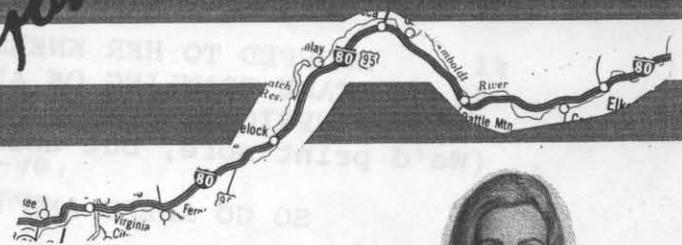


\$ 1.53



God Bless America!



Knowing when to lean a little is part of feminine charm, and that's *always* in style.



I suffered from menstrual cramps.

FOR STORY ... SEE NEXT PAGE

First of all, give him a chance. Don't be too independent; lean a little. Maybe he *is* slow to realize that you're dying of thirst, but wait him out, don't jump up and get your own Coke. If he's obviously never going to get around to it without prodding, ask him to please bring you one. If you do it enough times, he'll gradually get the point.

Need him. Be a little weak physically (and mentally too, occasionally). If you're always leaping around lugging picnic baskets or moving furniture you aren't giving him a chance to show off his most prized attribute, his male superiority. If you're sitting at a football game in the snow, don't shout about what a bracing invigorating day it is while he turns blue from the cold. Be colder than he is. He may come down with something, but he'll give you his half of the blanket. If you're a little better than he is at certain games, or a little smarter at algebra, play it down. I don't mean that you're supposed to go around acting like a wispy little goof. But keep the competition down to a minimum. Give him a chance to take care of you!

For goodness' sake, act like a girl.



BARBRA'S PSYCHIC ANUS

YES WE TAKE SUBMISSIONS

AND WE PRINT THEM ALL.
WE GOT THREE DUE TO OUR LAST ISSUE! ...

- #1 DROPPED TO HER KNEES BEGGING.
- #2 CAME CRAWLING ON ALL FOURS.
- #3 UPRIGHT, SIMPLY SAID "YOUR COMMAND IS MY WISH."
(We'd print more, but unfortunately we only got three)

SO GO AHEAD AND SUBMIT TO US AT:

TONGUE - FUCK PRODUCTIONZ
304 STEINER ST.
SF, CA. 94117

B.P.A.
#2



THANKS DENISE!

LET IT BE SAID

SHY AWAY FROM NOTHING!! that WE here at tongue-fuck Productionz
Despite the controversy involved, we've
decided to go the radical mile by opening this edition of BPA with
"OUTING" the infamous Wilhemina Shakespeare (Will's illegitimate
half sis). Though all her sonnets were dedicated to women, she
tried to cover up by using the old "poetic norm" excuse...
O' Come Wilhemina! You can do better than that!

OUTTA THE CLOSET AND INTO THE STREET GIRLFRIEND!!

note: known for her variation on the 14 line theme and her
startling line breaks.

A SONNET **** 1

How sweet the juice doth drip from thine cunt,
that flowers, in jealous repose, refuse to bud,
And to you, my love, I will be blunt,
I wish to chow down on you as a cow doth cud.

Forgive me, my dear, for my wanton tongue,
but fair maiden though ye be,
I commend your strength, you're so well hung,
it maketh of my desire an unleash'd sea.

I'd chain and shackle you to a prison cell,
if you'd but give the sign,
That I could drink of your sweet well,
so ripe upon its vine.

I'd torture you sweet-ly,
enclosed within your shrine,
None but I could dare mistreat-ye,
and no eyes gaze yours save mine.

**** 1 There's some discrepancy
on the title. Some manuscripts have it MY LOVER HAS NO BALLS,
while others have the one we prefer... MY MAIDEN'S SUGAR WALLS



CONTINUED FROM COVER
↓

I feel sorry for any woman who suffers from
menstrual pain. But I also feel sorry for her
husband. Cramps, headaches and body aches
used to make my wife so depressed, so irritable
that I suffered through those bad days each
month, too. She tried just about everything.
Then one day the druggist told her to try FEMICIN.
It seems that FEMICIN is formulated to relieve
every single one of the common symptoms of
menstrual pain whenever they occur. But most
important, its 5-ingredient formula is designed
to concentrate on the worst symptom of all—
cramps. Well, life has been different for my
wife, and for me, ever since she first used
FEMICIN. Thanks to FEMICIN, she now acts like
the woman I married — every day of the month.
 I recommend FEMICIN to any woman who is
suffering from menstrual pain.

Femicin ■ Fast relief
of Menstrual Pain

DEAR SPLASH AND RETRO...

Your zine saved my life! I was suicidal before getting my hands on your fabulous creation. BPA pulled me out of the depths of my sorrow and made me feel whole again. I finally feel alive, hopeful. I look forward to another day. I have been looking for a Zine like yours since my exit from the womb. Really! I hope, no I beg and implore you to keep up the good work. In fact if you do not I am liable to throw myself down and slit the very wrists my mother labored so hard to create. So please, please, for the love of god, don't do anything foolish like stop making the Zine or the world shall never forgive you (nor shall I) ...

your loving and devoted fan, Susy Stareyes

DEAR BARBRA'S PHYSIC ASSHOLES --

If you guys think you're funny, think again.

If you take yourselves seriously than I really feel pity for you. I don't know where you get off putting down all-women collective households. Who do you think paved the way for lesbians like you to walk the streets arm in arm? Lesbians like me that's who. And you can rest assured this "dyke" won't pay another dollar three for your sorry ass rag.

up yours, Airy Olea

♥ & HATE
MAIL

MY DEAREST SPLASHYPOO AND RETRO --

I want to fuck you suck somewhere? In a lonely cafe? A dark alley? Your bedroom or mine. It matters not how fast or how far...I would go to the ends of the earth 'cause darlin's to me that's what you're worth.

Your loving whore, Sally Suckall

MAGICOOL

MAKES ALL OTHER RUBBER GIRDLES OBSOLETE



♡ & HATE CONTINUED...

SPLASH AND RETRO --

I love you I hate you I love you I hate you!
Please stop tormenting me so. I want both you and your Zine more than life itself (unfortunately that's not saying much) I'd sell my soul to the devil just to get my hands on another copy. I want to have both your babies...and then give them up for adoption. Why oh Why am I so torn apart? Answer me soon answer me soon. Or I'll rip my heart out and send it to you still beating.

forever yours (willingly or not), Torna Sunder

DEAR R 'N' S -

YOU GUYS SUCK! Someone outta wash your mouths out with soap and then make you eat shit. I've never read such vile disgusting trash in all my life. I burnt that piece of ca-ca magazine the minute I got it home.

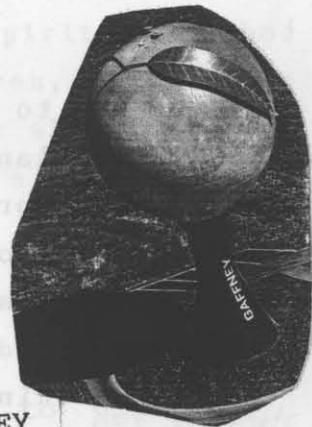
may you both burn in hell and before, Betty Bitter

AMERICA
Land of the Free



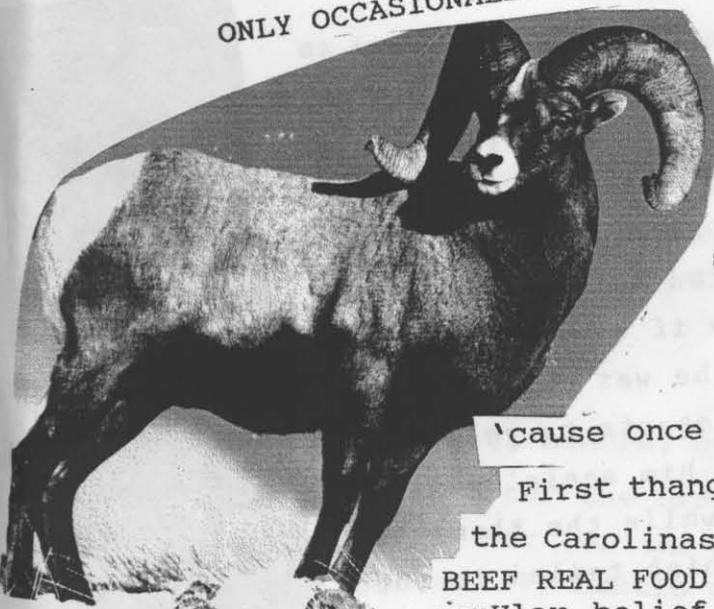
Hello from South Carolina

Giant Peach



HOLA! THIS HERE IS A
SPECIAL ON THE ROAD EDITION OF BPA...

GET OVER IT SAN FRANCISCO THEIR NECKS AREN'T REALLY RED AND THEY
ONLY OCCASIONALLY FUCK SHEEP



if yer contemplatin' takin' a trip we
got some tips for ya:
If y'all'r afeared a eatin a little
flesh and git folks to put out their
smokes in yer presence think ya better
stay in california

'cause once ya hit Reno it's a whole 'nother country.

First thang we seen gettin' into Helms county, that's

the Carolinas to you sweets, was

BEEF REAL FOOD FOR REAL PEOPLE. So contrary to
popular belief y'all our there on the west

coast is as fake as naugahyde.

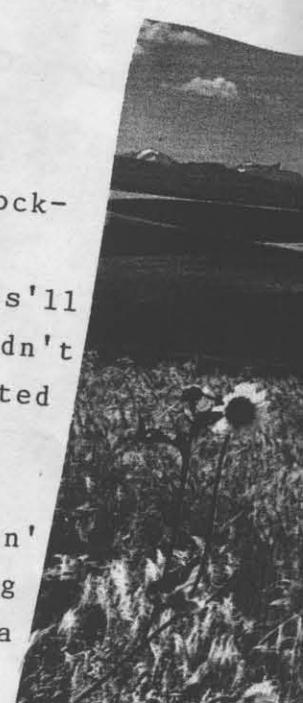
000 →

In Kansas we seen

a billboard says ADOPTION NOT ABORTION with a 1 - 800 number to the back ground of STORIES OF GREAT MISSIONARIES on the car radio...ya ever heard a good ole boy tryin' to do a Guatemalan accent (god took him south of the border to convert) ... it was almost as bad as when the ten foot jesus started talkin' to us in a farmers drawl soundin' like somethin' outta an old Jimmy Stewart film out in Salt Lake City. And all the Mormon temple tour guides was just like the stepford wives ... "hi hello god bless you, hi hello god bless you." We was hopin' maybe one of 'em'd take us behind the altar and work a miracle...

But we had to git movin' 'cause we done read all about the FABULOUS Atlanta gay scene and show as hell didn't wantta it...but unfortunately that's almost just what we did do 'cause turnt out weren't much more to it than a mall (where all the guys and gals went to cruise) with a pet store, a cafeteria, and a bagel joint (and trust me when I tell ya there weren't nothin' kosher about it.)

But if Atlanta was a little different than we was expectin' ... Alabama show was all it was cracked up to be -- just chock-full-a-crackers. Fact one a them good ole boys mad it his bi'niss ta pull up along side are car and inform us "coloreds'll rape ya." "What" we asked. and he repeated but we still didn't git it. (the drawl y'all the drawl!) Now if we was frustrated we couldn't understand his kinda english, he was a heap more upset than us. "Coloreds! Coloreds!" He starts ta yellin' "that's all we got down here!" This after him seein' us askin' directions from an elderly black man. So while the theme song from Deliverance raced thru our brains we high tailed it outta there to I-10 on into N'awlins.



Now they call N'awlins Paris of the swamps and boy howdy it show 'nough looked like civilization to us after Alabama. You cain't drink the water, but for a whole lot less than it would take to find you an evian you can buy beers enough for the night the morning and the next day. To look like a native just stumble down the street speakin' in a drunken drawl. And speakin' of drunken drawls, they were mighty plentiful down there at Charlene's, (the one and only dyke bar) on the night'a the queer nation benefit. The highlight was a hulkin' drag queen doin' "nothing compares 2 U" in a screeching soprano. Sinead honey make room!



HIP HOUSEKEEPING

Our first two weeks there we thought we'd gotten one of N'awlin's many haunted houses. We finally realized we'd been letting our superstitions get the best of us. the supposed spirits that had been turning off and on lites, readjusting the oven, and banging around the house at nite weren't really spirits at all; THEY WERE LIFESIZE COCKROACHES. now if you haven't seen a cockroach in N'awlins you haven't seen a cockroach. you try to swat on of these assholes with a shoe he'll take the shoe right off your foot and swat you back.



we'd been doing this drive-away thing and to New York we got a repo. a Mary Kay car woman's sales were down so, unbeknownst to us, we came to confiscate her car (she didn't seem as worried about it as us though...the lord, she said, would help



her bring her sales back up) and drove it on into NY to it's proud new seller of the month owner.

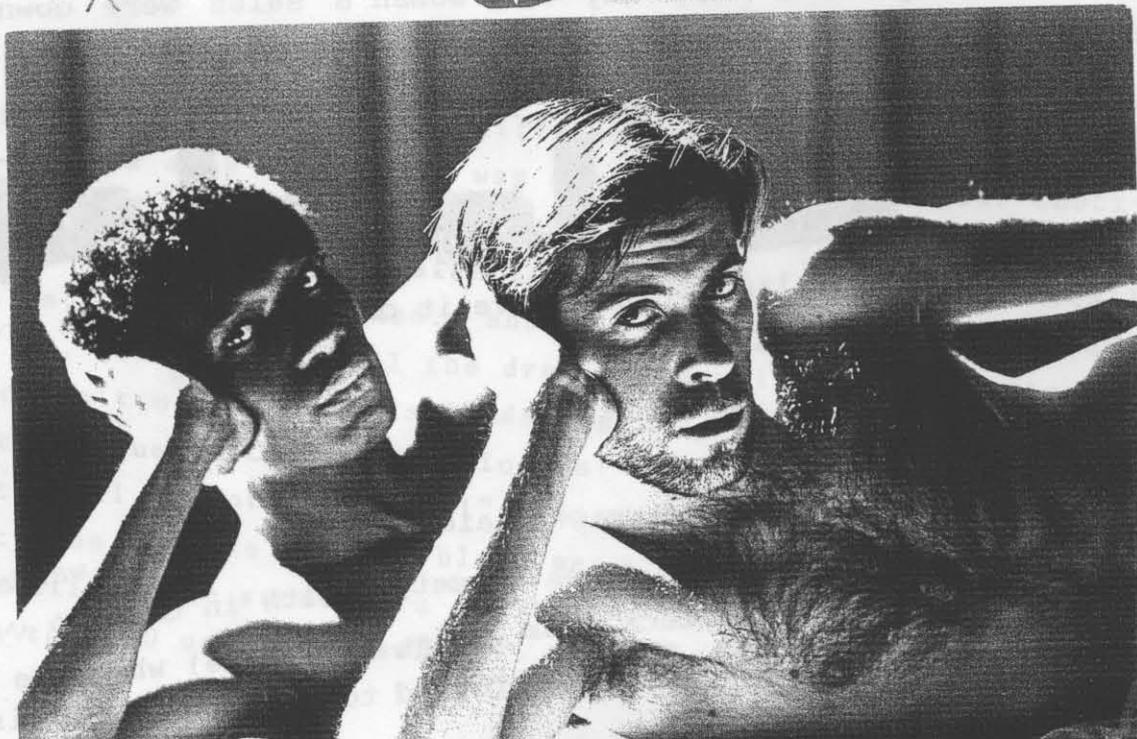
Nope we didn't meet Sandra, nor did we get laid, but the company was a veritable oasis after the brawlroom dykes we met up with in Chicago. We took us to this bar (on the way back from a soft ball game) where we saw a genuine circa 1977 hustle dance-line performed to such classic artists as Billy Idol and Joan Jett.

passing through Pennsylvania

we'd had about all the country music we could take and we were over counting the golden arches, which incidentally don't bother to count anymore but just say BILLIONS AND BILLIONS SERVED, and we started to play the lay-back-in-the-seat-and-get-each-other-off game...well...no folks, unfortunately those flashing red lights weren't the big O. We got a \$150 speeding ticket. So much for Philly being the city of brotherly love!



If you want to know what Boulder is like just walk down Telegraph ave in Berkeley, they're pretty much interchangeable. Whole wheat croissants, peaceniks handing out demo flyers, etc. And as for Denver it doesn't even deserve the sentence we just gave it. The most exciting thing Seattle had to offer was the Elvis spotting in the Greyhound bus depo...And that pretty much wraps it up for the US of A...given the givens probably SF should just secede from the union.



SAN FRANCISCO ÜBER ALLES

THIS IS RETRO PROTON AT YOU DARLINGS...

i was absent from your fair city this last month -- i'm told many of you missed me, so just to make it up, i'll give a short rundown of events since our last chat. i flew into Kennedy (Oliver Stone eat your heart out) and hailed a cab to my 3000 foot loft in the Lower East Side. naturally one doesn't need a car in NY but i borrowed my friend's hearse just in case. i was still suffering jet lag, but i pulled out my BlackBook nonetheless. unfortunately most of the the #'s i tried were out of order. i'm speaking metaphorically here

kids. you've all heard the news about Patti, but given all she and i had shared together i wouldn't believe it until i saw for myself first hand. yes darlings the situation is bad. when i found her phone disconnected i drove the hearse to her house. she's married a man with a white picket fence, changed her name from Smith to Jones, and she's singing songs about "the people". age does ugly things to people doesn't it? however if any of you out there care enough to write, i am taking donations for the SEND -PATTI-A -LIFELINE campaign already so strong here in NY. (money orders and cash only.)

ME & PATTI



FAREWELL PATTI DARLING, NO HARD FEELINGS
AND I WISH YOU FABULOUS THINGS!!

Well other than that o o o →

000 I could get a hold of none of the old gang. i met some new friends, of course, but nothing to write home about. There was that blonde bimbo fag-hag, who sings that song Bordertime, what's her name? Oh i forget, anyway she's shallow as a pond and her music's strictly second rate. There were a few others of the same caliber not even worth going into. Splash was there with me, but after a few weeks she decided to hit the road. She was hell-bent on seeing this wretched country of hers. Well so be it. i wasn't about to go with her...America's just not my scene. Go ahead, laugh, call me provincial, but SF is the only place i'd live in this barbaric country, and I regret it every time i'm forced, due to networking and so forth, to leave. Certainly

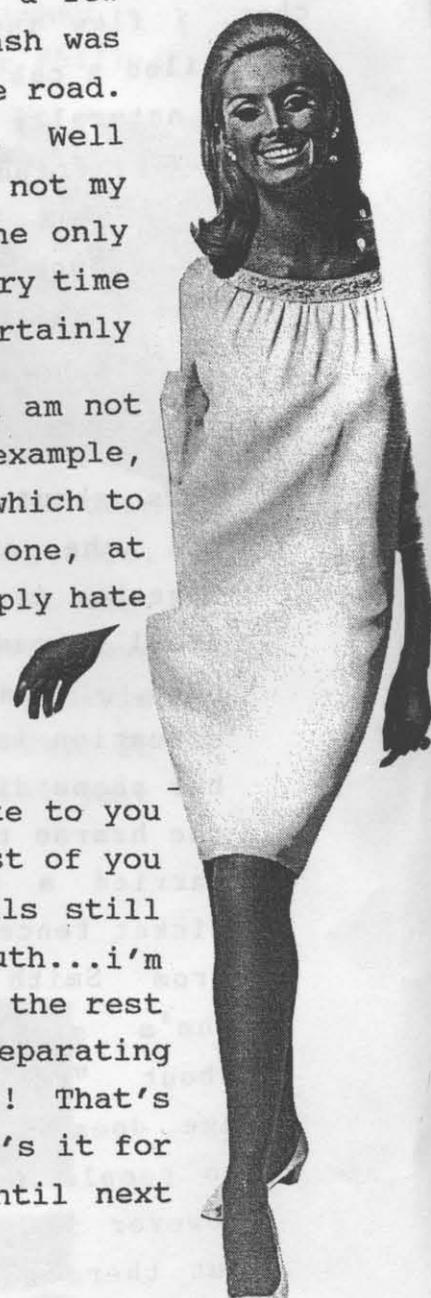
i've been accused of West-coast-centricity but at least i am not patronizing or dishonest like some of you. Splash, for example, simply views most of the US, as one big thrift store in which to purchase her fashionable DE-gorgeous clothing. i, for one, at least treat the mid-west with a little more respect: i simply hate it.

And this brings me to the central theme of this note to you -- my devoted fans. What nationality am i? i know most of you are just dying to know. some backward minded individuals still refer to me as british...but you kids know the truth...i'm international...i'm a citizen of the world darlings, like the rest of you are. We have no need of these shallow borders separating us from one another. And speaking of shallow, Borderline! That's the name of that damn song Bimbo used to sing. Ok, that's it for me...RETRO straight to you kids with all my love...until next time...be good...and I adore you all much more than I

can

say...

 Retro





CUTTING EDGE ..

RETURNING FROM OUR TRIP Retro was overjoyed to find that the RAVE (10 years later) had finally hit SF. She was in a dilemma, however, in choosing between a \$25 hit of X or a pound of Shitaki-Mushrooms-Family bean sprouts at Harvest for the same price. She decided the money would be better spent on the mushrooms since X is a love drug and the only cute dykes at the Rave's are men -- the girls of course are slam dancing at Faster Pussycat --so she fried (or should I say Canola-ed) up the Shitaki-Mushroom-Family bean sprouts with a touch of organic tofu before going down to P. Cat to let her fans know she was back. It was the Slaughter Sister's big debut. The show was Fab! Women in leather smashing into poles, walls, each other. Wow! And when the show was finished the lead singer, Can-cut, came down to introduce herself.

"Nice tits babe but where's yer leather," was her opening line. . .

ooo WELL NEEDLESS TO SAY RETRO GAVE HER A FASHION TIP OR TWO --

but truth is Retro began feeling so nostalgic (or perhaps she succumbed to peer pressure, you decide) that she

I LUV A WOMAN ON HER KNEES

FOAM-RUBBER HAIR CURLERS that become flattened in your suitcase can be revived! Simply hold them under hot water and they'll snap right back into their original shape.

actually let Can-cut talk her into a

quick jaunt to the ladies room to buzz back her old Mohawk so as to show Can-cut the labia tattoo on each side of her head.

Naturally our second outing back in the mecca was over to that Bastion of gay literature, ADL, where we were excited to find Gloria Steinem's not letting this new age pass her up, her new plan of attack being the revolution from within

...

KILL SEXISM WITH SPIRULINA AND WHEAT GERM!



But now without further ado let me state unequivocally and uncategorically the most exciting new thing we found: THE ZINE SCENE HAD EXPLODED in our absence! Unfortunately we had to miss the much publicized (Shhh don't tell anyone but the 6 O'clock news) underground SPEW fest due to the enormous release party of BPA (that's Barbra's Psychic Anus to you babe) #2 held at Annie Sprinkle's warehouse in NY hosted by Kathy Acker. It was fabulous -- High Risk for the rich and infamous and all the Angry Women were there (begging us for an autographed copy). We were also working on the plans for our upcoming expansion... BPA t-shirts, computer discs and a short film...Yes girls, it took awhile but thanx to the help of a few well connected friends BPA will be making Zine's so glossy you can check your lipstick in its pages! And let's be honest with you...

PEACE

we said on the waterfront and shared a drum cig instead of a pipe to share the deal. Sister Liberty had her arm raised toward us in support. i guess the deal needed a lot of sealing 'cause she smoked drum after drum while we sat in silence throwing bits of broken glass into the Hudson. i started to draw on her knee with my ink pen and she almost hit me. a Pepsi can floated across the Hudson a BusinessMan walked a couple feet



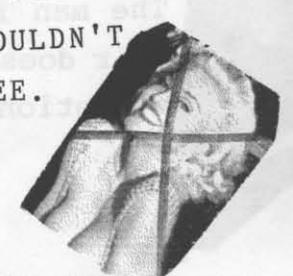
away from us, pulled out his dick, holding it gingerly in his hand a minute before taking a piss. it was windy and the poster for the Experimental Film Fest kept blowing into her face every time she tried to read it -- i think it was painful trying to look angry under those circumstances but she gave it her best shot -- i lay back on the cement and gazed up at the smog. a jet liner flew overhead --

i tried to flag it down but we made up before it landed.



DREAM

I WAS MADONNA'S PERSONAL ASSISTANT. WE WERE HIDING OUT FROM THE MAFIA IN THIS BIG HOUSE, SHE WAS ACTING LIKE A SPOILED BRAT. I SLAPPED HER FACE, SHE SAID SHE WAS SORRY. MEN WITH GUNS WERE CIRCLING THE HOUSE, SEAN WAS THERE WITH A BABY THAT HAD A TATTOO ON ITS BUTT. WE MADE A RUN FOR THE MASERATI AND PEELED OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY. THE TOP WAS DOWN, THE STARS WERE OUT AND I TOOK A DEEP BREATH. ABOVE OUR HEADS THERE WERE MISSILES -- HUNDREDS OF THEM. WWII HAD BEGUN AND I HAD TO GET HER TO REDDING. I WAS BEGGING MY BRAIN TO CHANGE THE SUBJECT BUT MY SUBCONSCIOUS WOULDN'T LET IT GO. I WOKE UP WITH A HEADACHE AND AN AWFUL URGE TO PEE.



LILAC SUIT



The man in the lilac suit stops to check his hair in the cafe window. His hair is falling off so he pulls it back into place. He smiles at his reflection and wanders off down the street.

"What are you thinking about?" The question sounds more like an accusation.

"Poetic justice."

"What?"

"It's funny to me that men lose their hair."

"Oh really? What else is funny?"

"You." I touch her arm lightly and wait for the smile that never comes.

"Don't try to make me not mad at you anymore." The smile wavers and tries to hide.

"I'm not, I just feel like touching you."

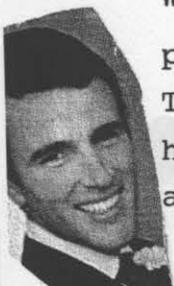
I was filling myself with cliches and anecdotes. All this free time without a mission I suppose. I make a feeble attempt to keep the mood light-

"Let's go dancing tonight, I have too much nervous energy."

"Let's get out of here." Her words come out quickly as she stands and gathers her camera, her journal, her post cards. The cafe's become claustrophobic in a matter of seconds. The past week tension between Blacks and Hasidic Jews in Crown Heights escalated to riots followed by public hearings, public debates, and public apologies. New York is sticky and hot and the air is thick with an apprehension that looms overhead like a huge 'no vacancy' sign. We leave the cafe just in time. The table next to us is taken over by two young sailors, boisterous and full of their bodies.

"Let's get really drunk tonight-" I say aloud as I trip over a piece of cracked cement.

The man in the lilac suit is sitting on a stoop ahead of us. His hair doesn't pay any attention to the wind and I try not to pay any attention to him. She puts her arm around my waist as we walk.



HER CAT KEEPS JUMPING ON MY HEAD. I hear church bells off in the distance. The room is still thick with last night's smoke. I smell the ashtray, the glass of wine, and the half-eaten pizza. Her breathing is still deep in a dream. I'm restless and I need air. I'm dying to brush my teeth. I want to throw the cat across the room. Her breathing becomes lighter as she comes back to where her body is. She sighs and rolls over into me, wrapping her arms and legs around me. Her cat doesn't like this and prepares its final assault. The stupid puss misses my head and catches its claw on my lip. I taste blood and imagine the seven long needles going into my stomach once I start showing signs of the rabies I'm sure I have. I think about safe sex while the maniacal feline hisses and purrs simultaneously from the foot of her bed. She makes a sound and

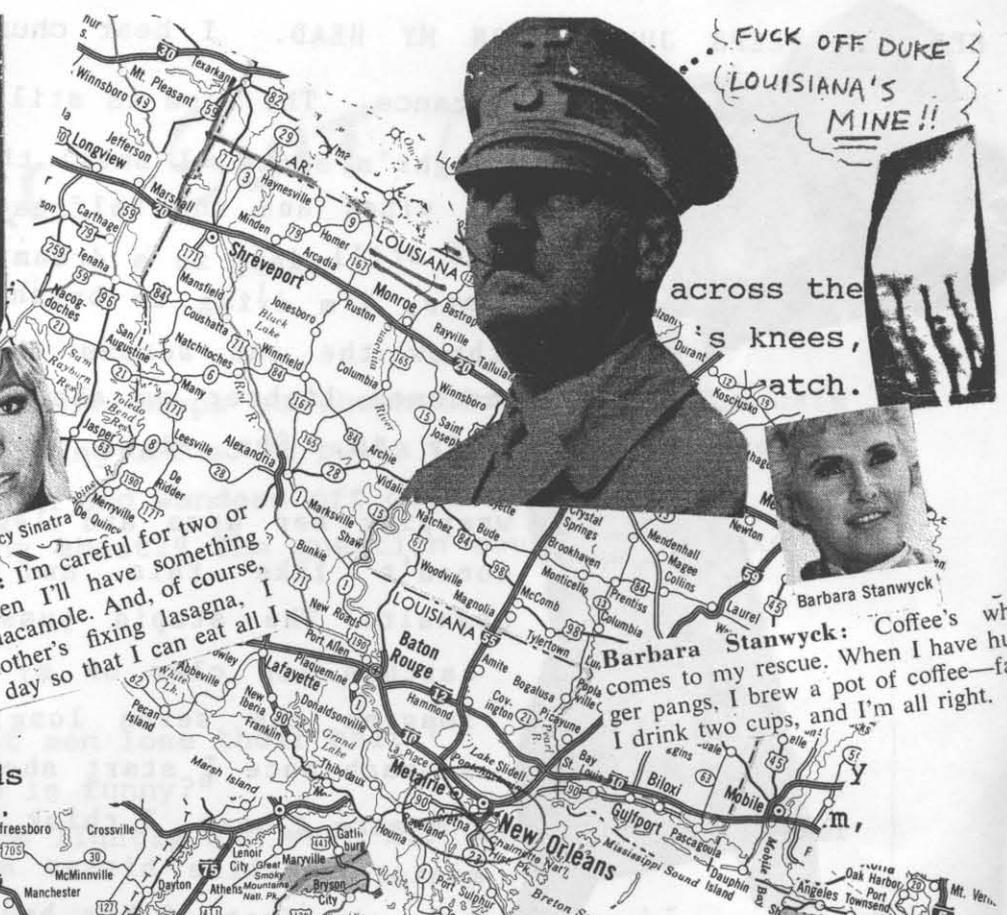


stirs slightly. I can't tell if she's aroused or annoyed. I lay on my back and count to ten slowly. Before I reach seven she's asking me out for coffee. The cat starts meowing at the sound of her voice. I'm thinking about the job I still have to look for. I leave my # on the pizza box and grab a slice as she falls back into sleep.



Let's face it. No gal likes to cozy up to hair that's plastered down with old-fashioned gook. The greasy look is out. The Duke look is in.





Nancy Sinatra: I'm careful for two or three days, then I'll have something yummy like guacamole. And, of course, when my mother's fixing lasagna, I won't eat all day so that I can eat all I want.

Barbara Stanwyck: Coffee's what comes to my rescue. When I have hunger pangs, I brew a pot of coffee—fast. I drink two cups, and I'm all right.

YOU ARE INVITED! YOU WILL BE SATISFIED IT IS



There's sacrifice in oilfields

Lucille Ball: When I'm hungry, I light up a cigarette. Smoking keeps me in town until mealtime.



THE TODAY GIRL

