

*Lucky*

# TEEN 1370M

Three Dollars

**What's Hot:**  
Pinwheel Motifs

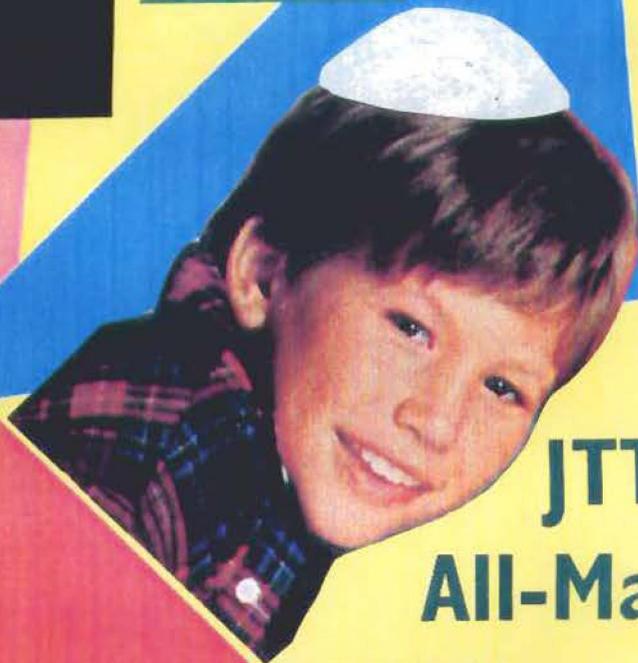
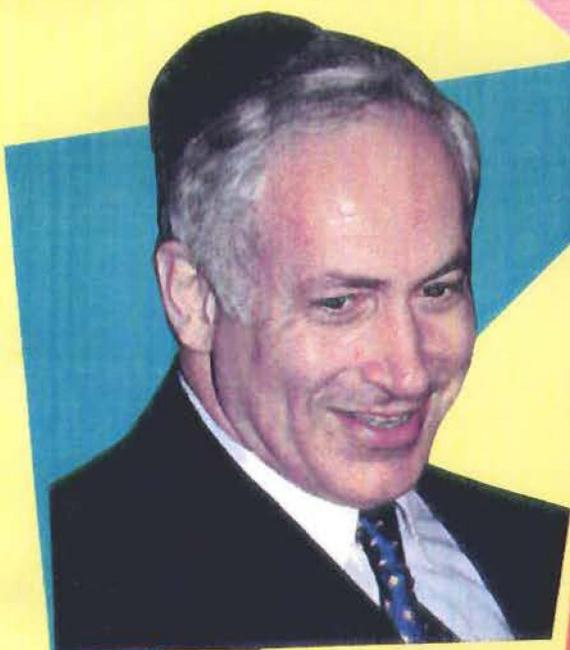
Whoopi!

Netan-Yahoo!

100% Liv Tyler Free!



**What's Not:**  
Amnesia



**JTT's  
All-Male  
Bar Mitzvah  
Photos**

# ThirTeenMom

*Is this the little zine I carried?  
The one that I cradled at my tit.  
I don't remember growing older.  
When did it?*

Sorella mia,

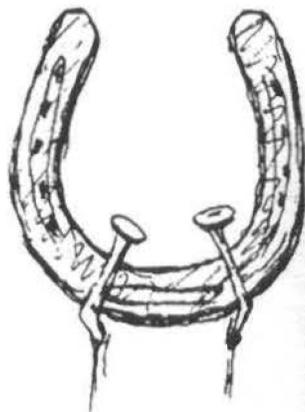
With this issue, my little brainchild turns the big one-three. I promised myself I wouldn't cry, but what the hell, a mother's gotta kvell. I'm just so proud of TeenMom, I could burst. [Not literally, of course, for that would be gross and uncouth.] According to superstition, thirteen is a number to be avoided at all costs. But thirteen can be a good number too [No, not number two, a.k.a. feces — yuk!], for it marks passage into adulthood among us practitioners of the arts of Judyism.

Time was a single, young skirt like me couldn't get a break in this man's world. Thank Goddess that has changed. Today, I am a proud, defiant, wildly successful mother, editor and publisher. Do not fear, dear readerette, fame and fortune won't keep me from what I do best. I will continue to report from the front lines of teen angst to bring you the hard-hitting, uncompromising fluff journalism and questionable facts you've come to expect in these pages.

These last three and one-half years have seen so many exciting events. We have covered them all. Riots, revolutions, product breakthroughs, inclement weather. How many of them came about because of TeenMom? Let's have a glance at the convenient chart below, shall we?

## Events directly attributable to TeenMom

- Bull market
- Decline in unemployment
- Israeli-Jordanian peace agreement
- Lower interest rates
- The Wonder Bra
- Magic Johnson's emergence from retirement
- Antonio Sabato, Jr.'s rise to superstardom
- Pizza with cheese in the crust
- Reconciliation of The Donald and Ivana Trump to hawk said pizza
- Plain paper fax machines
- The list goes on and on



## Events having nothing to do with TeenMom

- Los Angeles earthquake
- Contract with America
- Murders of Nicole Brown and Ronald Goldman
- Acquittal of O.J. Simpson
- Blizzard of '96
- Poison gas attack in Japanese subways
- Revival of John Travolta's career
- The list goes on and on

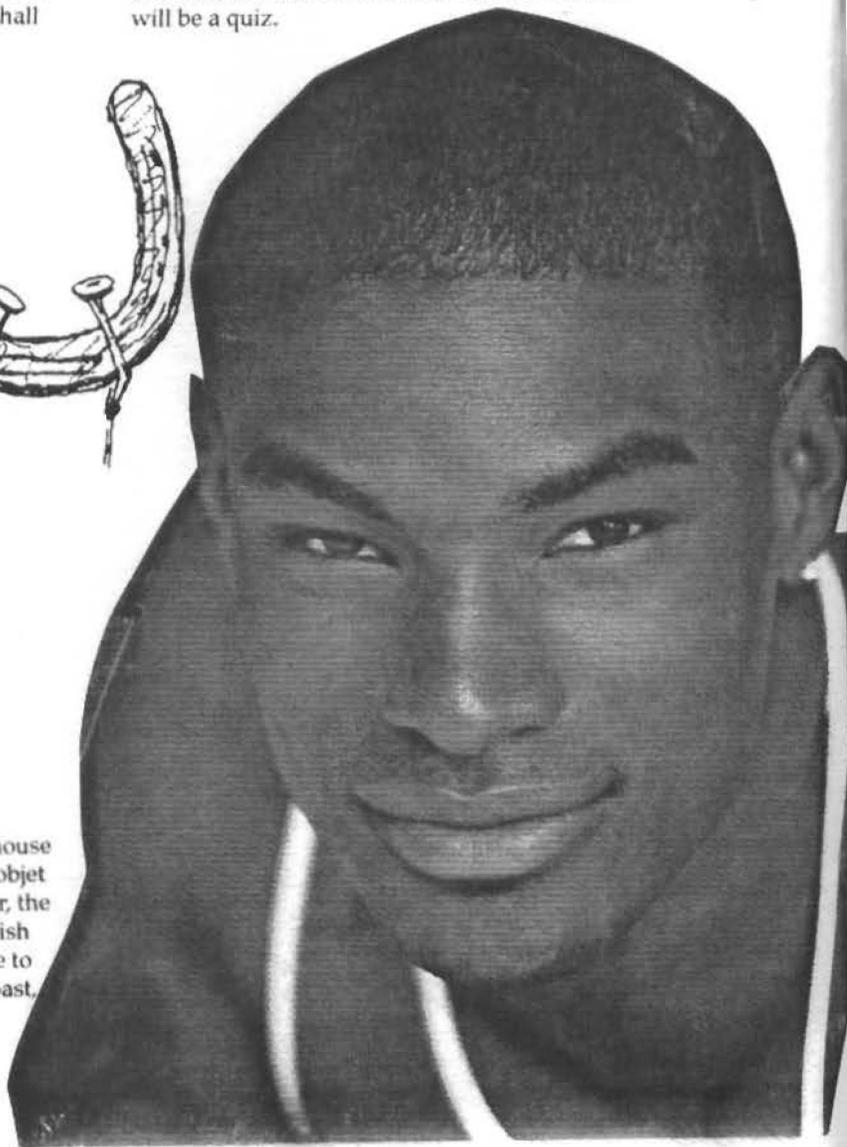
Lying on the chaise longue in my spacious office in the penthouse suite here at One TeenMom Towers, I survey the many beautiful objet d'art, the awards and plaques, the expensive entertainment center, the wet bar, the Jacuzzi. My kitty naps tranquilly on my supple, gurlish lap. Her purr is the only sound I hear. It reminds me to take time to appreciate the simple pleasures of life, Beluga caviar on Melba Toast,

say, or a pedicure from really cute guy in nothing but his underpants ... or perhaps a good read, such as, oh, I don't know, what about an issue of TeenMom?

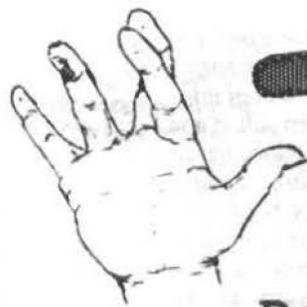
And so, my dear ones, it is time to reach into the shallows of my soul and wrench therefrom another wonder of the Xerographic Age, this Bar/Bat Mitzvah Issue. I think you will be *bien amuse* by the many *jeux de mots* and other French expressions I've tossed in to demonstrate my awesome command of languages. As always, there are scads of *images emprentés* of gorgeous guys and sparkling wit out the wazoo.

Post Script: As I write these words, I am just finishing the affixification of covers on the last issue. By the time you read these words, I will be writing new ones for the next issue. I am impossible to keep up with. In fact, sometimes, even I look around in befuddlement and ask "Now where was I?"

Now where was I? You see! Ah yes, read this issue from cover to cover. Tomorrow there will be a quiz.



COWABUNGA!



# TEENMOM



Joel, Marcus, and Tyson... sexy and sweet.

Dedicated to the pursuit the perfect wave

**COVER - A COLORFUL, EYE-CATCHING, DELIGHTFULLY AMUSING INVITATION INTO THE WORLD OF TEENMOM.**

**SECOND PAGE: EDITORIAL - ESSENTIAL INFORMATION AS YOU EMBARK ON THE JOURNEY OF READING TEENMOM.**

**THIRD PAGE: CONTENTS - A CHANCE TO CONSIDER AND PRIORITIZE YOUR READING OPTIONS.**

**FOURTH PAGE: WHOOP! DO! - A PROFILE OF THE WORLD'S MOST TALENTED AND BEAUTIFUL TEENMOM ACTRESS. (CONTINUES THROUGH THE SEVENTH PAGE)**

**EIGHTH PAGE: KEYHOLE FEVER - A CLOSE LOOK AT VOYEURISM IN THE TEENMOM COMMUNITY.**

**NINTH PAGE: EAT YOUR AMERICANA - THE STORY OF BETSY ROSS. EAT IT. IT'S GOOD FOR YOU.**

**TENTH PAGE: IF IT WASN'T FOR BAD LUCK ... I'D REALLY BE FUKT**

**ELEVENTH THROUGH FOURTEENTH PAGES: ON THE BRINK OF MANHOOD - TEENMOM'S GUIDE TO B'R MITZVAHS.**

**FIFTEENTH PAGE: TEEN DIVORCE - ALWAYS AN OPTION.**

**SIXTEENTH PAGE: THE PRESIDENT'S NATIONAL CAMPAIGN TO PROMOTE TEEN PREGNANCY.**

**SEVENTEENTH PAGE: MINUTES FROM A MEETING OF ABOVE.**

**EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH PAGES: OLY PICK AND PANS - THIS SUMMER THE HOTTIES DESCEND ON ATLANTA.**

**TWENTIETH PAGE: HELP! I'M BUILT UPSIDE DOWN.**

**TWENTY-FIRST PAGE: DEAR TEENMOM - EVERYTHING YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT SIMON REX.**

**TWENTY-SECOND PAGE: AN ASSORTMENT OF PHUN PHACTS.**

**TWENTY-THIRD PAGE: DISSIN' DAT - DE INCOMPARABLE CHRISSY DELIVERS DE GOODS.**

**BACK COVER: THE BACK COVER OF THIS ISSUE.**

TEENMOM IS SNUGGLY TUCKED AWAY AT  
ONE TEENMOM TOWERS  
2211 NORTH CAHUENGA, SUITE 306  
LOS ANGELES, CA 90068

BACK ISSUES ARE PHYSICALLY AND EMOTIONALLY AVAILABLE BY WRITING US AT THE ABOVE ADDRESS. YOU MAY ALSO E-MAIL US AT [TEENMOM@AOL.COM](mailto:TEENMOM@AOL.COM)

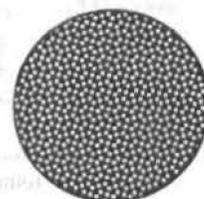


Rex



Superhot Simon gets your vote

Enter TeenMom's Scratch, Match and Win Contest



Wherever you see one of these, just scratch it off. If you match three you win the prize. Void where prohibited.

PERSON L:

YER EDITOR: LA NB

YER CONTRIBUTORS: CHRISSY F, R COQUIN, MISS FORTUNE, DAVE POSTAL

YER CONSTRUCTION CREW: THE BRAVE MEN AND WOMEN AT KINKO'S

(YEAH, YEAH, I KNOW IT'S UN-PC TO GO THERE, BUT F@\*K IT, THEY DO GOOD WORK AND CHEAPER THAN ANYWHERE ELSE I COULD FIND.)

A cheer went through the teenmom community this past January when Bill Clinton appointed glamorous Hollywood starlet Whoopi Goldberg to his National Campaign to Increase Teen Pregnancy. A million girls let out a "Whoopi!" so loud you could hear it from Saskatoon to Chihuahua.

Finally, a sexy president everyone wanted to be seduced by had appointed a brilliant comedienne to a cabinet level position. Here was a champion, a leader, selected to improve the tarnished image of teenmotherhood.

For the beautiful black-

house to support her seven children. A teenmom herself, she raised her kids to believe they could become whatever they wanted. The results have been amazing. Two of Whoopi's half-sisters are CEOs of Fortune 500 companies, and her half-brother Torrance is first violinist with the Philadelphia Orchestra.

Misfortune struck when a fire burned to the ground the theater where Willa-Mae Goldberg worked. Trapped inside the flaming building, Willa-Mae sustained third degree burns over ninety percent of her body and was forced to go on disability.

she would pester them for tips on breaking into "the business." To this day, she remembers the encouragement and generosity they showed her.

The Carnegie is also where she met the father of her daughter, the man who put her on the road to fame and fortune. Manny Freidelheimer was twenty-three years her senior and twice divorced, a small time talent agent with big dreams for his "Glass of Hot Chocolate," as he referred to Ina-Jo.

Captivated by her charm and good looks, convinced he could mold her into a great talent, Manny won

this point that she began to notice something strange about Manny. Out of nowhere he'd turn sullen and moody. He'd blame her for getting pregnant, claiming it was a ploy on her part to get him to marry her, even though she never did ask him to. He became abusive, calling her names that had a lot of "k" sounds in them and beating her with a rubber chicken.

In a gutsy move for a young woman of that time, Whoopi left Manny, took a studio apartment on the Lower East Side and raised her daughter N'Shange alone. Rejected by her family and without a husband,

# Whoopi Do!

tress with the beautiful black tresses, the appointment was the crowning achievement to a life that started on the welfare roles and now sees her driving around in a Rolls.

Born Ina-Jo Goldberg forty-four years ago in New York City's rough and tumble Hell's Kitchen, Whoopi was a rambunctious child who loved the comedic stylings of Milton Berle. "He makes me laugh so damn hard, Mama," little Ina-Jo used to tell her mother, Willa-Mae. "Some day I'm gonna be on television all got up in a dress and shit, just like Uncle Milty."

Life in those early years was not easy at the Goldberg home. Willa-Mae worked as a cleaning lady at a 42nd Street burlesque

The family was thrown into abject poverty. The older kids, Ina-Jo included, had to drop out of school and take jobs. Though it shamed them terribly, the Goldberg family turned to public assistance, moving into a housing project and living off of food stamps.

The year was 1969, the Summer of Love. While most seventeen year old girls were getting high at Woodstock or with their hippy boyfriends in some "crash pad" in the Haight, Ina-Jo was schlepping matzo balls at the world-famous Carnegie Deli.

It was there that she met the great comedians of the day. Joey Bishop, Charlie Callas and Red Buttons were all customers. Freshening their coffee or getting them a bagel with a shmeer,

Ina-Jo's heart and confidence. After a brief courtship and against her mother's wishes, she moved into Manny's Upper East Side apartment without the benefit of becoming his bride.

"I've been burned too many times," thrice married Manny told Ina-Jo. "Let's just keep this simple. No commitments." Manny took care of her, gave her the unique moniker that instantly brings a smile to your face and enrolled her in acting and elocution classes. He treated Whoopi like a queen and under his tutelage she blossomed.

Everything was peachy-keen until an unplanned pregnancy interrupted Whoopi's career. Against Manny's protests, she chose to keep the baby. It was at

Whoopi clawed her way through the jungle that is the world of stand-up comedy. She worked long hours to keep herself and N'Shange fed. In her spare time, what little there was of it, she developed an act around the trials and tribulations of being the single teenmom of a mulatto girl.

Every chance she got, Whoopi would perform. There were the midnight concerts with the young, unknown Bette Midler at the Continental Baths and open mike nights at Dangerfields, the Improv and The Comic Strip. Within a year, her tenacity had won her a lucrative contract to tour the famous Borscht Belt with the great Jan Murray.

Those days at Grossinger's Hotel in the

summer of 1972 were among the happiest of Whoopi's young life. N'Shange played with Jonathan Winters' youngest daughter, Chilly, and with Phyllis Diller's grandson, Fang Diller III (the future father of N'Shange's daughter Fanga Goldberg-Diller). Meanwhile, night after night, Whoopi reduced au-

mined to push the envelope of radical feminist, black power politics, Whoopi packed a suitcase, slung N'Shange in a papoose and hopped on a VW buses full of hippies. They headed West to the only place a "soul sistuh" could make a difference. Las Vegas.

The open spaces and casual life-style of the West

society. The young lovers were new to this part of the world themselves and many nights the three lonely outsiders would drink beer, eat schnitzel and plot the overthrow of the U.S. government.

Whoopi worked the main room of the Lucky Ducky Inn, while Siegfried and Roy were forced to do their

bother me. It's their extremist political ideas. Oh, at first it was stimulating, but now I have a career to think about."

People and ideals are disposable in the merciless world of showbiz. Whoopi was learning that important lesson. To satisfy her need to for social activism, Whoopi became involved

**Her material was raucous and blue. It trod the razor's edge of race and gender impropriety in a way that shocked many**



diences to a puddle of tears of laughter.

Her material was raucous and blue. It trod the razor's edge of race and gender impropriety in a way that shocked many and twice got the hotel raided by the Ellenville Police Department. Whoopi was fast becoming the Lenny Bruce of her generation.

Sadly, this overnight rocket to notoriety backfired on Whoopi. By the end of that summer, she got the bad news that her contract would not be renewed. She would never play the Catskills again. Deter-

mined to push the envelope of radical feminist, black power politics, Whoopi packed a suitcase, slung N'Shange in a papoose and hopped on a VW buses full of hippies. They headed West to the only place a "soul sistuh" could make a difference. Las Vegas.

The open spaces and casual life-style of the West society. The young lovers were new to this part of the world themselves and many nights the three lonely outsiders would drink beer, eat schnitzel and plot the overthrow of the U.S. government.

Whoopi worked the main room of the Lucky Ducky Inn, while Siegfried and Roy were forced to do their

bother me. It's their extremist political ideas. Oh, at first it was stimulating, but now I have a career to think about."

People and ideals are disposable in the merciless world of showbiz. Whoopi was learning that important lesson. To satisfy her need to for social activism, Whoopi became involved

with "safe" causes, Comic Relief and the B'nai B'rith.

The seventies were a period of growth and experimentation for Whoopi. She went blonde, then back to her natural color, then blonde again and finally back to her natural color. This kind of risk taking has marked her career and made her the stand-up's stand-up.

Vegas was a testing ground for new ideas and techniques. Sometimes her theories worked brilliantly. Sometimes, as with her famous flop, *An Evening of Jokes about Compasses and*

COUNTERCLOCKWISE:  
WHOOPI GOLDBERG

# She blew a shitload of money on a Don

Protractors, they didn't. But always she was Whoopi, out there, blazing new trails, pushing the humor envelope.

After five years in Vegas, she knew it was time to return to her roots. And so she went home to New York where she became the toast of the burgeoning "downtown," "alternative," "performance art" movement.

There amid the bright lights in the big city, her star rose meteorically. Whoopi's luv life, on the other hand, was a-whole-nuther story. The late seventies was a time of wild abandon, bacchanalian sex orgies. But even though sex was everywhere, she simply could not get some. Her gal-pals Margaret Trudeau and Bianca Jagger were getting poked in every hole imaginable. Poor Whoopi went to bed every night with her tattered copy of Proust.

Fix me up with that adorable Hamilton Jordan," she begged Liza Minelli, daughter of film director Vincent Minelli and singer Judy Garland, one December night in 1978 as they partied at Studio 54.

"Everybody adored Whoopi," Liza said. "The whole world thought she was the funniest woman they'd ever met. But men were afraid of her, intimidated by her brains and self-possession. I think guys thought she'd gobble them up, you know, like they'd just disappear."

The disco scene hit Whoopi hard. She liked to party and soon developed a habit that included a kilo of cocaine, two gallons of amyl-nitrate, and a three pound restaurant size tin of nutmeg weekly. The bill for this excess ran to over \$5,000 per week.

There was a craving Whoopi couldn't satisfy with all the drugs in the world. It was an emptiness in her heart, a need that drove her deeper and deeper into her addiction. More than anything, more even than getting boned, Whoopi longed to be in the movies. Her frus-

trated attempts to do so only sent her back to the coke, poppers and meg-

Lady luck smiled on Whoopi. Her dear friend, Elton John, saw what pain she was in and made a call to some friends of his in Hollywood. The very next day, still whacked from partying the whole night before, Whoopi received a call from none other than the great Steve Spielberg. He invited her out to Hollywood to do a screentest.

Recognizing what a great opportunity this was, Whoopi pulled herself together. She flushed her illegal substances down the crapper, packed a duffle bag, and hopped the 5:15 train out of Penn Station, headed for the land of make believe.

She managed to stay clean through the audition process and many meetings she took with Hollywood big-wigs, like Dory Shary and William Holden. She blew a shitload of money on a Don Loper original and threw Ricky Ricardo in a hotel pool the day he was supposed to meet with Hedda Hopper.

Whoopi's charm and beauty won her a new friend in Spielberg and the starring role in his enchanting picture, "The Color Purple." She earned the first of seven Academy Awards for that picture and was instantly embraced by the

warm and loving arms of the Hollywood film community.

In the next few years, she went on to play such memorable roles as the eponymous "French Lieutenant's Woman" and the eponymous "Norma Rae." Critics everywhere were compar-

ing Whoopi with such greats as Meryl Streep and Sally Field.

She loved the work, but the commute between coasts was beginning to wear on her. Though she despised

L.A., Whoopi realized it only made sense that she relocate there, so in 1987 she took the \$12 million she earned for making "Tootsie" and paid cash for a two bedroom one and a half bath condo



in Beverly Hills adjacent.

N'Shange, who was turning out to be as beautiful as her mother, though not blessed with Whoopi's great mind, was thrilled with the move to Los Angeles. Her fiance Fang was going to USC film school. This meant they could shack up and think about starting a teen family of their own. N'Shange enrolled in the Yamato Beauty School to study pedicure.

She and Whoopi are great friends. At N'Shange's wedding Whoopi was the maid of honor and flower gurl, plus she did a forty minute set at the reception. Yes, on the surface, everything seemed to be going very well indeed. Underneath, the substance abuse had Whoopi in a stranglehold.

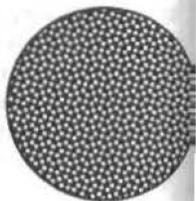
"She was the toast of tinseltown, but she was fighting a losing battle with all the garbage she was shoving up her nose," recalls good friend and confidante, Mariette Hartley.

"I told her 'Whoopi, you'd better get your act together, gurl. This is Hollywood and Hollywood doesn't go for booze and pills.' I dragged her ample black ass down to Betty Ford and sat with her day and night for three weeks until she got clean. That's just the kind of co-dependent friend I am."

The tabloids were unreasonably cruel to Whoopi. They offered in vivid detail frank accounts of her self-indulgent life-style. They were no less unkind when she got into recov-



Loper  
original  
and  
threw  
Ricky  
Ricardo  
in a  
hotel  
pool



ery and continued to torment her with untrue reports that she was slipping left and right.

In fact, she had dropped out of the whole show biz scene and took a small cottage on the Caribbean island of Costa Gavras. There, she studied



the Jews harp with the great Neville Mariner. And there, as if by God's grace, she met and fell in love with the handsome and talented Ted Danson.

Danson was on hiatus from his hit TV series, Cheers. He'd recently left his wife of fifteen years, explaining "I want something else. I don't know what it is yet, but it would be unfair to you if we were to stay married and I went looking elsewhere." A gentlemen, through and through, Danson gave his former wife nine-tenths of everything he owned and begged her forgiveness for leaving.

He kept to himself those balmy Costa Gavras evenings, as did Whoopi. One night found them both eating alone at the same small bistro. Danson shyly waived at Whoopi. Shyly she waved back. He motioned for her to join him at his table. They talked late into the night and made luv like pigs, hungry

for each other's genitals.

Instantly they were a couple, eating together, laughing and playing together, planning projects together, in short, doing everything a Hollywood couple does.

Once back in Los Angeles, Ted took up residence in Whoopi's place. She cooked and cleaned for him, ironed his shirts. Friends remember this as the happiest days of Whoopi's life. She had money, power, and a gorgeous hunk o' man.

Whoopi and Ted did only three pictures together — "Made in America," "A Patch of Blue," and "Guess Who's Coming To Dinner" — but those three films (all of which took the Palme d'Or at Cannes, as well as the Oscar for best picture) remain classics that will be studied by film historians until the universe comes to a crashing end.

And that's just what it nearly did. Trouble, in the form of Mary Steenburgen, soon enough reared its ugly head. The shrewish, raspy voiced actress encountered Danson at a stop light in Beverly Hills one afternoon and within hours had exercised her feminine wiles to lure him into her bed.

Whoopi was devastated by the news that her handsome lover had fallen under the spell of the evil Steenburgen. She packed Danson's thing up, the toupees, the shoulder pads, the extra pair of false teeth and



black face makeup he kept at her house and sent it Express Mail 2-day

delivery to Steenburgen with a note that read "He's all yours now, bitch. Rots of ruck."

Again the press was quick to pick up on Whoopi's misery. In one week she appeared on the covers of fifteen magazines, including, People, Us, Time, Newsweek, Ebony, and Cat Fancy.

In her famous interview with Barbara Walters, Whoopi, ever the lady, declined to say anything bad about her ex-lover and his new mistress, but later, off the record, Whoopi told Walters that Danson had a penis shaped like a the cap of a Bic pen, but not as big.

After the messy breakup with Danson, Whoopi dated her orthodontist and a handsome union leader, Lyle Trachtenberg. A brief marriage to Trachtenberg did not turn out well, and today, Whoopi says she is through with men forever, which explains why she has been seen around town with actor, Frank Langella.

"We're just friends," the couple protest, despite lack of arguments to the contrary.

And what does the future hold for the La Goldberg? She's very secretive about her plans, but her publicist and good friend Liz Rosenberg tells us that Whoopi is studying kabuki and noh theater, glassblowing and dog-grooming and will soon apply for a Class C ham radio operator's license.

Which brings us back to her most important mission ever, teenmom ambassador to the world. This fall, we'll see more of Whoopi than we ever dreamed possible. She'll be featured in trailers before ever screening of every movie playing between Halloween and New Years. She'll have weekly, three hour chats with the nation (Thursdays from 8-11 PM), broadcast by the major networks and virtually every radio station. Just try to avoid her. It will be impossible.

# All hail, Queen Whoopi!

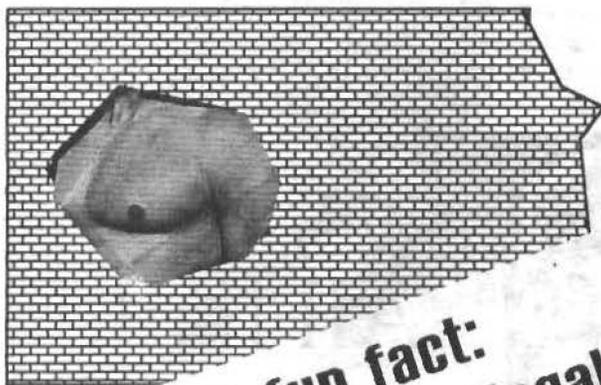


# KEYHOLE FEVER

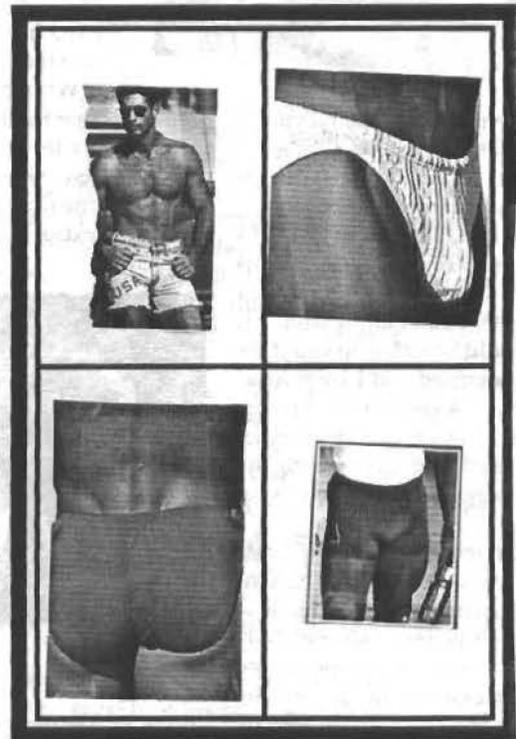
A Shocking Look at  
Voyeurism in the  
TeenMom Community

Evelyn (not her real name) has a secret. She likes to look. Peeking through keyholes, gazing through chinks in walls, staring through windows, Evelyn devotes countless hours to her habit, ever on the lookout for a cute butt, a strong shoulder, a shapely calf, ever alerted to the potential risk of getting caught. Traditionally the domain of the male of the species, voyeurism is increasingly becoming a distaff sport. In epidemic proportions, this serious psychological malady is turning up in teenage gurls, which means today's Peeping Tom is just as likely to be a Peeping Jane.

Are you a voyeuse? If you find yourself stimulated by this page (or this whole magazine, for that matter) you might very well be.



**Fetish fun fact:  
Voyeurism is illegal.  
Make sure you don't  
get caught!**



## Best Place to Sneak a Peek:

Boys locker  
rooms

Bedroom  
windows

In the bushes  
at the park

Dressing  
rooms

Cars parked  
on lovers  
lanes

Behind the  
dunes at the  
beach

# Eat Your Americana

## Betsy Ross, Our First TeenMom

Back when there were only thirteen states, the father of our country, Mr. George Washington, decided what this new nation really needed was a flag all its own. And so he turned to



his wife, Betsy Ross, and asked her to run something up on her Singer.

Betsy went through a design process and came up with some preliminary sketches for George and the boys in the Continental Congress to have a look at. These included

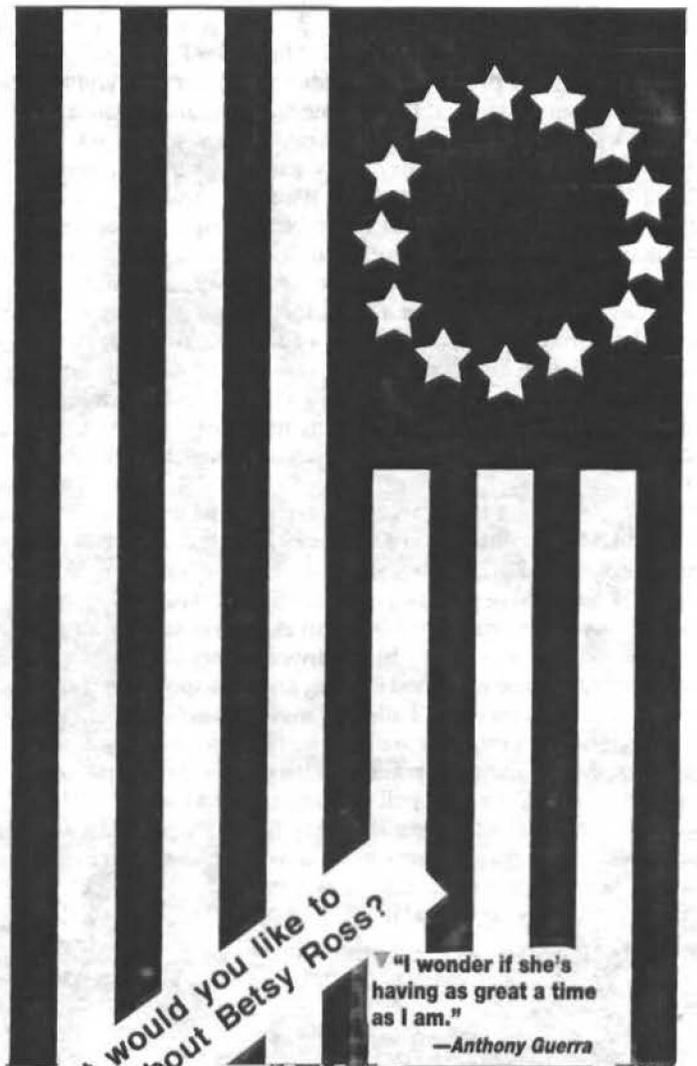
a yellow hammer and sickle on a red background, a black fist on a red, yellow and green background, and a red mapleleaf on a white background, bordered in red at the top and bottom.

None of these got a very enthusiastic response from the men. For all her hard work, the poor gurl was back at square one. That night, in her frustration, Betsy took a long walk. There, beneath the glittering sky it came to her, the perfect idea for a flag: Thirteen stripes! She ran back into the house and woke up her husband to tell him the good news.

George was startled and none to happy that his Betsy had disturbed his slumber. He reached over to the nightstand to grab his wooden ears, the better to hear what she had to say. He liked the idea of the thirteen red and white stripes. It sounded very pretty to him, but he felt there was something missing. So he got out of bed, put on his bathrobe and sat down at the drafting table while Betsy brewed up a pot of coffee.

Through the night the two labored. They experimented with a variety of patterns and shapes. Finally, as the sun came up, they hit on the perfect design. Thirteen red and white stripes and thirteen white stars on a blue field.

George and Betsy loved the new flag so much, they named it after their only child. And though there are now fifty-one stars on the flag, we still call her "Old Gloria," in honor of their daughter, Gloria Washington.



"I wonder if she's having as great a time as I am."

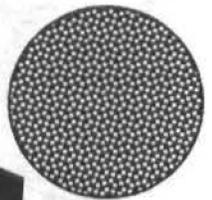
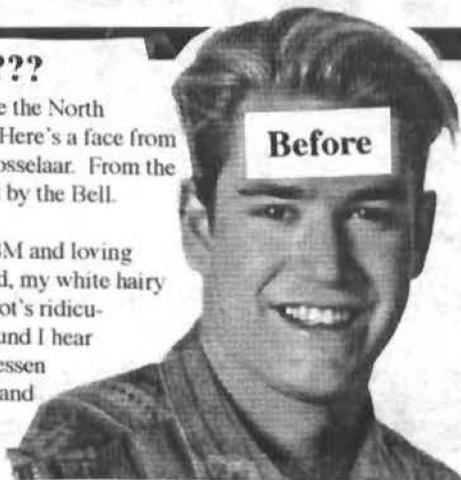
—Anthony Guerra



## Where are they now???

It's hard to remember a time before the North American Free Trade Agreement. Here's a face from those good old days, Mark-Paul Gosselaar. From the multi-Emy award winning *Saved by the Bell*.

Today, Mark-Paul is the CEO of IBM and loving every minute of it? "Sucking sound, my white hairy ass," Mark-Paul scoffs at Ross Perot's ridiculous warning. "The only sucking sound I hear is the one from Tiffany-Amber Thiessen (Mark-Paul's former SBTB co-star and current girlfriend)



# If it Wasn't for Bad Luck ... I'd be Fukt

By Miss Fortune

Let me beegin by saying I'm not really called Miss Fortune. I mean, that would be pretty silly, wouldn't it? I won't tell you my real name, because I know if I did, some crazed maniac would stalk and kill me. You seeeeeee, I'm what you'd call a sad-sack, a loser. My life has been one lousy break after another and I'm beeginning to wonder what I did to bring it all on.

Now, I'm not the superstitious typee, but I must confeeees that I was born on Friday the thirteenth and from that day to this, I haven't had a milicron of good fortune. I've never called out BINGO and meant it, never hit a jackpot, nor even gotten my quarter back from a slot machine. It's astounding, the consistency with which I'm unlucky. I've bought stock in companies everyone told me had nowhere to go but up and watched them go down, down, down. If I get my hair done, you can bet I'll be caught in a thundeerstorm without an umbrella. You get the picture.

My crappy luck isn't confineeed to games of chance, investments and hair-dos either. I'm as unlucky in love as a gal can get. I've had every kind of bad boyfrieeeend: The alcoholic, the drug-addict, the compulsive liar, the philanderer, the abuser.

Once I met a great guy. He dressed in expensive suits and told me heeee had a good paying job. He drove a fancy car (that he didn't live in). Heeee was good looking and soft-spoken and said he loved me. For a moment, I allowed myself to belieeeeve the possibility that my luck might actually be turning around. I was so excited the day he showed up at my houseeee and asked me to marry him. At last, the evil spell had lifted. Or so it seemed. The next day I got a call from the police. My fiance had been arrested on charges of pandering. How could I have been so stupid not to notice? The guy was a pimp and I was a chump.

And don't you believe what they say about cards and love. I

couldn't win a game of solitaire if I cheated. No, it's clear to me that, for whatever reeeason, I have the worst luck. I simply can't explain it. And even if I could, what good would it do? Would it bring back all the house plants I've killed? Would it replace the teeth I lost in that freak tobogganning accident when I was twelve (and I've never been on a toboggan in my life — don't ask!)? Would it cure me of my chronic halitosis?

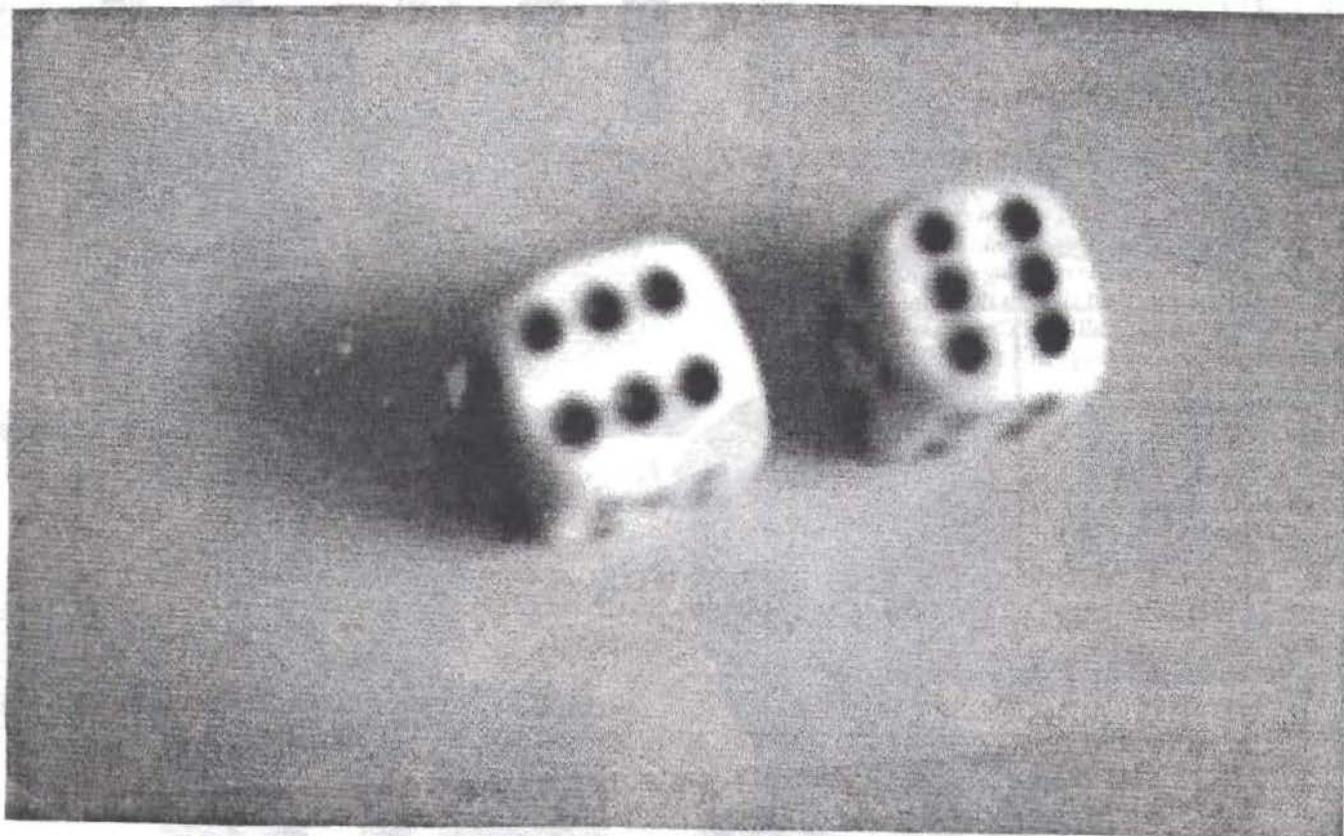
So, now you see what this is really about. I'm feeling sorry for myself. Poor me. My cat ran away. Poor me. I got food poisoning again. Poor mee. I have no control over my bladder. I'm speeeecial. I'm cursed. No one knows how hard I have it. No one understands. Waaaah! It's enough to make anyone run screaming in the other direction. Who wants to be neear such a wretched lump of dismay? I know I wouldn't hang around me if I had any say in the matter.

But, this wasn't my purposee in penning these words. What I actually meeant to do was look on the bright side. And what bright side would that beee? The \$40,000 I owe the guy who sued me because the emergency brake on my '72 Datsun failed, causing my car to roll down a hill into his Mercedes or the flood that ruined the priceless stamp collection I was supposed to be keeeeping an eye on for my boss? I'll beeee paying that off with weeeekly deductions from my checks for the neeext eight years.

I wrote Dr. Kevorkian a letter. Guess what it said. Would it surprise you to hear that he never got back to meeee? This is the guy that helped a woman kill herself last weeeeeeek because she stubbed her toe. My God, I mean, what does it take?

Maybe the message I'm supposed to geeeeeet is that I'm not really so bad off. I mean, after all, I still have my sense of humor and this Selectric typeeeewriter ... even if the "e" does keep getting stuck. Things could be much worse, and besides I happen to have very pretty, blonde hair. Bullshit! Who am I kidding? It's mousy brown, frizzy and unmanageable.

Somebody, please, shoot meeeeeeeeeee!





# JONATHAN TAYLOR THOMAS' ALL-MALE BAR MITZVAH PHOTOS



Music was supplied by JTT's fave band Green Day.



When *Home Improvement's* gorgeous Jonathan Taylor Thomas gives himself a Bar Mitzvah, he really does it in style. TVdom's newest "man" threw a shindig that will be talked about for years to come.

The guest list for the "stag" soiree was a veritable who's who of Hollywood hotties with a generous sprinkling International Male models sprinkled in for added eye candy.

Tom Cruise left Nicole at home and came with date, *ER's* Noah Wyle. *My So-Called Life's* Jared Leto gave a moving toast to good pal JTT and *Friends's* Matt LeBlanc danced every hora and bunny hop with CK model Antonio Sabato Joonyer.

Also theres included: JTT's tv bros, TNS and ZTB, *BH 90210's* Luke Perry, and Baldwin klan runt, Stephen. Noticeably missing from the festivities were ex-JTT guy pal, *Lois and Clark's* Dean Cain, Chairman of the Board, Frank Sinatra and the bar mitzvah boy's estranged father, Michael Tilson-Thomas, aka MTT.

# Jews

They're everywhere, God love 'em. And they come in so many shapes and sizes. From the quaint, old-world Hasidim in their long black coats, knickers and fur hats to the swinging secular ones who eat bacon and have Christmas trees in their living rooms, Jews have enriched our lives in so many ways. Among the cornucopia of gifts we've gotten from Jews are the words "schlep" and "oy," the practice of psychoanalysis, and the remarkable bagel.

One of the oldest and most charming traditions of the Jewish people is the coming-of-age ritual known as the Bar Mitzvah. At thirteen, a Jewish boy marks his passage into manhood by reading from the Jewish Torah in the presence of his loving Jewish family and Jewish friends. It is a joyful occasion accompanied by a party, gifts and every Jewish boy's first cocktail (usually a screwdriver).

As we connoisseurs of young hotties well know, Jewish guys are smarter and grow up to be more financially successful than any other ethnic group. And that makes them the best catches as boyfriends and fathers to our children. TeenMom takes a look at 13 of this year's crop of Bar Mitzvah boys and rates them on looks, brains and earning potential.

## Thirteen Bar Mitzvah Boys to Watch For

**Marty Rabinowitz** - Boston, MA

Hebrew name: Moshe

Life's ambition: Doctor

Fave charity: JDL

Turn ons: Big breasts, money, cheeseburgers

Turn offs: Organized sports



**Sheldon Applefield** - Massapequa, NY

Hebrew name: Shlomo

Life's ambition: Doctor

Fave color: Cream

Turn ons: Big breasts, rock and roll music

Turn offs: Authority figures, gym



**Sherwin Tuckel** - Scottsdale, AZ

Hebrew name: Shlomo

Life's ambition: Doctor

Fave supermodel: RuPaul

Turn ons: Ice cream, cookies, big breasts

Turn offs: Radishes, brussell sprouts



**Bernie Klein** - Encino, CA

Hebrew name: Baruch (it means "blessed")

Life's ambition: Dentist or doctor

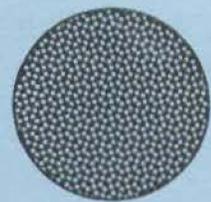
Fave houseplant: Rhododendron

Turn ons: Power, money, big breasts, nice teeth

Turn offs: Gurls who say "hafta" instead of "have to"



Special Pull-out Section: On the Brink of Manhood



**Eddie Bloom** - Miami, FL

Hebrew name: Yparon (it means "pencil")  
Life's ambition: Doctor or lawyer  
Fave blue chip stock: GM  
Turn ons: Money, big breasts, crossword puzzles  
Turn offs: Dog shit



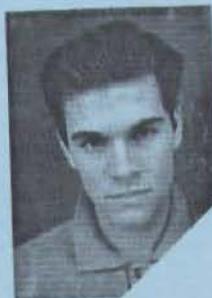
**Jerry Kelman** - Miami, FL

Hebrew name: Chaver (it means "friend")  
Life's ambition: Entertainment lawyer  
Fave car: Mercedes  
Turn ons: Herbal ecstasy, raves  
Turn offs: Phoney people



**Bob Becker** - Bloomfield Hills, MI

Hebrew name: Aneepo (it means "I am present")  
Life's ambition: Periodontist  
Fave tooth: Bicuspid  
Turn ons: Sleeping, eating, action movies  
Turn offs: Zits



**George Kerwin** - Bloomfield Hills, MI

Hebrew name: B'vakasha (it means "please")  
Life's ambition: Doctor  
Fave movie: Barb Wire  
Turn ons: Big breasts  
Turn offs: Small breasts



**Milt Fishman** - Philadelphia, PA

Hebrew name: Moshe  
Life's ambition: Lawyer  
Fave gurl group: Salt 'n Peppa  
Turn ons: Nice eyes, pretty speaking voice  
Turn offs: Indecision



**Irving August** - Toronto, ON (Canada)

Hebrew name: Arbah (it means "four")  
Life's ambition: Doctor  
Fave sport: Chess  
Turn ons: Oatmeal, kasha  
Turn offs: Anti-semitism



**Herbie Mendelson** - Englewood, NJ

Hebrew name: Haddas  
Life's ambition: Doctor or dancer  
Fave Musical Comedy: Anything by Sondheim  
Turn ons: Hanging out with friends  
Turn offs: Gurls



**Willie Winokur** - Potomac, MD

Hebrew name: Mikvah  
Life's ambition: Veterinarian  
Fave chinese dish: Kung Pao chicken  
Turn ons: Dogs  
Turn offs: Cats



# HOW TO SCORE WITH A BAR MITZVAH BOY

Rumor has it Jewish boys make the world's best lovers. If you don't believe it, just ask the first love of any Jewish male, his mommy. What makes me such an expert? Hello, I'm Shoshana Glickman, the nineteen year old mother of a five year old boy named Glenn. Glenn is the center of my universe, just as his father was the center of his mother's universe.

## How I snagged a Bar Mitzvah Boy:

Glenn's father, Mitchell, was in my math class in seventh grade. That's where we fell in love. We started going steady in November, and the following May, the month of Mitchell's Bar Mitzvah, we began having sex.

Once you've picked one, the real challenge to getting a Bar Mitzvah boy to go all the way is prying him from the clutches of his devoted mama.

The Jewish mother is one of the strongest forces in nature. Seismologists estimate the g's needed to move a Jewish mother are equivalent to an earthquake measuring 11.3 on the Richter scale. Put another way, if you were to drop a one-megaton Jewish mother over the Empire State Building, you could pretty much kiss the whole eastern sea-

board goodbye.

My two-step technique for getting a guy away from his mom is simple: First, you must become her. Learn to cook and clean up after him just as she does. Dote on him and be his biggest fan. If you can beat her at her own game, you're in like Flynn.

Second, remember, the two things you have over her are your youth and good looks. Chances are the old broad is wrinkled and has saggy you-know-whats. Your target boyfriend will be so glad to have a taught, fresh-faced young beauty, he'll soon forget about that other woman.

Your courtship can be as short as two days or as long as several months. Be sure to

sensitive parts of your budding titties.

He'll be what's known in the adult world as "hot and bothered" soon enough, but don't let him remove any clothing or try to penetrate you just yet. The last thing you want is for him to think you're easy.

Instead, choose a special occasion -- his Bar Mitzvah, for instance -- and plan the actual moment of copulation very carefully.

In my case, it was the moment at Glen's Bar Mitzvah just after we all danced the hora. I took him by the hand and led him to a janitor's closet. There, I carefully removed my clothing and then removed his.

It's never too soon to start thinking about oral sex, whether you want to perform it, whether you want him to perform it on you. With us, it was an important aspect of foreplay that heightened the thrill and anticipation.

You all know what the act of copulation consists of, so I won't bore you with the details of our hot, throbbing session.

When it was over, we smoked cigarettes. I must warn you that cigarettes are not for everyone, but they do enhance the afterglow and, once you get used to their awful taste, can be a lot of fun.

Drinking, too, is optional, but many adults seem to enjoy and it certainly adds to the ex-



The Ideal Nose

For The Ideal You!



woo him with candies and compliments. Boys are suckers for this treatment. Do not neglect to make physical contact, hugging and kissing, to be sure, as these are an important part of the seduction process.

You'll know he's ready for you to move in for the kill when he makes an awkward attempt at second base. Let him know this is all right with you and show him the most

# Teen Divorcée

# So,

you're one of the lucky teenmoms who got herself a husband. But one day you wake up and realize you have to get the H-E-double hockey sticks out of a bad marriage.

Let's examine three, common scenarios. In each case, answer with what you believe to be the correct response.

## Scenario #1:

You're sixteen with a few miles on you. The baby's almost two and has the personality of styrofoam. Naturally, your husband is getting restless. Suddenly he's looking at your younger sister from a new angle — below. She reminds him of you at that age, in her skimpy, baby-doll nightgown and soft, gurlie underpants. Try as he might to resist, he finds his adolescent hormones getting the better of him. He's constantly pitching the old trouser teepee and hiding it from no one. Next thing you know, the two of them are screwing like bunnies.

- Do you ...
- A. See a marriage counselor?
  - B. Suggest a trial separation?
  - C. Get a divorce?

## Scenario #2:

It's your second New Years Eve as man and wife. And once again you're locked in the basement with a bowl of gutter water and a black eye. The baby is tied to her crib, wailing uncontrollably as she stews in her own urine and diarrhea. Meanwhile, your husband is off with his buddies, mainlining freon and gang-banging a seventy-three year old waitress at a Motel 6.

- Do you ...
- A. Hire a hit man?
  - B. Move into a shelter for battered women?
  - C. Get a divorce?

## Scenario #3:

Your "husband" turns out to be "light in his loafers." Apparently, the single sexual encounter you had with him was his vain attempt to change his evil ways. All the time he was doing it with you, he was thinking of Antonio Sabato, Jr. But homosexuality made him no less potent, and, boom, you got preggers. Overwhelmed with guilt, the little poofter

insisted on marrying you and giving your child his name. A year later, you're in a loveless marriage, stuck with an ugly, developmentally disabled baby, while your guy is out with the guys, a regular homo away from home.

- Do you ...
- A. Join Parents and Friends of Lesbians and Gays (PFLAG)?
  - B. Commit hari kiri (the ancient Japanese suicide ritual)?
  - C. Get a divorce?

How did you score?

Scenario #3  
 Scenario #2  
 Scenario #1

If your score was 0-2, you need to repeat the second grade.

If your score was 3 or higher, you may be headed for divorce.

Marriage counseling, separation, annulment, suicide, murder. These are pretty words. Unfortunately, they don't solve the core problems that plague so many modern teen marriages. When your looks are gone, when your man has dumped you, when the magic has faded, there's really only one solution: D-I-V-O-R-C-E.

Whisper it, spell it, say it in Pig Latin, if you must, to protect the little ones, but get a divorce at all costs. And, by the way, divorce need not break you. Cheap ones can be had from a number of reputable mail-order companies [see back section of this issue].

Divorce is chic. Studies show that eleven seventenths (64.7059299299%) of all couples that marry end up getting divorced, making this simple legal procedure a popular and attractive alternative to a bad marriage.

## Visitation Rights and Wrongs

Something important to keep in mind is the matter of which ex-spouse gets the kids. Generally speaking, you, as the mother, are entitled to them. They came out of you. There can be no question they are yours. On the other hand, let's face it, with your reputation, the "real" father could be any one of a dozen or more guys.

Besides, you're the one who fed the kids and changed them and bathed them and all, so why should the "father" get them?

If it were up to you he'd never see the little buggers again, not in a million years. But since most judges are of the male persuasion, they tend to go easy on the on every son-of-a-bitch they unhitch. Visitation rights are a fancy term that means the father gets to take the kid on Sundays, usually to a movie or the zoo.

There's not a lot you can do about this unfair practice, but that doesn't mean you have to get pushed around ei-

ther. Here's a four syllable word you'll thank us for as your kids grow up and their tiny, unformed minds begin to take shape.

## Propoganda

Use it whenever possible. Say bad things about your children's father, the meaner, the better. Don't worry about the truth. We here at TeenMom have never put much stock in the truth. We've always found a well told lie coupled with some convincing evidence is the best and most persuasive way of controlling others.

The following are some ideas you can feed the little ones to bring them around to your way of thinking:

1. YOUR FATHER IS A SHITBAG AND HE DOESN'T REALLY CARE ABOUT YOU.
2. YOUR FATHER HAS OFTEN TOLD ME HE WISHES YOU WERE DEAD.
3. YOUR FATHER HAS CHILDREN BY ANOTHER WOMAN WHOM HE LOVES MUCH MORE THAN YOU.
4. YOUR FATHER IS A COMMUNIST.
5. YOUR FATHER DOESN'T BELIEVE IN GOD.
6. YOUR FATHER TRIED TO FORCE ME TO HAVE AN ABORTION WHEN I WAS PREGNANT WITH YOU.
7. YOUR FATHER FORGOT (YOUR BIRTHDAY/CHRISTMAS/CHANUKAH/KWANZA).
8. YOUR FATHER IS A CANNIBAL.
9. YOUR FATHER ONLY CHANGES HIS UNDERPANTS EVERY OTHER DAY.
10. YOUR FATHER WATCHES "STEP-BY-STEP" AND THINKS IT'S FUNNY.



Invertebrate



What's been going on with this so-called National Campaign to Increase Teen Pregnancy? We had such high hopes in January when President Clinton announced the great thinkers he'd selected to undertake this very important mission. We thought surely by now there would be public service announcements, teen pregnancy awareness days at malls, distribution of "how-to" pamphlets at mixers and proms. So far ... nuttin'.

The public hasn't heard "boo" from the hand-picked team of experts, but don't think for a minute they're not doing their jobs. As you'll see from the minutes of the last committee meeting (facing page), procured by TeenMom staff investigator, Jane Edgara Hoover, granddaughter of J. Edgar Hoover, the committee is way totally on the ball. If these minutes are any indication, it's just a matter of time before this select group of highly respected pros in the field of teen pregnancy dazzle us with the fruits of their labor.

## The National Campaign to Promote Teen Pregnancy

### Minutes from the meeting of June 8, 1996

In attendance: Chairman, **Dr. Henry Foster**, former Surgeon General **C. Everett Koop**, **David Hamburg** of the Carnegie Corporations, President of Drew University and former Governor of New Jersey, **Tom Keane**, Ogilvy and Mather Chair **Charlotte Beers**, **Whoopi Goldberg**, former Mayor of Atlanta, Congressman and U.N. Ambassador **Andrew Young**, President of MTV, **Judy McGrath** and **Dr. Isabel Sawhill**, former New Hampshire Senator **Warren Rudman**.

The meeting was called to order at 11:55 AM by chairperson Hank Foster.

A luncheon of PB&J was served at 12:00 noon. Whoopi Goldberg moved that the meeting be temporarily adjourned until everyone cleaned his—if he was a guy, or her—if she was a gurl—plate. There was no discussion and the motion carried by a vote of eight to one.

The meeting reconvened at 3:34 PM, a little later than planned, because during lunch everyone decided to go to the mall and buy cute outfits.

After showing off their new purchases to each other, the committee members observed a minute of silent prayer.

After that, a motion was made and seconded to do away with Robert's Rules of Order. The floor was opened to discussion. The general consensus was that Robert's Rules don't rule. For the record, Lotte Beers added that she felt "Robert's Rules suck." The motion was put to a vote and passed eight to one.

The rest of the meeting was a lot more free-form. There was a cosmic flow of ideas, a celestial interchange of creative thinking, and a real sense of harmony among committee members.

Tommy Keane suggested they order pizza and said it should be from Dominoes. Everyone thought that sounded like a good idea. But Judy McGrath said it should not be from Dominoes because she heard from the gurl that sits next to her in homeroom that the guy who owns Dominoes is a right-to-lifer.

Then Tommy put it to the group that, since they had a mission to promote teen pregnancy, maybe it was in the committee's best interest to support the right-to-life movement.

Then things got real quiet and everyone thought about this for a while. Then Judy said that just because the committee was pro-teen pregnancy didn't mean everyone had to be and that maybe some gurls would prefer to have the choice and that was cool too. Everyone seemed to agree with that, so it was decided to get Little Caesar's instead.

Next Hank asked Whoopi to read the minutes from the last meeting, but Whoopi said she couldn't read her own writing. Everyone agreed they should just adopt the minutes anyway. Then Whoopi laughed because "adoption" was a funny word, considering what they were all there for. Then everyone started to crack up and giggle uncontrollably and it took like an hour before everyone calmed down and the meeting could continue.

### Old Business

Eventually the committee got around to the topic of "old business." But since no one could remember what that was, they moved on to ...

### New Business

There was only one item on the agenda, the status of the report the committee was supposed to make to Billy Clinton.

Andy Young, head of the Research Subcommittee, said he heard about a pregnant gurl who let her biology class come on a field trip to see her get an obstetric exam. Everyone thought that sounded really cool and agreed it should be included in the report.

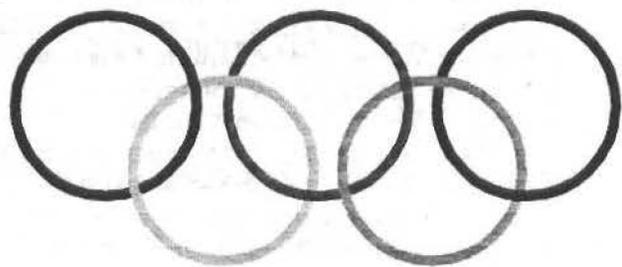
Hank asked Warren Rudman how the report was coming. Warren made some lame excuse about his dog eating it, which, for the record, nobody believed.

Next the committee played Truth or Dare and then everyone stayed up real late and listened to the new Smashing Pumpkins album and talked about how sad it was that Scott Weiland of the Stone Temple Pilots had to go into rehab.

Then the committee discussed how cute Patrick Muldoon is. Then Ev Koop asked Davey Hamburg who he thought was cuter Patrick Muldoon or Ben Chaplin and Davey said he couldn't decide and said he'd like a guy with Patrick's body and Ben's face and eyes.

Then it was time to go to bed, so everyone got into his pajamas—if he was a guy, or her nightgown—if she was a gurl. Lights went off at 1:15 AM, and then the meeting was adjourned after everyone told ghost stories and played a mean practical joke on Isabel Sawhill by putting her pinkie in some warm water so she'd pee in her sleeping bag.

# Olym Pics ...



**G**ee Whiz! And I don't use that term lightly. What a fan-freakin'-tastic summer we have coming up! We're talking an international BUFF-ay of hunky athletes converging en masse for the Olympic Games right in our very own Atlanta, Georgia.

**I**f you're at all like me (and I know you are because I read the FBI files on each and every one of you), then you're gonna go craaaazy for the hotties competing on the U.S. team. These guys are young, built and gorgeous.

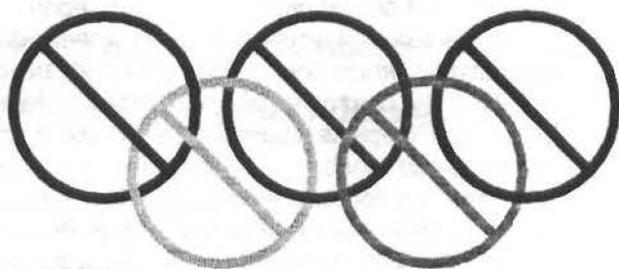
**H**owdya like them apples? Good 'cuz researchers at TeenMom Strategies, the think-tank subsidiary of TeenMom Enterprises, have pulled the few rotten ones out of the barrel and come up with a list of the U.S. team's foxiest gents.

**S**tudies show that 87% of a young lady's interest in sports has to do with the physique and visage (French words meaning body and face) of the players. This makes sense when you figure that basically we gals aren't bright enough or clever enough to keep track of complicated things like rules and scoring.

**W**hat you'll find on the next page, assuming you haven't already bypassed this obligatory and ... superfluous (there, I said it) introduction, are our Olym Picks Pix (say that five times real fast).

**W**hat we've also included, and this is what makes TeenMom so much for than a rag that panders to your basest needs, is a few shots of Homely Man Pans, guys whose looks couldn't win them a tin metal, let alone the gold.

# And Pans ...



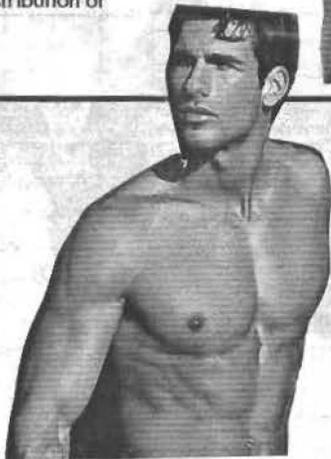
## Ricky Schmidt

Age: 29  
Event: Swimsuit competition  
Quote: "Wearing a swimsuit is a lot harder than it looks. When you're competing against the best from all over the world, it's not enough to have a great butt and eye-catching box. It takes years to develop the walk, the tan, the perfect distribution of body hair."



## Calvin Brewster

Age: 26  
Event: Dodge ball  
"Sometimes the ball hits you so hard it leaves a red mark. That can hurt, but not as much as it hurts your pride to be knocked out of the game."



## Mark Trilby

Age: 24  
Event: 100 meter dog paddle  
"I don't have time for gurls when I'm in training. I'm very excited about competing in Atlanta this year, but I'm also looking forward to the whole thing being over so I can go out and get laid."



## Joe Williams and Mitch Kennedy

Age: 24 and 25  
Event: 3-legged race  
"What we do requires a lot of coordination. We spend all our time together. We're never out of each other's sight. We eat together, bathe together and even sleep together."



## Lloyd Fitzsimmons

Age: 28  
Event: Leap-frog  
On the outside, Lloyd has a lot going for him. He's tall, dark, and handsome, three qualities we always admire in an athlete. But inside, where it counts, Lloyd has no soul, and we just won't put up with that ... for more than one night.

## Dwight Stanislav

Age: 31  
Event: Flinching  
Three-time Olympic bronze medalist in flinching. Dwight has a weak chin and eyes set too close to ever be an Olympic babe.

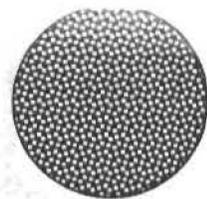


## Kendrick Taft

Age: 40  
Event: Jarts  
We're panning Kendrick because of his skinny arms. They may be the secret to a gold-medal in jarts, but to us they're just a big ole turn-off.



# Dear TeenMo



m

Dear TeenMom,

Um hello. I am a seventeen year old gurl who is pregnant for the second time and here is my question: Recently, I learned MTV's very sexy and attractive Simon Rex has appeared in pornographic videos doing something called a "solo-jerk," which, as I understand it, means that he masturbates to orgasm. Actually, I have two questions. One - is this true? And two - if it is true, does this mean he is gay (homosexual)? The reason I ask this second question is that, being a gurl, I think I speak for all gurls when I say that while it is nice to see a cute guy with little or no clothing on, I, that is, we, have no interest in watching cute guys beat off. The only possible explanation I can think of for such a thing on video would be for the entertainment of gay (homosexual) men.

Yours Sincerely,  
Midge Westervelt,  
East Orange, NJ

Dear Midge,

Um hello, yourself. Yes, that is Simon Rex in the solo-jerk video and no, we don't know if he is gay (homosexual).

Dear TeenMom,

Settle a bet. My sister says that Simon Rex, that sexy hunk on MTV, appeared in a snuff film and after having sex with three women he slowly beat, tortured and finally killed them for the sick pleasure of some truly disgusting perverts out there. I say she's wrong. Who's right TeenMom, huh?

Holding My Breath For Your Response  
Midge Eastland  
West Orange, NJ

Dear Midge,

You're both right. Simon did make a snuff movie, but he wasn't the one who beat, tortured and killed that women. That was his stunt double.

Dear TeenMom,

I'm probably the only gurl in the world who's ever asked you this and you're probably gonna think I'm crazy for even suspecting it's true, but here goes: Someone told me that Simon Rex, that total fox from MTV, was in a porno flick. True or not true?

Midge Orangewest  
Eastland, NJ

Dear Midge,  
If you only knew!!!



# Planning a Bar or Bat Mitzvah in Israel ??

For a unique, exciting, powerful family experience, call

**Rabbi Jay Karzen**

**(Rituals Unlimited)**

*The Bar Mitzvah King*

featured on CNN Sights & Sounds of Israel



Meaningful - Memorable - Inspiring Religious Ceremony regardless of denomination (Orthodox, Conservative, Reform, Reconstructionist).

Services at

- **Western Wall (Kotel)** -- Best location guaranteed
- **Southern Wall Steps** -- Highly recommended alternate location
- **Massada**
- **Hurva**
- **Synagogues**

We can provide you with

- **Religious service only**, or
- **"Simcha Package Deal"** including Video cassette (fully titled), photo album of 100 pictures with client keeping all negatives, luncheon/dinner, entertainment/music -- any amenity to make this a "worry-free" happening!

**We have handled over 2,000 Bar Mitzvah ceremonies; we specialize in making them all religious milestones.**

Extra Tallit, Tefillin, Hebrew/English prayerbooks, skullcaps -- even candy to throw at the celebrant -- are provided as part of our **full V.I.P. service.**

**Adult Bar/Bat Mitzvah Ceremonies also our speciality !!!!**

Contact us for our comprehensive explanatory brochure.  
See below for our address, fax and phone numbers.

Weddings and Anniverary Remarriage Ceremonies and all other *Simcha* occasions professionally handled by **Rituals Unlimited** and **Rabbi Jay Karzen.**

*Don't have a Simcha in Israel without consulting us first.*



# Oh Bibi, He's Cute

Israel gets a new Prime Minister  
TeenMoms around the world scream Netan Yahoo!

Jerusalem - By a huge landslide, hunky Benjamin "Bibi" Netanyahu was elected Prime Minister of Israel. In the first direct election for that post ever held here, the sexy 46 year old pummeled his opponent, aging meeskite, Shimon Peres.

The victory was a clear indication that Israelis are sick and tired of haggard, unattractive leaders. Perhaps the most hideous of all Prime Ministers was the grossly misshapen Golda Meier. Her reign of terror represented the nadir of self-image in the Holy Land. "I think we can expect a new era of hotties in politics,"



said one source close to the new Prime Minister. "We've got a very good looking Knesset and I wouldn't be at all surprised if sessions were held outdoors, on the beach in Tel Aviv with Speedos the mandatory dress code."

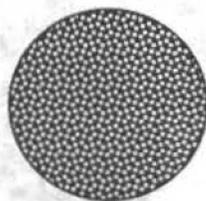
# HE'S A COSMOPOLI-TEN

NOW THAT OUR FAVE WIMMIN'S MAG HAS DIVESTED ITSELF OF ITS ANCIENT PACADERM EDITOR, HELEN GURLY BROWN, IT HAS SUDDENLY BECOME EVEN MORE SEXY AND IRRESISTIBLE, ISSUING A SPIN-OFF CALLED COSMOPOLITAN ALL ABOUT MEN. THE PREMIERE ISSUE IS FULL OF GORGEOUS GUYS, AND REAL ONES, AT THAT, WHO GIVE YOU THEIR ADDRESSES (ALBEIT, MOSTLY JUST P.O. BOXES, MUCH TO THIS STALKER'S CHAGRIN). IN FACT, SO PAINFULLY DROOLABLE IS EACH PAGE OF THE 128 PAGE TOME, THAT WE COULD NOT BRING OURSELVES TO TAKE X-ACTO BLADE TO IT. HENCE, THE XEROX OF A XEROX. WE URGE YOU TO PURSUE A FIRST GENERATION COPY OF THIS DELECTABLE MORSEL AND PONDER THE FANTASY POTENTIAL IN IT YOURSELVES.



# BAKER'S DOZEN

1. DONUTS
2. BAGELS
3. CROISSANTS
4. BEAR CLAWS
5. COOKIES
6. DONUT HOLES
7. PALMIERS
8. MADELINES
9. CHURROS
10. STREUSELS
11. APPLE PIES
12. TARTS
13. RUGALACH



# What a Tangled Web We Weave

Only about a gajillion years ago (it seems like) everyone started jumping on the World Wide Web bandwagon. And we do mean everyone. There are web pages for some of the dopiest things, e.g. [www.fignewton.com](http://www.fignewton.com).

We kept promising we'd be up there soon, too. Every day you'd do your Lycos/Alta Vista/Yahoo!/HotBot/etc. search. TeenMom. TeenMom. Where is it? It must be there somewhere. But nooooooo!

Were we letting you down? You bet we were. Disappointment is a big part of the TeenMom ethos. But so is the unplanned. Did we (all of us) plan the arrival of our little ones? Nope? Did we (we here at TeenMom Enterprises) plan the appearance of 100% repurposed material on the www? Well, yes we did, actually.

But we never expected it would show up so suddenly and without warning.

Where will you find us on the WWW? Try this url, gurl: [www.ingress.com/net-content/teenmom](http://www.ingress.com/net-content/teenmom). See you on the infobahn, baby!

# DISSIN DAT

bi Chrissy F

So totally psyched! Got carded today at that bar across from that giant car wash on Santa Monica Blvd. and I got to flash them a legal license. I'm 21 baby — look the fuck out!

In other news....

## *Sittin' Up In My Room, I've Been Thinking About U...PN*

Corn-row extensioned, hominy-and-grit-com star **Brandy** a.k.a. Moesha (whose Nielsen numbers have consistently edged out the number of people sitting in skanky Laundromats watching their clothes dry) has petitioned the Paramount webletto to change the moniker of her characters' eponymous Afro-Yuk-Fest to "Brandy is Moesha" for the fall sez'. The semi-popular role model also demanded an on-staff masseuse, a tarot card reader, a saltwater fish tank and fresh beignets flown in daily from Cafe Dumont. Emboldened by UPN's acquiescence to her every whimsy, she later announced that due to her busy sked, the Brandy as Moesha part will be played this season by former Kosby Kut-up, **Raven Symone**. "I just don't have the time!" declared the could-be TeenMom.

## *Welcome To The Valley of the Dollhouse*

Art-house uber nerd, **Heather Matarazzo**, holding forth at a Palm Springs Film Festival screening of her junior high geeks-with-freaks debut "Welcome To the Dollhouse" flared up at her chaperone mom when, at a post screening party **Mrs. M.** tried to foist a Betty Ford Clinic brochure on her wan-and-nodding out little thespian daughter. Many tongue clucks and **Drew Barrymore-esque** doleful looks ensued. Fourteen and a half minutes and counting, HM!

## *Lyle Admitted to Ben Dover University, Erik Has Hair...*

Although \_\_\_\_\_ [NB, be a love and find out her name for me, wouldja?], new bride of convicted-for-life murderer **Lyle Menendez** would not comment on the ironic fate of her sexually-abused-by-daddy hubby spending the next fifty years or so being sexually abused by tattooed baldheads named **Bubba**, she would respond to why show would marry a man who has no chance of parole; "two words, Chrissy, book deals." Meanwhile in another cellblock **Erik "I Am Not Gay and This Is My Own Hair" Menendez** has a book deal of his own, a dating guide for the 90s to be co-written by equally in-denial cake-girl **Ellen DeGeneres**. Random House has yet to identify the target audience for this presumably slim volumed self-help tome.

## *You've Been Fathered by One Hair Band Frontman, You've Been Fathered by Them All...*

**Parker Posey**-esque white girl **Liv Tyler** (recently portraying a Teenmom in the dorks-with-forks art mellow drama "Heavy") on her decision to "at least give drugs a try" in light of her father, **Steven "Too-Old-To-Be-Young" Tyler's** massive addiction to anything not-actually-part-of the mirror: "I can handle it, and if anything happens, I can always rely on the strength of my dear old Dad. I am so fortunate to have **David Lee Roth** as my father and role model." Good dear, good. We'll have Heather save you a spot at the Teen Queen boneyard...

## *People We Are Sick of Particularly Early in Their Career Arcs...*

Liv Tyler, Matthew McConaughey, Fugees' Lauryn Hill, talk show hostez Rosie O'Fat Ass and wacko alt-rockers Cibo Matto....

## *Net Ball...*

Now that miserly NB has finally loosened up enough scratch to have the international Teen Mom Web Site up and running at [www.upyours.com](http://www.upyours.com), check out Yawz Truly dispensing and datspensing advice to the hormonally lovelorn and clowning live with cybercelebs aplenty. Already signed up for interactive folderol: "soon to-be-teen film legend, **Natalie Portman**, 1996 Miss Teen Mom America **Betty Swallows**, and hunka-thuh-month **Cody Gifford**.

And don't forget to e-mail me at [GO Postal @aol.com](mailto:GOPostal@aol.com) in the unlikely event you've been invited to a party I haven't been....

TV New  
Brandy

coming  
"Moest

of the  
la" Ni

Year:  
Orwood.