

IQ

The Sex-zine for Girls who like
Girls who wear Glasses

Adults Only



BRAINS

SEX

GLASSES

IQ BABES
HUNTING, GATHERING,
FLIRTING
DR. KATE SORENSEN
S. M. PARTIDO

PRODUCTION,
COMPUTER MASTUR-
BATION
DR. SORENSEN

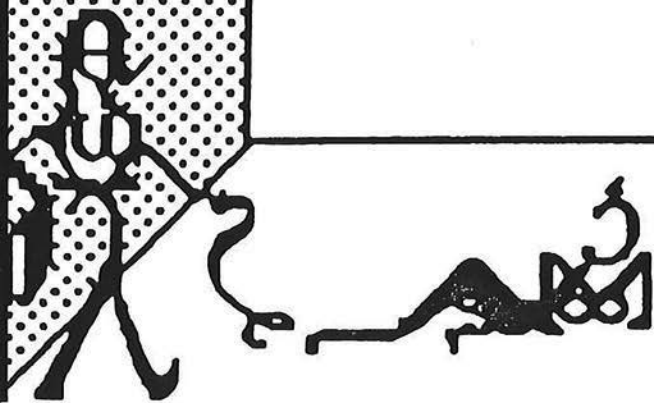
Poster-girls:
Cover-Emma
& Mary

IQ

CONTRIBUTORS

These women have drooled over a hot pad of paper (in one form or another) for IQ. I feel honored to have occupied their seat of thought for a moment, THANKYOU.

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LYNETTE PRUCHA
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PAM SELWYN
NIKKI
BRYN AUSTIN



There are many stolen images in IQ-especially those of Barry Kitson and Brett Ewins creators of PSI Anderson comics.

viscera crawling
like a vine i twist to catch her light
i'm trapped in an unknown spell
a clumsy, tom-boy crush
salacious squirming
innocence animated
torment
suffering
craving

BACKSTAGE TRIO

BY ALLYN DAVIS

WH 526



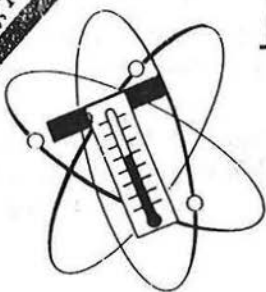
BE STILL

MY

PULSING

CLIT

Being tattooed has opened up a whole new way of life for me.
—Miss Cindy Ray, *The Story of a Tattooed Girl*



IQ series

Where the Girls (with Glasses) Are

By Anne Experte

Part 1: The Research Library as a Place of Erotic Encounter

The subject of research libraries as places of erotic encounter has been singularly untouched by academic study; it is, if you will, virgin territory. Yet the great libraries of the world are amongst the finest pick-up spots imaginable. Queries about the desired-one's research or suggestions that one would gladly trade places with her laptop computer provide easy openings for conversation, far less awkward than the hackneyed, "Do you have a light?" or "Is the music always so lousy here?" Libraries are invariably equipped with cafeterias where acquaintances may be deepened or renewed over food and drink too non-descript to distract from the matter at hand.

The atmosphere in libraries is most conducive to erotic reverie. The soporific hum of the fluorescent lamps, the languid hours spent sitting, gazing over a sea of heads bent in concentration, pink tongues pensively licking lips or pressed against the tender corners of mouths.... Where else is one afforded the opportunity of spending weeks or months (in the case of doctoral dissertations years, or even decades) in close, silent proximity to the object of one's amorous intentions, exchanging shy or bold glances over open tomes and card files? Where else is one assured of seeing so many like-minded bespectacled beauties?

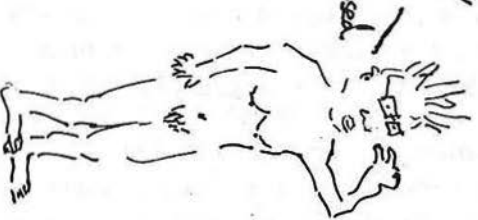
The author is surely not the first to remark that many libraries are veritable havens for women of the Sapphic persuasion, often of very handsome appear-

ance. The Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris (known to habituées as the "BN") and the Staatsbibliothek Preußischer Kulturbesitz in Berlin (affectionately dubbed the "Stabi") are particularly inviting in this regard, but the New York Public Library is also not to be disdained. Libraries devoted to art history can be most promising. Archives, on the other hand, tend to be populated by grey men of a certain age pursuing obscure genealogical research. For exceptions see my forthcoming guide to cruising for intellectual women, Roving the Groves of Academe (St. Albans, Vt., Mons Veneris Press, 1991). For those who prefer younger women, university and college libraries are of course a perennial favorite. Admirers of a more mature beauty, however, will be disappointed to note that professors rarely put in personal appearances, preferring to send student assistants to do their dusty work for them. Those on the prowl for ladies of a certain age would do better to search the major research libraries, particularly those in Europe, during the summer months or winter holidays, or try the feminist conference circuit, the subject of the next installment of IQ's "Where the Girls (with Glasses) Are" series. Au revoir, my lovelies, and happy hunting!



Thanks Valerie- my angel in the copy store.

I think my
glasses
have
metamorphosed



Hey! Those
are mine.

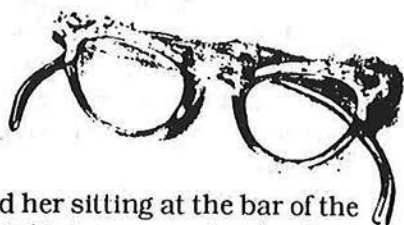


I'm sure I
left them
around here...



Even in the wake of a night of
wild sexual abandon, the nerd
Spirit of Scream Box maven's
proves to be alarmingly resilient.

EMC²



I spied her sitting at the bar of the Palms, drinking a cappuccino, her long legs wrapped around the bar stool. It was August, and she wore wool knee socks with clogs, a black dirndl skirt with draw-string waist, and a tea green beaded sweater buttoned to her neck, where a Peter Pan collar shyly peeked out. Her hair was red, obviously dyed, pulled back into a coarse knot secured with crisscrossing chop sticks. She seemed to vibrate in an energy field all her own. She sipped her cappuccino with a dedication matched only by the concentrated gaze with which she appraised her own reflection in the mirror above the bar.

The question of where she'd gotten a cappuccino in the Palms, a West Hollywood watering hole for lesbians, had barely formulated in my mind when I found myself slipping into the seat next to her.

"Where'd you get the cappuccino?" I asked.

She tore her eyes away from the mirror long enough to look me over from head to toe. "Across the street. I get it to go. I save on sales tax that way."

I wondered if my bleached-blond flat top, horn rims, "Top Dog" tee-shirt, black jeans, and military shoes passed muster. I could see she was staring at the shoes, so I volunteered, "I got them from my cousin. He's in the navy."

"Cool," she said and went back to her own reflection.

I felt her slipping away, so I leaned forward and asked, "What do you do for fun?" I inwardly cringed at the predictability of the question.

For a moment I thought I saw her eyes light up. Then, with a dramatic flourish, she produced a copy of The Stranger from her leather knapsack. "I'm studying the connection between the French existentialists and the street people in Los Angeles. Are our homeless a reflection of a deeper societal problem or is existentialism on the upswing? I'm a graduate student at USC. I'm also active in a guerrilla theater group." Brains and an artistic streak? I was beginning to feel as frothy as her cappuccino.



I watched as she scraped some of the foam from her cup with her index finger. She sucked her finger for what seemed like a long time then said, "I only come here about once a month. It's nice to meet someone interesting for a change." She was staring in the mirror again so I wasn't sure if she meant me or her own reflection.

We sat compatibly for a few minutes, neither of us speaking. Sipping my mineral water, I pondered her neckline, what I could see of it above the Peter Pan collar, and my good fortune in having met her. Her? I realized with a start that I didn't even know her name.

I cleared my throat. "My name's Sparky," I ventured. I'd gained the nickname because of my ability to fix anything electrical. When I wasn't playing backup, I could usually be found fixing music equipment for the local bands.

"Nice to meet you, Sparky," she said, not looking away from the mirror. She began stroking The Stranger absent-mindedly with her left hand. Her fingers were long and sensitive looking. I wondered if she ever played guitar.

Suddenly she pounded her fist on the bar. Staring deeply into my eyes she said, "I am Adara. I haven't been in a relationship for six years." All this and single too? "It's been pleasant chatting with you Sparky, but I really must be going now," she said shoving off of the bar stool.

Tossing back the remains of my crystal geyser, I said gallantly, "Let me walk you to your car."

Adara didn't look back as she strode purposefully to the exit. Taking her silence as assent, I stalked into the steamy night after her and overtook her just as she reached a beat up looking VW parked about a block from the bar on Santa Monica Blvd. Seeing me glance at the front bumper which was secured with a bungy cord and what appeared to be a raccoon's tail, she said, "I haven't had time to get it fixed. Too busy saving the world."

I couldn't restrain myself any longer. Grabbing her shoulders, I pressed myself against her, her against the car, my lips against her lips. I nuzzled her neck, left teeth marks on the Peter Pan collar. She smelled of patchouli, baby powder, and Ben Gay. I wondered whether she wore underwear and if so, what kind.

"Let's stay together tonight," I said.

To my surprise, she reached into her knapsack, retrieved her keys, and unlocked the passenger door. Needing no further invitation, I slid in and leaned over to unlock her door.

"Your place or mine?" she purred, suddenly coy. My nuzzling had caused the top button of her collar to come undone. A pulse throbbed there, visible in the light from a street lamp.

I usually took women to my apartment for the first time, but it was Friday night and I was feeling daring."Your place."

We drove silently across town, pulling into the driveway of what appeared to be a mansion or a haunted house in the middle of Koreatown.

"Welcome to my domicile," Adara said. Slamming the car door behind her, she said over her shoulder, "Come in."

The first floor of the house appeared to be completely empty except for a glow in the dark skull that sat inside the fireplace in the living room.

"Would you like some tea?" Adara drifted toward what I assumed was the kitchen. It wasn't what I'd had in mind when I'd asked to come home with her but, not wanting to appear rude, I answered, "Sure."

I stood nervously in the entry way while Adara made the tea. When she returned with the teapot and cups on a tray, she was wearing nothing but a black merry widow, her knee socks and clogs, and the Peter Pan collar which turned out to have been a dickey. Her highly freckled breasts were well-formed under the flimsy cloth of the lingerie. Her waist was small and swelled into voluptuous hips and long, shapely legs.

"Let's go," she murmured, turning to climb the stairs.

I no longer felt as confident as I had kissing her on Santa Monica Blvd. Adara had quite suddenly gained the upper hand.

Staring at the tantalizing bit of ass that peeked out of her lingerie as she maneuvered the steps, I followed her into the bedroom which contained little more than a bed with black satin sheets. Adara placed the tea tray on the far side of the bed with a crash of china. It wasn't until she pushed me down on the bed that I noticed the mirror on the ceiling. Adara pulled my tee-shirt up with her teeth and began vigorously massaging my breasts with a bottle of oil that she'd grabbed from a nightstand.

"What was Einstein's most famous equation?" she spat at me as she rubbed the oil against my now-hard nipples. She was simultaneously squeezing my hips between her thighs and grinding against me, making it hard to concentrate.

"Could you repeat the question, please?" I gasped, stalling for time.

"What was Einstein's most famous equation?" she almost screamed. Her palms were making small circles over my nipples.

" $E=mc^2$?" I asked doubtfully.

"Yes," she said encouragingly, sliding one finger under the waistband of my jeans.

"Who was the greatest writer of the 20th century?" she challenged, beginning to unbutton my jeans with one hand while

stroking herself with the other.

"I...I don't know," I blundered. I reached for her but she slapped my hands away.

"Think! Think!" she ordered, tugging my jeans down as far as my ankles.

"Who did you read as a child?" she pressed. One hand teased me by stroking my cotton underwear. The other hand pinched my nipples alternately.

"Lewis Carroll! Beatrix Potter! A.A. Milne!"

She turned me over and pulled my underwear to my knees. She spanked me twice, hard and said, "You can do better than that."

"E.B. White. Carolyn Keene." I bit the sheets in frustration.

"No." Slap. "No." Slap.

Digging into the reservoir of my past, I tried again. "Beverly Cleary. Hans Christian Anderson." Was he even 20th century? "Zilpha Keatly Snyder. Robert Louis Stevenson." Silence. "What do you want? Help me!" I begged. I thrust back against her, feeling the wetness of her through the silk lingerie.

Four more slaps in answer.

I twisted back to see my reflection in the mirror above the bed. The spanking had left red prints on the curve of my ass.

In desperation, "Dr. Seuss!"

"Yes! Oh God, yes!" Adara shrieked, moving spasmodically against me. "Dr. Seuss was, is the greatest writer of the 20th century! God this is good!"

I flung her dickey, knee socks and clogs into a heap with my tee-shirt and jeans. This time she didn't resist. We united in a perfect fusion, and there were no more words until Adara came screaming, "Venus! Take me Venus!"

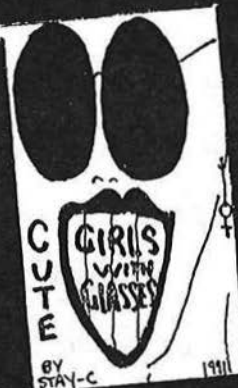
EFEBERHARD FABER

Pink Pearl.

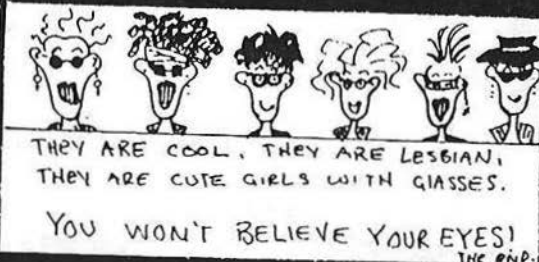
101

USA





YOU CALLED HER 4-EYES BOOKWORM, NERD - BUT NOW THE PAGES HAVE TURNED. MS. AII A'S STUDENT HAS FINISHED HIGH SCHOOL AND BEHIND THOSE BEAUTIFUL BIFOCALS IS A VISION YOU HAVE ALWAYS DREAMED OF... CUTE GIRLS WITH GLASSES.



THE END

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from "Thinking Sex"
by Gayle Rubin

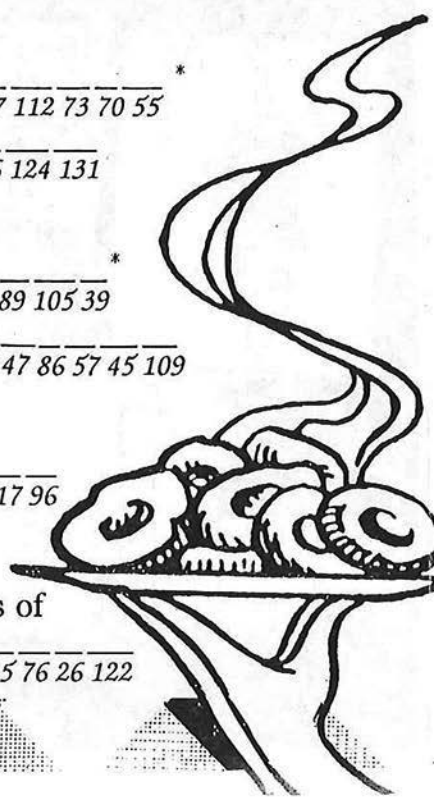
a) Lust in Latin: 35 11 91 51 61 44 1 135 27

b) Birthplace of the
"Tenth Muse": 128 8 78 17 112 73 70 55
96 84 24 65 119 66 124 131

c) Gaea: 37 139 86 33 60 6 22 106 81 89 105 39
45 82 109 86 2 128 47 86 57 45 109

d) "Gertrude to Alice": 7 36 18 117 96

e) 1920's poet; the seductress of
Paris: 76 108 30 111 6 69 40 59 101 15 76 26 122



- f) Pre-Emerson Dickinson: $\overline{49\ 64\ 134\ 125\ 23\ 10\ 103\ 60\ 34\ 125}$
- g) "She's got 'cunt magic' " (all-powerfull): $\overline{116\ 50\ 12\ 93\ 138\ 77\ 38\ 98\ 56\ 107\ 130\ 43}$
- h) "I hear your most precious blood as it leaves you..."
- The Lesbian Body: $\overline{110\ 133\ 20\ 79\ 102\ 16\ 127\ 94\ 21\ 28\ 71\ 14\ 85}$
- i) Psychoerotic saga of Lola Lola: $\overline{95\ 126\ 88\ 4\ 136\ 104\ 115}$
 $\overline{82\ 54\ 13\ 3\ 113}$
- j) "... croce e delizia, delizia al cor." -G.V. : $\overline{80\ 120\ 32\ 99\ 90\ 18\ 42\ 68\ 63\ 83}$
- k) "_____shining in the dark..." -The Waves: $\overline{137\ 48\ 58\ 19\ 39\ 37\ 62\ 52\ 75\ 100\ 123}$
- l) Biblical heroine often seen bathing in Renaissance paintings and a W. Stevens poem: $\overline{118\ 25\ 46\ 92\ 114\ 102\ 129}$
- m) Why Girls like Girls who wear glasses: $\overline{72\ 53\ 74\ 87\ 5\ 67}$
 $\overline{97\ 31\ 121\ 128\ 29\ 31\ 97\ 9\ 132\ 41}$

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue of IQ

RECOMMENDED READING

You need this magazine. Square Peg is my all time favorite publication. For a mere £3, plus postage, you'll get the co-gender mag with a homo design esthetic. And we're not talking just gay with a little lez on the side, I feel included.

We are talkin just white with a little people of color on the side; they blow it here. On most other levels, Square Peg is smart and fun and good looking. They shift from theory to sex, to spirituality, to style so smoothly that you won't even notice. A great read.

Square Peg

Square Peg- BMSquare Peg
London WC1N 3XX



BI MBOX PU,
not recommended. Fact Sheet 5 claimed that this was the radical, cutting edge homo-zine. 'Fraid not. What a bunch of ranting facists. You kids take off those swastikas! You really nauseate me. Hey Johnny Noxima, read this: **LESBIAN LESBIAN LESBIAN LESBIAN!** I don't know the address, I must have lost it.

I've seen a few press releases in the popular gay press touting "Scream Box" as a lesbian art magazine. I feel more comfortable with: lezzie zine thing with arty tendencies. The Scream Box' editrixes debouch from the Quik-Copy with a passion for girls. They make you want to go with them. Be aware that if you submit a work

to them on a napkin it will appear in "ScreamBox" like it was shot right off of a napkin.



Scream Box- \$2 7985 Santa Monica Blvd., Ste 109-51 LA, CA 90046

**Scream
Box
a
m**

**FUSSY
PUSSY** has three heads

Fussy Pussy likes to read in bed

With three heads no need to choose

Fussy Pussy doesn't like to lose

MsMsMs Pussy she'll have you call her

Says she enjoys an occasional collar

Of course Ms³ Puss is of several minds

Still Fussy Pussy is mighty kind.

IQ Advertisement

Had enough of the same old tired women's resorts?
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Just pack your sarong, sandals and sex toys
and we'll provide the rest

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island locations
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halls and orgy huts, open-

air cinema and disco will leave
you begging for your next holiday
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your every whim and fancy, or even
suggest some of their own! Write today for our full-
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MONDO LESBO

P.O. BOX 6969
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This editorial was lifted from "THE SOURCE" magazine This piece is so fine and right on. dream hampton, you are true love, you are just... *Dreamy*

R-E-S-P-E-C-T

WHEN I WAS IN THE 5TH GRADE, my homeroom teacher, Mrs. Ellison, came to class wearing sunglasses. No one asked about them. She didn't take them off. Smart ass Dwight in the back of the room, who'd flunked 5th grade twice, offered as an answer to the equation on the board, "I dunno, but who rocked your eye?" His punk ass boy snickered. I was waiting for Mrs. Ellison to send him to Mr. Jackson's office, to hell, home, anyplace where punishment was slow and long. But Mrs. Ellison looked at the ground; something she never allowed us to do. She was silent for a long time. When she spoke, she lied, "I bumped into a door." The boys in the back of the room howled laughing. I cursed Mr. Ellison, a man I'd never seen before.

I didn't know then what domestic violence was. Had never heard about the "systematic de-masculization of the Black man." Could care less about "displaced aggression." And most importantly, I couldn't think of any thing or word Mrs. Ellison could have done or muttered to justify her pain and humiliation.

The week of Valentine's Day, '91, someone from THE SOURCE saw Dee Barnes from "Pump It Up" video show in Russell Simmons' office wearing a pair of sunglasses; confirmation of the widely circulated rumor that Dre of NWA had physically assaulted, attacked, beat the hell out of, the 5'3" hostess at a Hollywood nightclub. I opened up the New York Post and Flavor Flav of Public Enemy had been arrested for beating the mother of his three children, Karen Ross. I open a magazine and Ice Cube is rocking a coat affectionately named "Bitch Killa." And as the ongoing debate continues, "bitch" is still synonymous with "Black woman" in the hip-hop vocabulary.

It broke my spirit to hear female rap artists call themselves bitches and hoers. It bothers me to know that Karen Ross won't press charges against Flavor Flav and that she wishes to reconcile, to "forget about it." It infuriates me that witnesses reported that Dr. Dre's bodyguard held the crowd back as Dee received multiple blows to her womanhood. I find it intolerable when brothers ask "so what did Dee do?" I will be outraged to learn that Dr. Dre is not underneath jail when this is published. Historically Black women have been reluctant and intimidated to confront their abuse because of the "division" it would cause within the race and because of the racist, classist institutionalization of the judicial system and the white women's liberation movement.

Violence against Black women by Black men did not begin with rap music. Sexism did not begin with the black community. These minor revelations are not enough. Sexism exists in the hip-hop generation. Manifestation of sexist behavior is first verbal and mental abuse, (BBD, Big Daddy Kane, Too Short, HWA) it evolves into its' inevitable counterpart, physical abuse, (Dee Barnes, Karen Ross, 1 out of 4 Black women between 18 & 25). Hip-hop music must take responsibility for eliminating the perpetuation of the destruction of the Black community, i.e. the abuse of the Black women. It has no place in revolutionary music.

—dream hampton



Beauty and the Beast

"I don't know anything about myself or why I do anything," she said, her voice droning on like the dull purr of a vibrator.

I ran my hand along her naked back. My finger served as an imaginary crayon as I connected five beauty marks, ranging in size and shape on light copper skin. Strategically etched on silky flesh to form a lanky S. S as in Suck this. Frankly I didn't care to know anything about her, not even her name. Just how those beauty marks got there.

"I let you fuck me," she said, twirling a strand of blond hair around her finger as if she were expecting something to come from that vagrant activity. "I let you fuck me," she repeated as I caressed beauty mark #1, a pinprick of chocolate brown, smaller than Restoration artifice on the face of a theatrical tart. Much finer than the one Lady Sneewell had worn under her left eye in A SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL--or was it her upper lip?--"because I love my girlfriend."

I sighed and moved on to #2. She would invariably start to tell me about herself. Undoubtedly pull out her analyst's computer print-out of every neuroses she'd suffered, still suffered, and was about to suffer. Every primal scream would be belched forth like an unwanted birth. #2 held less fascination than #1 so I moved my finger on to #3, smack in the middle of her spine. By far the largest, shaped like a watery star of David, it glared at me. It was hostile. I traveled on.

"My lover leaves me for days on end. Business. I wanted to feel...guilty...you know how it is?", she queried while I fingered beauty mark #4 right below her left buttock. Now here was a spot. Prime location on this back front property.

She buried her head under a fluffy white lace Battenburg pillow. Her voice was muffled, but I could hear every word. "I wanted to feel cheap and ashamed." I turned away from #4, neglected to caress #5 and looked over at myself in the mirror on her huge vanity table. I was pushing thirty-seven, and although my breasts were small, they had plenty of attitude. My stomach was flat and firm. I figured I had about another hundred of these trysts left to go before I retired.

I looked around the white and yellow room. There must have been 48 cut glass bottles of perfume and a dozen or so small vases filled with dead flowers, smelling like they'd just visited a whorehouse.

"If I had known what you wanted," I said, running my hand along the painstakingly formed musculature on my arms and thighs, "I could have really degraded you."

There was no movement under the pillow. I could hear her breathing heavy, though. My eyes coasted down her figure as she slipped her head out from under the pillow, a little like Alice coming out of wonderland. She slowly turned around on her back.

A body almost doesn't deserve to look as good as hers did. Even naked, left under the scorching sun for days, ravaged by the salt spray of the pounding ocean, her young skin would still glisten, as it glistened now.

I thought about a second coming as she pulled the satin sheets in between her thighs like a grecian diaper.

"I want to be a great experience," she said, yanking the sheet even tighter up between her crotch.

"Yeah, and I want to be Ponce de Leon," I said moving closer.

"Who?"

I stood over her. Her wide lips parted, then pouted with her naughty expectation. There was a graceful listlessness about her breasts that didn't quite match the appetite in her loins. I squeezed both nipples between thumb and forefinger. The sheet slipped away. And then I noticed a dimple on the right side of her face. Colorless, inverted. Cute, but not exotic.

I had to see those magnificent beauty marks again. To run my tongue from point to point mimicking some ridiculous shamanistic ritual. SSSSSSSSSS.....

Turn over.

She didn't budge. "Sharon wouldn't let me do this," she hissed.

I was at full throttle now. "You're here to whore." I reminded her. Her eyes went electronic. Heat started to glow like neon from her body.

I lurched forward, groping for the dark shadow, her kitty marsh. Her body coiled like a spring; her belly rippled. Little gurgles of pleasure bubbled from her mouth.

"I can't," she murmured, arching her pelvis in my face.

"You're bad medicine," she said, two hours later, her voice now dull and exhausted from her screams. She grabbed my hand. It was sweaty. Amorous glue.

I pulled on my jeans and slipped on my Armani glasses. "Let me kiss your beauty marks," I said, feeling a little foolish. After all, the girl meant nothing to me.

She sat up wide-eyed. "Those aren't beauty marks, they're moles."

I froze. That was it. One little sentence and she blew my delusion. I thought of my old neighbor, Mrs. Antonelli with her big, mishapen mole on a chin starting to fall, three bristling hairs protruding like antennae.

A thin sneer stretched across my face. I spread a coat of Indian Red lipstick on my parched lips, threw my jacket over my back, and watched as the residue of guilt drained from beauty's face. In the cold night, she looked as appealing as a hog.

A shivering pleasure ran down my spine as I closed the door behind me.



MY SUGGESTION

(Two women in a room)

BARBARA

I don't think it affects me, actually. I don't have any problem with it. Don't you believe me? Lucy?

LUCY

I believe you.

BARBARA

You're very sexy to me.

LUCY

Does that make you nervous?

BARBARA

No, it makes me feel good.

LUCY

Talk some more so I can watch your mouth move.

BARBARA

About?

LUCY

About romance... and a car.

BARBARA

A car and a lover and a loud radio. The top was down. The sun was bright. I drove with my left hand and got her off with my right. I felt her come in my hand as I was speeding and I remember thinking, "This is love. This is fun." Then we pulled over and laughed. I was so comfortable.

LUCY

Happy.



BARBARA

Yes. Relaxed. More?

LUCY

Tell me about a mistake you made. A big one.

BARBARA

A mistake? Wait.

LUCY

What are you doing?

BARBARA

I'm looking to see if I can trust you. (Looks) Yes, I trust you. I met a man and a woman and we got too close. There was the inevitable night of drinking and teasing until we decided to play a game.

LUCY

At whose suggestion?

BARBARA

My suggestion. We decided that each one would tell their fantasy about the other two and the other two would fulfill it.

LUCY

Uh-oh. I don't do that anymore. So, the man went first...

BARBARA

The man went first and he wanted us to...

LUCY

Make love in front of him.

BARBARA

No. He wanted his face between her legs and mine between his. I suggested it be the other way around because Joanie was more experienced with men than I am, but he kept to his original plan, turning on to some fabrication of innocence. So, anyway, he got hard but not off. Then it was Joanie's turn.



LUCY

And she wanted you to
get him off.

BARBARA

Of course she knew I hadn't fucked a man in
about two years but she wanted me to climb on top of
him and fuck him. And I did. No problem, like I said. I have
no problem with it.

LUCY

Then it was your turn.

BARBARA

I said I wanted Jack to leave the room and I wanted to
make love to her, but she said no.

LUCY

No?

BARBARA

She refused. Now what do you want me to do?

LUCY

There's this peach slip that has been under your dress all evening. Let me
touch it.

(Barbera takes off her dress and stands in front of Lucy in her slip. Lucy
touches it.)

BLACKOUT

Recipes from Mom's Closet



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

Great stateswoman and humanitarian

SCRAMBLED EGGS

IN THE DOUGH

Beat together with a fork until blended - 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt, and a dash of pepper, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup milk. Preheat frypan until it is quite hot, add 2 or 3 tps. butter or margarine, then add the eggs. Scrape slowly around the edges and bottom and keep stirring until the eggs are as you like them. Sprinkle with parsley and a little paprika. I had the pleasure of being a guest at the White House when she served and made these eggs on a Sunday afternoon.

JOAN CRAWFORD

Pepsi Cola prexy

PEA SALAD

- 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups boiled peas
- 1 chopped onion
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped celery

- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped nuts
- $\frac{1}{4}$ cup French dressing
- Head of lettuce

Drain the peas. Mix with celery, onion, nuts and French dressing. Arrange on lettuce leaves. Garnish with pimento strips. Serves 6.

FRENCH DRESSING

- 1 cup olive oil
- 3 tbs. vinegar
- 1 tsp. salt

- 1 tsp. sugar
- $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. pepper
- $\frac{1}{8}$ tsp. paprika

Mix all ingredients and heat or shake until thoroughly mixed.

JUDY GARLAND

Movie star, born and raised in Grand Rapids, Minnesota

WHIPPED CREAM BISCUITS

- 2 cups flour
- 2 tsp. baking powder
- $\frac{1}{4}$ tsp. salt
- 1 cup heavy cream

Sift together flour, baking powder and salt into bowl. Whip cream until stiff and lightly fold into flour mixture, using a fork. Turn dough onto floured surface and knead lightly for one minute. Pat dough in $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thickness and cut with 2 inch biscuit cutter. Place biscuits on ungreased baking sheet and bake at 425 degrees for 10 to 12 minutes. This makes 18 two inch biscuits.