

APOCALIPS

VAGINA PACKED!
Lips Fall 2012 Editors' Note

**NOW WITH 20% MORE
VAGINA!**

To the lovely readers and contributors of LIPS:

Firstly, thank you for allowing this wonderful Zine to continue. This is our eleventh edition of Lips!

For six years, Lips has been an open forum for real people to discuss their sexuality. We put their discussion in dialog with Mass Media Messages in order to reveal the malice of the media myths.

And it's working.

When we began layout this year, we couldn't find the usual awful sex and relationship advice in *Cosmo*. Don't get us wrong, it's still bad (see inside for more about *Cosmo*), but it's getting better.

Lips takes full credit!

Our theme this year is APOCALIPS. Come December 21, according to the "Mayan Prophecy" the world is going to end. We've asked you to tell us what kind of sex you'll have after the end and how the prospect of imminent death makes you feel (sexually). And though we didn't ask for it, you sent in lots of Zombie Erotica!

So hold your breath, stock up on emergency supplies, find someone to ride out the end of the world with, and read Lips on that last of all nights. If by some chance, we are still here come January, we'll be accepting submissions for our next issue.

We'd like to thank our submitters for entrusting us with their thoughts. We're happy to be publishing various and alternative expressions of sexuality, and we're happy to provide such a dialogue.

As always, for submissions, questions, comments, and rants, our email is wmlips@email.wm.edu. Enjoy the issue, y'all, and pass it on before you get freaky on December 21.

Love & Vaginas,

Chino Beacham

Sarah Schuster

LIPS: expressions of
female sexuality

Before using, please see directions for use.

Chris Gotschalk

LifeStyles
- ULTRA LUBRICATED -
One Premium Lubricated Latex Condom
Caution: This Product Contains Natural Rubber Latex Which May Cause Allergic Reactions.
Latex condoms are intended to prevent pregnancy, HIV/AIDS, and other STIs.

Aly Brown

- ULTRA LUBRICATED -
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Caution: This Product Contains Natural Rubber Latex Which May Cause Allergic Reactions.

Chris Beacham

DAN Dots
PROPER FIT™
Secure for entry



Natalie Mabile

KATIE C

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Sarah Schuster



LIPS STAFF!




Alison Klein

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touch me.
love me.
kiss me.
fuck me.



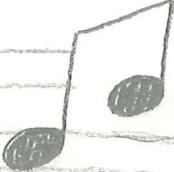
RAISE
YOUR
GAINS

Back It Up



my butt is kind
of small.
I think it's okay.
no one makes
songs about SMALL
butts though.
I LIKE SMALL BUTTS
and i cannot lie
MISS [small] BOOTY
ALL I WANT FOR MY
BIRTH DAY
is a small booty girl

Alison Klein



MAKE
NEW
MUSIC
with me?

Kandy Lotsaluv was sad. She was lonely. She had no low-fat cool whip.

She had used it all the night before, smothering it all over her mouth and body in a fit of depression befitting a toddler. Her boyfriend of 2 weeks had dumped her for an 80-year-old exotic dancer on the prowl, whom he met on a cyber dating website called "GoCougar lov".

"How can you ever compare to her experience? Her wisdom? Her dozens of kinky crevices which I can explore?" Kandy's now ex-boyfriend asked her days before. His new lover, Thelma Thighmaster, clenched a leash in her bony hand that led to the rhinestone-studded collar around his neck. Tears streamed down Kandy's face as Thelma lured him out of the apartment with a dog treat and a tug on the leash, like some sort of insipid lapdog.

And now Kandy found herself loveless, lonely, and plumb out of her favorite snack/moisturizer. She needed direction. She needed a plan of action. She decided to head to the store. If only she could have predicted the night of passion, satisfaction, and copious amounts of food references that would ensue after her dejection fueled trip to Walmart that night, she would have run out of cool whip much sooner.

Kandy stumbled into Walmart, wearing nothing but her black, lacy, silky, slightly cool-whip stained nightgown and a pair of red patent stilettos. She had been wearing them the day her ex, Winslow, left her for Thelma, which also happened to be the last day she had been outside of the apartment.

Somewhere in the frozen food aisle, while trying to decide if she could justify "classic" cool whip rather than low-cal, Kandy felt, rather than heard, someone coming up behind her. That may have had something to do with the hand that settled lightly on her behind. She turned slowly, her eyes meeting the smoky grey eyes of a handsome stranger. She didn't have much time to take in his facial features, because there were only a few seconds between the moment their eyes met and the moment their lips collided like twin solar systems destined for fiery, brilliant, terrible destruction. Their lips were followed by their bodies, tumbling together to the dusty Wal-Mart linoleum, unstoppable in their cosmic fury. Her hands wrapped around his muscular back and pulled him close, her body starving for aman's attention since Winslow (or was it Carlos? She could hardly remember now) wandered off in a fit of confusion.

The grey-eyed stranger kicked the ice cases in his attempt to reposition his hefty pepperoni, and they were promptly buried in frozen peas, cool whip, and frozen sliced pepperoni pieces. Luckily, Kandy is enormously turned on by cold things and so her passion became a frenzy.

At some point, the stranger pulled away slightly, and between kisses he gasped, "back to my place?"

"Let me get my cool whip."

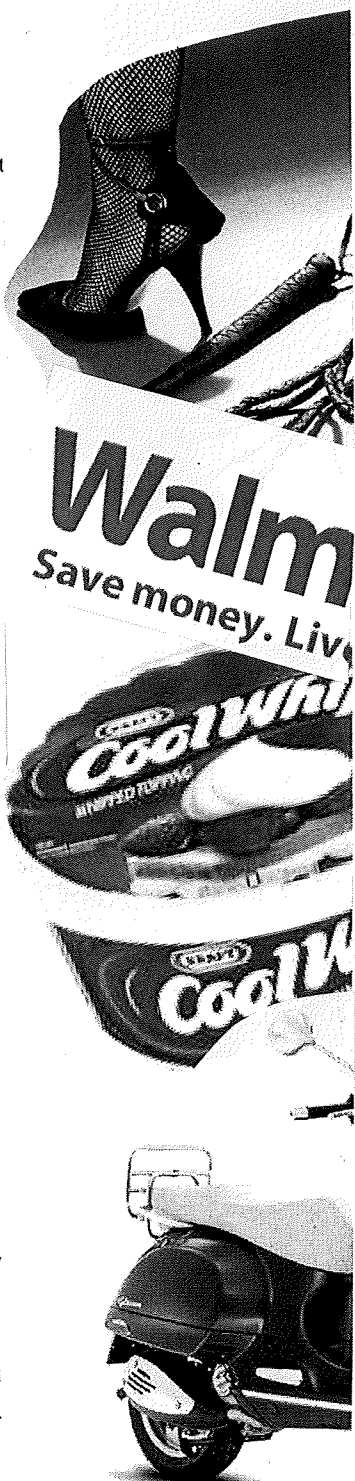
They tumbled apart, their eyes steamy as their bodies ached for each other, and they went their separate ways. As they parted, the stranger grabbed her chest and pulled her close and said "I'm Alejandro. Meet me out front in 5."

Kandy pressed her now slightly dented cool whipto her chest, her makeup-smearing eyes watching Alejandro's incredibly sensual, and slightly limping, gait as he sauntered to the front of the store.

Luckily, it was about 4 a.m. on a Tuesday, so the only other people in the Walmart were a few cat ladies getting their rations of cat food and toilet paper for the next few weeks and a slightly confused looking homeless woman staking out her spot in the canned food section. "Are you ok?", she yelled from across the aisle, unwilling to leave her post. Kandy hardly noticed the soreness of her and Alejandro's sexual and exciting tumble, probably because a particularly frozen bag of peas had clocked her on the temple and her short term memory was not functioning very well. All Kandy knew was that she had to be out front with Alejandro in 5 minutes, and that she needed to have him. She also registered that her cool whip was melting, so she needed to hurry.

She staggered up to the registers at the front and slammed her cool whip down. "I see you're going for the regular cool whip today, Ms. Lotsaluv" the pimply and unfazed clerk ("Gerald") commented as he rung up her order. She usually stumbled in during the graveyard shift like this at least twice a month. The only thing that changed from visit to visit was the color of her lingerie and the name of her previous lover. And sometimes even that didn't change. She just really liked her cool whip.

"Yes, Gerome. Tonight, I'll be burning up those extra calories. I'll be burning them hard." she winked with a vaguely racooney eye. "Also, I won't use toothpaste tomorrow. Or eat."



She scooped up her bag with the precious cool whip and clattered as fast as her heels allowed to meet Alejandro out front. He was leaning against the wall of the Walmart, his leather jacket she had not previously noticed unzipped to expose a bare, surprisingly well-oiled chest. His pants bulged where his pepperoni rested against his leg, and it made Kandy all the hungrier for him. His aloof gaze shifted as she came into his peripherals, a word to which neither of them knew the definition.

"You came", he growled, taking in her rumpled lingerie, devouring her body with his eyes. Her nipples were peeking from her teddy, inviting him to nibble on them like little gummy bears.

"I believe I haven't had that pleasure yet", she countered with juvenile tact. They both appreciated the humor, and promptly giggled. Recovering quickly, Kandy purred cooly, "We should go soon, I can't stand the anticipation much longer. Also do you have a freezer, I'm being dripped on."

"I have something better than cool whip to drip on you that is sort of the same color. It comes from my penis. But yes. We should head to my sex nest. Hop on my Vespa." She straddled the tiny seat of the European motorbike while clinging to his rippling and weirdly slippery chest. "Take this, I always practice safe driving" he said as he tossed her a helmet that had the words "Bitches Heart Me" strung across the top. She was kind of turned on by his lack of respect for women, but embarrassed by how *totally* uncool he was in regard to helmet safety. She liked her bad boys bad. And prone to head injury. They then proceeded to cruise back to his place at a constant, humming 35 mph.

They pulled into a parking space, Kandy all the more aroused by the vibrations that titillated her body and buzzed between her thighs. Alejandro dismounted and faced Kandy. She stared at him, and she could feel the fire burning in his eyes and his pants. She longed to tear off the tight trousers that silhouetted his muscular body, and bury him in her, but she instead daintily slipped her slim thighs over the seat of the bike. Her heels wobbled, and she tumbled to the ground, a tangle of lace and skin and cool whip. Her tousled hair fluttered alluringly in front of her face and she and offered her free, undripped on hand to him. With the other she proffered the cool whip, "Take this", she said, "we may need it later."

He grinned and accepted the cool whip as he helped her up. "We may need that later, sugar, but I need *you* now," he murmured in her ear as she became upright. She thrust her pelvis against his and they proceeded inside. As they entered the small apartment, Kandy bumped into Alejandro, spilling what was now practically soup over them. They barely made it inside and closed the door before the sexual tension that had been humming since that erotic bum tap in the frozen aisle snapped violently with the spreading of Kandy's favorite cold dairy product all over Alejandro's nether regions. Now there was no stopping her in her in her debasing rampage.

Finally they found a bed on which to continue their sexcapade. Alejandro forcefully threw Kandy down on it, ripping off her lingerie and throwing it aside. She writhed around as he plunged his face back to meet hers and he let his hands investigate every inch of her.

Alejandro began to nibble tantalizingly at her shoulder. "you taste so... sweet. And dairy-like." He whispered in her ear. "you're like a cow. A cow that makes cool whip."

Kandy was pretty sure that this comparison was wildly unflattering but she decided to go along with it. It had been so long since anyone had whispered anything at all in her ear.

"Then be my bull. Take me! Take me, Alejandro." She lay back on the bed, her legs unfolded like an inviting, open-faced sandwich.

And then he put in penis into her vagina. Not his cock, or his length, or his girth, or whatever the hell euphemism Cosmo prefers, he has a penis and she has a vagina. Just thought that should be clarified.

"Take off your pants. Now." She demanded, a frenzied look manifesting on her visage as her pupils dilated with desire.

"Don't worry, baby, they're rip away", he said as he coolly whipped off his pants to reveal toned legs and a manscaped and wildly bouncing erection. Kandy jumped on him, wrapping her still-stillettoed and dangerous legs around his lower back, and what ensued can only be described as force of destruction. She hungrily kissed him, devouring his face, neck, and whatever else she could taste, especially if cool whip was on it. They charged like amorous rhinoceroses through his apartment, mounting on tables, breaking vases, smashing priceless paintings, in a flurry of limbs and lust. She had never felt so alive, especially as broken pieces of glass and vase poked her body as they rolled across the floor.

story continues →



(continued from
previous page)

"Yes! Yes Roberto! I mean, Fernando! Ale-Ale-jandro Ale-Ale-jandro! I mean, oh who cares! Yes! Yes!" Kandy yelled, as he filled her Texas toast with extra thick man meat. Kind of like that new sandwich at Hardees. He rocked his body against hers, as she squealed with pleasure. His breath warmed her nape and she ran her hands greedily down his back, syrupy whipped dairy product squishing between them. She pushed him off her and pinned him to the sheets, dancing her long fingernails across his chest like Freddy Kruger's fingers, but sexier and only slightly less scary. She mounted him and wrapped her destroyed lingerie around his wrists, nipping at his ears and tasting them with her tongue. "Your ears are so....waxy" she breathed, then hacked a little. She stimulated her body with his, and they writhed together until they both gripped each other in blissful, vaguely painful, and very sticky climax.

It was sex.

Later, as they lay in the bed, panting and recovering from their numerous injuries, Kandy turned to Alejandro. "Hey, I'm sorry about your apartment, I hope you're not mad about the mess."

"It's not a problem mystery woman, this isn't even my house. I just jiggled the door and found it unlocked." At this point Kandy realized she hadn't even told him her real name, and before she could utter her name to him, the downstairs door creaked.

"OH MY GOD, WE'VE BEEN ROBBED! ARTHUR, CALL THE POLICE!!", a frantic, waivering voice screeched.

"It's Winslow you old cow! Gosh. Jeez your pad is really messed up. I guess we should do something."

At the sound of her ex's voice Kandy winced, and she and Alejandro exchanged nervous looks. "We need to leave! That's my ex!" Kandy exclaimed.

"Don't need to tell me twice," Alejandro said as he leaped out the window.

"Hey!", Kandy yelled after him, leaning out the window so that her breasts dangled to the wind in a hopefully alluring way, "wait for me! Also, will we ever meet again?"

"Maybe someday," he yelled as he buzzed away stark naked on his vespa. "Especially since I hang out at that Walmart a lot."

Kandy sighed hopefully. She went to the closet, grabbed one of Thelma's many silky and rather musty kimonos, and slipped out of the window as Winslow and his geriatric girlfriend complained about the wreckage she and Alejandro had wreaked. Perhaps she would meet Alejandro again, but her most pressing concern was replacing that cool whip she so desperately needed. So she sauntered off to Walmart barefoot, smelling of mothballs and stripper perfume, riddled with wounds and full of a new hope for love.

~Val tbo 2013



"ALE-ALE-JANDRO!"

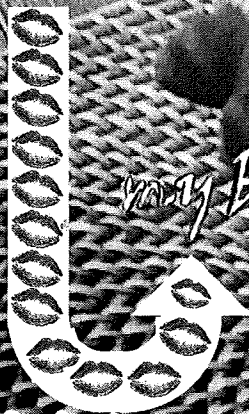


Sometimes
I think
I love



my stuffed
animal
more than

my boyfriend



~Anonymous

Burn

The smoke rises
in my little horse

I open the door
You close it.

I'm choking
You're cold

What you want
Matters more

So I leave the door
Shut

-Annie Brown



Kettling

Zombie Erotica #1
By Annie Brown

The year was 2013, and the air was sweet with the smell of human flesh. On December 21, 2012 toxic chemicals were dumped into the Rio Grande after a failed Monsanto experiment (an attempt to cross-pollinate corn and dead rats, with the intent of creating corn that could withstand nuclear warfare). This resulted in a gradual, yet horrific spread of the chemical into drinking water and, viola! Here I am in a boarded up house with seven strangers. It's like the jersey shore, but with zombies. So, basically the jersey shore.

We only leave the house to hunt, gather and get girls. Unlucky for us, the undead only emerge at night so clubbing is totally out of the picture. However, lately we have spotted the occasional straggler daytime zombie, so we have to be more careful these days.

Zombies are not sexy. Their smell reminds me of that time Snickers put grated cheese under Mickey's mattress and he didn't find it until weeks later. Being in a boarded up house surrounded by flesh-eating monsters, we get bored...really bored. So, we play pranks to pass the time. Like that one time Mickey scattered rotten zombie limbs around the house. The gameplan for that day was GTFZP - Gym, Tan, Find Zombie Parts.

We don't technically have a gym, but we rotate riding a stationary bike to keep the power going. And lift weights and take steroids, but we are running low on roids...which might make the house a bit calmer actually. And lord knows, we don't want the zombies getting hold of those, zombie roid rage...makes me cringe just thinking about it.

We are staying on the Jersey Shore, which was destroyed a few years ago by hurricanes and flooding, but there are still a good number of houses on stilts that make for excellent zombie shelters. Luckily the house came equipped with a tanning bed, I don't think we would have survived the zombie apocalypse otherwise.

A typical day is, in fact, GTF - Gym, Tan, Fish...well, more like GTFS - Gym, Tan, Fish, Smush, if we're lucky. Like I said before, we get really bored, and sexing each other and other survivors we come across makes the zombie apocalypse, well, less apocalyptic. As Snickers says, "We have to repopulate the world with normal human babies after all."

Before the apocalypse, I was a killer DJ living in the Bronx. My stage name was Petri Dish, and my beats made all the lady's panties drop. I got girls all the time. Now, it's slim pickings. However, I must say there are less grenades out there post-apocalypse. Running for your life from a horde of hideous zombies is damn good cardio bro.

Take yesterday for example, me and my bro Benny went girl searching. Well, technically we were fishing on our raft, but we were hoping for hot chicks. We found these two girls drifting on some broken pieces of wood. They were totally DTF - down to get found. We took them back to the crib. They had been evading zombies ever since their shore house was invaded two weeks ago. These chicks were pretty gnarly, but once they got showered up and into me and Benny's sweatpants, they were lookin' fine.

At that point, it had been three weeks since I sexed, so I was definitely looking to get it in. I mean I could, and have, hooked up with my roommates, but after watching the Reginald and Susan's relationship implode under the pressure of impending doom, I've decided it's best to smush with random survivors (using our stockpile of protection of course). Sure, it's a bit more effort, but I get to save lives and get laid all in one go.

Now, don't get me wrong, if the right girl came along, I wouldn't smush her right away. But considering more the ¾ the population are flesh devouring monsters, I'm guessing my chances of finding my soul-mate is slim to none.

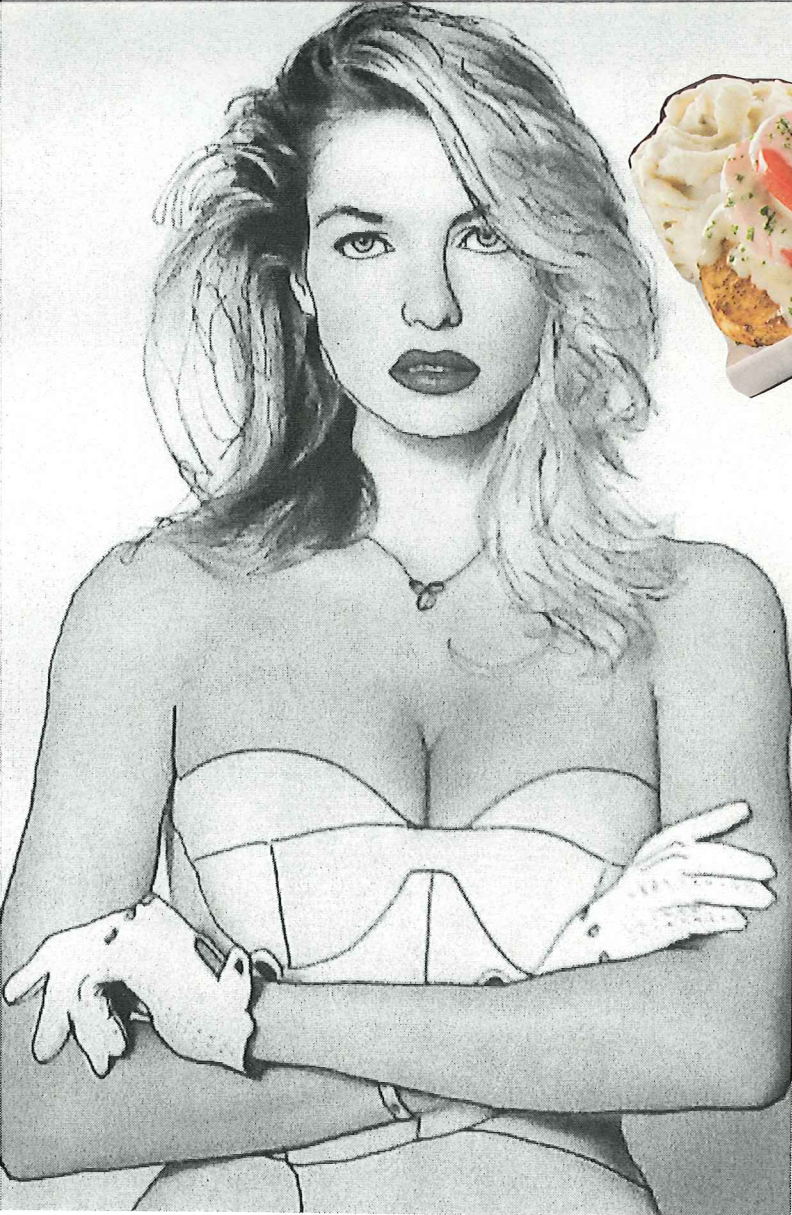
Lucky for me and Benny, the girls we brought home were *very* grateful for being saved, if you catch my drift. After fixin' up some food stuffs, me and my girl got straight to snuggling. We started hooking up, and just as I was about to get it in, BAM, a zombie fist smashed through my bedroom window. Talk about the ultimate cockblock.

This wasn't the first time this had happened to me when I was with a girl. I guess the zombies smell the pheromones or something weird like that. Well, after chopping off the zombie's hand with an axe and securing the window, needless to say it was difficult to get back into the mood.

So, I packed a bag of supplies for my girl and sent her on her way to a nearby shelter once the sun came up. Benny did the same, although was able to get his smush on before the zombie attack. Lucky son of a biscuit.

To be continued...

This is an Annie Brown fanzine!



Food-Porn Stars

Eat, Drink & Still Shrink!

The Secret
to Lasting
Weight Loss



"Female hunger - for public **POWER** for independence, for sexual gratification - must be contained. On the **BODY** of the anorexic woman such rules are grimly etched." - Susan Bordo

"TO LOSE CONFIDENCE IN ONE'S BODY
IS TO LOSE CONFIDENCE IN ONESELF."
~ Simone de Beauvoir

This is a
Judith Butler
fanzine!

COSMO

SUBTEXT

What COSMO is Really Saying

Information buddies

Turn Your Friends Into Cookies

WTF?

READ BETWEEN THE LINES!

"God, he's annoying...but those hours at the gym are really paying off."

"In addition to being a tracking tool, the scale is a psychological reminder that measured eating pays off. For the rest of the day, you'll feel more motivated to eat and drink in moderation. It may sound scary to face the music on a daily basis, but it's a real force for willpower when you're tempted to overindulge."

YOU ARE FAT It is BAD

Get a sizzle to your holidays with these hot products

Consumerism is sexy! ... Lines!

Use the FDA-cleared, at-home Tria Hair Removal Laser to permanently free yourself of unwanted hair and leave endless shaving and waxing in the past. Results guaranteed.

YOUR BODY IS GROSS! Clean it for me!

Buy our SHIT

DIAMONDS = LOVE

For once in her life, she'll be speechless. -Simon G.

Buy our SHIT

Get an exclusive offer on... shimmering Body Oil, \$44; and flawless.

Jacket, \$148, and pants, \$148; Sanctuary Clothing; bodysuit, Mimi Holliday, \$140; shoes, Charlotte Olympia; bucket bag, Vince Camuto, \$348; purse, Chanel; sunglasses, Fantas-Eyes, \$24; necklace and bracelets, House of Lavande Vintage, \$448 each; watch, Swatch, \$50; rings, Hidalgo

Dress, White shoes, Nichol; purse, necklac \$2; necklac Paxton; st. Vanessa M.; fringe neck Lim, \$498; Prada Sunglas; double wre

Assad Mounser, \$5; bracelet, and rings, \$148; House of Lavande Vintage. (On her, right) pants, Paige, \$259; bathingsuit, Prism by Anna Laub, \$290; shoes, Jimmy Choo; purse, Rebecca Minkoff, \$395; clutch, Gucci; necklace, House of Lavande Vintage; cuffs, Alexis Bittar; rings, Anna Rabinowicz for RabLabs, \$88 each

(On her, left) jacket, Moschino; shirt, Topshop, \$70; shorts, AG Adriano Goldschmied, \$158; shoes, Jimmy Choo; purse, Louis Vuitton; blue clutch, Cosmopolitan, \$30; box

SHIT!

see page 210 for shopping information.

Suede, \$431; as Kirkwood; LULU*s, \$41; worn as belt, 25, and plastic e, \$300, Fiona like necklace, tooney, \$145; lace, Joomi sunglasses, available at Hut, \$365; ap bracelets, bracelet, \$25; single wrap watch, \$25; welry; watch, Swatch, \$70

Emerging from the Earth,
Soil clinging to his lips,
He smelt of fecal matter
Instead of apple-pips.

No glow see I in him,
Save a single, grey-blue flush:
Wherein would sit puce-hued veins,
And love would leave no blush.

A chthonic-god he is, my dear;
His flesh and bone like snow.
He's come from Hell to ravish me
For sins that all may know.

Once he was a man, my heart;
A lover, sturdy and lithe.
My gift to him was virgin's blood,
His to me a womb alive.

O Father, don't jest here; not now.
Salvation? All in the mind!
I much prefer the dank and the dark
Of thy most foul behind.

Yes—await my Child in Heaven,
Or wherever thy delusions meet!
I shall guard my Love's corpse-cock
In a jar of pickled beets.

As the world falls to pieces,
Akin to thy *precious* Eden —
I do confess my caprices
But thou canst not see them!

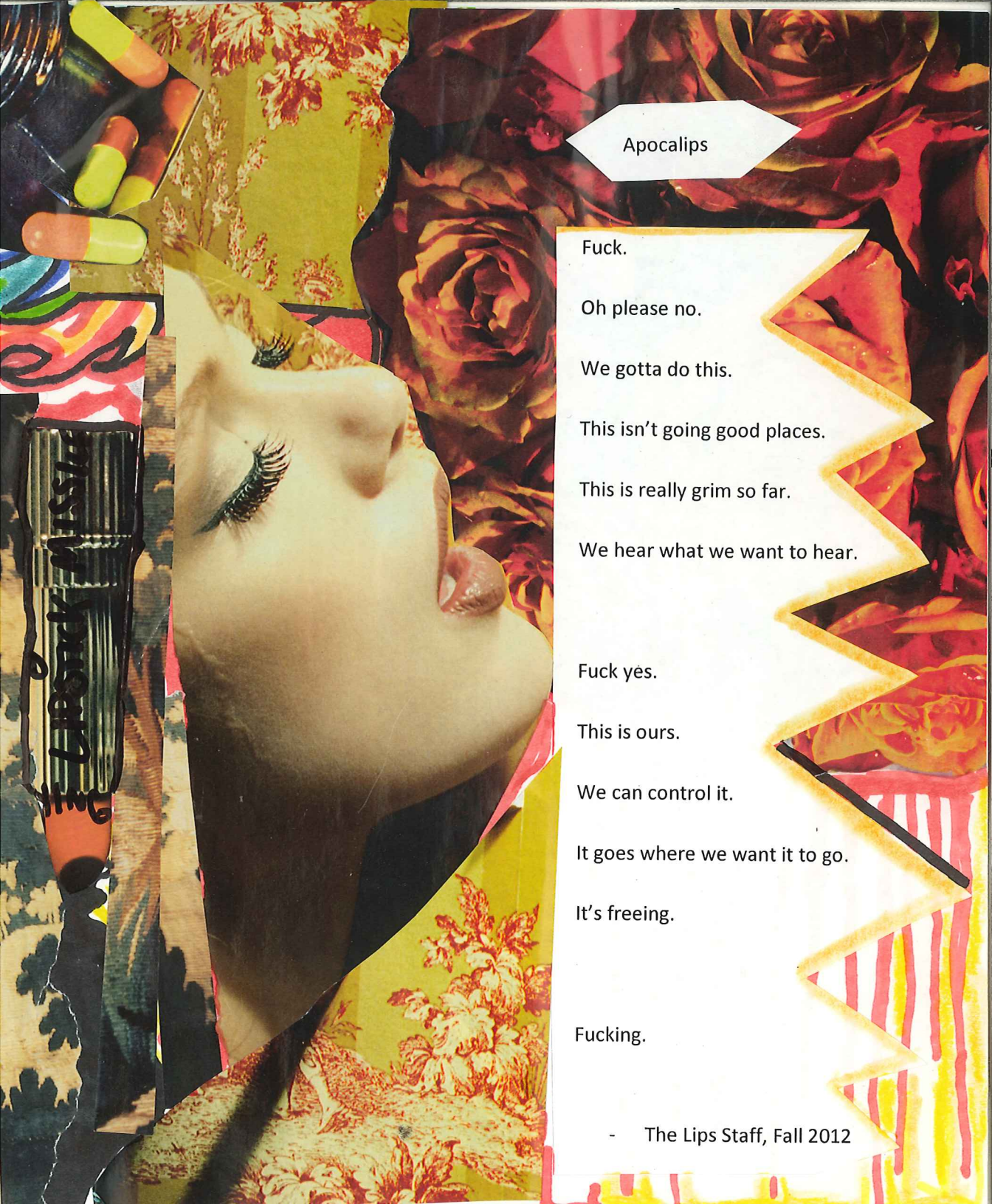
Do thy worst; punish thy Child!
Expel demons of thy puerile fancy:
Lash me, Thrash me, Shun me and Stun me!
Wish ill on my wicked necromancy!

Yet return I shall: lapping the blood
That spurts betwixt thy milk-teeth:
The only spend thou shalt ever make
For Our New World that slept Beneath.

APOCALYPTIC CONFESION



Genevieve Franco
13



Apocalips

Fuck.

Oh please no.

We gotta do this.

This isn't going good places.

This is really grim so far.

We hear what we want to hear.

Fuck yes.

This is ours.

We can control it.

It goes where we want it to go.

It's freeing.

Fucking.

Daksinakali Agni's Seventh Tongue The Dark One

Hell hath no fury like a woman
scorned ten score skulls form
a garland on her blue-black neck,
four arms adorned
with bangles gold her dripping sword
a lotus also
pink and pure

From each drop of Raktabija's blood was born
a copy and the field
was torn with demon shrieks
till issued forth from Durga's brow the
fiendish roar of Kali's breast strong eyes that bore
bright red into her foe's black core her
curving sword her hungry tongue
lolling red and hard before her
shrieking mouth, the teeth that tore
the demon flesh to win man's war

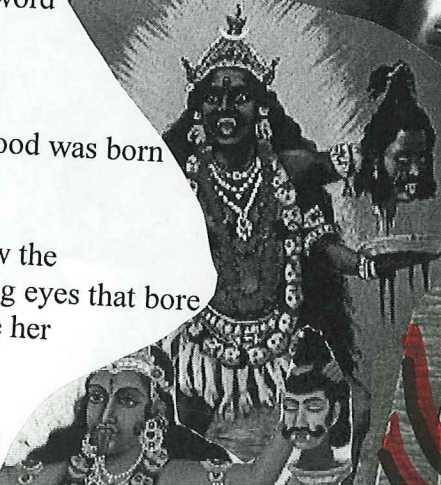
Flesh pink and pure
Her lover's body formed the floor
his godly form her dancing bore
as she raged drunk on death and gore

Hell hath no furry like a woman, true
And she hath no furry that can be unborn

~ 2013

This is a
Karen Finley
fanzine!

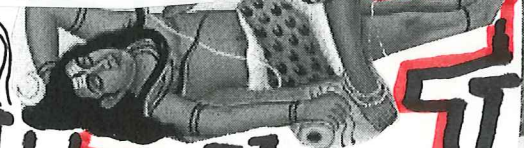
Annex
Brown
110 →



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7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7 7

Make shift lover, push me on the bed and make me forget.

She's a whore.

She's a slut.

She's selfish.

She's less than dirt.

They say.

You don't deserve this.

I say.

I go to a hollow, hollow place

In my hollow, hollow heart

When I think of all the colors I saw with you.

Time moves so slowly here.

Only. If only.

She's only my world,

You said.

Stop. Keep going. I'm petrified. I can't get enough.

Drugs, drugs, drugs, I need drugs.

Not the kind that makes one put holes in himself. Intravenous.

Not the kind that makes one tear flesh from another. Cannibalism.

But the kind that makes one - makes me draw eyes on your garage door.

Unhook my bra and read my journal.

Part my legs and feel my scars.

Have me, and know me.

Maybe this time I'll be able to fuck her and not think of you.

I bet Hell isn't all that bad.

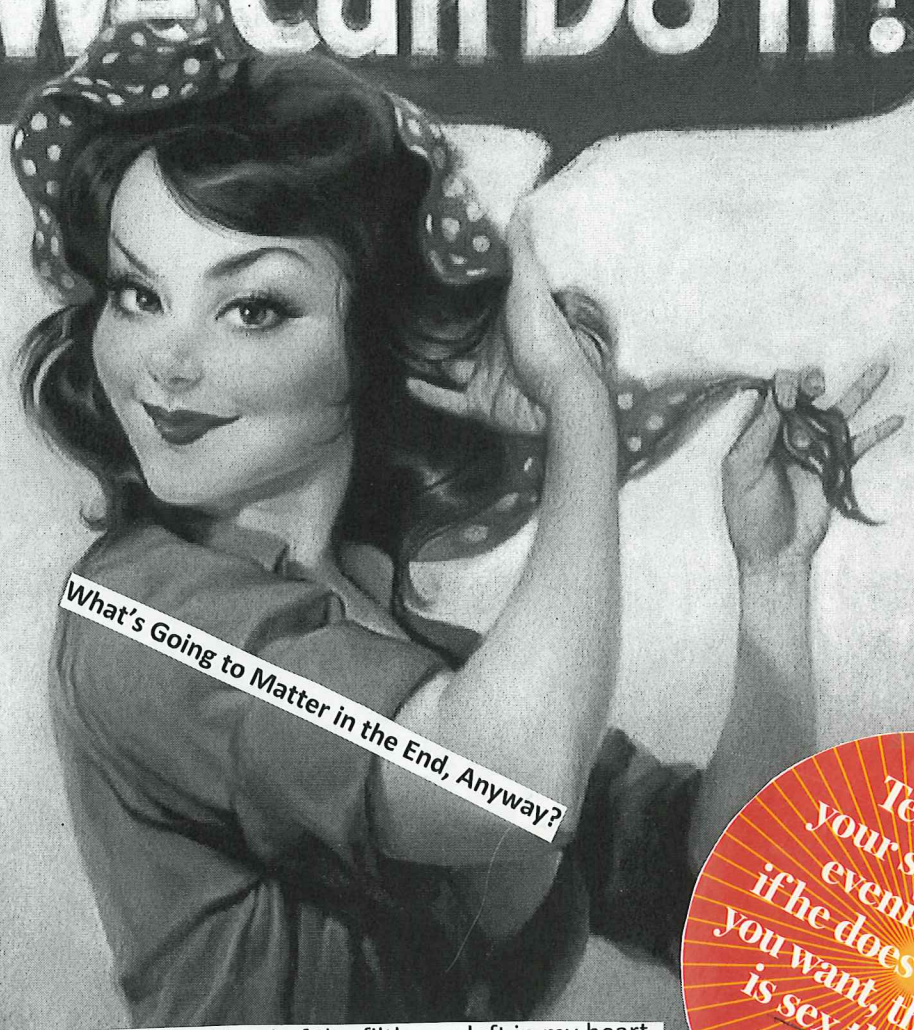
"US-based multi-national media corporations perpetuate patriarchal and capitalist discourses that stimulate market growth, impose lifestyles and harm citizens in developing nations as well as the US. However, in order to maintain readership as well as encourage the inclusion of more groups into a class of consumers, *Cosmopolitan* also encourages progressive change. In his chapter, "Globalization and It's Future Shock," Samir Dasgupta states "globalization affects different groups of women in different ways...In situations where women have been historically repressed or discriminated under a patriarchal division of labor, some features of globalization may have liberating consequences." In the case of Indian *Cosmopolitan*, the liberating consequences are a result of various factors including the agency of women readers, employees and individuals and the motivations of companies to encourage women to participate in global capitalism and increase trust and magazine loyalty (i.e. sales) among women."

Excerpt from

The Best That You Can Be: Conflicting Messages of Liberation and Oppression in Indian Cosmopolitan Magazine

By Annie Brown

We Can Do It!



What's Going to Matter in the End, Anyway?

I want to clean my blood of the filth you left in my heart.
I am such a weak woman if I can be ruined by a little dirt.
If the world were ending I would want to be alone.

I want to die for how much I hate how much this is affecting me.
I am such a weak woman if I can be destroyed by such a stupid boy.
If the world were ending I would want to be by myself.

I want to look past the feelings I think I have for you.
I am such a weak woman if I can't control my own thoughts.
If the world were ending I would - oh fuck it I just wanna hold somebody

I want to define myself on my own terms.
I am such a weak woman if I need to be completed.
If the world were ending I would - wait hold on I just wanna fuck somebody

Tell him he's your slave for the evening - and if he does whatever you want, the reward is sex that is all about him.

← FEMINISM...???

ADDICTED TO LOVE



THIS IS A _____
(Your name here is)

FAMEZKEI!

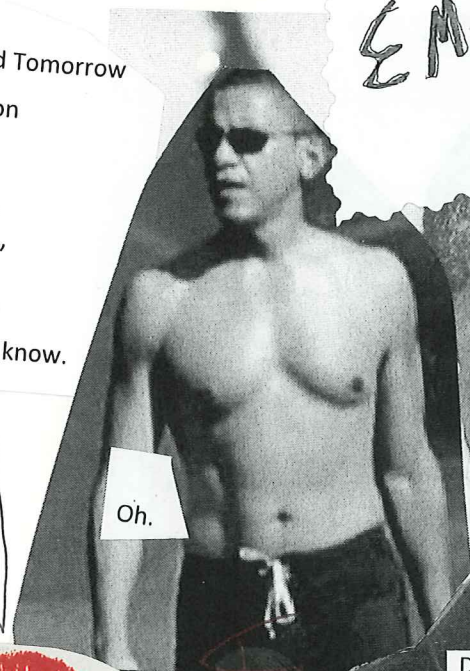
Anonymous
2014

Fun fact: The government exists to protect those with capital

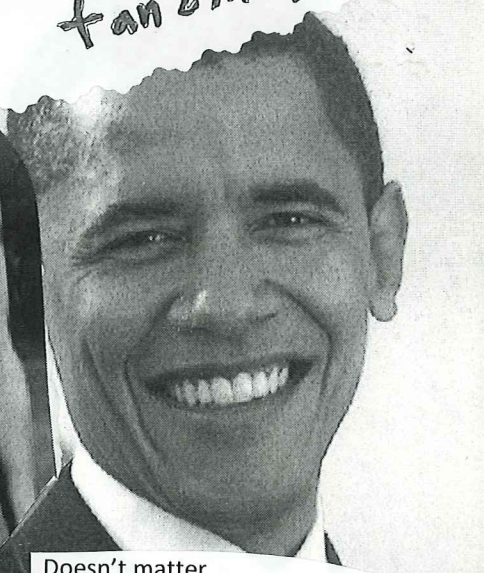
This is an ~~EMMA~~ GOLDMAN fanzine!

If the World Ended Tomorrow
Aka: If Romney Won

I was once catholic.
He is still "Catholic."
I voted O. Oh-bama.
He voted...well, you know.



Oh.

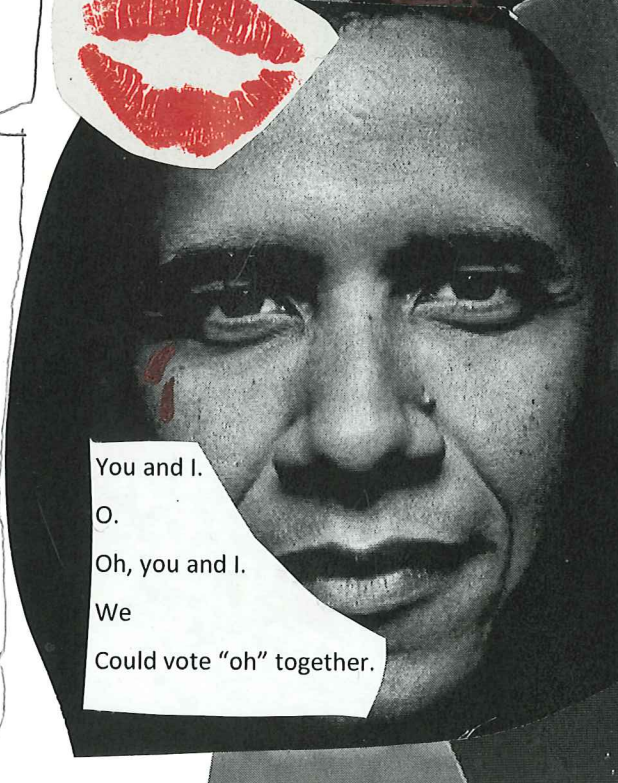


Funfact: Both candidates this election were PRO-Torture



Doesn't matter.
I think we'd still have great sex.
Consensual.
Use my BC and condoms.
Oh, the contraception.
Hot as hell.
Ha- hell.
Hell yeah, you found it.

Fun fact
Between 1900 and 3225 people have been killed by U.S. Drone Strike in Pakistan, from 2004-2012. This includes Hundreds of Civilians



You and I.
O.
Oh, you and I.
We
Could vote "oh" together.

Nah whattamean?
-b
2013

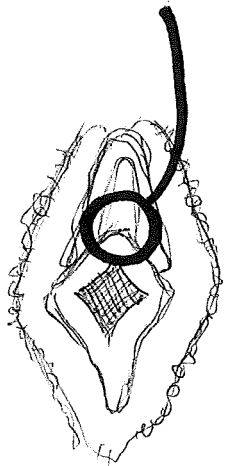
HOW TO:

EAT

PUSSY

1.

LICK HERE



ENJOY . . .

This is an
Annie Sprinkle
fanzine!

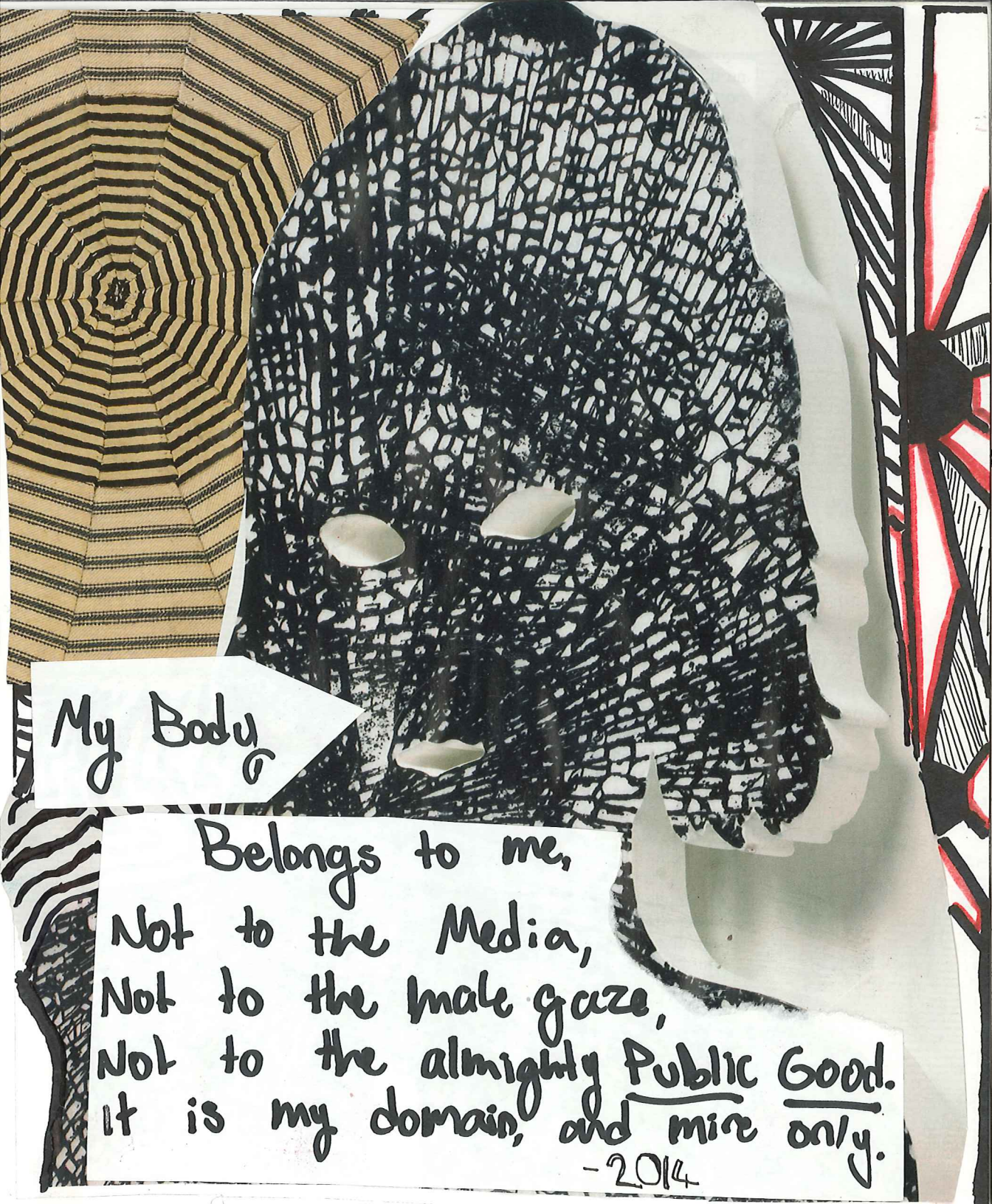
IT IS ALL ABOUT WHAT SHE WANTS AND FINDS
PLEASURABLE. PAY ATTENTION TO THE SIGNALS SHE
GIVES. ASK HER FOR FEEDBACK AND ENCOURAGE HER
TO MAKE SOME NOISE.

OH, YEAH!
LICK ME ALL THE
WAY UP FROM THE
BOTTOM!

IF YOU FOLLOW HER CUES, YOU'LL
SOON BE THE CUNNILINGUS PRO!

DON'T STOP!
DON'T STOP!

(From "Sex is Fun," a great book)



My Body

Belongs to me,
Not to the Media,
Not to the male gaze,
Not to the almighty Public Good.
It is my domain, and mine only.

-2014

So, after some late night funzies,

I decided to honor all the men who've contributed to My sex-positive celebration of female sexuality and sexual freedom.

By listing their asses down:

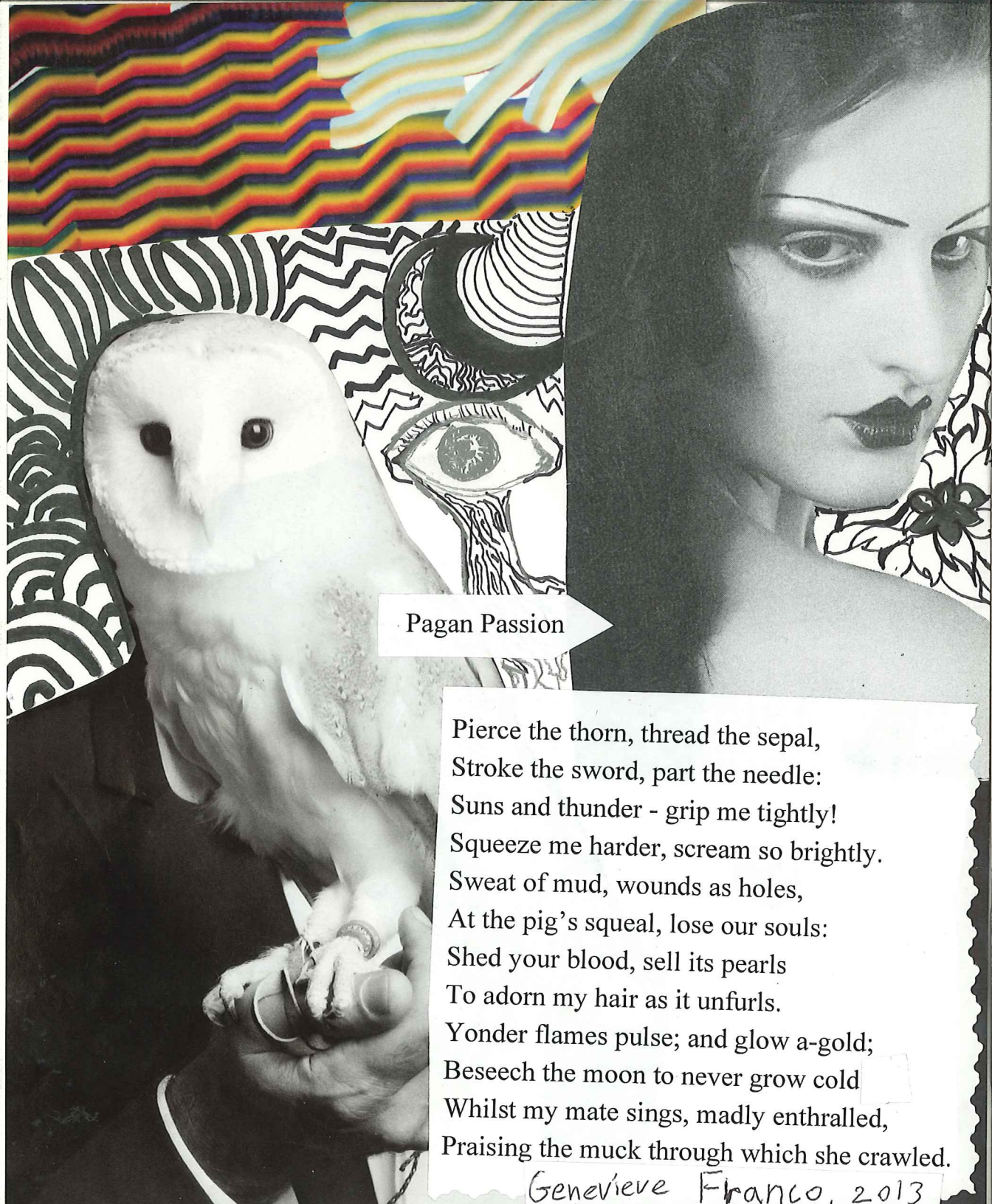
1. Freshmen year of college, White, first time I wore makeup to a public party. (It was kinda sad cuz it was first time for both of us, it didn't really go that well...).
2. White guy, we were making out/having a deep conversation in the laundry room of a house party.
3. White boy, I asked him if we could make out for fun on the dance floor and we did.
4. Hot dorm mate who wanted to talk... we ended up having sex in the lounge.
5. First black guy, he was in the military. First time I actually had penetrative sex. He liked my nails.
6. First car sex, we were both a little on edge... for good reasons. Black.
7. Another car sex... Black brother was cocky, but not in a nice way. First time to have sex in day time though.



8. Another car sex with a White guy with a small dick... it was fun nonetheless. (Size doesn't matter that much) (But he was also crazy... that wasn't cool.)
9. First Asian, who was cross-eyed. He was a weird one.
10. White guy, having sex at a friend's party. Was walked-in at least 4 times... was fun though.
11. OLD guy, he was 37, I was a little weirded out but wanted to try it out. Huge dick, didn't even try penetration; I know I'd die if we even tried. White.
12. The drunk boys I made out with at the frat party; I myself was (very) drunk.
13. Gymnast!! He picked me up (literally) in the club and we was all over his backseats, big dick, White, it was great, in a car again...
14. First latino... asshole, couldn't even hold an erection.
15. Same gymnast again, this time he took me home. We did the whole dinner-movie-home drill. He was a sweetheart, and a great fuck.
16. Had sex with a friend while high... we made out till we passed out, and continued in the morning. It was absolutely wonderful.
17. Just now, White guy who was a very good caresser. He was big on making out, which was my favorite thing too. Fastest orgasm in all of my sexual encounters.

I think that's everyone... I thank them all for giving me different experiences and allowing me to get in touch with my sexuality. A mutual good time (well, in most cases...) and great stories to tell!
Reclaiming, taking control of my sexuality is a very empowering, on-going experience <3

Anonymant, 2013



Pagan Passion

Pierce the thorn, thread the sepal,
Stroke the sword, part the needle:
Suns and thunder - grip me tightly!
Squeeze me harder, scream so brightly.
Sweat of mud, wounds as holes,
At the pig's squeal, lose our souls:
Shed your blood, sell its pearls
To adorn my hair as it unfurls.
Yonder flames pulse; and glow a-gold;
Beseech the moon to never grow cold
Whilst my mate sings, madly enthralled,
Praising the muck through which she crawled.

Genevieve Franco, 2013

If the sky were to darken on our physical
bodies,

I would immerse your warm, soft and perfect
lips in mine.

Because when we kiss - the world stops.

We keep going. Our lips have an enchanted
authority.

-Tripp



WHENEVER I SEE VERY UPTIGHT MASCULINE MEN-

You know, those boys
 Who always walk with their
 Shoulders extended, hands always
 Hanging far from their cute,
 Un-swaying butt and waist in a
 Curved way that flexes their
 Muscular arms; boys who
 Always look focused, with
 Their brows and facial features
 Folding into stern expression; who
 Are interested in "traditional
 Femininities" but are themselves not
 Overtly/expressively sexual in nature...
 Somewhat suppressed, and self-disciplined,
 And maybe a little unfamiliar
 With his own sexuality, though
 Not to say he's inexperienced...
 I could go on and on, but I
 Think you got an idea of what
 Types of boys I'm talking
 About—I just want to

JUMP THEM. Right then. Right there.
 I want to see them caught off-guard
 And realize an unexplored part of 69

His SEX interests
 SEXuality
 SEX drive
 SEX, as he gets turned on

By my queer, aggressive, unconventional,
 But ultra-feminine being. I want to
 Watch him gasp in discomfort as
 His pants tighten
 Into an almost-painful bulge, I want to see him blush,
 Trying to escape from my (and his own)
 SEXuality but yet overwhelmingly
 Stimulated that his previous understanding
 Of the world and of himself burst
 Beyond repair.

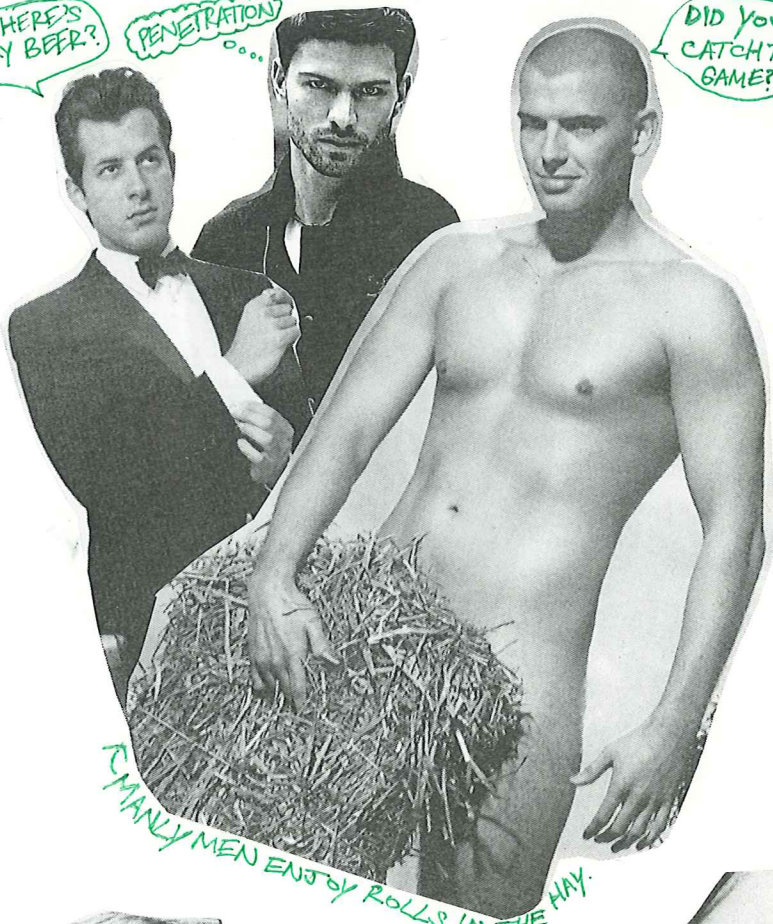
If I ever conquer the world,
 This is how I would do it—
 Jumping every cute guy that
 Comes my way. Breaking down myths of
 Masculinity: that
 Men are in control of (their own
 And everyone else's) SEXuality,
 SEXual orientation, SEXual attraction;
 Myths about femininity: that
 Female SEXuality is passive, subjugated,
 Objectified; one man at a time...
 Or multiple men at a time lolz.

I ♥
 MANLY
 MEN.

WHERE'S
 MY BEER?

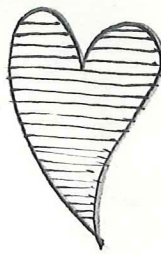
PENETRATION
 ...

DID YOU
 CATCH THE
 GAME?



p.s. I'm all about consent, but y'all asked about our fantasies right?

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.

Police Dept.
757-221-4596
(OR 911)

Sexual Assault
Peer Advocates
757-645-8367

Avalon 24-hour
helpline
757-258-5051

Student Health
Center:
757-221-4386



LIPS



W+M Counseling
Center
757-221-3620

Dir. of
sexual assault
services:
757-221-2510

MORE AT: X
www.wm.edu/
sexualassault X

is what
you
make it.

EMAIL US!!!

wmlips@email.wm.edu
↑↑↑↑↑↑↑↑↑↑↑↑↑↑

And now, a few friendly reminders:

- ☺ The more you fuck, make love, have sex the more you need a sex-health test.
- ☺ To take your sex from good to great, talk, discuss - communicate!
- ☺ If things are dry and chaffe with pain lube up once, then lube again!
- ☺ Always start the pressure slow so pleasure has the time to grow.
- ☺ The only sex that makes good sense is sex when all agree, consent!
- ☺ one thing sure to raise his stalk is hotly whispered dirty talk ☺
- ☺ Anal play takes prep and work so start off slow or things will hurt ☺
- ☺ sending 'round a naked photo? ones with faces - MAJOR NO-NO



Lips ♥s you

