

LIPS ♥

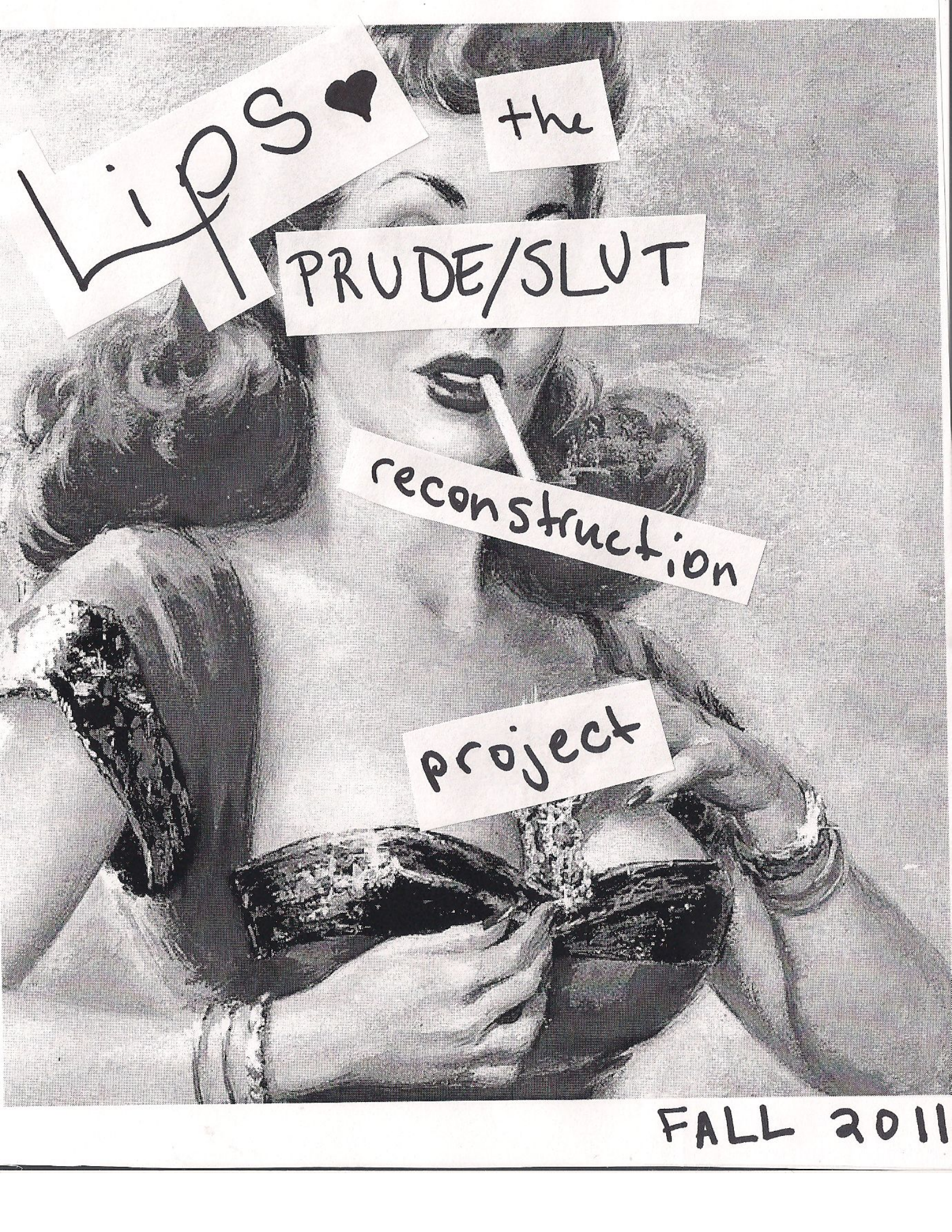
the

PRUDE/SLUT

reconstruction

project

FALL 2011





## Editor's Thoughts

Welcome to the 9<sup>th</sup> issue of *Lips: Expressions of Female Sexuality!*

This semester, our theme was "The Prude/Slut Reconstruction Project". We wanted people to take the oppressive concepts of "The Prude" and "The Slut" and the binaries that they produce, and redefine, reconfigure, reconstruct and rebuild them into something healthy. Obviously, this is a huge task, but we've received some great submissions this semester. We've seen a lot of different takes on our theme, from those who proudly reclaim the slut label, to those who try to burst apart the term, to those who wrote about being branded a slut while still being a virgin.

The words "Prude" and "Slut" are used to police women's sexuality, both by men and by women. They arise from the conflicting desires expressed in our media – for a woman who is both "sexually inexperienced" and "sexually available". These words are also used by women, to regulate and check the sexuality of other women, and keep others' sexuality from becoming too dissimilar to their own.

The discussed usage of these words imposes judgment on the sexuality of others, whereas it is the opinion of this Lips Editor that the only person whose sexual behavior you are responsible for is your own. I hope you enjoy the zine we have put together, and we thank everyone who submitted and who worked to make it possible!

Chris Beacham, Lips Editor









You get to have beliefs of your own.

PARADIGMS, OLD AND NEW

'The Ethical Slut'

by  
Dossie Easton  
& Catherine  
Liszt

## Hirsute

For weeks now, a razor has not touched my skin. I like the look of dark hair on pale flesh, I've decided. Each filament is thick, pore-penetrating, and resistant to the wandering hand. I'm Black Irish to my bones. I'm not your smooth girl, velvet-limbed and slippery-white between the sheets. I am Eva Green, arms thrown back with soft shameless sighs. I am my own perfume. I am *L'Origine du monde*. On my map of Tasmania, all trails are happy.



We encourage you to explore

your own realities and create

your own ethos – one that spurs you

onward in your evolution, that supports

you as you grow,

and that reflects your

pride and happiness

in your newfound relationships.



So they say you're supposed to go to the GYNO after you get over the realization that you've lost your virginity to an ass hole who you won't talk to 2 years down the road because he's busy having babies with a chick who's 5 years younger than him- OR You can go when you're 18. Well I did neither, mainly because when I discarded my V-Card I was 14 and it's not really the thing Imma tell my pops (his "sex talk" consisted of him telling me to make it count and be worth it because the prostitute that his platoon in Vietnam chose wasn't that into it by the time his turn came up)- obviously not in my list of things to run to him about.

And when 18 came, shit I thought I've had enough people looking down there for them to tell me if something was wrong. But fine, my friends pestered me enough to get the hell over there and have that lady look at my jank and feel my tits and tell me how susceptible I am to breast cancer and about all these great new shots and patches and whatnot- come on I don't really want to be having a conversation right now and I'm really self conscious about my lawn care at the moment. Anyway I go in and get to have the doc's perfect VT daughter staring at me with a big ass smile on her perfect face and her mom and dad on each shoulder, everyone pretending to be oblivious to the crazy young sexual experiences that kid is bound to be having. With that in mind she starts asking the usual, and what's the first question?

"Do you have a boyfriend?"

*Do I have a boy..friend. Like one word? Or can I just have the boys that are friends and sometimes they cuddle me but then decide not to acknowledge my existence outside of the fuck setting? Or those dudes that you go out with but don't hook up with but you know they think you are more - sure we'll go with that guy*

"Yes." *(Should I add that it's not exactly a monogamous relationship?..nah)*

"When did you start having sex?"

"With my...boyfriend?"

"Yes." *Okay so if I HAD a boyfriend this would obviously be easier to answer, but then again I usually fuck a dude before I test out the dating battle with him- and usually I lose.*

"Three months ago, we've been together almost a year." *Yeah right like I could even dream of sustaining a relationship past the epic three month mark.*

"And when did you first have sex?"

*Right. Okay obviously 14 is not the answer I'm going to spit out here lady but either way you're passing judgment so let's just go with the college life corrupting my innocence.*

"18." *HA*

"How often do you engage in sex?"

*Seriously? Even if I had a dude this question is totally unnecessary, are you testing out to see if my kegel exercises are working? I don't even know how to answer that question, I mean lately I have definitely been on a fucking roll and it's awesome, what? 5 times a week, twice a day, three dudes- not really the answer I think she's expecting...*

"Once or twice a week." *Which is exactly why I'm NOT in a relationship.*

"How many people have you had sex with in the past two years?"

*Lady please I don't even know how many people I've fucked in the last two months and you want me to count years, I gotta be quick on this though- a true answer ain't gonna cut it. Especially if I've been with my fictitious boyfriend for a year and apparently started having sex when I was 18, my sophomore year would look like a fucking whore roster.*

"...Three." *Aaaaand Smiiiiiiile for the camera. Could have gone with two but let's spice it up a bit... the real answer is somewhere around eight...nine? Just those two years right? Not all together? GOOD GOD LADY JUST GIVE ME THE FUCKING PILLS!*

'12



"SWEET



heart,

IT ISN'T  
LUST;

it's all the REST

OF WHAT  
I WANT  
with  
you

that SCARES

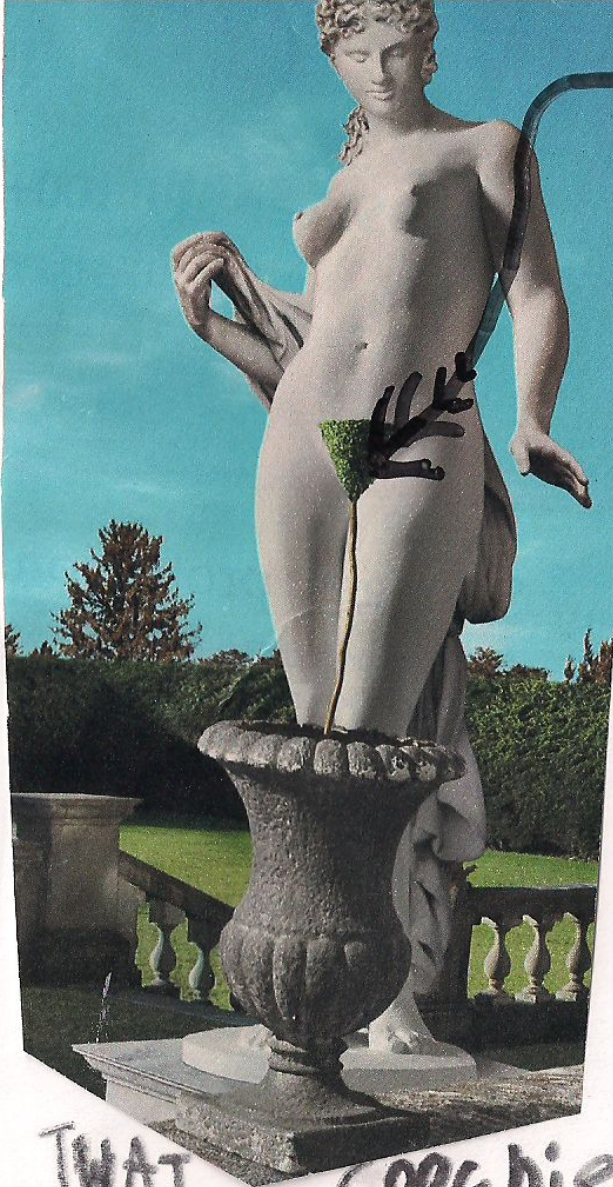
me

SHIT &  
LESS.

I FUCKING  
LOVE YOU  
EMMA

10.14.12





- What is This Called???

Vagina - very clinical  
Cunt - can be very offensive

Pussy - reminds me of porn

Vulva - sounds like a gun from Russia

Box - Seriously?

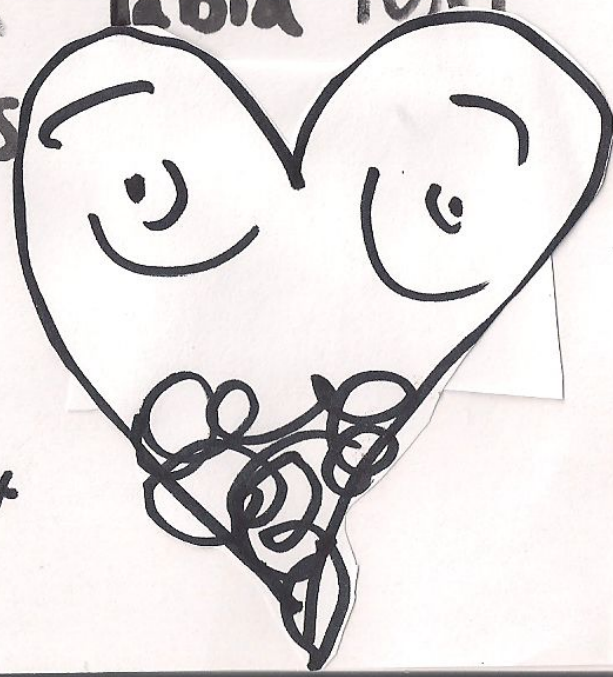
Hoo Ha Muff cowbell

Axe Wound Slit Vajjayjay

THAT coochie snatch V-zone VAS

JUNK Beaver "The pink" labia YONI

LadyJUNK genitals



Lips staff favorites

PUSSY! LADYJUNK

VENUS! Vulvasaurus Sex

VAGINA! (cooch!!!)



"IT'S TIME TO TEACH OUR DAUGHTERS THAT THEIR ABILITY TO BE GOOD PEOPLE DEPENDS ON THEIR BEING GOOD PEOPLE, NOT ON WHETHER OR NOT THEY'RE SEXUALLY ACTIVE." -Jessica Valenti, *The Purity Myth*



At the age of four, I started masturbating because I accidentally discovered that rubbing indirectly against my clit felt good. Pushing up against the corners of furniture with most of my weight, playing with a pillow between my legs. My fantasies weren't inherently sexual- in retrospect my thoughts frequently contemplated the concepts of 'power' and losing 'identity' and 'being corrupted'. The idea of someone brainwashing me and forcing me to do their bidding, (often manifested in the monotony of chores) is the first fantasy I can honestly remember. I think it was inspired in part by 'Scooby-Doo and the Ghoul's School'. Coercion was a fickle concept- the idea of mind games and hypnosis both frightened me and excited me. The idea of losing myself, losing my voice, losing my morality, losing my identity to take on another- that clashed against an innermost part of me and I never really knew how to feel about it.

I didn't quite know the name of this secret act (in my mind I always called it 'swinging') until I was 15. I was at a Catholic youth conference, leafing through a guide for an 'examination of conscience' prior to penance. While looking at the sins listed under the commandment 'thou shall not commit adultery', I came across an unfamiliar word called 'masturbation', and naively asked the priest what the word meant in the confession booth. Afterwards, I cried like I had never cried before, feeling somewhat liberated though still confused. Nothing really made sense until I got home and searched Wikipedia.

Conflicted is a good word. Quite often scenes from movies concerning antagonists spawned questions for meditation and imagination- like during those final scenes of 'Aladdin' where everything's bathed in red: 'what if Jasmine actually did fall in love with that sinister Jafar?' reading *The Giver*, I found myself contemplating the society and the pretty girl Jonas was in love with and I questioned "what if I believed that killing people, eugenics, was moral? What if I was the person inserting the needles of death?" I would meditate on these questions, wearing my favorite pair of denim jeans, face towards the carpeted floor, clenched fist against the pubic mound, body tensing and flailing against the ground in something I didn't quite identify as pleasure.

-2013



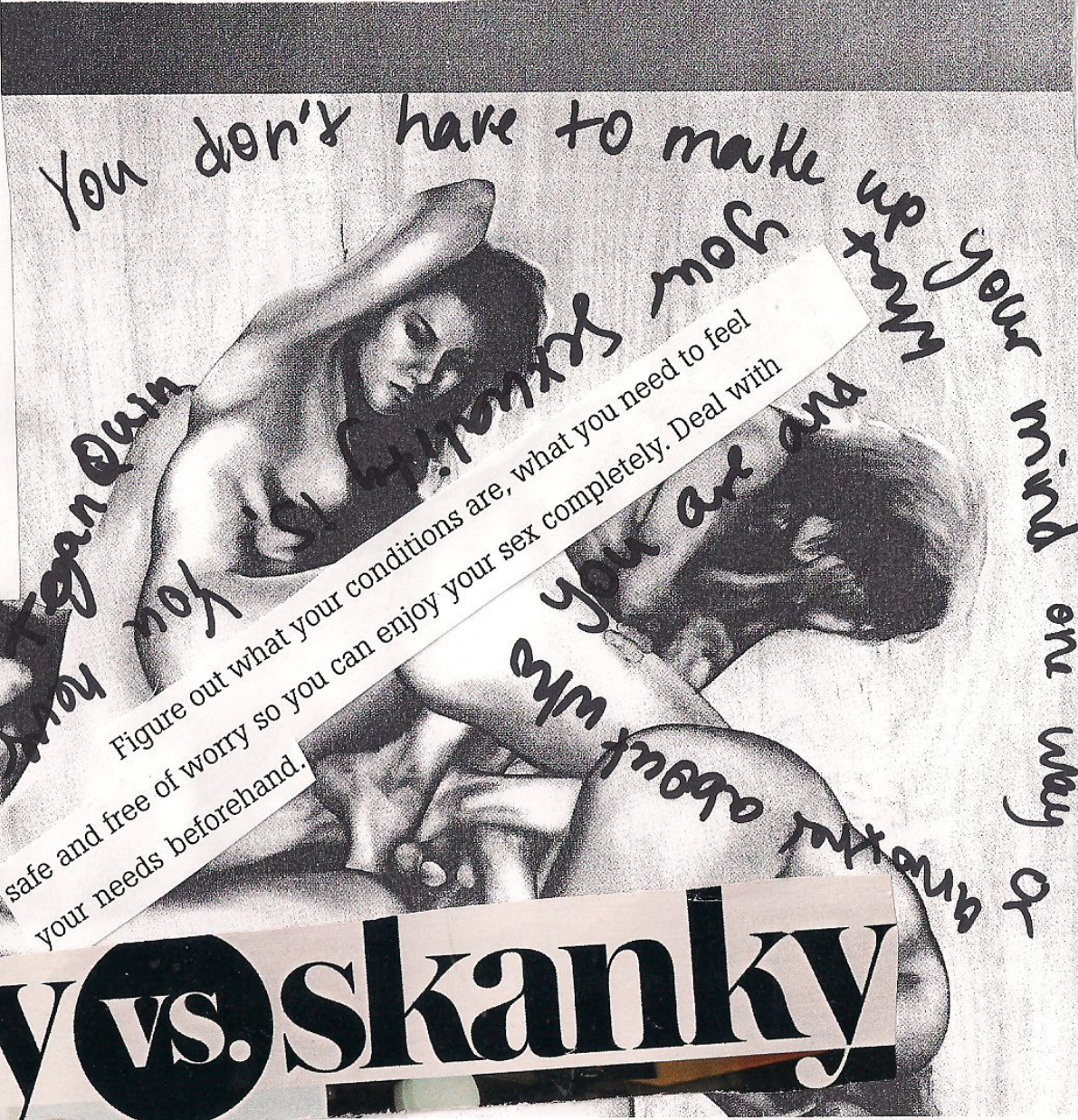
...press here for pleasure.



The chill of morning air  
burns like your touch  
used to,

And your Attention  
Affection my  
Conviction  
Fades  
quicker than the hickies  
Your kisses branded  
on my neck

not so long ago.



You don't have to make up your mind one way or another

It's in fact - I can quit  
if you know how  
to

Figure out what your conditions are, what you need to feel  
safe and free of worry so you can enjoy your sex completely. Deal with  
your needs beforehand.

Why you are and  
about your sex

# sexy vs. skanky



## My Confessions

- For my first college party - a frat party - I made myself look unattractive so that the frat guys wouldn't rape me.
- I'm queer, but I really want my guy-friend to take advantage of me - just to see if he can please me like my ex-girlfriend never could.
- Sometimes I don't think I've ever had an orgasm.



DO YOU GET IT NOW!?!?  
THIS! THIS is why I pushed you away,  
this is why I couldn't be with you!  
And didn't want to try!  
DO YOU GET IT NOW!?!?  
You did *exactly* what I knew you would.  
You waited until I gave you everything  
and shattered me.

I want to be a **SLUT**  
That's all I can be right now  
I'm used up and all I want to do is use  
You

You want connection  
You want intimacy  
But all I can give you is my **LUST**

Older and wiser  
You know what I'm doing  
You can see through my **BULLSHIT**  
I can get away with nothing

-The girl who wanted to be thought of as more  
than her sexuality a year ago and has changed her mind  
EP '12

Let me be big tits  
Let me be spanking and hair pulling  
Let me be a dirty whore

Want me, but don't want **ME**  
Because if I want you  
I'm afraid I will  
**BREAK**



**SLUT  
PRIDE**



# Ramblings of a Slutty Virgin

Guys need to stop asking me

If I want to:

Give them head/suck their dick/go down on them,  
Especially without offering to go down on me first.

Because the answer is:

Fuck no/penises are weird/you're lucky I'm putting my hands on it  
No girl wants to do that.

That's not a secret.

Yet boys always seem to forget that

Somehow, when I tell them no  
We won't be having sex.

Clearly I'm not a prude.

But you're a random guy,

From a random party.

Your member will not be entering any of my orifices.

You're just an anecdote,

The tall/loud/funny/shy/artsy/jock/frat boy.

Which is ok because to you I'm just

That girl that wouldn't give you head/the fucking tease.

Unless I'm not.

I could be more than an anecdote,

So could you.

But we'll never know,

Because you won't ever text me.

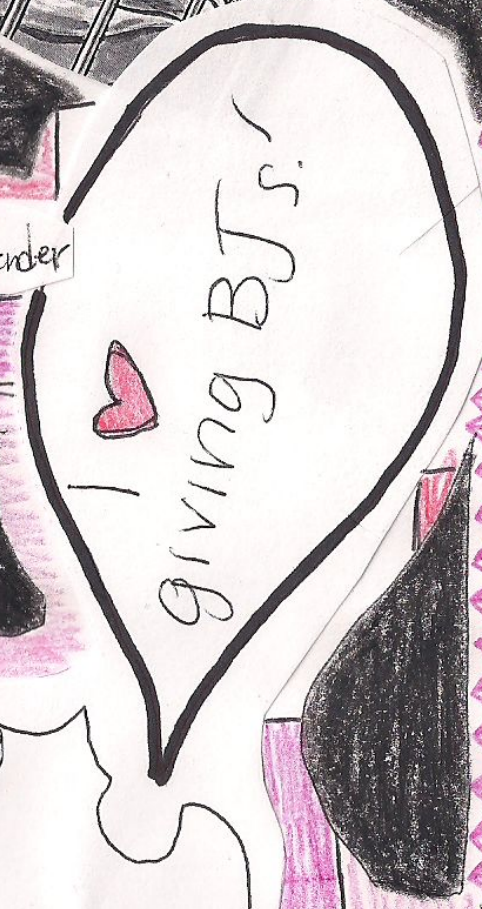
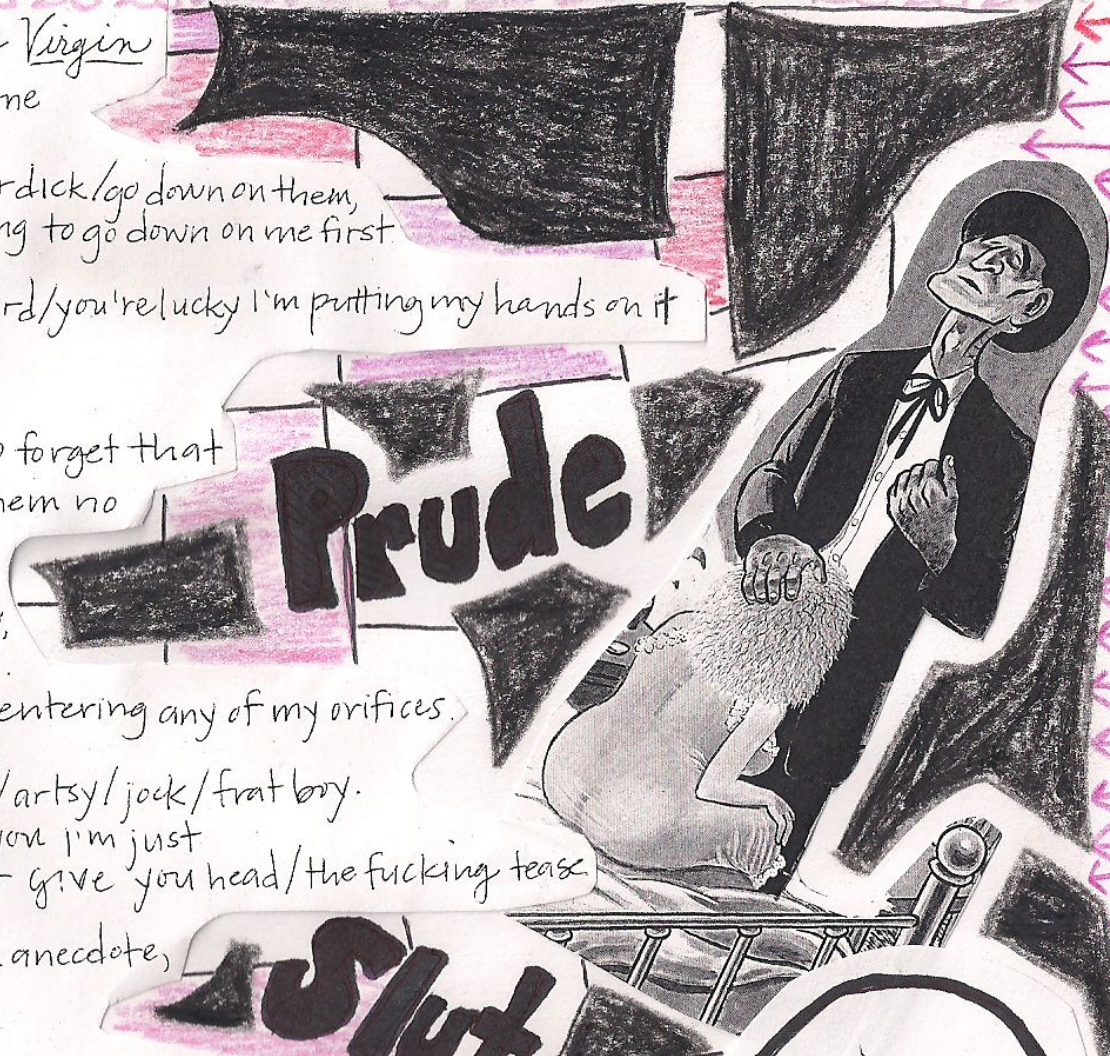
Because I'll send you out of my room.

Because I'm certain you're a player.

Because you vindicated my already low opinion of the male gender

Because you asked me to go down on you

Without offering to do the same. — 2015



- ☐ Like most people, men want sex, and that's not a bad thing. Like everyone, men deserve to feel as though their sexuality is hot, awesome, delicious, valuable, and can be pleasurable for all parties in a consensual situation. Just as women shouldn't have to be exploited when they have consensual sex, men shouldn't have to feel like they're exploiting someone when they have consensual sex. Just as more and more space is being made for forthright discussion of female sexuality, more and more space should be made for forthright discussion of male sexuality.

— Why Do We Demonize Men Who Are Honest About Their Sexual Needs? AlterNet







exposed glass slippers  
stand, still twinkling in the night  
until day break/s, then

♥ PS  
2012

naked feelings

profusely professed

through blank stares

filled

with silent cares

for shifting eyes

the complacent disguise

of people in love

with pretending.

Sometimes I feel like a yo-yo.  
Dudes try different positions with me and some of them are better than others, some have nifty  
tricks, and others stick to the usual thing. Sometimes I swing one way and other days I'm swinging  
a different direction - Give me a kiss babe, chick, dude, you. Bring me up to touch the sky but  
lose me because I know how much you'll miss me.  
Yo-yo's are too much fun.

Just wait till  
one of these  
hits your lips.

♥ PS  
2012



Blood Stain on my White Sheets

It was a Half Hour Seduction.

I've never  
Moved that  
Fast before.

A mix of Hymenal and Menstral  
Blood.

Three weeks ago;  
We had our moment of  
Ecstasy

Now you won't even hold my  
Hand.  
Shy Away from Touch.

You had your first upon my mattress.  
You'd think we wouldn't be  
Strangers.

I was Ecstatic because I thought I had fast-tracked Intimacy  
but I had only fast-tracked Sex.



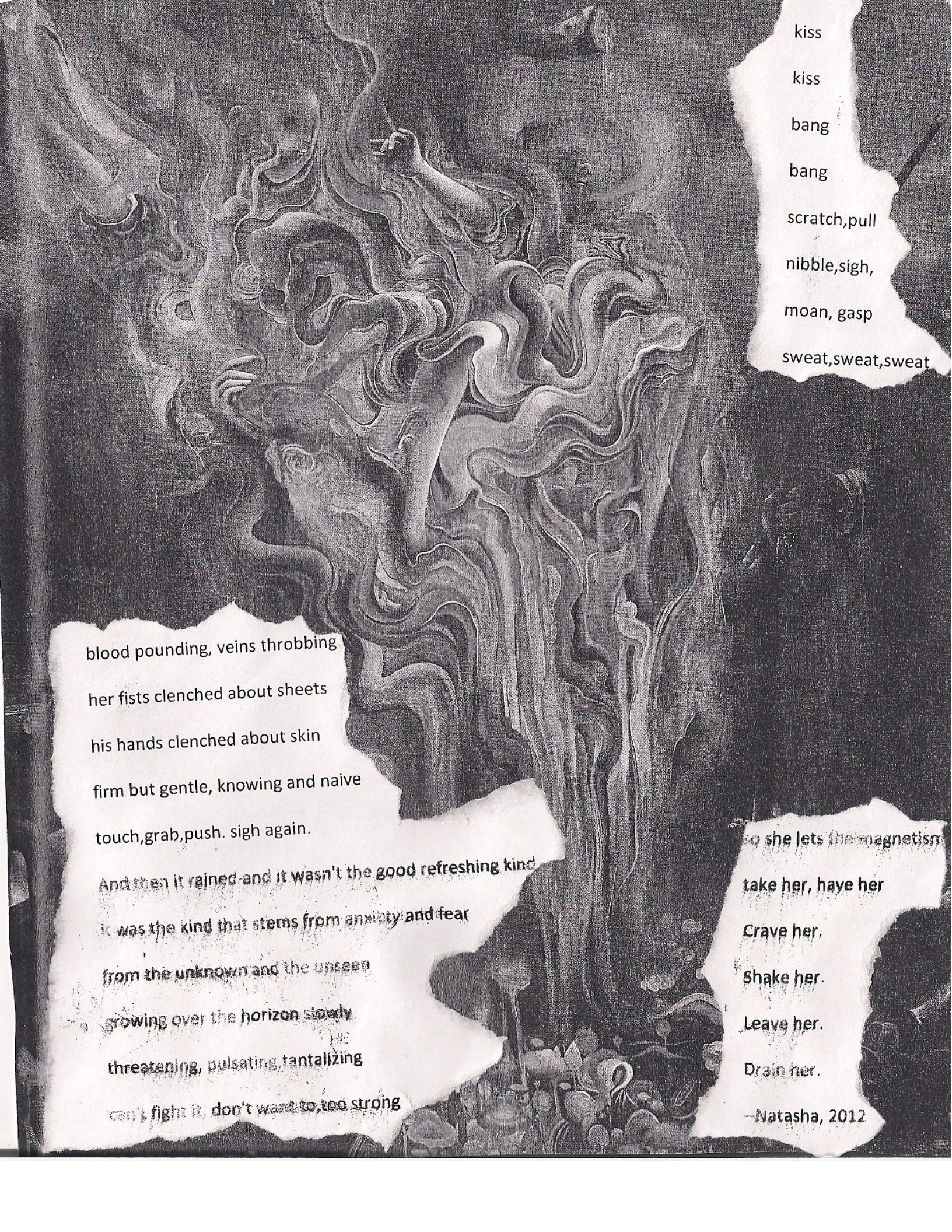
SSC



kiss  
kiss  
bang  
bang  
scratch,pull  
nibble,sigh,  
moan, gasp  
sweat,sweat,sweat

blood pounding, veins throbbing  
her fists clenched about sheets  
his hands clenched about skin  
firm but gentle, knowing and naive  
touch,grab,push. sigh again.  
And then it rained and it wasn't the good refreshing kind  
it was the kind that stems from anxiety and fear  
from the unknown and the unseen  
growing over the horizon slowly  
threatening, pulsating, tantalizing  
can't fight it, don't want to, too strong

so she lets the magnetism  
take her, have her  
Crave her,  
Shake her.  
Leave her.  
Drain her.  
—Natasha, 2012





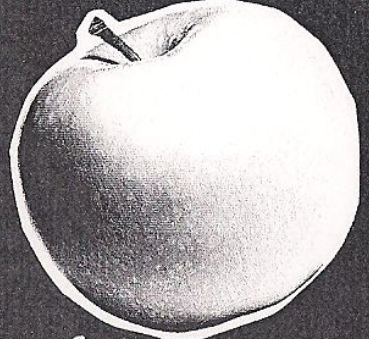


my LIPS are Chapped!!  
KISS ME! Before I beGin To CrAck!  
1/2

One deep breath and I'll be over you,  
But I'm letting go so much I'm running out of air.  
I'm choking on your lies until I vomit up the truth  
It hurts  
and burns  
and takes a piece of me.  
Empty of air, I breathe, and build a wall around myself.  
No more pain-or-ache... or relief I'll feel until that piece returns to me  
and fills this void inside.  
1/2



"Sin Wasn't Born that Day Eve picked an Apple: What was Born that day Was a Splendid Virtue called Disobedience" - Oriana Fallaci



Wild

A few of my favourite things...

infinite cuddling.

those brief moments where our foreheads meet & our faces are symmetrical smiles.

feeling your hands' smooth trails against my naked back.

being enveloped in your warmth, you crazy-boy-space-heater, you!

licking your face in a playful manner.

tickling you without remorse.

dancing freely like the fools we are.

laying in the sun-soaked sunken gardens.

the subtlety of reaching for your leg at the kitchen table...

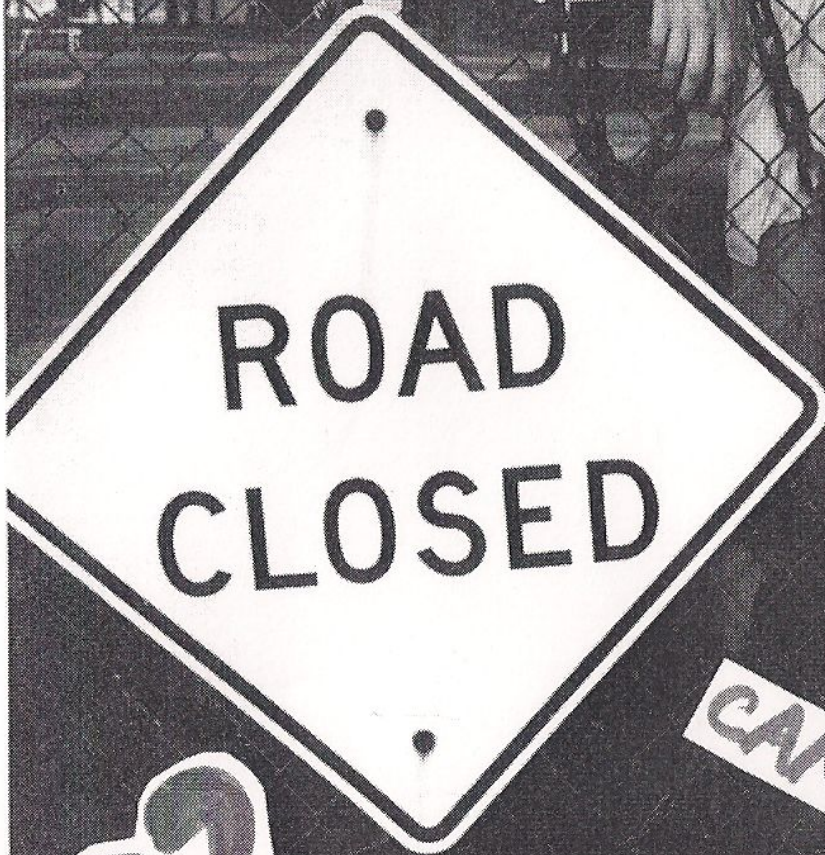
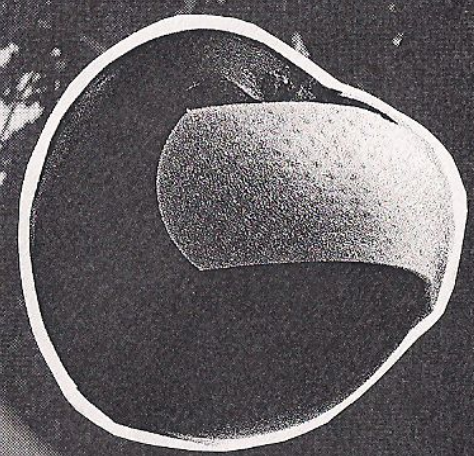
FLIRTATION

-2013



Go ahead and spit names in my face and pass judgment with your blind eyes but I'm done with trying and now I'm living. Now I'm having fun. Yeah I've had the love or facade of the idea but he left...and dragged me and I **couldn't/wouldn't** let go. When I picked myself up, I tried again- NOT love but commitment- just so when I would need him the most...he could leave with a smile on his face and tears covering mine. I gathered up strength, the **last** that I had, and gave it all up when another swept me up to leave me in the dust. So **FUCK IT FORGET IT I'M DONE WITH THAT**. Go ahead, feel free to spin your labels of misunderstanding, but these names you call me can't hurt as much as my past. 112

'I wake up in pain every day. That's normal'



COLD.

BRUISED.

NAKED.

I FINALLY GAVE YOU WHAT YOU WANTED.

SO YOU CAME.

+ YOU NEVER

CAME AGAIN.



ZINK

114



# Love Thyself!

Is it weird? (By Zeinah Zaki)

Is it weird that I love wearing frilly dresses and bright red lipstick and trying to be the hottest woman I can be?

Is it weird that I kind of feel like I'm in drag?

Is it weird that I fantasize about heterosexual sex....with a woman? **NO!**

Is it weird that I love my breasts?

Is it weird that I hate my vagina?

Is it weird that I want to feel like a man?

Is it weird that I'm scared?

Is it weird that I can't let go?

Is it weird that I tried so hard?

Is it weird that I feel good in sexy women's underwear?

Is it weird that I wouldn't mind being a man inside them?

Is it weird that I want to just express myself but I don't know how?

Is it weird that I love ballet flats?

Is it weird that I feel good in men's pants?

Is it weird that I tried so hard?

Is it weird that I'm starting to feel strange using the women's bathroom?

Is it weird that I don't think I'd ever have the courage to use the men's?

Is it weird that I want to be a girl sometimes? Not a woman or a man, but the girl I use

Is it weird that I never thought twice about the boy who was just as much there as the girl

Is it weird that "lesbian" isn't feeling so true anymore, even though I don't want sex with

Is it weird that I'm scared?

Is it weird that I miss her? The girl inside me?

Is it weird that he's angry? The man inside me?

Is it weird that I'm scared?

Is it weird that I feel the most excited when I fantasize about being a man? When I feel myself getting aroused, as a

man? When I imagine touching myself, as a man? When I imagine making love to a woman, as a man?

Is it weird?

Is it weird that I tried so hard to be that woman, the girl who sometimes loves this body?

Is it weird that I tried so hard to hide him, that man inside me?

Is it weird that he scared me, that I tried to love him as another but that he was always me?

Is it weird that I never thought anything of the variant gender of myself in dreams?

Is it weird that I'm scared?

**Everyone is Scared**

Is it weird that she makes me smile, that woman who's a mix of all the women I've ever wanted and ever will?

Is it weird that it's hard to imagine it? The way my life would be if I were real?

Is it weird that I think it's easier to be this way, this frilly, girly woman everyone sees?

Is it weird that I always thought no one could see her? That frilly woman?

Is it weird that I always thought the world was imagining this man?

Is it weird that I never noticed that no one saw him but me?

Is it weird that I'm scared?

Is it weird that as I'm writing this I'm blocking it out?

Is it weird that my whole life it's seemed pretty obvious?

Is it weird that I thought I was bisexual until I let myself like women, and now I'm so obviously gay?

Is it weird that I thought I was genderqueer but---


Is it weird that I'm scared?

Is it weird that as far as I can remember, it's been this way, but different?

Is it weird that I always dreamed about being some man's woman?

Is it weird that all I want now is to be some woman's man?

Is it weird that I don't care how weird it is?

Is it weird that I'm scared? **Everyone is Scared** 

Is it weird that as scared as I am, I hope that it will be okay, Because it's who I am?

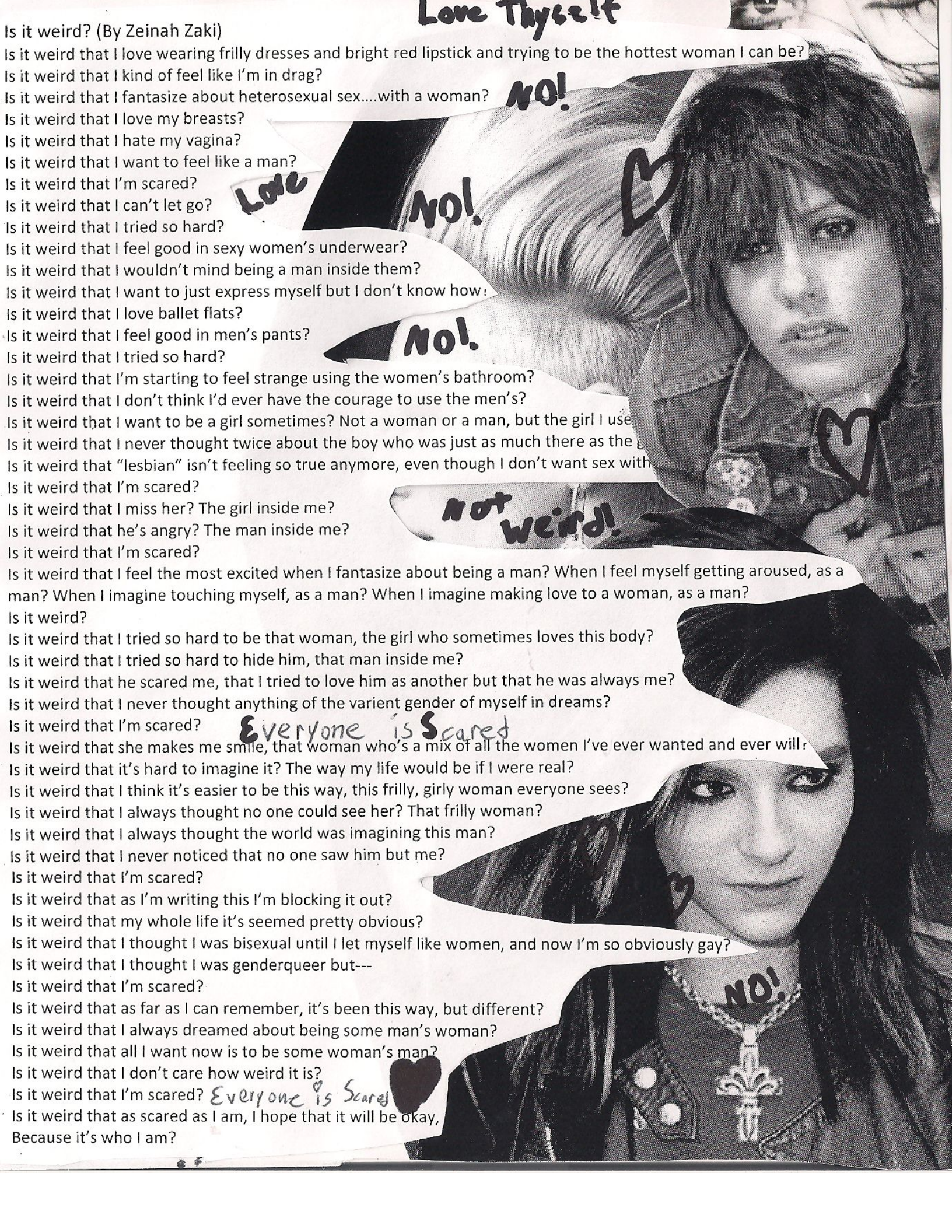
**Love**

**NO!**

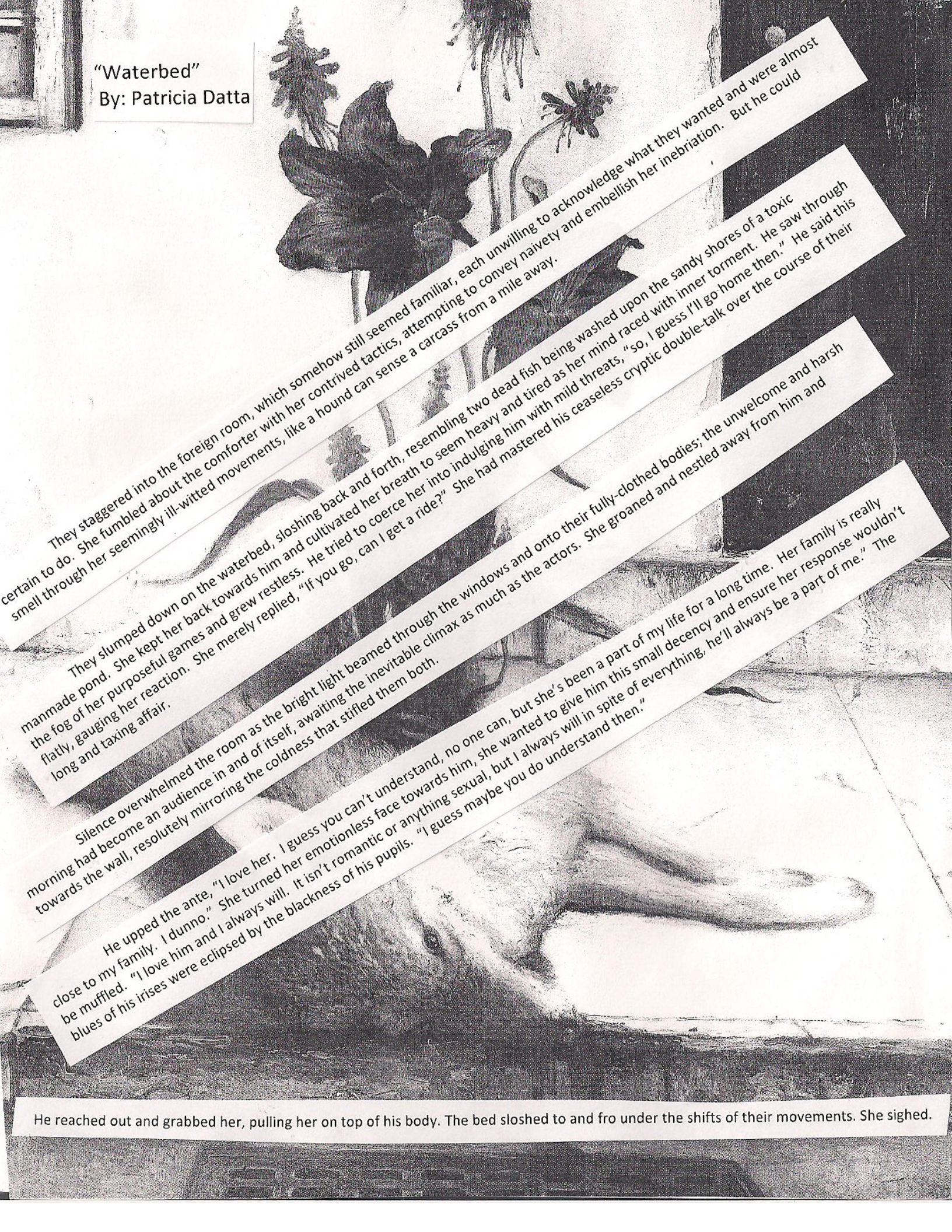
**NO!**

**NOT WEIRD!**

**NO!**





A black and white photograph of a person lying on a waterbed in a room. The person is lying on their side, facing right, with their head resting on a pillow. The room has a window on the left and a large plant with broad leaves in the foreground. The text is overlaid on the image in several white boxes.

**"Waterbed"**  
By: Patricia Datta

They staggered into the foreign room, which somehow still seemed familiar, each unwilling to acknowledge what they wanted and were almost certain to do. She fumbled about the comforter with her contrived tactics, attempting to convey naivety and embellish her inebriation. But he could smell through her seemingly ill-witted movements, like a hound can sense a carcass from a mile away.

They slumped down on the waterbed, sloshing back and forth, resembling two dead fish being washed upon the sandy shores of a toxic manmade pond. She kept her back towards him and cultivated her breath to seem heavy and tired as her mind raced with inner torment. He saw through the fog of her purposeful games and grew restless. He tried to coerce her into indulging him with mild threats, "so, I guess I'll go home then." He said this flatly, gauging her reaction. She merely replied, "if you go, can I get a ride?" She had mastered his ceaseless cryptic double-talk over the course of their long and taxing affair.

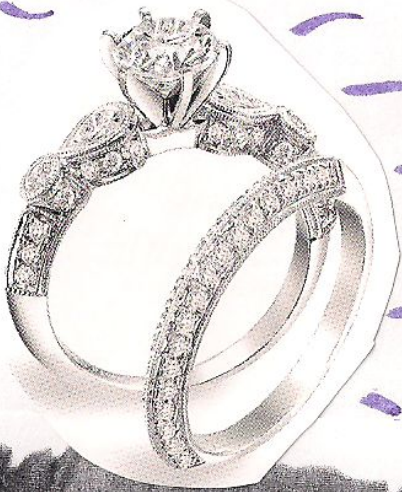
Silence overwhelmed the room as the bright light beamed through the windows and onto their fully-clothed bodies; the unwelcome and harsh morning had become an audience in and of itself, awaiting the inevitable climax as much as the actors. She groaned and nestled away from him and towards the wall, resolutely mirroring the coldness that stifled them both.

He upped the ante, "I love her. I guess you can't understand, no one can, but she's been a part of my life for a long time. Her family is really close to my family. I dunno." She turned her emotionless face towards him, she wanted to give him this small decency and ensure her response wouldn't be muffled. "I love him and I always will. It isn't romantic or anything sexual, but I always will in spite of everything, he'll always be a part of me." The blues of his irises were eclipsed by the blackness of his pupils. "I guess maybe you do understand then."

He reached out and grabbed her, pulling her on top of his body. The bed sloshed to and fro under the shifts of their movements. She sighed.



# The Moloch of Marriage



I can't decide.

Sometimes they tell it like you're sure come out ahead:  
the sum of the parts surpassing the whole  
two heads together being better than one.

Sometimes I see a different story:

trying to fit two bodies  
only room for one  
squeezing all angles  
heaving, breathing puzzle  
cramped agony your limbs bursting to break away  
until you figure out that  
something, something  
has got to give

So you slice a finger here,  
an arm there  
until you're tossing limbs like confetti  
and at some point, finally, two minced remnants  
can settle down to make a home.

“ Like your love, platinum lasts a lifetime. ”



### Spitting Image

Everyone who knows her tells me:  
*I knew you the second I saw you --  
you look just like your mom!*

Dad's crooked smiled slid in,  
his Coca-Cola eyes but there's no doubt about it:  
For better or worse,  
I take after Fran.

Her "eating deterrent pic" is on the fridge it's  
from some other era,  
some other Fran.  
In a black chiffon jumpsuit she  
lounges on a neighbor's Cadillac  
flourishes one long leg, ends with a  
black stiletto heel.

Time licked the picture  
but she's burning all the same  
(Some unwilling soul had to make the shutter snap  
spurred on by her insistent laugh --  
Now get me on the Cadillac!)

Milton thought that  
Eve had unruly tendrils, as she was  
bent and wild and less than man,  
prone to fall like quicksand...

It's different for mom and me --  
our hair means we won't be tamed  
flatirons and cocky men have met their match

We both told that guy (His name starts with an M?) right back:  
*If we want your opinion, we'll be sure to ask.*

I like sex because it feels good, of course. But also because  
it's an unproductive way to spend one's time. How wonderful.  
-The pervocracy: Rebellion

# Females



We at LIPS believe that sex should be a positive experience between caring and respectful partners.

Unfortunately, this remains an ideal rather than a reality. If you have suffered any form of sexual assault, know that **YOU ARE NOT ALONE.**

When you finish reading, pass it on to a friend!!!

POLICE DEPT:  
(757) 221-4596 or 911

SEXUAL ASSAULT PEER ADVOCATES (SAPA):  
(757) 645-8367

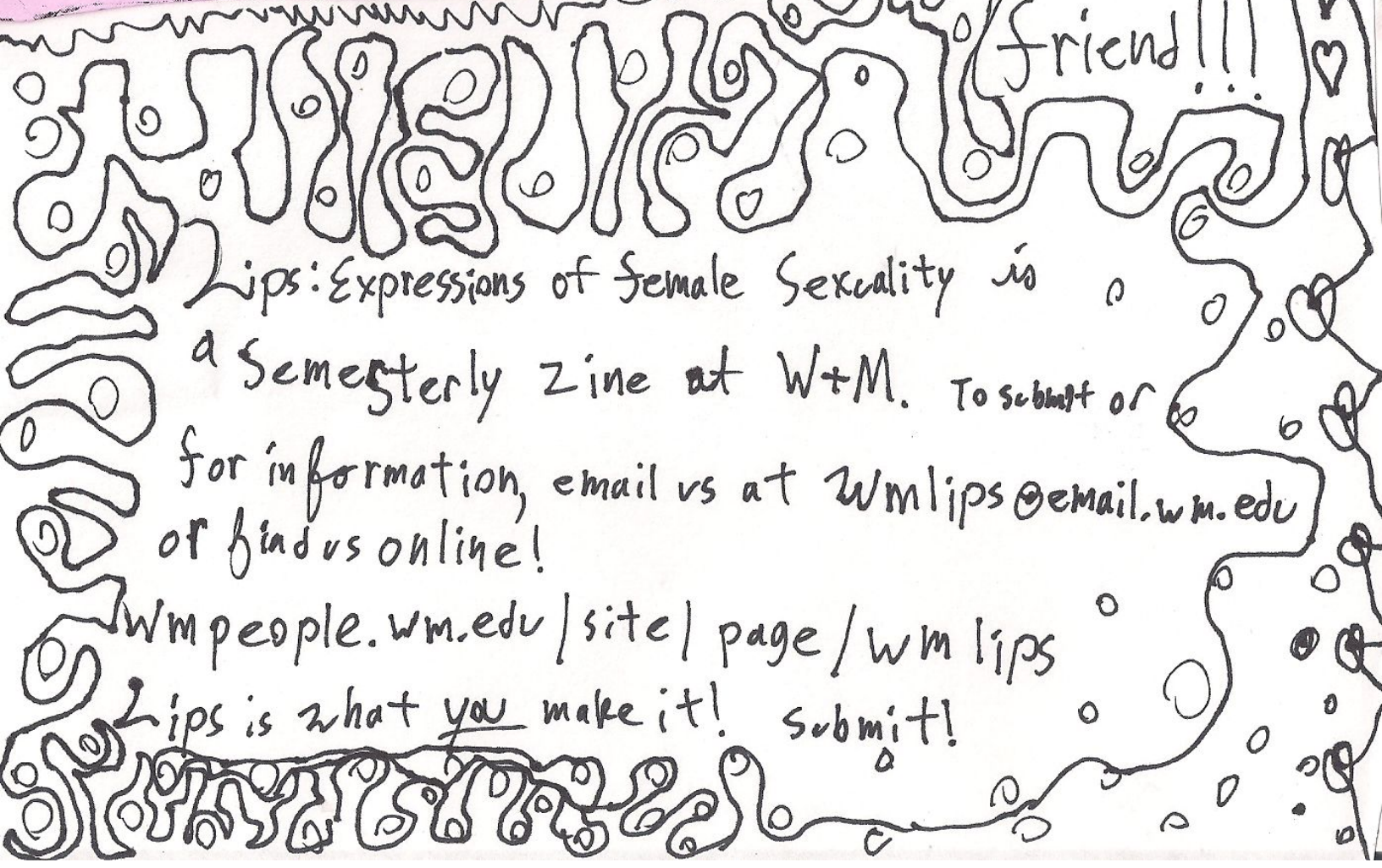
W+M COUNSELING CENTER:  
(757) 221-3620

STUDENT HEALTH CENTER:  
(757) 221-4386

more at [www.wm.edu/sexualassault](http://www.wm.edu/sexualassault)

DIR. of SEXUAL ASSAULT SERVS:  
(757) 221-2510

AVALON 24-HR HELPLINE:  
(757) 258-5051



Lips: Expressions of Female Sexuality is a semesterly zine at W+M. To submit or for information, email us at [wmlips@email.wm.edu](mailto:wmlips@email.wm.edu) or find us online!

[wmpeople.wm.edu/site/page/wmlips](http://wmpeople.wm.edu/site/page/wmlips)

Lips is what you make it! Submit!



" I don't even know

what the fuck a slut is.

I don't have a category in my head

for that. "

