

Make Mine a Double Issue

# TEEN MOM

A 21 Drunk Salute to the Lovable Lush

Foster Brooks  
1912 - 1994

- Roseanne A
- Tom A
- Drew B
- John B
- Dick Van D
- Kitty D
- Patty D
- Betty F
- Carrie F
- Cory F
- Larry F
- All Mac G
- Ted K
- John L
- Liza M
- Mary Tyler M
- Kristy Mc
- Julia P
- Mackenzie P
- Elizabeth T
- Marianne W

I don't think I'll ever forget where I was when I heard the tragic news that Foster Brooks had been shot. It was New Year's Eve, actually 4:00 AM New Years Day. Junior was asleep in the broken trash compactor I made into a crib for him. My date, Jocko, was nodding off in front of a game of Super Mario Brothers. And I, for some reason, was wide awake. Perhaps it was the heady excitement of standing at the threshold of the early-mid-90's, or maybe it was the double-dose of Ecstasy and the three grams of meth I'd done.

NEW PARAGRAPH I was out of Tiperillos, so I donned my second-hand Chanel cape and a pair of espadrilles and zipped over to the 7-Eleven. The place was a beehive of activity. Lecherous old men worshipped the feet of nine year old blind boys. Biker chicks teased pre-op transy imbeciles with their dirty blue hair in corn rows. Here a senile grandmother. There a minotaur. Everywhere six foot buzzards in latex and something really odd, a shelf full of ululating cereal boxes. If I hadn't been so high, I'd've sworn I was having an hallucination.

NEW PARAGRAPH "What's going on here?" I innocently asked of the clerk, a dead ringer for Daniel Day-Lewis.

"Haven't you heard?" said the clerk "Foster Brooks has been shot fifteen times. He's dead."

NEW PARAGRAPH Oh hold me, you handsome convenience store clerk, was all I could think as I collapsed to the linoleum. The news hit me like a Trailways Bus. They had to revive me by throwing a liter of Gatorade on my face. "Wha...What happened? Tell me everything," I said.

NEW PARAGRAPH And here's the story he told:

NEW PARAGRAPH "It happened last night. Foster was doing a late set at the Blarney Stone Cocktail Lounge in Stockton, trying out some new material for his big come back engagement scheduled to open in Laughlin at the end of January. His whole family was there to watch and cheer him on, wife Margarita, sons, Tom, Collin, Rusty and Niall. The audience roared as he performed his usual shtick, slurring his words and throwing in a generous number of 'hics.'

NEW PARAGRAPH "He held that room in the palm of his hand. Stockton loved Foster and he loved them. After the show, the champagne flowed and the entire Brooks family toasted the Lovable Lush's success. A blowsy chorine in a short skirt and pinafore came over and offered Foster her congratulations. She said her name was Lupe Sirrica and that she remembered Foster from her childhood when he was on the Dean Martin Show. Foster thanked the young lady and gave her an innocent pat on the behind. There really wasn't anything to it, even Foster's wife agreed that it was all in fun.

NEW PARAGRAPH "But that's where Foster's troubles began. From across the smoke filled room, Joey 'No Nose' Bonanno was watching his girlfriend's harmless flirtation with Foster. Joey had a reputation for being the toughest hood in all of Stockton. 'He had a temper that could flare up at the least provocation. They say that once he decked a meter maid for getting too close to his vermilion Dodge Dart. As he sat there, steam came out of Joey's ears. His buddies, Buddy DiMiglio and Buddy Piscetelli, fueled Bonanno's rage, saying 'Hey, Joey, looks like Lupe's got the hots for that old souse comedian' and 'Don't look now, Joey, but I think she's gonna open her meat curtains for him.'

NEW PARAGRAPH "That was all it took. Joey stood up, all five feet one and a half inches of him, and minced over to Brooks' table.

NEW PARAGRAPH "'Joey,' Lupe squealed with delight. 'Dis is Foster Brooks, the noted humorist. Foster, I want you should meet my old man, Joey 'No Nose' Bonanno.'

NEW PARAGRAPH "Before Foster could say 'how d'ya do' Joey had pulled a Magnum from the Spina Biffida Walk-a-thon Orange safety vest he wore and placed the business end against Foster's temple. Margarita screamed as the first shot rang out. There were five more. Then Joey reloaded and shot six more. Once again he reloaded and shot three more times, just to make sure Foster was dead. The last shot seemed to have done the trick.

NEW PARAGRAPH "A pall fell over the Blarney Stone Lounge. 'You're all a bunch of Cheese Doodles,' Joey hollered. 'And I love you. Happy New Year and good night.' He turned and ran from the bar leaving his girlfriend in tears and Margarita and her sons soaked in Foster's blood."

NEW PARAGRAPH "That's the weirdest friggin' story I ever heard," I said when it was clear that Daniel Day-Lewis had finished his account. "Every word of it's the God's honest truth," he said. "We saw it on CNN."

NEW PARAGRAPH I was so distraught I forgot to pay for my Tiperillos and Daniel Day-Lewis was so distraught he didn't notice. As I walked home through the grimy streets of my town, I thought about the horrible loss we'd suffer. What a bad omen this was for the coming year.

NEW PARAGRAPH Perhaps this issue in loving memory of Foster will, in some small way reverse the misfortune that has befallen us all. You're all Cheese Doodle and I love you. Happy New Year.

xoxo,



NB



The Pleasurable and Harmful Effects of Alcohol on the American

# TEENMOM

I love you so much and here's the proof

## PROOF

All models 21 years of age or older.  
Proof on file at the office of TeenMom Magazine  
1 TeenMom Tower  
2211 N. Cahuenga, Suite 306  
Los Angeles, CA 90068

LIPS THAT  
TOUCH LIQUOR  
SHALL NOT  
TOUCH OURS V2#2



**California Driver License 3929805**

Name: Liz Schindler  
D.O.B.: 9/5/72  
Height: 5'10"  
Weight: 120 lbs  
Hair Brown  
Eyes: Brown  
Preoccupation: TeenMom Intern/Narc



**New York Driver License 6496428**

Name: Jane Hans-TeenMom  
D.O.B.: 3/31/72  
Height: 5'10"  
Weight: 120 lbs  
Hair Brown  
Eyes: Brown  
Preoccupation: TeenMom Contributor/Junkie



**California Driver License 7658243**

Name: Mark McCormick  
D.O.B.: 9/15/72  
Height: 5'10"  
Weight: 120 lbs  
Hair Brown  
Eyes: Brown  
Preoccupation: Essay Contest Winner/Huffer



**California Driver License 2760354**

Name: Dave Postal  
D.O.B.: 6/19/72  
Height: 5'10"  
Weight: 120 lbs  
Hair Brown  
Eyes: Brown  
Preoccupation: TeenMom Contributor/JD



Warning: The Surgeon General, some broad named Jocelyn Elders, sez that the consumption of alcohol during pregnancy may lead to birth defects.

# Letters to the Editor

Dear TeenMom:

First of all congrats on your first birthday. We have been reading TeenMom faithfully since the premiere issue and enjoy your humor and pathos a lot. But we have a small problem. My sister and I are real girls. We have vaginas and breasts and get menstrual periods and everything. But we get the feeling sometimes while reading your publication that you are making fun of girls and that maybe your magazine is aimed at a different audience. This is just a small fear we have. We hope we are wrong about this.

Lisa and Anna-Marie Kowolski, Chicago, Illinois

Dear TeenMom:

Thank you for the beautifully written story on raising a teen idol (DOES YOUR BABY HAVE WHAT IT TAKES TO BE A TEEN IDOL?, TeenMom #7). I know I speak for a lot of young ladies out there who look to their children for support in their declining years when I say it provided some useful information. I think the author missed an important point, however. Sometimes, through no fault of the mother's, the child turns out to be a girl. It is only too bad that western culture does not condone the infanticide that some societies practice on baby girls. Perhaps, in a future issue you can address this problem and discuss solutions that stop short of permanently disposing of a female child.

Unya Mestakwa, Sioux City, Iowa

Dear TeenMom,

You ignore my calls. You refuse the deliveries I send you. I don't understand why you won't see me. I have been cleared of all charges and no one can prove that I had anything to do with the death of those five puppies they found hacked to bits in my backyard. You are just like my mother. The bitch! I loved her so much, but she never had time for me. She was always to (sic) busy with her career, Ambassador to Ghana. "Get out of the house. Go play with the other kids," she used to say. But the other kids didn't like me. They called me names and forced me to eat glue and clay and other school supplies. I wish I had a gun. I would come to your office and teach you all a lesson you'd never forget. By the way, thanks for the restraining order.

Cunts!

John Wayne Black, Address  
Withheld

Dear TeenMom,

Antonio Sabato, Jr. is a delicious hunk of manhood. You were right to honor him with the coveted Turkey Baster Award. (By the way, does that come with a cash prize or just the glory?) Me and my girlfriend Anita have purchased Antonio's calendar and can't wait for the months to pass so we can see more of his gorgeousness (if that's a word). But we're kind of freaked and here's the reason why: Antonio's Italian, right? I mean, he was born there in Italy, Europe and everything, right? Well, I'm not a hundred percent on this, but I think that over there they don't snip their boys, at least that's what I gathered from Mark McCormick's witty and poignant piece (TIPS ON INFANT CIRCUMCISION, TeenMom #6). Anyway, looking at the graphic illustrations for that article like totally freaked me and Anita out. We're used to dating and having children by American boys (although, Anita once screwed this sailor from Nova Scotia, but he was cut). We'd never seen before-skin. It's all hangy and droopy and stuff. And so the thought of Antonio looking like that kind of makes us ill. Could you please give us Antonio's home address and phone number so we can get in touch with him and ask him if he's still got that extra bit flesh ewingin' on his weenie?

Audrey Janger, Brentwood, California

Dear TeenMom,

I am deeply offended by what you publish and hope that everyone associated with your filthy magazine burns in the deepest recesses of Hell for all of eternity.

Margaret Schimmelpfennig, Brewster, New York

Our demented lexicographer, Doyle N. Vinegar, defines chafing dish as gossip which rubs one the wrong way.



# SHYLOCK



# HOLMES



Anthony Quinn and Siamese Twin Brother Jim Quinn



**Sissies**

Taran Noah Smith  
Jonathan Knight



**GENETIC ODDITY**  
Man with Cube  
Shaped Head  
Discovered  
to Have Two Y  
Chromosomes



**Bullies**

Zachary Ty Bryan  
Jonathan Taylor Thomas



# Why I Love Being a Teen Mom

by

Charmin Tamara Berkowitz

**M**y name is Charmin Tamara Berkowitz. I am a seventeen year old, lesbian, African-American, Jewish, differently-abled teen mom, and this is my story, thank you very much for asking.

My mother was a radical, black feminist authoress in Greenwich Village in the seventies. My father was a Jewish lawyer who hated his parents. They lived in the same building. Once my to-be father took my mother home to dinner at his parents' just to rankle them and they had so much fun that night they fell in love and made me. Everything was fine until my mother figured out he was a latent homosexual. He was spending all his money on therapy, so my mother moved to Los Angeles to join a womyn's commune. She was latent, too. Who knew?

Could you say it was because of my queer parents, or the fact that I was raised in an environment without any male influence that I grew up to be a lesbian? I don't know. Nature or nurture, it's all the same to me.

When the commune failed, as they all did, we moved to Oakland, California, and my mother settled down with a redhead named Sasha. I was having a normal (well, uneventful anyway) adolescence, which included a crush on a girl name Yolanda in the next block. Everything was going fine; I would carry her books to school, and she would paint my toenails while we watched *En Vogue* videos. Now don't get me wrong. Yolanda was still on the fence in the sex department, couldn't decide if she was gay or straight, but I was happy just to be around her. She let me give her back rubs and I taught her breast self-examination and even put two fingers in her once when we were playing my favorite game called "Family Planning Clinic," but I bet this wasn't hardly any different than most sixteen year old girlfriends across the country.

Anyway, she had this pesky brother, Cagill, who was two years older, and he used to come in when MTV played Snoop

Doggy Dogg videos, and I was stupid enough to ask him what doggy style was, and he showed me. In fact, he raped me pure and simple. The worst part was that Yolanda saw the whole thing, and even while it was happening I remember thinking that I never saw anyone look so sad, and then I realized that if he would do it right in front of her it must be because he did it to her too, and that was when I reached for the nail file by the side of the bed and put it in him. I just killed him, I had to.

After the trial in which I got off on self-defense (defended by my now famous lawyer father), I had a bigger problem. I thought I was pregnant. I was afraid to tell my mom, because the whole incident was so hard on her that her hair started falling out. But I had to find out for sure, so Yolanda and I went to the corner grocery to get an EPT, that's Early Pregnancy Test. You pee in a cup and if it turns blue, you're knocked up. Anyway, we didn't have any money so we decided to steal it, but the Korean grocer saw and as we were leaving, he shot me with a 30.06 which, I found out, is a rifle that can kill a deer.

For some reason it didn't kill me, obviously, but the bullet lodged in my spine and now I am in a wheelchair for the rest of my life. Miraculously, my baby survived. I decided to keep it, because I thought it could keep me company someday when I'm older, if I don't have a girlfriend. For a while I thought no one would love me if I was in a wheelchair, but boy was I ever wrong. Mom and Sasha started taking me to Lesbian Avenger meeting in San Francisco to cheer me up, and let me tell you them hairy-pitted, Doc Martin wearing, tattoo-bearing, deodorant eschewing, radical-recycling dykes were all over me like cheap suits. The phone rings off the hook, with them all wanting to be the one to wheel me on over to some rally on nuclear-this, or pro-choice-that, or lesbians-get-AIDS-too-the other. I swear, I'm on the bottom of the social ladder in

every circle but theirs where I'm some kind of trophy. I don't mind, because most of them will put out, and I am just as horny as ever, and Yolanda is kind of squeamish about the catheter bag. I say to her catheter, shmather, it's just piss, but she's a delicate type, and ya gotta lover her for it, right?

Anyway, you might be surprised that I read your magazine, which is obviously intended for the kind of girl who's biggest problem is whether to wear Petite, Sport, or Oval Press-on-Nails. But I like **TeenMom** a lot, because it has practical advice on things like infant circumcision and choosing the right vocational-technical school. Also, I admit, I have a crush on Winona Ryder, and she's mentioned at least twice in every issue. Did you see her in **Age of Innocence**? My chair got all wet I was so hot. (Then I got a rash, because the vinyl on the damn wheelchair is not what you'd call absorbent, but that's another story.)

So you see, deep down, I'm just like every other teen mom. I also like how I qualify for both AFDC and SSI, so I have plenty of money for nail polish (my weakness) as well as the occasional bag of marijuana or hit of crack cocaine. Life is good. Thank you for listening to my story.



Reprinted  
from the  
National  
Inquisition

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the  
tabloids  
&...

things were going bad for me a while back. She stole me from a mattress downtown somewhere, just around the corner from where all the bums lie around in piss and call for help and no one listens. I wasn't really in a position to say no. She said: Come work for me. Take care of my kid. She looked real young. Gorgeous really. Not much older than me it seemed.

She took me to her apartment. I thought it was so cool that she lived there on her own. All I wanted to do was lie on her couch and watch television. She was sweet at first and let me. Cleaned me up. Let me stay with her. Told me to watch the kid. Sometimes I'd cut things out of magazines for her to put in her magazine, TeenMom. "Magazines are a window on America's culture," she told me once. We went out late to the copy store and made color copies. Of all our favorite teenhunks, especially Joey L\_\_\_\_. She laughed and tossed back her straight blond hair. She said "You're like a kid sister to me." Everything was fine for a while before she turned psycho.

One day, me and her baby were watching Barney. The big purple dinosaur. Maybe that's what got to her. She came bursting into the room, waving around a big poster of Luke Perry. I'm like what's the matter? Her face is all contorted and she's accusing me of smearing lipstick on it. "And you ripped it. You tired to make out with my poster!" I don't even have any lipstick. And I never even saw the poster until now. There were all these lipstick lips all over it. Before I knew it she had smashed the TV. She called me desperate names. I didn't even think she really liked Luke Perry. I'm used to crazy people but I wasn't prepared.

I'm going, I say, and start packing my shit into a grocery bag which is all I have. No, you can't go anywhere, she says, blocking the door with her body. You're my best friend in the world, she say, crying and you're my baby sister.

I backed down. I didn't really want to go back where I came from anyway.

But nothing could have prepared me. She acted friendly again and said she was sorry. Things were back to normal I thought. But she had a fascistic streak. She made me pick up all the shards of glass from the broken TV by hand even though she has a perfectly good vacuum.

She got home late one night. I was drowsing on the couch in front of "I was a Teenage Vampire." I heard voices - her and a teen guy. They come in and he says hi to me and offers me a cigarette. I say okay, and all three of us are talking. The baby's asleep. Then she gets all huffy. "I have a splitting headache" and she makes this guy, Paul, leave. He goes and then she's got a wild, cruel look which I'm getting to know. "YOU, bitch -- you were flirting with him, weren't you? You looked at him." I was like shocked. I hadn't done anything. But she's in a frenzy. I say I'm really sorry and head for bed. But then she starts tearing the apartment apart.

She's swearing and muttering. I didn't dare move. She opens the clothes closet and rips her things off the hangers. They're flying out into the room, onto me. She had this wild look in her eyes, and I was terrified. She grabbed me by the hair and dragged me into the closet. It was in complete shambles. She threw shoes against the venetian blinds. Shaking me by the hair she screamed, "No wire hangers! No wire hangers!" With one hand she pulled my hair and with the other she pounded my ears until they rang and I could hardly hear her screaming. Then she dumped me on the floor and ripped my bed apart, throwing the sheets and blankets across the room. When she had totally destroyed the bedroom, she stood in the doorway with her hands on her hips. Clean up you mess," she growled and left. I could barely think. I just lay there, staring at the ceiling. A while later I heard music. I crept out of the bedroom and peered into her office. She was happily pasting up a poster of Grant Show and singing along to, I think, Brian Austin Green. Why? What had I done?

NB: I'm so glad you agreed to this interview, Liz. By the way, you look stunning today. Is that a new shade of eye shadow you're wearing?

LIZ: Yes. It's called Am Eye Blue by Merle Norman Cosmetics. Thanks gobs for noticing and, of course, I'm delighted to talk with you. That absurd piece they ran in the National Inquisition is pure drivel. They made all of that stuff up and put my name on it.

NB: It's laughable really.

LIZ: I only hope you don't think I'd say those things.

NB: Not at all.

LIZ: You know how much I adore you, how devoted I am to working on TeenMom and looking after Junior. I want the readers out there to know that you are the most lovely and gracious editor gal in all of 'zinedom and I've worked with the greats: Tina, Ingrid, Anna. Now they were vicious monsters, let me tell you.

NB: Yes, I've heard.

LIZ: But you, NB, and I truly mean this with all my good and pure heart: you have never beaten me or gone off on a tirade. You freely share your wardrobe and didn't even yell at me when I spilled hoisin sauce on your burgundy capri pants.

NB: Well, the stain came right out with a little baking powder and seltzer and besides, you said you were sorry.

LIZ: You're just so understanding. Have I said I love you yet today?

NB: Five times.

LIZ: Well, I do.

NB: And I love you, my little one. I hope this will convince the public that there is no bad blood between us. Come on, let's go for a Cinnabun and a matinee at the mall. My treat.

an interview with **TeenMom's**  
new intern, **Liz Schindler**,  
who sets the record s t r a i g h t

# Oenologist's Notebook

## A Tour of Cher's Wine Cellar



**Cher.** Her name conjures up so many images in the rotting mind of today's drunken teenmom: From her silicone lips to her tattooed butt, from her cheesy love affairs to her numerous "anything for a buck" appearances in infomercials, Cher is truly an inspiration to us all. A teenmom herself (lesbian daughter Chastity was born when Cher was fourteen and then husband Sonny Bono was forty-seven) Cher is a connoisseur of fine wines. She is proud of her collection which includes a rare 1985 Bartles & James.

TeenMom had the great privilege of spending an evening with Cher in the wine cellar she designed herself in the thirty room neo-ante-bellum-split-level-post-modern-ranch-cottage she shares with on-again/off-again bagel-baking boyfriend Rob Cameletti. Rob was out at Hollywood's famed Club Tropicana emceeing a mud-wrestling competition which left us gurls to pop a cork or unscrew a top or two or twelve, imbibe and discuss the grape.

**CHER:** Shit this is good! This is a 1971 Ripple. '71 was a great year for Ripple. I had my first abortion in '71. Fuck. That was my favorite abortion. You never forget your first. Know what I mean? What do you think of it?

**TEENMOM:** It has a great bouquet.

**CHER:** Oh fuck yeah! Fan-fuckin-tastic bouquet. You like bouquets? Here, let me open this 1970 Boone's Farm. It's got bouquet comin' out the fuckin' ass. And check out the clarity. You can see right through the little fucker.

**TEENMOM:** Delicious.

**CHER:** You bet your sweet snatch. I could drink this Boone's Farm until I was pickled, deep-fried and stewed and still come back for more. Christ almighty, I love my Boone's Farm. Hey. You're not keeping up. Finish that glass so I can give you some more, honey.

**TEENMOM:** I'm pacing myself.

**CHER:** Fuck that shit. What are you, some kind of fucking temperance bitch or something? Come on. Don't make me drink alone. Here. I want you to try a charming little Annie Greenspring I picked up in auction at Sotheby's. There's only two cases of it in the world, mine and Mary Tyler Moore's.

**TEENMOM:** Wow. You must have paid a lot for this.

**CHER:** A lady never tells how much she's spent on a case of wine, but fuck me raw! I'm no lady. Seventeen thousand dollars. And-- oh whoops! Check it out: I just dropped a full bottle and here's how rich I am: I don't even care. That was like fourteen hundred bucks worth of wine and, you know what, that's what I spent on breakfast this morning. Shit. I can afford it. I'm loaded.



**TEENMOM:** Cher, seems like you've been out of the public eye lately. How come? What have you been up to?

**CHER:** Look, don't get on my case. I'm not into that singing shit anymore. There's tons of money to be made in infomercials. I have five coming out next month. The work is easier, the pay is mind boggling and it leaves me a lot more time to do what I love best.

**TEENMOM:** Which is?

**CHER:** You're lookin' at it, baby. I'm not like some of those dilettante wine collectors. I think it's important to really get into my hobby. You'll find me down here all night sometimes. It's not unusual for Rob to come looking for me in the morning and I'll be passed out -- er, sleeping peacefully, a box of Saltines in one hand and a jug of Mad Dog in the other.

**TEENMOM:** How are things going with Rob?

**CHER:** Oh, lick me daddy! I love Rob. He's the best fucking thing that ever happened in my life. I'd marry him tomorrow if he'd only sign the pre-nup. You ready for this Maneschewitz Concord? It's a '93, probably not mature, but fuck it, we're blotto enough at this point I don't think we'll notice if it's not exactly ready to be drunk.

**TEENMOM:** Sure. Let's give it a shot.

**CHER:** That's the spirit. I like the cut of your jib.

# VALENTINE'S DAY PERSONALS

## ABSINTHE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER

### GURLS SEEKING BOIS

**AGREEABLE DRUNK SKS SAME** - NOT N2 VIOLENT DOMESTIC SCENES. LOVE TO GET SLOSHED AND TAKE LONG STUMBLES ON THE BEACH. BOX 272934

**AM CROCKED & HORNY** - 19. 4'11". 350#. ISO SHRT, FT ALCHLCS 4 RND-TH-CLCK SX & PSSBL FRNDSHP. BOX 974471

**CARING RUMMY** - 16 Y/O MOTHER OF 2. I LEAD AN ACTIVE LIFE AND STILL FIND TIME TO DRINK LIKE A FISH. ISO AMBITIOUS, HANDSOME BOOZER FOR COCKTAILS AND NOOKY. BOX 100987

**CO-DEPENDENT SLUT** - BIB/WF, 17. 6'1". 103#. THIS ANOREXIC, EX-BASKETBALL GURL WILL GO WITH N E 1 WHO'LL PASS HER THE WARM BACKWASH FROM HIS BEER. COUPLES AND CULT GROUPS A+. BOX 103977

**DRUNK WF** - 15. SKS DRUNK W O R B M. BLONDE/BLOODSHOT. HAVE OWN KEY TO FATHER'S LIQUOR CABINET AND OWN STERLING SILVER HIP FLASK. BOX 483882

**GET ME LOADED** - SWF, 15, 5'9". FRIENDS SAY I RESEMBLE CHRISTY TURLINGTON. UB STUPID, A B U S I V E AND UNEMPLOYABLE. MUST HAVE OWN CAR. WILL RELOCATE FOR RIGHT DEGENERATE. BOX 599931

**LOOKING FOR DIRTY & DRUNK** - SAF, 17. LAST BOYFRIEND WAS CLEAN & SOBER. WILL NEVER MAKE THAT MISTAKE AGAIN. RSVP BOX 879777

**NOBODY LIKES ME** - AND I DON'T BLAME THEM. MISERABLE, SELF-LOATHING 14 Y/O MOTHER OF TWO SKS BRITE, UP-BEAT BOYFRIEND. PLEASE SEND RECENT PHOTO AND CASE OF JOHNNY WALKER BLACK BOX 306605

**ROMANTIC CONTORTIONIST** - 14. DOUBLE JOINTED. ENJOY A 4 BLOODY MARY BRKFST & JELLO SHOTS AFTER DINNER. CAN WRAP BOTH LEGS BEHIND HEAD. MINE OR YOURS. INTRIGUED? BOX 444938

**REPUGNANT PARIAS** - WORLD'S UGLIEST TEEN DRUNK SKS ERIC NIES LOOK ALIKE TO LOVE ME FOR MY INSIDES: ENLARGED LIVER, BLACK LUNGS, KNOTTED INTESTINES. BOX 200493

**STR8 W JUICER** - ME: SMART, DISCREET, CROCKED. YOU: SAME. LET'S TIPPLE THE LIGHT FANTASTIC. BOX 376009

**WHAT DO YOU DO WITH A DRUNKEN SAILOR?** - IMAGINATIVE SEA-HAG, 3 SHEETS TO THE WIND, HAS SOME WILD IDEAS. BATTEN DOWN MY HATCHES, ME MATEE. BOX 330183

### BOIS SEEKING GURLS

**A .10+** - THAT'S WHAT I SCORE ON THE BREATHALIZER TEST. ISO CHEAP TRAMP WHO CAN BE HAD FOR THE PRICE OF A BEER AND SOME PRETZELS. BOX 666749

**CHECK THIS OUT** - SHNOCKERED WM, MID-50'S (LOOKS EARLY 50'S), SKS PYT TO GREET ME AT DOOR WITH MARTINI AND SLIPPERS. BOX 309890

**CUB SCOUT W/ATTITUDE** - RECENTLY PROMOTED TO WEBELO. 13 Y/O STUD READY TO SETTLE DOWN WITH RIGHT GURL. LET'S POLISH OFF BOTTLE OF SABRA I STOLE FROM MY UNCLE'S BAR AND START A FAMILY. BOX 718855

**EVER HAVE A RUSTY CHOKE?** - TWO PARTS SCOTCH, ONE PART CYNAR. THISTLE GET YOU SMASHED. BOX 212861

**LET'S GET OSSIFIED** - AMATEUR ARCHEOLOGIST DIGS GOOD TIMES WITH BONY CAVE GURLS. YOUR PHOTO AND PHONE GETS MINE. BOX 294849

**MY CUP RUNNETH OVER** - SLOPPY ALCOHOLIC SKS ROSIE TYPE TO BE MY QUICKER PICKER UPPER. EXTRA-ABSORBANT A+. BOX 603992

**SWIZZLE STICK** - THE SECRET TO A GREAT MARTINI: STIR DAHLING, NEVER SHAKE. IF U R CUTE, WHITE, BLOND AND WHISKEYPALIAN LIKE ME, LET'S GET TOGETHER FOR A ROUND OF GOLF AND THE HORIZONTAL CHA CHA. BOX 726640

### DRINKING BUDDIES ONLY

**I GET A ROUND** - THEN YOU GET ONE. TANKED EGALITARIAN INTELLECTUAL SKS BRAINY BOOZERS FOR BARROOM RUMINATIONS. BOX 452009

**NOT READY FOR R'SHIP** - SLOSHED WHITE FEMALE, 12. JUST LOOKING TO PLAY THE FIELD, HAVE A GOOD TIME WITH BOIS OR GURLS WHO LIKE TO PAR-TAY! BOX 890187

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1. Get to a phone.
2. Lift the receiver and put it to your ear.
3. Using your index finger Dial 1-900-TEE-NMOM
3. An automated voice will guide you through a series of instructions.
4. Enter the box number of the ad to which you wish to respond.
5. Listen to the recorded message left by the boy or girl who placed the ad.
6. Leave your response after the beep tone.
7. Wait by the phone in desperation until, you should be so lucky, your call is returned.

Each call costs \$1.50 for the first minute and \$.90 for each minute thereafter. Be sure to speak slowly and clearly. You may leave as long a message as you wish.



For the  
the first  
1-900-TEE-NMOM

# Where Were You When You Heard That Foster Brooks Was

# Dead?



**Patti Duke:** I was in my trailer on the set of my newest made-for-TV movie called *Broken Dishes* about a spastic, middle-aged waitress who inherits a bordello in Belize.



**Cory Feldman:** I was in the bathroom of a rest stop on the Mass Pike with Kitty Dukakis doing shots of sterno and nail polish remover.



## Foster Fun Facts:

- Foster's body was cremated!
- Foster only owned two pair of socks (both white)!
- Foster brushed after every meal!
- Foster had three nipples, just like Marky Mark!
- Foster's favorite ice cream was rum raisin!
- Foster's dead and he will stay dead for the rest of eternity!

**MacKenzie Philips:** I was -- Wait a minute. Who? Foster Brooks? He's dead? You're kidding me!



# What is your fondest memory of Foster?



**John Laroquette** I remember the time Foster and I got pissed beyond recognition and kidnapped a black girl in Wappinger Falls, New York and stripped her naked and covered her in shit and spray painted obscenities all over her. Now that was a good time.



**Betty Ford:** I remember one New Year's Eve Jerry was out of the country with his mistress, Senator Nancy Kassebaum. So Foster took me to a black mass where we sacrificed a goat and drank its blood. The rest of that night is a blur but I have two lasting souvenirs, a candle in the shape of Satan and a chronic case of anal warts.



## Who Do You Think Will Inherit Foster's Mantle?

**Liza Minelli:** I'd give it a try, but I'm very, very busy.



**Drew Barrymore:** I've written a little song in loving memory my good friend, Foster Brooks. It's to the tune of "To Sir With Love"  
Those E.T. days  
of being cute and earning loot are gone.  
But in my veins I know they will live on and on.  
And how do you thank someone  
Who has taken you from crayons to cocaine?  
It isn't easy when you're high.  
If you wanted the sky  
I'd give you Lucy in the Sky with Di- iamonds  
That would soar a thousand feet high -igh -igh  
Foster er -er with love.

**Dick Van Dyke:** I don't think anyone can take Foster's place. I think the title "The Lovable Lush" should be laid to rest with his bullet riddled corpse.



## Foster Filmography

Of Human Bondage	1934
Petrified Forest	1936
Jezabel	1938
Dark Victory	1939 (Oscar nomination)
The Little Foxes	1941
Now Voyager	1942
Mr. Skeffington	1944
All About Eve	1950 (Oscar for Best Actor)
Pocketful of Miracles	1961
Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?	1962 (co-wrote and directed)
Hush, Hush, Sweet Charlotte	1964
Death on the Nile	1978 (costume designer)
The Whales of August	1987



**John Bradshaw:** To answer that you really have to look at the family system as a mobile and understand how Foster's dysfunction and untimely death upset the fragile balance.

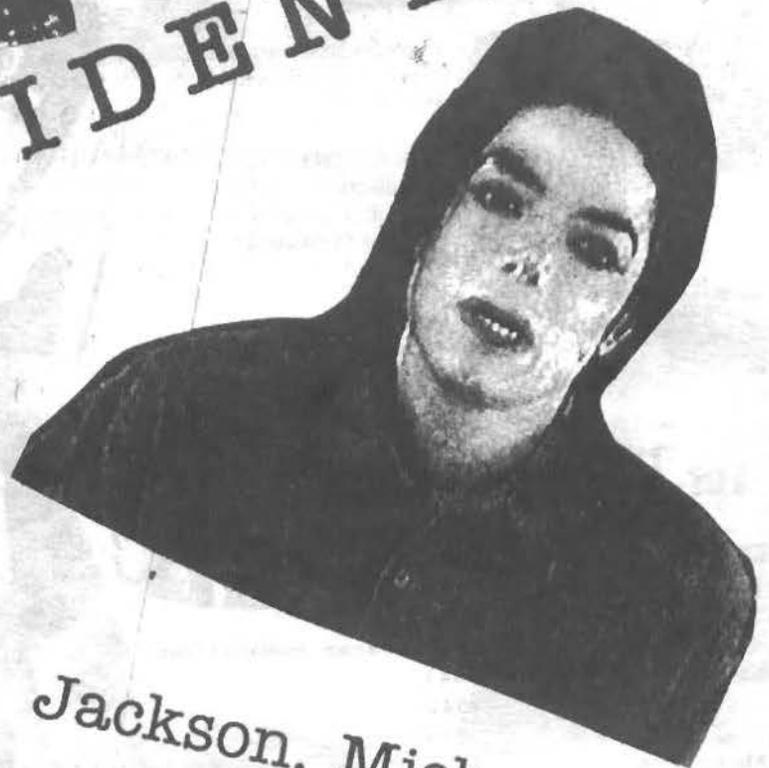




F.B.I. Evidence



**CONFIDENTIAL**



Jackson, Michael

# Jennie Garth's Amazing Outward Bound Adventure

**Most** girls know Jennie Garth as pretty, popular Kelly on *Beverly Hills 90210*. But didja know that in real life Jennie is a recovering alcoholic whose drinking problem was so bad she once went on a weekend bender on a warm June evening in Los Angeles and woke up in a men's shelter in Baltimore four months later! Her spider veins and crows feet, the scars of years of hitting the bottle, are usually covered by a thick coating of stage make-up which gives Jennie that creamy smooth complexion we see each week when we tune in to her hit series. In interviews Jennie is quick to credit Max Factor® with saving her career. (Just as a side note, it was Jennie who introduced Factor Grandson, Dean, to her co-star, fiery, tempestuous, Shannen Doherty).

Jennie rarely goes out these days. She's too busy tending to her five month old, Terrence Trent Darby, Junior. But before she got sober and after she got pregnant, Jennie signed up to do a celebrity promotional Outward Bound adventure. The trip, a rigorous two weeks in the rugged Donner Pass with nothing but a book of soggy matches, a cup of Uncle Ben's Converted Rice® and a copy of *Vanna Speaks*, was one of the most rewarding experiences of Jennie's young, fucked-up life. What follows are excerpts from the journal Jennie kept of that time:

**Day 1** - Today the helicopter dropped me in the middle of the Donner Pass for my two week solo. Landed on my butt. Ouch! Should never have gone on that diet Tori recommended. No fat layer to



live off of, no insulation against the cold. Will have to forage for something to eat. Am trying to save the Uncle Ben's for an emergency. Sure is beautiful up here. Sure hope it doesn't snow.

**Day 2** - Two feet of snow! It's gorgeous, but also kinda cold. Trying to look on the bright side. Found some mushrooms that seemed okay. Ate them and read a little of *Vanna Speaks*. What a remarkable woman! Am getting the shakes. Not sure if it's the freezing cold or the DTs. Haven't had a drink in two days. Would love a yummy Irish Coffee and my bunny slippers, but that's not what the Outward Bound experience is all about. Missing Terrence like crazy. Also missed my monthly visitor, but that could just be late because of the temperature. Tomorrow

I'll take a fifteen mile hike for exercise and to pass the time.

**Day 3** - Slept fitfully. Dreamed a yeti came in the middle of the night and forced himself on me. At first it was scary, but then I got used to it and then it was kind of fun. Terrence is so small and smooth and womanly, but this yeti was big and hairy and abominable. I liked it. I reeeeeeeally, reeeeeeeally, liked it! Seemed so real. Maybe it wasn't a dream. Set out on my hike. Found some more of those tasty mushrooms. Crushed the heads of three of my soggy matches and

sprinkled them on top for a bit of seasoning. That was lunch. Walked for another five hours until the sun set.

**Day 4** - Curled up in a nifty cave I found last night. Read about Vanna's breast reduction surgery and conked out. Wished I had a cocktail. Sure do miss my wet bar, oh, and of course, Terrence. Had that dream about the yeti again. Mmmmm. Woke up to more snow. Decided to stay in and explore my cave. Was attacked by three hibernating bears, a mama, a papa and a little baby bear. That was scary. Really wanted a drink. Drat! Could kick myself for not taking Grandpa Garth's hollow walking stick filled with a fifth of his home brewed hooch. Hmmm....that gives me an idea.

(continued)

**Day 5** - Had to move from the cave this AM. Woke up covered in bear droppings. The family I lived with obviously didn't want me there and that was their subtle way of telling me. Well, you don't have to claw me in the face. I can take a hint. Moved to a clearing with a view of...more snow. Anyway, had bigger fish to fry. Found a fallen tree and hollowed it out with my teeth. That was lunch. Smoothed the hollow with spit and elbow grease, melted some snow and cooked up the rice. Sun is setting. Am bitterly cold, but hopeful. More tomorrow...

**Day 6** - Downside of being without my Monostat 7 is... well, you know. Upside is I have just what I need for my project. Scooped a bit of my gurljuice into the rice and watched it work its magic. If all goes well, tomorrow I'll have a nice batch of sake to keep me warm and fuzzy.

**Day 8 or 9 (Can't tell)** - Yesterday (or the day before) is a blur. Rice wine was (emphasis on was) delish. Oh God, do I have a hangover. Guess what? The yeti is for real and he's standing in front of me right now with a big yeti grin on his big yeti face. Well, all right!

**Day 10(ish)** - I'm in love! The yeti is like a cross between Nicholas Cage in *Moonstruck* and Darth Vader on angel dust. We could be v. happy together except he can't see moving to L.A. and I just don't belong up here. Terrence must never find out about this magic time, this secret interlude that will be the defining moment of my twenties. Also, the Outward Bound people must never know that I am living in the yeti's lean-to. It is a deluxe place with all the comforts of home, including, get this, a case of Jaegermeister.

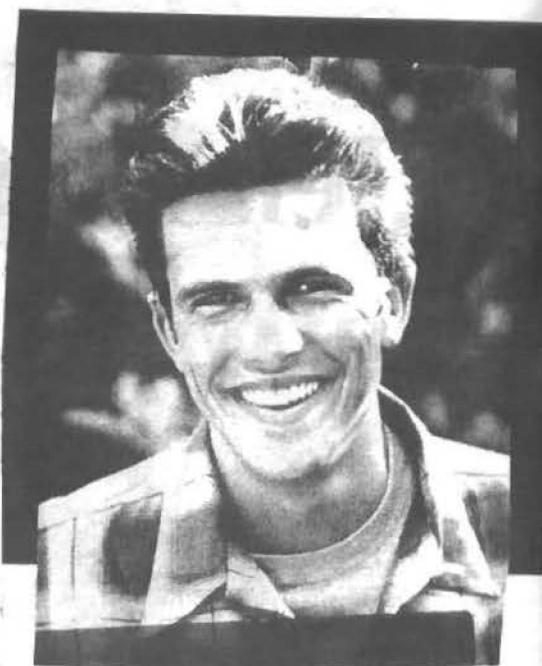
**Day Something** - It's just like *The Bridges of Madison County*, a fairy tale, a romance beyond my wildest imaginings. The yeti understands me so well. Be it material, spiritual, emotional or physical, he meets my every need. We feast on rodents he hunts and kills with his bare hands. He lavishes me with trinkets, mostly pine cones and needles which he fashions into unusual costume jewelry. He listens to me patiently and touches my heart with his insightful comments. Although he speaks no human tongue, I know we are communicating on a level deeper than any two beings have ever spoken. Only wish he didn't snore so loud.

**Day ?** - Big fight. He tore the pages out of *Vanna Speaks* and threw them in my face. I cried. He beat the shit out of me, but in the end we made up and balled long into the night. It kills me to think that in a day or two or three (?) (Wish I knew when exactly) the chopper will be by to pick me up and take me back to everything I've grown to loathe: Smog, spandex, that cheesy Ian Ziering... Think I'm pregnant. Is the baby T's or Y's? Oh, God, I'm so confused. Happy, but a mess. Will drown my distress in another shot of J'meister.

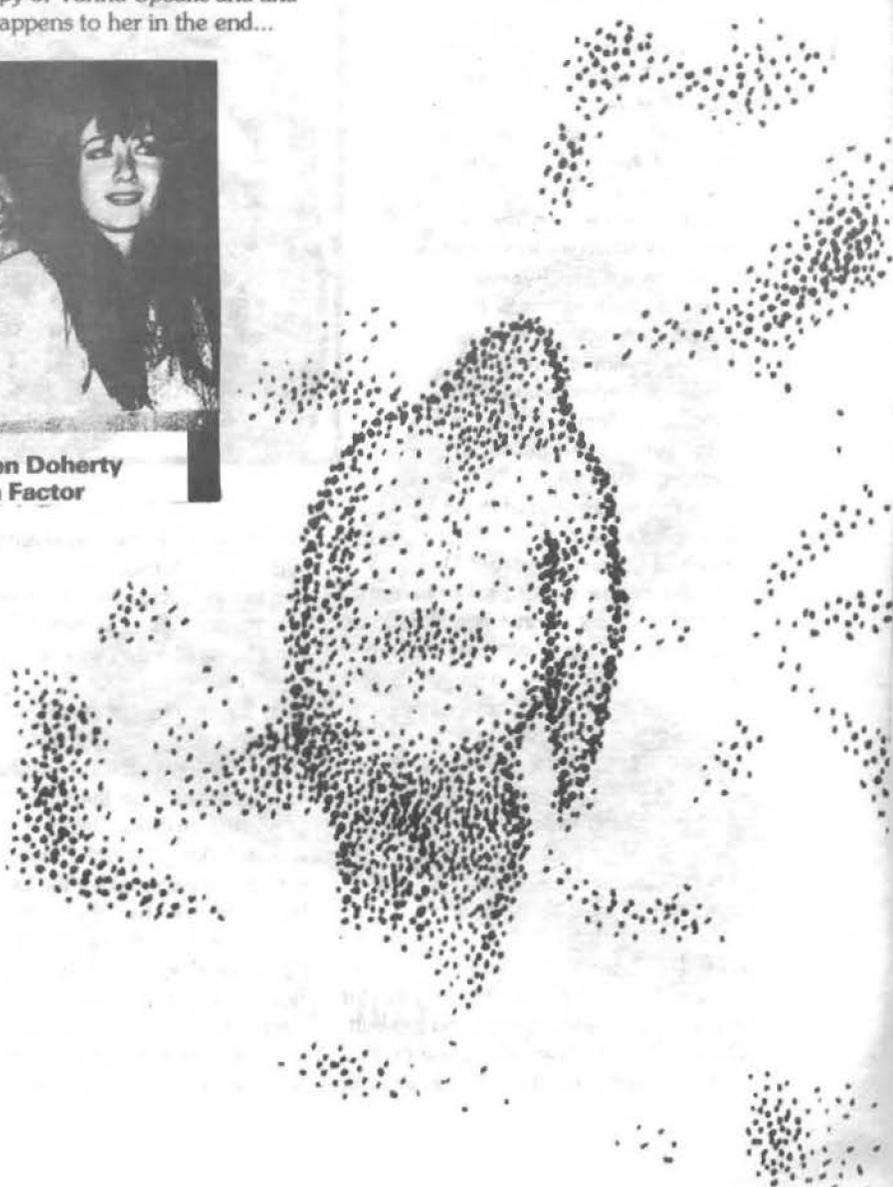
**Day 14** - Can hear the chopper in the distance. It's getting closer and closer. Y is holding me in his burly arms. He is sobbing. Have pledged my heart to him and promised to write. And when the thaw comes I will return to him with our baby. Am already feeling a distance from him. Can feel my real life drawing me back. Want nothing more than to get another copy of *Vanna Speaks* and find out what happens to her in the end...

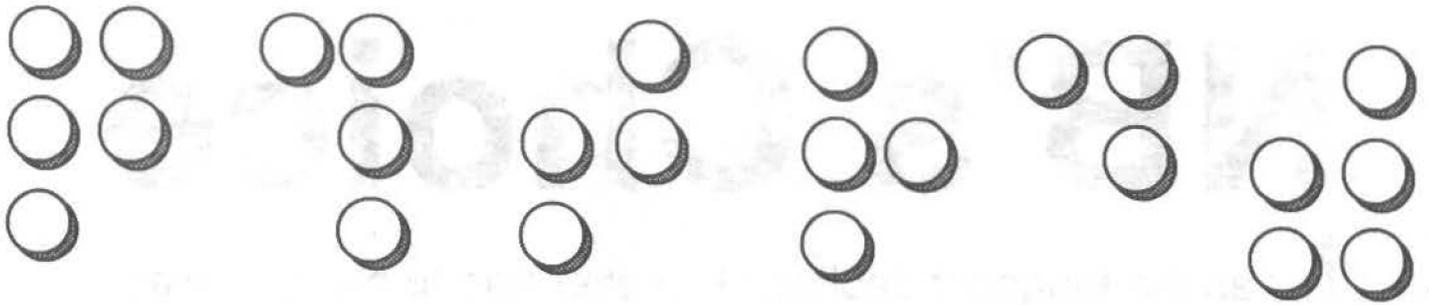


▲ Shannen Doherty and Dean Cain



Ashley "Call Me Mr. Doherty" Hamilton





# Large Print Braille for the Hard of Feeling



P O W M N G E G  
 S S E A R C H I  
 G H R K W T I F  
 L I D S H Y R E  
 E G O H R P R E

HIGH BALL  
 BLACKOUT  
 STUPOR  
 ROTGUT  
 LIQUOR  
 CIRRHOSIS  
 EAU DE VIE  
 MARTINI  
 PROHIBITION

PUKE  
 SOUSE  
 JIGGER  
 VOMIT  
 SHAKES  
 KEGGER  
 CHUG  
 ALE  
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# NB's Choice

**I**t was the toughest decision I've ever had to make. I was totally psyched to attend Zine Scream '93, the convention

of zine editors sponsored by ART Press of Los Angeles. It would be the opportunity of a lifetime, a chance to meet my idols, people like Darby and Karin of BEN IS DEAD and Antonio from Desert Moon Publications, a chance to hear Dennis Cooper read and to watch some amazing experimental movies. I could swap current and back issues with other zine makers and pick up important tricks of the trade.

For weeks I planned for the night. I'd picked out my dress and dyed a pair of pumps to match the new handbag I bought for the occasion. I went for a facial, a haircut and a manicure. I dieted to lose fifteen pounds. I cashed in a CD and invested in some minor plastic surgery. Nothing drastic. Just a little silicone in the lips and cheeks and four ribs removed to make my abdomen more cinched.

Yes, this would be the most important night of my professional and personal life. Dared I hope it? Might HE be there? MISTAH RITE! I was taking no chances. I wanted to look and feel absolutely spectacular for that magical moment when I would walk into the grand ballroom of the Park Plaza Hotel where the convention was to be held, a stunning tiara crowning my impeccably coifed hair, a radiant smile on my blemishless face, my red Galanos gown draped lovingly off my milky smooth shoulder. A footman would announce my arrival and everyone in the room would turn and gasp.

Would it surprise you if I said that many were the mornings I woke up from this dream of an evening fast approaching all warm and flushed and moist?

About a week before the conference I received a call from my cousin Joyce's husband Dan. Dan's a wonderful guy. He works in politics and played a crucial role in getting Hillary Rodham elected First TeenMom. He was calling to say he'd be in town on business and could he stay with me. I said sure he could and how would he like to escort me to Zine Scream. He loved that idea and we were all set.

The night before the conference I got another call from Dan. Apparently, one of the big talent agencies in Los Angeles was hosting a cocktail get together to raise money for the Democratic Party and Hillary's husband, whatshisname, was scheded (that's VARIETY talk) to attend. Well, Dan put a call into that adorable little George Stephanopolus and asked if there was any way George could swing a couple of invites to cocktails with the Rodhams. Amazingly, the answer was "yes."

I was speechless, confused. Dan sympathized with my predicament. But in his mind there truly wasn't any choice. It had to be drinks with several dozen Hollywood hooahs like Whoopi Goldstein and Amy Speilberg, a few words from a pasty Elvis impersonator and all the crème fraiche and caviar a gal could pile onto a piece of toasted French bread.

Me, I wasn't so sure. Yeah, all right, maybe that showbiz glitz holds a certain cheesy appeal and maybe that commander-in-chief is kinda sexy with his curly lip and his southern drawl, but what about my dream, HUH! What about NB and her ambition to be the world's greatest zine editor. How would I ever sit at the head of a publishing empire without the essential connections I planned on making at the convention? I told Dan I'd have to think about it. He was patient with me, but I sensed a certain incredulity.

I hung up from that conversation shaking and distraught. What to do? Here were two opportunities that might never come again and cruel fate had planned them both on the same night. Did Meryl Streep have such a difficult decision in Sophie's Choice? I don't think so. The boy? The girl? Who really cares? Too much emphasis is placed on children in our culture. After all, I can whip together a kid in nine months if I have to. And have!



But glamorous parties...that's another matter. As I sat there paining over the decision, the possibility of how cool the Rodham affair might be began to dawn on me. Maybe Joey Lawrence would be there. Maybe Jeremy Jordan. Maybe even Erik Estrada! Oy!

I called Dan back and said okay I would pass up the zine conference on the hope that I might meet some hot, hunky, superstars. Dan said he thought I'd made the right decision, but in my heart I felt a pang of remorse.

This story has a happy ending and here it is: We went to the Hollywood shindig, rubbed elbows with movie stars and Washington insiders. We waited and waited for Hillary's ball and chain to show up. Turns out he's late for everything. After an hour of waiting Dan turned to me and said, "Do you care if we don't wait for this bozo?" I said "Not at all. Let's get out of this place and head for Zine Screen." *Which is exactly what we did and there we had an unparalleled good time with TeenMom's own Chrissy F who filled in admirably for me at the opening ceremonies. (Thanks, Chriss -- eckses and ohs to you!)*

Kind words of praise were showered on me and TeenMom, a total boost to my spirits. Later that night, Dan and I watched the news coverage. They had a clip of the speech Mr. Rodham made before all those shiny, beautiful people. He said the violence they put in their movies and TV shows was the cause of the real violence which plagues our society. A bummer of a speech. Smacked of censorship if you ask me. And frankly, I'm glad we didn't stick around to hear it. Wish this story had a more dramatic twist or turn, but it don't and that's okay too.

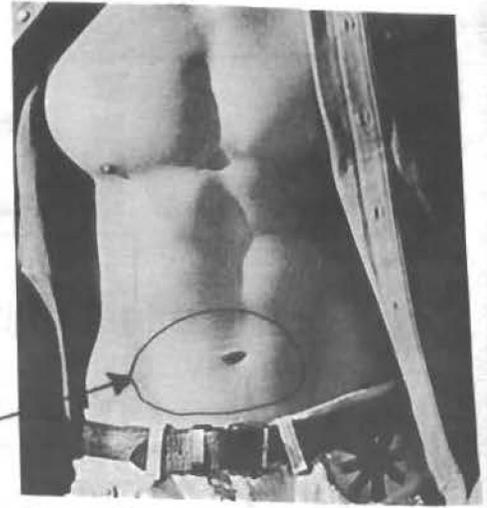


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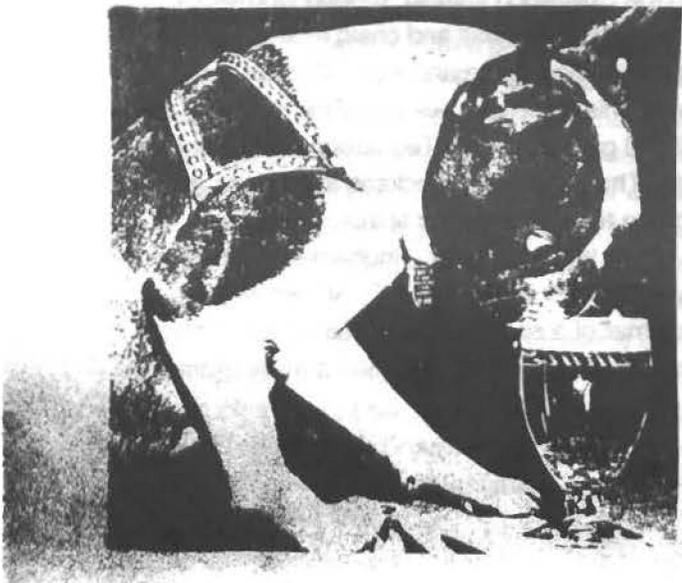
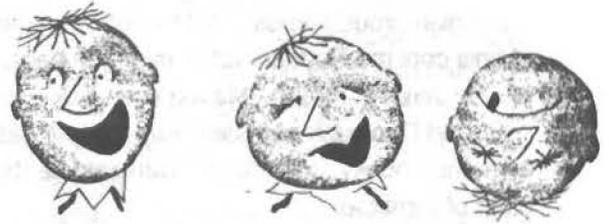
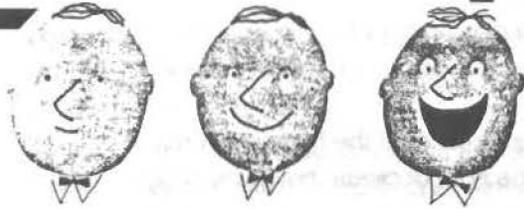
- Outties
- Lust
- Singing
- Bahai Religion
- Waffles
- Dog Paddle
- Rug Hooking
- Burial at Sea
- Sundials
- Sweaters

What's Out

- Innies
- Luv
- Listening to Music
- Atheism
- Pancakes
- Breast Stroke
- Decoupage
- Cremation
- Rolexes
- Thermostat at 72

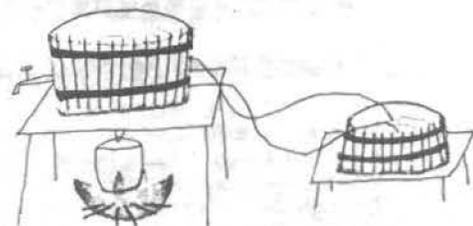


There's a hole in my sock, darn it!



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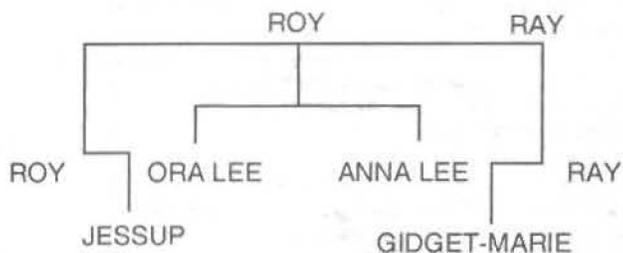
# Still Crazy



In the tiny, secluded mountain village of Coonchigger, Tennessee (population 512) everyone is related by blood. You can see the family resemblance in their close-set eyes, receding chins and sloping foreheads. And you can sense the love Coonchiggers have for one another as you listen to the almost constant moans of pleasure coming from behind every ramshackle shed and inside every creaky outhouse as mothers and fathers, cousins and brothers and sisters enjoy healthy, free and open relations.

For decades, the main industry here has been sloth. Children are trained in it by their elders from a young age. Besides copulating and lolling, the good people of Coonchigger enjoy sitting on their porches, chewing tobacco and lynching the occasional African-American. Yep, in many ways, Coonchigger is just your average American town. Nothing much of note ever happens here.

Nothing, that is until lately and what makes this hamlet in the hills of special interest to teenmoms is a pair of sixteen year old, identical twin sisters, Ora Lee and Anna Lee Browneye. Things get a bit complicated here so bear with us. Ora Lee has a two year old son, Jessup, whose father is also her father, Roy (see *Chinatown*). Anna Lee has a fourteen month old daughter, Gidget-Marie whose father is her uncle, Roy's brother, Ray. We've provided you with a detail of their branch of the family tree to help elucidate:



The girls were faced with a dilemma last year when they finished their formal education and asked themselves the same tough question so many young wimyn who have completed their third year in the eighth grade ask: What do you do when you're sixteen, have a low IQ, a short attention span and a baby to feed? If you have an entrepreneurial streak, the answer might be you sell moonshine. And that's just what the Browneye sisters are doing.



"It was Ora Lee's idea," Anna Lee tells **TeenMom**. "She's five minutes older and more of the leader. I'm good at following directions and I get to stir the mash." Ora Lee nods in agreement.

Sitting with these two latter day Hiram Walkers and their children one gets the impression they are the great white hope of their community. Anna Lee explains: "We built the still out of the box we was supposed to bury Great-Grandmammy Jo in and the copper coil from some IUDs. We ain't afearred of a little hard work and we sell lots of whiskey at a mark-up of a hundred and fifty percent. I'm putting my earnings into triple-tax free municipal bonds and no-load mutual funds. Ora Lee is more of a gambler. She's entered into a limited partnership on a new Broadway musical based on the life of Adnan Kashogi." Ora Lee nods.

The still operates 24/7/365. The girls say it's the only way to make a profit and although they won't say exactly how much they earned last year, the brand new seventy-five foot cabin cruiser propped up on cinder blocks outside their tar paper shack is testament to their success. There's no body of water big enough to float the yacht within two hundred miles, but the girls like to have their friends and relatives over on week ends to sit on the deck, chew tobacco and, of course, get blind drunk on Browneye Whiskey.

Has success spoiled Ora Lee and Anna Lee? The people of Coonchigger don't seem to think so. They're enjoying the attention the Browneye sisters have brought to Coonchigger. Last spring *Full House*'s Mary Kate Ashley Olson bought the rights to the Browneye's story. She'll be executive producing and starring in a six-hour mini-series scheduled to air on T! TeenMom Television sometime next fall.



# diSSin' dat

by ~~Chrissy F~~

by ~~Qassandra~~

by Chrissy F

~~Chrissy F is on maternity leave this month.~~

## And in My Contract I Don't Even Want Guys Looking at Me...

News of mediocre spitcorn actor cum rapper **Will "Six Degrees of Separation" Smith's** written guarantee that he would not have to discuss the homosexual aspect of the movie's character with the press pales in comparison to what's covered in **Tom Cruise's** agreement for his latest star turn in "Interview with a Vampire." According to inside sources: No open mouthed kissing of the neck or any part of another man by either Cruise or anyone body-doubling in scenes for him. No touching of his face by any other male actor, with the exception of the neck with a gloved hand. No public stills picturing close-ups of Cruise and co-star **Brad Pitt** in what could be construed as "seductive." No bed scenes or other seductive scenes with other men by Cruise's character or anyone playing his double in action scenes. And no discussion of Vampire author **Anne Rice's** displeasure of having the squeaky clean Cruise cast in the role in the first place. No word as to whether Cruise may continue to kiss the rotting butt of dead Scientology founder and mentor **L. Ron Hubbard** while on the set...



**Don't Sit Under Tom Cruise Mistletoe With Anyone Else But Me**

## While Disrobing in the Next Room...

The modesty exhibited by Cruise as it relates to homoerotic energy apparently does not extend to near celebs **Marc Paul Gosselaar** and **Mario Lopez** of "Saved By The Bell" semi-fame. In an effort to save their flagging television series (currently ranked 423rd out of 92 prime time shows airing this season), the two will appear TOGETHER in the May **Playgirl** Swimsuit issue in some very provocative poses. When questioned about the supposedly steamy shots and how it would effect his teen idol image an overly rouged Gosselaar clad in a tight tank top and jeans clutched his **Barbra Streisand** album and replied "what's your point???"....



## Look Out World, Here Comes Paul!!!

Girls! Girls! Girls! A major stud alert in the making. Totally dreamy and creamy **Paul Mercurio**, star of the "Dirty Dancing" goes New Zealand film "Strictly Ballroom" will be making his first American film entitled "Exit to Eden" co-starring "China Beach's" **Dana Delaney**. Mercurio stars as a journalist who visits a resort that specializes in sexual fantasies. Other stars of the **Anne Rice** (again!) written screenplay include **Dan Aykroyd**, **Rosie O'Donnell** and **Iman**, but who cares. Ballroom hits the video stores (if there are any left other than Blockbuster by the time you read this) in February...



## Quick Takes

With three failed albums between them this year alone, mid-70s rock relics the **Wilson Sisters** (barely remembered as **Heart**) featuring washed out blond **Ann** and tub o'lard **Nancy** will join forces with 90s rock relics the **Wilson Sisters** (barely remembered as two-thirds of **Wilson/Philips**), washed out redhead **Wendy** and double tub o'lard **Carnie** for the **4 Wilsons 4** tour to hit dinner theatres in Fort Wayne, Evansville, Gary, Sault Ste. Marie and Milwaukee in early '94. (Insert actor's name) the single monikered Wilson on "Home Improvement" will open.

...Former **John Waters** side show attraction and newly slimmed television yakmeister **Ricki Lake** on how she lost her weight: "I threw up a whole lot"

...After police studied **River Phoenix's** believable narcolepsy sequences in "My Own Private Idaho," they surmised that his death was self-staged and now believe that the whole thing was a hoax. **The National Enquirer** is conducting the investigation.

...**Shannen Doherty** may not be back on "Bev Hills 90210" next season, but she will be hawking a full line of skin care products called "Suck My Butt" on infomercials next June...

If you go to just one movie this year, girls, make it "Philadelphia." It's informative about AIDS and gives you **Tom Hanks** with about fifteen different hairdos!!! Later days!!!

One of the Great Lakes

At first, weight wasn't an issue



Pretty Erie, huh?

