

BONUS
POSTER
INSIDE!

DEAL OR NO DEAL • X-MEN 3 • AMERICAN IDOL

MAD

WE CRACK THE

DA VINCI CODE

SO DUMB THE
CLOD OF
MAD!

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#466 JUNE 2006 \$3.99 CHEAP!



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MAD

JUNE 2006

NUMBER 466

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MAD (ISSN 0204 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 \$66.00. Outside U.S.A. (including Canada): 12 issues \$30.00 or 24 issues \$57.00 or 36 issues \$78.00. (Canadian price has GST tax included.) Entire contents © copyright 2006 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 change to MAD, P.O. Box 52345 Boulder, CO 80322-2345. 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 to a living person is a coincidence. Printed in U.S.A.

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It's funny how whenever your parents tell you to "think about what you did wrong," your answer is always the same — you got caught!



ALFRED E. NEUMAN

47



FRONT COVER AND POSTER ARTIST:
MARK FREDRICKSON

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FAMILY ISSUES

When I was about 11 years old, I remember my parents hassling my older teenage brother whenever they found a MAD in his room. Like a bratty sister, I joined in the attack and promised to be a good girl and never delight in such a magazine. Now 31 years later, my teenage son has discovered MAD and true to my earlier vow, I promptly threw a parental hissy fit. He begged me to read just one page which I thought was the least I could do before I threw it out. Well, you guessed it, I was instantly hooked and now I get it. I just want to know if you can ever forgive me for being such a jerk. I will gladly do penance or community service to pay for my mistakes.

Gina Sahin, Hampton Bays, NY

Gina In A Bottle — The only possible solution to atone for your sins is buying your son a three-year subscription to MAD. While you're at it, be a nice sister and buy your brother a subscription as well (you brown-nosing fink!) —Ed.

READER ALERT

Hey, Chuckles — remember, when sending in photographs of any kind, please be sure to include an e-mail address or phone number, so we can contact you!

TEXT SUPPORT

I was recently banned from reading your oh-so-righteous magazine by my parents. When I thought there was no way to reach your mind-droning magazine, it hit me. I was reading my History textbook when I realized that my parents could not ban me from your magazine. You have left your dirty mark on history, and no one can escape it. In my book, it says "Some teenagers rebelled by reading materials such as MAD Magazine, which made fun of 1950s society." Without knowing it, you have now become a part of America's dark side and I applaud you.

Alex Marzano, Long Grove, IL

Marzipan — We suggest that your parents contact Gina Sahin, and hopefully they'll have a similar change of heart. Better yet, show them the history book — and maybe they'll ban you from reading *that* as well! —Ed.

THE BIG PARTY

Spy Vs. Spy is the best part of MAD Magazine! I cannot wait until the next issue! Thank you for making me laugh!

Abraham Blanchard, Cedar Falls, IA



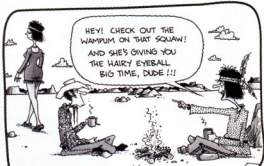
Honest Abe — Thanks for sending in pictures from your 7th birthday party! We hope that when you blew out the candles, you wished for a better cake next year! —Ed.

If you have a MAD-themed party, we'd love to see the pics (be sure to tell us what the party was for!) Send them to Amy "The Big Party" c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!

BRAVE'S NEW WORLD

This letter is in regards to your article "Ugly Issues Gay Cowboys are Forced to Contend With" (MAD #463). I feel that there are some things about us "Indians" that you should be aware of: 1) We are NOT "Squaws" — this is a white man's term, not ours. 2) Before Europeans came here, we honored homosexuals as wise people. They were called "Two Spirits" because they understood things from both the male and female perspective. They were also teachers and were allowed to marry. It wasn't until the white men came with their warped ideas that some of us changed. Love your mag, though!

Carol Schneider
Susquahannock/Cherokee, Dundee, NY



Although they are otherwise keenly attuned to all things in nature, Indians have absolutely no gaydar to speak of.

Carol-Full-of-Monkeys — Dammit, you're right! We gave John Caldwell (the author of the Gay Cowboy piece) a \$5,000 research budget to get all of the facts straight. It looks like John took that money and blew it all on his gambling addiction. On the plus side, he tends to frequent the Native-American owned Mohegan Sun casino, so, in a way, he did pay tribute to your people! Thanks for writing and see you at the Pow-Wow! —Ed.



The Big Easel



ALFRED E. JEWEL-MAN?

What can I say? It's been a long, cold winter! If you don't believe gemstones are "clever items around the house" watch Jewelry TV and then you try to do something more creative with all the gemstones you ordered. I think a 400 Carat AI is quite stunning, a real jewel!

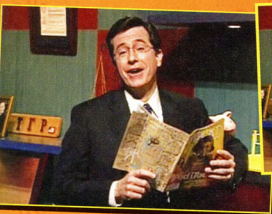
Marquette Fix, Lapeer, MI

Fixer Upper — Nice job — but we've never lived through a winter that was so long and cold that we resorted to buying several pounds of gemstones and then arranging them into the image of Alfred! Unfortunately, because of your "artwork," the value of each and every one of those gems has depreciated drastically. We hope you have a busier Spring! —Ed.

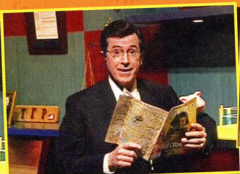
P.S. We're always looking for depictions of Alfred using creative and offbeat materials! Send your creations to Amy "The Big Easel," c/o MAD Magazine, 1700 Broadway, New York, NY 10019!

A SLOW FAKE NEWS DAY

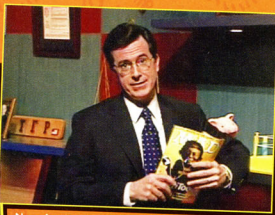
On the March 13th episode of Comedy Central's *The Colbert Report*, host Stephen Colbert ended the show by wishing long-time MAD artist Al Jaffe a happy 85th birthday. Below is a transcript of the segment (with pictures)! No word on whether Al got any of the cake!



"Blech" indeed, Mr. Crabotkin.



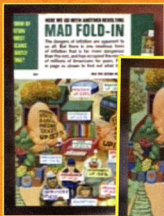
Oh, good evening. I was just reading this copy of MAD Magazine. Great stuff.



Now, I was never a fan of MAD as a kid, I just pretended to read it on the playground. I would hide my copy of *National Review* behind it. But as I grew older, I developed a greater appreciation for MAD's so-called "Usual Gang of Idiots."



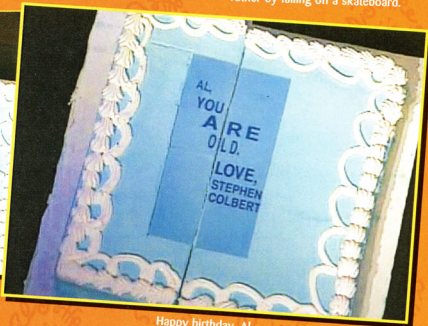
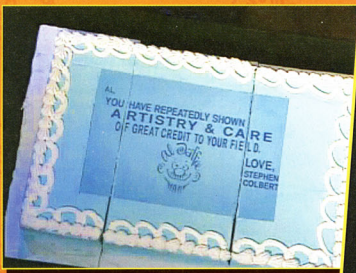
And perhaps no member of that gang has been more idiotic than that great inventor of the MAD Fold-In, Al Jaffe, who turns 85 today.



Al taught us that the form of inflation most Americans are fighting is getting fat.



And the best way to see stars isn't through telescopes, but rather by falling off a skateboard.



Happy birthday, Al.

Al's response? "Blech" indeed, Mr. Colbert!





A DOWNLOAD OF CRAP

Your "MAD Presents iToons" article (MAD #463) was one of the best I've ever read. Despite numerous attempts to get my parents to buy me an iPod, the only thing I've gotten out of it is a broken CD player. When I read the article, I decided that maybe it's safer to not have an iPod!

Victoria Price, St. Peters, MO

Sugar and Spice and Everything Price — Yeah, maybe your parents didn't get you an iPod for your own safety, but we're pretty sure they're just super cheap! Enjoy that "safe" busted CD player — now, if you'll excuse us, we have to go and listen to one of the 15,000 songs we have on our iPod! —Ed.

ENVELOPE OF THE MONTH

Hey, thanks for printing my envelope in the September 2004 issue. It was a big deal for me to see some of my stuff in print. Yeah, I know I need to get out more. I thought I would put the screws to your regular guy Jim (Hutchings) the Canuck with another envelope plus a little challenge propaganda. If you like the art and a little friendly competition, then I'll keep sending them as inspiration strikes.

Matt Handfield, Holyoke, MA



MATT HANDFIELD'S ENVELOPE...CONTAINING HIS INCENDIARY CHALLENGE TO JIM HUTCHINGS

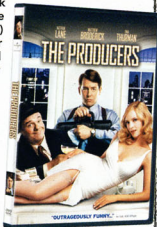
MAD KIDS #4 ON SALE JULY 18!

**NEXT MONTH IN
MAD #467
ON SALE JUNE 13!**

**REJECTED CARS FROM
THE MOVIE CARS! AND
WE DECONSTRUCT
THE DAILY SHOW!**

READER ALERT #11

Everyone lucky enough to have their letter printed on this Letters Page will be sent a DVD of the *The Producers* (starring Matthew Broderick and Nathan Lane and rated PG-13) courtesy of our friends at Universal Home Video. For those of you who didn't have their letters printed, (or can't get to the Broadway show) the DVD is available May 16!



Talk to the Handfield — We applaud your patriotic attempts to bring the coveted Envelope of the Month title back to the good 'ol U.S. of A! And while we have nothing against a little friendly competition, we would hate to see this turn into a Biggie/Tupac-style feud! That being said, Jim, Matt is clearly goading you into a fight. Are you going to take that? We wouldn't even be surprised if he had a hand in the recent disappearance of your last Envelope of the Month (see Letters Page MAD #463). Don't disappoint us, Jim, we eagerly await your response to Matt! —Ed.



MAD

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Contributing Artists And Writers
the usual gang of idiots

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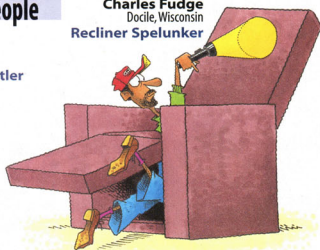


THE FUNDAMENTALS

Stupid Hobbies of Stupid People



Winston Leaks
Diligent Springs, Oregon
Liverwurst Whittler



Charles Fudge
Docile, Wisconsin
Recliner Spelunker

YOU'RE NOT EVEN CLOSE TO FULLY ENCOURED, ARE YOU, LITTLE DUDE?



Wink Knuckles
Sputum, Georgia
Tick Whisperer

BITTERMAN



You hippie jackass! You go to college for a few years and think that gives you the divine right to publicly humiliate me and other hard-working people? You think by creeping up on me with a megaphone and a video camera you're magically going to cure me of a deadly addiction I've enjoyed for over a decade?

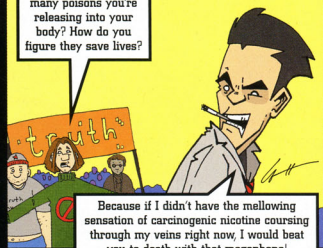


Besides, you have your facts wrong. Cigarettes save lives!

We are TRUTH! A national, non-profit organization that educates the public about the dangers of smoking! Big tobacco is responsible for creating addicts! We are committed to preventing the weak from dumping millions into an industry that profits from the ruined health of simple-minded Americans!



Do you know how many poisons you're releasing into your body? How do you figure they save lives?

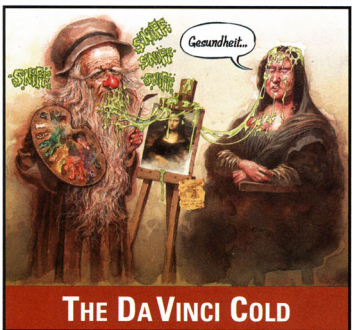
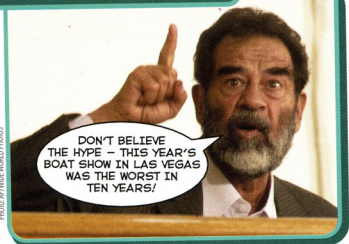


Because if I didn't have the mellowing sensation of carcinogenic nicotine coursing through my veins right now, I would beat you to death with that megaphone!

PAGES

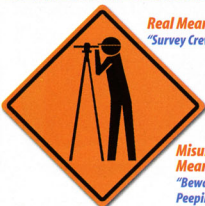
Saddam Sez:

PHOTO: AP/WIDE WORLD PHOTOS



THE DA VINCI COLD

CONFUSING ROAD SIGNS



Real Meaning:
"Survey Crew"

Misunderstood Meaning:
"Beware of Peeping Toms"



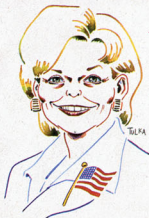
Real Meaning:
"No Parking
between 8:30 AM
and 5:30 PM"

Misunderstood Meaning:
"No Peeing here
between 8:30 AM
and 5:30 PM"



Real Meaning:
"Workers Ahead"

Misunderstood Meaning:
"Be Courteous,
Curb Your Elephant"



If you're a keen teen lookin' for awesome advice, then just...

Ask Lynne Cheney

...wife of our beloved Vice President. For candid counseling on sensitive subjects, Mrs. Cheney always has your best interests at heart.

Dear Mrs. Cheney:

The other day a couple of my friends were bullying a ninth grader. I knew it was the wrong thing to do, but I started bullying the kid too. What worries me is that I really liked it and want to do it again. I've never been a "bad" kid before, but now I'm afraid that I can't help it. What should I do?

—A Troubled Teen

Dear Troubled:

You sound like a young man who wants to do the right thing. Hooray for you! But sometimes doing the right thing is tricky. "Bullying," of course, is wrong. Really, really, really wrong. But sometimes, some people, in certain situations need to be "strenuously persuaded," and that's where a fine American with your — let's call them "proclivities" — comes in. So the question you should be asking yourself is: "Where can a fine young American, such as myself, engage in my God-given 'proclivities' in service to my country?" What if I told you that the answer to that astute question was: "A sparkling beach in the Caribbean, just 90 miles south of Miami?" Sound good? Well, it gets even better! Your good ol' Uncle Sam owns a breathtaking stretch of beachfront property in Cuba known affectionately as "Gitmo." Maybe you've seen it on TV or read about in the newspaper. There are lots of young fellas there with similar "proclivities" to yours, so you'll make lots of friends. And, best of all, you'll have endless opportunities to "strenuously persuade" many suspected terrorists. The federal government will supply all the car batteries and attack dogs you need. You just bring your swimming trunks! And remember: Bullying is wrong. Really, really, really wrong.

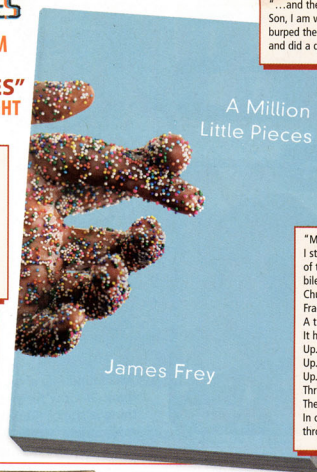
Remember! If you're an angst-ridden adolescent with a prickly problem, don't hesitate to ASK LYNNE CHENEY.

FIRST DRAFT EXCERPTS FROM JAMES FREY'S "A MILLION LITTLE PIECES" THAT EVEN HIS PUBLISHER THOUGHT WERE TOO LOOPY TO PRINT

"I wake to the screams of terrified passengers and the feeling of something warm dripping down my chin. It is my Liver. I quickly tuck it back where it should be, scrape the broken teeth out of the hole in my cheek, and, though temporarily blinded by the vomit that has sealed my eyes shut, manage to choke-slam the four Islamic fundamentalists that have hijacked the plane. It isn't until I get us safely landed that I realize I need to wring the Urine out of my corduroys."

"Doctor Stevens pulls up the stool...I want to go tie you while we're doing the Root Canals. Why?

Because James, once I am done twisting your exposed nerves with this bayonet and sanding down your festering gums, sans anesthesia or pain medication, we'll be dropping you, head first, into a vat of pesticide to see if you can break free. Fine."



"...and the new Guy pulled out his badge and said, Son, I am with the FBI and your number is up...I burped the words "eat me" to the tune of "Beat It" and did a quick back handspring out of the window..."

"I am an Alcoholic and I am a Drug Addict and I am a Criminal and I am a Spokesmodel that abuses Diet Pills and I am Bingo-holic and I am a Meat-eater and I am Man Who Loves too Much and I am a Club-Footed, Steroid-Using Figure Skater."

"My system is poison. I start gagging and as I gag, I crawl to the front of the toilet...I vomit. The vomit is full of bloody bile and brown sh*t I have never seen before. Chunks of rotting organs. Fragments of tongue. A tiny '75 Ford Pinto Matchbox...It won't stop, It heaves and It comes in violent contractions. Up. Up. Up. Up. Through my burning, swollen Lips. The Volcano. In one deep white-pained spasm I rocket, through my Nostrils, my own 'Nads."

Stuff About THE DA VINCI CODE That Christians Should Be Protesting



...That graphic depictions of torture within the "Opus Dei" organization will only serve to give Donald Rumsfeld fresh ideas.

...That its claim that there are living descendants of Jesus Christ will only serve to make the ego-tripping Kanye West even more unbearable.

...That by alleging that the most important figure in human history was actually a woman, *The Da Vinci Code* will further persuade Hillary Clinton to continue her idiotic, ill-fated presidential campaign.

...That forcing Audrey Tatou to make out with the alarmingly lumpy, Pat Riley-haired Tom Hanks will just give the French a justifiable reason to hate us more than they already do.

...That the direction of a long, heavily-plotted, 450-page novel was entrusted to director Ron Howard, the same guy who horribly botched a 61-page Dr. Seuss book, *How the Grinch Stole Christmas*.

...That the movie is taking up the precious time of angry Catholics, who should still be directing their outrage toward the Church's handling of the pedophile priests scandal.

FUNDALINI PHOTO EXCLUSIVE!

UNDENIABLE
PROOF THAT
PRESIDENT BUSH
WAS LYING
WHEN HE SAID
HE DIDN'T KNOW
DISGRACED
LOBBYIST
JACK
ABRAMOFF!



ORLANDO, 2004



VENICE, 1998



SEATTLE, 2003

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Brian McConachie

Rick Tulka



Though we haven't read the book or seen the movie, somebody told us that in the *The Da Vinci Code*, Dan Brown alleges that Leonardo da Vinci hid secret clues in his famous painting, *The Last Supper*. Among them: Jesus and Mary Magdalene were lovers and had children, the first of whom they named "Butch." While this is unproven, upon a detailed cursory look at the painting, we uncovered many other "secret clues," which escaped the author's attention... behold...

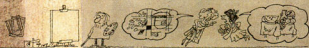
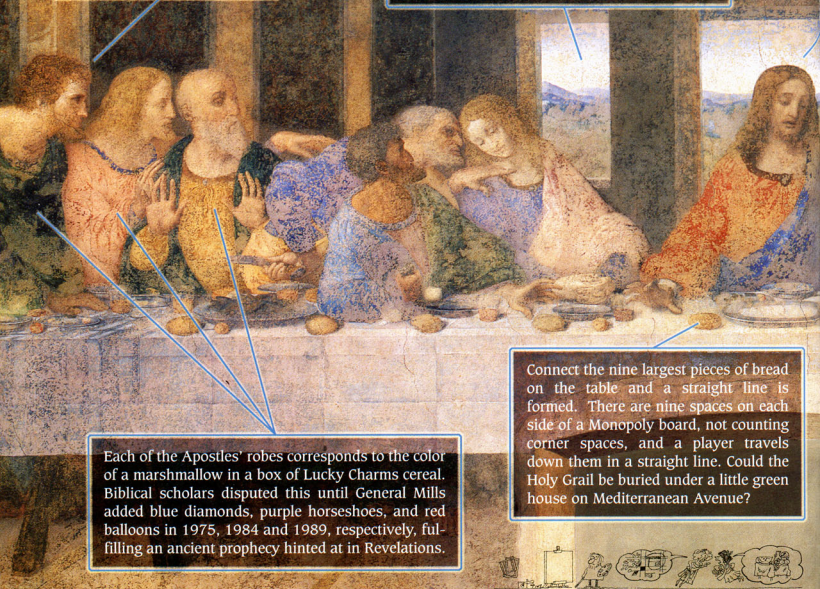
OTHER HIDDEN M IN THE LAST SU

Christian magicians note that Bartholomew, the Apostle on the extreme left, is readying himself to do the "watch me yank the tablecloth out without disturbing anything on top of it" trick — perhaps for the first time in history.

The amount of light in the sky seen in the windows and doors in the background show that this Last "Supper" in fact took place in the mid-afternoon, a discreet reminder to those who viewed the artwork in the Middle Ages to hurry down for the Early Bird special at Vespucci's Pizza, Pasta & More, a small bistro in which da Vinci owned a partial interest.

Each of the Apostles' robes corresponds to the color of a marshmallow in a box of Lucky Charms cereal. Biblical scholars disputed this until General Mills added blue diamonds, purple horseshoes, and red balloons in 1975, 1984 and 1989, respectively, fulfilling an ancient prophecy hinted at in Revelations.

Connect the nine largest pieces of bread on the table and a straight line is formed. There are nine spaces on each side of a Monopoly board, not counting corner spaces, and a player travels down them in a straight line. Could the Holy Grail be buried under a little green house on Mediterranean Avenue?



MESSAGES PPER

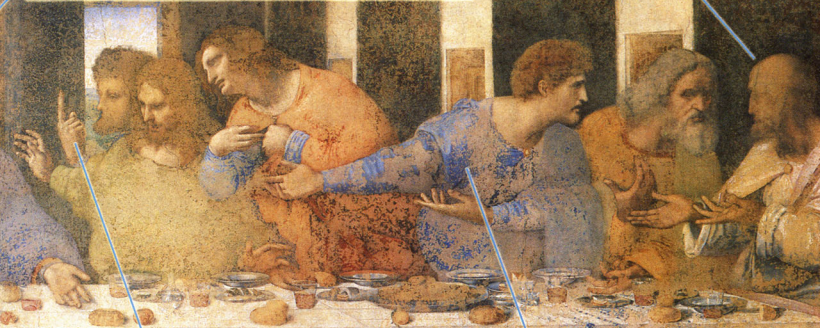
da Vinci biographers insist he did most of his painting early in the morning while thinking about what he was going to have for breakfast that day; that the ceiling of the room in which Christ and the Apostles sit resembles a waffle iron would seem to support this. Others claim that The Last Supper is an unfinished work, and that the artist painted the masterpiece over a billboard for a 15th century appliance store.

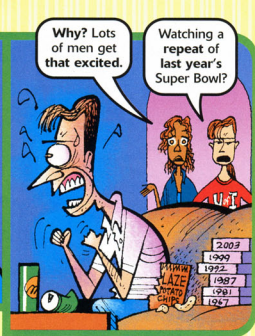
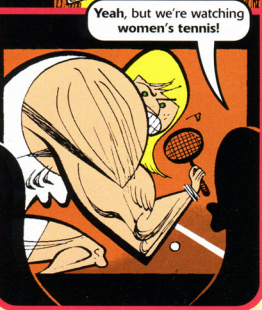
To focus the eye on Christ, da Vinci placed three windows in the background with the largest, the middle window, directly behind His head, creating a sort of halo around Him as He beams calmly. In *Halo 2*, you can jump on the beam under the middle window around the medic hut and avoid being sniped or grenaded. Experts say this may indicate that the legendary Priory of Sion, keepers of the Holy Grail, are now working as videogame developers at Bungie Studios.

Simon The Zealot, the Apostle on the extreme right, is clearly gesturing with both hands toward Jesus, the significance of which, according to restaurant scholars, is to make sure the waiter gives Christ the check.

Thomas, the sixth apostle from the right is pointing up with his finger, indicating the correct way the posters of the Fresco were to be hung.

Look carefully at the third apostle from the right, Matthew, and note that he is swaying his arms to his side, in a move evocative of a hula dance. Various historians say this indicates that the Holy Grail may well be found hidden in a volcano on the island of Kauai; or, more likely today, in the tiki mug collection of some sad aging hipster.



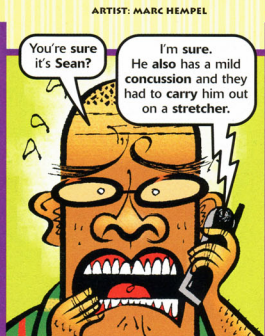


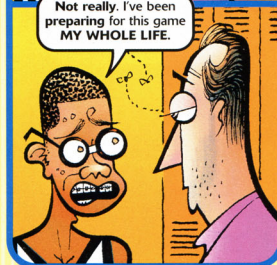
TheMAD WORLDof...



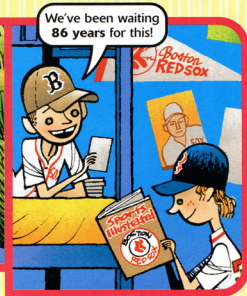
WRITER: STAN SINBERG

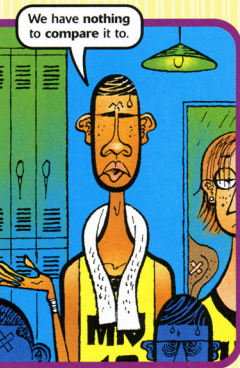
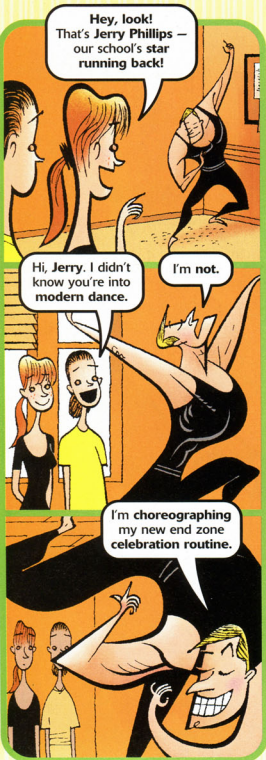
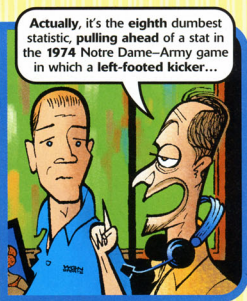
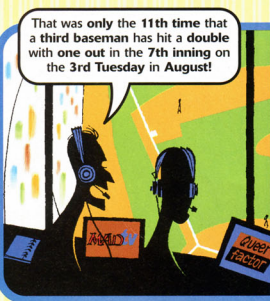
ARTIST: MARC HEMPEL





SPORTS







HOWIE DOODY DEPT.

Welcome to the TV phenomenon that's sweeping the world! It's the highest-rated show in its time period in over 35 third-world countries that feature only one channel of television broadcasting! So far, nearly a quarter of a billion dollars in prize money has been offered!! But thanks to the sneaky way they keep switching those "money cases" around, they've only given away .002% of that amount!

The entire one-hour show consists of s-l-o-w-l-y and painfully opening 26 cases. So judge for yourself. Is this TV show...

DULL % NOT DULL?

I'm Howdy Mudane, and I'm standing inside a set constructed of 2 X 4s, frosted Plexiglas and theatrical lighting designed to look like a high security vault!

But let's face it, how much security do you need to protect 26 cardboard signs that say anything from "one penny" to "\$1,000,000"? Who's gonna steal those?

Tonight we will give someone in the audience the chance to pick one of these cases and take home whatever's inside! In this game there are no crazy stunts and no trivia questions! And after you see how dull it is, you'll wish that we *had* some crazy stunts and some interesting trivia questions!

For the entire hour, all a contestant gets to say is "Deal" or "No deal." But those words can have a major impact on a person's life!

Last night a contestant turned down \$178,000 cash by saying, "No deal!" She went home with just \$20! Actually, she didn't go home with anything! Her body is still swinging from where she hung herself backstage!



WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA

Cue the lights! Cue the dramatic music!

This is my favorite part of the show! Seeing our 26 leggy supermodels in their sexy outfits coming on stage! It takes one minute, which means I only have to breathe life into the other 59 minutes! And trust me: it isn't easy! In order to play this game, a contestant has to be lucky, gutsy and not easily bored! It's time to pick our first contestant from out of our audience tonight! Welcome Adam Levil!

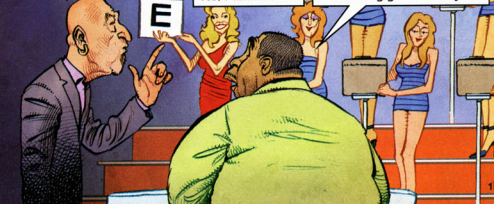


Adam, each beautiful lady is holding a case numbered from 1 to 26! Inside those cases are 26 signs that represent various amounts of money from one penny to one million dollars! And in my spell-it-out-so-any-idiot-can-understand-it-clearly way, I want to be perfectly certain that you do understand that it is more to your advantage to win one million dollars than to win one penny! Is that clear?

Yes, I understand!

I don't know what's in the cases, and our lovely models don't know, either! The audience doesn't know what's in the cases and the people at home don't —

I understand! I know you have to kill time, but let's play the freaking game already!



We asked you to pick a case and you picked case #9!

I know! But I picked case #9! Why did they bring me case #5?

Er...maybe the producers felt the million dollars was in case #9 too and they didn't want to take any chances! But case #9, case #5, who cares?

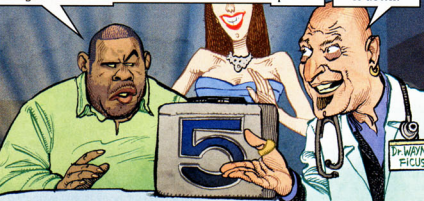
I really wanted the one I picked!

You know, Adam, for someone who wanted to get the game going, you're sure slowing it down!

Adam, you asked for case #9 but we brought you case #5, which you didn't want! So we fixed it by giving you case #11, and we threw out cases 9 and 5!

Threw them out?! Won't that throw the game off? Suppose one of those cases had the million dollars?

Ah, so what's the big deal? Money isn't everything! You said you liked to play games! Let's not spoil it by being greedy! Now pick a different case!

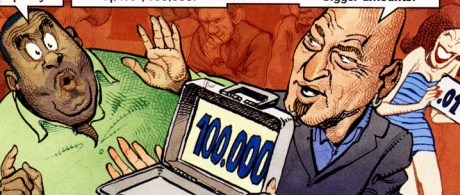


Wow, am I lucky! I picked case #17 and inside was one penny!

Yes, it is best when you get rid of the smallest amount of money, but look at case #17 again! I brought it closer so you can see it better! It's not 1¢, it's \$100,000!

I swear that was one penny when I opened it!

You're nervous! And with our tricky lighting it's easy to make a mistake like that! And it could happen again! And it probably will! Especially with the bigger amounts!



I'm now going to introduce you to a very important person!

No, someone more important!

More important? Then it has to be the people I brought to the studio for support!

Way more important than them! It's the guy who bought these commercials!

The banker?



Welcome back from the break. We know that to many viewers the commercials are more entertaining than our game, so we had Adam continue to play! While you were watching the commercials, Adam opened six more cases! Here are the amounts left in the remaining cases!

\$1	\$100
\$5	\$5,000
\$10	10,000
\$25	25,000
\$50	50,000
\$75	275,000
\$100	100,000
\$200	200,000
\$300	300,000
\$400	400,000
\$500	500,000
\$750	750,000
\$1,000	\$1,000,000

What do those foreign amounts come to in American currency?

I don't know! Those cases were left over from all the foreign versions of this show and it seemed a waste not to use them! Let's pick - wait a minute! The phone is ringing! Do you know who that is?

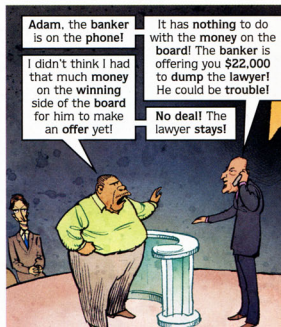
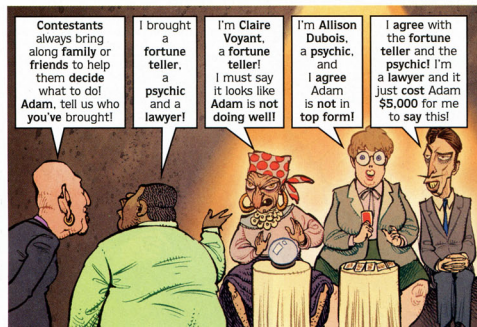
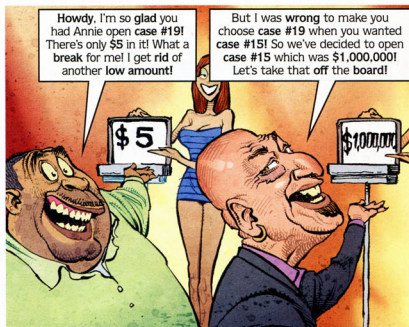
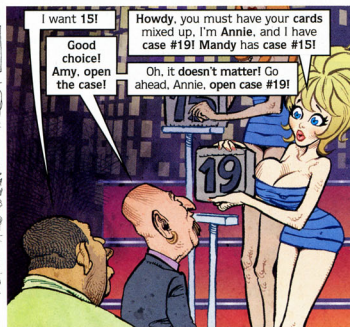
Yes, it's the banker! He offers us contestants money not to go on if he thinks we'll win too much! But so far I don't seem to be on a winning streak!

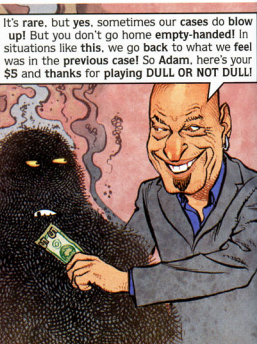
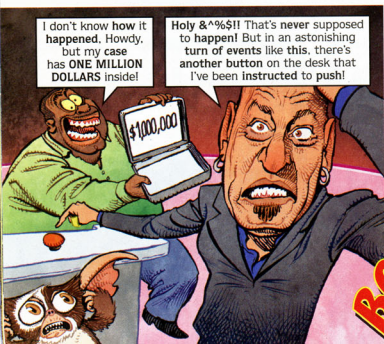
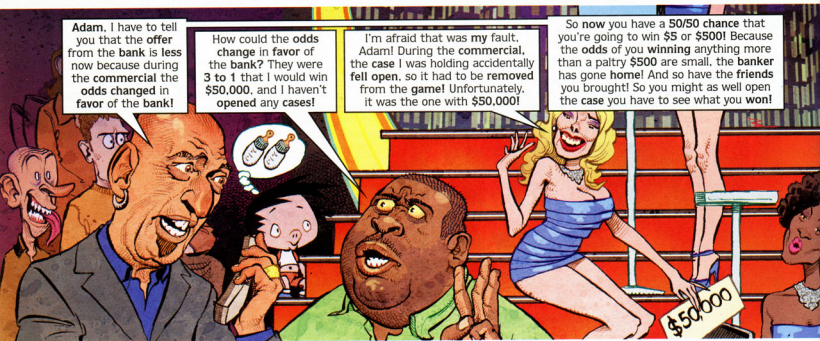
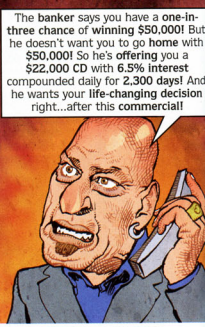
That's why the banker is offering you \$2.50 to quit! No, no, wait! He's going higher! He's going all the way to \$3 if you quit now!

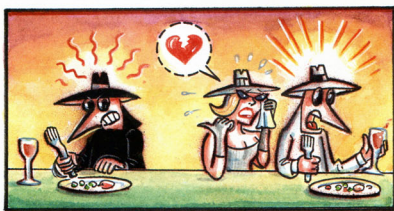
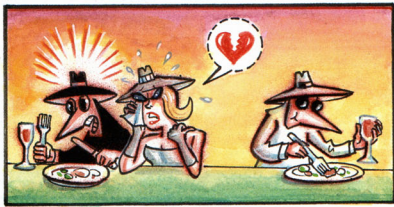


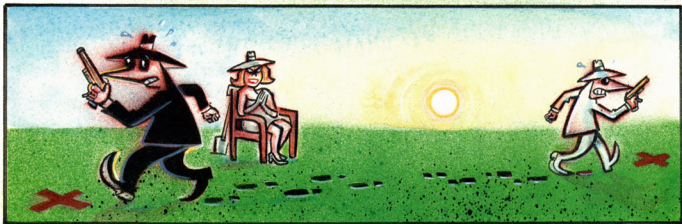


SUMO CHAIRS









KUPER



I'm a **respected** Shakespearean actor,
I'm a **respected** Shakespearean actor,
I'm a **respected** Shakespearean actor...
Oh, who am I kidding — I'm a **hack!**



THE SOUND OF MUTANTS' DEPT.

MAD's ALL-TOO-HUMAN

X-MEN THE LAST OUT



There's
something
terribly wrong
with the flash
on **your** camera!



I should've
listened
when they
said there
might be
side effects
to Lasik
eye surgery!



Yes, I do go
to **Supercuts** —
why do you ask?



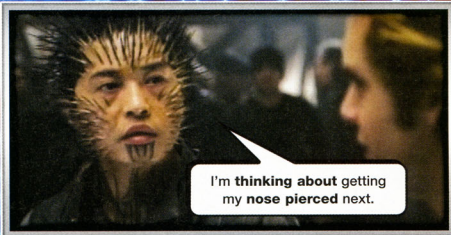


It's true, I'm a black man who's a Republican — but that doesn't mean I'm some sort of mutant like the X-Men!

Do I have any blueberries stuck in my teeth?
I hate the way I look when that happens!



EN: STAND TAKES

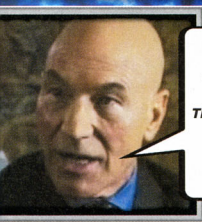
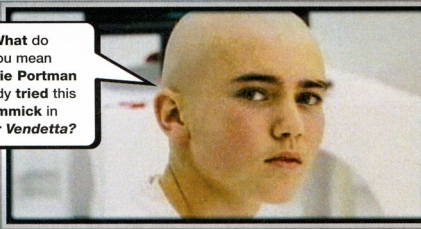


I'm thinking about getting my nose pierced next.



He's on the loose — break out the bird flu vaccine!

What do you mean Natalie Portman already tried this gimmick in *V For Vendetta*?



They put a guy in a wheelchair in a movie called *The Last STAND* — what kind of insensitive bulls#\$% is that?!



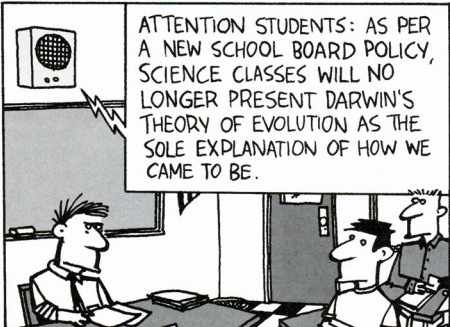
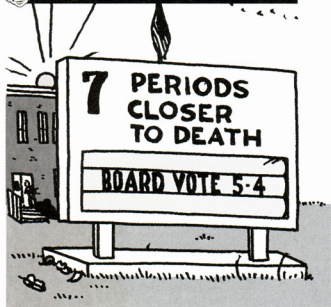
I've been sitting here for 40 minutes — what good is controlling magnetism when I can't even control my own bowels?!



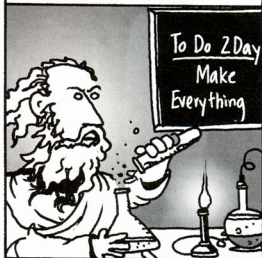
Paintings are made to be looked at, not to be read.

A
MAD
POSTER

Mona E. Neuman



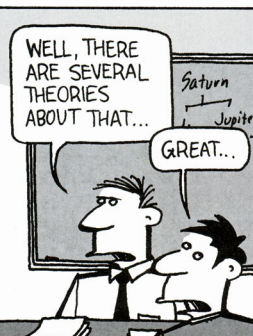
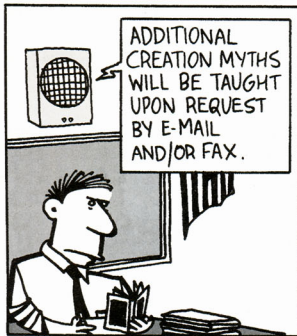
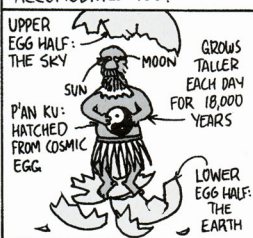
"INTELLIGENT DESIGN WILL BE TAUGHT AS AN ALTERNATIVE TO DARWIN."



"TO BE FAIR TO OUR ASIAN STUDENTS, SO WILL THE MONGOLIAN CREATIONIST MYTH OF ULGEN TENGER."



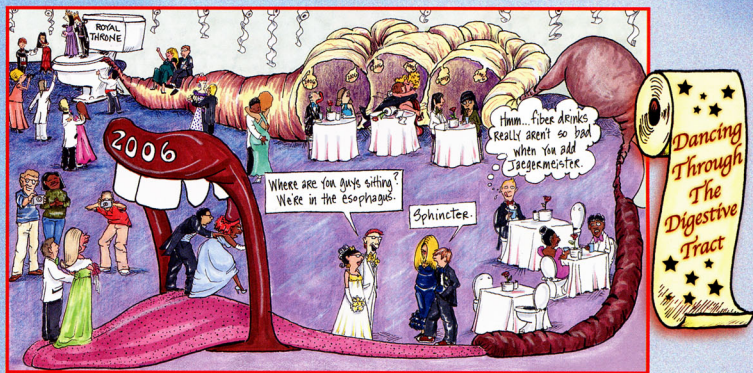
"SINCE OUR CHINESE STUDENTS DON'T ADHERE TO MONGOL BELIEFS, THEY WILL BE ACCOMODATED TOO."



It's prom season!
And that means one thing —
you're probably not going!
Well, two things —
it's also time to pick a theme
for your prom! Here's a tip,
though — it's going to be
lame no matter what you
choose, so do yourself a favor
and just pick "Under the Sea"
or "Starry, Starry Night" or
something and steer clear of...

America's Least Favorite Prom Themes

WRITER AND ARTIST:
TERESA BURNS PARKHURST



You know what Jason? I don't really give a care that you think this is cool-You ruined my last dress with grass stains, now it's gun powder and sand.

Care to dance?

Bitch. Like I haven't heard that one before.

Sorry, I'm a hostage.

Oh cool... a smoke machine!

Actually, it's a torched oil field simulator.

HOT DATE

[illegible]

A Time For Us
At The Petting Zoo

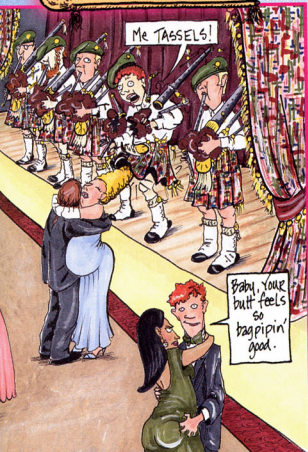
A cartoon illustration of a chaotic fair scene. In the foreground, a banner reads "SANDY'S GOT CLASS? 2006". A man in a white shirt and a woman in a green dress are talking. A pig is in the bottom right. In the background, a man in a white suit and a woman in a purple dress are talking. A sign on a red building says "Did you see where the bathroom is? We're dancing on it." Another sign says "Ooh - it's still steamy." There are various other people, animals, and signs throughout the scene.

Ooh - it's still steamy.

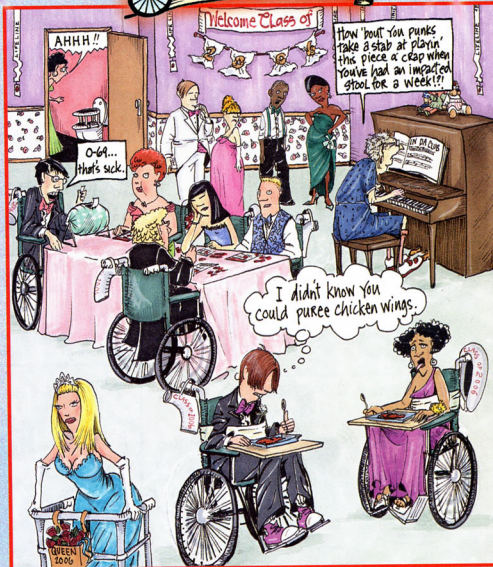
WARR'S GOT CLASS? 2006



The Romance Of Bagpipes

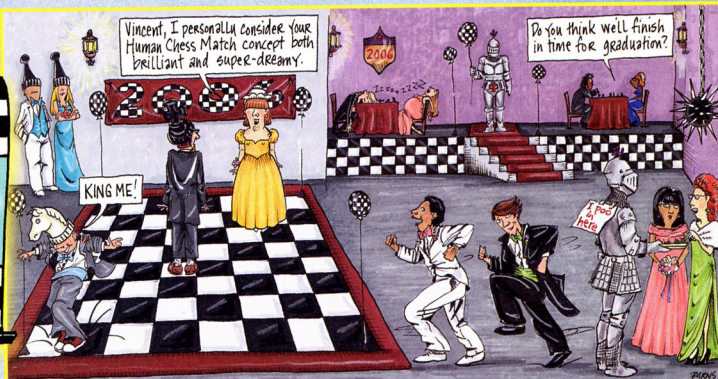


Nursing Home Rapture



Vincent, I personally consider your Human Chess Match concept both brilliant and super-dreamy.

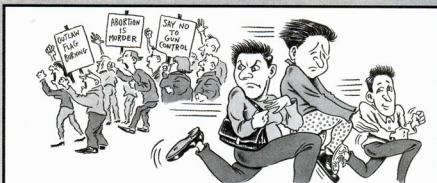
The Magic Of Chess



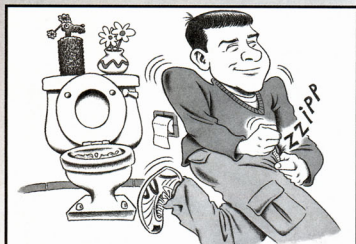
People talk about how difficult it is to have gay parents. But that's so narrow-minded! It's difficult to have parents, PERIOD! And while parents can be great, they can also be a real pain — and gay parents are no exception, as you'll see in our insightful evaluation...

Having

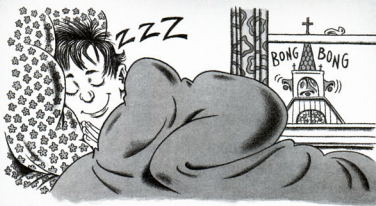
The Advantages &



Advantage: Though it's not impossible, it's highly unlikely that your parents will at some point turn into Conservative Republicans.



Advantage: Having two male parents in the house means no inane lectures about leaving the toilet seat up.



Advantage: Since most religions consider them an "abomination of the Lord," most gay parents won't be nagging you to go to church.



Advantage: Your mother can't threaten you with "Wait 'til your father gets home!"

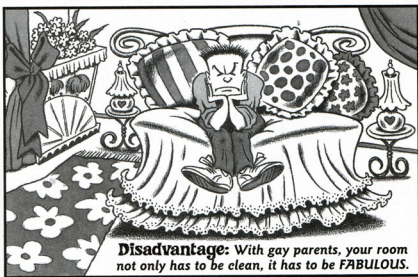


Advantage: In Liberal circles, having gay parents is the next best thing to being a downtrodden minority.



Advantage: It's a well-known statistical fact that Halloween costumes made by gay parents net 43% more candy.

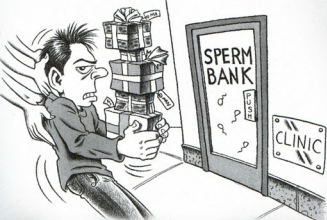
Gay Parents – The Disadvantages



Disadvantage: With gay parents, your room not only has to be clean, it has to be **FABULOUS**.



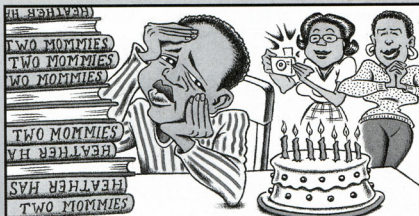
Disadvantage: When introducing your parents to disapproving friends, it's easy to forget which one is supposed to be your "dad" and which one is supposed to be your "live-in uncle."



Disadvantage: Not only do you have to buy two presents for Mother's Day, you also have to get Father's Day gifts for the sperm donor and the technicians at the in-vitro clinic.



Disadvantage: Your horn-dog friends won't be able to look at your mothers without fantasizing about them having sex.



Disadvantage: You think tube socks are a terrible birthday gift? Wait until you get a dozen copies of Heather Has Two Mommies.



Disadvantage: Every other kid is allowed to be ashamed of their parents, but if you are, you're labeled a homophobe.



Planet TAD!!!!

<http://www.galaxyo'blogs.com/planettd>

Search



Planet TAD!!!!



[About Me]

[Name] Tad

[Grade] 9

[Favorite aircraft] Flying squirrel

[21 May] 10:37am

[mood] dizzy

Ugh. I don't feel so good. I spent five hours yesterday at Evan's house, switching between playing *We Love Katamari* and watching *That '70s Show* reruns on FX. Then I came home and spent the whole night dreaming that I was rolling up a lot of little *Wormer Valderramas* and *Launa Prepons* into a giant ball.



[22 May] 02:58pm

[mood] irked

Attention, friends of Tadi! If you go onto *MySpace* and find *this profile* with my name on it, please be aware that IT IS NOT my profile! It is a fake profile that my friend Chet put up. He thought it would be funny. But if I had a *MySpace* profile, I wouldn't list my interests as "hose-picking, butt-scratching, playing classical banjo and dressing up like a girl." I don't even like the banjo. However, rest assured that *this profile* of Chet is the real one. Honestly, I'm as surprised as anyone to find out that Chet cried at the end of *Titanic* and still wets the bed, but if that's what his profile says, then it must be true.

[23 May] 08:03pm

[mood] pseudo-sad

Oh, man. So I came down to breakfast this morning, and my mom looked really sad, and my dad said: "Your great-aunt Sophie died yesterday." And I said, "Which one was she?" And my dad said, "She was your mother's father's sister." And I said, "The one with the bright-red hair?" And my mom said, "No. That's your great-aunt Katie. Sophie's the one with the cane." And I said, "Oh! You mean the mean one who always picked her *terrier* up by the neck? Wasn't she dead already?" And my dad gave me a look that told me that that was the wrong thing to say.



My little sister Sophie's pretty upset — she was named for our great-aunt Sophie. She came into my room tonight and said, "Where do you think aunt Sophie went?" And I gave her the same answer my parents gave me when our *golden retriever* died: Great-aunt Sophie was taken to a farm where she gets to spend all day chasing rabbits and playing with other great aunts. That seemed to make her happy.

[24 May|05:26pm]

I wonder how it is that the **X-Men** all got their names. Like, did they get to pick their own? I'm sure that **Storm** wasn't named "Storm" by her parents, and, coincidentally, wound up being able to control the weather. I bet there was some time for all of them where they tried out different names to see if they would fit. Like, for a couple of weeks, **Cyclops** had everyone calling him "Shades", and **Wolverine** went around practicing signing his name as "Slicey-Hands", just to see if that seemed like a good fit for him.

[25 May|07:12pm]

[mood]  puzzled

Do Chinese people have **Scrabble**?

[26 May|03:50pm]


Today in history class we learned about the **Donner Party**, which is nowhere near as much fun as the word "party" makes it sound. I guess they were a group of pioneers who were going across the country and ran out of food, so they wound up eating each other. I think there was more to the story, but I spent the rest of the period distracted by trying to figure out how that worked — like, did they cook the people they ate? Or eat them raw? How did they decide who'd get eaten and who'd be doing the eating? Did they just start with the fat guys? Or what? I looked through my textbook for more information, but they didn't have anything — not even a recipe. I hate textbooks. They always leave out the most important parts.

[27 May|03:02pm]

[mood]  relieved

Well, today was the funeral. Everyone said nice things about great-aunt Sophie, but the truth is, she smoked nonstop and hit her terrier with her cane and was super-mean. She wasn't a nice lady. But I guess you can't say that at a funeral. So everyone pretended to be really sad. Except for her terrier. He looked happier than I'd ever seen him. He spent the whole funeral licking his 'nads non-stop. We all pretended not to notice.

[25 May|04:33pm]

[mood]  slightly irregular

After school today, Mom took me to the **outlet mall** to buy a new suit for great-aunt Sophie's funeral, because I outgrew my last one. Mom always takes me to the outlet mall to get clothes. One day, when I'm older, I want to wear clothes whose labels don't have the words "SLIGHTLY IRREGULAR" stamped on them. I wanted to get a bright red suit, like **Jack White** wears, but Mom wouldn't let me — she got me a really boring dark-grey one instead. When I got it home and showed my dad, he said, "Are you leaning over to your left?" And I said, "No." That's when we realized that the right arm was a lot shorter than the left one. Stupid irregular suit. Now I'm going to have to spend all day Saturday leaning slightly to the right, to compensate.



During the era of Manifest Destiny, many pioneers headed it hard going on the plains. The notorious Donner Party got itself stranded for a winter, leading them to turn to cannibalism.

I also think that the Donner Party's situation would have made for the best episode of **Little House on the Prairie** ever.



WRITER: TIM CARVELL

ARTIST: BRIAN DURNIAK



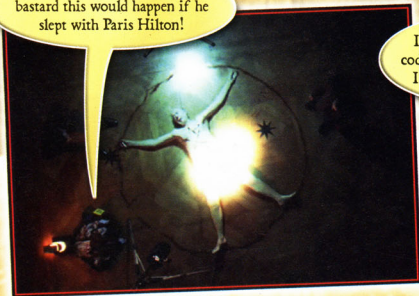
MAD'S CLUELESS OUTTAKES FROM THE DA VINCI CODE



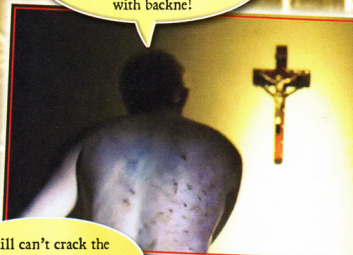
I don't care if it
is a cathedral — I gotta pee,
so I'm peeing!

Lord Jesus, I've done
everything you've asked of me
— yet you still afflicted me
with backne!

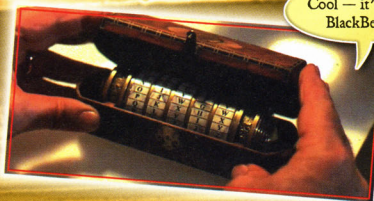
I warned the poor
bastard this would happen if he
slept with Paris Hilton!



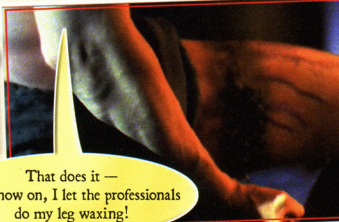
I still can't crack the
code, but I'm pretty sure
I see a hint of nipple!



Cool — it's Jesus'
BlackBerry!



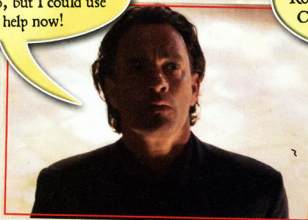
That does it —
from now on, I let the professionals
do my leg waxing!





Sweeeet — Nevada!
I don't have this state
quarter yet!

Superman, I know
you're not due for another
month or so, but I could use
your help now!



If you think this is
freaky, you should see the tattoo
he's got on his backside —
Foghorn Leghorn!

Don't be
afraid, that's just director
Ron Howard's creepy brother
Clint — he puts him in all
his movies!



I'm from the
Catholic League — we warned
you to identify this film
as fiction!



Run, Forrest, run!



ROGUE TROOPER **GAME**

PS2, Xbox, PC • Eidos

The Hype: Rogue, a biologically-engineered clone troop is determined to hunt down the traitor general who sent his brothers-in-arms to their deaths. Rogue's arsenal includes encoded bio-chips containing the digitized personalities of his fallen comrades, which are implanted in his gun (Gunnar), helmet (Helm) and backpack (Bagman), and each offer their full military experience at the player's fingertips.

The Snipe: So, if his backpack is named Bagman, his gun is named Gunnar, and his helmet is named Helm, we can only guess what part of his uniform is named Private Johnson.



SPORTS OFF-CENTER **BOOK**

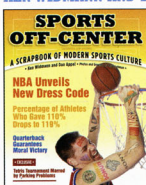
SAYITAINTSO.COM PRESENTS

A SCRAPBOOK OF MODERN

SPORTS CULTURE

KEN WIDMANN AND DAN APPEL

Three Rivers Press • \$14.95 • 75 pages • May



The Hype: This spoof of today's sports scene (from baseball and football to chess and video fishing) captures the nuances and foibles of our sports-obsessed culture.

The Snipe: Great, just what we need — The Onion in a jock strap!

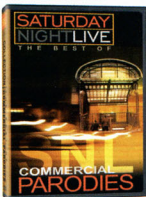
DVD

SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE THE BEST OF COMMERCIAL PARODIES

Universal Studios Home Entertainment • May 23

The Hype: From subtle to outrageous, silly to realistic, commercial parodies have been one of the signatures of *Saturday Night Live* since its creation. Now you can enjoy favorites like "Colon Blow," "Dops I Crapped My Pants" and "Schmitt's Gay" again and again.

The Snipe: Given the phenomenal success of *Brokeback Mountain*, there's probably a deal already in the works to market *Schmitt's Gay* for real!



MUSIC

STADIUM ARCADIUUM RED HOT CHILI PEPPERS

Warner Bros. Music • May 9

The Hype: The Chili Peppers set out to make a simple 13-song rock album — but after unexpectedly recording 39 tracks, they toyed with the idea of releasing *three* albums. In the end, they picked the best 25 songs for this long-awaited double-CD.

The Snipe: It's a shame that all artists don't whittle down their CDs to only the best stuff — the next *Black Eyed Peas* album would clock in at 80 seconds, tops!



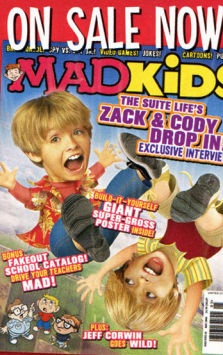
GAME

METROID PRIME HUNTERS

Nintendo DS • Nintendo

The Hype: A mighty race known as the Alimbics, now extinct, has left behind relics of their once-powerful warrior culture. Now bounty hunters from across the galaxy are racing against each other to lay claim to these relics to harness their power for themselves. Samus Aran's mission is to keep the ultimate power from falling into the wrong hands.

The Snipe: Too late. Dick Cheney's already got it.

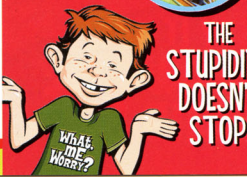


Featuring:
Spy Vs. Spy Jr!



Game On! Alfred's Brain Drop

PLUS:
An Exclusive Interview with
THE SUITE LIFE OF
ZACK & CODY'S
DYLAN AND
COLE
SPOUSE!



THE
STUPID
DOESN'T
STOP

FETCH! GO FETCH! GO FETCH! GO FETCH! GO FETCH! GO FETCH! GO FETCH! GO FETCH! GO

ON SALE NOW!



10 MUTANT-FILLED PAGES ON X-MEN!

Classic Spoofs of:
MALCOLM IN THE MIDDLE!

THE POSEIDON ADVENTURE!

Plus:
HOWARD STERN!
SPY VS. SPY!
AND **MUCH MORE!**

BUY IT NOW — CLAWS WE SAID SO!

EN GARDE, SOCIETY!

Sub Pop Records • May 8

The Hype: Recorded live at Piano's in New York City in October of 2005, *En Garde, Society!* is Mirman's second full-length solo comedy album (with DVD supplement) and his first for Sub Pop Records.

The Snipe: *En Garde, Society!*: a threatening message towards the U.S. — that's in French, 'tboat? This guy'll be shackled in Guantamo before summer!



METAL GEAR SOLID: DIGITAL GRAPHIC NOVEL

PSP • Konami

The Hype: Compiling the previously released *Metal Gear Solid* comic book series, *Metal Gear Solid: Digital Graphic Novel* includes dramatic animations and sound effects. As viewers progress through the story, they can scan the pages using the PSP's analog stick to uncover points of interest. As they discover hidden content, they will complete the Metal Gear matrix and unlock additional multimedia content.

The Snipe: Comic books on PSP? What's next, MAD Magazines on DVD? (How's that for a shameless plug?)



GAME

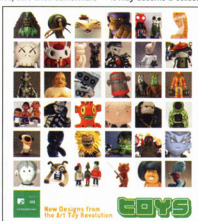
TOYS BOOK

JIM CRAWFORD AND GREGORY BLUM

Rizzoli/Universe • \$22.50 • 224 pages • April

The Hype: Get a look at the coolest and most coveted collectible toys being made today. Using images and interviews with the artists, see how this has grown into a worldwide phenomenon.

The Snipe: Stop playing with that toy and put it on a nice, safe shelf somewhere — it may become a collectible.



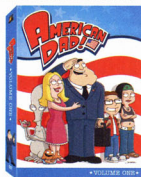
DVD

AMERICAN DAD! VOLUME ONE

FOX Home Entertainment • April 25

The Hype: From the creative minds behind *Family Guy* comes *American Dad!*, featuring CIA operative Stan Smith, his outrageous family and Roger, the alcoholic extraterrestrial who lives with them. Whether it's rigging elections, erasing memories, casing sleazy strip clubs or staging "burn fights," it's all in a day's work for Stan.

The Snipe: With the sad state of the CIA right now, even the most outrageous *American Dad!* plotlines seem tame by comparison!



THE MUST-HAVE! BARREL FUNNEL, 2-GALLON WIRTHCO

The Hype: E-Z UZ Smart 2-gallon non-tipping barrel funnel prevents overfilling of standard 30- and 55-gallon drums. 2 in. NPS non-seizing brass threads affix funnel to drum. A vent tube controls backplash and promotes faster draining. Made of durable chemical-resistant polyethylene. Height above barrel is 11 1/2 in. Includes an attached cover when not in use. Mfg Warranty: 12 months parts/12 months labor.

The Snipe: A labor warranty on a funnel? What do they have you call funnel support and put you on hold while you wait to talk to a funnel tech in India?



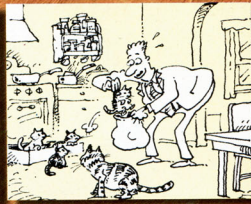
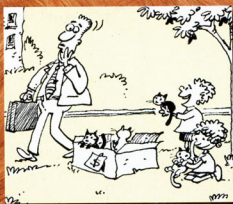
GO FETCH! GO FETCH! GO FETCH! GO FETCH! GO FETCH! GO FETCH! GO FETCH! GO FETCH!

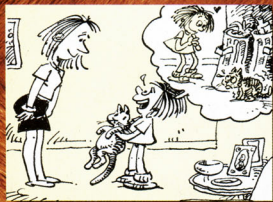
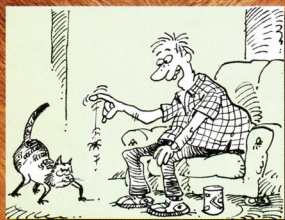
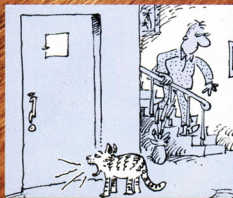
Sergio Aragones

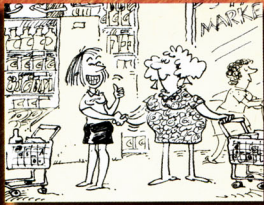
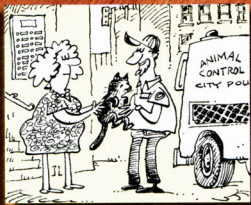
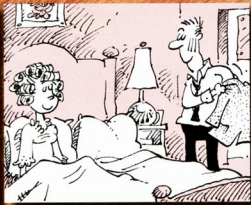
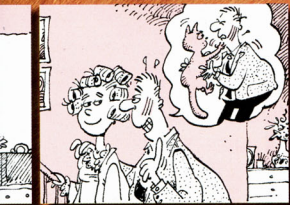
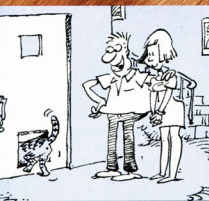
Presents

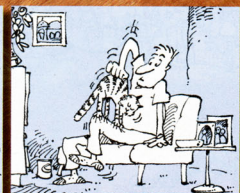
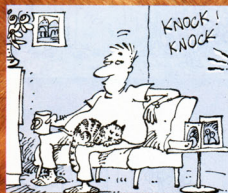
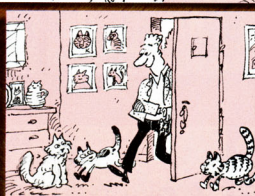
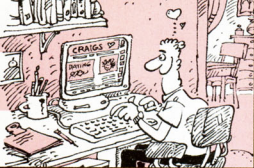
A MAD

LOOK AT CATS









Here's your problem: You have a "creative gift" inside straining to get out and *American Idol* could be your ticket to stardom, except for one thing: you can't sing. In fact, your voice sounds like William Hung getting his epiglottis caught in a rotating ceiling fan.

But that's no reason to give up. Well, it's okay to give up on singing, because you suck. But you can still be part of the recording, management and merchandising conglomerate that locks up the contestants' names and likenesses into contractual servitude until the year 2076 (aka "the *American Idol* family").

If you can crack the code of what makes an *American Idol* song work, you can make a ton of money in the business and experience the thrill of watching some arm-flailing lounge act wannabe get all the credit!

Of course, it takes hard work to write a hit like Fantasia's *I Believe*. Do you have what it takes to come up with this kind of compelling lyrics:

Love keeps lifting me higher
Higher, higher, higher, higher
Love keeps lifting me higher
Love keeps lifting me higher
Love keeps lifting me higher
Love keeps lifting me higher
Love keeps lifting me higher

If so,

**YOU CAN WRITE
THE NEXT
American Idol
SINGLE!**

1. START AT THE BEGINNING OF THE START

Top songwriters avoid clichés, and work hard to give their lyrics a fresh spin. Don't fall into that trap!

American Idol viewers don't want to encounter any emotion, concept, or image that they're not familiar with. There's a reason McDonald's doesn't put tarragon on their Big Macs.

Take something you already know they like, and use your imagination to tweak it just enough to not get sued.

*Ain't No Mountain... TALL Enough?
Nah. Ain't No Mountain BIG Enough?
Still needs that hook. Ain't No Mountain
Altitudinous Enough? Wait, I've got it!
ISN'T No Mountain High Enough!*



2. GET METEOROLOGICAL

Only agoraphobic shut-ins have the time to vote 600 times on toll-free hotlines. And all they know about life is what they see through the window. So concentrate on the weather. Give them descriptions of the rain, stars, dawn and clouds. You'll probably want to skip over the slush, sandstorms and nor'easters.



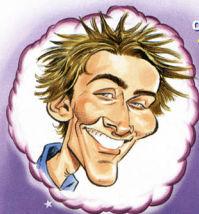
3. HIGHER THE HANDICAPPED

American Idol ballads are fanatically devoted to height, whether it's lifting me up, soaring up above, or rising like the highest star. Please remember that, in contradiction to the previous 40 years of popular music, the word "higher" may only refer to the noble elevation of the human spirit. The only pharmaceutical that suits *American Idol* purposes is the Botox that keeps Paula Abdul's encouraging smile from drooping.



4. A NIGHTMARE ON FOX-TV: THE DREAM WARRIORS

Seen one way, *American Idol* is all about making dreams come true. Every hit song they release includes lyrics about dreaming dreamers and their dreamy dreams, up to and including the simultaneous double-release of "Inside Your Heaven." Both Carrie Underwood and Bo Bice swore to someone that "all my dreams are in your eyes." We don't know who they're singing to, except that it raises the skeevey notion of a Carrie Underwood-Bo Bice threeway.



Clay Aiken
"the answer to all my dreams is as close as a touch away."
 Touched by Clay? Eew!



Ruben Studdard
"You've got to fight for every dream,"
 Although it looks more like he fought for every fried ice cream.



Kelly Clarkson
"Can't we make this dream last forever?"
 Quite likely, she was inspired by the "in perpetuity" clause in her non-negotiable personal services contract.



Diana DeGarmo
"Dreams are just dreams, when they're stuck inside your head."
 But we're sure a few hard raps to the side of her skull will shake them loose.



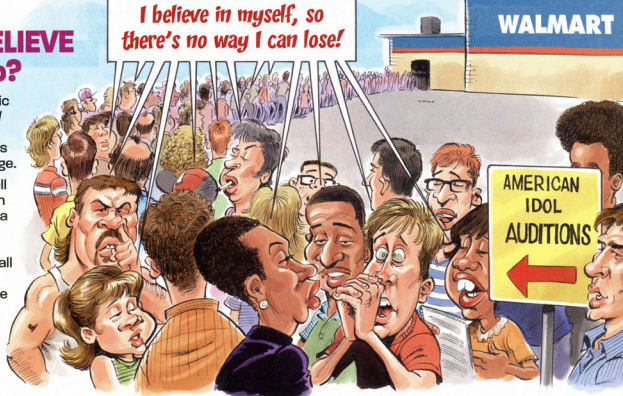
Fantasia
"dreamed a hundred thousand dreams,"
 At one dream per night, that would make her over 273 years old.

The point is, *Idol* fans respond to dreams — as long as those dreams are expressed in an assembly line karaoke that makes Barry Manilow look like a blood-guzzling goth. So why do dreams play such a central part in the lyrics? It's because *American Idol* songwriters knock this crap out in their sleep!

5. CAN YOU BELIEVE THIS \$#!%?o?

The white trash demographic that supports *American Idol* isn't too big on "owning," or "investing." But "believing" is something in their price range.

American Idol loves to sell believing. And once you can overlook the small detail of a hope-crushing elimination tourney that creates 6,000 losers for every winner, it's all about believing in yourself! And by "success," of course we mean...well, anything.



6. LOWER THE MUSICAL BAR

Always be sure to write for your core audience of hopeless wannabes. Their prospects are low, so set your lyrical sights even lower. Listen to the hit singles of Kelly Clarkson, Carrie Underwood and Josh Gracin. Settle for "A moment like this." "Every bit of air you're breathin'." "The ground beneath me."

Anything simple, inexpensive, and totally meaningless will do. After all, you're not appealing to discriminating aesthetes here. The fans who love this music are the kind of people who still talk about the unbelievable gourmet meal they had four years ago at the Rainforest Cafe.

These kinds of listeners are going to put themselves inside the song. So, be realistic! Here are some of the mundane themes that those human wrecks MIGHT have a shot at achieving:



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I believe in myself, so there's no way I can lose!



6. LOWER THE MUSICAL BAR

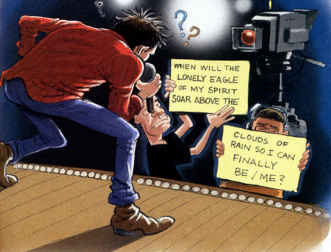
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7. THE TEMPLATE OF BOILERPLATE



Many catchy songs are beloved for their intricate lyrical structures and witty rhyming skills. But can any of them measure up to the Clay Aiken classic that ends with "I would be the smartest man / If I was invisible / Wait, I already am"? No chance!

Study the technique in Clay's song, and learn from it. There's an internal rhyme. Well, there would be, if "man" rhymed with "am." Then there's the use of iambs, a poetic rhythm which mimics the syllabic flow of speech, or at least until that falls apart in the second line. Then there's the obvious thematic connection between intelligence and invisibility...okay, this isn't going anywhere.

The only rule is, there are no rules! (Except the rule whereby you sign away your copyrights to *American Idol*'s publishing division.)

8. THE PERFECT ALL-PURPOSE AMERICAN IDOL HIT SINGLE

Oddly enough, no *American Idol* song has followed each and every one of the above rules. Until now.

We've taken the liberty of writing a hit song that includes EVERY ingredient for success. It can't miss! And we look forward to hearing this surefire classic blasting out of the mouth of Ace, or Ayla, or Bucky, or Snapper, or Trixie, or Goober or whichever interchangeable automaton wins the game this time. Call us, Simon!



WHEN YOU BELIEVE THAT YOU BELIEVE

Like a rat without his fleas, or a Whopper with no cheese
I'm incomplete
Like hockey with no brawls, or a bladder with no gall
I taste defeat

Lift yourself up high, from the stinkpit that you see
You're not really alive, until you're on TV

Chorus:
When you believe that you can believe
That's when you start believing
When you sing what they tell you to sing
You'd better do some deep breathing

Dreamers' dreams aren't just a dream
If you can really fly
Glibberish can sound deep if you sing it extra
high
(ee-yigh-ee-yi-yi-eeee-igh-igh-igh-eeee)

Keep looking for the rainbow and find that golden pot
Hey, what better option has a feebtain like you got?

(Repeat chorus)

Hold onto your heart, in a metaphorical way
Leave your lungs alone, inside your chest they should stay
You'll need them to scream, and make all of your dreams come true
By crushing the losers, whose dreams were identical to you

(Repeat chorus)

Did you ever know that heaven had a hotline?
Or that the heart's a muscle filled with nerve?
Did you realize you're allowed to vote a hundred times?
'Cause 1-800 lines aren't just for pervs
And our country gets the stars that it deserves

(Repeat chorus)

(Repeat chorus)

(Repeat chorus)

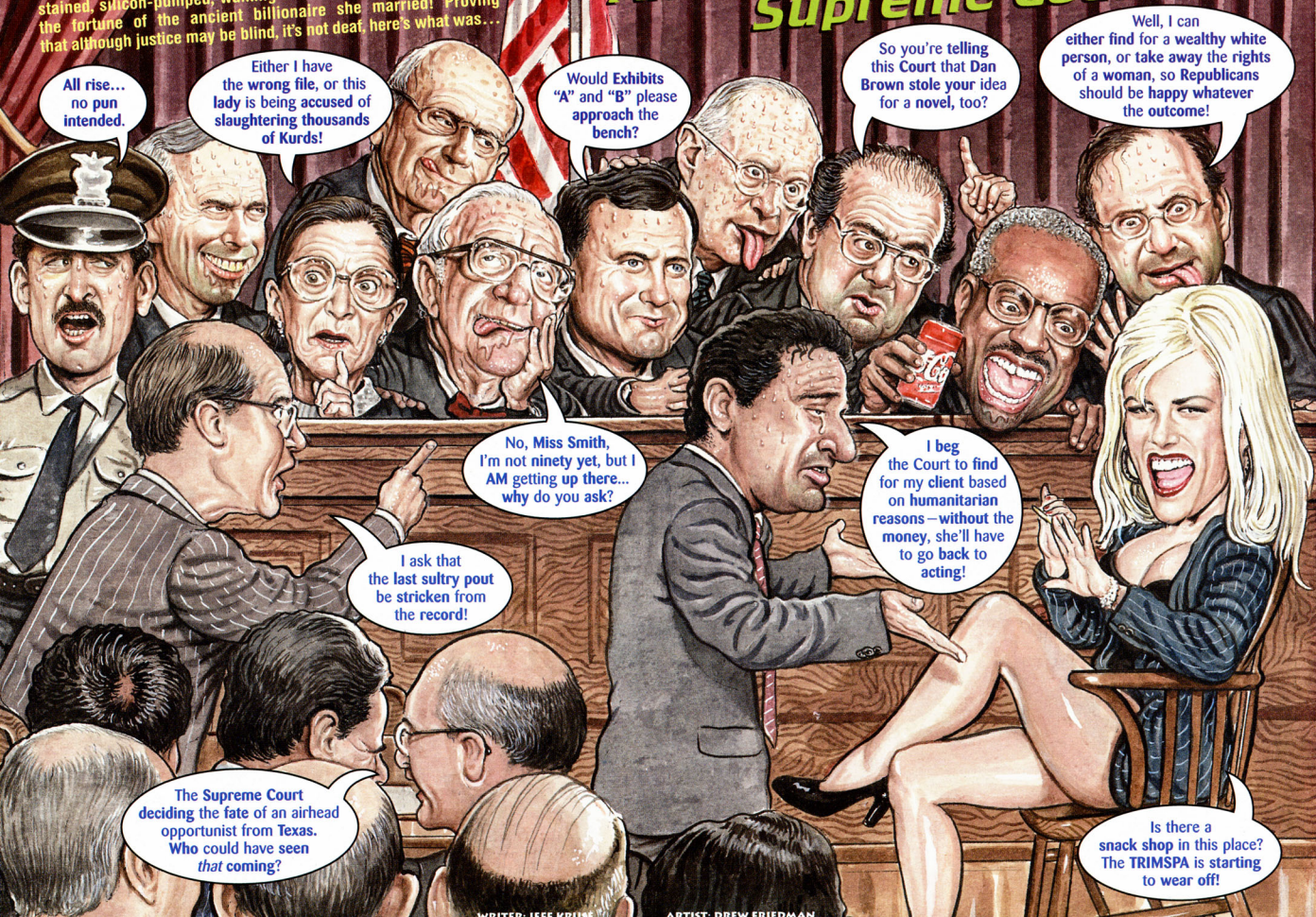
(Repeat chorus)

(Repeat chorus)



The Supreme Court has the final say on the most important legal cases of the country — oh, and they also decide if a peroxide-stained, silicon-pumped, walking trainwreck should inherit half the fortune of the ancient billionaire she married! Proving that although justice may be blind, it's not deaf, here's what was...

Overheard at Anna Nicole Smith's Supreme Court Case



All rise...
no pun
intended.

Either I have
the wrong file, or this
lady is being accused of
slaughtering thousands
of Kurds!

Would Exhibits
"A" and "B" please
approach the
bench?

So you're telling
this Court that Dan
Brown stole your idea
for a novel, too?

Well, I can
either find for a wealthy white
person, or take away the rights
of a woman, so Republicans
should be happy whatever
the outcome!

No, Miss Smith,
I'm not ninety yet, but I
AM getting up there...
why do you ask?

I ask that
the last sultry pout
be stricken from
the record!

I beg
the Court to find
for my client based
on humanitarian
reasons — without the
money, she'll have
to go back to
acting!

The Supreme Court
deciding the fate of an airhead
opportunist from Texas.
Who could have seen
that coming?

Is there a
snack shop in this place?
The TRIMSPA is starting
to wear off!

**THIS COMING MAY,
WHAT GROUP OF
MUTANTS WILL
YOU BE SEEING IN
EVERY MULTIPLEX?**

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

The blockbuster movie season is upon us and everyone's flocking to theaters to take in the latest spectacles. There is one group, however, that's sure to stand out at the cinema. To find out who this group of misfits is, fold page in as shown.



FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!



FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT



FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



**LOCAL THEATERS ARE PACKED. TICKET PURCHASERS
SETTLE INTO SEATS AND START GORGING
ON POPCORN AND SODA. ON SCREEN, MUTANTS FROM
NEAR AND FAR FILL VIEWERS WITH PURE DELIGHT**



WRITER AND ARTIST: AL JAFFEE



THIS COMING MAY,
WHAT GROUP OF
MUTANTS WILL
YOU BE SEEING IN
EVERY MULTIPLEX?

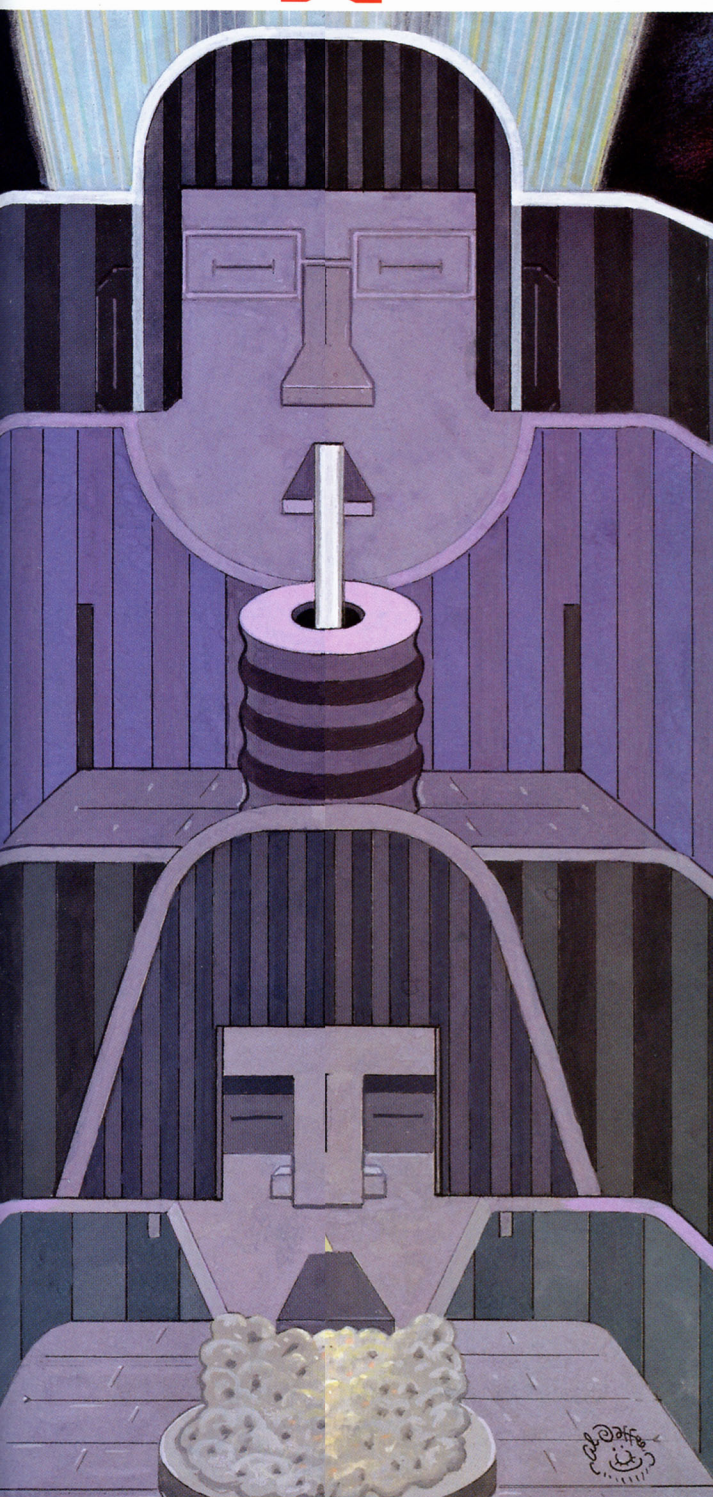


FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A

B

FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"



LOSERS

ON PROM
NIGHT

A

B