

TEENMOM

53

Sex
Sells

Flesh & Blood

#14

Blood
Cells

Sexiest
Man
Alive

Mario's
Solo
Jerk

Black is Beautiful

Beauty is
Only
Skin Deep

Fresh
Flesh

Cannibalism: Have Your Young and Eat Em Too!

Everyone present? Who's not here? Well screw her! She can eat shit and die, the bitch. As for the rest of you, you're my real friends and I love you so much it hurts. Enough with the cheap sentiment. You're probably wondering why I've summoned you here this morning. I know it's hot and smoggy out there, and I want to apologize for dragging you from the comfort of your air conditioned lairs. Let me get right to the point. I'm pregnant!

Eeeeeeee! I know. I can hardly believe it myself. I mean, how could this happen? I'm not telling.

Oh, all right. Twist my arm. Here's how: Ever since he learned to beg (two years now), Junior has been hounding me for a little brother or sister. Well gurls, let me tell you, the first one is easy. You know what I'm saying. You're young. You're pretty. Your center of gravity is still above your waist. Boys are all over you like a pack of hungry wolves. You pick one (or more) and you're off. Hugging, kissing, intercouring. Then boom, boom, boom, you're all knocked up.

After the baby's born, it's a whole different story. Am I right? Not only is your body all stretched out and droopy, but you've got a wailing munchkin riding shotgun on your hip. How attractive is

that? Not very, let me tell you. In fact, it's total boy repellent! It should come as no surprise that I have not been laid once since Junior arrived. And as we all know from our lessons in the birds and bees, you don't get laid, you don't make babies.

So Junior's unhappy 'cause he has no little sib and I'm unhappy 'cause I'm not getting -- oh, how do I put this delicately? -- boned. Help! I'm at like a total loss.

Then it hits me. Hey, I'm the well-to-do CEO of a multimedia conglomerate. I've got disposable income out the wazoo. When

the looks go and the boys don't come around anymore, it's nice to know that a couple G well spent will get a gurl what she needs. Namely, some D-I-K!

If you're sensitive to adult language, you might want to excuse yourself, go into the corridor and have a cigarette or shoot up some smack. I'll wait a moment for those of you who so choose to leave the room. Everyone still here? I figured as much. You're all sick, horny pervs and because of that I will not regale you with the details of my night of *burnsen* with a certain call boy I'll call Roy.



The only thing you need to know is that latex protection was not worn and a state of withchildness therefrom ensued.

The moment I learned the good news about the rabbit's untimely demise, I e-mailed my good friend Madonna Ciconne (MCiconne@Madonna.gov) and asked her to recommend a good obstetrician. The one I had when I was pregnant with Junior is in prison now for impersonating a doctor. Maddy sent her reply via Pony Express. She was delighted to hear I was expecting and said she'd be glad to supply the name of her ObGyn if, in exchange, I'd mention her name somewhere in this issue. Consider it done, Madonna.

I'm happy to report that mother (me) and foetus (Claudine, if it's a gurl and Spider, if it isn't) are doing way above average and Junior is beside himself. It's not that he's excited about the new baby, per se; he's just manifesting a second personality, an alter-ego, if you will. I gotta laugh. Sometimes kids have the darndest psychoses.

Have I been going on for several hundred words without a mention of this next issue of TeenMom? Well, that'll be forty lashes with a wet noodle (oh, all right, make it a big leather whip) for me.

Ladies, here then is the "Flesh and Blood" issue. Make of it what you will and don't make of it what you won't. I'm fat and I feel unattractive, and so I'm leaving as unceremoniously as I came. It's my prerogative. After all, I am the boss of you. Meeting adjourned.



TEENMOM

#14

What must it be like to be alive and yet not alive, to have a brain that functions and a body that doesn't? How does it feel not to feel? The heart pumps blood and yet the flesh just lies there and does nothing. What is life? When does it begin? When does it end?

vege **Tables of Contents**



Karen Ann Quinlan

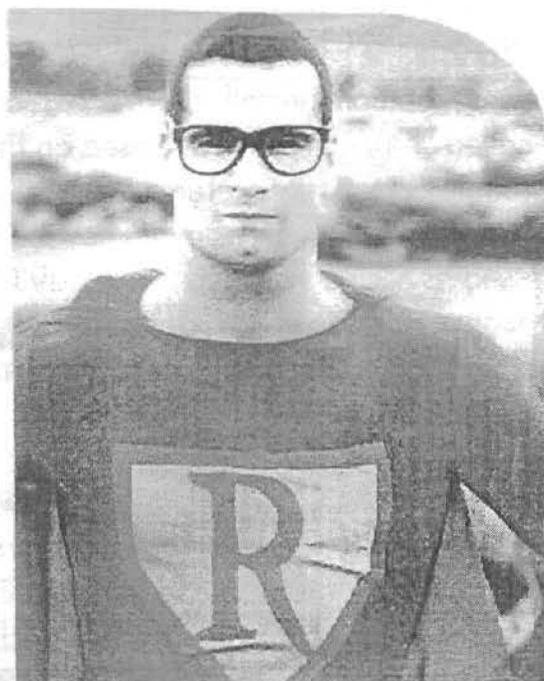
Sunny Von Bulow

Christopher Reeve

James Brady

Ronald Reagan

Stephen Hawkings



The Poop on Teenmom

Snail mail to:	2211 North Cahuenga Blvd. #306 Los Angeles, CA 90068
Electronic mail to:	teenmom@primenet.com
Visitable at:	www.teenmom.com
Contributors:	NB, David I. Postal, R. Coquin, and the folks at Netcontent, Stephen Greco, Markus Lukawinski, Bonnie Wyper
Staff Pastry Chef:	B. Crocker
Staff Infection:	E. Coli

On the cover - TeenMom's Salute to Cute African-American Guys. A collage of five of today's top slabs of manilicious African-American guy-meat. From left to right: Mario Van Peebles, Will Smith, Shemar Moore, Denzel Washington and Tyson Beckford, all set against a background of TeenMom Editor-in-Chief, NB's soft, pink gurlflesh in extreme close-up. If only!

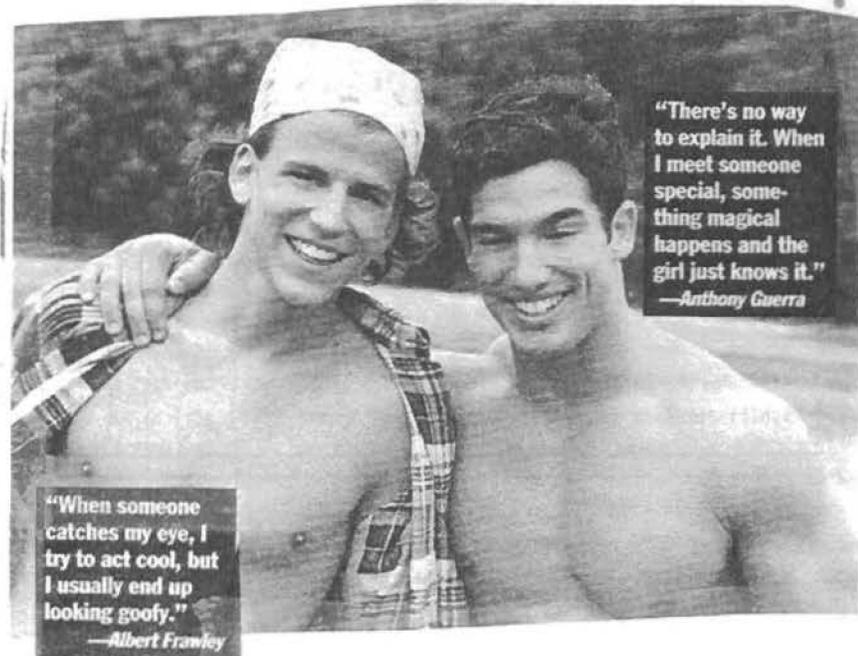
Flesh and Blood Phun Phact:



Taste your menstrual blood

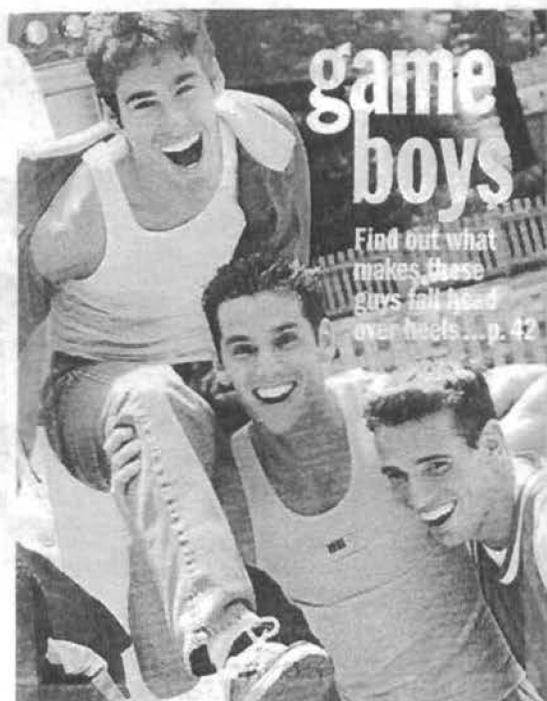
Back in the seventies, when your mom was about to become a teenmom herself, there was an all girl movement called "feminism." It was based on the unnatural idea that women or, as *they* preferred to spell it, *w-i-m-m-i-n*, deserved the same rights as men. They insisted on being addressed as Ms., demanded equal pay for equal work, and fought to be allowed to drink from the same drinking fountains and use the same public restrooms as men. Absurd, right?

Well, if you think that's absurd, get a load of this. Some of these feminists were so into this whole womyn thing they even got together for "wrap groups" where they would examine their crotches with mirrors and taste their menstrual blood. Excuse me, but yech!



"There's no way to explain it. When I meet someone special, something magical happens and the girl just knows it."
—Anthony Guerra

"When someone catches my eye, I try to act cool, but I usually end up looking goofy."
—Albert Frawley



lower right hand corner

Rainbow diversity? Think again. More like a muddied mélange of colors, all blending into one unpleasant mess of gray. Once, before the Fall of Man, the world was simple and innocent. Black was black and white was white. Race and ethnicity were sacred boundaries. The coupling of, say, a Chinese gurl and a Scandinavian boy was unthinkable. People knew the products of such unholy matches could only be monstrous insults to God's master plan.

But with the temptation of Eve, Satan entered the world. He encouraged a host of abominations, the kind of sick, perverted behavior to which we've all become distressingly accustomed. Interracial, intergenerational, homosexual, incestuous and bestial relations. Scary? You bet. And as a teenmom, you need to know just how dangerous this stuff is.

Scientists tell us that if left unchecked, this mixing of human varieties will result in a "uniform population" by the year 2100, 8 billion bland, indistinguishable drones. And that's not just bad, it's wrong. Without divinely decreed differentiation of races and ethnic groups, we will no longer have division of labor. There will be no tall Negroes to play basketball, no tiny oriental women to work in the prostitution industry, no portly white men to run American business and industry.

Read your bible, and you'll know what we're talking about. A lion would never lie down with a lamb, nor should a man lie with another man as he would with a woman. Just so, it was God's will that a white person must never lie with a black one, nor black with red, nor red with yellow, nor yellow with brown, and no combination of any of these or any others must ever take place. We have all disobeyed God. And if we do not see the errors of our ways, we will pay dearly for our sins.

Take this test. Below are photographs of Michael Jackson, Shari Belafonte ('s father, Harry Belafonte), Keanu Reeves, Paula Abdul and Dean Cain, five of today's most popular and blasphemous, heathen entertainers. Look closely and see if you can tell what color each is.

Five Most Dangerous People, Places, and Institutions

United Colors of Benneton

An Italian clothing manufacturer that promotes the mixing of the races.

Cross Colors

Just like Benneton but for people of color.

Tyne Daly

A white women married to a black man.

Black and White Men Together

An organization that promotes not only the mixing of races, but homosexuality as well.

Interfaith Council

Group of so-called humanists striving for "understanding" among various religions.

What Color are They?



Tough one, isn't it? What are these people? Euro-asio-afro-latino-americans? It's getting to the point where you can't tell the difference between a Pygmo-slavic-middle-easterner and an Aborigino-inuit-anglo-saxon.

U R Whatcha Eat

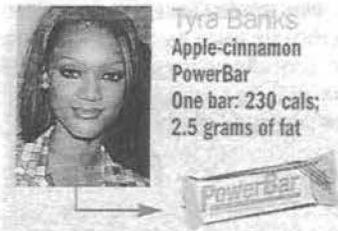
Drew Barrymore
Carrots
1/2 cup:
40 cal;
0 grams of fat



Sarah Jessica Parker
Honey mini-rice cakes
5 cakes: 60 cal;
less than 1 gram of fat



Tyra Banks
Apple-cinnamon
PowerBar
One bar: 230 cal;
2.5 grams of fat



Consider the humble nutritionist. Our image of her has certainly changed over time. Twenty-five or thirty years ago, she was a blue haired lady in an airless office off the lunchroom of a junior high school named for one of the dead Kennedys.

Today she's likely to be a "he," possibly a hunky Matthew McConaughey type with a great physique and an enlightened, twenty-first century approach to



eating right.

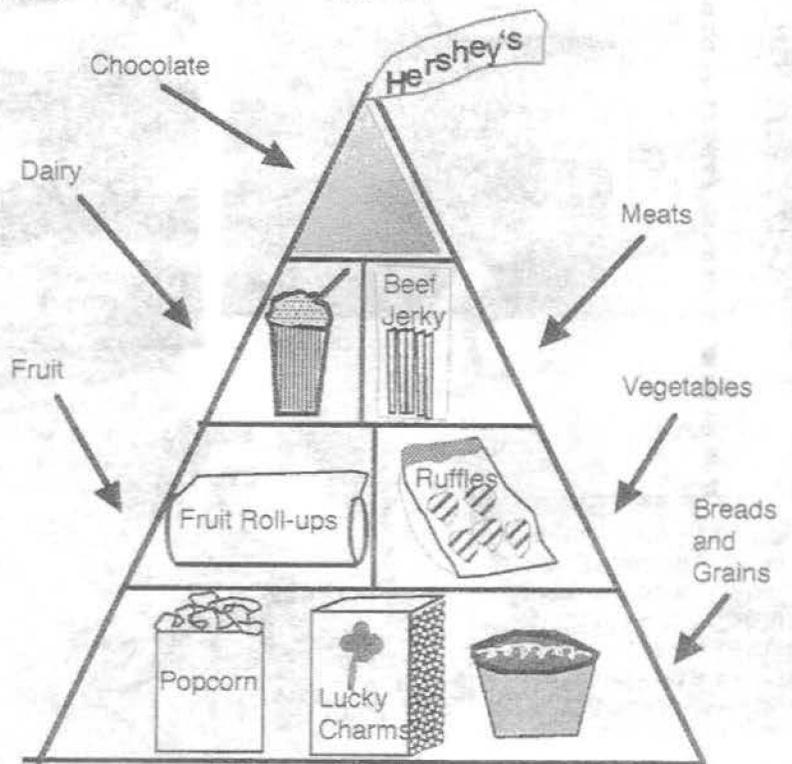
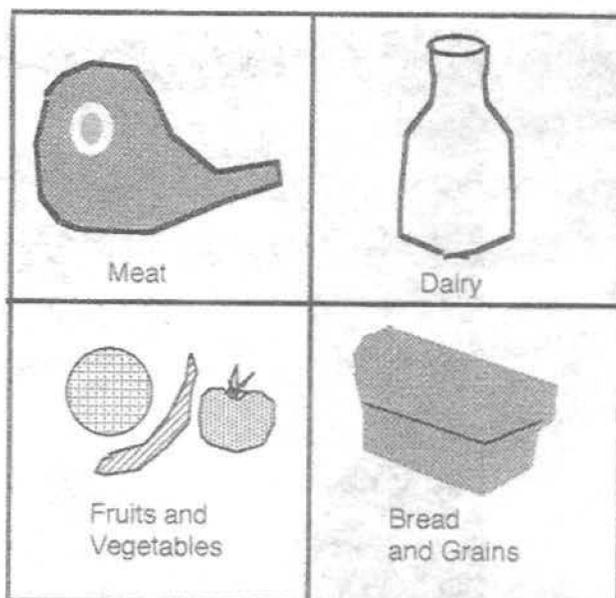
Just as our concept of the nutritionist has evolved, so too has our understanding of the science of nutrition itself. The old model, that clunky square containing the four basic food groups, unhealthfully divided into equal quadrants has been replaced by the sleek, modern pyramid we now know provides us with the perfect formula for eating right and living longer.

The Basic Food Groups:

Then

and

Now



Grounding: The Non-Violent Punishment

As an active teenmom on the go with an upstart six year old, I'm always looking for new and better ways to enforce my rules. Words can only go so far, and when the threat of "a one-way ticket to military school" fails to keep Junior in line, I am often obliged to resort to action. I've read all the experts on the subject of child-rearing, Dr. Spock, Dr. Seuss, Mr. Spock and Mr. Seuss, to name but a few, and they all pretty much agree that it's wrong to raise a hand against your child.

I'll admit that at first I would put the occasional bamboo shoot under his little fingernail and set the shoot on fire or sometimes tie him down in a pitch black room on a cold cement floor and drip water on his forehead for a day or two. What mother hasn't traveled up these blind alleys in her first go-round with child-rearing? So, I made some mistakes, so sue me. I discovered that even spanking, that time-honored practice of hand-to-butt discipline, has of late fallen under a shadow of criticism from a cadre of soft-centered children's rights advocates, leaving me with seemingly no alternative.

To find a solution, I turned to the greatest resource available to a teenmom in the electronic age: Television, or TV, as it is sometimes called. The countless hours I spent sprawled in front of the boob tube paid off big time when I took my cue from the hundreds of model parents I'd watched through the years, everyone from Ward and June Cleaver to Peg and Al Bundy. Whenever a child misbehaves on TV, my research revealed, the punishment was more often than not "grounding."

Grounding dates back to England in the time of Queen Elizabeth I and William Shakespeare. Back then, plays were performed during the daytime in a building without a roof. If you were well-behaved, you got to sit in the good seats, but if you were a trouble-maker, you had to stand on the ground in front of the stage. These people were known as the "groundings."

The word evolved from its noun form to a verb sometime during the late 17th century. "To be grounded" came to mean one was kept from attending social functions. By the mid-1800s, the act of grounding had become a popular means of punishment among Quaker parents of the mid-Atlantic States. The great Quaker poet Rev. Timothy Goodfriend summed up the pacifist's perspective best in these two lines:

*A kick on the cheeks may be quite Continental
But grounding is a Friend's best friend*

The beauty of grounding is its eloquent combination of word and deed. Beyond idle threat, it is an executable action that effectively keeps the errant young one away from his/her companions and extra-curricular activities, as well as various and sundry other pleasurable pastimes. And yet, no physical contact is required. The parent's hand never gets within an inch of the offspring's body. In Zen terms, grounding is doing by not doing. It is a show of authority that takes no force. It is an exercise in control that involves no touching.

The punishment's success is best illustrated by one of my favorite

stories. It was a school night late last Spring and Junior was outside playing with some of his pals. I called him to come in and get ready for bed. I shouted for him three times. But shout as I might, he refused to come in. Finally, I was forced to come out after him. I found him with two other little boys, the three of them in the fort they'd constructed from an old refrigerator box. They were naked and dancing wildly, obviously

high from smoking a marijuana cigarette. It took every ounce of restraint I could summon to keep from whooping the ever-loving crap out of him, but, fortunately, I remembered that my best recourse would be to ground the bastard.

Ever so gently, I dragged his stinking butt in the house and sat him down on his bed. In the most even tone I could manage I issued his sentence: Grounded for four months. Of course, he begged and cried, but I was able to sleep soundly that night, secure in the knowledge that I had brought him no harm or injury. He served his one hundred twenty days of penance with perfect solemnity. The whole summer he spent in his room with a half hour daily exercise period which I supervised from the guard tower I built on the roof of our house.

I'm delighted to report that today, Junior is a happy first grader with a four-point-oh grade point average and solid Judeo/Christian values. He leads a drug-free, sex-free childhood. He never disobeys me, for he knows I mean business. In conclusion, it has been my experience that not only is grounding an excellent punishment, but also a superior deterrent to further misdeeds.



Flesh and Blood

Andy Warhol's *Flesh*

Mini Video Reviews by Tiny Tony

If you can find this on video, DO NOT MISS IT. It'll be 90 of the most tedious minutes you've ever spent in front of your TV (and that includes this year's Must-See lineup), but it's all worth it for Joe Dallesandro.

"Sexy" doesn't begin to describe this dirty-blond little dynamo. Joe plays a hustler conveniently named "Joe." We follow him through the course of a normal work day as he moves from one john to the next in and, thank-you, GOD, out of clothes.

All crooked smile and lean, muscular bod, Joe is as charming a hustler as you'd ever want to pick up.

Every decade since the sixties has had some variation on the hustler theme. In the 70's it was *Midnight Cowboy*. The 80's gave us *American Gigolo*. And this year, from Bruce LaBruce, comes *Hustler White* which looks so much like *Flesh* it's scary. But the others are pale imitations of the original.



Hey Joe, whaddya know?



Murray gives good Head

Sunday, Bloody Sunday

One of my absolute all-time faves. Confused bisexual boy (Murray Head) must decide between uptight bitch girlfriend (Glenda "the-not-so-good-witch" Jackson) and depressed, slightly overweight, Jewish-doctor boyfriend (Peter Finch).

Without a doubt the funniest scene is Glenda and Murray baby-sitting some friends' kids. As Glenda raids the fridge, one of the kids tells her "that's mummy's milk."

"I'm sure your mother won't mind," Glenda replies as she swigs it down, realizing too late that the milk is not *of* mummy but rather *from* her.

Beauty Tips

By First Lady Hillary Rodham Clinton

Quick! What's yer largest organ? Betcha said yer liver, right? Wrong! Sure the liver's big, but yer epidermis is bigger. Epi-whatzis?! you ask. Epidermis. That's yer skin and it goes from the top of yer head to the tips of yer toes. Think of it as a big ole knapsack that all the rest of the junk that makes you you goes inside of.

Yer skin is what people see first and, right or wrong, it's what they use to judge you. That's why, pink or brown, pale or dark, smooth or rough, you gotta do everything you can to keep yer skin as beautiful as possible.

Yer Skin's Many Miraculous Phases

Yer skin is a complex and wonderful thing. It goes through changes yer whole life. When yer a baby, it's soft and squishy. When yer a little kid it gets all bruised and cut. In adolescence it gets oily and pimply. When you get into yer twenties it loses its elasticity. From there, it's all pretty much downhill. Wrinkles start to form, then liverspots and finally, when you get real old, like around thirty-two, yer skin begins to dry up, wither and flake off until you turn into some kind of horror movie extra.

Caring for Yer Fabulous Skin

A proper beauty regimen begun at an early age is the best way to keep yer skin from getting all scaly and gross. Here are some simple steps you can take to keep yer skin glowing and beautiful for as long as possible:

A Homemade Bath Gel You Can Make at Home

Mix two tablespoons of honey with a can of Crisco and dissolve it in a scalding hot tub of water. Soak for twenty minutes and air dry yourself. Do not use a towel as this will remove the luxuriant layer of lubrication.

Oatmeal Scrubs - The Quaker Secret

Take some oatmeal and scrub your skin with it. Remember to get those extra-rough spots like elbows, knees and heels. Do not eat oatmeal afterwards or feed to baby. Discard immediately (oatmeal, that is, not baby).

Protein, Protein, Pro-Teen!

Skin loves protein. The more it gets the better it feels. One of the richest and most natural sources of protein is a guy's cum. Try slathering some on after a shower. Feel it tighten pores and enrich the cellular structure of yer skin. A word of caution: Keep cum away from genitals. As you well know, cum has been shown to cause pregnancy in women.

What About Icky-Sticky Zits?

What about 'em? Every gurl gets pimples from time to time. They're totally no big deal. The important thing to remember is they're just a part of growing up, like yer first period or the first time you were gang-banged. The best way to handle the occasional zit is to slather it in heavy make-up and avoid well-lit places.

Popping, picking and squeezing are also effective ways of dealing with unwanted pimplage.

What About Mr. Sun?

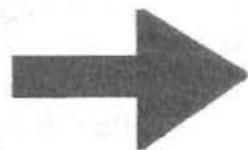
Think of the sun as a big glowing ball of fire in the sky. You'd have to be some kind of idiot to lie under something like that while yer skin fried up like a strip of bacon, now wouldn't you? Message: Stay OUT of the sun, period.

Hillary Rodham Clinton is the author of *It Takes a Village* and an expert on skin care. She lives in Washington, D.C. with her husband Bill and their beautiful daughter Chelsea.



Blood-Borne Disease Department

TEENMOM'S HIV HOME TEST KIT



Some Cute Guys Who Have or Had HIV or AIDS



Pedro Zamora



Magic Johnson



Liberace



Greg Louganis



Rock Hudson

Have you heard about this terrible disease called AIDS? It's caused by the Human Immunodeficiency Virus, or HIV, and is transmitted by blood and semen, usually through sexual contact or sharing unsterilized needles.

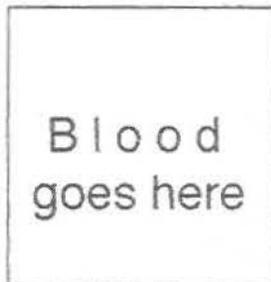
Betcha didn't know that as a sexually active teenmom [who may or may not also have an intravenous drug habit], you are susceptible to this deadly virus. Well, now you do.

AIDS is icky and you totally don't want to get it. Usually, it takes like forever before you get the symptoms. These include fever, nightsweats, weight loss, diahrea, and letters getting smaller and smaller on a page.*

But you don't hafta wait until you've got the symptoms to know whether you've been infected with HIV. And knowing whether you have will help you in a lot of ways. First of all, you'll be able to warn all future sex partners that they'd better use condoms, dental damns and other "safer" sex practices. Secondly, the sooner you know the sitch, the easier it is for your doctor to take care of you.

So, you're probably wondering, how do I find out if I have this HIV? Well, believe it or not, there's a simple blood test you can do at home. As a service to our readers, we're providing it right here and now. Just follow these simple steps.

1. Using a sharp thing like a pin, a razor blade or a piece of glass, cut yourself somewhere so you bleed.
2. Put some blood in the space provided below.



**Band Aid
(if miss-
ing, use
your
own)**

3. Cover your puncture or cut with the attached Band-Aid.
4. Mail your blood test to:
TeenMom
One TeenMom Plaza
2211 North Cahuenga Boulevard, Suite 306
Los Angeles, CA 90068
Attn: Am I HIV Positive?



5. We'll send you your results in four to six weeks. And if you're one of the first 100 gurls to enter, we'll also send a beautiful four-color poster of hunky Matthew McConaughy for your bedroom or locker.

* Just kidding

They're not just young. They eat their young. They're . . .

Teen Cannibals

“I Was Hungry”

Brittany Marjebedian, a pretty 16 year old teenmom, was found huddled in a corner of her parents' kitchen, trying to pick something out of her teeth when police raided her home in suburban Chicago one cold day last winter. The neighbors had complained of weird shrieks and “disgusting odors” emanating from the Marjebedian house.

Brittany's parents were away for a month at an office supply trade show in Denver, leaving their daughter and her eight month old infant son Gilbert to fend for themselves. What the Marjebedian's didn't realize was that while the \$500 they left Brittany for groceries and other necessities was more than enough, it was not store bought foodstuffs she craved.

Ever since studying the practice of cannibalism in her tenth grade “Eating Disorders” class at the

High School for the Gifted, Brittany had a strong and irresistible urge to taste human flesh herself. She knew it was wrong of her to want this, but she

could not help herself. Her baby was in grave danger of falling victim to her sick desire, but she was too ashamed and afraid to seek help.

For months, she suffered from the worst temptation. Even as she fed her son from her breast and watched him grow big and chubby, she salivated in anticipation of the day she would finally sink her chops into his tender flesh.

When her parents announced their business trip, she knew her opportunity was finally close at hand. Weeks in advance of her parents' departure, Brittany planned the meal she would make of Gilbert. She collected recipes and shopped for unique spices and side



Ingredients: 1 infant son, 1 mother, 1 father, 1 large pot, 1 fire, 1 forest, 1 cave.

dishes. She watched *Silence of the Lambs* and drew from it the inspiration to grow her own fava beans to have with Gilbert's liver.

As she drove her folks to the airport, she knew that evening she would be feasting on roast baby. Gilbert was blissfully unaware of his fate. He gurgled and spat up as Nana and Papa Marjebedian kissed him good-bye.

Brittany stood at the kitchen counter. Her son lay naked and innocent in front of her. In her hand she held a butcher knife. She knew from her research that one sharp draw of the knife across the baby's jugular vein would cause him the least pain. She nearly lost her nerve when the moment of truth arrived, but her compulsion was strong enough to overcome any hesitancy and in a split-second the deed was done.

One loud yelp from Gilbert, and then much blood. Brittany strung him up by his feet and let the life-force flow out of him. When he was completely drained,

she took him down and cut him into pieces. She prepared him as she had dreamed of for so long and put his little parts in an oven to cook.

To her the pungent aroma of cooking baby was intoxicating, but the strange and heady smell sent a red flag up among the neighbors who shared the Marjebedian's cul-de-sac. By the time Brittany sat down to devour the meal she'd so long hungered for, the police had been alerted that something strange was going on.

When they arrived they were shocked to find a the house illuminated by a hundred candles and a sated, intoxicated Brittany using her baby's index finger to pick another part of him out from between her front teeth.

"What have you done with your baby?" The officers asked her.

"I ate him."

"Ate him? Why on earth would you do that?"

"I was hungry." She replied.

Q: *How do you make a dead baby float?*

A: *Two scoops of dead baby and some root beer.*

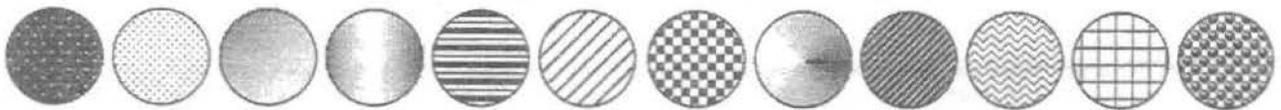
Before you say "ha ha, very funny," consider these alarming statistics:

- In 1995 Am Nasty International reported three hundred seventeen incidents of infantophagy (child-eating).
- In the Borneo highlands, where cannibalism is a way of life, a healthy 8 lb. newborn, white baby can bring the seller 5,000 Borneo Ngoas (roughly \$250 Canadian)
- Here in North Amerika, kults are springing up in large urban areas and small rural communities alike. Tonight, across this land, there are hundreds of gurls just like you gathering for an evening of good company and baby casserole.
- Teenmoms are chewing their little ones up and swallowing them down in growing numbers and you need to know why.



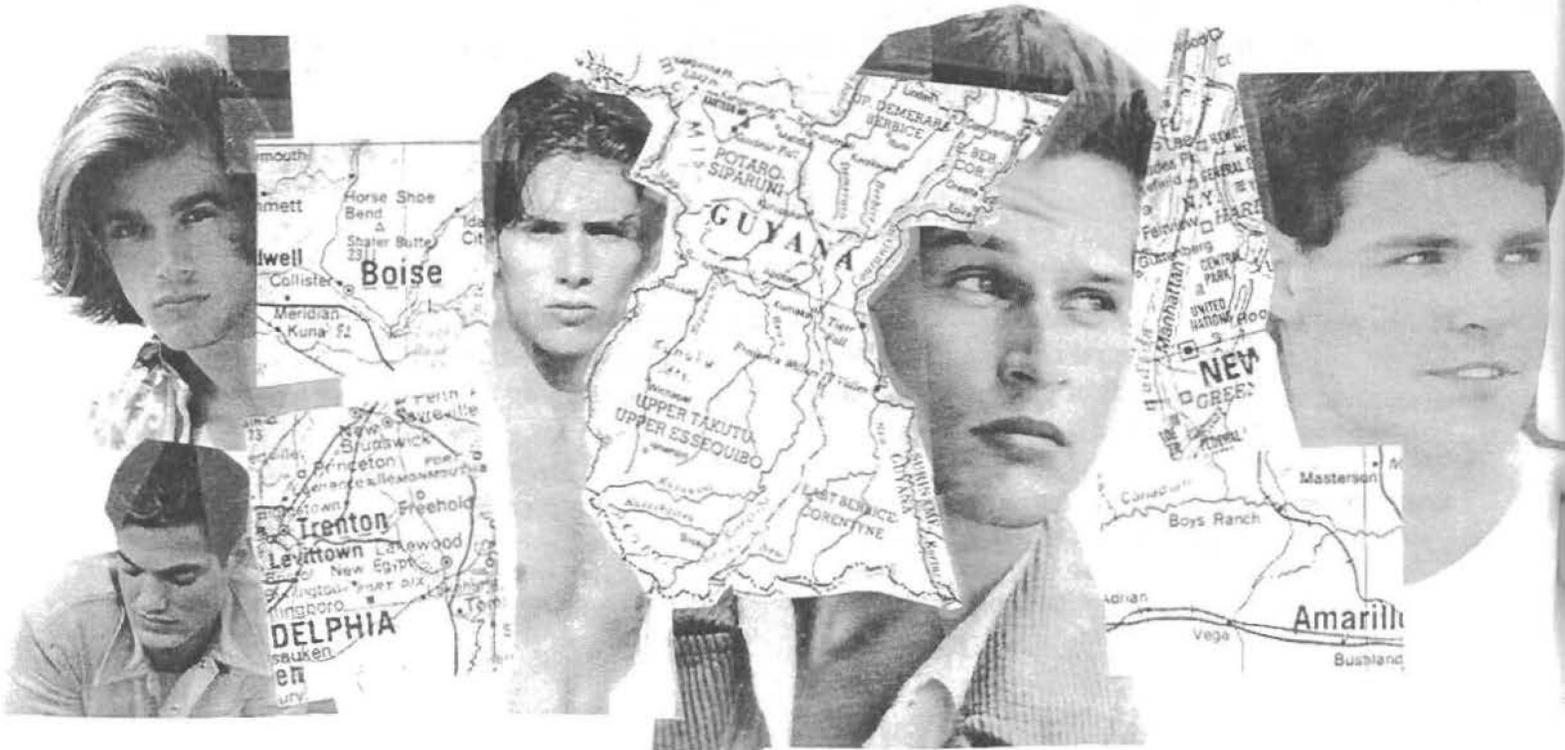
Do you have what it takes to write comedy?

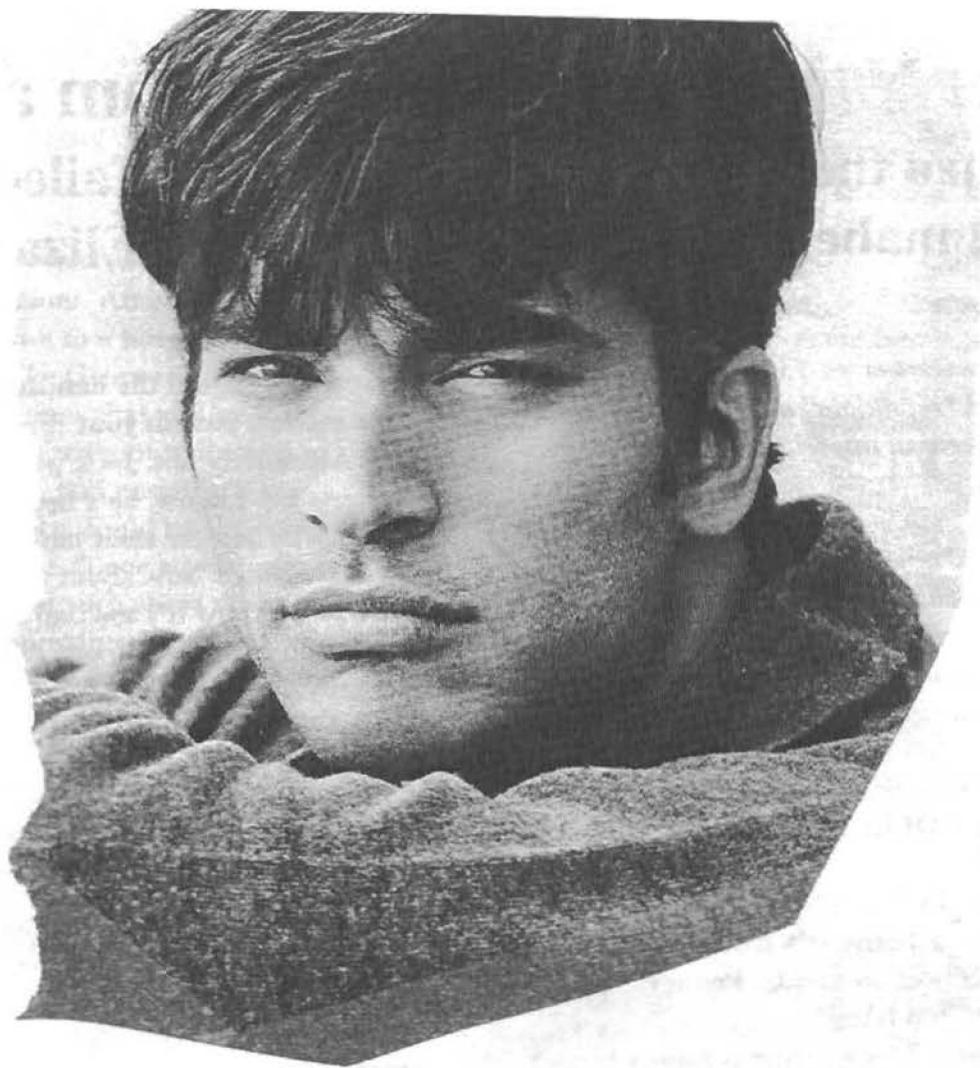
1. Choose the proper response
Mommy, mommy, I hate Johnny's guts
a) Shut up and keep eating
b) Shut up and keep dissecting
c) Shut up and be nice to your little brother
2. Fill in the blank
Take my wife ____
a) please
b) for example
c) as far away as possible
3. Which would you rather do?
a) Have sex
b) See a funny movie
c) Write a funny movie
4. Which weighs more a pound of feathers or a pound of pickles?
5. Two trains leave Grand Central Station at exactly 7:00 AM. What are the names of the conductors?
6. What is the most important rule of comedy?
a) The rule of threes
b) Words with "k" sounds are funny.
c) The rule of twos
d) None of the above
7. Compare and contrast stylistic differences between Lenny Bruce and Carrot Top.
8. A punchline is
a) a line you stand in to get punch
b) a line you stand in to get punched
c) the thing you say at the end of a joke
9. One of Woody Allen's greatest influences was Bob Hope. True or false?
10. In your own words, tell a funny joke.
[Remember to use *your own words*. DO NOT use anyone else's words or you will receive no credit for this answer.]



Our Favorite Places

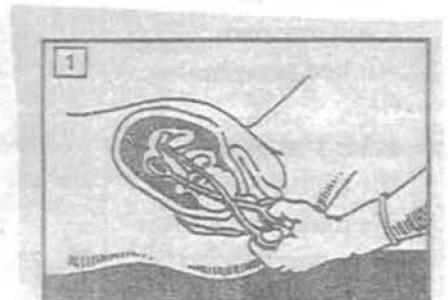
Boise, Idaho * Boys Ranch, Texas * Manhattan * Guyana * Fort Dix, New Jersey





Partial-Birth Abortion Fun Flip-Book

Everyone loves flip-books. Just flip these pages and watch the animagic of a partial-birth abortion. It's hours of fun for the whole family (except your little foetus, of course).



Guided by ultrasound, the abortionist grabs the baby's leg with forceps.

Yes You *Can* Get Blood From a Stone

When the Stone is Chilly She-Bitch, Failed First Lady Wannabe But Isn't, Liddy "Call Me Elizabeth" Dole

You've seen her on TV and read about her in more "reputable" magazines, but you've never seen an interview with her that's this candid.

We asked anemic waif supermodel Kate Moss to chat Mrs. Dole up and get the 911 on the Red Cross, Jack and Joanne Kemp and, of course, Liddy's hunky hubby, Bob, and his losing bid for the White House.

KATE MOSS: Rad outfit, Liddy.

LIDDY DOLE: Thanques Kate. I made it myself.

KM: Really?

LD: No, actually it's from the Jaqueline Smith collection at J.C. Penney. I have to learn to stop lying.

KM: Yeah. I mean lying is totally bogart. But let's cut right to the meat of this interview. Bob Dole. Good in bed or lousy lay?

LD: Well, I don't want to be indiscreet.

KM: Please, it's just us gurls.

LD: All right then I'll tell ya. He's amazing. Let's just

say that right hand is good for more than holding a pen. Use your own wicked imagination.

KM: I'm getting the picture and it's making me envy you like crazy. Next question: Jack Kemp. During



the campaign, did the handsome quarterback ever made a pass in your direction?

LD: Absolutely not. Jack was a perfect gentlemen. As far I know, he's been faithful to his lovely wife Joanne their entire marriage.

KM: Bummer. Now about the elections . . .

LD: Yes, I know it's too bad about that slamming Bob took, but no one expected he would actually pull it off.

KM: What does he plan to do now?

LD: You know, I haven't asked him. I suppose he'll sit around the house and mope. Frankly, I'm too busy to worry about it. My work --

KM: You're the head of the American Red Cross.

LD: Right.

KM: And what do they do?

LD: Well, we gather blood donations and we provide disaster relief.

KM: Far out.

LD: And I'm very excited about some new projects we've begun under my leadership. In '97, we'll be expanding our blood drive to include other bodily fluids: semen, saliva, earwax, snot and mucous.

KM: Earwax? Eww!

LD: Oh no, people -- and I include you in that category, even though you are a supermodel, Kate -- don't realize how important earwax is. Let's say, Heaven forbid, you're in an automobile accident. Your 1957 cream colored Asti Spumonti crashes through a guard rail and



tumbles down a fifty foot rocky cliff, leaving you unconscious. An ambulance comes and rushes you to a hospital where a gorgeous doctor like George Clooney or Adam Arkin determines that you've lost 10cc of earwax. Well, without a lifesaving transfusion, your ear, and possibly the whole side of your face, could be seriously endangered. Finding a donor whose earwax matches yours on such short notice would be almost impossible, but our computerized system will make it as easy as turning on a Univac, punching your earwax type onto a punch card, feeding the card into the machine and waiting the hour or two it takes for the machine to locate a Dixiecupfull of the lifegiving substance. For you, it could be the difference between having continued success in your modelling career and always having to turn your head to one side to listen to what people are saying.

KM: Fascinating.

LD: I'm pretty smart, aren't I?

KM: And beautiful.

LD: Thank you.

KM: No, thank YOU.

LD: No, thank

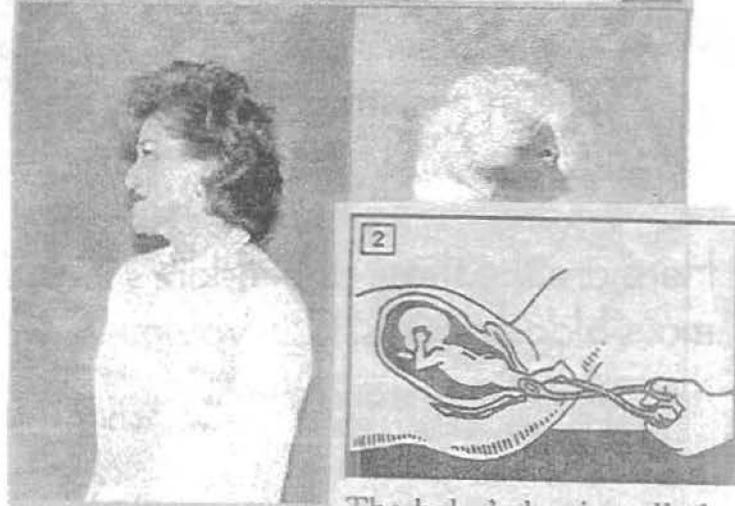
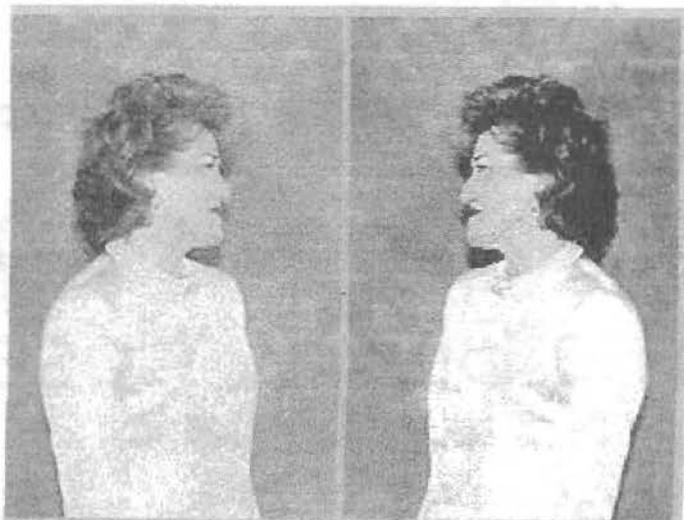


YOU.

KM: Listen, you're the boss. I'll let you have the last word.

LD: Thanks.

KM: You're welcome.



The baby's leg is pulled out into the birth canal.

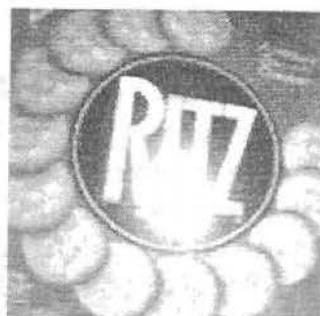
More Flesh and Blood Fun Facts

Betcha didn't know that ...

the Nazis made lampshades out of the flesh of Jews.



the Catholic church gives out free crackers and wine they claim are made from the flesh and blood of Jesus Christ.



a "blue blood" is a high class society person whose blood is actually the same color as everyone else's.



The Bloody Nose

You can pick your fave movie star. And you can pick your nose. But can you pick your fave movie star's nose? Try this challenging game and find out.

Here are the three of filmdom's most famous bloody noses. Can you guess whose they are? (see next page for answers)

A



b



c

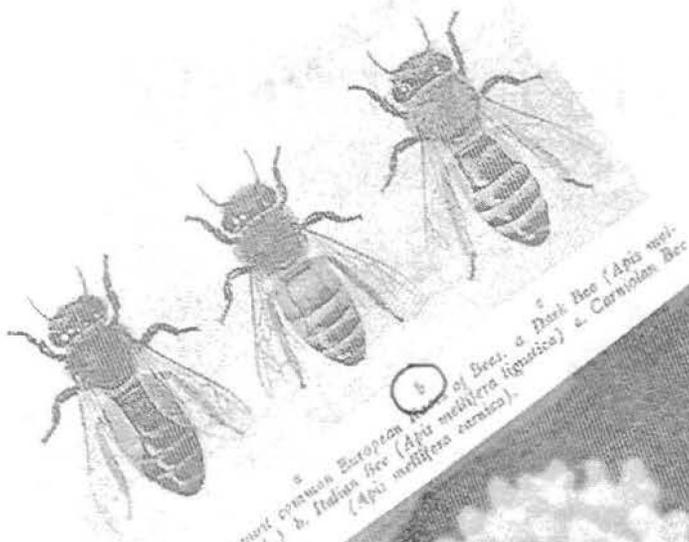
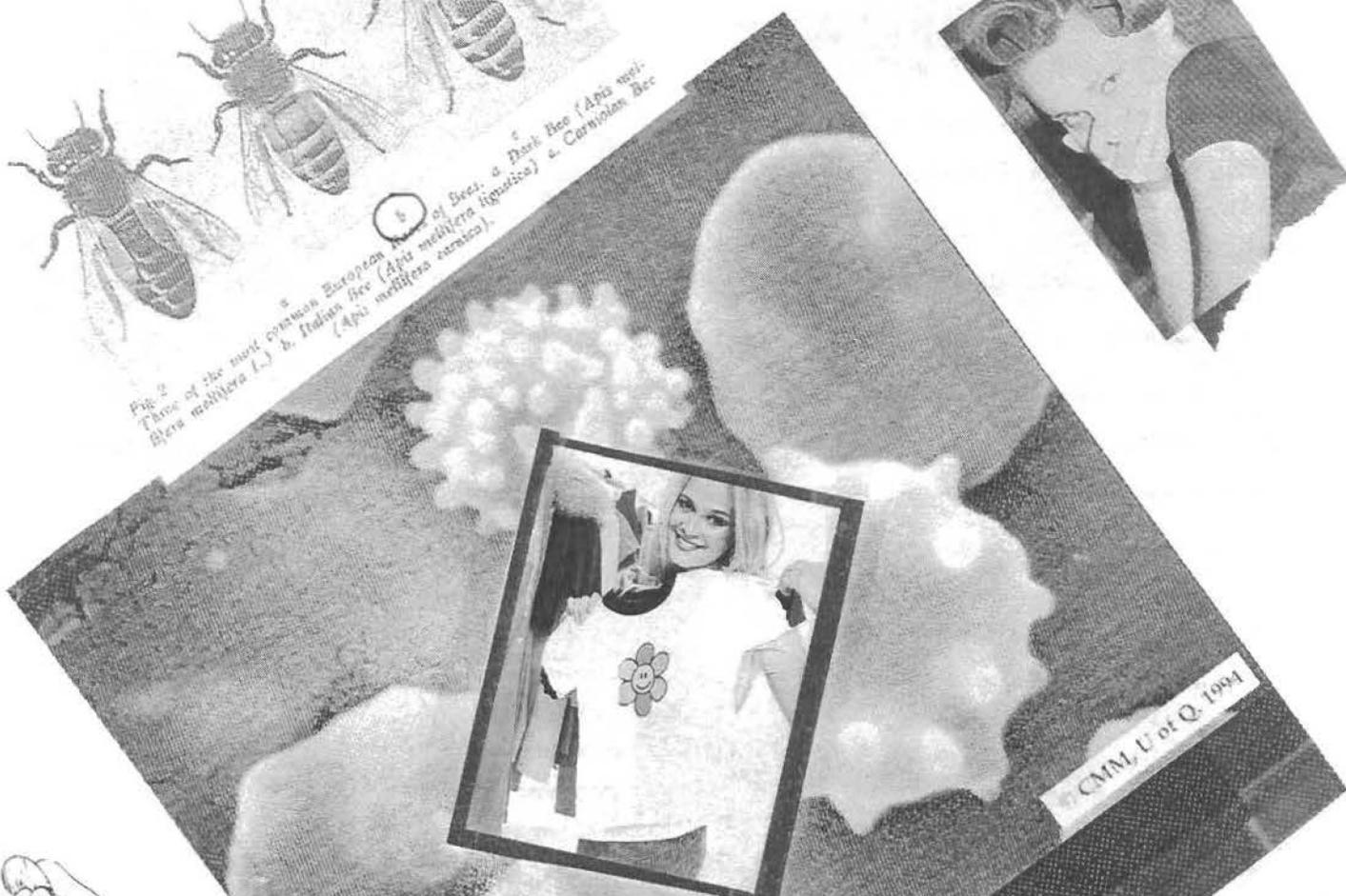


Fig. 2
 Three of the most common European Bees: a, Italian Bee (*Apis mellifera ligustica*) & Carniolan Bee (*Apis mellifera carnica*), b, Italian Bee (*Apis mellifera ligustica*) & Dark Bee (*Apis mellifera mellifera*).



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Blood Cells

- you finally lose rim up, imagine citing benefits:
- looks prettier
- in your cheek
- nting your ty line and



you're a total boy-magnet



The abortionist delivers the baby's entire body, except for the head.

Hermaphroditism: Is it for You?

"And you knew who you were then

Gurls were gurls and men were men"

Those Were the Days (Theme song to "All in the Family")



Gender used to be so simple to determine. Guys played with guns and trucks, dolls played with dolls, and never mark and shania twain did meet. In the 60s, things became complicated by the fact that young fellas began to wear their hair long and young gals traded in their dresses for blue jeans. Still, if you looked beneath the clothing -- as everyone in the 60s constantly did, thanks to the sexual revolution and a little pill known as "the pill" -- you usually got your answer. Everyone had either a penis or a vagina.

Once in a blue moon, a freak of nature would come along, an individual unidentifiable by the genitalia it packed. These strange aberrations had a mix of the male and female sex organs, causing in a word, confusion.



newborn hermaphrodites deciding to leave weird enough alone, doctors are performing more and more surgeries to create the effects of hermaphroditism.

Yes, it's true, gurls and wimmin are undergoing Penile Additive Surgery (PAS), while boys and men are having Vulval Additive Surgery (VAS). These are not sex change operations but sex expansions that beg the question "are two sets of organs better than one?"



From the ancient Greeks we get a term for these people of combination grainage, "Hermaphrodites."

Through surgery and hormone treatment, modern medicine is able to "assign" a gender where once there were two and pick up the ball -- or cut them off, if that's the decision -- where Mother Nature fumbled.

So everything's fine, right? WRONG! Just when you think society has made up its collective mind, it pulls the old switcheroo and BANG, you've got all sorts of folks going gaga for "Hermaphrodite Chic." Not only are parents of



Apparently, a lot of very famous and successful people believe the answer is "yeah." The list includes: Claustrophobic supermodel Iman and her once androgynous husband Dave Bowie, misanthropic Don Rickles and pessimistic soothsayer Jackie Stallone. Neandrothalic Tim Allen is skeded to get his gurl parts installed when his show goes on hiatus at X'mas and hunky furst ladee Hillary Rodham Clinton who had her work done years ago plans to have her male organ enlarged right after the elections.



A. Jack Nicholson in Chinatown. Roman Polanski shoved a switchblade up Jack's nose and gave it a quick, flick. Ouch!



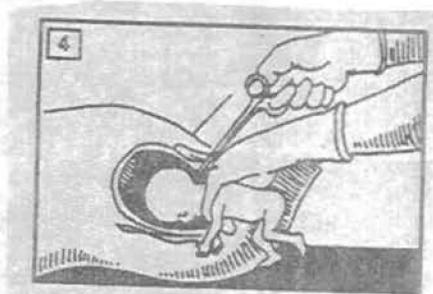
B. Patricia Arquette in True Romance. How much did she love Christian Slater? Enough to let some thug beat the living crap outta her. Come to think of it, we love Christian that much too.



C. Robert DeNiro in Raging Bull. Mostly you remember all that weight Bobby put on to play Jake LaMotta. But we remember that trickle of black-and-white blood, a true screen-classic.

Howdja do?

Here are the answers to the Bloody Nose quiz



The abortionist jams scissors into the baby's skull. The scissors are then opened to enlarge the hole.

And, as if you haven't had enough . . .

More Flesh and Blood Fun Facts

Crayons

Crayola, the first name in coloring, used to have a crayon they called "Flesh." Problem was, it was Caucasian flesh, a bad judgment call on their part, considering how many children of other flesh colors there are in the world that use crayons.

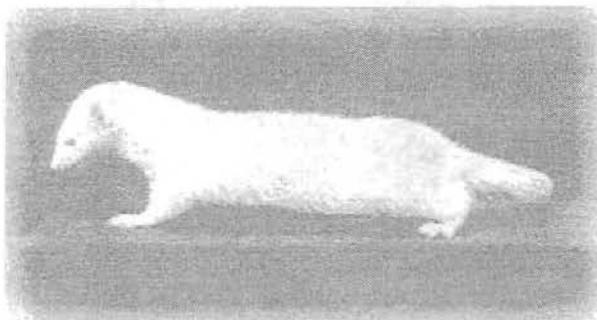


Leeches

There are leeches like your Uncle Henry who always seems to be hitting your dad up for another loan, and then are the squishy, crawly things that actually serve a *useful* purpose. Got a hickey? And what self-respecting teenmom doesn't get one from time to time? Well gurls, I'm here to tell you that leeches make an excellent hickey removal system. Just place one of the little darlings on the spot and let him/her do his/her job. You'll go from raspberry back to peaches and cream again in no time.

Albinism

No, it's not a religion based on the hero of that silly French farce, *La Cage Aux Folles*. It's just another curve ball thrown by Mother Nature, a condition marked by a lack of pigment. Albinos come in all shapes, sizes, colors, creeds and species. Here we have three excellent examples of albinos.



Rock and roll legend Edgar Winter, a ferret, and Shelley Long, just three of the many well-known and beloved albino creatures on God's green earth.

DISSIN DAT

buy Chrissy F

Naming and Naming and Naming and Naming Names...

The really big names, and I mean the really big names of show-biz were out in full force at the Beverly Hills Hard Rock Cafe for the 15th birthday blowout for Cindy K. Shun royalty-collecting snitcom co-star **Zachary Ty Bryan** of "Home Improvement". Attending the purportedly alcohol-free event was phonetically overzealous luminaries such as Zach's current squeeze (I mean "squeeze") **Melissa Joan Hart** (tovin' her in Sabrina, The Teen Mom Witch!) as well as **Mary-Kate Ashley Olson**, **Robert Sean Leonard**, **Sarah Jessica Parker**, **Mary Stuart Masterson**, **Mary Louise Parker**, **John Jacob Jingleheimer Schmidt** and **Mary Tyler Moore** crowding around a suspiciously tangy punch while former **Kosby** Kutups, **Malcolm Jamal Warner** and **Keshia Knight Pullman** ruminated about their equally untethered falls from grace.



Meanwhile on the other side of the room, I was subjected to the why-why-whining of H.L. coast-star **Jonathan Taylor Thomas**,

who habitually grouched about his computer hard drive crashing while attempting to download a several gigabyte Internet site called "The Jonathan Taylor Thomas Hate Page". Samples of the venomous cyber-scribbings include "often during tapings of H.L. JTT bursts into tears and cries I have a wedgie!" Also included is a pictorial history of how **Huck Finn** costud **Brad Renfro** got JTT addicted to crystal meth during late night shootings (!) and equally way-grotty sepia tones



of bulimic JTT eating his own upchuck! The webbed site has been visited by over 2 million hell-wishers in the last six months. More people than went to see you in Pinocchio. JTT! Attaway!

Not to be outdone by his equally repulsive small screen broze, **Taran Noah Smith** (aka the fag son) was strapped to a barstool by equally macho-challenged, 70s game show denizen **Charles Nelson Reilly** who gleefully stuck cocktail weenies up TNS's fey nostrils until the perennially scapegoated runt coughed them out of his mouth. "I've heard of letting your character be humiliated in front of the camera, but this is pathetic" observed de-powdered "Powder" star **Sean Patrick Flannery**.

He's Hot! He's Sexy! He's Not Very Dangerous....

Well, those who have been styling to the musings of your own **Chrissy F's** daily cyberdiary (still located at www.upyours.com) I finally succumbed to the plea-plea-pleadings of benignly sexy TV also-ran **David Lascher** and went out on a date with the studlet. From the harmlessly sexy boyfriend-next-door on **Roseanne** to the harmlessly sexy pal on **Blossom**, to the harmlessly sexy seabee in

"White Squall" to the harmlessly sexy brother on tee-vee's "Clueless" (taking over for the harmlessly sexy **Paul Rudd** who did it in the movie), the pearl toothed man-boy was the perfect gentleman as we supped at **Tiny Naylor's**, sampled the new **REM** at **Moby Disc** and then did a few laps at the **Ice Rink**. Imagine my surprise when I got to the door of my apartment to find the innocuous himbo still in-tow. "I thought you had gone home hours ago!" I said, shutting the door and fixing a heapin' dish of **Ben & Jerry's Chunky Monkey** and flipping on a new "Road Rules" epp on **Empty V...**



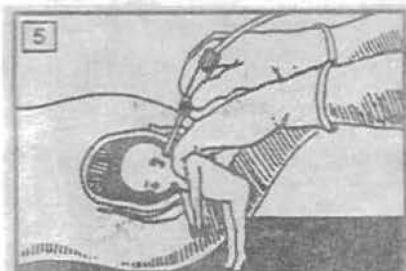
Achy Breaky Water . . .

With the incredible and purely undeserved success of soon-to-be-heartbroken teen mom and country scooper-star **LeAnn Rimes** (14) and soon-to-be cherry-breaking pre-teen-dad twang-twangers, **The Moffetts** (11.9.9 and 9), **Warner-Elektra** country prez **Mo Ostin** has decided to get a disgustingly ludicrous jump on next generation's musical youth. Collecting the recent afterbirth of current **Branson**, Missouri mavens **Tanya Tucker**, **Faith Evans** and **Pam Tillis**, the go-getting Ostin assembled country's best producers and recorded the pouring of the placenta over large boulders brought into the **Grand Ole Opry** with a **New Age-y** pedal steel accompaniment. Marketing it on the new "Environmental Nashville" label, the quippy Ostin replied "why throw out the baby OR the bath water?"... Honestly, could I have made THAT up?

Bad Joke If You Get It . . .

With the phenomenal success of recent hip-hoppers **Da Brat**, **Snoop Doggy Dogg**, **The Dogg Pound**, **Barrio Boyz**, and the late **2-Pac** and his "All Eyez On Me" disc, **Tori Spelling** has been appointed to straighten out the phonetically appropriate yet seriously misguided gangstas...uh...gangsters...

Wish I could stay longer, but I think I need to tell David that he can't sleep on the lawn anymore ... Catchya later....



The scissors are removed and a suction tube is inserted. The child's brains are sucked out causing the skull to collapse. The dead baby is then removed.

