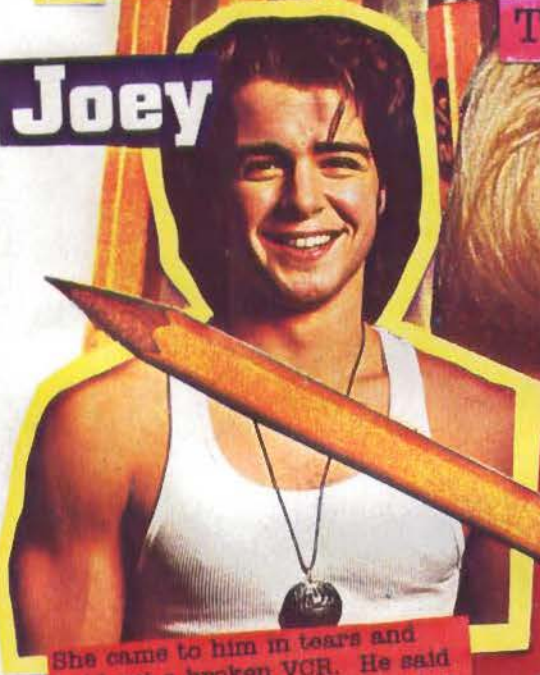


# TEEN MOM

\$3

The Men in Tori's Life

**Joey**



She came to him in tears and held out a broken VCR. He said "Nothin' My Love Can't Fix" but this you better take to the shop."

**Jeremy**

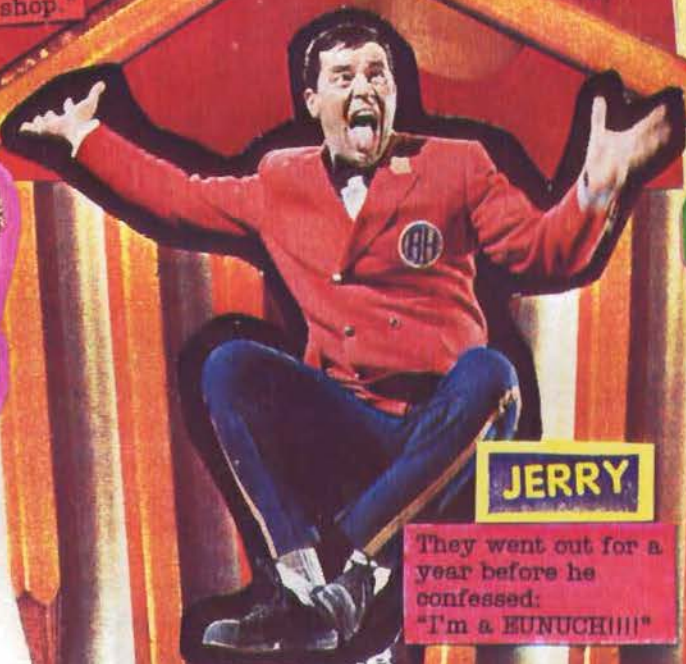


She caught him using her Miss Clairrol and called it quits.

**LUKE**



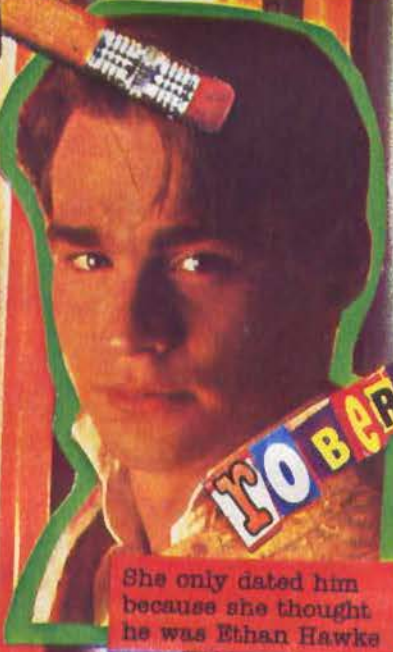
His "special" birthday present to her: Scabies!!!!!!



**JERRY**


They went out for a year before he confessed: "I'm a BUNUCH!!!!"

**ROBERT**



She only dated him because she thought he was Ethan Hawke





## Back to School - Through a Metal Detector Darkly

Okay, excellent! Did you all have a great summer? I know I did. Little Patrick spent August with my mom which gave me my first taste of freedom since before I got pregnant.

So I stowed away on a freighter, destination unknown, and ended up on Corfu with my backpack and twenty-eight dollars. This was enough to live like a queen, camped out on the beach with a bunch of other young travellers. Warm sunny days, playing Kadema and Jarts. Cool breezy evenings, slamming back Retsina and listening to the waves lap against the shore. And Niko.

Ahh, Niko. I remember the night we met. It was just shy of full moon and a group of German nudists had planned an evening of tableaux vivants. I sat there wrapped in my sleeping bag, a million miles from the cares and woes of a typical, American teenmom, feeling just like Shirley Valentine. And then he sat down next to me. Dark and manly, he asked my name and invited me on a walk down the beach. We talked for hours. His English was excellent. He explained that he was a wealthy landowner with an olive grove on the other side of the island. His parents were both dead. He had no brothers or sisters, no wife, no children. How I envied him. But he was lonely, and I felt sorry for him too. I wanted him to make love to me. And he did. Twenty-seven times in the next three days.

On the third day I woke up alone and found this note: Debbi, you must go bak to Amerikuh to finnish skool. I will kum get you and bring you to Korfu to be my wyfe. Missing your milky wite thies, Niko.

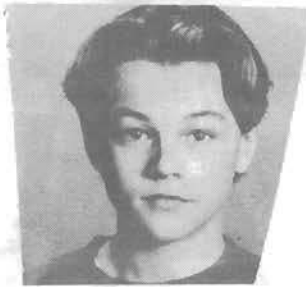
As I write this, I am preparing to return to school. Patrick is crawling all over the cramped, squalid room we share in my mother's boarding house, threatening to knock over lamps and vases. He has gotten so mischievous in just one month. It must be his way of punishing me for leaving him. I can hear the albino junkie in the room next door having another seizure. The air is a sickly yellow and stinks of sulphur.

Even knowing that I will have dreary Mr. Eisenbach, he of the blue-black hair and pale blue eyes, for calculus, is small consolation when what I truly want is to be with my Niko. I am pregnant and so excited I could burst. But I will stay calm, finish my nails and apply these cute Jurassic Park decals to my notebooks. Kum get me soon, Niko. Please.

# TEENMOM

Oh, you can call me TeenMom, or you can call me TMom, or you can call me TeenM, or you can call me TM. But you doesn't have to call me Mr. Johnson.

## Exciting Contest!



We've replaced the photographs we ordinarily run of our contributors with the ingredients panels from common snack treats you probably pack in your lunch every day. Name the snack food that goes with each contributor and you might be eligible for one of these fantastic prizes:

- 1 - First Prize: A Schwinn Three Speed Grrl's Bike
- 3 - Second Prizes: Limited edition Leroy Neiman prints of Michael J. Fox and Jason Priestly playing hockey
- 10 - Third Prizes: Plastic vomit (publisher may substitute plastic dog doo at her discretion)

MADE WITH SUGAR, CORN SYRUP, ENRICHED FLOUR (Niacin (A "B" VITAMIN), IRON (FERROUS SULFATE), THIAMINE MONONITRATE (B1), RIBOFLAVIN (B2)), PARTIALLY HYDROGENATED VEGETABLE AND/OR ANIMAL SHORTENING (CONTAINS ONE OR MORE OF: CANOLA OIL, CORN OIL, COTTONSEED OIL, PALM KERNEL OIL, SOYBEAN OIL; BEEF FAT), WATER, EGGS, COCOA, CONTAINS 2% OR LESS OF: MODIFIED FOOD STARCH, WHEY, SALT, MONO- AND DIGLYCERIDES, LEAVENING (BAKING SODA, MONOCALCIUM PHOSPHATE, SODIUM ACID PYROPHOSPHATE), LECITHIN, SODIUM STEAROYL LACTYLATE, CELLULOSE GUM, POLYSORBATE 60, CALCIUM CASEINATE, NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL FLAVORS, ARTIFICIAL COLORS (RED 40 AND YELLOW 5); SORBIC ACID (TO RETARD SPOILAGE).

**Dave Postal**



CHOCOLATE CHIPS (SUGAR, LHCGLAYE LIGUCI, COCOA BUTTER, COCOA (PROCESSED WITH ALKALI), DEXTROSE, VANILLIN, LECITHIN), ENRICHED BLEACHED FLOUR (WHEAT FLOUR, MALTED BARLEY FLOUR, NIACIN, REDUCED IRON, THIAMINE MONONITRATE, RIBOFLAVIN), SUGAR, PARTIALLY HYDROGENATED VEGETABLE OIL (SOYBEAN, COTTONSEED), EGGS, HIGH FRUCTOSE CORN SYRUP, WHEAT STARCH, BUTTER, INVERT SUGAR, MOLASSES, SALT, MODIFIED CORNSTARCH, BAKING SODA, NATURAL & ARTIFICIAL FLAVORS.

**Allen Baki**

MADE WITH CORN SYRUP, ENRICHED FLOUR (Niacin (A "B" VITAMIN), IRON (FERROUS SULFATE), THIAMINE MONONITRATE (B1), RIBOFLAVIN (B2)), WATER, SUGAR, PARTIALLY HYDROGENATED VEGETABLE AND/OR ANIMAL SHORTENING (CONTAINS ONE OR MORE OF: CANOLA OIL, CORN OIL, COTTONSEED OIL, SOYBEAN OIL; BEEF FAT), EGGS, CONTAINS 2% OR LESS OF: MODIFIED FOOD STARCH, WHEY, SALT, LEAVENING (BAKING SODA, MONOCALCIUM PHOSPHATE, SODIUM ACID PYROPHOSPHATE), MONO- AND DIGLYCERIDES, LECITHIN, CALCIUM CASEINATE, SODIUM STEAROYL LACTYLATE, CELLULOSE GUM, POLYSORBATE 60, NATURAL AND ARTIFICIAL FLAVORS, ARTIFICIAL COLORS (RED 40 AND YELLOW 5); SORBIC ACID (TO RETARD SPOILAGE). 800001

**Mark McCormick**



Macaulay Culkin

## Vol. 1 No. 6 Back to Skool



autumn '93

Hey kids, guess what... TeenMom is the house organ of TeenMom Entertainment Ltd.™ (reguspatoff) headquartered at 2211 N. Cahue-nga Boulevard #306 Los Angeles, CA 90068



This issue was produced entirely without the use of mind altering substances.

Remember: Drugs are bad for you unless prescribed by a doctor or, as they prefer to be known, physician.



\* and speaking of organs...we've got 'em on pages 6, 7 and 11

# fan mail from some flounder

Tony from Eric 17 ↓



Dear Teen Mom -  
I found your zine in Tower in NYC and was so delighted to find a kindred spirit! Boink! is also dedicated to the pursuit of the perfect teen idol, and I agree totally with your editorial about how there aren't any good ones since Marky Mark's career was pff!

There are two English groups - Take That and Eric 17 - who are boy toys trying hard to be the new New Kids. They're big hits in the U.K. but haven't made much noise here yet. At least they're not afraid to take their shirts off! Oh, and that Andrew Shue is a dick. Remember the first few episodes of Melrose Place - all that gratuitous leafcaking? Shue took his shirt off at least twice every show. But have you ever seen a photo of him shirtless? No! Well, enjoy Boink & give us a review and write back if you want. XXOX  
Jimmy Editor



Loved Boink! We're putting it on the syllabus as required reading!

## BOINK!

#2 The Zine For Riot Grrls & Sassy Boys #1



### Boxers Vs. Briefs

The Debate Continues!

NEW YORK FREAK SCENE REPORT  
CUTE BAND PIN-UPS!



N  
Here it is, finally!  
I hope it is suitable for a future issue. Mick + I stopped by D. Light + both bought copies of the new issue. On our way down Market St we ran into Mark McCormick + friend Eric + we sent them off to get copies of

their own.  
Saw Such dont Blow + Gearhead, all about Rock + Roll + all 70s + 60's Chrysler muscle cars, "Propan Madness". I really liked it.

I'll try looking for Teenage Mother at some of the more obscure video stores in SF, could be hot!

Hope you're having a fab Summer.

Hey whats that penis doing in the new issue? I was shocked! <sup>Jimmy Christinas</sup> THIS IS A TEEN MAGAZINE.

MORE, MORE, MORE  
Your pal Al

Tante grazie, Aly Al. You asked for more penises, you got 'em. Check out the story on circumston!



# SEXERCISE



Your present day feelings about your body come from past parental feelings and attitudes, both spoken and unspoken. If you were made pleasantly aware of your feminine role, and were encouraged to think of yourself as a pleasing, attractive person, you see yourself as an enchanting female. On the other hand, if you were made to feel guilty about yourself, your looks, your attitudes, the memories remain. They can cramp your muscles as well as your style.

Chances are that you are spontaneous in your love and affection toward your potential teen dad-to-be. If you have learned skills in body motion through gymnastics, dancing and sports, you are probably also vibrant, vigorous and physically attractive. You have learned that if you are able to be free with your body when you are exercising, you are capable of being unconstrained in physical love.

Try to be enlightened about sex. Read all you can in one of the excellent books available on sex. Overcome any real or fancied apprehension. Above all, try to attain the attitude that sex, whether you see it as a physical and emotional expression of love or a system of procreation, is fun!

A happy sex life can only be achieved with a blending of body, mind and spirit into one miraculous entity. Implicit in this statement is that you should have a willingness to please and a willingness to learn. Practice these few important exercises daily and in a few days you will notice the results. In sex, as with any interesting sport, your performance improves with practice, and your enjoyment increases with superior performance.

Allen Baki

# Short Takes

## Good Clean Fun

Beginning in October T! TeenMomTeleVision will air a series of public service announcements featuring the cast of its hit series *WEST BANK HIGH*. The five thirty second spots entitled "Knees Together, Underpants On" are aimed at teenmoms and teenmom wannabes and designed to show that you don't have to go all the way to have a good time.

"We want kids to see there's an alternative to wild orgiastic partying," said Cheryl Elizabeth Gross who plays Aviva on *WBH*. "I'm saving myself for marriage and I know my fellow cast members are too."

A recent peek into the private lives of the other young, attractive cast members of *WBH*'s cast reveals the following couplings and uncouplings:

Mary Elizabeth "Nur" Sharfoos and on-screen love interest Scott Robert "Abdul" Brown have cooled their off-screen footsie. Meantime, Mary Elizabeth has been seen around town with *Married with Children* bad boy, David Faustino.

Doug Allen "Zvi" Nussman and best buddy Harvey Sean "Uri" Klein have taken the big plunge and moved in together after resolving a well-publicized plate throwing, name calling, face scratching tantrum Doug Allen threw when the private dick he hired turned up with steamy pictures of Harvey Sean at an O Boy party. The love birds bought a one point five million dollar little ranch home in Pacific Palisades. They also share a charming condo in Vancouver where *WBH* is shot.

Jill Jessica "Shoshi" Lumet has been playing the field. In the month of August alone she was seen out with no fewer than ten bohunks including Julia Roberts' also-ran, Jason Patric and JR scoreneur, Kiefer Sutherland. In fact, so busy guy hopping is Jill Jessica that at one *intime soiree* she arrived on the arm of Antonio Sabato, Jr., spent the shank of the evening with Ed Begley Jr.'s tongue tickling her epiglottis and left with her hand planted on the dimpled butt of Robert Downey, Jr.

## Change of Mind

Mayim had one. Tori had one. Janet had one too. These days it seems more and more celeb and not-so-celeb teenmoms are having them. The fab new trend that's sweeping the land like a brush fire in a national forest is known as "Change-of-Mind Babies." Unlike an abortion which is a truly oogie experience (imagine shoving a Hoover up there and setting it on "low pile"), a change-of-mind baby is a live birth and may live with its mom for days, weeks or even months before the decision is made.

That decision can vary from mom to mom. Sometimes it's adoption, sometimes the doorstep of a friendly looking older couple and sometimes it's a rat infested dumpster in a piss-stinkin' alley. Any way you slice it, the net effect's about the same. The objective: Get rid of that bawling brat at all costs.

"But, oh wow," you say. "What a thing to do. Babies are fragile little critters. Mightn't they die from exposure?" Interestingly enough, statistics show that fewer than 5% of all change-of-mind babies actually end in the big "D" (death, that is, not Dallas) and most of those are at the hand of the mother. Murder is a crime in all fifty states, the District of Columbia, Puerto Rico and Guam. In fact, there isn't a place on the planet where the locals don't frown on strangling, slicing up or otherwise permanently doing away with another human being. So don't do that. But if you're looking for a way to dispose of an unwanted little one, be creative. Change of minders are now, they're hip, they're hot, they're happenin'.

## Jerry's Sleepy Kids

It's Labor Day again or, as the Italians say, *encora e Il Giorno di Lavoro*. And here comes Jerry Lewis, the hardest working man in show biz, wearing his tuxedo and schvitzing under the hot television lights to raise a few million more for Muscular Dystrophy. Good God, where does this saintly man's selflessness end?

As in so many years past, supportive teenmoms across this great land of ours are urged to "stay up with Jerry and watch the stars come out." And they do. After all, most were blessed with healthy, little goobers and though it may sound superstitious, they would never dream of displeasing the King of Cripples by turning him off in mid-heart-rending plea.

Besides with a stellar line-up including such biggies as Sammy Davis, Junior (no, sorry, he's dead), Steve Lawrence, Edie Gorme, Judy Canova, Tom Mix, Cher, Madonna, Lassie, Danitra Vance, Vivian Vance, Dolly Madison, Rose Kennedy, Eubie Blake, Jessica Hahn, Boy George, George Michael, Michael Jackson, Jackson Brown, Carol Burnett, Jerome Zucker, DDS, Boutros Boutros-Ghali, Whoopi Goldberg, Ted Danza, Tony Danson, Judith Light, Gracie Mansion, Suzy Creamcheese, Morgan Freeman, Morgan Brittany, Morgan Fairchild and Morgan Guarantee Trust, you don't get this kind of quality television programming but once (maybe twice if you include *The Grinch Who Stole Christmas*) a year.

Here's the rub. It's early morning. Jerry has undone his real bow-tie (nothing phony about this guy) and opened the collar of his frilly shirt. His voice is raspy, his eyes bloodshot, his nerves frayed. "Come on people," he pleads and threatens. "Don't give up on me. Don't give up on my kids." The phone rings at the celebrity phone bank. Jane Meadows answers it. It's an exhausted teenmom pledging six months allowance, just enough to put that tote board over the six million dollar mark. Jane writes down the pledge, says thank you and collapses. The wheelchair brigade of Jerry's kids has long since collapsed. "Sing it for me, Jerry. Sing it!" And through his tears Jerry sings "You'll Never Walk Alone" and collapses. Having gotten her money's worth the teenmom hangs up and collapses.

Jerry and Jane get to go home and crawl into bed (not together, of course - Jane is hopelessly devoted to husband, cheesy Hair-Club for Men Chairman of the Board Pro Tem, Steve Allen. Jerry sleeps alone). But then it happens. The alarm goes off. the teenmom will pay in more ways than one. She must feed her little one and drag her tired butt out to the bus stop. For Labor Day is over. The telethon is over. It's the first day of school and back to the books for her.

# jerks!

Again with the

# Short Takes?

## President of the HS Fan Club

Melrose Larry Green is like the demented uncle you avoid at family gatherings because you know if you pay him any attention at all, he won't stop boring you with his insane obsession. It's usually something about the "crime of charging seven fifty for a movie" or how "there hasn't been an American vocal group worth beans since The Four Lads. In Larry Green's case, the obsession is Howard Stern, the shag-haired radio shock jock turned E! Entertainment Television personality (and we use that term with none of the positive connotations).

Fan. Fanatic. That's what fan is short for and whether it's a million Iranians kissing the Ayatollah's furry butt and shouting "death to the Shah" or a stadium full of horny housewives getting moist in their Jockey's for Her as Michael Bolton croons in his raspy voice, a fan is a scary thing. Larry's fan-aticism manifests itself in some especially frightening ways. Most afternoons he can be found on the corner of Melrose and Highland Avenues in Los Angeles holding a poster board sign which invites passing drivers to honk if they share his love for Howard Stern. He waves and smiles and provokes passersby, this middle aged ex-New Yorker who refuses to give up.

Last year Larry was Stern's campaign manager in an unsuccessful bid for the office of mayor of LA. Stern was unaware of his own candidacy until Larry informed him of it. At first Stern was amused by his number one fan's devotion, but as these things often turn out, Howard soon grew tired of it and then irritated and finally afraid. Larry's relentless fawning drove Stern to the point of calling the police on more than one occasion and eventually to seeking a restraining order.

But nothing would keep Larry from his mission. He showed up at local free concerts and street fairs in his cut-offs, his skinny fuzzy calves encircled by trademark droopy black-wool socks, his feet shod in worn and dirty sneakers. He shook hands and introduced himself to grown-ups and children, black, white, yellow, brown and red -- anyone who voted and anyone who didn't.

Melrose Larry Green screams for attention. He is harmless, but if you should come across him, be forewarned, he is a certifiable nut case whose amusement value runs out long before he'll leave you alone.

## Where's the Shuttle?

Have you seen these posters that are fields of colors superimposed with a spray of random splotches? They say if you look at one of these pictures long enough, you'll see Saturn or the space shuttle or dinosaurs or something like that. They're supposed to be sophisticated late twentieth century twists on the old perception puzzle "is it a vase or two faces in profile?" Why it's both. Vase, faces, vase, faces, vase, faces. Hours of fun for the whole family. That one's a cinch. But where's that darn shuttle? Oh, I get it, it's a close-up of the Challenger just as it went boom.

"No, that's not it," the select few who claim to see it will tell you. "Can't you see Saturn? My God, it practically jumps out at you. Those unmistakable rings. It's so three-dimensional, so life-like. Gee, what a neat poster. How can you not see it?" They're so smug you want to slap them.

And the poor saps who can't see it but want to desperately will stand there all day, craning their necks, turning the thing upside down, closing one eye, standing real close or real far away. "I still can't see it," they whine. They feel deprived, cheated. "How come she can see

it and I can't. It isn't fair." As if having all the time in the world to squint at a poster were a form of suffering right up there with leprosy and the swollen bellies of starving kids in Sub-Saharan Africa.

There's an old joke, a shaggy dog story, the punch line of which is "no soap radio." What does this mean? It doesn't mean anything. The joke is on the one clueless sucker in the room who hasn't been coached ahead of time to laugh at the nonsensical pay-off. Everyone else hoots at it and by good ol' American exclusion they make the outsider feel like a dolt. This only gets worse when in a miserable stab at feeling like a part of the crowd the outsider finally pretends to get the joke and laughs along with them at which point the other go quiet and tell him the joke is not funny after all, but isn't he the wishy-washy one for following them like a sheep to the slaughter.

This phenomenon is called Alan Funtism, our love affair with being on the inside of an experience which humiliates or otherwise fools another. To the true Funtist, every day is another chance to pull the wool over someone's eyes, cry wolf or announce that the sky is falling. April 1st is for amateurs. It is to practical jokers what December 31st is to alcoholics. "Squirting boutonnières? Pepper gum? Black soap? Please, this stuff is kid's play. Give me the Emperor's New Clothes. Now there's a fancy set of threads we can all appreciate, right?"

Open your eyes, folks? The people who print those posters are laughing at you right now. There are no dinosaurs in that mish-mash. Stop wasting your time looking for them. Make yourself useful. Do some volunteer work, read a book, clean your room.

## Guys who get girls pregnant





# Tips on Infant Circumcision

## The Unkindest Cut of All

by Mark McCormick

As a Teen Mom you have so much to think about: maternity clothes, stretch marks, daytime television, finishing high school, getting into the right junior college, boys. But what about the baby? Have you really spent much time thinking about his future? We use the mas-

culine pro-noun here, because this article is directed to-wards Teen Moms of little boys.

And this article is different than most in this magazine because it's serious, but we promise it won't be boring. There's only one big word in the whole article, but it's delicious: circumci-sion. It rolls off the tongue and bounces back in the throat and it's so authoritative. Use it at your next job interview.

Anyway, circumci-sion, you may or may not know, is where they cut off the tip of the foreskin of a little boy's penis. Ouch! And every mother has to decide if it's the right thing for their little boy. To make that decision you need to sort out the facts and the myths:



**Myth: Everybody's doing it.** Not exactly. The U.S. is one of the only countries where boys are routinely circumci-sed. It just isn't done in most European countries. And Europeans have the best clothes, so...

### Foreskin Faves

Now let's look at it a different way. Just who is circumci-sed and who isn't? Consider:

#### Cut

**Every Other Celebrity including:**  
Jason Priestly  
Zachery Ty Bran  
Jonathan Taylor Thomas  
Christian Slater  
David Charvet  
Andrew Shue  
Aaron Spelling  
Luke Perry  
Fred Savage  
All the Baldwins  
Jerry Seinfeld  
Keanu Reeves  
Brendan Fraser

#### Uncut

Johny Carson (who cares?)  
Elvis Presley (tiny! believe it!)  
Francis Coppola (Don't think about it)  
Tony Danson (thick as a beer can)  
Erik Estrada (too bad, would like to see the ridge of the glans showing through those CHIPs pants)  
Frank Gifford (who?)  
Ron Howard (but he's still considering it)  
Don Johnson (did anyone else it flopping around in the Harrad Experiment?)  
Eddie Murphy (he can wrap it around his neck)  
Robert Redford (Barbra told us)  
Mr. T (his publicist paid us to use his name)

**Myth: It's a hygiene thing.** Please. Some say it promotes cleani-ness, which promotes cancer, but more people die from circumci-sion than from penile cancer! And the truth is that boys and men who are not circumci-sed enjoy washing in there, which is exactly why doctors in the 19th century encouraged circumci-sion—because pleasureable washing sensations would lead to masturbation which would lead to all sorts of physical and mental conditions, including acne, poor posture and insomnia.

**Myth: It's only for Jews.** No. The practice actually pre-dates Judaism, but we won't bore you with the history, except to say that

pre-historic tribes might have done it to keep sand out of the foreskin in a desert culture. Yes, it's still cus-tomary for Jew-ish boys to be cir-cumci-sed, but like all good Jewish things (bagels, basic black), it has spilled over into the main-stream.

**Fact: Peer pres-sure.** Yes, most boys are cir-cumci-sed, though the figures are drop-ping. But your uncut son will look different than

most other boys. Who cares about how he looks and what people will say? You do.

**Fact: His penis will be less sensi-tive his whole life.**

True, but is that so bad? He's less likely to have embarrassing un-expected erec-tions. He'll be more likely to wear a condom, since they're easier to put on an un-circumci-sed pecker, so he'll be less likely to knock up some poor teenage girl like you.



**Fact: Smegma.** It's a cheeselike substance that builds up under there. It can smell bad and cause yeast infections if he fucks some unenlightened girl who doesn't know about the special pleasure of



## And You Think You've Got Problems, Young Man...

You live your life fully veiled. You don't have the right to vote or learn to read. You will marry someone against your will, be sentenced to death if you commit adultery, go to jail if you are raped and accuse your rapist without having four male witnesses. You were born a woman into a Muslim fundamentalist family or a non-Muslim family in a country ruled by Islamic fundamentalists and you have been circumcised. Female circumcision is a common practice in regions of Africa and elsewhere, reports Ann Louise Bardach in the August issue of *Vanity Fair*.

Female Genital Mutilation (FGM) is a more apt term. Performed on an estimated two million girls each year, FGM takes one of three forms: Circumcision, the removal of part of the clitoris; excision, the removal of the clitoris and all or part of the vaginal lips; infibulation, the removal of all genital parts—a pea-sized opening is left for urine and blood to pass. Unhygienic tools and practices are common and children frequently hemorrhage to death or die from infections. Lifelong complications typically result, and 20% of circumcised women die in childbirth. Still, FGM is common in 25 countries

There are three to four million Muslims in the U.S. Approximately one third are African-American converts. Of the Muslim African refugees, most have undergone FGM. Muslims living here are finding Muslim doctors to perform the operation or whisking their daughters to Africa for the surgery. Activists are working to stop this. Dr. Joseph Tate, an Atlanta obstetrician-gynecologist has deinfibulated (unsewn) seven of these refugees. He says, the word circumcision "is a complete misnomer. This is the equivalent of whacking off the entire penis."

To learn more, to get involved, to fight the horrific practice, contact: the Washington Metropolitan Alliance Against Female Genital Mutilation. In France: Women Living Under Muslim Laws (W.L.U.M.L.).

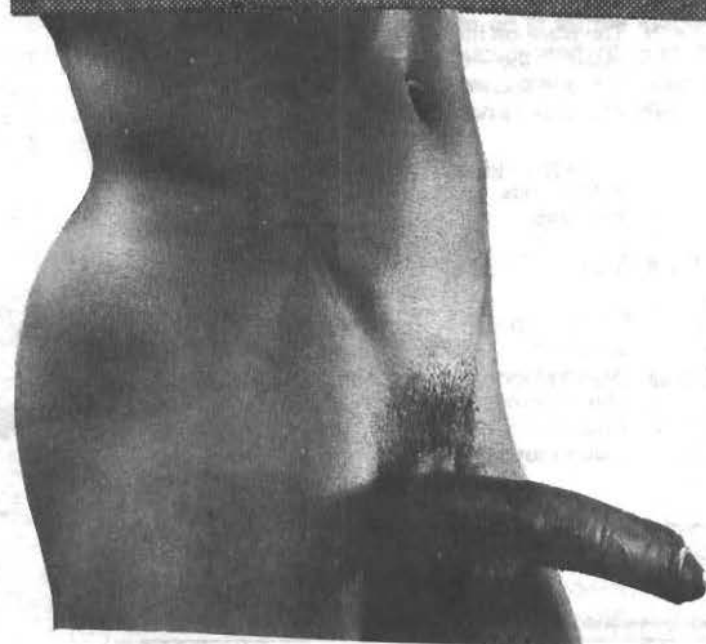
### Clip 'Em & Keep 'Em



Summer's Eve after a good romp. But smegma can be controlled if he washes under there. Our advice: show him how to do this when he's about 13 and make him demonstrate to you weekly that he's being thorough about it until he leaves home at 18. It can be your private moment together. Another forgotten Norman Rockwell: Young Mother and Son: The Foreskin Inspection.

#### A Final Note: Nothing is Final

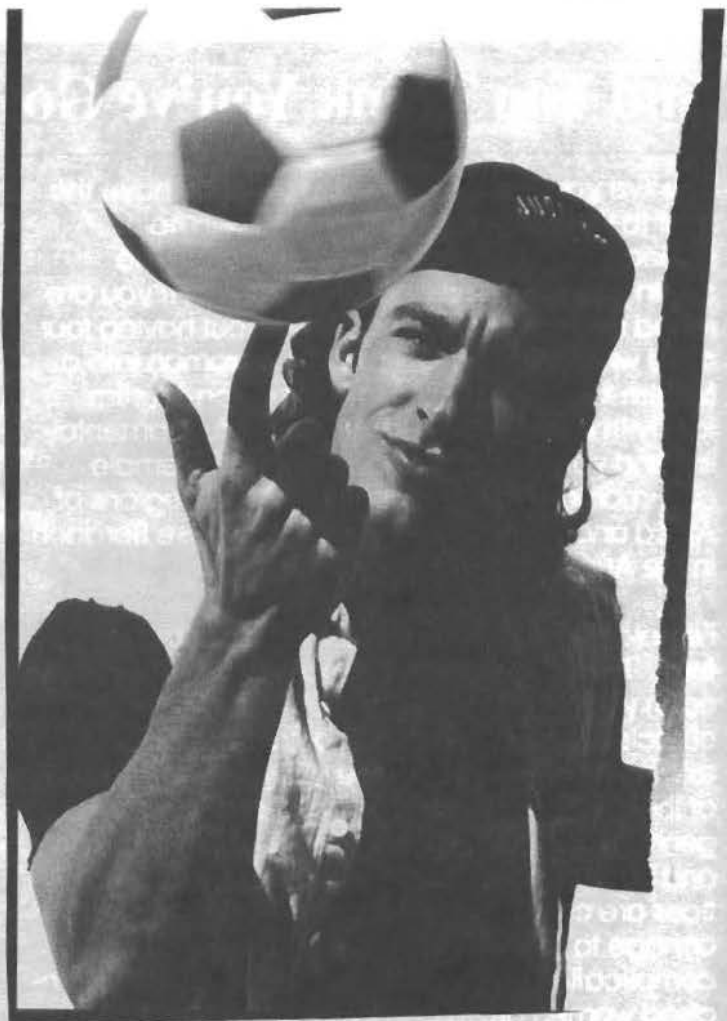
This is a wonderful world. With enough money you can buy anything. Including foreskins. Let's say you decide to give your son a proper circumcision so he can look like the other boys, and let's say he grows up to be some kind of radical fairy, or worse, a sensitive straight man. Let's say he wants his foreskin back on some vague grounds of wanting to return his natural state of manhood. You will simply tell him during that tearful, accusing phone call that he can use your American Express Gold Card (by that time you will have a rich husband, natch) and go to his nearest circumcision restoration clinic (by that time restoration will be big business) and have a new one grafted on. Watch for circumcision restoration in all those What's Hot, What's Not columns.



**Think you know everything there is to know about having a baby? Find out by taking this groovy quiz.**

1. What is meconium?
  - a. Number 115 on the periodic table
  - b. Baby's first dump
  - c. The planet where Spiderman came from
  - d. A suburb of Pompeii
2. What is an epidural?
  - a. A device for removing unwanted hair
  - b. The answer to all your problems
  - c. Two Gypsies and a tambourine
  - d. An elephant
3. What are forceps used for?
  - a. Turning meat on a grill
  - b. Yanking a baby out by the head
  - c. Reaching things on high shelves
  - d. Circumcision
4. Who invented the Lamaze method?
  - a. U.S. Grant
  - b. Lamaze
  - c. Dr. Spock
  - d. Mr. Spock
5. What is an antonym for placenta?
  - a. Unplacenta
  - b. None of the above or below
  - c. Umbilical cord
  - d. Bungee cord
6. What color is most commonly associated with baby boys?
  - a. Off blue
  - b. Baby blue
  - c. Blue-green
  - d. Pink
7. What is the soft spot?
  - a. The place a girl has in her heart for her baby's father
  - b. The place on the top of a baby's head where the plates of the skull have not grown together
  - c. A frozen yogurt chain at the mall
  - d. The Charmin display at a supermarket
8. A newborn baby is most likely to weigh about:
  - a. 150 pounds
  - b. 8 pounds
  - c. 8 ounces
  - d. 1 kilo
9. Babies born with both male and female genitals are called:
  - a. Androgynous
  - b. Hermaphrodites
  - c. Cruel names by the other babies in the nursery
  - d. Late to supper
10. How much wood would a wood chuck chuck?
  - a. Three cords
  - b. None: a wood chuck cannot chuck wood
  - c. Enough to build a two thousand square foot house
  - d. More wood than exists on Earth

Answers: 1b, 2b, 3b, 3b, 4b, 5b, 6b, 7b, 8b, 9b, 10b





# Ask Mary J. Blige's Left Kidney

Mary J. Blige is so hot right now her handlers have to wear oven mitts. And when she goes to see her manager, Jerry Dickman, they say he has his secretary put a trivet on Mary J.'s chair. But didja know that not only is Miss Blige a giga-star with a soulful singing voice, but she also happens to have an amazing left kidney that is able to give terrific practical advice. If you have a question for Mary J. Blige's left kidney, why not write it:

**Mary J. Blige's Left Kidney**  
c/o Mary J. Blige  
c/o TeenMom  
2211 N. Cahuenga #306  
Los Angeles, CA 90068

**Dear Mary J. Blige's Left Kidney,**

I really like this guy who's friends with my older brother. The problem is my brother teases me all the time and his friend thinks I'm just a bratty kid. I'm almost fifteen years old, my breasts are developing and next week I get my braces off. What should I do to get this guy's attention?

**Not a Bratty Kid, Evansville, Indiana**

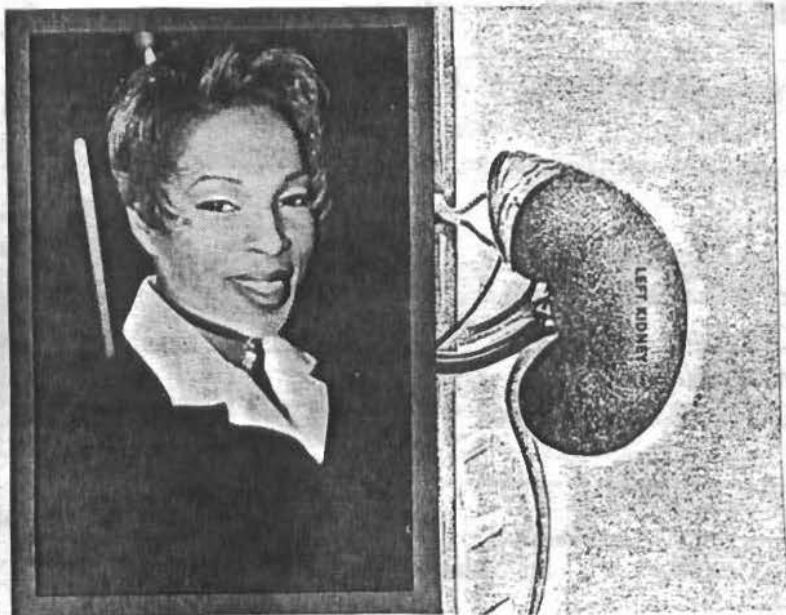
**Dear Not,**

Oh please, having a crush on your older brother's friend is a cliché. Stop boring me. Date boys your own age. Drink lots of cranberry juice and avoid coffee and Tums.

**Dear Mary J. Blige's Left Kidney,**

I'm the president of my junior high school pep club and go to all the football games. My problem is when I get excited, like when there's a touchdown or a really long pass, or something, I have to run to the bathroom and make number one. This is a real pain. I hate missing any of the game and I'm scared that I might have an accident which would like totally freak me out. Can you help?

**Sissy Jones, Running Waters, Florida**



**Dear Sissy,**

Your problem is a little out of my area of expertise, but I consulted with Mary J. Blige's bladder who offered the following tips: Avoid drinking fluids before a game. Especially avoid coffee which is a diuretic. If you know you're going to be excited, try to have a pee ahead of time. Always wipe and remember: Front to back! When you think of reaching for a soft drink, think again. Go for the cranberry juice instead.

**Dear Mary J. Blige's Left Kidney,**

First of all I want to tell you that I'm a seventeen year old senior at the Clara Barton Preparatory School for Girls and a huge fan of Mary J. Blige.

Please settle a bet. My friend Lucy says that your favorite After Dark™ computer screen saver is the fish, but I say it's the flying toasters. Who's right?

**Petra Ferdinanda Villepugue, Damnation, PA**

**Dear Petra,**

You're both wrong. The one I dig most is starry skyline. And stop trying to impress me with your fancy schooling. Drink cranberry juice often.

**Dear Mary J. Blige's Left Kidney,**

I've been given the part of Brunhilde in my high school's production of Die Walküre. I'm taking AP English, Calculus, Chemistry and History this year and have a 3.9 average. You're probably wondering what a lucky girl like me could possibly have to complain about. Well, here's the deal. My three year old son has suffered with defective kidneys from birth. The poor kid has been hooked up to a hemo dialysis machine every day of his life. The doctors say the time has come for him to receive a transplant and there's only two possible donors in the world -- his father whom I haven't seen or heard from since he got me pregnant and me. If Jason doesn't get one of my kidneys in the next four weeks, he'll probably die. But if I have to go in for the surgery, they'll replace me with my understudy and I'll miss the opportunity to play one of the greatest roles ever written for a woman in the herstory of opera. So you see my dilemma. What to do?

**Diva or Donor? You Decide, Valhalla, NY**

**Dear D or D,**

I can't believe you even have to ask! Cranberry juice, cranberry juice, cranberry juice.

**Dear Mary J. Blige's Left Kidney,**

What is the difference between Stephanie Powers and Jill St. John?

**Your friend, Bob Dole's Arm**

**Dear Arm,**

One's a major league lesbian and the other was never really married to Robert Wagner although she played his wife on TV. Both drink cranberry juice and so should you.

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# Heidi, Heidi! Grand

or, Where Did You

Mega Celeb	Scene	Favorite Girl(s)
<p><i>Danny Thomas</i></p>	<p><i>Scat. Likes to have two girls dressed as Marlo and Phil. Lies under a glass table while they squat on it and poop. Marlo says "Oh, Daddy, you're so ethnic looking." Phil says "Yeah, why don't you get your nose fixed you, fucking camel jockey."</i></p>	<p><i>Sheila and Betty</i></p>
<p><i>Mike Ovitz</i></p>	<p><i>Straight BJ. No talking.</i></p>	<p><i>Leesa or Candee</i></p>
<p><i>Tom Cruise</i></p>	<p><i>Likes girl to dress like Mimi Rogers, whip him with a car phone antenna and force him to denounce L. Ron Hubbard.</i></p>	<p><i>Candee or Betty</i></p>
<p><i>Mike Eisner</i></p>	<p><i>Young girls, tight sweaters, Mickey Mouse ears. Light SM.</i></p>	<p><i>Adelle</i></p>
<p><i>Robert Redford</i></p>	<p><i>Likes to buy girl expensive dress, pretend she's another guy's wife and pay a million dollars for one night with her.</i></p>	<p><i>Debbi</i></p>
<p><i>Clint Eastwood</i></p>	<p><i>Likes to treat homely blondes like dishrags. Into pistol whipping them and heavy B&amp;D.</i></p>	<p><i>Sondra</i></p>
<p><i>Harry Thomason</i></p>	<p><i>Likes a young girl to put on frizzy wig and braces and act like Chelsea Clinton. Likes to paint her toenails while she cracks her gum and spears him with creamed corn.</i></p>	<p><i>Adelle (bind tits!!!)</i></p>
<p><i>Dave Geffen</i></p>	<p><i>Likes little boys who can fellate themselves.</i></p>	<p><i>Bobby, Peter or Greg</i></p>



# father, Grandfather!

Get That Goat Peter?













Mega Celeb	Scene	Favorite Girl(s)
Kevin Costner	Necrophilia.	Olivia (and 10 pounds of ice.
Steve Spielberg	Bestiality.	Delphine and Ignacia
Mike Jackson	?	?
Jack Nicholson	Likes golden showers from girls in Lakers Girls uniforms.	Tanya, Betty, Leesa
Jerry Seinfeld	Premature ejaculator. Requires special handling.	Edna
Burt Reynolds	See Dave Geffen	See Dave Geffen
Alex Trebek	Contestant fantasy. Likes three girls to play the home version of Jeopardy. Spanks them when they forget to phrase response in the form of a question.	Dale, Alice, Edna
John Tesh	Likes to shave a girl's legs with a straight edge while calling her "Mary." Wants small electric shock applied to scrotum for each time he nicks her.	Sheila, if she's still willing. Otherwise must find someone new.
Sylvester Stallone	Likes to titty-fuck tall, icy blondes	Imga, Greta, Helga
Meru Griffin	Likes to be gang-banged by all of Liberace's ex-boyfriends while Eva Gabor watches.	Stuart, Allen, Victor, Paul, Martin, Joe and Kevin
Dom DeLuise	Likes Burt Reynolds type.	Duke, Bob

# Who's Roomin' Who?

With so many of TV's teens finally having graduated from high school last season enrollment in TVU is due to go up up up. In early September the Milton Berle Dormitory will see the freshman faces of Blossom (Mayim), the "Saved by the Bell" gang (Mario, Mark-Paul, etc.), Sarah (Darlene on "Roseanne") Gilbert and the "90210"ers (Brenda/Shannen, Brandon/Jason, Dylan/Luke, Kelly/Jennie, Steve/Ian, Andrea/Gabrielle, Donna/Tori and David/Brian).

TeenMom thought you might be interested to find out who'll be bunking where and some of the problems we expect. After all, if we've learned anything from those irritating creeps on MTV's "The Real World" it's that roommates always get into fights.

**BERLE HALL**

<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Room 501</b></p> <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-around;">   </div> <p>Mayim "Blossom" Bialik and Tori "Donna" Spelling. The first night Tori will tactlessly urge Mayim to get a nose job. Her semitic blood boiling, Mayim will take a swing at Tori, smashing her square on the abridged proboscis and causing it to swell and bend to the left.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Women's Showers</b></p> <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-around;">    </div> <p>Horny Brian Austin "David" Green will be peering through a hole at Shannen "Brenda" Doherty and Jennie "Kelly" Garth as they tear at each other's hair and call each other names in yet another fight over who gets to be the girlfriend of skinny, grade B James Dean knock-off, Luke "Dylan" Perry.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Later, in 503</b></p> <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-around;">    </div> <p>Sara "Darlene" Gilbert will come to Tori's rescue and reprimand her "Israelite sister" Mayim for resorting to fistcuffs. Mayim will proceed to pop Sara in the <i>punim</i> undoing her \$5000 worth of rhinoplasty.</p>
<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Room 401</b></p> <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-around;">   </div> <p>Directly below the cat-fighting duo, Jason Priestly will be fending off the advances of a horny Mario Lopez whose insatiable lust for pallid blonde boys is no longer satisfied by Mark-Paul Gosselaar. Jason will eventually surrender his juicy, pink butt-hole to the relentless pounding of his Latin roomie.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Men's Showers</b></p> <div style="text-align: center;">  </div> <p>Ian "Steve" Zering will cut himself shaving his scrotum and bleed profusely. Too embarrassed to ask one of the Resident Assistants for help, he will lose two pints of blood and pass out.</p>	<p style="text-align: center;"><b>Room 403</b></p> <div style="display: flex; justify-content: space-around;">   </div> <p>Mark-Paul Gosselaar will stumble home from the local bar having imbibed three pitchers of beer. He will lose control of his bladder and his bowels and will vomit copiously from the upper bunk bed, saturating a furious Luke "Dylan" Perry asleep in the lower bunk.</p>

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# Virtual Reality

I put on the sensor suit, the gloves, the helmet, the goggles. I flipped the switch and off I went into the wonderful world of virtual reality. What I saw and felt and heard there wasn't reality at all. It was an amazing simulation, sort of like Beatlemania. In this synthetic world, so lifelike I'd swear it was all natural, all sensations and experiences were pleasurable. There was no discomfort, no unhappiness. Colors were vivid, smells fragrant, textures smooth.

I remember the day my roommate brought a Sony Walkman home. "Put these on," he said, offering me the delicate earphones connected by a thin ribbon of metal. And into my head came the most amazing sound. It had the range and depth and volume that I'd only previously heard from my boxy stereo speakers.

I remember the day a friend played a CD for me, how for the first time I heard what sounded like flawless, synthetic audio reproduction. No wow, no flutter, no pops, no scratches. All this from a shiny little disc that was so much easier to handle than my poor, abused records.

I was slow to be won over by the charms of the VCR. I still resent the lost image when movies are transferred from their wide format to the confines of a television screen. But you can't beat the convenience of having access to the movie you meant to see but never got around to. And VCRs are getting to be the only way to see old movies since video tapes have forced so many revival houses out of business. Of course, now with laser discs and high definition television proportioned the same as the screens in movie theatres, there's no need to go out to the movies ever again.

I still won't own or use a microwave. I'm too spooked by the image of the food I'm heating exchanging molecules with the plate I'm heating it on. Maybe that's just an old wives tale. Or should unsubstantiated rumors about modern technology be called "new wives tale"? The only danger the manufacturers will cop to is to those who wear pacemakers. So, if for no other reason, I will continue to boycott that newfangled appliance on the grounds that it can give some people heart attacks.

Life in the virtual reality suit and helmet and goggles and gloves is delicious. What keeps it from being perfect, what makes it merely virtual and not one-hundred percent true reality, is that like the sound that comes from a CD Walkman or the picture that comes from the laser disc or the baked potato I will never eat that comes searing hot out of one of those home nuclear reactors, that life has been drained of its wow and flutter, its pops and scratches. Its edges have been smoothed.

Here's what Talking Heads say:  
Heaven.  
Heaven is a place.  
A place where nothing.  
Nothing ever happens.

When a Japanese potter makes a cup or a vase, the last thing she does before glazing and baking it is to take a stick to its smooth exterior and add a flare. A flaw. The human touch. The reality check. It's fun to strive for perfection and we are so imperfect we can often be fooled into believing we've achieved it. But what a bore to live there all the time.

As I write this I am listening to the Talking Heads vinyl record album **Fear of Music**, the one that has "Heaven" on side one. David Byrne is singing "This ain't no party. This ain't no disco. This ain't no foolin' around." This is reality.





# WHERE GLUE COMES FROM

Glue: A remarkable substance without whose amazing bonding properties, the very fabric of our existences would come undone. So much in our daily lives depends on glue. From the cribs our babies sleep in to the envelopes we use to apply for welfare to the Press on Nails we wear to help us feel prettier, glue is everywhere. If it weren't for the glue lovingly hand applied to this very copy of

*TeenMom*, you would be holding a magazine with a dull, lifeless black and white cover. Yea glue! But did you ever stop to wonder where glue comes from? Yes, of course it comes from Office Depot, silly, but here is the story of how glue is made. It's a fascinating and surprisingly heart-warming tale. After you read it, we guarantee you'll never take glue for granted again.



Our story begins on a horse farm. Meet Flicka (not her real name). Flicka is a mare (a girl horse) who is in-foal (knocked-up).



Here we see Flicka giving birth to her daughter. Pretty gross, huh? We'll call the foal (baby horse) Nelly.



Isn't Nelly the most adorable thing you've ever seen?

Don't Flicka and Nelly look cute together?



Nelly grows up quickly and soon she's running...



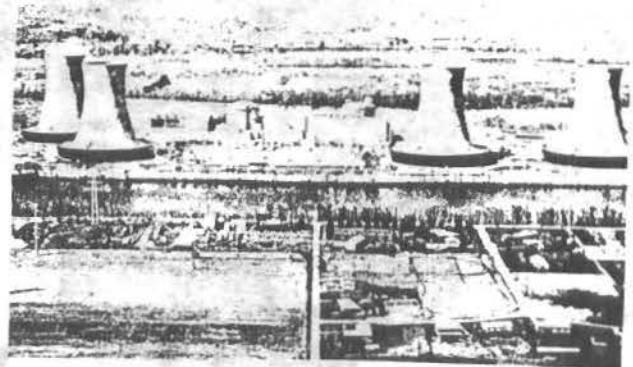
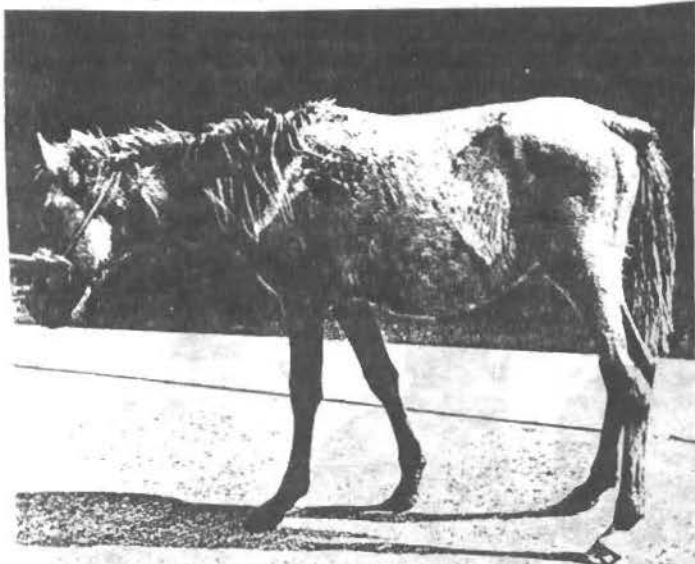
and jumping...



and bathing with the other horses.



Flicka grows old quickly too. She has lapses of memory and bladder control problems. She makes embarrassing comments in front of the stallions (boy horses) Nelly brings home and her breath turns offensive. In short, she becomes a burden on her daughter who finally must make the painful decision to send the old nag (a decrepit horse) to the glue factory.



At the glue factory a team of highly trained technicians puts Flicka's cartilage, hide, hooves and bones to good use. Flicka is personally responsible for the production of seventy-eight gallons of white glue some of which will be used by underprivileged children in inner-city schools, nurturing their artistic tendencies and perhaps freeing them from the bondage of poverty. Isn't that heroic?

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Finally, because some people find the thought of sick, old horses being ground up and made into office and school supplies repugnant, a cheery, healthy cow is put on the package to make the product more palatable for the American consumer.





# Five Guys Named Moe

Early results from the Institute of Baby Names' annual study indicate that 1993's most popular name for boys is "Moe," edging out last year's winner "Max" which falls to second place followed by "Jason," "Jonathan," "Michael" and "Krishna." The arrival of "Moe" on the list for the first time in the Institute's fifty-four years is perhaps due to the popularity of the Louis Jordan musical "Five Guys Named Moe" which is currently enjoying a successful national tour. If you're thinking of dubbing your own sprout with the M name, here are five mo' guys named Moe who have left their indelible mark on the pages of herstory:

**Moe Howard** - With his trademark bangs and bulldog face, Moe Howard was a heart-throb to teenmoms throughout the forties, fifties right up to his retirement in the early sixties. Usually considered the toughest and smartest of the Three Stooges, he continues to be an inspiration to teendads to this day.

**Moe the Bartender** - Last season on The Simpsons audiences were finally treated to a star-turn from a woefully underappreciated character actor. In the Flaming Moe episode, we saw a side of Moe that went beyond being the brunt of Bart's prank phone calls. He was at once callous and sensitive, ambitious and insecure, savvy and naïf. What "Norma Rae" did for Sally Field's career, the Flaming Moe episode must certainly do for the lovable, heavy-browed mixologist.

The Moes (e optional)



Howard

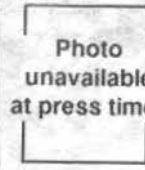


Photo  
unavailable  
at press time

the Bartender



Udall



Gaffney



Dayan

**Mo Udall** - Was a Democratic congresslady from Arizona for years and years, but had to retire because he shook so bad from Parkinson's disease.

**Mo Gaffney** - Former comedy partner to rising star, Kathy (Sister Act, Hocus Pocus) Najimy. Where is she now? Supermarket tabloids have reported such widely varying stories as "She's Having an Alien's Triplets" to "She's Washing Windshields for Spare Change at the Exit of the Lincoln Tunnel in Manhattan."

**Moe Dayan** - Israel's one-eyed, one-time defense minister, known to the world as "Moshe," but among the gurls in his Mah Jong club always "Moe," and sometimes "Rita" when he'd put on the red wig and sing "Put the Blame on Mame" which never failed to crack them up.

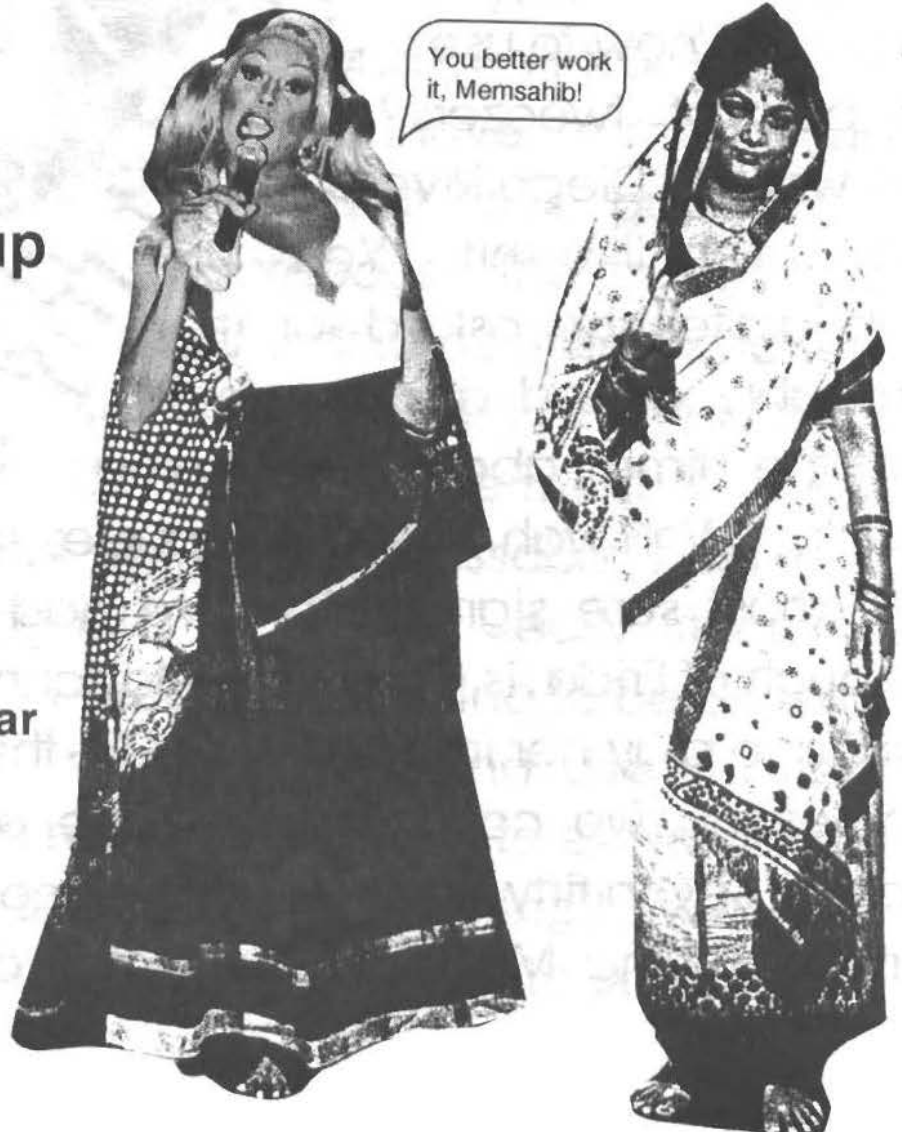
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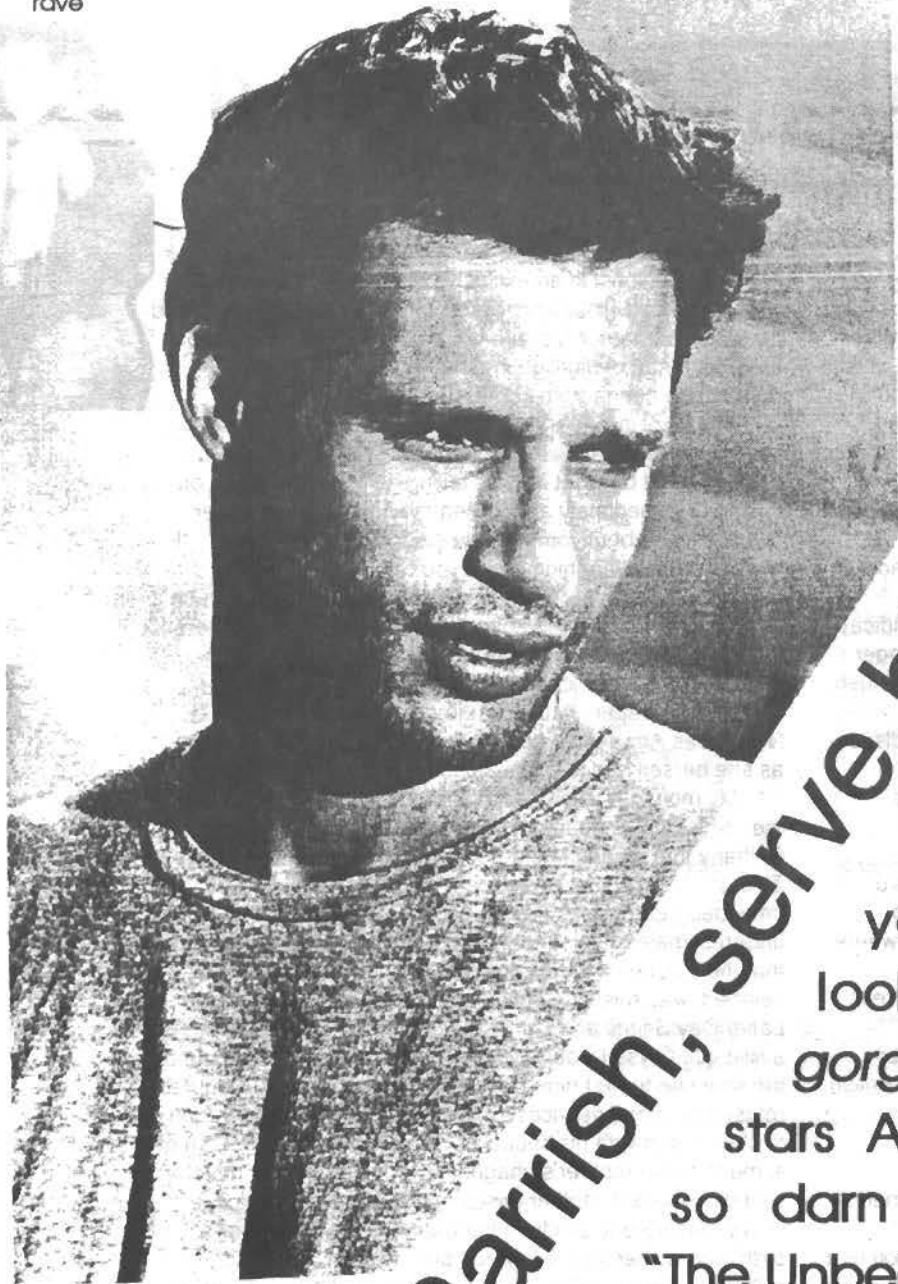


Sick of her yet? We sure are. That Frida Kahlo was one ugly bitch. Hell, didn't anyone ever show her how to use a pair of tweezers? No wonder Diego Rivera treated her like shit. You can just tell she asked for it. Probably griped and moaned all the time about her aching back. Wah wah. And, of course, the most sure sign that we've had enough of Frida is tired, old Madonna wants to play her in a bio-pic. Oh, there's something we can't wait to race out and spend seven fifty on, the world's most cloying singer playing Mexico's most overrated painter.



Frida Kahlo, eat my shorts





Max Parrish, serve him up

If you haven't gone to see "Hold Me, Thrill Me, Kiss Me," yet, I've got no use for you. Go see it and don't talk to me 'til you have. I mean, just look at this guy. He's gorgeous. The movie also stars Adrienne Shelly who was so darn good in Hal Hartley's "The Unbelievable Truth" & "Trust." But it's Parrish's kissable puss and huggable bod that really steal the show. I predict he's going to be a major hunk o' movie star. And director Joel Hershman really knows how to exploit Max's many assets. Sound like I'm gushing? Well, grrls, let me tell you - MP puts the "boa" in Dreamboat.

# Thalidomide Boyfriend

## Part 2: "Reach in my diaper"

### Armando. What a strange

and exotic name. And what an odd little man he was.

Crystal was smitten with him as she'd never been with any guy before. Oh, she'd had boyfriends, was rarely without a date, in fact. She was proof that a girl did not have to go all the way, drink, take drugs or use profane language to be popular with the fellas. It was her poise and self-confidence that reeled them in, her charm that held them, her integrity that kept her pure. If a boy made a move on her (and they all did eventually), she'd take his hand, look deep into his eyes and explain that she was saving herself for that one man with whom she'd spend the rest of her life.

Crystal's best friend, Bethany, cleared her throat to indicate that Crystal had held Armando's flipper for a wee bit longer than necessary. Crystal let go reluctantly. A charming blush spread across her cheek.

"I'm fucked up," Bethany shouted above the pulsing disco beat.

"I have something in my car I want to show you," said Linwood, Armando's enormous friend with the reputed gargantuan sex organ. "Take care of the bird, Flip."

And before Crystal knew it, Linwood and Bethany were gone, leaving her seated on an overstuffed sofa next to Armando who was squished into the groin of cushions where the seat and arm and back met. He wriggled forward. Crystal was transfixed by this compact mound of living flesh. She stared at him unashamedly.

"I'm a Thalidomide baby," he said. "Not actually a baby, haven't been for forty years." There was the trace of a British accent as he spoke. "My mum took it while she was preggers with me and, well, you see the results."

"What?" Crystal said dully.

"Thalidomide. It's a sedative they gave pregnant women in the fifties, caused some rather interesting birth defects."

"You're wearing a diaper, but you're a grown man. You're a grown man, but you're the size of a baby." Poor Crystal. This experience was a challenge to her, but not an unwelcome one. She longed for adventure and it seemed as if she were about to embark on one. She was not at all frightened or repulsed by him. He had a silly sense of humor and made her laugh. He was uncanny at impersonations, especially Christian Slater and Jack Nicholson. Crystal found herself enchanted, drawn in by his personality as much if not more than she'd first been attracted to his size and shape. He was a good twenty years older than the oldest man she'd ever dated. It made her feel quite grown up.

Armando told her about a woman called Ulriche Meinhoff with whom he had lived in Germany in the sixties. She was part of a ring of left-wing terrorists and Armando had been her personal assistant. In the seventies Armando came to the United States and lived on a houseboat in Baltimore harbor where he was kept by a couple of spinster sisters. They were excellent cooks and in the five years he lived with them he gained a hundred fifty pounds. Crystal studied him closely trying to imagine exactly where that much weight would go on his diminutive frame.

After the sisters died he was shipped off to live with their nephew, a colorist in an exclusive New York City hair salon, who numbered among his clients Greta Garbo, Jackie O and the wives of many important UN ambassadors. Armando learned the art of highlighting, rinses and how to mix homemade henna from scratch.

At this point in Armando's story, Crystal let out the most minute of yawns, indicating that perhaps she was overwhelmed by what he was telling her. He picked up on this point immediately and turned the conversation to her. "Now tell me about yourself," he said, leaning in intently. "I want to know everything about you."

It made Crystal feel warm and tingly all over to have such a worldly man pay this kind of attention to her. "What's there to say? I'm a pretty ordinary seventeen year old girl. I get straight A's. I'm the captain of the pep club, editor of the school newspaper. I collect stamps and butterflies..."

Now it was Armando's turn to yawn. The girl was cute, but, as she herself had told him, quite "ordinary."

"...My mom got so pissed at me tonight. She doesn't trust me. She thinks because that just because I hang out with Bethany that means I do drugs and am loose with the boys." This got his attention. He urged her to continue. She unloaded her troubles on him and it became clear that he'd underestimated her. She was more disturbed and complex than he'd gotten on first impression. Crystal's mother, it seemed, was raised in the Church of Jesus Christ and the Latter Day Saints and continued to practice Mormonism. As a little girl, Crystal would go to church with her mother, but by the time she turned nine she'd become rather willful and flatly refused to attend services. Crystal's father had never gone to church and with his support Crystal managed to get out of it, much to her mother's chagrin. There were no brothers or sisters. Crystal's mother miscarried five times before she finally managed to produce her daughter. With Crystal's birth, the mother lost her uterus and ovaries.

When puberty hit Crystal, her mother became quite jealous. The daughter's child-bearing years lay ahead of her while the mother's had been messy and ended untimely. Crystal heaved a sigh. Her head felt leaden from all her talking. She wished she could rest it on Armando's shoulder, but he had none to speak of. Their eyes met. His bore into her bright, teenage soul. He wriggled closer to her until they were touching.

"Lift me to your lap," he said.

She picked him up. He was heavier, denser than she imagined. He was warm and soft. She held his face in her hands. It was as if they'd said everything they'd ever need to tell one another. No more need for words. Armando was aroused. Crystal discreetly turned her eyes, but more than anything she longed to peek.

"I need your help, Crystal. I need you to get something for me." She was relieved that the silence had been broken.

"What is it?"

He held her in his gaze. "Reach in my diaper." Her hand quivered. More than anything she wanted to slip it beneath the soft cotton, to feel the taut, smooth skin **down there**.





# dissin' dat

by ~~Chrissy F~~

by Cassandra  
Chrissy F is on maternity leave this month.

## IS THAT MARKY MARK OVER THERE? YUM!!!

Attendees at a recent Calvin Klein-sponsored AIDS fundraiser were shocked when ever-expanding, nine-chinned semi-star **Delta Burke** literally ate CK uber-model **Kate Moss**. "I thought she was a celery stick," piped the Wynonna-shaped zaftigress, defending her food choice. An Emergency Bulemics Team was rushed to the scene and the waifish, non-member of any basic food group Moss was listed in fair but startled condition at Cedar Sinai Hospital...



Waifish model Kate is often mistaken for a green vegetable



## I'LL TAKE A CARTON OF CHOCOLATE KIRK CAMERON...

It started as an inside joke in the Paramount marketing department, but now mock "Missing" milk cartons of career-dead entertainers have been turning up all over town (you know which town!!). With scathing commentary worthy of an especially nasty Diss-N-Dat piece, the most popular has been the **Mia Farrow** (last seen accosted by a small, neurotic, balding man and five thousand cats at Manhattan District Court). Other milk cartons featuring **Vanilla Ice**, **Ralph Macchio** and **Cher** (what? no **Molly Ringwald**?) have got Tinseltown backbiters chortling in their double ice-decaf caps...

## BET THEY LOOK GREAT IN STRIPES...ER...STRIPED SPEEDOS, THAT IS...

It is just me or are accused parent-killing sociopaths **Eric** and **Lyle Menendez** just the two most babe-like purveyors of heinous crimes you've ever seen? Which one do you think is cuter? I can't decide!!! Watching the broadcast of the trial on Court TV just makes me wish they could break out of that stuffy, old courtroom and like, hold the trial on the beach, OK? Oil up your pecs, I'll object to nothing...



## DON'T TELL DELTA...

That mole conspicuously missing from **Madonna's** upper lip area in recent publicity photos has been found. It appears as the third chip from the left in Haagen Dazs' Chocolate Chip Cookie Dough Ice Cream billboards. Wonder where the gold tooth went...

holy mole-y

lose somethin', Madonna?



How could we make up a story like that?

What's that smell? Do tell. It's Nell.

## SPEAKING OF BIG LADIES...

We literally smell trouble on the set of the ABC blah-medy "Hanging with Mr. Cooper." With too-cute Cosby-ite **Raven Symone** and dinner theatre stalwart **Nell "Refrigerator" Carter** joining the cast as the new two-headed vice principal, the oddly paired couple are bound together by a prosthetic device that keeps them together for up to four hours at a time. Complains the smart mouthed Symone: "I leave the set every day with the smell of second-hand barbecued pork rinds in my hair and in my clothes!" Although Carter would not comment on the pint-sized prima donna's complaint, she did regale us with a chorus of "And I Am Telling You I Am Not Going" from Dream Girls...

# CORRUPTS ABSOLUTLY

