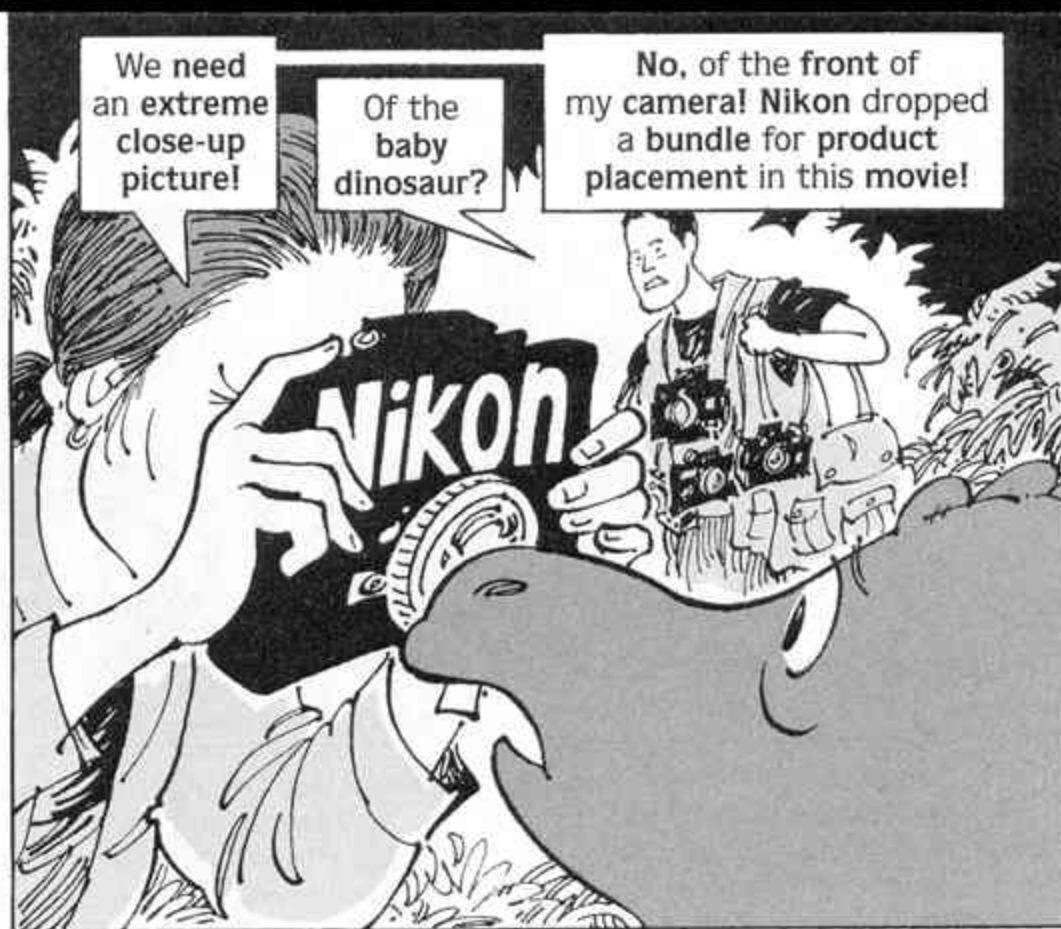
You're right! They protect them until they grow up enough to be on their own...THEN they eat them!



We need an extreme close-up picture!

Of the baby dinosaur?

No, of the front of my camera! Nikon dropped a bundle for product placement in this movie!

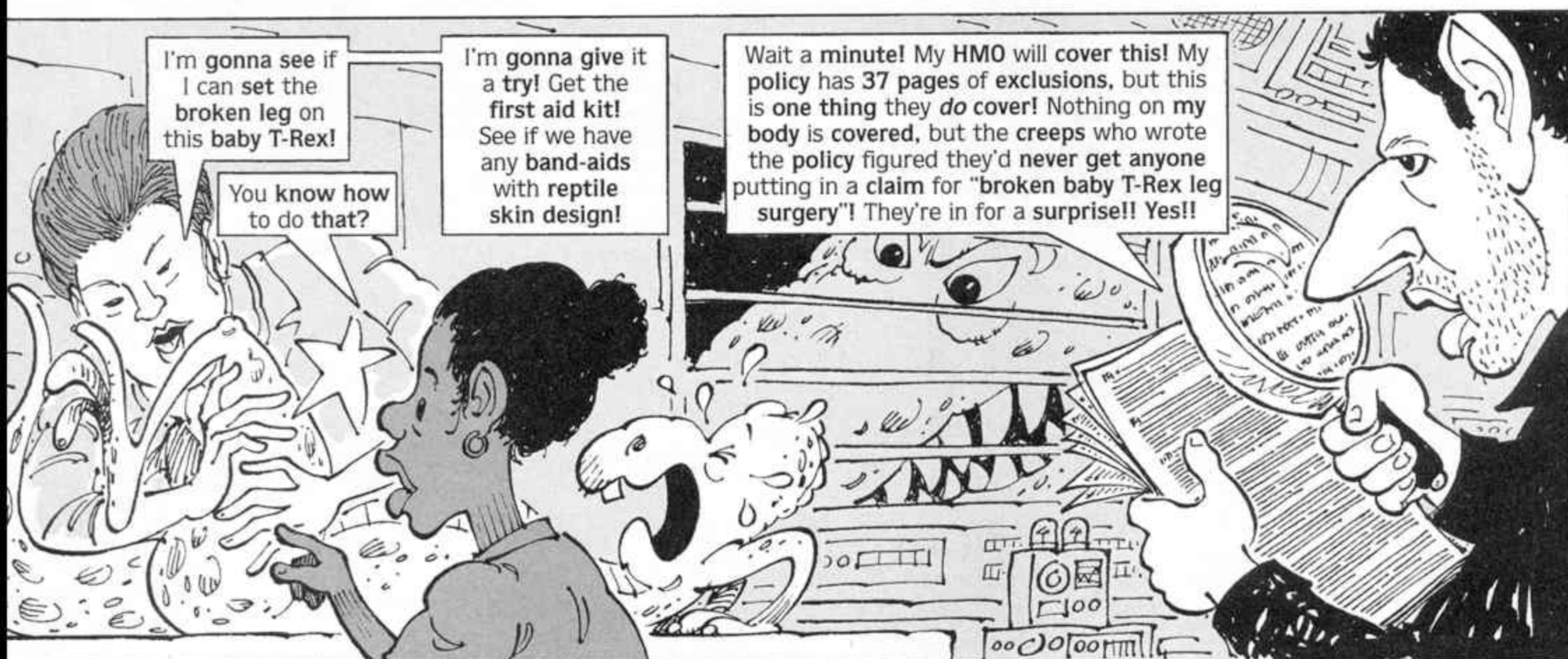


I'm gonna see if I can set the broken leg on this baby T-Rex!

You know how to do that?

I'm gonna give it a try! Get the first aid kit! See if we have any band-aids with reptile skin design!

Wait a minute! My HMO will cover this! My policy has 37 pages of exclusions, but this is one thing they *do* cover! Nothing on my body is covered, but the creeps who wrote the policy figured they'd never get anyone putting in a claim for "broken baby T-Rex leg surgery"! They're in for a surprise!! Yes!!



It's a T-Rex attack! Hide the chocolate bars!

They're attacking this trailer 'cause we have chocolate bars?

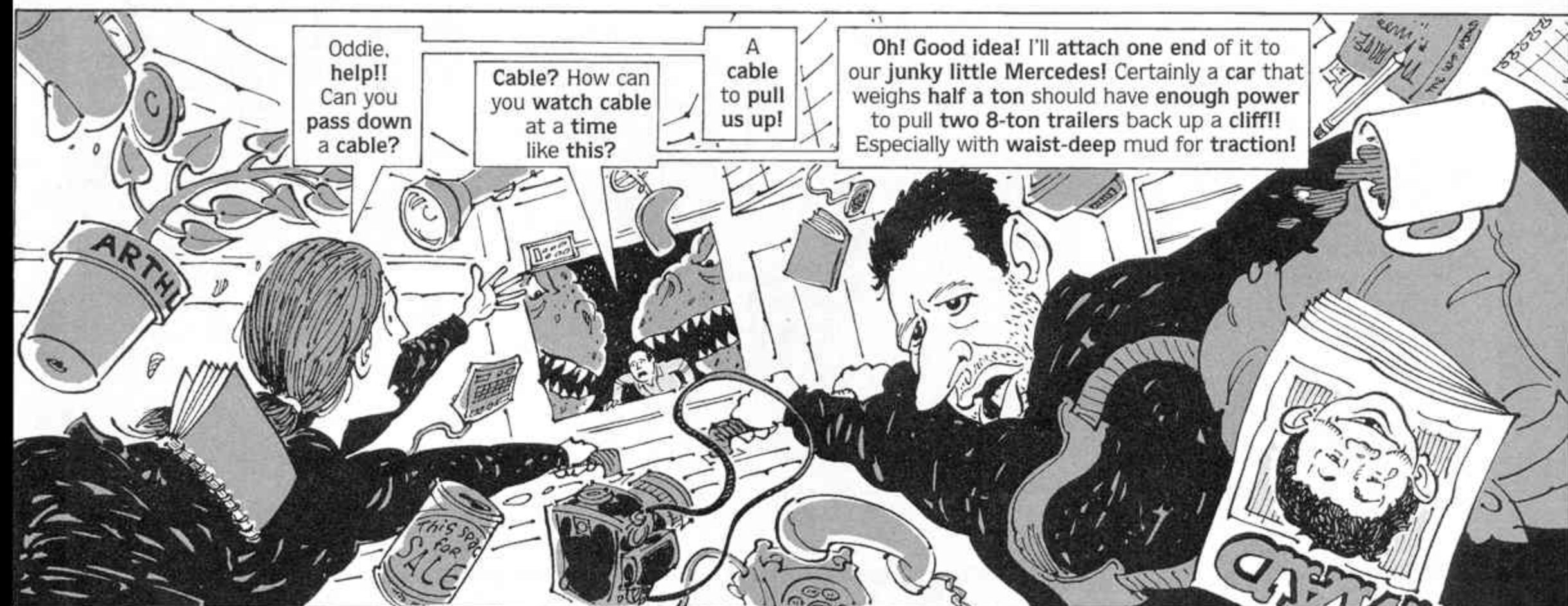
We have the ones with the almonds! Everyone knows they're to kill for — but not to die for!

That's the mother and father T-Rex, looking for their baby! But how would YOU know about what good parents do for their children!



Who was the wise guy who said, "Screw 'em, let's not get the collision waiver on these rental trailers!"



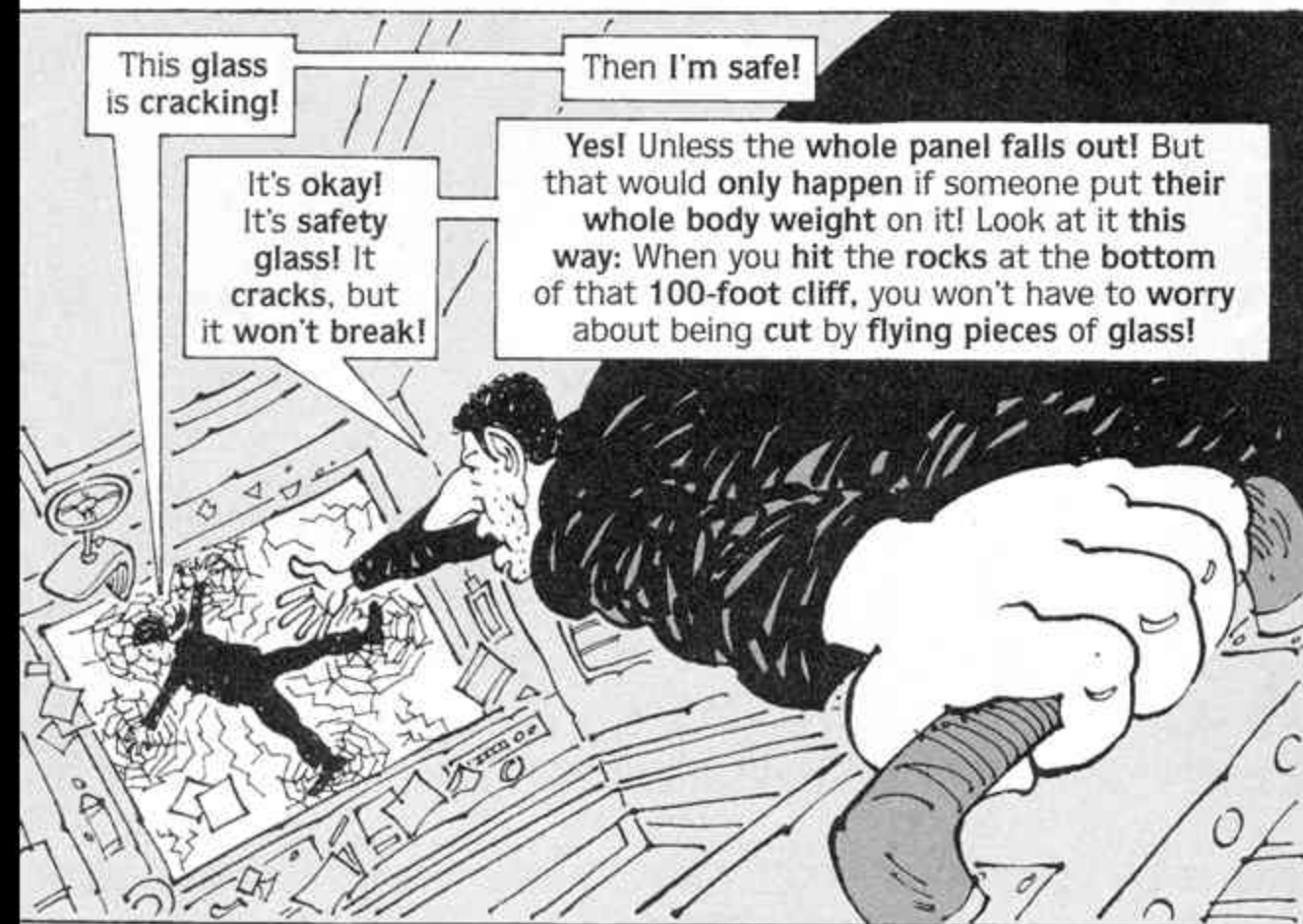


Oddie, help!! Can you pass down a cable?

Cable? How can you watch cable at a time like this?

A cable to pull us up!

Oh! Good idea! I'll attach one end of it to our junky little Mercedes! Certainly a car that weighs half a ton should have enough power to pull two 8-ton trailers back up a cliff!! Especially with waist-deep mud for traction!



This glass is cracking!

Then I'm safe!

It's okay! It's safety glass! It cracks, but it won't break!

Yes! Unless the whole panel falls out! But that would only happen if someone put their whole body weight on it! Look at it this way: When you hit the rocks at the bottom of that 100-foot cliff, you won't have to worry about being cut by flying pieces of glass!



Oddie, we can't hang on much longer! What are you doing up there playing with those dinosaurs?

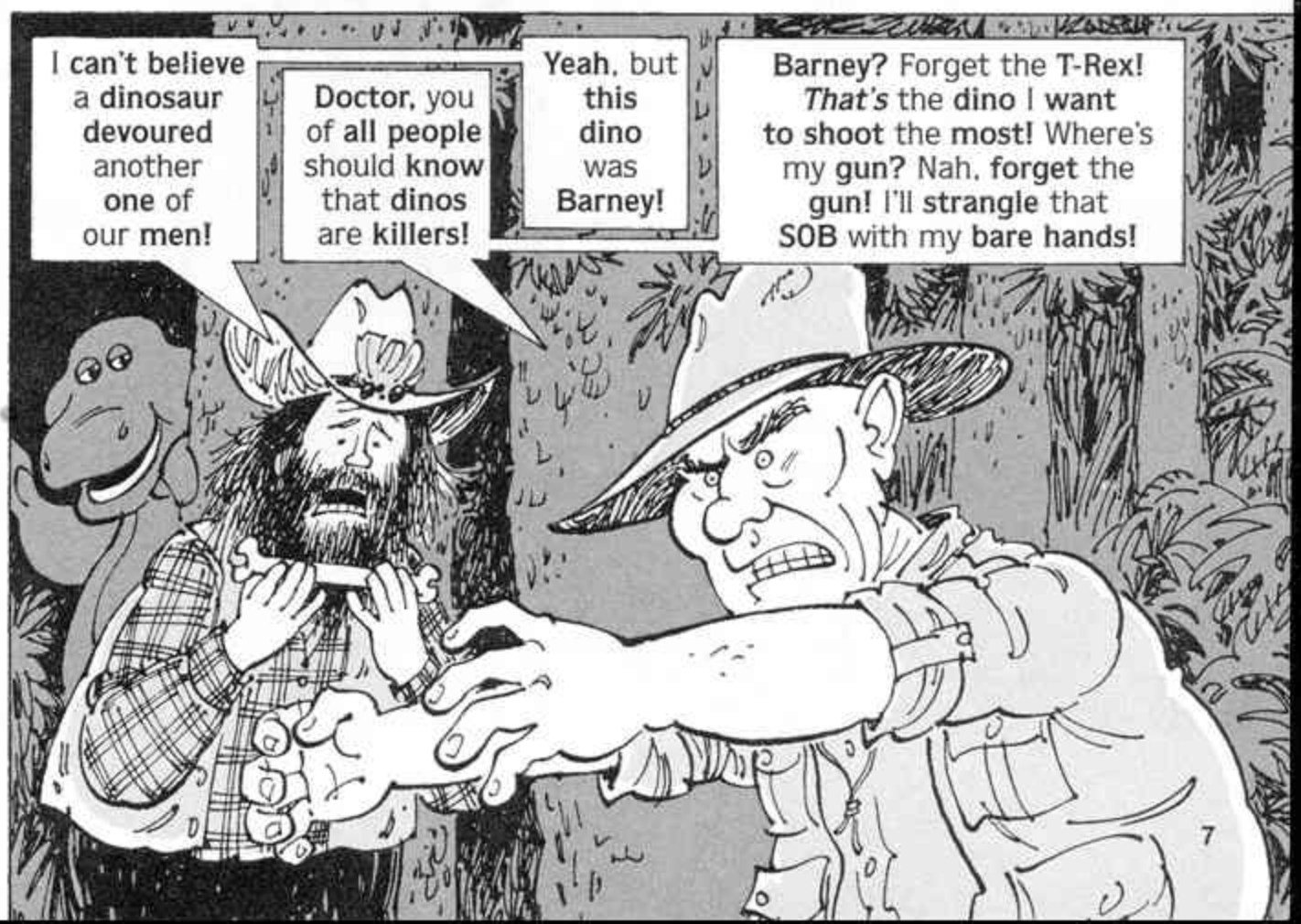
No, the dinosaurs are playing with me! I guess this is where I split! Bye!



Whaddaya think, Laidlow? We caught our first four dinos — and they're all different!

Four dinos? I only see one!

Damn! We should have put them in separate cages! I forgot they're cannibals!

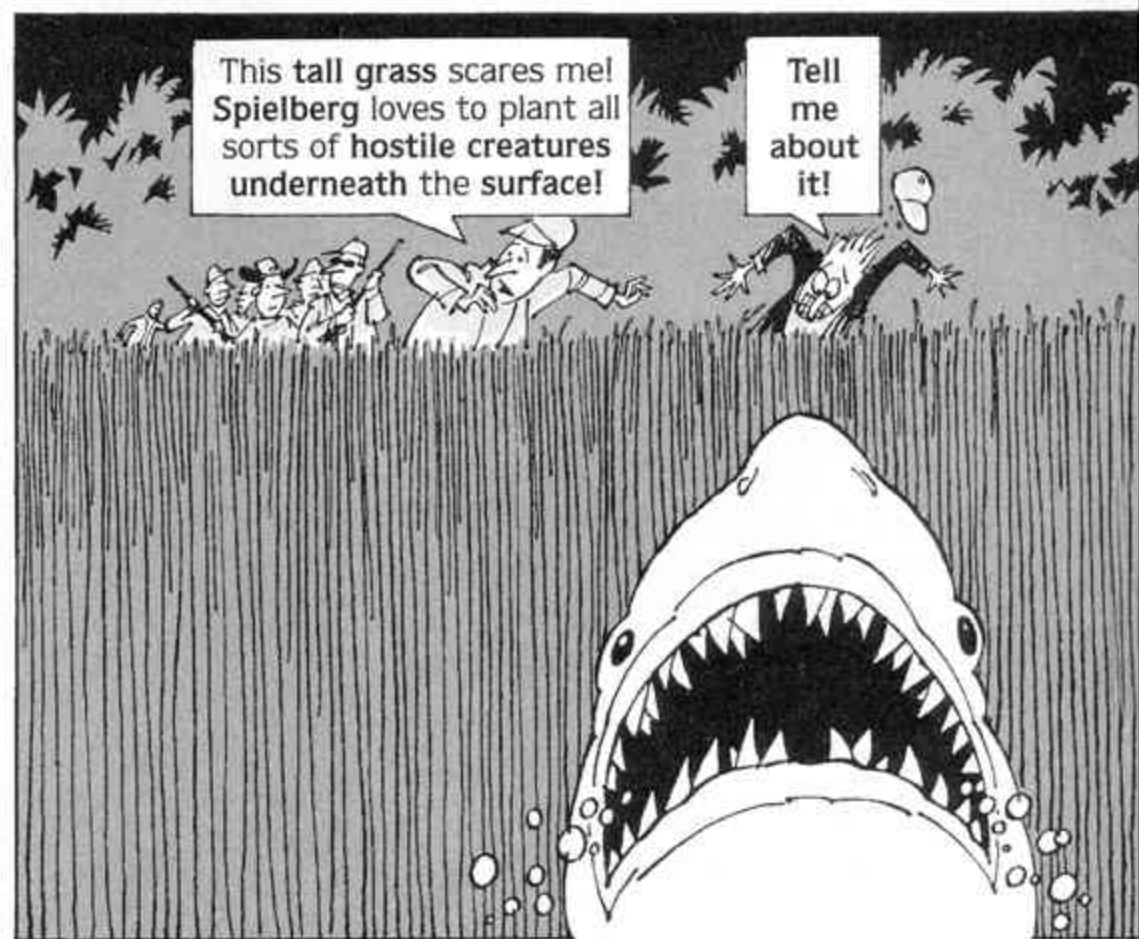
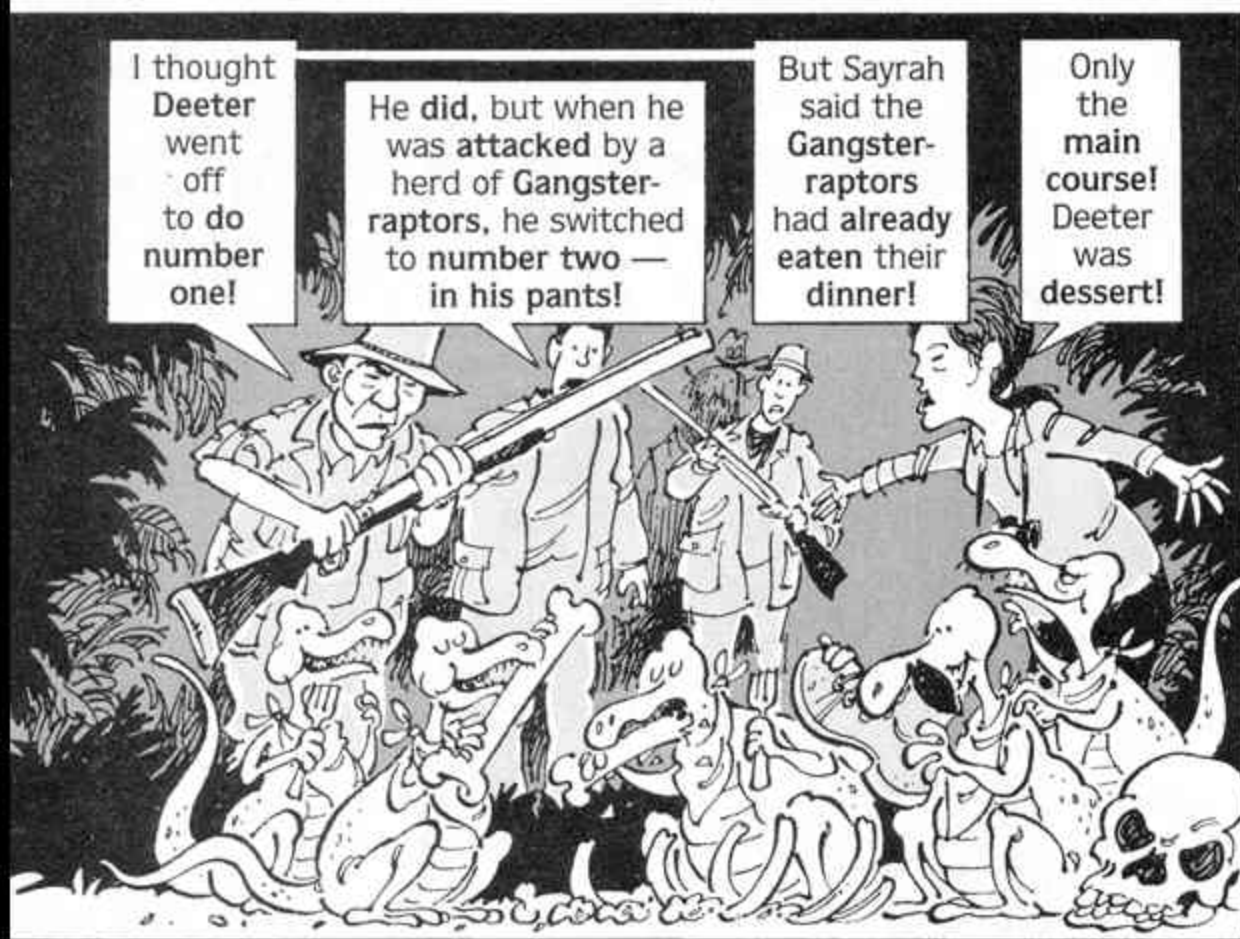
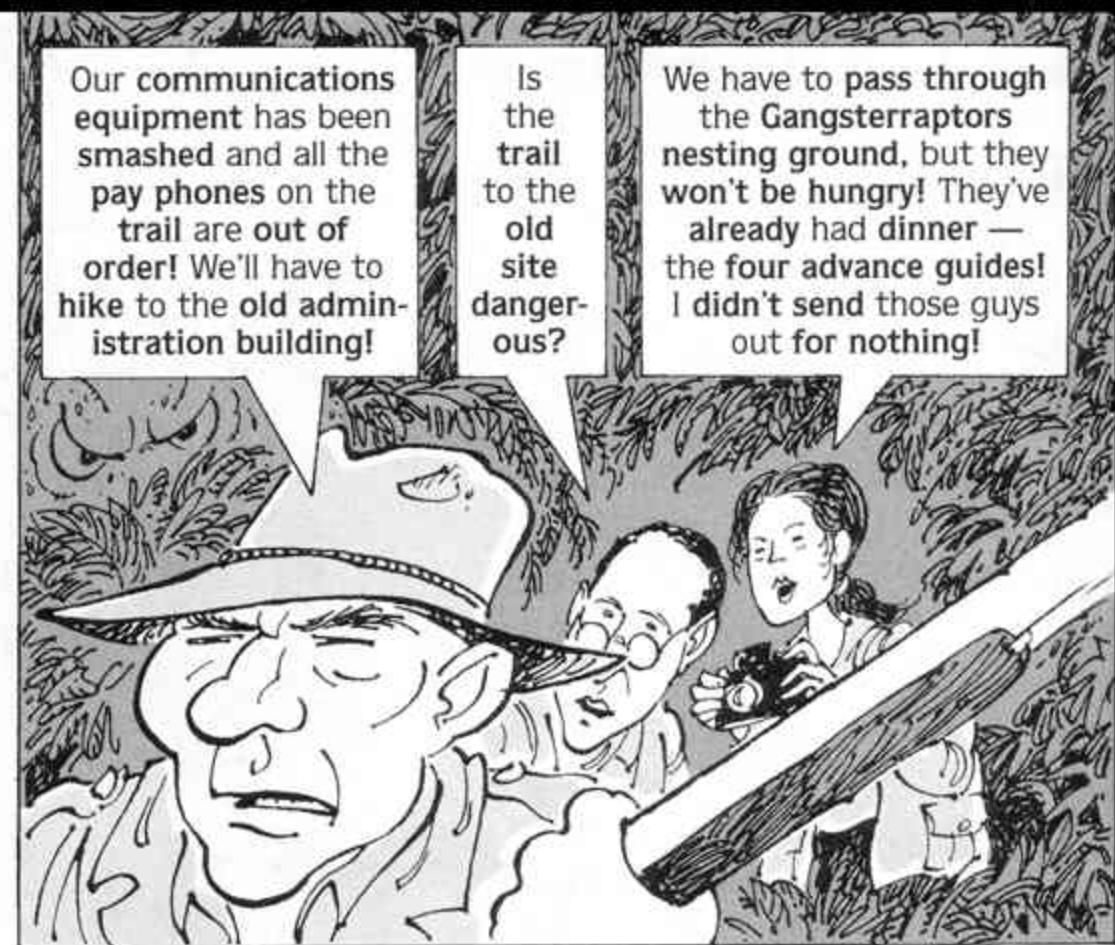


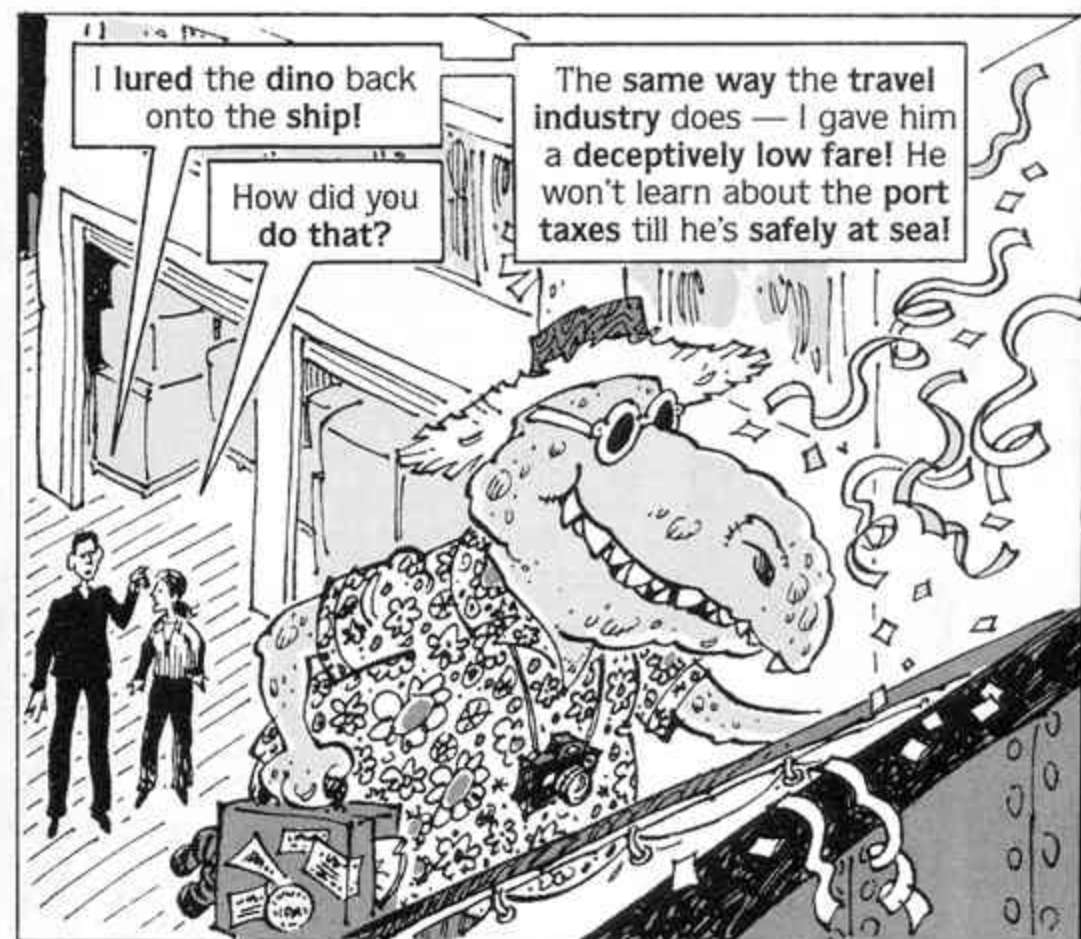
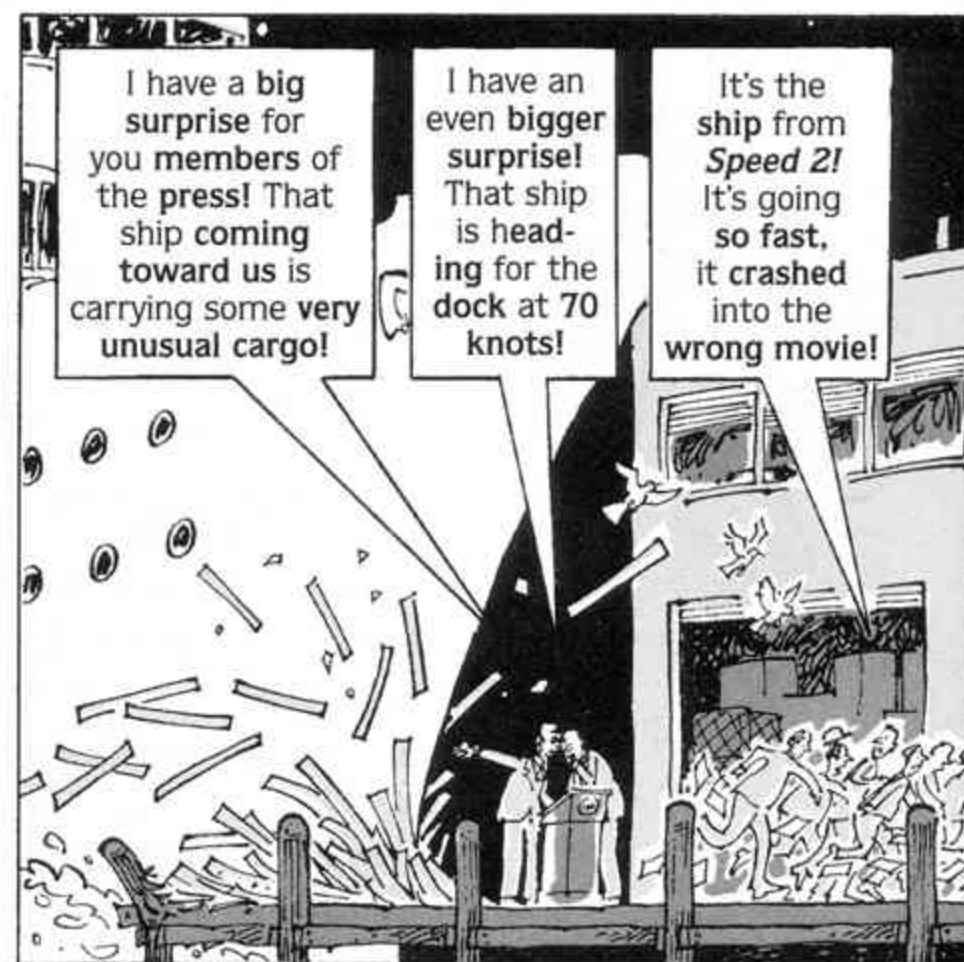
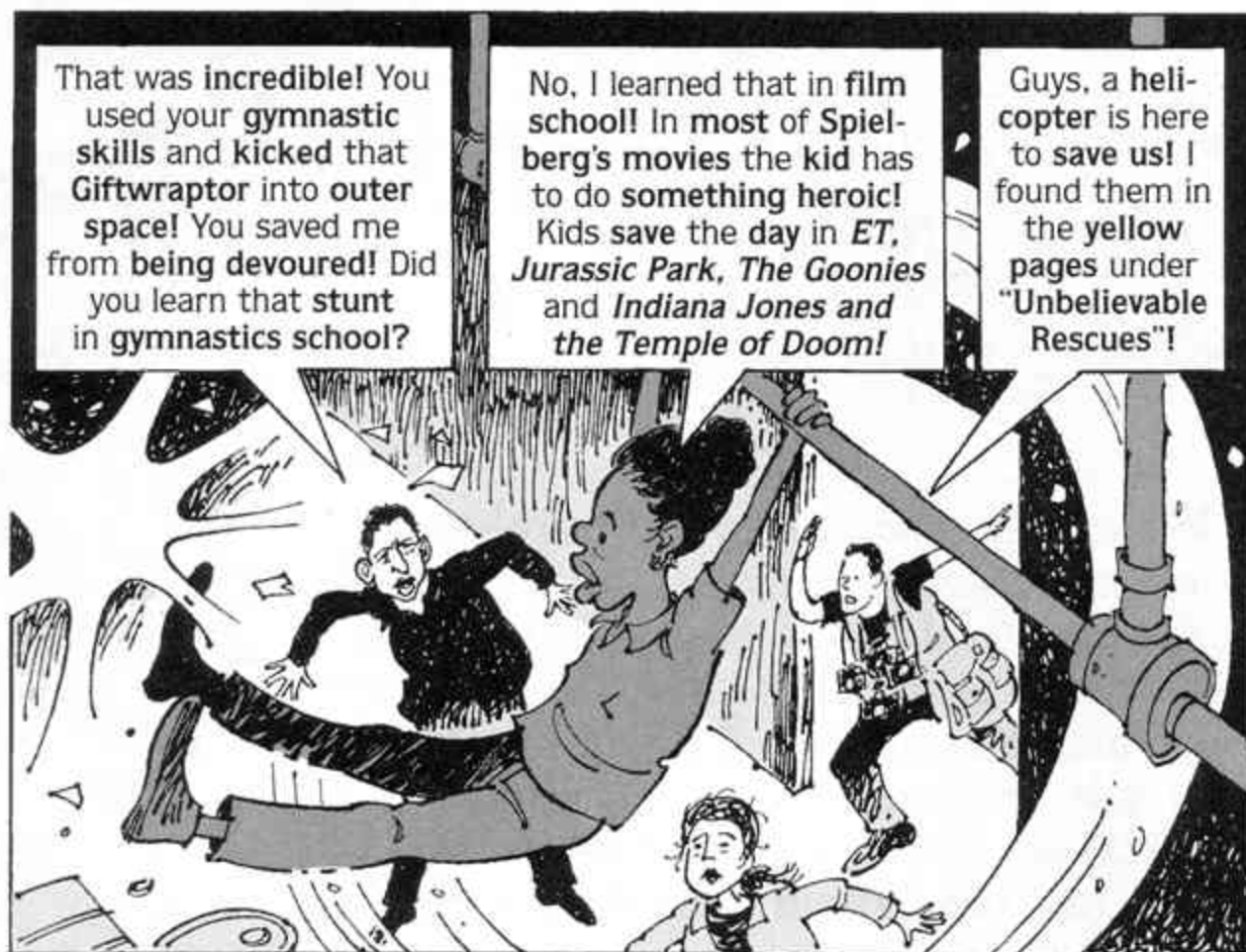
I can't believe a dinosaur devoured another one of our men!

Doctor, you of all people should know that dinos are killers!

Yeah, but this dino was Barney!

Barney? Forget the T-Rex! That's the dino I want to shoot the most! Where's my gun? Nah, forget the gun! I'll strangle that SOB with my bare hands!





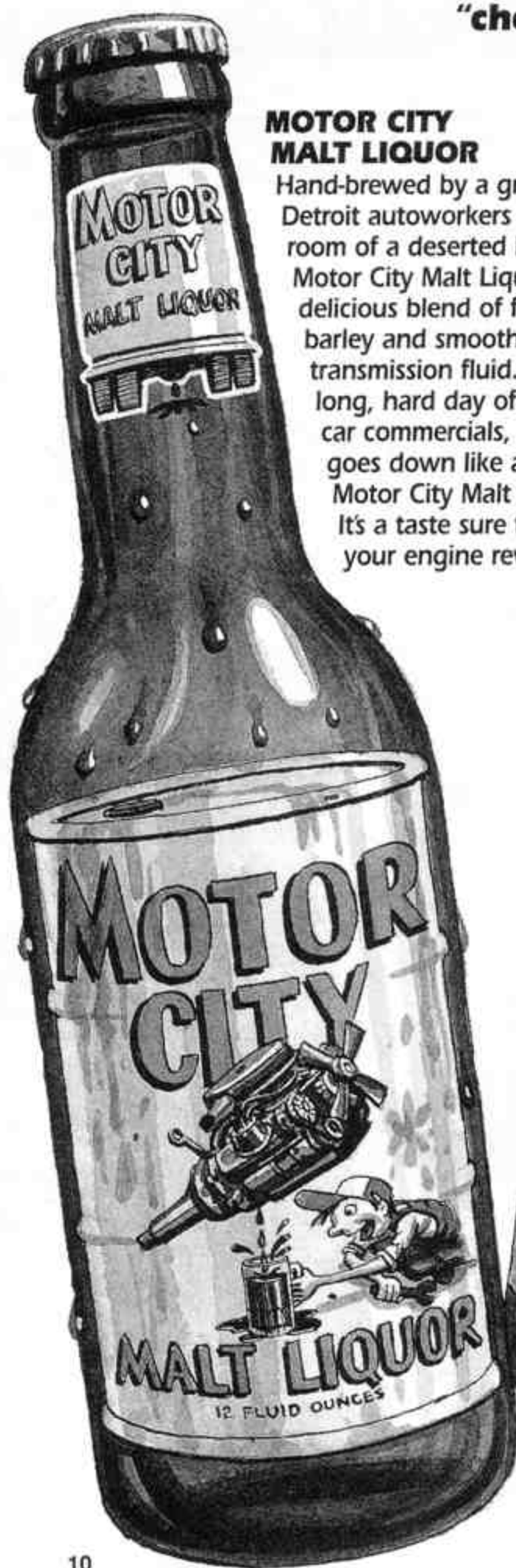
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Enroll now and each month you'll receive a case of beer from some of America's premier lesser-known micro-breweries! These are special, sorta hand-crafted ales, pilsners and lagers you won't find on the shelves of your local convenience store or supermarket! (Thanks to those ballbusters at the FDA!) But our lawyers have found a legal loophole that lets us classify these premium beers as a "cheese food product" and send them directly to you!

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Hand-brewed by a group of laid-off Detroit autoworkers in the back room of a deserted body shop, Motor City Malt Liquor is a delicious blend of fine-roasted barley and smooth automatic transmission fluid. After a long, hard day of watching car commercials, nothing goes down like a cool Motor City Malt Liquor. It's a taste sure to get your engine revvin'!



DEVIL'S TRIANGLE DRAUGHT

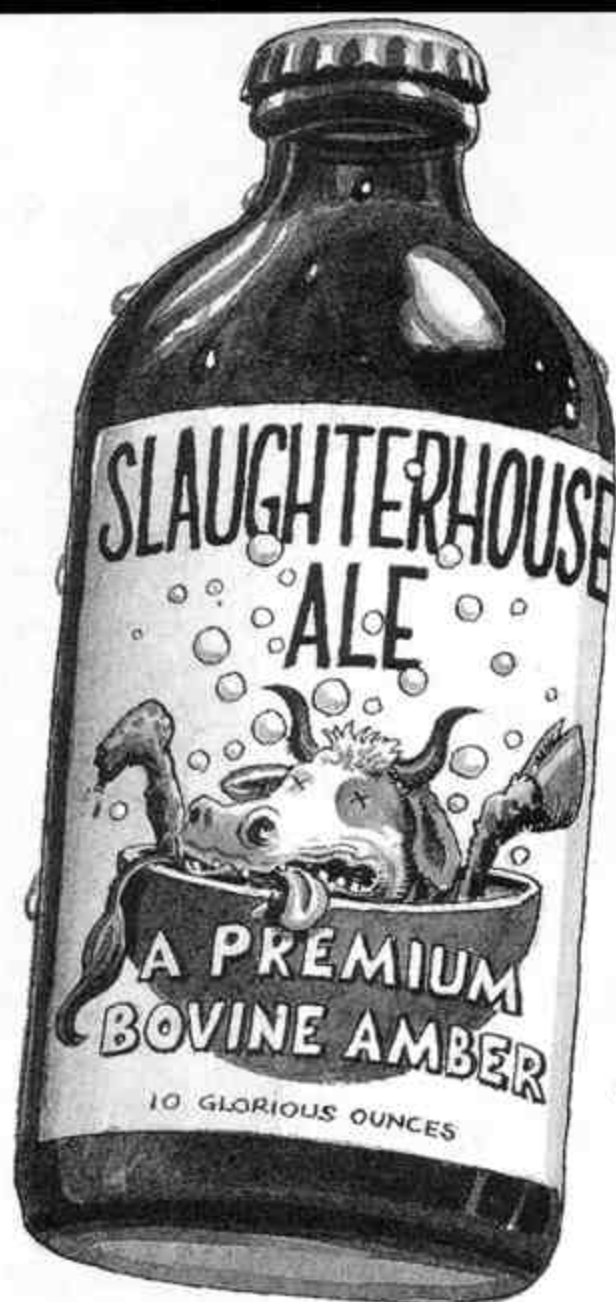
After surviving on a life raft for several agonizing weeks, the remaining crew of the SS Bilge Pump bring the great taste of their experience right to your door! You'll love Devil's Triangle Draught — it's a salty brew that combines the tangy freshness of sea water and urine with the wholesome goodness of pelican blood! Drink just one six-pack and you're bound to drift far outside any shipping channels!



I CAN'T BELIEVE IT'S NOT BEER

Tired of all those non-alcoholic beers leaving you flat? Then you'll love I Can't Believe It's Not Beer. Crafted in small batches by a select crew of recovering alcoholics, this rich lager has what other non-alcoholic beers don't — ALCOHOL! That's right, now you can sip a cold one in front of anyone from your meddling in-laws to your probation officer! When you're tired of spending good money on beers that leave you sober, come home to I Can't Believe It's Not Beer!





SLAUGHTERHOUSE ALE

Thirsty for a great beer? Hungry for a quick lunch? Have both! The boys over at the Smithville slaughterhouse have come up with a delicious way to use that great-tasting cattle blood, enzymes and other precious bovine fluids that used to go to waste! Drink a Slaughterhouse Ale and enjoy a delicious amber with all the nutrients and satisfaction of a juicy porterhouse steak! Coming soon: Stein O' Suet!



SULFUR SAM'S EGGY

From the volcanic hot springs of the Pacific Northwest comes a beer like no other - Sulfur Sam's Eggy! This ripe and aromatic pilsner is brewed using the mineral-rich sulfur water of Floating Deer Springs. If you long for a beer that will satisfy your cravings for chicken embryos, Eggy is for you! Sulfur Sam's Eggy - when you feel like drinking a deviled egg!

WHAT YOU GET!

THIS MONTH'S STUDENT SPECIAL

Meet Blotto, the fun-lovin', beer-swillin' cartoon bear! When Blotto gets thirsty, Blotto mauls a six-pack of Rad Ale! Blotto knows how much pressure homework can be -

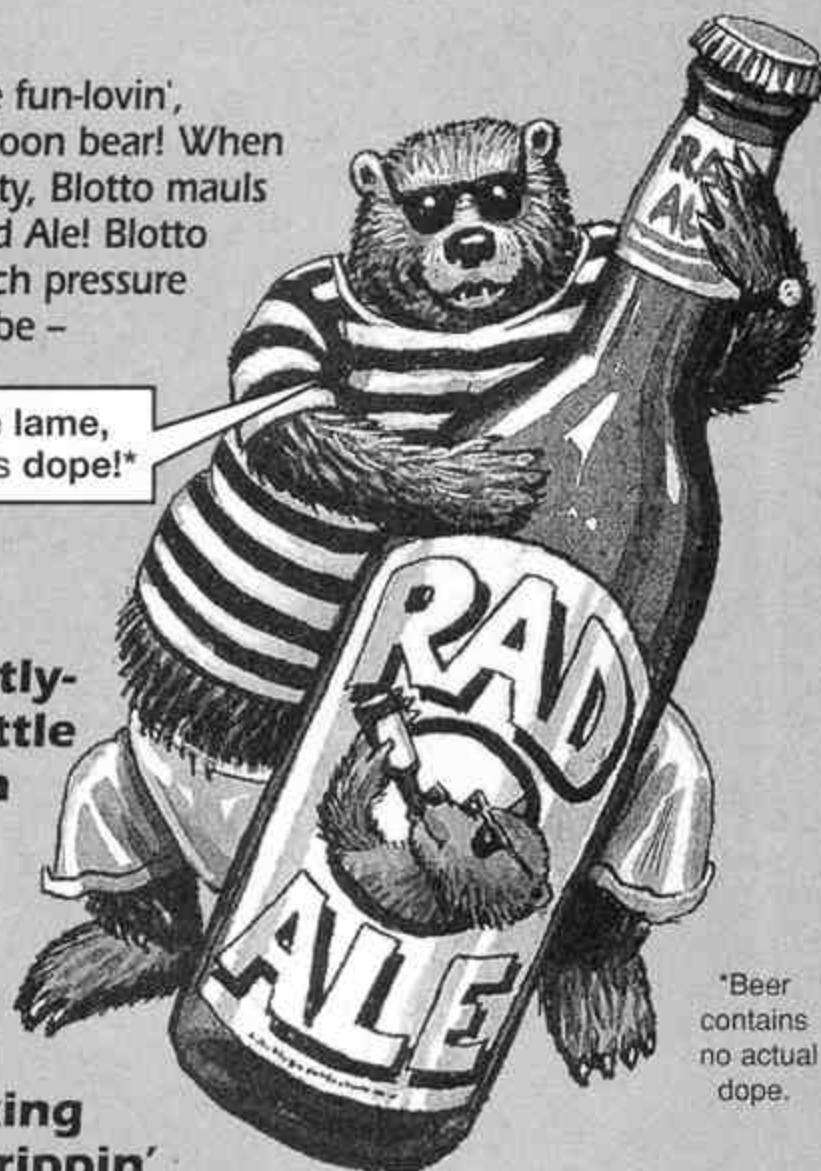
Teachers are lame, but this beer is dope!*

That's one phat bear! Each brightly-colored bottle comes with its own Blotto sticker - collect all 478!! If

you're looking for totally rippin' after-school refreshment, then you'll want to get Rad Ale! And because this is a Microvalue Mail-Order Exclusive, you'll never have to worry about getting carded! Remember, as Blotto says...

Rad Ale puts the "high" in hibernation! Stay in school!

Not intended for sale to minors.



*Beer contains no actual dope.



Microvalue delivers only the best nearly premium hand-crafted beers! When you join the MBOTMC, you'll be inundated with a nonstop flow of wonderful, convenient alcohol. Drink only what you like and pay just \$19.95 a month. If you're not completely satisfied, simply return unopened bottles along with a \$6.99 re-stocking charge (per bottle) to us. However, we're sure that when there's nothing else in the fridge you'll be happy to drink ours!

Yes! I'm tired of hassling with store clerks who ask for ID, bartenders who cut me off and nosy neighbors who always seem to be watching me when I leave the house! Sign me up today!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Blood Alcohol Level _____

Send check, money order or (best of all) cold, hard untraceable cash to:

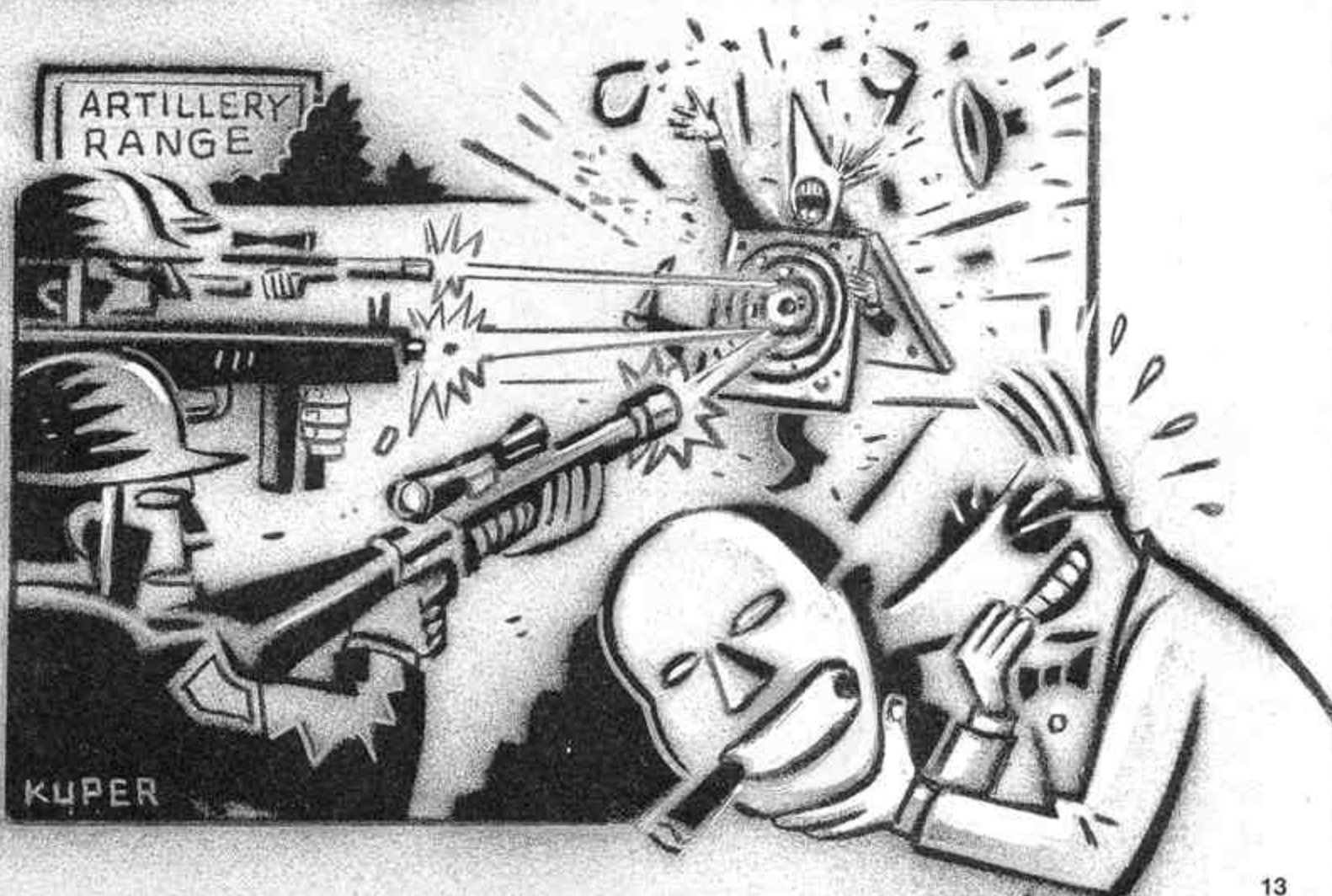
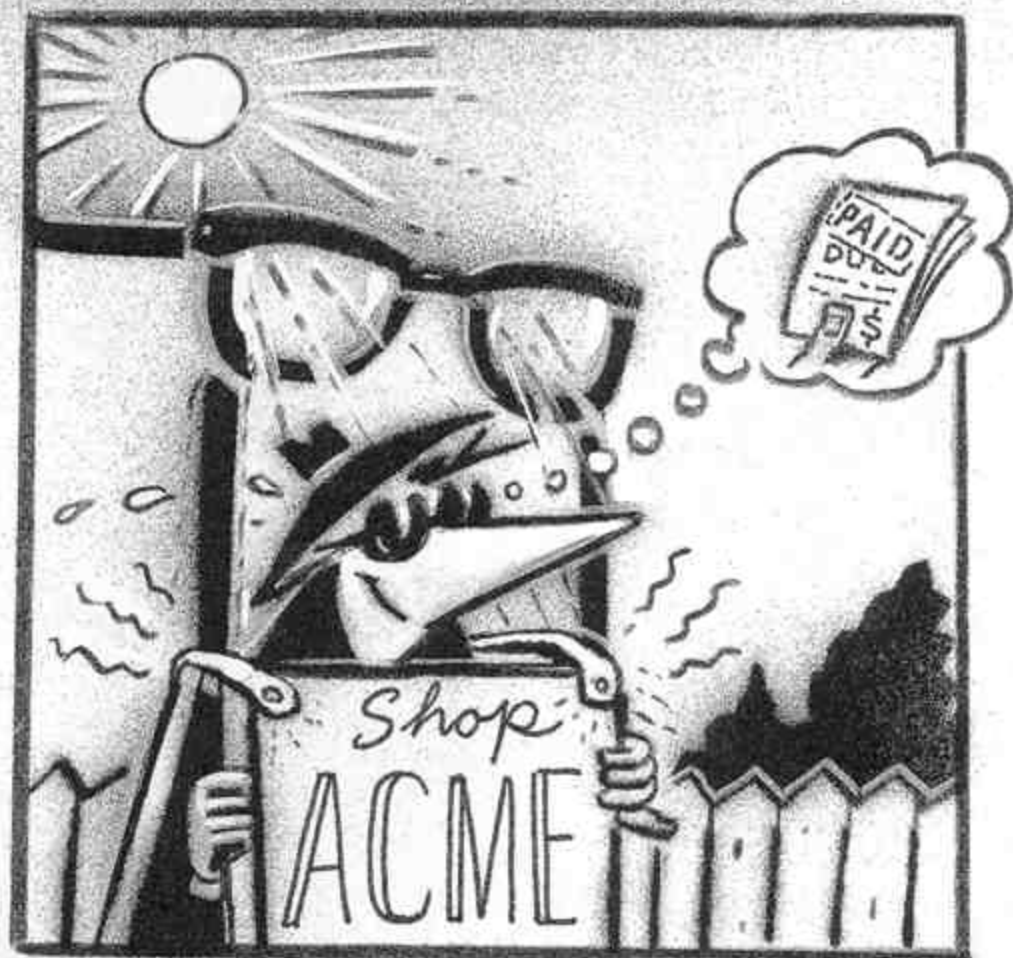
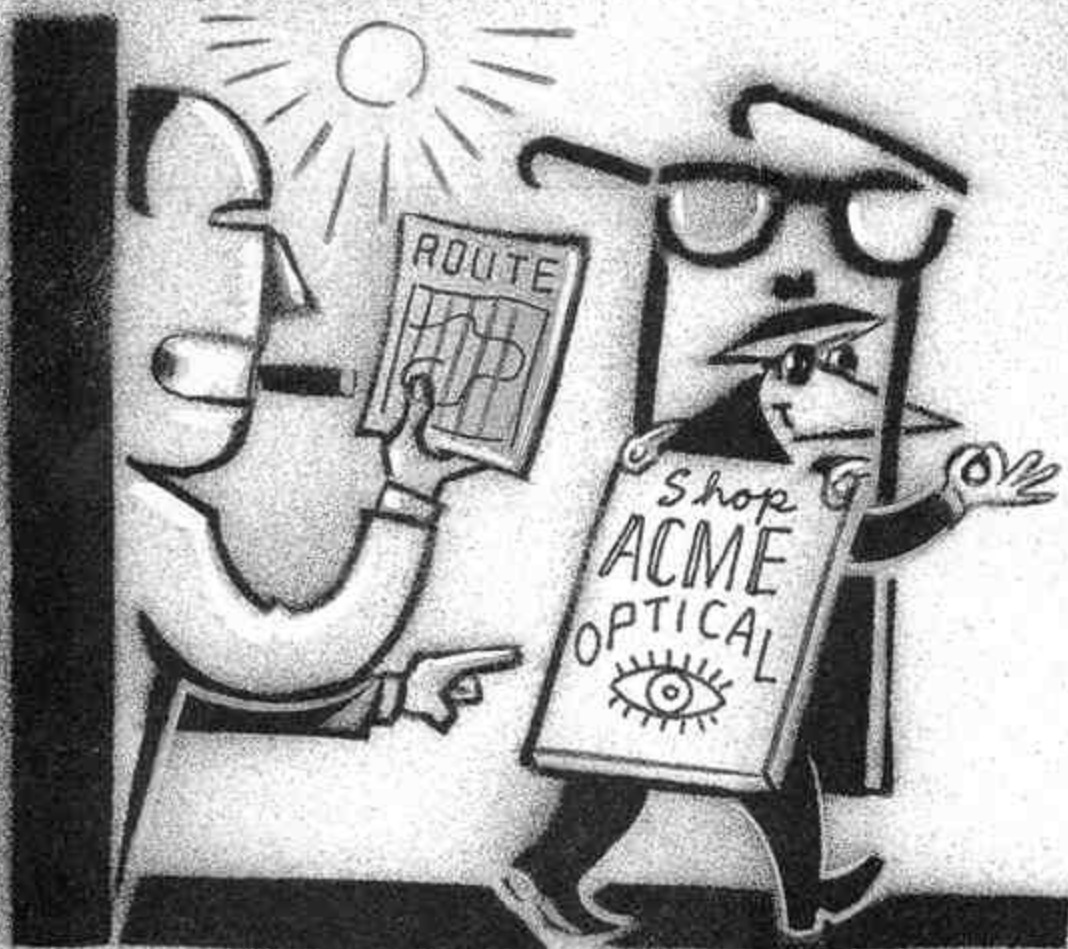
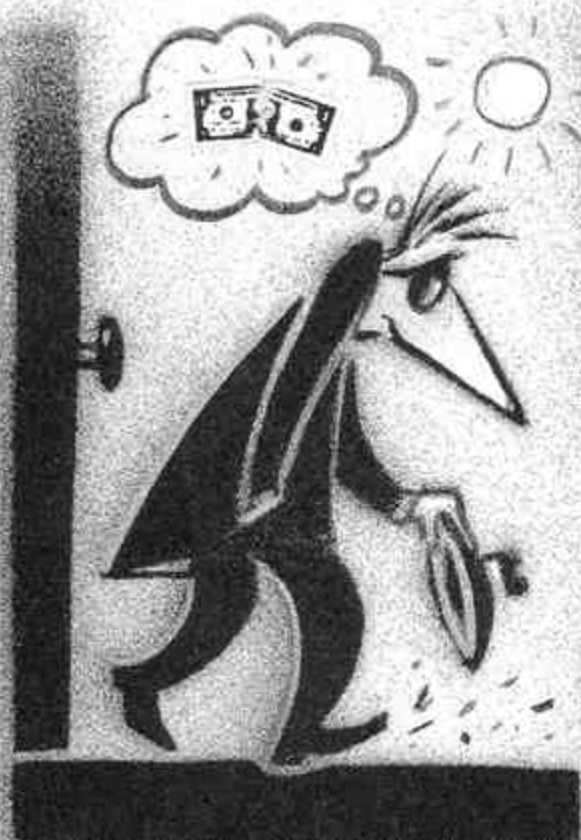
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INTERNET DEPT.

For the last fifty years, when two world leaders wanted to discuss important diplomatic issues they flew half way around the world to some small Scandinavian country and met face to face. But it occurred to us that in the era of the Internet, the traditional summit meeting is costly and inefficient. Why, just think of the money they'd save on security, airfare, hookers and vodka...

IF CLINTON AND YELTSIN Held THEIR SUMMITS IN A PRIVATE ONLINE CHAT ROOM



PrezBubba: (((((Boris))))))
 DRUNKBORIS: (((((Bill))))))
 PrezBubba: What's up?
 DRUNKBORIS: nmh
 DRUNKBORIS: How's the knee?
 PrezBubba: They may have to amputate
 PrezBubba: <---just kidding
 DRUNKBORIS: lol
 PrezBubba: BTW, are you going to join NATO or not?
 DRUNKBORIS: no
 PrezBubba: :(
 PrezBubba: age/sex check
 DRUNKBORIS: 66/m
 PrezBubba: 51/m
 PrezBubba: come on...join NATO
 DRUNKBORIS: I WILL NOT JOIN NATO!!!
 PrezBubba: k
 PrezBubba: No need to yell
 PrezBubba: What about arms reduction?
 PrezBubba: well
 PrezBubba: ?
 PrezBubba: you there?
 DRUNKBORIS: <---sorry
 DRUNKBORIS: I got an IM from some borscht belt babe
 PrezBubba: kewl
 PrezBubba: was she looking for some cyber?
 DRUNKBORIS: No...just complaining about the rampant unemployment! Asking ME to do something about it!
 DRUNKBORIS: <g>
 PrezBubba: LMAO
 PrezBubba: So are you gonna lose the juke?
 DRUNKBORIS: juke?
 PrezBubba: oops...
 PrezBubba: nukes
 DRUNKBORIS: yeah, sure...why not. :)
 PrezBubba: wtg, Boris!
 DRUNKBORIS: (((((Bill))))))
 PrezBubba: <---feels very diplomatic right now
 DRUNKBORIS: o.k. are we done cuz i wanna go to The Best Lil Chathouse now
 PrezBubba: guess so...I'm going to AskFemaleAnything
 DRUNKBORIS: you're sick!
 PrezBubba: ;)
 DRUNKBORIS: anyway, cya
 PrezBubba: peace, out

ARTIST: RICK TULKA
 WRITER: ANDREW J. SCHWARTZBERG

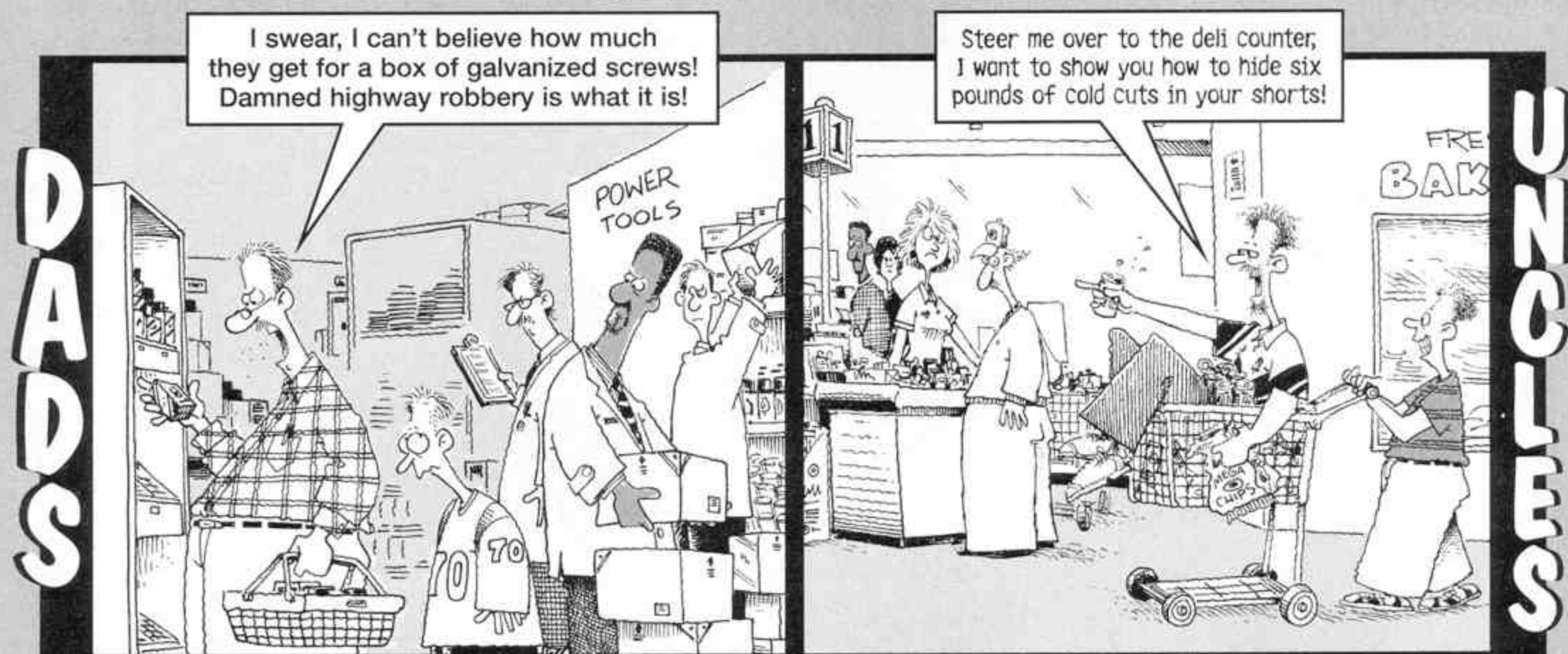


When you're a kid, no one piles the crap on you faster or higher than your old man. Part taskmaster and part dork, odds are your father is a never-ending source of misery and shame! On the other hand, your dad's brother, freed from the shackles of parental responsibility, is no doubt a really swell guy, as you'll see in . . .

WHY UNCLES ARE BETTER THAN DADS



GOING SHOPPING



IN THE JOHN

D
A
D
S

I'm afraid my lactose intolerance is acting up again! I suggest if you boys need to do poopy, you use the other bathroom!



Hey, come in here and check this out! Those gummy bears I swallowed whole are back! It looks like The Care Bears in Hell in here!

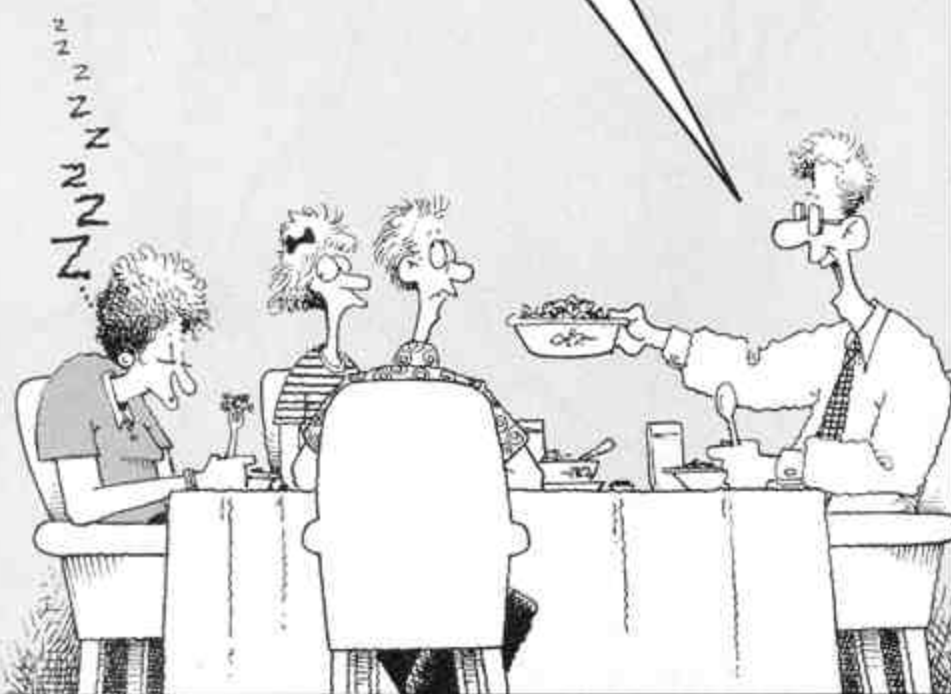


U
N
C
L
E
S

DINNER CONVERSATION

D
A
D
S

And then Henderson tells the guy to assume an 8.25% fixed! Well, the guy's going mutual funds all the way! Have you ever heard anything so funny?



Come on! Don't tell me you didn't know your old man was a bedwetter! He was a regular Ol' Faithful! Am I right, Bob?!



U
N
C
L
E
S

BIRTHDAYS

D
A
D
S

You'll enjoy this son, it's sensible clothing!



Don't tell your folks I gave this to you! It's a goat's tongue!



U
N
C
L
E
S

FAMILY PHOTOS

DADS



UNCLES

SCHOOL BULLIES

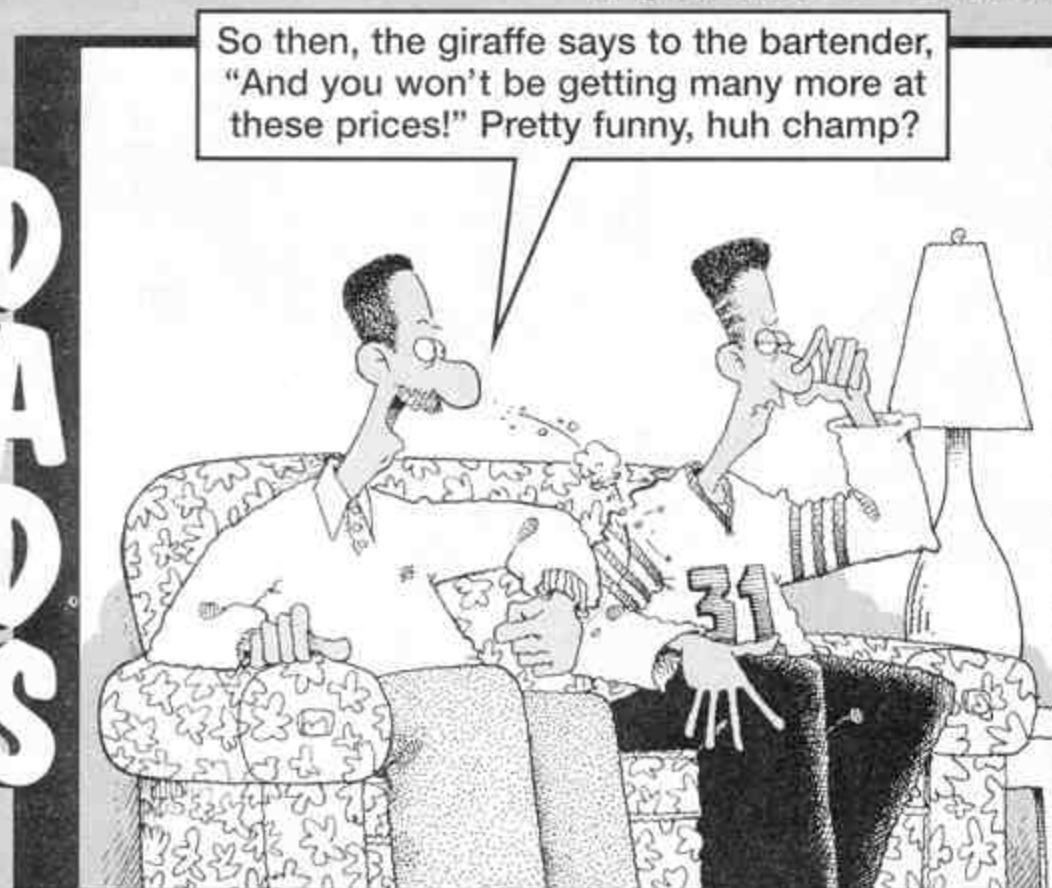
DADS



UNCLES

FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT

DADS

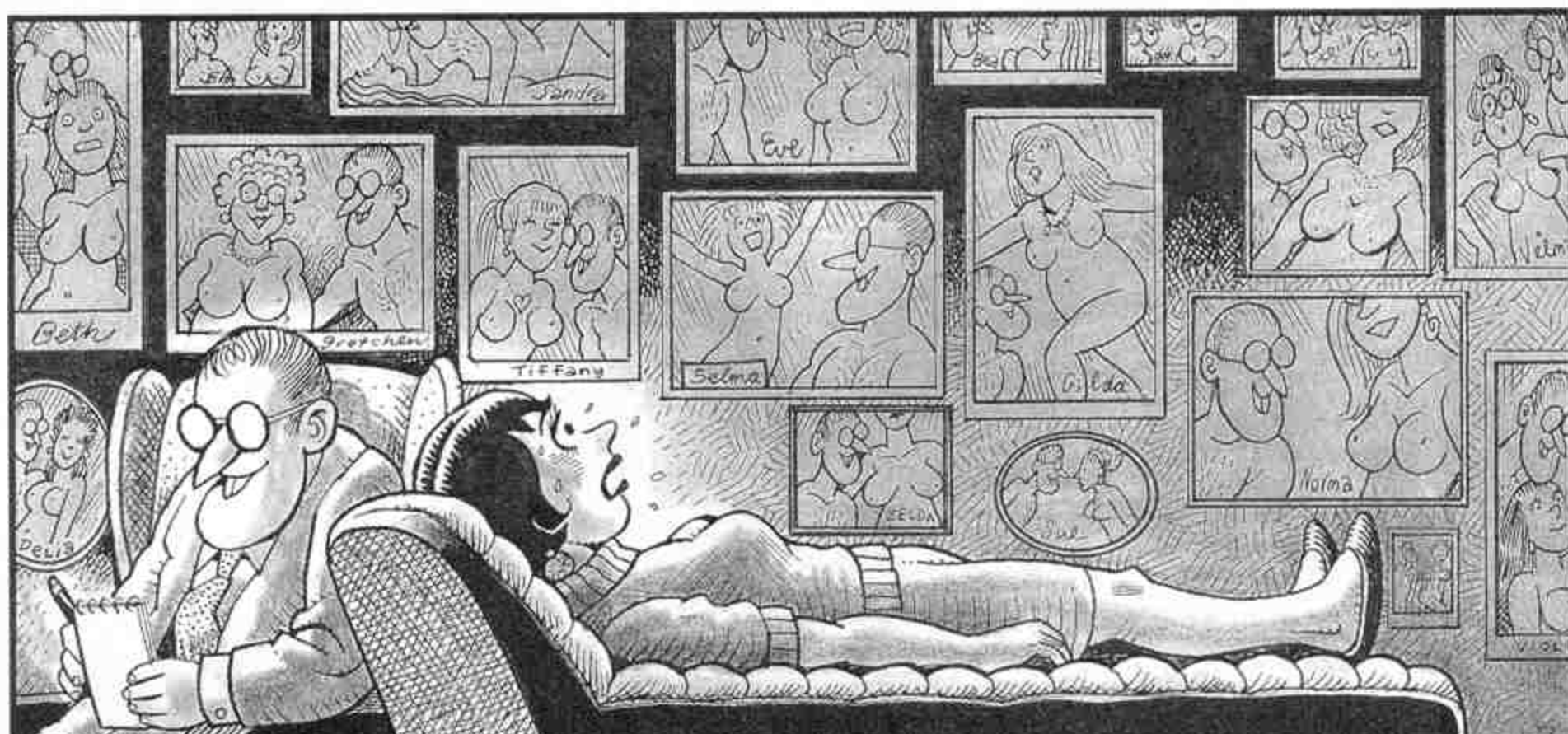


UNCLES

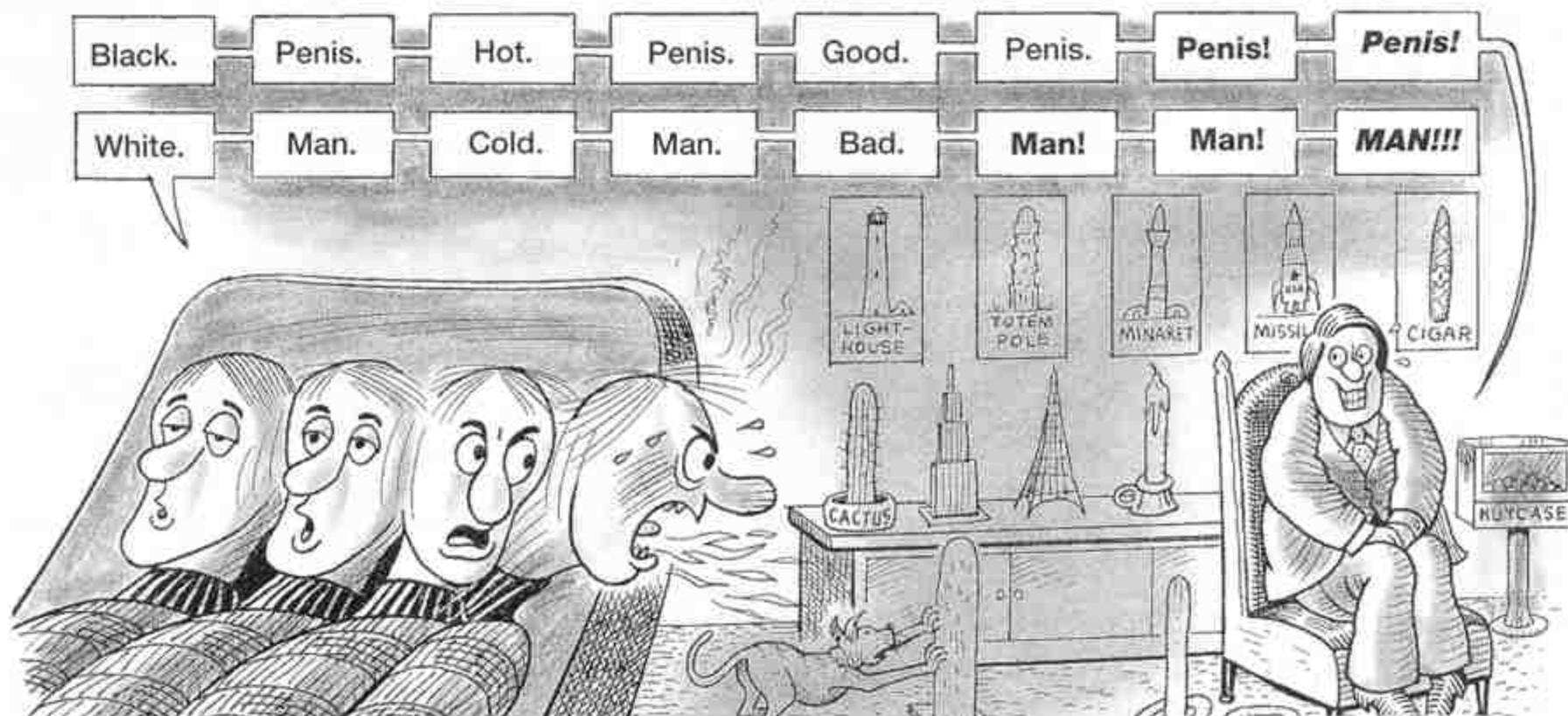


So, you've taken the first step toward mental healing by going into therapy. Too bad you probably put more thought into your last beer purchase than you did in selecting the person with whom you will share your most intimate (and perverted!) secrets! How do you know if they're qualified? How do you know if they're really helping you? How do you know if these overpaid hacks are even listening? **YOU DON'T!** But you should definitely...

**GET A NEW
PSYCHIATRIST
IF...**



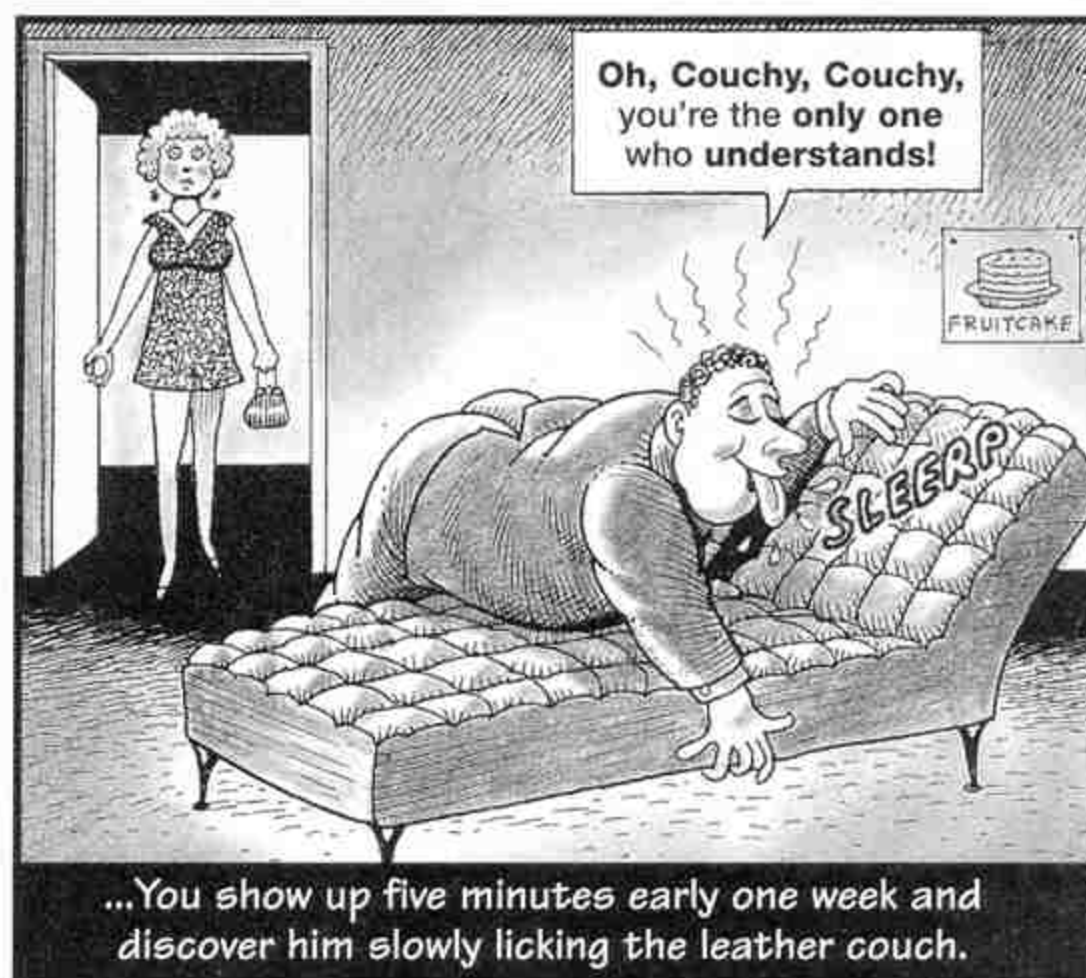
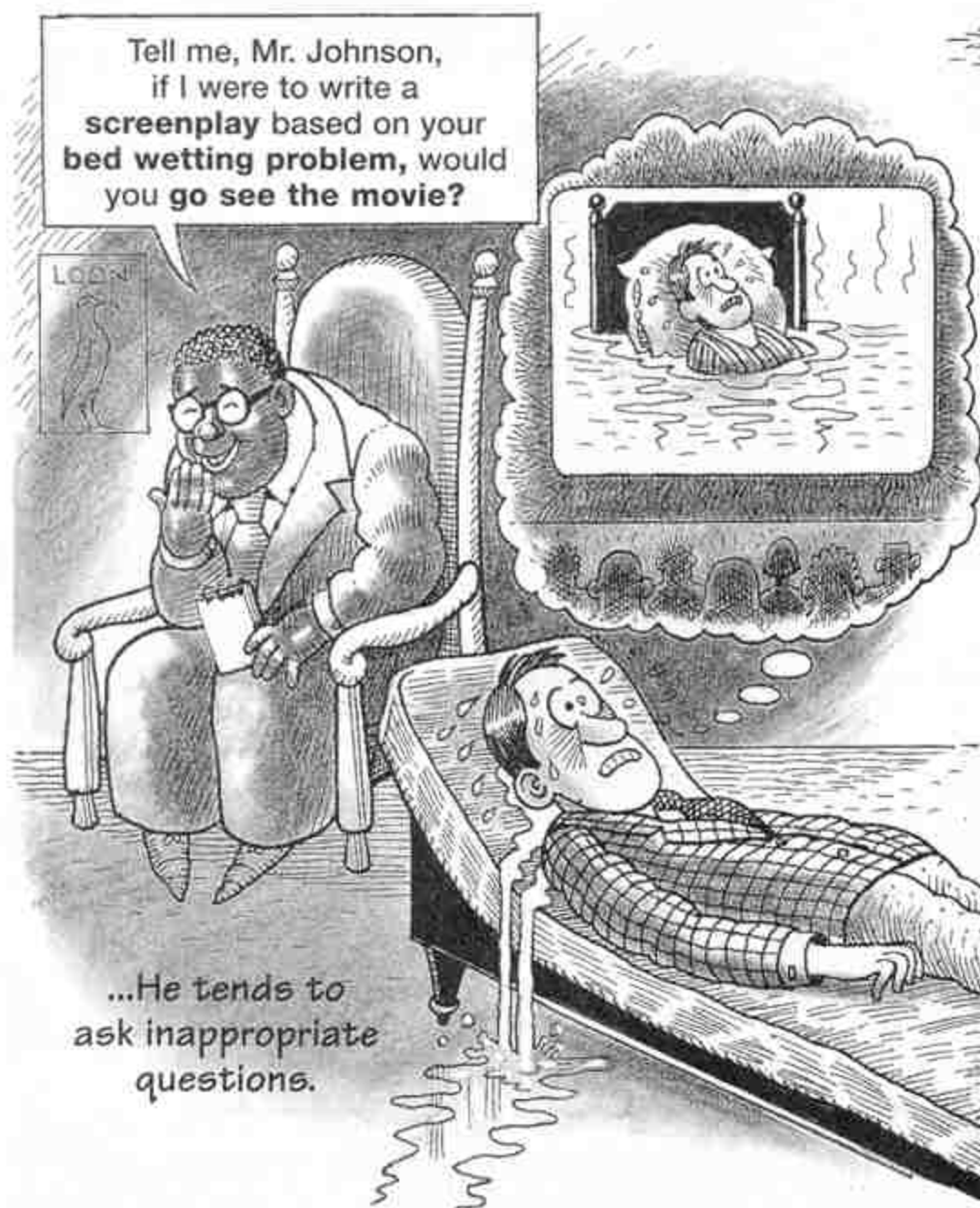
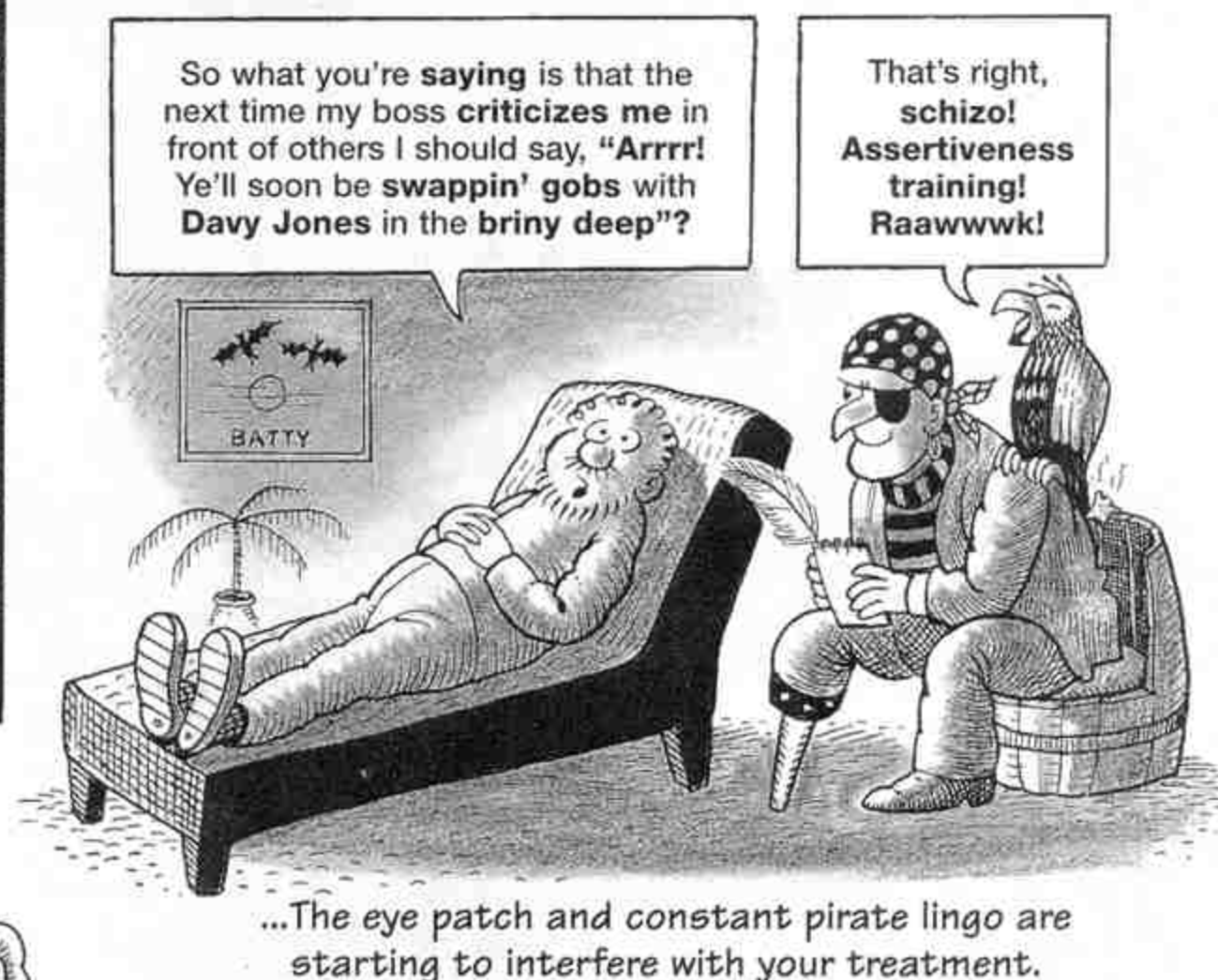
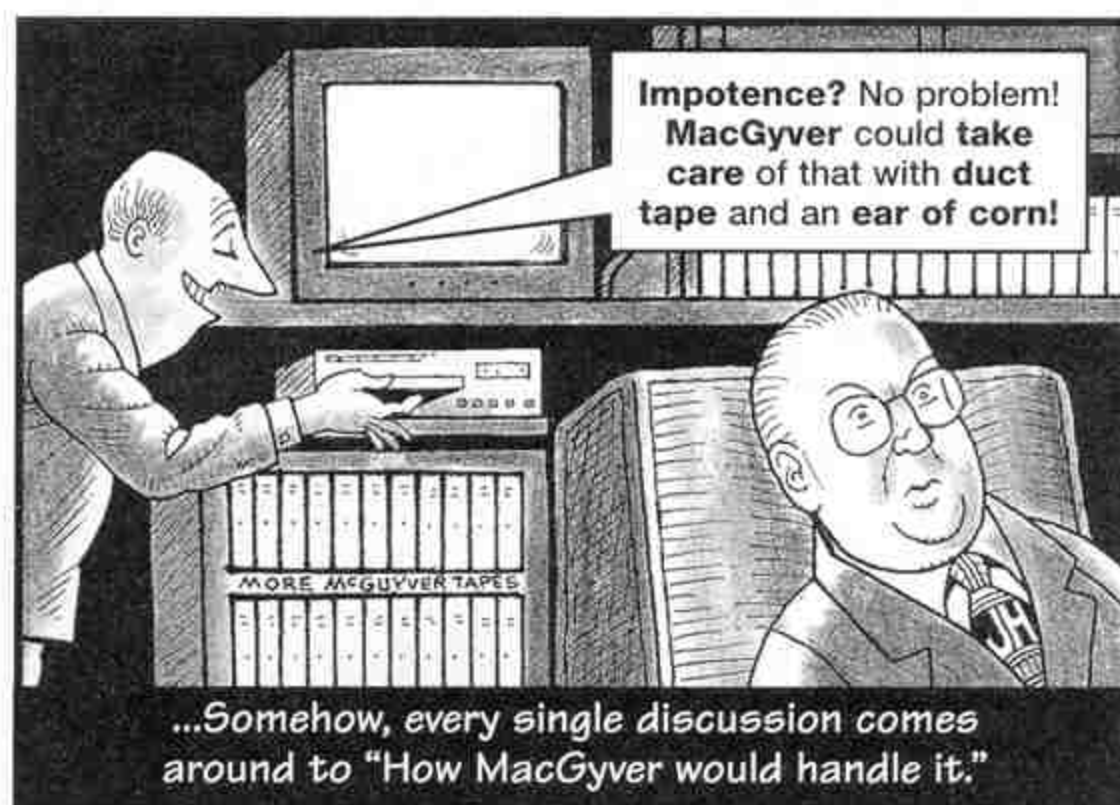
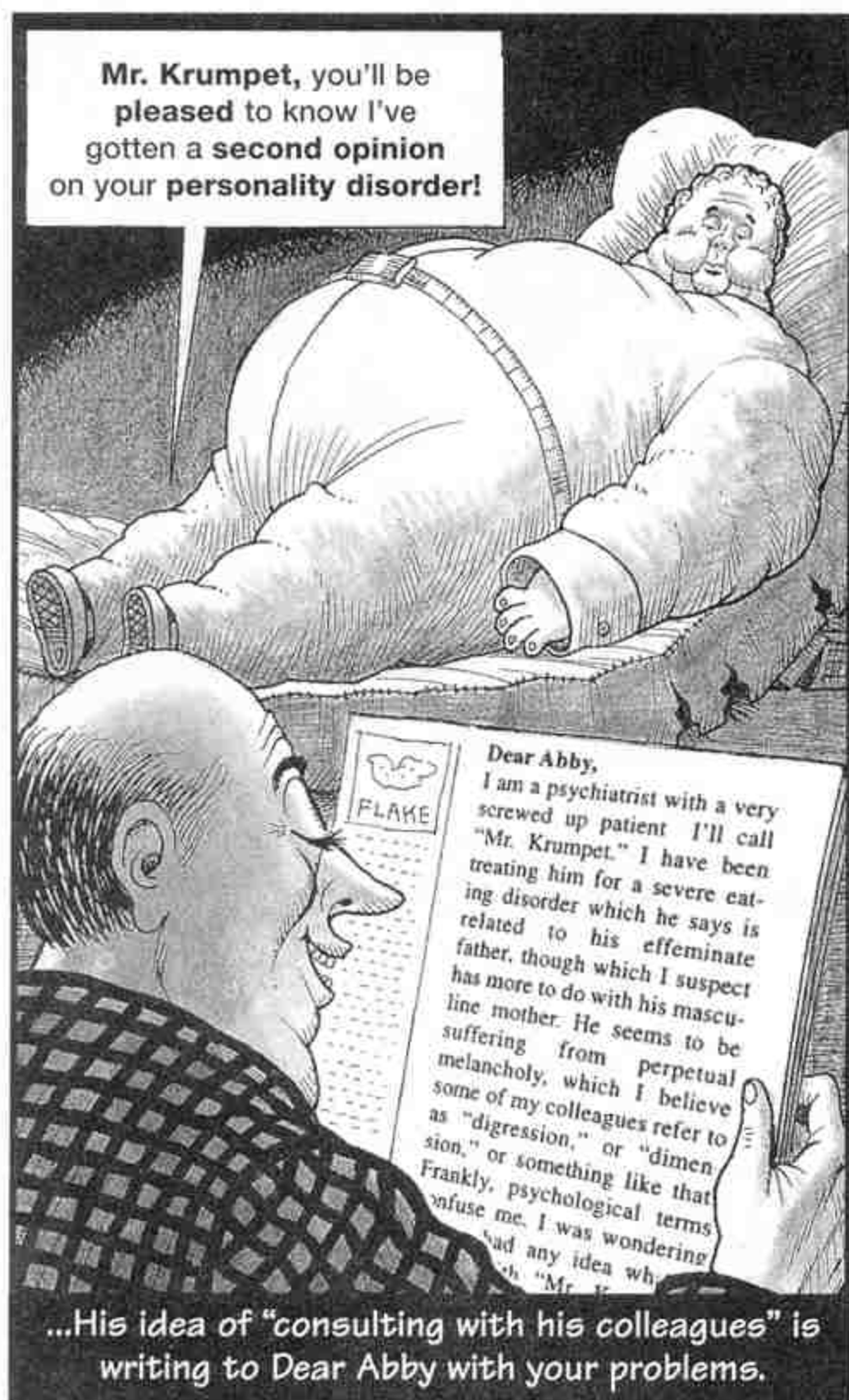
...His walls are covered with pictures of himself with his patients.



...During Free Association, he keeps coming back to the same word.



...He has an unusual approach to dispensing drugs.



GET A NEW PSYCHIATRIST IF...

Go on, tell me more about your ambivalent relationship with Sonic the Hedgeh - um, I mean your parents.



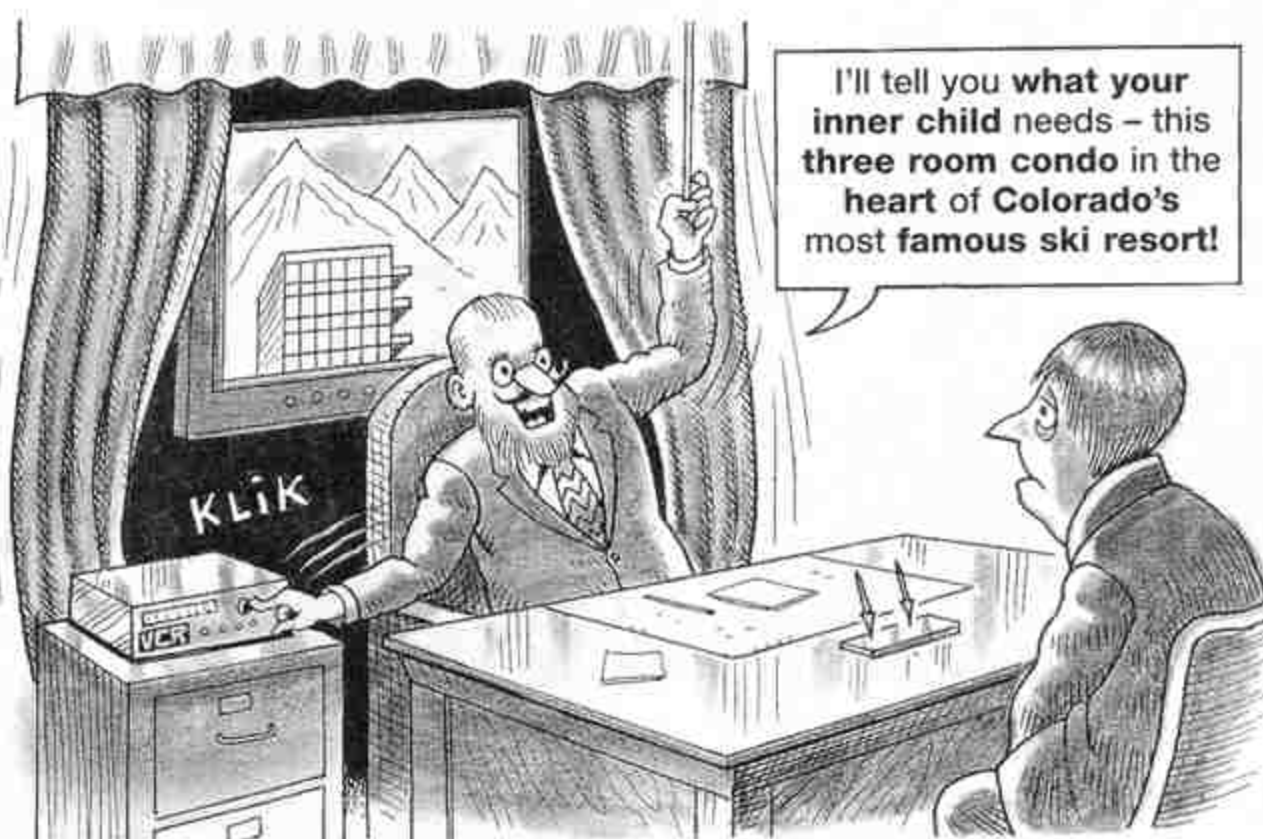
...At a moment of personal breakthrough, you distinctly hear the beeping noise of a Gameboy.



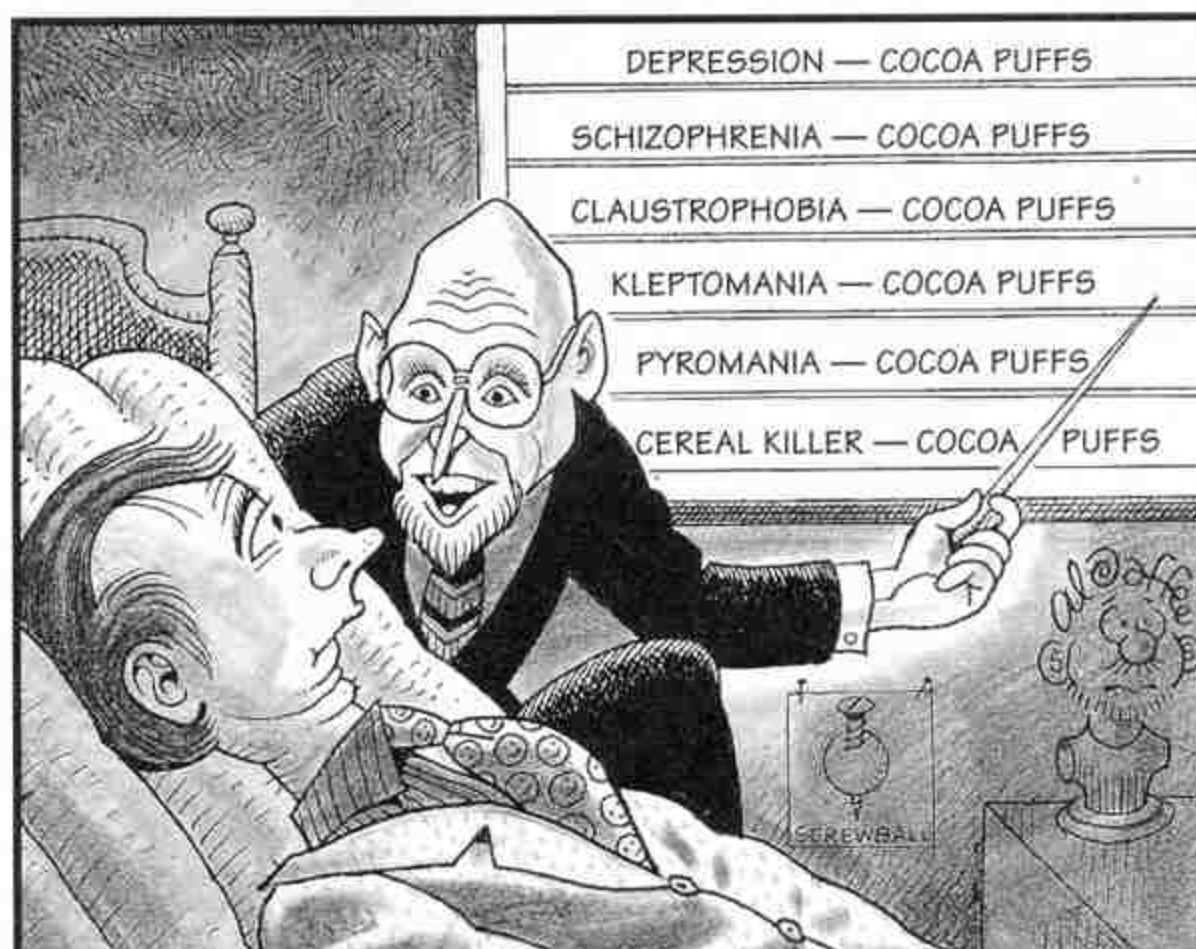
...When you ask him if he thinks you might be suffering from penis envy, he says, "Boo-hoo, sister - join the club!"



...When you ask his opinion about the Ritalin controversy, he says, "No way could he beat the Joker!"



...His version of Freud's revelatory technique involves curing patients by selling them fun-filled time-share vacations in Aspen.



...It just doesn't ring true that every one of your problems stems from your being "Cuckoo for Cocoa Puffs."



THE SCHMUCKS STOP HERE DEPT.

Hungry for knowledge? Well, you turned to the right page! They're back—MAD's own Didactic Duo in an all-new mind-expanding installment of...

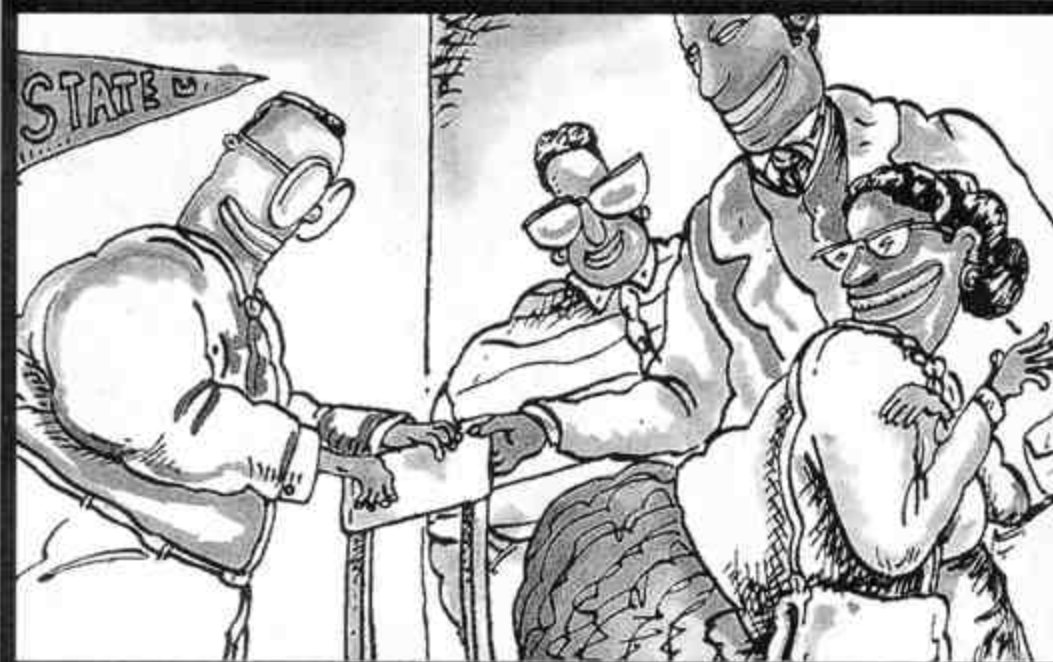


Melvin & Jenkins'

GUIDE TO HIGHER EDUCATION

Jenkins

greet his roommate's parents warmly on Orientation Day and offers them a chair.



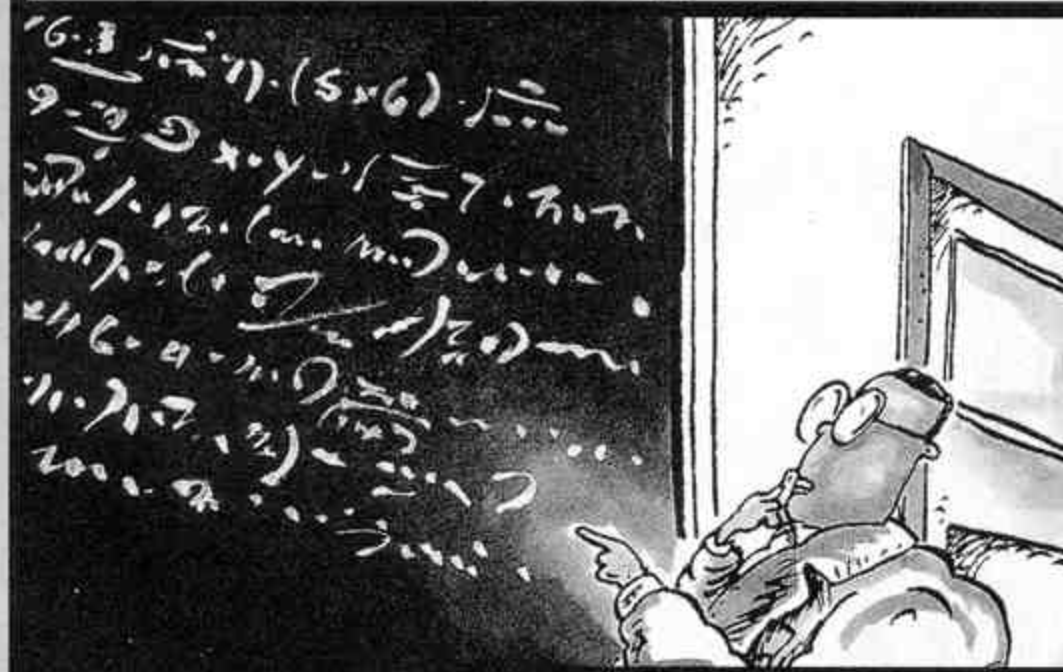
Melvin

greet his roommate's parents warmly and offers them a hit off his bong.



Jenkins

devotes a huge amount of work to a scientific theory that flops, but he knows that understanding failure is perhaps the most valuable part of any person's education.



Melvin

blows three years of tuition on his pet theory, after charting the Powerball Lotto for two solid weeks and deciding 34, 44 and 8 were "due."



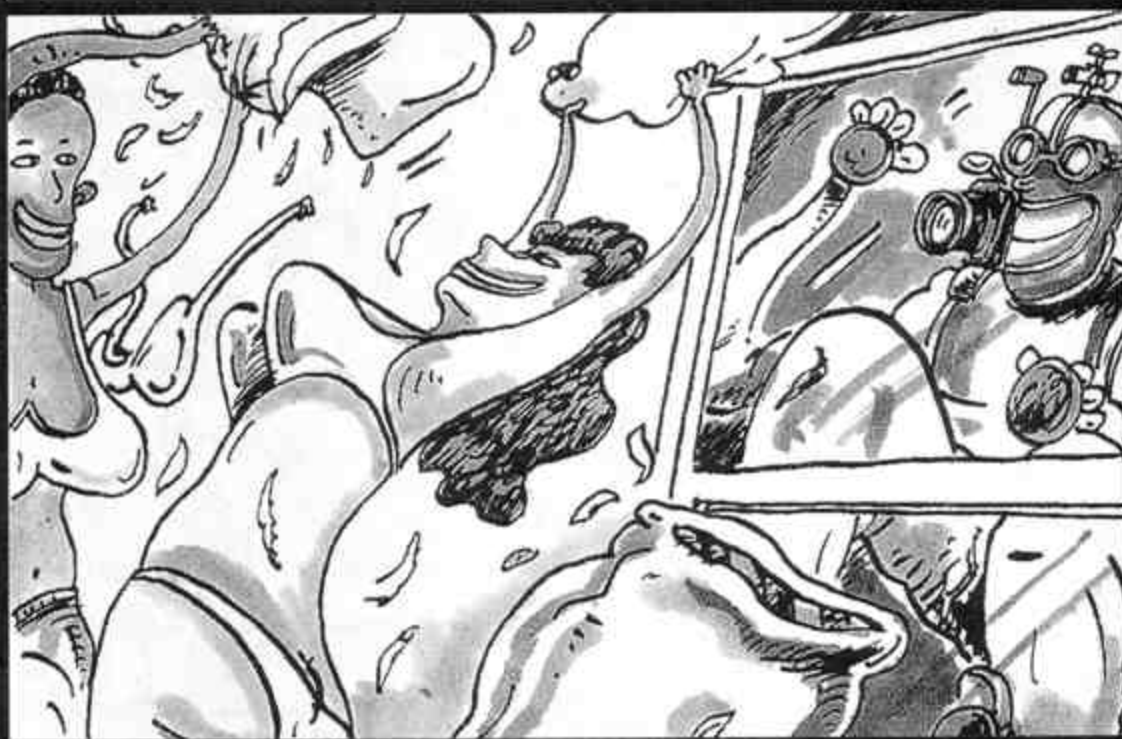
Jenkins

likes living in the co-ed dorms, because he believes that society is moving towards bias-free interaction between the sexes.



Melvin

spends his entire student loan on surveillance equipment, and never regrets a dime of it.



Jenkins

spends countless hours in the library researching his thesis, "Give Me the Sun: Dual Pillars and Duality of Character in the Works of Henrik Ibsen."



Melvin

watches a few GE commercials to produce "Mr. Electricity: Our Invisible Helper."



Jenkins

spends so much extra time at the biology lab that they eventually make an extra key for his personal use.



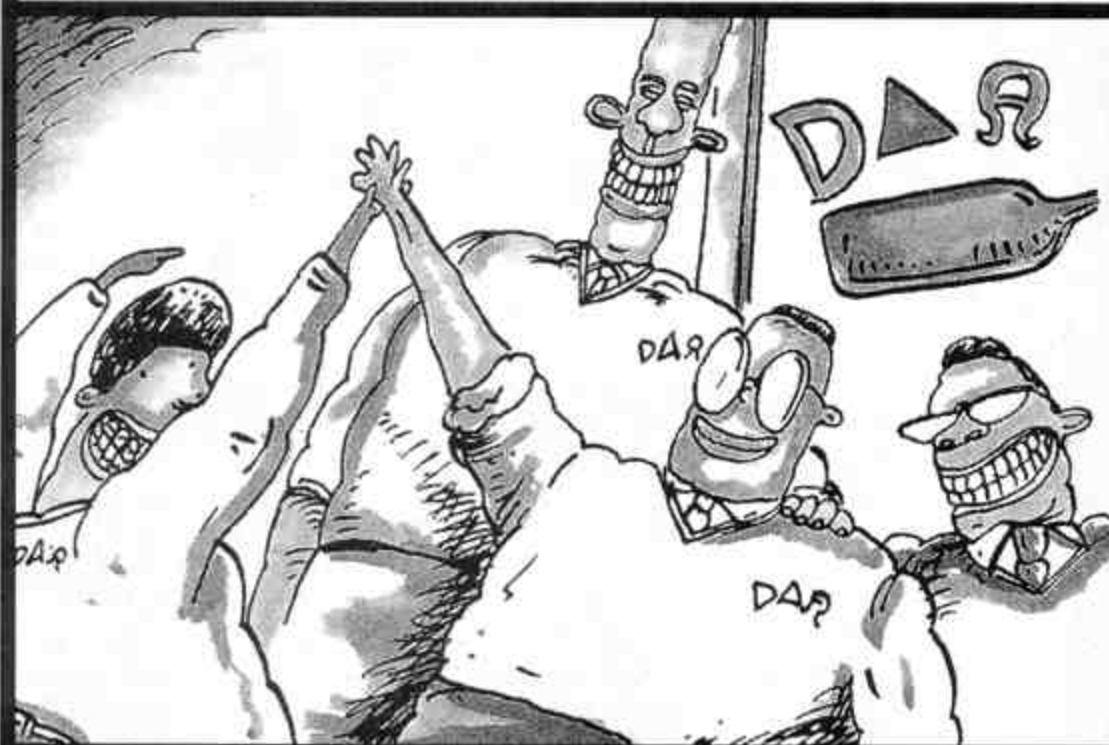
Melvin

after one too many "incidents," is not permitted to leave the lab until they've counted all the hamsters.



Jenkins

is number one among his fraternity brothers with a GPA of 4.0.



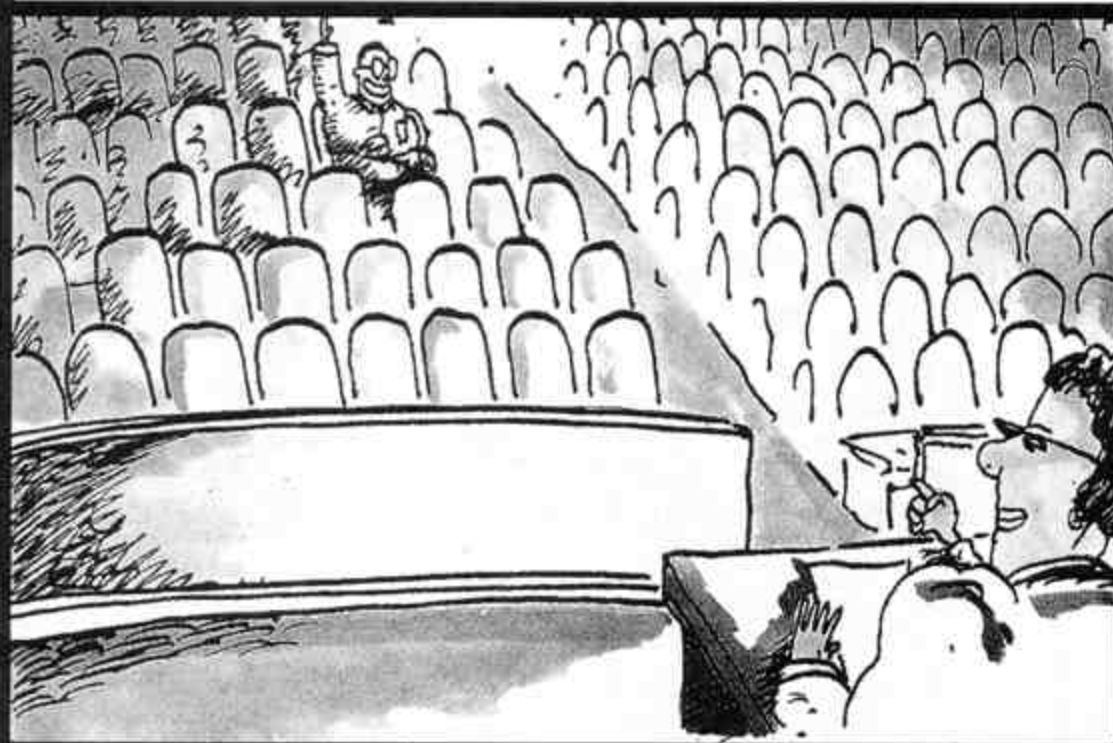
Melvin

is number one among his fraternity brothers with a blood alcohol level of 4.8.



Jenkins

stays behind after class has ended so he can go over the trickier points of the lecture with his professor.



Melvin

lingers behind too, so he can huff the chalk erasers.



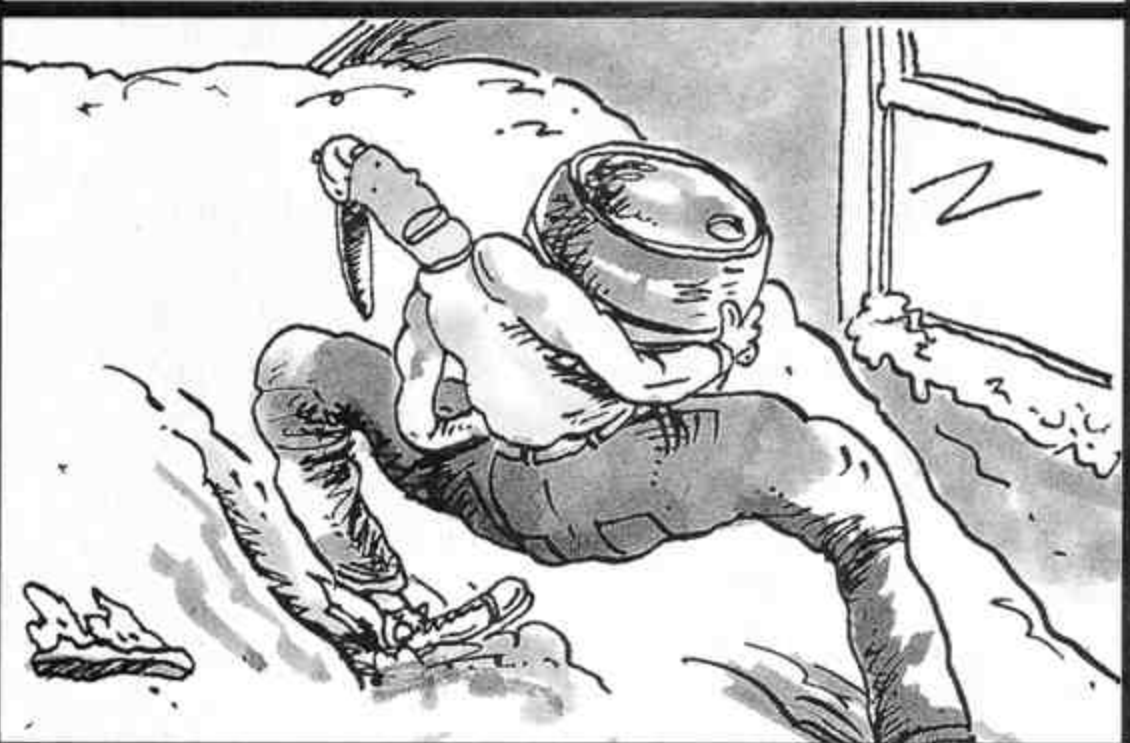
Jenkins

has learned that it's practically impossible to know the nature of man without knowing one's self first.



Melvin

has learned that it's practically impossible to walk a slanty roof in wintertime while carrying a full keg.





Because you asked for it . . .

The BALLAD of

ARTIST: GERRY GERSTEN

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

You can talk of Tricky Dick
And of others just as slick,
Who've impressed us with their double-talking skill;
But for hushing up a scandal,
Ain't no one can hold a candle
To that Oval Office smoothie, Bubba Bill.

He learned fast in Arkansas
How to zigzag 'round the law
In the sixties when the draft he was evading;
He made Hillary his wife,
And she soon enriched his life
With her shady hit-and-run insider trading.

It was Bill! Bill! Bill!
Looking righteous while some buddy robbed the till;
But by cleverly concealing
All his shifty wheeling-dealing,
He soon made it to the top did Bubba Bill.

Sure, he's beat the rap so far
By stonewalling Kenneth Starr,
But his sleazy past we can't be disregarding,
Once he's forced to cop a plea,
Most historians agree
He'll be ranking right up there with Warren Harding.

All it takes is some persuasion
If you're filthy rich and Asian,
And he'll grant you special favors left and right;
Just help out the DNC
And results he'll guarantee,
Plus you'll get the Lincoln Bedroom for the night.

Yep, it's Bill! Bill! Bill!
It's a wonder that he's hanging in there still;
But he slithers out of trouble,
Paying off his pal, Web Hubbell,
Ain't no scandal rubbing off on Bubba Bill.



Now you may have heard perchance
He can't keep it in his pants,
That his bimbo list is thick as a thesaurus;
When you have exalted status,
You can always get it gratis,
'Stead of paying high-priced hookers like Dick Morris.

When you hear that Paula Jones
Claims he lusted for her bones,
You can bet her accusations he'll deny;
We should take him at his word,
That her charges are absurd;
Hey, we ask you—would a politician lie?

Yep, it's Bill! Bill! Bill!
Will he bed another floozie for a thrill?
'Course, it's only fair to state
What with Hillary his mate,
Any one-night stand will do for Bubba Bill.

BUBBA BILL

(with a tip of the hat – and apologies – to Rudy "Gunga Din" Kipling)



Most believed the ballyhoo
When he ran in '92,
Standing up for people's freedom ev'rywhere;
Now he flip-flops in the breeze,
Sucking up to the Chinese –
As for human rights, well, heck, that's their affair.

Hear him promising more cops
(Always good for photo ops)
When he's speaking out real strong for law and order;
Then he'll waffle, don't you know,
And he'll sweet-talk Mexico
While those drugs keep pouring in across the border.

Yep it's Bill! Bill! Bill!
As those prosecutors move in for the kill;
But he's shifty to the max
And he covers up his tracks,
And it's tough to get the goods on Bubba Bill.

Johnny Huang and Travelgate –
Sleazy deals in real estate –
Seems another scandal's breaking almost daily;
White House cronies into crime –
Both McDougals doing time –
Guess it's time to get in touch with F. Lee Bailey.

How'd he ever get this way?
Should we check his DNA
For some chromosome that should be there but's not?
Makes no difference what's the cause;
There's a trail of broken laws,
And those "can't remember" answers don't mean squat!

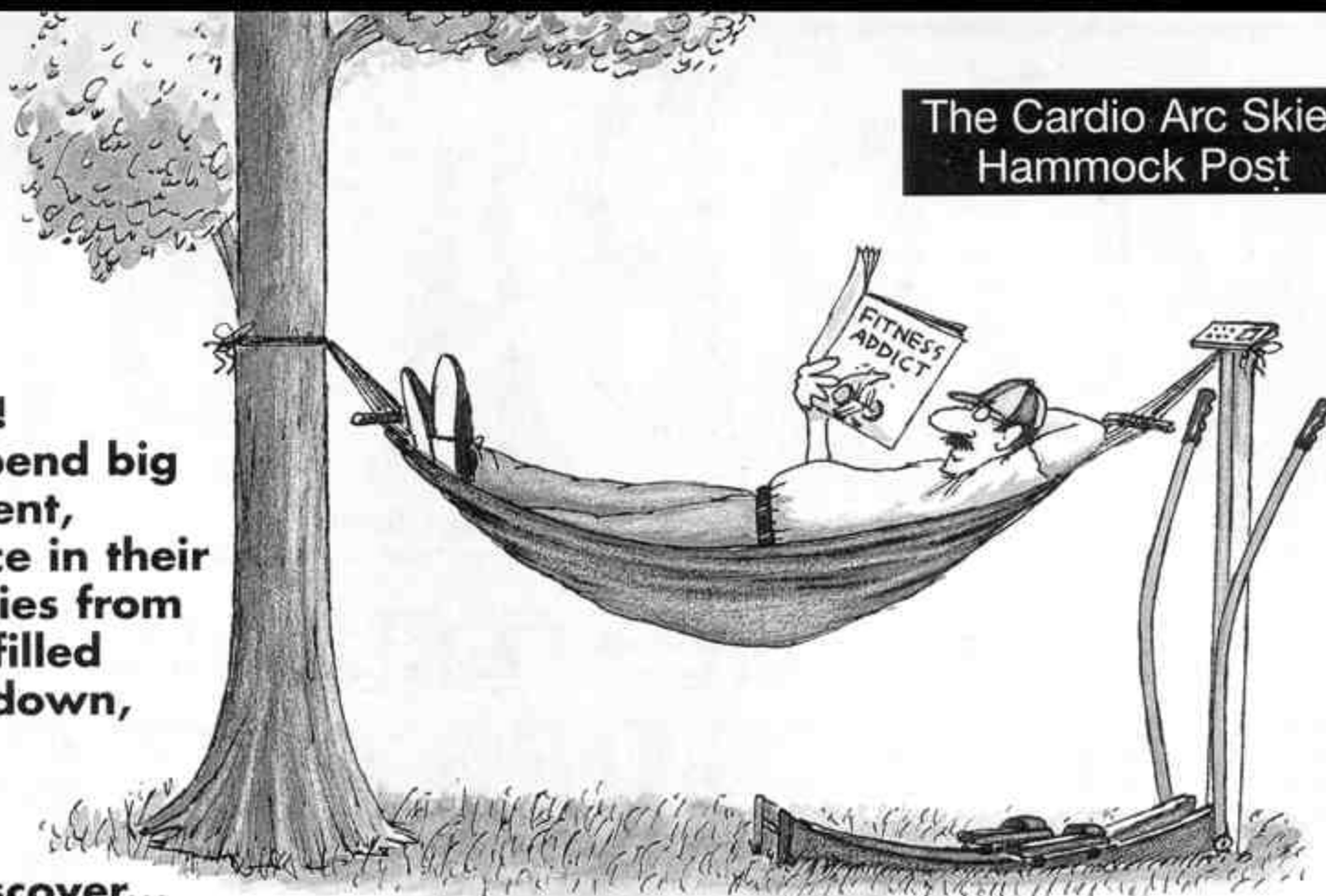
Yep, it's Bill! Bill! Bill!
Waking up to find the country's had its fill;
Soon he'll make his farewell speech
(Can you say the word "impeach"?)
And at last we'll all be rid of Bubba Bill.



ABS NAUSEAM DEPT.

America is obsessed with physical fitness: workout videos, health clubs, personal trainers and the biggest scam of all, home exercise machines! Millions of gullible schmucks spend big bucks on sophisticated equipment, convinced that its mere presence in their homes will transform their bodies from obese, blubber-laden, cellulite-filled bags of excess fat to trimmed-down, pumped up, perfectly sculpted, irresistible things of beauty! Unfortunately, they're in for a rude awakening when they discover...

The Cardio Arc Skier Hammock Post



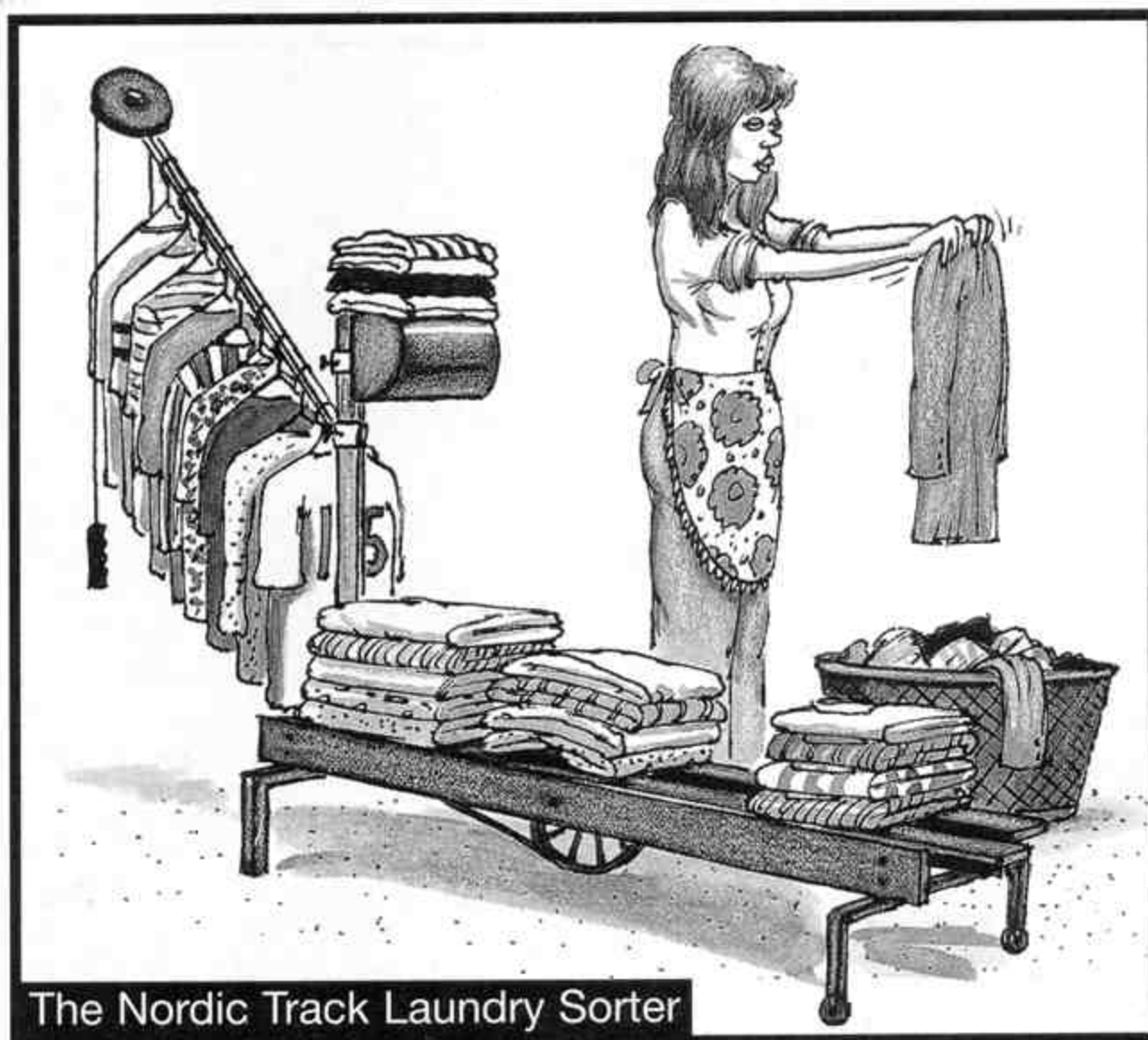
What Exercise REALLY U



The Treadmill Boot Drainer

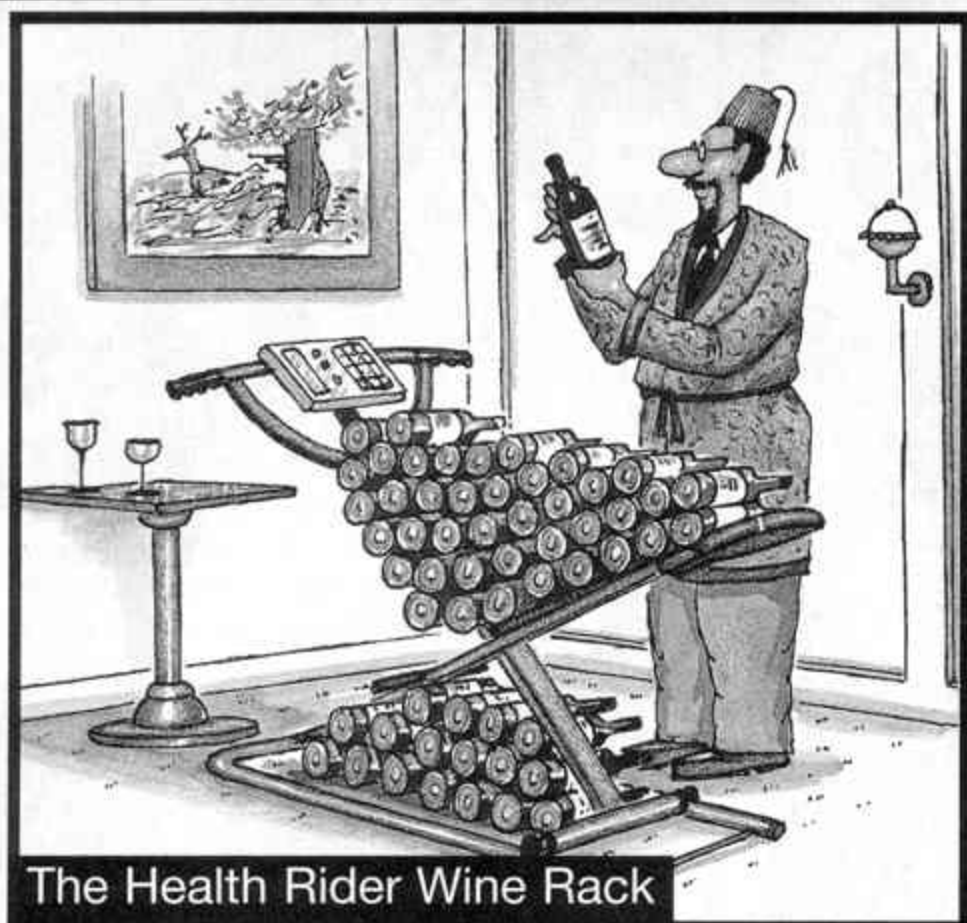


The Thigh-Burner Painting Easel

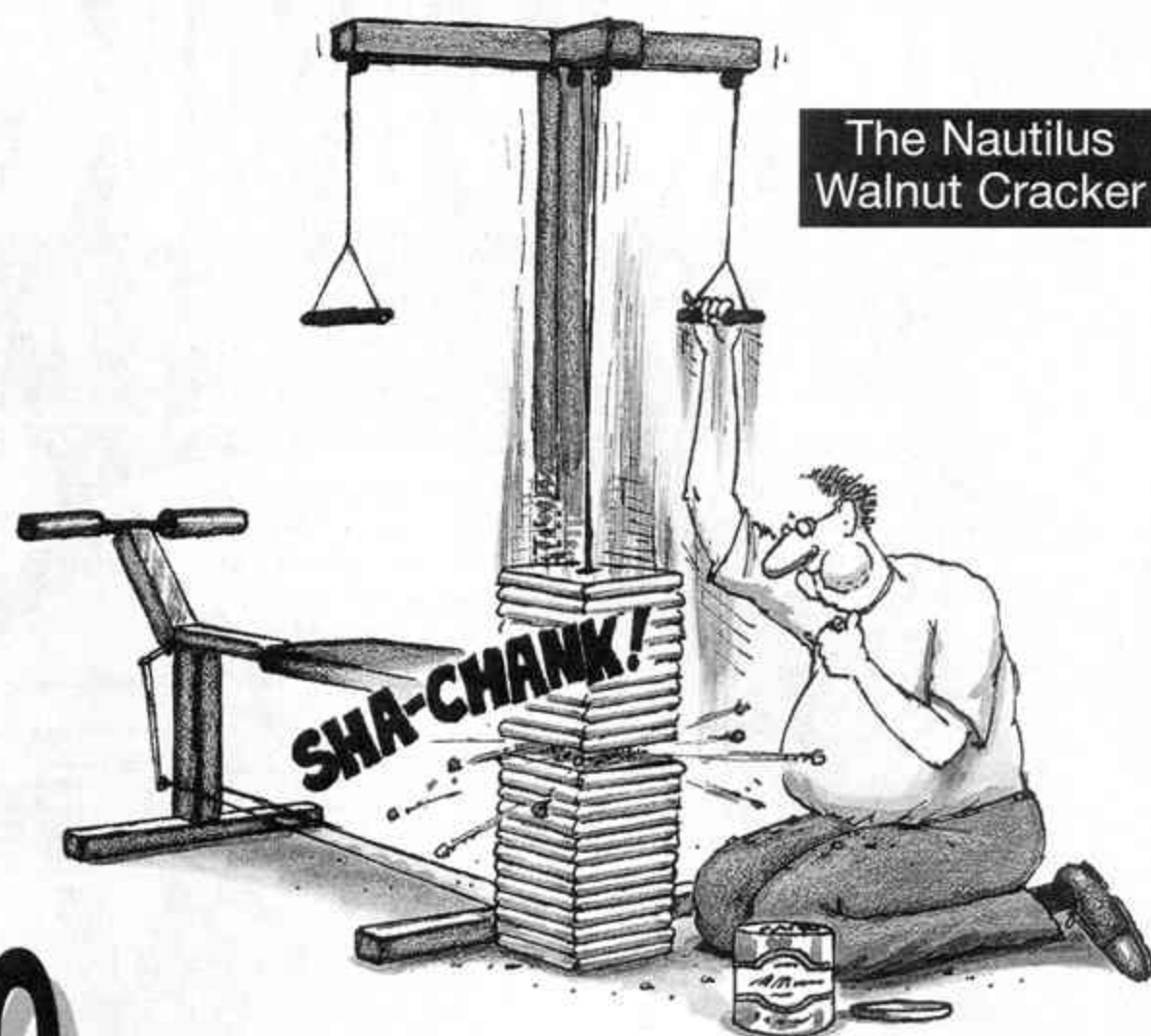


The Nordic Track Laundry Sorter

ARTIST & WRITER: TOM CHENEY



The Health Rider Wine Rack



The Nautilus Walnut Cracker

Machines Are SED FOR

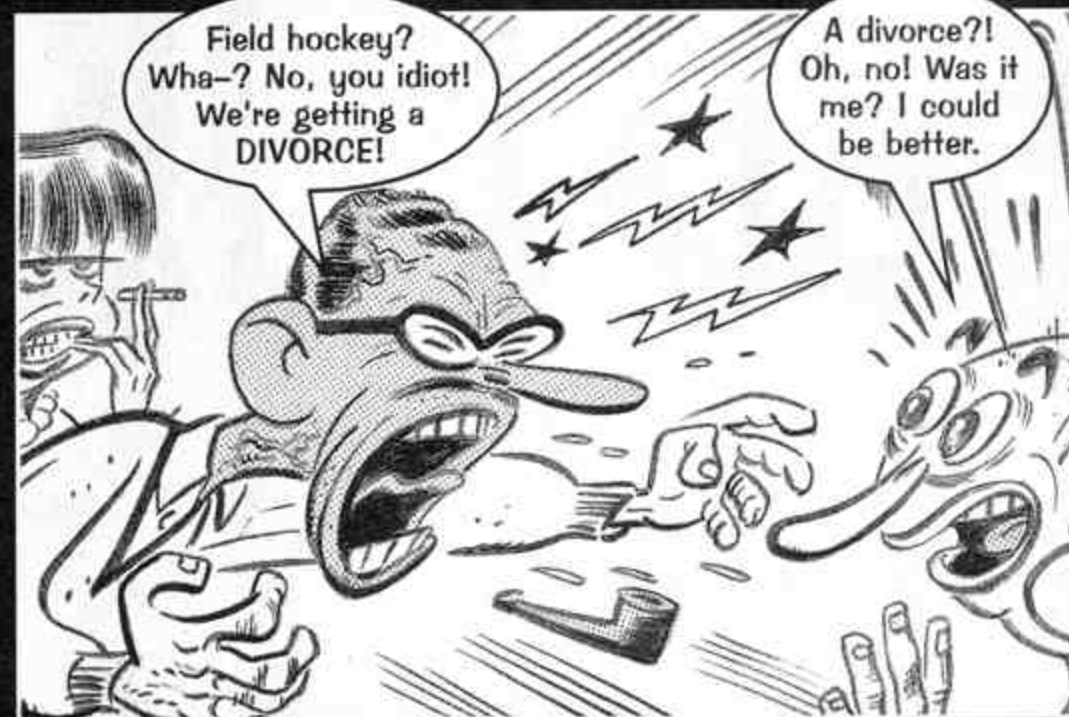
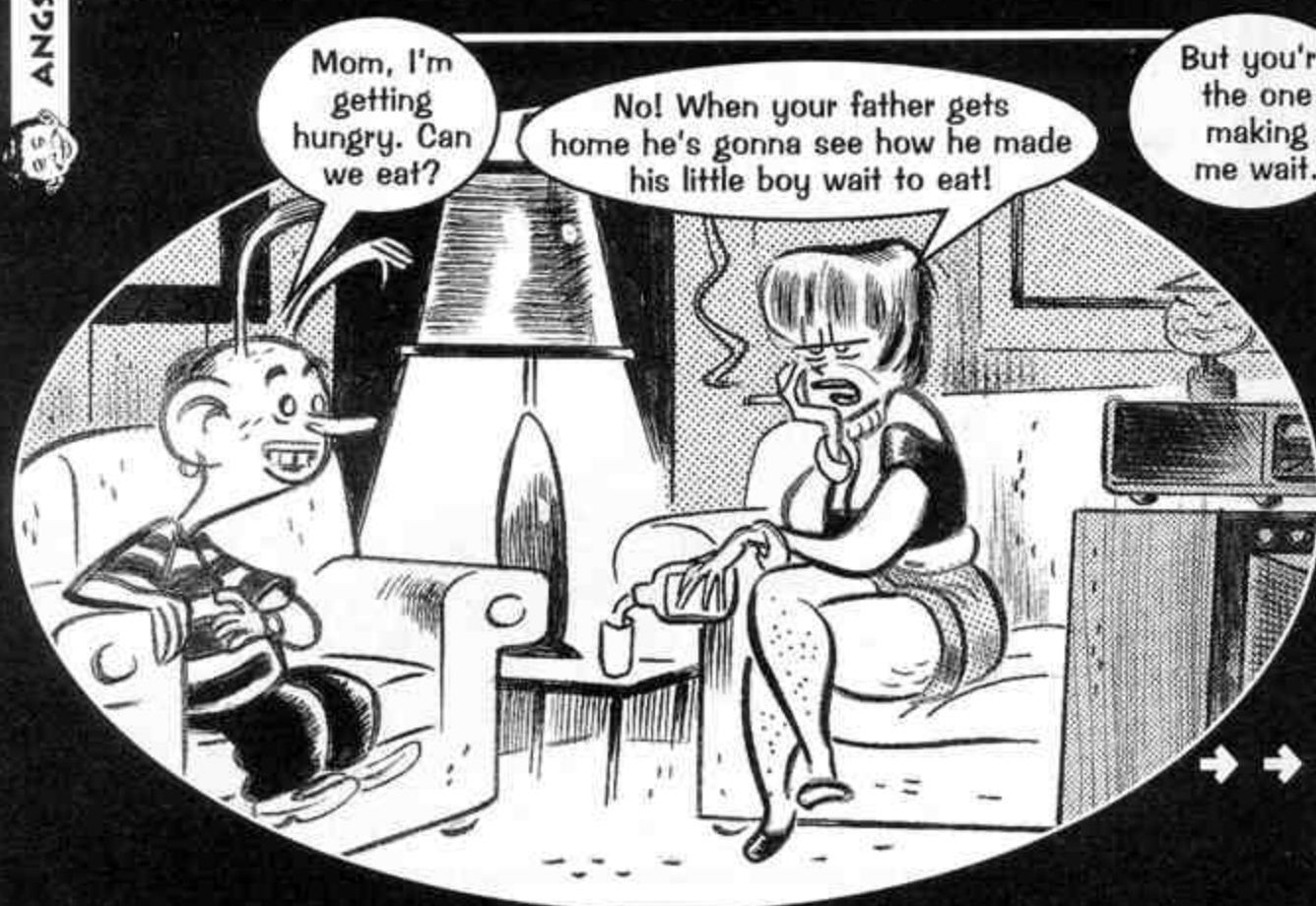
The Soloflex TV/Video Stand



The Stair-Stepper Snack Ladder

MONROE & ...

Ah, sweet divorce. The time in every child's life to learn that Aunt Sherry



THE DIVORCE

isn't really dad's sister and mom isn't really spending those weekends in the National Guard!



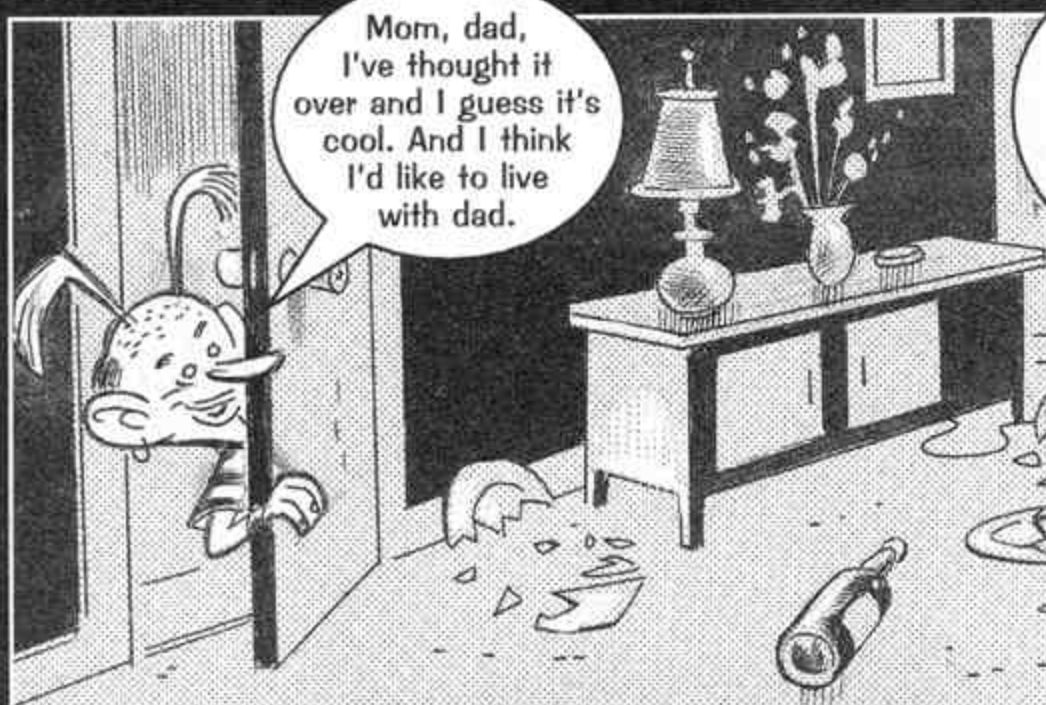
Check this out!
You get these step moms and dads
who try to buy you off like crazy! You just
keep on with the, "You're not my daddy" noise.
Drives 'em nuts! And get this! Sometimes
they've got hot daughters!



Totally
unblood relatives.
Do that Brady Bop,
ya know?



Mom, dad,
I've thought it
over and I guess it's
cool. And I think
I'd like to live
with dad.



With
me?! Now
hold on
here! I'm not
getting stuck
with you!



You listen
to me! You'll
live with me and
like it, you un-
grateful little putz!
I'm the one that had
that damn episiotomy
for you! You'll see
your father on
Sundays, which
is more than
you see him
now!

Dad,
would you
have an
episiotomy
for me?



Sure,
sure, kid. But
not now! I've
got some
packin'
to do!



Bill
Wray



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...



JUSTICE

Your Honor, I wish to make an **objection!** This is definitely **NOT** a jury of my **peers!** There isn't one **crooked, lying, low-life criminal** in the bunch!



ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG

SPORTS

Now listen up good! I will not tolerate temper tantrums, screaming at the referee or trying to tell the coaches how to play the game! You guys got that?

Yeah, Coach!



Good! Now go out there and tell it to your fathers!



RELATIONSHIPS

For God's sake Carol, stop frowning and put a smile on your face!

Give me one good reason!



My ex-wife is coming towards us!



ADVANCEMENT

Congratulations! I hear they made you **head** of your **department**! You must be doing **great work**!

Yup! I had absolutely **no competition**!

Everyone else in the department hung around and did **dumb things** all day, like **pooling** their money for **lottery tickets**! I was too smart to get involved!

So the **boss** noticed and **fired** them all?

LANGUAGE

Doreen, I **can't make out** what you **wrote** for your **answer** to **question nineteen** on your **Latin test**! It looks like, "**Veni, Vidi, Visa!**"

That's right, Miss **Conners**!

"I came, I saw, I **charged**!"

THERAPY

I don't know **why** my company **sent me here**, Dr. Forman! There's absolutely **nothing wrong** with me!

I'm very **glad** to **hear that**, Mr. Charney!

CARS

Talk about **power**! This baby can go from **zero** to **eighty** in **five seconds flat**!

How fast does it go on the **highway**?

Commuting to and from **work** I do about **three miles an hour**!

MAKING OUT



COMMUNICATION



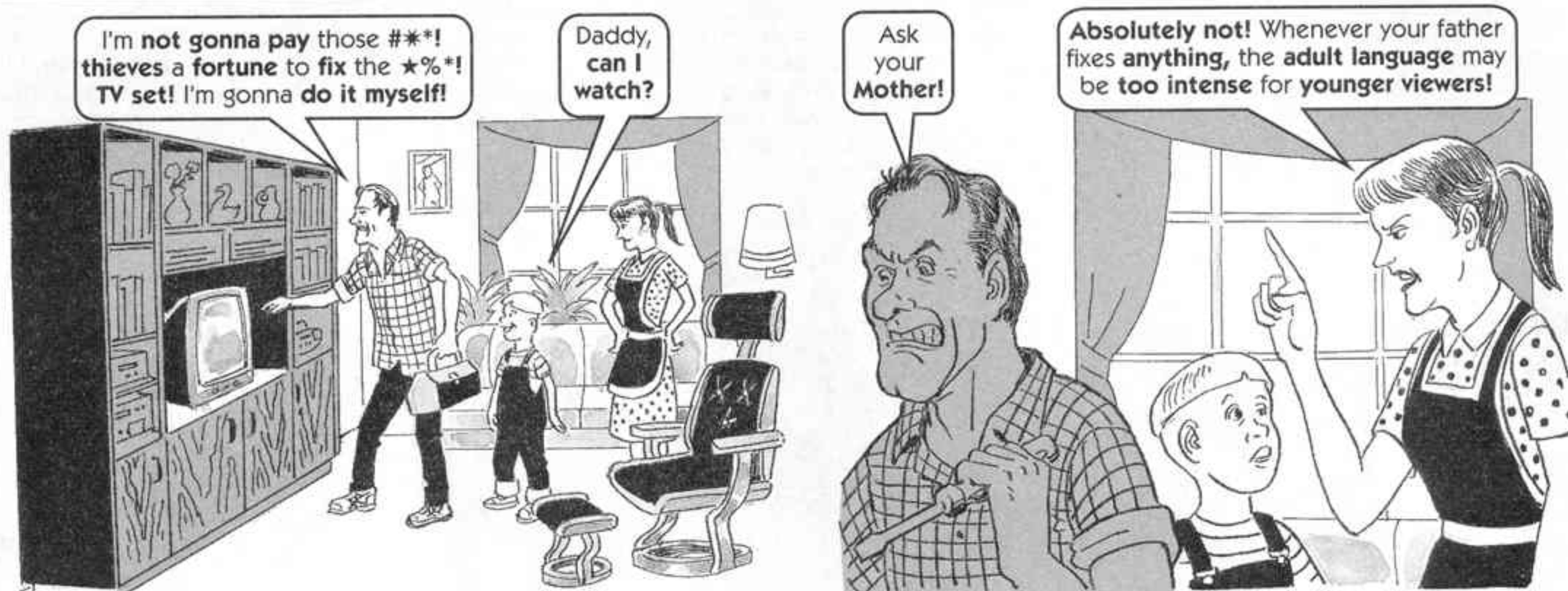
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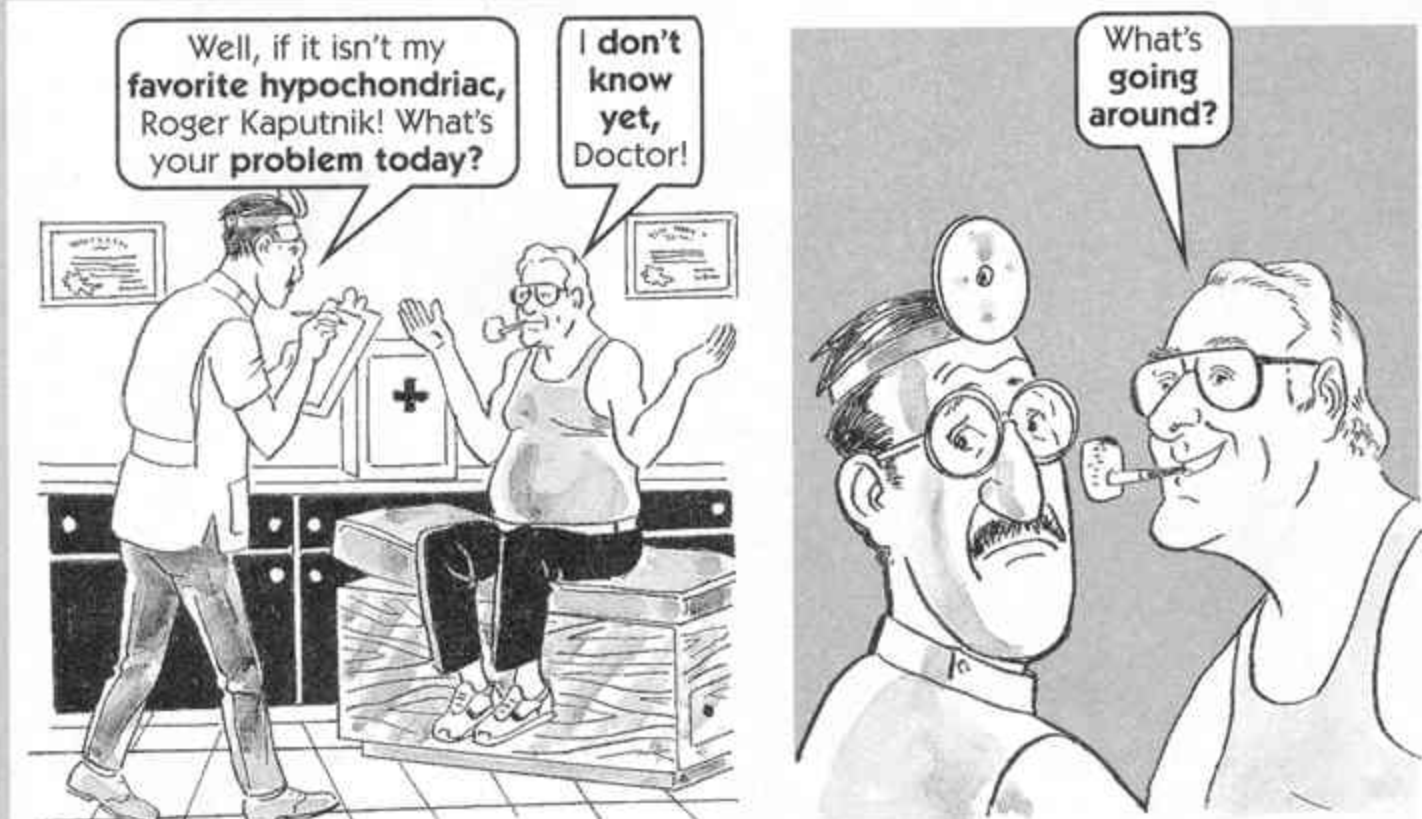
THE OFFICE



REPAIRS



DOCTORS



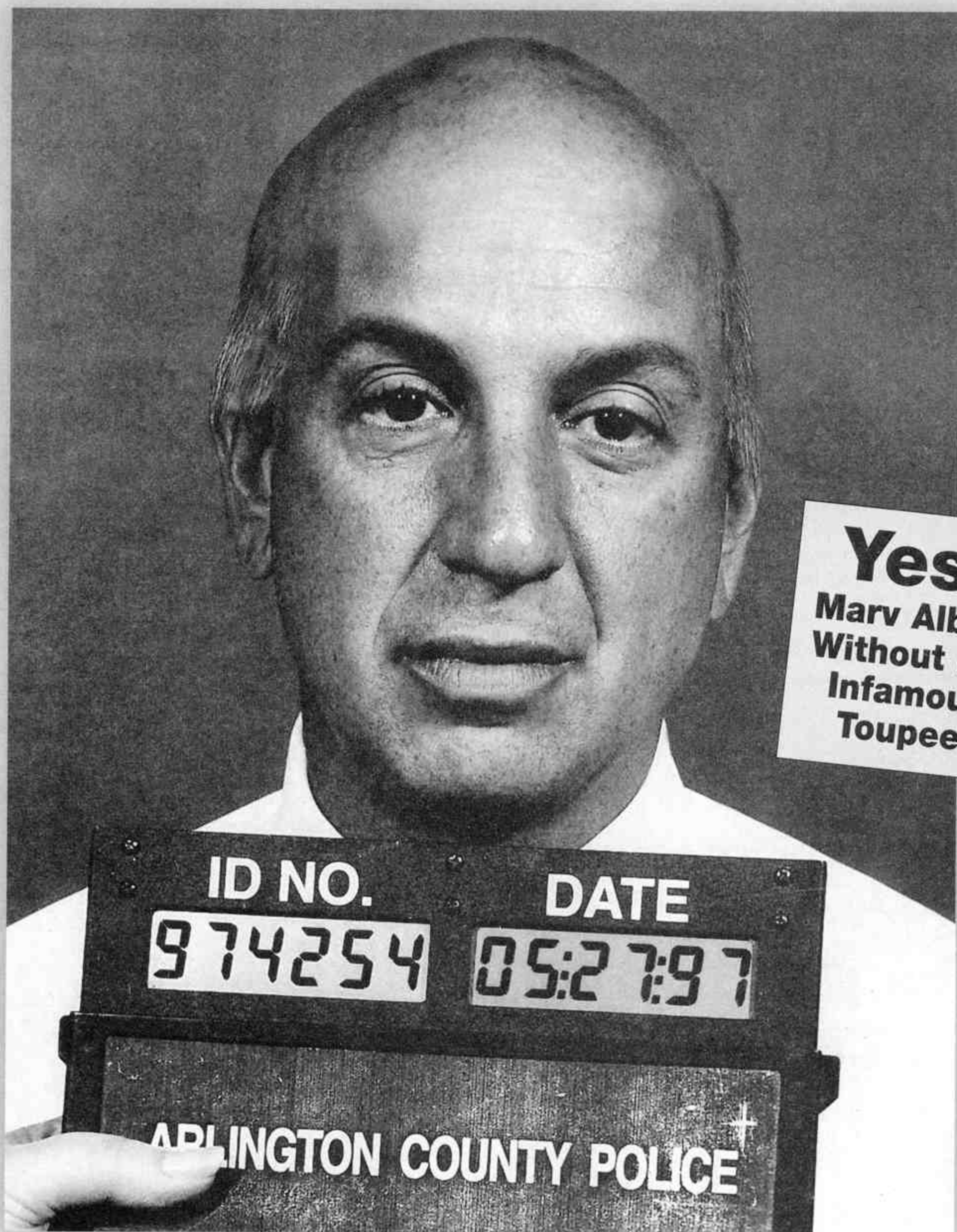
GIFTS





PULLING THE RUG OUT FROM OVER HIM DEPT.

THE MUG SHOT EVERYONE WANTED TO SEE BUT DIDN'T...



Yes!
Marv Albert
Without His
Infamous
Toupee!

Community Chest

**FALSE RUMOR ABOUT
YOUR COMPANY
SUPPORTING
SATANISM
HITS INTERNET**

Lose \$550 Million



© 1997 PORKER BROTHERS, INC.

Chance



**ADVANCE TOKEN
TO WHITE HOUSE
COFFEE KLATCH**

Pay \$250,000

© 1997 PORKER BROTHERS, INC.

Chance

**TOP EXECUTIVE
TERMINATED AFTER
10 MONTHS**

**Pay Golden Parachute
Compensation Package
of \$75 Million**



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Community Chest

**COMPANY CITED FOR
RUNNING OVERSEAS
CHILD SWEATSHOP**

**Hire P.R. Firm to Spin
Story and Control Damage
Pay \$20 Million**



© 1997 PORKER BROTHERS, INC.

Chance

**HIRE NBA STAR
TO ENDORSE
YOUR SHODDY
PRODUCT**

Pay \$18 Million



© 1997 PORKER BROTHERS, INC.

Community Chest

**EXPAND INTO
SMALL TOWN AND
DRIVE MOM & POP
STORES OUT
OF BUSINESS**

Collect \$50 Million



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CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD GAME DEPT.

What is the deal with Monopoly? How can it still be the best selling board game in the world when it's become so dated that it has absolutely nothing to do with the way the

MONOPO

That Reflect The Way Bus



Chance

**FRIVOLOUS LAWSUIT
FILED AGAINST
COMPANY**

**Pay \$7 Million
in Out-of-Court
Settlement**



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Community Chest
**NAFTA SIGNING
 ALLOWS YOU TO CLOSE
 U.S. FACTORY AND
 MOVE IT TO MEXICO**

**Collect \$49 Million
 Additional Profits**



© 1997 PARKER BROTHERS, INC.

Chance

**THREATEN TO
 MOVE COMPANY
 OUT OF CITY**

**Collect \$9 Million
 in Tax Breaks**



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slimeball corporate fat cats of America conduct business today? Isn't it about time Parker Brothers woke up and redesigned this thing? Ah, why wait for them? Here's MAD's...

LY CARDS

iness Is REALLY Done Today

ARTIST: SAM VIVIANO

WRITER: J. PRETE



Community Chest

**OPEN FLASHY WEBSITE
 ON INTERNET
 TO PROMOTE
 YOUR PRODUCTS**

Lose \$1 Million



© 1997 PARKER BROTHERS, INC.

Chance



**BUST UNION AND
 HIRE SCABS AT
 HALF THE SALARY**

**Collect \$35 Million
 in Additional
 Profits**

© 1997 PARKER BROTHERS, INC.

Community Chest

**ANNOUNCE
 MASSIVE
 LAYOFFS IN
 DOWNSIZING MOVE**

**Stock Price Soars
 Collect \$70 Million
 Bonus**



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Community Chest

**TURN
 INFORMER
 IN INSIDER
 TRADING
 CASE**

Get Out of Jail Free



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Chance

**TV NEWS SHOW EXPOSES
 CRIMINAL ACTIVITY IN
 YOUR COMPANY**

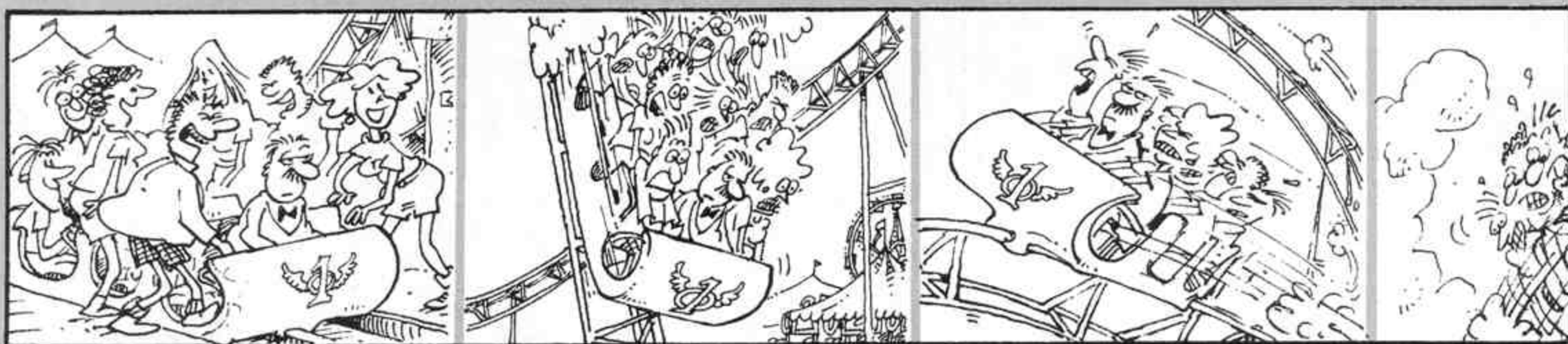
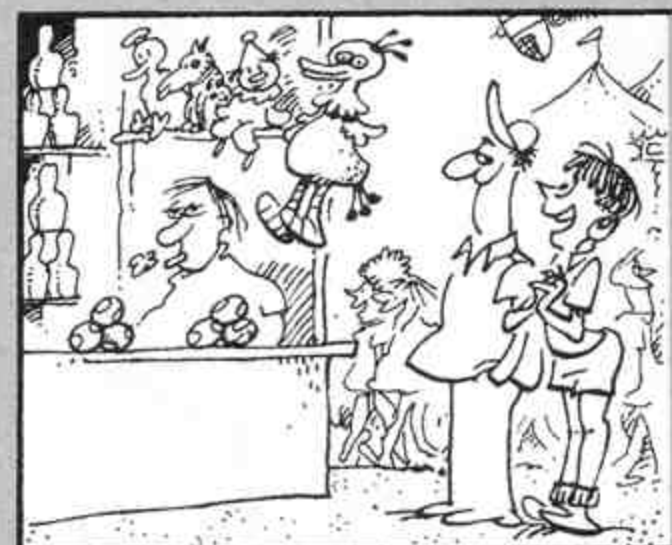
**Sue for Invasion
 of Privacy
 Collect \$7 Million**



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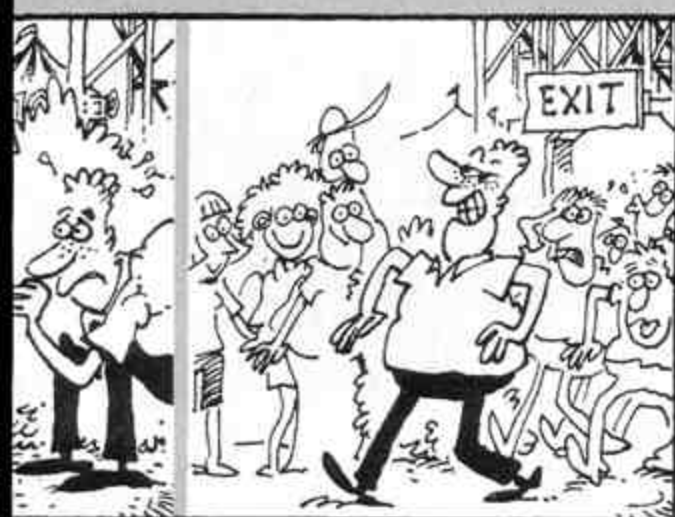


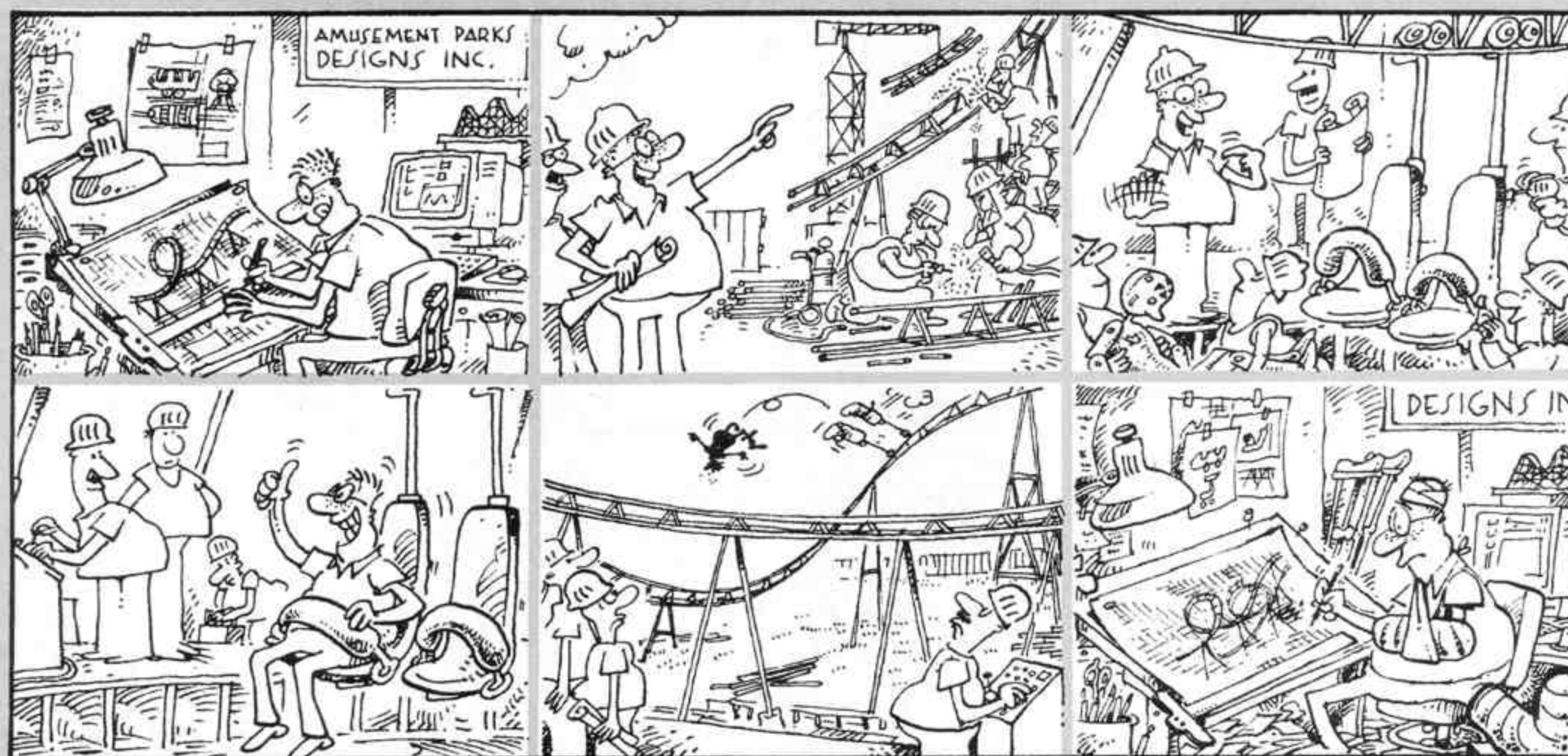
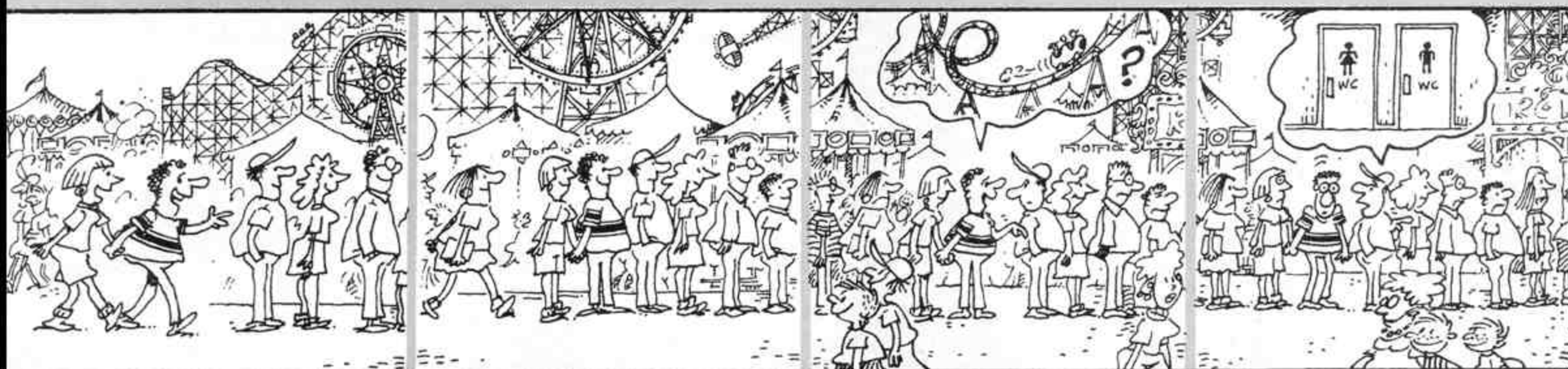
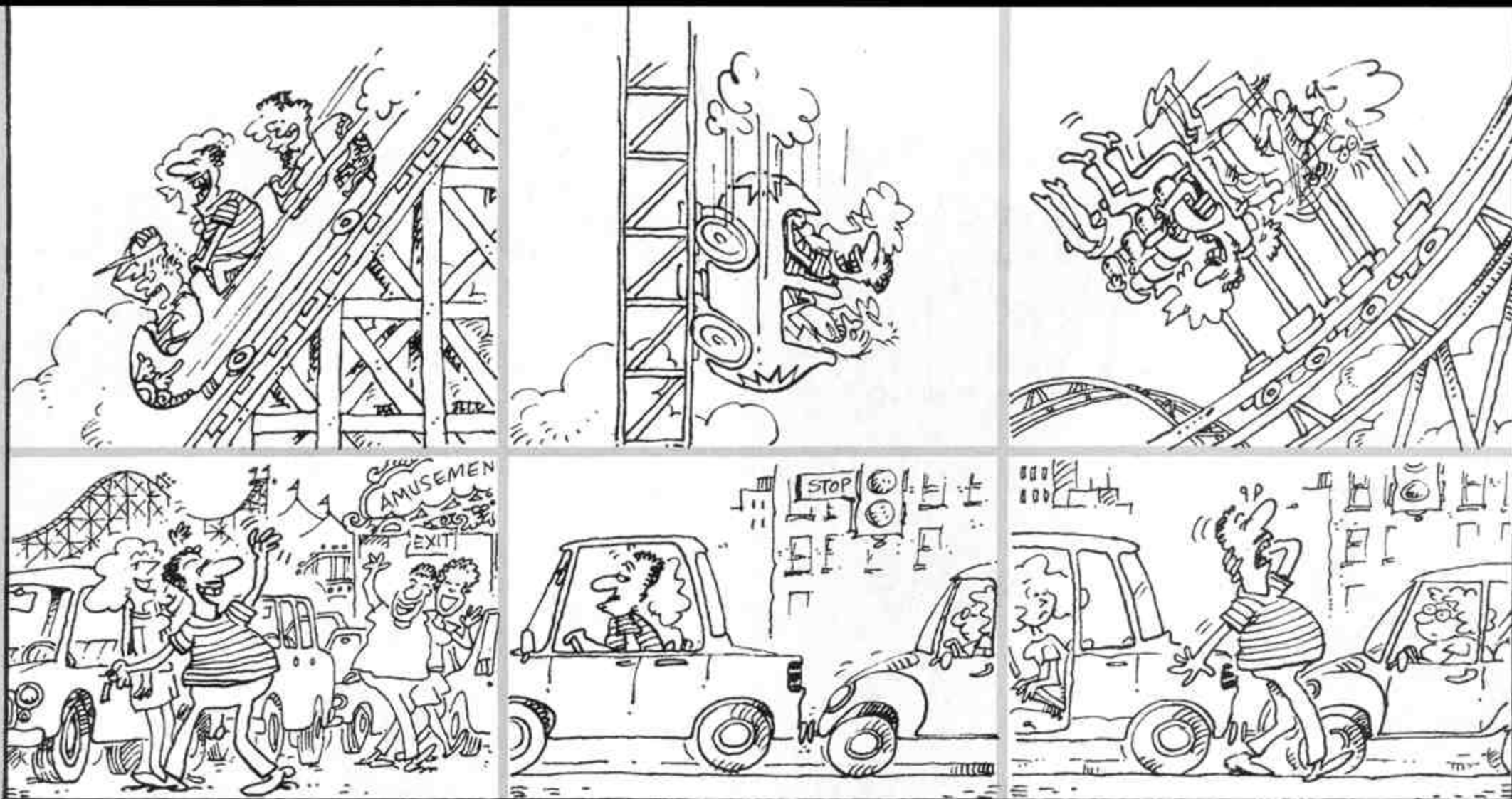
A MAD LOOK AT AN



AMUSEMENT PARKS

ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES







Editor's Note: William "The Gofer" Gaylord joined the Calamari Crime Family as Capo Di Tutti Interni or "Intern of Interns." During his three months as a Mafioso summer intern, William witnessed events and lived through adventures that no typical summer intern ever experienced. In a publishing coup, MAD has obtained the diary that Gaylord kept during that fun-filled time. Originally scribbled on the back of soiled napkins, brown paper dropoff bags and bloodstained towels, the editors can't guarantee 100% accuracy for the following presentation. If this sounds like a cowardly, contrived copout, you're damn right!

BLOOD, HONOR & THREE CREDITS

My Internship With
The Calamari Crime Family

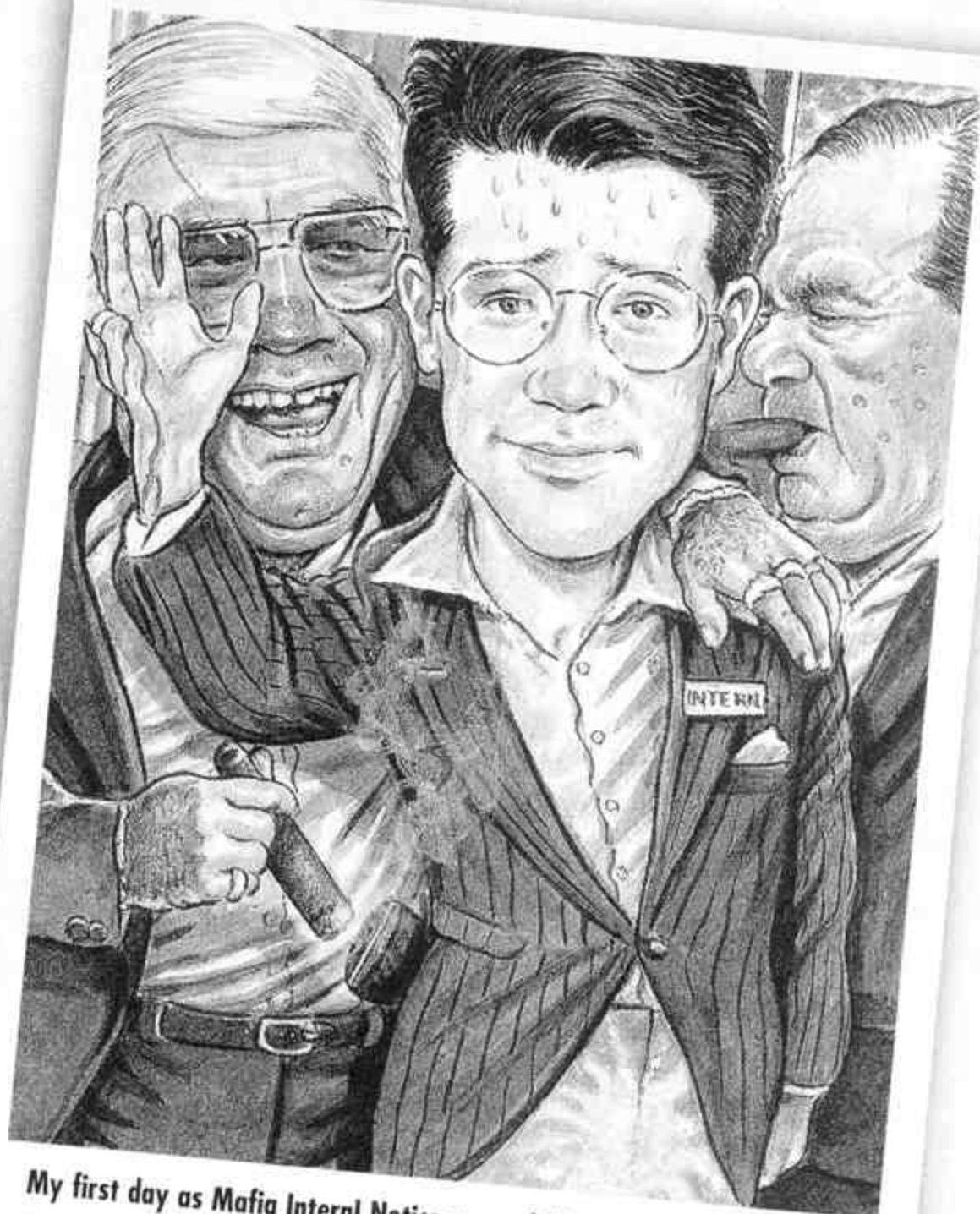
A Diary With Pictures By William "The Gofer" Gaylord

June 18 First Day!

My Mafia internship began this morning with a swearing in ceremony at the Calamari Social Club in Brooklyn. Tony "Lazy Eye" Rigatoni, who is in charge of both the interns and the temps, says to me: "Give me your pointing finger." "Lazy Eye" needed a couple of chances before he was able to prick the correct finger and draw blood. He then says, "Look straight into my eyes and swear your allegiance on pain of death." Between trying to achieve the "eyes" part and the frightening finality of his words, both my tear ducts and bladder discharged their contents.

Tony places a pinkie ring onto the table. He then declares, "William Gaylord, from hence on forward to be known as 'The Gofer,' you shall wear this pinkie ring with pride. Congratulations—now go fetch me a glass of chianti. With all your bleeding and crying and pants wetting, I need a drink!"

I later learned that before me, that same pinkie ring belonged to intern Tommy "The Paper Clip" Finochiaro. He was killed the previous summer because he left someone called "The Red Spine" on hold too long. Something to remember!



My first day as Mafia Intern! Notice my cool blue blazer, pinkie ring and name tag that reads: INTERN! Try not to notice my stained khaki slacks!

BLOOD, HONOR & THREE CREDITS

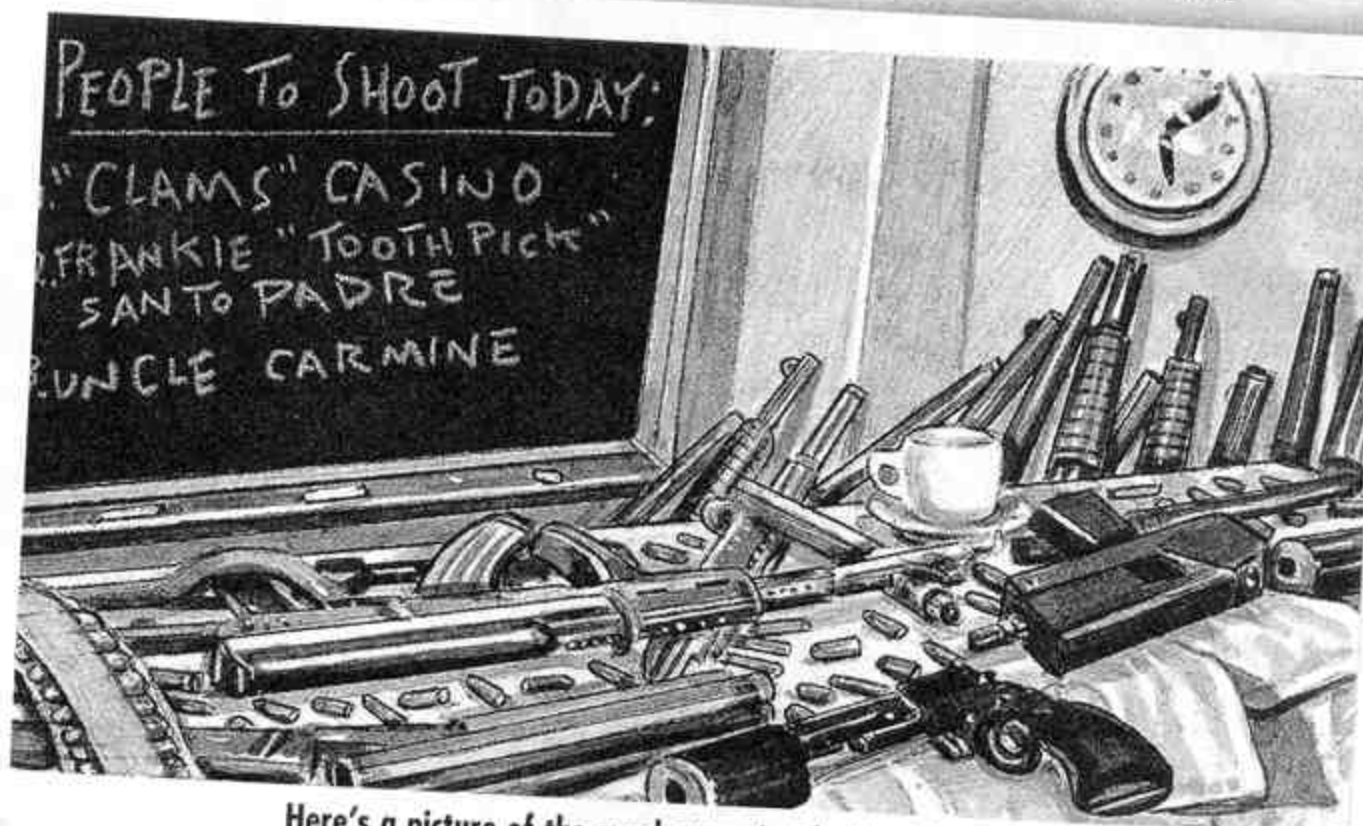
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June 24 It's Already Hectic!

Today I had a very busy day! In the morning I edited extortion notices until my eyes were blurry. Later in the afternoon I stayed busy by xeroxing death threats until my hands were aching. So much work to do! And to think that I'm doing it all for free!

June 28 My First Major Assignment!

Jimmy "Phlegm" Fettucini decided today that I would perform the infamous "Kiss of Death" on Ricky "Canker Sore" Capellini. So, impressing the gangsters who stood by and merely watched, I walked straight up to Ricky, kissed him on the lips and declared, "You have just received the kiss of death!" I hope Don Calamari doesn't mind that when I went out to pick up his dry cleaning I also stopped at the drugstore to get myself some Blistex.



Here's a picture of the snack room inside the Calamari club. The "People To Shoot Today" chalkboard was my idea!

June 29 My Second Major Assignment!

I am so lucky to be in an organization where I am given major responsibilities to perform!

Like this afternoon, I was told that a spectacular bank robbery would be going down soon! As the intern for the Family, I was given the task of renting the getaway car for as little money as possible! After three hours of haggling, I was able to negotiate for a four-door sedan with a huge trunk for machine guns, bags of stolen money and potential hostages. Best of all it was a smoke-free car! Success!

July 6 Whistle While You Work!

Another busy day! In the morning I spent many hours polishing the Family's guns and waxing the Family's knives! There's going to be a gang war later this weekend and I felt that it might be appropriate if our Family projected a nice, clean image for the public to witness!

Appearances do count!

July 15 Another Clever Idea!

Mixed cement by hand this afternoon after the gigantic mixer broke down (a body got wedged between the blades). Later went to the market and bought dead fish to be sent to the Family's enemies. The first batch of fish quickly went bad and started to stink, so I returned and bought frozen fish sticks. Finding frozen fish sticks on your doorstep probably isn't as scary as finding a fresh fish, but who would complain?



Here I am applying makeup to Sal "The Rug" Fusilli for his appearance before a police lineup. The "I Didn't Do It" T-shirt was my idea!

July 24 This Job Is Neat!

I'm starting to gain a reputation for my intelligence! Today I stood in the corner of the club and held up cue cards with quotes from popular gangster movies printed on them. Because of this, no one in the Family will ever be at a loss for something interesting to say.



Me next to Nunzio "The Mouth" Puttanesca as he was about to be driven to some New Jersey swampland. Just moments before I held up a cue card with "Tell Don Calamari it wasn't personal - only business" written on it.

August 1 I Make A New Friend!

Guido "The Putz" Scungilli came up to me this morning and asked if he could change his name to Guido "The Winner" Scungilli. After searching through the database of nicknames I had set up on the computer, I discovered there was already a "Winner," but that plenty of other nicknames were still available, such as "The Charming," "The Attractive" and "The Cunning" to name a few. Guido ultimately chose "The Attractive" and, after changing his name tag accordingly, now struts around the city with a more upbeat attitude.



August 4 Play Ball!

I was just put in charge of organizing the Calamari Family softball team! I couldn't find anyone to play, but I did manage to locate hundreds of baseball bats and enough T-shirts, most with bullet holes, to go around.



At the Calamari Family Picnic. I'm the one covering the license plates of the visiting cars to prevent photos being taken to establish who attended. Luca "Fazool" Fagioli got a kick out of my covering the plates of an F.B.I. car, too! "This kid kills me," he said. To which Marv "Brains" Turetsky, the Family accountant replied, "Careful, Luca. It just might happen." Everyone roared! Chalk up another Brownie Point for yours truly!

August 12 Goodbye Tony!

Some sad news today: Tony "Lazy Eye" Rigatoni was killed after he inadvertently stared down the Godfather. The poor guy didn't even see it coming!

I was told to dispose of his body by leaving it in the trunk of a rented car. The Godfather was pleased I saved money by getting a compact, and when I told him that this one was a smoker's rental to help cover the stench of the decaying body, he laughed! "This little strunz is all right," he said. I've learned that praise like this isn't easily come by from him! It was the proudest moment of my life!



BLOOD, HONOR & THREE CREDITS

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August 17 Busy, Busy, Busy!

I'm exhausted! All morning I kept busy by entering ransom notes, collection schedules and other business matters into the computer. When I finished, I was ordered to blow up the computer to destroy all the evidence. Sometimes I don't understand Family logic. But as the Godfather explained to me, "Mine is not to question why, mine is just to do and fuhgeddaboutit!"

August 21 A Business Opportunity!

With the internship quickly coming to an end, I find myself searching for meaningful things to do. Yesterday, I stood on the sidewalk and sold people phony memberships into the Mafia (complete with a fake certificate and an imitation mug shot). The tourists were eating them up until Angie "The Frog" Zucchini realized there was a buck to be made and offered to buy me out for a slice of pizza. I told him no. He then said, "'Lazy Eye' has been asking about you visiting him soon, if you know what I mean!" The pizza was delicious.



My last day as a Mafia Intern. I'm standing next to Matty "The Professor" Prosciutto. Matty later "suggested" to the dean of my university that I deserved school credit for my internship. It was an offer the dean couldn't refuse. In fact, he threw in three extra credits for "life — and death — experiences."

August 28 Last Day!

The Family threw a huge farewell party for me this afternoon! Charlie "Rough Stuff" Parmesan handed me the recommendation that I had previously asked him to write, but he did so by cutting thousands of individual words from the newspaper and then pasting them onto a piece of cardboard. He later told me that he didn't want to be held accountable.

The Family then led me to the back door and mentioned that they looked forward to seeing me again in the future, but "not in court, or else." I waved good-bye, as did everyone else, including Jimmy "One Finger" Spedini, who was either very sad to see me go, or very happy to give me the finger!

What a summer!

William "The Gofer" Gaylord



GEEK TRAGEDIES DEPT.

Is it just us or are the standards for qualifying as human just a tad lower at game rooms? You look around and what do you see? Geeks, dweebs and pinheads walking from game to game with a fistful of quarters pretending they have a life! Yes, and every one of these pathetic losers has their place in MAD's gallery of...



Video Arcade Personalities

VOLUME I



ARTIST: TOM BUNK
WRITER: SEAN EISENPORTH

Aww shoooot! *Virtua Fighter* is a game for little dinks! Why, I was gettin' my name on the scoreboard of *Space Invaders* when you losers were peeing in yer Pampers!



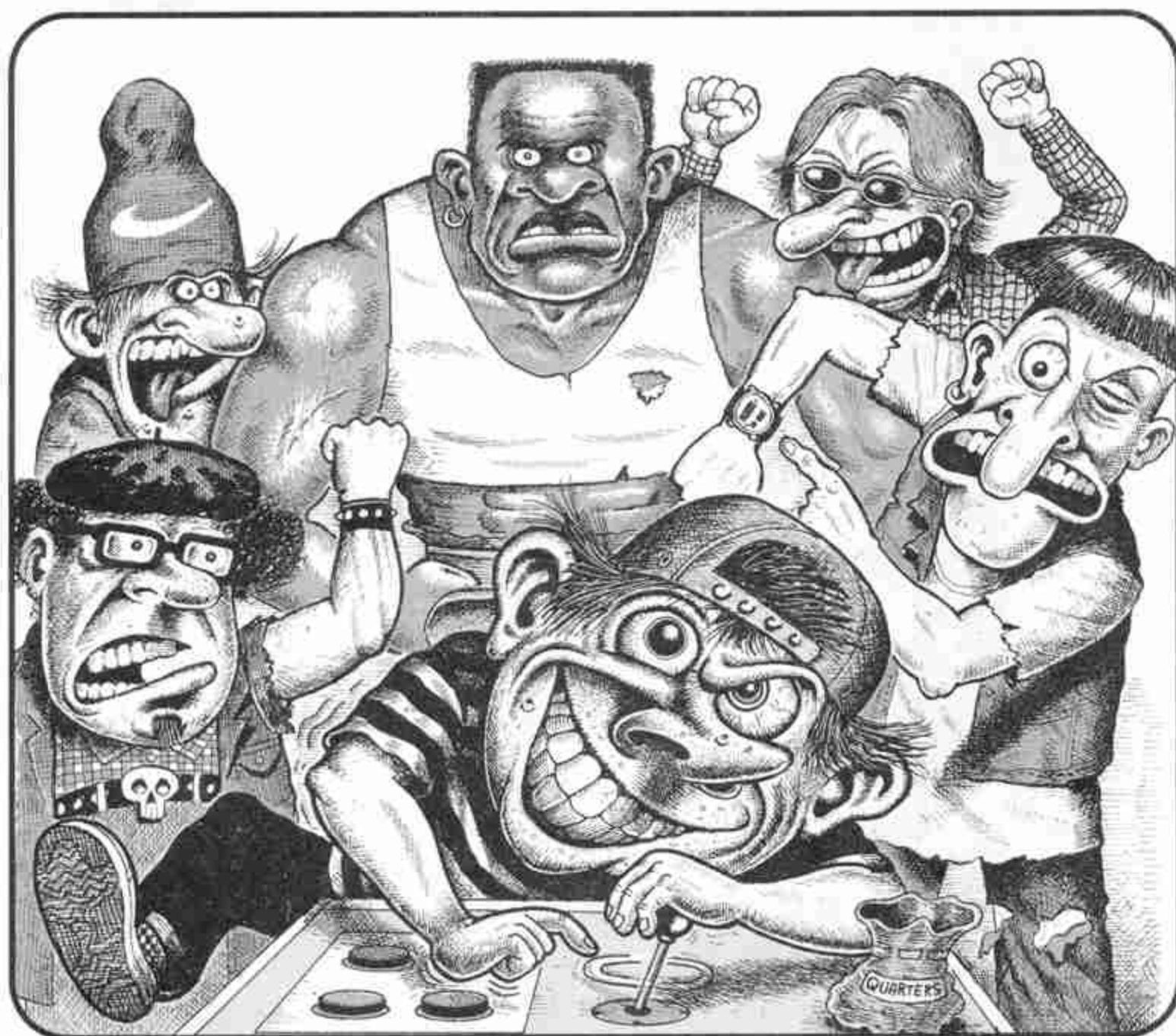
THE VETERAN

Yeah yeah, The Veteran may have been a big shooter back in the ancient times of *Space Invaders* and *Asteroids*, but those days are long gone. Even so, that doesn't stop this legendary-blowhard/has-been from clinging desperately to his past and blabbering on about how cool he was back in 1981. Memo to The Veteran: No one gives a rat's ass!

Video Arcade Personalities

MR. NO-FRIENDS

Sure, you have to feel sorry for the guy, but whatever you do, don't make eye contact with Mr. No-Friends! If he starts yakking at you anyway, the best course of action is to just pretend you're deaf, because if you acknowledge him even once, he will stick to you like HERPES!



THE GAME HOG

Not even a lengthy line-up of pissed-off homeboys can deter The Game Hog from monopolizing the hot, new game at the arcade. He continues to feed an endless supply of quarters into the slot, blissfully unaware of the hostility brewing behind his back. This explains why many Game Hogs never live to see their 21st birthday!

THE SUPER DADDY

He loves his kids — so much, in fact, that he takes them everywhere — even to the arcade! The Super Daddy does this because he's deeply committed to his child's personal growth and emotional development. That's why he sticks Junior between two video games for several hours — because it builds character!!



THE SCAVENGER

This pathetic loser carefully and systematically checks each and every machine coin return slot in a desperate search for unclaimed quarters. His ultimate gratification comes, however, when he finds a scoreboard where someone hasn't inserted their name. The Scavenger, of course, still lives at home with his parents!

COMING SOON...VOLUME II!



GRIEVING LAS VEGAS DEPT.

MAD'S CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line on how one of today's biggest newsmakers is going to meet the Grim Reaper!

THIS MONTH'S FUTURE URN-FULL-OF-ASHES:



Paula Jones

CAUSE OF DEATH

ODDS

The Vince Foster "solution" 2:1

Falls under wheels of trailer home while moving 8:1

Mascara overdose 10:1

Hyperventilation while laughing at
You Might Be A Redneck videotape 15:1

Car wreck on way to MENSA meeting 439,038,773:1

**WHAT COULD BILL
AND HILLARY BE
DOING WHEN THEY
LEAVE THE
WHITE HOUSE?**

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

The big question being asked is what Bill and Hillary Clinton will do after his Presidency ends. Will they go into charity work like the Carters or go skydiving like George Bush? Or will they resume their careers in law? To find out what's in the Clintons' futures, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"



**HIGH PRESSURE JOBS ARE THE USUAL REWARD
POLITICIANS EXPECT AFTER THEY RE-
TIRE FROM PUBLIC OFFICE AND RETURN HOME**

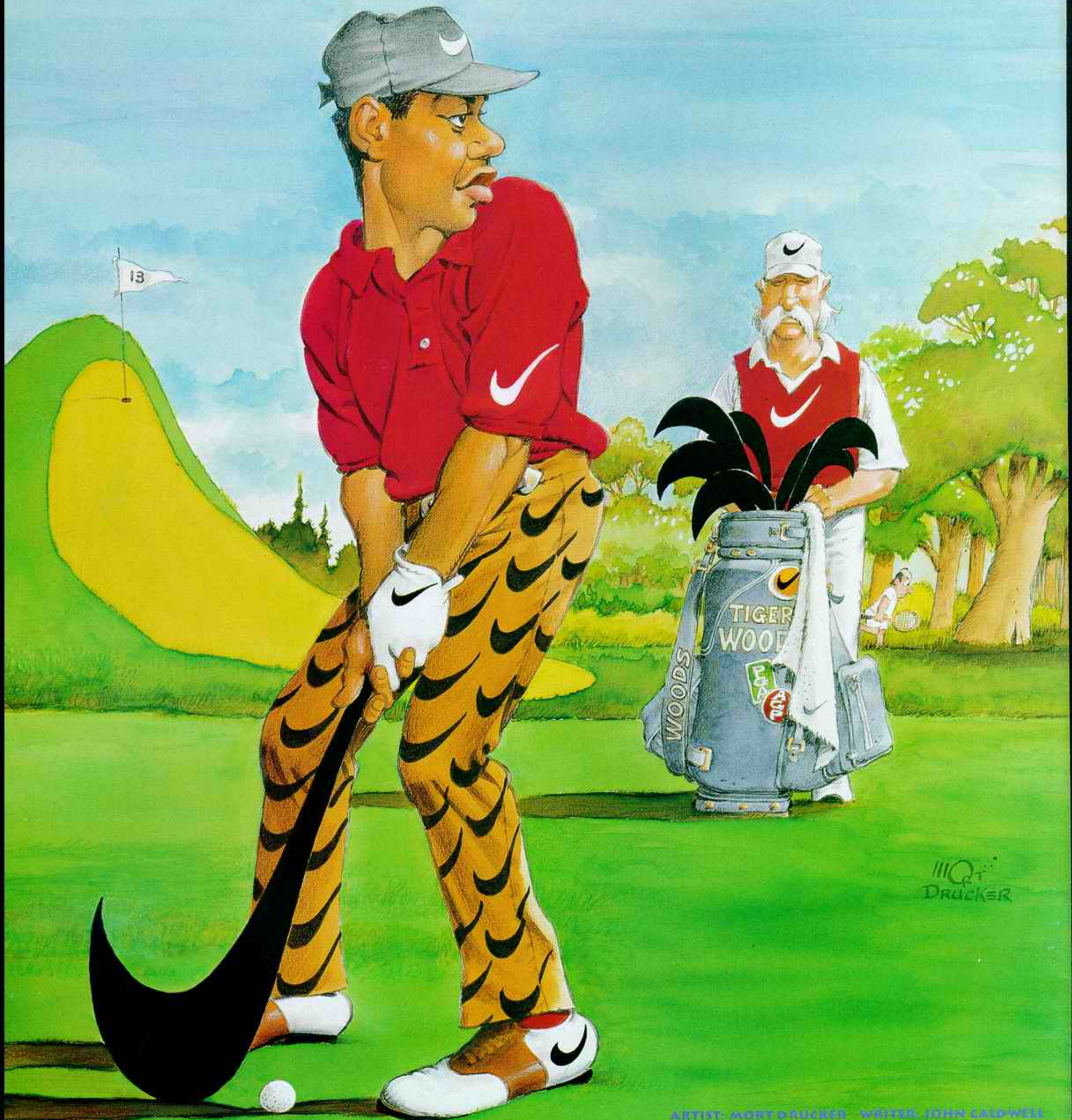
A

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

B

The Day Sports Endorsements Went Too Far

TIGER WOODS AT THE PGA CHAMPIONSHIP



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL