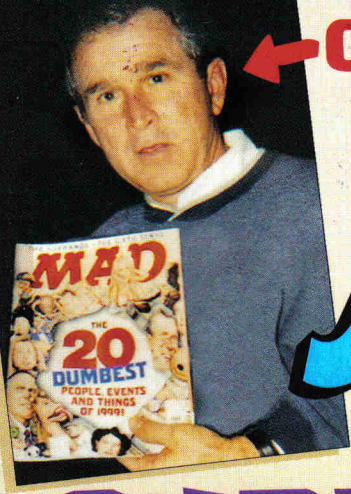


← **CAUGHT!** GEORGE W. WITH MAD!

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THE SCHMUCK
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UNITED STATES

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"A judge is nothing
more than a lawyer
who's been benched!"

FRONT COVER ARTIST: JAMES BENNETT



MAD

THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

MAY

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		

1927

Edison Invents the
Refrigerator Light
Bulb After Futile
Midnight Attempt
to Find a Salami

1975

Mississippi Supreme
Court Rules Nude
Showering is Indecent

1997

IBM Supercomputer Deep Blue
Loses to Russian Serge
Valadivich in Game of Handball

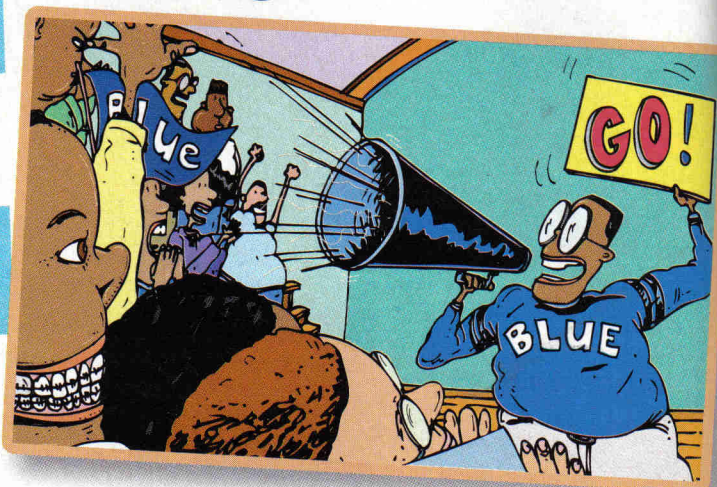
1996

PETA Claims
Disney Cover-up
in Mysterious
Death of 102nd
Dalmation

1988

Don King's Hair
Declared
National
Monument

36

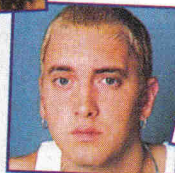


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THE ED'S NIFTY FIFTY™



We've updated and revised our Ed's Nifty Fifty™ Celebrity Snaps wish list! If we print your photo of any of the following celebrities holding an issue of MAD, you will receive a three-year subscription and a special secret prize! (Photos cannot be returned.) You can still send people from the old list (see MAD #390), but they will not count as a Nifty Fifty™. So, here's the updated Ed's Nifty Fifty™!

The Pope, Kelly Ripa (Regis Philbin's new co-host), Triumph the Insult Comic Dog from Late Night With Conan O'Brien, Britney Spears, C-Span talking head Brian Lamb (still!), Amazon.com founder Jeff Bezos, Senator Jesse Helms, Harry Potter author J.K. Rowling, Michael Douglas and Catherine Zeta-Jones, Bill Gates, Dr. Jack Kevorkian, Yasser Arafat, Oprah, John Malkovich, Julia Roberts, Eminem, James Brown, tennis babe Anna Kournikova, Pat Robertson, J.D. Salinger, Ron Popeil, Tim Russert, any Beatle

(living), Harrison Ford, Martha Stewart, David Letterman, Monica Lewinsky, Linda Tripp, Mary Kate and Ashley Olsen, Siegfried and/or Roy, Sean Connery, John McLaughlin, Neil Armstrong, Alyssa Milano, any member of The Supreme Court (in their robe), Stephen Sondheim, Michael Jordan, Barbra Streisand, Michael Eisner, Woody Allen or Soon-Yi, Deepak Chopra, Ol' Dirty Bastard, Jerry Lewis, Gary Larson, Robert Downey Jr., Lisa Marie Presley, any Pulitzer Prize winner of the last 10 years, and Ivana Trump!

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10019. MAD welcomes reader
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be returned or acknowledged,
however, unless they are accom-
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stamped envelope! MAD doesn't
read faxed submissions!



MICROSOFT WORD UP!

Thanks for making Microsoft stock plummet right down the toilet with your "MAD 20" article "Companies We Can Expect to See After the Microsoft Breakup" (#401). When you showed the plan for breakup and restructuring of Microsoft into nine new companies, the American public got smart and sold off. The stock went from 57 dollars to 47 dollars the day I received my magazine. Thanks, morons! It would have been nice to give your loyal readers a heads up that you were going to let the cat out of the bag so we could sell before MAD hit the newsstands!

Sandy Scott, Via E-mail

Sandman — Sorry for your financial loss. As humor muckrakers, we can't let our comedic integrity be clouded by the concern of money lost by individual investors. On a brighter note, we sold all of our Microsoft stock weeks before the plummet and rolled all of our profits into Pets.com. See ya in the Louis Rukeyser chat room! —Ed.

WWF'D-UP

In your "Celebrity Cause-of-death Betting Odds" in MAD #400 you stated that Vince McMahon would die from contracting V.D. from one of D' Lo Brown's ho escorts. Obviously, you have not been smelling what the Rock is cooking because if you did then you would know that it was the Godfather (now known as the Goodfather) who was the pimp that had the ho escorts. Just thought you should know that for future reference.

Eugene Lumley, Bronx, NY

Turnbuckle Boy — You are absolutely correct in pointing out this obvious mistake. We originally had the Godfather in our response but we were forced to change it due to pressure from the Right to Censor. Now, do you smell what the Ed. is cooking? —Ed.

THE ANSWER MAD

Here we go with another installment of our much-loved feature in which we answer letters sent to other magazines. This month's steamy little missive is taken from the January 2001 issue of *Cosmopolitan*.

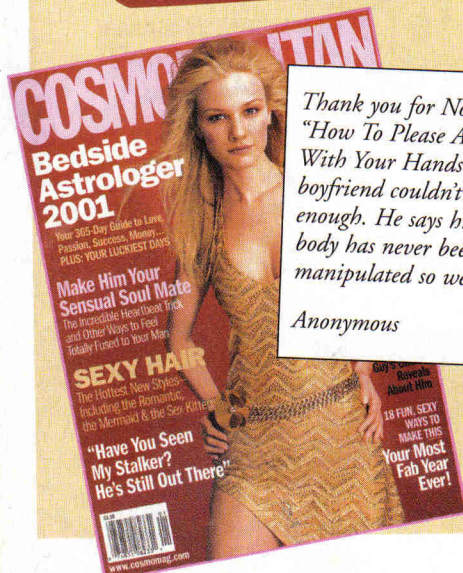
Anon:

So, your man never felt so manipulated, eh? Due to space limitation, the editors at Cosmo had to cut the last half of the article. Here are a few more things you can do with your hands if you *really* want to please your man:

- 1) Make him a sandwich
- 2) Wash and simonize his car
- 3) Organize his pornography collection by genre
- 4) Pop his backne
- 5) Choke your damn cat
- 6) Hand the remote control to him
- 7) Open a beer for him and his friends, and then shut your big mouth, the game's on!

Thank you for November's "How To Please A Man With Your Hands"! My boyfriend couldn't get enough. He says his body has never been manipulated so well.

Anonymous



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MAD

Celebrity Valentine's Day E-Cards

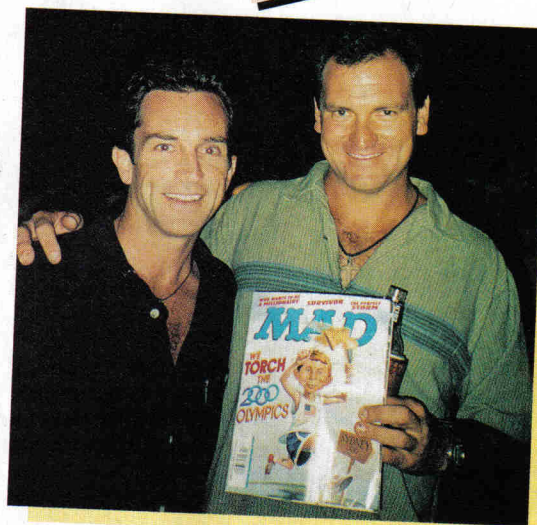
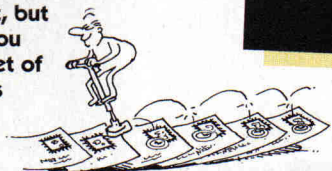
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MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

A little while ago I met *Survivor* host Jeff Probst at a party in Los Angeles and I happened to have a copy of MAD with the *Survivor* spoof in my car. My MAD subscription has recently expired, and as a struggling carpenter I could use a free subscription.

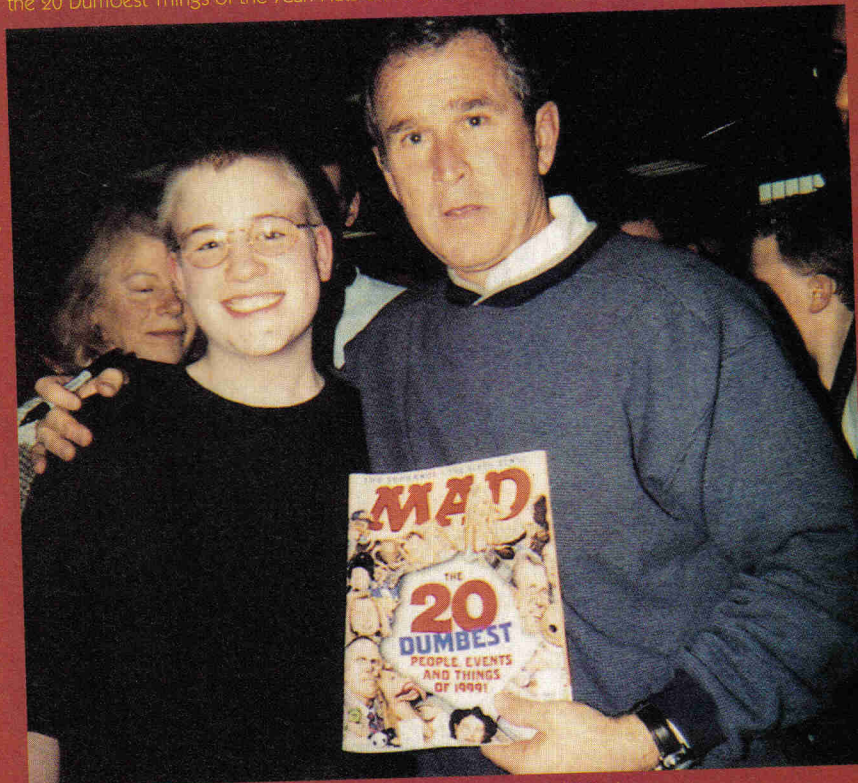
John Kirchoffer, Redondo Beach, CA

Tool Belt Boy — Well, you nailed it! (Ha ha! Get it?) a one-year subscription for your Celebrity Snap of *Survivor* host and current cover subject Jeff Probst. Not to change the subject, but how much would you charge for a nice set of oak shelves? Let us know! —Ed.



Survivor host Jeff Probst and John Kirchoffer

Well, we thought the ultimate Celebrity Snap was of Dan Quayle (former Vice President and spelling bee champ) holding the "Proofreader Wanted" cover back in MAD #372. But nope, nothing can compare with the one we recently received from Jack Walsh of Hudson, NH. Behold our beloved President George W. Bush with his infamous deer caught in the headlights stare, holding up MAD #389, which, coincidentally, features W. and his wormy position on his early partying days as one of the 20 Dumbest Things of the Year! Hats off to Jack for capturing this snap and God help us all!



Jack Walsh and President George W. Bush

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

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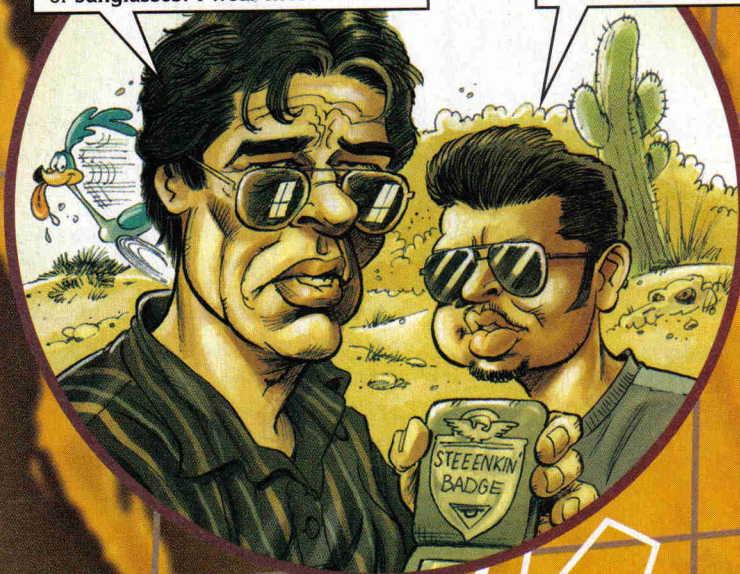


This movie features a cast of thousands...of illegal substances! It tells of the fruitless efforts by the United States government to stop the flow of these substances into America. While we are all for

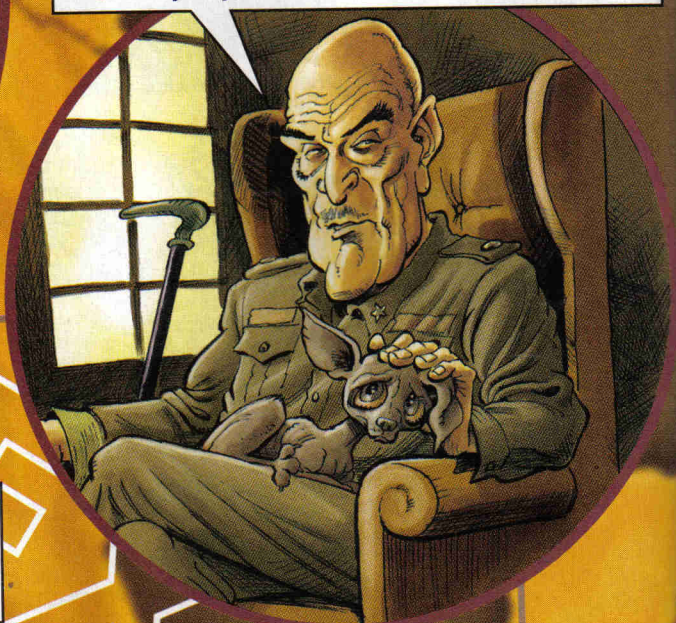
TRAFF-

This film involves **two countries, three stories and four different color tints!** If only I could **SEE** them! I can't, because the film also has **140 pair of sunglasses!** I wear most of them!

The two biggest **product placements** in this movie are for **coke spoons and LensCrafters!**



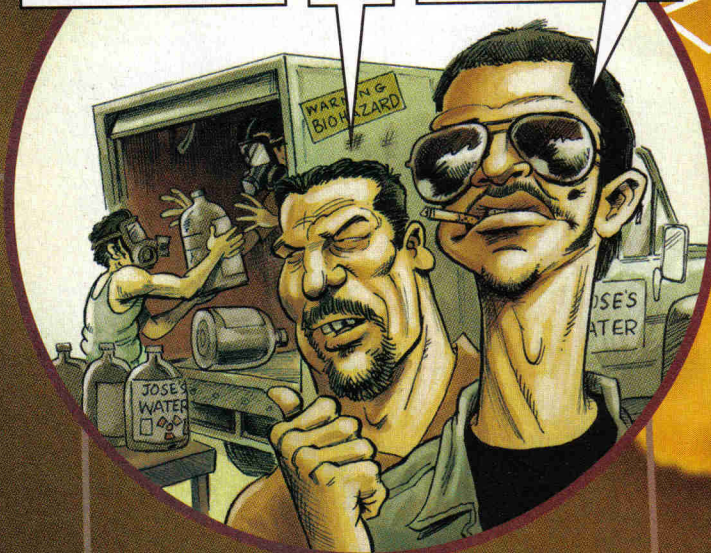
I am General Sleazier, a powerful Mexican Army official! I declare war on the Mexican Drug Cartels! I will eradicate the **Abbalofia Brothers** who run the **Tijuana Cartel!** I will torture the **Chimichanga Cartel** from **Cabo!** I will slice the **manhood** from the **Burrito Brothers** of **Nogales!** And while I'm at it, I will destroy the **Tattaglia family**. I will choke **Frankie Pentangeli** and I will shoot **Moe Greene** in the eye! Oy, Caramba, am I one confused mother!



There are over **three hundred ways** to smuggle drugs into the **United States!** *There's* one of the **very best!**

What are they doing?

They're hiding cocaine in barrels disguised as **Mexican drinking water!** No customs agent will ever go near that stuff!



controlling illegal substances, we do wish we had some pharmaceuticals to help keep us awake during this two-hour plus snorefest! You'll probably wish you had something too as you read *our* snorefest...

ECCCCH!

Congratulations on becoming the new United States Drug Czar!

I'm optimistic, sir. I believe we can win the war on drugs!

Excellent!

I also believe the rain forest will flourish, the Cubs will win a World Series and middle class America will worship the iguana!



I'm Riddaline Wastedfield, an A+ honor student and a national merit finalist! I keep my nose to the grindstone – when my nose isn't preoccupied with other things! Which it usually is!



We *all* experimented! I remember this movie where this guy Gordon Gekko kept shouting, "Weed Is Good!"

That was "Greed Is Good," dammit!

Sorry. I must have been stoned when I saw that film!



I'm Serene Latoya! I'm a pampered San Diego trophy wife! I have no idea what my husband does for a living but given the fact that we live in a posh eight million dollar home I believe we can safely rule out that he's the San Diego chicken!



Wow, can you believe this? Check it out! Upper class white kids doing coke!

This is a war that can't be won!

The war on drugs?

The war on movie clichés!



In this film we're here to do one thing! We have trained all our lives for this!

You mean bust the mid-level informer and get evidence on the big drug kingpin?

I mean to become the Danny Glover & Mel Gibson of this movie!

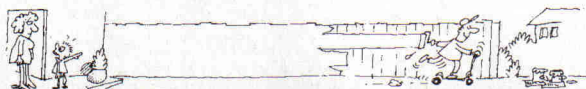
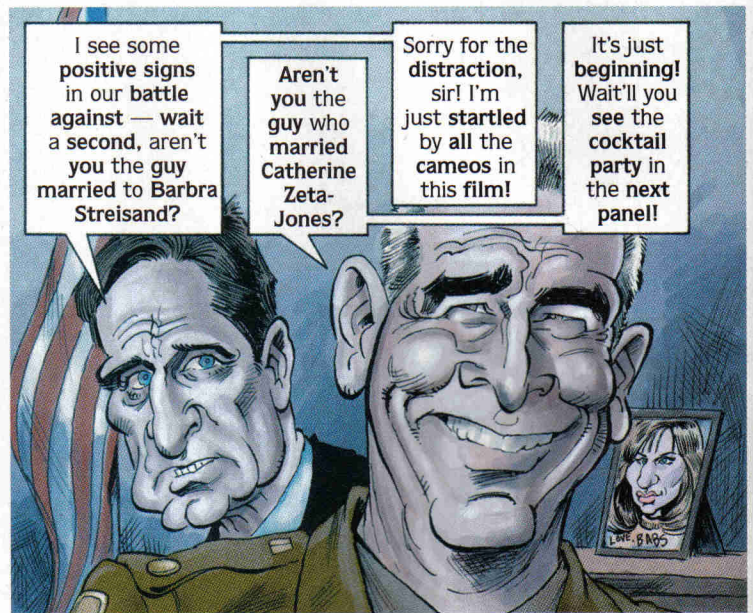
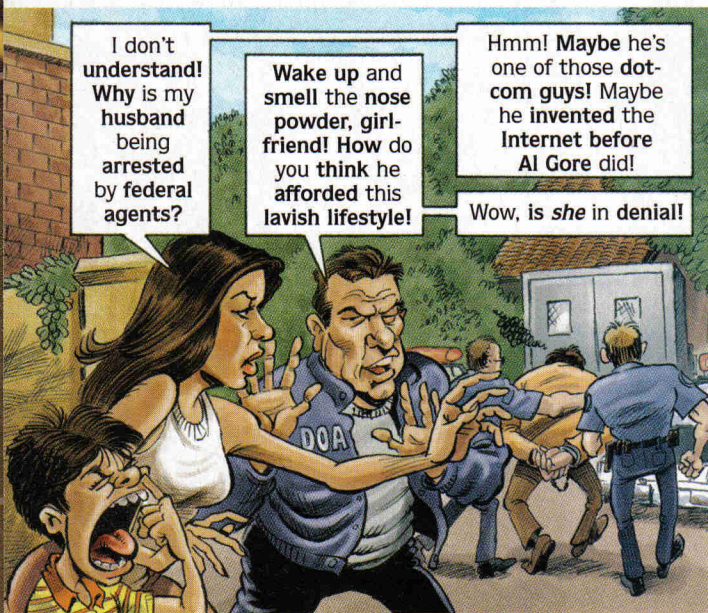
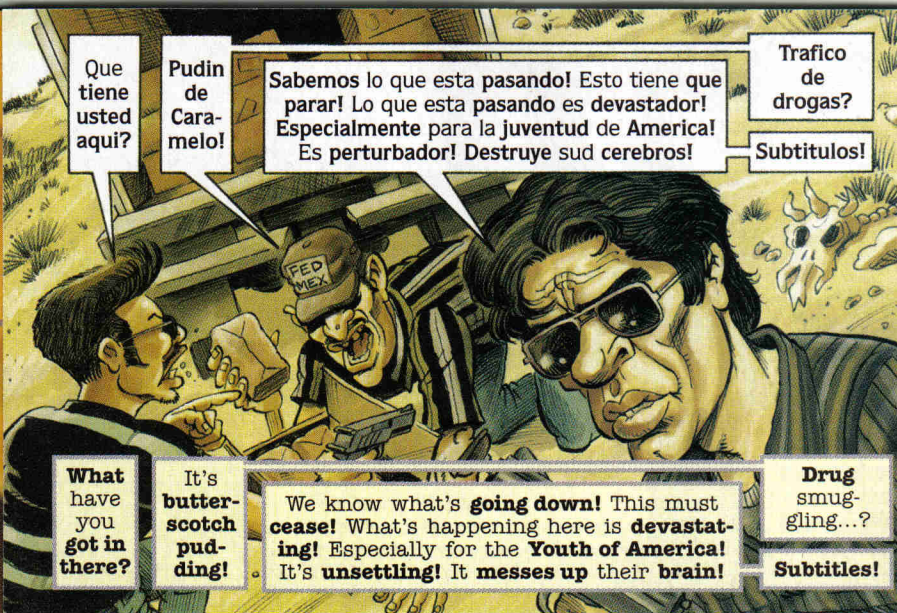


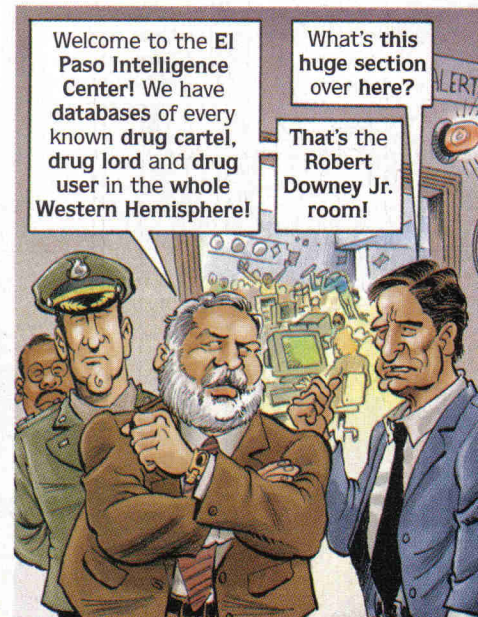
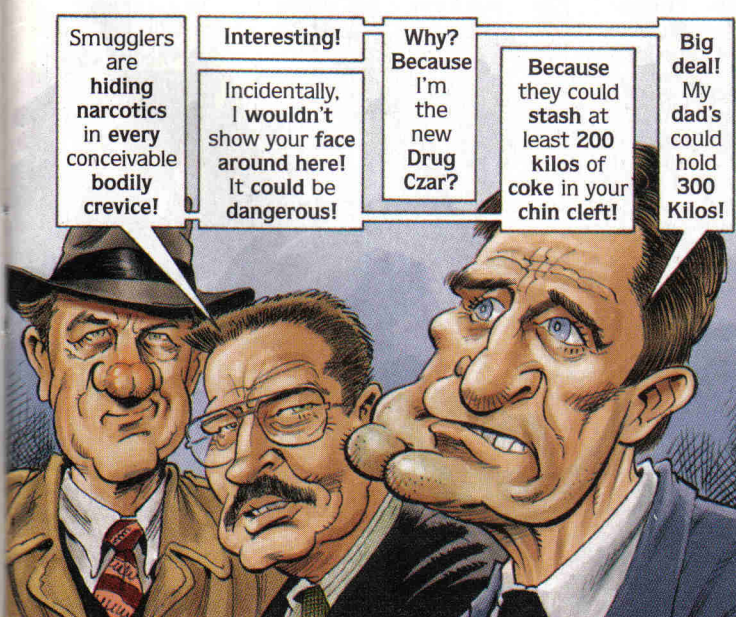
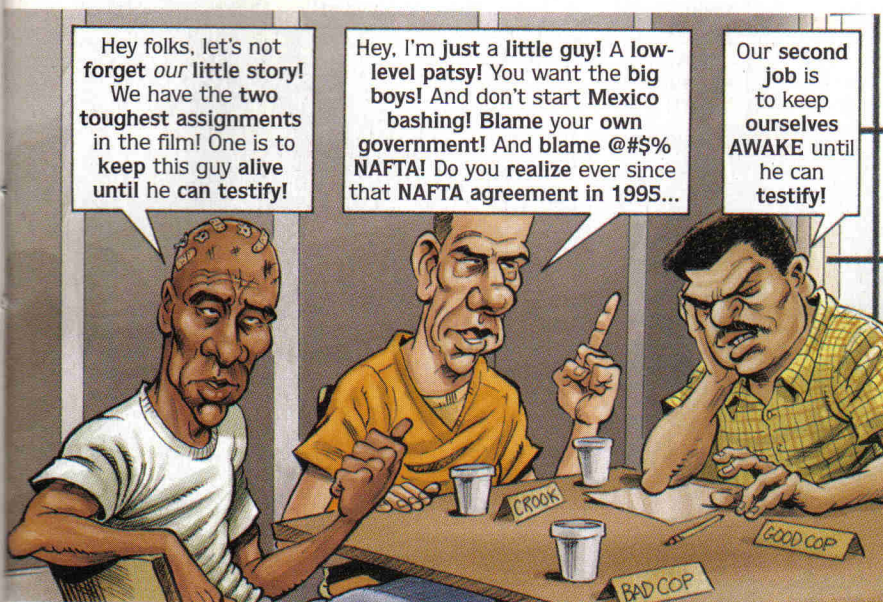
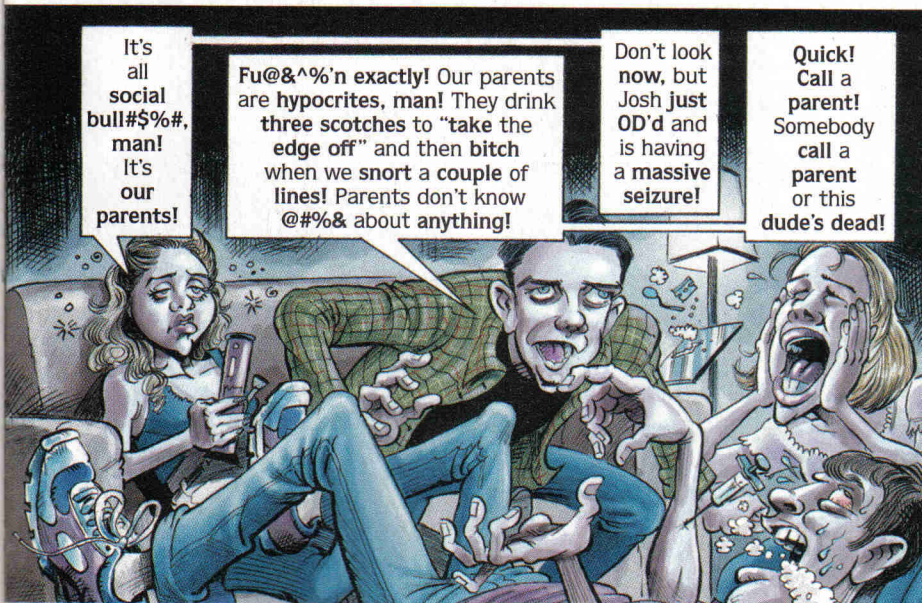
Welcome to our little world!

What world is that?

The "slime-ball lawyer" section of the page!







It's The Scorpio!
The head of the
Juarez cartel is
alive! The Abbalofia
Brothers would pay
a lot of loot for
that information!

Don't even go
there, Mañuelo!
In this film
we are two
poor but
honest cops!

What do
you mean
we, Foster
Grant
face?

Whoops!

A syringe,
packets of powder,
an Eminem CD!
That's it!
Young lady,
you're grounded!

Ha!
Screw
you,
Mr.
Drug
Czar!

She didn't even give
me a chance to get
into my "Just say
no" speech!

It's 3 AM! I'm thinking:
how can I save a crumbling
business empire? I'm thinking:
how can I support a pampered
lifestyle? I'm thinking:
there's absolutely no reason
for this scene to exist! Well,
actually there are two reasons!

My name is Riddaline and
I'm angry about a lot of
stuff! I'm angry at my
parents! I'm angry that I
can get drugs easier than
booze! I'm angry that I can't
colonize Mars! I'm angry that
sardines can't slow dance!

On the
way over
here she
obviously
scored
some
amazing
stuff!

We've conducted a vast
search and come up with
a new Mexican Drug Czar
...General Sleazier!

Real smart choice!
He's chosen the
Maniac of Mexico!
The man is one taco
short of a Chalupa!

Appointing Sleazier
to head the drug
program is like
making Dr. Laura
the Gay Rights Czar!

Tell me
General,
do you have
any thoughts
on the
treatment
of addicts?

Yes! If they
shoot up,
chop off
their arm!
It's my Lorena
Bobbitt plan!

At least
he has
a plan!
My dumb
staff
had
nothing!

Get out
of the
car and
shoot
him in
the head!

This is
where the
movie
becomes
unbelievable!

What? That a
hired assassin
would take
out a key
witness?

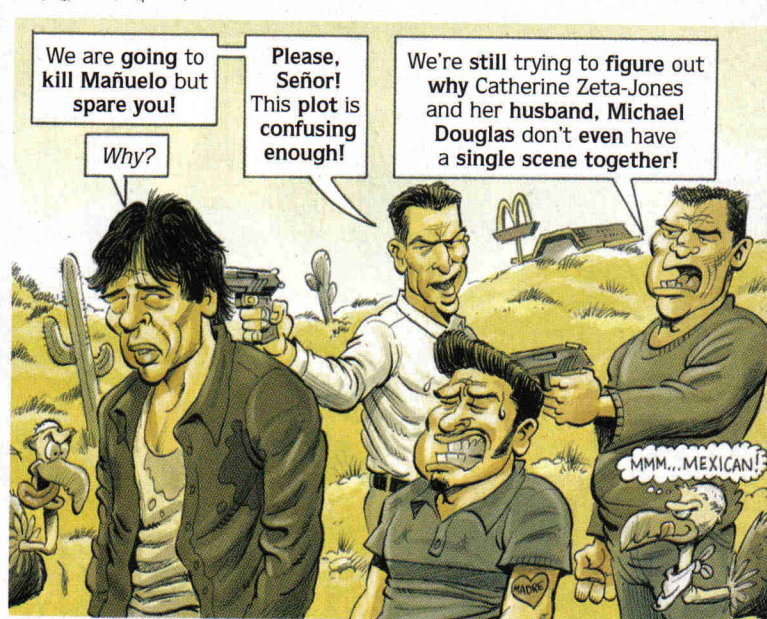
That in less than
twenty minutes a
suburban housewife
has gone from
Martha Stewart to
Michael Corleone!



What a tragedy!
Six people
blown to
bits!

Six? Only your
partner, Rake,
was in the car!

This is San Diego!
There were five
illegal immigrants
in the trunk!



We are going to
kill Mañuelo but
spare you!

Please,
Señor!
This plot is
confusing
enough!

We're still trying to figure out
why Catherine Zeta-Jones
and her husband, Michael
Douglas don't even have
a single scene together!

Why?

MMM... MEXICAN!



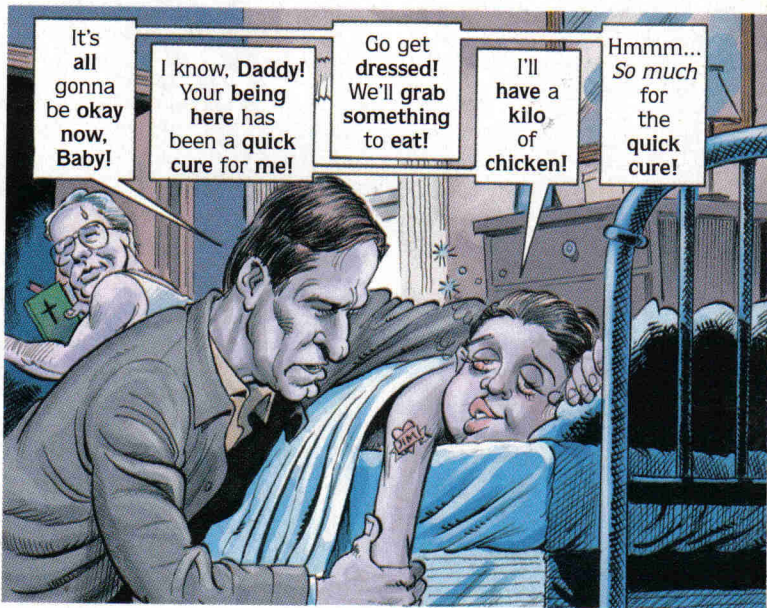
I'm looking
for my
daughter!
I'll pay
anything!

I don't
want
money,
man!

What
do
you
want?

Let me smuggle
drugs in
the cleft of
your chin!

Now
c'mon,
cut
that
out!



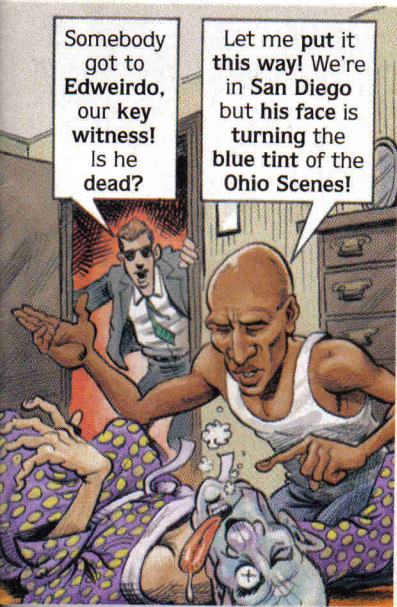
It's
all
gonna
be okay
now,
Baby!

I know, Daddy!
Your being
here has
been a quick
cure for me!

Go get
dressed!
We'll grab
something
to eat!

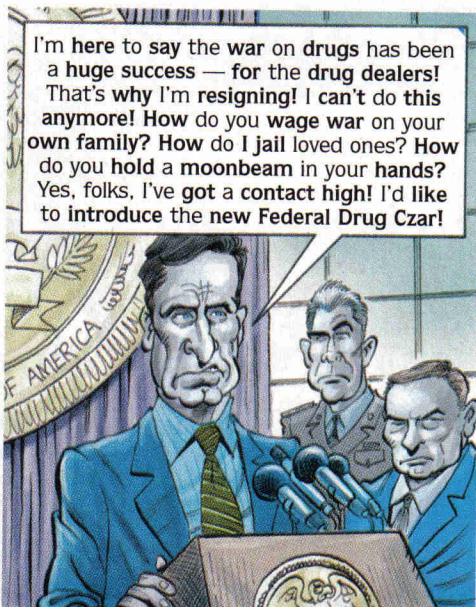
I'll
have a
kilo
of
chicken!

Hmmm...
So much
for the
quick
cure!

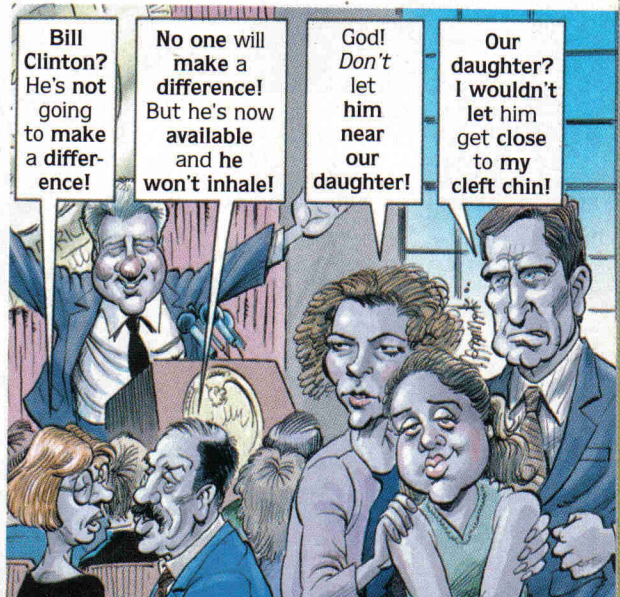


Somebody
got to
Edweirdo,
our key
witness!
Is he
dead?

Let me put it
this way! We're
in San Diego
but his face is
turning the
blue tint of the
Ohio Scenes!



I'm here to say the war on drugs has been a
huge success — for the drug dealers!
That's why I'm resigning! I can't do this
anymore! How do you wage war on your
own family? How do I jail loved ones? How
do you hold a moonbeam in your hands?
Yes, folks, I've got a contact high! I'd like
to introduce the new Federal Drug Czar!



Bill
Clinton?
He's not
going to
make a
difference!

No one will
make a
difference!
But he's now
available
and he
won't inhale!

God!
Don't
let
him
near
our
daughter!

Our
daughter?
I wouldn't
let him
get close
to my
cleft chin!

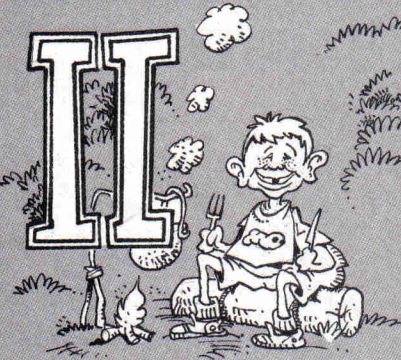


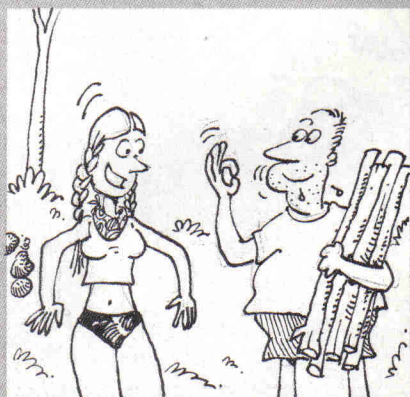
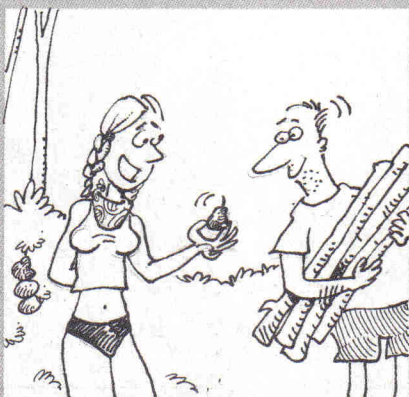
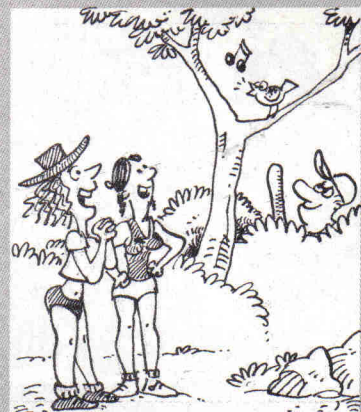
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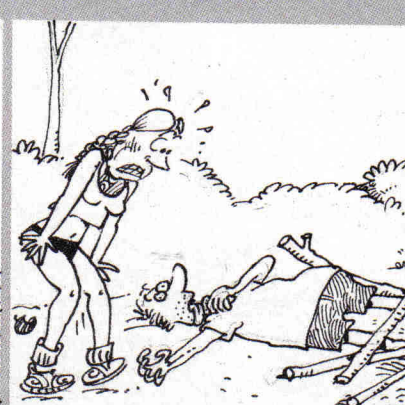
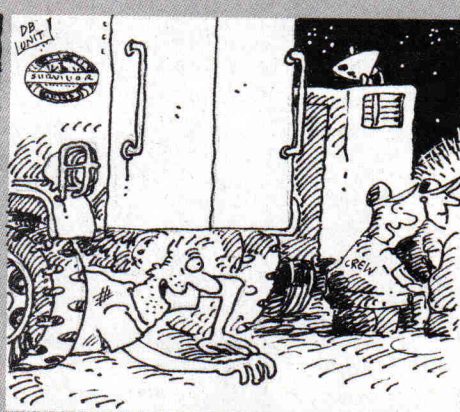


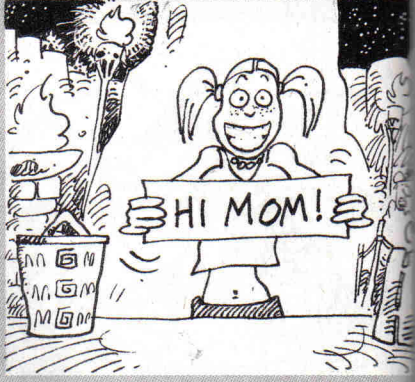
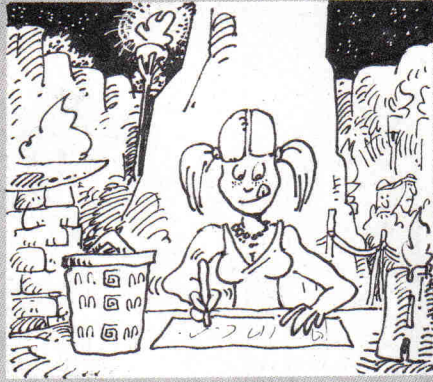
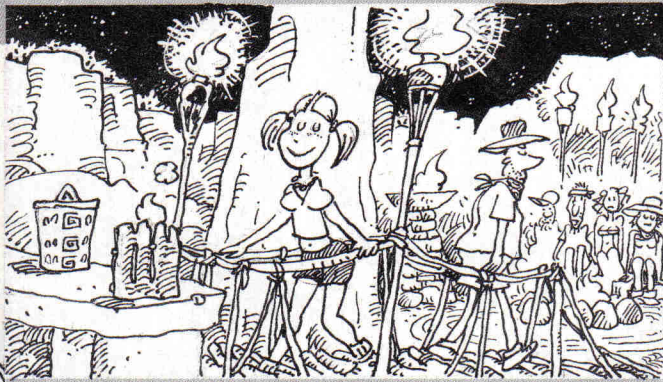
SURVIVOR II

ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES









They're Dangerous!

They're Violent!

They're Cuddly!

SPY VS SPY **SOFT TOYS!**

What's this?

The Diabolical Duo of
Double Cross
and Deceit
have gone soft?

Absolutely!

Standing
approximately
7" tall, with
embroidered details
on their faces
and wielding
removable plush
bombs, they're
the most
fun and
amusing
toys since
our

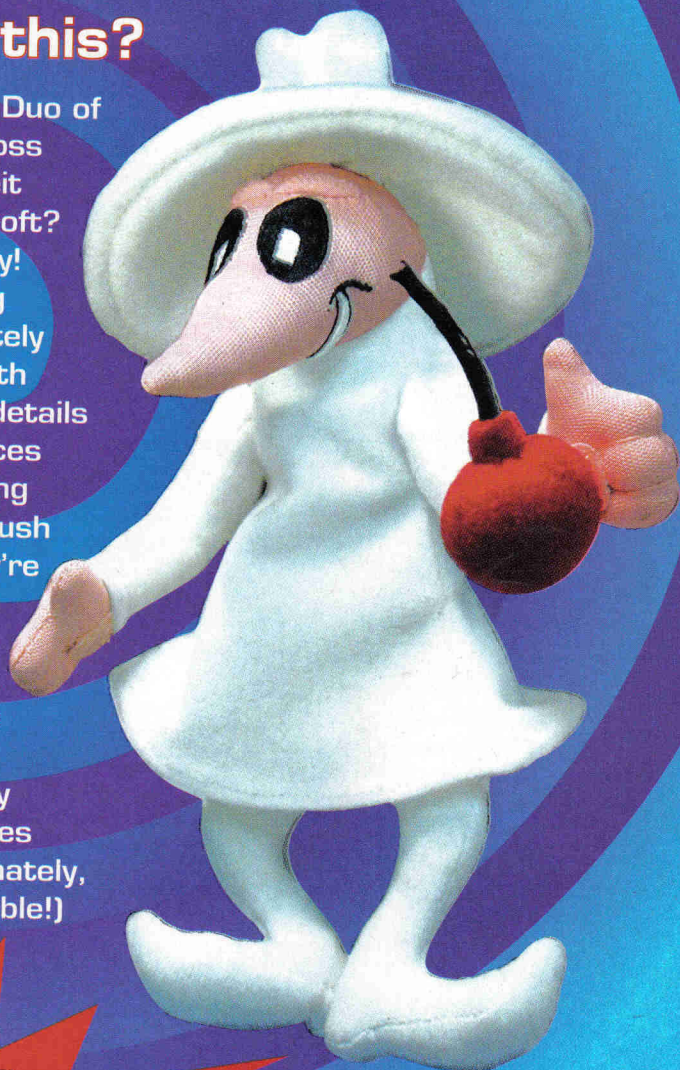
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Action Figures

(which, unfortunately,
are still available!)



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they're the perfect
accent for your
bedroom, dorm
room or armored
bunker!

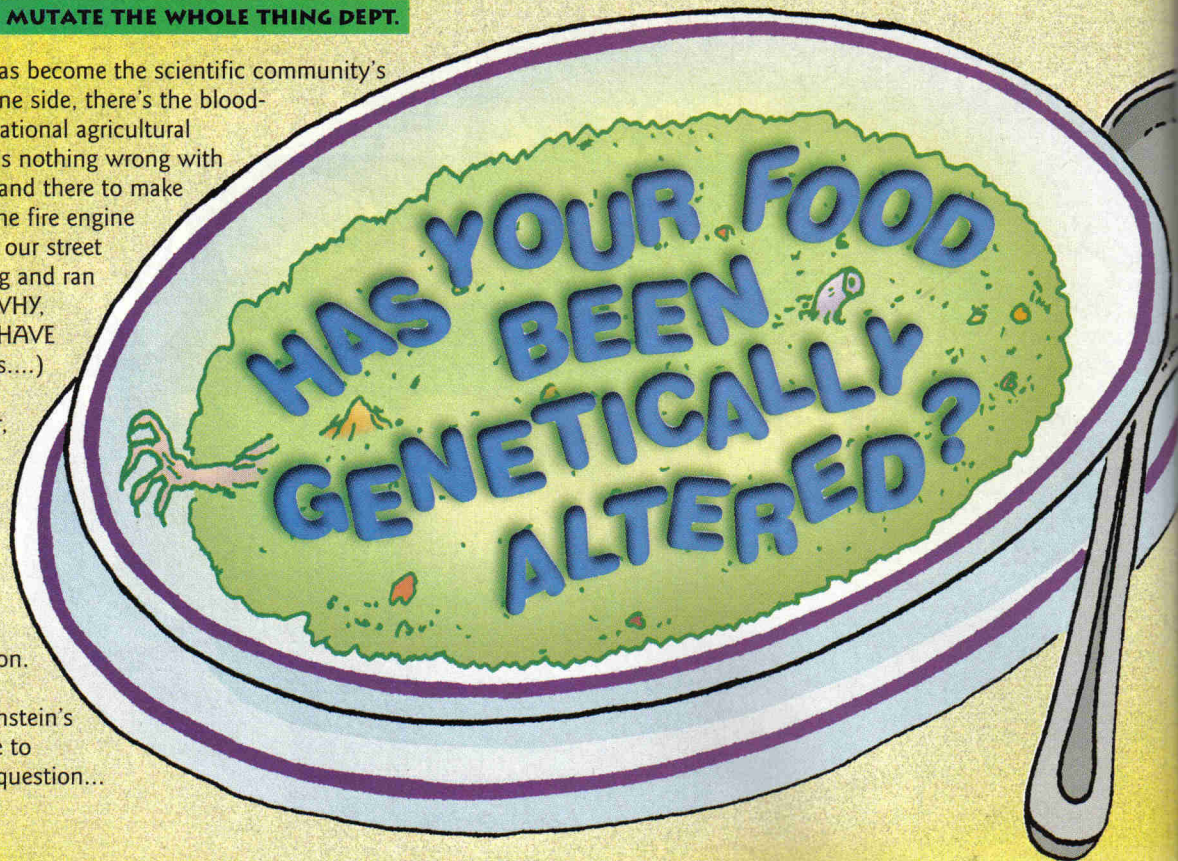
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for your local
comics shop!





Genetically-altered food has become the scientific community's hottest controversy. On one side, there's the blood-sucking, capitalist, multinational agricultural companies who say there's nothing wrong with a little gene-splicing here and there to make your tomatoes as red as the fire engine that came barreling down our street that cold October morning and ran over our dog. WHY, OH WHY, BUTCH?! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO DIE!?!? (But we digress....)

On the other side, there's the know-it-all, do-gooder, Ralph Nader types who think that muckin' with our food supply might not be such a good idea. And in the middle there's you: worried that the Pop Tart you eat this morning will have you dead by noon. Are you consuming food homegrown in Dr. Frankenstein's lab? Use this handy guide to answer the all-important question...



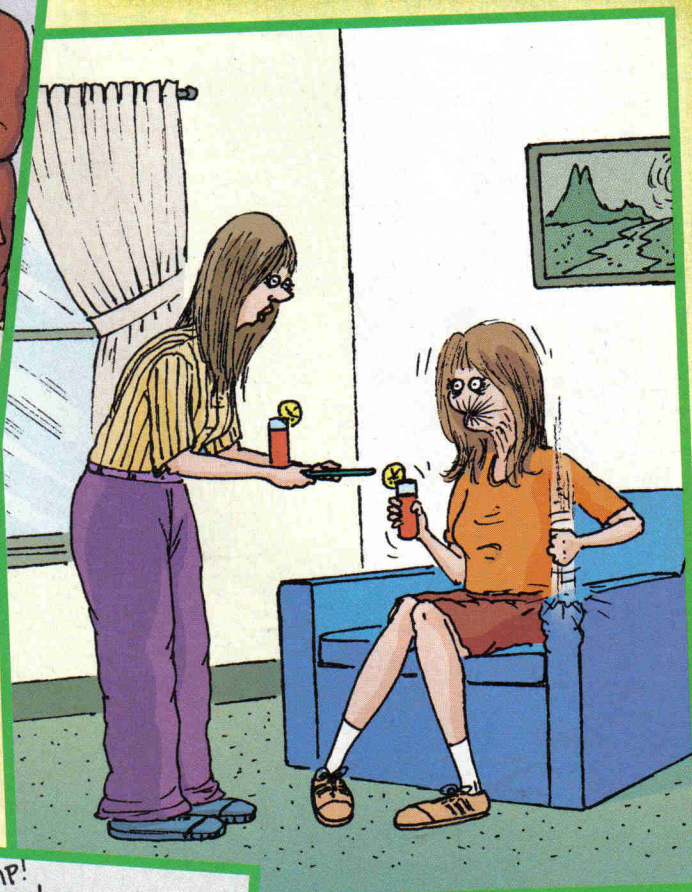
Have you ever spent more than 30 minutes trying to peel a potato with rapid self-healing skin?



Did you ever drop a jalapeño pepper in your kitchen that then burned through five floors of your apartment building?



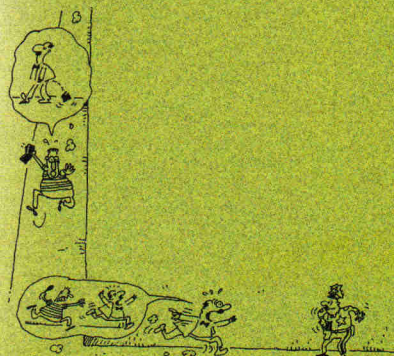
Does the fuzz on your peach ever spread to other things in your kitchen?

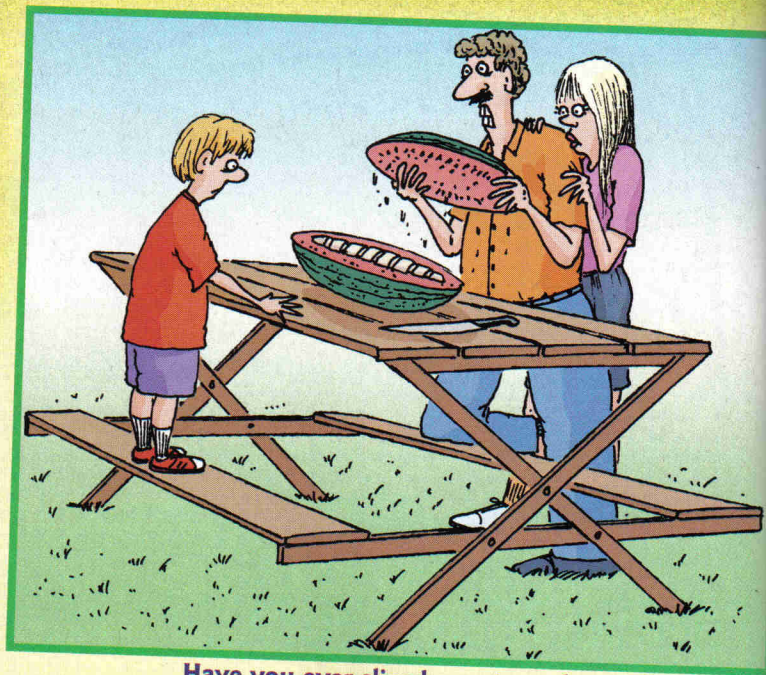


Are you finding that half a lemon goes a lot farther than five lemons used to?

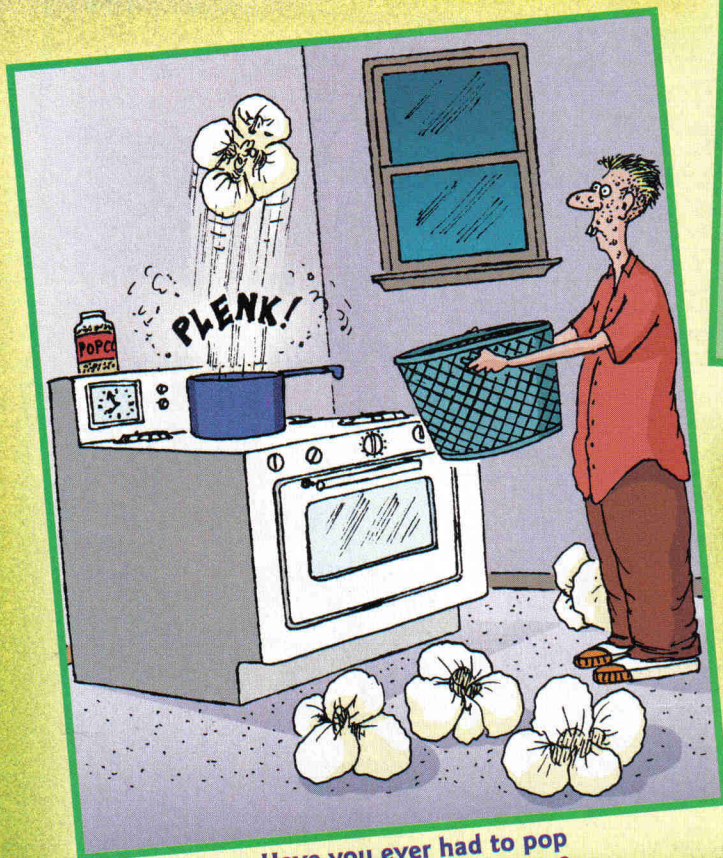


Do you find yourself trying to avoid buying any eggplant that has a heartbeat?





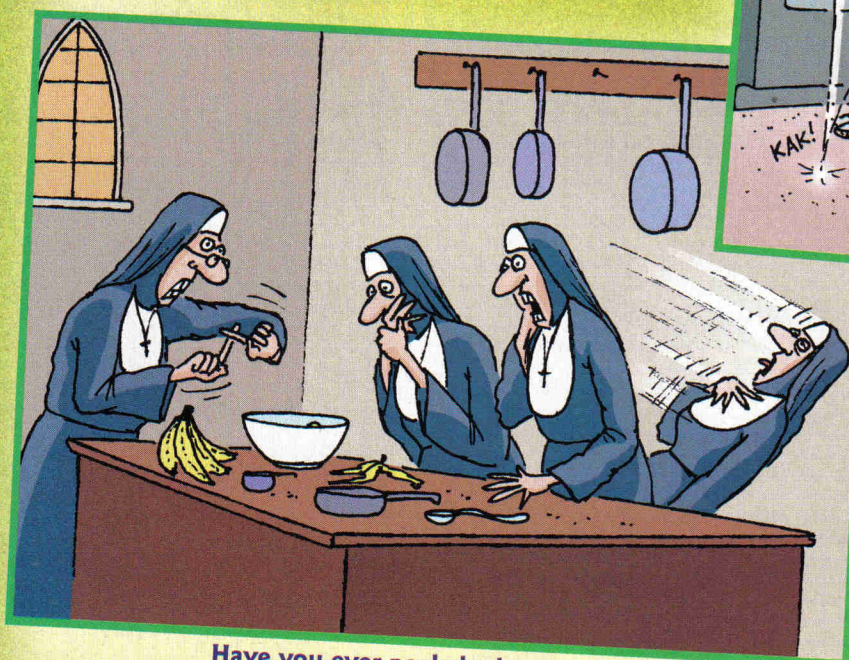
Have you ever sliced a watermelon in half and found a backbone?



Have you ever had to pop corn one kernel at a time?



Do your eggs bounce when you drop them?



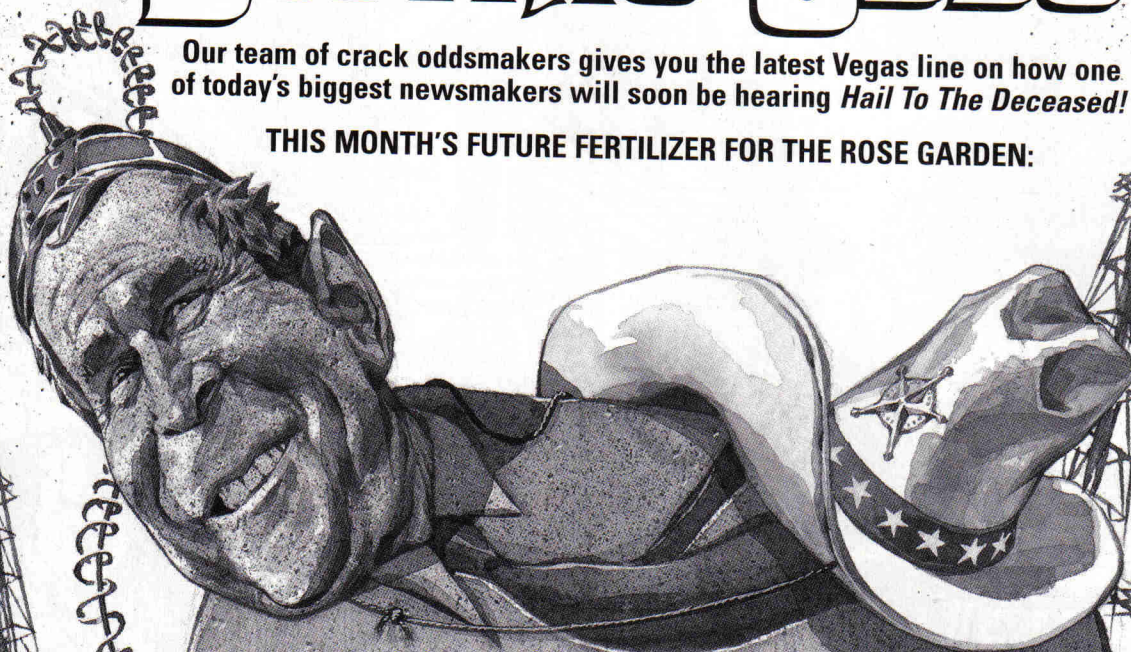
Have you ever peeled a banana and found it to be "anatomically correct"?



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 will soon be hearing *Hail To The Deceased!*

THIS MONTH'S FUTURE FERTILIZER FOR THE ROSE GARDEN:



GEORGE W. BUSH



CAUSE OF DEATH

ODDS

Alcohol poisoning after realizing he's in way over his head

2:1

Drunk driving accident after weekly night out with brother Jeb and the Supreme Court justices who helped him steal the election

2:1

Chokes to death on one of his own word mispronunciations

5:1

Slips in Oval Office on wet stain of some sort left by Clinton

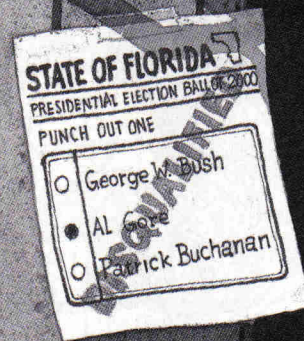
15:1

Trampled by African American admirers at Florida NAACP "Let Bygones Be Bygones" rally

20,000,000,000:1

Dies peacefully of old age after serving two successful terms and being hailed as one of our greatest Presidents

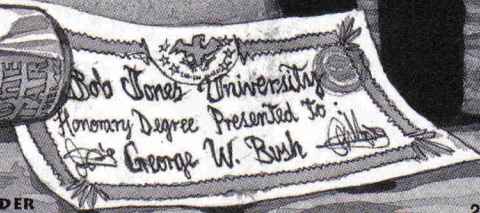
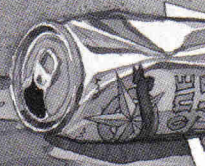
450,000,000,000:1



STATE OF MAINE

People vs
George W. Bush
in the matter of
the influence

Verdict: GUILTY



A MAD PEEK AT A COLLEGE

So you think it's a big deal you got into college? Well, smarty pants, you really aren't all that! So go ahead and weep as we expose what really goes on when it comes to the fate of the applications you worked hours on! Here's...

You know, it's just amazing that I got this job as a college admissions officer! I didn't even graduate from college!

You didn't? Then how did you get the job?

The same way most of our students get into this place... I lied on the application!

We evaluate our applicants regardless of their ability to pay tuition!

That's very noble of you!

What's noble? We love it when students can't afford our tuition! It's more slave labor to do the crappy \$5 an hour jobs all our regular employees refuse to do!

This girl wrote such a touching essay on her struggle about being adopted! It's so honest — she really bared her soul!

We've already received five of those — that was the half-price special last month on MyEssays.com!

A 1600 on her SAT's and a 4.0 GPA...well, I'll show little Miss Perfect Katy that her luck has just run dry!

Fred screwed up again! He mixed up the rejects and acceptees! Where did we find this guy anyway?

He was a hand ballot counter for the Florida Elections Commission!

BEHIND THE SCENES ADMISSIONS OFFICE

One of this year's rejectees is on the phone. He wants to know how we could possibly reject a valedictorian with a 4.0 grade point average and perfect SAT scores!

Tell him two words: white male!

Oh no, I spilled my morning coffee all over these essays! I better bury these two applications in the garbage before the Director of Admissions sees them!

With all our quotas, I sometimes feel like we've got no room left for the truly qualified students!

I know what you mean — affirmative action is a drag!

Who's talking affirmative action? I'm talking about all the spots we're forced to leave open for friends and kids of wealthy alumni!

Here's a student with straight A's and perfect SAT's!

That makes the decision quite easy, doesn't it?

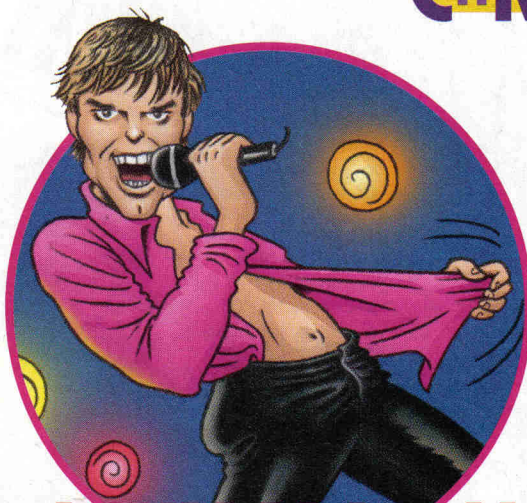
You're damn right! She's not setting foot in this school! We don't need students smarter than our instructors!



Remember when they said if you played certain records backwards, you'd hear secret, sometimes satanic messages? Well, there are some cases in music where the message isn't hidden, it's right in your face! Here's...

INSTANT MUSIC REVIEWS

CHRISTINA AGUILERA

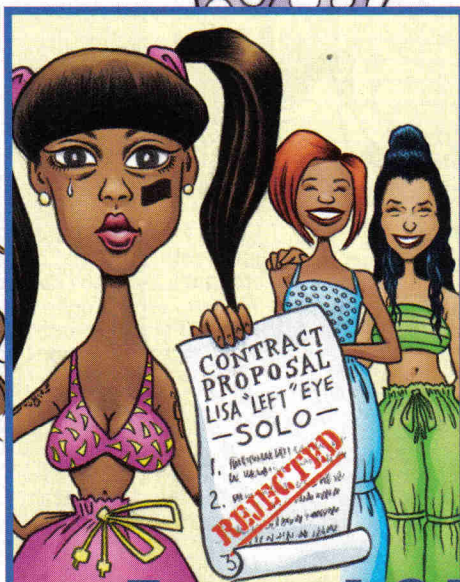


RICKY MARTIN

TED NUGENT



LISA "LEFT EYE" LOPES



GARTH BROOKS



STEVIE NICKS

ARTIST: RICK TULKA

WRITER: RUSS COOPER



ALANIS MORISSETTE



RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS

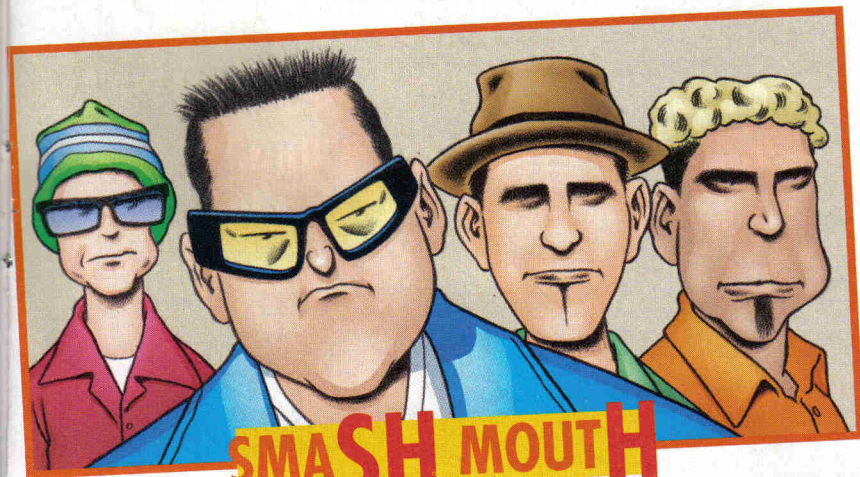


ELTON JOHN

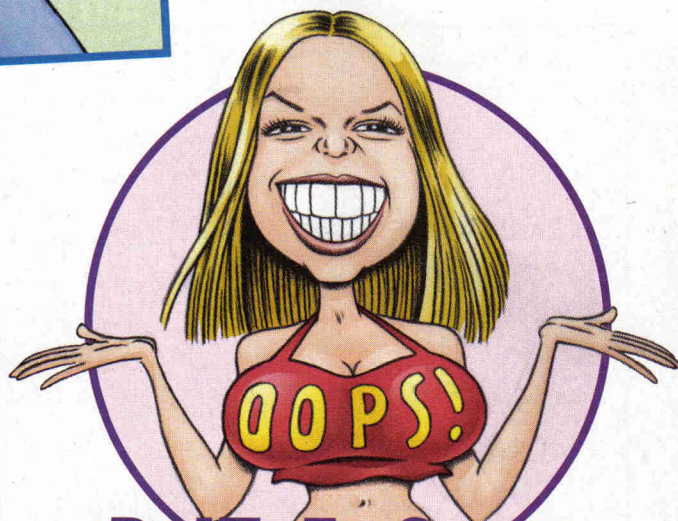
JENNIFER LOPEZ



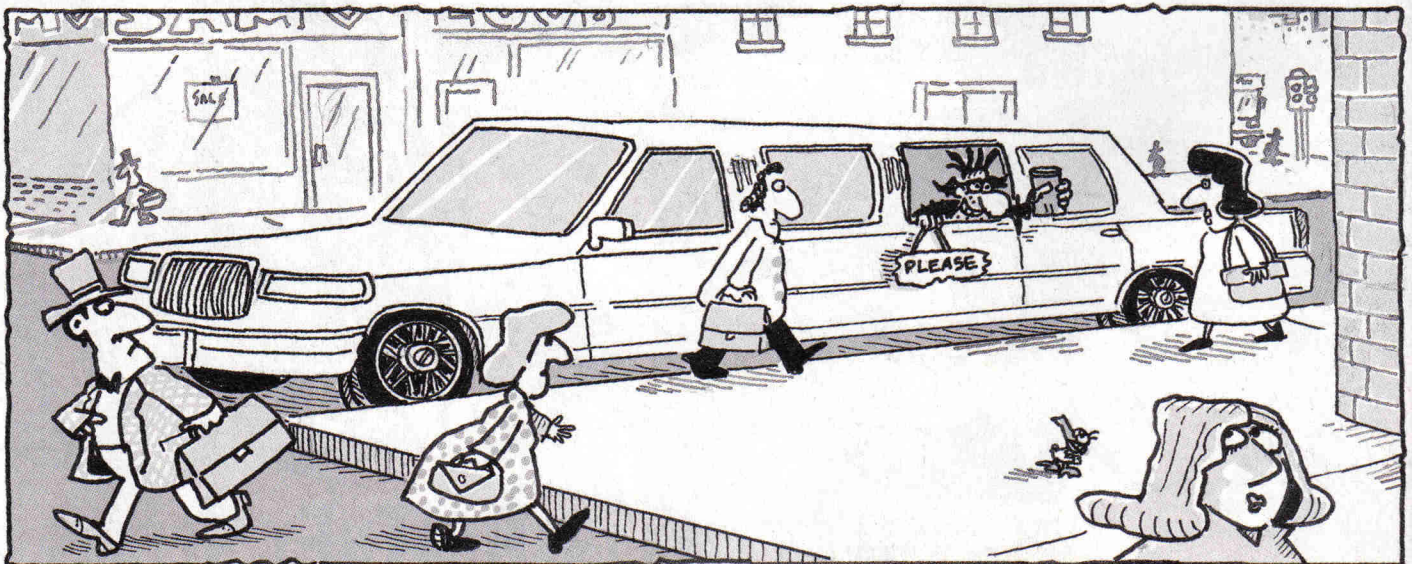
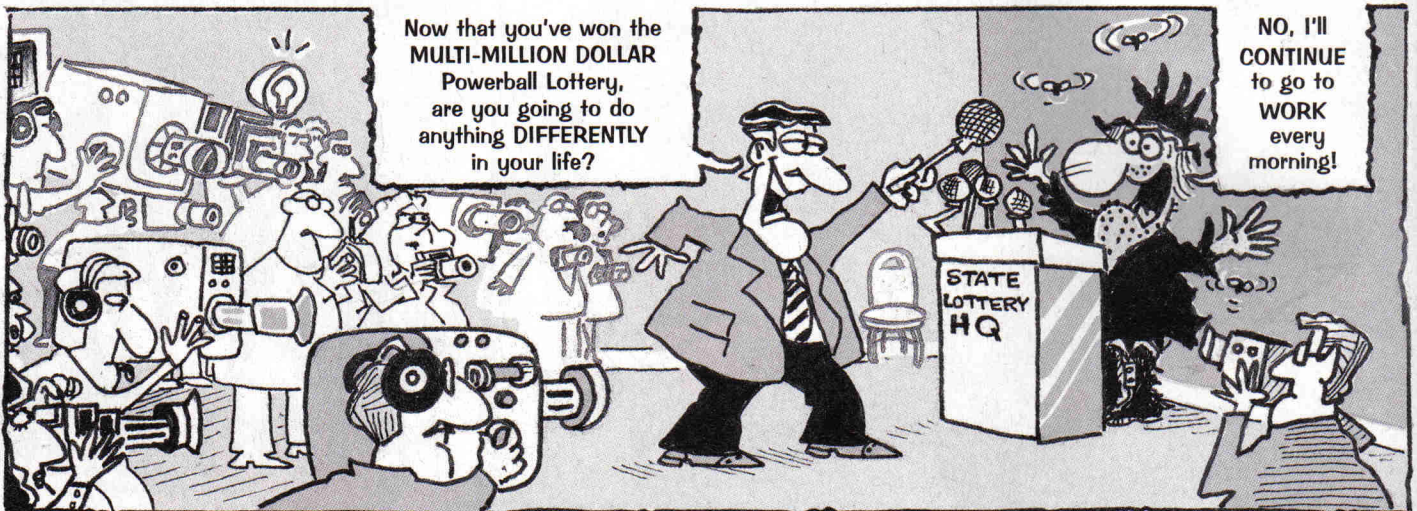
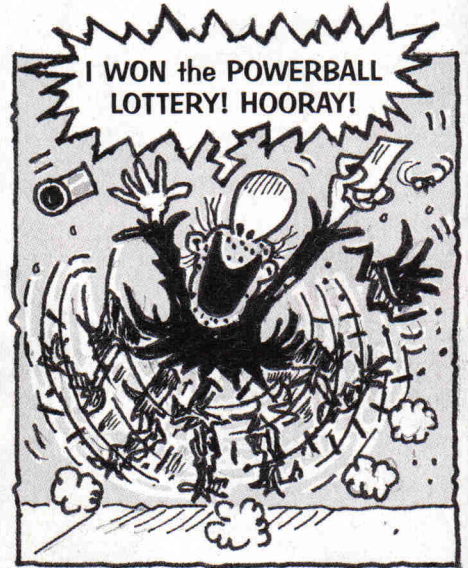
WHITNEY HOUSTON

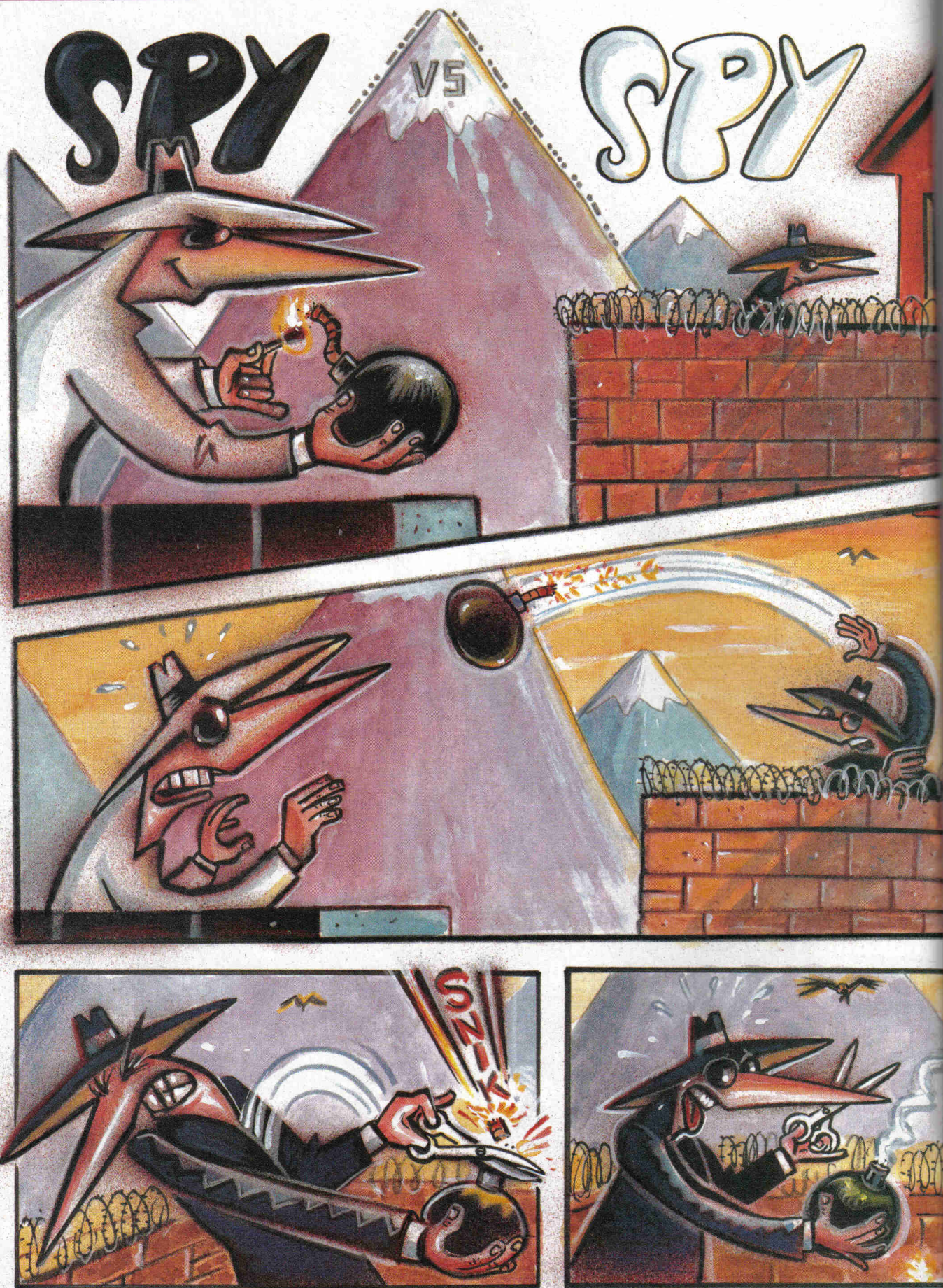


SMASH MOUTH

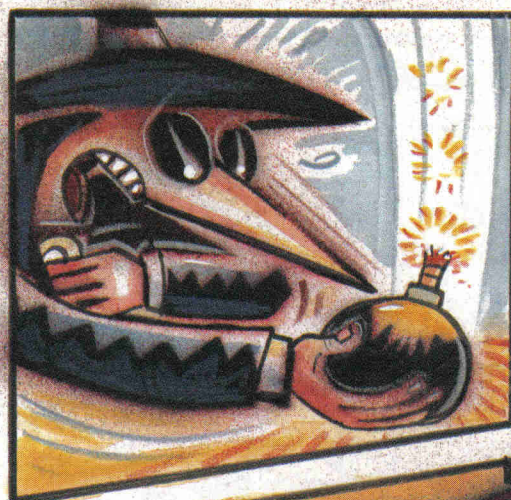
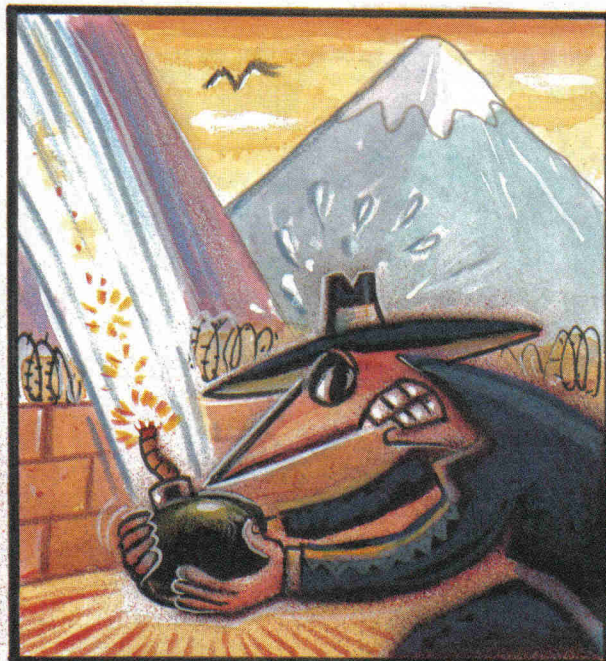


BRITNEY SPEARS



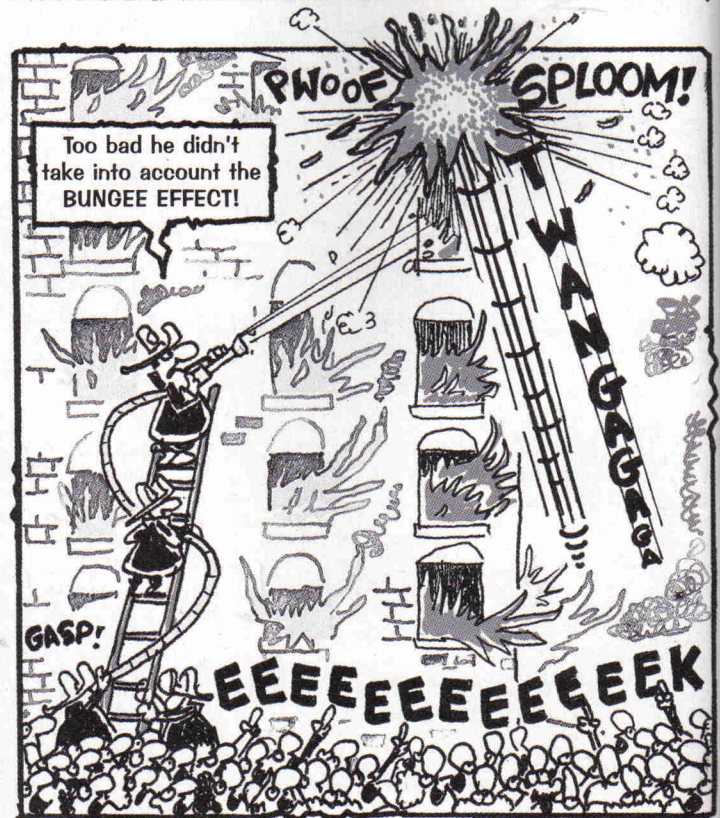
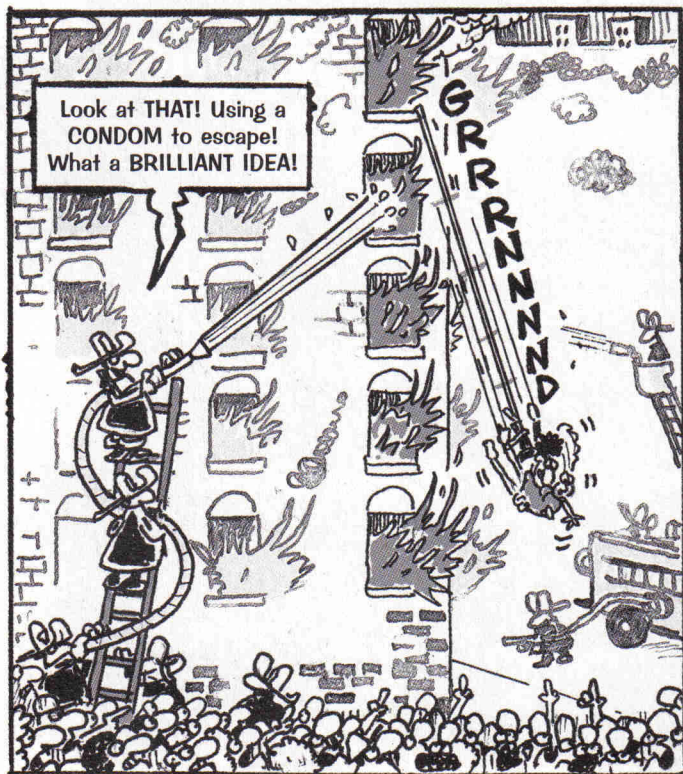
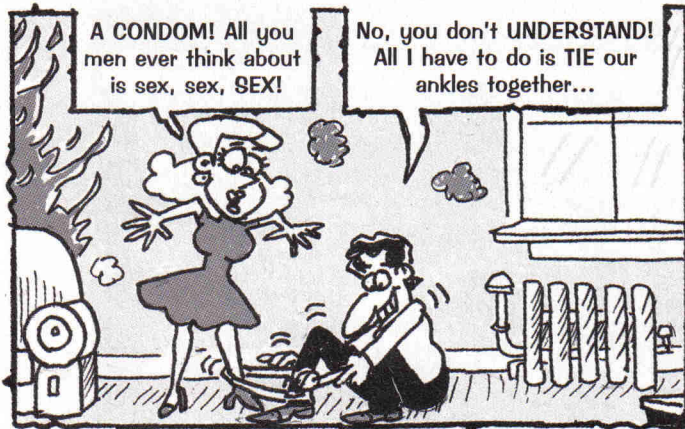


ARTIST AND WRITER: PETER KUPER



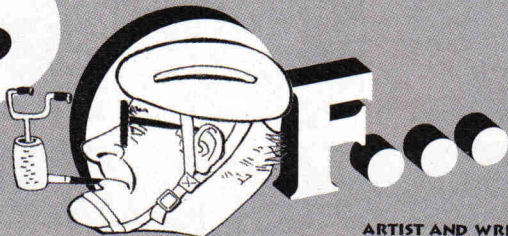
KUPER

OH RUBBER, WHERE ART THOU?



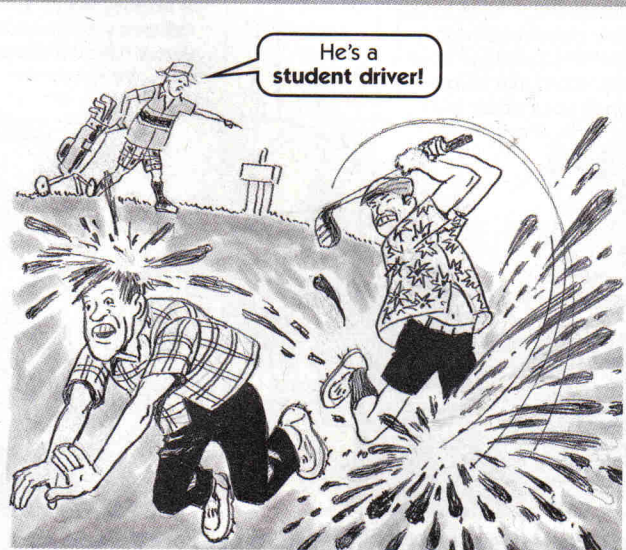


THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...



GOLF

ARTIST AND WRITER: DAVE BERG



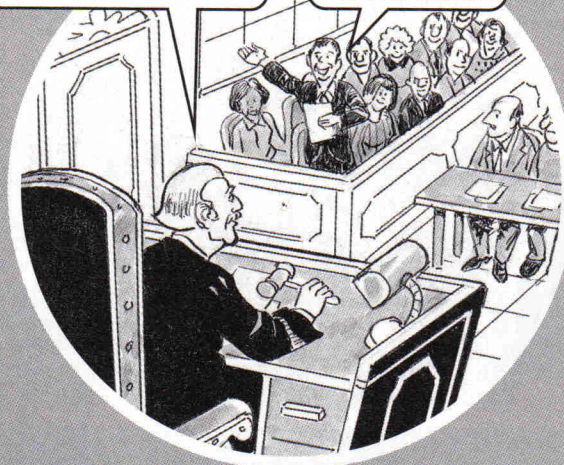
AIRLINES



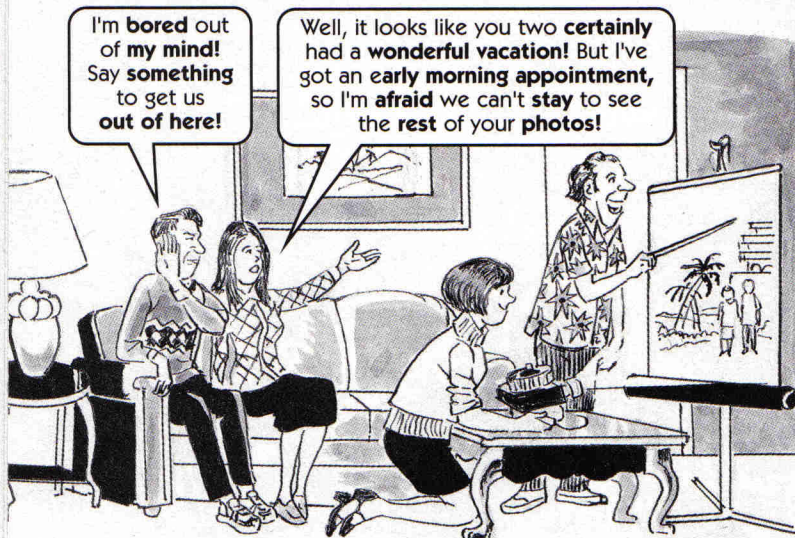
JUSTICE

You've been sequestered all day, jury members! Have you finally come to a decision?

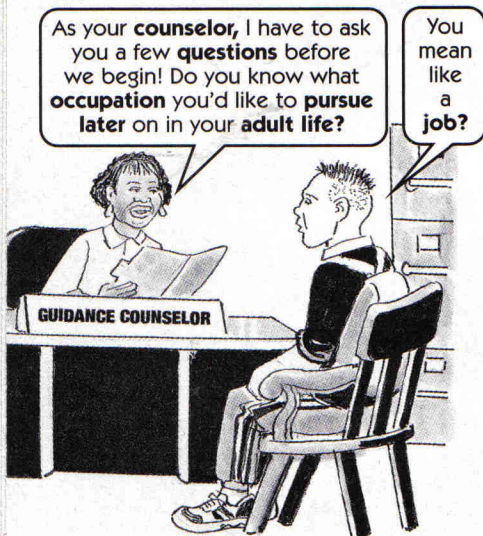
Yes, your Honor! We have voted for Chinese food for dinner!



SHARING



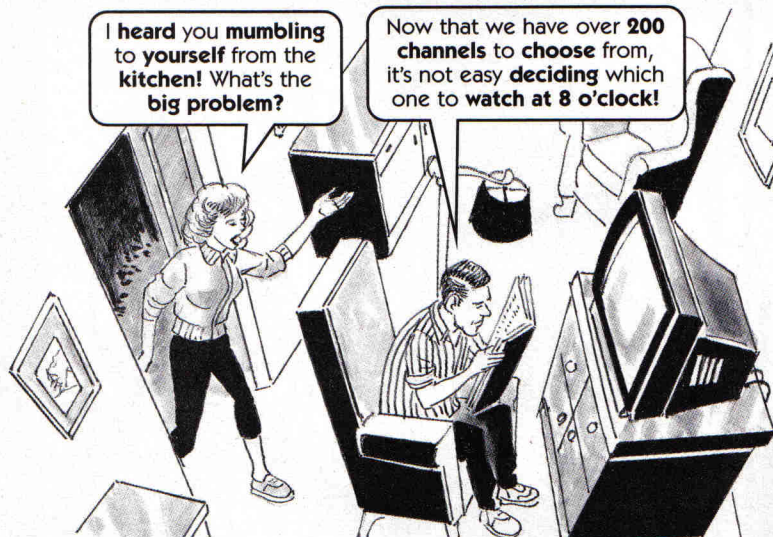
GUIDANCE



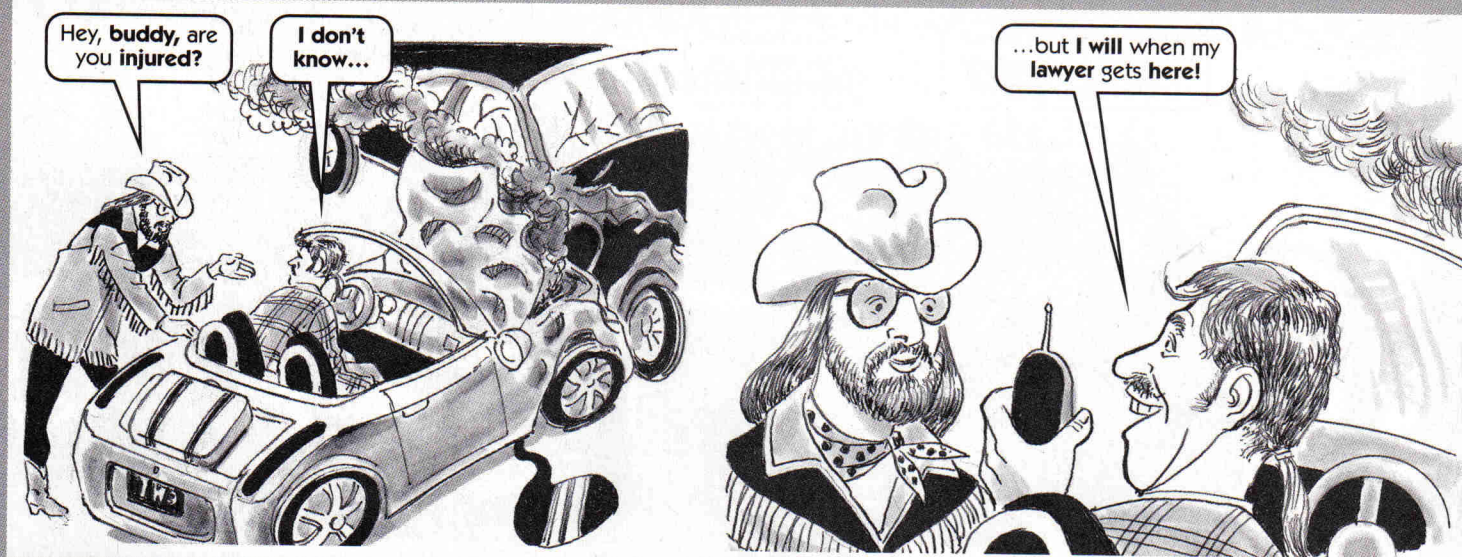
RELATIVITY



PROGRAMMING



ACCIDENTS



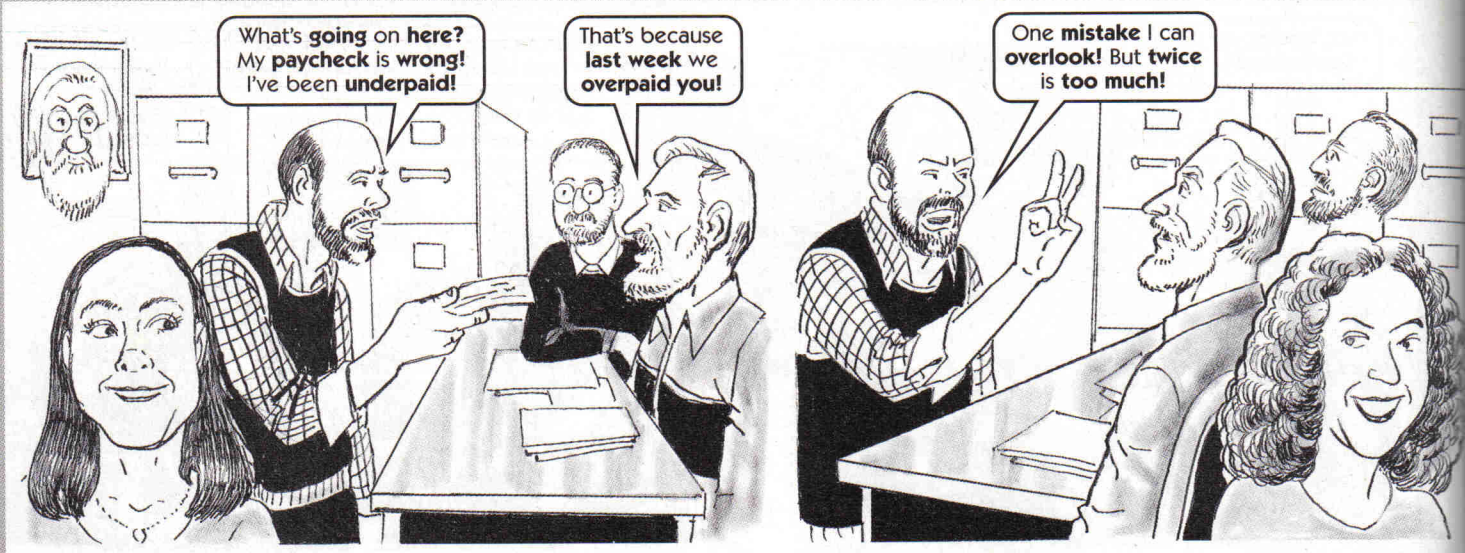
THERAPY



EMERGENCIES



THE OFFICE



FINANCE



DOCTORS



SUBSCRIBE TO SHRILL'S CONTENT

The Monthly Media Magazine
That Exposes How Untrustworthy the Media Is

SHRILL'S CONTENT



People's Choice Awards

ELECTION CENSORSHIP:
HOW THE MAJOR NETWORKS
CONSTANTLY SHUT OUT
DANGEROUS, WACKO FRINGE
POLITICAL CANDIDATES
WHO HAVE NO CHANCE OF WINNING

**HOW IRAQ'S MEDIA DISPLAYED
A CLEAR PRO-SADDAM BIAS
DURING THE GULF WAR**

**CREDENTIALS: WHAT EXACTLY
ENTITLES ESPN'S JOE MORGAN
TO COMMENT ON BASEBALL?**

The People's Choice Awards

Are they just a big
popularity contest?

**JUST HOW "POTENT"
ARE THOSE POTABLES
ON JEOPARDY?**

**WHAT THE KOREAN LANGUAGE
LIVESTOCK REPORTS ON UHF
AREN'T TELLING YOU**

**NIT-PICKING
IS A VIRTUE**



It is OUR MISSION

to watch TV
around the clock and
jot down
every suspicious
thing we find —
regardless of how
trivial it may be.

It is OUR INTENT

to report the
facts in a fair,
objective fashion.
(Not a guarantee.)

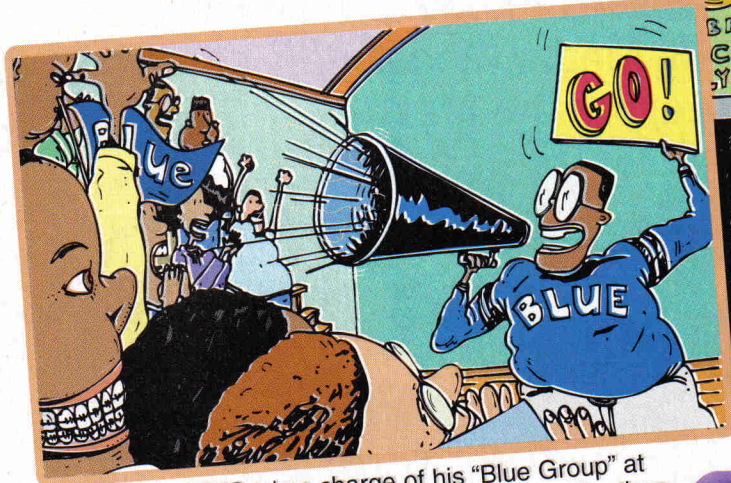
It is OUR PROMISE

to keep running
this ridiculous ad
until you subscribe.

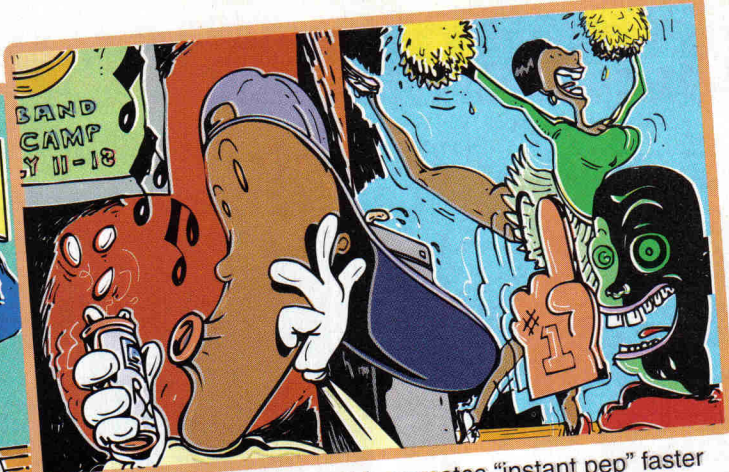
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A MAD
AD
PARODY

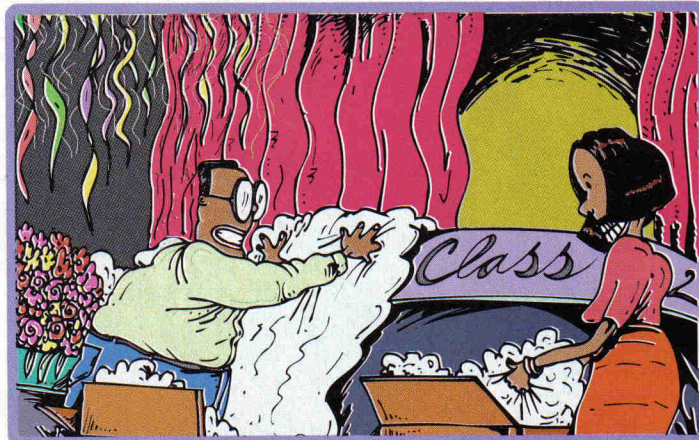


JENKINS takes charge of his "Blue Group" at the pep rally, and urges them to cheer louder than the Red Group and Gold Group combined.

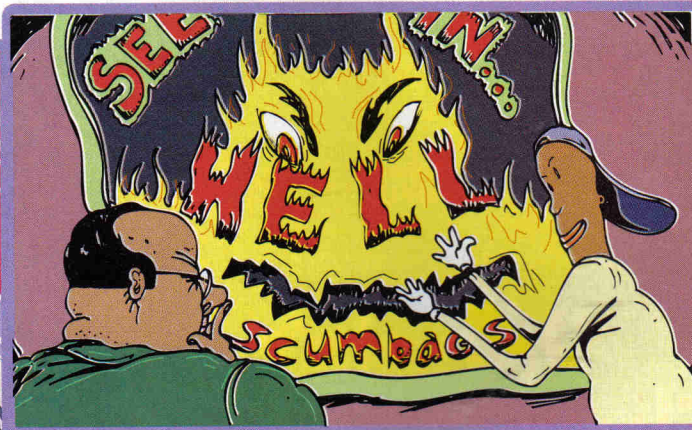


MELVIN thinks that nothing creates "instant pep" faster than amphetamines in the communal water fountains.

Melvin &

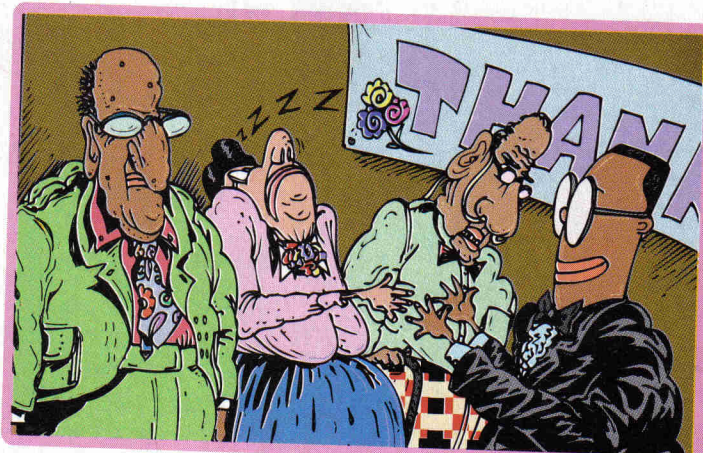


JENKINS helps drape the auditorium with multi-colored bunting in advance of the graduation festivities.

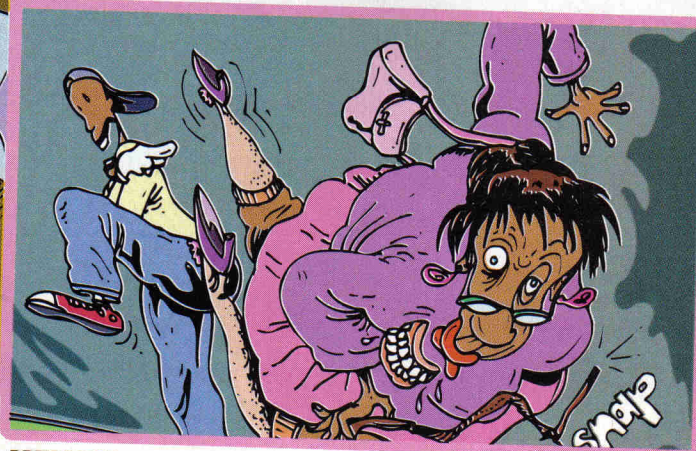


MELVIN is informed by the principal that "SEE YOU IN HELL, SCUMBAGS" isn't quite the graduation theme that the administration was hoping to see.

Guide to SCH



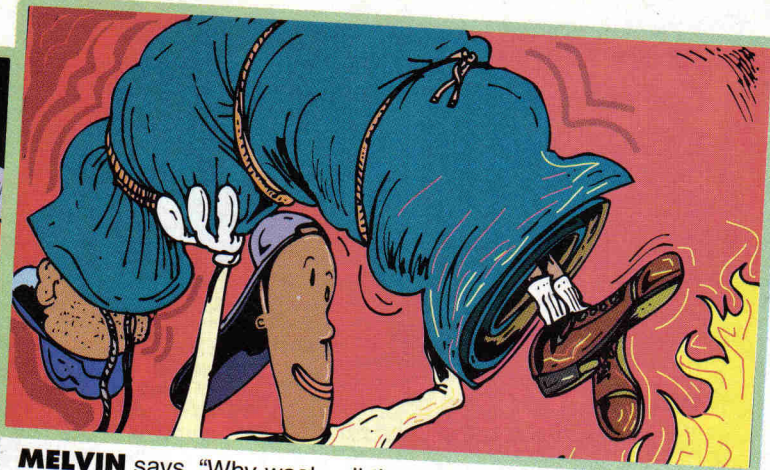
JENKINS puts together a retirement party for the school's most senior teacher to say "thank you for the caring...thank you for the guidance...thank you for your service."



MELVIN pulls the old collapsible cane switcheroo under the classic comedy premise "always leave 'em laughing."



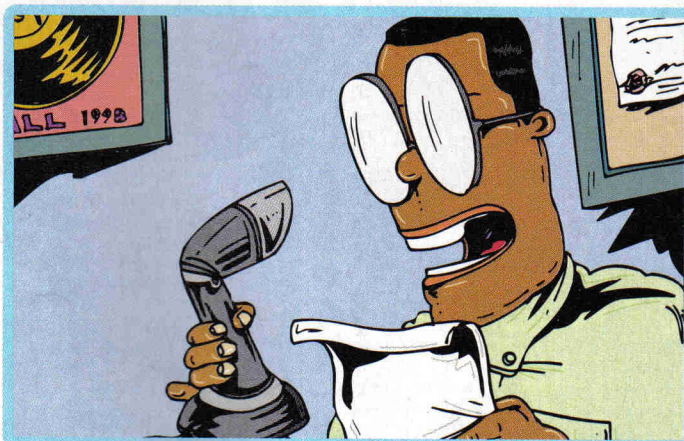
JENKINS makes a straw figure representing the rival school's coach, and burns it in effigy at the rally before the big game.



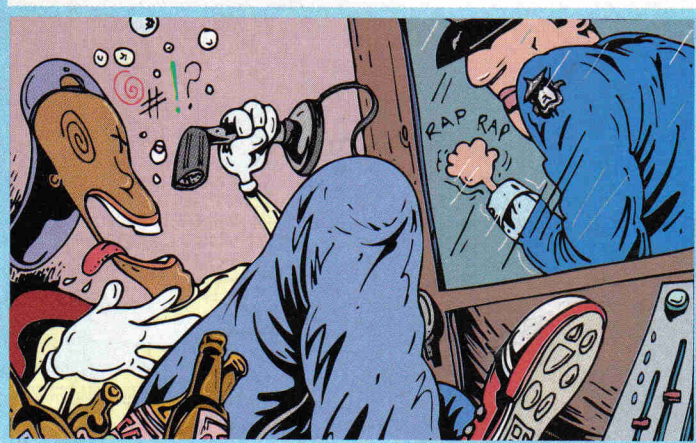
MELVIN says, "Why waste all that time making a straw figure?"



Jenkins'

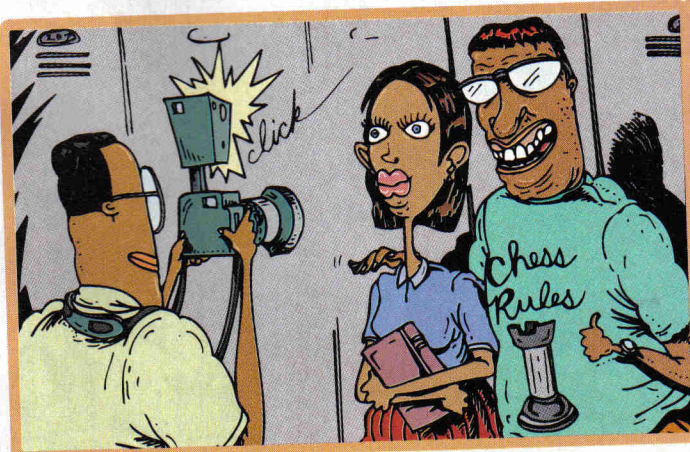


JENKINS volunteers to read the daily announcements over the P.A. system during homeroom period.



MELVIN barricades himself inside the sound booth and gets all the way down to "Three bottles of beer on the wall" before the Fire Marshall bursts through.

COOL SPIRIT



JENKINS joins the yearbook committee and tries to ensure that no single clique dominates the photographs.



MELVIN says, "No fair, how come the dead kid gets a whole page to himself?"



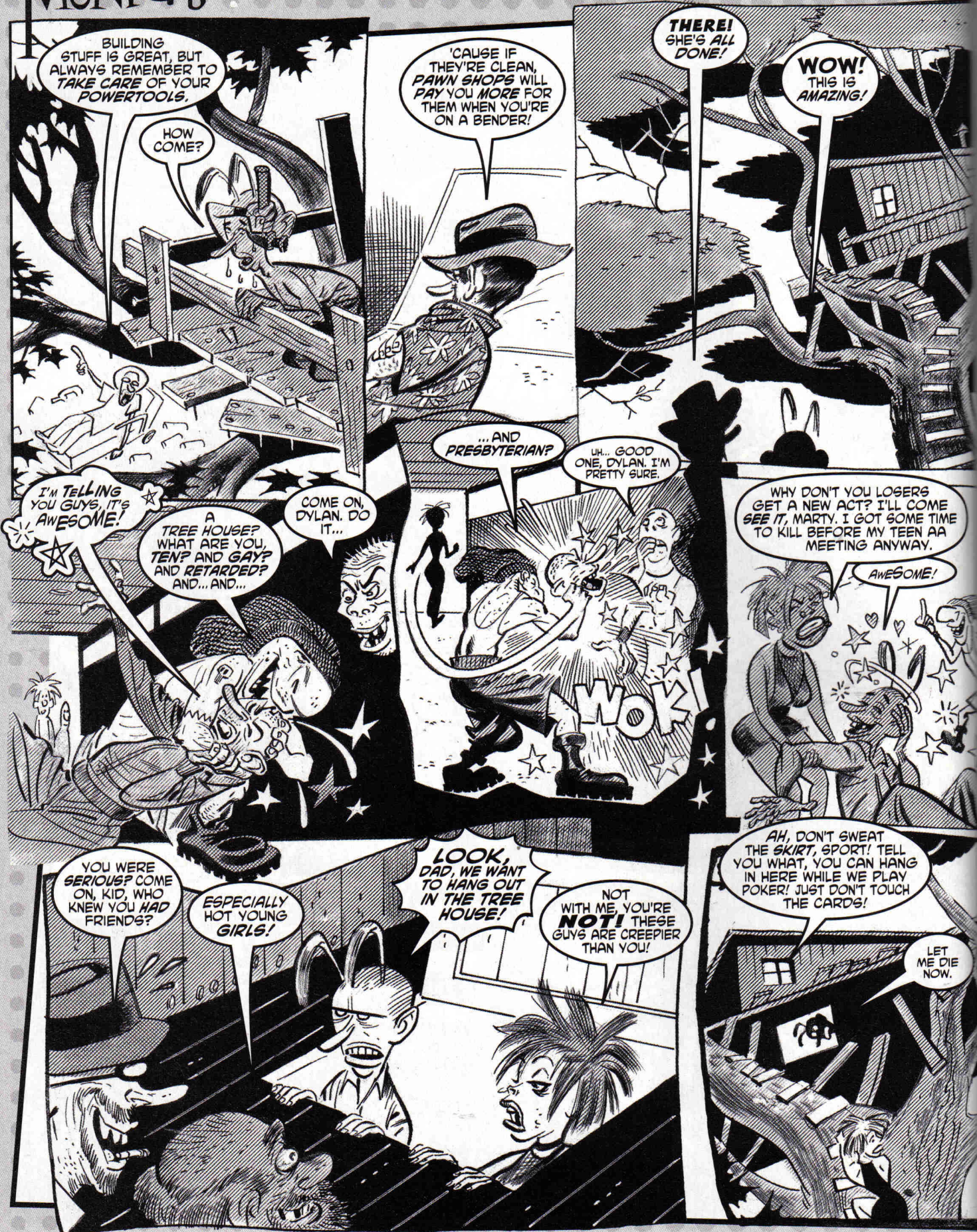
The lair, the clubhouse, the hideout. Whatever you call it, we all need sanctuary from life's headaches. Even our hero. Grab a hammer, it's...

MONTY and..



THE TREE HOUSE







CABLE TV,
A MINIFRIDGE--
THIS IS THE BEST
TREE HOUSE
EVER!

NICE,
HUH?

JUST
DON'T INVITE
THE NEIGHBORS!
THEY MIGHT WANT
THEIR STUFF
BACK!

I'M GONNA
GO TELL MY
FRIENDS!

SURE
THING, KID!
"FRIENDS,"
GOOD
ONE!

PAT!

PAT!

HEY, PRIVATE
PARTY, KID! DAMMIT!
WHO'S DEALING THESE
CARDS?!

DON'T SWEAT
IT, KNUCKLES. HE'S
WITH ME.

LISTEN MONROE,
YOUR MOM'S IN ONE OF
HER MONTHLY MOODS AND
THAT FREAKIN' BABY BROTHER
OF YOURS NEVER STOPS CRYIN',
SO I'M GONNA NEED THE
CLUBHOUSE FOR A WHILE, YOU
UNDERSTAND?

BUT... I
BROUGHT A
"FRIEND" OVER!
I TOLD YOU!

CARE FOR
ANOTHER
"SUNNY D,"
JOLINDA?

THANKS,
TARZAN! I JUST
LOVE TREE
HOUSE DUDES!

LATER...

HEY, KID,
WHAT AM I, AN
ORPHAN? MY DRINK
NEEDS MORE ICE
OVER HERE!

...AND HOW
MANY TIMES I
GOTTA ASK HIM
FOR A FREAKIN'
ASHTRAY?

DON'T MIND MY
BOY, FELLAS. I DROPPED
HIM ON HIS HEAD A COUPLE OF
TIMES WHEN HE WAS A BABY.
CHOP, CHOP, MONROE! AND
KEEP AN EYE OUT FOR WHEN
OLD LADY HENDERSON USES
THE SHOWER!

I'LL BE
IN THE CELLAR
WITH MY FRIENDS,
THE RATS!

Bill
Wray

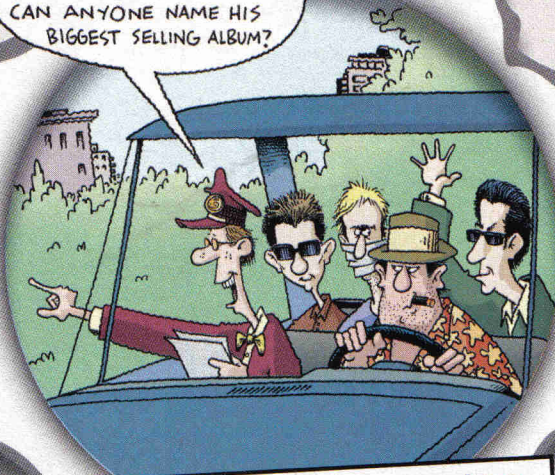


Not for nuttin', but ever since HBO first put dat dere show Da Sopranos on da air, everybody's freakin' actin' and talkin' like dey are wise guys. Alls we got to say is, "Hold your freakin' horses, Don Schmendrick!" To be a member in good standin' wit da boys, you foist gotta prove dat you're a tough guy and can handle yourself in certain "delicate" situations. Ya know, like cappin' a guy and cuttin' up his body and plantin' it all over the Joisey swamplands. Only then do you take da oath, swear your allegiance to da mafia and become what is known as a "made man." So, all you Paulie Walnuts Wannabes out dere, you think ya got what it takes? Don't make us freakin' laugh...

YOU CAN Fuhgeddabout BECOMING A Made Man IN THE Soprano MOB IF...

You're the only "Waste Management Consultant" in your 12-man crew who actually wears coveralls and handles waste.

COMING UP ON THE RIGHT, THE BIRTHPLACE OF BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN... CAN ANYONE NAME HIS BIGGEST SELLING ALBUM?



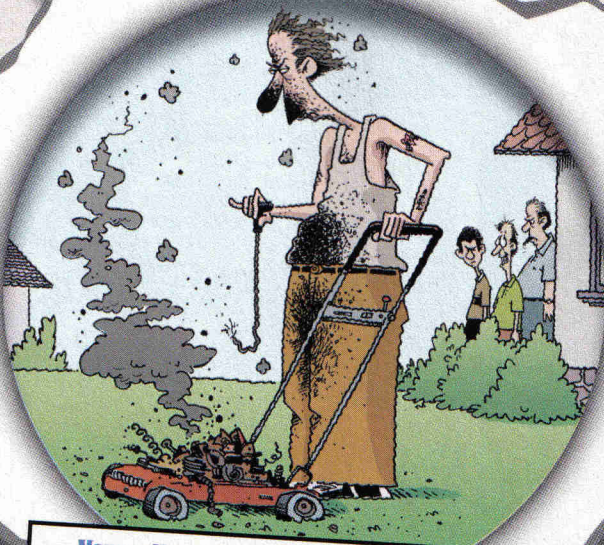
When "taking a guy for a ride," your primary task is pointing out historical landmarks.

ARTIST AND WRITER:
JOHN CALDWELL

YOU WANT "THE ROCK" OVER AL SNOW AT THE GARDEN?!?! I'LL GIVE YOU THREE TO ONE, CHUMP!



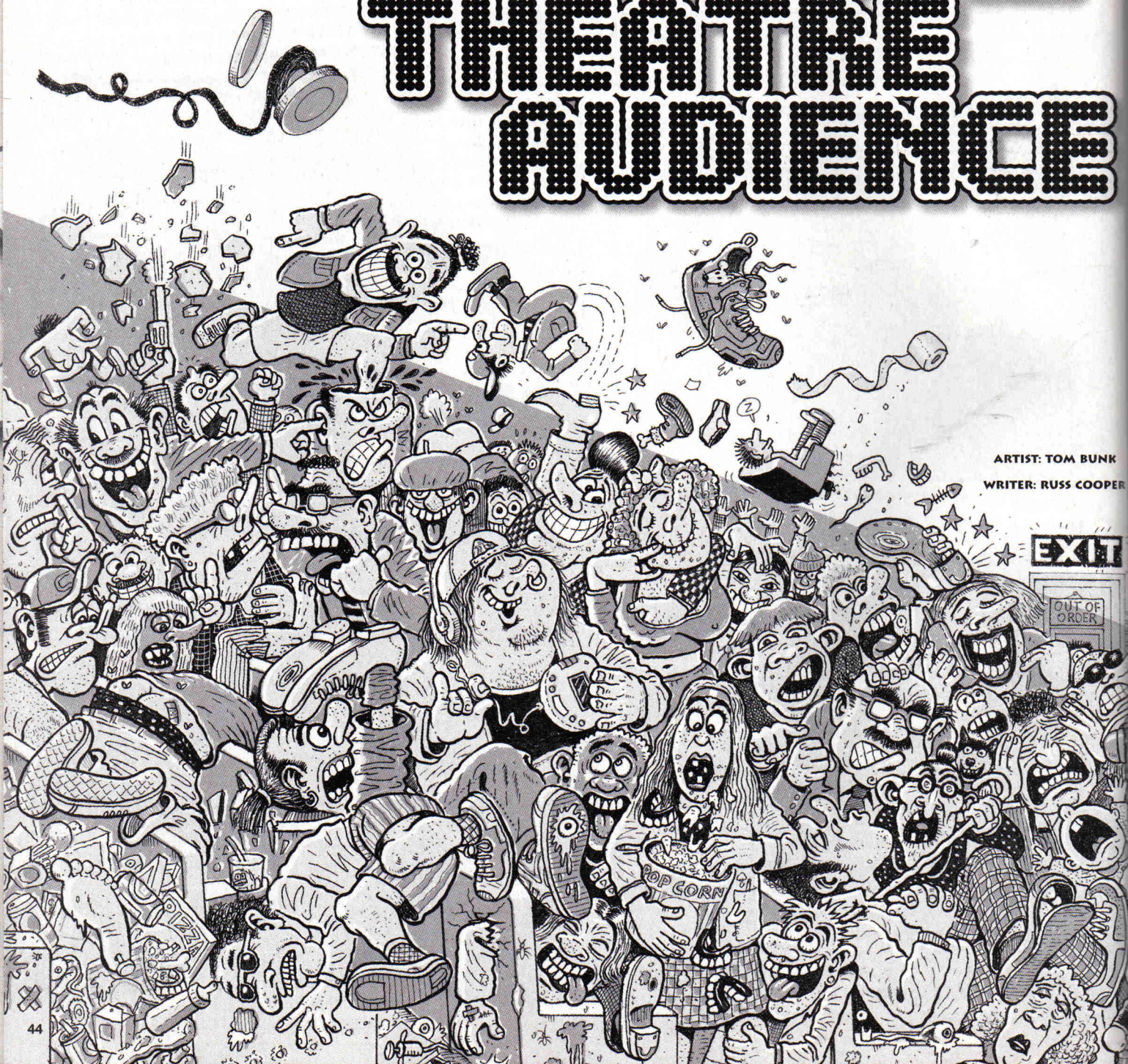
Your bookmaking operation specializes in professional wrestling.



Your self-proclaimed "brilliant" suburbia-targeted plan to whack guys as they start their lawnmowers proves less than successful.

If for once in your life you stayed until the end of a movie instead of bolting out early to sneak into the theatre next door so you could see two movies for the price of one, you'd know that at the end of each movie they show something called the credits. The credits consist of the names of the people responsible for making the film you just saw. Which got us thinking. If directors and actors can get credit on the big screen, then why not credit *everything* connected with your moviegoing experience? We're running out of space, so we might as well just show you! Please stay seated during...

For a typical **MOVIE**
THEATRE
AUDIENCE



ARTIST: TOM BUNK

WRITER: RUSS COOPER

EXIT

OUT OF ORDER

Script Continuity Provided By GIRL IN ROW 6 EXPLAINING PLOT
POINTS TO SLOW, SLOW BOYFRIEND

Crinkles, Snaps And Assorted
Doodle Bag Rustlings By CHEAP DIPWAD IN ROW 9
SNEAKING IN HER OWN SNACKS

Additional Dialogue And One-Liners By UNFUNNY SCHMUCK IN THE BACK
ROW WHO THINKS HE'S A COMEDIAN

Peripheral Distraction Courtesy Of BUZZING, FAULTILY WIRED ORANGE EXIT SIGN

Cell Phone Interruptions Discourtesy Of DISCOURTEOUS A-HOLES IN ROWS 4, 9 AND 12

Laser Pointer "Comic" Effects
Annoyingly Provided By ANNOYING A-HOLE IN ROW 2

Inappropriate Oddball Laughter
Randomly Furnished By WEIRD DATELESS GUY IN ROW 5

Killer's Identity Prematurely Revealed By KNOW-IT-ALL A-HOLE IN FRONT OF YOU

Random Aggravation Provided By OLD COUPLE IN ROW 19 GRUMBLING ABOUT
HOW THIS R-RATED MOVIE HAS CURSING IN IT

Fat Guy Next To You Played By THE SAME GUY WHO SITS
NEXT TO YOU ON AIRPLANES

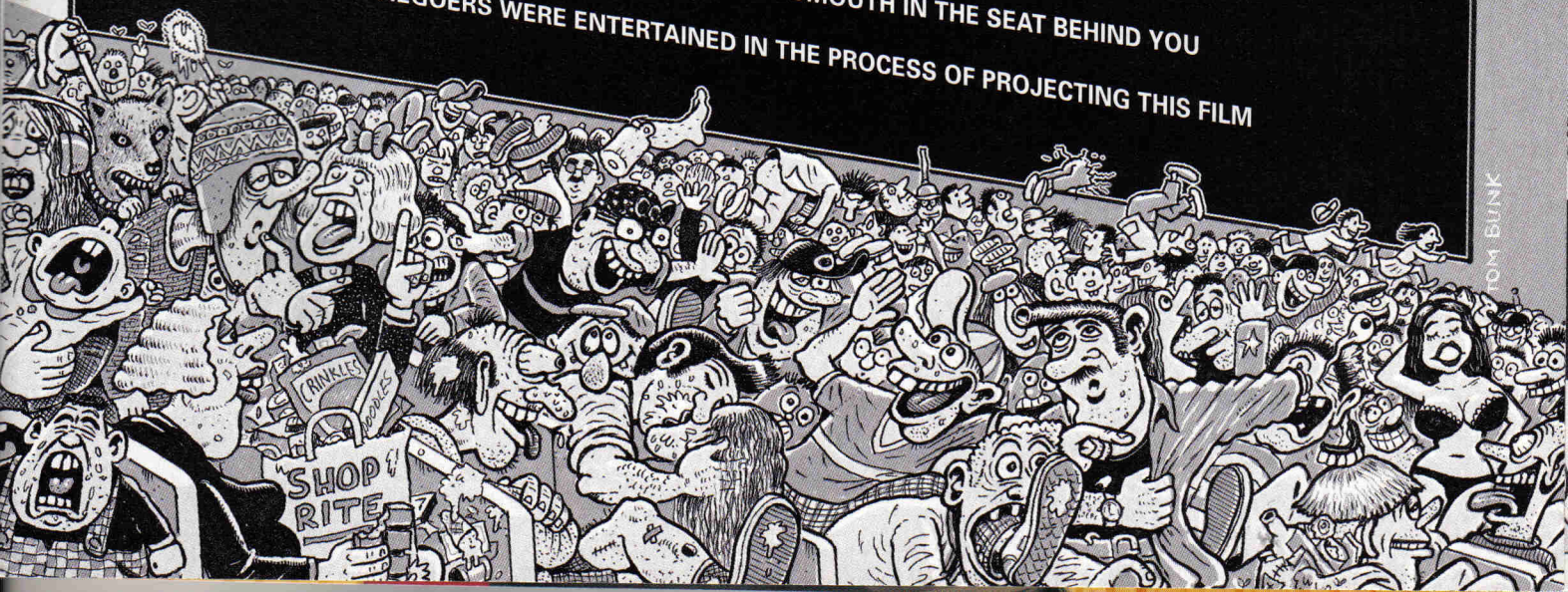
Additional Discomfort Provided By THE GUY WHO SITS ON THE OTHER
SIDE OF YOU EVEN THOUGH THERE ARE
PLENTY OF EMPTY SEATS ELSEWHERE

Future \$300 Dental Bill Courtesy Of UNPOPPED CORN KERNEL FROM
THE CONCESSION STAND

Introducing A HYSTERICAL BABY WHO, APPARENTLY, HAS
NEVER BEEN IN A DARK THEATRE BEFORE

Subtitles And Credits
Pointlessly Read Aloud By LOUDMOUTH IN THE SEAT BEHIND YOU

NO MOVIEGOERS WERE ENTERTAINED IN THE PROCESS OF PROJECTING THIS FILM



C.S.OY

ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

I'm Bureau Chief Swill Gruesome! I'm a criminalist, and a slave driver to my team! A criminalist is someone who uses forensic science, like splattered blood, severed organs and torn off fingers or toe nails to solve a crime! I use it mostly to make people get sick to their stomach, throw up or pass out! I mean, even a criminalist needs to have a little fun! Some members of my team have accused me of being a bit too much on the "touchy-feely" side with the women around here, but I have an explanation for that! I'm in training to do something like that with an actual *living female*!

I'm Captain Grim! I'm mean! I'm insensitive! I'm unlovable and I'm overbearing! In other words, C.S.Oy may think it's breaking new ground on TV, but my portrayal of a police captain is as hackneyed as on any other cop show! I'm also so stiff, at least once a month, some jerk at C.S.Oy starts doing an autopsy on me because they think I'm dead!

I'm Caughtone Gallows, a single mom with a dual role in life! I work hard as a Crime Scene Investigator, while trying to be a proper parent as I raise my little girl! To give her an idea of what her mom does for a living, I took her with me to "daughters at work" day! She sat through three autopsies and visited the morgue twice! Now I feel nothing can upset her in real life! Except she still does get sick watching most of the shows on the Fox network! Unfortunately, nothing can prepare a child for that!

WHEN DO WE EAT?

THAT'S GNAT!

I'm Nice Strokes, C.S.Oy agent! In my case the C.S. in C.S.Oy stands for "charming and sexy"! I love my job! I get paid a pretty decent salary just to solve puzzles all day! Then when I'm done with the daily crossword, I sometimes go out on a real case, but I don't mind! At least then not only the dead people get to see how good looking I am!

I'm Surry Saddle, the newest member of the C.S.Oy team, and frankly, I'm not accustomed to seeing guts splattered everywhere and watching body parts being dissected at autopsies! To prepare myself, I'm taking special training! A couple of times a week I go to one of the big Las Vegas hotel's "all you can eat buffets" and I dissect the meat loaf! You can't believe the amount of gross stuff in there! Talk about disgusting!

I'm Worry Frown and I round out the cliché cast! The hard boiled chief, single mom, stud muffin, rookie, and me — cool, slick minority officer! How cliché am I? Let me put it this way! I try not to not stand sideways because you wouldn't see me! That's how two dimensional I am! I act cool by using the word "ass" on national TV, and using it a lot! I used it a dozen times in the pilot episode alone, and if you don't like it, you can kiss my ass!

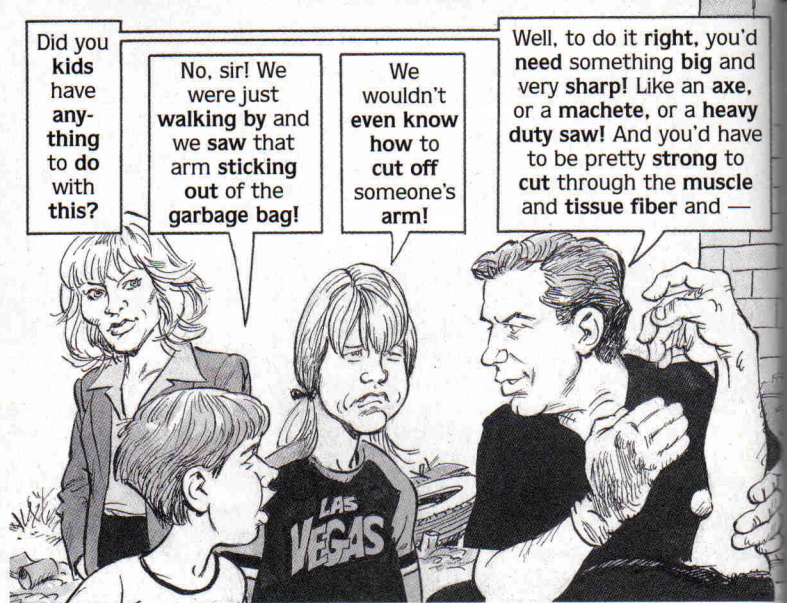
THE GAMES A FOOT!
47



Look! Sticking out of that blue plastic bag! It's an arm!

An arm? That's awful! Blue plastic bags are for cans and bottles! Body parts go in the clear plastic bags!

We better call the cops! Don't you mean the sanitation police? They take recycling violations seriously here in Las Vegas!

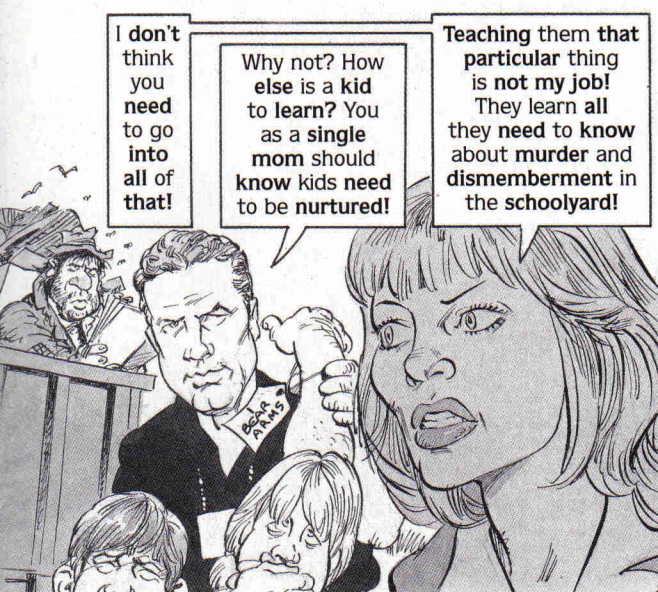


Did you kids have anything to do with this?

No, sir! We were just walking by and we saw that arm sticking out of the garbage bag!

We wouldn't even know how to cut off someone's arm!

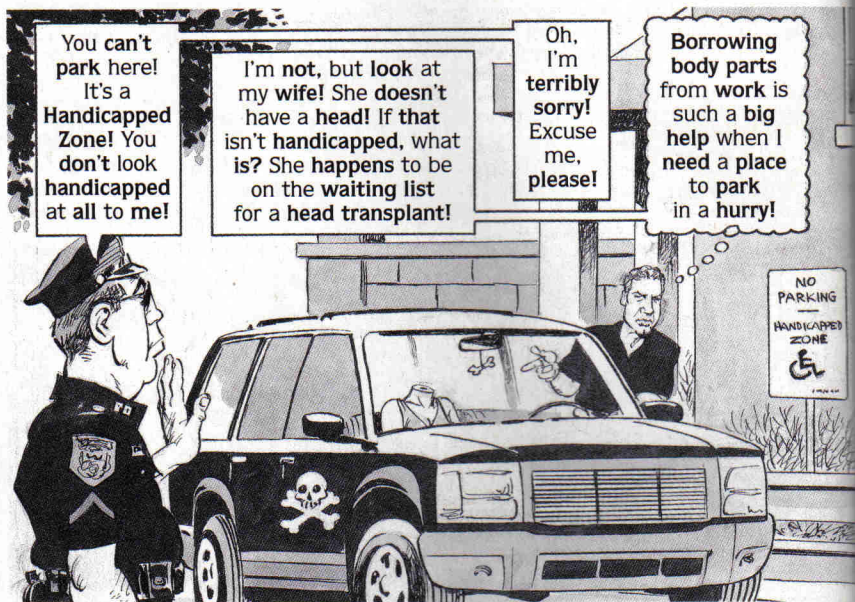
Well, to do it right, you'd need something big and very sharp! Like an axe, or a machete, or a heavy duty saw! And you'd have to be pretty strong to cut through the muscle and tissue fiber and —



I don't think you need to go into all of that!

Why not? How else is a kid to learn? You as a single mom should know kids need to be nurtured!

Teaching them that particular thing is not my job! They learn all they need to know about murder and dismemberment in the schoolyard!

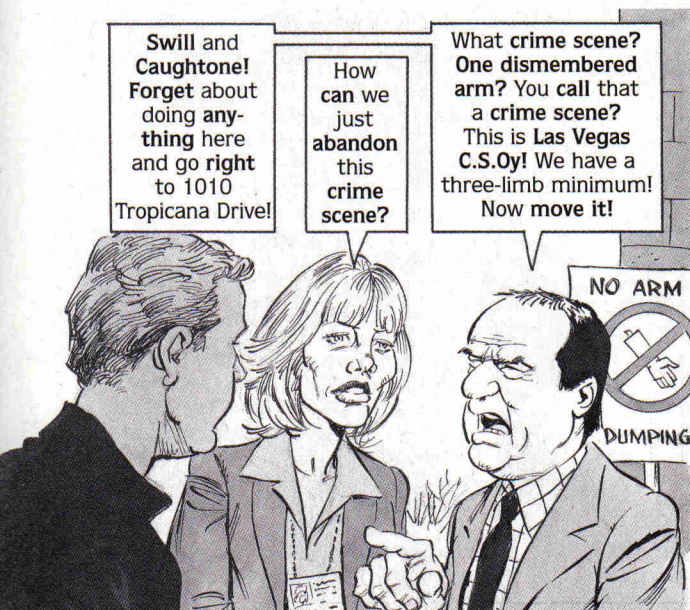


You can't park here! It's a Handicapped Zone! You don't look handicapped at all to me!

I'm not, but look at my wife! She doesn't have a head! If that isn't handicapped, what is? She happens to be on the waiting list for a head transplant!

Oh, I'm terribly sorry! Excuse me, please!

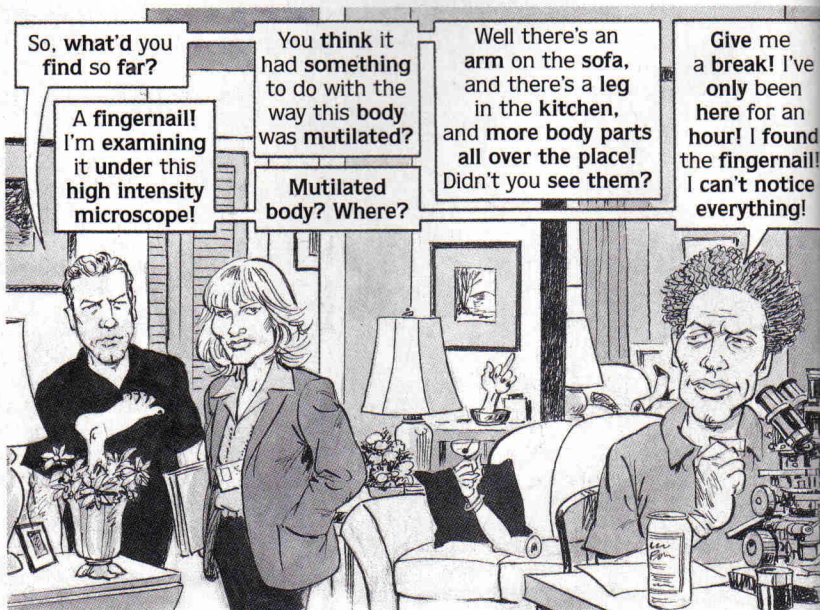
Borrowing body parts from work is such a big help when I need a place to park in a hurry!



Swill and Caughtone! Forget about doing anything here and go right to 1010 Tropicana Drive!

How can we just abandon this crime scene?

What crime scene? One dismembered arm? You call that a crime scene? This is Las Vegas C.S.Oy! We have a three-limb minimum! Now move it!



So, what'd you find so far?

A fingernail! I'm examining it under this high intensity microscope!

You think it had something to do with the way this body was mutilated?

Mutilated body? Where?

Well there's an arm on the sofa, and there's a leg in the kitchen, and more body parts all over the place! Didn't you see them?

Give me a break! I've only been here for an hour! I found the fingernail! I can't notice everything!



I say this fingernail was cut off by a sharp implement!

Like an axe?

Yes! You're good!

Lucky guess! Besides, this head on the sofa still has the axe lodged in it!

Another score for forensics!

Yes, forensics is an exacting science! And the way we depict it, we also make a case for it being a tedious and boring science!

Speaking of tedious and boring, putting this yellow "crime scene" tape around everything takes so many hours!

Surry, just put "crime scene" tape on the front door! You don't have to put it on each item in the house!

Will someone give me a hand? I can't move! I stood still for a second and Surry wrapped "crime scene" tape all around me!

I'm Mike Greenlake! What's going on here? Where's my wife?

She's in the kitchen! And the living room!

And she's in the bedroom!

And maybe in the basement too! We haven't looked yet!

How can she be in so many places at one time?

She's in so many places because she's in so many pieces!

So many pieces? Is this some kind of joke?

Yes! It is! It's forensic humor!

I don't find it funny at all!

Well, that's forensic humor for you!

BADA BING!

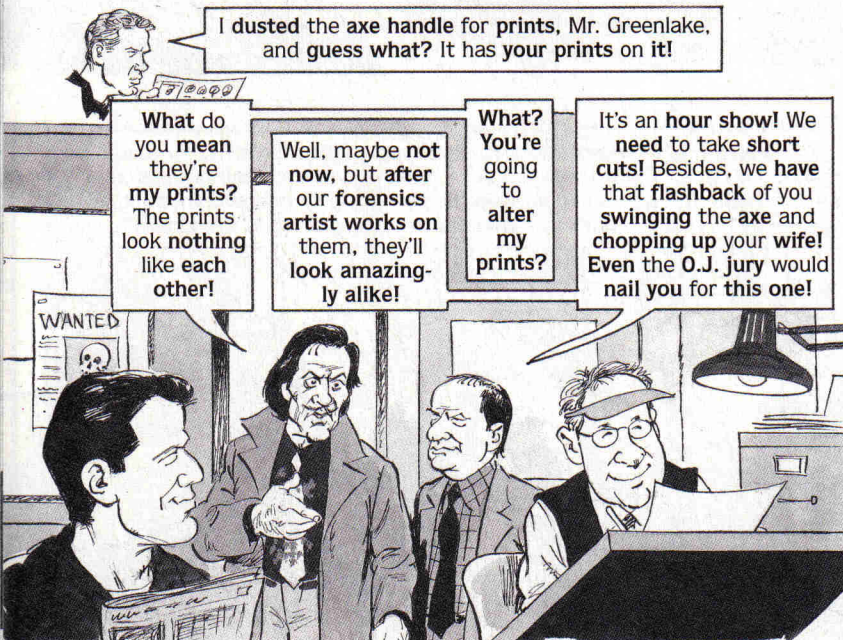
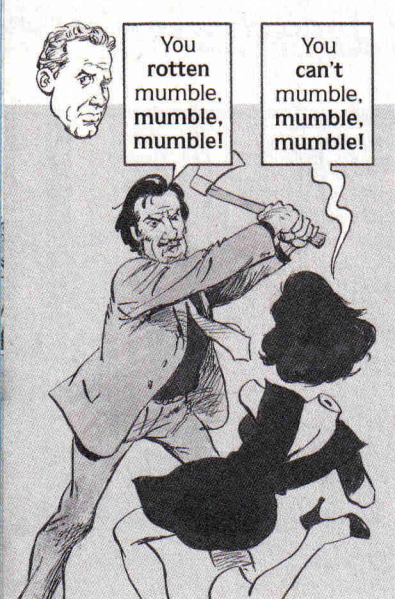
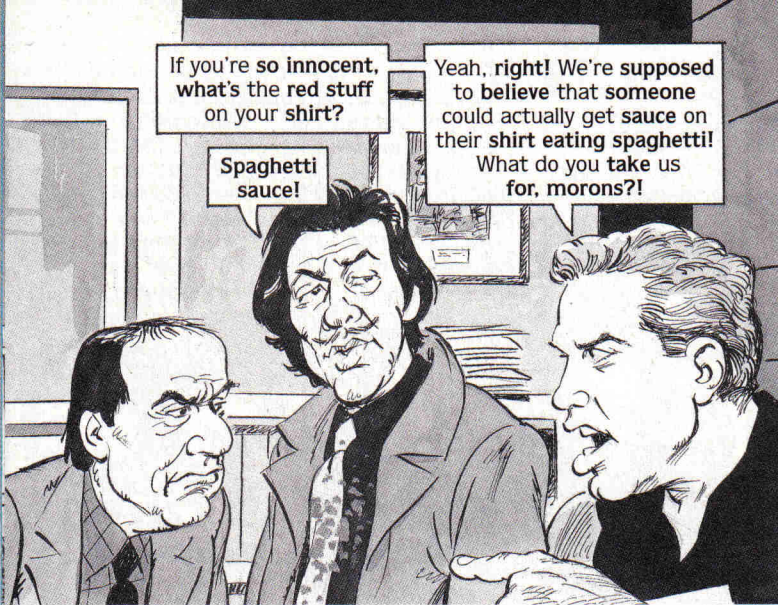
There was a foot in the basement! I matched it up with the other body parts that I found around the house!

I know you're new at forensics, but look carefully at the way you assembled that body, and see if you can do a tad better!

Your wife's watch was smashed at 8:40 p.m.! Where were you at 8:40 p.m.?

Certainly you don't think I had anything to do with this bloodbath?

Bloodbath? What made you use that expression? No one said anything about a "bloodbath"!





That's it! This case is all wrapped up!

I'll get a judge to sign his incarceration papers and he'll be out of our way!

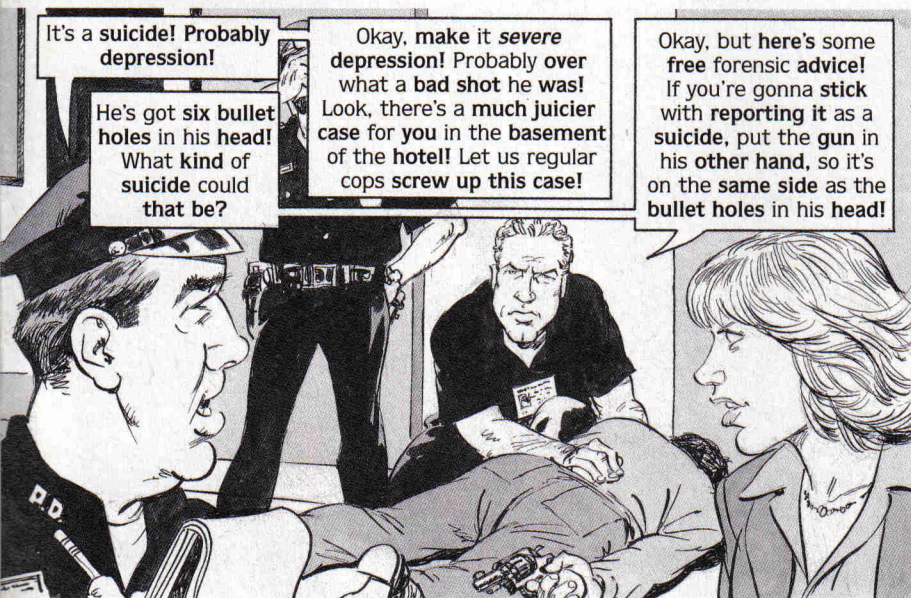
What? I get no trial? No due process?

Please! If you start with that nonsense, we'd never solve as many cases as we do!

I know I'm kinda new here, but how can you get a judge to sign papers without a trial?

That's why we work at night! Wake a judge up out of a sound sleep at 4 a.m. and he'll sign anything without asking questions!

Attention C.S.Oy investigators! Emergency situation at the MGM Grand! Respond immediately!

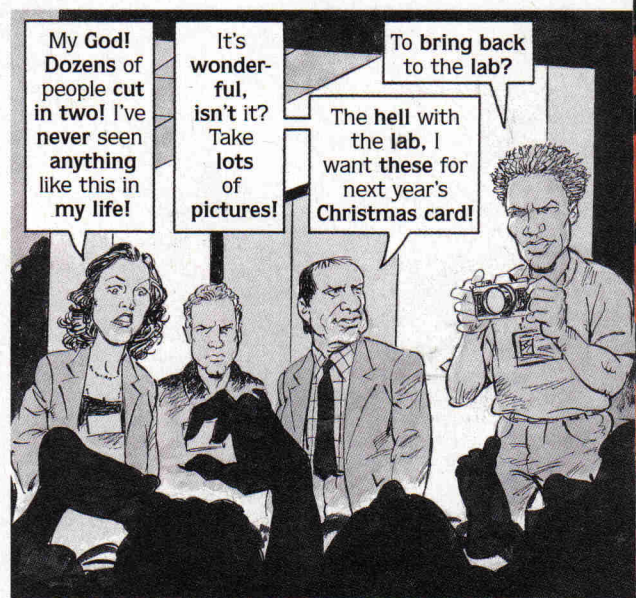


It's a suicide! Probably depression!

He's got six bullet holes in his head! What kind of suicide could that be?

Okay, make it *severe* depression! Probably over what a bad shot he was! Look, there's a much juicier case for you in the basement of the hotel! Let us regular cops screw up this case!

Okay, but here's some free forensic advice! If you're gonna stick with reporting it as a suicide, put the gun in his other hand, so it's on the same side as the bullet holes in his head!



My God! Dozens of people cut in two! I've never seen anything like this in my life!

It's wonderful, isn't it? Take lots of pictures!

To bring back to the lab?

The hell with the lab, I want these for next year's Christmas card!



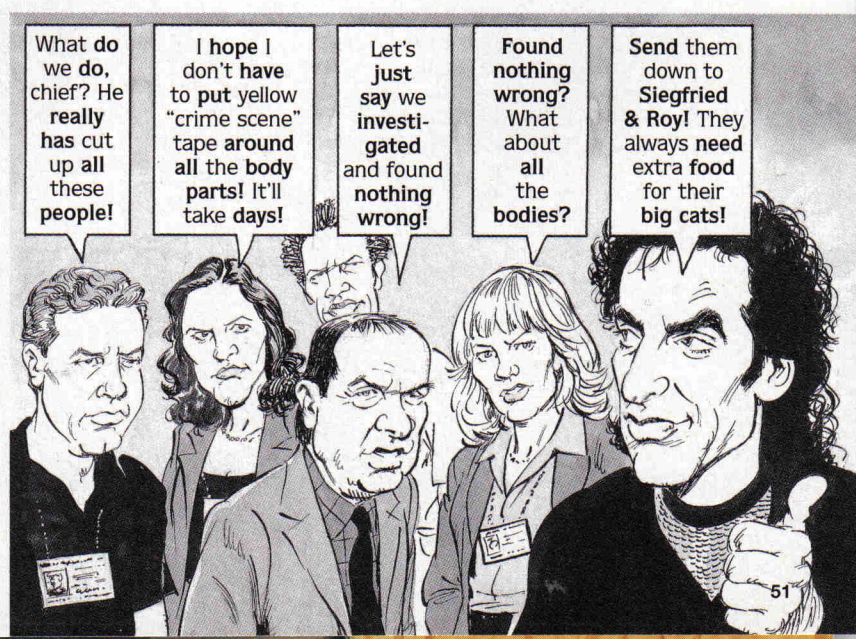
What are you doing in my prop room?

David Copperfield? The magician? We found at least a hundred women sawed in half here!

So? I saw a woman in half every night I'm on stage!

My God! You really saw women in half?

Of course I do! What'd you think? It's a trick? You cops sure are dumb!



What do we do, chief? He really has cut up all these people!

I hope I don't have to put yellow "crime scene" tape around all the body parts! It'll take days!

Let's just say we investigated and found nothing wrong!

Found nothing wrong? What about all the bodies?

Send them down to Siegfried & Roy! They always need extra food for their big cats!

**WHAT TEXAN
IS UNDER SEVERE
NATIONAL
PRESSURE TO PROVE
HIS WORTH?**

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

When you enter the national spotlight and declare to all that you're the man, you'd better be able to stand and deliver when the time comes. There's one Texan who has now been given his big moment to shine and an eager nation waits to see if this young upstart will succeed or drop the ball. To find out who this lone star stallion is, fold page in as shown.



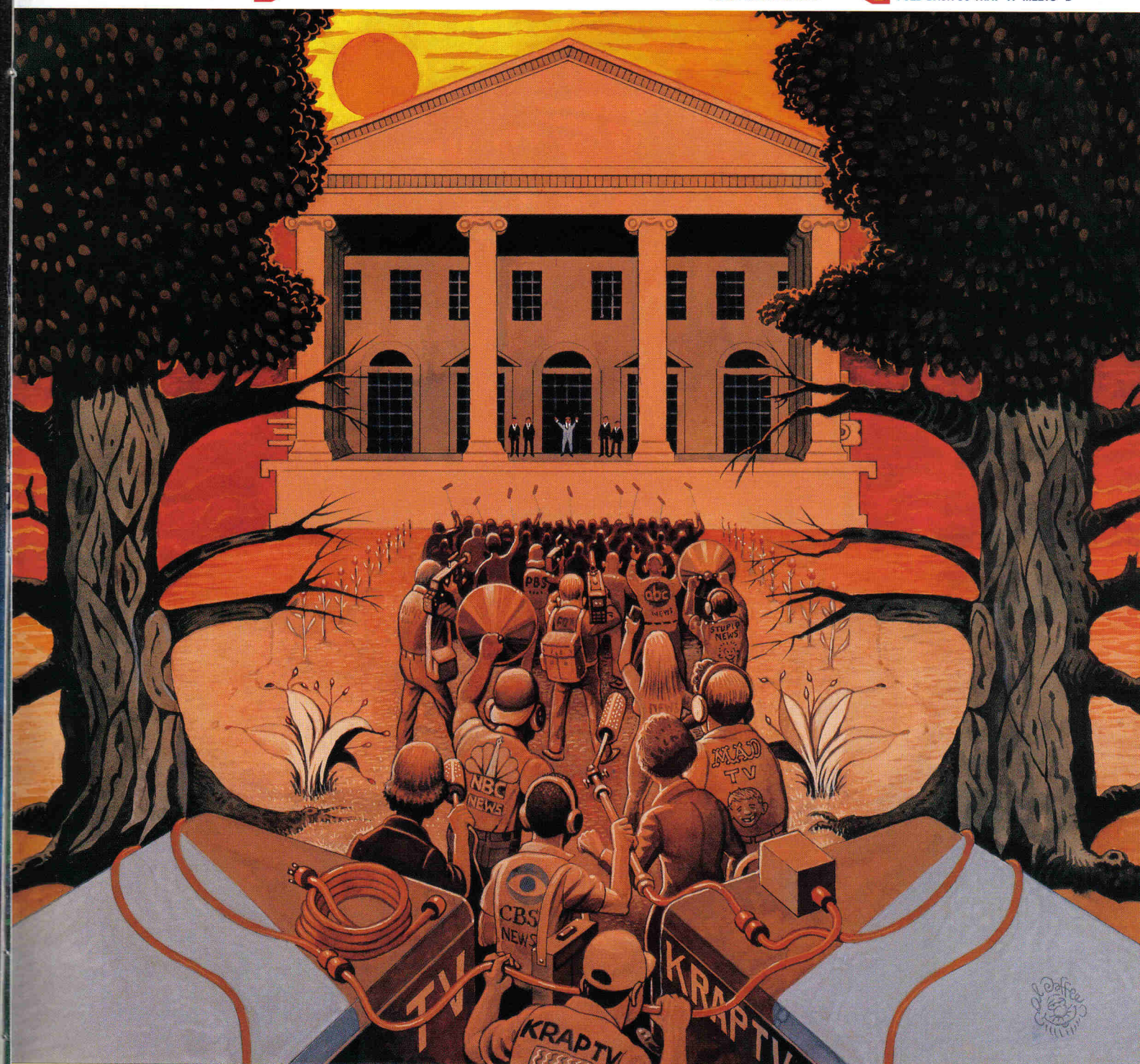
FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



**ALL TEXANS FEEL THEY MUST EXCEL. EITHER SEX
GOES AFTER TOUGH JOBS SUCH AS VIOLENT
RODEOS, RATTLESNAKE HUNTS OR ANY OTHER RIG-
OROUS PURSUIT. IT BRINGS GREAT REVEN-
UE FOR THOSE WHO LEARN THE ROPES FROM A TO Z**

A

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

B



ALTOIDS

THE CURIOUSLY STRONG MINTS®