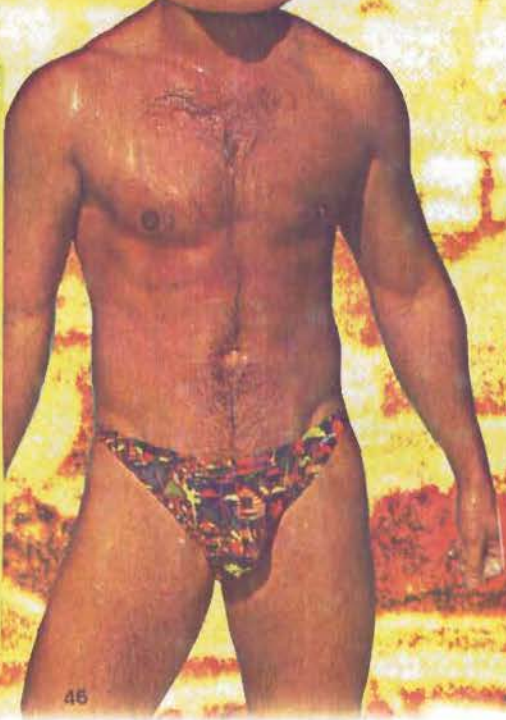
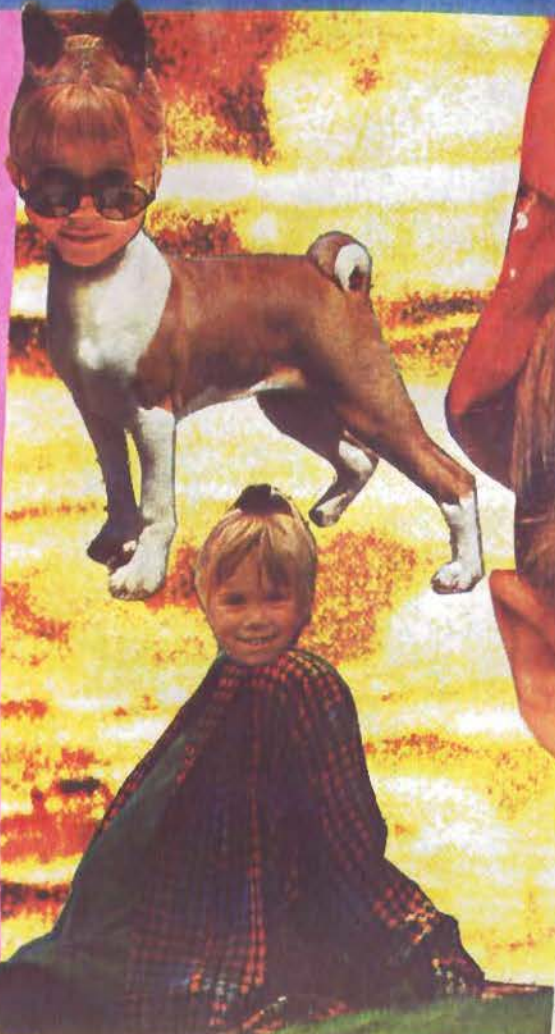


\$3

TEEN MOM



The Many Moods of
**MARY
KATE
ASHLEY
OLSEN**

DON'T BURY ME I'M NOT DEAD YET

Ahem, may I have your attention please. Thank you all (or, both (or, you and you alone)) for buying (or just reading on the newsstand without buying) this, the somewhat tardy Volume 2, Issue #3 of TeenMoM, the Journal of American TeenMotherhood. I won't bother to apologize for the delay which has left you hanging, wondering if you would ever see our cheery logo and read our informative news and entertainment features again. But between you and me and these five walls, I am sooo sorrrry!

widow It's June now and that means there are microscopic allergens hovering in the air, wreaking havoc (June Havoc) with my sinuses. Ah-choo! And speaking of June, Jun-ior is off with his Grandma and Step-Grandad at their summer home in Port Saint Snoopy. I miss the little dickens like the dickens and hope he remembers to protect his fair skin with a 15 or higher SPF PABA-free, UVA, UVB sun block. Eeesh! What's a mutha to do?

widow Well, never one to avoid the hay making process during the sunshine hours, I am taking advantage of my solitude to catch up on the copious amounts of television I taped all season and never got around to watching. Most favorite shows: The Mommies (bien sur), Brisco County Junior, The X-Files and Full House which is a convenient way of bringing the conversation around to the cover goddess of this issue: Mary Kate Ashley Olsen (alt. sp. Olson).

I ask you to turn for a moment back to the full color cover and gaze deep into the eyes of an emerging legend. Mary Kate Ashley Olsen or as her friends call her, simply Mary Kate Ashley! Okay, now turn back to this editorial and-keep reading.

widow Who can forget the highest rated single episode of a situation comedy this season when Mary Kate Ashley's character, Michelle, proudly announced that she was having a baby out of wedlock and that she intended to keep and raise the child herself? It was tender, witty, warm and funny. Art imitates life. The pregnancy was written into the show after Mary Kate Ashley informed her bosses that she will be bearing new age musician Yanni's love-child later in the summer. Read all about Mary Kate Ashley's torments and triumphs .

widow In a related article you can read about Mary Kate Ashley's enigmatic guy chum, Yanni. Learn his innermost secrets as TeenMoM takes you behind closed doors at his multi-million dollar business. Find out what makes Yanni laff and what makes him a-scared.

Now, in Infanticipation of the question that must surely be weighing heavy on your transistorized little minds: Will there be a TeenMoM Vol. 2 #4? Ohhhhhh, I don't know. Please don't ask me tough questions. And speaking of tough questions... turn to page 6 for tough answers to them from The Indifferent Lady.

That is all for now. You may proceed.

xoxo, NB



NOT TO CIRCULATE

Vol. 2 # 3

TEEN MOM

The Journal of American TeenMotherhood

Allergies:
fficult diagnosis

WRITE US!

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Remember girls, America is great because you make it that way. Don't talk back to your elders. Make your bed every morning and MARRY WITHIN YOUR RACE

DO YOU BELIEVE IN MAGIC?

It is the greatest illusion of all times. David Copperfield waves his magic wand and, POOF, he's a heterosexual. Let's examine the facts.

Fact: Thirty-something, slender, full head of dark brown hair. David is a real catch and yet we've never seen him paired with anyone. Heck, Siegfried has Roy. Rod Jackson-Paris has Bob Jackson-Paris. Doug Henning has Rich Little. Even David's mother has been wondering when is he gonna find a fella and settle down?

Fact: Magic Castle, Hollywood, California, the night of November 18, 1993. A fifteen year old boy, an amateur magician visiting Los Angeles with his family, complains to police that a man claiming to be David Copperfield propositioned him with "How would you like me to teach you to make my dick disappear?" No formal charges ever pressed.

Fact: Claudia Schiffer, supermodel and great-granddaughter of Joseph Goebbels, seeks U.S. citizenship in order to run for Governor of New York on the Neo-Nazi ticket against Howard Stern and long-shot Mario Cuomo. Schiffer asks gal-pal Mary Kate Ashley Olson for short list of running mates/green card marriage prospects. List includes: Foster Brooks, Yanni, Jude the Obscure and Copperfield. Schiffer sets sites on

Copperfield because Brooks is dead, Yanni belongs to Olsen and no one has heard of this Obscure guy.

Fact: Self-loathing Jew and homosexual, spotting a chance to give his sagging career a few choice magazine covers in the cheesy, bourgeois entertainment press, Copperfield accepts Schiffer's proposal of "let's pretend to be dating."

Fact: Copperfield and Schiffer have never actually met face to face.

Alleged Fact: Schiffer is carrying Copperfield's love child in her uterus.

Fact: Copperfield has a sperm count of four, making even artificial insemination an impossibility.

Fact: The population of the U.S. is aging. Each year there are more and more old ladies, the same old ladies who had crushes on Liberace, who yearn to believe that Rock Hudson was in love with Doris Day. These are the ladies with the disposable income. They are the ladies who keep David Copperfield in silk boxers, ermine and pearls. He is not about to disappoint them.



G E T I T ?

Tough Answers to Tough Questions

by The Indifferent Lady

Dear Indifferent Lady,

What happens to us when we die? Do we have souls that leave our bodies and if so where do they go?

Your friend, Sally Meechler, Bozeman, Montana.

Sally,

I don't know and I don't care. And don't tell me you're my friend. We've never met.

Dear Indifferent Lady,

I've noticed that TeenMom uses two spellings of Mary Kate Ashley Olsen/Olson's last name. Why is this? Which one is correct?

David Wilson, Mt. Kisco, NY

David,

Olsen/Shmolson. Let's call the whole thing off.

Dear Indifferent Lady,

It's three-fifteen ayem, and once again I'm tossing and turning with insomnia. It's my boyfriend, Indifferent Lady. He says he loves me and yet he seems unable to express it physically, if you catch my drift. Should I be concerned about this? Is it possible there's something he's not telling me? Please, Indifferent Lady, I'm nearly fourteen years old and I've never been penetrated by a guy. All my girlfriends laugh at me because I'm so inexperienced for my age. I don't want to put it on the street and open myself up to the very real danger of getting some incurable infection from some total geekoid stranger, but it's becoming difficult and difficult for me to see another solution. I'm begging you. I'm throwing myself at your indifferent feet. Help me before it's too late. Con mucho gusto,
Claudia Skiffner, Baden-Baden, Deutschland

Claudia,

Whatever.

Dear Indifferent Lady,

My parents recently told me I was unwanted. I learned from my doctor that I will never be able to have children of my own. I am getting Ds and Es in school and the other kids have a nickname for me which is so humiliating I cannot bring myself to write it in this letter. I have called the local suicide prevention hotline and the guy I spoke with there was unable to give me a compelling reason not to kill myself. You are my last hope.

Useless in Seattle.

Useless,

Hang it up.



Indifferent Lady:

Just so you know, you do not have a monopoly on indifference. People are starving in Africa and I don't care. People are slaughtering each other in Bosnia and it don't make me no never mind. Closer to home, my uncle is molesting both of my little sisters and I have chosen to turn a blind eye. I'm so indifferent I'm not even going to sign this letter. So there.

My Dear Child,

I'm deeply distressed. Please let me know how I can reach you. I want to help.





BESIDE HERSELF: THE MANY MOODS OF MARY KATE ASHLEY OLSEN

It's one of those relentlessly sunny days for which Southern California is famous and Mary Kate Ashley Olsen sprawls out on a recliner by the Olympic size swimming pool of the Bel Air estate she shares with live-in love, Yanni (see related story, DON'T CALL HIM YAWN-I, in this issue). Eight months pregnant, Mary Kate Ashley is the ne plus ultra of pre-natal care. She is eating well, getting plenty of exercise and rest and has cut her marijuana use in half. She stubs out the j-bar on which she has taken a few vigorous tokes and kicks back to enjoy the high...



Family Portrait -

A rare shot of all twelve occupants of the Vessel.

Top L to R: Heidi, Kwanto, Pogo-gal, Gina, Little Max, Sharon. Bottom L to R: Gail, Pierre, Allegra, Jessica, Beth and Mystery Man.

Who is this reclusive starlet that TV GUIDE called "the Meryl Streep of family-oriented situation comedy"? Talented, beautiful, philanthropic, Mary Kate Ashley is a complicated and outspoken woman who, for years, has battled a serious mental illness. Now, in this exclusive TeeNMOM interview, she discusses for the first time the torment, the darkness, the pain that marred her early years.

"Oprah tried to get me on her show. Barbara Walters wanted to do a whole hour on me, but I told them both to get bent. Barbara is such a kiss-ass. She courted me with flowers and expensive bottles of wine and stuff. Don't think Yanni and I didn't enjoy it all, because we did. But I refused to take that boring sob-sister's calls. As for Oprah, well, Oprah is on my shit list...I'd rather not go into it."

Mary Kate Ashley pours a glass of olive oil and drinks it down. "Extra-virgin, cold pressed. I have a three ounce glass every morning. It keeps me regular." She dips her finger in the glass and shines her nose with the residue. "Good for the complexion too." And then her mood shifts and she goes from carefree to introspective.

"We're feeling unloved, abandoned. Where's the Greek? Where is he?" It's as if a different voice is coming from her pretty face, the voice of a middle-aged pygmy man. Who is this?

"Kwanto," the voice replies. "Me come to Los Angeles in 1990 to consult with Miss Olsen on film project. Me want to go back to my people in the bush. Me so alone. Me so afraid."

Then she snaps back and it's Mary Kate Ashley again.

"What happened? Was I... Did I..."

Yes, it was one of her "fugues."

"That's what Dr. Wilbur calls them. I don't know what happens when I'm in one. Sometimes they last a few seconds; sometimes they can go on for months. There's so much I don't understand. I'm in treatment with Dr. Wilbur seven days a week. She tells me I mustn't keep this Multiple Personality Disorder a secret any longer. I'm too visible, the cause too important. If we speak up about it, we can help others.

"There are twelve of us, so far," says a voice that is distinctly masculine. "There is the office staff: Heidi, Gail and Gina; the foreigners: Pierre and Kwanto (whom you've met); the children: Little Max and Jessica; and the Crew: Sharon, Beth, Pogo-gal and Allegra. They keep everything in order."

That makes eleven. Who is this speaking?

"Even we have secrets," says the Mystery Man. "Don't get too close. Don't you FUCKINGDARE get close." The olive oil glass comes whizzing by this reporter's ear and shatters in a million pieces on the flagstone walk which leads to a cabana.

"Damn, damn. Clean that up Pogo-gal."

"I can't. I'm in traction from that ski accident, remember?"

"Then get one of the girls to do it. Heidi, Gina or Gail."

Gina says "You go, Gail. You're so pretty. Maybe this'll be your chance. Maybe you'll be discovered by TeeNMOM Magazine and they'll put you on the cover."

The being the world knows as Mary Kate Ashley Olson rises from her recliner. She fetches a dust pan and a whisk broom from inside the house and returns to clean up the broken glass. But it is not Mary Kate Ashley Olsen. It is Gail. She is nineteen and looks like a cross between Heather Locklear and Whitney Houston. She dreams of the day when she will get her big break and star in her own feature length film. She walks the way she was taught in Miss Primrose's Charm School. When she bends over to sweep up the debris, she is careful to bend at the knee as well as the waist.

"There now," she says sounding like Ginger from Gilligan's Island, "all cleaned up."

"Oooh, the baby kicked."

Mary Kate Ashley...?

"Yes. When the baby kicks, it jars me. Was I gone? Did they do anything wrong? I worry sometimes they'll get us into more trouble than all our millions of dollars can rescue us from."

"The Vessel is such a worry-wart."

Who is this?

"It is I, Allegra. The Vessel (that's what I call Mary Kate Ashley because she contains all of us)—"

"It is I," another voice says mocking. "It is I. Ha ha ha."

"Shut up, Little Max," Allegra screams. "They all hate me because my grammar is so good. Now I'm all flustered. Where was I? Oh, yes, the Vessel. The Vessel brings us to the place with the hot lights [the studio where FULL HOUSE is filmed]. She promises us ice cream. The children, Little Max and Jessica, always go along for that reason. What are the rest of us to do? The Vessel is getting us fat from all that ice cream. The Vessel better watch out or there won't be anymore work. No more ice cream."

"You're an id," Jessica tells Allegra. "The Vessel isn't getting fat because of the ice cream. It's the baby in her tummy. We're going to be a Mommy."

"Where's the Greek? Where is he?" Kwanto bawls in desperation.

It is quite difficult to keep up with all this chatter. And yet, once one realizes there is not one, but twelve distinct personalities, it is astounding to think one did not recognize the disorder the instant one met the Ves—er, Mary Kate Ashley. She who at first seems like a tranquil, composed, integrated young woman soon proves to be a fragmented multiplicity of personas. It is as if she were reflected in a mirrored ball. Little wonder that Mary Kate Ashley and her concomitant selves enjoy the popularity they do. They are wildly entertaining.

Still, there is pain. There are the lost periods of time, the erratic behavior, the well-publicized fights with co-star John Stamos on the set of FULL HOUSE. Last year Mary Kate Ashley (& Co.) blew up at a taping. She called Stamos a "heartless pig" and smeared stage blood on the door of his dressing room. To the shock and horror of gathered audience members and network executives, Olsen announced that she'd had enough and exited in a huff.

"We went to Mykonos for a week and had an affair with Yanni's half-brother, Hercules," Pogo-gal says. "Please don't print this. Yanni would kill us if he knew. After that we went to Zermot and that's where I broke my tibia."

"Fibia," Gail corrects.

"Tibia, fibia, shmbia," Little Max adds, throwing his head back in peels of laughter.

To truly understand Mary Kate Ashley Olsen, you have to go back to the beginning. It was the mid-eighties. Ronald Reagan was more than halfway through his magical eight years. Mary Kate Ashley Olsen was born on December 25, 1986 to Lisa and Donald Olson. Donald was a quality control manager at a thread company in Calexico, California. He provided all of the financial and none of the emotional needs of his family. When Mary Kate Ashley was three months old her mother packed her up in a Hefty® bag and carried her to Hollywood where, with \$235 in savings she rented a room at the Oban Hotel on Yucca Avenue.

Desperate to earn a living, Lisa took work as a prostitute on Sunset Boulevard, turning tricks by night and raising and grooming her precious daughter by day. "One day," Lisa would tell Mary Kate Ashley, "you're gonna be on television and make me a very wealthy woman. Now stop crying and turn your head away while I give this wretched, overweight suburban guy a blow job."

Mary Kate Ashley remembers those early days with her mother as some of the happiest she'd ever experienced. "We were poor, but Mama was fun. She made a game out of everything. We'd play Monopoly using food stamps for money and a flattened old shoe-box on which she drew a board. Instead of the traditional properties, Boardwalk, Park Place, et cetera, Mama made up spaces like Shooting Gallery and Dark Alley."

Lisa brought Mary Kate Ashley to auditions and pursued agents relentlessly. But Hollywood was not ready for the unique talents

of the one year old, blonde bombshell. It was discouraging, but neither Lisa nor her plucky daughter gave up the fight. Lisa taught Mary Kate Ashley how to please a man and set her up in business for herself. By the time she was fifteen months, Mary Kate Ashley had a black book of clients that included some of Tinseltown's biggest names. Michael Eisner, Jeffrey Katzenberg, Fred Silverman, David Geffen and Barry Diller were just a few of her many johns.

She remembers pleading with them. "'Please, Mr. Eisner, put me in one of your pictures. I'm not just a whore. I'm also an adorable little girl. I could make you a bundle.' They all just laughed at me, said I'd never be anything but a tramp. Well, I showed them."

In 1990, Lisa Olson died of acne vulgaris. She was seventeen. By this time the combined income of mother daughter had come to enough that they could afford a small guest house in the Mount Olympus section of the Hollywood Hills. The house was between the homes of three people who would prove very important to Mary Kate Ashley.

On the left lived the Miller/Boyetts, the homosexual televi-



"We went to Mykonos for a week and had an affair with Yanni's half-brother, Hercules. Please don't print this. Yanni would kill us if he knew."

sion producing team who had created that season's highly successful *RELATIVE STRANGERS* (Mark-Lynn Baker and Bronson Pinchot as Greek homosexual cousins and lovers). Miller/Boyett were good neighbors. They threw fabulous parties and invited anyone who was attractive or promiscuous. Mary Kate Ashley often dropped in on these parties to give away free sex. Artists, musicians, bohemians of every shape, color and size, they were her kind of people.

To the right lived the unemployable former star of *DYNASTY*, Linda Evans and her sexy Greek beau-hunk, Yanni. Mary Kate Ashley noticed that her Euro-garbage neighbor frequently peeped through the redwood fence that separated their properties. She could hear his heavy breathing as he masturbated himself into oblivion. "I thought it was sweet that he'd jerk off looking at me. He was so shy. He never said anything. One day I went right up to the fence and said 'Take a picture. It'll last longer.' And then I flashed him this big smile only not with the lips on my face. After that he started coming over and we started fucking like dogs."

Mary Kate Ashley's planets were beginning to line up. She had a steady boyfriend, a decent income and a comfortable place to live. One warm, February evening Olsen was soaking in the hot tub with Miller/Boyett when they asked her to read for a small, but pivotal role in their new show, then called *FULL APARTMENT*, about a widower who shares a condominium with his three daughters, his brother-in-law and his brother-in-law's homosexual lover. Bob Sagat, anorexic geek and John Stamos, dyslexic Greek were already on board with the project.

"We were terrified at the audition," Pierre recounts. "Pogogal and Sharon stayed up the whole night before, sewing a special pink jumpsuit we thought the character Michelle would wear. It ripped at the shoulders right in the middle of the reading and we went into contortions trying to keep the damn thing from falling off. Luckily, Miller/Boyett's casting broad, Susan Plutchuck, has a sense of humor. She loved the bit and insisted we use it in the first episode. That's how we knew we had the part."

Acclaimed by the critics and devoured by viewers, *FULL HOUSE* was an instant success. Mary Kate Ashley reluctantly discontinued her hooking business and became a full-time television star. The public loved Michelle and took her to heart immediately. Mail poured in at the rate of five thousand letters a week, three times as many letters as were received by the rest of the cast put together.

For Christmas that year Miller/Boyett gave Mary Kate Ashley a twenty-four karat gold teeter-totter with a card that read: "Don't ever grow up!" But Mary Kate Ashley was growing up, fast. She bought the house she lives in today from country music legend Minnie Pearl. She got her period. Nolan Miller was called in on an emergency basis to design a pinafore, some playsuits and blouses that would mask her 36D breasts. It was a stunning turn of events that nearly ruined her career.

"We've spent the last five years pretending not to be a full grown woman. We've had to keep our private lives a secret from the public. No one would buy that this adorable little girl was actually shaving her legs and taking birth control pills."

In 1992 Yanni split from Linda Evans for good and moved in with Mary Kate Ashley Olsen. Both had busy work schedules and yet they found time to do the things they enjoyed most together, skiing, snorkeling and mutual oral sex. In the spring of that year, Mary Kate Ashley was in a serious car accident that totaled her treasured 1981 cream colored Chevy Citation. She bruised three ribs and landed in the hospital for a week.

It was during this hospital stay that Mary Kate Ashley requested a consultation with the chief of the psychiatric department, Dr. Floretta Wilbur. For some time Mary Kate Ashley had complained of headaches and blackouts that left her disorientated and unsettled. Dr. Wilbur performed a battery of psychological tests that convinced her that Olsen was suffering from MPD. Olson was incredulous at first. Of course, she had heard of Sybill, in fact she had much praise for Sally Fields' electrifying performance, but really? how could this happen to her?

Stunned by the diagnosis, Olsen took a leave of absence from the show and went with Yanni on an extended visit to meet his mother, step-father and half-brother, Hercules. The trip was against Dr. Wilbur's better judgment. Wilbur gave Mary Kate Ashley a prescription for a strong sedative to which she became addicted.

"We spent three months in Greece. I was so high from the pills and ouzo I was a wreck. Yanni's family was shocked by my behavior. I think they'd expected me to be this angelic little American girl and there I was stoned and running around half-naked. It really turned off Yanni's step-dad who's a priest or something like that in the Greek Orthodox church. I flirted like crazy with his half-brother Hercules. He's really simple and sweet, but he has a body like a more manly Arnold Schwarzenegger."

When Olsen and Yanni came back she admitted she had a problem with substance abuse and agreed to go into intensive psychoanalysis with Dr. Wilbur. The first few months were like a pink cloud. It all seemed to be coming back together for her. She went back to work. There was a huge cake, white with orange frosting (her favorite) on which Miller/Boyett had written: Don't ever do this to us again.

This honeymoon period did not last long. The deeper Olson's work with Dr. Wilbur went the more insane she became. The tantrums started up again, this time worse than ever. The famous incident with Stamos and the stage blood nearly got her fired, but the power of the Nielsen family prevailed. The outpouring of compassion and concern from viewers all over America was enough to convince the network to give Olsen one more chance.

Where are things today?

Allegra speaks for them all: "We're taking things a day at a time, these days. We want a quiet life. We want to have Yanni's baby and love it and nurture it and make sure that nothing bad ever happens to it. We love Yanni so much we can't express it in words."

A tear comes to Mary Kate Ashley's eye.

"We just want to entertain our fans. We have a dream you see, we know that up in heaven somewhere Mama is watching on a huge old Magnavox. We want to win an Emmy and make her proud of us."

Who is this speaking?

"All of us," they say.

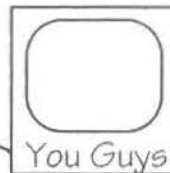


TeeNMoM oNLiNe

Wait a minute, GURLZ. You are like not going to believe this. TeeNMoM, your fave magazine of all time, has entered the twenty-first century. We are now reachable on the internet.

Our address is

TeeNMoM@aol.com



Please be extra-super discreet when writing since our folks are like total dweebazoid spies and can't be trusted not to peer over our milky shoulders and read our mail.

Smokey says: "ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT FORREST GUMP"

This is is your space to rag on ex-boyfriends or any guy you think is a total scumbag. If you want to warn other grrrls about a "special" guy, here's the place to do it. Send name of scumbag and warning (53 words or fewer please) to TeeNMoM, 2211 et cetra, et cetra, et cetra.

One

Yoohoo, hello! Any poor, misguided grrrl out there even thinking of going out with Jeffrey Kantrowitz who is McKinley Jr. High's biggest scumbag, you should forget about it. He gave me the ring he got for his bar mitzah and then a week later took it back to give to my best friend Cheryl Zane. Ick. I hate him and YOU SHOULD TOO!

Two

My nominee for scumbag extraordinaire is this guy Lonnie who rides on my bus to school, you know. Lonnie's always bragging about how he has no hair on his butt, you know. And so anyways, Lonnie, um, lets you look at his butt for a dollar, you know. But so anyways, I gave Lonnie a dollar and then he wouldn't pull down his pants, you know. So anyways, them I called Mr. Yashimiro, the assistant principal, and told him what Lonnie did, you know. And know what, Mr. Yashimiro made Lonnie pull down his pants. And know what else, he did SO have hair on his butt and some pimples there too.

SCUMBAG

CORNER

Ted and Sylvia on Ice

Hollywood, Summer 1994

Mark-Paul Gosselaar and his production company, GosselaarCo, in association with Mary Kate Ashley Olsen and her production company, Mary Kate AshleyCo, have announced plans to produce an ice-skating extravaganza based on the lives of suicide success-story, poetess, Sylvia Plath and her husband, poet Ted Hughes.

Saved by the Bell Jar will star Mr. Gosselaar and Miss Olsen as the stormy couple. While Mark-Paul is an accomplished skater, Mary Kate Ashley has never been on skates. In fact she has such an aversion to ice that she orders soft drinks without it. Clearly she has her work cut out for her. The show will tour Canada, Uzbekistan, Hungary and Curaçao before settling in for a five year run at Ford's Theater in Washington, D.C.



"I don't drive,
I take it
one step
at a time."
—Sebastian
Scemla



The Mary Kate Ashley Olsen Collection
1 TeenMoM Tower, Suite 666
Los Angeles, CA 90001

Mid-August

Mesdames:

I am writing to complain about the poor service I have received from your company. Eight months ago I ordered the Mary Kate Ashley Olson American Basenji (rust and white female) as listed in your catalogue. I charged the \$2500 to my Carte Blanche® and waited by my mailbox patiently. Today, two months later than the longest you said it would take, I received a pack of Mary Kate Ashley Playing Cards. I understand that you reserve the right to substitute items, but I ask you, is it really fair to substitute a \$3 pack of playing cards for a \$2500 exotic dog?

I have been in tears all morning. I have no appetite and had to miss a day of work. This is very bad. I'm very unhappy with the way I've been treated by your operators. One of them was rude enough to ask if I bathed regularly, based, I suppose, on the fact that my name is French. Not that it's any of your business, but the answer is yes, I take a bath every two weeks whether I need it or not.

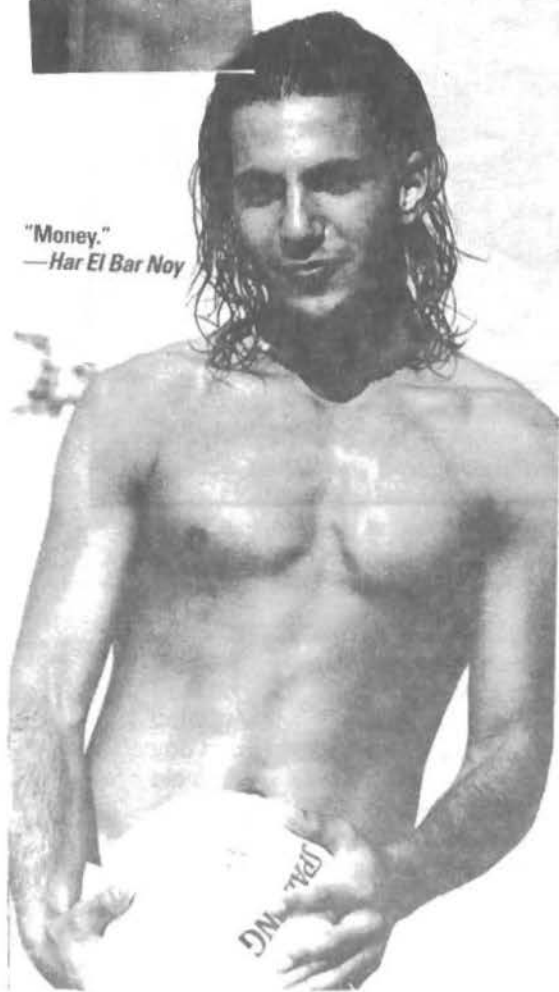
But I digress. The real question is this, when will you have the dog I want in stock and how soon can you get it to me? Please answer this letter within the next three months or I will forced to take immediate action.

Yours, in Dissatisfaction,
Bsdf
Bernadette Souffle de Fromage

cc: The Better Business Bureau
Attorney General, Janet Reno
Claudia Schiffer



"Money."
—Har El Bar Noy



MARY KATE ASHLEY MART

As a bonus to our readers, TeenMoM is offering a preview selection from the soon to be published catalogue of the MARY KATE ASHLEY OLSEN COLLECTION. All the products can be charged to your Carte Blanche® by dialing toll-free 1-800-TEE-NMOM (1-800-833-6666). Or if you prefer, you may use the attached envelope and pay with Eurodollars or promissory note. (Please do not send check or money order). Allow four to six months for delivery. We reserve the right to substitute items or keep your money and send you nothing at all.



The Mary Kate Ashley American Basenji

Slightly irregular (these adorable pooches are missing spleens) the American Basenji features Mary Kate Ashley's famous mug. Re-routed from Seoul, Korea they come in rust, white and rust and white. (Please specify male or female) \$2,500



Mary Kate Ashley Mi Bottle Caps

Pog is in. Pog is cool. WHAT IN THE HELL POG??? Find out for only 6¢ each.

NEW!

Chunky
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40
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Mary Kate Ashley Spaghetti Sauce®

When Mary Kate Ashley eats spaghetti, this is the sauce she puts on it. Three percent of the profits go to the Mary Kate Ashley Olson Foundation for the Cure of Terminal Acne Vulgaris. 22 oz. jar \$1.47
23 oz. jar \$1.97



Mary Kate Ashley Playing Cards

Mary Kate Ashley loves to play cribbage and when she does, these are the cards she uses. Kings, Queens, Jacks and Jokers feature Mary Kate Ashley's face. \$3/pack.
3 packs/\$10



The Mary Kate Ashley Sun Visor®

When the sun gets in Mary Kate Ashley's eyes, she wears this sun visor designed exclusively for her by Donna Karan. \$18

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NYMPHOMERICAL

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6. MADONNA: Hello and fuck me. I'm Madonna Ciccone. You might remember me from the eighties when I had an unexplainable rise to superstardom.
7. SMATTERING OF APPLAUSE (AUGMENT APPLAUSE IF NECESSARY)
8. MADONNA: Fuck you. Fuck you very much. Well, I may be down, but I'm not out. I still have my genitalia and a set of jugs that have been sucked on by more famous people than Mike Ovitz's butt. And I don't know about you, but I love to have sex. There I said it. I'm a nymphomaniac.
9. AUDIENCE APPLAUDS WILDLY
10. MADONNA: That's why I'm so excited to be here to talk about this amazing new exercise machine designed for the indiscriminate sex maniac. The Lolitaciser 2000.
11. AUDIENCE OOHS
12. CLOSE-UP OF LOLITACISER 2000.
13. MADONNA: It's an invention so simple a child can operate it which is why I've asked a very special guest to join us. Help me welcome child acting sensation, from TV's *Full House*, Mary Kate Ashley Olsen.
14. MARY KATE ASHLEY ENTERS
15. AUDIENCE CHEERS WILDLY
16. MADONNA: Welcome, Mary Kate Ashley.
17. MARY KATE ASHLEY: Thank you, Madonna. I'm so excited about the Lolitaciser 2000.
18. MADONNA: I'm excited too. I can't wait to show people what a difference the Lolitaciser 2000 has made in my non-stop sex life. Would you help me demonstrate?
19. MARY KATE ASHLEY: I'd be glad to.
20. MADONNA: Now you have a lot of sex, wouldn't you say, Mary Kate Ashley?
21. MARY KATE ASHLEY: I have sex almost constantly. At the moment it's exclusively with my lover, Yanni. But before that I had sex with hundreds, maybe thousands of partners. Men, women, other kids my own age, small animals, big animals, inanimate objects, abstract ideas...
22. AUDIENCE APPLAUDS
23. MADONNA: Whoa, Mary Kate Ashley. Slow down. You're a big old nympho.
24. MARY KATE ASHLEY: Yes I am. You know, the only problem with having the obscene amounts of sex I have is sometimes, I feel...not so tight.
25. MADONNA: I know that feeling all too well. But that's what makes the Lolitaciser 2000 so important to me. It's the only product I've found that can tighten those stretched out muscles. It really works.
26. MARY KATE ASHLEY: Does it?

27. MADONNA: It really does. Now I'd like to ask a member of our studio audience to come up and help us out. Is there anyone out there who'd like to feel the difference the Lolitaciser 2000 makes on my tunnel of love after just a few minutes of working out?
28. IF NO RESPONSE, THEN...
29. MARY KATE ASHLEY: Come on, someone. How about a nice good-looking volunteer to feel the difference the Lolitaciser 2000 makes in *me*.
30. MARY KATE ASHLEY CHOOSES ONE OF THE MANY VOLUNTEERS; ASKS HIS/HER NAME.
31. MADONNA: Fantastic. Let's get started.
32. MADONNA AND MARY KATE ASHLEY SIT ON EDGE OF BED, INSERT LOLITACISER 2000 AND BEGIN EXERCISING.
33. MADONNA: As you can see, the Lolitaciser is simple to insert and fun to operate. Unh, unh, unh.
34. MARY KATE ASHLEY: It really is, and you know, I've found that the Lolitaciser 2000 works in other parts of my body as well.
35. MADONNA: That's right. In fact, I own five Lolitaciser 2000s so I can do a full work out of all those loose, flabby muscles at the same time.
36. MARY KATE ASHLEY: Oh, come on, five! That must have cost a fortune!
37. MADONNA: No, it really doesn't. In fact, the Lolitaciser 2000 is so economical I give them as Christmas and Hanukah gifts to people I don't even care about-Sandra Bernhard, Warren Beatty, Sean Penn. The Lolitaciser 2000 makes a great gift for anyone who's ever screwed you over or just plain screwed you.
38. MARY KATE ASHLEY: Madonna, you're so bright. I feel I could learn a lot from you.
39. MADONNA: Stop it. You're making me blush. (pulls Lolitaciser 2000 out). There now. I've just given myself a fantastic workout. Would our studio audience member like to reach in there and tell everyone how it feels?
40. AD LIB AS STUDIO AUDIENCE MEMBER FEELS INSIDE MADONNA.
41. MARY KATE ASHLEY: And don't forget to feel inside me too. (as member feels inside her) Ah, that feels good. I feel all tight and toned. How do you feel, Madonna?
42. MADONNA: I feel like a virgin.
43. MARY KATE ASHLEY: Boo!
44. MADONNA: I know. That was a cheap one, but hey, I'm cheap and so is this product. And I'm just so excited about the Lolitaciser 2000 I want everyone to have one. That's why if people call in during this show they'll be able to order theirs for the low low price of only \$99.99
45. MARY KATE ASHLEY: That's all?
46. MADONNA: That's all! Just \$99.99 to get you started toward firmer, tighter orifices. Or if you prefer, we can bill \$33.33 directly to your Mastercard, Visa or American Express.
47. MARY KATE ASHLEY: That's fantastic.
48. MADONNA: I know. Now there's no excuse for a loose sluice. Order your Lolitaciser 2000 now and I'll throw in a remaindered copy of my book "Sex."
49. MARY KATE ASHLEY: Is that a limited offer?
50. MADONNA: Oh, God no! I've got twenty-thousand of them. I'm using the damn things as toilet paper.
51. MARY KATE ASHLEY: How can you resist an offer like that folks? A Lolitaciser and an actual book of

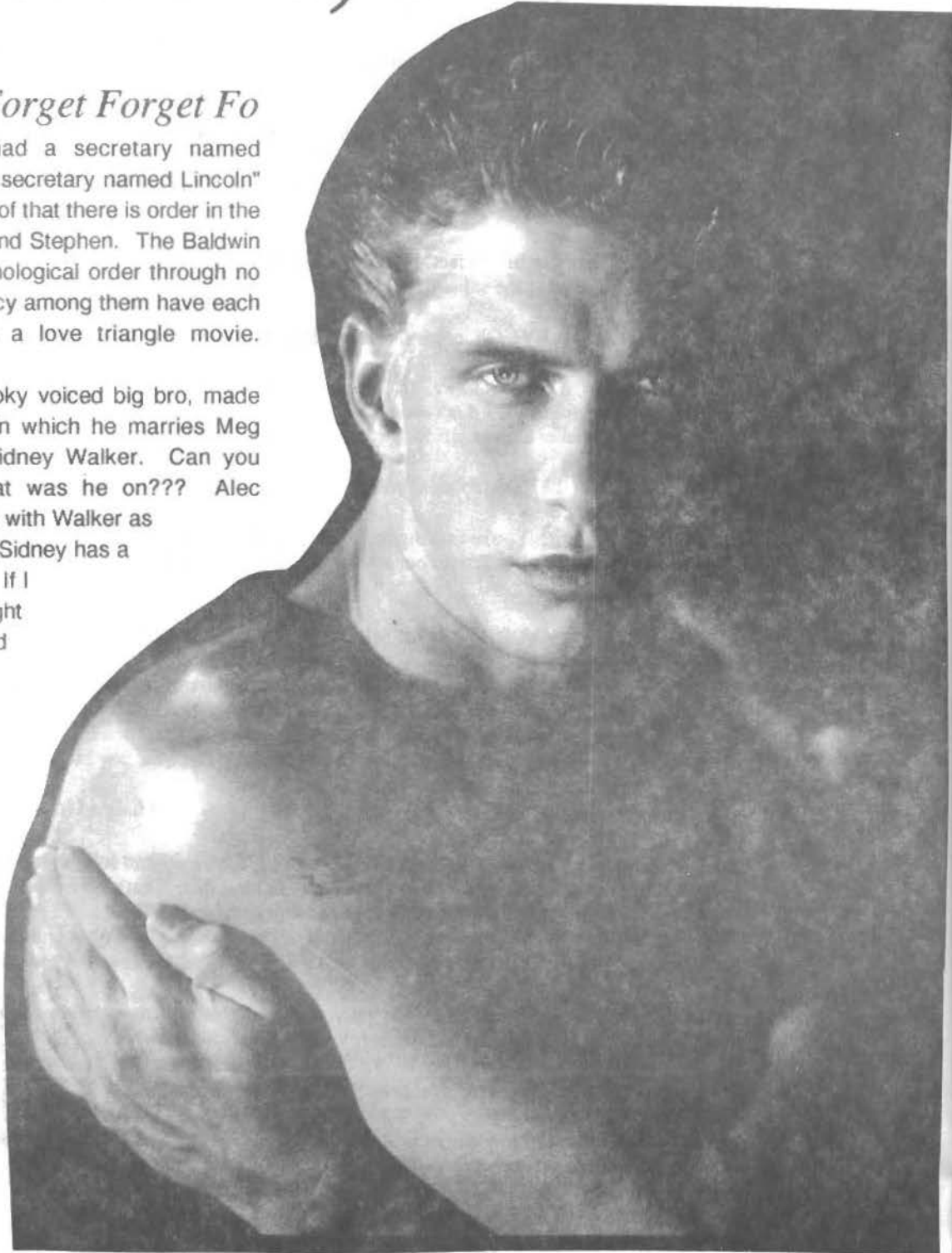
3 Baldwins, 3 Movies

Forget Forget Forget Forget Fo

Forget your "Lincoln had a secretary named Kennedy/Kennedy had a secretary named Lincoln" coincidences. Here is proof that there is order in the universe. Alec, William and Stephen. The Baldwin boys in descending chronological order through no premeditation or conspiracy among them have each starred as a corner in a love triangle movie. Incredibly but true.

First Alec, dreamy smoky voiced big bro, made *PRELUDE TO A KISS* in which he marries Meg Ryan, but sleeps with Sidney Walker. Can you imagine? I mean, what was he on??? Alec described his love scenes with Walker as "very tender, very warm. Sidney has a soft, round womanly ass. If I closed my eyes and thought about Kim [Basinger] I had no trouble maintaining an erection." Unfortunately, the film was a box office disaster. America just wasn't ready for its sexiest star to lose its most adorable star and end up shackled up with its most shriveled up star.

Since then, happily, Alec has overcome the damage *PRELUDE* did to his career by making a string of hits including: *THE GETAWAY*, *MALICE*



pronounced twa

3 Menages à Trois



and THE MARRYING MAN. On the downside, he has gotten a little thick and his face has filled out. And with that slicked back jet black hair he's starting to look like a greasy mobster. TeenMom's advice: Lose some poundage, Al and buzz your hair the way you wore it in MIAMI BLUES.

Next up was sexy William who took on Kelly Lynch and Sherilyn Fenn playing a lesbian couple going through a break up in THREE OF HEARTS. Lynch looks like Axl Rose and Fenn looks like Diane Feinstein. Feh! Who needs either of these mishugana dames when there's plenty of Billy-Boy prancing around sans chemise. Rent the flick and check out his pert little nipples. TeenMom has the inside scoop on them. Seems then girlfriend Mary Kate Ashley Olsen went uncredited as Wm.'s on-set titty fluffer. Kudos to you MKAO.

Finally, there's young, blond Stephen, he of the cave man features and Kowalski-esque mien. His contribution to the 3-way art form is the aptly named THREESOME in which he's trebled with Lara Flynn Boyle (like Sherilyn Fenn, a Twin Peaks alumna, hmmm) and Josh Charles, all college roommates lusting unrequitedly. Stephen after Lara, Lara after Josh and Josh after Stephen. Get it? A mini LA RONDE. The most thirst quenching of the trio of pics, THREESOME ends with its three stars all in bed together a la BOB AND CAROL AND TED AND ALICE, minus Alice. Stephen said of Josh "he's very tender, very warm. If I closed my eyes and thought about Kim [Basinger], I had no trouble maintaining an erection."

Now, we're not trying to get you too overstimulated, but TeenMom has heard an unsubstantiated rumor from a dubious source that Alec, William and Stephen are trying to clear their busy schedules to work on... you guessed it, a menage à trois film about three guitar playing brothers who live together in a triple wide trailer and have their happy home and work lives disrupted by a sultry chanteuse whom one of them is accused of killing. Working title: THE FABULOUS DEL RUBIO BROTHER'S KEEPER. Sounds like a wiener to us!!!

Wiener

The American Basenji

Dogs. What good are they? They chew up your sneakers. They dig up your garden. They bark. They snarl. They bite. It seems that each model-season manufacturers come out with a newer, more vicious breed. World War II brought us the wolfish German Shepherd. But the Shepherd was pretty tame when compared with what came next, the snarling Doberman Pinscher. After that there was the menacing Pit Bull which paled in comparison to the worst so far, the lethal Jack Russell Terrier. Though only ten inches high and weighing less than ten pounds (on average), the adult Jack Russell Terrier has the strength of a tsunami and none of the charm. In this female reporter's humble opinion, the United States would be better off without these mangy, flea-bitten, rabid curs. (See related article, A RE-EXAMINATION OF CANINE GENOCIDE, Volume 1 #4).

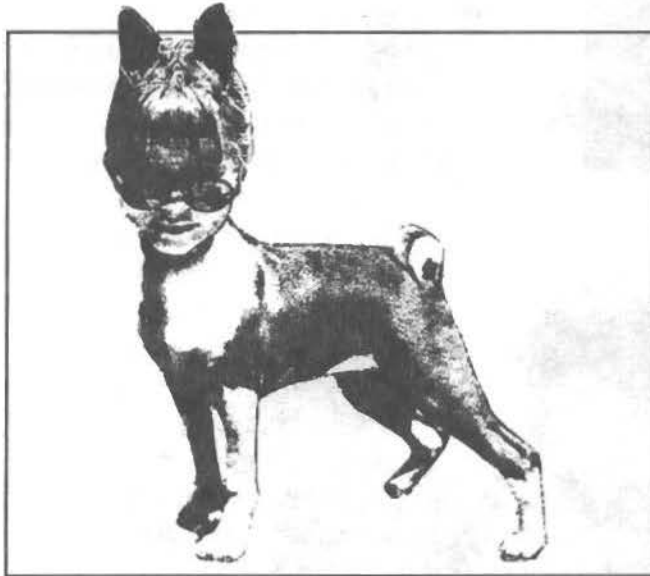
But there is a ray of hope on the semi-domesticated animal horizon. Scientists and genetic engineers have devoted years to creating a dog that would look cute, have an adorable personality and not make any noise. Enter the American Basenji.

A new variation on the "barkless" dog of Kenya, the American Basenji differs from its African cousin and all other dogs in one important way: It has the face of Mary Kate Ashley Olsen.

Olsen, as you may or may not know, is the world's most beloved television celeb. She has the highest TVQ of any performer, having broken the previous record set in 1968 by Nancy Kulp. Whether it is Mary Kate Ashley Olsen sun visors, Mary Kate Ashley Olsen playing cards, Mary Kate Ashley Olsen spaghetti sauce, the merchandising opportunities are limitless. The public can't seem to get enough of her. It was only a matter of time before some

marketing genius found a way to put her likeness on a pet.

To see what all the hubbub was about, we at TeenMom's Test Labs in Palo Alto decided to take one of these pooches for a spin. We picked up Glen, a ten month old, male American Basenji puppy at the Institute for Terrier Innovation. We were a bit reluctant to work with the dog, concerned that his youth might cause him to be unruly or uncooperative. We were surprised by how attentive and mature Glen was for his age. He was obedient without being obsequious.



Of course, Glen's biggest selling point was his face. He bore an uncanny resemblance to Olsen. Dr. Judy Rae Bauman, DVM, Glen's breeder or "Stylist" as they are called at the Institute, showed us Glen's litter mates. To the dog, each one looked exactly like Olsen. "When the puppies don't have Mary Kate Ashley's features at birth, we send them to a Veterinary Plastic Surgeon," Bauman explained. "Sometimes they come out looking like Candace Cameron or Tracey Gold. We simply can't stand for that. If the end result isn't to our satisfaction, we euthanize the puppy."

We put Glen on a leash and took him to a park. He heeled at walking speeds from 0 to 4 and handled corners

smoothly. He drew a lot of attention from other dog owners and dogs who asked for his autograph. We had to explain with a gentle chuckle that Glen was not Mary Kate Ashley Olsen, but an amazing quadruped simulation. Glen's motor skills were some of the best we've seen in an American compact in the last decade. His emissions were clear (pee) and solid (poop). We found that his fetching technique lacked enthusiasm, but rated him good to excellent in panting, sitting, scratching and rolling over.

After repeated provocation, including teasing, taunting and beating with a stick, we concluded that Glen was incapable of barking. As for biting, Glen was unperturbed by a hand wagged in his face and made no attempt to snap or gnaw.

When we returned Glen to the Institute, he gave us that cute, woeful "don't leave me" look we've all grown to love in Mary Kate Ashley, but he did not utter so much as a bark nor even whine. It was a pleasure to put him back in his claustrophobic stainless steel cage without having to listen to the haunting, forlorn cry of a miserable dog.

Dr. Bauman informed us that Glen and his generation of American Basenji are not yet

ready for the consumer market as they were all born without spleens. "We've almost worked that kink out and as soon as we get to the point where we can make them with all the necessary organs, we're ready to roll. We already have orders from all the major markets."

And what becomes of the flawed prototypes? Bauman told us "We ship them overseas, mostly to Korea where the quality standards are not so high. There's a rumor that the Koreans use the American Basenjis for lunch meat, but we have no evidence of that. And even if they do, hey, they pay good money for the mutts, they should be allowed to use 'em however they want."

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This is what it's like to meet Yanni for the first time:

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You arrive at the twenty story Yanni Arts Center on Wilshire Boulevard in the upscale Westwood district of Los Angeles. You ride up to the penthouse in an elevator painted the sky blue of Yanni's native Greece. You are greeted by Yanni's personal assistant, Naomi Klein, a slim, mid-thirtyish, spinster with a page-boy haircut and big round glasses. Naomi offers you a chalice of 2% milk and a Fritz the Cat coloring book and asks you to wait in the ante-room to Yanni's legendary inner-sanctuary. It is said to be an office so opulently appointed that all who enter are required to sign an agreement not to publicly discuss the decor on penalty of having their eyes gouged out with knitting needles.

As if by magic, the ten foot mahogany doors open and there, like Zeus on Olympus, is the greatest New Age musician of all time, Yanni. You drop your knees and crawl to him. You could not register the magnificence of his hair even if you wanted to, so impressed are you by his greatness. With flowing brown locks and bushy mustache, he is one gorgeous stud-muffin. Yanni bids you rise and you are taken aback because he has the voice of a little girl. He giggles uncontrollably and says you'll get used to it. He asks you to show him what you've colored and you humbly hand him the coloring book.

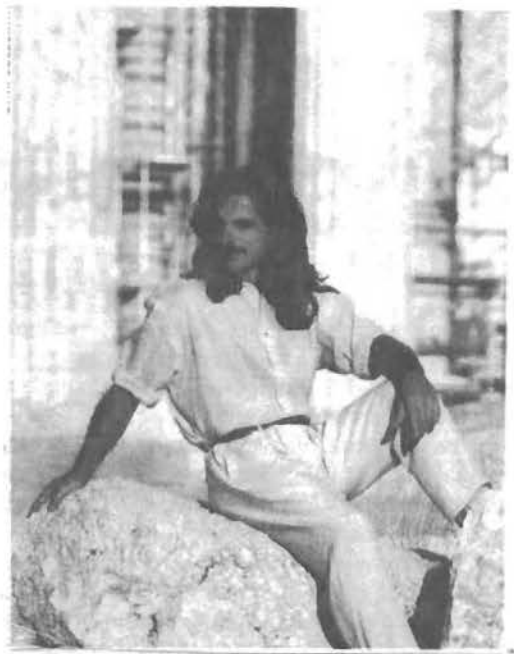
"Oh, this is brilliant. Just brilllllllliant," he coos. "You've made Fritz ambivalent. And look how well you stayed in the lines. I adore it. I must have it. I'll pay you five million drachma for it. No, make it six. No, make it four percent. No--Oh, never mind. Here's a blank check."

It's at this point that you realize just how wealthy and farmischit the handsome 39 year old music mega-star is. He's generous and playful these days he glows. With three records on the charts, a five picture deal at Touchstone and a baby on the way with live-in love Mary Kate Ashley Olson (see related article: THE MANY MOODS OF MARY KATE ASHLEY OLSEN), Yanni is at the top of his form. But then the olive-skinned genius turns sullen and you are about to learn the true meaning of "Greek Tragedy."

"Right. I am on top of the world," he tells you. "So where is there to go from here? DOWN. I'm a student of philosophy." He points to the bookcase which is crammed with the works of Nietzsche, Swedenborg and Irma Bombeck. "Tomorrow I could lose it all. The fans, the money, Mary Kate Ashley. For instance, let's suppose I leave tonight and as I'm getting into my aquamarine Bughatti, a seven foot skin head slits my throat only I don't die, but instead manage to find the strength to drive to my eight bedroom ranch in Bel Air, dripping blood all over the kidskin interior of my \$400,000 car, only to arrive home and discover that my girlfriend, delivering our hermaphrodite albino baby two months premature in the presence of the lesbian couple with whom she has been carrying on ménage a trois affair behind my back. Mary Kate Ashley dies in childbirth. The freak is stillborn. And I am tortured by the lesbians who pour a box of kosher salt onto the open wound on my throat."

You decide to change the subject, so you ask Yanni if he'd be willing to talk about ex-gal-pal Linda "Dynasty (surely you remember Krystal?)" Evan. He tells you that she is a wonderful woman who resembles Bo Derek and that he still considers her a good friend. Yanni appears to be calmed by the mention of Linda's name. You can see it on his face. And y

remember that Linda was the love of his life, the woman whose faith in his talents was unwavering even as her own star plummeted into the vast unknown. "Poor Linda," Yanni's face almost seems to be saying. "She did so much for me and I fucked her over royally," his eyes tell you. "She was washed up and I needed someone younger, more beautiful, more successful on my arm," suggests his nose. "That's why I left her for Mary Kate Ashley and this hollow, greedy lifestyle we've established," the furrow in his brow indicates. His face is very expressive.



Yanni stands. He is wearing Hanes Her Way® underpants on the outside of his Calvin Klein™ dungarees. "I've had these jeans since the seventies. Remember Brooke Shields? 'Nothing comes between me and my Calvins®.' Remember? Remember Woody Allen? 'Always make sure you're wearing clean underwear in case, God forbid, you get in an accident.' Remember? I've fused those two concepts. Come here. Smell my Hanes Her Way®s. They're Whisk® clean and Downey® soft."

You don't refuse. You slither on your belly like the snake that you are and take a quick whiff in the vicinity of Yanni's buttocks. Indeed, the panties are brand spanking new. He peels them down. And you scrutinize his hip and thigh region. No VPL. Nothing is coming between him and his Kalvinz®™.

"That's enuf." He pushes you away and you return to your seat. He sits and looks at you. He says not a word. You feel incredibly uncomfortable and wonder what's going on in that amazing mind of his. Is he composing a song cycle inspired by the look of terror and uncertainty you hope you're masking? Is he thinking about that chorizo he had for lunch and savoring a delicious repeater-belch? Is he mad at you? Does he dream in English or in Greek? Or does he dream in musical scales? You want to know the answers to all these questions, but you dare not ask them.

Then he turns in his big swivel chair and with his back to you says: "The interview is over. Get out now." And you realize he means business. So you collect your things which might include a carpetbag or Judith Leiber clutch and thank him. He nods and says "Go on. Skedaddle. Scram. Hit the road. Don't let the door smack you in the butt on your way out." There is no danger of this for you have been instructed before arriving for the interview that one does not turn one's back on the

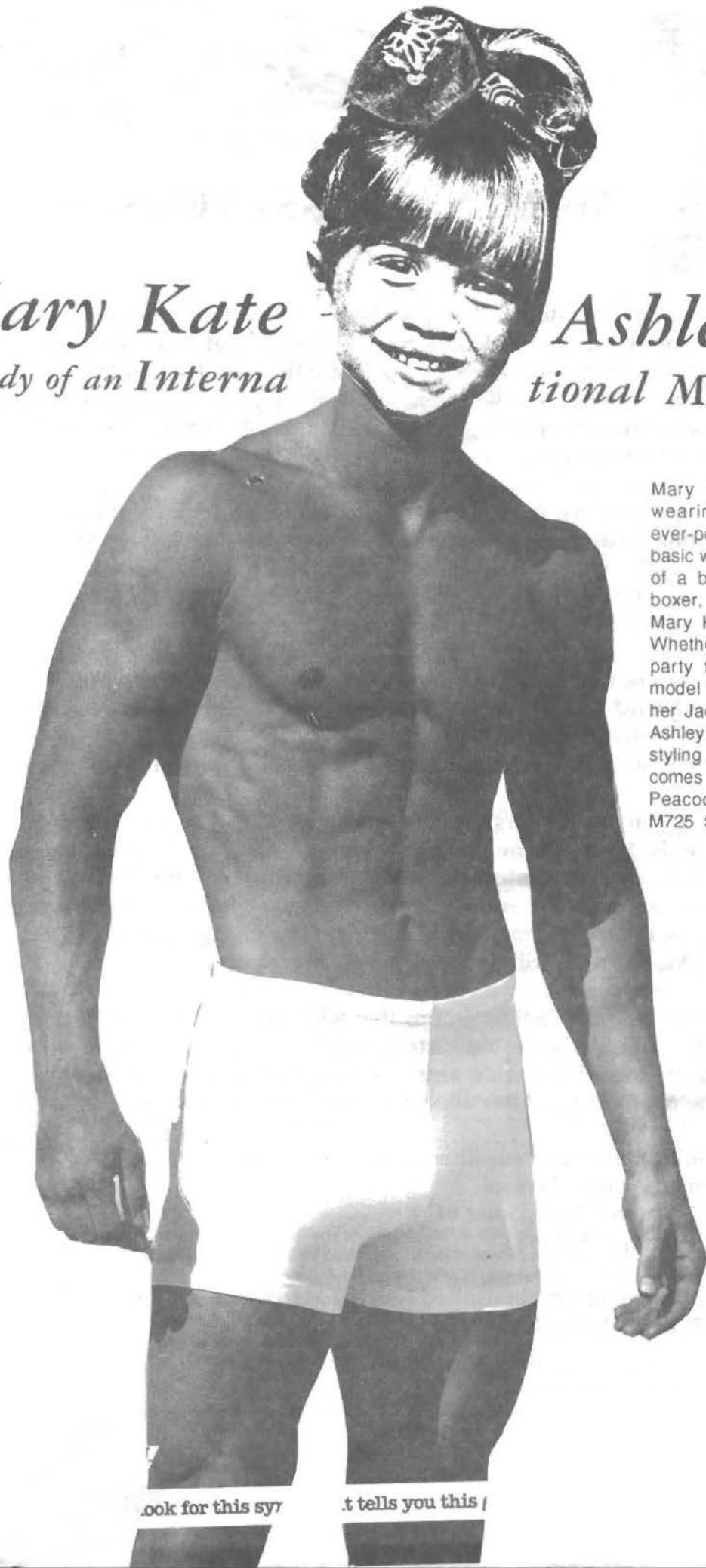
maestro but rather kowtows and backs out the door.

Later, as you lie in the trundle bed you share with your half sister in your mother's weather-beaten shack in a part of town with dubious water and sewage systems, you think about the good fortune with which you have been graced. You have met Yanni and your life will never be the same.



What if *Mary Kate*
Had the Body of an Interna

Ashley Olson
tional Male® Model?



Mary Kate Ashley is seen here wearing International Male's® ever-popular square-cut swim suit in basic white. Offering her the freedom of a bikini and the coverage of a boxer, the square-cut is perfect for Mary Kate Ashley's active lifestyle. Whether she's having a private pool party for fifty of her closest male model friends or a quiet evening in her Jacuzzi® with Gianni, Mary Kate Ashley enjoys the comfort and classic styling of this timeless original. Also comes in Cantaloupe, Periwinkle, Rio Peacock, Sun or Black. S-M-L-XL M725 \$16; 2 for \$30.



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guyfest

3 ways to get your guy fix

#1

WOMEN AGAINST PENISES



I started reading Teen Mom in January 1980, two months before I gave birth to my twins: Mary Kate and Ashley (the first of my 10 kids). Now that Mary Kate and Ashley are both pregnant, I am pleased to see that they read Teen Mom too. It is still the best (back in 1980 it was the only) resource for teenage mothers. I know that it helped me deal with all the important teenage issues from the perspective only an unwed pre-pubescent mother could understand. From fashion to make-up to the latest gossip, Teen Mom was always at the forefront.

Now there are so many magazines for my daughters: "Adolescent Fashions for Overweight and Pregnant", "Lactating for Women Under 20", and of course "A Teenage Mother's Guide to the Black Market Baby Business". Unfortunately, these magazines pander to the basist female instincts: sex, money and make-up. Granted life without money and make-up is no life at all, but do they have to show pictures of penises.

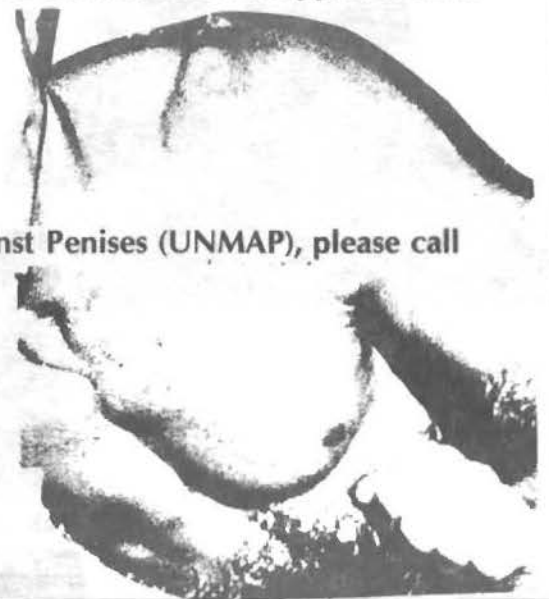
It is in the interest of cleaning up these aspects of an important sub-cultures literature that I founded "Women Against Penises" (WAP). To commemorate our first anniversary, we are declaring July National Penis Alternative Month. It is our hope that by making girls aware of the alternatives to penises (or is it peni), we can focus again on the important things in life: money and make-up.

Of course I can hear yours readers snickering: how about dildos? what about fruits and vegetables? where is John Wayne Bobbit anyway? Yes, these definitely have a place in our consciousness. But, it is our intent to make girls aware of the less obvious alternatives. For photography, there are hats and socks. For delivering sperm, there are syringes and turkey basters. For sexual thrills, try ramming something inside him for a change. For urinating, why don't they try a catheter. Finally, Moca Mix is still the best non-dairy creamer.

We are aware of more radical groups that work for legislation, others who plead cases before the courts, and still others who would castrate every boy at birth. However, it is our belief that by making people conscious of the wide array of peni alternatives, our society will group out of this obsession with the male organ. After all, it is just a flimsy blob of fat and blood wrapped in skin.

For more information on Peni Alternatives, please write
Women Against Penises
1212 Hatchet Lane, Suite 86
Boca Raton, FL 33433

For more information on the United Nations March Against Penises (UNMAP), please call
(212) 866-2733 [UNMAPED]



dissin' dat

by Chrissy F



Editor's note: Due to a lack of space we are unable to run photographs accompanying all items. Here's Steve Burton.

Hi everybuddy! I have so much diss-n and dat-n that I just better get to it before I simply burst open.

INTERVIEW? WHAT INTERVIEW?

Had an x-clusive interview with totally juicy **Steve Burton** for that "other" teenzeen (Hey, **NB**, a gal's gotta earn a living any way she can). Well, the totally awesome and delectable **Jason Quartermaine** from *GenHosp* was at least an hour late, but when he shows up he apologizes and kisses me...right on the lips with his mouth like way open!!! He then takes me to his gym where he pumps up his totally way hot bod for like two hours and then after sez: "Thanques. I had a great time" and kisses me the same way even slower...Good thing I remembered to buy batteries...

HOSE WATCHER

Tiffany Amber Thiessen, newest cast member of *BH 90210* on her former co-star, **Mario Lopez**: "He had the tiniest dick I've ever seen. It was like this mashed jalepeno pepper and he always insisted on wearing these shorts with it hanging out one side. I am so glad that NBC cancelled *Saved by the Bell*." (We are too but apparently not for the same reason!) When asked to comment on the tumescence of her current squeeze, new co-star, **Brian Austin Green**, the Tifster replied, "Well, let's put it this way...I'm satisfied..." OUCH!

STAR LIGHT, STAR BRIGHT, FIRST STAR I FUCK TONIGHT

I caught up with new teen R&B singing sensayche, **Aaliyah** who's hot new album "Age Ain't Nothing But a Number" has soared to the top of the charts thanques to her faboo summer single "Back and Forth." She's now opening around the country for **R. Kelly**, the hotter than hot R&B producer and performer du jour. I asked her how she got her big break with the high rolling Kelly, whereupon Ali replied, "I fucked him long and I fucked him hard." **Tiffany Amber Thiessen** was not available for comment on the vegetable R. Kelly's wang most resembled.

IN UTERO

Whitney Houston called up husband/beard **Bobby Brown** on stage at a recent concert to announce that she's pregnant with her second child. Frankly, we're puzzled with Brown's appearance. Since anyone who's anyone knows, the Whitmeister was artificially inseminated by the sperm of the brother of her longtime companion, lesbian comic **Lea Delaria** ... We're also happy to report X-clusively that *Addams Family Values* star **Christina Ricci** has started having her period and seems to be ovulating every twenty-eight days like clockwork... Way to go, CR!...

OUT NOW!

Spotted at **Frida Kahlo's**, the notorious West Hollywood lesbian coffeehouse, haplessly manhandled thirty-something cartoon character, **Cathy**, having an "animated" conversation with lesbian TV icon and politician, **Sheila James Kuehl**. Cathy's coming out certainly answers a lot of questions about her inability to commit to long time slug, **Irving**, who's penis was characterized by **Tiffany Amber Thiessen** as "very one dimensional." Look for Cathy to obtain a nose ring, eschew make-up and sporting a butcher but still femme hairdo in upcoming strips...

STAR SPOTTING...

Connie Chung buying a cart-load of EPTs at a West Hollywood Rexall... **Lypsinka** picking out a new dress at **Loehmann's** for the *Wyatt Earp* opening (chez mainstream!)... **OJ Simpson**, everywhere and anywhere... **Drew Barrymore** at a Rancho Cucamonga AA meeting... **Mary Kate Ashley Olsen** at **Ron Athey's** body piercing Performance piece at Highways in Santa Monica... Keep your eyes open... the stars always shine brighter..

