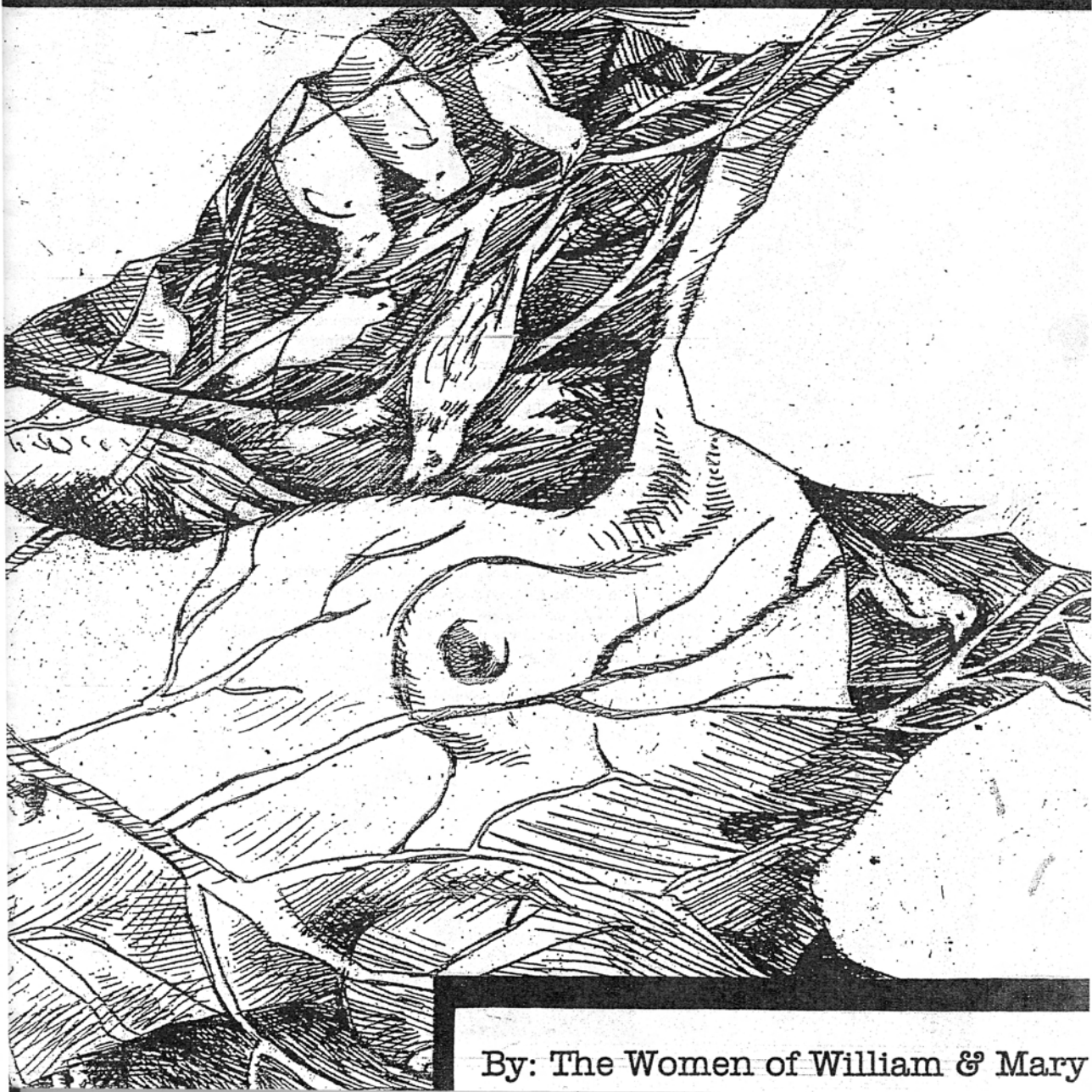


Lips

Expressions of Female Sexuality



By: The Women of William & Mary

Letters from the

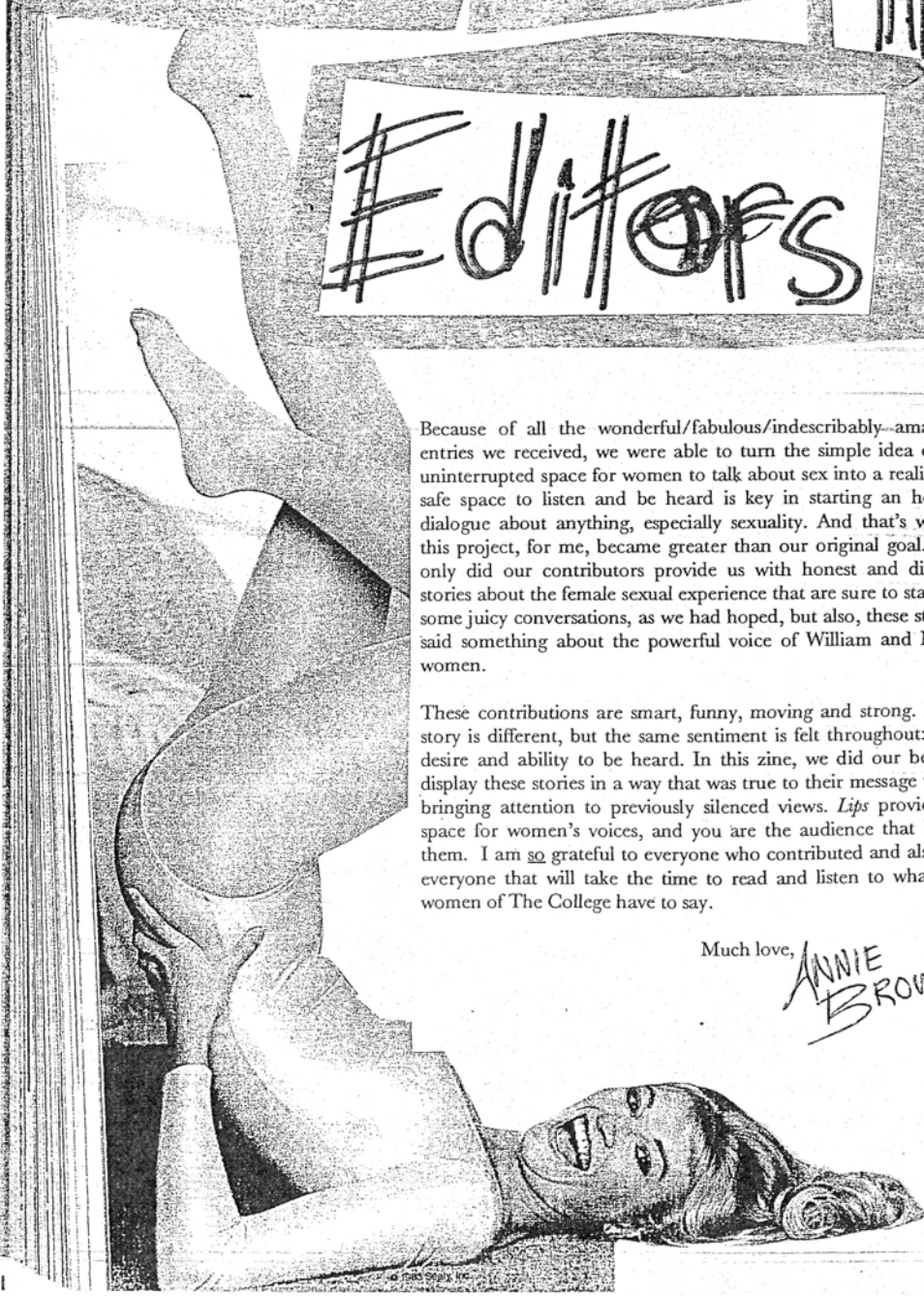
Editors

Because of all the wonderful/fabulous/indecently amazing entries we received, we were able to turn the simple idea of an uninterrupted space for women to talk about sex into a reality. A safe space to listen and be heard is key in starting an honest dialogue about anything, especially sexuality. And that's where this project, for me, became greater than our original goal. Not only did our contributors provide us with honest and diverse stories about the female sexual experience that are sure to start up some juicy conversations, as we had hoped, but also, these stories said something about the powerful voice of William and Mary women.

These contributions are smart, funny, moving and strong. Each story is different, but the same sentiment is felt throughout: The desire and ability to be heard. In this zine, we did our best to display these stories in a way that was true to their message while bringing attention to previously silenced views. *Lips* provides a space for women's voices, and you are the audience that hears them. I am so grateful to everyone who contributed and also, to everyone that will take the time to read and listen to what the women of The College have to say.

Much love,
ANNIE BROWN

This zine is a collection of contributions from female students at William and Mary, assembled by us. Please enjoy with an open mind... Thanks!



Who ever would have thought that we would have had such a great response to a flyer advertising our Community Activism Project for our Intro to Women's Studies class?! We are so thankful to every single one of you who took the time to share a piece of yourselves not only with us, but with your community. This zine has really been a true work of art in every sense of the word. I know that we have all been truly touched by your willingness to express yourselves through an amazing collection of art, poetry, and stories. I feel so lucky to be a part of a campus full of so many bright, beautiful, and independent women! Enjoy the zine! ☺
~Ashley Elizabeth Poling~

Wow! I can't believe this all came together. Thank you to every woman who participated in the making of this zine. I am proud to identify with so many women who aren't afraid to step outside of the social taboos and restrictions to express their sexuality. We obviously couldn't have made this without you. It feels good that we, as a community can say a big screw you to mass media and embrace this independent form of art. You all spoke, now listen to the other women on your campus and take this dialogue as far as you can. Keep discussions open and honest and continue to express your sexuality in any way you can.

Thank you,
Sarah Ruth Goldman

I've always liked sex. Not in like a nympho-I'm-addicted-to-having-it-all-the-time kind of way, but in like a its-fun-to-talk-and-joke-and-learn-and-gossip-about-with-friends kind of way. Until taking Intro to Women's Studies, I didn't realize the potential power behind such conversations. In our society, power is everything, and consequently everything is about power, sex being no exception. From the beginning of our reproductive history, sex has been used as a way to keep women powerless. And although this may have become more subtle over the years or taken a different shape, it still is being used that way. Our CAP group, obviously, has chosen to tackle this sex problem (and I always thought there were no problems with sex WINK). The problem isn't that women are talking about sex, but that we are doing it silently, as if what we are doing is not okay or shameful or something we're not allowed to speak honestly about. That's where our group comes in. With our awesome sexy zine, we hope to provide a public platform, a support system, a whatever-you-want-to-call-it, for women to just talk about sex or things related to it: how we feel, how we DON'T feel, what we want, what we've had, what we like, what...ever. By doing so, we can reclaim or even redefine sex and consequently, power yessssssssssssssssssssss.

So thanks to all the fine females who submitted...you have no idea how powerful your words will be. Or now maybe you do.
Yours,

Janet King 2010

Janet King

WHO'S WEARING
THE JOCKEY
NOW?

Bevy Calls

4
L.
19.
SOPHOMORE.
THERE'S SOMETHING GREAT ABOUT SEX DURING THE DAY.

Fucking during lunch break.

BUT OF COURSE WE FUCKED UP DURING OUR NOON HOUR RENDEZVOUS.
I REMEMBER REALLY WANTING TO HAVE TIME SO I COULD STILL GRAB SOME OF THE
LEFTOVER QUICHE IN THE FRIDGE AFTERWARDS.
ANYWAYS, THE CONDOM WAS STILL ON.

On-ish, I guess.

IT HADN'T FULLY STAYED IN PLACE.

WE WERE PRETTY SURE WE WERE OK, BUT JUST TO BE SURE I GOT EC THE NEXT DAY. I
LIKE GOING TOGETHER.

I PROBABLY WAS FINE WITHOUT IT, BUT IT JUST MADE ME FEEL BETTER TO *know*.

IT'S HARD TO REGISTER THAT THERE WAS A TIME WHEN WOMEN DIDN'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO
FEEL PROTECTED AND HARDER STILL FOR ME TO ACTUALIZE THAT WOMEN WANT TO TAKE
THAT RIGHT AWAY FROM OTHER WOMEN.

fuckers.

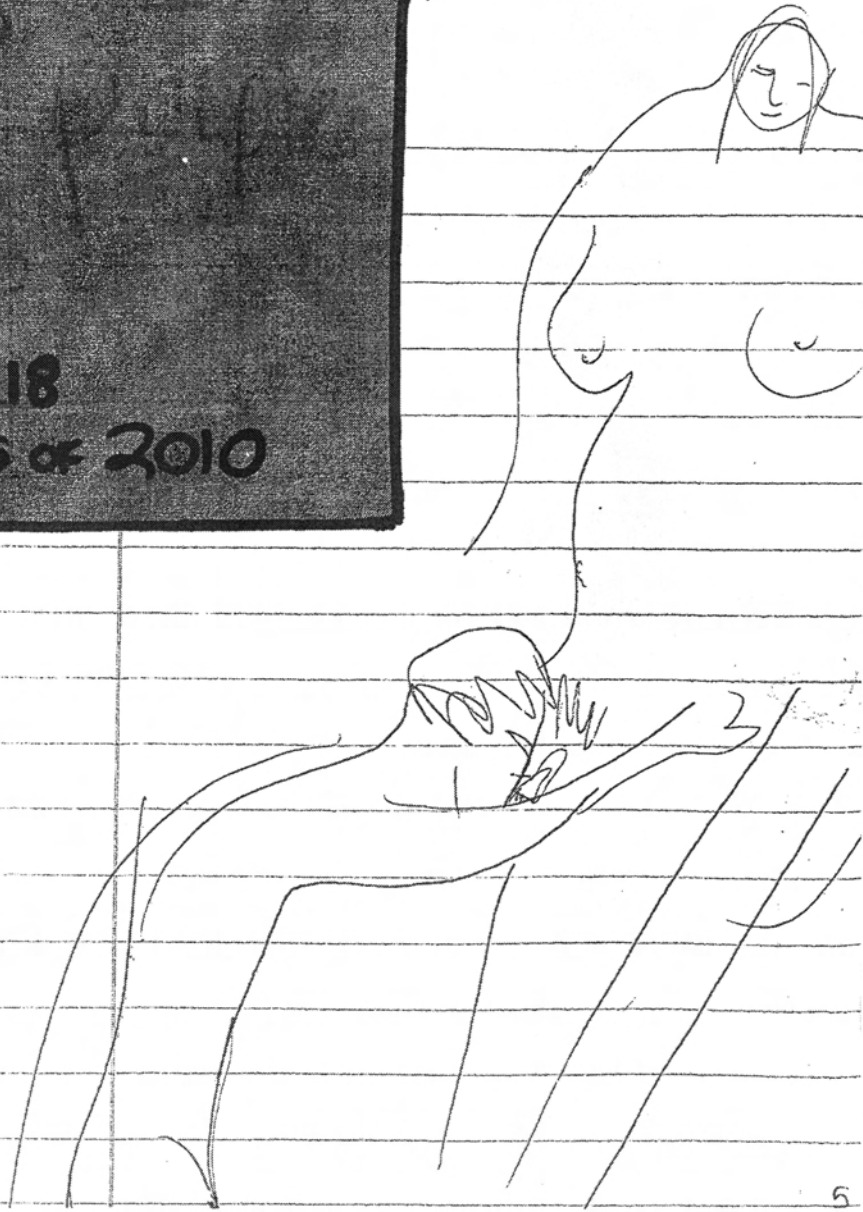
I GUESS OF NATION OF SEXUALLY FREE WOMEN IS STILL TO FRIGHTENING FOR THE WORLD.
SO WHAT IF ALL I WANTED TO ENSURE WAS THAT I COULD KEEP FUCKING AT LUNCHTIME?

"If I had a hammer
I'd SMASH Patriarch

We had known each other freshman year. He was dating someone, so was I.
Then sophomore year started. From the second week until the sixth week
of school we had a thing. I fucked him on the third date. He was only
the second guy I had ever slept with. One time, when we had just
started having sex, I asked him to put on deodorant. He
thought it was peculiar, but he did as I asked. A few weeks later, I
had gone to his place, and fell asleep in his bed. It was cold, so I
had borrowed his sweatshirt. He flipped out. A few days later he
broke up with me. I found out later he told his buddies he broke up
with me because I had asked him to put deodorant on in the middle of
sex. It was the **beginning of sex**. I have quirks (I don't hate
to be told I'm peculiar), we all have quirks, most men will put up with
them if it means they'll get some. I know better.

He should have owned up to his commitment issues before becoming the
worst fuck I ever had.

AGE 18
CLASS OF 2010



I used to believe that I was going to wait until marriage to have sex. I'm not really a religious person, but I guess I felt like I was going to save myself for religious reasons. When I got into my first serious relationship, I was thirteen. I know, you're thinking, "How serious can a relationship really be when you're thirteen?" but it was serious for us.

We were together for about four years, and we never had sex. He wanted to, and we talked about it, but it never happened. I was so glad I hadn't had sex with him when we broke up. I realized that I was lying to myself and was not really happy with him at all. The truth is he was never good enough. I was only still with him because we had been together for such a long time, and I had convinced myself that I was happy; really, I just felt safe and did not want to get hurt.

Suddenly, I was thrown back into dating. I dated a lot of guys and eventually wound up in another relationship. I was older, and I felt like my goal of saving myself for marriage was no long a realistic one. I knew I was eventually going to have sex with this guy, and after being together for about nine months, I did. It wasn't that big of a deal. I didn't regret it, and I still don't today. I was in love, and I felt like I was ready.

We eventually broke up. We were going to different colleges, and things were falling apart. I moved on. Soon enough, I started dating a new guy. I decided I would wait at least six months before having sex with him. Six months would be no problem after waiting nine with my ex, right? Wrong! I lasted about a month and a half I think, but I don't regret it. We're still together, and things are great.

I now realize my goal of saving myself for marriage was not only unrealistic for me, but also not very smart. I'm glad I held out with the first guy. I wasn't ready then, and it was important for me to not have sex until I was ready, regardless of how much he wanted it. I was ready when I finally decided to have sex, and I realize now that sexual compatibility is important in a relationship. I feel like it's important to know whether you are sexually compatible with a person before marriage, because if you wait until marriage to have sex and realize then that you aren't sexually compatible with the person, you're kind of fucked, literally and figuratively.

Age 18, Class of 2010



Plazza de
mo
Perfo
zipp
Breco's/Si
Gollers
Ni

Awesome ZINE Compilers,
I don't know if this is the sort
of thing that you're looking for,
but it came to my mind when I
saw your flier. It's a letter that
I wrote to a friend of mine that
assaulted me three years ago.
I never sent it to him, and it's just
been in my journal for 2 years,
but I thought it was maybe
time to rip it out. I don't know if
it even makes sense to someone
else, but even now it pretty
honestly reflects a really basic
conflict that I have about the
whole situation. I thought I'd give
it to you so you could use it if
you want. Anyway, thanks for
putting this together; I'm really
looking forward to seeing how it
turns out. Good luck!

Peace + love,
a sister (22, class of '07)

You came to visit me today
Out of nowhere with nothing but nostalgia
Visions of fast cars and burning barns
You want your naive playmate
I haven't been that for years

You came to me today
To teach me to take a line
Show me the beauty of destruction
I know about it
It's not as beautiful as you think
You want me to admire you
I haven't been able to do that for years

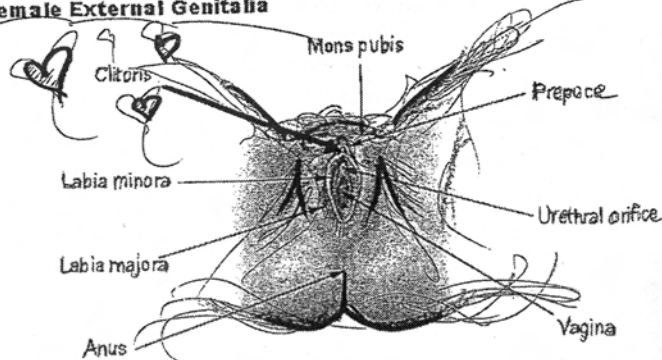
You came today
Your body close to mine
Sweaty in my college dorm room
Trying to introduce the intensity of lust
I've felt it before
I'll feel it again, probably not with you
You want me to want only you
I haven't wanted that for years

Class of 2009

Dear Cory,

I wish that you had never happened to me.
Every single thought that I have would
be different, easier, if you had never
happened to me. You took my virginity,
my friends, my desire, my comfort,
and my fucking hometown from
me. I never said you could have
any of it, and I wish I could take it
back. Maybe if you had never
happened I would be able to trust
people and even date some of them.
Maybe if you had never happened
I wouldn't want to rip my skin
off and destroy ~~the~~ ^{my} body that
betrayed me so much. But maybe if
you had never happened, I would
still be someone that you could
happen to. Before you, I was perfect
and whole; ~~you~~ you completely demolished
that ~~perfect and whole~~. But
I love this mess you've made of me more
than I ~~could~~ ever loved what I was
before. ~~you~~

Female External Genitalia



The Bloody Chamber is a Woodland Hut

Charlotte Savino

She doesn't get a back-story. She is only beautiful, fair, virginal, pure, and white. She is the simulacrum of perfection. She is looked at but cannot look. She is desired but does not desire, no, she *has* not desired, until this moment when she becomes the heroine – or, a main character rather – in a story she was never read in the cradle.

She is everything, every thing, and nothing – an o thing. She is also lost and fumbling in the woods. Edit: a woman, in all her vain and envious rage, cast her into the woods but could not manage to kill her; too much agency in an actual kill, too finite for the liquidity of woman. But not that either. A feeling, an urge has led our beauty to the edge of the forest teetering on the brink of the darkness; her stepmother only caught her at an opportune time.

Her breasts are as spotless and untouched as fresh fallen snow and thus, with such great emphasis and attention given to her newly developed cleavage, she is called Snow White. Her just-formed tits - still triangular beneath the hard forms of her underclothes - are lost and stumbling through the woods, dragging the rest of her with them. Thin threads of desire (she was taught to call *longing*) lead her, as from the nipple, through the winding bends in the once-cleared path now covered over in brambles and briars. Boys on strings (proverbial or otherwise) are marionettes, girls on strings are women.

The sensation that leads her further into the woods (to grandmother's house? no she is dead) does not wait and Snow White stumbles along like a thin plastic bag in the wind – translucent, weightless, ethereal, and suffocating. Thorns bite at her ankles; she pays the price for their seductive exposure. The red trickles and hardens around the leather of her shoes, tightens as it dries like self-made shackles.

Snow White grows tired quickly, bleeding profusely and breathless from her corset. She stops to rest against a fallen tree, rubbed smooth with the previous perfect butts of other such abandoned and wandering maidens – goddesses (because of the -ess) just vulnerable enough to be violated by mortals (the dogs knew to kill him though). She sits for a long time and thinks. Snow White is a very clever girl, her father had always told her so, among other things: how sweet, how petite, how tender, how pure. Sitting on his knee as he brushed her hair like a doll, Snow White ate her fill of adjectives and adorations but remained unsated. Snow White had clung to the compliment of clever as a meaty word like the ground chuck substitute for the prime rib desired (excuse me, longed for) word – smart – bloody and juicy with flavor. And so Snow White sits puzzling (she does not inherently know) as the sun fades below the line of the trees and the moon grows bright and full overhead.

She is awakened from her unintended sleep by the continued throb in her chest, the gentle but persistent tug of the strings (no kiss, no prince, no blood stained flag). She walks through the semidarkness of the woods fumbling in her skirts and crinolines over rocks and thickets. She ducks and weaves past crooked branches hooked with frozen buds too eager to emerge before the last frost. The moon is fading now as the red tide of morning spills, seeps onto the horizon and stains the sky. The pulling stops (though an awareness of the sensation remains), and she is deposited at the makeshift gate of a squat, moss-covered hut.

Snow White enters, knowing full well her beauty and virginity make her the most welcome of guests. An elderly man unusually diminutive in height and stature sits reclining in an age-withered rocking chair and greets her with a snore. His beard is long and pointed at the end, stained yellow around the mouth. Part of her frightened the other curious (eat me. Drink me), Snow White begins to feel the fatigue of a night in the woods and crosses the threshold, closing the Dutch doors behind her. She spies a small pile of pillows on which to rest. Drawn to them, she creeps closer, believing the dozing man her only host. Comfortably sprawled in the plush cushions she feels the first waves of sleep wash her tired body (those were pearls that were his eyes). Abruptly the desire-called-longing pricks at her breasts to rouse her. In a daze of semisomnulance, Snow White nearly walks over a second gnome.

"I'm sorry," Snow White says, "I didn't see you there."

The dwarf doesn't move, nor does he look at Snow White's dazzling face and famous bosom. He stares off to his right and taps his small elfin boot.

"Really, I didn't, my deepest apologies." (She had no mother but Emily Post.)

He looks at Snow White but her radiance has no effect on him. He continues to stare stone-faced. His forehead is furrowed in deep fleshy creases that shine blue in the hazy cool darkness of the hovel. Her flawless brow cannot contort into such pictures of emotion. She tries her skill again, bending at the waist to speak face to breast with her miffed proprietor. He is unmoved. Disarmed of her only bartering tool she sighs and allows the strings at her chest to guide her further. The tugging turns into a pain now and she is drawn into the kitchen.

One dwarf sits at the head of a long table of worm worn oak eating a leg of mutton, much the size of his head. At the other end his visual counterpart is crouching over a small stack of gold coins, fingering them deliciously. Neither looks at her. The smell of the warm meat reaches her nose and she can taste the flesh in her mouth. She salivates. Her nipples, erect with something like a desirous hunger guide her toward the table. Threatened, the dwarf eats his mutton with more fury and, across the table, the dwarf at the other head sweeps his coins into a leather sack. Snow White's appetite is concentrated in the burning centers of her breast, but she goes unsatisfied.

She watches, still, as the two tiny men eat and count. She gazes as one licks his lips with his darting red tongue, his cheeks glistening with the suet of his meal. The other creates a soft music of jingling coins as he counts and stacks each delicate ducat. She can no longer breathe in her undergarments and she loosens the lacing of her corset. She is prevented from her efforts by a fifth dwarf inspecting the hem of her underskirts.

"You've ruined them," he says, looking her square in her icy blue eyes, "if I had such lovely skirts, lord knows I would have taken better care of them. Do you know how much a proper undergarment like this costs?" He eyes her up and down and scowls. His gaze penetrates her clothing and he evaluates her very flesh but no further. Each portion of his miniature body twitches as he compares his disproportionate version to her perfect flesh. Snow White turns in circles as she is inspected by her tiny appraiser.

Snow White, as clever as she was told to be, recognizes Envy in the voice of her mother. Before she can speak her tale (would a tapestry suffice?), the strings pull with great force and she springs toward a back room. She opens the door slightly ajar already (no golden key necessary). In the dim light Lust and Anger sit in the corner coiling two soft strands of gold thread. They look up and smile. Lust peers over his strands, licking his lips in pleasure. Anger's hands are raw and weep blood onto his portion of the fibers. They are tinted a pink and glisten with the flickers of the taper. At the opposite end of the room is a small loom, matted grey with years of dust. The two dwarves rise and come toward her, coiling the slack of her strings until they are at her sides.

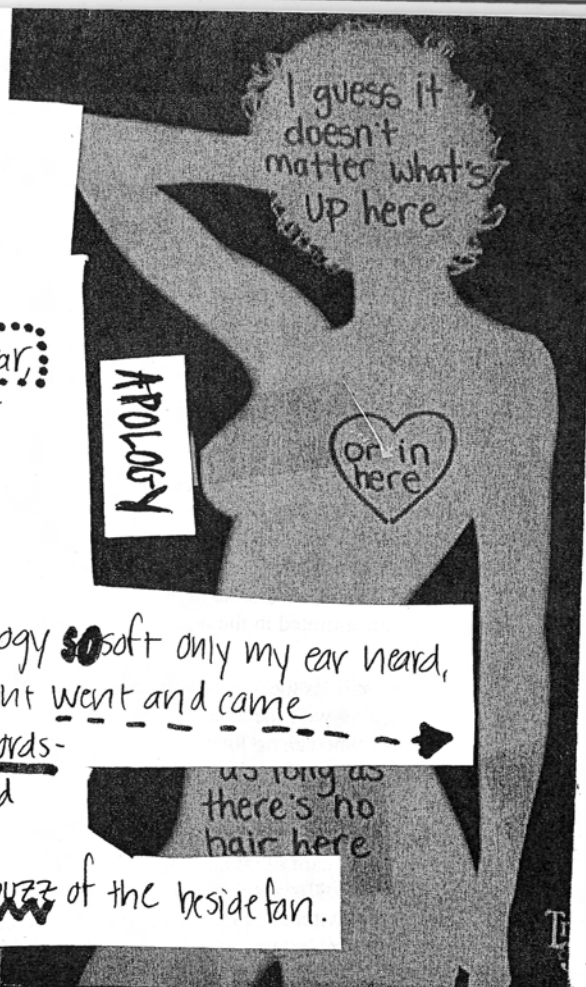
They give over the heaping loops of thread in knobbed handfuls. Lust takes an oiled cloth and cleans with undulating strokes until the loom shines with greasy promise. Snow White takes her strings and sits at the loom. The shuttle glides and darts in and out creating a weft and wane so enmeshed it is as if Snow White weaves a solid shield. She continues all night though time is unfelt in the small windowless cell. The ends of her threads are still attached and, as she ties off the final knot, she takes the dress, slips it on, her breasts sewn into the cloth. The pink and gold form one hue of desire shimmering even in darkness sometimes blood-stained sometimes brightly metallic, fluid even as she feels it against her skin.

She emerges in her golden gown to greet her seven grooms.

I asked you to roll over last night
Because you were snoring in my ear.
I only wanted you to turn onto your belly
So that I could sleep without having to
The deep-bass rumble in your throat.

Your noisy comfort turned to apprehension fear,
And insecurity took over-built a moat
Around your graggy, hulking frame.

My sweet belligerent baby! I built a boat
of lips and hands and forged the tangle
Divide back to you. You murmured an apology so soft only my ear heard,
And then you rolled on top of me. The night went and came
With sleep and life, silence, grunts, and words-
We fixed ourselves -- I made you understand
That I don't mind your snoring
-- masked by the electronic buzz of the bedside fan.



I hear him breathing evenly, naked next to me, and feel even more trapped by my secret anxiety. I want to tell him but how can I explain something to him that I can't even explain myself? In an effort to escape the situation, I sit straight up and, for a moment, seriously contemplate running away. Alarmed by my sudden change in position, he asks me, "¿Qué pasa?" I don't know how to respond.

"¿Todo está bien?" he persists. Silence.

I feel an overwhelming pressure, "Estoy... preocupada." Worried. I don't know how to say *panicked* in Spanish. Even if I did, would I tell him?

"¿Por qué estas preocupada?" I don't know. I'm physically exposed and have emotionally shut down; I'm drowning.

"Anna," he calls my name in a thick accent and asks genuinely, "¿Qué es el problema?" *The problem is that you are 30. The problem is that we never talked about STI's and maybe I caught one before you slipped the condom on. The problem is that we've had sex several times and I still haven't come.* I don't say any of those things. Instead, I lie back down beside him and try to hold my breath as I fall asleep.

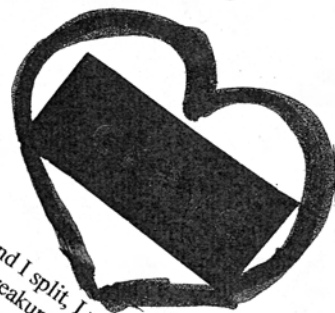
Age: 20

Year: 2008



BE DELICIOUS

you & him



More Than Just

After my boyfriend of two years and I split, I was still used to having a lot of sex. I wasn't upset about not being together, I wanted the breakup. I didn't miss the emotional or mental burden, just the physical release. Honestly, that was a hard transition—from crazy five minute sex, loud fucking in empty houses or slow, overnight lovemaking on an array of beds, car seats, blankets in woods, school bathrooms, countertops and showers to nothing.

First of all, I did not "lose" my virginity to him. My virginity is not misplaced or in some lost-and-found bin. I'm tired of that bullshit phrase. It's something you have, or you don't have, you don't lose it. He was the first person I ever had sex with because I chose to have sex with him first after several months. Being my only conception of sex for so long, I found myself longing for a different

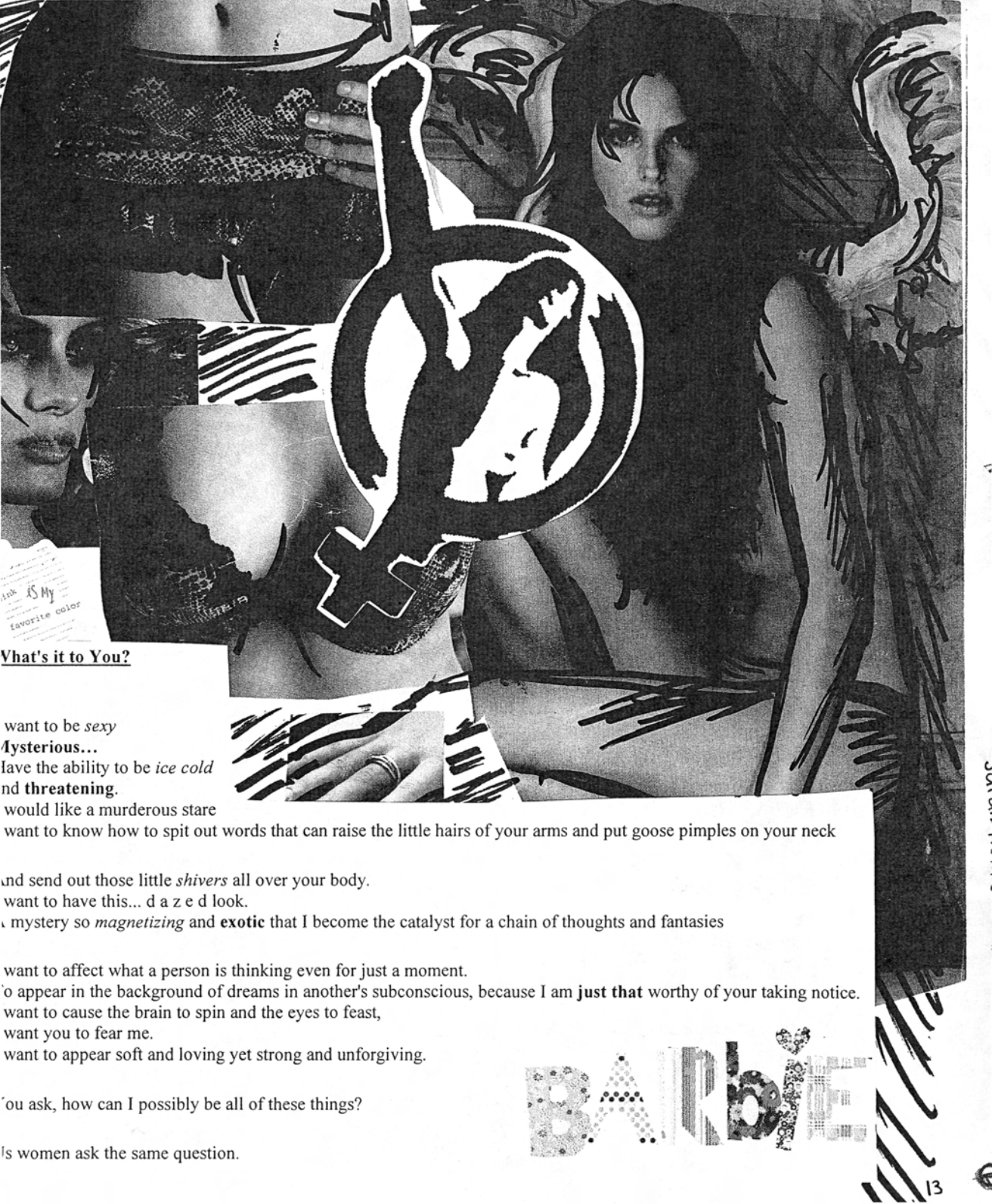
Soon thereafter, I had one time only sex with a new partner—and loved it. It was good sex, it was fun, and that was that. I felt a sexual independence of sorts. It solidified in my mind that we all have sexual power and desire and that was really exciting. I could create my own sexual identity apart from any one person. I mean, I dig on being in a committed relationship if that's what both people want, but really understanding what it meant to be my own person sexually and otherwise was really invigorating interpretation.

I also had to rediscover taking care of myself. It's not like you can or would want to just go out and get laid by some anonymous figure whenever you're ravenous for sexual pleasure. But I'll admit that I love to masturbate now. It's something that was tossed to the wayside when I was in my first relationship because, well, there was just no need. I don't really understand what's so goddamned taboo about the whole deal; it's a perfectly normal, perfectly healthy thing to do. I've learned a lot about my body and myself through it. Women need to learn how to treat themselves, love themselves, love themselves and have sex with themselves. I really believe that. It shouldn't be some huge secret or misconception that only some guy can make you shudder, oh no, you sure as hell can do it yourself. Physical pleasure is not something that needs to be. Sure, it'd be nice to have regular sex again soon, but until then, I'm not afraid to admit that I can make myself feel pretty fucking good.

Year: Freshwoman

a Sexy Face

How to Blow His Mind in Bed



ask IS My
favorite color

What's it to You?

want to be *sexy*
Mysterious...
have the ability to be *ice cold*
and **threatening**.
would like a murderous stare
want to know how to spit out words that can raise the little hairs of your arms and put goose pimples on your neck

and send out those little *shivers* all over your body.
want to have this... *d a z e d* look.
a *mystery so magnetizing* and **exotic** that I become the catalyst for a chain of thoughts and fantasies

want to affect what a person is thinking even for just a moment.
to appear in the background of dreams in another's subconscious, because I am **just that** worthy of your taking notice.
want to cause the brain to spin and the eyes to feast,
want you to fear me.
want to appear soft and loving yet strong and unforgiving.

You ask, how can I possibly be all of these things?

As women ask the same question.

BABY

want

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE PACK

His chest rose and fell with each breath as he lay on his back, eyes staring at the ceiling. Following the curve of his arm, he saw the form in the sheets beside his body. The sheets covered her as she slept, but he could see her face against his chest and her hair sprawled out behind. Her hair was bleached so white it was lighter than her darkened orange skin, while dark brown roots grew out from the scalp. The makeup on her face had begun to melt during their night together, and he could feel the mascara rubbing off on his skin. Her arm was draped casually across him, and judging from her patterned breathing, she was asleep.

Turning his eyes toward the corner of the room, he saw it: the ever-present camera mounted on the wall. He knew it had seen the entire night, despite the darkness. On the other side, his eyes would appear green from the night vision. He also knew that in a room somewhere producers and others were pacing back and forth, watching the footage, putting together a story. They were weavers of reality and he was the long and winding thread. They made priceless gold out of a meaningless lump of clay. These people were the shapers of lives, condensing his story and six others' into a simple 30 minute TV program. He knew moments like this one, when he wasn't dancing in a club, wasn't luring women into his room, wasn't getting any action, wouldn't be aired. And it was better that way. What else did he have? Moments like this? He thought of them as the calm *after* the storm. There's a reason movies have endings. What was he when he wasn't entertainment?

Slowly, he lifted the woman whose name he didn't know off of him, and went to the bathroom. He looked like a mess, but he didn't and couldn't feel anything. His hair was tousled and he had mascara running across his stomach. But instead of showering after a night with a stranger, he put on some old clothes and went downstairs into the kitchen. He could hear them yelling as he approached. The six others were clearly drunk; he was not. In fact, he never drank when they went out. Maybe he bought a beer and held it in his hand, but it was just for the cameras. His drug of choice was something far more personal.

As he entered the kitchen, he could hear they weren't arguing coherently, so there was no point in trying to understand. The contemporary house, set up for them by the TV station, was completely open, and he could see the scene before he actually arrived. Rachel. Sandra. Allison. Bradley. John. Mark. They all had a story. Not one that they could tell by themselves, but one that could be extracted by the producers and editors.

Rachel was the one with a boyfriend. Her list of activities include calling him on the phone everyday for a minimum of four hours. Inevitably they would argue and she would have to call back the next day to fix things. It was obvious they were soul mates.

Allison was the virgin. She had been raised a Christian in Georgia and said she would stick to her morals. That was the first day. Now she was drinking with the others and getting a lot of words in the argument. Sandra was sure she could get Allison to lose her virginity before the season was over.

Bradley was the 20 year old jock from Los Angeles who quit school to start modeling. His pectoral muscles were huge. His penis was not. Everyone was sure he was on steroids partly because of his sudden angry rages.

John was the artsy one. He worked as a personal stylist after going to fashion school for two years. His own sense of fashion was never a let down for the cameras. He took pleasure in mixing patterns such as camouflage and plaid.

Mark was the down to earth one. He was from a small town in Mississippi and was generally considered a southern gentleman by the women of the house. He was still dating his high school sweetheart and had only cheated on her twice since the beginning of the season.

And him, the seventh one... He was taking a year off before he entered school and was effectively doing nothing. He was living with his parents and didn't have job. Why was he there? He was the seventh one; the odd one out. He didn't get into fights, get drunk, or converse very often with the others. The producers had chosen him from his audition tape in which he gave a tour of his apartment; it contained nothing more and nothing less. He wasn't ugly or handsome or stupid or intelligent. He was so average it pained him. Why had he been cast in this role and what role was it?

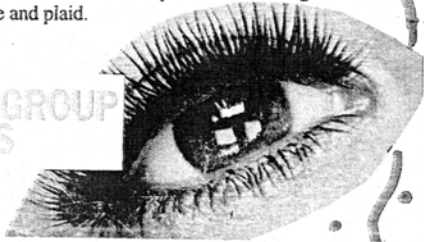
Seeing that the path to the refrigerator was blocked, he returned to his room. The stranger woke up just as he walked in, smiled, and summoned him to the bed. Close up, he could see the mascara oozing off her eyelashes, the thick foundation turning back to oil around her nose and dripping to her chin. And he didn't regret what he did next. He didn't have any emotion because he simply couldn't feel. Taking off the clothes he had put on, he climbed back into bed as she giggled. She put the covers over them to shield them from the cameras. He didn't care.

He was silent as they went through the process again: foreplay, sex. She, on the other hand, was very vocal. As their second time came to a close, he could hear the height of the argument downstairs, the screams echoing around the open space. It was as though she was joining in. She fit with the others better than he did and seem to belong here more. He thought her screaming would never stop because he could feel the onslaught of a headache. Finally, his task complete, he collapsed beside her. She tried to lie next to him as she did before, but he rolled out of bed and went to the bathroom. As she called out, asking him to return, he closed the door behind him. He went into the shower, closed the frosted door and leaned against the wall, sliding down into a sitting position. He put his head into his hands and let a sob escape. He thought it would only last a moment, but sobs kept coming. Suddenly, he could feel everything. He could feel the tears on the palm of his hand; he could feel the leftover sweat, too. He could suddenly feel the void that always threatened to engulf him. The emptiness was growing. Why had the producers chosen him?! He was nothing in this world, and he wasn't going to become anything. He wasn't sure if he should go to college after his year off, but he didn't have a job either. None of it mattered. He wasn't particularly good at school, sports, socializing, or anything. He had never truly found a way to define himself until... Until he found women. He had slept with so many he couldn't count them: drunk, sober, tall, short, thin, fat. Just as long as they had a flair for the fake, like the one out there at the moment. That moment. The calm after the storm. After he drugged himself with their pleasure, not even his own, he would inevitably feel a low. So he had to find more and more women. It was an endless cycle until his demise. After each night the low would get worse; he had begun calling it the void.

Letting the sobs fade away, he relaxed this was the first time he had ever let the emptiness show outwardly. He knew it would be over soon. He couldn't live like this much longer. And yet, the show must go on. What was he when he wasn't entertainment? Wiping away the tears, he got into bed with the stranger and began the process once more with foreplay...

Tomorrow he would go to a club, find another woman, and bring her back. He had people to entertain and pleasure to give. He knew he would give so much that he would disappear, consumed by the void. Yet he didn't care because as he began the sex part of the process, he couldn't feel anymore...

TWISTED GROUP
DYNAMICS



Hills Like White Elephants

Charlotte Savino

"I'll get you your usual?" he asked.

"Sure."

He left and went inside.

She waited quietly, calculating, contorting herself until she crouched - left leg folded, foot beneath her hip bones, her right knee supporting her delicate chin. She stared through water lenses at the umbrellas like green palm trees. He returned and placed her coffee - iced, skim, sweet 'n' low - on the black grate table. He sat across from her, craning his neck to see into her eyes.

"So this is it, right? From here we go take the four down to brooklyn, and we'll be ok."

"There's a 'we' now?" She straightened, clutching her coffee in her right hand, leaning to the side of her chair, her gaze out above the sidewalks and toward the bodegas across the street.

The city air was moist, her coffee dripped, and her lashes gathered droplets. She turned back to him, lifting herself up to switch legs.

"I have other friends, you know... I just thought you'd like to, I don't know, be here... or whatever - involved I guess," Her eyes - brown sparrows - darted from the street to the light above the crosswalk, to the brick planters, back to the boy.

"I am here."

"Yes, you're there, and I'm here, and it's here, and we're here, and the building is over there."

"Don't do that."

"Tell me what I'm doing, tell me what the fuck I'm doing here, sitting with you drinking coffee and just fucking waiting for the right time, I don't even know if there is one."

"So you called me for what then?"

"Free coffee... what do you want to hear? That I'm still in love with you and this is some ploy to keep you around? It's not; I'm scared, and you're questioning my motives? Screw you."

"Are you?"

"What, still in love with you?"

"Yeah, if things were different - they could be different - would you want me around?"

"This is really great, let's cross that bridge when - oh say - I'm not having a crisis."

She drew a long sip of her coffee and sniffled. She stared at his shoes - grey pigeons - uncomfortably tapping around the bottom of the table.

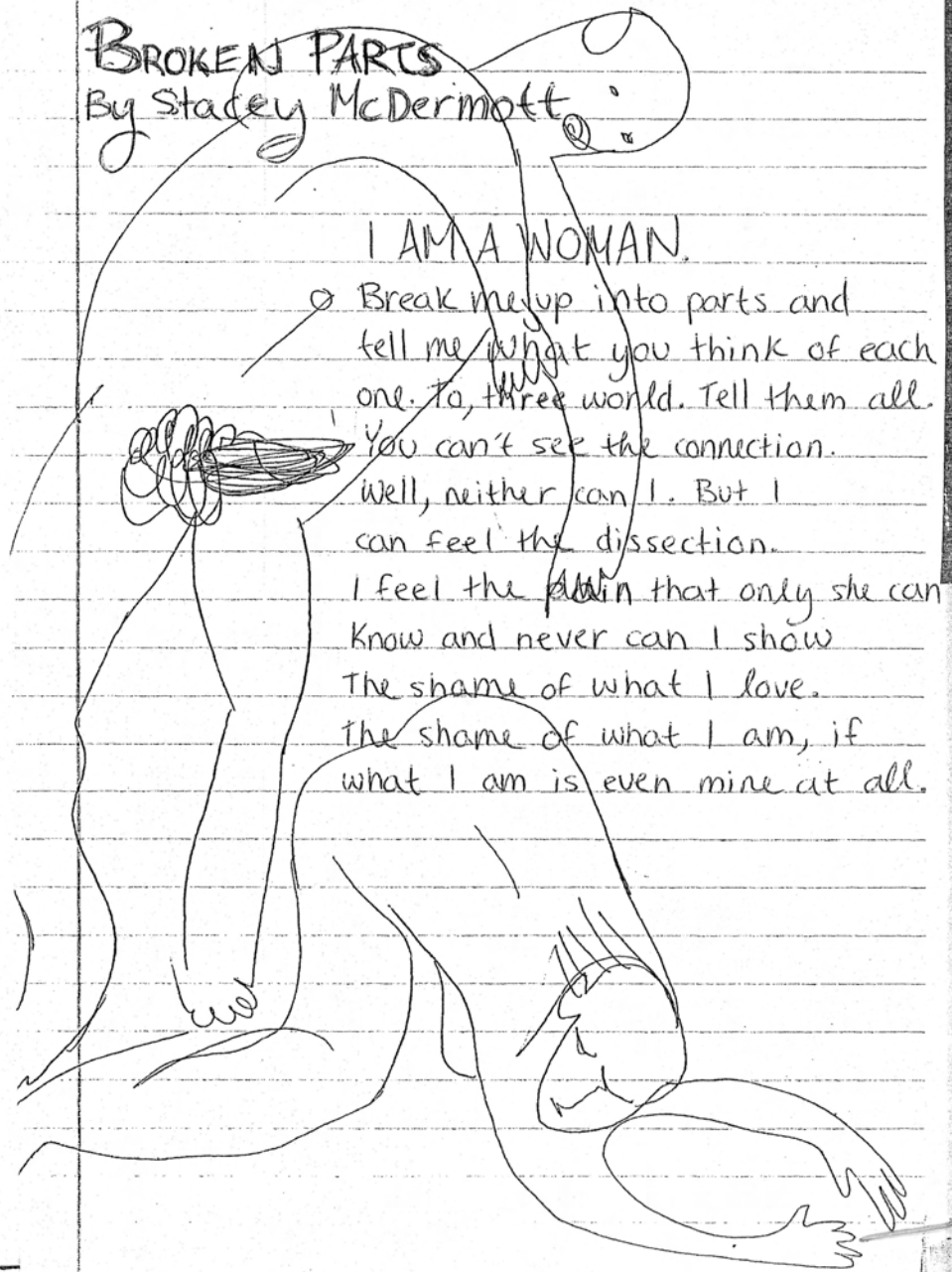
"It's not really a crisis, you just go in and take a pill and then, two more later - or something to that effect."

"Oh honey, you researched."

BROKEN PARTS By Stacey McDermott

I AM A WOMAN.

○ Break me up into parts and tell me what you think of each one. To, three world. Tell them all. You can't see the connection. Well, neither can I. But I can feel the dissection. I feel the pain that only she can know and never can I show the shame of what I love. The shame of what I am, if what I am is even mine at all.



a pill, and then a more later - or something to that effect."

"Oh honey, you researched."

"I did."

Cheeks like pink coy swam on his looking-down face. He rose to clear away his empty cup. She kept hers, gnawing on the straw.

"It's not a crisis."

"No," she said, "It's not a crisis."

"And then you'll be happy, and it will be over."

"It will be over," she repeated, "it will be over, and I will be happy, and you will be happy, and maybe there'll be a we, and then we can be happy."

He stretched his arm across the table.

"It's wet," she warned.

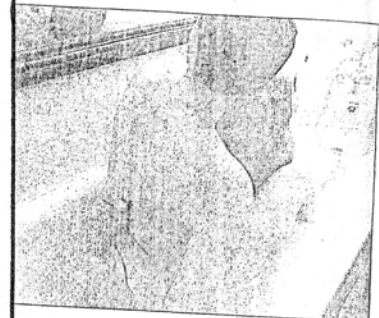
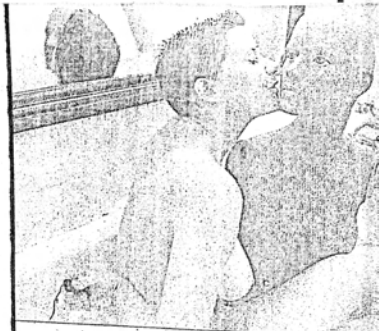
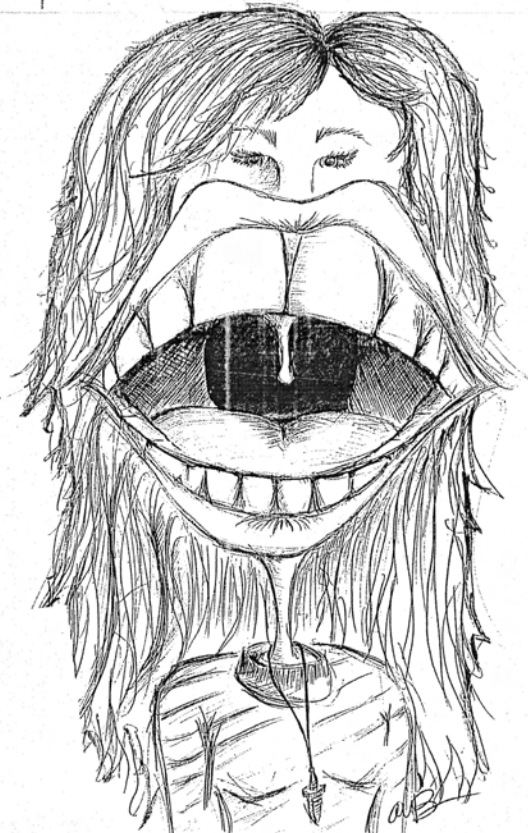
His hand like a flesh lotus beckoned for hers.

She complied.

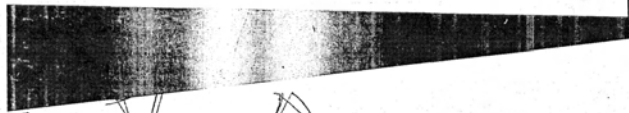
"It's not a crisis," he insisted, "I've known other girls who've done it."

"It's not a crisis," she echoed, "I'm going to be one of those girls."

She gazed at the rising apartments on the swelling hump of 86th street - hills like white elephants.



Stephanie Devise, fingerprints. © Stephanie Devise 1997.



MY BOYFRIEND RECENTLY
GAVE ME ORAL SEX
FOR THE FIRST TIME.
NOW I'M QUESTIONING
MY SEXUALITY
FOR THE FIRST TIME,
TOO BECAUSE IT WAS
SO MUCH BETTER THAN
SEX!

What's up with guys and oral sex? It seems like so many of them want head all the time but aren't willing to return the favor nearly as frequently. Newsflash guys, WE LIKE IT TOO! Maybe they should have attended the "Vagina Monologues" and learned that the clitoris has twice as many nerve endings as the penis. I doubt that knowing how mind blowing it is would convince many of them to be willing to do down and more frequently though. They have a whole list of excuses. "It's smelly," "It doesn't taste good," "I get tired," "You didn't shave today," "How long has it been since you showered?" They seem to think that they smell like a rose and taste like candy down there all the time! They don't seem to think that they ever smell or taste less than appetizing. Even if they've just come from the gym, they seem to think their sweaty, gross crotch is perfectly fit for us to have our faces in it! And they don't think it's ever unpleasant for us to deal with all of their unshaven hair. On top of all the possible smells and tastes and hair, apparently they think that it's not at all tiring for a girl to give a blow job! These guys who never want to give but always want to receive need to realize that most of us don't give head just because love it. It doesn't smell or taste so great that we want to do it for our own pleasure. Most of us do it because they like it, and we deserve a little appreciation and a little payback. Age 18, Class of 2010

Inversion

I beg you- show me what it is I see
Within the spews of sex and lust and piss.

Won't you let me in? You:
Embodiment of Japanese restraint,
Your will, your words, as hidden as the scar
I found when we were naked in my bed,
And with redemptive closeness, me to you,
I saw you in the wholeness of the parts:
Two sanguinary lips, judgmental eyes,
One convoluted stare soliciting
Some use, some purpose of my skin for you.
And with your touch too casual for love
I put to rest the us that never was.
Though you may be in me- the "we" is gone
For now there is no me but that in you

jane.

upstairs, all of the lights were off except for one. the steam emerging from underneath the door seeped out of the hallway with the soft yellow light. inside, the air was dense with steam and inhibition. jane's jeans were in a crumpled heap on the floor next to ben's university grey sweatshirt. her tan, long legs were wrapped tightly around his tightly packed abdomen and there was a struggle to remove her shirt because he refused to stop kissing her. once the shirt had been pulled off it revealed her lacy black bra, the type worn for show, and ben's hands slid down her back and admired her matching thong with his touch. the water was already pounding, as well as their hearts as they both turned their heads to look at the shower breathing hard and fast. he gently but hurriedly rested her down on the sink as he took off his chain, his watch, and his boxers. while he was speedily preparing for shower sex she calm pulled her soft hair back into a ponytail to keep her hair out of her face (and his). ben grinned at her as he pulled off her thong, and she cried out in surprise as he lifted her clean off the counter into his arms to take her into the shower. her leg muscles were strong and were tightly wrapped around ben's firm body and with the water pounding on his back he held her up with one arm and balanced one hand pushing against the tilted wall. jane's head tilted back with pleasure and the water pelted off her breasts and soaked into her bra, still on.

she loved ben's strength and force; when he was inside of her she felt all of his power. he made her hot, and horny in the oddest times and places which was why she chose to fulfill her wild fantasies with ben. he was ready to try anything. in the shower the sound of the water made her feel secure, and jane's screams became loud and primitive. she sucked air at ever push and moaned in pleasure.

"aw, jesus!" cried adam downstairs with a beer in his hand and a stack of papers he had to read over for his legal studies class later that day. "how the fuck am I supposed to study with that fucking shit going on upstairs?"

gregg was cracking up lying chest down on the sofa by the tv. "why bother fucking going to the video store when the best porn is right fucking here?" he waved the remote he was holding in the direction of the stack of dirty videos on the floor. "i should record this shit and make millions by putting it on the internet. hell i'm getting hard just listening to that bitch right now!"

"shut your dirty mouth right now you piece of shit. don't talk shit about jane you hear?" adam gulped down the last sip of his bud and threw the can hard at gregg's head. he didn't wait for an answer but grabbed the rest of the books and paper he needed and slammed the front door heading to his white honda parked across the street.

How are Babies Made?

In Emily Martin's article "The Egg and The Sperm: How Science Has Constructed a Romance Based On Stereotypical Male-Female Roles", she identifies the ways scientists depict the union of egg and sperm.



The egg is a passive damsel in distress, waiting for the strongest sperm to "rescue her" by penetration.

RESCUE
MY EGG!



Bio class →

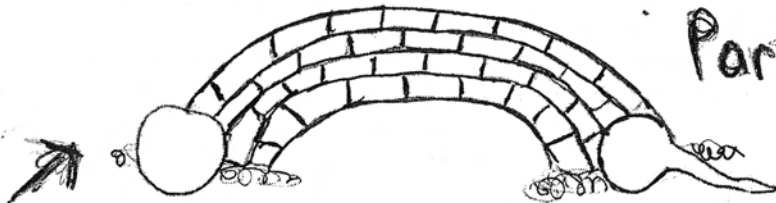
Seducing
the
sperm



The egg is a temptress, luring the poor sperm into her lair



Partnership



quality

The egg and the sperm have a partnership. Together they can build a bridge to one another.

YOU
DECIDE!





It was Friday night. Drinks were flowing and fun was happening. Just as I had decided I was bored with the particular place I was at and turned to leave, I looked up and there he was, Mr. Mac. He was my young and gorgeous eighth grade PE teacher and I was now a sophomore in college. I wasn't even old enough to be in the bar but my fake id had gotten me through the door yet again.

Our eyes met and I smiled as his familiar voice said my name. We talked and drank together. Through conversation I knew he was still teaching at my old school but no longer dating my middle school cheerleading coach. We decided to hit the dance floor and things heated up.

Drinks continued to flow freely until last call. We left the bar together and went back to his house. He took a phone call and while on the phone we started kissing, initially as a joke to get him off the phone but after he hung up the kissing continued. One thing lead to another and the next morning we woke up naked in bed together. Clothes were scattered throughout the kitchen, living room and stair case. Apparently it was a rather steamy hook up.

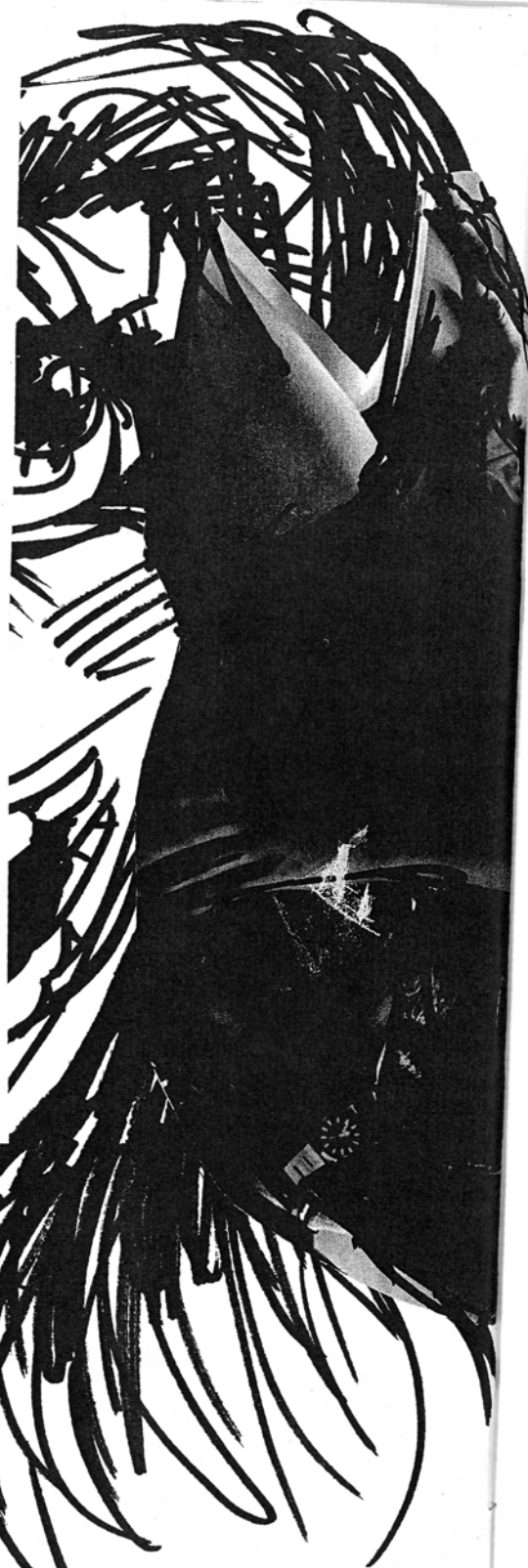
I remember waking up with my head in the pillow, pounding, and thinking, "Did I really just have sex with Mr. Mac? Yes I did". I opened my eyes and he was in his boxers. He smiled and said, "Good morning" and handed me a glass of water.

He had never drunk with a student and I had never drunk with a teacher and neither of us could have imagined we would go home together. We laid in bed wasting the day away the next morning for 4 hours and he drove me back to my car...which I could not locate due to a fuzzy memory and I think this entertained him slightly.

We talked about it later that week and decided we had a really good time together and although neither of us would have called our Friday night together turning into a Saturday morning, we were okay with it. We still talk a lot and I see him out when I go out. No telling where this one will go but none the less, I thought it was a story for the books. I mean, honestly...how many girls can say they had sex with their beyond hot middle school gym teacher? (He likes to tell everyone he was my "sex-ed" teacher).

Submitted Anonymously

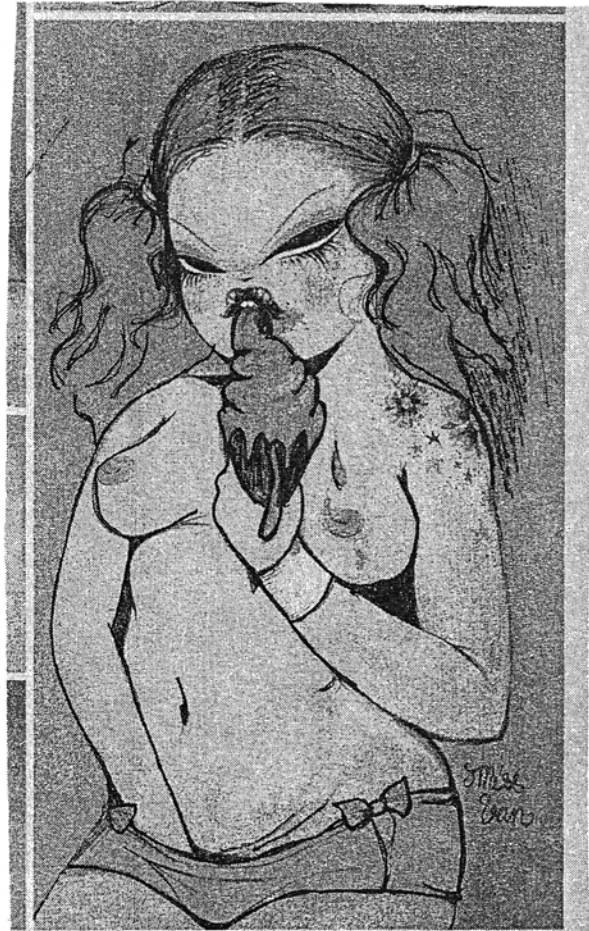
*names of individuals are not actual names of parties involved.



MISS VAN

"Before Miss Van hit the streets of her home town of Toulouse, a female graffiti writer was extremely rare. While many would have tried to hide the femininity of their work in an effort to become accepted by their male counterparts, Miss Van did the exact opposite. She stayed true to herself, embraced her female sensibilities to the fullest, and used them to define a style that day -- years later-- is often imitated, but never matched.

Miss Van's exquisite taste and her impeccable sense of let you know that this work was done by a woman's hand. With each piece, she deftly balances the playful and the alluring with a precision and skill that allows her characters to be insightful, multi-dimensional and fully realized.



When you come across one of Miss Van's girls on the street, they can literally stop you in your tracks. They linger with you on the street and then follow you after you pass. It is this internal energy that Miss Van infuses into her characters which marks a Miss Van piece and sets it above all of the rest. Her girls seduce you in such a way that can completely transform the way you look at the city. Suddenly the city itself, like Miss Van's characters becomes sensual, sweet, alive and full of mischief.##

- Graffiti Women: Street Art from Five Continents
by Nicholas Ganz

I was once caught having sex with my boyfriend in the back of my car. It was in the back of a vacant movie parking lot; when the police knocked on the window and flashed the light into the car, I was petrified. We quickly put our clothes on and got out. They had to call my parents because I was 16 and he was 18. They wanted to see if my parents wanted to charge him with statutory rape. I bawled and begged them not to. That night I was forced to tell my parents that I had lost my virginity. I was no longer daddy's little girl.

10, Sophomore

25 oruly ♀.
a collaborative
piece.

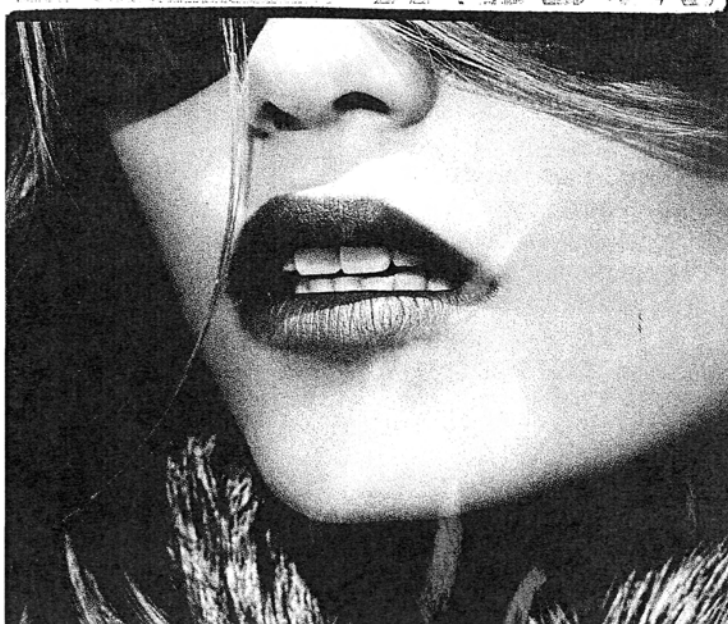


TABLE 2.7
Percent of Adolescents Who Reported Various Dimensions of Sexual Behavior Within the Relationship, by Sex, Age, and Race (Add Health, Wave II, 1996)

	N	Touched Each Other Under Clothing	Touched Each Other's Genitals	Had Sexual Intercourse
Total	6,117	56.9	51.7	40.5
Age at Interview				
<14	182	27.8	19.9	7.6
14-15	1,762	41.7	35.6	23.2
16+	4,171	65.7	61.1	50.4
Age at Interview, by Sex				
Males	2,768	53.7	49.0	36.8
<14	74	30.8	19.4	8.4
14	327	27.0	23.0	13.2
15	436	45.6	39.3	24.3
16	543	51.1	48.2	35.3
17	664	63.0	57.7	44.9
18	513	69.1	64.9	51.2
19+	209	73.4	69.3	67.6
Females	3,349	59.9	54.4	44.0
<14	108	25.1	20.4	6.8
14	430	33.3	26.6	21.0
15	569	55.0	48.3	31.0
16	735	61.8	56.4	40.3
17	725	71.4	65.9	56.6
18	591	74.4	70.5	65.9
19+	191	73.6	69.0	72.5
Race, by Sex				
Males				
White	1,805	55.3	49.8	34.2
African American	505	50.7	47.5	46.9
Hispanic	340	47.8	45.1	39.9
Asian	87	48.6	42.5	22.7
Females				
White	2,218	62.8	57.6	43.7
African American	644	57.5	50.3	50.4
Hispanic	358	47.2	41.4	37.8
Asian	97	46.5	41.1	34.8

Note. Analyses are constructed from Wave II data. Data are weighted with Wave II weights (with post-stratification).

Naughty



Oh Little Miss Argumentative!
Shun her! Spite her!
Do not hesitate to frown upon her!
Meddle in her affairs, she WANTS you to,
She calls upon you

The LOOSE WOMAN saves no man.
Her wicked ways, her powerful TEMPTATIONS,
You must resist, you must fight back!

Hail oh viracious resistors! Praise our heroes and
brave men with souls of steel!

Our hearts are yours, our embrace is here to snare,
Our homes the haven to those who see past her,
who do not fall at whim, who do not accept

her bribes and
Those who reserve humility and pride to overcome
her powerful ways

Turn her down, let no one fare her entrance to
their homes.

Any accomplice will begin the FIRE that will end her,
Oh heart of heresy ~~that~~ will burn till her
bones are dust.

Her evil ways will burn to hell where it is said she had
arisen.

Pray to the o mighty men, blind our eyes and stop our ears!
Oh virtuous resistors, take us under thy protective shield,
we are too feeble without

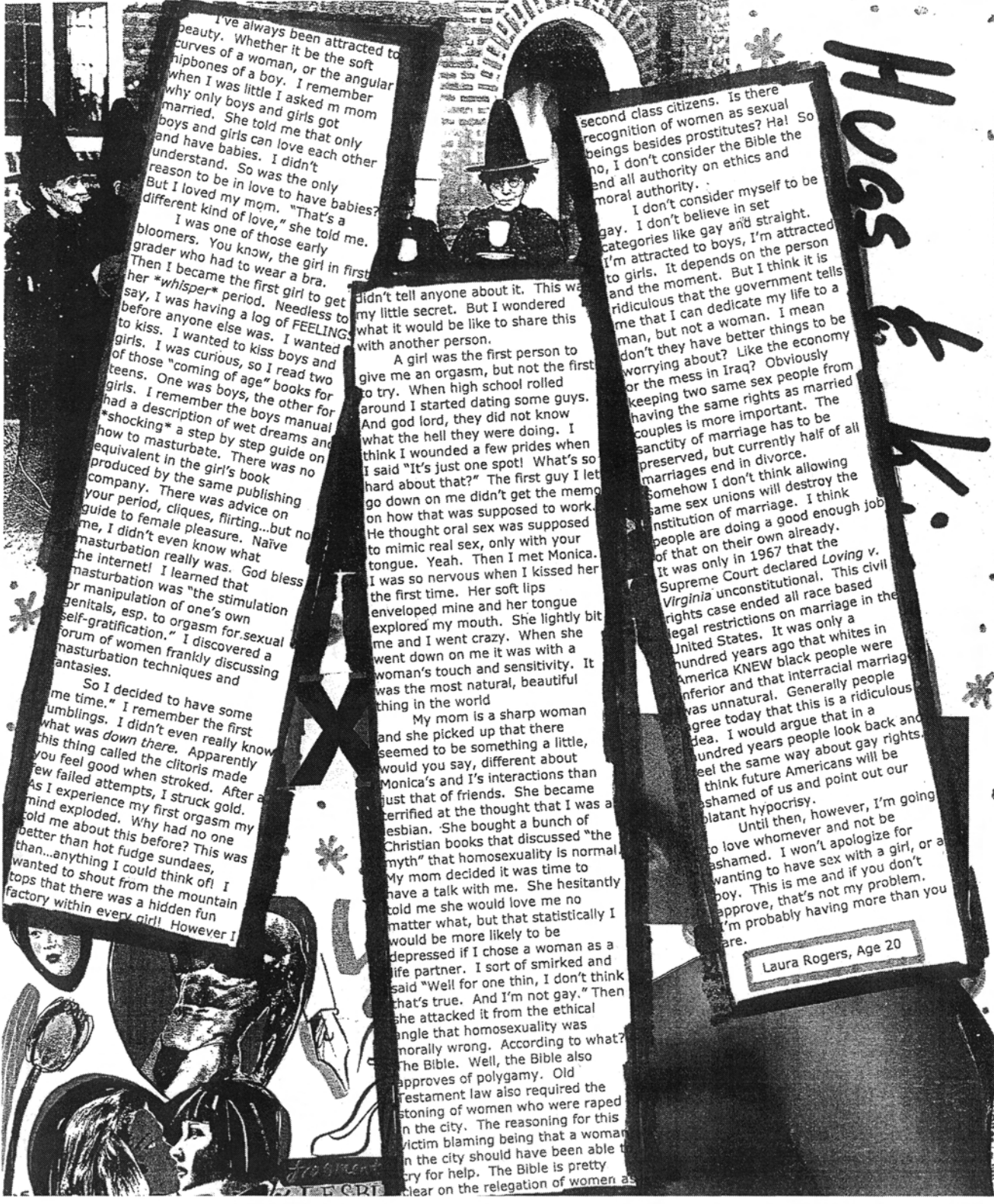
WHAT'S IT TO YOU?

desire

Condom

JELICIOUS

KIES



Hugs & K.

I've always been attracted to beauty. Whether it be the soft curves of a woman, or the angular hipbones of a boy. I remember when I was little I asked my mom why only boys and girls got married. She told me that only boys and girls can love each other and have babies. I didn't understand. So was the only reason to be in love to have babies? But I loved my mom. "That's a different kind of love," she told me.

I was one of those early bloomers. You know, the girl in first grader who had to wear a bra. Then I became the first girl to get her "whisper" period. Needless to say, I was having a log of FEELINGS before anyone else was. I wanted to kiss. I wanted to kiss boys and girls. I was curious, so I read two of those "coming of age" books for teens. One was boys, the other for girls. I remember the boys manual had a description of wet dreams and "shocking" a step by step guide on how to masturbate. There was no equivalent in the girl's book produced by the same publishing company. There was advice on your period, cliques, flirting...but no guide to female pleasure. Naive me, I didn't even know what masturbation really was. God bless the internet! I learned that masturbation was "the stimulation or manipulation of one's own genitals, esp. to orgasm for sexual self-gratification." I discovered a forum of women frankly discussing masturbation techniques and fantasies.

So I decided to have some "me time." I remember the first time I had a orgasm. I didn't even really know what was down there. Apparently this thing called the clitoris made you feel good when stroked. After a few failed attempts, I struck gold. As I experience my first orgasm my mind exploded. Why had no one told me about this before? This was better than hot fudge sundaes, than...anything I could think of! I wanted to shout from the mountain tops that there was a hidden fun factory within every girl! However I

didn't tell anyone about it. This was my little secret. But I wondered what it would be like to share this with another person.

A girl was the first person to give me an orgasm, but not the first to try. When high school rolled around I started dating some guys. And god lord, they did not know what the hell they were doing. I think I wounded a few prides when I said "It's just one spot! What's so hard about that?" The first guy I let go down on me didn't get the memo on how that was supposed to work. He thought oral sex was supposed to mimic real sex, only with your tongue. Yeah. Then I met Monica. I was so nervous when I kissed her the first time. Her soft lips enveloped mine and her tongue explored my mouth. She lightly bit me and I went crazy. When she went down on me it was with a woman's touch and sensitivity. It was the most natural, beautiful thing in the world.

My mom is a sharp woman and she picked up that there seemed to be something a little, would you say, different about Monica's and I's interactions than just that of friends. She became terrified at the thought that I was a lesbian. She bought a bunch of Christian books that discussed "the myth" that homosexuality is normal. My mom decided it was time to have a talk with me. She hesitantly told me she would love me no matter what, but that statistically I would be more likely to be depressed if I chose a woman as a life partner. I sort of smirked and said "Well for one thing, I don't think that's true. And I'm not gay." Then she attacked it from the ethical angle that homosexuality was morally wrong. According to what? The Bible. Well, the Bible also approves of polygamy. Old Testament law also required the stoning of women who were raped in the city. The reasoning for this victim blaming being that a woman in the city should have been able to cry for help. The Bible is pretty clear on the relegation of women as

second class citizens. Is there recognition of women as sexual beings besides prostitutes? Ha! So no, I don't consider the Bible the end all authority on ethics and moral authority.

I don't consider myself to be gay. I don't believe in set categories like gay and straight. I'm attracted to boys, I'm attracted to girls. It depends on the person and the moment. But I think it is ridiculous that the government tells me that I can dedicate my life to a man, but not a woman. I mean don't they have better things to be worrying about? Like the economy or the mess in Iraq? Obviously keeping two same sex people from having the same rights as married couples is more important. The sanctity of marriage has to be preserved, but currently half of all marriages end in divorce.

Somehow I don't think allowing same sex unions will destroy the institution of marriage. I think people are doing a good enough job of that on their own already. It was only in 1967 that the Supreme Court declared *Loving v. Virginia* unconstitutional. This civil rights case ended all race based legal restrictions on marriage in the United States. It was only a hundred years ago that whites in America KNEW black people were inferior and that interracial marriage was unnatural. Generally people agree today that this is a ridiculous idea. I would argue that in a hundred years people look back and feel the same way about gay rights. I think future Americans will be ashamed of us and point out our blatant hypocrisy.

Until then, however, I'm going to love whomever and not be ashamed. I won't apologize for wanting to have sex with a girl, or a boy. This is me and if you don't approve, that's not my problem. I'm probably having more than you are.

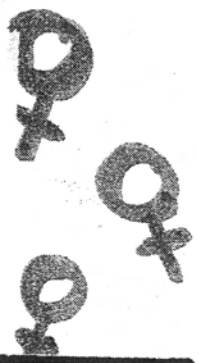
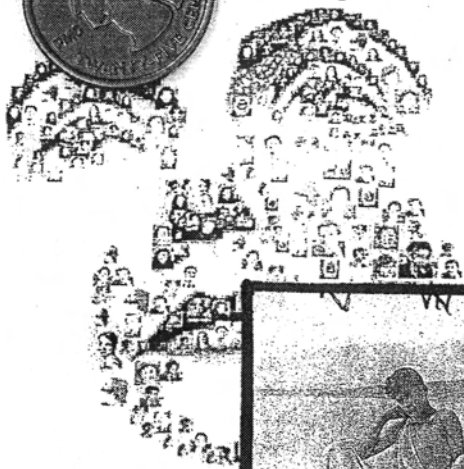
Laura Rogers, Age 20

depth perception
from the inside
i'm as empty as out. (18, freshman)

easy to read,
thoughts shallow
like pools or ponds or what have you -
anything but oceans.
eyes like puddles on pavement,
lips paper petals.
that's what you should expect, knowing
no one gets in
without my approval -
or is that lack of disapproval
is that what i thought i felt,
snaking out
is that feeling subsiding through trails of
orange light between my fingers
-- feeling of substance, sustenance--
it's left me now, you
and your burning wands.
first in and first out.
in that red crevice
my ash-branded fingers searched for escape,
but all they found
were the remnants of whispers hidden by those green fools
that came before us -

we'll never learn from the awkward burgundy leather-to-skin groans,
from the fact
that the pleasure descends into disappointment
when she looks up into the gray of the stepped concrete
or the arbitrary constellations that'll never compute
and he remembers that her eyes are far from her essence.
just shallow dark
in arbitrary white
and her lips are just
dewy cushions
and her hair is just
a mess now, and she's trying to hide it.
i will always seek to make myself
"cute"
for you, because that is all you need to know.
i won't tell you

that your fingernails are piercing me
or that I can feel the pressure in my ribs
or that I can't taste you
or that I feel cheap
or what I won't be able to eat for weeks.
i can only tell you
that nothing is inherently good in this world
not even me.
that I can promise.



New Bra at Target \$5.00
Matching underwear \$5.00
Losing it and breaking
your head in the
process: priceless
Except for the completely
unfulfilled heart you left
with I'm left with
On reflection, the only good thing about
the whole thing is now it won't
hurt with the next guy who I hope is
just what I want something with



Swallow Time

Here's some advice, take it from me:
Smile when you can and do nice things for others.
Try to avoid the conventional - easier said than done of course.
Convention can be stronger today than even that legendary survival instinct:
Fight or Flight.
You have to steal the time from the life that's passing by
For fuck's sake.
If he doesn't love you, he may never love you.
Try to accept what is real as real;
Know that what is dream is dream.

We never knew if it was us or it was them
Real or Unreal
But then again it didn't really matter at the time
It doesn't really matter at all.
She matters to me,
We revolve around each other looking into each others eyes
Sun and Moon
Bursting proud from the things that confine us
This space is ours
This time is ours
Maybe we stole it,
But look what we went through
to get here.
I'm blinded...
you are so beautiful to me.
Kind of wish I could hide you,
but how can you hide the sun?



~Stacy McDermot~

Thirst

freshman
age 18



Once, I met a boy--no--I met a man--no--I met eyes
That danced in oceanic circles
In the green fields under my skirt,
Crop circles inside my thighs,
And teeth marks trailing my throat,
Dotted lines between my ribs
Tracing my earlobes
Remember
The incipient kisses, however urgent,
You still won't let me explore my familiar
What if we fall into one of those
Loveless marriages
Hands gripped, staring vacantly with lips pursed
You'd buy me the creamiest pearls.
We'd fall out only in the fading of eye
I write under you, hoping
You'll thrust me into awakening.
You'll let me watch you.
You'll fall for me one day,
Instead of stumbling and recovering and saving face.
All I can offer is a sensuous mouth,

Large, luminous eyes
Maybe I had them there, carrying my secretest heart into skin you never see
If not
You can have them
I'm so thirsty. Never been so thirsty

I ♥ MY VIBRATOR

EVERY GIRL SHOULD OWN A VIBRATOR. IT DOESN'T MATTER IF YOU'RE A VIRGIN OR IF YOU'VE BEEN WITH MORE PEOPLE THAN YOU COULD EVER BEGIN TO COUNT. YOU SHOULD HAVE A VIBRATOR. NO GIRL SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE. IT WILL NEVER CHEAT ON YOU. IT WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU FOR SOMEONE ELSE. IT WILL NEVER BREAK YOUR HEART, AND IT WILL NEVER BE TOO TIRED TO PLEASE YOU. IT EXISTS FOR ONE REASON AND ONE REASON ONLY: TO PLEASE YOU! I WANT NOTHING BUT TO GIVE YOU PLEASURE, AND IT DEMANDS NOTHING IN RETURN. THE ONLY TIME A VIBRATOR WILL LET YOU DOWN IS IF THE BATTERIES DIE, AND THEN, IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF SECONDS BEFORE IT'S BACK TO PLEASING YOU. ON TOP OF SUPPLYING YOU WITH ENDLESS AMOUNTS OF PLEASURE, IT HELPS YOU LEARN WHAT YOU LIKE SO YOU KNOW WHAT TO TELL SOMEONE TO DO! THERE'S REALLY NOTHING BAD ABOUT THEM. VIBRATORS ARE BASICALLY PERFECT. I LOVE MY VIBRATOR!

Age 18
2010

Friends



Lips

Kissing lips
Caressing my neck, my chest, and
Below
My skin, my muscles and blood
Shake
Me from this addiction to your
Kissing lips

Lying lips
Speaking empty words with broken
Promises
Are sorted sounds prescribed
Meaning
Only comes from what I place on your
Lying lips

Lips
Accusing me of weakness, not
Strength
Helps my mind to ignore this
Pain
Is nothing to know the pleasure of your
Lips

-19, Freshman

Six-inch black stiletto platforms
She keeps them on
while leaning back on the
dark pink furry pillow
sipping cognac; blood
watching the price is right
danny plays the piano
the mood in the room; high
there is the scent of dead air
it terminates the life

And the laughter
She once knew

age: 20
year: 2008

My most embarrassing moment ever occurred freshman year of college. I had met a boy on my hall. He was cute, fun, and totally into me. I knew he liked me for months but resisted sending him the go-ahead signals. Finally, one night after a room party when all our friends had gone to bed, I let him make his move. We kissed. He wasn't a great kisser, a little on the sloppy side, in fact. But the chemistry made me want to help him practice. We stayed up all night making out and spent the next 3 nights doing the same. On the fourth night, he was feeling both explorative and generous. Unbuttoning my pants, his fingers headed south. I'm shy in bed, and, feeling unwilling to return the favor, let him know this. Lucky me! He didn't mind. He pleased me several times over until we were both so tired we fell asleep in each others arms. The next morning I awoke to kisses on my neck and a gentle hand massaging my breast. Again, his fingers made their way between my legs. I felt a tug on my pubes. Then, he gave me a funny look. "What's wrong?" I asked. "Umm..." he responded. Reaching my hand to my vagina, I discovered that the woman-juices of last night's pleasure session had dried to my pubes during the night and formed a barrier to my cooter. While he wasn't fazed, I'm still haunted by the crusty vagina.

BE SAFE!

Free, Anonymous HIV Testing At the Student Health Center

Friday, April 20 → 10 AM to 1PM
Monday, April 30 → 1PM to 4PM

To make an appointment:

- Call the Student Health Appointment line (221-2998)
- Indicate that you would like a WAN screening
- Provide a first name ONLY

You will be given an appointment time.
Please arrive 10-15 minutes before your scheduled time

How to Use a Condom

1. Keep condoms in a cool, dry place and check the expiration date before using the condom.
2. A condom should be put on before any penetration or oral contact.
3. Carefully rip open an edge of the condom package. Be sure not to tear the condom -- don't use teeth or scissors!
4. Pinch the air out of the tip of the condom, leaving room for the ejaculate to collect, and roll it down the erect penis.
Note: the rolled "lip" of the condom should be on the outside as it is rolled down the penis. If the condom does not unroll easily it may be on the wrong side. If this happens: throw the condom away and start over.
5. After intercourse: hold the base ring of the condom as you withdraw the penis so the condom does not slip off. Withdraw while penis is still erect.
6. Throw the condom away in a trash can (not a toilet!).

SAPA (Sexual Assault Peer Advocates) The members of SAPA are male and female undergraduate and graduate students trained to help someone dealing with a sexual assault related issue by providing information, resources, accompaniment, and support. Contact sapaxx@wm.edu to set up an appointment.



The Student Health Center no longer requires a full gynecological exam to receive prescriptions for contraception. The fee for contraception-only appointments will be \$5. For more information visit:

http://www.wm.edu/health/womens_health.php

IMPORTANT NUMBERS:

Office of Health Education: (757) 221-2195

Williamsburg AIDS Network: (757) 220-4606

Health Center Appointment Line: (757) 221-2998

Avalon 24 Hour Helpline: (757) 221-5051

Sexual Assault Educator: (757) 221-7369

Director of Sexual Assault Services: (757) 221-3620

IMPORTANT WEBSITES:

W&M Women's Health:

http://www.wm.edu/health/womens_health.php

Gardasil Info:

<http://www.gardasil.com/hcp.html>

GYN History Form:

http://www.wm.edu/health/pdfs/GYN_FORM.pdf

Pap Testing Information Form:

<http://www.wm.edu/health/pdfs/abnormal%20PAP.pdf>

On-line Women's Health Class:

http://www.wm.edu/health/quiz_intro.php

Planned Parenthood:

<http://www.plannedparenthood.org>

W&M Sexual Assault Resources and Education:

<http://www.wm.edu/sexualassault/>

STD/STI Information:

<http://www.ashastd.org/>

Plan B FAQ:

<http://www.fda.gov/cder/drug/infopage/planB/planBQandA20060824.htm>



