

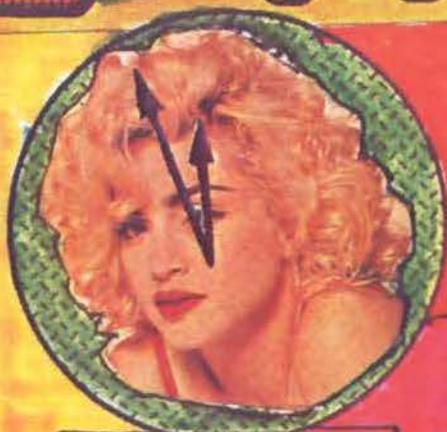
Tom Cruise • Brad Pitt • Grant Show • Andrew Shue • Mario Lopez • A Total Drool Fest

TEENMOM

\$3

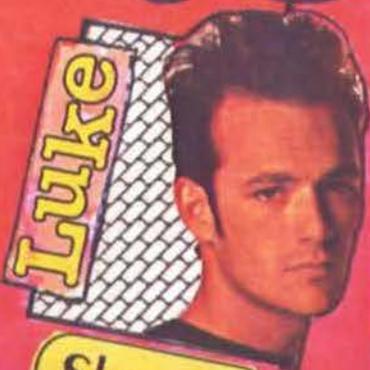


JASON



Madonna

her clock is ticking and you've missed your time of the month BUMMER

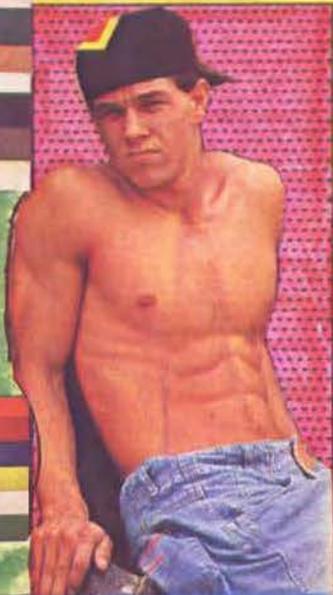


Luke

SHANNEN

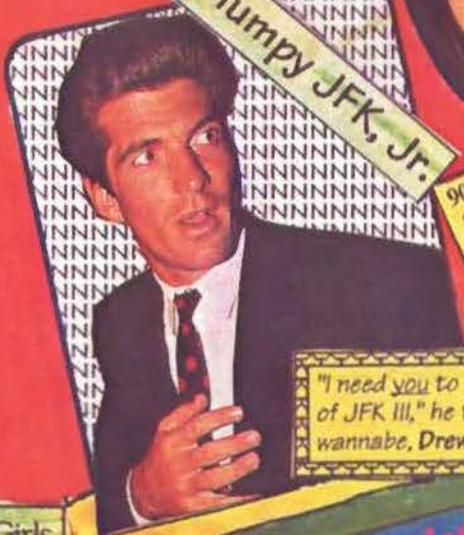


Sinead O'Connor's Pope Smear - The Results are Negative



MARKY MARK

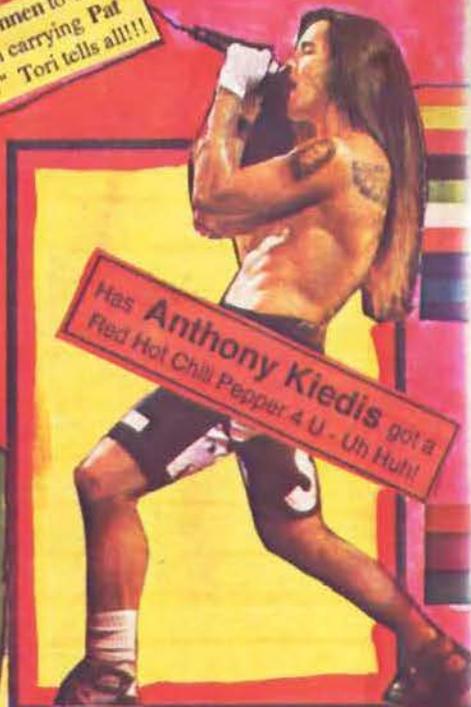
Obligatory Sexploitation Shots



Humpy JFK, Jr.

"I need you to be the mother of JFK III," he tells TeenMom wannabe, Drew Barrymore

90210 Confidential - Shannen to Tori: "Don't tell ANYONE I'm carrying Pat Robertson's love child!" Tori tells all!!!



Has Anthony Kiedis got a Fred Hot Chili Pepper 4 U - Uh Huh!



Baby Pix!

- Chelsea Versus the Gore Girls
- Escape into Fantasy: Ten Minutes a Day with these Hunks in Underwear Takes the Edge off Morning Sickness
- Winona Judd
- Winona Ryder
- Win a Dream Vacation to Six Flags Over Texas

TEENMOM

CONTENTS

Winter 1993

Stuff to look at

Random Shots.....	5
Life is Just Charming.....	6
MARKY MARK.....	8
Hunks in Underwear.....	10
Noxema Gameboard.....	18

Stuff to read

90210 Confidential.....	4
INTERVIEW: Winona/Wynonna.....	7
Battle of the Belles.....	9
Penpalz.....	13
CRACK BABY OF THE MONTH.....	15
Book Excerpt: MAYBE BABIES.....	17
Sinéad's Big Blunder.....	19

Lists

TeenMomLoves/TeenMomLoathes.....	12
Who Made What.....	16

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want
to
hear
from
you

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free
copy . Here's

the address:

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2211 N. Cahuenga #306
Los Angeles, CA 90068



90210 Confidential: TORI TELLS IT TRUE!



Okay, here it is and I swear to God it's true. Shannen Daugherty - who is like the biggest bitch in the world - came up to me last week and told me that she is going to have Pat Robertson's baby. Apparently they met at the Republican convention last summer in Houston and Pat asked Shannen if he could buy her a drink. Well, what girl in her right mind could pass up an offer like that, right? So the next thing she knows she's up in his hotel room and she's naked in his bed and he's snoozing away next to her. A few weeks go by and Shannen's misses a period and, sure enuf, she's with Pat Robertson's child.

So anyway, she breaks the news to him and he totally denies it which pisses her off because she won't get rid of it and she wants its father to at least be man enuf to admit the kid is his.

The baby's due in the spring sometime. So far, I'm the only one she's told. She's isn't getting all that big and she's insisting on wearing a lot of loose sweaters, but I don't know how much longer she'll be able to cover it. They'll probably have to write the baby into the story line which is, like, so unfair.

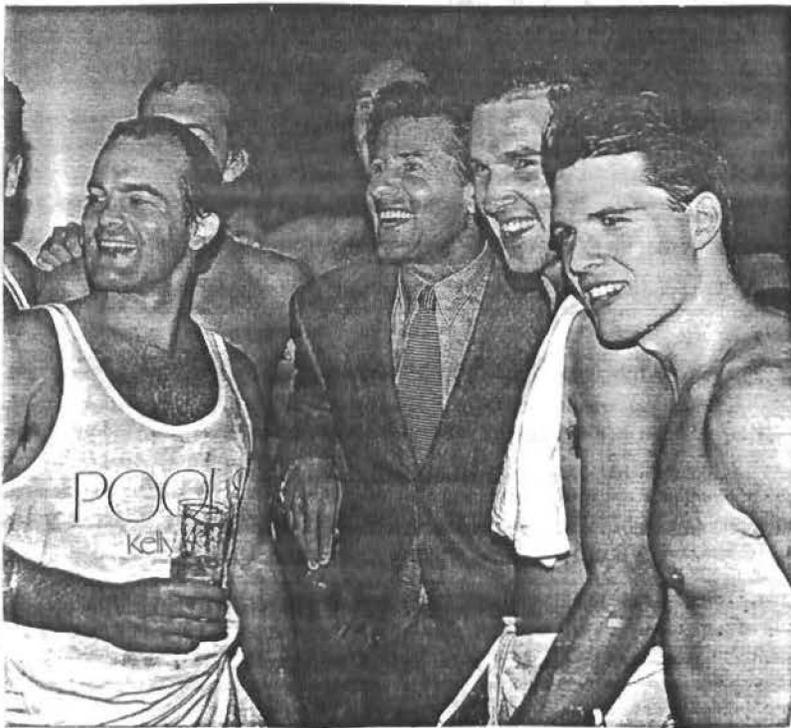
How come she gets all the juicy stories and I always have to sit around looking dumb. I'm a big talent and they're not using me enough.

I'm so sick of Shannen. I think I'll suggest to my dad that instead of writing the kid into the script they should have her take the baby and go back to Minnesota or wherever she's supposed to be from.

random shots



*Do we hear wedding bells for Tom Cruise and tsoftig
Carrie Wilson? Of course not! Don't be absurd!*



*Top underpants designer, Calvin Klein, threw a big,
splashy pool party for a bunch of his guy pals. Pay
no attention to Cal's limp wrist. It means nothing.*



*What a talent! Anthony Kiedis can balance an
MTV Video Music Award on his head proving
he's more than just another pretty face.*

Life Is Just Charming





Winona/Wynonna

(let's call the whole thing off)

You've got Winona Ryder, Johnny Depp's longtime companion (what a luck-out artist!), and Wynonna Judd, the surviving half of country music's most popular TeenMom/TeenDaughter duo, in the same room and they're asking each other questions. What could be cooler?!

Winona: So, like, what's the story, is your mom dead or what?

Wynonna (taking a big drag on her Virginia Slim and letting it out with a throaty laugh): I'm glad you asked me that. No, Mama's still alive and kickin'. At the time she quit the Judds and I became just plain Wynonna, we thought she was gonna pass on, but the good Lord jes wasn't ready to take her and she done had a miraculous recovery.

Winona: Any plans for you two to get back together?

Wynonna: Doubtful. She's enjoyin' her retirement too much to come back to work and, frankly, it was awful confusin' for our fans to tell which of us was the mother and which the daughter.

Winona: What is the age difference between you two?

Wynonna: Oh, a few years.

Winona: You're being cagey, right?

Wynonna: Right. Now it's my turn to ask some questions. Johnny Depp. You and him still affianced?

Winona (chortling): We better be. He's got my name tatoored on about fifteen different parts of his body.

Wynonna (now also chortling): Oh, that's funny. I love having this chance to share a chortle with you. But seriously, I'm sure every girl in America wants to know what it's like to tongue kiss Johnny Depp.

Winona: I'll bet they would, too. But they're never going to find out. I think certain things between a man and a woman should remain private. Don't you agree?

Wynonna: Yes. I way agree. So let's talk about your career. You were wonderful in Bram Stoker's Dracula.

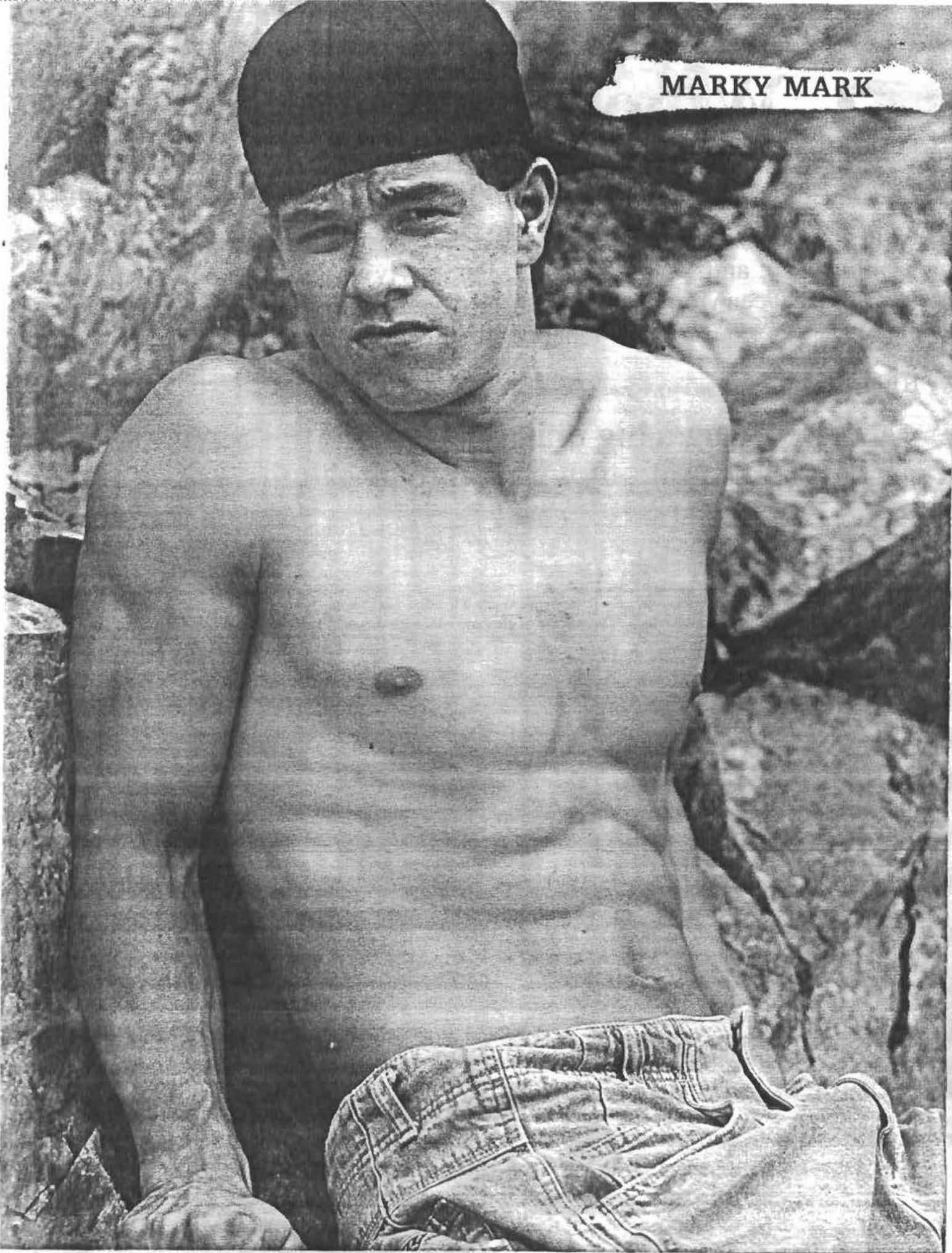
Winona: Shut up. I mean, you're too kind. Okay. I had gobs of fun making it. You know I was supposed to be in another of Franny Coppola's films which shall remain nameless, but I got powerful sick and had to drop out, so he replaced me with this no-talent girl. The picture was a bomb-eroo, so I guess you could say I was so fortunate not to be in it.

Wynonna: I've loved loved loved talking with you.

Winona: Uh huh. Me too!



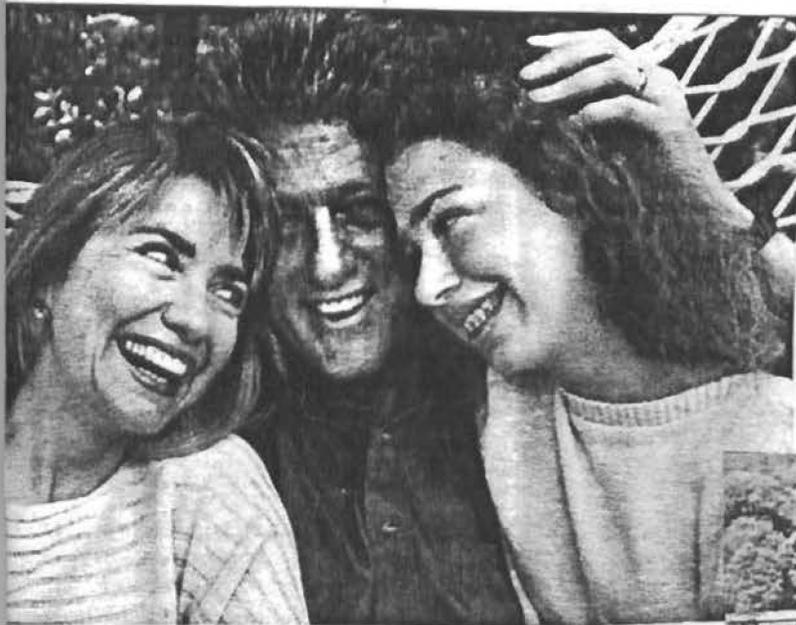
MARKY MARK



Battle of the Belles:

Chelsea Squares off against the Gore Girls

We caught glimpses of them on the campaign trail and at the inauguration. You can bet we'll see a lot more of them over the next four year. Chelsea Clinton, Kristin, Sarah and Karenna Gore. What's their feud all about? Can they work out their differences? For the sake of the nation, TEENMOM sure hopes so.



The Gore girls, Kristin (15), Sarah (13) and Karenna (19), have nothing against Chelsea. They've even offered to help her with make-up.

Her mom tells her she's pretty on the inside, but Chelsea knows that straight blonde hair and big gozongas are all boys really care about.

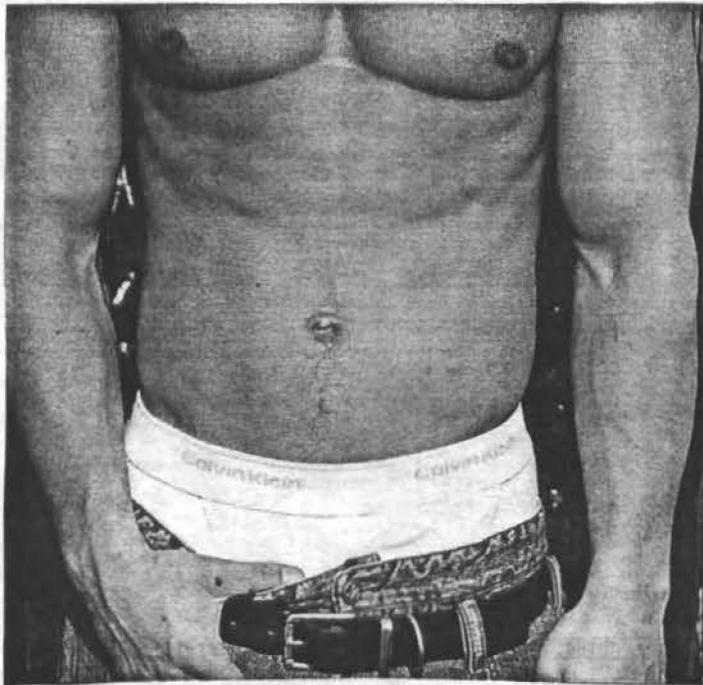


Hugging her best boyfriend, Chelsea hopes someday to have a date with a guy who's not a relative.



The whole Gore clan piles on. That must be one sturdy hammock to support them all - especially Heifer, er Tipper.

Hunks in Underwear



*Morning sickness got you blue? We
have a proven remedy.
Why not escape the nausea and
retreat into fantasy looking at
these hot guys in their fancy
underpants.*



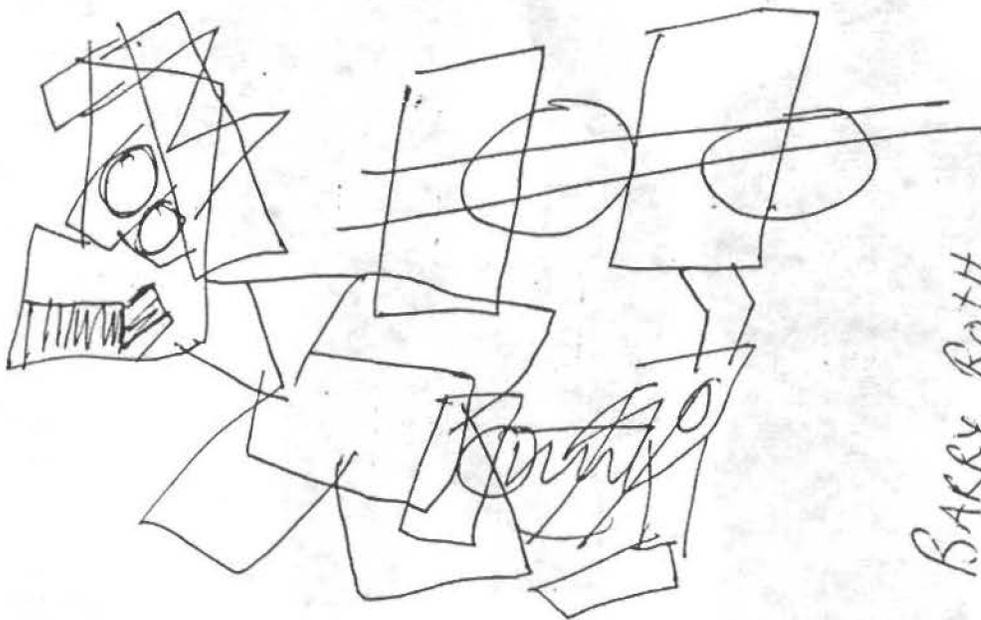
TEENMOMLOVES

Amino Acids
Birthing rooms
Crotchless panties
Dessert
Eligible bachelors
Felching
Garbage men
Heterodoxy
Iggy Pop
Jai-alai
Ketchup
Lance Loud
Matrimony
Nutrition
Origami
Puberty
Quezon City
Rashamon
Silly putty
Tenacity
Urdu
Vim
Wanderlust
Xanthine
Yarmulkes
Zygotes



TEENMOMLOATHES

Antipathy
Bullshit
Creationism
Desolation
Edible panties
False felicitations
Gang-bangers
Homogeneity
Irma Bombeck
Jello®
Killing
Loud people
Morons
Nighttime
Opium
Podiatry
Quips
Rat infestation
Sarcasm
Theme songs
Urban decay
Vetoes
Waste
Xenophobia
Yurts
Zucchetos



BARRY ROTH
92

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Di^d

you ever dream what it would be like to be a TeenMom in a far off land? Here's your chance to find out. We're featuring three girls from three different continents. But they all have one thing in common with you and they're eager to read your letters and write back in their broken English. Here's a chance to make new friends and maybe have a place to stay if you ever rise above your present encumbered status and get to visit these plucky OVERSEAS TEENMOMS



Hello and sawadee from Bangkok, Thailand. My name is Prikmenah Tindebum and I am a fifteen year old hostess in a massage parlor in the famous Patpong section of my city. I am the proud mother of a one year old girl called Chunk. She is a good baby and sleeps through the night while I do my work, entertaining gentlemen from many lands. I especially like the American men who are nice to me and I would like it very much if an American girl would write to me and tell me all about Marky Mark and Joe McIntyre from New Kids on the Block. My hobbies are eating Basmati Rice and smoking cigarettes with my vagina. Please write. Please send strong American dollars. Your friend, Prik.



I am Ngngm Mngnm of Swaziland, Africa. I am a tribal princess and enjoy listening to Wilson Philips and Hammer. I am the daughter of King Dngnm Mngnm. I am fourteen years of age. I have a one year old off-spring. Soon the elders will perform ritual scarification on the child for the purposes of inclusion in our tribe. This is a painful process and there will be many tears, but it is an important part of our culture. I long to learn more about your culture and to know your ways. Send me a one-way airplane ticket to your modern, civilized country and furnish me with a large apartment and a staff of fifteen of your best trained functionaries. If the baby would be too much trouble, I am prepared to leave it behind. I have no real attachment to it. This is my wish. Obey.



My name is Giselle LeMar and I am a French girl who is in zee family way. I was once a promising young star of the Paris Ballet, but unfortunately I became involved in a liaison with a good for nossing ski bum from zee French Alps, Pierre-Richard. Puh, I spit on his bronzed, leathery face. Now I am a bitter, young girl. I carry his bastard in my belly and weep long into zee night. I love to listen to Madonna and think Jason Priestly from Beverly Hills 90210 is a way beautiful guy. Someday I hope to visit America. Until zen, send me letters and compact deescs.

"Yikes! There's Cute Boys in My Office!"

I'm the luckiest girl in North America. Yesterday the world's biggest teen heartthrobs showed up at the offices of TEENMOM. I, like, totally didn't expect it. But, hey, I'm only so sure I was gonna pass up the photo-op of a lifetime. So, okay, ignore my too tragic hair (It was just one of those days, know what I mean, girls?), but do check-out all the extra-attention these guys were givin' me. Don'tcha just N V the heck outta me?!!!!!!!!!!!!!!



Crack Baby of the Month

Name: Anthony Carmine DeNunca, Jr.
Born: January 4, 1993
Birth weight: 4 lbs. 2 oz.
Teenmom: Jackie Notto DeNunca (17)
Teendad: Tony "Scheevats" DeNunca (16)
Nickname: Itsy
Fave Food: "An eyedropper full of formula fills him right up and knocks him out for a good ten hours especially when you cut a half a valium into it," sez Itsy's teenmom, Jackie
Fave TV Show: Live with Regis and Kathie Lee



Tony "Itsy" DeNunca

!!Ah, Bensonhurst in January," sighs Emily Notto as she pushes her brand new baby grandson in the carriage she used not so long ago to take her daughter Jackie out. "It's friggin' cold and the baby's shakin' like my vibrator." She takes a swig of the Mad Dog she has discreetly hidden in a paper sack and lets out a resonant belch.

Tony DeNunca, a tiny baby born to crack addict parents, is out for his first stroll along Brooklyn's famed 18th Avenue. He shakes not so much from the cold (he's well-enough bundled against that), but from the drugs already in his system at birth. He'd like some more, but he's too young to smoke crack.

Instead, his family is doing what they can to calm him down with sedatives and alcohol. Sometimes Tony, Sr. (Don't call him "Scheevats" - he's outgrown that childish nickname) will smoke a joint and shotgun a hit or two into his little boy's face.

Seeing a swig would do him good, Grandma Emily splashes some of her wine about his mouth. He laps it up nervously and falls into a fitful sleep.

"At least he's not crying no more," Noto says. "Can't stand to see the little bastard cry. Not that he's a bastard. My old man, Rico, saw to it that Scheevats did right by Jackie and married her."

Just then the proud, new mother stumbles up the street. Jackie wears a tattered leather trenchcoat and knee high suede boots. Her pretty chestnut hair tosses about her shoulders in knots. Her pre-Raphaelite face is a shade of grey. She's finished a hard night's work, giving blow-jobs to anyone with five dollars and the courage to let her do it. With enough in her pocket to stay fixed for the rest of the day she's on her way to her dealer's house where, if she's lucky, she'll score without having to let him fuck her.

She walks right past her mother and child. That's how determined she is to get whacked.

"Hey, douchebag," Emily calls out to her daughter. "Dontcha even friggin' say hello to your own mother?"

Jackie turns around with a look in her eye that says "I'm busy" and says "Ma, what the fuck you doin' with little Itsy out on a day like today? Get him the fuck back in the house, wouldja!"

A baby hears the sound of his mother's sweet voice and his innocent eyes flicker open. His tiny, under-developed lungs burst forth with a wail so miserable it must surely have the angels in tears. He's hungry.

"Ya stupid, scumbucket, how many times do I have to tell you not to scream when the baby's nappin'? You're gonna

make one pathetic mother, I'll tell you that."

And so the wisdom of one generation gets passed down to the next and another of the important lessons of parenting is reviewed for the slower learners.

"Does he need to be changed or something?"

"I don't know? Why don't you check?"

"Could you do it for me, Ma? I'm in a hurry to get to Jimmy Emma's house. I gotta score some smoke real bad."

"Always thinkin' of your own friggin' self."

Emily leans over and gives the baby a sniff. It doesn't smell like shit so her grand-maternal instincts tell her it must simply be a bad case of withdrawal. She splashes another few drops of Mad Dog on the kid's quivering lips and he nods back off to sleep.

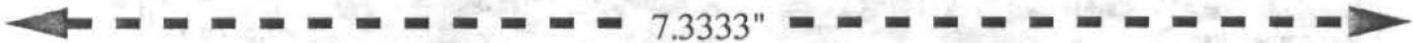
"He'll be o.k. Go get your fix, hon."

"Thanks, Ma. You're a lifesaver." Jackie shuffles off to Jimmy Emma's house grateful for such a caring mother. She only hopes she can be half as good to her child as her mother is.

Lucky little Itsy DeNunca. His father has just been shot in the face by a guy he owed some money, but no one will find that out for another hour. Meantime, Itsy sleeps like an innocent babe.



"I'm Afraid Of Teen Mags!"



This list is reprinted from Stephen Doll's *Nude News* with the author's knowledge and consent.

who made what

(just in case you needed reminding)

- Bible.....inspired people
- breast and penile implants.....men
- capitalism.....men
- carrots.....Nature
- communism.....men
- circumcision.....men (isn't that weird?)
- dinner.....women
- gas chambers.....men
- God the concept.....men
- love to me.....men and women
- men.....women
- most of the articles and essays in *WP, NYT, JAMA*.....men
- Nature, human spirit, inspiration, Ma Earth.....?
- Oreos.....men
- peace.....men and women
- quality, affordable VCRs.....japanese
- slavery.....men
- tampons and high heels.....men
- the words "homosexual," "Negro".....constipated social scientists
- the world....each of you makes your own *and* the one we all live in
- transistor, VCR, and fax technology.....americans
- war.....cooked food-consuming men



F I C T I O N

LESLIE Spiridakis stared at the screaming heavy set man, his neck cords bulging, his eyes bulging wider as Leslie neatly slid the parking ticket under the front wiper of the black Mercedes. "You *%@&! lousy %@#&!," he screamed at her as Leslie crisply opened the door of her Ford Escort and tossed the pad of parking tickets onto the passenger side bucket seat. She was tempted to yell after the burly Italian with a million gold chains, "I'll see you in court" but she resisted, not needing to exacerbate the situation.

"All in a day's work," Leslie sighed to herself as she turned up the volume on the police band radio. Sklar, the dispatcher, was rambling on about some old lady over on Rainbow Drive who had climbed out her window attempting to pull her cat out of a tree and got stuck in the tree herself. "It's stupid people day, it's stupid people day," Leslie sang loudly to the theme of "Howdy Doody" as she checked her watch and figured it was late enough to knock off for lunch. She pointed the Escort purposefully in the direction of the Neptune Queen and picked up some speed as she entered onto Route 68.

She rolled the windows down and let the crisp, March Jersey shore breeze waft around her. The last breath of winter and the first hint of spring tossed about the loose hairs that snuck out from Leslie's police hat. Although she was just a meter maid, the crispness of her uniform, the deep wood of the billy club at her side, the crackling of the police radio all made it seem so official! When Leslie had received that commendation from the Mayor last spring for so bravely assisting in the arrest of Mamou, the drug lord of Keyport, she did not have a reason to believe that the Mayor really meant anything when he jokingly suggested she consider police work. But here she was, protecting Neptune's streets from heinous meter abusers whose

reckless disregard for parking laws made Leslie's teeth gnash with fury. It was positively intoxicating the power she wielded in her blue gloved hand!

She rolled into the Neptune Queen parking lot and pulled in next to the handicapped spot. She couldn't help herself when she craned her neck to make sure the handicapped sticker on the '64 T-Bird matched the license plate. It did and Leslie clucked approvingly at the restoration of order here in her husband's diner parking lot.

Leslie walked through the narrow hallway behind the kitchen. "George? Nina?" she called.

"We're in here," came her husband's voice from the direction of the women's bathroom.

Leslie followed the voice and saw her husband hunched over the plumbing behind the stall toilet with Nina calmly sitting in a huge puddle of water, smacking her toy shovel into the water and gurgling happily. Leslie rushed to her and pulled her out of the water, her Dr. Denton woolies dripping from her tush down.

"George, she's sitting in the water!"

George got up from behind the stall, ignoring the dripping infant and his wife:

"Damn pipes are rotted beyond hope. This was not the time to have major plumbing work done. Hi, Honey." He caressed his wife's arm and reacted to the dripping baby. "Nina's soaked, Honey. We've got to try a more absorbent diaper. I wish you'd let me buy the disposables."

Leslie was ready to admonish George for leaving the baby playing in a puddle on the bathroom floor and for his political incorrectness about diapers but thought the better of it. She quickly changed Nina in the accounting office, put her in the playpen and then padded out to the counter where a tuna fish and olive sandwich was waiting for her.

"Hey, Spiro, how's it going?" Leslie asked, engaging the old man with one, long Brillo pad eyebrow ensconced in the *Asbury Park Press*.

"A tragedy," old Spiro remarked. "The Nets have lost ten straight. And they didn't even beat the spread. A tragedy I tell you."

"Sorry to hear that," Leslie said and pulled closer trying to get a read on the adjoining page. Suddenly a picture of an old high school friend caught Leslie's eye. She grabbed the page out of Spiro's hand and read the caption: "Parents Reunited with Daughter after Presumed Dead Six Months Earlier." A smiling Mimi Vaughn and her husband were cradling a four or five year old child joyously.

"Didn't even know she was married," Leslie muttered to herself. Leslie read the article. "This is odd. The baby was presumed dead when kidnappers contacted the couple and said the child had died. No further contact was made'."

Leslie tore the page from the paper and made a mental note to look up her old friend that weekend.

"Found any new sleuthin' to do?" Kitty Polemus asked sidling up to the counter as Leslie neatly folded the article and put it in her starched breast pocket. Ever since Leslie had helped get Mamou arrested everyone was always asking about her detective work.

"Oh no, nothing like that," Leslie answered the spry waitress, glancing toward the floor and noticing her nylons bundled up like the back of a Shar-Pei. "Just an old friend getting some good news."

Leslie stared ahead. For the rest of the meal and for the rest of the day she couldn't get her mind off Mimi Vaughn and the strange recovery of her child. She would look Mimi up that very evening.

Dave Postal is the pen name of Yumeena Lahtoomee, a Nepali exchange student.



Sinéad's Big Blunder: She can still set it right

Since her naughty stunt, tearing up a photograph of John-Paul II, head of the Roman Catholic Church, on *Saturday Night Live*, Sinéad O'Connor has lost big points in TeenMom's eyes. She was never that talented a singer, but she did have a certain style. It was cool the way she undermined her beauty by keeping her hair cut concentration camp close.

She suckered in a big segment of the American music buying population with her right-on attacks against Margaret Thatcher and tried to convince us that she didn't want what she didn't have. Buh-loh-nee!

First and foremost, Sinéad is a successful performer, thanks, in large part, to the big bucks poured into her coffers by her American fans whom she so blithely snubbed by making a stink over the singing of the Star Spangled Banner. Principled? Maybe. But more than that, we'd say she's a "bad girl" who knows how to play the media game like a pro. She isn't suffering, but she'd have you believe the Pope has done a real number on her.

Now, this is not a defense of the Pope's position on birth control, abortion or homosexuality. Far from it. It is the staunchly held opinion of this publication that the Pontiff is still in the dark ages on these matters and is causing great harm by leading millions down his unenlightened path. We urge every thinking Catholic and every person of conscience to consider the damage done by his saying that the practice of any of these three acts is a mortal sin.

Who could be unsympathetic to Sinéad's anger? She's from a country that pays a high price for its allegiance to Rome. Overpopulated and underfed, Ireland is an example of everything that's wrong with following Church doctrine and not questioning its validity in a changing world. Sinéad, herself, is a teenmom. She did not let John-Paul's dictum keep her from getting knocked up and proudly parading her little off-spring before the whole world.

Good for her. She can certainly afford to have little ones and we applaud her. But this brings us back to the point of her actions. What was accomplished by spontaneously venting her spleen that night on *SNL*? She outraged a lot of viewers and certainly made headlines. She did a good job of calling attention to herself and yet made no direct statement about her opposition to the Roman Catholic Church. Cheap theatrics posing as politics. We're getting a little sick of Miss O's antics and, frankly, she's beginning to bore us.

Come on, Sinéad, you're a pretty girl. Put a wig on until your hair grows out and behave like a lady. We know you have important things to say, but you won't make friends or influence people with that sour attitude. And you shouldn't count on your limited talents to

hold our attention much longer. This is the nineties, girl. What does that mean?

It means that this is the end of the era of disaffected youth. The new millennium is about peace, love and understanding. It's about working within the system. That's a lot harder than rebelling. You might think it's less effective, but consider what your petulant outbursts have gotten you: Coverage but no advancement of your cause. Is that what you want?

We hope you're more than a publicity grubber. It would be a shame to think you only care about your career. You can make a difference. We admire your ideas and your energy. All we're asking is that you not use it to destroy. Take this moment in the spotlight to make a truly significant gesture. Paste that picture of the Pope back together.



La O'Connor. Would His Holiness tear up her picture?

