

If you are easily offended then don't read.....

Dildos Not Bombs II



aNALINGUS!

BREEDING!

Team PLASTiQue!

seXuaLiTY?

cuRSe oV DiaLeCT!!

Here's what people said about the 1st issue:

- "You're fucked in the head" random zinester
- "I cant sell that here its too rude" the guy from Sticky (zine/art shop)
- "I nearly pissed myself on a train" girl in london
- "you worry me" queensland guy

so join the real sexual revolution
and get a copy anyway you can!

If your interested contact us at:

- dildosnotbombs@yahoo.com
- website:
www.groups.yahoo.com/groups/dildosnotbombs
for some full colour piccies and other
stuff.
- articles + art gladly accepted

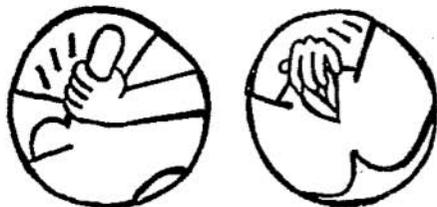
thanks too:

the following crews:

abyss, alma, ape, curse, melanmates, q+a,
people:

sifu, pixelbob, tankboy, helstrom, red-ex, bzzpop,
double h,
and

all the people who
have, will or want to
get their freak on with us.



get mad at it!

Philosofeces

(by jimmy pop all)

I lick girls' rumps. I like to lick girls rumps. Girls like to have their rumps licked. Most girls won't admit they've had their rumps licked, let alone enjoyed having their rumps licked. But believe you me, if you lick a girl's rump, she'll love you for life. In fact, that was my high school yearbook quote.

My conviction to "slurping the brown pucker" doesn't stem from the traumatic experience I encountered during the anal stage of Freudian development. I mean, sure mommy dearest use to administer the "buming knitting needle catheter punishment" when I would accidentally "makey poo-poo in me diaps-diaps", but I knew that mommy dearest austere methods of discipline were only an expression of her unconditional maternal love. No, my spelunking was motivated and fostered by my anatomical, not psychological irregularities. You see I have a small penis.

Forget about the penile deficiency that cruelly yet so naturally accompanies the average Anglo-Saxon male, it's much worse than that. For instance, after a cold shower I look like a seven year old. Girl. I often wished I were hung like a black guy. No, not from a poplar tree. I mean "hung" in terms of having a penis the size of a enraged Ugandan spitting cobra and testicles that resemble an immigrant Italian mother's Xmas dinner meatballs. But I don't.

So, long before I convinced that first girl (without the use of cheap wine or a cast iron mallet) that I wasn't so repulsive compared to the elephant man. I knew I had to go the extra mile down aretha (urethra) Franklin's "freeway of love". Yes, I would have to go down like a DC10. well, one of my first g-spot mining expeditions, I struck climactic gold. Although I observed a slight twitching as my tongue found my attractive victims tinkle hole (as it is technically known), I noticed an almost epileptic reaction when I accidentally lapped her greasy donut. From that moment on, my cheese curl of a penis was not an issue. For I had found a way to fill the void, and it was by filling the void with my tongue. Black hole tongue wont you come?

When I divulge to other guys that I French kiss the devil's onion ring, their reaction is usually "what fuck wrong you? That where poop come from!". First I ask them why they're talking like a cro-magnum men, then I explain that there is a significant difference between a females buttocks and the buttocks of her male counterpart. A guy's ass is a fecal cavern of pooplagtites and pooplagmites formed when ass broth continuously smothers and cakes sweaty mounds of bung fur. Dung dreadlocks if you will. In other words, it would be comparable to making out with a pet stores garbage can in mid-summer. In contrast, it is imperative that the female maintain a high level of rectal cleanliness to safeguard her vagina from infection. In general, girls sphincters are cleaner than boys mouths. But let me warn you perspective stool munchers. Excrementation point! On one occasion, I looked like I had just eaten a snickers bar. They have peanuts in them you know.

In general though, performing analingus will prove to be a pleasurable experience for both you and your female companion. So don't kiss your girlfriends ass, eat it. If you want her as a soul mate, be an ass soul mate. Cause' much like this article, true love is tongue and cheek.

This was article was stolen from "POPsmeat magaZine" : issue 9 : 1996

WHO'S STRAIGHT?

Fuck you, you sad little queen, how dare you suggest I'm straight.

Coming from a person who has no imagination and follows whatever all the other clones are wearing. your clothes, job, food, hairstyle, nightclubs, musical tastes and even your drugs are sooooo predictable. And you make all those bitchy comments about straights, like a good little suit wearing toxic queen. No wonder you drown your sorrows in drugs and alcohol, you're boring.

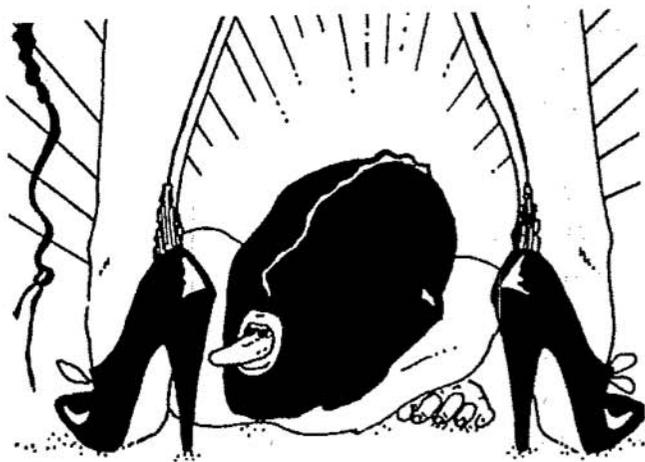
Have a close look at yourself, straight is not about sexuality its about lifestyle. As much as you deny it you are as predictable as those boring married and mortgaged fuckers in the 'burbs.

Fuck, my little finger has more imagination than you. Even your so called "freaky scenes" are boring full of no imagination clones, they just look a bit different. Look at your magazines, full of the same boring shit. Lots of stuff about nothing, with a token "serious" article or 2, so you don't look too boring.

You came out of the closet and straight into the little clone box where you can feel safe in your lack of individuality and closed mindedness.

Equal rights.....FUCK YES!

Equal Lifestyle.....FUCK NO!



Metal Male Bonding?

I don't know how many times I've been to metal or punk gigs and it mostly male. I'm in the pit going sick and then some sweaty gym bunny is in the pit and jumpin around with his shirt off. It's usually these macho pricks who have to show off and act all agro, are the same guys who spout all that



shit about "fuckin' fags" and other homophobic bullshit. The grand homophobe is the same guy who's rubbing his sweaty bod against other sweaty guys. I know a few gay headbangers and punks, and it must be so fucking amazing in the pit, getting into the music you love and being surrounded by sweaty guys of all shapes and sizes. It makes me wonder how many straight guys go home after the gig and have a wank, or go sick rooting their girlfriend, because of the testosteroned sweaty atmosphere, without realizing that its not their fantasies or girlfriend making the horny it's the hours of inhaling male sweat heavy with testosterone.

air the orchid, baste the tuna, beat your beaver, brush your beaver, buff the weasel, bury your knuckles, butter your muffin, buttonhole, caress your kitty, catch a buzz, clap your clit, clap with one hand, cook cucumbers, diddle your skittle, digitate, do your nails, dunk the beaver, express yourself, fan your fur, feed your fish, feed your horse, finger paint, flit your clit, frig, get a date with slick mittens, get a fat lip, get a lube job, get a stain out of your carpet, go it alone, grab your goatee, grease your gash, grease your skillet, grease your lips, gusset typing, hand shandy, hit the slit, hitchhike to heaven, hose your hole, itch your ditch, jill off, leglock the pillow, lube your labia, make kitty purr, make waves, mistressbate, paddle the pink canoe, part the red sea, pat your snatch, pet snoopy, pet your poodle, play couch hockey for one, play stinky pinkie, playing the pokies, polish your peanut, read braille, ring for the maid, rub job, rubbin' the nubbin, scratch the patch, self manipulate, she-bop, shuck the oyster, slam the clam, a bit of southern comfort, stir the yogurt, stump jump, surf the channel, take a trip to the deep south, test the plumbing, tickle your crack, tickle your tack, twit your clit, visit father fingers, walk the hand home, water the hot spot, work in the garden, wrenching the stench trench.

I don't know how many times I've been at a party and the usual subject of sex comes up and there's always some women who claims to not masturbate, they usually use the excuse that they don't need to. Right, like their sex life is just so perfect that the thought has never popped into their head. I usually think they a very bad liar or their sex life must be shit and they're in denial. Talking to many women friends, who admit to wanking, and seeing it on 100's of TV shows, they all say how can you let others know your body and how to get it off, when you don't even know how yourself. Men usually go through the teenage years wanking themselves stupid, but in total denial in public. Usually as they get older the denial stops and they're more relaxed about it. Sure, there are guys who claim they don't, and actually don't, for years later, but I reckon its rare. But with a lot more women the denial stays for years, it like they hate to admit they need to. Its time for women everywhere to stick one fist in the air and the other hand down between your legs and proudly admit, **I like to wank and I'm proud of it.**

All men are bastards!

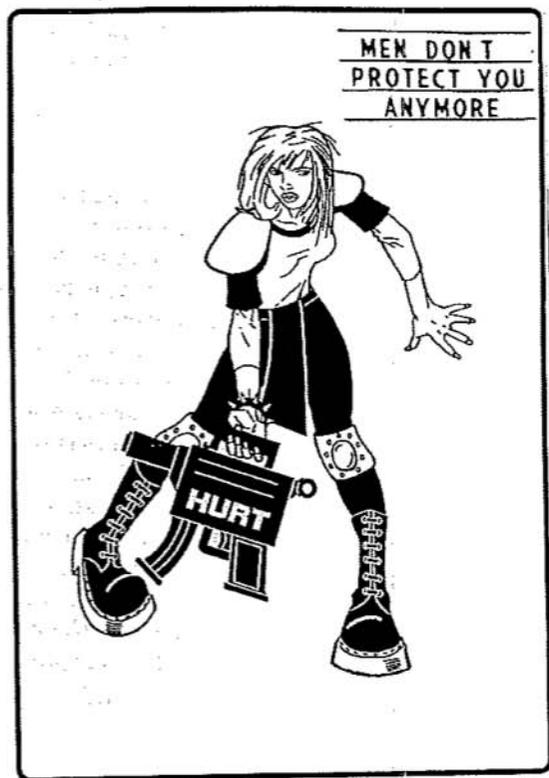
How many times have we heard that? It's the biggest pile of bullshit, all men are not bastards, just the ones you know.

You're a shit magnet!

Your whole attitude draws them in, and your constant need for some sort of pain so you've got something to whinge about, draws them in like moths to a flame.

Stop hanging out with arseholes and maybe your life will be better.

(thax to billy connolly)



what are you, what are you.

define yourself to me

"Are you gay?"

"Are you straight?"

"Do you swing?"

pick a label to hang
yourself from.

what are you, what are you.

everyone needs a pigeon hole to keep them
safe from harm.

safety in numbers.

is that the logic?

"come out of the closet darling!"

and join the flock.

what are you, what are you.

"I'm just me, who else could I be!"

assume nothing. make no mistake.

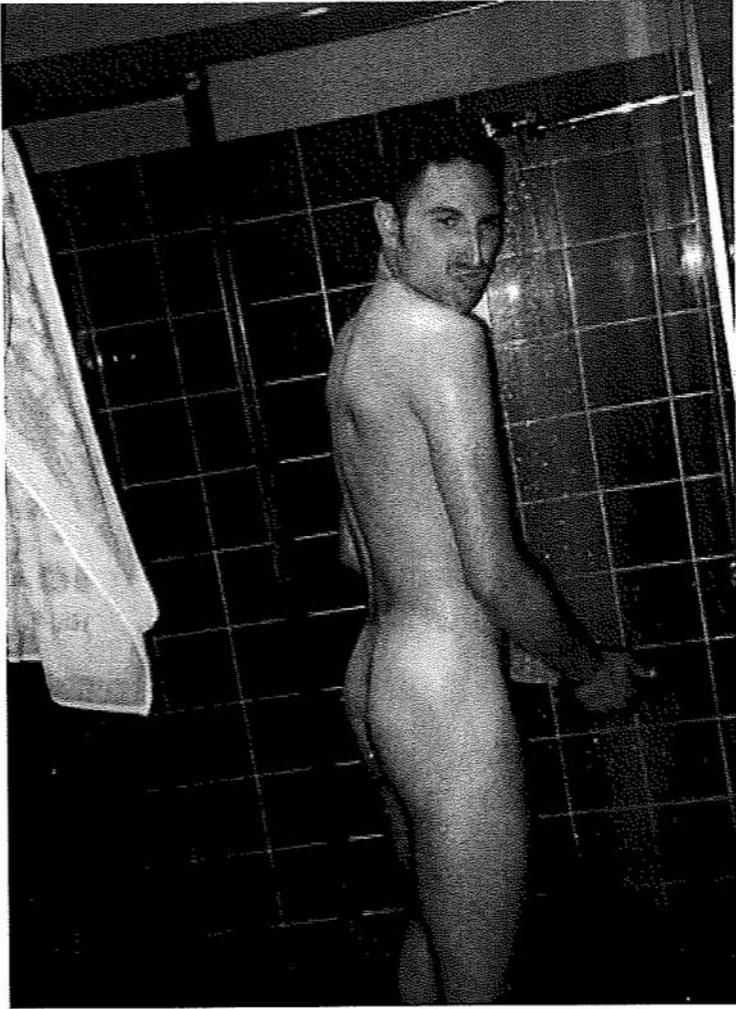
every body is beautiful

and your favorite label will ultimately limit
you.

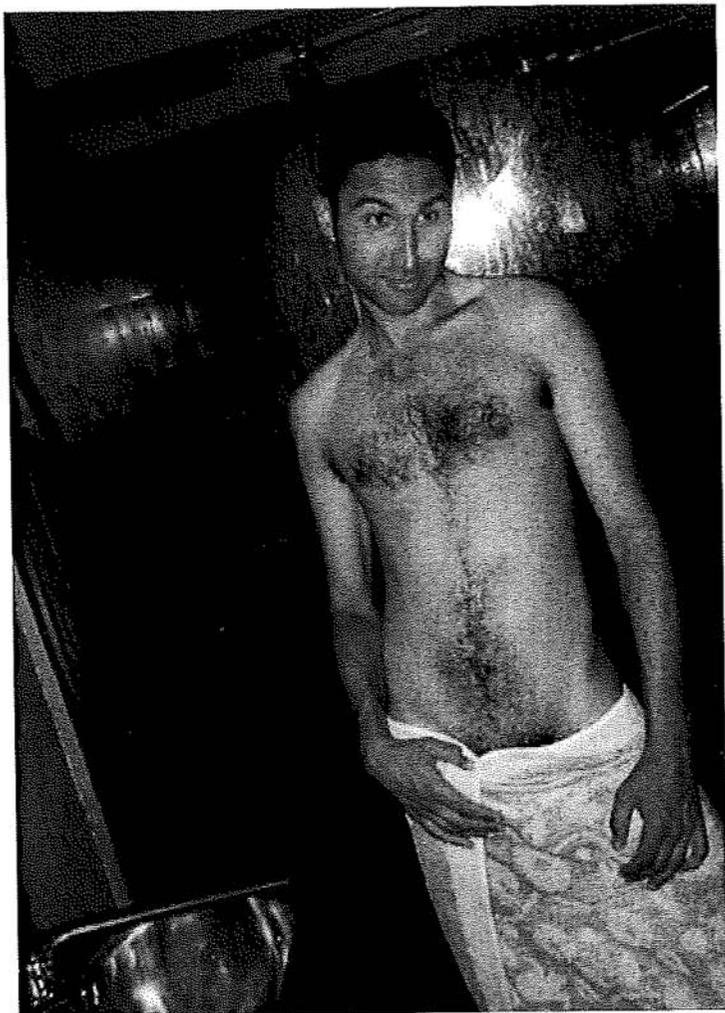
deviAnt h.s.m k9

from head magazine "the sex issue"

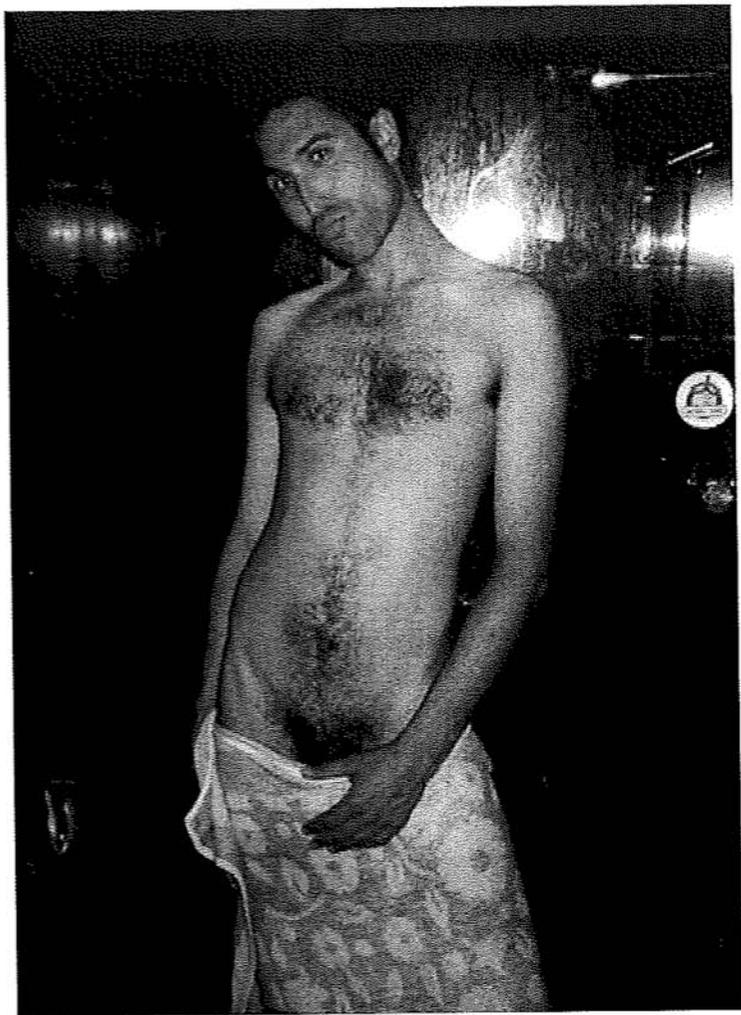




diamond dazza says
**"cleanse the body,
pollute the mind!"**



diamond dazza says
"cover
until you reveal
to your lover"



diamond dazza says
**“conceal
until ready for
someone to feel”**



Name: **Diamond Dazza**

Email: **folklaw2002@yahoo.com**

Turn Ons:

- light eyes
- pale skin
- dark hair
- nice ass
- women who are curvaceous
- the natural body shape of a woman

Turn offs:

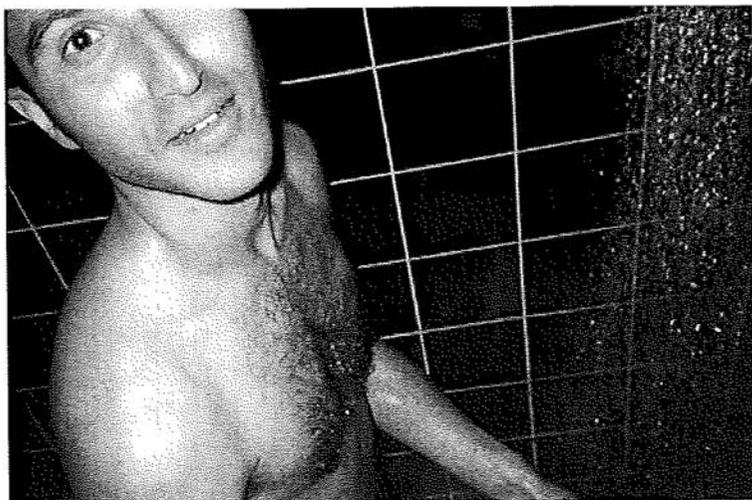
- women who talk about ex partners when your going out with them
- socks & sandals
- women wearing clothes that don't compliment their natural body shape
- nasty and bitchy women.

Ambitions:

- try a threesome
- success with "curse ov dialect"
- successful career in community development

what do you think about people getting off on your photos?

- I'm flattered by the attention from both sexes, if it's a girl, that's great, but if it's a guy, sorry I'm playing for the other team. Basically, I'm flattered by the attention.



never assume my sexuality.

how many times have we all heard the bullshit line "she's/he's gay, they just don't know it yet." Or "(insert celebrity name here) is gay, a friend of a friend fucked them." It's the narrow minded shit that hetros get accused of constantly, but no one seems to mind it in the queer community. I don't assume anyone's sexuality when I meet them. Don't do the same for me or others.

The first line about ".....they don't know yet" is as bad as "you just need to find the right girl/guy or all you need is some good dick/pussy and you'll be straight." Just because you've got self-image problems and have to project your inadequacies onto others, doesn't mean you have to assume my sexuality. I'll take it as a compliment if you try and pick me up, but don't be a bitch when I turn you down.

Which brings us to the other quote "(celebrity name) is gay cos a friend of a friend fucked them". Oh woop de bloody do. Like I give a shit. I once questioned the validness of such a quote to a gay friend and he said "why should they (the friend of a friend) lie" as if they where somehow more believable because they're gay. Fuck off, people lie all the time, because they have fantasies about celebrity's and somehow through rumour the fantasy becomes a queer urban legend. Straights and queers all lie because we all have pathetic lives

and we sometimes like to embellish them to hide our boringness. Maybe they are queer, straight, a crossdressing rubber fetishist or maybe they're into eating their own poop, whatever, to tell you the truth, I don't care. It's a bit sad if they are living a lie but hey its they're life. they can do what they want with it.

So don't you dare assume my sexuality, and I wont assume yours.



Consensual porn/art ?

Sex, art and porn are subjects that a lot of political people are scared of, why? There are hundreds of sides to this argument and I could go on and on and on for ages but its been done before. But here's my little bit, I am going to have pictures of people in my zine, some may be naked others in various states of undress, I may even set up a free website. These people are going to pose because they want to, not because I'm paying them. And they fully realize that people may jerk the gherkin or diddle their skittle while looking at their pictures. That's what its all about. Its about sexyness and sex. Normal people posing how ever they feel sexy, it may be arty, it may be rude, or even funny. My criteria for posing is be sexy, but sexy how you feel sexy. That may be fully dressed, wearing 20 layers of clothes, wearing nothing but jocks on your head, or completely full frontal nude. I don't care. Its about the person posing, no one else. I don't care what sex or sexuality you are, how queer or how straight you are, I just want you to be you.

If your interested contact me at:

Email: dildosnotbombs@yahoo.com

Snailmail: DNB - c/o p.o. Box 1191 Nth Richmond 3121



words of wisdom:

*Why buy a book
when you can borrow from the library?*

*Never miss a chance to have sex
or appear on television*

*Treat every body like you've slept with them
and you soon will*

useful latin terms:

numbnuts - *testibus torpidus*

put it where the sun don't shine - *pone ubi sol non lucet*
want to do it again? - *visne iterum agere?*

Everything you wanted to know about sex
but where afraid to ask

- *omnia quae de sexu cognoscere semper voluisti
sed rogare metuisti*

cool toast:

may you live to be 150. may you die
when you are 150, and not just die, be
killed, and may you be killed out of
jealousy, and may your murderer have a
good reason to be jealous.



Fun in the Nude

Strip Hide and Seek

Basically the same game but when you get found you lose a piece of clothing. Played till one or more players is fully nude. If only played with 2 people, it just taking in turns, so play with 3 or more. Maybe carry a backpack to put the clothes in, which is worn by the seeker.

Nude bike riding

Find a cool bike track that's not part of a road, maybe following a river or creek. And on a hot night go for a nude ride! One of the added thrill is when you have to cross a road that bisects the path.

Strip Murder in the Dark

Cover all the windows in your house, tape over the light switches, maybe even turn off the power, so the house is pitch black. Carry a small torch and try and find the others hiding in the house. The first found must lose a piece of clothing. But wear some footwear always so you don't stub your toes. Maybe even try it with a laser pointer instead of a torch. Maybe use a water pistol and a torch on hot nights.

Nude cars laps

When driving somewhere, either drive nude or loosely dressed and whenever the car stops at a traffic light take turns doing a lap of the outside of the car in the nude.

This was done one new years by friends on a main road in melbourne, they even managed to pick up a hitchhiker who joined in.

Warning!

When doing stuff like this outdoors please be aware of the risks of nosey neighbors, voyeurs and sickos. If playing in a park, try one that's closed to the public at night, most of these types will have exits for people who are still in the park after the keeper shuts the gates.

Carry your clothes in a bag in case of emergency. The best time to play these games is early in the week (monwed) and not during skool holidays, these are the times when less people are around.

sexy electro clash trash

I saw peaches and cobra killers at the "big day out." Something in my head snapped, here was a music that was dirty, rude and yet undeniably funky. It was fucking amazing. it was like having a mental hard on. I can not say how much I loved it. But when they left Oz all I had was my CDs and memories.

Until a few days ago. I saw the coolest bunch, 4 dirty freaks ,from queensland at the young writers festival in newcastle. 1 guy and 3 girls, who make up - "**Team Plastique.**"

3 strong sexy females and a sexy guy. All make up the best musical and stage performance I've seen in a while. I mean who wants to go to a gig watching a bunch of shoe gazing guitar boys (or girls) when you can see people going bug fuck on and off the stage.

check out their website :

www.team-plastique.com.

TEAM PLASTIQUE



Breeding?

I have a friend who I thought was as anti-breeding as I am. We always joked about never having kids. She hated the idea, and I have thought like this for ages. I don't care if others have 'em but its just not for me. Until recently.

She told me how she thought she was pregnant, and if she was she was gunna keep it, which freaked her boyfriend a bit. She told me this after she found out she wasn't. It was a bit of a revelation, here was one of my non-breeding friends considering breeding.

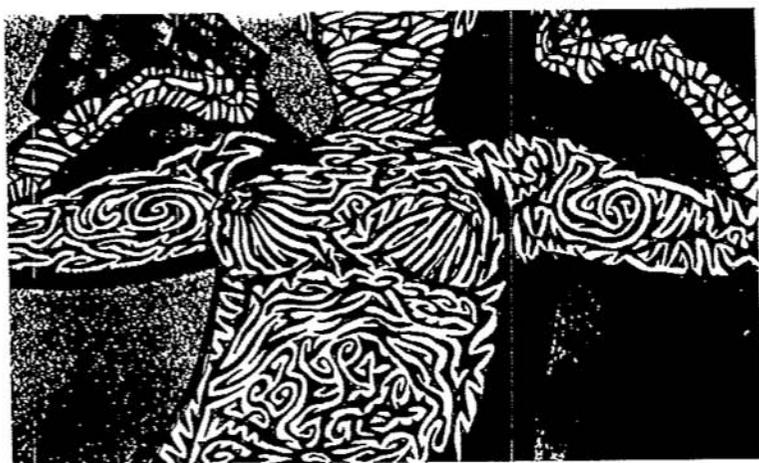
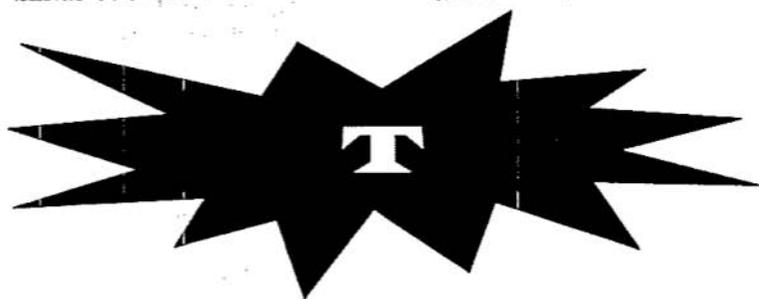
I have had lapses myself, probably biology and the fact that I come from a long line of breeders, 5 brothers, 3 sisters, 4 sisters-in-law, 1 brother-in-law, and at the moment 7 nephews and 4 nieces. (Yes, my family is irish-catholic). People say I'd be a great dad, but I don't really care. Its probably half my working life of being on the dole has made me scared of the responsibility. Fucked if I know.

But back to the original story, I had weird thoughts running through my head later that day, after my friends breeding revelation. I started to think if I ever had a kid I'd prefer to have it with her. I was freaked a bit at that thought. All that poop about biological clocks ticking has seeped into my head subconsciously, probably mixed with actual biological urge to breed. And here I was considered breeding. Aaaaaaaaaaaaaaargh! What the fuck was I thinking.

But after a few days I accepted the fact that if I don't get a vasectomy, there is a small chance I may breed by accident. If it happens I'll deal with it. I have also learnt to accept the biological urges of my human nature.

Now if I can just get a job that pays enough for me to get a vasectomy.







**fuck
censorship**