

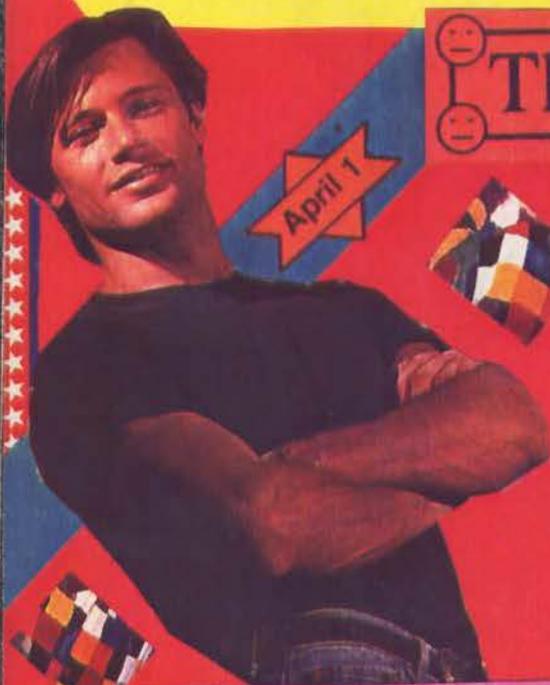
Enough Already with Marky Mark! No More, We Promise

TEEN MOM

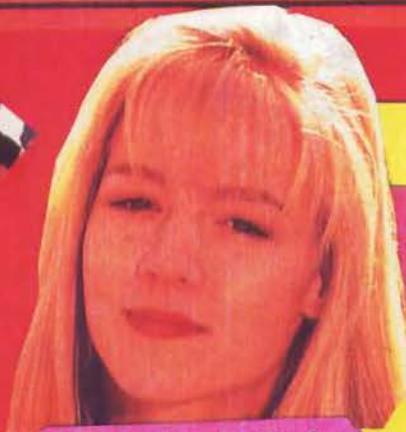
\$3

The Serious Issue

April 1



Harriet Tubman



Golda Meir

Poo

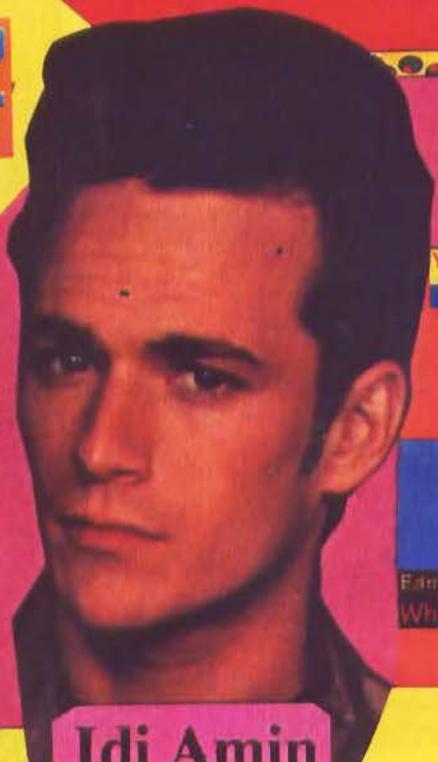
Limbaugh on Crisp



Winston Churchill

- No Humor •
- Fewer Cute Boys •
- Thought Provoking Stuff •
- Important Discussions •
- Yer Luv Horoscope •

Babe



Idi Amin

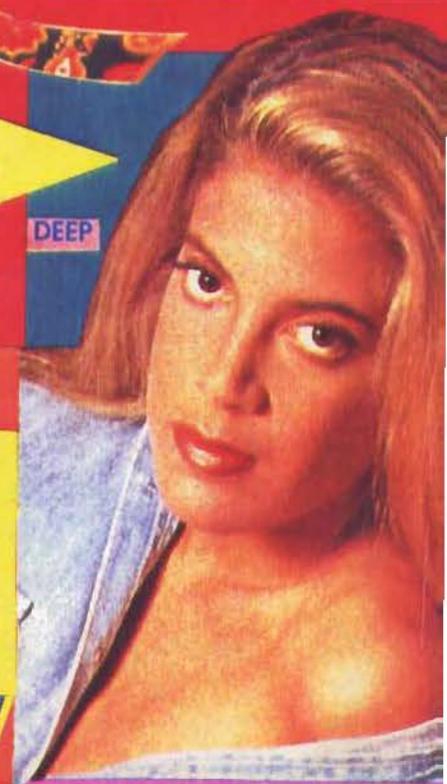
Your Faves!

Edmund Anne White on Rice



The Sprint Lady

DEEP



Albert Einstein

'Ronis!

At The Editors' Desk



All right, girlfriends, you heard it

here first: The Marky Mark craze is finito. I think we've all begun to realize how two-dimensional Mr. Mark truly is. Yes, yes he was good for a few prolonged gazes, a wistful sigh or two. But now that we've heard what he has to say, a limited combination of "hnh"s and "yo"s, we understand that binary language does not always a sophisticated computer make. The guy is D-U-M.

"But it's not his intellect that captured our hearts," you protest. Of course not. It was his musculature that captured your gonads. If you choose to stay stuck in that rut, go ahead, have your fantasy. But don't expect TeenMom to fuel it with anymore photo-spreads of that three-nippled slab of meat.

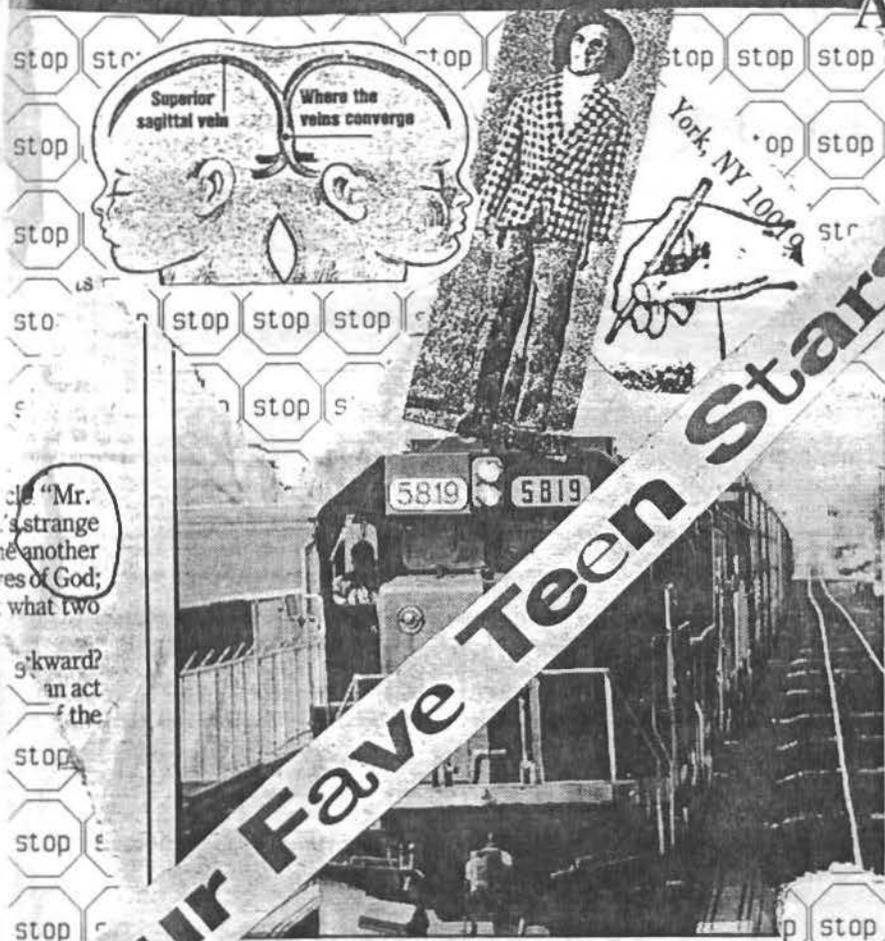
If you're having a hard time letting go of the fantasy of the magical date he'll take you on, holding your hand across a checkered tablecloth, reciting Keats and presenting you with an engagement ring cooked in your crême brulée, we urge you to get a hobby or do some volunteer work.

On then, with the April 1 **SERIOUS ISSUE** wherein we examine the most pressing concerns of our time: War, Famine, Global Warming, Racism, etc. Stop snickering this instant. There will be no laughter. Titters will not be allowed. No giggles nor yucks.

Deadly Seriously Yours,

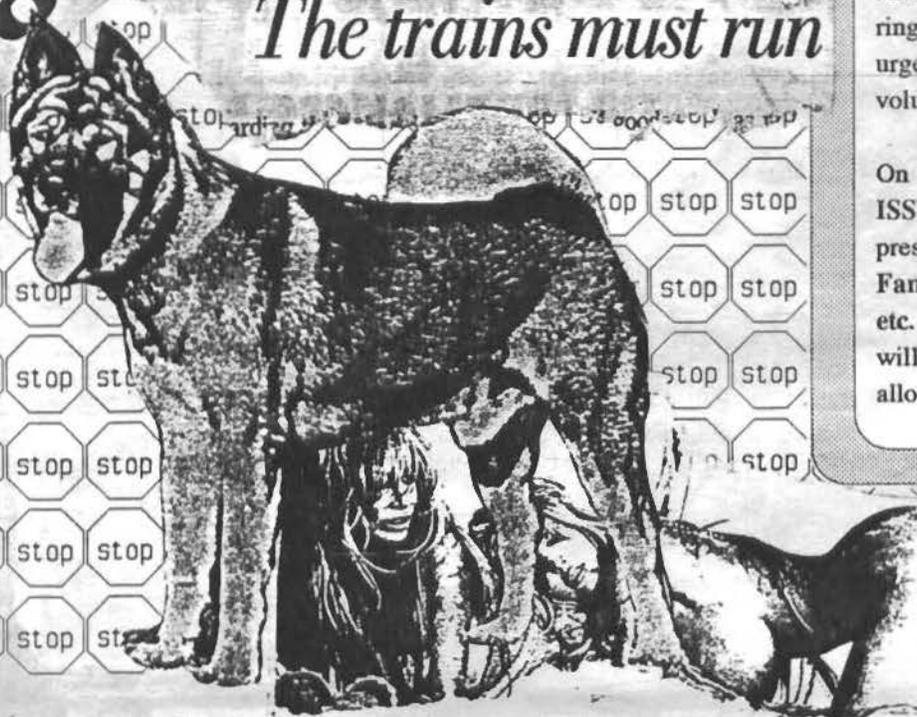


NB



Your Fave Teen Stars

The trains must run



Mr. strange another eyes of God; what two

backward? an act of the

TEENMOM

The April First, Nineteen Ninety-Three Serious Issue



Contents

Introduction by A J P Taylor	7
Bibliography	48
Preface to the German Edition of 1872	53
Preface to the Russian Edition of 1882	55
Preface to the German Edition of 1883	57
Preface to the English Edition of 1888	59
Preface to the German Edition of 1890	65
Preface to the Polish Edition of 1892	72
Preface to the Italian Edition of 1893	74

MANIFESTO OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY

1 Bourgeois and Proletarians	79
2 Proletarians and Communists	95
3 Socialist and Communist Literature	106
I Reactionary Socialism	106
a. Feudal Socialism	106
b. Petty-Bourgeois Socialism	108
c. German, or 'True', Socialism	109
II Conservative, or Bourgeois, Socialism	113
III Critical-Utopian Socialism and Communism	114
4 Position of the Communists in Relation to the Various Existing Opposition Parties	119
Notes by A J P Taylor	123

TeenMom is published on a twenty-eight day cycle (except when it misses a month or two -- always cause for alarm) in a spacious suite of offices in magical Hollywood, California. The exact address is Twenty-Two Eleven North Cahuenga Boulevard, Suite Three Hundred Six, Hollywood, Ninety Thousand Sixty-Eight.

MINDY COHN

The Irv Schechter Company
Talent Agency

Always lookin' for good projects (310) 278-8070

*luv ya,
Mindy*

L1783



ACADEMY PLAYERS DIRECTORY



BARRY ROTH



DAVE POSTAL



LISA DEE



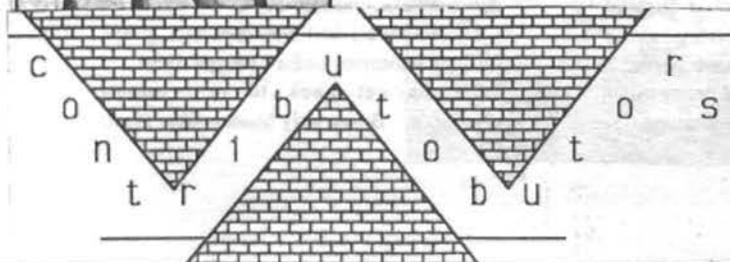
J H
A N N
E S T
E I N



M R
I C
S H
K A
Y E
L



M C
A R
R D
I F
F



What's in the New-osphere?

What can you, the individual teenmom of America, do to make a difference in this mixed-up world of ours? Write letters, make phone calls, talk to friends or strangers, put yourself out there. You have the power to make a change just by being in the world. Don't shut yourself off from it and don't discount what impact your presence has.

Do you know the paradigm of The One Hundred Monkeys? There are a hundred monkeys in the jungle and for generations they and their ancestors have been peeling and eating bananas in a particular way.

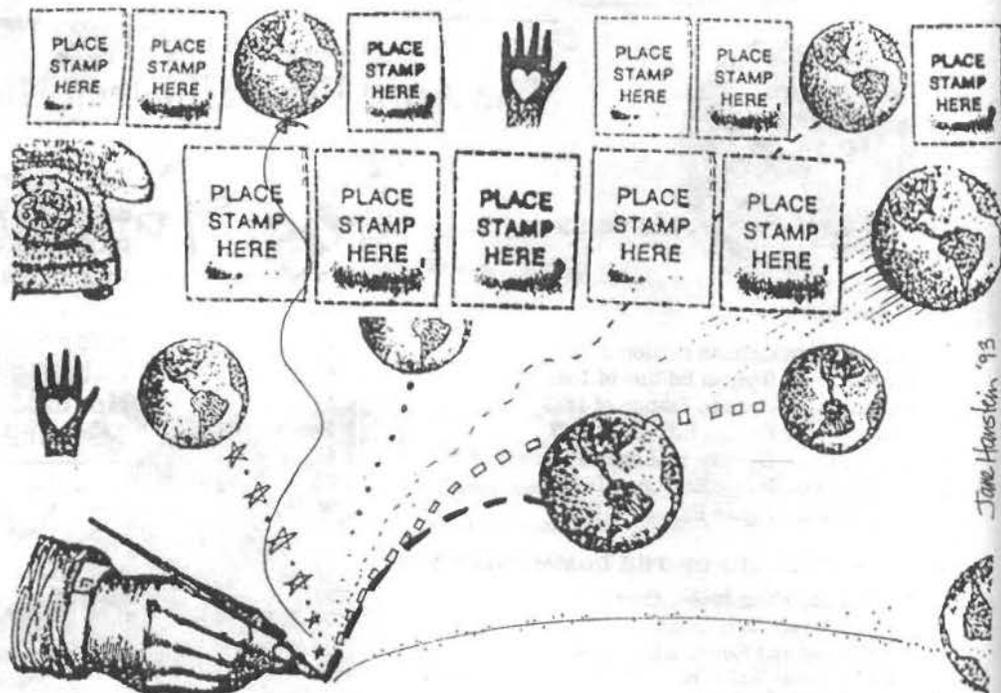
One day, on the edge of the jungle one of these monkeys takes a banana from a tree. She peels and eats it in a new and more efficient way. She's so excited that she tells her boyfriend and he passes the information on to his boss who institutes the new method as company policy.

By this point twenty or twenty-five monkeys on that side of the jungle know the new, more efficient method of peeling and eating. But the impact of the girl-monkey's innovation doesn't end there, for, you see, on the other end of the forest, at the same time three or four or ten completely unrelated monkeys are also discovering the same breakthrough.

The information, once put out there, as if caught by the wind, is suddenly available to everyone even without it being directly passed on.

Another example -- true story that happened a few years back. Curious George (not his real name) is a scientifically inclined monkey living in Paris, working for a fancy-schmancy research institute named for the guy who made milk safe to drink. Three thousand miles away, Lancelot Link (not his real name either) is a big-wig medical research ape in Atlanta, Georgia.

Independently and without sharing the results of their work, each of these guys came up with the same germ, a virus now called HIV that is pretty much accepted as the cause for an immune de-



ficiency which lays its host open to a whole passel of infections grouped under the acronym AIDS.

See, the thing was out there. Everyone was concentrating energy on it and so it just sort of bubbled to the surface. This phenomenon when something is ripe for discovery or consumption by the masses is known as "being in the New-osphere." All knowledge, all information, all possibility exists in time. As time unfolds like an infinite Chinese scroll painting, the facts of the moment become apparent to us.

History is the record of past information. The New-osphere is right where we are at any given moment. Clairvoyants, those who have "clear vision," and students of history who are able to anticipate and extrapolate can often predict what we'll see on the scroll days, weeks, months or, in the cases of George Orwell and Nostradamus, years or even centuries before we get there.

Let's get back to our simian eggheads. Being only human-like, these

guys have egos. Their mutual discovery is right up there with the convection oven and disposable cameras as great moments in the twentieth century, so, naturally, neither of them is willing to share the credit with the other. As if HIV didn't exist before either of them discovered it... And if George and Lance hadn't found it, someone else would have. It was way totally in the New-osphere. Someone was bound to find it sooner than later. It could even have been you goofing around with your microscope in ninth grade Introduction to Biology.

We'll let Lance and George fight it out between themselves. It's immaterial who finds what when. Eventually it will all be revealed.

Does that mean we should sit on our stretchmarked butts and wait? *Gawd*! no! And this brings us back to the point at the beginning of the article. There's tons of things you can do to become involved and aware. Every banana has the potential of being peeled and eaten better. Every germ has the potential of

Write letters,
make phone calls,
talk to friends or
strangers, put
yourself out there.

Thank you.

god
FOR
INVENTING
the pen,
the word,
and the telephone.



being found, named and destroyed. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain by making those challenges your business. Talk to people. Ask questions. Put a twenty-nine cent stamp on an envelope and send a letter to someone.

But learn something from the story of George and Lance. Try to take your ego out of your work. That's not to say you ought not feel proud of your accomplishments and humbled by your set-backs, but don't let those feelings rule your efforts.

If people love what you have to offer, that's good. Enjoy the recognition, but remember that anyone might have offered it and probably somewhere someone else has. If your message is misunderstood or goes unheard, it's because it wasn't time for anyone to understand or hear it. Repeat it to yourself, see if it could use a tweak, then say it again, and know that someone, somewhere out there is working on the same message. Eventually you or he or she will get the message across.

.....



**Get the
point?**



A paid advertisement from Miss Tori Spelling.

I heartily endorse the work of the "I Hate Brenda Newsletter" and the entire anti-Brenda movement in this country.



Write Aaron Spelling. Write your congressperson. Jam the White House phones. Do not stop until Brenda is off the air and Shannen Doherty is on food stamps.



I Was a TeenMom SheWolf by I da Lupina

I found the boys crawling on the Apian Way, two of the most adorable babies you've ever seen, dark curly hair, straight, Roman noses, twenty pink toes and nineteen pudgy fingers (Remi had lost a thumb in the Pantheon). And not a stitch of clothes on their dimpled butts.

The boys were hungry, so I gave them suck from my dangly, TeenMom Shewolf teets. At first they didn't much care for the taste of my milk, but soon they got used to it. I put signs up all over the seven hills looking for their real mom, but no one responded, so I adopted and raised them as my own.

I taught the boys how to hunt and fish. I taught them my secret recipe for gnocchi with pesto sauce. I bought them lovely, matching Dr. Denton unis and the complete E.B. White (including Elements of Style - their fave).

A lot of the other children made fun of them because their mom was a hairy quadraped with big, pointy ears, but I said "Boys, if you respect yourselves, you'll earn the respect of others."

Romi had an especially hard time. He was a sensitive little guy. He wanted to be a ballet dancer. When his brother and the other ruffians in the neighborhood would gang up on him, I'd take the two of them in my teeth by the scruff of their necks and sit them down in a corner. "Be nice to Romi," I'd tell Remi. "And you, Romi, try to be more of a man." Then they'd shake hands and make up. I'd always fix them something special on days like that, maybe polenta, maybe a nice risotto.

Anyway, I'm totally proud of the way my boys turned out. They're big-shot urban planners now and they've created a city with the worst traffic of any in the world. What more could a mother possibly ask for?

At Last: An Adoption Agency for and by Teen Moms

Courtney Kramer is the founder and CEO of Kramer's Kids Adoption Agency. While other agencies employ teams of killer shark lawyers who skim high profits from the adoption procedure, Kramer's plows its profits back where they belong - with mom. Kramer's Kids specializes in babies born to teenage mothers who, according to Courtney Kramer, are usually treated like trash. Her mission is to reinvest young mothers with the natural dignity that is their due. One way of doing this is ensuring they receive proper payment for their labor. TeenMom's roving reporter **Lisa Dee** spoke with Courtney Kramer at the agency's comfortable offices in Sherman Oaks.

LD: How did you begin the agency?

CK: Well, I got pregnant myself at fifteen and decided to have the baby, despite what it may do to my body and soul. The soul damage was worse. It was real hard to part with the little darling, especially into the waiting arms of those grabby agency bureaucrats. They seemed ready to cut me right out of the picture when it came to any up-front money.

I managed to talk to the new mom who adopted my daughter and she told me about the huge fee those guys extracted from her husband. At that point I knew I'd been ripped off royally. All the work of pregnancy with none of the paybacks - no baby and not even an honest dollar for my troubles.

When I threatened to expose the agency, they paid me off big time. I took the money and ran, deciding then and there to one day have my own agency, one that pays off for moms and cuts middle guys out of the picture. The money I got from the agency allowed me to stay at school and get the MBA that put me where I am today.

LD: Did you find you felt isolated at school, being pregnant when other girls were cheerleading or dating?

CK: God! Cheerleading? Are you kidding? This is not "Father Knows Best." Girls grow up real early these days, no matter which side of the tracks they're from. How can you keep kids innocent when there's all that open sewage for news and entertainment?

Anyway, there were a few of us in the same boat at my school and we stuck together. One of my girlfriends decided to adopt too. Her baby was born with a genetic disorder so she was worth zilch on the American market. My friend was paid a small fee to shut up while her kid was shipped off to the white slave trade in Arabia or the Middle East or somewhere.

They'll pay incredible prices for white babies and know nothing about congenital disease, which is why agencies here sometimes try to palm off damaged goods to the Arabs. This is actually something for today's teen mom to think about. She may receive shady offers, big bucks from Bahrain, free trips to Morocco, but consider the downside: You or the child could end up in

some harem, enslaved to a small time sheik. That's why my agency is so important. We guarantee a good, clean home for the baby and no further harassment for mom.

LD: Who are your major clients and where do they come from?

CK: Other agencies treat new parents as the center of the transaction. Not Kramer's. Our concern is with the welfare of the mom. She's the one who needs support, rest and care after the fact. While new parents have a support network

"Birth is a production process like any other. The moms on my books are being paid for something that is usually unpaid labor."

and plenty of cash, the mother is usually left to lick her wounds alone. We make sure she has more than enough cash to take care of her needs during this time of trial. We also offer investment counselling if wants to set something aside for later.

LD: How can mothers best prepare their babies for adoption?

CK: It's really important to make sure the baby presents well to strangers. For that reason we often recommend that mom and baby do not bond after the birth. That way the child is more adaptable to strangers. It's also important that the baby be groomed and done up nicely in all the cute regalia that prospective parents adore. Bonnets and mittens serve a great double purpose: They make baby seem cuddly, doll-like and therefore vulnerable but can also be used to hide rashes or sores. Really bad rashes can also be dealt with easily using some medicated body

make-up (the kind used to hide varicose veins or surgical scars is perfect.) New parents must never think they're getting inferior or marked kids, so while your baby may have nothing more serious than diaper rash, it pays to make them look wholesome as possible, make sure their diaper is clean and that they've puked up before their first meeting, stuff like that.

LD: What do you know about agencies who employ drug addicts?

CK: Some agencies specialize in discount babies and offer low prices, especially to first time adopters. What people don't know is that some of these agencies deal in damaged goods - babies suffering sickle cell anemia, syphilis or even AIDS, God help them. This is definitely not us. We make sure our moms come from cool backgrounds and have the best pre-natal care. Our moms are usually focused on their roles and are spending their money on rent or and education, not crack cocaine.

LD: Some people have accused you of actually employing girls as baby machines who produce up to three and four babies in a five year period.

CK: Some of the girls in my agency have put more than one kid up for adoption but this is their personal choice, not something that's forced on them. So what else is a single young woman going to do, without any education or support? So what if she's made a mistake? Why shouldn't she make a little money in order to support herself after term?

There are plenty of infertile couples out there in Brentwood just dying for baby flesh. We're here to do them a service as well, but my main interest is in the girls who actually perform the miracle of life-giving. Because they're being rewarded for their efforts, some people treat them as if they were prostitutes. Birth is a production process like any other. The moms on my books are being paid for something that is usually unpaid labor. Their role in birth is a basic function but it's also sacred. Men are so afraid of the power inherent in this function that they try to rob women of their dignity by controlling all aspects of the process. It's my job to help young women seize back their innate power.

Restaurant Rev/Inter-view/Where is She Now? TeenMom, Sandy, Carnie Wilson and Mindy Cohn at Cafe Montmartre

TeenMom has a new fave restaurant. It's the Cafe Montmartre located at Melrose Avenue near Normandie. This charming Korean grill in a funky, old castle perched on top of a hillock just drips with ambience and is good for a hoot to boot. We predict it's gonna be the in place to hang-out this summer when warm evenings beckon cool urbanites to sit on Montmartre's many fanciful terraces and do some major table hopping. Go there and have a blast!

Our friend Sandy looked at the menu and shook his head: "You know what they say about restaurants that serve dishes from two different nationalities..." (American and Korean). Actually we'd never heard that, but we knew what he meant, having been to enough under par Chinese/American restaurants where something called "Chow Mein" is billed as authentic. Hmmm.

Ever game, we respectfully suggested that Sandy have a look around and notice that we were the only non-Asian diners there that night. He conceded our point and we placed our orders. If you want the octopus, make sure you say it clearly or, better yet, get three friends to stand behind you and act it out for the waiter. He didn't understand our order and brought us what he brought Sandy, the ribs. We couldn't

complain, however; we found the ribs to be truly yummers. With a glass of brown rice tea and an assortment of kim-chi sides, the meal was filling and moderately priced. Two can get away on about twenty-five dollars.

Kim-chi, by the way, is cabbage and other vegetables boiled with dirty socks. It's an acquired taste. The



place has its liquor license which it proudly displays on the gate at street level. They'll valet park your horse and buggy, but on principle we don't pay ransom for our hansom and found no trouble parking right in front.

Our unbelievable luck, shortly after we sat down, who should be ushered to an adjacent table but porcine Carnie Wilson of the bland trio Wilson Phillips and Mindy "Facts of Life, but Where is She Now" Cohn. We insisted they join us and here is a verbatim account of our scintillating conversation:

.....
TEENMOM: Carn, Min, over here!

CARNIE (*hard to hear, but this is what we think she said*): Oh God, it's that awful editor of TeenMom. Pretend like you don't see her.

MINDY: Too late. She's coming this way. (*super friendly*) Hi!

TEENMOM: Why don't you guys come sit with us?

After we all squeeze around the table.

TEENMOM: Do you know our friend Sandy? San, this is Carn and Min. Carn, Min, this is San.

SANDY (*blanching*): Hi.

TEENMOM: Sandy's from out of town. He doesn't usually meet big celebs like you. So tell us. What brings you here?

CARNIE: As you know, Mindy and I live together and have for over a year. We're totally happy.

TEENMOM: We didn't know that. Congrats.

MINDY: Thanks. Since my career is basically kaput, I'm staying home and tending to the garden while Carn makes a living. It works out okay.

CARNIE: We've just adopted a little Korean girl and we thought it would be a good idea to check out the food of her people. We'd hate for her to grow up without any sense of her heritage.

TEENMOM: That is so cool. But what about having a natural child, one of your own.

MINDY: We've discussed it. We even went so far as to ask Jason Priestly, Nuno Bettancourt and Soupy Sales to provide us with the

jiz, but neither of us wants to commit to carrying a baby around inside her for nine months at this time.

CARNIE: I have to add that Soupy was Mindy's choice, not mine.

MINDY: Carnie, I like Soupy Sales. He's funny.

TEENMOM: Have you tried the kim-chi?

MINDY: Yes, and I must say, even though I'm a gourmand who will eat just about anything, I find it hard to swallow.

CARNIE: Your friend is awful quiet. Is he okay?

TEENMOM: Jet lag.

MINDY: Where's he from?



Mindy and I live together and have for over a year. We're totally happy.

TEENMOM: San Francisco.

CARNIE: You know, I'm not having such a bad time with you at all.

TEENMOM: Thanks, Carn. Coming from a mega-celeb like you, that means a lot. Listen, we hate to ask you, but we're a little short on funds. Do you think you guys could cover dinner and we'll get you back next time we run into you?

Carnie and Mindy give each other a meaningful look, get up and walk away. So much for that theory "the bigger they are the nicer they are." Poor Sandy didn't expect to be doing dishes on his vacation. We tried to point out to him that it was an adventure. We're not sure we convinced him of it.

Where's he from?



TEENMOM's Love Guide to the Zodiac

Attention all you superstitious dudettes: Are you just dyin' to find out what the stars have in store for you in the romance department? Well, die no further. We have the answers right here. Is your Mr. Right about to walk into your arms or are you destined to spend the rest of your life an unwed TeenMom? Read on and find out!



HORSE

1954, 1966, 1978, 1990
You are endowed with great assets that will attract that special guy. He's looking for you even as we speak. Famous Horses: Mr. Ed, Secretariat and Jeff Stryker.



SHEEP

1955, 1967, 1979, 1991
This spring brings a wolf in sheep's clothing for the unsuspecting little lamb. Don't be taken in by his gentleness. Famous Sheep: Most Americans.



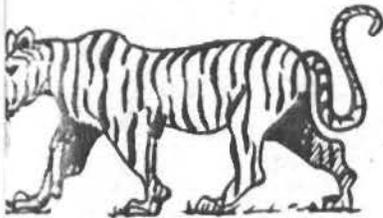
MONKEY

1956, 1968, 1980, 1992
You're mischievous by nature, but get serious. Nobody wants to put up with your monkeyshines anymore. Famous Monkeys: Mickey, Mike, Davey and Peter



COCK

1957, 1969, 1981, 1993
Like the Horse you have a one track mind. Avoid fights with other Cocks this month. Famous Cocks: Dick Van Dyke, Joe Cocker.



TIGER

1950, 1962, 1974, 1986
You don't scare anyone. You're just a big pussycat and soon you'll be captured and trained by a man in a funny hat. It's what you want. Famous Tiger: Tony.



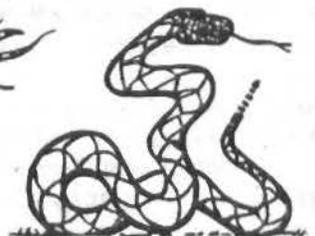
RABBIT

1951, 1963, 1975, 1987
Stop running or you'll never meet that special guy. On the other hand, fertile as you are, maybe it's better to keep moving. Famous Rabbits: Mother Hubbard, Roger.



DRAGON

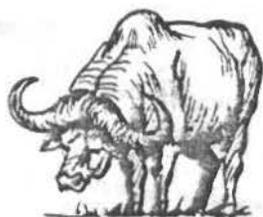
1952, 1964, 1976, 1988
Quit Dragon your chin on the ground. And didn't your mother tell you it's not nice to stick your tongue out? What's the matter with you? Famous Dragon: Puff.



SNAKE

1953, 1965, 1977, 1989
You've been hanging around with the Dragon too much. Get some new friends. Famous Snakes: All of my ex-boyfriends.

Enjoy old-world lamb barbecues. Whether you marinate lamb in a sweet-sour sauce or smoke it—you'll agree it's a real meat treat!



OX

1949, 1961, 1973, 1985
They say you're strong, but watch it. There's too much unsaturated fat in your diet and you're headed for a coronary. Famous Oxen: John Goodman and Babe.



RAT

1948, 1960, 1972, 1984
No wonder you can't get a boyfriend. You don't have any hair on your tail. Ewww! Buy a wig. Famous Rats: Benedict Arnold and Deep Throat.



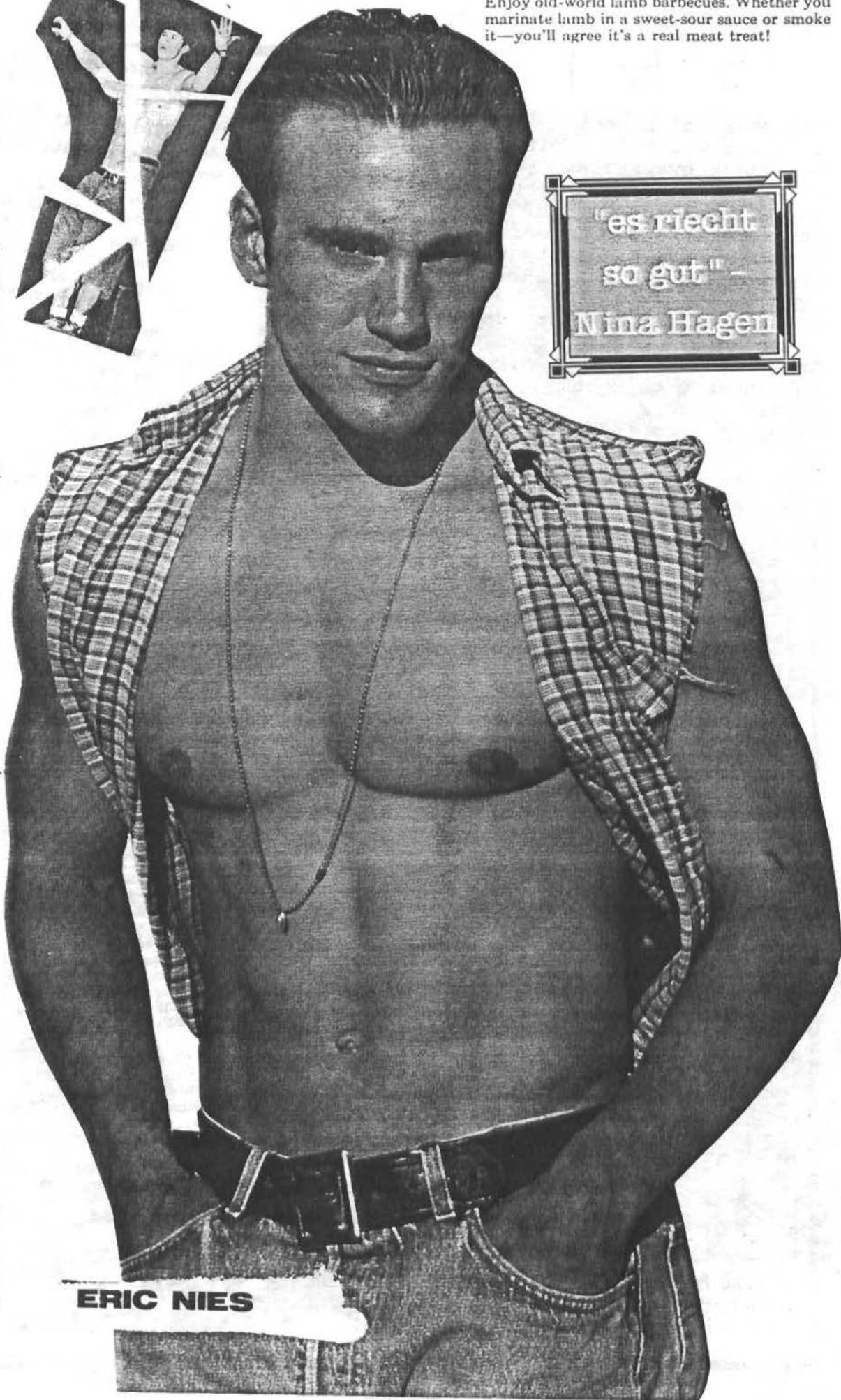
BOAR

1959, 1971, 1983, 1995
I know a great plastic surgeon in Beverly Hills who can remove those things for you. Famous Boars: Hugh Downs, Perry Como and Lee Iacocca.



DOG

1958, 1970, 1982, 1994
Hey Fluffy, it's not your fault you look like a mutt. You have a great body. Buy some paper bags and go for it, girl. Famous Dogs: Beethoven, Lassie and Chelsea.



ERIC NIES

Beatniks of the New Century

The heart of a poet
owns the water in a ditch.
Mentality evaporates
the ruins of the ancient ones
to celebrate a cloud of uncertainty
just a little more modern.
This is where virginity ends
weaving its way stunned
by the magnitude
of what it was asked to do.
Absentee owners slip down into shadows.
Dark dawn vanishes at his feet.
Unthinkable thought
flowed useless
plunging from frozen heights
eking out a living
visiting this profitless
locality
to justify
present circumstance.
To the dead he wrote,
"Forgive me for not seeing it all."



B.R. 1-93
~~_____~~



At the famed Hollywood Athletic Club Christian Slater begged his date, neanderthal Stephen Baldwin, to stick his pool cue where the sun don't shine.

Reprinted from the Washington Times with the permission of the Rev. S. M. Moon.

"At Last My Baby's Legitimate," Sobs Mother of Six Month Old

Waco, TX In a statement issued to throngs of reporters, N "David" B, leader of the Branch Davidian sect and self-proclaimed editor of *TeenMom Magazine*, announced today that her long struggle for respect is over.

Holding out a copy of the View section of the Sunday *Los Angeles Times* for March 7 in which her publication is mentioned, B said "I was hoping to get a mention from Lance Loud in *The Advocate*, but this is almost as good.

When asked what's next for her and her 'zine, B replied: "We're going to Disneyland."

E6 SUNDAY, MARCH 7, 1993

ZINES

Continued from E1
Mort," "Voodoo and You: Releasing the Beauty Within," "The Guide to the Perfect Car Crash," and other "service" pieces unlikely to be duplicated in the pages of *Vogue*.

Besides increasing circulation from 1,000 to 16,000 copies per issue and achieving a commensurate improvement in size and slickness—plus raising the price from free to \$2.50—Ben Is Dead has even spun off a sister publication, *The I Hate Brenda Newsletter*, devoted to vicious gossip about Shannen Doherty of Fox TV's "Beverly Hills, 90210."

Gays and lesbians are another major zine-producing subculture, generating hundreds of what they call "queer zines."

Publishers of these zines have held two national conventions, the most recent of which, SPEW II, a sort of festival of networking, music and art, was held in February at the Los Angeles Contemporary Exhibition (LACE).

This zine category includes such titles as *Better Homos* and *Gardens, Su Madre*, *Teen Mom* and the lesbian-oriented *Screambox*. The genre squarely tackles issues like gay-bashing and AIDS and also serves up the usual poetry, literature and countercultural news.

DEAR ABBY/ABIGAIL VAN B

Poem Puts

DEAR ABBY: One of c patrons would greatly

The panther (above) is Sara. They adored Sara's keeper, but he was married. Shane likes policemen and loves L.A. County sheriffs, while Sia goes for bad boys. "So if he's a cop, Shane gets him. If he's wanted by the cops, he's mine."

F a s h i o n F i d o

Remember the Akita, the yuppie puppy? What has become of a generation of those fluffy pooches? Alas, they're still around, painful reminders to their masters of the folly of following fashion.

"Oh, is that one of those Dogs of Distinction? How 1986!"

Exactly so. Little Zachary or Alexis will be seven this year and with an average life expectancy of sixteen years, those mutts à la mode will be haunting their Gordon Geck-owners well into the twenty-first century. That's what they get for buying a dog with a trademark subtitle, the dumb fucks.

Seemed like a good idea at the time. The darling went so well with runny brie and a nice beaujolais. He was the perfect practice child while mummy and daddy ran on the fast track, but now that Rachel and Max (the real children) are here, the dog just gets in the way. Maybe it's time to "send him to a farm where he'll have lots of room to run." Time to buy one of those cute, little Jack Russell Terriers -- so much more compact -- so much more today!



Not Separated at Birth



Tiesha and Iesha



Chang and Eng

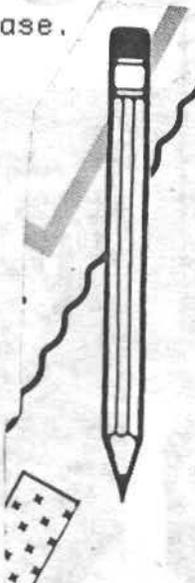
Ruthie and Verena

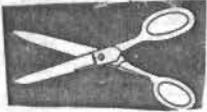




Final Solution

Oh, gosh no! We're not talking Hitler here. We're talking about the final exam in Ms. Dahgleash's American History class. She's a bitter, old spinster who'd love to see you fail. And you've been up the last three nights comforting a two year old with pink eye. So here are the answers to the exam, the same one she gives every year. Memorize them and you're home-free. Just make sure you don't give the essay answer word for word.

- 
1. True
 2. True
 3. True
 4. The twenty-first amendment
 5. Calvin Coolidge
 6. False
 7. E (none of the above)
 8. The Louisiana Purchase.
 9. True
 10. False
 11. A
 12. A
 13. C
 14. Falsies
 15. Latex sheets
 16. Jim Crow laws
 17. Sebaceous glands
 18. B
 19. Marge Schott
 20. True
 21. a. Richard Gere
b. Gerbil or lightbulb
c. Marriage of convenience
 22. False
 23. Elroy Jetson
 25. Watergate
- 

- 
26. True
 27. False
 28. Bruce Lee
 29. Kelp
 30. Antebellum
 31. Antibuse
 32. False
 33. a. Julie Newmar
b. Eartha Kitt
c. Michelle Pfeiffer
 34. Jelly babies
 35. San Juan Hill
 36. a. The Confederacy
b. The principle reasons the Confederacy won the Civil War were because they had grits every morning, they had more jammin' uniforms than the North, they didn't drink or smoke and they knew all the words to Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue."
 37. True
 38. Oven mitts, Tantan M'coud, oleo
 39. True. You cannot get pregnant the first time.
- 

Oahu Hula Hip-Hop

Yo! Word, all you phat tenderonis. The sun is high in the Oahu sky and hip-hop now be in Paradise. You can't strut the sand but you is running into some chillin' Polynesian dude profilin' his kicks and live gear.

Here's a translation of what I just said: Hello. I'm telling you the truth, good looking girls. The weather is beautiful on the island of Oahu and hip-hop style has arrived in the fiftieth state. Wherever you go you meet relaxed natives who flaunt their popular brands of sneakers and attractive, brightly colored clothes.

Aloha, I am Kay Lani Rae Ho, TeenMom's correspondent in Hawaii, happy to report that we are on the cutting edge of what is new and happening in the world of popular culture. Hawaii isn't just about macadamia nuts and pineapples anymore. We have a lot of young people who can boogie-oogie-oogie with the coolest kids in New York, L.A., Chicago, or Salt Lake City. So don't dis me, bro. Show me the props, a high true 'roni like me deserves.

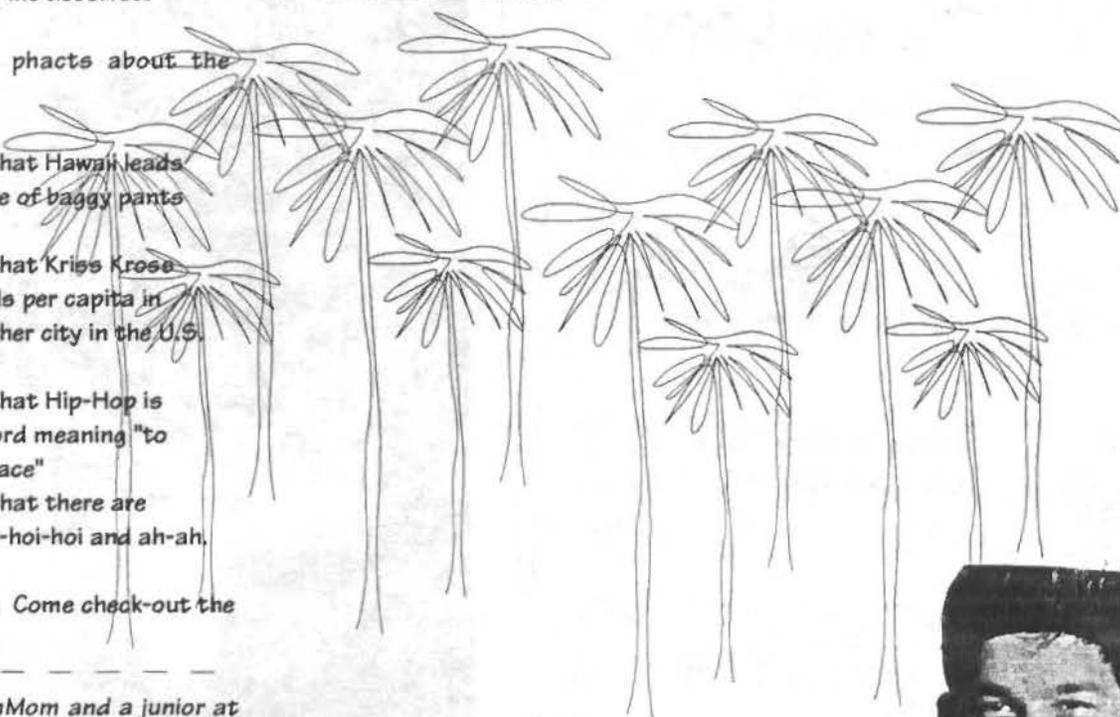


Here are some phat phacts about the Hawaiiin Hip-Hop industry:

- Betcha didn't know that Hawaii leads the nation in the sale of baggy pants and boxer shorts
- Betcha didn't know that Kriess Krose has sold more records per capita in Honolulu than any other city in the U.S. or Canada
- Betcha didn't know that Hip-Hop is actually a Hawaiiin word meaning "to dance at a frenetic pace"
- Betcha didn't know that there are two kinds of lava: pa-hoi-hoi and ah-ah.

Anyway, peace for now. Come check-out the hip-hop tip here real soon.

Kay Lani Rae Ho is a TeenMom and a junior at Honolulu's Meka Leka High. She is the granddaughter of famed teen-heartthrob and ukelele player, Don Ho.



Disregard



R I P

Henry asked me "Ama,
where did Steve go?
Where did Lillian go?
Where did Audrey go?"

And I said "Sweetheart,
they're with the angels in
Heaven working on a
video project."

Audrey

what a neck!



THE World
IS CALLING

THERE ARE MILLIONS OF TEEN MOMS ON THE PLANET... It's natural.

Thank you, Lillian Gish
teen mom from the turn of the century. 1894-1993★

I am a seventeen-mom. And when I get back on my feet, I want to be a video store manager. I'll work nights, so I can keep an eye on little Henry during the day. He is growing like a weed and already smarter than his father. Daryl is such an idiot. He spends all his energy thinking about basketball -- and he's not even on first string. More Later... Jane



I want to be a Writer

I WANT TO SEE THE WORLD.

Thank you FOR HENRY

I WANT TO TALK ON THE PHONE

IN LOVING MEMORY OF

STEVE DOLL

WHO LIVED WITH AIDS

APRIL 3, 1960 - FEBRUARY 1, 1993

Miss Steve Doll

Girl

1735 Webster Street NW
Washington, DC 20011

202 829-5485

Yea Tho I Walk Through The Shadow Of The Valley Of The Dolls...

by Michael Rasky and Mark Cardiff

Everyone remembers Ken. He was the golden boy, the most likely to succeed, the quintessential boy next door. He seemed to have it all, and for a while he did: From his salad days in the early sixties to the mid-seventies he could do no wrong. When he was introduced in November 1961 he captured the hearts of America, dominating the fiercely competitive male doll market for almost two decades. Ken's rise to fame was mercurial: He blazed past GI Joe and Big Jim fast enough to singe their crewcuts. But it wasn't enough; like many who find fame at a young age, Ken was troubled. For along with the fruits of fame and fortune he had to swallow a bitter pill: He was nothing more than a decoration on the arm of the greatest star the toy world has ever known - Barbie.

Beautiful, perfect Barbie, with her townhouse, Corvette and the adoration of little girls the world over. At toy fairs and personal appearances all over the country, it wasn't Ken they clamored for, it was Barbie. A source close to them both (who, for this article, asked that we use only her initials, P.J.) had this to say about Ken: "He is one sick motherfucker. All the time we were dating, he couldn't stop talking about her. It was like he was obsessed with the bitch. 'Barbie this, Barbie that,' even when we were doin' it he'd squeal out her name. I mean, what's she got that I ain't got? Okay, so she's got big tits and a one inch waist, But check these out!"

Eventually, Ken's obsession with Barbie the doll expanded to include anything and everything Barbie: Klaus Barbie, Barbi Benton, Bar-B-Que. What you are about to read is an excerpt from Ken's story, *The Diary of a Desperate Doll*.

September 12, 1989
Mattel Recovery House, City of Industry

I can't believe I'm finally getting out today. Everyone has been so great here, but I'm not sure I'm ready to face that doll eat doll world. My sponsor, Neely O'H., has been very supportive, but I'm a little worried about her. This morning when I went to talk to her about making amends to B. for driving her 'Vette off the top of Kristi Wooten's pink canopy bed, she seemed a little out of sorts. No, make that incoherent. Neely's been off dolls for twenty years; it only goes to show, we're all just one doll away from a slip.

September 15, 1989
Coral Sands Motel, Hollywood, U.S.A.

Took the Tyco Express to Malibu this morning. This was Barbie's stomping ground, but when I went to her townhouse, she was nowhere to be found. I barely recognized the place; Barbie's beautiful garden had been torn out and replaced by a huge cabbage patch. The stench of sullied diapers and rotting sauerkraut filled my nostrils; and the big headed kid who answered the door told me that Barbie had moved months ago, leaving no forwarding address. In desperation I ran and called my sponsor.

"Neely, it's Ken."

"Ken? Ken who?"

"Ken from the recovery house. Short, dark plastic... C'mon, Neely, you gotta remember!

"I need a doll."

"Neely, I am a doll. Listen, I need your help. Barbie's gone and I just gotta find her. I have to make amends."

"Barbi? Sure honey, I can help you. The Barbi's are good friends of mine."

"She is?"

"Yeah, both of 'em."

"Both of 'em? Neely, you're drunk!"

"So what else is new? Listen, do you want the address or not?"

"Yes, yes, oh God, more than anything a thousand times yes!!"

"All right already, here it is: 44 1/2 Hoochiekoochie Place, apartment double D."

Barbie, Barbie, my only Barbie, at last we shall meet again...

TO BE CONTINUED



WHAT BOOK IS ON YOUR NIGHTSTAND?



Axl Rose, sexy lead singer for Guns and Roses. The Communist Manifesto by Karl Marx.

"I love the part where Marx and Engels have a fight over the official color of Communism. Marx insisted on red, but Engels wanted it to be periwinkle. Their friendship was never the same after that. It broke my heart."



Dan Cortese, sexy host of MTV Sports. Aristotle's Poetics.

"Outrageous, funny read, man. I nearly peed my pants when he told that story about Plato getting locked in the vomitorium overnight."

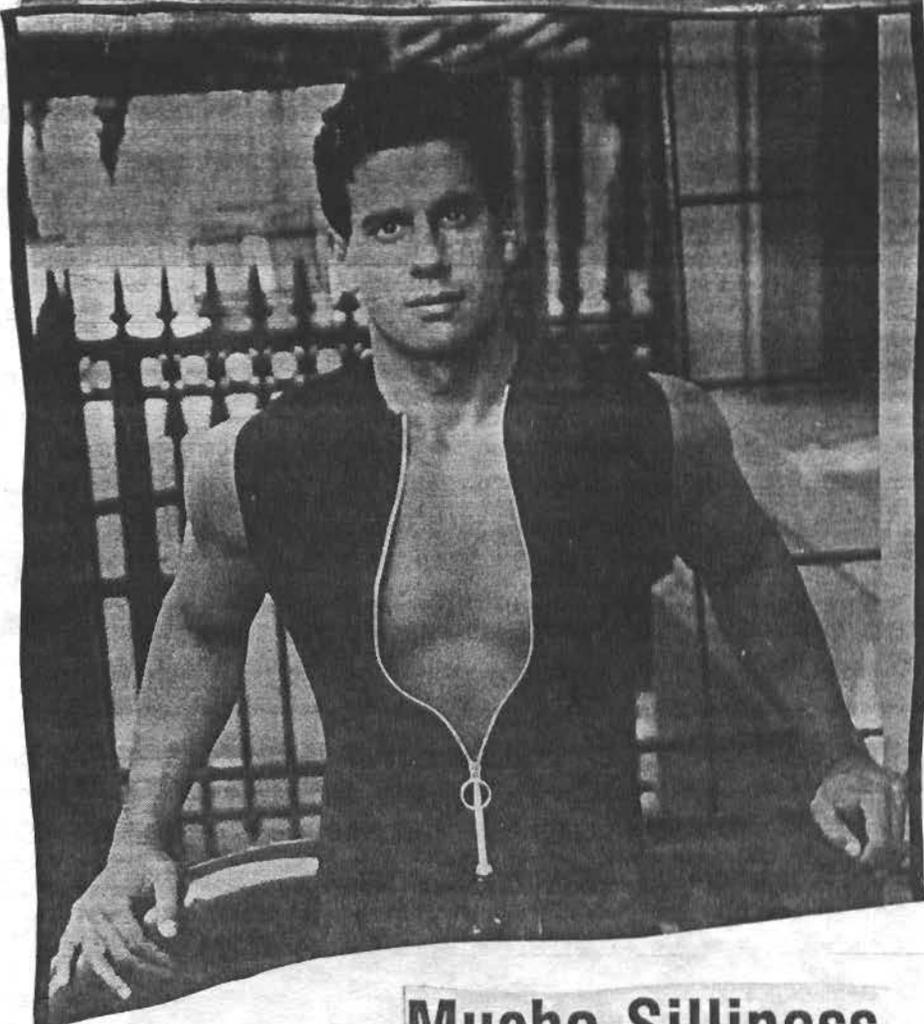


Gerardo, sexy, flash-in-the-pan, pop star from Venezuela. Weetzie Bat by Francesca Lia Block.

"It's short and there aren't many big words. I read it every night and like it because it's about a kookie girl who lives in Hollywood."

SUBTLE D

HE'S GONNA KNOCK YOU OUT!



Mucho Silliness

FOR A PENNY.



THIS PENNY IS WORTH
\$13,000⁰⁰

IS IT IN YOUR POCKET OR PURSE RIGHT NOW?

Check your coins! Billions of U.S. coins are in circulation... many of them worth hundreds, even thousands of dollars. The U.S.A. Coin Guide tells which U.S. coins are valuable and how much they are worth. It also tells how to look for and find valuable coins and how to sell them. Send 99¢ for book.



OTHER U.S. COINS ARE WORTH
• 1925 (5¢) \$ 3,000
• 1945 (10¢) \$ 2,000
• 1918 (3¢) \$38,000

U.S.A. Coin Guide



dissin' dat

by Chrissy F

Smoke Screen

TeenMom photog editor, Brandy Wein was escorted from the set of 90120 cheese-fry, Jason Priestley's huge screen flick "Calendar Girl" when she refused to cover her lens during breaks in the filming. Seems JP's predilection for chain-smoking between takes is something the cancer prone hunk's agent thought best left out of the pages of our style-setting 'zine. Not one to miss a scoop, Brandy does report that our man Jace will be smoking in the film which is about three young hubber-hubbers who set out for Hollywood in 1962 to meet Marilyn Monroe. And while we're on the REAL subject here, tongue clucks to Brandy for her appearance in the new Trey Lorenz vid "Photograph of Mary," playing herself, natch. Go on, girl!!!

It's a Woman! It's a Man! It's Iman...

We caught up with super-mod and uptown-lounge denizen Naomi Campbell at the tony-toni-tone Roxbury Cafe last month and couldn't help but complement her on her recent runway scoot at David Geffen's AMFAR fashion cash raiser. Upon noticing that the Nao-ster's lip gloss made her look alarmingly like fading press hound and Bowie-fluffer, Iman, Ms. Campbell gave the single finger salute and went back to the love letter she had been writing to Orlando Magic backboard-bashing baldhead Shaquille O'Neal on a wilted cocktail napkin. Run on girl!!!

Returning Our Calls Only When They Know We're Not

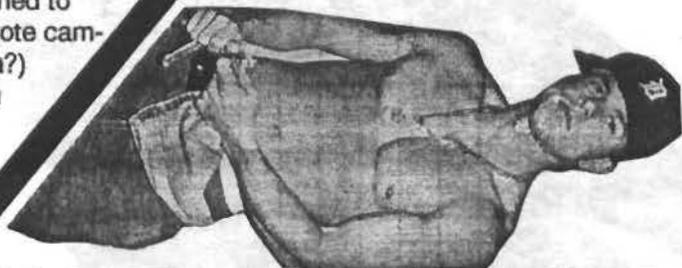
Home And Our Answering Machine Is In The Shop

Rosie Perez, Chris O'Donnell, Jaye Davidson, Chris Barron of the Spin Doctors, Amy Fisher.

Queen for a Day...

Couldn't help it ... honestly ... had to corner Marky Mark backstage at the recent Gram-mamma awards (Eric Clapton over Boyz II Men ... I'm sure ... what happened to that rock-the-vote campaign, Tabitha?) and asked him about his recent gay club tour, to which the

Gladiator-Pec bedecked stud-pony responded: "You're the only one for me, Chrissy." Nuff sed!!!



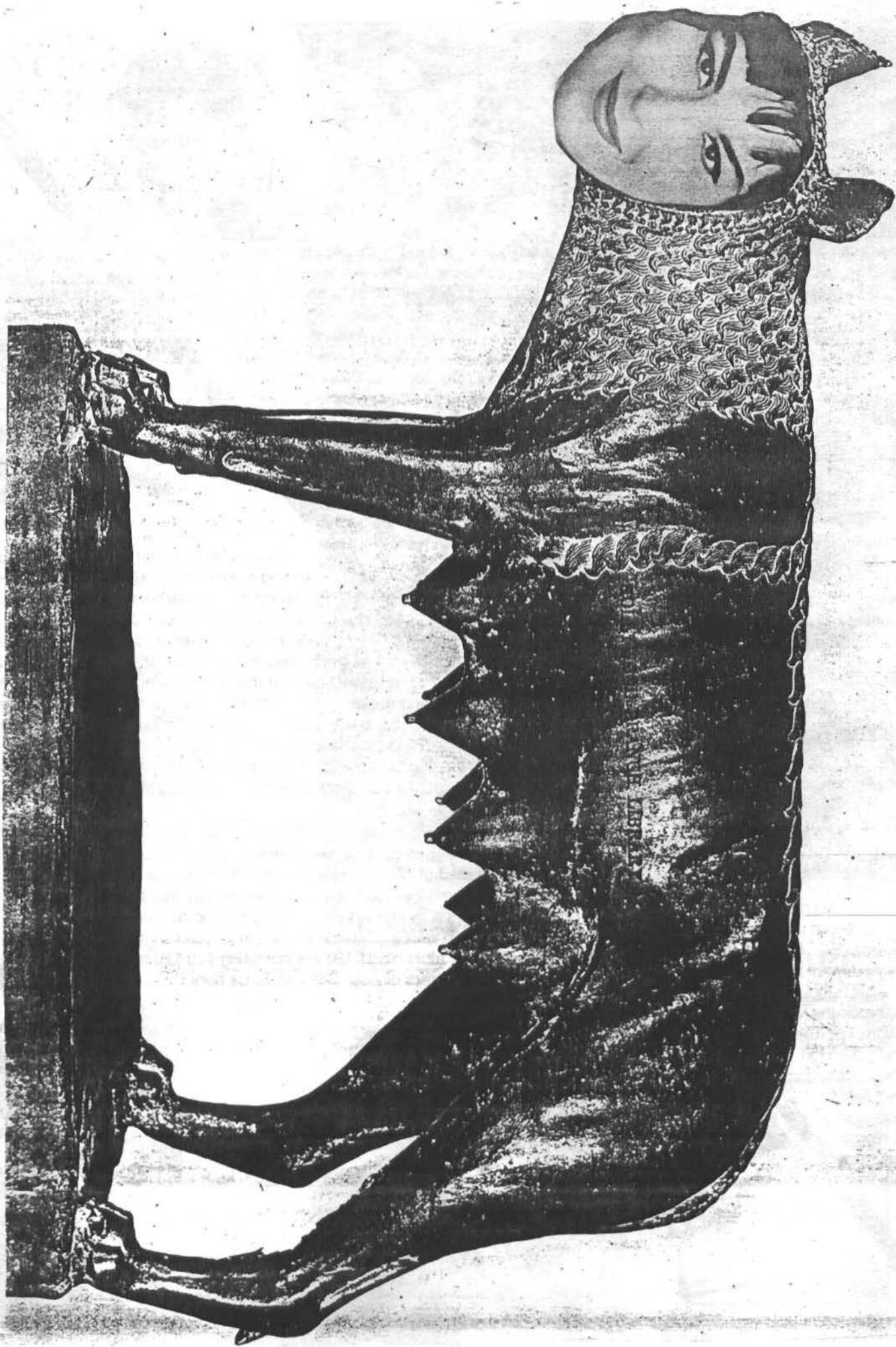
Fading Blossom

Seems Mayim Bialik can't help sulking around the set of her successful squat-com "Blossom" as her celeb-dom is being eclipsed by her Love-God co-star Joey Lawrence. Insiders report the Hebraic-surnamed teenqueen has been strewing Nestle's Alpine white chocolate wrappers all over the set, chewing the ends of her hair and creating adult size mayhem during closed rehearsals. If it's any consolation, Bloss, Joey's first single, the saccharine, Kids-on-the-Blockish "Nothing My Love Can't Fix" is careening up the pop charts making for excellent overexposure and rock-crit flatulence venting. Buck up, MB!!

With Two You Get Furball...

We will not give up!!! Chelsea Clinton, we want you as guest editor-alizer in Dissin' dat! The Publisher has offered comp tickets to a taping of "Married with Children" and a free personality test at the Church of Scientology if you'll gather up your head-gear and rubber bands, hop on Air Force One and dish with us mano a mano. And, contrary to whatever you may be hearing in those 'bloid mags, we are not using you just to get to Socks! We want you, Chelse, preggers or not. Call me, I'll be here...





034 7