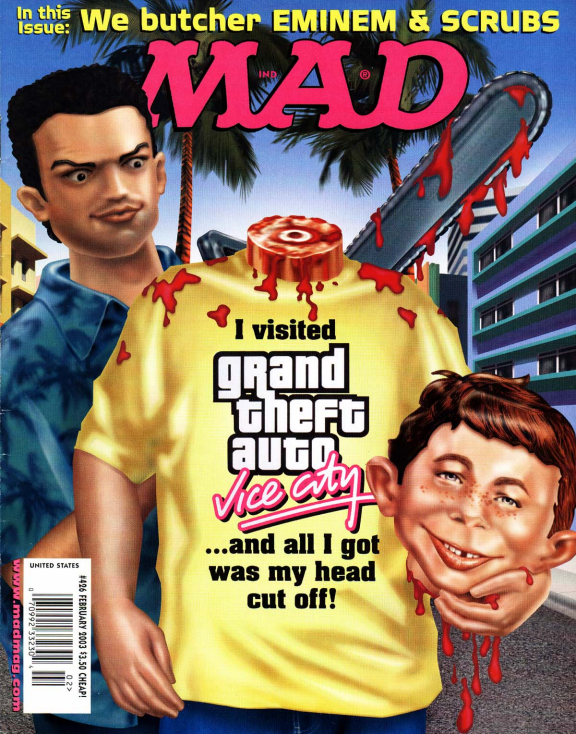


In this Issue: **We butcher EMINEM & SCRUBS**

MAD



I visited
**grand
theft
auto**
Vice city
...and all I got
was my head
cut off!

UNITED STATES

#496 FEBRUARY 2003 \$3.50 (CHEAP!)



0 2 >



20

MAD

FEBRUARY 2003

NUMBER 426

DEPARTMENTS

LETTERS AND TOMATOES DEPARTMENT

Random Samplings of Reader Mail.....

2

BEDPAN HUMOR DEPARTMENT

"Schlubz" (A Mad TV Satire).....

4

GLOOM WITH A VIEW DEPARTMENT

Hey America, Cheer Up!.....

9

IT'S PAINING CATS AND DOGS DEPARTMENT

When Veterinarians Go Bad.....

12

LET THE GAMES BE GRIM DEPARTMENT

Heart-Stopping New Improvements

Planned for the Next Grand Theft Auto.....

14

THE SHADY BUNCH DEPARTMENT

Shocking, Uncensored Outtakes from Eminem's 8 Mile.....

18

JOKE VS. DAGGER DEPARTMENT

Spy Vs. Spy.....

20

AN EMBARRASSMENT OF RICHARD'S DEPARTMENT

The Ab-Fabulizer.....

22

WAR OF THE POSES DEPARTMENT

Yoga Positions That Occur in Daily Life.....

23

ANGSTER'S PARADISE DEPARTMENT

Monroe and...The Super Bowl.....

26

YOU DON'T KNOW DICTATOR DEPARTMENT

The Rejected Saddam Hussein Body Doubles.....

30

THE CHAT 'N THE STAT DEPARTMENT

MAD Deconstructs TV Talk Shows...

This Month: The O'Reilly Factor.....

32

SQUIRREL, INTERRUPTED DEPARTMENT

MAD's Rhyming Guide to Roadkill.....

34

COMPLAIN NONSENSE DEPARTMENT

Who's Who in the Army of Protesters

Against Grand Theft Auto: Vice City.....

36

TITLE WAVE DEPARTMENT:

2002: The Year in Film.....

38

SERGE-IN GENERAL DEPARTMENT

A MAD Look at Birthdays.....

40

THE MEN OF STEAL DEPARTMENT

Corporate Fraud Task Force Comics.....

43

THE WIZARD OF ODD DEPARTMENT

Duke Bissell's Tales of Undisputed Interest.....

48

MARGINAL THINKING DEPARTMENT:

"Drawn Out Dramas"

by Sergio Aragones.....

Various Places

Around the Magazine

FWISH!

14



23



4



22

MAD (ISSN 0244-9319) is published monthly by E.C. Publications, Inc., 1700 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10019. Periodicals postage paid at New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Subscription in U.S.A.: 12 issues \$24.00 or 24 issues \$45.00 or 36 issues \$60.00. Outside U.S.A. (including Canada): 12 issues \$30.00 or 24 issues \$57.00 or 36 issues \$78.00. (Domestic price has GST tax included.) Entire contents © copyright 2003 by E.C. Publications, Inc. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective, and include mailing label when making change of address or inquiring about your subscription. POSTMASTER: send address changes to MAD, P.O. Box 52345, Boulder, CO 80502-2345. The Publisher and Editors will not be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts, and request all manuscripts be accompanied by a stamped self-addressed return envelope. The names of characters used in all MAD fiction and semi-fiction are fictitious. A similarity without satiric purpose is a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

FRONT COVER ARTIST:
JAMES KIRKLAND



ET TU, BRUTAL?

Editionem quadringenti viginti tres legi, et mendum inveni. In articulo "MAD Deconstructs TV Talk Shows: This Month: Late Show with David Letterman" "sequitur" ridiculum Latine significare dixists. Erratis, "sequitur" follows Anglice significat. locus non sequitur, et ridiculus non est, sed locus quod ridiculus non est "non sequitur" non est.

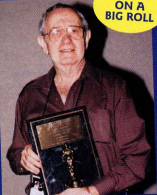
TRANSLATION OF THE LETTER IN LATIN PRINTED ABOVE:

I read MAD #423 and I found an error. You stated that "sequitur" is Latin for "funny" in the article "MAD Deconstructs TV Talk Shows: This Month: Late Show with David Letterman." The word "sequitur" in English means, "follows." The joke does not follow, and it is not funny, but the joke is not a non-sequitur just because it is non-funny.

John White, Hampden, ME

Johnny Be Good — If Caesar were alive today, he would stab YOU in the back! Beware the ides of MAD! —Ed-ay.

**FRANK
ON A
BIG ROLL**



Long-time MAD contributor Frank Jacobs received the super-highly-coveted 2002 Eisner Award at this year's San Diego Comics Convention. Choking back tears, Frank thanked the members of the audience, the people who voted for him and his co-workers at MAD. Later in the day, it is rumored he put the furslugginer award up on eBay! Congrats, Frank!

Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™

I am writing to the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* because I have a dumb wish to make. I have been living in North Carolina my whole life and besides having the best college basketball team ever (Duke), North Carolina just kinda sucks. No one really knows about it. It's not stupid enough to be made fun of regularly like Wyoming, and this surprises me, because it's full of hicks, who are pretty funny critters. So my dumb wish is for you to make fun of the not-so-great state North Carolina.

Signe Waldbauer, Durham, NC

Le Signe — As you know, it is the mission of the *Make A Dumb Wish Foundation™* to make dumb wishes come true. Therefore, it is particularly disheartening to turn down your request. The citizens of North Carolina sent right-wing bozo Jesse Helms to the Senate five times and have now replaced him with Bob "I shill for Viagra" Dale's wife, Elizabeth. It is clear that the people in the great state of North Carolina are more than capable of making fun of themselves! —Ed.

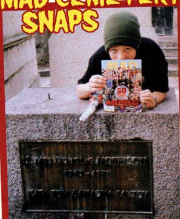


MONROE AND... NOMENCLATURE

Back in MAD #422, we asked (or begged) readers to send in their suggestions for Monroe's last name. We received thousands (OK, a handful) — here are a few of the best. Look for the judges' decision on an upcoming Letters Page!

Flarp — Parker Anderson, Prescott, AZ
Youngfellow — Sam Draudt, Grafton, OH
Dingfelder — Andrew Kowalewski, Derby, NY
Fillmore — Brandon Huztable, Kent, WA
Schwarzenloser — Michael O'Connor, Germantown, MD
Maggot — Laura Pearlstein, Stoughton, MA
Burpenheimer — Willie Casiano, Bronx, NY
Montefusco — Roxy Guarino, Metuchen, NJ
Wimpton — Chuck Bucsanyi, Whiting, IN
McTague — Adria Hampton, Memphis, TN
Shocks — Edwin Isley, Columbus, OH
Kaputnik — Robert Foster, Eugene, OR
Monroe — David Monroe, Alberta, Canada/Randy Gizara, San Diego, CA
Dinkelmire — Jon Holliday, Escondido, CA
McClelland — Darryl Gonzalez, Severn, MD
Lauren Zupkus, Ocean Township, NJ
Jonathan Yeakey, Colombia, MO
Eric Swotinsky, Sudbury, MA

MAD CEMETERY SNAPS



This month's Cemetery Snap comes all the way from jolly ol' England from Henry Kingston of Twickenham. His picture of himself besmirching the grave of rock legend and lead singer of The Doors, Jim Morrison, in Pere-Lachaise Cemetery in Paris, France gets him a one-year subscription, Cheers, mate — and do give our best to that butler dude who is spilling his guts about Princess Diana and the Royal Family! Fal

HAVING A CROSS WORD FOR US

I thought it was a big deal when I was able to complete your ridiculous cross-word puzzle until I realized one of the answers didn't make sense. Actually, most of the answers didn't make sense, but the one I must ask you to explain is 68 down. My answer was ELI. If this is correct, please tell me what it means. If it's incorrect, then I know what it means — you guys have seriously screwed-up your own puzzle.

Judy Austell, Tullahoma, TN

Hey Judy — Thank you for your question about Elihu Yale. Now, we have a question for you.

1 Across — What is a 4-letter word for Judy?



Thank you for writing! —Ed.





WISECRACK-HEAD

After 50 years, I finally figured it out! MAD's humor is based on satire and parody, but the Letters and Tomatoes Department features cruel sarcasm. It is this conflict of comedic styles that tortures the artistic souls of the Usual Gang of Idiots, thereby fueling their creative fires and resulting in the rag we call MAD. How'd I do?

Scott Smouse, Bellevue, WA

Mr. Scott — On the Letters Page we are only cruel to the ones we love. Thank you so much for your wonderful letter! Affectionately, —Ed.



CASTING A MISSPELLING ON US

In the introduction to the article "New Career Options for Dennis Miller" (MAD #422) you compared the success of Dennis Miller's tenure on Monday Night Football to Napoleon's crossing of the Berezina. Unfortunately, you spelled Berezina with a "z" when it is actually spelled with an "s." Next time do your homework!

Thomas Ferris, Rutland, VT

Tommy Boy — Thanks for your letter. We'll be more careful next time! —Ed.

MAD Celebrity Visits

One of the greatest advantages of the MAD offices being in New York City is that you never know who's going to drop by. For instance, recently, the cast of Broadway's newest hit *Hairspray* came in to say hello. Also, famed *Late Show* with David Letterman drummer, Anton Fig, stopped by after he was pictured in "MAD Deconstructs TV Talk Shows: This Month: *Late Show* with David Letterman" (#423). To see more pictures of Anton's visit with the MAD staff, please visit his website at www.antonfig.com/madmagazine.htm

Next month, look for pictures of MAD Associate Editor Amy Vozzeals' visit with Anton on the set of *Late Show* with David Letterman!



What, Anton worry?

Anton, seen here with members of the MAD staff, gets the ol' drum schtick



Co-Editors John Ficarra and Nick Meglin hanging with the cast of *Hairspray*



MAD

William M. Gaines
founder

Nick Meglin, John Ficarra
editors

Editorial:

Charlie Kadoh, Joe Ralola
senior editors

Amy Vozzeals,
Greg Leitman, Dave Croatto
associate editors

Dick DeBartolo creative consultant

Art Department:

Som Viviano art director

Nadina Simon associate art director

Patricia Dwyer assistant art director

Ryan Flanders, Brian Durniak
production artists

Leonard Brenner graphics consultant

Administration:

Paul Levitz president and publisher
Georg Brewer vp — design & retail product development

Richard Brasing vp — creative director

Patrick Cadden senior vp — finance & operations

Terril Cunningham vp — managing editor

Ben Doherty vp — editor

Joel Ehrlich senior vp — advertising & promotions

Alison Gill vp — manufacturing

Lillian Lonsen vp & general counsel

David McKillips vp — advertising

Cheryl Reub vp — business development

John Able vp — licensing & merchandising

Bob Wayne vp — sales & marketing

Contributing Artists And Writers

the usual gang of idiots

FOR ADVERTISING
INQUIRIES ONLY,
PLEASE CALL 212-636-5520!

For SUBSCRIPTION Questions:
Go to the MAD website! All you need is your name and zip code to renew, change your address, give a gift subscription, check your account balance and expiration dates or to request a missing issue. Just go to www.madmag.com or call 1-800-4MADMAG (U.S. and Canada only) or write to P.O. Box 52345, Boulder, CO 80322-2345! Please DO NOT phone, write, fax or e-mail our New York office — we're too dumb to help you here!

**VISIT THE MAD
WEB SITE!**
www.madmag.com

HOW TO REACH US

Please Address Correspondence To:
MAD, Dept. 426, 1700 Broadway,
New York, New York, 10019.
MAD welcomes reader submissions.
Manuscripts will not be returned
or acknowledged, however, unless
they are accompanied by a self-
addressed, stamped envelope! MAD
doesn't read faxed submissions!

[Schluss]

I'm O.D.! Actually, I'm DOCTOR O.D., a fresh-out-of medical school resident at a small metropolitan hospital! Don't be worried by my constant look of terror and fear that reveals I'm terribly inexperienced and have gotten myself in way over my head — after all, that same look hasn't hurt the President! True, I'm not like other doctors... you've heard of M.D.s who faint at the sight of blood? I faint at the sight of flesh! Anyway, I'm going to switch into voice-over mode now as I do in every episode! I start by introducing the members of the hospital staff...

This is Doctor Throbb Hellshow, Chief of Medicine! His gruff, judgmental exterior hides a caring professional inside...

Like hell it does! My gruff, judgmental exterior hides a gruff, judgmental INTERIOR! Think of me as a kindly, old country physician — in the same way you'd think of Dr. Kevorkian as a kindly, old country physician!

Here's Dr. Pill Box! He's my mentor, by default! He's bitter about being second-in-command to Dr. Hellshow, but his gruff, judgmental exterior hides a caring professional inside.

I resent being compared to Hellshow!
Besides being gruff and judgmental,
I'm ALSO bitter, unstable, caustic, cynical,
condescending and a borderline alcoholic!
I never let these attitudes affect my work,
though! My patients get the highest level
of care — from the time they first check
in till I've dotted all the i's and crossed
all the t's on their morque toe tag!

This is Nurse Carliott! She's a fiery Latina who isn't afraid to say what's on her mind, but her gruff, judgmental exterior hides a caring professional inside...

Enough with the gruff, judgmental exterior already! Your voice-overs suck as much as your hairstyle! Why am I angry? Because I'm a veteran nurse with more on-the-job experience than they have, yet it's my responsibility to show these new doctors respect, knowing that in five years I'll be in this same low-paying job while these Idiots are debating which beach house to buy in Malibu!

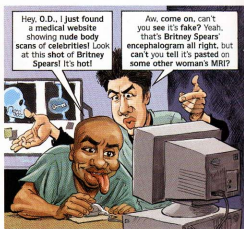
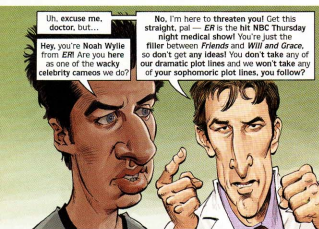
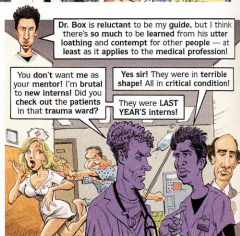
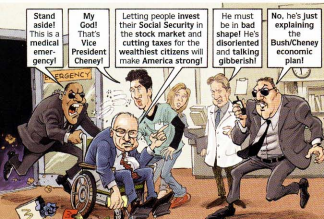
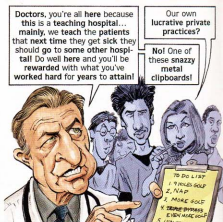
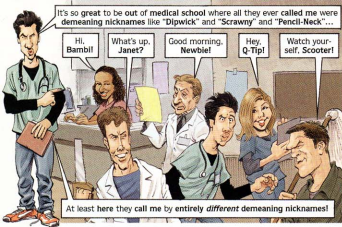
I HEAR YOU'RE
HIRING TV DOCTORS
WITH BAD HAIRCUTS.

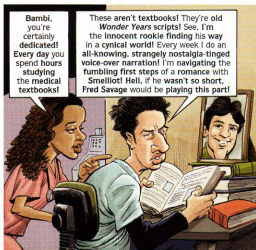
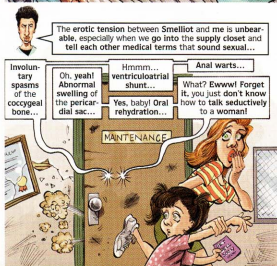
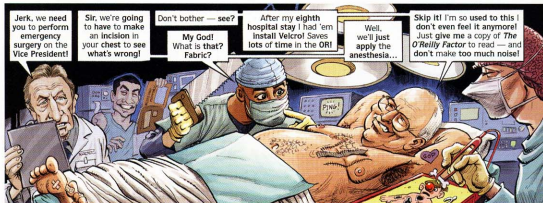
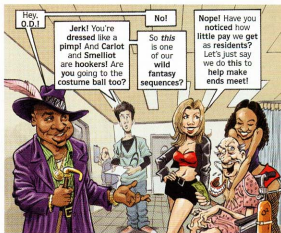
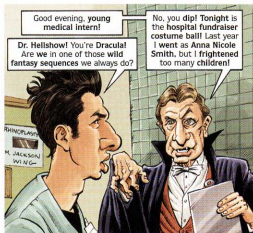
Priss
Jerk
here
is my
old
medical
school
buddy!

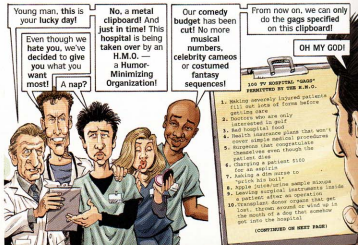
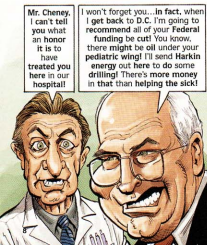
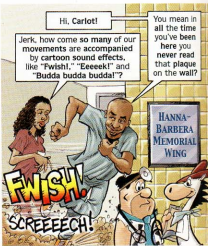
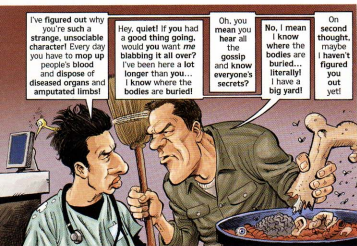
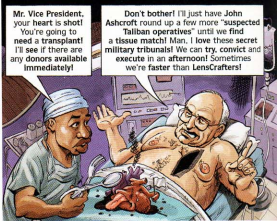
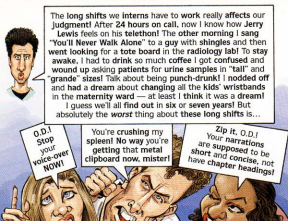
We did go to medical school together, but I studied to be a surgeon so I wouldn't have to listen to O.D.'s moronic voice-overs during classes! I'm proof that African-American surgeons have come a long way — in the days of segregation, I wouldn't have been permitted to operate on the wrong limb or carve my initials into a patient like white surgeons could...now I can! If that's not living Dr. King's dream, I don't know what is!

Finally, this tasty confection is Dr. Smelliot Bleed! She's a woman determined to make it in a field still dominated by men! It won't be easy, though, because those men still refer to women doctors as tasty confections!

I've wanted to be a doctor since I was a little girl! Some people say I was so fixated on becoming an M.D. that I totally ignored my social life! But other women I admire, like Camille Paglia, Rosie O'Donnell and Ellen DeGeneres concentrated on their careers first too! Now that they've made it, I'm sure they'll find nice men and get married! Or am I missing something?









Life seems bleak at this point in our history (and not just because *MAD TV* is still on the air). But our motto has always been, "What — me worry?" (Along with, "Our dumb readers will swallow any stupid premise.") So we thought we'd boost everybody's spirit by pointing out the positive things we can be thankful for. It's just our way of saying...

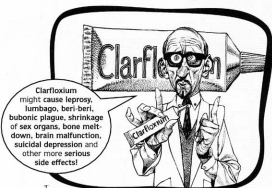
Hey America, Cheer up!



Because the government failed to fire anybody in our less-than-alert intelligence departments, that just means there'll be more unemployment money for the ordinary saps who've been fired for no reason at all.



The five extra hours you wait at the airport gives you time to figure out how much of that \$15 billion airline bailout actually went towards improved security.



Clarfloxiom might cause leprosy, lumbago, beri-beri, bubonic plague, shrinkage of sex organs, bone melt-down, brain malfunction, suicidal depression and other more serious side effects!

No matter what horrible biological weapon terrorists come up with, the symptoms can't possibly be as bad as the side effects of most drugs advertised on TV.



The failure of dot-coms might wreck the economy, but it's worth it just to see obnoxious, arrogant computer geeks frying spuds at McDonald's.

Hey America, Cheer up!



We haven't done much about Osama bin Laden and the Anthrax terrorists, but we nailed the greatest evil-doer of our time: Martha Stewart!



Americans will be able to conduct their search for terrorist activity with no distractions now that John Ashcroft has covered up the bare breasts of D.C. statues.



It'll be fun watching Jerry Falwell, Pat Robertson and other self-appointed morality leaders explain how forced religious indoctrination in our public schools will magically instill old-fashioned values in kids...when it obviously didn't do much for many priests!



Now that scientists are using rat genes in their genetic fruits and vegetables, we'll no longer have to eat fast food to get our daily minimum requirement of rodent by-products.



The idea of a secret shadow government sounds ominous, but it might be more competent than the one run by the current nest of clods.



The odds are really, really, really, really good that there won't be a Baretta reunion special.



Global warming means that we might not have to suffer through another corrupt, boring Winter Olympics.



The same cinematic technology that allowed Steven Spielberg to replace shotguns with walkie-talkies in *E.T.* could allow producers to replace Martin Lawrence with Groucho Marx, Ben Affleck with Cary Grant and Heather Graham with Grace Kelly!

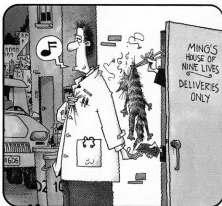
As we've pointed out in previous articles, when priests, nuns, clowns or teachers go bad, it's an ill omen for society in general. However, nothing compares to the damage inflicted to the psyches and souls of those who entrust their beloved companion animals to pet specialists who have turned to the dark side. Before you schedule that distemper booster for little "Claudette," be sure you realize what can happen...

WHEN VETERINARIANS GO BAD

ARTIST AND WRITER:
JOHN CALDWELL



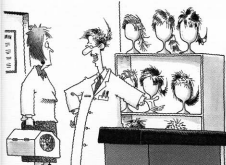
In his free time, he's a corner cut man at cockfights.



Has a disturbing business relationship with the Chinese restaurant next door.



A certificate on his wall proudly acknowledges that he's the one vet in five who doesn't recommend a heart-healthy diet for dogs.



He has an unsettling array of toupees.



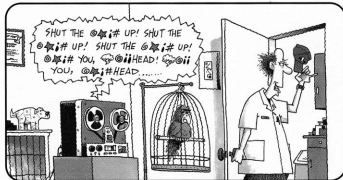
Those grizzly photos of animal abuse on the PETA website? He's in every one of them grinning like a mayor at a groundbreaking ceremony.



Those \$379.00 "cremated" remains of "Pokey" are actually just a carton of smoked Marlboros and some scratch-off lottery ticket shavings.



He becomes known for recommending unnecessary, expensive cosmetic surgery.



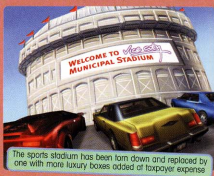
Keeping a parrot overnight for "observation" is just an excuse to drum a 12-hour tape loop of dirty phrases into the bird's head.

Grand Theft Auto: Vice City may have just hit the shelves, but the games' designers (those providers of wholesome fun for the entire family) are already trying to top it. For the latest sequel, they're pulling out all the stops to give their psychotic fans a product more violent than a Mike Tyson press conference. Even so, next time gamers may finally get the full carnage and mayhem they so richly deserve (despite what their therapists say). Don't believe us? Then check out some of these...

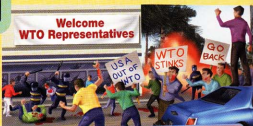
heart-stopping new improvements



A new dashboard Jesus gives "thumbs up" after particularly gruesome play



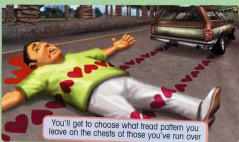
The sports stadium has been torn down and replaced by one with more luxury boxes added at taxpayer expense



To add more chaos and vandalism, Vice City will be hosting a World Trade Organization meeting (and its protesters)



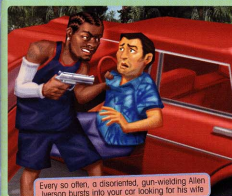
All hijacked vehicles will come equipped with a cupholder



You'll get to choose what tread pattern you leave on the chests of those you've run over

planned for the next

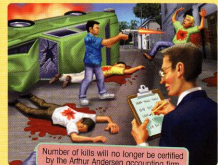
grand theft auto



Every so often, a disoriented, gun-wielding Allen Iverson bursts into your car looking for his wife



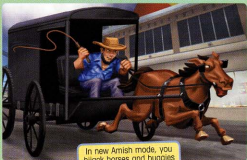
Long stretches of highway will now be sponsored by Bette Midler



Number of kills will no longer be certified by the Arthur Andersen accounting firm

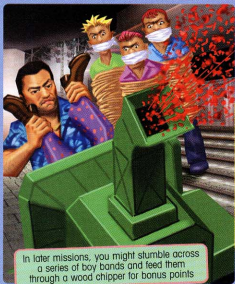


In new cross-licensing deal, all carnage will be quickly wiped up by an animated SpongeBob SquarePants

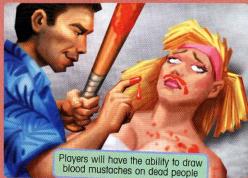


In new Amish mode, you hijack horses and buggies

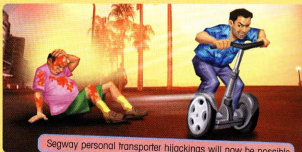
heart-stopping new improvements planned for the next grand theft auto



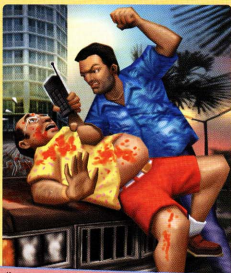
In later missions, you might stumble across a series of boy bands and feed them through a wood chipper for bonus points



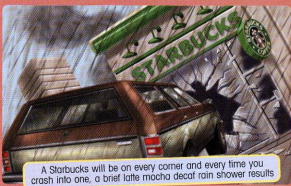
Players will have the ability to draw blood mustaches on dead people



Segway personal transporter hijackings will now be possible



If you can find the car that the "Can you hear me now?" cell phone guy is driving in, you'll get the pleasure of beating him until he stops asking if you can hear him now



A Starbucks will be on every corner and every time you crash into one, a brief latte macha decaf rain shower results

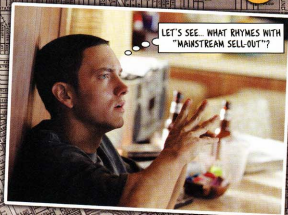


For an extra \$50, hookers will dress up like Lara Croft

The outrageous antics of Eminem have always drawn even more attention than his actual music, so we were absolutely horrified to discover how utterly tame and conventional his heavily hyped movie debut turned out to be. *8 Mile* was nothing more than a hip-hop "sampling" of such hit films as *Rocky*, *Saturday Night Fever*, *Purple Rain* and even, in its "misfits get revenge on their bullies" plotline, *Revenge of the Nerds*. The REAL Slim Shady was nowhere to be found in the final cut of the movie. But when we volunteered to help good ol' Marshall Mathers in "cleaning out his closet," sure enough, we discovered these...

SHOCKING, UNCENSORED OUTTAKES from EMINEM'S *8 Mile*

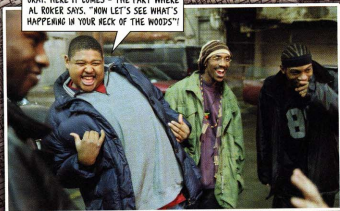
WRITER: GREG LEITMAN



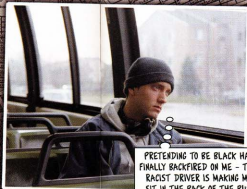
LET'S SEE... WHAT RHYMES WITH
"MAINSTREAM SELL-OUT"?



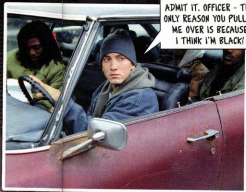
HEY! YOU OWE ME \$5 - I WAS ABLE TO
ACT MY WAY OUT OF THIS PLASTIC BAG!



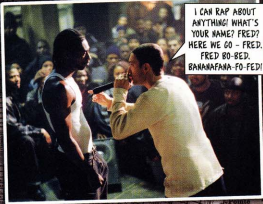
OKAY, HERE IT COMES - THE PART WHERE
AL ROKER SAYS, "NOW LET'S SEE WHAT'S
HAPPENING IN YOUR RECK OF THE WOODS!"



PRETENDING TO BE BLACK HAS
FINALLY BACKFIRED ON ME - THIS
RACIST DRIVER IS MAKING ME
SIT IN THE BACK OF THE BUS!



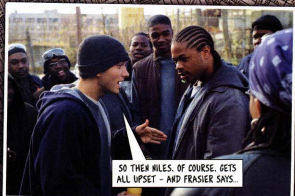
ADMIT IT, OFFICER - THE
ONLY REASON YOU PULLED
ME OVER IS BECAUSE
I THINK I'M BLACK!



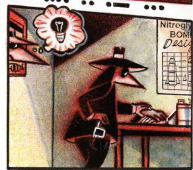
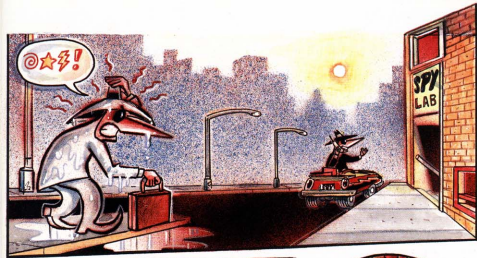
I CAN RAP ABOUT
ANYTHING! WHAT'S
YOUR NAME? FRED?
HERE WE GO - FRED!
FRED 80-BED.
BAHAKAFANA FO-FED!



I CAST A HOTTIE LIKE YOU IN THIS
PART SO MY MOTHER WOULD STOP
SUING MY ASS FOR DEFAMATION!



SO THEN NILES, OF COURSE, GETS
ALL UPSET - AND FRASIER SAYS...



IT'S NEW!

IT'S AMAZING!

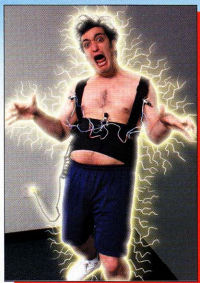
IT'S THE FAB-ULICIOUS

IN NO TIME, YOU'LL HAVE
MUSCLES OF STEEL!

(Stay out of the rain to avoid rusting.)

Ab-FABULIZER™

Ab-Fabulizer's electronic impulses work 1,000 times faster than ANY OTHER abdominal exerciser on the market because our electronic impulses use 1,000 times the electrical power! Other abdominal exercisers operate on mere low-voltage batteries. Not the Ab-Fabulizer! It plugs directly into a 110-volt outlet! It's like touching a live wire with your wet tongue except, perhaps, it's just a wee bit safer! You actually EXECUTE your fat away with the same technology used in electric chairs on death rows across the country!



EAT ALL YOU WANT!

Enjoy fatty French fries, sweet pies, rich cakes, sugary candy, even pure lard! With the Ab-Fabulizer, you won't gain an ounce! That's because the constant, violent electric shocks to your system from your Ab-Fabulizer actually prevent you from swallowing anything! In many cases, the high voltage actually propels the food right out of your mouth!

LOOK HEALTHIER, TOO!

The constant electrical charges through your body also turn your skin golden brown — like a deep-fried turkey! You'll have that "extra-crispy" look that will start people talking (and sometimes gaping), without having to go near the beach!

IT'S PORTABLE!

The Ab-fabulizer is lightweight, portable and convenient! Take it wherever you go! In the woods! While mountain climbing! Even on a desert island! Anywhere there's an electrical outlet! It's that simple!

QUALITY EQUIPMENT!

Similar devices sell in stores for up to \$98! We sell ours for only \$49 each! (plus \$49 shipping and handling)

NO DOCTOR'S PERMISSION NEEDED!

Ab-Fabulizer can be used 24 hours a day, without a doctor's prescription*!

(*You will, however, need a doctor's prescription in order to purchase the powerful ointments and painkillers needed to treat the severe skin burns, lacerations, abrasions, rashes, contusions, scaling and running sores using the Ab-Fabulizer for more than .05 seconds a day can sometimes cause!)

WHAT DO EXPERTS SAY ABOUT THE Ab-FABULIZER?



"Fantastic! I recommend it without reservation! I've never seen anything like it!"
—Marvin Turetsky,
President of
Ab-Fabulizer, Inc.



"I was a 100-pound weakling, afraid of my own shadow! Now that I own the Ab-Fabulizer, I'm not afraid of bullies anymore. I just whip it out and electrocute anyone who comes near me!"
—Fred Kiekhaefer,
former wimp

Order Now! Yes, order before all the Ab-Fabulizers are sold out!
(And before the FTC clamps down on us like they have on many similar devices!)

This may be your last chance!

HOW TO ORDER:

You can order by fax, e-mail, phone or, for large cash orders, you can meet us on a dark street corner in just about any city! We accept credit cards, even if they're not yours, just as long as we can bill them!

_____, Yes, I need to look better and lose weight! (Not to mention read ads more carefully!) Send me my \$49 Ab-Fabulizer for only \$98.00.

_____, I want to look better faster! Send me six \$49 Ab-Fabulizers for only \$599.00, plus your free "Arithmetic For Dummies" book!

Name _____

Address _____

Credit Card # _____

I understand that if I am unhappy with my purchase, I may return my Ab-Fabulizers for a refund. (Your refund equals the price you paid, minus a 150% re-stocking fee.)

Please include full payment if you're returning your Ab-Fabulizers for a refund!

We ship your order the minute your check clears. For fastest service, send cash!

NO OVERBLOWN CLAIMS!

We make no overblown claims about the Ab-Fabulizer! We merely promise it will:

- Give you a more healthy, younger appearance!
- Sculpt your body into that of a Greek God or Goddess!
- Strengthen muscles so you can bend steel bars easily!
- Restore your heart to the way it was when you were born!
- Free you from ulcers, headaches, colds, arthritis, scabs and anal warts!
- Increase your sex drive at least 1,000 percent!
- Add six to nine inches to any body part you choose!
- Enable you to date royalty!
- Enable you to live underwater forever, without any sort of scuba equipment, if you so choose!

We could go on, but we'll just leave it at that! Let the other deceitful people selling similar, but better, products use the exaggerated claims!



Most people who seek enlightenment and peace through Yoga attend strenuous classes, visit weird ashrams and endlessly repeat mind-numbing mantras (fa fa om, fa fa om, fa fa om)! But the truth is you don't need training, knowledge or dedication of *any kind* to be a true Yoga master, because you already are one! In fact, whether you realize it or not, you practice difficult and advanced Yoga postures on an everyday basis, which you're sure to recognize in these...

yoga positions

THAT OCCUR IN DAILY LIFE

THE YOGA POSITION



Ox Pose

THE REAL LIFE EQUIVALENT



Vomiting your guts out after a long night of hard drinking



Holy Fig Tree Pose



Putting the angel on top of the Christmas tree



Boat Posture



Lifting legs for vacuum



Shoulder Stand



Putting on tight jeans



Child Pose



Playing dead during a school shooting



Folded Pose



Falling asleep while pulling all-nighters during finals week



Cow Arms



Trying to get something off your back



Tree Pose



Holding it in on a long public restroom line



Eagle Pose



Riding the subway at rush hour



Supine Twist



Retrieving remote from under sofa



Lotus Pose



Sitting in back seat of an economy car



Standing Half Lotus



Checking to see what you've stepped in



Extended Triangle



Pumping gas from wrong side



Chair Pose



Squatting over a nasty public toilet while holding door with broken latch closed



Swan Pose



Kissing American soil after returning from Afghanistan/Israel/Pakistan/France

The smell of the Astroturf. The roar of the crowd. The gridiron is heating up, it's...

Monty and... THE SUPER BOWL

YOU CALL THAT A TACKLE!? I'VE SEEN BETTER SACKS ON GRANDPA HERE.

THANK YOU.

OH, MAY WE MISS AN-DOLE 2.

PUT A SOCK IN IT. I GOT A NOTE THAT SAYS THE QUARTERBACK IS GETTING A CONCUSSION FRACTURE HERE!

WEEK? THIS IS THE NFL! SAVE THAT TALK FOR CRICKET AND MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL!

AND THERE ARE YOUR NPC CONFERENCE CHAMPS! NEXT STOP, THE SUPER BOWL!

HAI YOU CALL THAT A TEAM? THAT'S NO TEAM! IN MY DAY WE HAD THE NUMEROUS BISCUITS! NOW THAT WAS A TEAM!

ARE YOU NUTS? THOSE GUYS ARE A FOOTBALL MACHINE!

WHO CARES? FOOTBALL SUCKS.

SUCKS?!? THAT'S IT! THE BOYS BOUND FOR BALLENNIVILLE AGAIN! THIS CALLS FOR DEEPER ACTION!

YOU'RE LEAVING US AGAIN?

BETTER! WE'RE GOING TO THE SUPER BOWL!

THE SUPER BOWL? IF WE WANT TO HANG OUT WITH A BUNCH OF DRUNKEN, GORGING LUNATICS, WE CAN JUST STAY HOME.

YOU JUST LOST ONE SLEEPING BREAK, MANNA GO FOR THAT!

HAVE FUN! SO MEAD, STAY AS LONG AS YOU LIKE.

YOU SURE YOU DON'T WANTA COME, MOM?

NO, I'M USED TO BEING A FOOTBALL WIDOW. IT'S NOT AS GOOD AS THE REAL ONE, BUT I'LL TAKE WHAT I CAN GET.

25 MINUTES LATER...

THIS IS GREAT! JUST THE GUYS, HEARDING TO THE BIG GAME! NO LADIES!

WAIT, YOU SAID YOU WERE TAKING ME TO THE DOCTOR.

KEEP DREAMING. FORGOT NO, WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO GET A HEALTHY DOSE OF MUCH NEEDED TESTOSTERONE.

I DON'T CARE WHAT IT IS, AS LONG AS IT GETS MY GUMS FROM BLEEDING.

NOW, I DON'T KNOW A LOT ABOUT FOOTBALL, BUT I DO KNOW TV, AND THIS THING ISN'T SUPPOSED TO BE ON UNTIL SUNDAY.

YOU'RE RIGHT FOR ONCE!

WELL, WHY ARE WE DRIVING THERE ON TUESDAY?

ON OLD MOTTO OF MINE, 'NEVER MISS ONE DAY OF WORK, WHY YOU CAN MISS FOUR!'

DAD, YOU HAVEN'T WORKED IN EIGHT MONTHS.

OLD HABITS DIE HARD!

SMELLS LIKE A SEA OF GARBAGE AND VOMIT.

THE MOTHER OF ALL TAIL-GATING PARTIES!

WHO! LOOK AT ALL THOSE CARS AND TRAILERS!

THAT'S RIGHT, BOY, THIS IS IT!

WOO! LET'S GO AFC!

DAMN RIGHT!

HELL YEAH! HAVE A BEER, BROTHA!

THIS IS THE DRUNKEN PATERNITY OF FOOTBALL, BOY, BONDED IN OUR SUPPORT OF OUR TEAM.

YEAR, BUT I THOUGHT YOU SAID THOSE AFC PUSSES COULDN'T COVER THE SPREAD IF THEY WERE DRIVING NUMBERS ON THE FIELD.

MAYBE I SHOULD CRAM THAT BRAUT UP YOUR HUMVEE! MAKE YOUR MOVE, LOUIE ANDERSON!

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE THE UNADULTERATED LEVITY OF MICHIGAN VIOLENCE THAT GOES HAND IN HAND WITH THIS GREAT GAME.

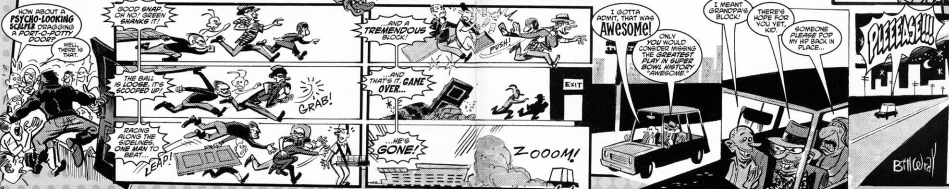
GOD BLESS AMERICA!

WHERE'D YOU LEARN HOW TO USE A CAMPING STOVE ON A PERSON LIKE THAT?

USED TO WORK IN A SPORTING GOODS STORE, KEPT THE CUSTOMERS IN CHECK.

ARTIST: BILL WRAY

WRITER: ANTHONY BARBERI



Last fall, a report came out that Iraqi President Saddam Hussein hasn't ventured out of hiding in years and, instead, uses body doubles for public appearances. How'd you like to be an actor who lands THAT gig? "Hello, Mom? Guess what! All that money you spent on Yale Drama School wasn't wasted! I got work! I'm playing a evil international war criminal and despot! The pay's pretty good, and it'll hold me over until I get that callback for the Nissan commercial." So now, through an exclusive National Security Council source (okay, one of our interns is Condoleezza Rice's nephew), we've unearthed...

REJECTED THE SADDAM HUSSEIN

بغاطب دوہ ثب

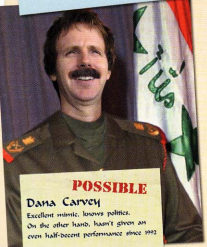


TO: President Saddam Hussein
FROM: Ali El-Elamin, Chief of Presidential Security
RE: Body Doubles

Sir: I just wanted to update you on the latest search for candidates to add to the body double pool. As you can see, we have conducted an exhaustive search, but so far, not much has come up. We will press on, but in the meantime, I beg for your patience. Please don't gas me and have my family tortured.

Your loyal servant,
Ali

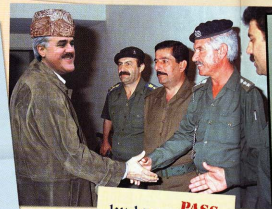
WRITER: DAVID HERNY



POSSIBLE

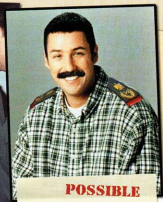
Dana Carvey

Excellent mimic, knows politics. On the other hand, hasn't given an even half-decent performance since 1992



Jay Leno PASS

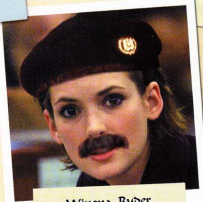
Would insist on running through crowd and shaking everyone's hands at official state functions



POSSIBLE

Adam Sandler

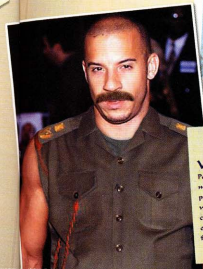
Kind of has the haircut; also, might be willing to write "The Ramadan Song" citing American celebrities not generally known to be Islamic



Winona Ryder

PRO: Has shown real talent and enthusiasm for covert, sneaky actions

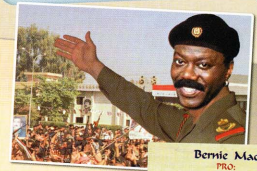
CON: May steal all the pens from the office supply closet



PASS

Vin Diesel

Portraying Saddam means appearing at public events and waving your hand convincingly - too much of an acting challenge for Mr. Diesel



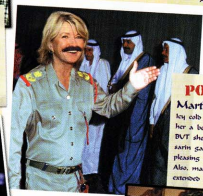
Bernie Mac

PRO:

Already has the mustache. Lots of charisma.

CON:

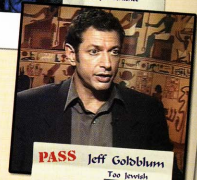
Might insist on saying "S'up Dog?" at official functions



POSSIBLE

Martha Stewart

Isy coby demeanor makes her a believable dictator BUT she might augment earin gas supply with pleasing peppermint scent. Also, may soon be serving extended jail sentence



PASS

Jeff Goldblum

Too Jewish

A few issues ago, we here at MAD debuted a new, muckraking series in which we debunked the popular myth that TV talk shows are free-wheeling, unrehearsed forums. Our research proved that all talk shows are actually over-planned, tightly-scripted snore-fests. We've already turned our spotlight on The Tonight Show With Jay Leno, and Late Show with David Letterman. We now continue our series with...

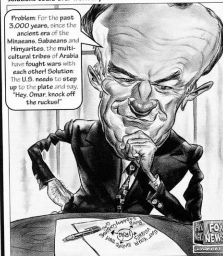
MAD Deconstructs TV Talk Shows

THIS MONTH: **O'REILLY**
[FACTOR]

8:00 Bill O'Reilly previews the show, saying, "You've about to enter a no-spin zone." In the next fifty-nine and a half minutes, nothing else that's said by anyone will spin half as hard or as fast as that phony intro.



8:01 In his "Talking Points," O'Reilly tackles a complicated situation and breaks it down into a simple format that even a second-grader could understand. Unfortunately, you have to be in the second grade to think that O'Reilly's simplistic solutions could ever work anywhere.



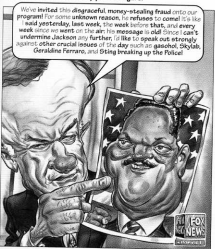
8:05 O'Reilly proves he's not just another GOP parrot by blasting the exes who rigged the Enron collapse. (Definitely, Bill avoids mentioning the brilliant idea he was advocating two months before that, about dumping Social Security funds onto the stock market. If anyone had actually listened to his tirade, millions of retirees across the country would now be boiling their worthless retirement portfolios for soup.)



8:12 The parade of talking heads begins. Unlike the usual FOX News fare, O'Reilly permits EVERY side of the political spectrum to have its say. Of course, most Liberals get to be guests on The O'Reilly Factor for the same reason that enemy soldiers get to be in Duke Nukem video games.



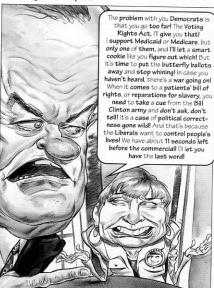
8:21 O'Reilly does another segment in his one-man anti-Jesse Jackson crusade, hammering this important, deeply relevant 21st-century political figure.



8:28 Another token Liberal buffoon is trotted out to be O'Reilly's daily whack-a-mole. Anyone who's willing to argue in favor of government vouchers for strip clubs, an all-lesbian army, making Michael Dukakis' birthday a national holiday, or whatever imaginary cause it takes to get the producer's attention, can get prime air time.



8:28:20 After allowing the liberal goofball two sentences, O'Reilly spins lengthy, elaborate scenarios complete with diabolical motives, then challenges his confused guest to "respond."



8:30 Bill takes another one of his courageous stances by assailing the latest Eminem CD. O'Reilly isn't afraid to step on anybody's toes, even if it costs him every single FOX News junkie who also bought The Eminem Show. And that could be as many as two viewers.



THIS MONTH: O'REILLY [FACTOR]



8:35

Out comes some self-appointed "spokeperson" for a group nobody's ever heard of. What gives this group the power to blast Hollywood, cable TV, popular music or life in general? They've got the word "Family" in their name.

Today's movies are filled with deviant sleaze! Would Humphrey Bogart have slept next to a donkey, like Shrek does? Would Katherine Hepburn have eaten some monkey's banana on the Planet of the Apes? Would Bette Davis have appeared in a Mummy movie and let a team of explorers violate her sarcophagus? This must stop! Why can't Hollywood go back to producing normal stories about normal people, like *The Wizard of Oz*?



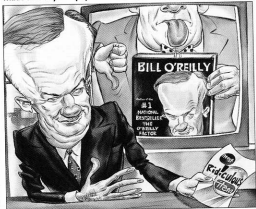
8:42

Bill O'Reilly thanks the spokesperson (and sole member) of the Family Council for American Families for coming on. He then warns the "big media barons," "Hollywood moguls" and other "purveyors of slime" that America won't stand for their sort of immoral product much longer. It's not clear whether the guy who signs O'Reilly's paychecks at FOX, Rupert Murdoch, takes this personally.



8:44

It's time for "The Most Ridiculous Item of the Day." This could be just about anything, but option A is always anybody in the media who's mentioned O'Reilly in less than a suckup manner. Bill's usual move is to thank the critic for blasting him or his book, because any negative mention of it always causes a big spike in sales. He might have a point, too: nothing FOX News could say about Bill Clinton ever made him any less popular.



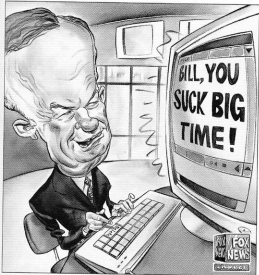
8:49

O'Reilly crows about the latest TV ratings, showing that FOX News has "pulled way ahead" of CNN. He doesn't happen to point out that the two networks combined attract about 1.5% of the viewing audience, or about a sixth of what Miss Cleo did until the Feds shut her down. In other words, Bob Dole, Bob Barr, Bob Graham and Bob Kerrey combined still lose to SpongeBob.



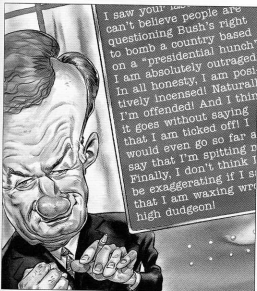
8:53

It's the Viewer E-mail segment, which once again demonstrates that AOL's monthly fee is priced low enough to attract the trailer park demographic. Amazingly, every show includes an exact 50% split of E-mail. On days when they get 8,000 negative E-mails and two positive ones, they pick the two best negative ones. Maybe that's what FOX News means by "fair and balanced."



8:54

The first writer is "outraged," "incensed," "offended," "ticked off," "spitting mad" and "waxing wroth in high dudgeon." Yessir, the O'Reilly website putting up a link to www.thesaurus.com is really starting to pay off.



8:55

The next writer wants to know why big names like Hillary Clinton or George Clooney aren't invited to appear as guests on the show. O'Reilly explains that anyone who doesn't go on his show "won't return our calls" because they're obviously "afraid to appear on *The Factor*." It's probably the same reason redtailed deer don't like to attend NRA conventions. And this is a shame, because if Ted Kennedy got to speak uninterrupted on FOX News' airwaves for 6 seconds, just imagine how many viewers' minds he would change.



8:56

Finally, the last writer brings up the Florida election that President Bush didn't actually win, prompting Bill to howl, "Ancient history! Get OVER it!" Then O'Reilly promotes tomorrow's program, with segments about the House investigation into the Clintons taking gifts, and shocking new revelations about "Travelgate."



8:59

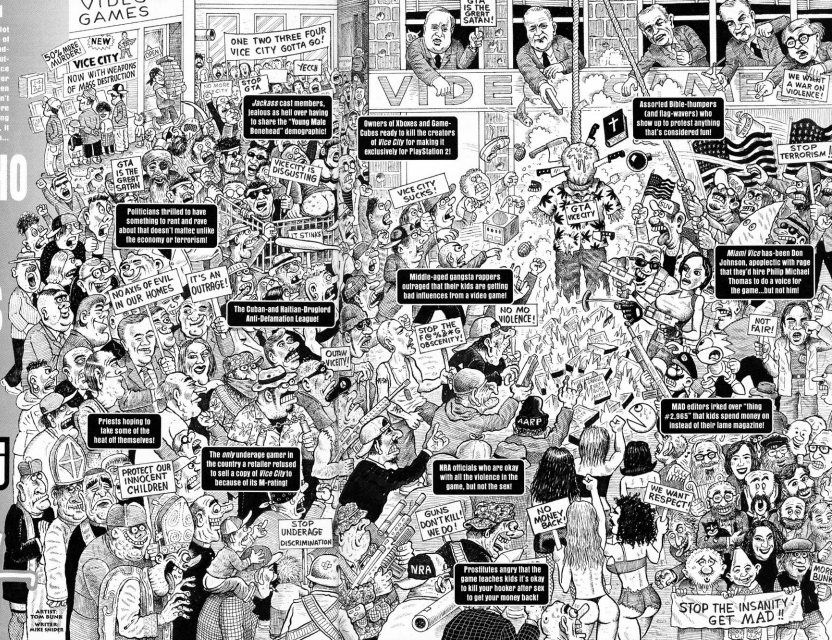
In case an hour of this wasn't enough, Bill gives out the website address. It's Merchandise Time! Caps, shirts, signed books, varsity jackets... O'Reilly pushes more crap than an incontinent elephant. Plus, viewers can order a videotape copy of any O'Reilly Factor, in case they missed the first broadcast, and the second, and the third, and the weekend repeat. Unfortunately, profits for all the O'Reilly stuff aren't as high as they could be — since Fox News viewers who think the U.N. uses fleets of black helicopters to monitor their seed catalogues aren't all that excited about giving out their credit card number on the internet.



Grand Theft Auto: Vice City is getting a lot of criticism — and, surprisingly, none of it is over the suck-awful '80s soundtrack. Apparently, some people are outraged by the random, graphic violence and unprovoked vehicular manslaughter (thany how no one was this appalled when *Frogger* came out). Still, even if you can't wait to get your hands on the game, there are going to be plenty of people standing in your way. And just like in *Vice City*, it helps to know exactly who's against you...

WHO'S WHO IN THE ARMY OF PROTESTERS AGAINST Grand theft auto *Vice city*

ARTIST:
TOM RYAN
WRITER:
MIKE SODER



50% MORE MURDER!
VICE CITY
NON-VIOLENCE
WITH WEAPONS
OF MASS DESTRUCTION

ONE TWO THREE FOUR
VICE CITY GOTTA GO!

Jackass cast members,
jealous as hell over having
to share the "Young Male
Bereaved" demographic!

Owners of Xboxes and GameCubes
ready to kill the creators of
Vice City for making it
exclusively for PlayStation 2!

Assorted Bible-thumpers
(and flag-wavers) who
show up to protest anything
that's considered fun!

GTA
IS THE
GREAT
SATAN!

Politicians thrilled to have
something to rant and rave
about that doesn't reflect on
the economy or terrorism!

VICE CITY IS
DISGUSTING

VICE CITY SUCKS!

NO AXIS OF EVIL
IN OUR HOMES

IT'S AN
OUTRAGE!

The Cuban-and Italian-Droptail
Anti-Defamation League!

Middle-aged gangsta rappers
outraged that their kids are getting
bad influences from a video game!

NO NO
VIOLENCE!

STOP THE
F*CKING
OBSCENITY!

NOT
FAIR!

Priests hoping to
take some of the
heat off themselves!

PROTECT OUR
INNOCENT
CHILDREN

The only underage gamer in
the country a retailer refused
to sell a copy of *Vice City* to
because of its M-rating!

STOP
UNDERAGE
DISCRIMINATION

NRA officials who are okay
with all the violence in the
game, but not the sex!

GUNS
DON'T KILL!
WE DO!

NO
MONEY
BACK

Prostitutes angry that the
game teaches kids it's okay
to kill your hooker after sex
to get your money back!

MAD editors irked over "thing
#2.985" that kids spend money on
instead of their *Iams* magazine!

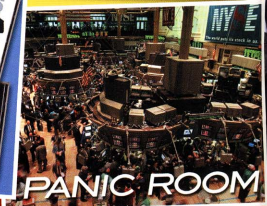
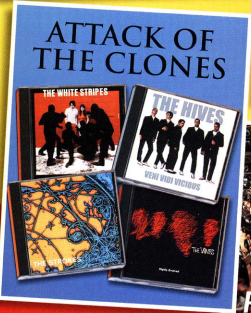
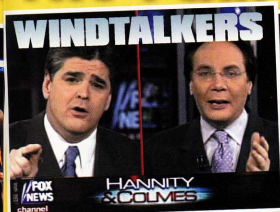
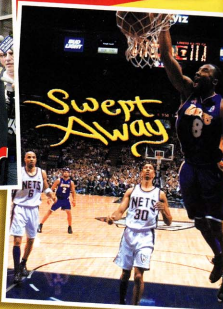
WE WANT
RESPECT

STOP THE INSANITY!
GET MAD!!

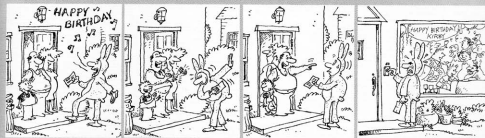
MORE
BUNK

Are the actions of the public influenced by the movies they see? On the other hand, doesn't art simply imitate life? And on another, unrelated hand, didn't we do this same article last year around this time? You can judge for yourself after reviewing...

2002: THE YEAR IN FILM



A MAD LOOK AT BIRTHDAYS







WorldCom! Halliburton! Enron! Harken! Tyco! Arthur Andersen! ImClone! As you can tell from his extra-angry face and the way he's speaking 10% slower than usual, George W. Bush is very, very mad at corporate raiders and other white-collar crooks who've been very, very naughty. Boy, are those creeps in big trouble now! With total control over the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Department of Justice, what has the President done about these criminals who've looted Americans' retirement money and sent the stock market into a death spiral? Why, he's created a "Corporate Fraud Task Force"! MAD Magazine has every confidence that his "economic S.W.A.T. team" will root out and destroy all criminal activity in big business, just as sure as your name is Shmucky Von Gool! Have no fear! Nothing can stop the...



#1

GEORGE W. BUSH IS
DAMAGE CONTROL!



DICK CHENEY IS
THE DEFIBRILLATOR!



JOHN ASHCROFT IS
THE HOLY FURY!



ALAN GREENSPAN IS
THE UNSEEN HAND!



CORPORATE FRAUD TASK FORCE

ECONOMY
TANKING...
PEOPLE'S LIVES...
RUINED! DO
SOMETHING, MR.
PRESIDENT!

OF
COURSE!
PLEASE
ACCEPT
THESE
FLAGS!

**FIRST
EXCITING
ISSUE!**

**BUY TEN COPIES AS,
UH, "INVESTMENTS"
IT'S NO LESS RELIABLE
THAN ANY STOCK
OUT THERE!**

SPECULATE NO MORE! YOU'VE NEVER SEEN A STARTLING SAGA LIKE...

WHEN COMPANIES COLLAPSE!

OUR SENSES-SHATTERING ADVENTURE BEGINS IN THE **OVAL FORTRESS OF HYPOCRISY!** THE **TIRELESS DEFENDERS OF AMERICA'S ECONOMIC WELL-BEING, THE CORPORATE FRAUD TASK FORCE,** ALERT THEIR TEAM LEADER TO A SHOCKING **CRISIS OF CONFIDENCE!**

THE **W-SCREEN'S** GOING WILD, CHIEF! TENS OF THOUSANDS OF **WORKERS** ARE BEING **LAI D OFF!**

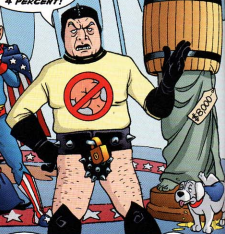
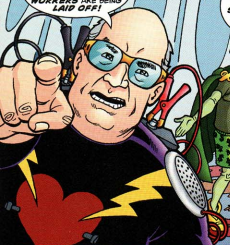
A MERE **ROUGH PATCH** IN THE **PATH TO RECOVERY!**

A LONG **OVERDUE MARKET CORRECTION!**

DANGLING CHAPS! THIS IS **SERIOUS!**

MILLIONS OF AMERICANS' **LIFE SAVINGS** ARE IN **GRAVE DANGER!**

YOUR **OPINION POLLS** ARE DOWN **4 PERCENT!**



GET READY TO ROLL, TEAM! THE **CORPORATE FRAUD TASK FORCE** IS ROCKETING STRAIGHT TO THE **HEART OF EVIL!**

THAT'S RIGHT, OVER-FAITHFUL CHUM, **TEXAS!**

YOU MEAN...?

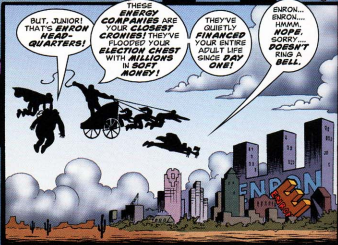


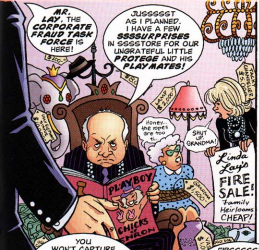
BUT, JUNIOR! THAT'S **ENRON HEAD-QUARTERS!**

THESE **ENERGY COMPANIES** ARE YOUR **CLOSEST CRONIES!** THEY'VE FLOODED YOUR **ELECTION CHEST** WITH **MILLIONS IN SOFT MONEY!**

THEY'VE QUIETLY **FINANCED** YOUR ENTIRE ADULT LIFE SINCE **DAY ONE!**

ENRON... ENRON... HMM. **NOPE, SORRY... DOESN'T RING A BELL.**





MR. LAY, THE CORPORATE FRAUD TASK FORCE IS HERE!

JUSSSSST AS I PLANNED. I HAVE A FEW SSSSSRIPES IN SSSSTORE FOR OUR UNGRATEFUL LITTLE PROTEGE AND HIS PLAYMATES!

Honey, the cops are here!

SHUT UP GRANDMA!

Linda Layoff
FIRE SALE!
Family Hair looms CHEAP!

YOU WON'T CAPTURE ME, CORPORATE FRAUD TASK FORCE! MY FOUR SSSSSUPER-SSSSHREDDERS WILL MAKE QUICK WORK OF YOU!

FOUR SHREDDERS? YOU'VE ONLY GOT ONE!

TRUE, BUT ACCORDING TO GENERALLY ACCEPTED ACCOUNTING PRINCIPLES, IT'S CLOSE ENOUGH!

AND THUSSSS IT COMES DOWN TO YOU AND ME, THE C.E.D., VERSUS THE NOTLEY FOOL!

FIRSSSSST YOU WERE INCriminated... NOW YOU'LL BE INCINERATED!

ARGHHH! I'VE BEEN HIT IN AN UNDISCLOSED LOCATION!

AND I HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN YOU, ASSSSSHCROFT! TAKE THISSSS!

NO! NOT THAT! THE LATEST ISSUE OF MAXIM! MY EYES, THEY BURN! THEY BURRRRRNNH!!!

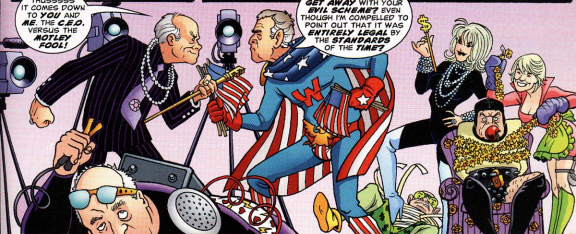
DID YOU REALLY THINK YOU COULD GET AWAY WITH YOUR EVIL SCHEM? EVEN THOUGH I'M COMPELLED TO POINT OUT THAT IT WAS ENTIRELY LEGAL BY THE STANDARDS OF THE TIME?



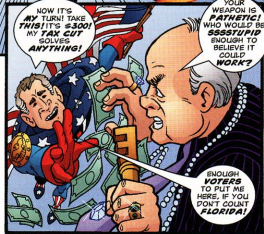
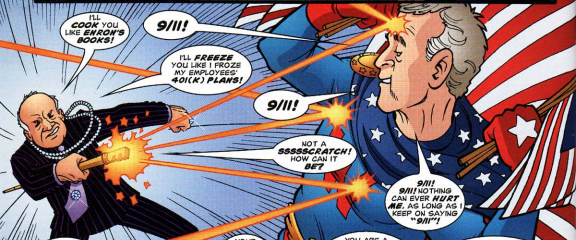
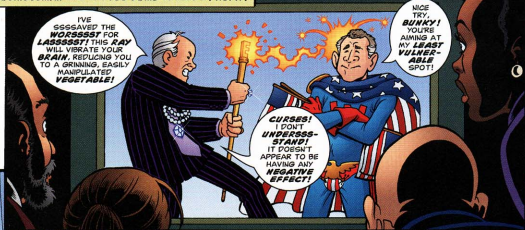
ME? THERE, KIMMY BOY! LONG TIME NO SEE!

BEFORE WE BEGIN, I MIGHT AS WELL TELL YOU THAT OUR SSSSECRET BATTLE IS NOT AS SSSSECRET AS USUAL. THE ENTIRE THING'S BEING BROADCASTSSST ON C-SPAN2!

WHAT? PRESS COVERAGE? UH, ER, I MEANT TO SAY, FREEZE, YOU EVIL FIEND! UH, WHO I BARELY REMEMBER FROM MY TENURE AS GOVERNOR! UH HUH, THAT'S IT.



DOZENS OF C-SPAN2 VIEWERS CAN ONLY WATCH IN HORROR, AS THE **BUSINESSMAN** WHO SUCCESSFULLY STOLE HUNDREDS OF MILLIONS FACES OFF AGAINST THE **BUSINESSMAN** WHO WAS TOO DUMB TO MAKE A PROFIT!



THESE TOUGH NEW REGULATIONS WILL SHOW YOU WHO'S THE BOSS. BOSS! YOU'LL HAVE TO PAY BACK \$6 OF THE MONEY YOU STOLE, AND PROVIDE A WRITTEN APOLOGY!

GOCHY! MY WRIST HAS BEEN SLAPPED! HARD!

YOUR FATAL MISTAKE, KENNY BOY, WAS ASSUMING I'D PROTECT YOUR BUTT.

SORRY, BUT IT'S NOT 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, OR 2001 ANYMORE!

YOU'RE GOING AWAY FOR A LONG, LONG TIME, KEN LAY, MAYBE A YEAR!

BEFORE YOU TAKE ME AWAY TO MY 14-ROOM DUPLEX EXECUTIVE CELL, TELL ME ONE THING, WHY AM I THE BAD GUY? AREN'T YOU THE ONE WHO INHERITED A BALANCED BUDGET AND THE LARGEST \$555SURPLUS IN U.S. HISSSTORY, AND PISSED IT ALL AWAY IN LEGSSSS THAN A YEAR?

I PROMISED THIS COUNTRY ONE THING: THAT I WOULD RUN THIS GOVERNMENT LIKE A BUSINESS. AND BY GOD, I SURE HAVE DONE IT!

WAY TO GO, JUNIOR! YOU CERTAINLY SHOWED ALL AMERICANS THAT YOU'RE NOT A PRISSEY DOLT WHO'S COMPLETELY IN THE POCKET OF BIG BUSINESS! UM, THIS SHOW IS GOING OUT LIVE, RIGHT?

I'M SLOW TO ANGER. I'M A PATIENT MAN. IN FACT, I'M PRACTICALLY INERT!

LET US PRAISE THE LORD! HE MAY NOT HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PROTECT MILLIONS OF SMALL INVESTORS, BUT HE CERTAINLY FOUGHT POWERFULLY FOR YOUR 2004 RE-ELECTION PROSPECTS!

CRUNCHIN' CRONYISM! CHALK UP ANOTHER WHITE-COLLAR CROOK! INCONVENIENCED BY THE CORPORATE FRAUD TASK FORCE? NOW, IF ANYBODY WANTS ME FOR THE NEXT 5 WEEKS, I'LL BE AT MY SECRET SUPER-RANCH, PRETENDING TO BE A COWBOY!

YOU'VE EARNED IT, GIRL! YOU HAVEN'T HAD A VACATION SINCE LAST MONDAY!

NEXT ISSUE: GET READY FOR MORE HEART-STOPPING ACTION! (ALTHOUGH IN DICK CHENEY'S CASE, THAT COULD MEAN BENDING OVER TO PICK UP HIS KEYS.) THE PORTFOLIO-PULVERIZING EXCITEMENT CONTINUES NEXT MONTH, IN

CORPORATE FRAUD TASK FORCE #2!
YOU'RE EITHER WITH US, OR AGAINST US!



Duke Bissell's TALES OF UNDISPUTED INTEREST

MY ANNUAL CAMPING TRIP WAS FAST APPROACHING SO I THOUGHT I'D GO DO A LITTLE SHOPPING.

YOU CAN SLEEP EIGHT TO TEN HOURS IN THIS BABY, NO PROBLEM.



JUST WHEN I WAS ABOUT TO DEPART I DISCOVERED THE FRONT DOOR WAS JAMMED.

I KNEW I SHOULDN'T HAVE USED THAT DOUBLE THICK SELF-SEALING PAINT.



SO I HAD TO SETTLE DOWN AND MAKE THE BEST OF IT IN MY LIVING ROOM.

THESE BEANS SMELL LIKE BURNING CARPET.



BUT SOON EVEN THAT WAS A DISAPPOINTMENT.

I HOPE YOU HAVE HOME OWNER'S INSURANCE BECAUSE WE DON'T HAVE ANY WATER.



JUST SO IT WOULDN'T BE A TOTAL LOSS I TRIED SELLING THE FEW THINGS I COULD SALVAGE ON E-BAY.



EVENTUALLY, I RECOUPED SOME OF MY LOSSES AND DECIDED TO INVEST IT FOR NEXT YEAR'S CAMPING TRIP.

I COULD INVEST THIS FOR YOU BUT I'D PROBABLY JUST LOSE IT LIKE I'VE LOST ALL MY OTHER CLIENTS' MONEY.



P.C. VEY

WHAT DISTURBING
SCREEN IMAGES
ARE MORE AND
MORE YOUNG PEOPLE
BEING EXPOSED TO?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS MAD FOLD-IN

In this day and age, it is getting harder trying to protect children from unwanted and harmful images bombarding them at every turn. From violent video games to the toy commercials during cartoons, the visual bombardment is unrelenting. There is, however, one image that is most disturbing. To find out what it is, fold page as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

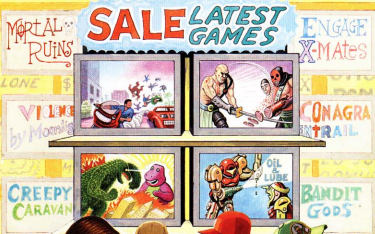


FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT



FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

VIDEO CITY



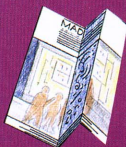
COMPULSIVE VIEWING OF SICKENING IMAGES CAN ALTER
KIDS' MINDS IN OUR VISUALLY SATURATED
POP-CULTURE SOCIETY. YET, NO AMOUNT OF GROWNUP
ADVICE HELPS THEM AVOID THESE PAINFUL VICES



ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

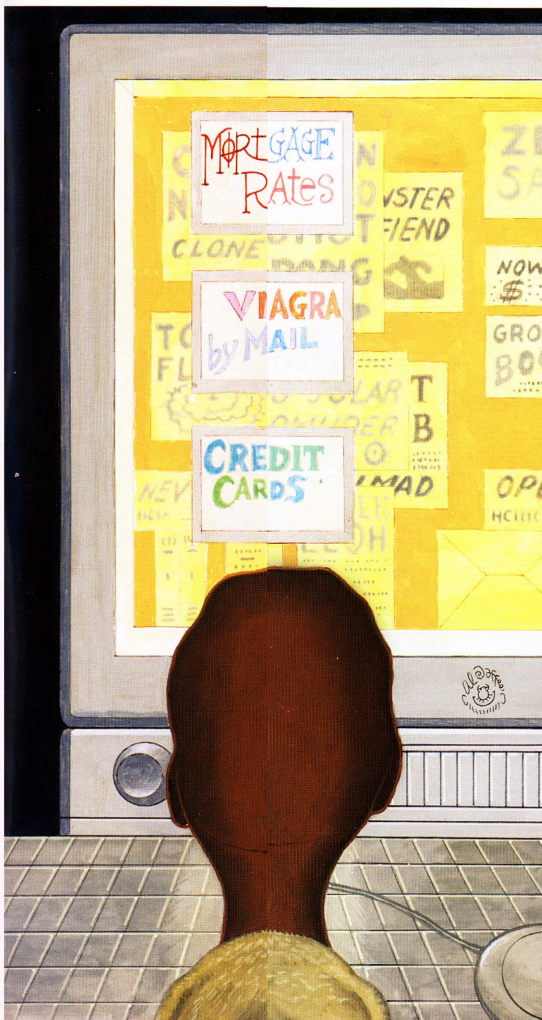


WHAT DISTURBING
SCREEN IMAGES
ARE MORE AND
MORE YOUNG PEOPLE
BEING EXPOSED TO?



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

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



COMPUTER

POP-UP
ADS

A **B**