

Humina, Humina!

I get it, I get it, ya just can't keep
your dirty paws off these dirtier books!
Who am I to stop ya? After all, where
else are you gonna find a better source
for art, writing, and articles that get
the blood pumping to your brain (among
other places?)??? Have at it!

08/99
With Heart and Soul
\$ 2.20

PAID

-Perverts- **ISSUE 5** Weekly 18+

BY: TWOLIPS TOOYAH Adults Only!



STOP!

This line is not for the
FAINT of HEART!
Be Warned! For REAL
Perverts only!

There's a few rules here...

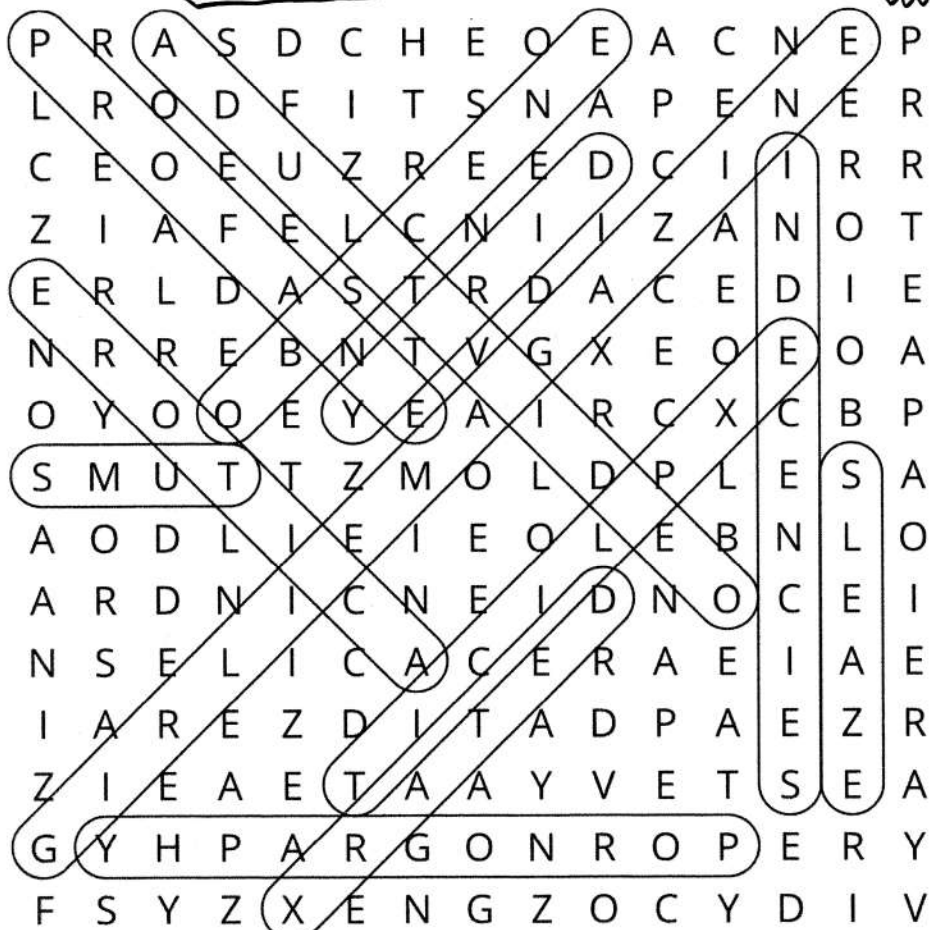
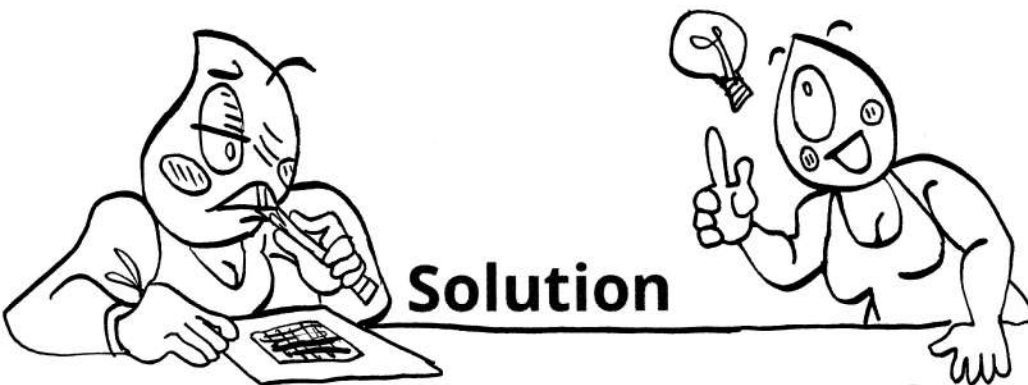
- Be 18 years or older to read!
- We don't judge each other here
- Have fun and be yourself
- Share this with other fellow perverts

That's All Folks!

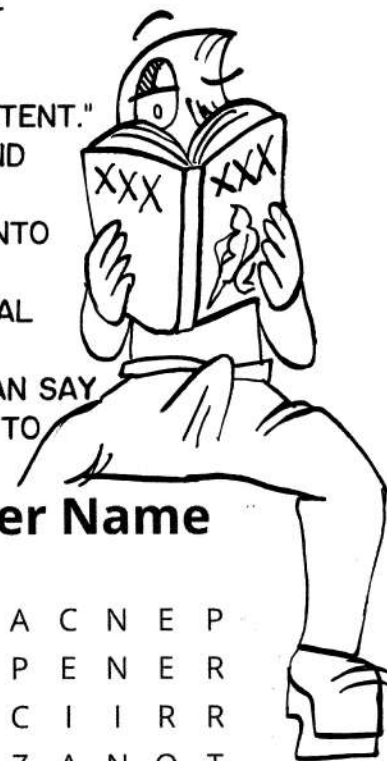
Did you enjoy this?
Hate it? Let me know
What you Think @

Whatsittooyah.Straw.Page





A HUGE PROBLEM I FEAR WE FACE IN THE MODERN DAY IS THAT CREATIVES AND CONSUMERS ALIKE HAVE TAKEN TO CALLING ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING "CONTENT." THE TERM TAKES AWAY THE UNIQUENESS AND THE VALUE OF THE ART, WRITING, MUSIC, WHATEVER IT IS THAT PEOPLE EXPRESS INTO THE WORLD, AND ESPECIALLY IN THE CONTEXT OF SEX! SEXUALITY AND AROUSAL ARE THINGS TO BE EXPERIENCED, NOT CONSUMED! HERE'S A FEW THINGS YOU CAN SAY INSTEAD OF "CONTENT" WHEN REFERRING TO KINKY THINGS FOR ADULTS ONLY...



A Rose By Any Other Name



ADULT VIDEO
GIRLIE MAGAZINE
PROFANE

DIRTY
INDECENCIES
SLEAZE

EROTICA
OBSCENE
SMUT

EXPLICIT
PORNOGRAPHY
XRATED

MAGAZINE. POETRY

→ bondage liberated women

Immersed in

A STUNNING NEW VIDEO COLLECTION

that appears homo where men go in, the American man comes out. *the powerful man*

YOU'VE NEVER FELT MORE

Giant

YOU'VE NEVER

FELT MORE

Incurably Romantic

CRUISES

*Solitary,
Until It's
Amorous*

WANT TO GET OR GIVE

You want it. You need it. Now you can get it.

It's a grueling test of mental fortitude, An Enduring Way in which a woman's body can be Enjoy^{ED} With Care

The Risks of Storytelling

THE GREATEST RISK she and I have a lot of catching up to do.

Roused from lethargy,

THE Buckle of the Belt

RUGGED. DEPENDABLE.

we'll be finished."

Waste Not, MEN'S WIDE COCK LIKE A ROCK

Great Balls

Shoot a Lot

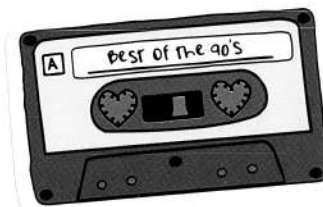
C O V E R I N G *the eyes of its people!*

69 Love Songs

THE MAGNETIC FIELDS

Absolutely Cuckoo, I don't believe in
the sun All My Little Words, A chicken wit
-h its head cut off, Reno Dakota, I
don't Wanna get over you,
San Francisco, The luckiest
East Side, Let's
Bunny Rabbits, The
Heart Should Be,
Heart, The Book
your Leash is too
Romantic, The
Punk Love,
Parades go by, Boa Constrict
A Pret
Girl is Like My Sentime Melod
Nothing Matter When Sweet
We're da
Lovin' Man The Things We Did and Did
nt Do, Love is Like Jazz, Whe
-n My Boy walks Down The Str
eet Time enough for Rocking
When we're old Very Funny Grand Canyon, No on
-e will ever Love You If You Don't Cry
You're my only HHome, (Crazy For
Yyou But Not That Crazy, My
Only Fr Promise of Eternity, World
Love, Was D.C. Long Forgotten Fairy
Tale, Kiss me Like You Mean It,
Papa was A Rodeo, Epitaph For My Heart
Asleep And Dreami The Sun goes down and
The World goes Dancing, The Way You Say
Good Night Abigail, Belle of Kilronan
I Shatter Under wear, It's A Crime, Busby
Berkeley Dreams, I'm sorry that I Love You, Acoustic
Guitar, The Death of Ferdinand De Saussurre, Love in the
Shadows, Bitter Tears, Wi' Nae Wee Bairn Ye'll Me Beget,
Yeah! Oh Yeah! Experimental Love Music, Meaningless, Love is
Like A Bottle Of Gin, Queen of the Savages, Blue You, I
Can't Touch You Anymore, Two Kinds of People, How to say

Album Spotlight



69 Love songs by The Magnetic Fields is notable for a few reasons. My biggest first reason being that it is ACTUALLY 69 songs long! It absolutely found a spot in Pervert-s Weekly for that reason.

This album also features gay, bi, and straight relationships. A very interesting mix of different sexualities that I've not previously seen myself in music. At least, not in this way. One of my favorites, Papa Was a Rodeo, features the singer of the song expressing his fears of getting closer to his love interest, Mike.

He worries that his upbringing has made him into someone who people are better off at a distance from. Eventually, he gives into love and has the "Romance of the Century" with his beloved Mike because, what a coincidence, his papa was a rodeo too.

69 Love Songs is not a 3 part album OF love songs... It's ABOUT love songs. A theatrical look at all facets of love, good, bad, sexy, whatever have you. It's more like seeing 69 performances than it is 69 confessions. There's something very human and honest about the things these songs explore that the typical love song will miss.

Many genres and sounds are played with in this album, so there's most certainly something for everyone in it.

I highly recommend this to anyone who enjoys an indie folk or chamber pop music will be delighted by The Magnetic Fields and their home grown sound.

Got a recommendation? Send it anonymously @whatsittocoyah.

stra w. page

HOW DO YOU GET OFF TO SMUT?

WITH LIKE-MINDED COMPANY



WITH NO SHAME



WITH A SMOKE



NOSTALGICALLY



WITH A PARTNER



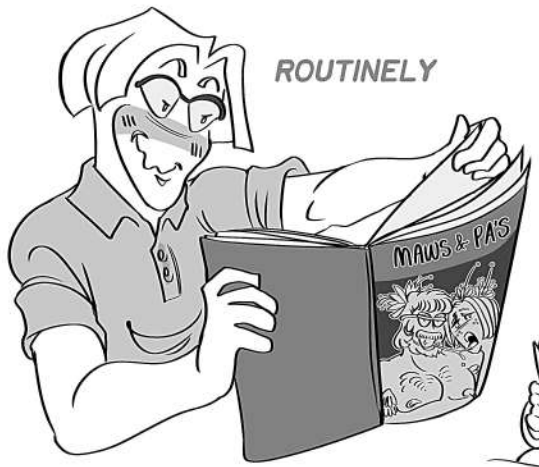
IN SECRET



ON THE COMPANY DIME



ROUTINELY

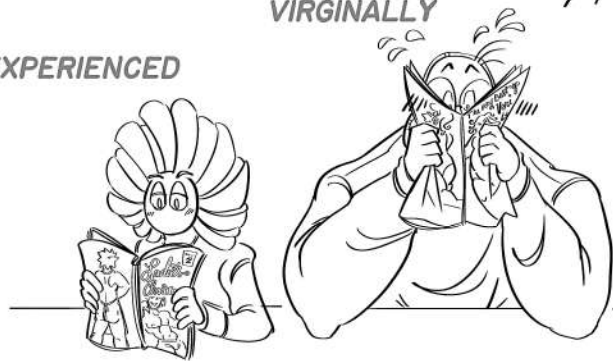


BEFORE BEDTIME



VIRGINALLY

EXPERIENCED



DIVORCEDLY



Say What?

So most people know what it means to keep a journal. Maybe you keep one yourself! But has the thought of keeping your dirty thoughts on paper ever crossed your mind?

A journal or a personal record can be pretty revealing over time of what you had on your mind or what mattered to you then. Keeping tabs on the thing that aroused you or whatever it is you were up to might allow you to reflect on your own desires and better understand what it is that gives you pleasure.

This erotic journal can be kept on paper or digitally. Some folks like to write in a fancy book, others may prefer sticky-notes or whatever they can get their hands on. Digitally, you could go on your notes app, set up a private chat with only yourself in it, have a spreadsheet or word document, the possibilities are endless.



What's Been Turning
me on lately?

-Sissification

- Caged organisms

- Prostate Orgasms

-ORGASMS!!!

- Tentacles?

— The kinda thigh fuckin' where they rub up on the pussy 'til it's wet."

1-17-25





ON & OFF!



ZINES
ARE Anti-
Magazine!!!!
Why's that important?
Why should you care?

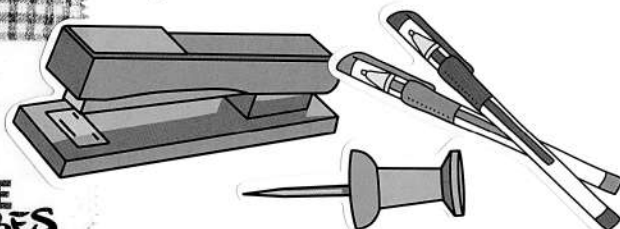
Who's Making Up & Who's Breaking Up

What even IS a zine? The short answer is you're reading one now. But generally, it's a small self published booklet that anyone can make. You might see a lot of fan-zines on the web that are really well polished and printed and wonder to yourself "How the hell am I gonna make that?" Well...

The truth of the matter is, while those pretty prints are a valid form of self publication, they are closer to a MAGAZINE than a ZINE!

The spirit of a zine is accessible, imperfect, it's human. It doesn't exist to be marketed or to make big bucks off whatever's mainstream.

In a lot of ways, punk has been commodified. But it will always be punk as fuck to express yourself on whatever paper you've got with whatever the hell is on you at the time, be it pens, markers, etc.



25
THINGS
YOU DON'T
KNOW ABOUT ME
BY WHO CARES

So why does this all matter in the context of Perverts

HOT STUFF

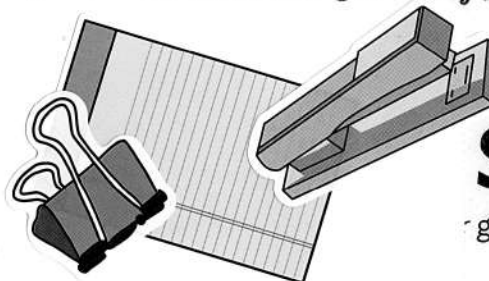
weekly? PW is a zine focused on expressing queer and sexual voices that the media would deem too "degenerate" to be highlighting. It's so important now more than ever to have a voice as a common person today.

Social media is not a promise, especially when your soapbox can be privately owned by some loser schmuck some day.

I encourage everyone to go out and make their own zines about whatever, especially if it's countercultural in any way! If you have thoughts that are too big for a diary or journal alone, zines might just be right for you...

I would also like to add that Perverts Weekly is always accepting guest submissions! Anything you can print on black-and-white is welcome! Send an anonymous message to my straw-page @ whatsittooyah.straw.page along with an email to my incognitomoan@gmail.com address to inquire!

Perverts Weekly is a free zine for the foreseeable future, so spread the word and get everyone and their dogs on it :)



She's Dazzling

girl is 30+ years older and **The Last Show**

★★★★

How To Tell IF IT Was G O O D

Originally written by: Philip Fragasso
AND
Illustrated by: Martin Riskin

It was GOOD if...



Afterwards, you feel like eating half a dozen pizzas with everything

It was BAD if...



Afterwards, you feel as though you just ate half a dozen pizzas with everything

It was GOOD if...



You couldn't have done it better yourself

It was BAD if...



You might just as well have done it yourself

It was GOOD if...



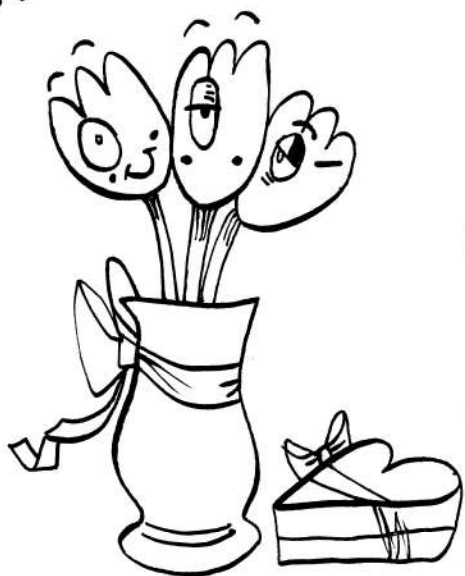
Your partner leaves a thank-you note

It was BAD if...



Your partner leaves a bill

It was GOOD if...



Your partner sends you flowers the morning after

It was BAD if...



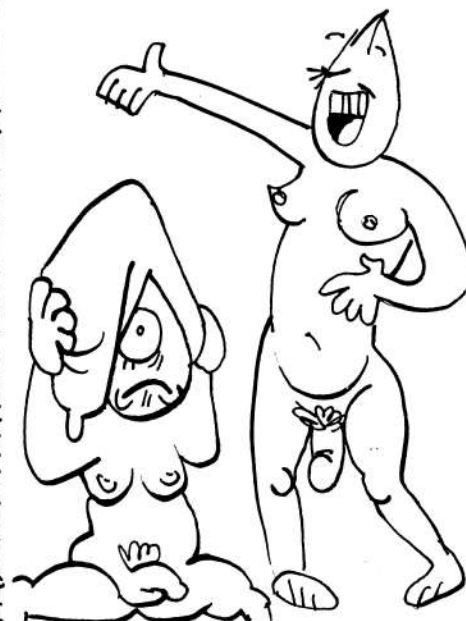
Your partner returns the flowers you sent

It was GOOD if...



Your neighbors complain about the noise

It was BAD if...



Your partner complains about the noise

It was GOOD if...



It reminds you of a sonnet by Shakespeare

It was BAD if...



It reminds you of a short story by Kafka

It was GOOD if...



Your partner writes you poetry

It was BAD if...



Your partner writes you a prescription

Picnic AT THE Park

I remember that beautiful spring day in the park. It was warm enough to steam my cotton T-shirt with sweat and make my perfume come up to greet our noses. Of course, I do have a habit of over-spraying the stuff. I can't help that I love to be enveloped completely in that crisp, clean, yet cozy and warm fragrance.

We'd picked up our lunch from town and laid down our blanket to the healthy green grass in a clearing shaded by trees that let some of the golden sunlight through to pepper our bare skin.

I pulled out my radio/cassette player out from my backpack and you produced a mixtape from yours. It appeared to be someone's curation that you picked up and decided to give new life to.

Of course, we were famished, thinking about great Greek food all week, so we laid out our spoils and tucked in. Savory marinated meats, cool and refreshing veggies, all the tangy tzatziki sauce, it was a satisfying spread of goods we shared. You'd been looking for a good Greek place around and I think your search ended there.

You and I wiped our hands clean of the rich meal and grab our sketchbooks to start musing on such a nice day.

When we're around one another, we can't help but illustrate each other's goings on about. You love to pencil me down like I'm the most gorgeous thing you've ever seen. I love to capture the silly things between us, the things that make us laugh months and years down the line.

This time, I scrawl down a doodle of one of our earlier romps in your bed and show you my handiwork. You blushed. Your reactions are so sweet.



I leaned in to steal a kiss. You lean in even more and I can't help but nibble up your cheeks and ears, whispering dirty little things.

You gave me a wild eyed look, asking me, "Here? But there's people around. There's KIDS around!"

I looked over both my shoulders before looking back to him... Something that people always do before doing something they shouldn't. "There's nobody here but us, silly."

I go back to attacking his ears and sliding my hands up his shirt and up his chest, rubbing over his binder before I wrapped my arms over his torso to pull him in closer. I could feel him gasp into my kiss. My hands slid out from his shirt up to no good. One hand cradled his head and the other braced the ground for my body to crush him onto the ground below us. I had him pinned.

It's a bit of a blur, but I kissed down his fuzzy belly and looked up to see him glancing side to side... That thing you only do when you're about to do something you're not supposed to.

He bravely lifted his butt off the ground for me to pull his waistband down. A little shimmy and his sex was at my face. I rested my chin on his golden bush and smiled up at him before I dove down.

I could tell he was trying so hard to keep quiet, but his firm grip on my hair and squirms gave him away. He gasped and sighed, whispering and muttering under his breath while my eyes were shut. The sweat of his thighs stuck my face in place.



May 11th, 2024



May 11th, 2024

I opened my eyes in search of any passers by, not out of any caution, but out of curiosity. The bliss I was experiencing from between his legs couldn't be stopped unless I was being chased off with a baton... So there I remained, chest on the picnic blanket and my lower half nestled in the afternoon grass, working my man's cock in my mouth.

I savored it, sucking the length onto my tongue and not once did I stop moving it. If there's one thing out of many that I admired about his body, it was definitely how I could fit his whole dick between my lips...

When I tell you that T4T sex is magical, I really mean it from the bottom of my heart. There is nothing like it...

I don't mean like "Santa Claus around the world in one night" kinda magic... I mean that you really feel a spark and a sort of vivaciousness for living that can't be found anywhere else.

How utterly special for another person to shape their reality into the one they know to be their own. To say "Here's the life I've always longed for" and to in turn say "I shall make it mine." And what a magical joy it is to be allowed that gorgeous body made in the image of stars in their eyes... A vision of something more than what is thought to be possible. When a transgender person allows you that intimacy, it is nothing short of an invitation of the divine.

So there I was, tzatziki sauce on my titties... When I had looked up earlier, I saw no sign of people in sight, but the blur of a passing car and the wind it carried brushed my ears. "Take a picture... It'll last longer," I thought to myself.

Hey. That's a great idea.

My beloved, with a hefty breath, pushed my head off him, tapping out. I propped myself up on my elbows to get a good look at him. At my handiwork.



You could say I was doing all the handiwork, but he looked utterly exhausted as I looked on. A beautiful sight with his shirt hiked up, pants down, and my saliva shining in that speckled sunlight.

Like I said, a picture lasts longer. So I grabbed my instant camera, saying "Wait, hold on," As he tried pulling and tugging at the waistband of his pants.

Seeing the camera in my mits, he glanced side to side, making certain nobody was witnessing our little photoshoot.

Still nobody around. I suppose it helped some that it was the middle of the week at an odd hour.

The camera flashed and I got my souvenirs of that beautiful little moment we shared in the shade off the magnificent pines.

I remember his adorable shimmy to get his pants back on and the way he leaned against me as we sat up again. It looked like he'd been doused the way his shirt was drenched in sweat.

It was only when he brushed my hair off my cheek that I realized they were stuck to my face with our combined sweat.

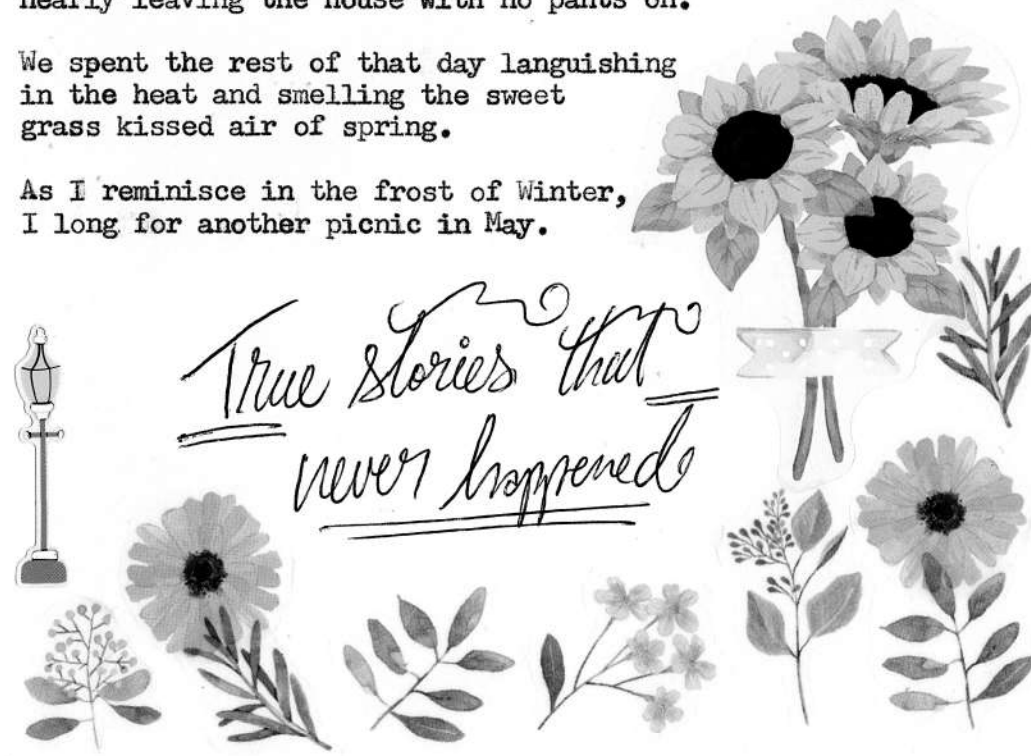
It got a laugh out of me. The way you'd laugh at yourself for nearly leaving the house with no pants on.

We spent the rest of that day languishing in the heat and smelling the sweet grass kissed air of spring.

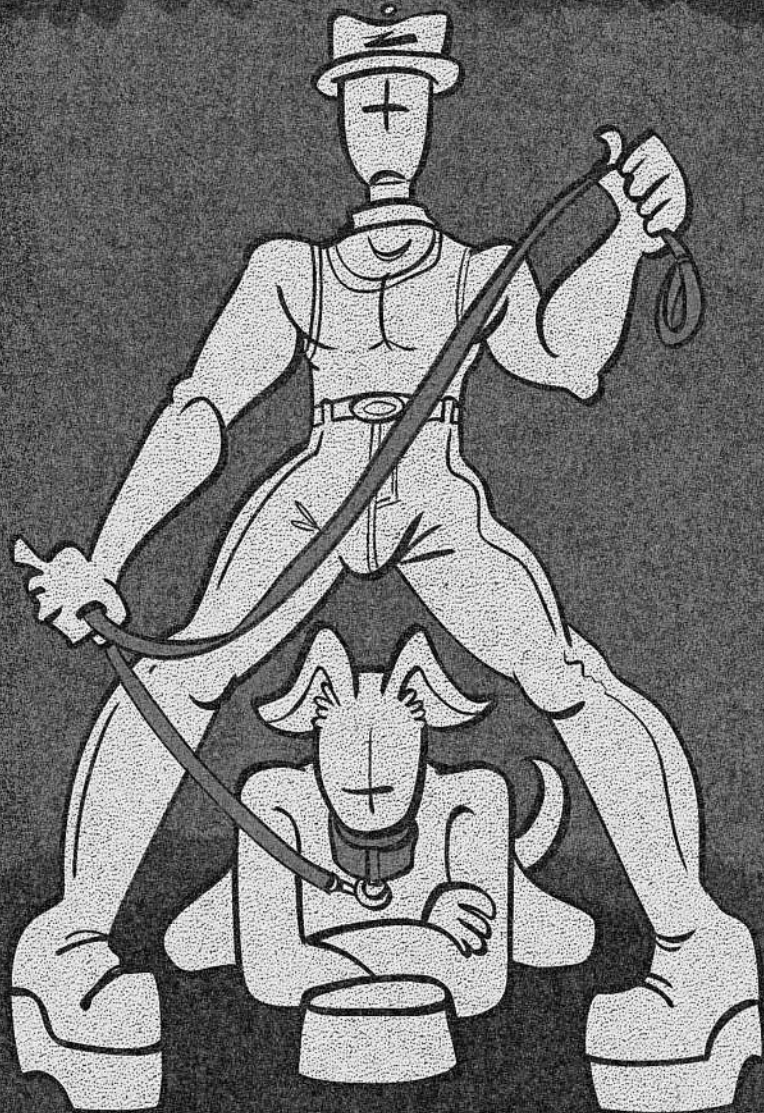
As I reminisce in the frost of Winter, I long for another picnic in May.



*True stories that
never happened*



*Get You Some
Tail Between Your Legs*



**INVISIBLE
PET**



Two Lips
↓
Connie →

Connie was
originally
supposed to be
my muse for
@ Encanto Moan,
but eventually
I moved on to
use Two Lips.

← An invisible
man

100

