

\$3

N I C O

# TEEN MOM

CENSORED



MARK-PAUL

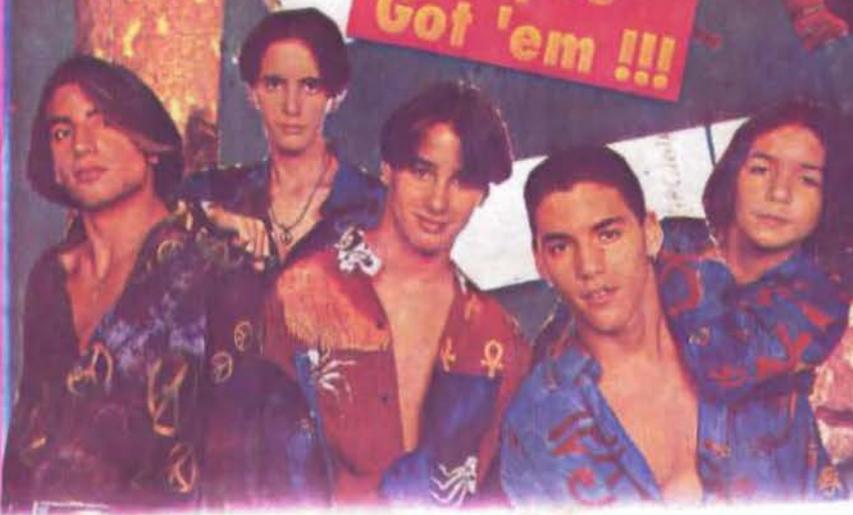
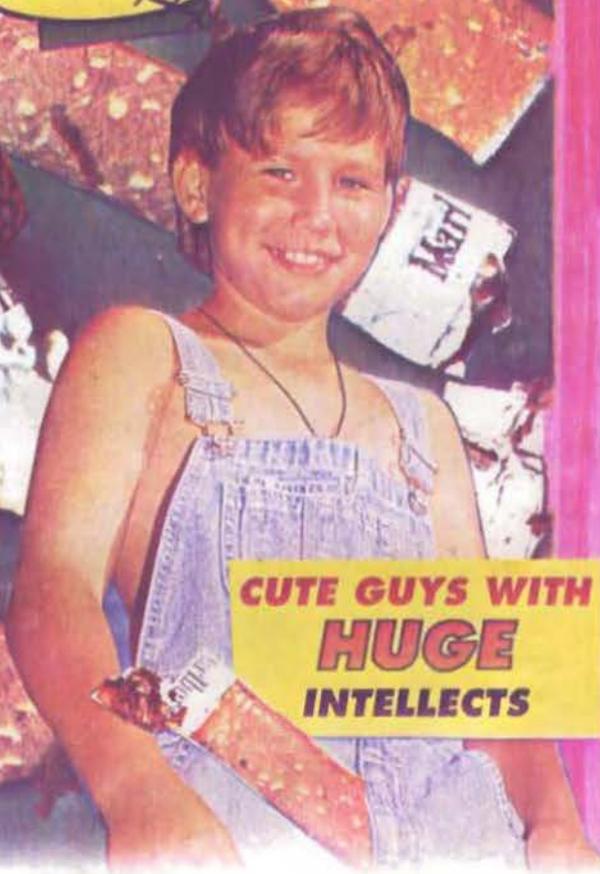
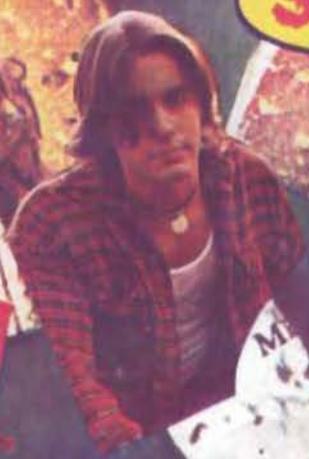
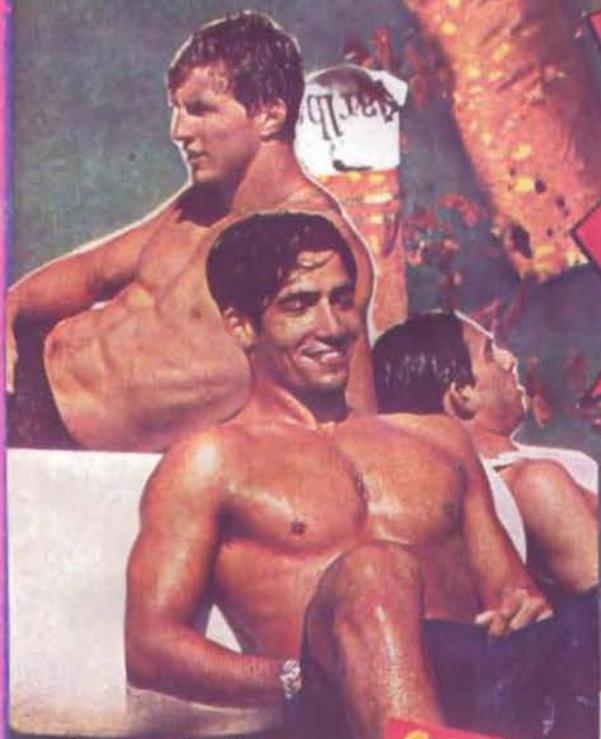
Smokes

IN THIS ISSUE:  
TYPOS  
LIBEL  
RETRACTIONS  
SHODDY PRINTING  
CUTE GUYS

SCARS

Smoke 'em  
if you  
Got 'em !!!

CUTE GUYS WITH  
**HUGE**  
INTELLECTS



FLAVORS

At present I am enjoying a roll of chocolate Necco Wafers. Mmmmm. Was there ever a tastier combination of sugar, corn syrup, chocolate, gelatin, vegetable gums, FDC colors, propylene, glycol and vanillin? The answer is NO. I believe what appeals to so many of us thinking wimmin about the Necco is its shape (wafer) and size (quarter) and the fact that it comes rolled up in glassine paper.

I wish I could share this treat with each of you individually. I wish we were in some safe, nurturing environment, perhaps a wimmin's coffee house or a wimmin's music festival, you in your Birkenstocks and denim skirt, me with my legs and armpits proudly sprouting womyn hair.

I wish there were no m-n in the world (except for Keanu Reeves and Jack Klugm-n). Planet Earth would be one humungous wimmin's collective. There would be no urinals, no jockstraps, no lines to use the wimmin's room at the movies or roller derby. We'd be able to go topless and not worry about anyone looking at our knockers (except for Keanu, Jack and lesbians).

Large corporations would be run by wimmin. Wimmin would fly commercial aircraft and perform micro-surgery. Tampons would be provided free of charge to everyone. There would be no war, no violence, no hunger. Everybody would share. No one would have more than anyone else. Everyone would be valued for what she could do. Even the most humble contribution to society would be prized. No one would kill or eat or wear animals. Everyone would write poetry. There would be no need for fossil fuels. Everyone would ride recumbent bicycles. There would only be one language: Danish. Jodie Foster would be President and Wynnona Judd would be First Lady.

And really, when you think about it, what does any of this have to do with the price of tea in China? Or, more to the point, what has it got to do with cigarettes? ABSOLUTELY NOTHING.

Cigarettes. You can smoke 'em. You can put one behind your ear or roll a whole pack up in the sleeve of your white tee-shirt (but only if you're a greaser). The American Teenage Gurl is having a love affair with cigarettes. Why shouldn't she? She's impoverished. She's pregnant. She's functionally illiterate. Cigarettes represent the perfect escape. They aren't as bad as some people would have you believe. So light one up, kick back and enjoy this very special issue. I hope you have as much pleasure reading it as I did writing it for you.

SPECIAL BONUS INVOCATION:

My sisters, it is through your love and support that I grow as a mother and editor. It is through your adulation and cheers that I shine ever brighter as a point of light in the cosmos. A blessing on your heads (mazel tov, mazel tov). May Goddess be with you. May She grant you long life and prosperity. May She bless you with m-ny fem-le children. Am-n.

NB

FD

LET

GREAT

FLAVORS

Necco wafer

Glycol, Vanillin.

© 1985 J & O, Box 1, Red 3 & Red 40, R

Mfd. by ~~Necco~~ New England Confectionery Company, C

# Nico **TEENMOM**

Volume 2  
Number 4

TeenMoM is lovingly hand assembled by a team of skilled technicians at the TeenMoM Tech Center:  
2211 N. Cahuenga Boulevard #306, Los Angeles, CA 90068.

Join the real-time chat line by tuning your computer's dial to: TeenMoM@aol.com

## Table of Malcontents

<b>Right-to-lifers</b>		<b>Pro-choicers</b>		<b>The Disenfranchised</b>			
Ones who kill abortion doctors	Ones who think killing abortion doctors is a bit extreme	Barbara Bush	Ones who get shot on their way to work	The Homeless	The Ugly	The Insane	The Boring
<b>Rednecks</b>		<b>Anti-smoking lobbyists</b>		<b>Tobacco growers</b>			
Ones who believe sawed-off shot guns and assault weapons can be used for recreational hunting	Ones who breed with close relatives	<b>African-Americans</b>		<b>Other People of Color</b>			
	Ones who lynch African-Americans			Women	Hypochondriacs		
<b>Bible-thumpers</b>		<b>Jews</b>		<b>Taxpayers</b>			
Ones who hate homosexuals	Ones who feel the Jews are too powerful	Ones with shpilkes	Female ones whose sons don't call often enough	<b>Commuters</b>			
<b>Atheists</b>	<b>Children</b>	Ones who feel persecuted		Perverts	All Others		

Willing participants in this evil experiment:



Note: Some animal cruelty was necessary to create this issue, but no one would argue the cat deserved to get yelled at. She was being a pain in the ass.



It took an extra year, but Cathy got her high school diploma

# Scars



You want 'em, TeenMom's got 'em.

*And now we answer the musical question:  
What the hell happened to Seal's face?*

In our First Anniversary (slash)Holiday Issue we featured a picture of actress(slash)model Marla Hansen. Little did we know we were on the cutting edge (pun intended) of a new trend. Scarification -- ritual, accidental or consequential -- It's hot. It's happening. It's now and we were there before the others. Face it, when it comes to avant garde, TeenMoM leaves the coolest of the cool cooling their heels in at the gate.

Sure, we reported on piercing and tattooing when they were all the rage (TeenMoM V.1 #5), but now that truly fierce gurlz are letting their lip ring holes heal over and getting costly and painful laser treatment on those embarrassing rose and dagger tattoos, the look for this fall is definitely scars. And whether it's long jagged lines, deep crater pock marks, blotchy discoloration or raised wounds, if it's a botched up mess, you can bet your bippie it'll be your ticket into the hottest

clubs, your intro to the cutest guys. Heck, it might even land you on the cover of Mademoiselle or Vogue or TeenMoM.

As we said at the beginning of this article, there are basically three ways you can get a scar (or scars). The first is as old as Man (with a capital "Em") Himself (with a capital "8ch"). In Africa,

grab that straight razor from your dad's medicine chest. Then just start hacking away. Remember to avoid major arteries and veins like the jugular (that's in your neck, silly, not your jugs!). Try to make interesting shapes and patterns. You might want to encant magical words, go into a trance, repeat the name of Satan or Keanu Reeves. There's no way you can screw up ritual scarification, no such thing as a mistake. — Be creative. Whatever the outcome, you're sure to be a trendsetter at your school. They say there are no accidents. That

may or may not be true, but let's say for the sake of argument it is. Let's say that instead of calling that car crash you got into because you were whacked on crack cocaine and little Friedrich or Dnette was screaming in the back seat an "accident" we call it fortuitous (that's a big word that means lucky). So now you have this big gaping wound on your chin and the cute doctor in the emergency room sews it up for you and...aren't you lucky! You've got a big old scar. Accident or good fortune? You de-

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where we all come from like about a billion years ago, tribal peoples continue to this day to adorn their faces and bodies with cuts and burns resulting in beautiful and ornate scars. The process is a rite of passage for African teens. Enduring the pain and emerging with the scars marks a young person's entrance into the community.

Ritual scarification is way cool. Here's how you can do it at home. Why not to have a slumber party. Invite your best grrrrlfrnds and

cide.

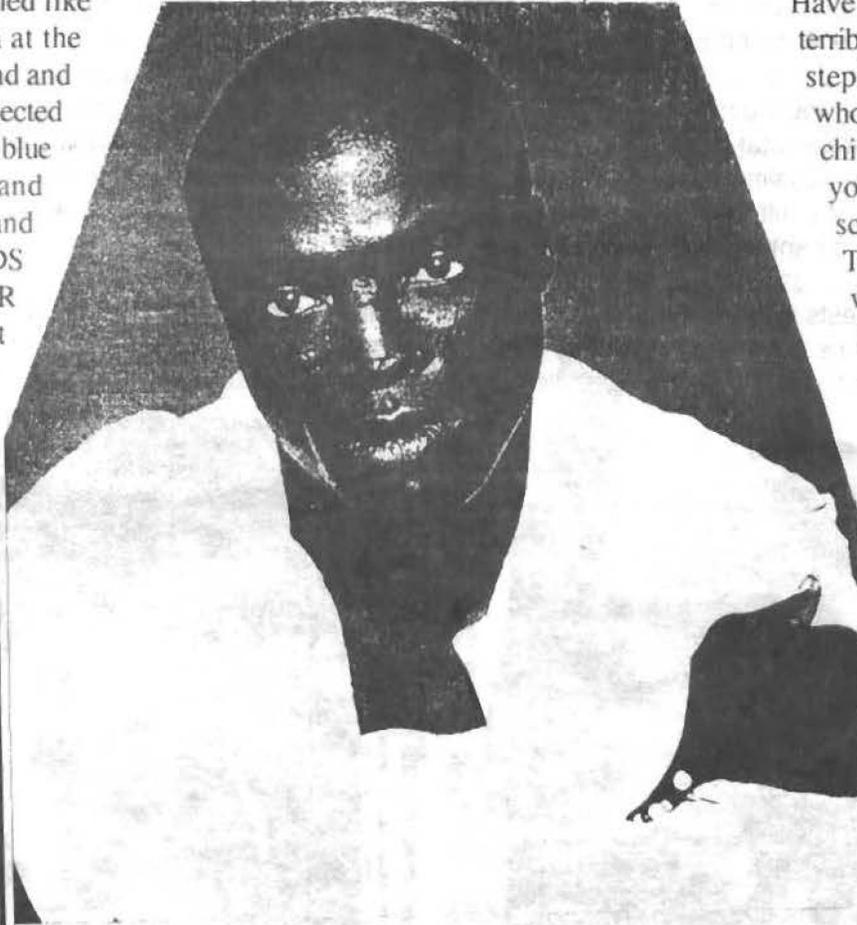
Consequential scars are the most interesting of the three types. They tell an entirely different story from ritual or accidental ones. The story goes something like this: It seemed like such a good idea at the time to have "Brad and Juliet Forever" injected under your skin in blue dye. Now Pitt and Lewis are kaput and you've got WORDS ON YOUR FLESH! What were you thinking? Last year's trendy tattoo is this year's cosmetological no-no. Not to worry. In spite of what you might have heard, tattoos are not permanent.

Modern technology has developed laser techniques that will sear the unwanted words or pictures right off your skin.

A word of warning, though: Laser tattoo removal is expensive. You do-it-yourselfers might want to try a solution of hydrochloric acid and turpentine (available at most chemical supply stores) rubbed on vigorously with a piece of steel wool. What you end up with can be just as impressive as the disfiguring

blotch you'll get from laser treatment and for a fraction of the cost.

Consequential scars also happen when you finally lose that tired old lip ring (nipple ring,



Prince Albert, what-have-you) and the skin heals over. You'll more than likely be left with a round, puckered scar resembling a mini-anal sphincter. And, I ask you, who can't use a second, third or fourth asshole?

Any gurl who has lived through abuse, molestation or neglect (haven't we all?) will tell you there are scars that are not visible to the naked eye. These "emotional" scars can be fascinating. They come in lots of shapes and

colors. Some make you timid, while others make you slutty. Some turn you bitter while others leave you depressed. It's fun to sit around with your girlfriends and compare emotional scars.

Have contests. Tell terrible stories about stepfathers. See who had the worst childhood. Wear your emotional scars proudly. They tell the world you've been to battle and survived to talk about it.

One more thing and then I'll let you turn the page and look at pictures of cute guys, I swear ...

TeeNMoM makes no promise as to how long the scar fad will last. In fact, the last few issues have come out so late recently, that we wouldn't be at all surprised if, by the time you read this, scars aren't out and some new thing -- say blemishless complexions -- is in. Man-oh-Manoshevitz it's hard staying on top of the trends.

--End of Article--



# RUG RATS FOR LAB RATS

Let your toddler earn you big bucks.

Got a toddler? S/He might be able to supplement the family income. The Institute for the Advancement of Cigarettes is conducting a double-blind study of the benefits of tobacco smoking on children between the ages of two and four. The study will take place over ten weeks next winter. Qualified subjects will smoke two packs of unfiltered cigarettes every day. Half the participants will be given a placebo (chocolate cigarettes).

Periodic blood tests will chart levels of healthful compounds such as tar, nicotine and other chemical additives. Daily twenty mile

hikes will disprove longstanding myths that cigarettes impare the ability to do strenuous exercise. Stragglers will be shot.

A concurrent study will use a group of non-smoking toddlers kept in close quarters with the smokers to measure the healthful effects of second-hand smoke.

All study subjects will be housed in the Institute's ultra-modern dormitory and fed a strict diet of nachos and Diet Coke®. The Institute is offering mothers a \$500 stipend for each child selected for the program plus all the Camel Cash a child earns.





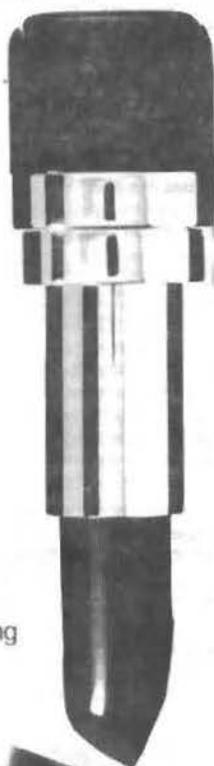
# The Penis:

## Mightier than the Sword

Jesus Christopher!!! TeeNMoM doesn't show pictures of penises anymore. No ma'am-areebob. We learned our lesson from the scathing op-ed piece an uncredited Mary Andrews (sorry, Mar) of Women Against Penises wrote for the last ish (v2no3). Mary opened our eyes to the very real danger posed by ding-dongs in Amerikuh. She urged us to consider peeder alternatives, and so, in the spirit of Mary's commitment to a weenie-free environment, TeeNMoM offers this list of substitute dorks.

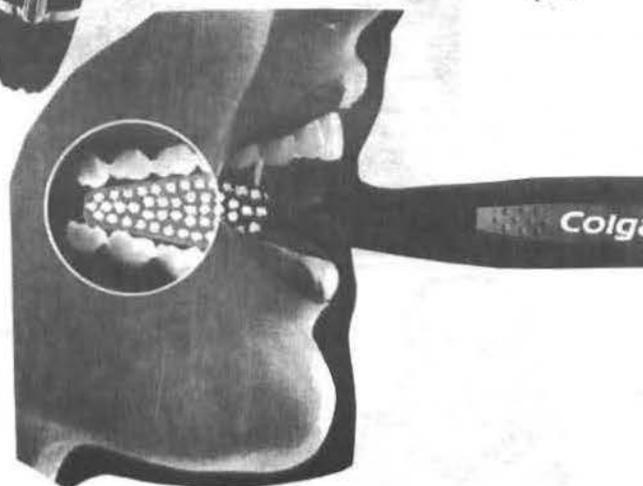
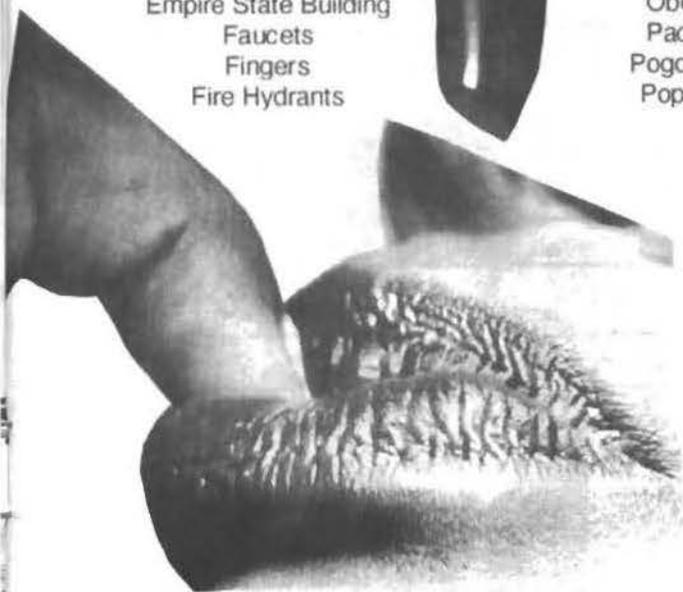
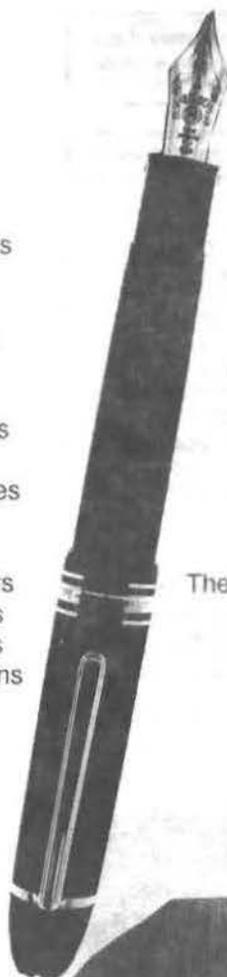
Things that look like penises, but  
a r e n o t :

- Asparagus
- Bananas
- Baseball bats
- Battle ships
- Bullets
- Burritos
- Candles
- Cannolis
- Canons
- Carrots
- Celery
- Chili peppers
- Cigars
- Clarinets
- Coke bottles
- Cucumbers
- Dildoes
- Drill bits
- Eclairs
- Empire State Building
- Faucets
- Fingers
- Fire Hydrants



- Fists
- Flutes
- Garden Hoses
- Gladiolus
- Golf clubs
- Gun barrels
- Hot dogs
- Ice picks
- Jackhammers
- Joe Camel
- Knitting needles
- Knives
- Lipstick
- Magic markers
- Magic wands
- Microphones
- MontBlanc Pens
- Mushrooms
- Nail files
- Obelisks
- Pacifiers
- Pogo sticks
- Popsicles

- Q-tips
- Ranch houses
- Richard Gere
- Rockets
- Round head screws
- Salami
- Seattle Space Needle
- Shovels
- Shower heads
- Snakes
- Stick shifts
- Swizzle sticks
- Test tubes
- Thermometers (oral and anal)
- Toothbrushes
- Tootsie Rolls
- Torpedos
- Umbrellas
- Vitamin pills
- Windshield wipers
- Xylophone hammers
- Yardsticks
- Zigurats



# Respect Your Elders

## An Interview with the Surgeon General

I just want to say how totally Kool I think it is that you agreed to this interview, Dr. Joyce.

Oh my Gawd, I am like so sorrrrrry. I totally didn't mean to offend you. So are you really a real General?

Do people have to salute you and stuff?

Kool. All right, let's get started. My first question is about cigarettes. You know that thing it says on the side of every package: "Warning, the Surgeon General, blah, blah, blah..." what's the deal with that?

Thanks.

But you're like the General. Couldn't you have them court martialed or something?



You must have me confused with Joyce Brothers. My name is Jocelyn, but you may call me Dr. Elders or General Elders.

Yes I am.

No, but I do get to order people around.

I'm glad you asked me that. Let me state for the record that I did not write that line. It was a policy already in place when I took this job. (She lights up a Camel and takes a deep hit). Want one?

Anyways, as I was saying, they basically steamrolled me into leaving that warning on cigarette packages. I fought against it, but, without saying who, there are some pretty powerful guys in D.C. who said "Listen lady, if you want to keep those stripes, you'd better toe the line." What could I do but agree?

(Laughing and then a hacking cough) Believe me, I wish I could. I'd love to throw those bozos in the brig. But they're civilians and there's not a damn thing I can do to them. (She horks up a big loogie and spits it across the room where it lands on a picture of Bill Rodham Clinton). Look, I'm a smoker, have been since I was your age. How old are you?



Sixteen.

Thank you.

Didja ever chew it?

This IS an interview.

So did JEW?

Excuse me, but I thought that was Jackie Robinson.

Sorrnttttttttt. Go on.

And all this time you smoked?

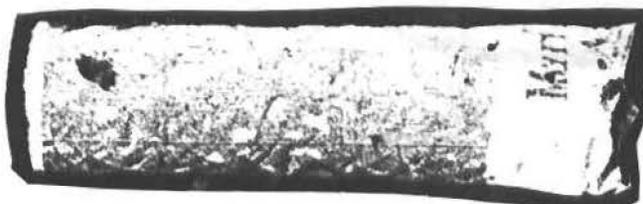
Where did you go to medical school?

I certainly have.

I'd like to talk about a subject that's very important to TeenMoM's readers and something that you've been particularly vocal on, namely teenage pregnancy.

Come on, seriously.

So you won't talk about teenage pregnancy?



Really? You look younger.

I started when I was fourteen. In those days [the 1870s], we rolled our own. I used to carry my tabacky around in a leather satchel that was given to me by my Auntie. [Elders is the niece of famed Underground Railroad conductor, Harriet Tubman]. My mammy and pappy used to plant the stuff for the massa in Carolina. So I guess you could say my roots are in tobacco.

You sure do ask a lot of questions for a honky.

Oh, yeah, I forgot.

Ever chew it? Yeah, for a while in the thirties when I was the first Negro to play baseball in the major leagues.

A lot of people think that. She came after me. If you interrupt again, I'll have to throw a tizzy fit.

After that I was an exotic dancer and after that I enlisted in the WACS and then after the war [World War II, in which the United States fought against Germany and Japan and won!!!] I went to medical school on the GI bill. After that I stayed in the Army and slept my way to the top. And the rest is herstory.

Like a chimney. I've been at eleven packs a day for years. That's one cigarette every 26.2 seconds, provided I get eight hours sleep, which I do. If you want a Surgeon General's warning, try this one on for size: Warning: The Surgeon General sez get eight hours sleep a night or you'll get bags under your eyes and men won't be interested in you and that will be the end of your bloodline. That's something they taught us at medical school.

You've heard of Johns Hopkins?

Not there. Anymore questions, smartass?

No comment.

Gurlfreund, you're getting on my nerves. What time is it? Zoot alors, it's half-past a monkey's ass, I have to get to my step aerobics class.

No.



Pardon me while I  
retch!  
Auchhguchkechk!  
Thank you. What  
caused that violent  
reaction? Why it was  
the way too popular  
young pasty, British  
comic sensation  
from the hit sit-  
chuckler, FRASIER,  
Miss Jane Leeves.



See Jane act.  
Act. Jane, act.

That's who. Am I the  
only one who's  
noticed the adorable  
co-media-ene is  
every-friggin'-where?  
You can't flip  
through the pages of  
a Mademoiselle or



See Dick  
help Jane  
stretch as  
an actress.  
Stretch  
Jane, Dick,  
stretch her.

Guns and Ammo  
without seeing her in  
some breezy, Georgy  
Girl layout. Now,  
TeenMoM offers it's

# Autumn Leeves

paean to la Leeves, a  
fashion spread to  
dim the lights once  
and for all on her  
overexposed limey-  
heiny. Enjoix!!!



See Jane's lifeless  
corpse. Die, Jane,  
die.

# CUBA SI



Pop quiz: What do Desi Arnaz, Andy Garcia and Pedro from the Real World, San Francisco have in common? If you said they were all gorgeous slabs o' manhood, you're half right. With their dark, smoldering eyes and soft, kissable lips, Desi, Andy and Pedro are all hunks-on-the-halfshell, but they're also all immigrants from our Communist neighbor to the south, the sunny island nation of Cuba. Per capita, Cuba produces more babe-a-licious dudes than any other country or disputed territory on the planet. And that's great news for us low double-digit ladies right here in the U.S. o' A.

Cuba, you see, is run by this nasty old fart called Fidel Castro. The guy's a big troublemaker, always threatening to nuke Amerikuh and generally oppressing the overworked, underfed people of his country. Every so often some Juan Q. Publics from Havana get it in their studly minds to make like hockey players and get the puck outta there. They tie together inner tubes and float the ninety miles to Florida where they seek political asylum and better lives. Some of them become famous like Desi, Andy and Pedro. Some of them just hang around in Miami where they now outnumber bland, charmless Amerikin boys ten-to-one.

Who benefits? We do. Cubans bring their hot music (Gloria Estafan), their yummy food (black beans

and fried plantains) and their lean, sinewy bodies, glistening with sweat to a nation pasteurized and homogenized by too many shopping malls and far too many Kevin Costner movies. What teenmom in her right mind wouldn't want to do the horizontal cha-cha with one of these swarthy new arrivals?

Now please follow these instructions carefully.

1. Get your firm, gurl-butt on the first available flight to Miami.
2. Go out and find a newly arrived Cuban muchacho and marry him.
3. You get a father for your little one/s, and
4. He gets instant citizenship.

There's a word for this relationship: Symbiosis. It means you scratch my back and I'll wax the hair off of yours.

Listen to me. This is a critical situation. There are a lot of stuffy, white anglo-saxon protestant guys looking to shut the door on immigrants, a bad idea. It makes us look ungenerous in the eyes of the world. We who have so much must share our wealth and liberty with those who have so much less. In return we get gratitude from decent, honest, hard-workers, looking to better their lot. And we get cute new boyfriends with endearing accents and buckets of Latin-American charm.

# TeenMoM

Interoffice Memo

Thursday

From: NB  
To: Marketing Department  
Re: Action Figures

You Guys:

Can you believe what those geniuses in New Product Development came up with??? I feel TeenMoM Action Figures will make a meaningful and lasting contribution to our line of merchandise. They should also strengthen TeenMoM's hold on the 7-12 market.

I'm looking to sell two million units by X-mas. Put a plan together and be prepared to present it at the quarterly brand review on the 30th. I want pie charts, cost-estimates, projections, focus groups, the whole nine yards.

Besame mucho,

N

P.S. Let's order lunch in. Angel hair pasta with Three-Mustard Chicken, sun dried tomatoes and basil, Grilled Veal Rumane with spinach and beet puree, shitake mushrooms, wild rice, tripe, kasha varnishkas, an assortment of Snapple products (nothing with mango or guava -- I'm allergic) and, for dessert, a bust of Shostikovich in white chocolate.

## Debbie Epidural -

Description:

These contractions are the worst pain Debbie has ever felt. Or so she thinks. Here comes her shot!

Action:

Writhes and screams.

Accessories:

8 inch syringe included.

Forceps sold separately.



Action Figure Series:



### **Little Miss Carriage -**

**Description:**

What happens when Mommy goes horseback riding and sky-diving against Doctor's orders?

**Action:**

Doubles over and auto-aborts

**Accessories:**

Pre-mature, lifeless foetus

**Additional accesories (sold separately):**  
Disposable placentas (pack of 10)  
Secretions (clotty blood, excreta, mucus)

### **Patti Episiotomy -**

**Description:**

Like Susie Ceseraen, Patti is slight and her baby a porker. Unfortunately, it's too late to rip the thing out of her stomach, so Doctor will just have to make the opening bigger.

**Action:**

Kicks and protests

3 recorded speeches -

"Please don't cut me down there!"

"You're hurting me, Goddamn you!"

"Keep your fucking hands off me!"

**Accessories:**

Scalpel and suture included.

Anesthesia sold separately

### **Susie Cesarean -**

**Description:**

Two weeks past her due date, Susie is carrying BIG. With those slender hips and that tiny birth canal there's no way her baby will come out from where it's supposed to.

**Action:**

Dotted line marks re-closable incision.

**Accessories:**

Scalpel and suture included.

Anesthesia sold separately.



Meet the Newest Cast of The Real World:

This is the true story (true story) of seven Rwandans picked to live together in a mud hut and what happens when Hutus and Tutsis stop being polite and start getting real.

# THE REAL WORLD KIGALI

## The Hutus:

**N'Bushe** - He's a ditch-digger who dreams of designing cocktail dresses.



**N'Gm** - He's a recent graduate of Rwanda U with a major in Poli-Sci.



**'Qd'Ngma** - She's a massage therapist.



## The Tutsis:



**Kn'doka** - He's a revolutionary from a good family.

**G'qde** - She's a lounge singer with bad breath.



**Twi'Gunda** - She's a sorceress.

**The French Peace Keeper**

**Thierry** - He's a junior U.N. official.



Then Later:

Sapu - A jackal



Shokinde'e - Zairian animist



Ql'lika and Ql'shika - Ethiopian twins

**Episode One:**

Hut-mates move in, choose straw mats. N'Gm and G'qde get into a territorial dispute over whose side of the hut the U.N. relief packages belong on. Thierry mediates.

**Episode Two:**

Kn'doka announces that he is into bestiality, introduces hut-mates to his lover, Sapu, a small, gray jackal. Twi'Gunda, N'Bushe and N'Gm interview for jobs as counselors at a refugee day camp.

**Episode Three:**

It's 'Qd'Ngma's turn to cook. She doesn't feel well, but manages to make a delicious lamb kitfo for the hut-dwellers. In the last scene 'Qd'Ngma complains to G'qde of terrible stomach cramps and diarrhea.

**Episode Four:**

'Qd'Ngma dies of cholera. Sapu moves in with Kn'doka. Kn'doka yells at Twi'Gunda for feeding Sapu table scraps. Thierry has doubts about staying in Rwanda.

**Episode Five:**

Everyone goes to a rave and takes Ecstasy.

**Episode Six:**

N'Gm kills G'qde. Hut-dwellers get new hut-mate Shokinde'e, a Zairian animist.

**Episode Seven:**

N'Bushe quits his job as a ditch-digger to work full-time designing dashikis. N'Gm and G'qde die of cholera.

**Episode Eight:**

Hut-dwellers get two new hut-mates: Ql'lika and Ql'shika, Ethiopian twin sisters. Shokinde'e burns a smudge stick to protect hut from evil spirits.

**Episode Nine:**

Twi'Gunda does her cabaret act at night club, but the show is interrupted by outbreak of violence between Hutus and Tutsis. Night club is strafed with gunfire. Twi'Gunda picks up a bullet in her thigh.

**Episode Ten:**

Twi'Gunda confesses to Kn'doka that she is in love with him and jealous of Sapu. Sapu runs away and mates with another jackal.

**Episode Eleven:**

Ql'lika and Ql'shika sign with Click Modelling Agency, do photo shoot with Eric Nies for TeenMoM fashion spread. Kn'doka and Twi'Gunda go on a date.

**Episode Twelve:**

Hutus come into power. N'gm gets job with new government. Hutus overthrown by Tutsis. N'gm loses job, is put in prison.

**Episode Thirteen:**

While helping N'gm break out of prison, hut-dwellers pelted by rocks and bottles.

**Episode Fourteen:**

Hut-mates have weepy going away party. Twi'Gunda is signed as hostess for MTV Summer Beach Party. Everyone else dies of cholera.

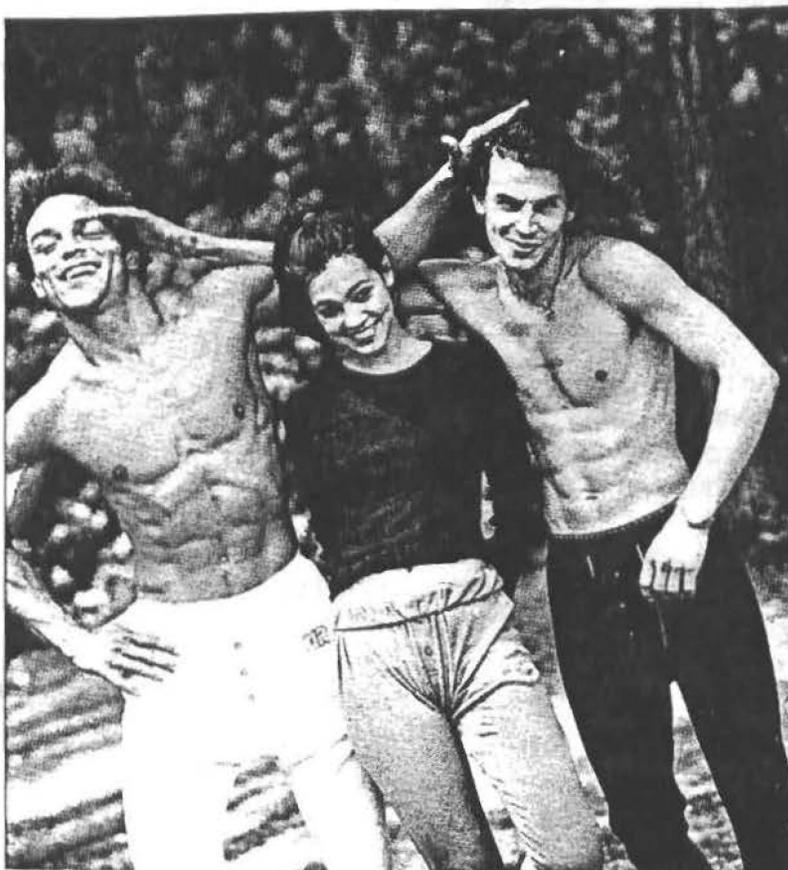
Tune in every Thursday night on T! TeenmomTV

# FREE ZIT CREAM!

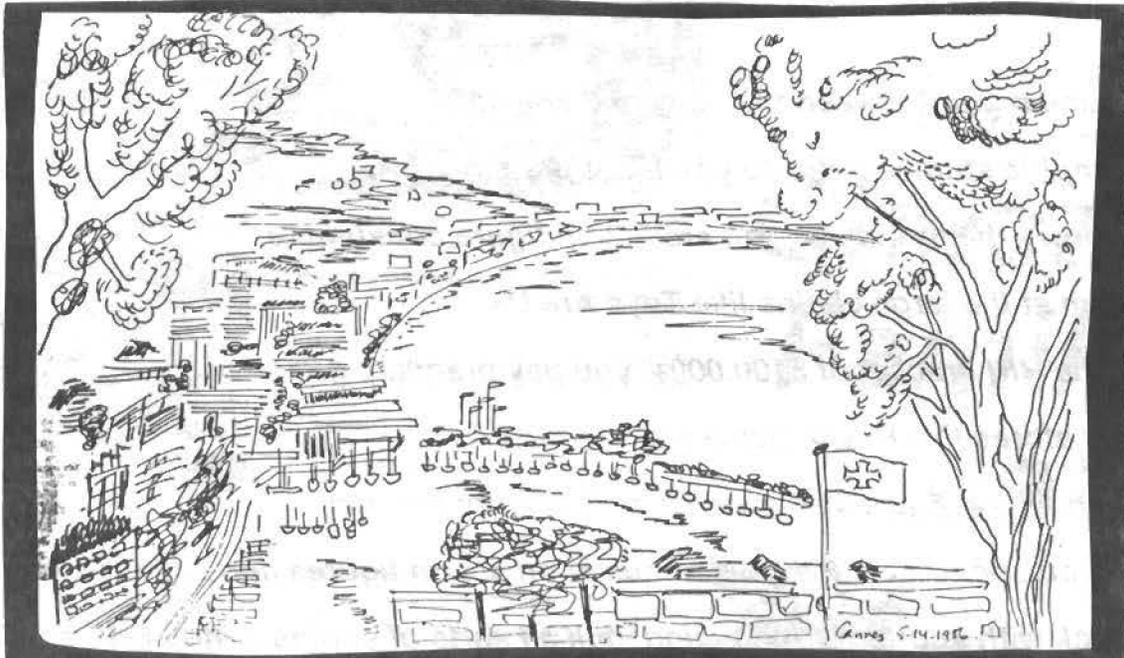
Now that I have your attention... Hi. How are you? I am fine. I have an immigration policy I want to run by you guys. I think it makes a lot of sense. Hope U do 2!

First of all quotas: Quotas are, in my opinion, really dopey. I mean, it's like when you're on line to buy tickets to a Bon Jovi concert, you know, and you camp out for two days only you're still like the gadjillionth grrrl there because some gurls have been there for a week, you know. And you get to the front of the line and they put up a sign in the ticket window that sez: SOLD OUT. UNFAIR, man, totally unfair. But, like, to continue the concert metaphor, let's say they kept selling more and more and more tickets and the night of the concert like about a bazillion people come and pack into the arena. Not everyone has a place to sit. People start pushing and shoving. Fights break out. Someone throws a Malatov cocktail. Fire spreads rapidly and consumes thousands of wretched souls. Bodies are crushed and mangled beneath other bodies as the crazed mob presses toward the emergency exits. So oaky, so maybe quotas are a necessary evil. Here is my suggestion on a country by country basis:

	<u>Males</u>	<u>Females</u>
<b>Sweden</b>	100,000	0
<b>Italy</b>	250,000	0
<b>Cuba</b>	500,000	0
<b>Bulgaria</b>	no one of either sex	
<b>All other countries</b>	1,000,000	0



# Sister Cities



**Every**

day on my way to work for the man I pass through Beverly Hills. The sign at the city limits sez: Beverly Hills, California, sister city to

Cannes, France. Makes sense. After all, the American sister is home to hundreds of movie stars, producers and directors, while the French sister is the site of the annual, international movie souk that draws those film industry big shots like flies to number two. The sisters each have a Mediterranean climate, broad, palm-lined boulevards and overpriced shops and restaurants that cater to the tastes of loathsome, boo-jwa tourists.

I never understood what the the deal was with sister cities? Do they share outfits? Do they hate their parents? Do they steal each other's boyfriends. "Keep your hands off Akron, bitch! He's mine."

Actually, the Sister City program was begun in 1956 by Dwight Eisenhower. Ike figured maybe average Amerikhin teenmoms could achieve more diplomatic success than those bozos in the State Department. And, know what? He was right. Over 900 American cities have 1,400 sisters in 97 countries. The benefits to our foreign little siblings are many: Municipal technology, investment dollars, environmental protection endeavors. We have so much to offer the world when we aren't exploiting it for cheap labor or slashing and burning its rain forests to breed hamburger cattle.

Warms your teenmom heart, don't it? But this is what I can't figure out. What exactly is Beverly H. California doing for her sister Connie Frances? It's not like Connie is some thurd-wurld black hole with people crammed together in ramshackle houses, suffering from poor sanitation and bubonic plague. I'd say Bev is

getting off pretty easy. Oh, maybe once in a while Connie places a trunk call: "S'il vous plait, envoyez moi du Perma Soft." But shit, I ask you, is shampoo an absolute essential? Hunger relief, warm clothes, shelter from the elements: These are high on the scale. If it's even on there, shiny, bouncy hair must pretty low, right at the bottom with Fred Haymann perfume and take-out from Mr. Chows.

Take my advice, Beverly, drop Connie and get yourself a sister who needs some real help. If you're so hung up on the French thing, think Port-au-Princess and, Bev, don't send Godiva Chocolates. Send MONEY and RESTORE DEMOCRATIC RULE!

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**MOVIE STARS HOMES**

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MAPS

# 4 0 ve t orial

- *Are you a human gurl between the ages of 7 and 12?*
- *Our demographic studies indicate you most probably ARE.*
- *Research shows that gurls like you are action figure consumers.*
- *You buy them at the large chains like Toys Are Us.*
- *If you're in the HHI bracket of \$100,000+, you pay premium prices at the high-end toy stores like F.A.O. Schwarz.*
- *You play with action figures an average of 1.4 hours per day.*
- *As a group you spend over \$200MM annually on action figures and accessories.*
- *We could fuck with your unformed mind, pull all sorts of sophisticated Madison Avenue tricks to get you to buy our product, but we don't have to.*
- *You're such a natural for the TeeNMoM Action Figures, you'd walk barefoot over burning coals and broken glass to get the whole series.*
- *We could torture you, starve you, abuse you emotionally and you would still beg us to let you have them.*
- *Well, break open your piggy-bank, little gurl. 'Cause here they are.*

**TeeNMoM proudly introduces**

**TeeNMoM Action Figures.**

**Susie Cesarean • Patti Episiotomy • Debbie Epidural • Little Miss Carraige**

*Branch:* Lloyd Bridges falling down, falling down, falling down. My fair lady.



*Twigs:* Jeff is sexy, smart and a great actor. When he took his shirt off in *Starman* we knew there was something we liked about him. His brother **Beau** was short-changed in the looks department (who's the mother? Yoda?) But Beau is a cool name, so we give him extra points for that.

# Cheezy Family Tree

*Branch:* Peter Fonda is a tired old, never-was. The hippy son of **Henry Fonda**, Peter only wishes he were doing as well as his slimy drug buddies, **Jack Nicholson** and **Dennis Hopper**.

*Twig:* Hollywood's hottest 30 year old, **Bridget** is lovely and charming. She has managed to overcome the stigma of her last name (her father's cheesiness and **Aunt Jane's** workout video, infomercial whore-ishness) to become everybody's darling.

Cheezy Rider



*Branch:* **Jackie Gleason** was the one-note, loutish, overrated star of a 50's sit-com that took place entirely in a single, unfurnished room.

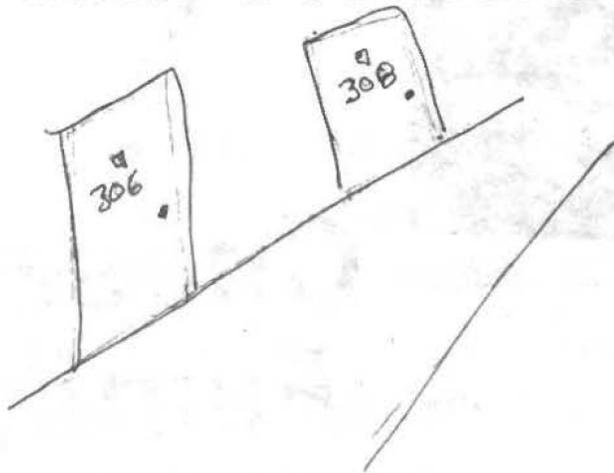
*Twig:* Grandson **Jason Patric** is the sexy, edgy star of such films as *Rush* and *Geronimo*. In spite of a receding hairline, Jason has managed to bag some of Hollywood's finest babes, including **Julia Roberts**.

*Branch:* Hollywood Squares' cheezy lower right hand corner, **Charlie Weaver** was so corn pone he made *Hee Haw* seem like **Noel Coward**.

*Twigs:* How Weaver spawned three such cool grandkids as the *Arquettes* is one of genetic science's unexplained mysteries. **Roseanna** is the skittish older sister who has starred in such cool classics as *Desperately Seeking Susan* and *After Hours*. **Patricia** has done her share of cool film work in such movies as *Monkey Zetterland* and *True Romance*. Openly gay **Alexis** (isn't that a grrrl's name?) has slept with **Luke Perry**. Cooooo!!!



# Travel: Destination--->Next Door



*TeeNMOM's travel editron Kitten Flambée takes a short trip.*

Wasn't it Lord Byron who said "All mystery and exotica lie behind my neighbor's door"? Why am I asking you? you semi-literate, oversexed, high school dropouts. Of course he said it. And he wasn't no dummy, even if he did have a pansy name - Byron, sheeshhhh!

My neighbor's door. Picture this: NB is breathing down my neck for "a thousand odd words" (Her words, not mine. My words are never odd!!!) on some "exotic new travel destination." I'm racking my brain trying



to come up with a place I can go on the expense allowance she's giving me (\$1.94 and three books of S & H Green Stamps) when it hits me. Exotica. Byron. Next door. That's

it. No travel writer has ever gone on the most obvious adventure of all, next door. It's near by and yet far away. It has all the comforts of home and yet, like a secluded island paradise, no

one can reach you there. It's easy to pack because the weather is almost exactly like what you're coming from. And best of all...it's dirt cheap.

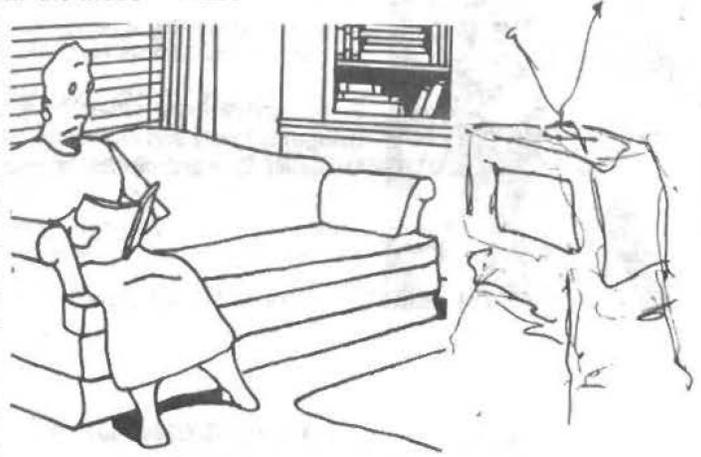
I arranged with my next door neighbor, Elantra DeVille, to spend the weekend as a visitor in her lovely one-bedroom guest house across the nutella brown carpeted corridor from my apartment. I wanted to arrive by 5:30 on Friday for the complimentary cocktails, so I allowed a bit of extra time and made sure to leave my place by 5:28.

Elantra greeted me at the door and ushered me in. After signing the register, I was taken to the cocktail

lounge where Elantra poured me a Zombie and put a Lou Rawls album on the hi-fi. She then rang for the bell-hop, Elantra, and instructed her to carry my luggage into the spacious bedroom with a view of the other side of my building.

I was beginning to unwind. Elantra's apartment is decorated in calming hues of amber and pea. She has a fine collection of snow domes from places

she visited in her childhood, and I passed the hour and a half before supper studying them, pretending I was in Niagara Falls in the snow, in

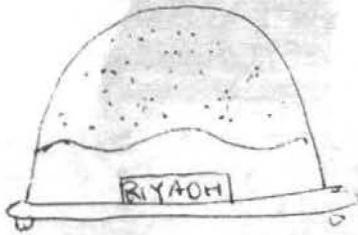


St. Paul in the snow, in Riyadh in the snow.

Elantra served me a meal prepared by her five star chef, Mrs. Swanson. The sumptuous one course feast consisted of a Salisbury steak, carrots, mashed potatoes and for dessert, a piping hot apple crispy all in an ingenious, aluminum container. I enjoyed my repast in the company of a well-known celebrity, the handsome and dapper Alex Trebeck.

Elantra is a gracious hostess and I made it a point to tip her generously. For her troubles that evening I gave her a whole quarter and one

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Chocolate Chip with pink jimmies. Mmmmmm, yummers.

By eleven o'clock I was pooped. I always get jet-lag when I travel and so I returned to Elantra's. Passing a door that reminded me of my own. I felt a little homesick, but that soon disappeared when I went into my room away from home and found that Elantra had thoughtfully turned down the covers and left a box of Junior Mints® on my pillow.

The rest of the weekend was pure delight. After the home cooked breakfast in bed (Ovaltine and mat-

of my books of Green Stamps. She thanked me and retired to her room, the front hall. I found it a bit disconcerting to have the "help" sleeping right outside my chamber, but considering the lack of space in this cozy bed and breakfast, there aren't a lot of options. As it turned out, Elantra is a quiet sleeper. Not once in my two nights at her inn did I hear her snore or get up to use the toilet.

That evening I wanted to explore the area so I picked up a copy of the local newspaper from a stack piled in Elantra's tidy, eat-in kitchen. Elantra lives in a colorful neighborhood and the possibilities for an entertaining evening are limitless. I opted for a stroll down Hollywood Boulevard and a visit to its famed Chinese Theatre where I amused myself for a solid twenty minutes stepping into the cement footprints of filmdom's elite, such greats as Mimi Rogers and Yahoo Serious. Afterwards, I treated myself to a luscious gelato at a local gelaterie. The place is a terrific find, a shop I'd never heard of that served a creamy concoction called Haagen Dazs. I had a double dip of the Chocolate



zoh brie), I went to the roof-top sundeck where I lay in blissful solitude in the warm, Southern California sun. Through the smog, there is a spectacular view of some mountains and of downtown Los Angeles. The juxtaposition of natural and man-made monuments blew my teenmom mind.

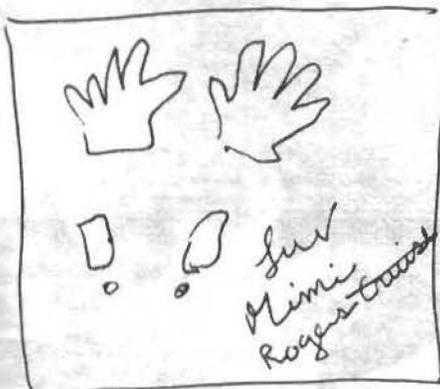
The only drawback in travelling to my neighbor's home was the loneliness I felt. As the only guest, I found myself wishing there were a dark, handsome stranger to share a meal and perhaps go out dancing



with me, but even this was not a major problem. Elantra has a large library, including the complete works of Dame Barbara Cartland, so even though I could not have a romantic adventure of my own, I was able to live vicariously through the heroines of several novels.

Check-out time at Elantra's is liberal. "Just shut the door behind you and make sure it's locked," is Elantra's friendly send-off. I was sad to go, but all good trips must eventually come to an end and besides I had spent every penny of my budget. Not at all discontent, well-fed, well-rested and well-amused, I gathered my belongings and bid a fond farewell to the vacation dreamland I call next door. The journey home seemed short, but that is not surprising. In my extensive travels I have learned that the first time you go someplace new, the

anticipation of getting there makes the journey seem endless, but when you've had a good time, the return home is always over in the blink of an eye.





He played his way into your heart.

I like country girls. They're usually more laid-back than city girls are.  
—Terry McNiff



## Where's Chrissy???

We've looked everywhere for the Grand Dame of Gossip, but to no avail. Chrissy F seems to have vanished from the face of the mirth, leaving us in the uncomfortable position of having to manufacture, er, dig up juicy tidbits about those celebrities you love and those you love to hate. Please, Chrissy, wherever you are, call us. We'll even accept the charges if you dial 1-800-COL-LECT.

## HE'S REALLY NEAT

TENSOMETHING Elijah Wood who basically destroyed TENSOMETHING MACAULAY WHATSHISNAME'S career in a classic All About Steve gambit couldn't say enough nice things about THE WAR co-star, BLANDSOMETHING KEVIN COSTNER. In fact, Eli's press agent gave us these instructions: "Elijah has no comment...or, you know what, make somethingup."

## GIMME SHELTER AND A HEATING PAD, PLEASE

Long-in-the-tooth rock and roll bore Mick Jagger of the once interesting Rolling Stones is touring the country with the group's latest reiteration, VOODOO (we call it Doo Doo) Lounge. The FIFTYSOMETHING Jagger who this year became a great-grandfather for the third time has complained of muscle-aches, stiffness in the joints and shortness of breath. Jagger's doctors have repeatedly urged him to retire. We'd like to add our voice to the chorus.

## JARED EXTRA DRY

At the recent grand opening of the new Lane Bryant in Camarillo we caught up with TWENTYSOMETHING Jared Leto the devourable, young heartthrob of "MY SO CALLED LIFE," this season's big snoozefest from the must be by now fortysomething producers of THIRTYSOMETHING. Jared was with current she-squeeze, MELROSE PLACE'S SOMETHINGSOMETHING beauty, Heather Locklear. When asked how he's fairing in this May-Late August romance, Jared quipped "Heather is like a desert wind. She's so hot when she blows."

## LOTSA MAZEL, TRACE!

Skinny NOTHINGSOMETHING Tracey Gold tied the knot at the end of the summer. Seen here avoiding those unwanted calories, Tracey proudly came to TeenMoM's plush suite of offices to show us her ring, but to her chagrin it had slipped off her bony, anorexic finger. Have a piece of cake, Tracey. On you it looks good.

YOU'RE REALLY **SOME**  
**THING** ELSE



Amy Smith, 17,  
of Houston was  
7 months pregnant  
in late September

A day in  
the life of  
teen pregnancy  
in America

# BABIES WHO HAVE BABIES SPECIAL REPORT

Tracey Gold and Roby Marshall



# People weekly

OCTOBER 24, 1994 \$2.39

EXCLUSIVE: Tracey Gold's wedding album

