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MAD

No. 385
Sept. 1999

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MAD

AUGUST 1999

NUMBER 384



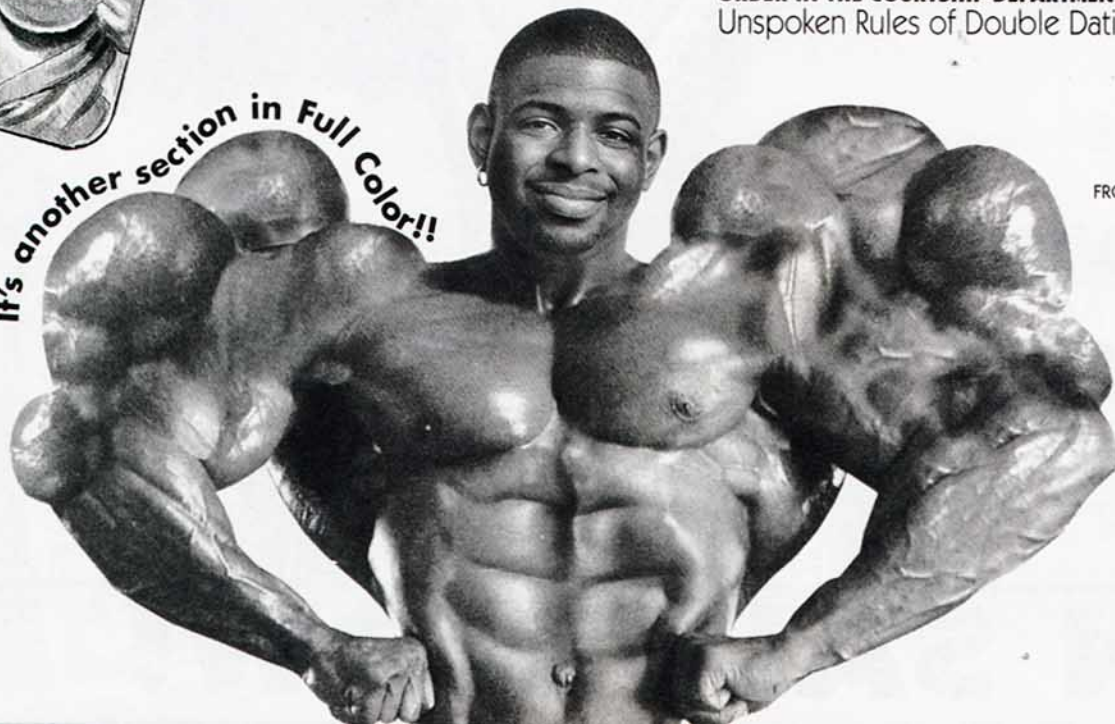
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It's another section in Full Color!!



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BACK COVER WRITER: J. PRETE

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ECCH!
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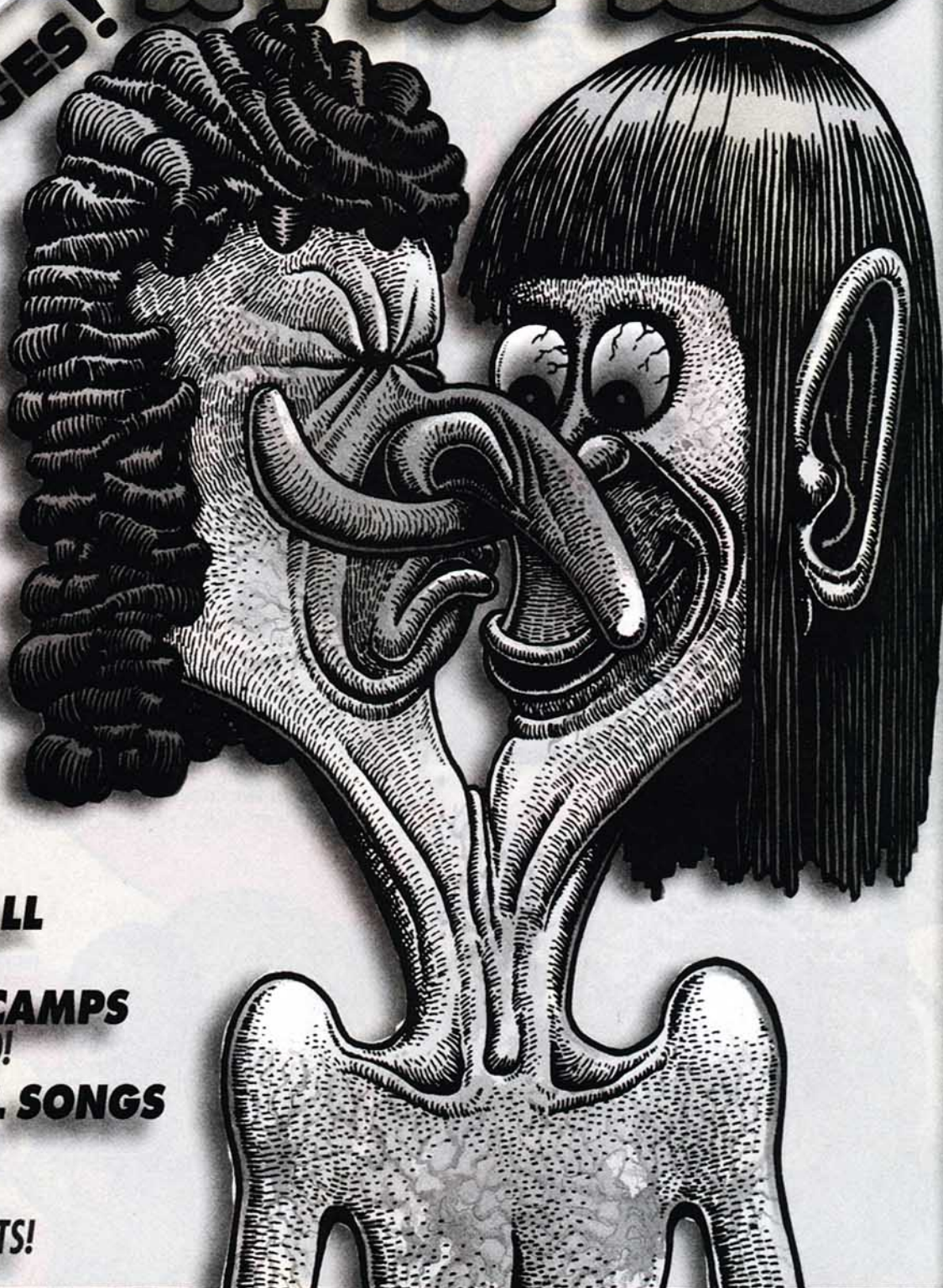
**MALLS
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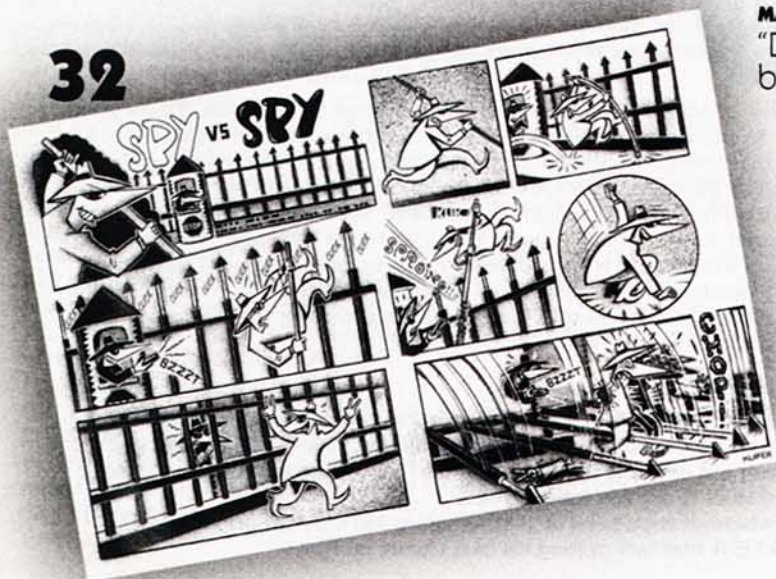
MAD

Editor's Note

Due to unprecedented demand, the discontinued feature called Editor's Note returns with this issue.

— The Editors

32



Kansas City Chiefs
Mathematically
Eliminated From 1999
Playoff Contention

Heterosexual
White Guy Pride Day

Tomorrow Officially
Begins, Midnight Tonight

IMPORTANT DATES THIS MONTH

AUGUST						
SUN	MON	TUES	WED	THURS	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

51 shopping days
till October 9

Imbecile's
Thanksgiving

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"Drawn Out Dramas" Various Places
by Sergio Aragones Around the Magazine



"On their deathbed, no
one ever wished they had
spent more time at the
office — or on their
deathbed, for that matter!"





HOW TO REACH US
Please Address Correspondence
To: MAD, Dept. 384, 1700
Broadway, New York, New York
10019. MAD welcomes reader
submissions. Manuscripts will not
be returned or acknowledged,
however, unless they are accom-
panied by a self-addressed,
stamped envelope! MAD doesn't
read faxed submissions!

CORRECTION!

Thanks to all of our readers who wrote in asking who the writer and artist for "Monroe and...Las Vegas Part I" were in MAD #381. Well, let's see, nimrods, since every freakin' episode of Monroe in its two-year history has been written by Anthony Barbieri and drawn by Bill Wray, we're going to bet the farm that Tony B. and Billy W. are the culprits! Then again, since no one *did* write in, our little rant here is pretty much a moot point anyway!

ATTENTION! CD-ROM ALERT

As we mentioned in the Letters and Tomatoes Dept. in MAD #381, a new CD-Rom box set (appropriately titled *Totally MAD*) is scheduled to arrive in stores this Fall. This set will include every issue of MAD, material from Super Specials and other fun garbage! If you would like electronic updates on the project, send your E-mail address to:

TotallyMADinfo@Learningco.com.
DO NOT send your address to MAD!

At Ease!

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

I'd like to make a dumb wish in hopes that I will get some kind of response. I'm in eighth grade now. Back in sixth grade I liked a girl named Kathryn. She hated me and she still does. I had a crush on her for a couple of years. I thought of liking a different girl, but no girl interested me the way Kathryn did. I looked around for somebody else to like, but nobody could replace her. Kathryn was just too nice (even though she hated me). Then in December of 1998 a sequence of events occurred that led me to a very pretty and very sweet girl named Kristin. She just happened to be Kathryn's twin sister. She hates me too. My dumb wish is that you print my story in your magazine because I'm just stupid that way.

Martin Nguyen, Address withheld upon request

Marty — We love these kinds of letters at *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™*. Quick and easy to fulfill and dumb! We can knock off early and beat the crowds to happy hour at the tanning salon! We hope that by publishing your letter and making your dumb wish come true, Kathryn and Kristin will see you in an entirely different light. If this happens with you and the twins, we suspect the next letter you'll be writing will be to *Penthouse* and not MAD! Keep us up to date! —Ed.

**14 YEARS
AGO
IN MAD**

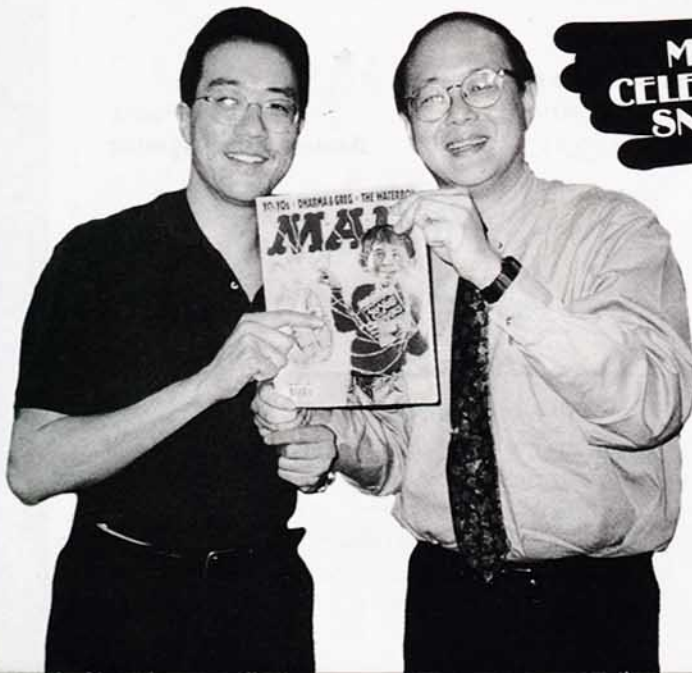
This one-pager was selected in honor of the greatest drooling goon who decided to hang up the skates and sniff the fumes from the Zamboni never more!

ONE DARK AFTERNOON IN EDMONTON



MAD #257 September 1985

MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS



I live in Singapore where MAD costs almost \$8 per issue. That's about U.S. \$5 per copy. Therefore I make a humble submission to your MAD Celebrity Snaps in a hope for a free subscription. Not many celebs who come by Singapore are sporting enough to pose with an issue of MAD. An exception was American cellist Yo Yo Ma. The issue in question featured a cover about yo-yo's. Yo-Yo MAD, get it? Maestro Ma seriously doubts whether he is considered a celeb in your eyes but I know you know your celebrities. He asked me whether I actually read the stuff you print and when I told him I had a big stash in my bathroom, he concluded I was truly MAD!

Tou-Liang Chang, Singapore

Tou-Liang — O.K., O.K. you'll get your free three-year subscription! Not so much for the MAD Yo-Yo Ma thing, but because we don't want you running out of paper in your bathroom (just always remember to remove the staples first)! You follow? —Ed.

P.S. Whatever happened to that American kid that got caned a while back? Is it true he's getting his own sitcom on FOX?



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WHERE THERE'S A WILL THERE'S A WASTE DEPT.

What happens when you mix the old west of the 1860s with modern technology, weird characters, wild special effects and top name talent? Actually, not all that much, as you'll find out in...

MILD

I may look like President Grant, but I'm actually Artymess Garden, master of disguise and creative inventor! I invented the combination corkscrew/hay baler/violin! Now if I could invent a USE for this three-in-one masterpiece, I'd REALLY have something! I'm dressed as President Grant, so a crackpot will shoot me instead of the real President! Clever...? Maybe! Brilliant...? Possibly! Stupid...? Definitely!

I'm Dr. Artless Lovelice! I'm half-man, half-wheel-chair and complete lunatic! I have a diabolical plan to force President Grant to turn the United States over to me! To compel him to do it, I've captured the world's top scientific brains! Although, if they were REALLY the top scientific brains, they probably should have escaped the prison I've trapped them in by now! It's just a room with an unlocked door!

I'm the real President Grant! If Dr. Lovelice thinks I'll turn the United States over to him so he can exploit the citizens and run the country into the ground, he's nuts! Exploiting the citizens and running the country into the ground is the job of the President of the United States, and no one else!

I'm Special Agent Waste! I'm a tall, handsome, SBM ISO SBF — oops, sorry! I just almost invented the country's first "personals ad"! This role is important to my career because it gives me the chance to stretch! In *Men in Black* I played a law officer who deals with weird aliens! But in this totally different picture, I play a law officer who deals with weird humans!



MILD MESS

I'm professor **Tedious Mortician**, one of M.I.T.'s head professors! When Artymess Garden said he wanted to pick my brain for information, I had no idea he was going to throw the rest of me away! He needed to know where Dr. Lovelice was having this elaborate costume party, and I was able to tell him about this secret mansion! I only wish I had worn something unique, so people would notice me!

I'm **Munitions!** I'm in charge of explosives for Doctor Lovelice! I've got a pair of thirty-eights in my blouse that'll leave a man begging! I also have a pair of handguns!

I'm **OverHearer!** I overhear conversations at 30 paces because I can read lips! Then I relay what I've heard directly onto Dr. Lovelice's lips! But I don't think he listens well! Sometimes he makes me hold my lips against his and repeat stuff over and over again!

I'm **General McRath!** I've got a horn for an ear, a wooden pole for a leg, and a pain in the ass for a wife, but that's a whole other story! No general has ever been better at leading his men into battle than I! Problem is, I never seem to be able to lead any one of them **OUT** alive! Yet my men admire my military skills so much, they've given me an affectionate nickname: "Suicide Mission" McRath!

I'm **Needa Candybar!** I was hired as one of the entertainers, but I'm really here to find my father, one of the abducted scientists! He's a brilliant man, doing quite a few experiments in aerodynamics! Thanks to his research, I was the first girl to wear these cute little spinning propellers!



ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

III Q
DRUCKER

I heard you had captured General McRath, but he escaped from you!

I had him, but some guy wearing a dress interfered!

That was Special Agent Garden! No one on the force cross dresses better than him! I'm pairing you two as my top agents!

Great, a black man and a cross-dresser in the Old West! If there's any time left over from defending ourselves, we'll defend you!



This is our state of the art war room!

A map that shows the Earth as square, some sling shots and a pea shooter? This is state of the art?

It is for 1869! And see this red cup and string? It's the Presidential Hot Line!

Where does it go to?

So far, just to the other end of this desk! We haven't worked out all the bugs yet!



You two must work together to find out where Dr. Lovelice is holding those top scientists!

I heard Lovelice has them developing weapons of mass destruction and a low-cal, low-fat whipped pudding, for after the massacre!

I'm leaving for Promontory Point, Utah to drive the Golden Spike! That will join the rails of the East with the rails of the West and usher in a whole new world of late, unsafe, dirty, unreliable transcontinental train travel! Capture Dr. Lovelice while I'm gone!



Do you like what you see?

I'll like it better when I see it in the mirror!

Kinky! I like that in a man!

Wattsda Point!

I thought the point was for us to get it on! You know, whips, chains — romantic stuff like that!

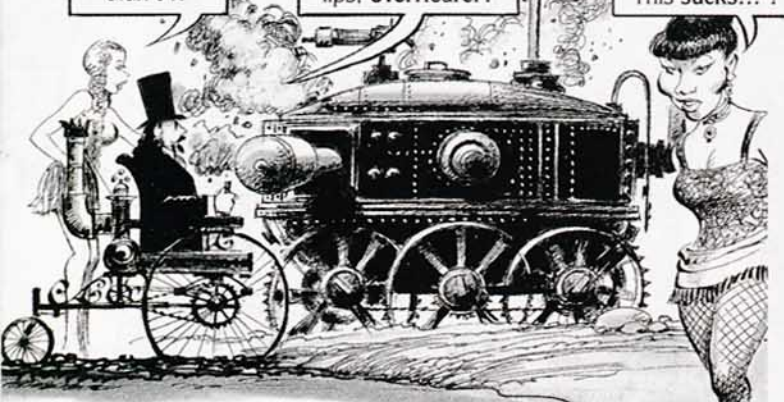


I installed just the right amount of firepower on your Doomsday Tank, didn't I?

Yes, but make a note — the cannons should face OUT, at the ENEMY! I don't know how many more self-inflicted holes this tub can stand!

Can you read those lips, OverHearer?

They're saying: "This movie is just a bunch of special effects ... It has no real feeling... This sucks..."!

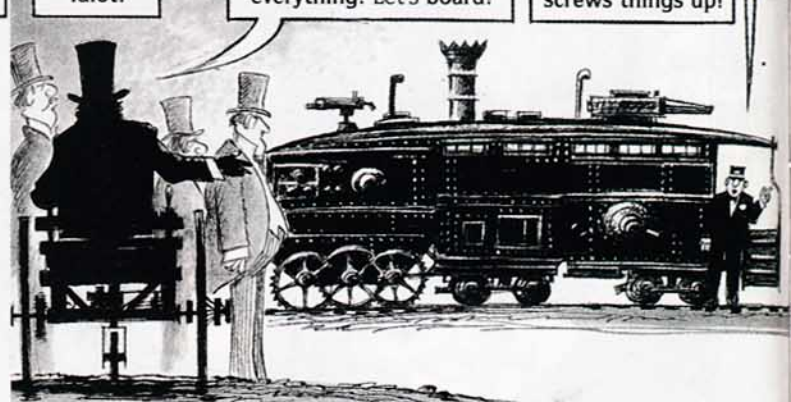


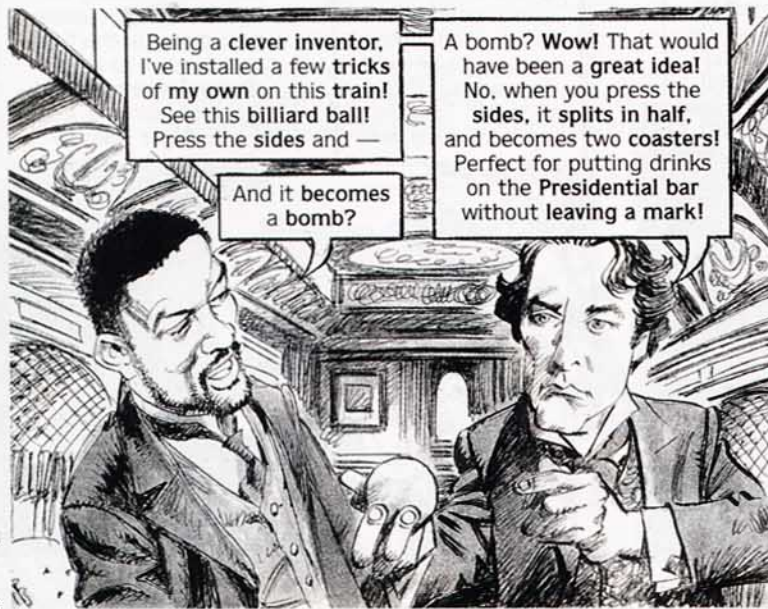
Read the lips of the enemy rebels, not the audience, you idiot!

Amazing transformation, eh? The tank became a locomotive! And just in time! A locomotive can't sink! Nothing can stop my high-power doomsday machine! I've thought of everything! Let's board!

Tickets! Tickets! No tickets, no boarding!

Damn! It's forgetting the little details that always screws things up!

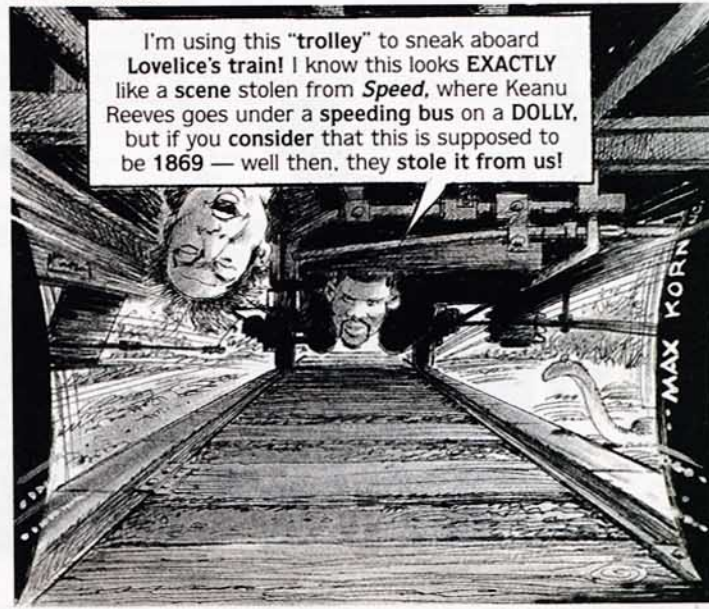




Being a clever inventor, I've installed a few tricks of my own on this train! See this billiard ball! Press the sides and —

And it becomes a bomb?

A bomb? Wow! That would have been a great idea! No, when you press the sides, it splits in half, and becomes two coasters! Perfect for putting drinks on the Presidential bar without leaving a mark!



I'm using this "trolley" to sneak aboard Lovelice's train! I know this looks EXACTLY like a scene stolen from *Speed*, where Keanu Reeves goes under a speeding bus on a DOLLY, but if you consider that this is supposed to be 1869 — well then, they stole it from us!



Look! I just invented the world's first smoke-free locomotive by sticking the engineer into the smokestack!

Idiot! With the smoke-stack blocked, steam in the boiler is building up so fast, this is about to become the world's first FLYING locomotive!

Lovelice stole our train, and now we're trapped wearing these magnetic collars!

I don't mind the collars! At least he didn't insist we also wear ties! But fear not, look what I've got hidden in my boot heel!

A tool kit to help us take off the collars?

No, swizzle sticks! If someone offers us cocktails before we die, we're all set to stir them! But a tool kit is a good idea for the next time!



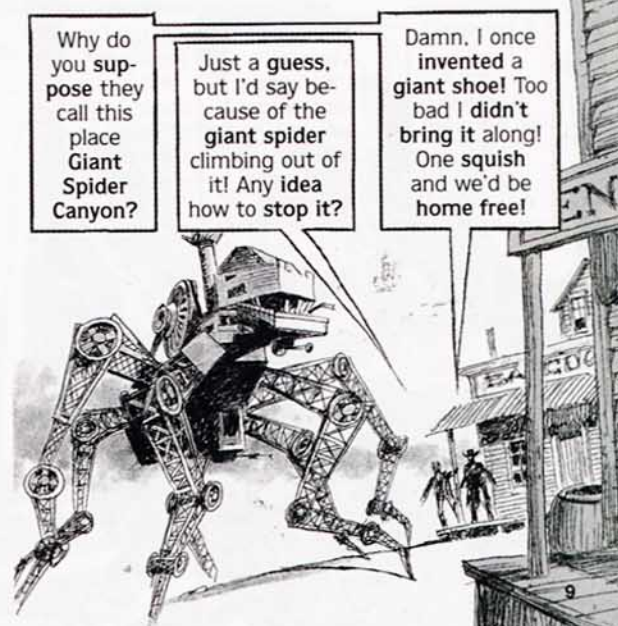
Now Lovelice has sent giant saw blades to kill us! Talk about "cutting edge" technology!

Look at the bright side! Right now we're earning \$200 each for mowing this farmer's 1,000 acres! Keep running, we've got five more acres to go!



Isn't this scene stolen from *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid*?

Remember what I keep telling you! Think 1860s! We're doing cliff-jumping FIRST! They stole it from US!

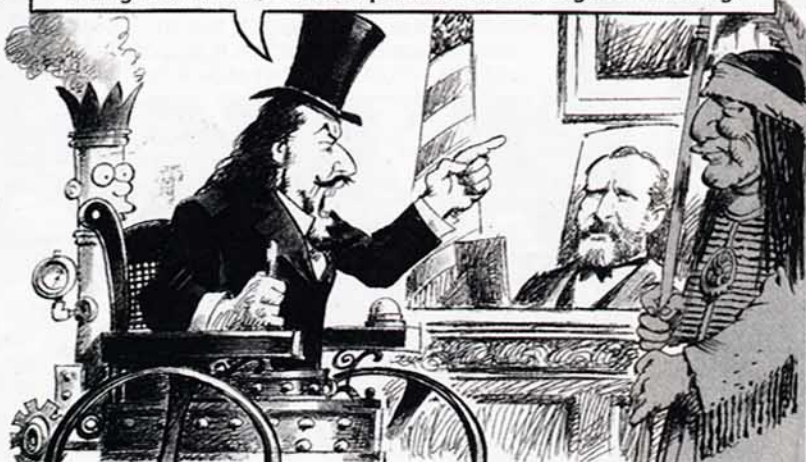


Why do you suppose they call this place Giant Spider Canyon?

Just a guess, but I'd say because of the giant spider climbing out of it! Any idea how to stop it?

Damn, I once invented a giant shoe! Too bad I didn't bring it along! One squish and we'd be home free!

Mr. President, I'm taking over the United States and re-dividing it! The 13 original colonies will be returned to Great Britain! The Indians, who were screwed out of Manhattan for a handful of beads, will be given a whole wagon-load of beads to compensate! As for myself, I'm taking over the upstart Rand McNally Company, because there's a killing to be made in new maps from all the changes I'm making!



It's me, Lovelice! Special Agent Waste, with petticoats blazing! Your plan will never be put into action! Stand aside, Mr. President, while I fire my bra!

Now HE'S cross dressing too! Someday we'll need to get someone even more macho than those two to keep Federal agents under control! Someone like a J. Edgar Hoover!



Lovelice is escaping with Grant! The only thing that can stop a robotic spider is an airplane! Has it been invented?

No, but I've attached wings to my motorcycle!

So you DID invent the airplane!

Really? I was trying to make a mobile beach cabana, but if this thing flies, that's great!

I'm about to crash into Dr. Lovelice's mechanical spider! Let me fasten my seatbelt and put my tray table in an upright position!

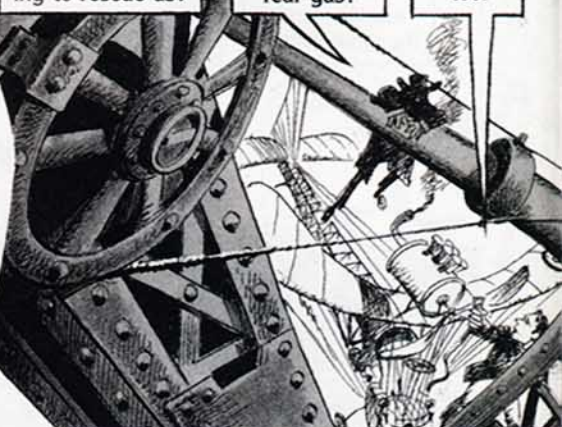
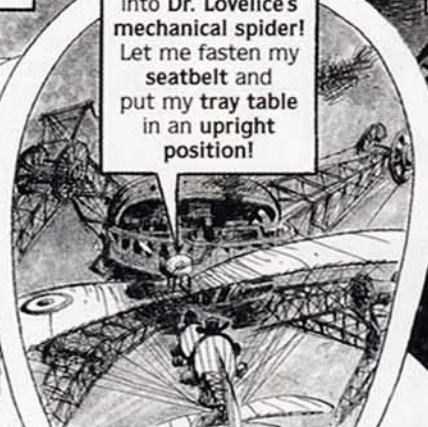
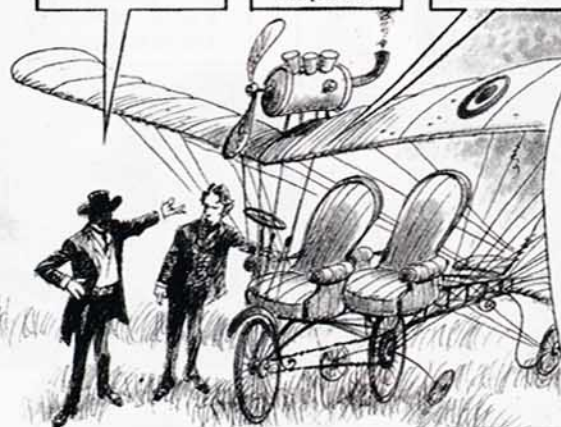
Fear not! I'm here to rescue all of you!

How do you figure crash landing on Lovelice's doom-day spider is going to rescue us?

See this belt buckle? This is no ordinary belt buckle! Inside is —

Tear gas?

No, a banana! But tear gas is a damn good idea, too!



A banana?! Ha-ha-ha! A banana's no weapon! That's — giggle — ridiculous!

A banana's not a weapon, but used properly, a banana PEEL can be lethal!

Oh no! I'm losing control of my chair — it's slipping on the peel! I'm falling to my...



DEATH

Wow! Love DOES conquer all!

Now that we're safe, Needa, will you marry me?

I can't! The scientist I've been trying to save isn't my father — he's my husband!

I take it then, the answer is "no"?

These women of the 1860s sure have strict moral values! But all is not lost, buddy! Have you ever seen me in a wedding gown? And I've got tons of flimsy lingerie and...





Each year, MTV brings a different group of seven strangers together and gives them a place to live in exchange for allowing their lives to be broadcast on national TV. Odd thing is, the group from one year pretty much looks like the group from any other year! Is it a coincidence? Divine intervention? Tainted Zima? Actually, they find their near-identical sets of twentysomething clones by making all applicants fill out...

MTV's ~~REAL~~ REAL WORLD

CASTING QUESTIONNAIRE

SECTION I — PERSONAL INFORMATION

NAME: _____
 NICKNAME (that you think is cool but really just sounds stupid): _____
 ADDRESS OF PERSON YOU'RE CURRENTLY SPONGING OFF OF/CRASHING WITH: _____
 CITY: _____ STATE: _____ ZIP: _____
 NEAREST TELEPHONE WHERE
 YOU CAN BE REACHED (that hasn't been turned off): _____
 AGE: ____ 18 ____ 19 ____ 20 ____ 21 ____ Over the Hill
 SEX: ____ Male ____ Female ____ Whatever

SEXUAL IDENTITY:

- ____ Committed Virgin (but willing to give it up if it'll make a good scene!)
- ____ Committed Gay/Lesbian, with chip on shoulder
- ____ Committed Gay/Lesbian Virgin
- ____ Apologetic Heterosexual
- ____ Philosophical-Celibate (but non-stop flirt!)

ETHNIC GROUP:

- ____ White
- ____ Asian-American
- ____ Latino
- ____ Volatile African-American
- ____ Extremely Volatile African-American
- ____ Go-Ballistic-and-Call-You-a-Racist-if-You-Sneeze-at-Me-the-Wrong-Way-African-American

Do you have any bad habits? Specifically, something that might prompt your roommates to throw you out of the house, say, during Episode #7? _____

SECTION II — YOUR GEN-X QUALIFICATIONS

1. List all five jobs you've had and been fired from in the past year:

1. _____
2. _____
3. _____
4. _____
5. _____

MTV's REAL WORLD

CASTING QUESTIONNAIRE

2. What is your long-term career goal (i.e. by this time next year):

- ☐ Independent Filmmaker ☐ Hip-Hop Superstar
☐ Computer Billionaire ☐ Oscar-winning Actress
☐ Website Designer ☐ Full-Time Slacker

3. Which of the following are essential elements to your idea of a quiet evening at home?

- ☐ Six other roommates wandering in and out
☐ 25,000-watts of stage lighting
☐ TV cameras and boom microphones everywhere
☐ A dozen bored crewmen milling around
☐ Millions of MTV viewers watching in later

4. Have you ever had a one-night stand with a roommate, then gone completely psycho on them the next day? Yes ☐ No ☐
 If no, would you like to? Yes ☐ No ☐

5. Which music group/artist do you love? _____

6. Which music group/artist do you hate?

(so we can pair you up with a roommate who loves them!) _____

7. If you're currently doing something important like going to medical school or law school, or are involved in a very serious romantic relationship, would you be willing to jeopardize all that by abruptly relocating to another city — just for a few months of fame?

- ☐ Yes ☐ Most definitely ☐ Of course

8. Who is the Most Important Person in your life?

- ☐ Me ☐ Myself ☐ I

9. In the World?

- ☐ Me ☐ Myself ☐ I

10. Are you a vegetarian who considers people who eat meat to be murderers (and doesn't mind telling them!)

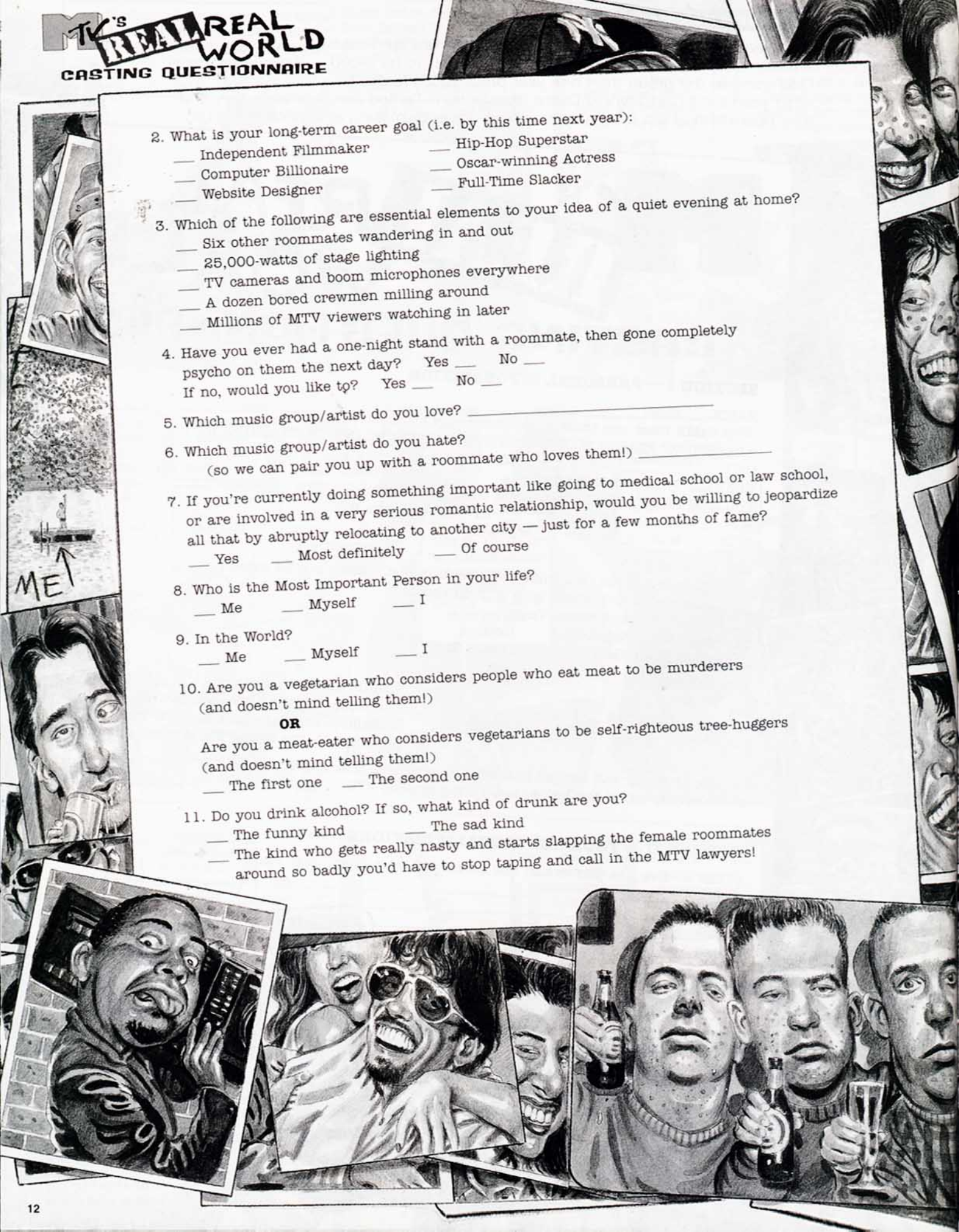
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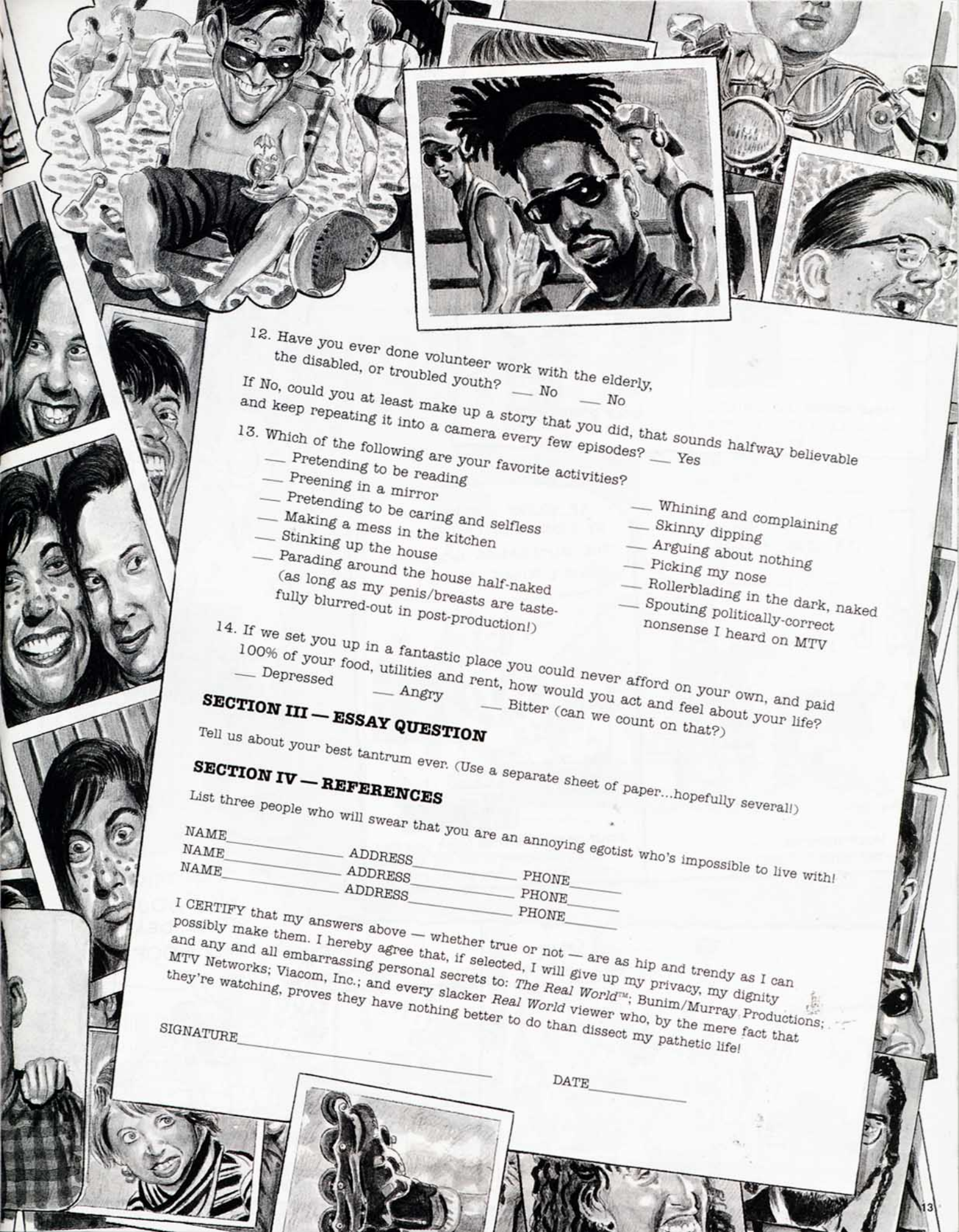
Are you a meat-eater who considers vegetarians to be self-righteous tree-huggers (and doesn't mind telling them!)

- ☐ The first one ☐ The second one

11. Do you drink alcohol? If so, what kind of drunk are you?

- ☐ The funny kind ☐ The sad kind
☐ The kind who gets really nasty and starts slapping the female roommates around so badly you'd have to stop taping and call in the MTV lawyers!





12. Have you ever done volunteer work with the elderly, the disabled, or troubled youth? — No — No
- If No, could you at least make up a story that you did, that sounds halfway believable and keep repeating it into a camera every few episodes? — Yes
13. Which of the following are your favorite activities?
- Pretending to be reading
 - Preening in a mirror
 - Pretending to be caring and selfless
 - Making a mess in the kitchen
 - Stinking up the house
 - Parading around the house half-naked (as long as my penis/breasts are tastefully blurred-out in post-production!)
 - Whining and complaining
 - Skinny dipping
 - Arguing about nothing
 - Picking my nose
 - Rollerblading in the dark, naked
 - Spouting politically-correct nonsense I heard on MTV
14. If we set you up in a fantastic world where you can do anything you want, 100% of the time, what would you do?

SECTION III — ESSAY QUESTION

SECTION IV — REFERENCES
List three people who will

SECTION IV — REFERENCES

REFERENCES

List three people who will swear that you are an annoying egotist who's impossible to live with!

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ PHONE _____

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ PHONE _____
 NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ PHONE _____
 NAME _____ ADDRESS _____ PHONE _____

I CERTIFY that my answers are as true and correct as possible.

I CERTIFY that my answers above — whether true or not — are as hip and trendy as I can possibly make them. I hereby agree that, if selected, I will give up my privacy, my dignity and any and all embarrassing personal secrets to: *The Real World*™, Bunim/Murray Productions; MTV Networks; Viacom, Inc.; and every slacker *Real World* viewer who, by the mere fact that they're watching, proves they have nothing better to do than dissect my pathetic life!

SIGNATURE _____

ADDRESS _____ PHONE _____

PHONE _____

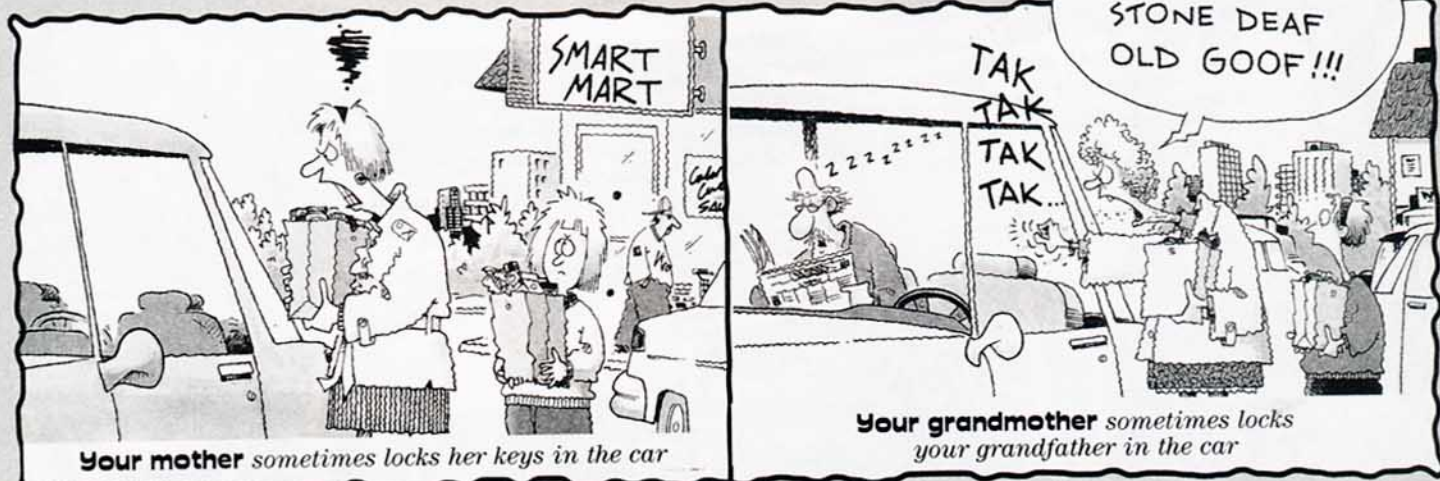
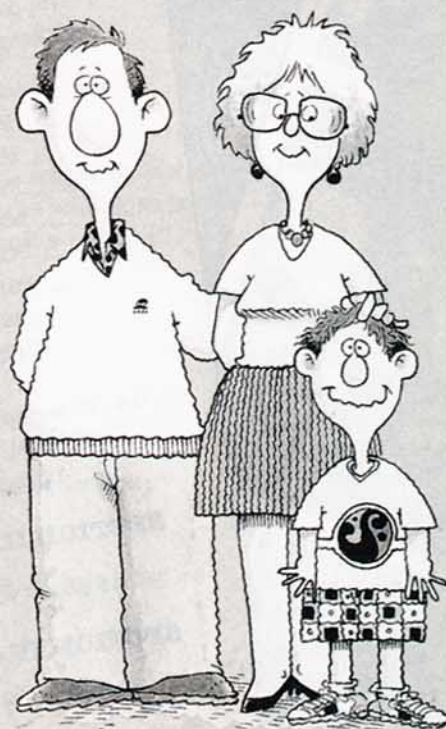
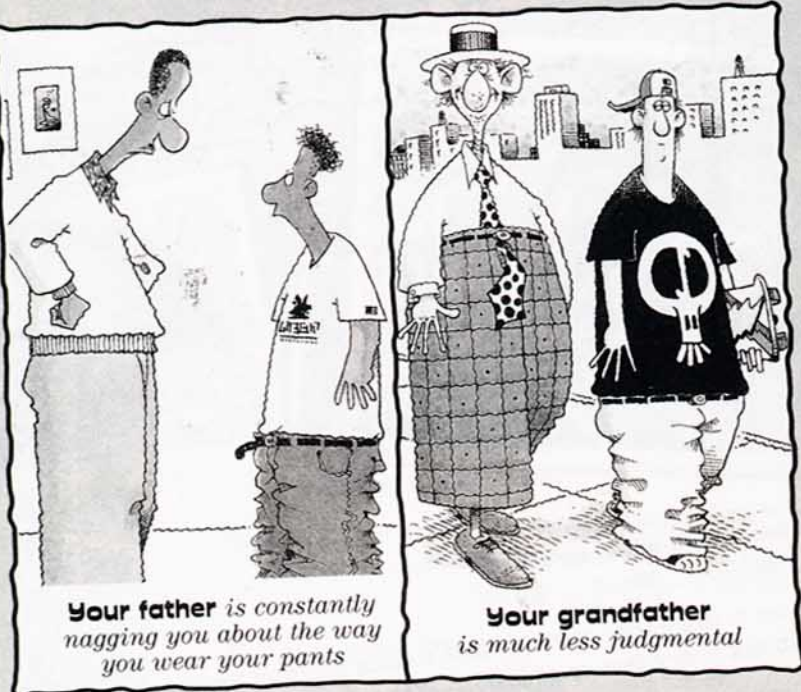
SIGNATURE

DATE _____



When you think of parents do the words "strict," "not fun" and "spankings" spring to mind? Conversely, when you think of grandparents do "no rules," "toys whenever you want them" and "lots of laughs" ring a bell? Yes, you know how deadly hanging out with mom and dad can be, and how much fun hanging out with the over-70 crowd is! But because we like to belabor the obvious and we needed to fill two pages, here's...

THE BASIC DIFFERENCES BETWEEN PARENTS





Fathers are slow to ask directions



Grandfathers are quick to give them

& GRANDPARENTS



Your mother bores you with a twenty-minute lecture about your piercings

OKINAWA, 1951... I'M GASSED TO THE RAFTERS... THE M.P.'S GOT THE JOINT SURROUNDED, AND THIS LITTLE GEISHA IS GIVIN' ME THE HAIRY ORBS... NEXT THING I KNOW....



Your grandfather entertains you with a twenty-minute history of his tattoos



Your parents are always misplacing the remote

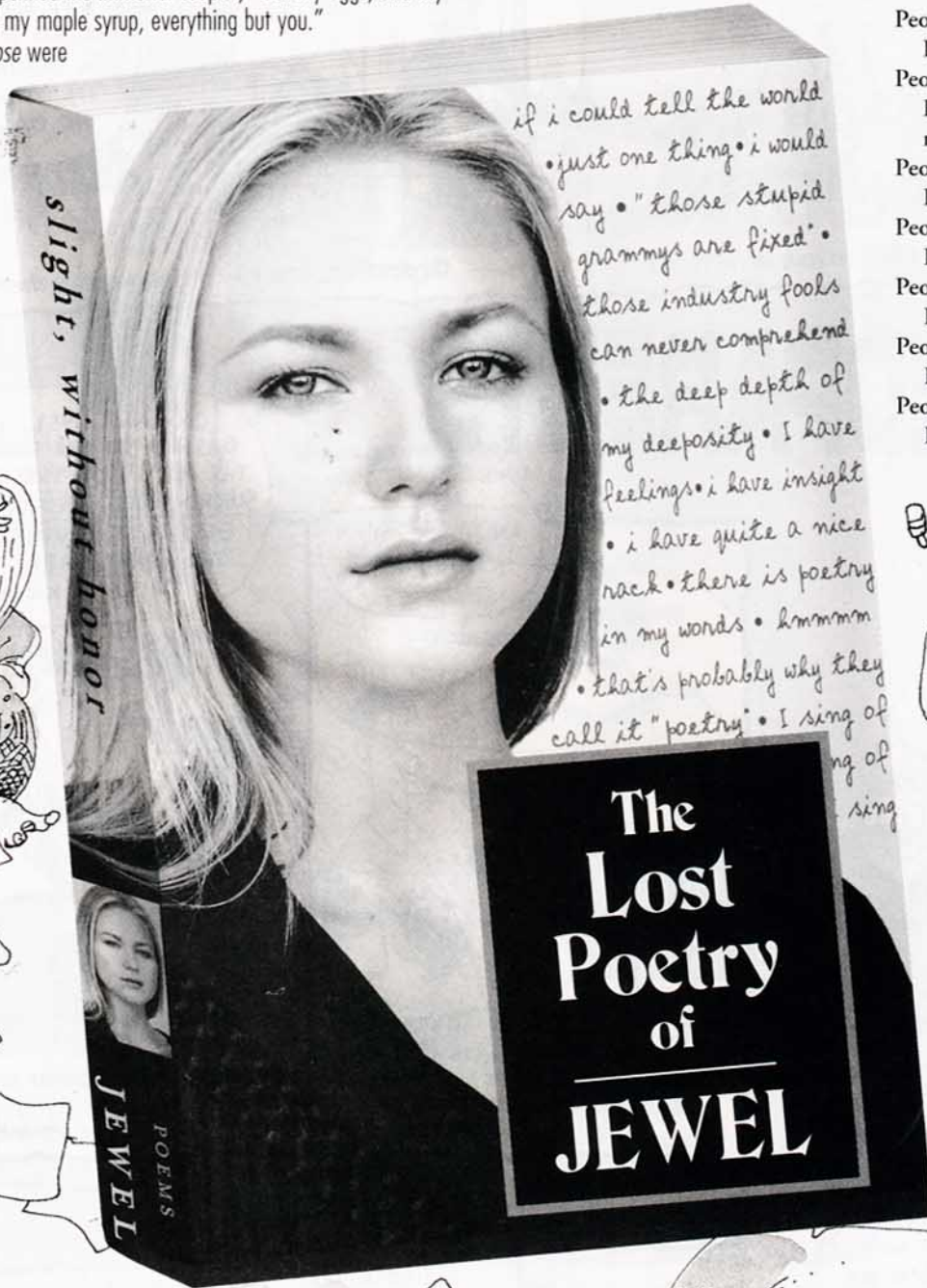


Your grandparents have a tendency to lose more interesting stuff



Recently, bookstores across America have seen a huge jump in poetry sales as literary lovers rush to the cash registers. Who is the wordsmith whose strength of meter and metaphor has jump-started this new age of poetic enlightenment? We'll give you a small hint...She's the same genius who penned the immortal couplet, "Got my eggs, and my pancakes too/Got my maple syrup, everything but you."

So if you think *those* were bad, wait till you see which poems didn't even make her book! Here's...

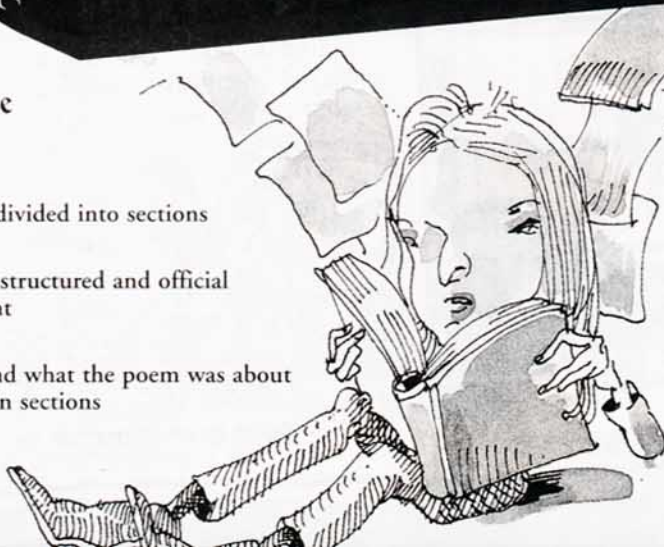


Quatrain Minus One

I
Once in a poetry book
I saw a poem that was divided into sections

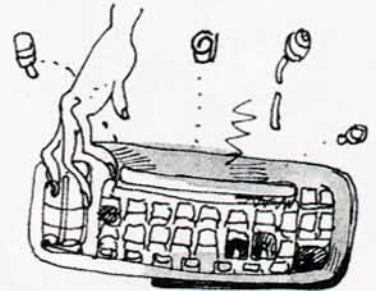
II
It made the poem look structured and official
And very very important

III
I didn't really understand what the poem was about
But I liked that it was in sections



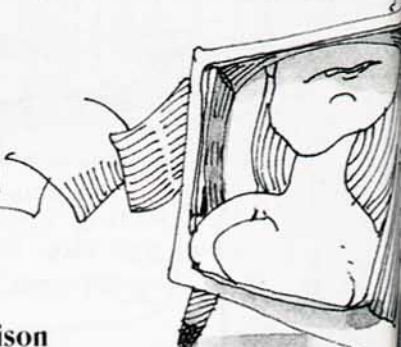
People Say My Words Are

People say my words are cliché
But I'll have the last laugh
People say my words are cliché
But what doesn't kill me makes me stronger
People say my words are cliché
But only time will tell
People say my words are cliché
But it takes one to know one
People say my words are cliché
But honesty is the best policy
People say my words are cliché
But two wrongs don't make a right
People say my words are cliché
But you ain't seen nothing yet



There's No Stopping (The Cretins From Hopping)

ScreamingYellingShoutingSobbing
WhyWhyWhyHowHowHowWhen
WhenWhenWhenWillMyPersonalA
ssistantGetTheStupidSpaceKeyOn
MyPCFixedThatBitchIsSoFired



Pink Prison

Sometimes I hate my own flesh
I want to claw at the skin that binds me
I want to blot my milky shoulders
I want to swaddle my belly
I want to spackle my cleavage
I want to wrap myself in velvet sheets
I want to hide myself away in thick
enveloping folds of purple
Then I realize
Unless I flash a little skin
MTV won't play my videos
Sometimes I love my own flesh

Highway 61 Revisited Revisited

I lived inside my van for a year
When I look back on those
times I call it
"That Time I Lived
In My Van"

Living in my van
Peeing in a can
Running from The Man
No cash to fix the fan

belt

A van is like a house on wheels
Conversely, a house is like a van with no wheels
I guess home is wherever you are warm and
safe and loved

Houseboats are a little more confusing

Such is life when you live in a van
Without any particular plan
Half driver, half pedestrian
It's like a yin and yan

g

Smelling of deodorizing pine tree cutouts
And gas station soap squirtings
Eating perhaps more pretzels that I might have
otherwise if I lived someplace besides
in a van

And life was hardness and gravel

As mentioned, I was living in my van
I could have used some roll-on Ban
I had one of those back things made of rattan
Yet I felt no need to pan

ic

But do not weep for me
Do not shed a tear for my stinkiness
All the while I was living in my van (which I did, for a year)
At least I never had to endure hearing one of my songs
playing on the radio

The Loneliness of Genius (A Poet's Lament)

Poetry is hard
Poetry is tough
I feel sorry for
Other poets who have no particu-
lar command of meter or natural
cadence so that they never know
when they have stuck too many
syllables into a given
line or just
enough



Ta Ta Toothy

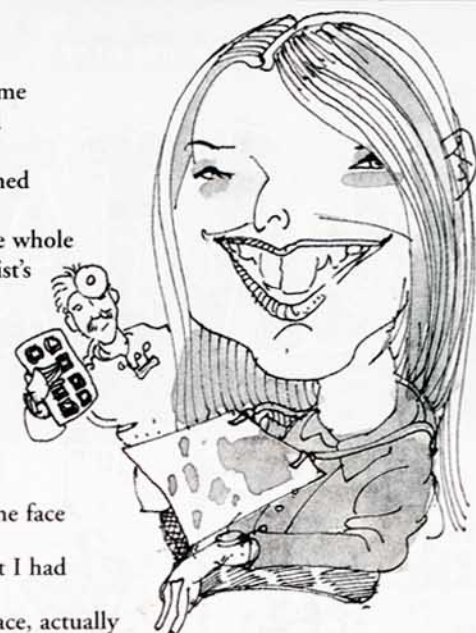
There's a space in me
That can't be filled
A gap
That can't be patched
A hole
That can't be made whole
But I've got a dentist's
appointment
for next Friday

The Days of Diagnosis

I still remember the face
of the doctor
As he told me that I had
dyslexia
He still has that face, actually
Except it's a couple of
years older
That face is on the front of his head
I would know him if I saw him
Finally I understood
I understood why ideas in school were like buttons
I could never put into their holes
I understood why words danced on the pages of
books like legless kittens on a skillet
I understood why my birthday cakes had "LEWEJ"
written on them in icing of sorrow

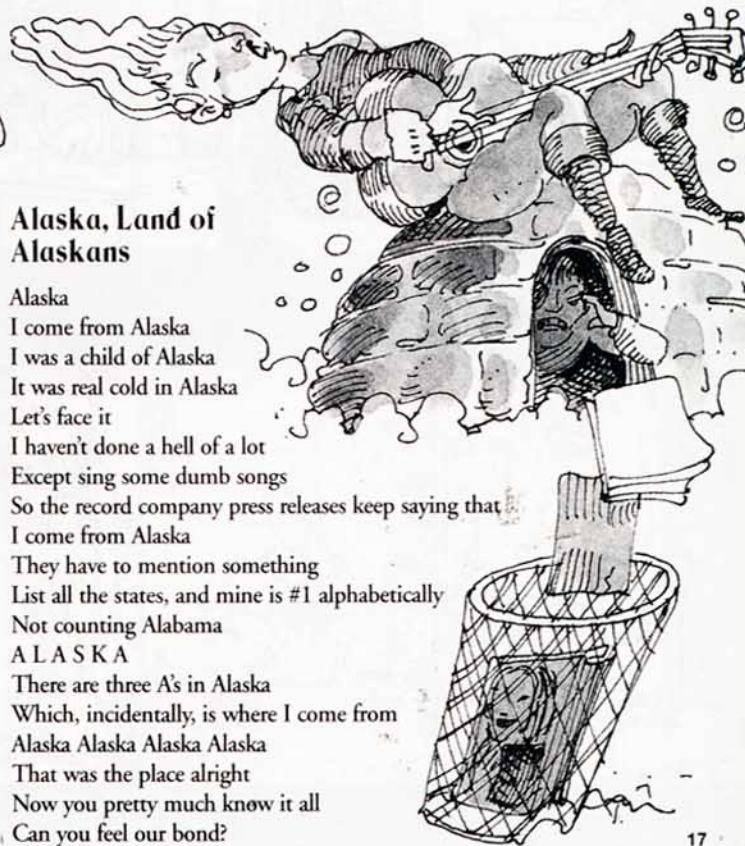
At last I was free
At last I was a victim

There's only one thing I still can't quite understand
On page 4 of the doctor's report
Right after it says "dyslexia"
Why does it say "Also, your cisum skcus"?



Alaska, Land of Alaskans

Alaska
I come from Alaska
I was a child of Alaska
It was real cold in Alaska
Let's face it
I haven't done a hell of a lot
Except sing some dumb songs
So the record company press releases keep saying that
I come from Alaska
They have to mention something
List all the states, and mine is #1 alphabetically
Not counting Alabama
A L A S K A
There are three A's in Alaska
Which, incidentally, is where I come from
Alaska Alaska Alaska Alaska
That was the place alright
Now you pretty much know it all
Can you feel our bond?





A MAD LOOK AT VETE



RINARIANS

ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES





BULGING MAN

The Magazine For The Man

Who Wants To Bulge

August
\$3.95

**ABS! ABS!
ABS!**

Turn Your
Chest
Into a
Ripped
Wall of
Mini-Abs!

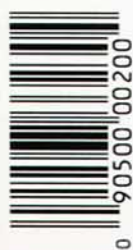
**GREAT SEX
WITH WOMEN!**

Short, Inconsequential Article
Included Solely To Ease Your
Girlfriend's Qualms About Your
Interest In A Magazine Featuring
Page After Page Of Scantily-
Clad, Oiled-Up Musclemen

Our New

10-Minute

No-Sweat
Lunch Hour Workout
Will Do Absolutely
Nothing For You!



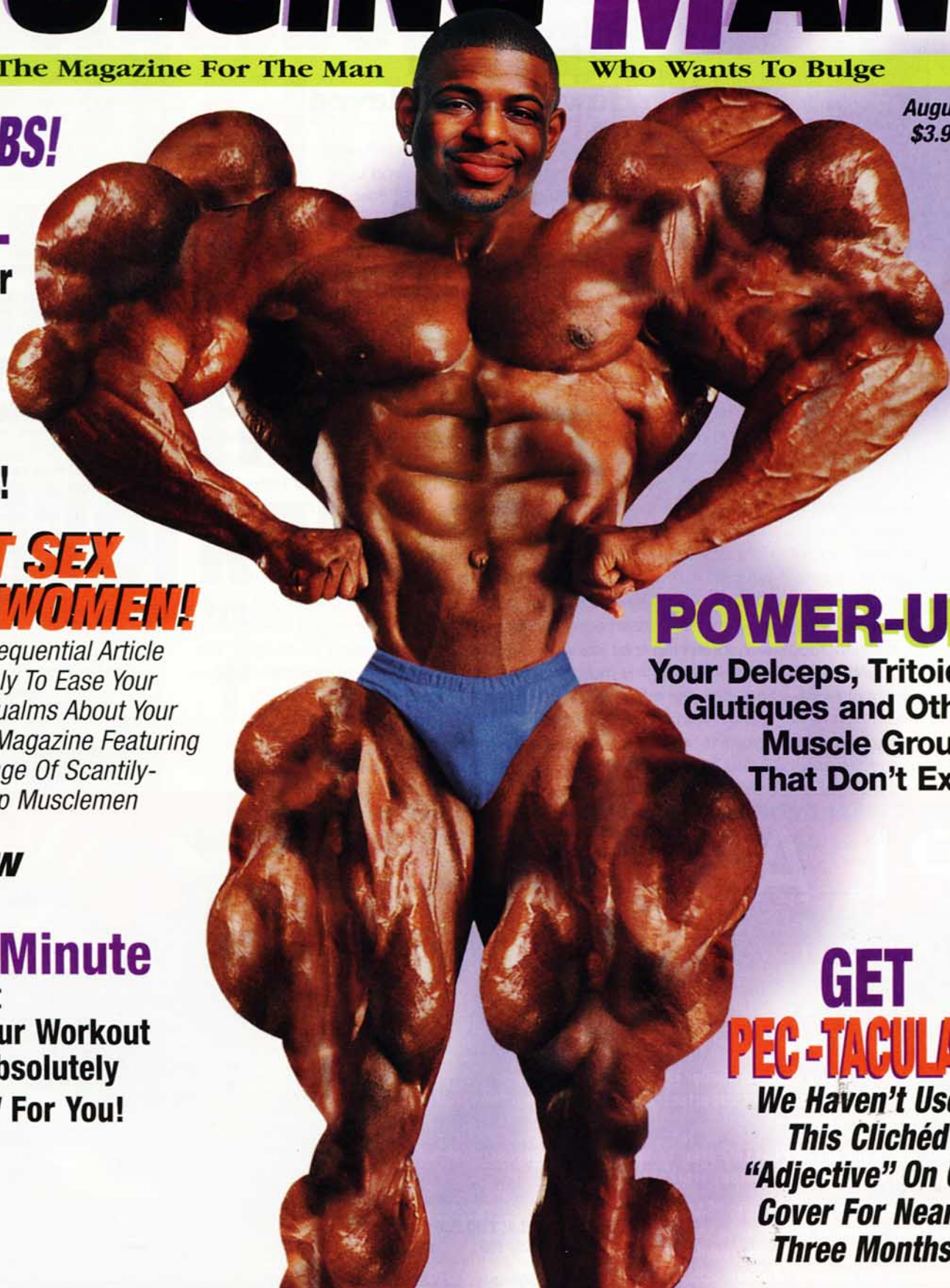
**ISO-TENSIONAL CALISTHROBICISED ANTERIOR CRUNCH THRUSTS:
INCLINED RESISTANCE OR MEDIAL-LATERAL? WEIGHING THE OPTIONS**

POWER-UP

Your Delceps, Tritoids,
Glutiques and Other
Muscle Groups
That Don't Exist

**GET
PEC-TACULAR!**

We Haven't Used
This Clichéd
"Adjective" On Our
Cover For Nearly
Three Months!



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Steve Glutton

Editor In Charge Of Alliterative Adjectives
To Include In Each Month's Abs Workout
"Awesome" Albert Abercrombie

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Workout From Different Angles So Readers Won't
Realize It's Identical To Last Month's Workout
Robin Schutter

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Articles On "Low-Impact Exercises" Which
You'll Need To Do Soon After Following Our
Even More Poorly-Researched Articles
On "Ultimate Hardcore" Workouts
Bill Hemorrhage

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Low-Fat Cookbooks, Slightly Changing
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Credible, Even Though The Barely-Legal Supplement
Ads In The Back Are What Really Bring In The Money
Ralph Hippocrit

Unqualified Individuals Who Claim A Medical Background
Simply By Adding A Few Initials After Their Name Who We
List As "Editorial Advisors" To Impress Our Gullible Readers:

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Mildred Pyook, V.M.I.T., Lunchlady, Parkway
Elementary School

Dermatology

Edward Pock-Mark, P.M.P.L., Former Deep Fry Chef at
Arthur Treacher's Seafood Shoppe, Paramus, NJ

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Doug Eyelet, T.O.E., Assistant Manager,
Payless Shoes Factory Outlet, Barstow, CA

Sexuality

Peter Puller, L.E.C.H., Night Manager, Hollywood
24-Hour Adult Book & Video Outlet, Hollywood, CA

Sports Dentistry

Jimmy Teef, F.L.O.S., Ten-Year-Old Son of Our UPS Man
Who Once Caught a Flying Molar at a Rangers Game

Sports Urology

Roger Tinkle, P.P., Janitor, Men's Restrooms,
Candlestick Park, South San Francisco, CA

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Breakfast Bar at Bob's Big Boy, Santa Fe, NM



Positive Self-Image Is Important, Regardless of How It Is Achieved

WHEN I STARTED WEIGHT-TRAINING when I was 16, I never dreamed that I'd ultimately end up winning dozens of bodybuilding and powerlifting titles, finally to "retire" at 30 and begin a lucrative career as the editor of a respected fitness magazine. And it's good I never

dreamed any of that, because none of it happened. Sure, I went to the gym with my buddies when I was in high school. But in college I learned that getting wasted every night on booze and illicit drugs gave me just as much of an inflated self-image and a chance to score with chicks as working out every day and living a healthy lifestyle.

As I got older, I realized that while all the world loves a fat, rowdy slob of a party guy in college, there's not much of a market for him in the working world. That's when I turned my life around! Backed by my dad's money and business contacts, I ventured into the already-bloated world of publishing fitness magazines. Using the right combination of enthusiastic words and phrases; dubious, repetitive (and often dangerous) workout routines; and photos of good-looking men who do take care of their bodies, I've hit upon a formula that works. For fellow slobs of Farley-esque proportions, a few issues of my magazine spread out on the coffee table at home gives the impression that you're at least *trying* to take care of your body. For girlfriends of these guys, we've got lots of pictures of attractive men to peruse and think about later when your beau's making a feeble attempt to implement this issue's "Great Sex" tips on you.

I'll probably never fit into the clothes I was wearing back in high school, or even last month, for that matter. But so what! The inflated ego I experienced in my drug-induced college days has been replaced with something a lot less self-destructive, though possibly even uglier: Self-importance fueled not by pushing my muscles to the limit at the gym, but by the obscene amount of money I'm making on this magazine.

STEVE GLUTTON

—Editor-in-Chief

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- Those who have taken PLACEBO prior to their regular rigorous workout routine have later experienced a rigorous workout routine.
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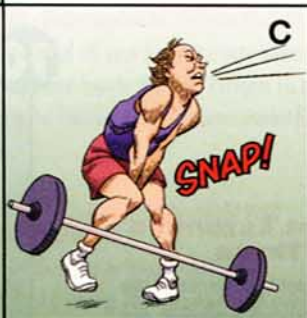
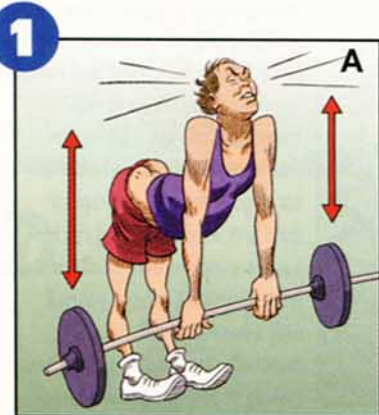
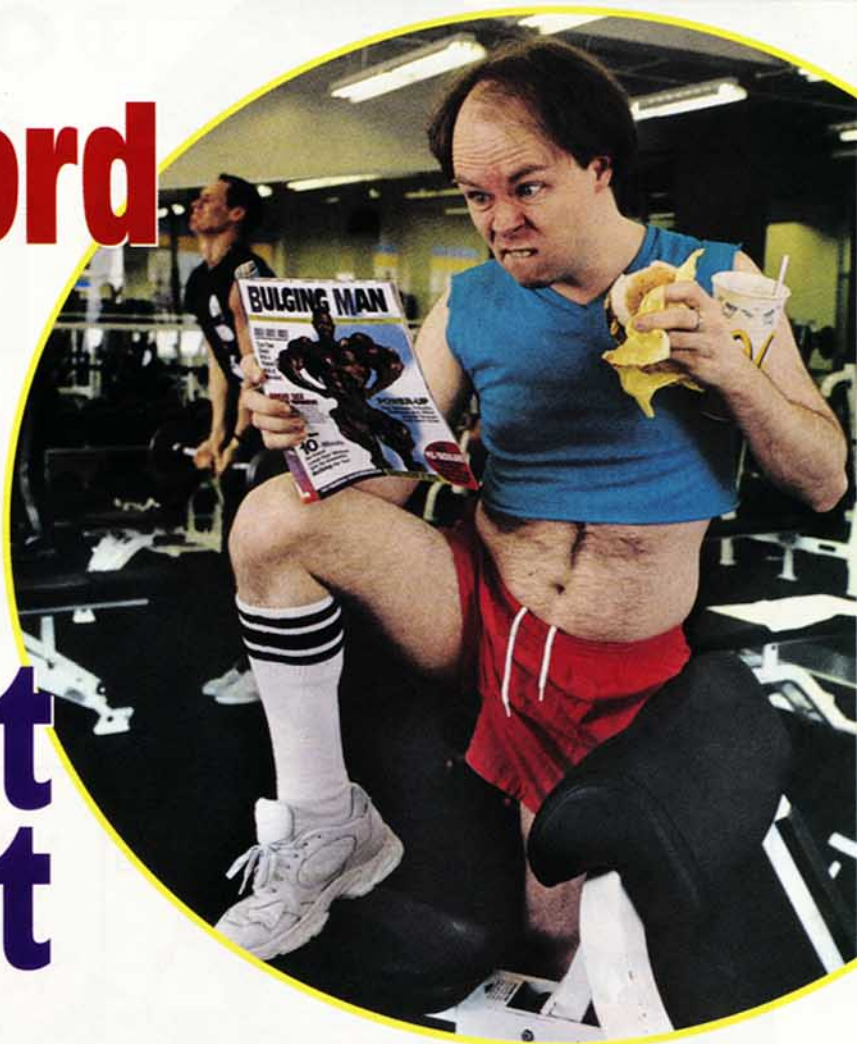
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ADVERTISEMENT

Get That Smorgasbord of a Body You've Always Wanted With Our Buffet Workout

By Jim Ratt



Decline Reverse Lateral Pec Pull

Grasp barbell firmly with both hands (A), lift it off the floor with much difficulty (B), and continue lifting despite any pain (C). Perform 17 repetitions or until you hear a snap in your groin rendering your testicles useless.

There's nothing more eye-catching than a rack of huge shoulders, a slab of muscular glutes or a set of ripped abs. They prove that you've got the strength, determination and stick-to-it-iveness to make your body the best it can be. They also prove that you've got no social life and a trust fund or rich parents or something because the only

way you'll get a body like that is to quit your job and spend 16 hours in a gym every day. The exercises illustrated below include a variety of movements to work your armal, chestal and shoulderal muscles from all angles, and were developed exclusively to look slightly different from the otherwise identical routine we published last issue.



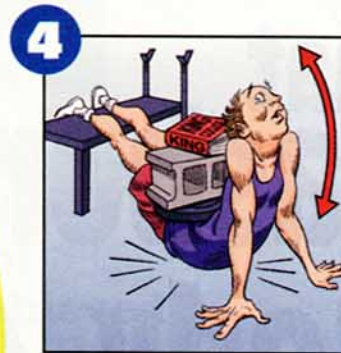
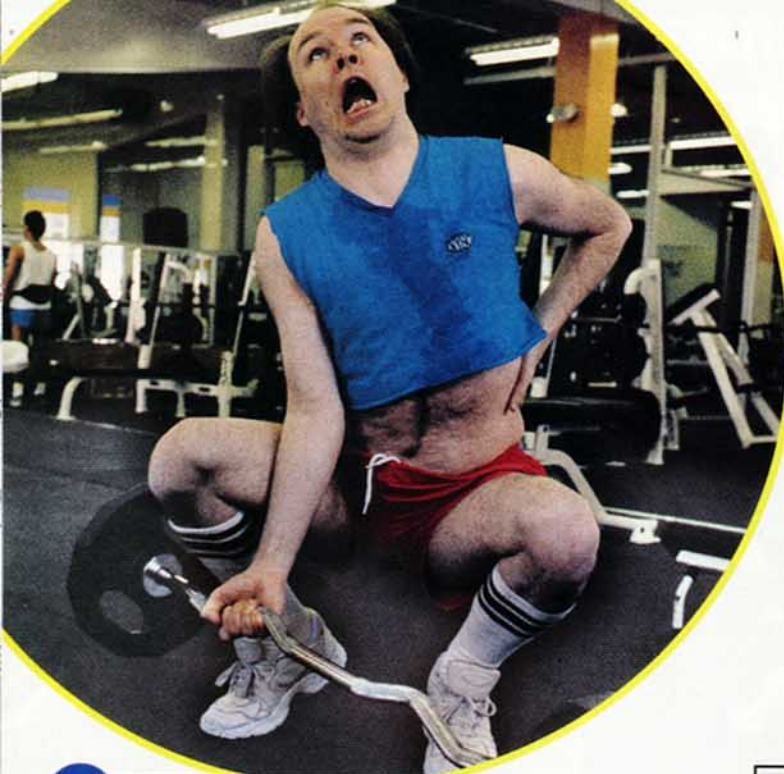
Side-Lateral Pec Cramp

With each hand firmly grasping a dumbbell, just stand there and lift them over your head, again and again. You needed a magazine to tell you this? Which one is the real dumbbell?



Wide-Grip Inclined Pec Burn

Holding the end of a barbell, proceed to pull it up towards your body while fending off smart-ass remarks from people who think you're using it incorrectly. Perform 6 repetitions.

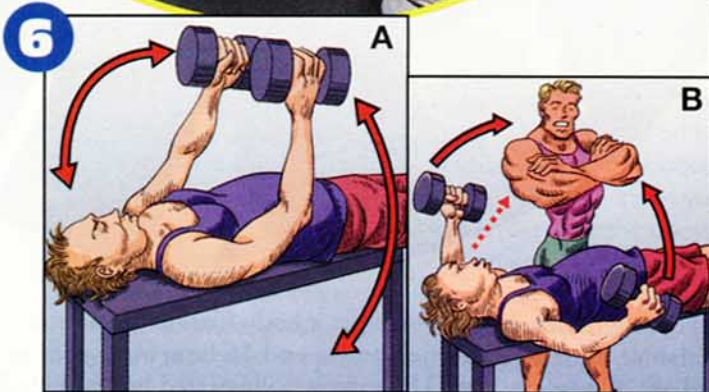


4 Kneeling Shoulder Popover

With a weight on your back and your feet on a bench, lower your chest to the ground in push-up form. If a standard weight is not available, you may use a cement block or a Stephen King novel. Perform 12 repetitions.

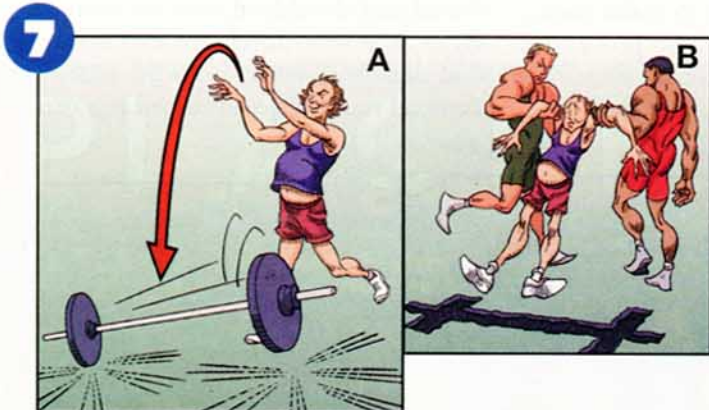
Escalated Pec Elevation Squat

Raise barbell to chin, then lower again, keeping head and neck straight and mind fixed on that Super-Sized Quarter-Pounder with Cheese you're going to ruin all your hard work with as soon as you're done here. Perform 10 repetitions.



6 Straddled Lower Pec Snaps

Lay down on weight bench and raise dumbbells over head (A). Pause. Perform 8 repetitions. See gym rat with body you'll never have wait patiently for the bench you're on (B). Perform another 10 reps really slowly just to irritate him (C).



7 Concentrated Arm Isolation Curl with Pulp

Lift barbell over head and across shoulders. Without injury to your own body, suddenly drop barbell and see how much damage you can do to the floor (A). Perform 15 repetitions or as many as you can before your gym membership is revoked (B).



8

Double Arm Dip with Sprinkles

Grasp dumbbells in hands and extend arms over head. Pause to realize these dumbbells are a lot heavier than they look. Debate whether or not to go to the rack and replace them with a lighter set and risk looking like a wuss in front of all the jocks. Ultimately exhaust yourself with 3 lousy reps with the heavy dumbbells. Yeah, like they were even looking at you, you paranoid freak.



9 Front Extended Leg Throe

Lie on your back. Decide on one set of crazy leg movements and do them over and over for 12 repetitions. If you just lie there flailing without any definite pattern, people may think you're having a seizure or something.



10 Bent-Over Ab Convulsion

With barbell squarely across back of shoulders, make constipated grunting sounds while keeping the bowels stationary. Perform 8 repetitions.

11



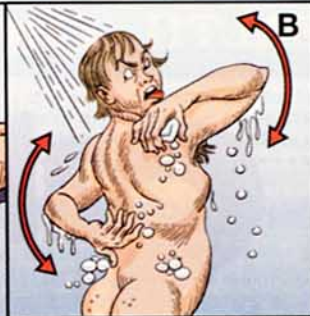
Contorted Ab Wince

Place one hand on hip, raise other hand over head in exaggerated "G'night Everybody" sign-off wave reminiscent of celebrity variety shows of the mid-1970s. Perform 12 repetitions.

12



A



B

Squatting Ab Stand

Lie down with your back against the weight bench. Now grasp two dumbbells—Ew! Did you remember to wipe it off before you laid down? Oh, gross, now you've got some other guy's sweat all over your back (A). Head off to showers, scrub back vigorously (B). Perform 6 repetitions.

13



A

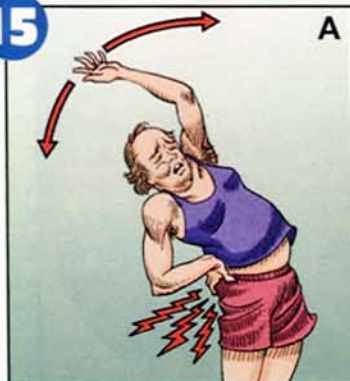


B

Racking Shoulder Heave

Pick up a barbell and hold it up against the back of your shoulders (A). There was more to this particular exercise but we lost the other illustration in this sequence, so you might want to improvise (B). Whatever you decide on, perform 12 repetitions.

15



A



B

Hyper-Extended Arm Cringe

Raise one arm over head while other hand rests on hip (A). Lean over to side until you hear vertebrae (knocked out of place from previous ill-performed exercises) snap back into place (B). Perform as many repetitions as necessary to stand upright again.

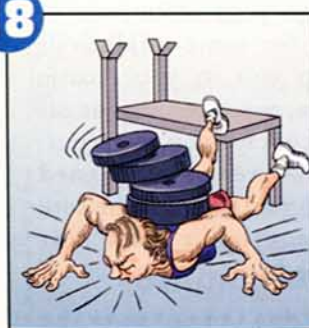
17



Fast-Forward Shoulder Grab

With one hand on your hip, raise your other arm over your head and lean to the side. Perform 10 reps or until you've hailed a cab, whichever comes first.

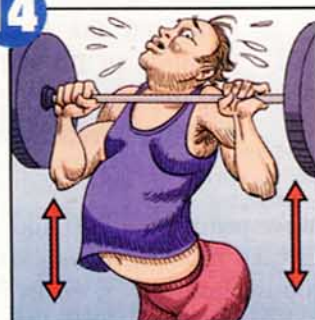
18



Over/Under Kneeling Arm Tear

Grasping the floor or ground with open palms, and grasping your sneakers with your toes, and grasping a bench with your sneakers, and grasping a weight with your back, proceed to slowly lower your chest so that it may grasp the ground. Pause, then reverse the procedure and push upwards, releasing your chestal grasp. Perform 8 repetitions.

14



Disinterested Shoulder Shrug

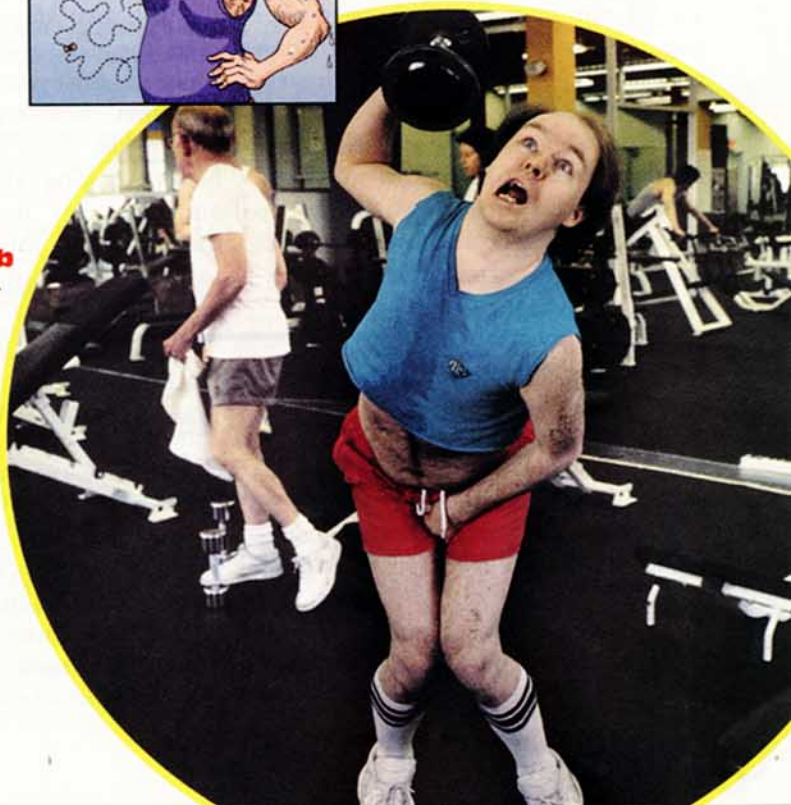
Grasping barbell firmly with both hands, lift it up to your chin. God, it's heavy! You're going to wake up screaming in pain tomorrow morning. Perform 10 repetitions anyway.

16



Splitting Pec Pulldown

While holding one hand firmly on hip, raise other hand over head to distract flies from your wet, stinking hair, you sweaty bastard. Perform 8 repetitions, and be sure to have horsefly-bite salve handy if exercising outdoors.



Saluting Your Efforts Towards a Better Mind and Body

Keeping Our Finger on the Irregular and Unhealthy Pulse of America's Fitness-Obsessed Man, While Ignoring the Fact That the Following Article Has Nothing to Do With Any Meaningful Developments in the Field of Health.
By Mike Owdashaip, C.S.F.P.T.S.C.

At *Bulging Man*, we're proud to bring you articles each month that promote a robust, healthy life: a healthy life for you by introducing new variations to your workout routine, and, by shamelessly re-packaging the exact same workout that we've run for the last 18 issues, a robust, healthy life for us.

But let's face it: if our workout advice were actually effective, why do we fill our magazine with page after page of ads for shady workout drugs and "Get-Huge-Fast-Without-Exercise" devices?

If each issue's requisite "healthy sex" article actually applied to you and could improve your love life, why do we always run an ad on the opposite page for a series of videos that promise to do the same thing?

If our monthly nutrition columns which tell you how to cut down on fat and lose weight had any basis in reality, why are most of our advertisers hawk-ing fat-burning pills and liposuction?

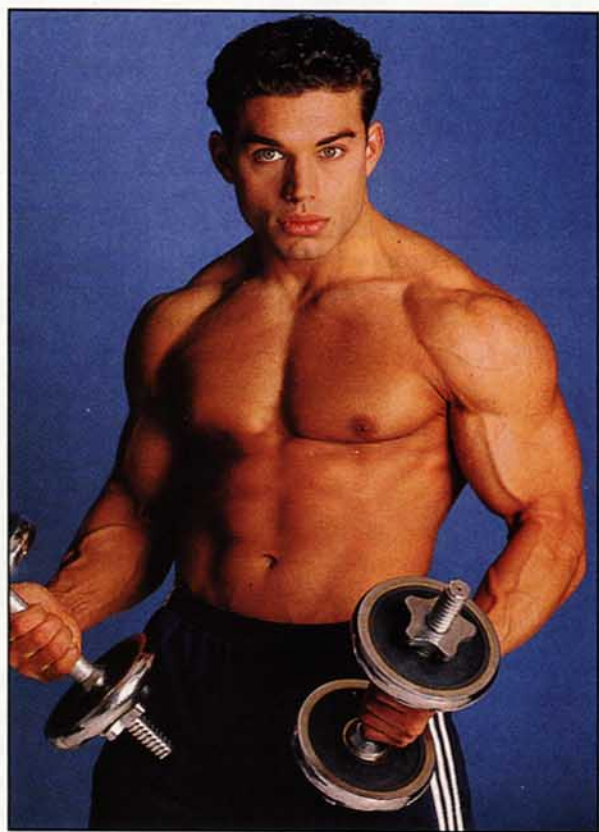
Why? Why do all our articles, features and columns say one thing and all of the advertising we run contradict them? The answer is that a true fitness

buff like you doesn't care enough to ask the question. In fact, a true fitness buff like you isn't even a true fitness buff. You're just some poor schmuck who picked this magazine up at the newsstand because this time – and, damn, you mean it! – you're going to get in shape for real (unlike the last two dozen times over the last five years). Once again, you've realized that there are a million other guys who are better looking than you and who get more girls than you, and you're clinging to the hope that a badly-researched fitness magazine can give

you the direction you need to turn you from a geek into a Greek god. And if not, hell, there's all those 900 numbers

in the back that you can call after you've realized it's still not happening for you and you just want to get off.

But we salute you, fitness buff. It's your confused yet vain, never-say-die-until-the-tiniest-setback attitude



Large homoerotic photos like this one serve to frighten and/or distract you from noticing what a load of crap these articles are while taking up about a quarter of the page and providing valuable filler.

that allows us to get away with so much. How else could a magazine seemingly obsessed with staying healthy sell full-page ads to cigar-of-the-month clubs? So while you're flipping through page after page of advertisements for some product or service to help you in your battle against hair loss, we take our hat off to you, and encourage you to go out, spend twenty minutes on a half-assed workout at the gym, come home sore and defeated, and try it again next month. We'll be here!

"Remember: It's the quality of the bulge that counts"

SNAKE OIL PHARMACEUTICALS & ELIXIRS PRODUCT MART

STEROIDS

are illegal, so instead we sell these vaguely-labeled pills and potions which are just as dangerous, yet somehow are able to just squeak by under current FDA regulations!

WARNING!
Don't be fooled by other companies claiming to have the same or better products! We're all selling the same crap, so why not just be fooled by us?

IPECAC TABLETS

100% Natural Purgative and Emetic

The secret of poison control centers can now be yours! Strip away body fat from the inside after eating anything you like by getting rid of food before you digest it, thus actually preventing the body's production of fat! Just pop a vomit-inducing capsule or three down your throat following a seven-course meal, a half-gallon of ice cream, an entire pizza, pea soup — anything — and tell your friends to stand back!

Immediate results!

\$26.95



BRONCHODILATORS

Developed so fat kids with asthma could participate in gym class without hyperventilating, bronchodilators — sold in convenient-to-abuse pill-form — are now available to people like you who have no business using them, to "enhance" your workout. Pop 'em by the handful!

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\$16/gallon

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Note: Has been known to cause severe arachnophobia in a small percentage of women athletes.

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HAIRPIECIA

Finally! A Solution to Thinning Hair!
HAIRPIECIA is a medical breakthrough!

In an independent study, 83% of men using HAIRPIECIA maintained their hair by sweeping it into a paper bag off of the bathroom sink and scooping it out of the drain in the shower.

While HAIRPIECIA is primarily for men, old Italian grandmothers going for a traditional mustachioed look have enjoyed its success as well.

Call **1-800-GO-HAIR** today to receive detailed product information, including professionally touched-up "before and after" photographs, which will hopefully convince you that HAIRPIECIA will work for you.

Warning: Women who are or may potentially be pregnant must not use HAIRPIECIA and should not handle crushed or broken tablets because of the risk of giving birth to live hairballs.

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A gentle, tonic-like energy boost harvested from protein deposits found along the floors of caves in the Andes. The supplement most used by lost and starving spelunkers worldwide! Ideal for the bodybuilder who doesn't know or care what "guano" means! 60 tablets.

\$18.95

NAVY SEAL EXERCISES

Finally! A book, navy blue in color, to teach you how to do all those fantastic tricks you've seen seals perform at the zoo, the circus and in old cartoons!



- Achieve the condition of a sleek, aquatic seal!
- Full size! 100 sixth-generation xeroxed pages and photos!
- This is the best training method based on the bone structure, musculature and metabolism of marine carnivorous pinnipeds — period!

Exercises include:

- Balancing a large colorful ball on your nose!
- Honking a rack of bulbed horns in succession!
- Congratulating yourself by clapping your flippers and barking!

New expanded edition features section on nutrition information and our patented high-protein "Bucket of Raw Fish"™ diet!

Stop being mistaken for an endangered sea cow. Order today!

SEAL EXERCISES 1-800-GO-SEAL

INSTANT ENERGY!

Product	Amount/Dosage	Code	Price
Pink Hearts	100 CT/200 mg	LCH	\$6.00
Yellow Moons	100 CT/200 mg	LCM	\$7.00
Green Clovers	100 CT/200 mg	LCC	\$7.00
Orange Stars	100 CT/200 mg	LCS	\$6.00
Blue Diamonds	100 CT/200 mg	LCD	\$6.75

Save! Buy all five and receive a 4-week supply of frosted oat cereal!

ORDER NOW!

Include detailed order on separate sheet, plus check or money order, plus signed statement absolving us from all blame and responsibility due to the misuse and/or simple ingestion of our products, and send to:



375 Medicine Show Rd.
#240 Tonic Bitters
Florida, 34952

Free Sample Pack of 25 Condoms!

Now with our
Patented Dynaflo™
Reservoir Tip!

CLAM-BAKE CONDOMS

"Tis not only me leg
is made of wood"

SHEEP
INNARDS
BRAND
CONDOMS

Euphemism
Condoms

"For When You're in the
Mood for Pulling the
Train Into the Station"



FRISKY
Brand

CONDOMS



Chimney
Sweep

CONDOMS

Bristled
for Her
Pleasure

In a misguided effort

to introduce you to our prophylactics, we'll send you a sample pack of 25 of our finest, least-faulty condoms under the erroneous assumption that a loser like you will have sex 25 times, wear a condom each time you do and then order more from us.

We'll also assume that in the unlikely event you do need condoms, you'll find the simple act of going into virtually ANY store and buying them so intimidating and frightening that you'd rather order them through the mail and wait weeks for them. Finally, we'll even assume that you're so sexually inexperienced that you think our "exotic" brands actually turn condom-wearing from a chore into some sort of glorious and manly event.

Phlaccid Pharmaceuticals

ORDER FORM (Check One)

- ☐ **25 Free Condoms** (send \$32 handling)
☐ **Special Bonus Offer** 40 condoms plus 10 embarrassing, possibly penile-cancer causing glow-in-the-dark condoms (send \$50)

☐ **Super Spectacular Bonus Offer**
250 Condom Variety Pack. Save with this jumbo pack of factory seconds. All are slightly irregular or faulty. Those with holes can be easily repaired with Nu-Vinyl or a bicycle tire patch kit, not included. (send \$187.50)

Name _____
Address _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____
Shipped in bright, eye-catching packages with specific contents stamped all over.

Send cash, check, or money order to:
Phlaccid Pharmaceuticals, 857 Latex Ave.
Dept. KY, Intercourse, PA 60044

Condoms, when competently manufactured and properly used, are highly effective against Sexually Transmitted Diseases. Ours, however, are better used as balloons to decorate bachelor parties.



ORDER IN THE COURTSHIP DEPT.

If two's company and three's a crowd, then four's a big fat stinkin' mess — at least when it comes to dating! Official records indicate that not once in the annals of courtship has a double date ever gone well. Why, you ask? Well, we can't prove it, but we think it has something to do with these...



UNSPOKEN RULES OF Double Dating



RULE #4

One guy's manners must always be way better than the other guy's.

RULE #21

In anticipation of dividing the check 50/50, each couple must order only the most expensive items on the menu.



UNSPOKEN RULES OF Double Dating

RULE #36-B

While standing in front of the multiplex, all four daters should debate which movie to see long enough to ensure that they end up in four single seats scattered around the sold-out theater.



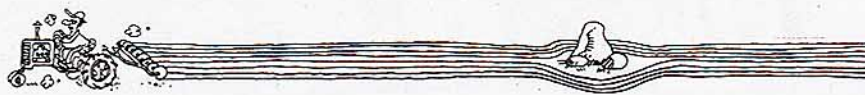
RULE #44

Whenver any sex scene occurs during the movie, all four parties must stiffen their legs, grip the armrests, put on robotic-like blank expressions or adopt any other necessary ruses to camouflage their sexual arousal.



RULE #57

At least one, and possibly four, of the daters must wish they were with someone else in the group.





RULE #63-C

Neither couple may concentrate completely on making out, because they're constantly checking to see how far along the other couple has gotten.

RULE #69

It is considered poor form for the two guys' private "who gets his date's bra off first" bet to be settled the instant there is a winner.



RULE #74

Even though in all human history, only one double date ever ended up in a four-way orgy (in Malmö, Sweden on January 27, 1974), the false possibility must never, ever leave the minds of the daters.

RULE #81

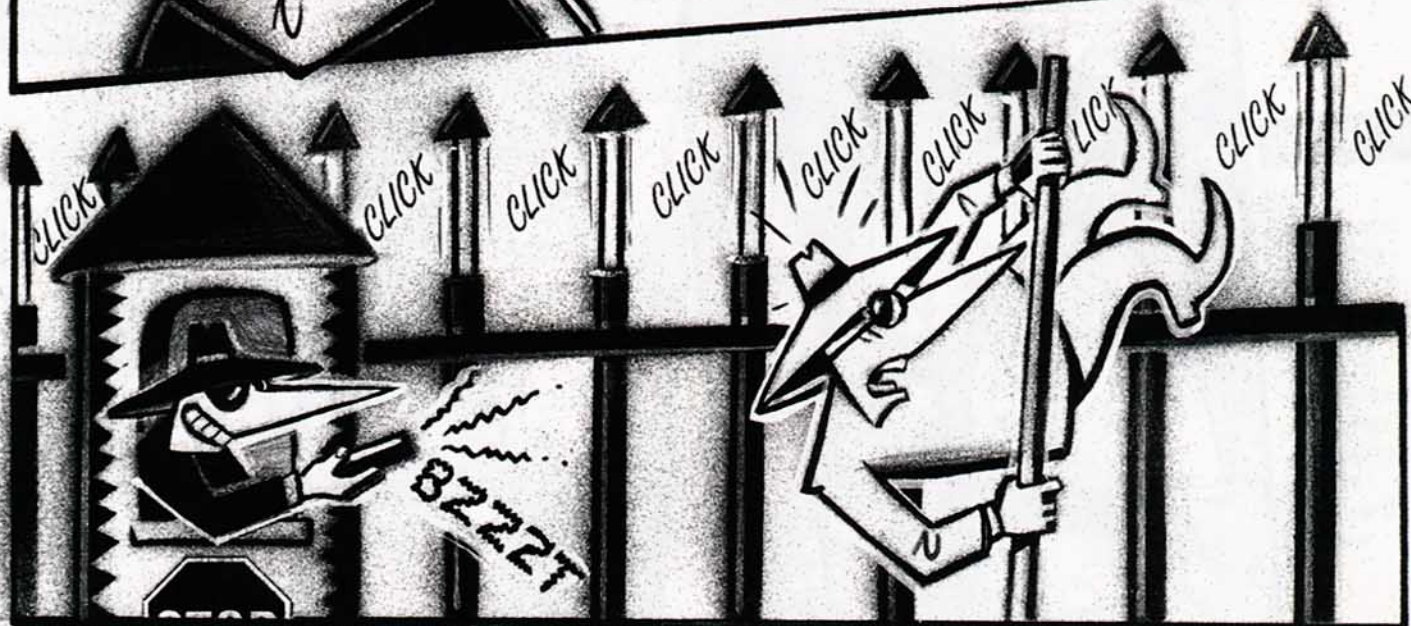
It is imperative the other three daters agree on their alibi *before* depositing an incoherent fourth dater with unexplained bruises and brand new tattoos face down in her parents' driveway.

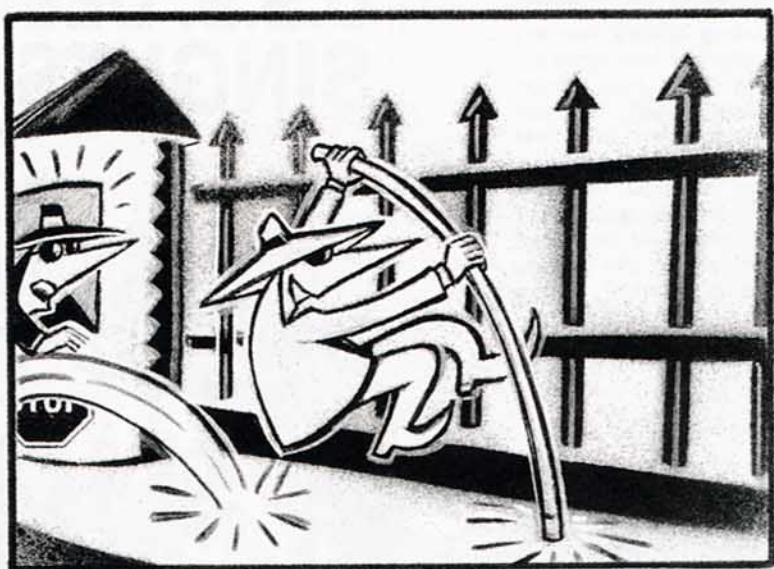


... and came back two hours later with the tattoos and a sailor on each arm!



SPY VS SPY

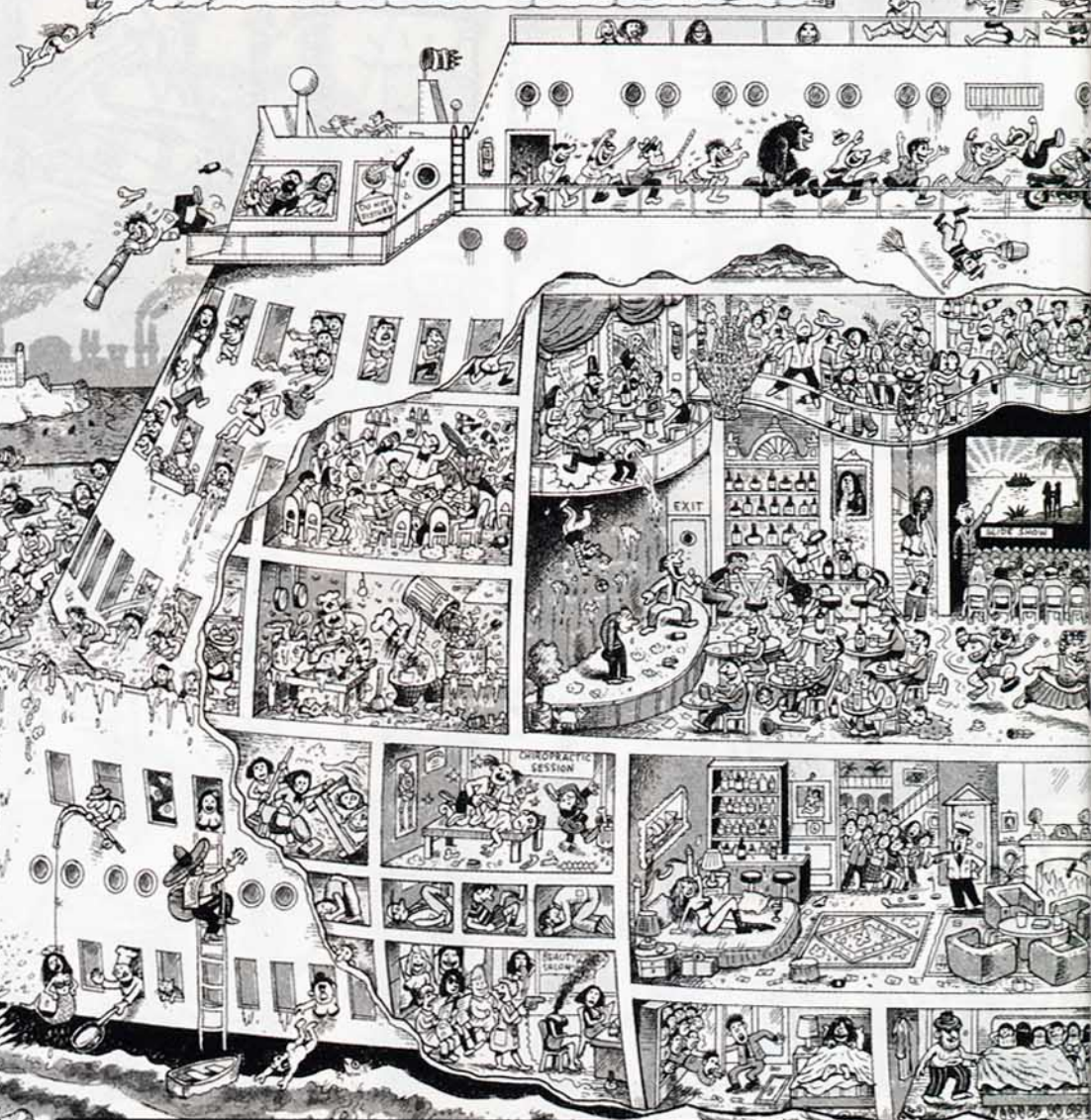






As if the dating scene weren't hard enough, the hot new trend for people looking for a little action is singles cruises. Great. Now you can get turned down and feel depressed while simultaneously feeling deathly seasick! But just what is the deal with these cruises? Are they all Kathie Lee promises in her commercials as she dances around the ship's deck? Judge for yourself as we present the...

U.S.S. DESPERATION SINGLES CRUISE



ACTIVITIES FOR TODAY

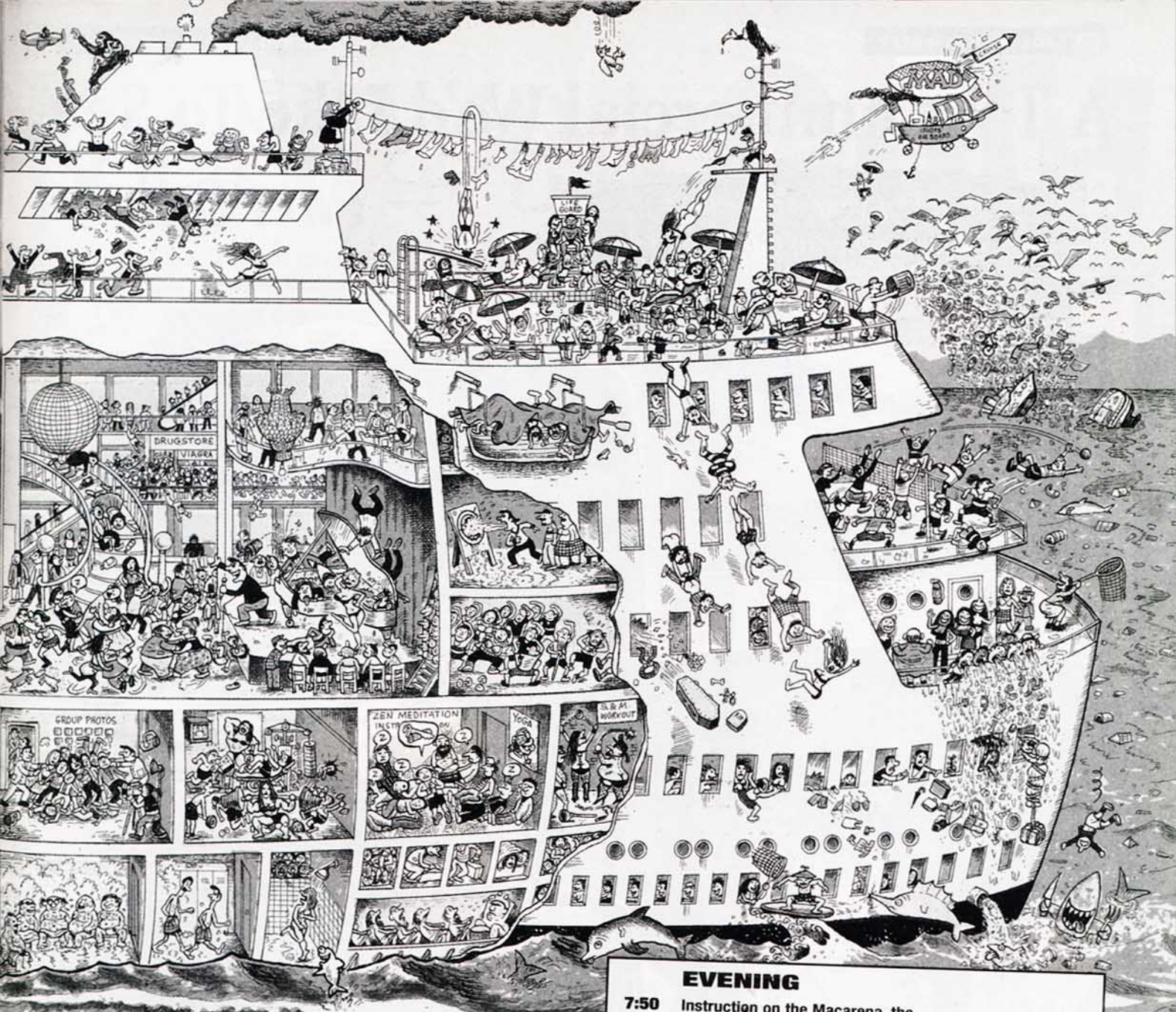
MORNING

- 7:00-7:15** Continental Breakfast Dining Room
- 7:16** Vomiting Up Continental Breakfast Starboard Rail
- 8:15** Meet and Greet Fellow Singles Assembly Room
- 8:30** Vomiting Up The Rest Of Your Continental Breakfast After Seeing Fellow Singles Assembly Room Entrance
- 9:00** Steam Bath Opens Laundry Room (Near the Pants Pressing Machine)
- 9:12** Ornithological Club: Feed the Adorable Seagulls by Throwing Ship's Garbage Overboard Port Side Rail
- 9:45** Volleyball C Deck
- 10:00** Organization of Rescue Party For Volleyball Players Washed Over C Deck B Deck
- 10:15** Commencement of Endless Bugging to Pose for a Group Photo by Our Staff Photographer So We Can Sell Them to You for \$20 per Person Everywhere

- 10:25** Gymnastics with Highly Trained Physical Fitness Instructor and/or Hunky Looking Cabin Boy Who Can Fake Knowing More Than You Do Gymnasium
- 10:30** Funeral for Elderly Passengers Who Haven't Exercised in Years Garbage Chute
- 11:30** Meet and Greet All the Singles You've Met and Greeted Before Assembly Room
- 11:35** Projectile Vomiting Assembly Room Exit

AFTERNOON

- 12:00** Table Scraps and Leftovers from the Continental Breakfast Served up as a Continental Brunch Dining Hall
- 12:16** Instruction on How to Tip the Staff Properly to Avoid Having Your Luggage Float Out to Sea Auditorium
- 12:30** Poolside Get Together: Meet and Greet All The Singles You Previously Found Repulsive — Now with Their Clothes Off! Swimming Pool



- 12:59** An Hour of Sitting And Doing Nothing Passed Off as "Zen Meditation Instruction" **Nirvana Room**
- 2:31** Gossip About Other Passengers' Embarrassing Afflictions and Social Diseases **Nurse's Quarters**
- 3:44** Free Chiropractic Session for Passengers Over 5'9" Who've Attempted to Stand Up in Their Cabin ... **Waiters' Lounge**
- 4:35** Happy Hour: Meet and Greet All the Same Old Singles Who'll Look Much Better Once You're Plastered ... **Captain's Closet**
- 5:15** Slide Show Depicting Scenes of Faraway Exotic Locations This Ship Won't Be Visiting **Auditorium**
- 5:30** Karaoke Singing With a Machine That Only Plays the Theme From *The Love Boat* **Tin-Ear Lounge**
- 5:42** Cheap, Plastic Hawaiian Lei Giveaway **Hula Lounge**

EVENING

- 7:50** Instruction on the Macarena, the Lambada and Other Out-Of-Date Dances That Get You Laughed Off the Dance Floor Anywhere Else **Ballroom**
- 8:25** Guided Tour of the Only Cabin on Board That Actually Looks Like the One Depicted in the Brochure ... **Ship Owner's Cabin**
- 9:30** Entertainment: Young Observational Comic, Gary Sinkhole, Spends 22 Minutes Wondering Why Those Seven Idiots On *Gilligan's Island* Can Build Everything but a Boat **Nightclub Stage**
- 10:00** Entertainment: Old-Fashioned Insult Comic, Shecky Hecky, Roasts Unattractive Singles, Making Them Feel Even More Inadequate Than Before **Nightclub Stage**
- 11:00** Amateur Talent Night: Come Show Your Utter Lack of Talent so We Won't Have to Pay Any Real Entertainers **Cabaret (Formerly, the Laundry Room)**
- 1:15** Exhibition of Idiots Yelling "I'm The King Of The World" Like That Schmuck in *Titanic* **Ship's Bow**
- 1:36** Informal Get-Together to Hang Cruise Shill Kathie Lee Gifford In Effigy **Crow's Nest**

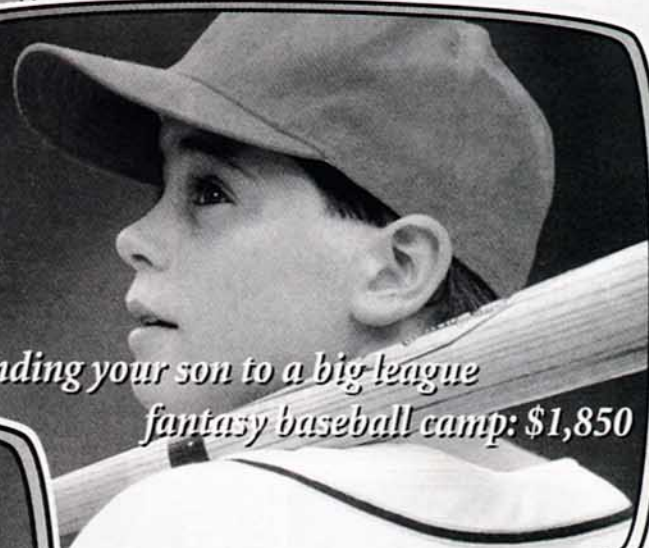
A TV Commercial We'd Like To See

— Part One

*Airfare for your wife to visit
her mother in California: \$600*



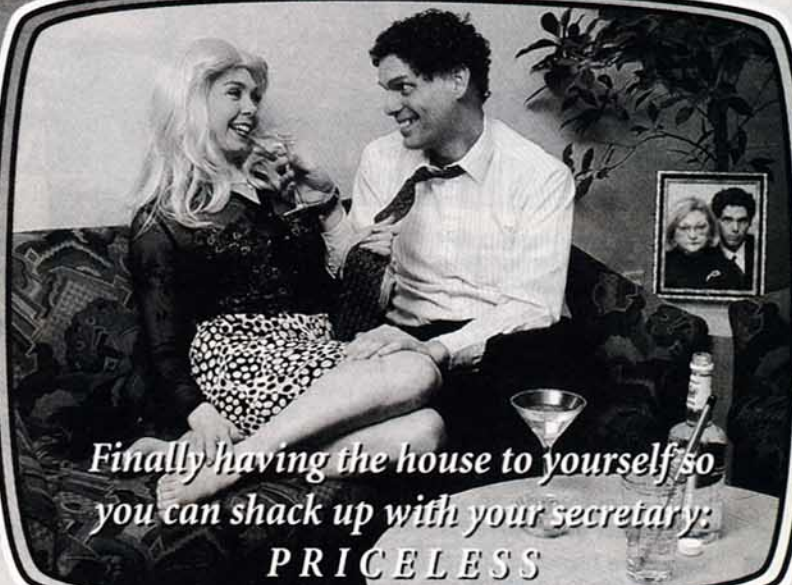
*Sending your son to a big league
fantasy baseball camp: \$1,850*



*Picking up the tab for your
daughter to ski Aspen: \$3,100*



*Finally having the house to yourself so
you can shack up with your secretary:
PRICELESS*



There are some things money can't buy.
For everything else there's MasterFraud.

MasterFraud



MONTR^{oo}e and...GOTH

Fads come and fads go, but some stick around a little too long...like since the Dark Ages.
Bubble, bubble, our hero's in trouble!







NICE EYELINER, MONROE! ARE YOU WEARING MATCHING PANTIES, TOO?

DYLAN, THE PAIN YOU INFLICT IS NO STRONGER THAN MY OWN SELF-INFLICTED MALAISE!



I DOUBT THAT! AND I'D SHOW YOU, IF I DIDN'T HAVE TO GO SEE MY PAROLE OFFICER! DAMN "THREE STRIKES" LAW!



WHO WAS THE BUTCH BRUTE?

THAT WAS DYLAN -- HE LIKES TO BREAK MY BALLS!



DON'T WORRY, YOU'LL LOVE IT! I GOT SOME KILLER NEW DEPECHE MODE BOOTLEGS!



COOL! LOOKIT THIS STUFF! IS THIS A PIG FETUS?

DON'T TOUCH THAT! IT'S HOLY! YOU ARE IN THE SACRED CHAMBER OF MADAME REBECCA, WHERE ALL CAN COME TRUE!



HOW ABOUT WE MAKE SOME MICROWAVE S'MORES COME TRUE!

FINE, JUST DON'T MAKE A MESS OR MY MOM WILL FREAK!



ALL IS READY! LAVA LIGHT GOING, MORRISSEY PLAYING, NOW FOR THE INCANTATION!

THIS IS MY FAVORITE PART!

HOT S'MORES! WHO WANTS ONE?

SILENCE! I AM CALLING ON THE SACRED WINDS OF THE NORTH!

THESE S'MORES GIVE ME THE WINDS OF THE SOUTH, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN!

YOU KNOW, THIS IS ALL GETTING A LITTLE TOO PRACTICAL MAGIC FOR ME!



NOW ARISE, BLACK SPIRIT AND GRANT US THE WISH WE BESEECH OF THEE! WE OFFER THEE A VIRGIN'S HAIR!

WOULD YOU STOP WITH THE WHOLE "VIRGIN" THING?! I TOLD YOU --

NOW, BLACK SPIRIT, GRANT US OUR WISH --

YES! PLEASE GIVE ANGEL FROM BUFFY THE VAMPIRE SLAYER HIS OWN SPIN-OFF SHOW!

NO, YOU WASTED THE WISH! I WAS GOING TO MAKE MY BRACES DISAPPEAR!



PUH-LEEZE! YOU ARE SO VAIN!

LOOK WHO'S TALKING! HOW MANY SHADES OF BLACK NAIL POLISH DO YOU OWN?

DON'T EVEN GO THERE!

FINE. LET'S JUST HELP MONROE, LIKE WE SAID WE'D DO. OH, BLACK SPIRIT, WE BESEECH THEE... DESTROY DYLAN!

WHAT "DESTROY"?! YOU'RE NOT GONNA KILL HIM, ARE YOU?! JUST MAIM HIM A LITTLE!

SILENCE, VIRGIN!

VIRGIN?! OKAY, THAT'S IT! I'M OUTTA HERE!



LEAVE NOW, INFIDEL, AND YOU WILL HAVE DISRUPTED THE CIRCLE AND SEALED YOUR FATE FOREVER!

YEAH, YEAH. BITE ME.

...AND TELL ME AGAIN HOW YOU SAVED ME FROM THE "BLACK MAGIC"!

NO, IT'S TRUE! I... I...

HEY, HERE'S A MAGIC TRICK FOR YOU! I'LL MAKE YOUR TEETH DISAPPEAR!

MAGIC TRICK! GOOD ONE, DYLAN!

YOU KNOW, LOOKING AT MONROE, I'M STARTING TO THINK THAT MY LIFE AIN'T SO BAD.





A TV Commercial We'd Like To See

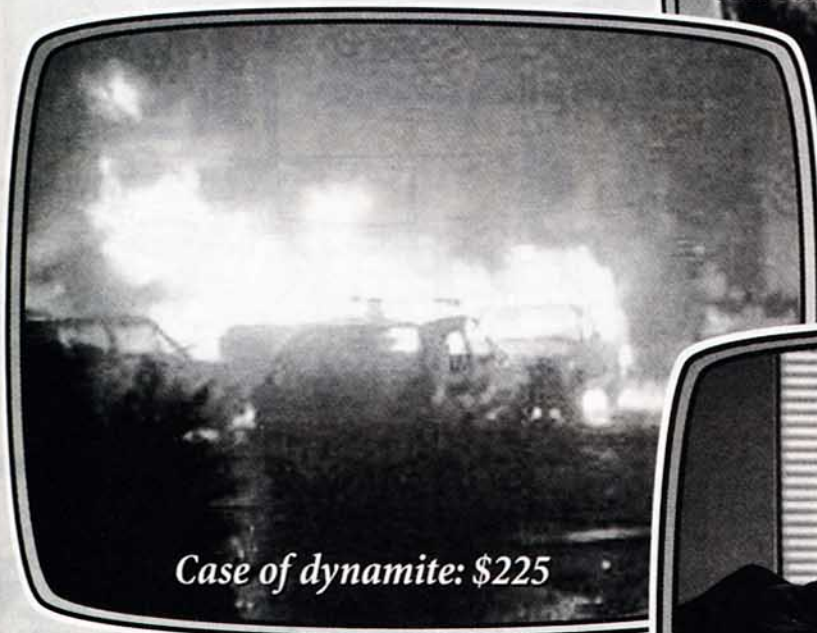
— Part Two



Baseball bat: \$25



*Automatic handgun
with silencer and shells: \$675*



Case of dynamite: \$225



*Finally being "made" in the Mafia:
PRICELESS*

There are some things money can't buy.

For everything else there's MasterFraud.





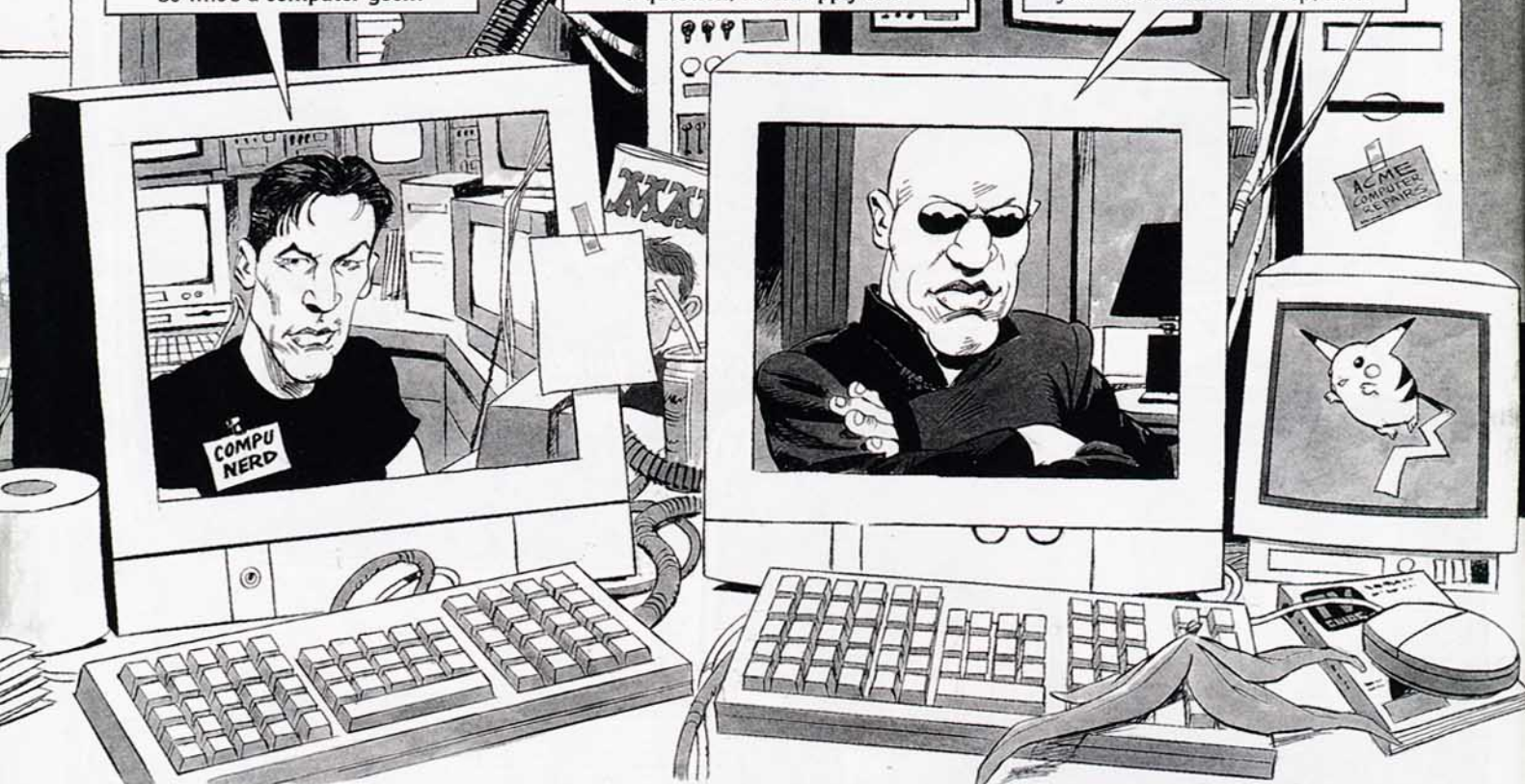
People go to the movies for all sorts of reasons — to enjoy the skill of the actors, to see the beautiful costumes and scenery or to get involved in the intricate plotline! Some exceptional movies have all these things! Then there's the new Keanu Reeves movie, where the only thing it has going for it are...

THE

I'm TooMuch Underdone, computer programmer by day, computer hacker by night! My friends say I'm a somber geek because I'm too involved in computers! But tonight I'm going to have dinner at a virtual restaurant, go to a virtual dance and I'm gonna take a virtual date with me! So who's a computer geek?

I'm MoreForUs, leader of the rebel forces against the FakeTriX! My friends and foes consider me the most powerful man alive! My friends and foes also consider me the most boring man alive! I specialize in long-winded, pretentious, confusing non-answers to simple, straightforward questions! And if you don't have a question, I can supply one!

For example, are you really reading this nonsense, or are you DREAMING you're reading this nonsense or are you dreaming you're dreaming you're reading this nonsense? Or is someone pretending to be YOU reading this nonsense? Or is this nonsense reading you? And while reading *this*, who's reading your electric meter? Deep, huh?



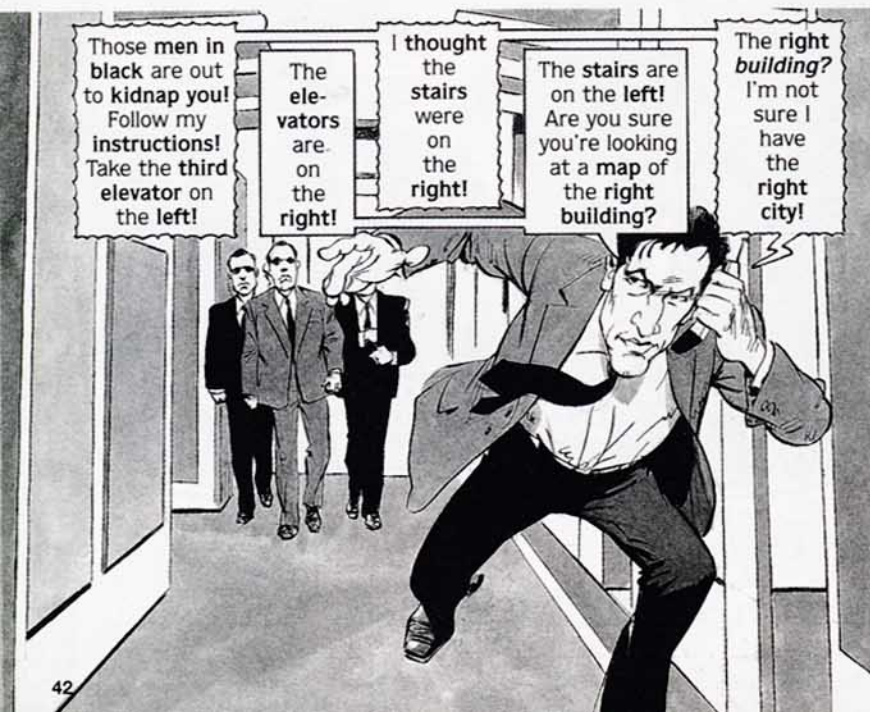
Those men in black are out to kidnap you! Follow my instructions! Take the third elevator on the left!

The elevators are on the right!

I thought the stairs were on the right!

The stairs are on the left! Are you sure you're looking at a map of the right building?

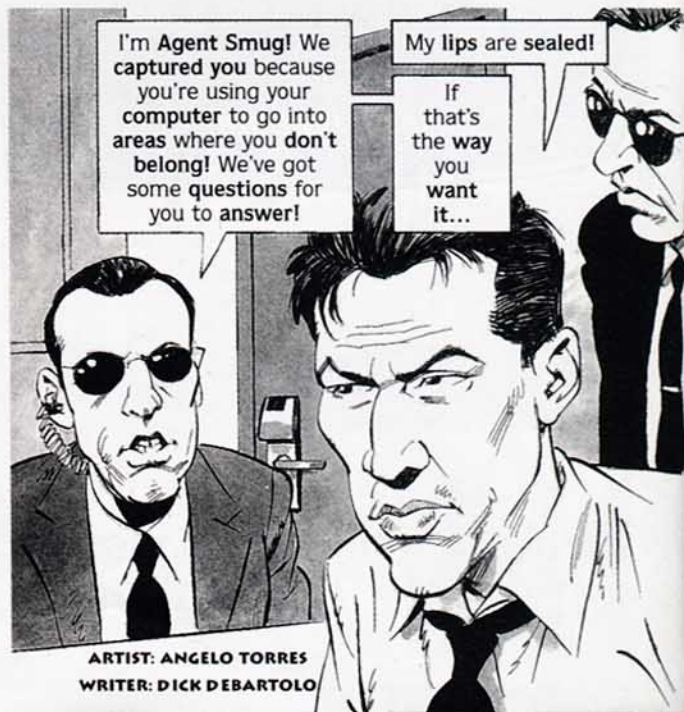
The right building? I'm not sure I have the right city!



I'm Agent Smug! We captured you because you're using your computer to go into areas where you don't belong! We've got some questions for you to answer!

My lips are sealed!

If that's the way you want it...



ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES
WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

FAKETRIX

I'm TryNtease! I can run straight up walls, leap 50 feet from rooftop to rooftop, and do somersaults in mid-air, all while dressed in leather, just like Cat-woman from *Batman*! My martial arts training helps me in my fight against the foes who operate The FakeTrix, but it really comes in handy at shopping malls when I have to pulverize someone over a parking spot!

I'm Thank! I program the brains of the new recruits by using a super-sophisticated Sony PlayStation and these special disks! I can program four years of college into a subject's brain in 40 minutes...35 minutes if the subject studies real hard and doesn't miss any classes...30 minutes if the subject doesn't go out for sports!

I'm Agent Smug, head of a secret group that specializes in ripping off scenes from *Men In Black*! When it comes to pursuing the enemy, we move with lightning speed! Did you see how fast I just punched this wall 100 times? There! I just did it another 100 times! I was so fast it probably looks like I'm just a picture drawn here!



Hmmm...it seems to me that you're missing something!

My mouth vanished! Well, if I thought that root canal was gonna hurt before, now it's gonna be unbearable!

Do what we want, or suffer my own special brand of torture! I make you sit and listen as I speak in a very slow, mon-o-tone, dull, dron-ing voice, pro-nouc-ing each word care-ful-ly un-til yo-u go cra-zy!

No! Don't let that spider burrow into my stomach!

Lucky for you, I read thought balloons! Trust us, this is a far more comfortable way for the spider to enter your body! Unless you would prefer we flip you over and let him enter through "the backdoor"!

No, this'll be just fine!

I thought that's what you thought!





First, I'm kidnapped and someone let a spider burrow into my navel! Now I'm kidnapped again! Are you going to suck the spider back out?

Yeah, we're gonna suck it out before he has a chance to set up a web — a worldwide web inside you!

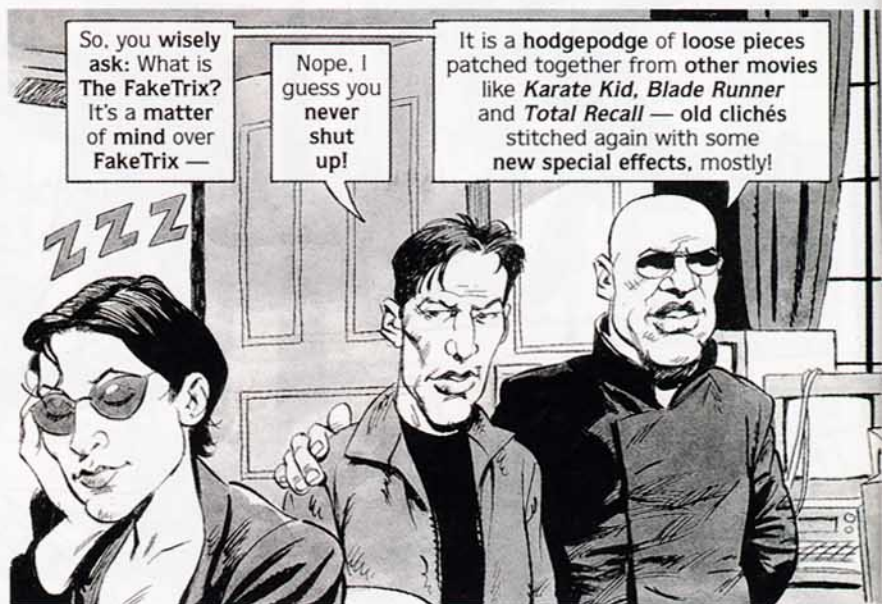
Then we're going to take you to meet our leader, MoreForUs! For years, he's been searching for a special man he can pin his hopes and dreams and future on! He feels you just might be that once-in-a-lifetime super guy!

I'm lonely, true, but I don't think I'm ready to date other guys just yet! Try me again in a few weeks!



I know you have questions! Deep questions! Disturbing questions! Questions that won't let you sleep! Questions that never seem to be answered, even on *Jeopardy!* Questions that —

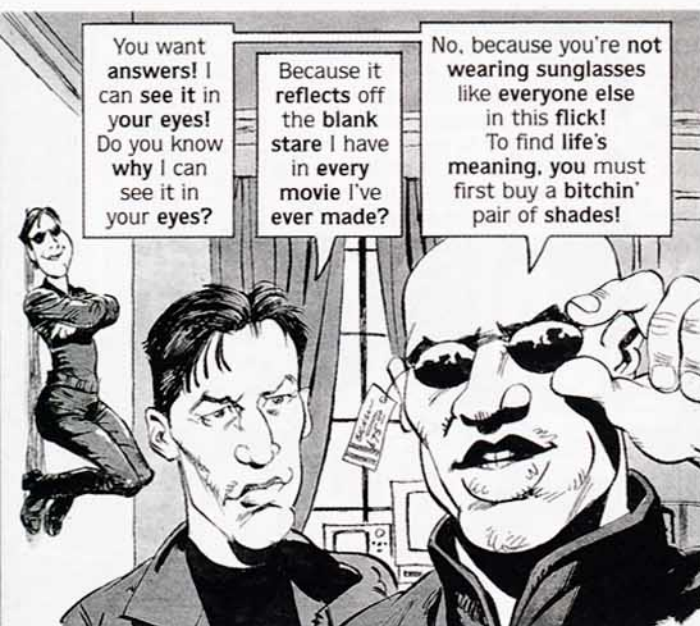
I only have one question! Do you EVER shut up?!



So, you wisely ask: What is The FakeTrix? It's a matter of mind over FakeTrix —

Nope, I guess you never shut up!

It is a hodgepodge of loose pieces patched together from other movies like *Karate Kid*, *Blade Runner* and *Total Recall* — old clichés stitched again with some new special effects, mostly!



You want answers! I can see it in your eyes! Do you know why I can see it in your eyes?

Because it reflects off the blank stare I have in every movie I've ever made?

No, because you're not wearing sunglasses like everyone else in this flick! To find life's meaning, you must first buy a bitchin' pair of shades!



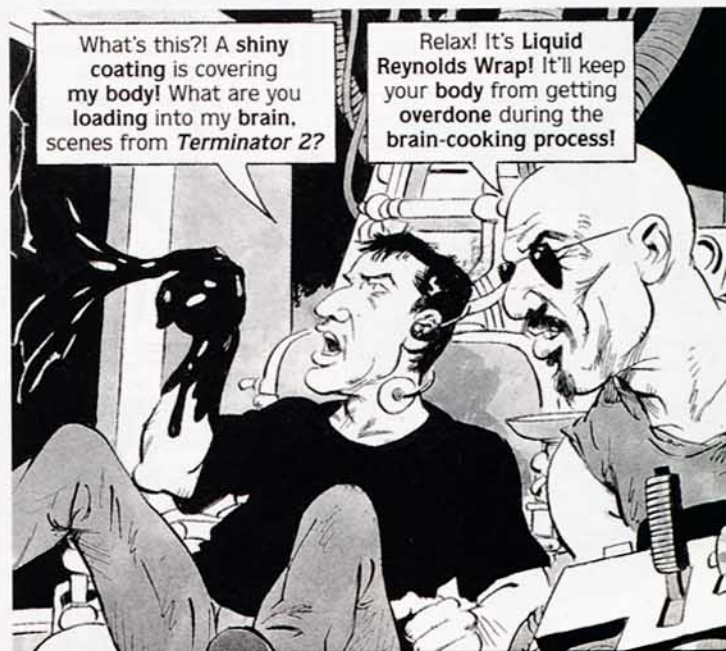
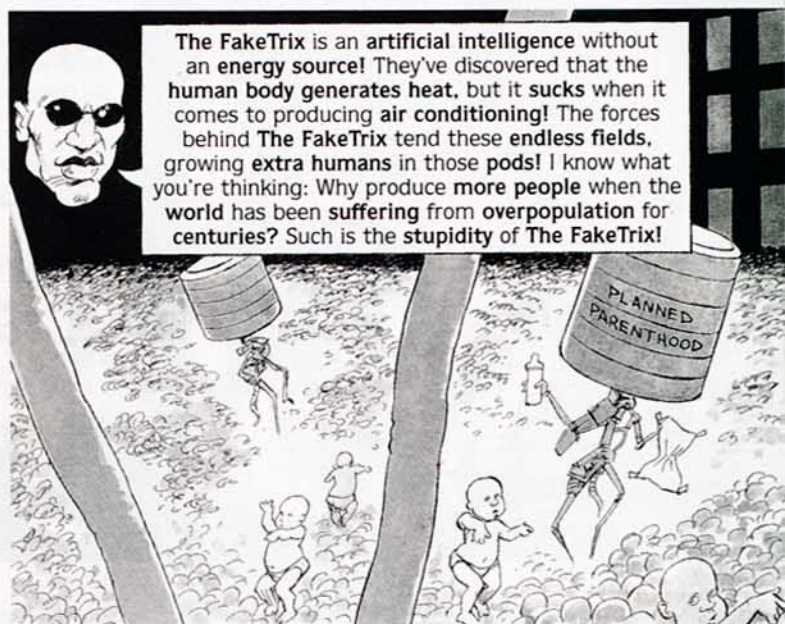
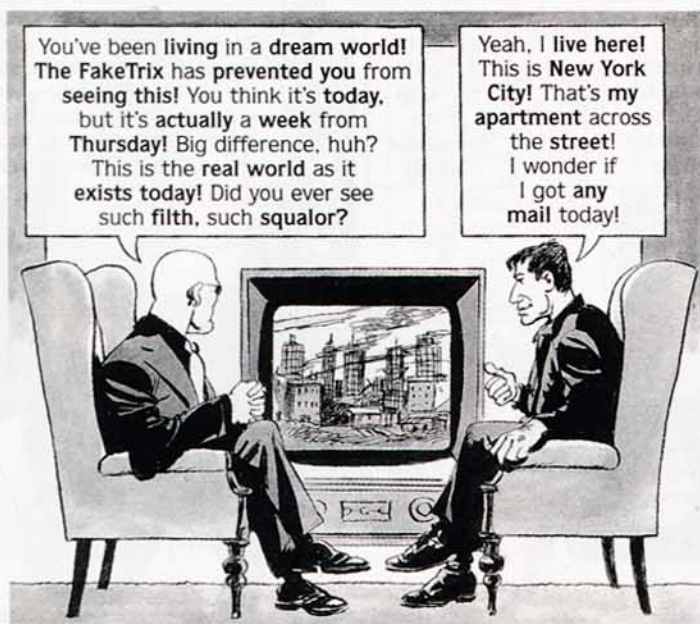
You can't be told the meaning of The FakeTrix, you have to see it yourself! Choose a pill!

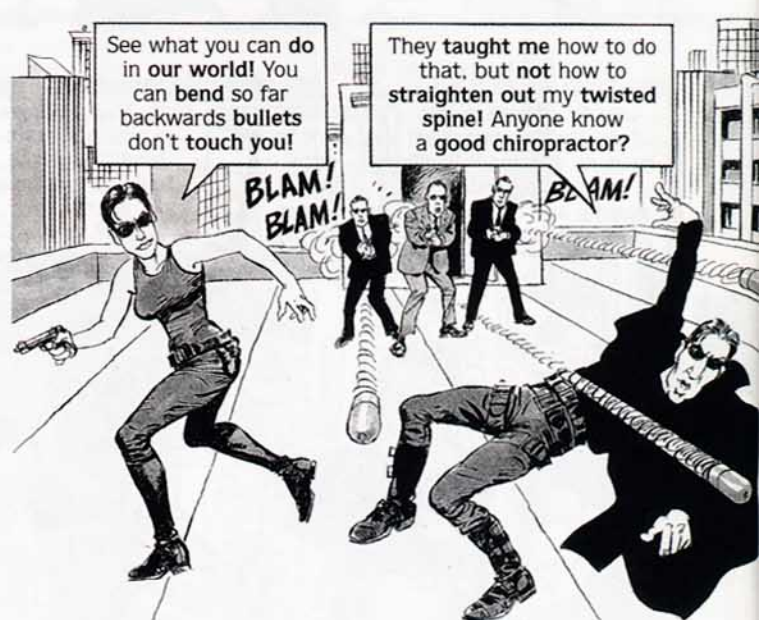
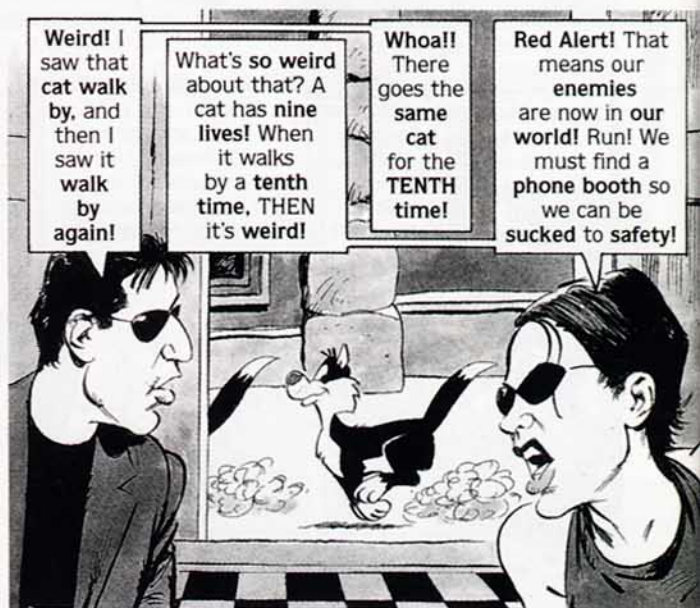
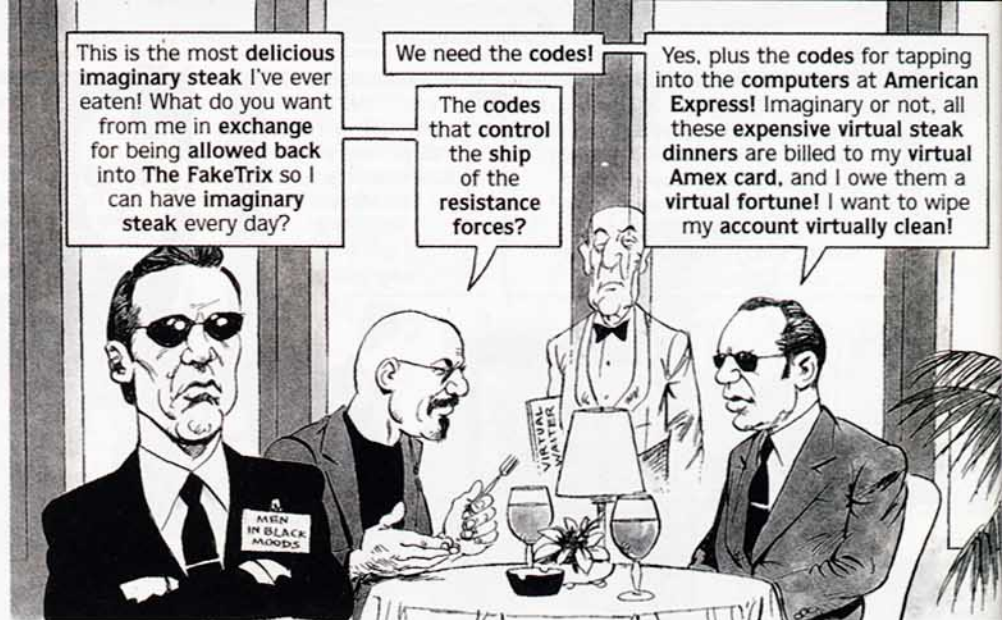
I'd like one that'll kill me instantly, so I don't have to listen to you drone on!

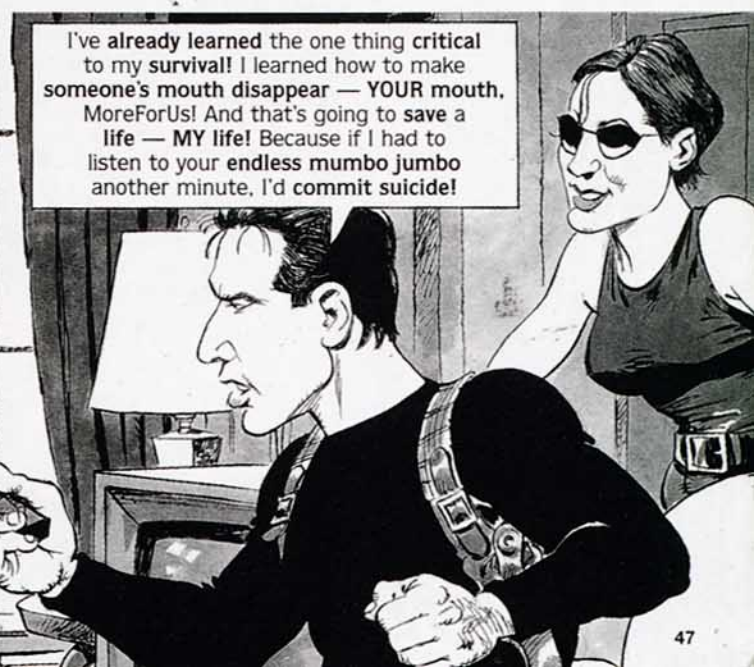
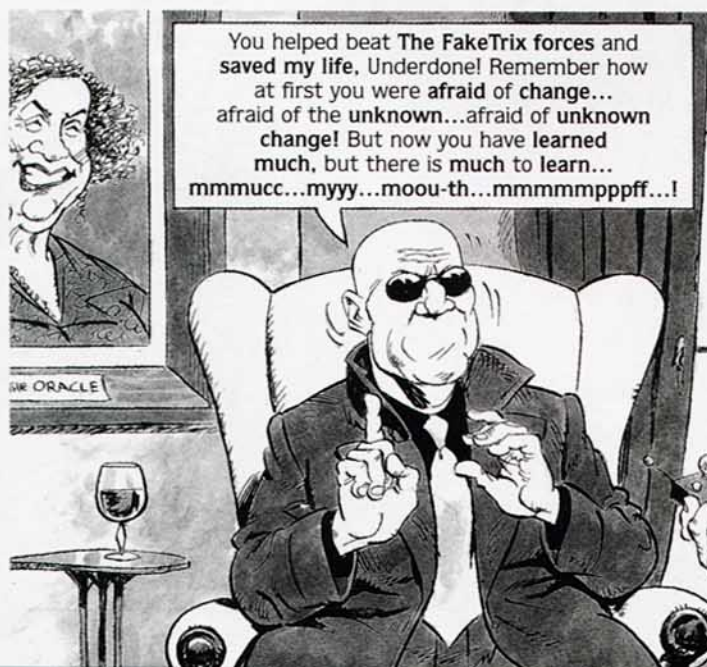
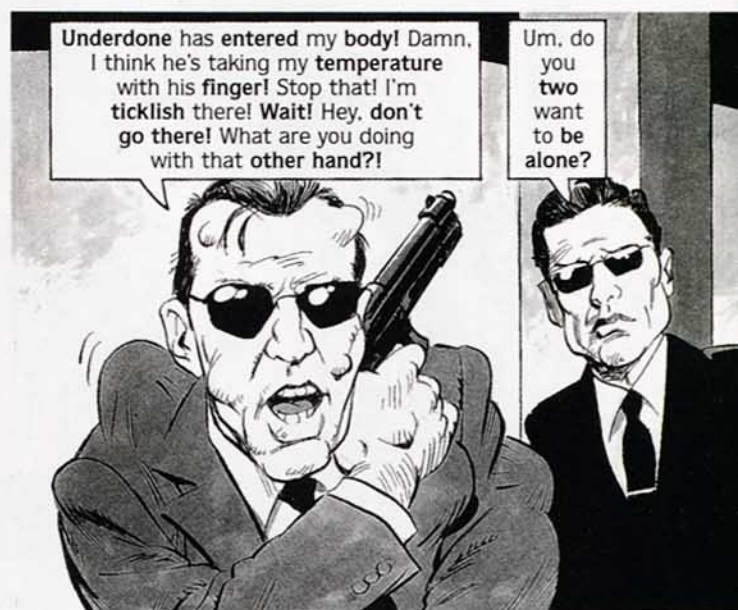
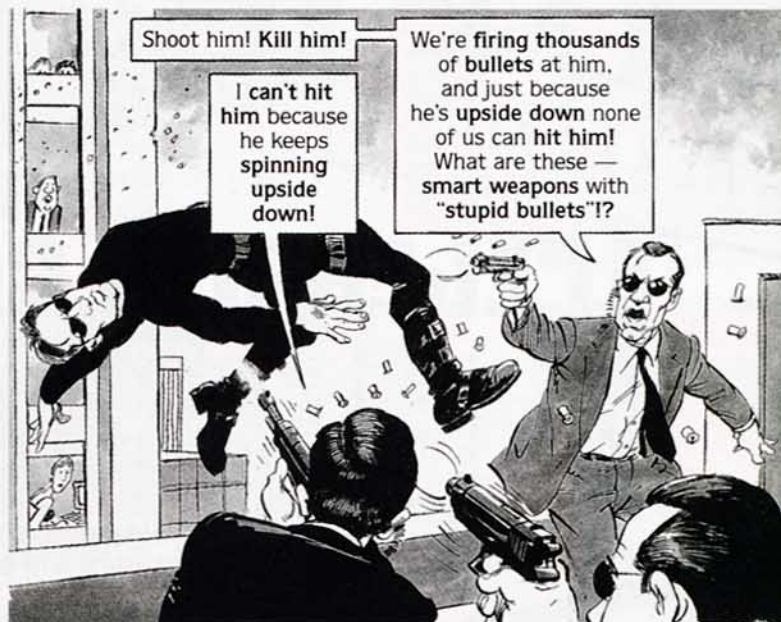
The red will keep things as they are! The blue will start you on the search for Truth!

And the yellow...?

That's an M&M! You'll earn one for every day you're a good student who pays attention!







BEL AIR
NEXT EXIT



GRIEVING LAS VEGAS DEPT.

MAD's CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line on how one of today's biggest stars will become the Fresh Prince of Forest Lawn!

THIS MONTH'S DEAD MAN IN BLACK:

WILL SMITH

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA
WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

CAUSE OF DEATH

ODDS

Jiggy-related mishap

2:1

Killed in brawl with rapper
Eminem over who's more black

4:1

Knifed by wife Jada Pinkett, still jealous
over all those hoochies in his "Miami" video

6:1

Killed by *Star Wars* geeks for wasting
precious screens on *Wild Wild West* that
could've been showing *Phantom Menace*

8:1

Accident on set of the sitcom
Fresh Dad of Bel-Air: The Next Generation

568,984,958:1

Mistaken for Gangsta rapper and
murdered in drive-by shooting

923,383,741:1

**WHAT DIRE
SITUATION IS LAW
ENFORCEMENT
FAILING TO
CONTROL?**



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

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



POLICE

BRUTALITY

A B

**WHAT DIRE
SITUATION IS LAW
ENFORCEMENT
FAILING TO
CONTROL?**

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

Between murders, assaults, drugs, prostitution and robbery, fighting street crime has always been difficult for policemen all around the country. However, there is one type of crime that is proving to be tougher to stop than any other. To find out what this particular crime is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



**POLITICIANS ARE ALWAYS SAYING THAT CRIME AND VICE
ARE DOWN. BUT CITIZENS WHO'VE BORNE THE
BRUNT OF VIOLENCE SEE A FUTURE OF INJURY AND FATALITY**

A

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

B



I'm a beautiful, scantily-clad model standing in Times Square posing for this ad. Typical of Madison Avenue, they'll use sex to try and sell *anything*! Even something as wholesome as milk. Only one problem. Most readers are so busy checking out my fabulous body that they never really pay attention to the product being advertised. Could it be that everyone connected with this ad...

forgot milk?

<http://www.whatmilk?.com>

REBECCA WHOMARRIEDTHATGUYFROMFULLHOUSE © NATIONAL FLUIDS PROMOTION BOARD THAT GOT MILKED

A MAD
Ad
Parody