

FAT GIRL ^{\$5}

#2 A Zine for Fat Dykes and the Women Who Want Them

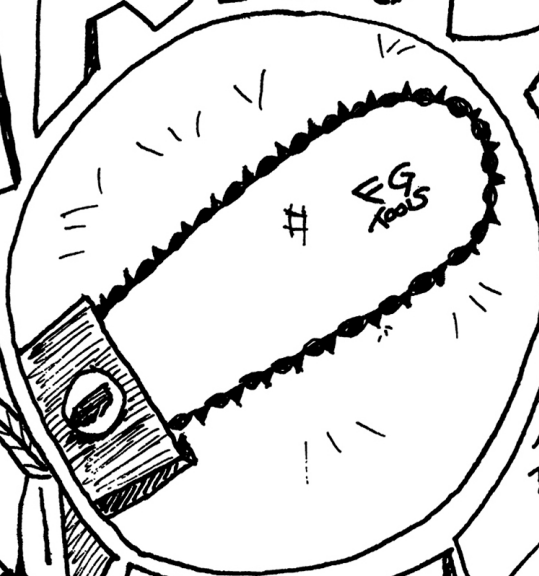


***Sexy Funny Angry Helpful Sleazy Delicious Raging
Stories, reviews, smut, comics, resources & more!!!***

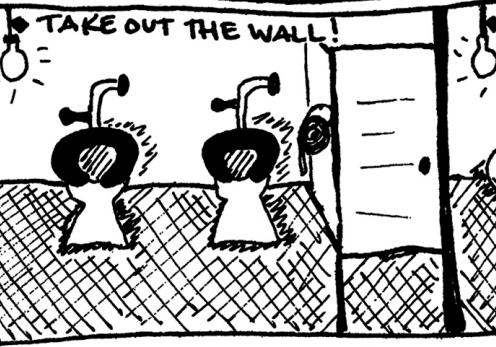
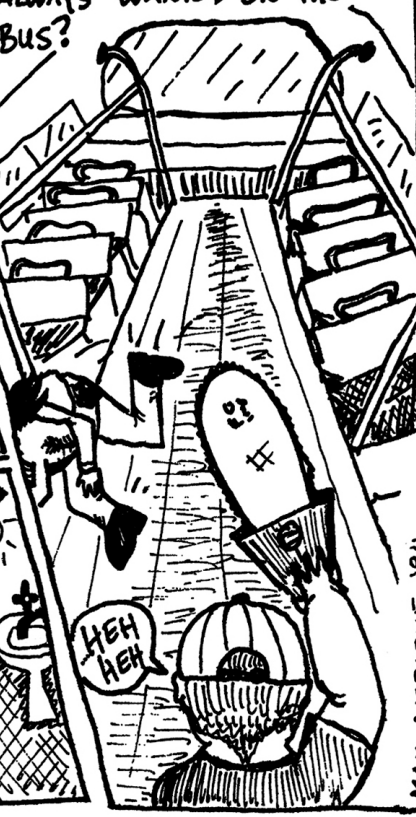
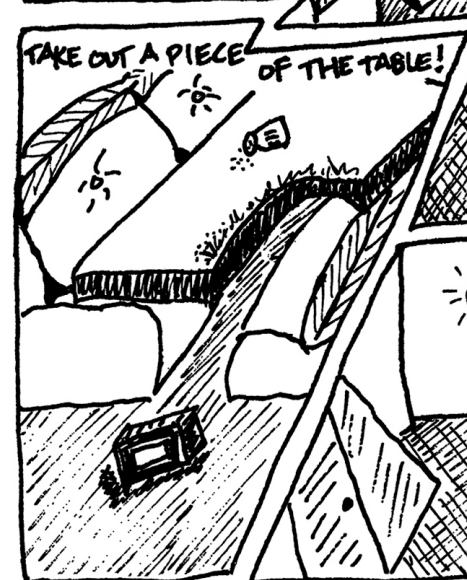
TIRED OF LIVING IN A WORLD WHERE YOU DON'T FIT?
TRY USING A



CHAINSAW



AND ...
THAT SEAT YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED ON THE BUS?



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Bertha



front cover photo by Laura Johnston
back cover photo by [redacted]
FaT GiRL logo by Fish

From the FaT GiRL Mailbox

Feedback

Hey I got my FG today (20 mins ago to be exact)! This zine is beyond everything this girl here could ever dream of,



I intend to grow old with it. Have you ever looked at a piece of art/trash/life and seen yourself in it? Well I have and damn I am beautiful!!!!

Seriously, I cannot begin to thank the women who put this wonderful new creation together. The Goddess in all her guises is surely smiling down upon them. This zine is indeed a political act. It's full of attitude that makes no apologies, is not ashamed, knows itself, knows laughter and isn't afraid to let the world know. I can't begin to describe what this zine means to me and how it touched me emotionally. I know what it's like to be invisible because of my size. Reading this zine was like finding a chorus of sisters who alternately sang me rage and pain and laughter and love and lust and all the little harmonies that we sing in life.

I don't know whether to cry for joy, get orgasmic, scream, laugh or what.
yours in abundance,
SB

YOU GO FAT GIRLS!

My fatgirlfriend and myfatself loved your zine! We read every word and gazed at every image ... numerous times! Some things we liked, and some we didn't ... but it was great to see such variety and breadth (and variety of breadth!) in one zine! We applaud you, and we'll buy you. So please, keep 'em coming!
JoyfulF

I was really psyched to receive the first issue of fat girl, but a little disappointed at the content once I got to look at it. I in no way mean to put down or criticize the women who put in all the work they did towards putting together fat girl. I think it is really a terrific magazine and obviously took a LOT of work. I guess I just want to raise a few things as suggestions for the future.

I would like to see more pictures of femme women and more pictures of fat women doing things other than fucking or eating (feeding each other). (My lover is a fem and I like watching her no matter what she is doing. She is always hot and beautiful to me.) Also, I would like to see sexual pictures that include non s/m type scenes as well as s/m.

I guess, my reaction to fat girl, based on its pictures and erotic writings, was that it was designed to appeal to a narrow audience, rather than to a more diverse fat dyke community. This disappointed me because fat girl is the first and only magazine of its kind that I know of and it seems a shame to leave out a lot of fat dykes who are political and fat positive.

GH

I think my favorite part of the first issue, aside from the sexy Santa Cruz pictures were the photos of the women feeding each other. So pornographic!!!! I don't think I've ever seen pictures of big women eating, happily eating, much less feeding each other with such obvious enjoyment. Those pictures just shot an electric current through me.

Breakthrough, sweethearts, marvelous breakthrough. When do we get some recipes?

Dorothy Allison

I spent all of last night reading your 'zine, Fat Girl. It made me laugh, it made me cry. It made my clit sing. Thanks for putting your stuff out there! I hope to see more and more. Maybe then, things will start to change.

A lover of phat grl's, fat girls, dangerous dykes, and voluptuous vulpines,
WB

Hey Gals-

The zine looks great. I'm so stoked that I could be part of such a great, excellent piece of publishing—I read it from cover to cover. It made me excited—in many different ways. I look forward to more - more - more! Thank you so much for all the work and dedication. Fat Girls Rule!

Love and respect,
BS

Dear bodacious bountiful babes and dynamic dykes,

Just finished reading FG #1 & am totally blown away! This is the best zine I have ever seen, queer, fat or any combination of them. I loved seeing "myself" in these pages, all these big and strong women—I'm in love with everyone in it! The interview with Max & Elizabeth was great, both of them said so many things I've thought but never verbalized. Great tattoos, too (and in the Santa Cruz Girls pictorial). Max is so cute, but I wanna-marry Elizabeth! Mmmwwah!

The roundtable discussion was outstanding, covering so many subtopics well and in non-superficial ways. EVERY

FAT WOMAN SHOULD READ THIS ARTICLE. Hell, everybody in the *country* should. All those photos of women feeding/eating sexily really made me hot & bothered too.

Look, I'm a Scorp. I mean what I say, I say what I mean. It's not like me to gush on about stuff, even things I really like, but damn if FG isn't the bitchiest thing I've ever seen. YOU GO, GIRL! Don't stop! You represent a major demographic that's been voiceless until now—I hope you'll have more material streaming in than you can handle. I promise to try to write something up, and will definitely send a booty shot or three. Thank you so much for making FG a reality!

KM

Dear Fat Girls,

I am bored by cocks and dildo photos. I can see women being coerced to lick men's shoes or suck dicks off literally in straight porn, or figuratively at work, on the streets in day to day life. I loved the spread on Elizabeth and Max, they are too cute and truly wild. The interview with Judy Freespirit was a very good slice of her life and thought. The tattoos were great and the Roundtable was very valid. The Jezebel story was brutally passionate fantasy and the ending line superb. I would like to do some writing for you about piercing rituals, scarification, and gender bending. If there are other Fat Girls who would like to share their experience about body transformation with me I'd be honored. I am a prince among women. I didn't get to finish the first issue. I will buy it soon, but I couldn't wait to tell you how much I enjoyed it. Subscription enclosed. Please keep up the great work.

OS

Actually, there aren't any cocks or dildos (or men) pictured in FG #1. If you're referring to the centerfold, the photo is of a woman being fisted.—FG

Dear Fat Girls,

I would like to point out that I find something in your 'zine very offensive and I mean this in all seriousness.

As a girl who has a fetish for being a miner, how dare you tell me that I may not read this? [See our lovely masthead.] Is this discrimination or what?! Is it the lamp you take objection to, the coal dust, the beautiful clothing, pray tell?! I will be taking this matter to higher authorities. SOLIDARITY FOR THE MINERS!!

S. Jones



FAT GIRL

Dear Fat Girls,
You asked for feedback, so here I go. I received issue #1 in the mail just yesterday, but have already read through it three times. It's been quite an experience. Let me introduce myself. My name is Debra, and I'm a 23-year-old fat dyke from the Midwest. I'm a member of LFAN—which is where I heard about Fat Girl—and NAAFA. While I'd like to be involved more, I'm currently stuck in a small town that has absolutely nothing to offer me in the way of community or support. I'm grateful to have my connections through the mail.

Before I received this zine, I would never have considered myself naive. Sure, I grew up in a small town and had limited experiences, but I thought I had a grip on the world. I think I've changed my mind. It all began with the photos on page 3. EEK! People really do that stuff??? I guess so, since more photos and articles followed. Wow. I'm not quite sure how I feel about it. Part of me is just shocked, but another is intrigued, maybe even a bit turned on???

What I like most about Fat Girl #1 is "i was a fat kid," "Oh My God It's Big Mama," "Fat Girl Roundtable," "No Excuses," and "Resources." That's stuff this chick gets. As a whole I'm quite pleased with Fat Girl. It's about time fat dykes had some space of our own. I'm anxiously awaiting the next issue.

Candidly yours,

D

P.S. April Miller is a totally hot babe.

Horny postal workers?

Dear Fat Girl,

I just wanted to write because I received my 1st issue in the "opened" version, thanks to our curious "accidental" postal workers... and I was wondering if y'all heard of any other subscribers who had a similar "stamp of approval" from dear post-perp?! I'd be delighted to think it was just a lonely postlady looking for fun, but... hmmmph!
yours faithfully,
EB

Yes, we're sorry to report that several people have contacted us because they never received the zines we sent them. We've decided to try mailing them without the logo, in the hopes that the packages will draw less attention. Subscribers who don't receive their copies of Fat Girl, please contact us and we'll try again. —FG

We love getting mail! Send your letters to Fat Girl, 2215-R Market St. #193, San Francisco, CA 94114, or email them to airborne@sirius.com. Consent to publish your letter is assumed unless you specify otherwise. ✨

Fat Girl is a zine for and about Fat Dykes. Fat Girl seeks to create a broad-based dialogue that both challenges and informs our notions of Fat-Dyke identity. We encourage dialogue based on our lived experiences as fat women, recognizing that our lives are various and multifaceted. Fat Girl is produced by an eclectic collective of Fat Dykes. We come in all shapes and sizes; from diverse ethnic cultures and different class backgrounds. Fat Girl is a political act; we want your participation. Submit your daily experiences getting from here to there; your fictional explorations; your whimsical reminiscences; your sarcastic diatribes; your songs of laughter and tears of anger and pain; your non-linear meanderings; your artistic endeavors: wood cuts, drawings, photos, rubber stamps, cartoons; your hard-hitting investigative journalism; your hot sexual forays from the perverse to the sublime; your tales of gender play; news; reviews; announcements; letters; gossip and encouragement.

Fat Girl #2 was produced by collective members April Miller, Barbarism, Bertha Pearl, Candida Albicans, Max Airborne, Selena, and Oso. Staff photographer: Laura Johnston. Logo by Fish. Layout by Max & Barb.

Other contributors to this issue: Betty Rose Dudley, Cath Thompson, Charlotte Cooper, Daniela Yanai, Dina Palivos, Elizabeth Stark, Fish, Fresh, Jasmine Marah, Judy Freespirit, Junkyard, Karen Feldman, Laurel Elizabeth, Lea Arellano, Malaina Poore, Melanie Alderidge, Osa Shade, Sally Hopkins, Sondra Solovay, Steph, Syndee Branton, Val.

Thanks to A Different Light (San Francisco), Deva Berman, Dorothy Allison, Gretchen Glass, Jennifer Brooks, Jess & Lee for great phone, John Halbig, Karen Stimson, Kiki Carr & Cuir Underground, Marilyn Wann & Fat!So?, Martha Mestl, Michele Gillaspie, Muffdive, Red Dora's, Tommi Aviccolli Mecca, and all the great fat dykes we've met along the way.

To obtain a copy of Fat Girl, send us \$5, or \$20 for a 4-issue subscription, along with a signed age statement.

Stores: Our terms are 60/40 (we get 60), you pay shipping.

Ads: business-card ads cost \$40, quarter-page ads cost \$60. Send your ads ready to scan. Size is irrelevant, we will shrink or enlarge to fit.

Submissions: We accept original work by women that's relevant to fat dykes. We prefer written submissions that are typed, drawings that are in ink (not pencil), and photos that are black and white. Please include a BRIEF bio with your stuff, and model releases for photos (if you don't have them, we'll send them to you).

Next deadline for ads and submissions is April 1, 1995.

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Disclaimer: Some of the work published here may depict unsafe sex. This is for artistic purposes only, and is not intended to promote unsafe sex.

Fat Girl is not to be read by miners.

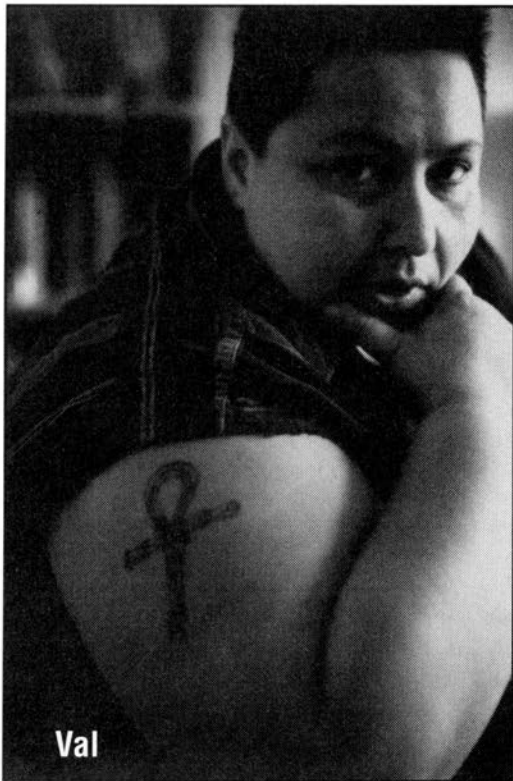
Fat Girl, 2215-R Market St. #193, San Francisco, CA 94114
(415) 550-7202, email airborne@sirius.com

is a Political ACT

Issue

Survey

How do you feel the dyke community treats you as a fat dyke?



Val

- Hmmm. OK, most of the time, but I don't get hassled a lot for my size anyway—I'm pretty out there. A certain amount of disdain, and I don't get asked to dance a lot in bars/at dances.
- It's my experience that some women are incredibly fat positive about my fat but at the same time moaning about their nonexistent saddlebags. I loathe this type of hypocrisy. But, hatred is internalized—when Kate Moss is shoved down our throats.
- When I was in the community in another town 7 years ago, I often felt invisible or that I was perceived as anathematic or a clown-like figure.
- There's a dyke community? I hadn't noticed. The self-aware gay/lesbian "communities" are so splintered and nasty toward each other. There is little tolerance for genuine diversity.

•Most of the time, I think I get treated OK. There are a lot of women who like fat women. I'm still working through my own fat phobia.

•I certainly feel more accepted, although rarely sexy, but I feel that there are large women who have chosen the lesbian community over the straight or bi- one because they can fit in better, find friendship and love and don't have to make excuses.

•The San Francisco/Berkeley Communities are great. Size is not an issue. In other cities I feel I am treated poorly.

•Some treat me like I'm a bad disease they might catch. Some treat me pityingly. Others treat me like I'm just another dyke. Some celebrate my size.

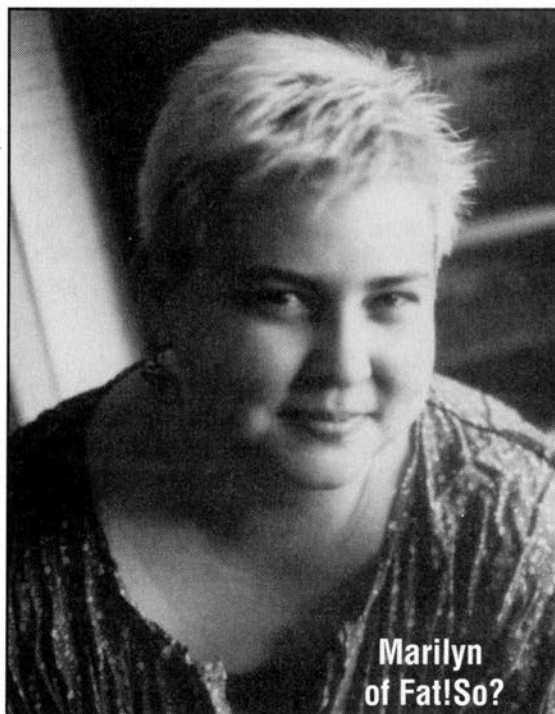
•The community is pretty good to me, but most of my interactions are on-line where my appearance is simply my on-line persona. I've definitely had some negative experiences at Pride and so on where skinny dykes have looked right through me.

•The white-girl community is quick to act pretty much the same throughout the states, in my experience. I have had my size and butch persona viewed as one, so women often comment about when they first saw me they thought I was "big and scary" or that I'd hurt them. They'd tell me after being introduced in a group social scene, "you're really sweet" and they'd feel silly for their assumption. I'm tired of having to coddle these smaller women, that no, I'm not gonna eat them, or bite them, or hurt them. Unless of course they ask me real nice.

•Dykes treat me better than straight women who treat me better than gay men who treat me better than most straight men, in general. Bi men and women are the best, maybe because the bi movement is just beginning and bi people still get so much crap from gay & straight groups. Transgendered women & men are very nice to me, as a fat dyke—maybe for the same reason.

•i feel like someone who is (and has to be) acknowledged as a powerful person in my community—I am outspoken & a hard worker. I have been out as a fat liberationist for so long that most don't make their "I have to diet" comments around me any more, and most don't act like I'd be a better person if i were just smaller. But I know others are still treated this way.

•It's hard to say. I guess some superficial dykes don't come on to me. (I don't know. I really don't.) Some "stylish dykes" don't ask me to dance. I guess I'm not really sure. I think



Marilyn
of Fat!So?

some beautiful fat girls don't want me to be their girlfriend because they want a skinny dyke to balance out their large size. Screw them. They're stupid.

- It depends. I feel more accepted amongst older dykes. Young club dykes feel like high school.
- Myself, I feel like the dyke community here in Portland,

Oregon generally ignores my weight (for better or for worse). I've seen some really positive responses to fat dykes in other areas. At last year's gay pride parade in Seattle there was a great

roar of cheers for the fat dykes float. The crowd loved their chant of "We're FAT. We're CUTE. We RECRUIT!" And my fatgirlfriend and I have gotten a lot of positive attention (well, at least NOT negative attention) at parades in Chicago and San Francisco...people always seem to want to take our picture (we're pretty sure it is because we're fat...at least that is how we've interpreted this phenomenon). But here in Portland, well, we just haven't noticed any good or bad responses.

- With more positive attention than the straight world, i.e., I am treated more like a real person and not just a FAT woman. More valued sexually, as well. With contempt—still second-best to someone with a "great" body, or as someone to whom slim dykes can (and do) feel superior. With shame—being fat is still something to be "embarrassed" about, and other dykes feel so oppressively awkward about it they wish you'd shut up & go away
- Well, in the S/M community, I feel accepted, even valued more highly for my size (more padding=easier to hit). Being big was more of an issue in places where the dykes are more closeted, like St. Louis or Vermont. It's as if being fat was too obvious, like being butch. If you didn't fit the mold of boyish sportsdyke or svelte femme, then you were a threat.
- Um, probably as not nearly attractive as a not-fat dyke. I don't get cruised, that's for sure. And a LOT of skinny dykes say stuff, like "I'm so fat!" to my FACE and don't even realize that I outweigh them by at least 75-100 lbs. or if they DO realize it, they sure as fuck don't show it.

- Good when it comes time for helping out with the shitwork that needs to be done but as far as acknowledging me as a fat dyke not too great.
- We're tolerated.
- My answer to that is it would depend on which dyke community you are talking about. There are wide variations across the country and one can't anticipate anything for sure in a new town. What I can say about the Bay area is that there is a greater consciousness and better treatment of fat dykes than anywhere else I know of, although it's far from perfect. There is a lot of out, visible support of fat dykes, but there are also a lot of dykes who harbor the same prejudices as the rest of the population, including fat dykes who have internalized the societal messages. I'd say that the overt oppression is less in our community than in most places. Still, as a fat dyke I don't feel particularly comfortable at larger events where most of the dykes are not fat. While many in this community still harbor negative attitudes about fat dykes, at least in general they keep their mouths shut about it. That's something, but I still ain't satisfied.
- Unsure as I'm just now entering this community. I, however, anticipate more rejection than acceptance. Maybe I've been conditioned by the media/society to expect this response?
- I don't feel it's a very big issue with other lesbians. I mean in general, I don't mean specific women. There have certainly been times when I've felt negative reactions from individuals, but not from the community in general. I used to be fairly slender, up until about 6 years ago, when I put on a lot of weight at once. I don't feel it's made any difference at all in my ability to feel accepted and included in the lesbian community. If anything, I have an easier time relating to people now than I used to - though I don't think this has anything to do with my size. I'm just in a better place emotionally. And that's a much more important factor in how I get treated than my size, I think.
- Some reject me. Some accept me. Just like any other community. ✨

FAT WATCH

**What's the world doing to get our attention? ALOT! Get *their* attention for a change! Let them know what you think!
Send your Fat Watch submissions to Fat Girl, 2215-R Market St. #193, San Francisco, CA 94114.**

SHAPE UP, AMERIKKKA

Hillary Clinton and former Surgeon General C. Everett Koop have been gathering sponsors for their official anti-fat campaign, "Shape Up, America!" Among them are Jenny Craig, Weight Watchers, Kellogg's, and NutriSystem. Ads for Jenny Craig have appeared with the campaign's logo and the Koop Foundation's name. The campaign claims that obesity-related treatments have escalated health-care costs! This is particularly ironic given that there have been several lawsuits filed against Jenny Craig and NutriSystem by people who developed gallstones while on these diets. AND, the NIH released a paper against dieting. AND, the Center for Investigative Reporting just issued an indictment of over-the-counter diet pills, which cause strokes and have led to death and permanent brain damage in otherwise healthy people. So, the FDA is going to conduct a study. DUH! The study will take 5 years to track emergency-room admissions related to diet pills. The diet-pill industry will be allowed to reap their profits until PROVEN guilty. Fuckers. The truth of the matter is that costs surrounding diet-related illness are much greater and deadlier than fat itself. AND, dieting has a 95% failure rate. Hello? Wake up, Dr. Koop!!! Write and express your outrage: *The Koop Foundation*, PO Box 998, Hanover, NH 03755-0998.

IN THE COURTS

The courts are trying to "protect" Jane Doe, a 15 year old in Clay County, Missouri, whose parents let her get too fat. Right. The court has ordered her to lose 150 pounds and weigh in once a week; her weight is monitored by the welfare department and the court. Jane is refusing to be weighed anymore (GO GIRL!), and her dad is standing by her. But she's living with the constant threat that the police will come and forcibly put her in the hospital if she doesn't lose weight. *Call the court [Bonita Copridge: (816) 792-7681] and the welfare agency [Beverly Redford: (816) 791-8900] and tell them what you think of their brand of justice.*

Nearby in Wichita, Kansas a guy was convicted of forgery. During the trial, he told the judge how he couldn't get a job because of his weight (550 pounds). His sentence? Live in a halfway house, pay back the money he stole, and lose weight. He lost 60 pounds, got a job, started paying off his debt, and was released from the halfway house. When he started gaining the weight back the judge PUT HIM BACK in the halfway house.

NO MORE SIZE DISCRIMINATION?

The state of Massachusetts just might do it. A bill was recently re-introduced that would add "weight or size" to existing anti-discrimination laws. Folks in Massachusetts, contact your legislators now!

NO ARMLESS CHAIRS? SAW 'EM OFF!

Rumor has it that Sister Spirit bookstore in San Jose refuses to get armless or big chairs to accommodate fat women. We don't wanna point fingers where they don't belong, but we won't stop you from calling them just to make sure they know we're here. (408) 293-9372.

ON THE TEEN BEAT

You may think *Sassy* is just another gross het teen mag, but if you read the August issue, you'll think again. Mentioned on the cover, page 78 and 79 contain a spread entitled "Thirteen reasons not to diet." The reasons: 1. *Your weight was genetically programmed.* 2. *Dieting slows your metabolism.* 3. *It makes you boring.* 4. *It leads to eating disorders.* 5. *You're always hungry.* 6. *And what is the point?* 7. *You're depriving yourself of essential nutrition.* 8. *You put off living.* 9. *You'll gain it back.* 10. *It's worse for your health to yo-yo.* 11. *You feed the evil diet industry.* 12. *The connection between weight and health problems is iffy.* 13. *It makes you feel bad.* Maybe they'll even start showing pictures of fat folks one of these days (gasp!). *Sassy*, PO Box 50093, Boulder, CO 80321.

And, from the January, 1995 issue of *Seventeen Magazine*:

THAT'S PHAT: Call Charlotte Cooper fat and she's unfazed. The 26-year-old Londoner and self-dubbed "fat activist" founded The Fat Women's Group, just completed a video (Growing Up Fat), started a newsletter (Fat News), and is working on her own zine (all Right). She's finishing up her master's degree dissertation, titled "An Investigation Into The Poetics Of Size Acceptance" ("Just call it 'The Fear of Fat,'" she sighs.) We asked Charlotte what her resolutions are for 1995: Every New Year, the top of my list of resolutions WAS to lose weight. My New Years resolutions NOW are to accept and love my body the way it is, including my big round belly, and my stretch marks, and my thighs! Accepting everything, and not just thinking 'Well, it'd be nice if I had a bit less cellulite.' Also to live the glamorous life I know I deserve!"

For more information about *Fat News* or *All Right*, drop Charlotte a line at

England. (written by Karen Good) Seventeen Magazine, 850 Third Ave., NY, NY 10022. email: SeventeenM@aol.com.

ONE FUCKED-UP HERBAL SOLUTION

Anybody looking for a book on herbal remedies, steer clear of *Herbs and Things*, Jeannie Rose's *Herbal*. She gives fat folks an entire chapter, "Fat and How Not to Be," in which she says, "There is nothing more disgusting to the sight of man or beast than a fat body with its hanging, stuffed, bulging flesh. There is no such thing as a slightly fat person. You are or you are not. There is one perfect solution: STOP EATING SO MUCH. And stop deluding yourself that you have some sort of glandular problem...Maybe more disgusting than a fat adult is a fat child." Glad she wrote a book about healing, eh? Those who wish to contact her/her publisher regarding her inaccurate information can contact: *Perigee Books, 200 Madison Ave., NY, NY 10016.*

Thank you to SF Bay-area NAAFA and folks on the fat-acceptance list for info. ✨

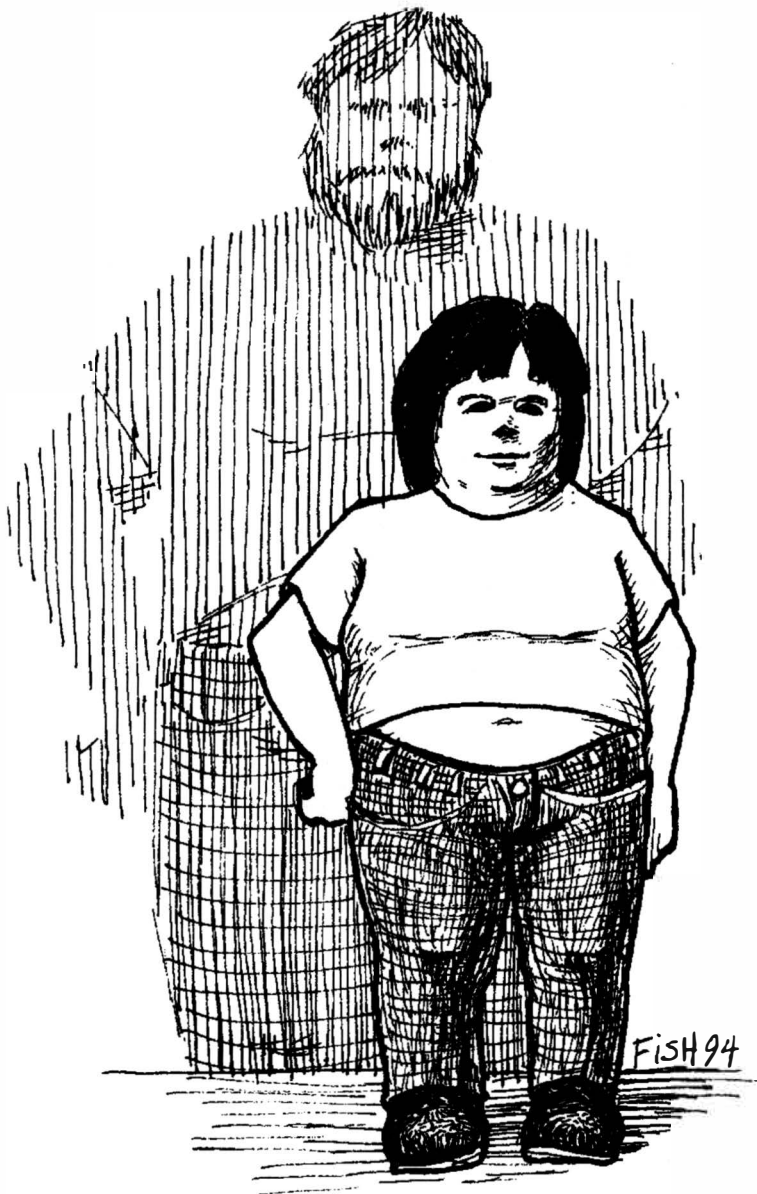
by Max Airborne



Lies I Choose Not to Believe

by Oso

My grandfather always said everybody loves a fat man but nobody loves a fat woman. Even as a young child I remember his taunts: fatty—little pig—fatso. These words came at me from one of the biggest men I had ever seen. His great big belly/strong arms/suave smile. He was a smooth-



talking big fat ladies' man and I wanted to be just like him. I loved his round cheeks that smelled of after shave. I loved the way his white t-shirts hugged his big belly, his pants low, so even more white t-shirt could be seen and felt. He looked good and he knew it. He strolled down the street with a confidence that said everybody knew it. I wanted all of that to also be mine. But despite my white t-shirts hugging my belly with pants worn low and a walk of sheer confidence, he still did not like this lady-killer look on his 10-year-old granddaughter. What was it? I thought. Why is he so disapproving? Are my pants not low enough, my stomach not big enough? No, it is that my balls are not big enough. It is that I am not a big boy proud of my size and strength.

Every once in a while I think of my grandfather and all his unsettling words of what he thought was wisdom, and I know now as I knew then that he was wrong. Plenty of people have loved and lusted this Fat Girl. ✨

Round Table #2

With:
Judy Freespirit
Jasmine Marah
Lea Arellano
April Miller
Max Airborne
Dina Palivos

Fat Dykes from divergent cultural, class, and age perspectives getting together to hash out issues of Age and Fat? You got it!!!

Barbarism: Can we start with introductions? Say who you are, and how and when you were politicized around issues of fat.

Judy: My name is Judy Freespirit. I'm 58. I was politicized in the early 1970s, right around the same time I came out. I was about 34. It was right at the time I was starting work on fat issues that I was in the process of coming out, so it was a very intense time all around.

Lea: My name is Lea Arellano. I'm 42, I'll be 43 next month. Yay for aging! I also was politicized around fat in the late '70s, and I was growing up somewhat isolated in Tucson, Arizona. And I was reading *Plexus*, that's where I was getting information about the fat women's/fat dykes' political movement. And that's actually one of the things that drew me to the Bay area.

April: I'm April Miller. I'm 31. I guess I was politicized about fat pretty much starting when I was in 9th grade. That for me was sort of like the chrysalis moment: when I was in the 9th grade and went into a medically supervised month-long diet, a 500-calorie diet in a hospital, and I lost all sorts of weight until the point when I started to plateau out and gain weight; my doctor turned into a total screaming raving maniac and turned on me and accused me of cheating on the diet because there's no possible way I could've gained three pounds. I haven't ever been a candidate, I mean I wouldn't say that I immediately became wonder-political-person, but I never really bought it after that.

Dina: My name is Dina Palivos, and I'm 24. I guess on a really personal level I was always politicized around fat, because I come from a fat family, and there were a lot of issues with my mom. I was really close with her. [There were] a lot of control issues around her size, so I had a lot of ambiguous feelings around that, but for the most part that really crystallized all the really screwed-up ways fat people are treated. She was ill most of her life. She had all kinds of complicated illnesses, and of course "all of them had to do with the fact that she was fat"—no, they didn't, but that's what she told and was really punished for it. But on a personal level I became more political around it probably in the past year since I've moved here, because a lot of the stuff that happened back then had put me

on the rabid diet... not wanting to end up having the pain that she had experienced. I brought

that to a halt about a year and a half ago. I became more conscious about being happy with myself, and figured out why I shouldn't necessarily starve myself.

Jasmine: I'm Jasmine Marah, and I'm 48 we just figured out. When I met Judy in '75 was the first time that I became really politicized around fat issues. I was a different size than I am now, but still a fat woman, a smaller girl. And I'm continuously becoming politicized, but I never feel like I'm there, like I've got the picture.

Max: My name is Max, I'm 28. I would say I first became consciously politicized about being fat when I was 15, and I had been just released from a mental hospital where I was kept for being fat, and put on 500 calories a day, with constant threats, and stuff like that. But there was only a certain level to which I could really internalize being angry about being fat. I was still so self-hating at that stage that like, I could read *Shadow On a Tighrope*, but part of me just didn't get it, and couldn't hear it. I wasn't ready. So, it has been, like you said, continuously evolving in my consciousness about fat. I'd say that I just am newly politicized about fat through doing Fat Girl. It has really made me think about fat and talk about fat on a daily, hourly basis, and put me in the public eye to everyone, fat and thin alike, as being someone who's dealing with this issue who people can talk to about it. So every conversation I have practically, has to do with fat. I'm making myself talk about it now, way more than I ever have.

Wow, nice age range we have. If only we had a teenager and-

Lea: —Someone in their 70s or 80s.

Barb: So, the first question to address is how do you feel your age and weight affect your self-perception as a sexual dyke? How do you think they affect others' perceptions of you, and how has being fat affected your sexuality?

April: Loaded! Let's start with the easy ones here!

[Laughter]

Lea: Well, as far as age and weight goes, I really feel like I'm in my prime. As far as sexuality goes I'm in my prime, I have enough hormones for all of you and then some.

Judy: I could use a few, thank you.

**Facilitated by Barbarism
Photos by Laura Johnston**

Lea: So, the hormones are really determining how I feel about myself sexually. I feel very alive and very vibrant, very passionate. My weight? You know, I have really good days and I have really bad days. Fortunately the good days outnumber the bad days. Most of the time I feel good about my body. Especially if I'm around fat women who are self-loving. But, things happen, and that internalized oppression comes up, the self-hatred comes out. But it doesn't stop me sexually. How do they affect others' assumptions of me? Well, there's ageism, so it depends where people are on the scale of age how my age affects. But I'm still kind of in that "acceptable" age range, that's how I feel. I'm still young enough, I'm not too old and I'm not too young, you know? I don't feel oppressed as a 42-year-old person. And I'm not in those communities where I would be. So, as far as others' perceptions about me sexually as a fat person, I know there are people that feel positive about that in me and there are people that are repulsed by it. My focus is on the people that feel positive about it, because I've worked my butt off to feel good sexually: because I'm a survivor, because I'm a woman, because I'm a dyke. I have worked my ass off; you're looking at 17 years plus of therapy, not to mention all of the other things I've done to heal myself.

And finally I'm enjoying my sexuality in ways that everyone should. Being fat affected my sexuality, like I said, it doesn't stop me bottom line, but I do have moments when pain comes up around being fat, and I always wonder what my partners are thinking about my body.

Sometimes I can ask them out loud. Sometimes I can have dialogue in a way that's healthy and peaceful, and sometimes it's not healthy and peaceful, sometimes it's angry and raging. It's there. It also depends on who my partner is, and how politicized she is and how evolved she is. And I have been involved with women who are very evolved around fat issues and women who haven't. My last lover I really had to educate, she was not a fat woman but she was a 60-year-old woman, and the aging and the fat stuff connect up in some very important places, so she was really educable.

April: I know that for me, for the first time in my life I'm starting to feel like my body, the size of my body, the apparent physical sexualness of my body, my age, my temperament, and my ability to be in control and be sexual in the world and accept that part of myself are all actually starting to get to the same place. I'm starting to feel kind of good about it. For a long time I had a body that was—from the way other people behaved about it or towards me—miles, ages, years older than I was. It's finally getting to be something that's closer.

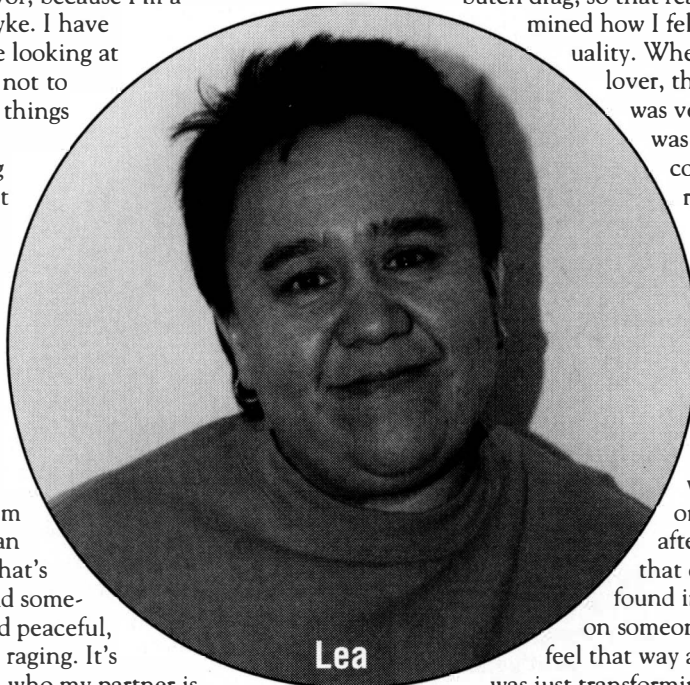
Dina: I think initially my weight really affected my perception as a dyke. I came out and my weight increased really dramatically over a period of 6 months, and it changed my perception of myself as a sexual person, period, and then it also changed my perception of the type of dyke I should be. I didn't know any dykes. I grew up in Detroit, and my best friend was a fag, and we

came out together, and I didn't know any dykes, I didn't know any women, I didn't know anyone, it was just the two of us. And the dykes that I did meet were very ... it's kind of like coming from being a really straight-identified girly punk girl to being a lesbian, and the world of what being a lesbian was so different than anything I'd known, and really, there weren't a lot of things that were presented to me that were really my thing; musically it was really different. The politics are the one thing that I really got into and went with. But I just assumed because I was bigger and because I got to be bigger and I was really unhappy with my body and couldn't really camouflage it, I kind of went with this butch thing, which is pretty laughable to a lot of people about me. I was all, (in femme voice) "no, I can be butch, I swear! I'm your daddy, really!" But it really had an impact on me, and I didn't have a lover for a long time after I came out. When I did have a lover she was working this kind of butch action. That was not there, it was femme-on-femme action with butch-on-butch drag, and I couldn't even pull off butch drag, so that really had an impact on me, my size determined how I felt like I should feel about my body, my sexuality. When I moved to Seattle after that, and had a lover, the way I would interact with her sexually was very much all about her and her body and I was extremely uncomfortable with any kind of contact with my sexuality. I realized I was really physically out of touch with my body, too. When I moved here, I started taking more control over myself and my sexuality. I was getting into what happens in this town and transforming. And I came out as femme, and I had a butch lover right after that. And that was really helpful to me, because I had a rabid butch lover who was really, really affected by me sexually. I mean, I could get whatever I wanted if I just jiggled my ass or my tits or something, and that wore off after a few months, but those three months that our relationship lasted had the most profound impact on me, to have that kind of affect on someone sexually, to use my body in that way, to feel that way about my body. It was just remarkable, it was just transforming. Then after that I got involved in doing S/M, and that just pushed me right over—not only feeling good about myself, but feeling really good about myself, to the point where like, at Folsom I was feeling good, I was half naked, I was looking good, and I had a *bad* attitude about it. I was like, "Want some? You ask real nice."

April: I think it's really interesting to hear that you got the part about using your sexuality as a weapon and a tool, as a toy and a control factor over people *after* you had an evolved sexuality that was yours. Because that's all stuff that I picked up when I was really little. That's what I did to keep myself safe. So, we have the same kind of persona in a way, and a lot of my really powerful, really sexy, really out-there persona is about "I am really powerful and really sexy, and you can't touch." It's from being 13 and 14, and trying to find a way to keep men away from me. I'm glad to see it happens other ways.

Max: I never felt like my sexuality was something to hold over someone, or my fat was something so great that I would have like these coins in my pocket of being fat. "Ha ha, I'm fat." Wow.

Lea: Eat your heart out.



Lea

Dina: It's really intense. It's strange too. When I started that relationship I had been working out really regularly, and I didn't work out for the entire length of the relationship. I was also really busy and there were lots of other reasons, but I didn't do anything to change what was going on. And I started touching my body more. It created this whole new relationship with my body, to really feel like I was in this body that had the power I always thought of thin bodies as having. This is something you want, and I really want you to beg for it, and drool for it, and really want it, and it has nothing to do with my personality, which was my trump before that ... getting sex, getting girlfriends because I was funny or smart or outgoing, and it not having anything to do with my physical beauty, which was really difficult for me at times.

Max: I have no shortage of people who are interested in me, but I always still feel in the back of my mind that it's despite that fact that I'm fat, not because of it. Despite my body.

April: I feel like it's *only* my body.

Max: Wow.

Judy: It's been very different for me at different ages. I have been unintentionally celibate—no, I was told it wasn't celibate, *abstinent*—for 7 years. Prior to that I was very sexually active for a lot of years, although I've had periods between relationships that were like a year or two. There was a period when I was intentionally doing heavy-duty non-monogamy, and had 3 or 4 lovers at a time, ongoing relationships for long periods of time, and that was when I was in my late 30s and 40s; that was my peak sexually. I always felt it was in spite of my weight ... it was once I was in a relationship that it was different. But I had to be entertaining, funny, intelligent, political, whatever, and then people could get past their stuff about my weight. And I've had lovers of all sizes, but mostly fat lovers. I feel safer I think, with other fat women. But not necessarily, I've had some really thin lovers who were great. But the thing that's hard for me to talk about it, it's very hard for me to figure out what has to do with size, and what has to do with age at this point. Because I'm post-menopausal, and there's some biochemical stuff that changes. And it's also very complicated on an emotional level, because I'm also an incest survivor, and I was abused by my father from the time I was an infant. When he died in '83, I felt like something really changed, and I've hardly had any lovers since then. I think that I don't really know what my sexuality is now. Sort of like that colored how I was sexually to such a degree that I haven't much opportunity to *be* sexual. I keep thinking I want to have a lover, it's like I'm not intentionally not having lovers, but I *must* be. I couldn't go for 7 years, given how active I have been. And part of it has to do with age, and not wanting to go through the kinds of struggles that I used to be willing to do. Wanting a more peaceful life. And also disability. I'm *real* disabled. I'm living on disability. I retired at 54 because I was just too sick to work. So, I can't separate it all. There's part of me that wants to be sexual, but there's also this part of me that doesn't want to get into close relationships, because my life is really comfortable. I used to be willing to take a lot more risks than I am [now], I'm much more cautious. And I think I have less people being attracted because my weight is higher and my age is higher. And so there's less options, even if I wanted them.



Jasmine

I don't really ever meet anybody that's a possible partner. And for the first time, I've really been thinking if I'm gonna get into a relationship I would like a *real* partner. I've never had one, I've never lived with a lover. I've been out 20 years, I've had lots of long-term relationships, and I've never lived with a lover. And I'm thinking if I'm gonna do it, that's what I really want right now. So it's very complicated. I can't really separate what part is fat, what part is age, and what part is disability. And how much of it's coming from me and how much of it has to do with people *responding* to those different parts. And class! Jew, anti-semitism, yeah.

Jasmine: Well me, I feel like there's a couple things I want to say in response, but one thing I want to say, for those of you who

don't know, is that I have a daughter who's 26, she'll be 26 soon. And it's just an amazing thing to be in this kind of dia-

logue with women who are, you're younger than she is [Dina]. Not that I'm not in intense dialogue with my daughter, too. But she's not a lesbian, she's a bisexual woman. And she's definitely not a fat woman. And she's very political, and very Jewish, and very out there, and good about a lot of things, but she's not a dyke. That's number one. Number two is I know some of you in the room from a distance, some of you better from a long time, and I hear what you're saying about yourselves and it's just the perception I have of you.

And it feels wonderful to me to know that your perceptions of how you see and talk about yourselves is like I how I think of you too. In other words, my vision of the three of you that I know from the community.

My own personal history is that I was disabled as a child, I've been disabled since I was very young. I can't separate disability from fat. I can't separate it from poverty. I've been very poor all of my life. And working class, real working class, you know? And something happened recently, I'm just gonna throw out two things that I think both have to do with fat. Yesterday I went to pick up a friend who was at her therapist's, who works out of her home in the hills of Berkeley. And I knocked on the door and I had a conversation with this therapist, because the therapy session was running over a long time, and later on when I picked my friend up she said the therapist said I was rude. And what I wasn't was obsequious, and that's class. She considered me rude because I wasn't obsequious. And then I was at another person's house, and she was talking to me and a friend, and said she didn't know about disabled people and why were they doing all this work for disabled people? And I do stuff for disabled people, take them shopping and stuff. And she was belligerent, she said, even towards disabled people. She said, "What do they want? They're always wanting something. They want the bus to wait for them when they get on the bus. Why should they want the bus to wait for them while they get on the bus? Why should we have to sit on the bus and wait for them?" And I got up and I said, "Lady, you are talking about me, and I am outta here," and I walked

away. And before that the two women had been talking about their love lives, and who they were seeking out, and who they were looking for about partners, and it was like I wasn't in the room. It's been much of my life. I have never had a partner that's been a good partner, I have never had a decent sexual relationship for more than two weeks at a time. Not that I haven't had long-term relationships. I've never felt considered as a sexual being, and I know that other fat women are. I know it's not just about being fat. And I know other disabled women are, and I know other working-class women are, and I know other Jewish women are, and I know other incest survivors are, and I know other mothers are. It's not any one of those things. It's all of the way I carry it in my life, and what I think I'm willing to settle for, who I think I'm willing to deal with. So when I hear you talking about how you do what you do with yourself sexually, what your struggles have been, it's a different picture than ... Well, you know, you're glamorous. You're April Miller, the glamorous one. And that's not how you are saying it feels to you.

April: I'm in the middle of writing a piece for the Femme Show that's just about this. And the thing to me is that I *am* glamorous, that's not untrue. That is a real part of who I am, but it's not *all* of who I am, and a lot of this enormous presence that glamour has in my life has to do with protection. That's not something that people see. And I don't understand why. I think it's not something people want to see.

Lea: Because then we have to go deep, and have feelings.

April: Damn, I wish I didn't have to have feelings.

Dina: I feel like I have much more of a presence than I've ever had, and it's always had to do with having something more, in one way or another. I've always just skated on the lower level of popularity because I was really funny. I could separate from what kids' perceptions were of me being a fat kid by really amusing them and entertaining them, and that happens even now. I feel glamorous and I feel beautiful, but it has this level of being over the top, it's conditioning I learned from drag queens ... a way of kind of extending myself a little bit more, and being a little bit more beautiful, a little bit sexier, showing a little bit more cleavage, or having a bigger mouth, or a nastier attitude, or a sharper wit. It's still that way, the packaging has to be just a little bit more sparkly, and I know that it has specifically to do with size for me. And I don't always want that. In the beginning I was having lots of fun with it, it was like a new toy. But probably around the middle of summer when I was doing social things like 3 or 4 nights a week, it started to drive me crazy. It became this total persona, it had nothing to do with me, and I was really resentful of it. I was resentful of having to be that person to get this particular



response from the dyke community, from the people I was socializing with. Especially from the dyke community in San Francisco, where you can just feel completely invisible. It was like a total cliché, nobody knew me, nobody said a word to me for 8 months, then somebody noticed me, and then everybody wanted my phone number. It was a matter of weeks, and all of a sudden, wow! I was so over it by the time it happened. I didn't walk into town and turn into the hottest sex toy because I was new in town. That doesn't have to do with the fact that I wasn't interesting enough or cute enough. It was because the notice wasn't there. And it wasn't there until somebody put it there. And I didn't put it there. Somebody else had to put it there.

Lea: But that's societal also, people want what other people have. I mean, have you ever been in a store and you're looking at something, and before you know it somebody else is looking at it?

Max: Or it's easier to find a lover when you have one. Or a job.

Lea: I want to say something about what you said Jasmine, and also April and Dina. It's all related. It's about the currency of privilege. What is your currency? Is your currency your body? Your class? The color of your skin? It's very hard, as you say, to break those things down, because I have wondered, walking in the world, as somebody who's always been a lesbian, and who's always been visible as one, somebody who's always been fat except for moments of insanity when I starved, somebody who's always been working class, and somebody who is a person of color: I don't care anymore why people feel hostile toward me. It doesn't matter, but they do. For brief moments in the fat women's community I've had that currency of privilege around my body, and around being butch, and around the fact that I'm good looking. But only in certain circles, and those circles are far and few. So it's almost like a schizophrenia, and it's so uncommon that I enjoy it when it happens, even though I'm being objectified, even though politically there's something that doesn't work for me in it. But ever since I was a kid I've had all of these things about "when they saw me coming." They saw me coming from a long way away and I think one of the first things they saw about me was that I was fat. I'm a Chicana and I'm brown, but I'm not black. I'm not an African-American person.

So the first thing they saw from a distance was a round being, and as I got closer, then the color came into view, then the class came into view ... So one of the ways I've really compensated, which other women here have talked about tonight, is that I've really honed my brilliance. I'm articulate, I'm funny, I have honed those things to compensate. I still feel in the world in most circles, that I really have to prove myself, and yes, after I've had a little while with some person, in spite of the fact that I'm fat and those other things, people say "Wow, this person has something." But it's crazy-making. If you're a person of color you have to be 10 times better, if you're a fat person of color and working class and a dyke, you'd better be a million times better. I just wanted to say that I feel like I straddle multiple worlds, and I'm gonna tell you, I have really had to learn how to do that. I've had to learn how to adjust, and how to accept, and how to adapt, you know I'm one of the most fucking adaptable people on the planet, because of all of these goddamn issues! I would like the luxury of not having to be! I have met up with white straight males that do not know how to have discomfort for 5 minutes. I've had it for a goddamn lifetime, and it blows my

mind. It's doesn't surprise me, but it blows my mind to sit in a room with a person that has so much goddamn privilege that they can't be uncomfortable for 5 minutes and not lash out at me. What you were saying, Jasmine.

Judy: That's interesting because I think that answers some of my dilemma that I was talking about, too. I just got tired of doing all that stuff, and since I'm not willing to do it anymore I'm no longer on the market. That as long as I was playing all the games, as long as I was putting myself out there and performing...I stopped doing it, and so all my worst fears came true.

April: I've been on the peripheries of the Oakland fat lesbian community for years, ever since I moved to the Bay area, and I'm very active in the San Francisco younger fat dyke community. I hear so many stories about women who think I'm "so hot" and "so sexy", and never even speak to me because I scare the shit out of them. So, there's something more going on than just that you have to have the sparkle to be in the market. There's a point where it's a deterrent or something.



April

Lea: Don't you think some people want to be considered enlightened because they find you attractive? I mean, it's attractive to find you attractive, but they can't carry it through because of the fat-phobia or the racism, or who the hell knows. We're talking about fat, and for me, fat—just for me and I don't speak for anybody else—for me fat has been harder than brown.

Dina: For me fat has been harder than anything. It still is absolutely the hardest thing, and the one place that, well, there's the story about the guy harassing me on the plane for being fat and reading *Fat Girl*, it's the one place where I can feel disempowered so quickly, and that really really bothers me.

Lea: And then there's degrees. Because this degree [points to Dina] is totally different than this degree [points to Judy]. There's degrees, and it's all important, it's all valid, and some of us have it a lot easier than others.

April: And not that they have it *easy*, it's just *easier*.

Judy: Well, I would say that despite that I have like 6 different things (who's counting?), fat overall in my life has been the hardest. I mean, it's the one thing I can't pass on. At my size, you cannot pass for thin, I don't care what you do.

Lea: You can't leave it at home, you bring it with you.

Judy: And I can't even leave it alone at home when I'm home alone. When I sit in a chair and it's pushing in my thigh and

hurting me. That the world isn't made for me, that furniture is never comfortable, that I can't find a place where I really feel comfortable. When I was doing all kinds of political work it was the one I was most resistant to do the work on, because it just seemed so overwhelming. It'd be easier to take a hunk out of sexism, or a hunk out of homophobia, or anti-semitism. Fat just seemed so overwhelming, and of course because nobody was doing anything at that time, there was not support. I would not have done it alone. There was a couple women who dragged me kicking and screaming. They were right. And to this day, after 24 years of fat politics, I still have a hard time with it. I still get most hopeless about everything ever really getting better. I'm not always hopeless, but I have more hopeless moments, I feel more frustrated. It seems like [after] everything we accomplished, then some backlash happens that's so much worse.

Barb: What about your comfort around dykes whose age isn't close to yours? Do you feel comfortable? What makes you feel uncomfortable? Also in terms of how you create alliances with fat dykes who are older than you or younger than you?

April: I think I feel most uncomfortable around dykes who are my same age. Partially because I have always known and hung out with people who are older than me, and that gave me a really good basis for when I started to become involved with fat liberation and do reading and stuff. The people who did, like Judy and other people, were older than me, but I could take them as peers in that, and feel like I could be part of the community and move in the community, and like I know what my place is there. I may not always like my place there, but I know what it is, and I'm comfortable. And with people my own age it feels like everything is mine, everything could just fall apart any minute. I guess the currency stuff is harder for me with women my own age. Women who are considerably younger than me, like teenagers, they're all just still in the enemy category. I know that for me those women are intrinsically untrustworthy, because for me they are still all the people who tortured me in high school.

Jasmine: Me, too. They are the ones. I'm still afraid of them on the streets. I'm still afraid of them, I forget that I'm grown up now. I can't remember. I walk into a store, and they're there, and they still frighten me.

Lea: I think part of my experience is about that, even though I had never thought in those terms. For me, ever since I was a kid I was always drawn to older females, always. My friends were always older. And now at this age I have a diverse community, I have women in their 20s, women in their 30s, 40s, 50s, 60s, but I'm still very drawn to women who are older than me, for many reasons I just find a lot in common with them. My last girlfriend was 60 years old and I learned so much. That relationship had such a wealth. The relationship was so rich, and some of that richness for me was because she was older. And I'm ageist. I grew up in an ageist society, and I have to own my ageism. I'm ageist, and I have prejudices about age. And some of them aren't right, and I know when they're not right, but I still have them. I talk to myself about them, but I have them, and they're real. I'm also drawn to children. I love children. And I feel OK in mixed groups. I feel respected by older lesbians, I feel respected by younger ones, too. Not necessarily because of their generosity, but because of how I walk in the world, and what I demand, and that's one of the things that I demand.

Max: Yeah, I've always known older people, too. When I first came out, everybody was way older than me, and everybody was not really completely cognizant of the fact that I was only 15 or 16. Because I looked a little bit older, and I had started college, and so everybody sort of thought I was older than I really was. So, I would sort of pretend I was older. Not like lying and saying I was in my 20s, but just sort of act older than I really was: act like I knew more, act like I'd been through more than I really had, act like I was more self-aware than I really was. I didn't even really realize I was doing it, but it was just because I was adopting the rhetoric, you know the way dykes are, with all their being conscious about this and conscious about that, and at the time it didn't mean that much to me, but I tried to be cool and get it faster than I really could. Then there was also this dichotomy going on about a lot of the older dykes, like my lover who was 33, some of her friends hated me before they met me because I was so young and I was dangerous because I was so young, and how could a younger person possibly live up to adult responsibilities in a relationship, and blah blah blah. So there's always been this sort of push/pull and hate/love thing going on with people who are older than me. Like, "I love you and I need you and you're my family and my community, and I can't ever really be like you or be good enough." It's weird. And over the past few years is the first time I really have people in my life who are my own age. It's starting to finally even out a little bit, where I'm less afraid of people my own age, and most of my community is people my own age. And I'm more out of touch with people who are that degree older than me now. And I've found with doing *Fat Girl*, I'm starting to get back into knowing people who are older, and making different assumptions. Like, when we went to the Fat Women's Gathering we were terrified that people were going to hate us. Because we were being what we thought of as really radical, we had heavy-duty S/M in the zine, and we weren't sure how that was going to be received, because most of the women I had known in my past who were older than me and radically political hated S/M, violently hated S/M. And then here we were, these young whippersnappers coming to the Fat Women's Gathering. We were pretty close to the youngest women there.

Judy: How did you feel about it?

Max: Great! Great! For the most part I felt fantastic. We were shocked at how well we were received. It was about a million times better than we could've possibly dreamed. Because we were scared. We were scared that everybody was going to hate us and that we were going to somehow fail the fat movement, because we were trying to be ourselves, and in a way that we hadn't seen before. We hadn't seen these kind of things done by other fat dykes, we hadn't seen them being radically sexual in print. And so we were scared.

Lea: You get to be who you are, whether I agree with what you do or not, I really respect that you have that place on the planet to be who you are.

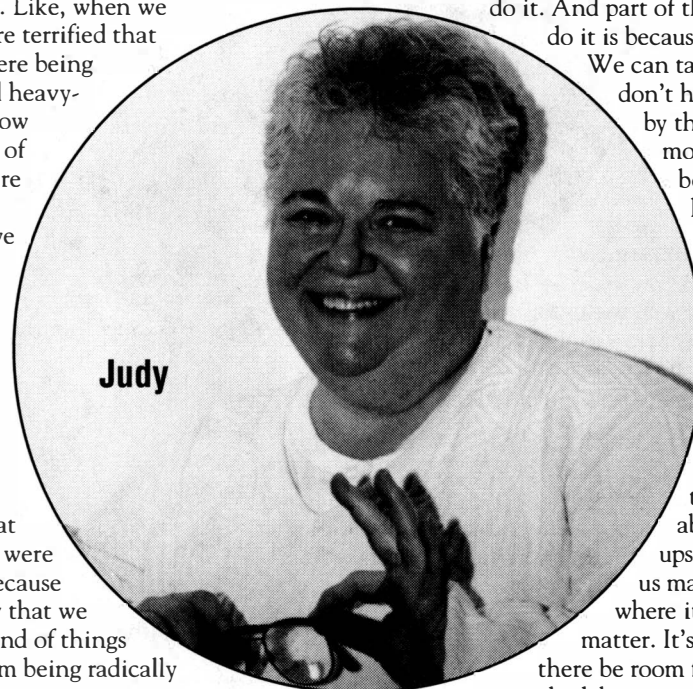
Max: That was the feeling I got at the gathering.

April: The experience I have about how people respond to me, both people who are older than me, people my age, and people younger than me, is that they can only deal with one part of me at a time, so they can have respect for me as an articulate, politically aware person at one time, and then they can have some

sort of desirous, or envious, or upset, or some sort of sexually based relationship with that part of me at another time, but they can't do both at once. So the very same people I'm working with, with whom I'm a leader and a struggler and a mover, turn around and discount my presence and the things that I say because I also have sex, or at least they think I have sex.

Max: A lot of people don't see anything but the sex of the zine.

Judy: I think because it upsets a lot of people. I had to take a long time with it, to tell you the truth. Because my immediate reaction was [grimacing face] like that. I did a lot of co-counseling about it. Because I didn't have any problem with it except that it was upsetting. Like politically I didn't have a problem with it, I didn't have a problem with *your* doing it. But there's stuff in there, as a Jew particularly. I have a lot of trouble with some of the paraphernalia of S/M, the leather stuff. And that comes from being raised during the second World War as a Jew. And it feels Nazi to me, and it terrifies me, and it may have nothing to do with Nazi, but the visual triggered me. So I had to work really hard, like I spent a lot of time reading it at different times, and I saw different things as the month happened, I changed about it. But it never occurred to me to think it wasn't OK for you to do it or that there was something wrong with it or to criticize it. I had to deal with my own feelings about it. And I think that what's happening is that the younger women are taking the movement another step. You're pushing the boundaries, and that's gonna upset some older people. And in order for any movement not to stagnate, the boundaries have to get pushed, and it's generally gonna be the younger people that are going to do it. And part of the reason you're able to do it is because we made it possible.



Judy

We can take some credit, we don't have to feel threatened by the fact that things are moving on. This is part of being older, that what happens is you do something, and it's like you did this great thing, and then somebody takes it another step. I don't want to go there, and so I'm gonna get left behind, and I could get upset about that. I'm not upset about it, but I could get upset about that. Some of us may get upset about where it's going, but it doesn't matter. It's really important that there be room for the boundaries to get pushed, because otherwise we'll just be stagnant movement that rots.

Jasmine: It's tremendously exciting to me to see, because I felt that in fat politics, we stood still. We really stood still. And I was personally, and in community, desperate to know when it was going to change, and what was going to change, and it never occurred to me to go in the direction that the zine has gone at all. It's just not a page in my book, not something I could turn to. And we as a group would mourn the loss of the respect that we as a group did not have. I mean we have a good community, there is still a good fat women's community, loosely based, at

Swim, at other gatherings ... but often in gatherings, whether we're more than two or three fat women my age or a little bit younger or older, we would very much mourn, "this isn't changing, nothing's happening. We've worked hard, we've written and talked, and written and talked, and performed and nothing is happening. And still the disrespect and hate that a great deal of the lesbian community projects towards us, is quite evident, almost as though none of the work had been done." And the zine is doing a lot of the work, and April, I think you have done outstanding things too, in being very out there and being glamorous and fun, the two things I personally do understand about the fat movement the whole time I've been in it. I didn't understand that those were the commodities, the coin that you've been talking about. Coin. They are coin. Fun and glamour. And that is what the rest of the community will pay with to raise the consciousness. The same things we've been saying for 20 years.

Lea: For me, I don't agree with a lot of the practices that are displayed in the magazine sexually.

But you know what? I still benefit from the images. I do. And also from the images that you've been so generous [with] April. Every time I see an image of a fat woman and that fat woman is doing good, even though she's doing things I don't do, it's healing for me. And I think the more visibility, the more important, the more advancement we make. So I have to work through my own psychology around those images and everything, but I appreciate them. Just seeing fat women, The *SF Weekly*, remember the front page? [April was pictured last year.] Oh girl! I mean I tripped!

The *SF Weekly*, these fat women, I mean I get to see you, I swim with you, but everybody in the Bay area's seeing you. Because it's something about shame and it's something about privacy. And it's something about culture.

Judy: There's stuff that people don't get, too. My daughter-in-law was at the Fat Gathering, and she didn't get it, she thought it was terrible that women were getting up on the stage and taking their clothes off. She's not a dyke. And what she said was, "What's the difference between that and the straight meat market?" She didn't get the difference, and what it means to a fat woman to be feeling good enough about her body to get up in front of a bunch of people and say "I feel good, my body's beautiful, look at me." I tried to explain it.

Lea: It's hard to put into words sometimes, but I just want to say that those images in the *SF Weekly* prepared me, because I had to work through a lot of stuff. Because I knew everybody was seeing it, I knew a lot of my friends were seeing it, friends of mine that are thin that don't have fat consciousness that haven't seen me naked. The work that I did around those images and how I felt about them being public prepared me for *Fat Girl* and *Women En Large*. See? I went through a whole process, it was quick, it was healing, it was wonderful, and I still have feelings about it but I can really appreciate in ways that I couldn't before, because it went public. So there's got to be political value in

that.

April: The centerfold in the first issue of *Fat Girl* doesn't work for me, it doesn't do anything for me sexually, and I think it is the most powerful picture I have ever seen. Because never in my life have I seen a fat girl *thatbig* having that much fun in the center of a magazine. If we never put out another issue I have got to say that has got to be one of the most important things we ever did.

Judy: Just because something's controversial doesn't mean it's not a good idea.

Dina: Just last night I was taking my girlfriend out for her birthday and we went to a show, and I wasn't even thinking of where we were going, and it was mostly straight, mostly straight men, a lot of Led Zeppelin fans, actually. And I went in the dress I wore to go-go dance in, this skin-tight tank dress, halfway up the legs, my tits were hanging out, and a tight sweater, high heels and stockings, and we were having this sexy date and all that, and about 15 minutes after being in the club I realized, Oh,

I look totally, like not just a dyke, but *fat* with my whole body showing, and for a second I panicked, I was like "get my coat." But it came and it went like that. Because I was so happy in the moment, happy that the people I put this on for, my girlfriend and myself, were totally happy with it. And then, the interesting other side of it, was that there were straight men leering at me, and I was so removed from the perception that I could be seen like that by the straight world as being another hot, big-titted girl. It was really intense.

Lea: Really watch the evolution of that process, because I've been through that, and I can tell you that I used to dress specific ways for specific places. I dress the same goddamn way now everywhere. It's because of the support, and the healing, and those images. And I'm not self-conscious about it 99% of the time. Something has to happen to make me self-conscious, like threatened, like I'm gonna get queer-bashed or something, but after a while it doesn't even matter.

Dina: It was really profound for me to have that come from within, and after a second of quickly assessing where I was, just walk through that room feeling just as hot as I felt when I walked into that room. Which was pretty hot. It was just really powerful, because when I go to my home town, I gain 20 or 30 or 50 pounds on the plane. I feel really great when I get on the plane, and when I get off I'm not even able to move my body. All the unhealthy stuff that I have from that world just comes back.

Lea: The space they're holding open for you might be really small. And you're really psychically preparing, saying "I'm not gonna fit in that space."

Judy: I wanted to ask if women of different ages feel that women not in their age group are more or less accepting of them as fat women than women in their age group. In other words, do you find that older women are more accepting, or younger women are more accepting?

Max: Yes, older.

April: Yeah.



Dina: Yeah, well ... women starting in their late 20s to 30s.

Max: If I think about straight women the story's a bit different. Like, they never seem to get more accepting, the ones I know, I don't know that many.

Judy: Well, the straight women in NAAFA.

Max: I don't know any of them.

April: I feel like it's sort of an unfair question because the older women that I know are almost entirely fat activists.

Judy: From the time I got involved in the women's movement, which was about 2 years before I came out, I was always the oldest one everywhere I went. My age group, women were not becoming feminists. I came out, everybody was younger than me, every group I've ever belonged to I was the oldest, I'm the oldest one here, and I feel comfortable with women of all different ages, when I'm doing political work particularly, not necessarily out in the world. But I always feel this lack, I feel this longing to have women that are older than me, at least my age. I've only had one lover that was my age. When I was 40 I had an 18-year-old lover. It was great, it was a good relationship. But I've felt this longing from the time I've been a feminist; there are very few women with my politics that are my age or older. There are some, but the percentage is minuscule.

Jasmine: Since I've been a lesbian I've been an active mother. I've been a lesbian over 20 years, and my oldest kid is 25. So I've also been older than many women, so a lot of the time women relate to me as mother, and I am very very tired of it, and not knowing how to undo it, and not feeling acceptance from younger women, or women my age, or older women, or women of any kind, but feeling a lot of this "gimme gimme gimme mommy."

Lea: Well isn't that also about being fat? We're perceived like the great earth mothers, the big chi chi in the sky?

Lea: And at the same time, we're nurturing, we're healers. Sometimes it can be a dichotomy. I don't blame women for wanting that good stuff, but it's not OK to be exploitive.

Jasmine: But they only want that and they don't want me as the intellectual that I am, as the powerful leader that I am and can be, as the sexual person that I am. I'm not willing to blame everybody, I'm willing to hold women of the responsibility for it myself, but I don't know where it starts and ends.

Max: Our society doesn't value age, our society has this image of sexuality as being only the privilege of this certain kind of person, young, thin, white.

Lea: Childbearing. I don't want to make babies. That's not what I'm here for.

Dina: I think that conflict about the mothering thing, that's really the problem for me. I don't want to be anyone's mother. I have had women come to me for that, and that's not who I am or that's not what I want there. I have those relationships in my life but from a lover I like to be perceived as what I feel I am and what I feel I put out there. I can be wild and nasty and sexy and I don't have to take care of you. You can take care of yourself. If you saw me as the person in the same clothes but my body were thin you would look at me differently. You wouldn't come and put your head on my belly and bury your face in me that way; and come to me in that way. It's also difficult for me because it was always there for me at I time where I felt I was always too young to be put in that role; like when I was 19 and coming out

I had girlfriends who wanted that from me and I was not capable of that.

Lea: I think that wanting the mother is a very important primordial need. I want to honor the mother in me. I'm a good mother, I'm a good husband, I'm a good wife, I'm a good nurse. I can do all of those things. AND I love to mother. But that's not the only thing I love to do. And that's not the only thing I'm good at. But I want it appreciated. You're damn right, I looked for mothering from my girlfriend and the women in my community. I want reciprocity.

Judy: That's the word!

Lea: I want to honor the Yin and the Yang and I'm good at both.

Judy: But where do you find reciprocity? I don't know anybody who's got it.

Lea: Not in one person.

Judy: It is pretty hard to find relationships that are balanced.

Lea: I look to the community for it. I'll take it in piecemeal cause that's how I get it. But it's not about one person. Never. It has never been for me.

Barb: Does anyone have anything in closing that they want to address?

April: I thought that there would be a lot more animosity among the group. I was really pleased to find out that we have so much of the same stuff.

Judy: I wasn't expecting any. So the younger women were expecting animosity?

Max: I was...

April: I was...

Dina: I guess I was...

Lea: I was expecting healing and I feel it.

Judy: There was a period of time in the political Lesbian community when it seemed like there were no younger women coming in. It seemed like for long time there were just us old people who had been there from the beginning and there was this gap. And I am sooo thrilled that young women are taking this on as an issue and really moving with it. It really felt like it was going to die with us. And that would have been a real shame. ✨

**Next issue: Round table #3 will be on
Racism and Fat phobia. If you live in
the SF Bay Area and want to
participate or facilitate this
discussion please contact
Barbarism @ XXXXXXX.
What are you thinking about?
Organize a Round Table in your
community—we want to hear you roar!**



Selena

**In my dreams I have two daughters
we are free of men's entrapments
like wolves and dolphins endangered but free
I am not mother or father but bear and shade
An amazon does what must be done to protect her young
Six pounds of breast weigh less than my heart
I cannot love without my heart I cannot live inside this rage
Bound in a cage of whiteman law and liars games come with me
Family Values mean I love you and my daughters unconditionally
No ties that they can see not blood or law or matrimony
amazon alien warrior love uses the means at hand
six pounds of breast of breast equals six ounces of prick
a dickless dyke becomes a legal man
What do i want only to love our family
protect the girls and drink your blood
to heal the wounds**

by Osa Shade

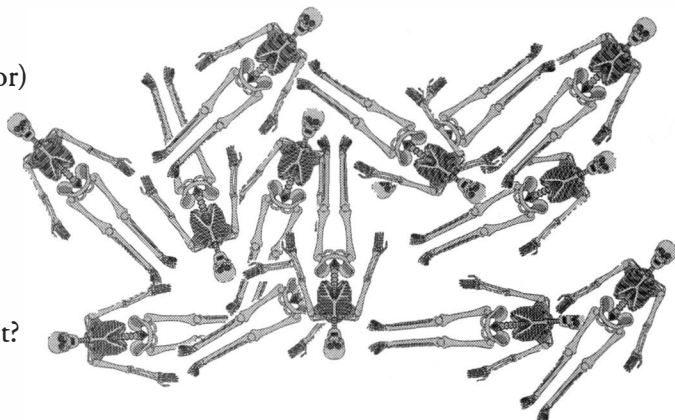
Fool the Diet Industry!

Start your April Fools Day off right. Spend some time on Friday, March 31 (the day before April Fool's Day) tying up the phone lines of those evil profiteers (yup, the diet industry rakes in about \$33 billion a year!) and make them pay for it, too! Call their 800-numbers (all of us at once!) and keep 'em on the line as long as you can.

Let them babble on—the longer you keep them on the phone, the more it costs them, both in phone charges and lost business. We don't want some unknowing person to get through the lines and actually sign up! Don't give them your name or address if they ask.

Ask them:

- What's your name? (to put them on their best behavior)
- Can you tell me about your program?
- What is your success rate?
- Who conducted the study on your success rate?
- How long did you follow participants in your study?
- Is there really a study? Can I get a copy of the results?
- Have you personally tried this diet?
- Do you have a money-back guarantee? If not, why not?
- Are there any medical risks involved?
- Have there been any lawsuits against your company?
- Who owns this company? If it's a franchise, does the parent company monitor its children?
- Can you provide an explanation for the research that indicates that 95-98% of diets fail within three years?
- Can you explain the reasearch that indicates that dieting is the cause of many illnesses usually blamed on obesity?
- Is there any truth to the rumor that Jenny Craig recently gained 70 pounds?



Keep 'em talking; they're not supposed to hang up! If you don't actually "harrass" them, they'll potentially stay on the line with you all day. (It could be the start of a beautiful relationship, and they might even learn something!)

Call any or all of the following numbers:

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1-800-437-4946 A & Y Health Connection (Brooklyn NY) | 1-800-253-2000 California Diet (Newport Beach CA) |
| 1-800-528-9903 A Herbalife International Distributor (Needham MA) | 1-800-443-2584 Cambridge (Monterey CA) |
| 1-800-774-5673 A Independent Herbalife Distributor (Waukegan IL) | 1-800-872-2664 Cambridge Diet Sales (Mobile AL) |
| 1-800-782-9737 AAA Weight Management (Richmond VA) | 1-800-626-3396 Can Do (Copperhill TN) |
| 1-800-842-9944 Achievement Unlimited (Avondale CO) | 1-800-352-1317 Carol Smith - Bariatric Medical Center (Ashville NC) |
| 1-800-521-2373 Action Sales (Knoxville TN) | 1-800-716-3396 D & K Diet Center (Leon IA) |
| 1-800-300-6573 Advocare Independant Distributor (Springhill LA) | 1-800-688-3317 David P Michael (New Haven IN) |
| 1-800-622-6444 Ali S Akram MD (Port Huron MI) | 1-800-468-2226 D. & D. Stephenson, Distribs. For EOLA (Ft Jones CA) |
| 1-800-260-2364 American-European Mktg Group (Manchester MA) | 1-800-346-8446 Dial A Diet Inc (Upper Saddle River NJ) |
| 1-800-569-8793 Armco Distributors (Placitas NM) | 1-800-247-8508 Diet Magic (Botler PA) |
| 1-800-854-2497 Austin Beverly (Milton FL) | 1-800-532-5268 Diet Magic (Mesquite TX) |
| 1-800-468-3438 Bariatrix Intl Inc (S Burlington VT) | 1-800-343-8725 Diet Pals Intl (Westerville OH) |
| 1-800-468-6468 Behavior Modifiers (Valley Stream NY) | 1-800-798-5677 Diet Plans-Herbalife (Knoxville IA) |
| 1-800-441-7546 Bioslim-Biotique-Medicus (Woodland Hills CA) | 1-800-743-0661 Diet Watchers (Canton OH) |
| 1-800-622-3885 Body Wise Weight Mgmt. System (El Dorado Hills CA) | 1-800-428-1431 DJ's Slims (Albertville MN) |
| 1-800-233-4811 Body Wise Intl (Scottsdale AZ) | 1-800-362-8446 Duke University Diet & Fitness Center (Durham NC) |
| 1-800-532-0244 Bonus Plan/Nancy Bonus The (Van Nuys CA) | 1-800-447-0054 Dynamatrix (Wilson NC) |
| 1-800-496-6280 Bodywise Intl (Mineral Springs AR) | 1-800-336-9678 Eaton Jeff (Burlingame CA) |
| 1-800-995-7458 Brodrick Inc - Ind. Herbalife Distributor (Denver CO) | 1-800-524-4076 EML Ventures Weight Loss Center (Evans Mills NY) |
| 1-800-932-4792 Bryant Ted & Darlene (Brooksville FL) | 1-800-669-3652 Eola Independent Distributor (Hazelwood MO) |

- 1-800-523-5979 Evertrim (Westminster CO)
 1-800-393-8746 Fit America (Port Charlotte FL)
 1-800-564-3624 Fobi Medical Group (Inglewood CA)
 1-800-338-9810 Herbal Life Distributor (Vero Beach FL)
 1-800-753-3997 Herbalife (Davis CA)
 1-800-233-4372 Herbalife A Distributor (Chicago IL)
 1-800-322-3437 Herbalife (Young Harris GA)
 1-800-626-6848 Herbalife Distributor (Garland TX)
 1-800-255-9761 Herbalife Distributor (Leander TX)
 1-800-535-8946 Herbalife Distributor (Leander TX)
 1-800-232-8438 Herbalife Distributor (Norco CA)
 1-800-742-4372 Herbalife Distributor (St Louis MO)
 1-800-861-7087 Herbalife Distributor Of Wisconsin (Beloit WI)
 1-800-333-1175 Herbalife Independent Distributor (Boca Raton FL)
 1-800-464-5673 Herbalife Independent Distributor (Needham MA)
 1-800-949-4372 Herbalife Independent Distributor (Sacramento CA)
 1-800-828-3512 Herbalife Independent Distributor (Silverton OR)
 1-800-261-0334 Herbalife Independent Distributor (Waukegan IL)
 1-800-828-3243 Herbalife Independent Distributor (Richardson TX)
 1-800-831-1982 Hughes, Patricia (Oregon MO)
 1-800-854-2419 Interior Design Nutritions (Port St Lucie FL)
 1-800-331-6638 J & J Health Enterprises (Hagerstown MD)
 1-800-945-3669 Jenny Craig, M-F 8 am-8 pm, Sat. 8 am-1 pm
 1-800-854-1633 Jeunique (Lake Elsinore CA)
 1-800-822-7115 Jeunique One Day Diet (Anaheim CA)
 1-800-348-5863 Jeunique One Day Diet (Clayton CA)
 1-800-243-7398 Jeunique One Day Diet (San Jose CA)
 1-800-875-2446 Kelly Bennett (Melbourne FL)
 1-800-699-3438 Knowles F Wayne Co (Lake Havasu AZ)
 1-800-985-9996 Kris T's Hair Needs (Great Falls MT)
 1-800-382-8621 Life Unlimited (Mt Pleasant SC)
 1-800-541-3121 Lifeplus Weight Loss (Baltimore MD)
 1-800-257-9975 Light & Right
 1-800-532-6454 Lindora (Costa Mesa CA)
 1-800-548-3543 Lite Life Program (Los Angeles CA)
 1-800-266-5005 Lite N Rite Distributor (Seatac WA)
 1-800-533-6463 M I N D (Tucson AZ)
 1-800-248-5673 Market Systems Ltd DBA Metabalance (Chicago IL)
 1-800-572-6107 Matol Botanical . -D. & B. Valencic (Wickenburg AZ)
 1-800-218-1050 Matol Botanical-KM.-G.L. Rasmussen (Pendleton OR)
 1-800-246-7546 Medicus Formulas Bioslim Inc (Calabasas CA)
 1-800-638-7867 Medifast (Owings Mills MD)
 1-800-253-1127 Metabalance National Dist (Boca Raton FL)
 1-800-637-0854 Metabalance System (Boca Raton FL)
 1-800-448-4820 Micro Diet (Lunenburg MA)
 1-800-835-9392 Micro Diet Independent Advisor (Washougal WA)
 1-800-235-1609 MNP Inc (Walnut Creek CA)
 1-800-599-5085 Mozetta Youngers (Merkel TX)
 1-800-892-5495 Nar'l Quick Weight Loss Inc (Kansas City MO)
 1-800-286-0600 Natural Dietary Products (Monterey CA)
 1-800-642-TRIM Natual Trim (Surgical Weight Loss)
 1-800-432-4305 Next Step Strategies (Rough And Ready CA)
 1-800-289-1700 Ninzu Inc (Baltimore MD)
 1-800-242-2865 Nutrition For Life (Brooklyn NY)
 1-800-638-8446 Nutritional Medical Systems (Monsey NY)
 1-800-526-4387 NVE Enterprises (Newton NJ)
 1-800-637-6494 Omnitrional Independent Distributor (Augusta GA)
 1-800-662-2540 Optifast (St Louis Park MN)
 1-800-635-9888 Physicians Weight Loss Centers (Rockledge FL)
 1-800-404-8446 Power Trim (Alamogordo NM)
 1-800-638-4660 Power Trim (Calhan CO)
 1-800-664-9999 Power Trim Weight Loss(Green River WY)
 1-800-533-6437 Ray Dee And Associates (Spring Hill FL)
 1-800-982-6236 Safley & Associates (Gretna LA)
 1-800-443-0763 Santa Fe Silver Co (Redmond OR)
 1-800-638-7690 Slice Of Life (Owings Mills MD)
 1-800-395-8446 Slim For Life (Ft Lauderdale FL)
 1-800-342-6057 Southeastern Gastric Bypass Assoc (Gainesville FL)
 1-800-368-8446 Star Caps (Narberth PA)
 1-800-772-6466 Stettner Clinic (Lubbock TX)
 1-800-838-3438 Summertime One Day Diet (Lake Havasu AZ)
 1-800-382-8446 Surgical Weight Control Clinic (Shelton WA)
 1-800-323-8446 Surgical Weight Control, S. Fox MD (Tacoma WA)
 1-800-532-4651 Synergy Wellness Centers Inc (Ovilla TX)
 1-800-944-6479 Thermo Weight Loss Systems (San Francisco, CA)
 1-800-323-3438 Toppfast Diet Plan Independent Sales Dist (Seattle WA)
 1-800-932-8677 Tops Club Inc (Milwaukee WI)
 1-800-841-2422 Total Image By CT Enterprise (San Diego CA)
 1-800-344-3570 Trim Fast (Hayward CA)
 1-800-649-6888 Weight Control Medical Clinics
 1-800-789-8446 Weight For Life (Irvine CA)
 1-800-876-2121 Weight For Life (Irvine CA)
 1-800-556-4747 Weight Loss (Mountain View AR)
 1-800-231-1992 Weight Loss Center Of Texas (Arlington TX)
 1-800-844-3340 Weight Loss Plus (Waukegan IL)
 1-800-553-7489 Weight Management (Charleston SC)
 1-800-473-3300 Weight Watchers San Francisco 8 am-7 pm
 1-800-651-6000 Weight Watchers Nationwide (Jericho NY)
 1-800-443-8001 Weight Watchers Of Alaska (Seattle WA)
 1-800-359-3131 Weight Watchers Of South Texas (Houston TX)
 1-800-927-0362 Why Weight (San Francisco CA)
 1-800-206-0026 Wilkinson Mariangel Herbalife Distr. (San Ramon CA)
 1-800-735-7239 Your Health Inc. (San Francisco CA)
 Thanks to Gretchen Glass and LFAN for the idea, and Mark Anderson for most of the numbers.

Fool the Diet Industry!

clip and save

ask the GEAR QUEEN

Dear Gear Queen,

My girlfriend is a big-assed girl with a huge low-hanging voluptuous belly. Our problem? Skid marks in her skivvies—a PAINFUL subject for both of us. It's not something I've heard other big fat women talk about, but when you reach a certain size it becomes increasingly difficult to wipe and present a spanking-clean asshole to the world. It affects her self-esteem and sex life. I know there must be creative fat dykes out there who deal with this same problem on a daily basis and have found solutions for both home and travel toilet situations. HELP!?!?!?

yours in worship,

Searching for a clean hole

Dear Searching,

Just about the time I moved from queen sized to supersized I attended a workshop/discussion for supersized women at a local NAAFA conference. It was the first time I ever heard toileting and wiping problems discussed, and it really freaked me out. It also made me really glad to discover that I was not the only one to have these difficulties.

Thank you for giving me the perfect opportunity to cover the topic, and please bear with me as I give some background to the uninitiated.

The basic problem is a species design flaw: Arms don't grow longer as needed. As the depth of your body grows the distance from armpit over belly to asshole increases, and there comes a point where your hand just can't reach your asshole anymore. But fear not! Depending on the configuration of your body and the arrangement of the toilet area in question, there are all sorts of things you can do.

Use a bigger stall

Sometimes if you spread your legs just 2 or 6 inches wider your goal will be in reach. Try taking down the tampon disposal box that's sticking into your thigh, using the handicapped stall, or sitting sideways on toilets that are jammed into a corner with lots of space on one side and half an inch on the other.

Try a different angle

See if holding your stomach out of the way helps. If you've got a smaller butt, maybe wiping from the back is the solution? Or try standing with one foot resting on the toilet seat (like the instructions for putting in tampons), or crouching, or some combination.

Use something to extend your reach

It can be anything that is *long enough*, appropriately *soft and absorbent*, and *washable or disposable*. I remember women at the NAAFA gathering suggesting the kind of kitchen pot scrubbers

with a foam head and hollow handle designed for liquid soap. I imagine you could also use:

- wooden or plastic cooking spoons with toilet paper wrapped around the bowl.
- foam-rubber paintbrushes.
- the kind of kitchen scrubby thing that has a ball of foam wedges or string at the end.
- long strips ripped from an old sheet that you pull between your ass cheeks while holding it taut in both the front and back (like a back scrubber for your butt).

Just be careful not to use things that could injure your anus (scouring pads, brushes, etc.) and remember that if you are picking an item to use away from home you need something lightweight that you can: store in your purse or bag (unless you don't mind explaining why you always take that piece of vacuum-cleaner hose with you to the bathroom); throw away or rinse out (probably in the toilet: flush, rinse your gear, and flush again); store in a zip-lock bag until you get home or somewhere it can be thoroughly washed and dried.

Use a bidet

Now I have to admit that my only experience with bidets was at my mother's house in Turkey, where the bidet's water spout was carefully positioned to shoot a stream of water at my right ass cheek—not at all useful. However, I believe they are supposed to be used to shoot a stream of clean water over your ass and pussy until they are squeaky clean (if somewhat damp). As a lower-cost alternative to remodeling your bathroom, one was developed by Bill Sabrey, and is sold through *Amplestuff*, PO Box 116, Bearsville, NY 12409. It's a 2-gallon jug with an attached pump handle and tube that attaches (with wire and a suction cup) under the seat of your toilet. A travel-sized version is also available.

Incidentally, this problem is related to another one that may be familiar to some of you: Incorrectly fitted dildo harnesses. Most leather workers will understand it if you show them that the hip band they've provided is too short to go around your hips. And they are usually happy to make you a larger one. (If they aren't, go to another leather worker!) However, if the length of the anchor straps—you know, the part that goes between your legs like a g-string or jock strap—isn't also *sufficiently* lengthened they will pull the hip band low on your body and make the whole arrangement rather...precarious.

Ah, the joys of being deep as well as wide.

Anyway, I hope I've helped you find a workable solution.

Wishing you and your girl a lifetime of clean undies,

Gear Queen

Looking for anything in particular? Got some gear tips to share?

Write to the Gear Queen c/o Fat Girl, 2215-R Market St. #193, San Francisco, CA 94114.



Recipes from the Kitchen Slut

Hi,
Fat Girl needed a recipe column and since my favorite things in life are food and sex, I volunteered!

The recipe for this issue is a fabulous dish—yes, I'm talking about food! (So far, anyway...). It's a vegetable bread pudding that is absolutely delicious; I made a pan for my household that was devoured in 15 minutes!

The adventure begins at the Embarcadero Farmers' Market where we (the divine *Laura* is taking these photos) sampled the wares and checked the veggies for freshness, especially the zucchini and eggplant, even though this particular dish doesn't call for eggplant!



our *Kitchen Slut*
Bertha,
photographed by
Laura Johnston

The Farmers Market was lots of fun. Everyone was nice and we only got a few stares (doesn't everyone go the market in fishnets and a mini at 8 am on a Saturday?)



When we had everything together we headed back to the kitchen to prepare the dish.

First I had to change into my apron (this one is really versatile, it goes from the kitchen to the bedroom in 2.5 seconds, and what easy access...) and have a cup of coffee (my third, but who's counting?!)

So here's the recipe:

Veggie Bread Pudding

For two to six servings:

olive oil
 1 medium onion diced
 fresh herbs; oregano, basil, sage, dill, or your favorites
 8 oz. mushrooms chopped
 2 zucchini diced
 2 red bell peppers diced
 3 stalks of celery diced
 (or you can use your favorite veggies)
 salt & pepper

Pudding:

2 cups cream (or milk or half & half)
 4 eggs beaten
 2 tbs. chives
 salt & pepper

5 cups bread cubes--remove crusts
 (I use rosemary focaccia...yum!)
 1 cup grated dry cheese, parmesan, romano, dry jack, provolone, etc.)
 1 tbs. butter

Preheat oven at 375°.

Warm about 6 tbs olive oil in a large skillet. Begin cooking onion, then add finely chopped herbs and cook for 15 minutes, stirring frequently. Stir in veggies; cook another 15 minutes. Remove from heat, salt & pepper to taste.



Prepare pudding:

whisk cream into eggs, season with salt & chives (dill is good too!) Set aside.

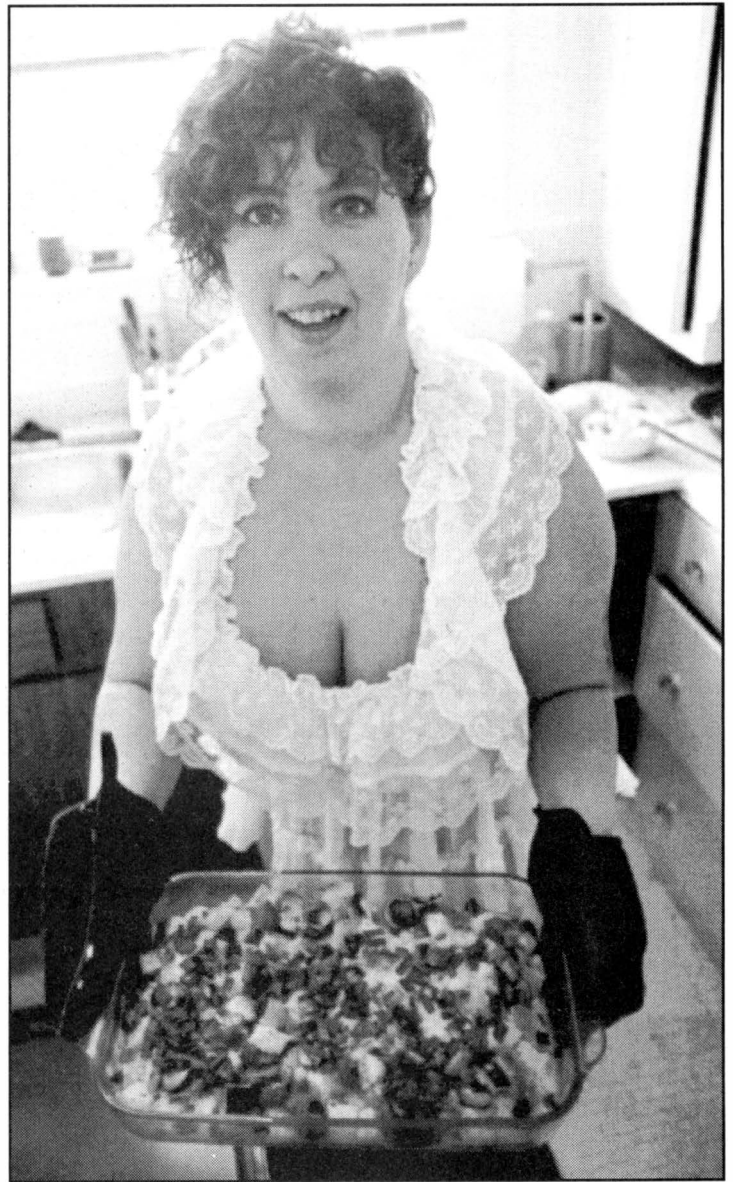
Butter a large rectangular baking dish (or two square ones.) Arrange bread cubes on the bottom. Spoon veggies on top, sprinkle on $\frac{3}{4}$ of the cheese. Pour the custard over all. Sprinkle the rest of the cheese on top.

Cover and bake 25-30 minutes, then remove the cover and bake till custard is set (approx. 15 min.) Allow to cool...

Serve and Enjoy!



*Ooh, I like this zucchini...maybe I'll keep it? No...okay...I'll chop it up...
Bobbit that zuke!*

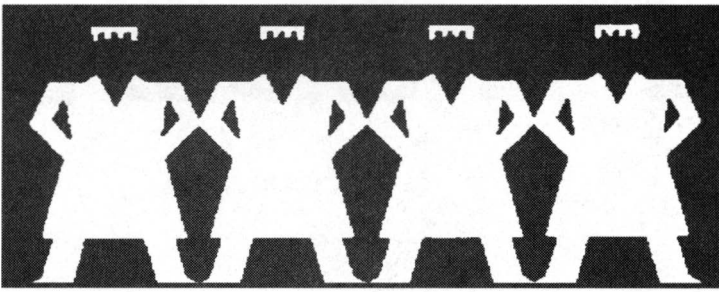


If you enjoyed this dish as much as I do, let me know. Send all comments, praise only, and dating inquiries to Kitchen Slut.



*Love
the Kitchen Slut
Betha*





4 Big Girls: Around the Table

—review by *Barbarism*

All you need to know is that 4 Big Girls are fucking brilliant and next time they pass through your town you'd better break open your piggy bank and GO SEE THEM. Better yet, get together all of your friends' piggy banks and bring them to your town! 4 Big Girls are performers/writers Deb Parks-Satterfield, Carolyn King, and Heather Clark, based in Seattle—"our combined weight divided in half makes a fourth person." Combining wit, humor, song, and tons of vision they bring the stage alive with a series of vignettes about being fat, black, and queer. No easy terrain, they tackle and take digs at stereotypes and attitudes of fat phobia intersecting with racist and homophobic cultural assumptions. Presenting fat fire and fury they break through stigma and prejudice with positive, active responses that are hysterically funny and pointed.

I caught 4 Big Girls Around The Table at a benefit for Lesbians and Gays of African Descent for Democratic Action that was produced by Clark Lee & Sydnor Public Relations and was part of their Kwanzaa '94 celebration. The performance was opened by a candle-lighting ritual—Kwanzaa being a spiritual celebration of the African American community—with libations to invoke ancestors, and seven candles raising the seven principles of unity, self-determination, faith, purpose, creativity, cooperative economics, collective work, and responsibility. This raising of power was but a tease of what powerful juju would follow with the performance of 4 Big Girls.

The simple stage design of two hanging banners framed the breadth of feelings and experiences that Around The Table addresses, from "Fat Woman's BRA SNAPS, 13 INJURED" 'It sounded like a Bomb Going OFF!' says bystander," to "I didn't take a bath for 20 years because I was too fat to fit in my tub." 4 Big Girls' brilliancy lies in their ability to weave the painful reality of living in a fat-hating, black-hating, queer-hating world with a self-reflective humor that transforms the power of that hate.

They perform a series of vignettes that are quick, energetic, confrontational and refreshing. As sexy, big, fat, black, queer women they take up their space on stage. The material they perform breaks through issues of food, lust, mothers, sex, lovers, therapists, dieting, the

church of Oprah ("We are all Oprah & promise to be true. If you're a large Black Woman, then you are Oprah tooooooo ... she lost some weight, she gained it back, she lost some weight, she gained it all back"), putting on pantyhose, the idiocy of "height-weight proportionate," along with a range of stereotypes of fat black women being 'The Maid', 'The Earth Mother Goddess', 'Miss Fat Black America'—they manage to cover just about everything you can imagine and then some. (Some of the material came from an earlier show—Bigger than a Bread Box.) Their perspective shifts along with the various roles and alliances between which they are caught—illuminating racist, classist, fat-phobic assumptions within the dyke community as well as the world at large (so to speak).

Their material is incredibly hard hitting: I laughed so hard I was peeing in my pants, and found myself crying at one point. All three woman were very sexy and very hot—"Built like a truck, satisfying like a Caddy"—strutting it and being political and sexy and saucy at the same time, with abundant fat sexuality on stage in the flesh that left me wet and excited. They touched on things I often struggle to explain, "yeah that, and that too, that's what I mean."

I've been fantasizing about tying up my mother and gagging her with a twinkie and forcing her to sit through 4 Big Girls over and over until she really gets it. I can think of a slew of other people that should see 4 Big Girls as well—including you! ✨



Crossed Paths

by Barbarism

**8/12/94 Saw you at Muff Dive.
You: big, fat, butch, snorty laugh,
nerd with clingy femme girlfriend.
Me: femme, abundant tits, mean, sat
in dark corner, drooling discretely.
Meet me at The Bear, 9/15/94, 8:00
pm sharp, prepared to please and be
used as a safe anonymous hole. Your
presence implies consent.**

Sam looked up from her paper clutched in sweaty paws.

"Hey BABE!!! Check this out. Do you think she's talking about me? I don't remember any discrete bitches there that night, but there sure was a lack of fat butches."

I took a long look at the page, and then at her flushed cheeks and short breath. "I remember... no one to tease there but you. Wow. Must be you that she's hot for. Think you're worthy?" Watching for a veiled response I could feel her hesitancy. Not because she wasn't up to it—my babe scanned the Crossed Paths weekly looking for that one fantasy message to her. But here was reality in smeared news ink hitting her straight in the cunt.

"I think you should go for it. I'll be at the conference then and I wouldn't want you to get too bored..."

"Yeah", she licked her lips, "maybe."

She'd be there.

The Bear was dark and skanky that night, as always, a good place as any for a girl to meet an anonymous fuck in this town. At the Cafe you might need a bank account and a year's supply in bridge tokens. Girls don't have a sleaze bar like fag-boy heaven the Detour, though we are working on it...

I had prepared a while for this evening with Sam. I sat in the far right corner, face and hair veiled, nursing my water... I need to be clean and sharp tonight. Jo, Mariah, Sid, and Vida hovered out of the sight line of the front door, watching the cute punk dykes playing pool and diddling their girlfriends. They too were sucking up water, waiting for the fun work ahead of them.

Sam walked through the door promptly at 8:00. A little nervous, she glanced around and then straddled the nearest stool. Easing her weight down she was keeping an eye on the front door. Hmm, hmm, hmm. My Sam went all out tonight. Fresh shine on her boots, clean cut and shave, a couple of hairs out of place in her cowlick, wearing a comfortable flannel stretched over the girth of her

big bad tummy and tucked tight into her black jeans. You couldn't miss the bulge between her wide thick thighs. Packing something big tonight. Her hand rested next to the tip of her bulge, playing at her inner thigh.

The girls made fast time, moving out from where they had been hovering, overtaking the distance between them and Sam. Simultaneously Jo and Mariah grabbed Sam while Sid slid a hood down over her unsuspecting face. Vida, in a slow muffled voice, reassured her "Relax. Patient now...and you *will* reap the benefits your hole is aching for." Curious fags glanced over and raised their drinks, "cheers."

We drove in silence, Sam's periodic shifting in her seat the only sign that she was afraid. I had borrowed a co-worker and fellow perverts flat for the evening. The unfamiliar smell of the place combined with the musk of Sam's fear and lust. I was counting on her wanting this stranger, this anonymous experience, sooo *bad* that she wouldn't question who was on the other side of her blindfold. I had been practicing moving my weight differently, shifting my touches, softening the rythum and pitch of my voice. Still silent, the group stood around, exerting their presence without touch. They too had switched their personas for this encounter.

"Sam? I am told that you go by that name? Very good. My sources were right. Welcome to my play space. If for any reason you decide that you no longer want to play with us this evening, use the safeword cookie. Short, silly, easy to remember. Ok? Repeat it."

"Ok... Cookie?"

"So unsure of yourself already Sam? Well. I'll give you some time to reflect on it."

Sam kneeled by the toilet, facing the wall, nose pressed up to cold tile. Vida had stripped her down to her white BVD's and cock, her long fat breasts and erect sweaty nipples bare to the warm air of the now steaming bathroom. Her hood had been carefully replaced by a blindfold. Her thick strong hands were placed behind her back in a submissive pose. I enjoyed her vulnerability as I began to strip out of my black dress. Jo worked my zipper as I pressed the tip of my shoe into the crack of Sam's kneeling ass. Mariah and Vida stood in the far corner, shirts stripped, stroking Sid's exposed dildo and chewing on each other's nipples. Their sucking sounds accompanied the blast of water from the shower head. The open shower

door filled the room with steam and cunt smell. Inches away from Sam's exposed back side, I lifted my breasts, sudsing them with soap, pinching the nipples and releasing them to the sting of the water. The spray fell lightly on Sam. Stepping out of the shower I lifted my fat shapely thigh by balancing my foot on the toilet seat cover, leaning over Sam; spreading my exposed pussy hair I played with my clit as I dripped dry. Reaching over I yanked down the now offending BVD's, following my action with a swift hard smack to the exposed butt cheek.

Cold water slowly meandered down Sam's broad freckled back, trailing the folds of flesh that shaped their way into her butt crack. "Sam, you've been so good and patient, kneeling on this hard cold tile. But are you worthy? Why should I do anything more for you than laugh at your exposed flesh, your vulnerable wet pussy. Don't think I don't know that just because you pack a big fat schlong for a big fat girl don't mean that you don't want your fat holes filled. You want to be done good by this sweet mean femme, don't ya? Want me to want and devour all the sweet salty flesh you have and then some? Want me to warm up your ass and touch that clit and whip that nice hungry back till it hums with color." I raked my nails down her back and then up the back side of her thighs. "I know you're a greedy thing but you won't ask for what you want. Don't know how to get what you want? You have to know how to beg for it, to know you want it. Beg for it and not grovel. Pure want, not fear. "

Turning my back on Sam I walked away to Vida who held a towel and my pvc bustier. Having stepped back into my boots, heavy breasts now comfortably strapped into the clinging pvc fabric, I slithered into the skirt that barely covered my ripe cheeks and engorged pussy.

The interplay of the sounds of crack, sting, slap and moan increased and spread out of the room to which Jo and Mariah and Sid had retreated; they had desires of their own to fulfill that night. Vida laughed a short mean wanting laugh as she snapped the latex gloves she held out in her hand for me. With a sneer she stomped over to Sam, "You better figure out how to ask for what you want good and nice otherwise I might start getting it instead of you." Vida unbuttoned her jeans and pulled them down, stand-

ing spread eagled over the toilet, her boot shoved up against Sam contemptuously. She pissed long and hard into the toilet. With another laugh and swift quick of her boot she stomped out of the bathroom slamming the toilet seat and then the door.

Sam breathed heavily, her discomfort and anxiety played across her face, her muscles tense in her shoulders and thighs. "Sam, stand up. Keep your nose pressed against the wall. Go ahead and reach up above your head. Stretch out your arms and your fingers. If you need you may bend your legs and stretch them out. I don't want you to get all stiff and unyielding... you may have some big spreading to do for me..."

Reaching for the back of her just long enough flat top I yanked Sam close to me, balancing her large body with my hand under the small of her stomach roll, hovering above her cock and pussy. "So Sam... are you prepared to ask for what you want? Will you let me devour you? Your body is very hot, very sexy. It has a depth and roundness to it that makes a mean bitch like me want to tear at it and it eat up. Your holes seem big and gaping. Hungry for

my hand and fist and cock and tongue. But you'll only get it if you truly know how to ask for it. To deserve it with your honest desire. Are you prepared?"

"Yes?", Sam stuttered, her voice unsure with lust and fear. Being fat was a difficult and painful thing for her; sure, she had lovers and no lack of dates, but it always seemed they were into her 'despite her body'. Even though her lover worshipped and expressed desire in devouring her, fat and all, being able to give in to being taken, being wanted... somehow she had never been able to give it up and trust. Here was this stranger, from the 'Crossed Paths' section for bejeezus sake, asking her to give up all that mistrust and pain and fear and cunt and ass to her. And yet somehow she felt her desire, trusted her.



Syndee, photo by Melanie Alderidge

Sam moaned, then yelled, "Yes. I want it. I want you to fuck all of me...fill all the sweet holes in this fat hungry greedy butch. I want it, please, I want to be devoured by you, every inch of this fat sexy body, every fucking fat hungry inch of flesh." Yanking on her hair, pulling that

aching flesh off its balance into my own, I whispered into her ear, "*Then you shall have what you want.*"

I shove her into the next room, leaving her BVD's and cock behind. "You won't be needing that," I cackle. I lean her over the short wide awaiting massage table built to hold a couple of fat girls doing nasty things. Her face looked flushed and lustful, turned sideways, cheek pressed against towel, blindfold creased against flesh.

"Do you want me to hurt me you in sweet ways... awaken that flesh to new feelings of heat and touch?" I slap that trusting face. Reaching towards the collection of toys I ask again, teeth clenched,

"I said, *do you want me to hurt you in mean ways?*"

"Yes, please."

I beat her butt slowly and patiently with the short leather slapper, warming her exposed self up to the level of her desire. Alternating the slap of leather with the wispy bite of a horsetail whip—she rolls her round ass in response to the increasing sensation. "MORE PLEASE" the greedy Sam asks. We move on to the deep sting of lyrical rods... swift bites to the flesh that leave a parade of marks & cross hatches up the back of her thighs and butt. Not wanting to ignore the rest of her hungry flesh I lay her out exposed on the table and reach for the mitt. Steel teeth jump out biting at her flesh, eating my way up the length of her body. I caress the bottom of her feet teasing and sucking, sharp and wet. Massaging my way up her calves, the back of her thighs, scraping and stroking caresses. Spreading and reaching for her tender inner thighs, biting with steel and leather. Cupping her fat butt cheeks in the curve of my mit, spanking her with the clinging bite of steel nips. Working my way along the folds and expanse of her back I pause delicately, avoiding the sensitive spots, and cling deeply to the meat of her upper shoulders. Holding her head in one latex gloved hand, I play with the sensitive flesh of her scalp and cheek, lightly slapping and massaging with my biting mitted hand.

I roll her over onto her back and follow a path down to her feet again. Paying particular attention to her ripe erect nipples, squeezing and pulling on her pillowy breasts with mean hands, I move on to stroke her belly lightly, tracing round and ignoring her pubic mound. Her moans escaped into screams as I grab at her abundant thighs, my moans competing with her own. Once again back at her feet I pause and stare intently at the heaving flesh. "GET UP. STAND UP WITH YOUR FEET SPREAD." Her heaving flesh competes with my feelings of wanting to caress her gently and make her scream.

I jerk her back into me, my hand reaching round and into her mouth, pulling on her tongue, invading her. My other hand caresses gently and playfully over the same trails the mitt had blazed. Warming and teasing her body, I bite

down hard on her neck and shoulders, sucking, sucking, sucking. Leading her back onto the table, this time on her hands and knees with her butt proudly eager and at attention, I place some pillows beneath her stomach, preparing to support her in the ride ahead.

"I want to hear you ask for it."

"Please, fuck me. PLEASE FUCK ME!" she grunts, overcome by sensation and emotion. I rub and pinch at her ass, moving closer to the sensitive red puckered flesh of her fragrant asshole. I run my tongue along her welts, cooling warm flesh with a slow lick. "I hope that your hole is clean for me." I rub my lubed eager hands, warming them up. My finger slips in easily, first one, then another, then another as I glide in and out against her insistent gyrations. My other hand is eager and wanders its way around following her dripping pussy juice home, skating around her clit, first one finger, then another, then another, grabbing her inside her cunt, flicking at her clit, plunging her ass slow and deep, integrating motion. Riding the the rhythm of my fingers, feeling my presence in her ass by my presence in her cunt, my hands greet each other inside her, moving with her bucking grunts and sweaty drool. I latch onto the flesh of her ass with my teeth, sucking and chewing and sucking, moaning into her flesh. Her body writhes more insistent, cunt and ass ballooning open, gaping and sucking at my hands, pulling me in further and deeper, wetter and wetter. I fuck her mean and hard and gentle and slow and deep again and again. "Ask for it Sam! Beg for it! Want it! Fuck me! Fuck me! Come on, Say it! Give yourself up to me... eating you, fucking you. Let me devour your flesh. I wanna fuck you! Your sexy body! Come on Fuck me!"

Gasping for thought and voice Sam strains up against me, body taught with pleasure. She starts to shake and thrust and shake, her screams ripping out of her holes as she comes in her ass and then her cunt, repelling my hand out and then sucking me back in with sweet hot sticky cum fluids. Fucking still fucking she rocks and rocks and rocks against me, shuddering her pleasure and pain. I slip out of her holes slowly, shed my gloves, and trail my way up her body, rubbing her with my breasts, my hands, my mouth, my teeth. I lick at the sweat and tears pooling at her neck, trace them up with my tongue to her blindfold where I pause.

"I want you Sam. You fucking hot butch. I really fucking want all of you."

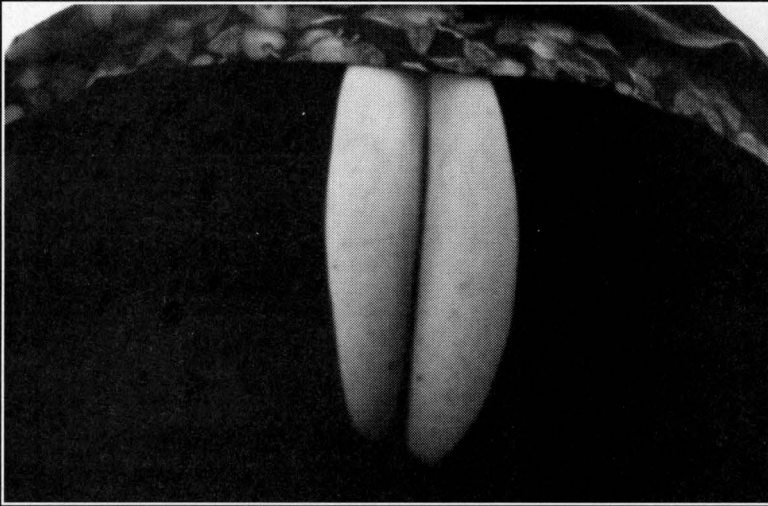
I kiss her lips for the first time this evening, softly, then biting, tongue seeking teeth and tongue. I pause, untie her blindfold. I reach to massage her face, her eyelids, shut for so long this evening. So patient.

Sam moves from her state of bliss slowly to open her eyes and look at me.

"Babe!?"

She smiles. Scrunching up her face and then laughing.

"BABE! you babe!" ✨



**bend
over!!!**



***Chins? Everybody's got one ... or two ... or three! Bearded or not—
send us a photo of your chin for our next issue. Stroke 'em!***

i wanna see more ladies flauntin' it

i wanna see more big titties
in push up bras and halter tops
more big girls on dance floors
and pedestals
more ass-shakin'

i wanna see more ladies
flauntin' wide mama hips,
pursed red lips,
thick wrists and
tattooed toes

more girlies bouncin' it
grabbing it
caressing it
owning it
lovin' it

chica grande

blues singin' and flauntin' it
bumpin', grindin' and
flauntin' it
kickin' ass an
flauntin' it
strip teasin' and
flauntin' it

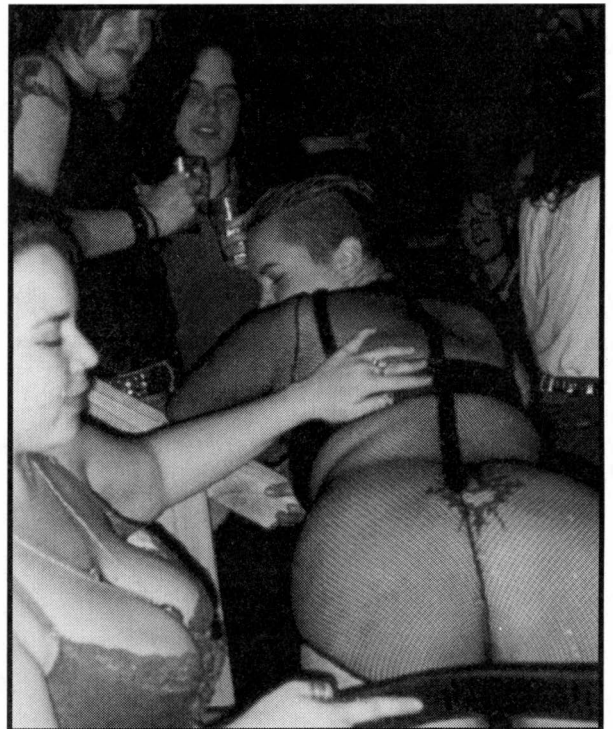
chubby, chunky,
portly or stout,
hefty, voluptuous,
fleshy and fat,
wide, plump,
full-bodied and large

it is time for delicious ladies to start flauntin' it

by Malaina Poore



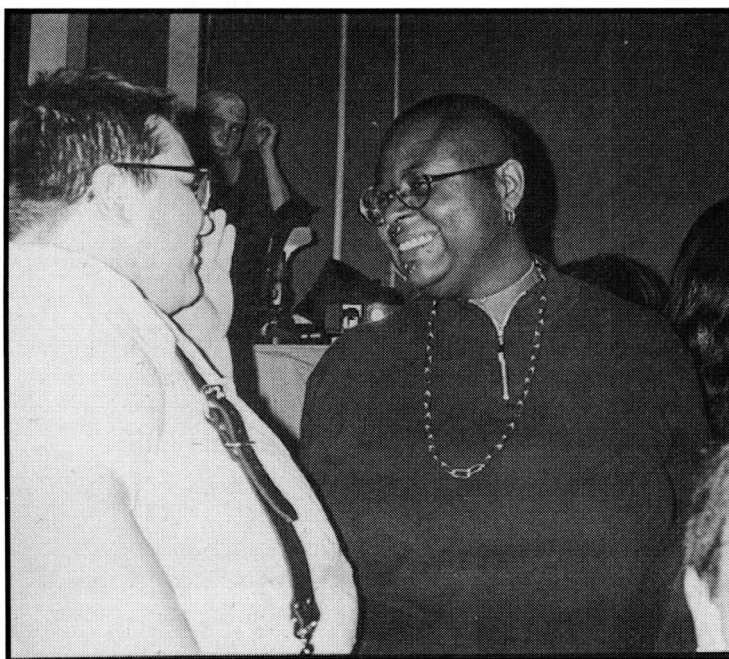
Revi and April shakin' it up to Junkyard's mixes...



Jess and Anna check out the spanking booth action... Candida spanking !



Candida in the sea of breasts... L. to R.: April, Selena, Barbarism, Dina.



Max and Crystal

*Photos from the **FaT GiRL** Benefit at MuffDive taken by Laura Johnston*

★ FaT GiRL NEEDS YOU!

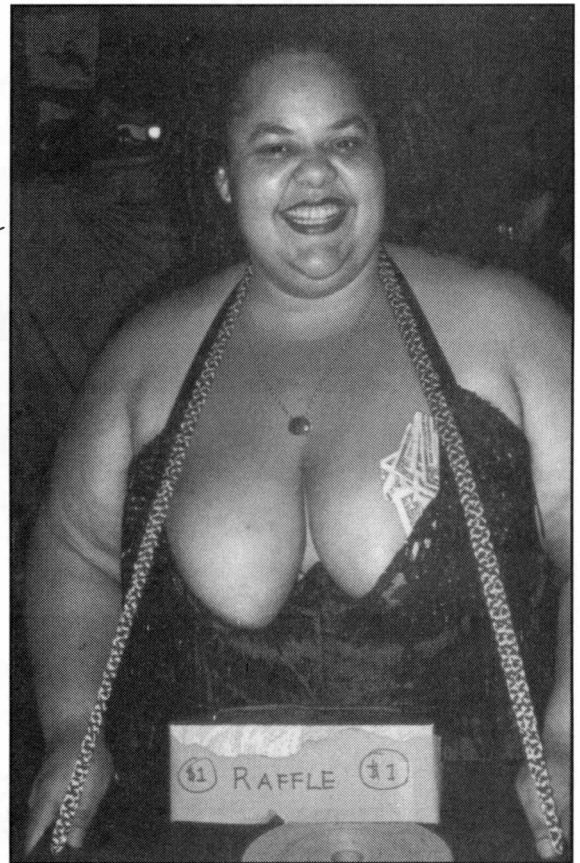
April collecting raffle donations for
the **FaT GiRL** cause....

FaT GiRL is a forum for reflecting the diverse experiences of queer fat women everywhere. We're always hungry for news, tidbits, stories, photos, art, rants, research, gossip, diatribes, recipes and smut from different sources. *Feed FaT GiRL*; help us expand beyond the Bay Area. Take a copy to your local bookstore and pressure them to carry it, if they don't already.

Also, *we need \$!!!* If you have a business and want to reach out to other fat women, please contact us for our rates and advertise in our pages. Encourage your friends to subscribe. By the time you read this, we will probably have just covered the costs of our last printing (if we're lucky), and are still scrimping to put together #3.

You ought to be in pictures...in **FaT GiRL**!

I know women say this to you all the time, but...we really love your body. Your folds, your curves, your luscious drooping belly, your sturdy, muscular legs, your sloping shoulders, fleshy arms, pendulous breasts, impish eyes, the lusty way you move when you...oops! Sorry.



Now where was I? Oh yes, pictures. Your pictures. You know that sexy roll you shot on vacation last year? SEND IT TO US! Or that studly photo from the dirt bike race? SEND IT TO US! The truth is...

We want you bad, babe. Really bad.

And we like to get what we want.

If you are interested in appearing in **FaT GiRL** but you don't have access to a photographer or equipment, we would be happy to assist you by introducing you to our staff photographer Laura Johnston, who, if you're nice, will shoot and print your photos at a *very* reasonable cost. **FaT GiRL** is, unfortunately, completely unable to assume the costs of your photo shoot. We are a collective of underpaid dykes who are producing the zine with two members' credit cards. (While you're at it, SUBSCRIBE! Get us out of debt and we'll talk...)

Call Barbarism at (415) XXX-XXXX to pose.

Send your photos to **FaT GiRL**, _____
San Francisco, CA 94114. ★



*self portrait, Laura Johnston,
FaT GiRL staff photographer extraordinaire*

Women En Large: Images of Fat Nudes

by Laurie Toby Edison and Debbie Notkin, Books in Focus.

—review by *Candida Albicans Royale*

What can I say about *En Large* that hasn't already been said? A mouthful.

Sure, it's big—it's beautiful, it's hot, it's hokey, it's touching, it's disturbing. Showing fat nude women just *being* is confrontational to those of us who are (and who isn't?) unused to seeing imagery of fat women au naturel. Butch women, straight women, femme dykes, mothers...plus one or two youngin's thrown in. Kudos to those who made such a huge first step in putting photos (and stories) of fat women out there.

Some of the portraits are particularly stunning. (And I found myself squirming in my seat at some of the stunning models as well, but I was talking about the photography here.)

The personal essays/stories in the book are an intense tease—the photos already left me hungry for personal information on the models and their lives. Photos of women hiding, flaunting, folding, dancing, just letting it all hang out... (no photos of women fucking, sorry, but a couple of them brought me back to the atmosphere of very memorable encounters...) This book is full of

photography that inspires and intrigues you to want to know more about the models (many of whom were pictured in their own homes).

But aye, there's the rub. Whereas the photography speaks for itself and leaves you wanting more, Debbie Notkin's writing has a way of making you wish she'd leave the contributors' voices alone. In one chapter, she pieces together several short excerpts contributed by the models; these are powerful, moving, well-written personal accounts, some of which gave me goose bumps. But in her narration, Notkin annoyingly (and inaccurately) paraphrases the contributors, and in the process seems to "not get" the main point behind what these women are saying. Her commentary manages to discount and dismiss what I found most moving about some of the accounts—which are all about these women and how they define themselves in the world.

For instance:

Queen T'hisha: "I was born in the San Francisco Bay Area. I found out that I was a girl at age eight. I found out I was African-American at age fourteen. I was told I was fat at age twenty..."

I had plenty of romantic relationships with people raised outside this society, or who didn't adhere to its sexist standards of beauty. They affirmed my sanity and gave me a worldly perspective, not

continues...



Queen T'hisha and Robyn Brooks

photo by Laurie Toby Edison

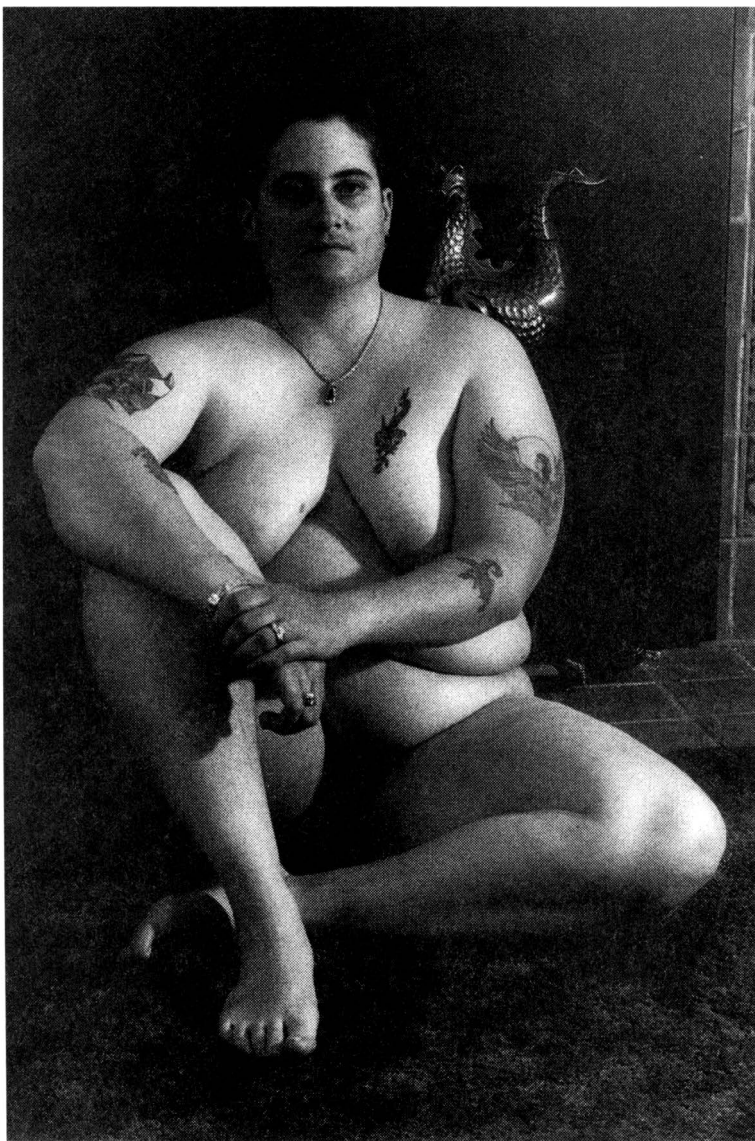
review

...continued

one limited by white racist misogynist American culture. I'm tall, African-Nature, fat, smart, and deserve all the things I want."

Notkin, immediately following: "And that's the best possible transition: from a teenage girl (fat or thin, but obsessed with her weight); to a young woman fat or thin, but learning how to live with her body, whatever size and shape it may be; to a woman who can look in the mirror and see *herself*..."

Hello? Am I missing something, or is there some possible way to read T'hisha's segment and summarize her as having been a weight-obsessed teenager? How intrusive, to sum up someone's story with your own (negating) version. And how strange. Notkin purports, in her introduction, to include women from various cultures and backgrounds, but then tries to impose her own (white-washed?) vision of them over what they have to say themselves, about where they came from and where they are.



J Kellan Dewey-McCracken photo by Laurie Toby Edison

Another example:

Our own luscious April Miller talks frankly about accepting herself and her sexuality and how she demands to be taken seriously as deserving of wonderful things:

"I have a voluptuous body and a very sensual nature. Acknowledging my sexuality makes me feel powerful, desirable, and in control. I have more fun. I get hassled less. I believe that we should all glory in ourselves and share our best with the world. I'm creative, intelligent, charming, and lush. What's not to like?"

Notkin, in response: "Most of us aren't as outrageous as April, but one way or another we do find an accommodation that works for us."

Yes, how very outrageous that such a woman should demand and expect people to treat her as powerful and desirable. Thanks for dismissing her self-respect as outrageous. (April, as many fat activists have come to know, certainly can be outrageous; but to follow such a frank and empowering statement with the label of outrageous is either dense or rude.)

Go out and beg, borrow or buy the book anyway. It's well worth it for all the gems that shine through the poor editing. And the story of how this book came to be published against all odds makes for an interesting read as well. ✨

Women En Large is available from Books in Focus, 1-800-463-6285.

A model speaks

I really enjoyed modeling for *Women En Large*. I respected the artist, enjoyed the photo shoots, and was honored to be part of such a history-making, stereotype-shattering project. I was even flattered to be asked to write my personal "fat sexual liberation" story for publication in the book.

And then the book came out.

When I was asked to write a piece about sex for the book they said they thought my voice was important. And then they discounted everything I had to say.

Don't mistake me. I am still honored to be one of the models in this book. I still think it's an important publication and I recommend that you buy it. But with one line: "Most of us aren't as outrageous as April..." they tainted my experience and dismissed all the power of my words, my life.

Outrageous. Courageous. Spot the difference.

—April Miller

Dinner with April



Photographed by Laura Johnston







*Care for the
dessert menu?*



#1

The Adventures of Super Slut

by Betty Rose Dudley

By day she is a mild-mannered, middle-aged, fat woman, who empties the trash for corporate America for a living. Mild though her manner may be, she does it all. She mops the floors, does the windows, cleans the toilets, there hasn't been a bowl that could defeat her yet. She even stops to listen to the problems of the men whose trash she is emptying. She makes them feel good and they don't even notice that she's there. Yes, her daytime powers are many and varied, and she remains more or less invisible in the normal, work-day world.

The night, however, tells a different story. As soon as the sun sets and the moon rises, she slips into her infamous alter-ego, Super Slut: fat, lesbian-femme avenger, who along with her trusted super companion-in-training, Dyke Boy, sets out the right the sexual, gender, attitude, body-in-general wrongs of the world, and while she's at it, to have all the many and varied sexual adventures and mis-adventures she can find.

Our first episode opens with Dyke Boy rushing into Super Slut's boudoir, after running five flights of stairs to get there. Super Slut uses the elevator when it's working, but after all, Dyke Boy is in training. "Super Slut," pants Dyke Boy, "I would have been here sooner, but there was this great blue-light special at K-Mart, and I was next in the checkout line when my super avenger pager beeped..." Dyke Boy stops mid-sentence, noticing for the first time that Super Slut is not fully dressed. Actually, she's not even half dressed. Dyke Boy is awe-struck. "How can so much voluptuous delight be packaged into one body?" Dyke Boy worshipfully wonders.

"Relax," purrs Super Slut, as she sensually sways over to her baby-butck companion's side, wearing nothing but a pair of lacy, black, crotchless panties. "Catch your breath, honey,"

Super Slut whispers into Dyke Boy's ear, "there is no emergency, and as you can see, Super Slut herself is not quite ready to go out into the world." Dyke Boy sees. Oh, yes, Dyke Boy sees, but this vision does not help her catch her breath. Dyke Boy begins to sweat as well as pant, when Super Slut starts playing with the hair on the unshaved portion of Dyke Boy's super-cool butch-look haircut.

"oh, geez, Super Slut," moans Dyke Boy, "You know I can't think when you act like this!" Super Slut sits down beside Dyke Boy, and in a much sterner tone, says, "Now Dyke Boy, you're going to have to gain better control over your autonomic responses. This is exactly the kind of thing I've been wanting to talk to you about." Super Slut places her chin on Dyke Boy's shoulder and runs her tongue around the rim of Dyke Boy's outer ear. One hand plays with Dyke Boy's other ear, while the remaining hand unzips Dyke Boy's black leather pants.

"You really disgust me," murmurs Super Slut, although her tone does not sound disgusted. "What if you were undercover as a stone butch, and the enemy attacked you like this? Just think how dangerous it could be if this is your reaction." By now Super Slut's hand is rubbing Dyke Boy's very wet crotch and her index finger is twiddling Dyke Boy's rapidly expanding clit. "You could get us both killed," reprimanded Super Slut, in a far from harsh manner.

"Oh, geez, Super Slut, oh geez," groans Dyke Boy, "I'll try to gain control, really I will, but I just can't think." Super Slut laughs a deep, low, and ominous laugh, before she whispers into Dyke Boy's ear, "Show me." Super Slut abruptly stops all action, although she does leave her fingers in place. "Show me how you're going to gain control," demands Super Slut, and this time her tone suggests that she is not kidding. A tremor of fear runs through Dyke Boy's stunned body.

Will our super companion learn to control her autonomic nervous responses? Will Super Slut resume playing with Dyke Boy's clit? Hey, it's a dyke clit hanger! Watch for the further adventures of Super Slut, and her trusted companion-in-training, Dyke Boy! ✨



Is Radical Lesbian Feminism the Only Radical Approach?

by Charlotte Cooper

Over the past two years I've been researching and writing about fat politics for a postgraduate degree. I've found that most material available falls into three main areas:

- A huge mass of medical research arguing the relative status of fat people's mental and physical health.
- A growing number of glossy fashion and lifestyle orientated magazines and articles in mainstream publications, and
- Marginalised and obscure radical (lesbian) feminist analyses.

Since my interest is in non-mainstream, feminist, political activism, and since this is *Fat Girl*, it's the last category I'm focusing on here.

When I think of Radical lesbian feminist approaches to fatness I think of journals like *Sinister Wisdom* whose sometime editor, Elana Dykewomon, has written and published articles about fat issues and has consistently pushed for a greater focus on dyke attitudes to fatness. The visibility of fat stuff in *Sinister Wisdom*, and the feeling of inclusion for fat women, has helped me immeasurably in thinking beyond accepted notions of what it is to be fat, both in fat-phobic societies and size-acceptance communities.

Yay! In Britain, *Trouble and Strife* is the only rag I can think of that has paid more than the teeniest token lipservice to fat women. The amount of articles they've published is still rather paltry when you think of how widespread is the fear of fat, but hey, at least the stuff that has appeared takes no shit in its critical inquiry.

Radical feminist approaches to fat politics reminds me of the *Fat Underground*, initiated in L.A. in the early '70s. The F.U. provided a wonderfully angry antidote to the safety of NAAFA who, during that time, would not have known political activism if it kicked them in the arse.

When the F.U. disintegrated, Judy Freespirit and Aldebaran continued working as writers and activists, and the work they did eventually turned up in the 1983 anthology *Shadow On a Tightrope*.

These perspectives have formed the basis of my understanding of fat politics. They are critical and uncompromising and I dig their politicisation, their sheer bloody hard work against all the fucking odds, and their strop-

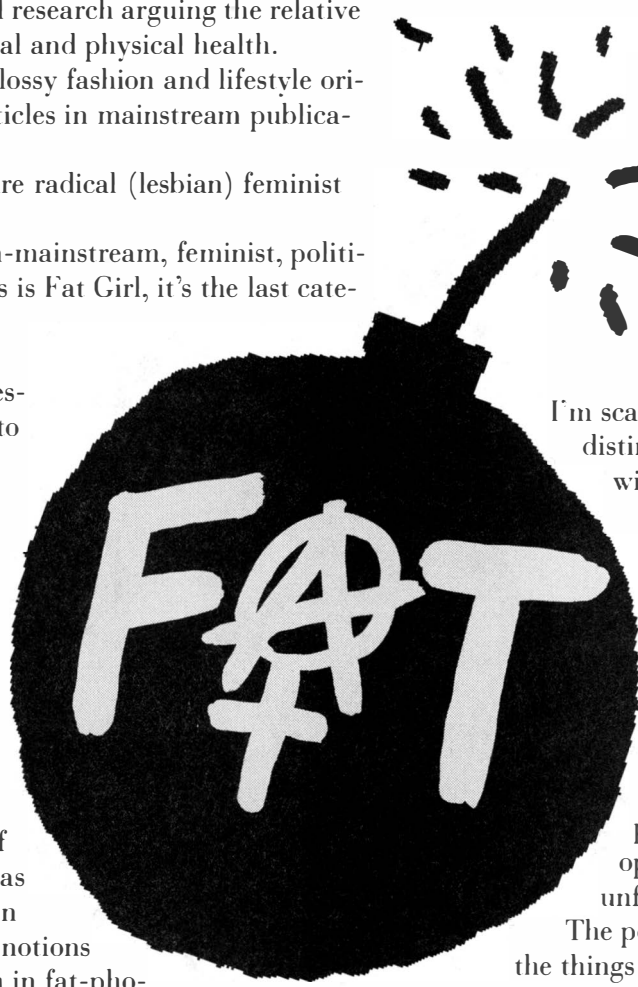
py attitude. Yeah! I know all fat politics are intrinsically disparaging of the status quo (even fashion mags!), but the Radfems take it further.

There's one problem. Well, quite a few actually. I'm bisexual and I don't always feel welcome when I read this stuff. It's a strange sensation to feel like a secret reader of lesbian journals. Okay, so I've never asked if I would be welcome but

I'm scared of rejection. Another thing: I feel distinctly unsure of and uncomfortable with some Radfem positions on things like SM, porn, new dyke movements, bisexuals, Queer, the list goes on. On issues where I don't feel like I'm on one side or another I resent being forced to accept the pro- or anti-stance. Also, call me a bitch but it's hard to adopt some of that stuff, it's hard to be a good Radical feminist if you're bisexual (strip one brownie point), and my guilt at constantly oppressing others and anger at an unfair world just grinds me down.

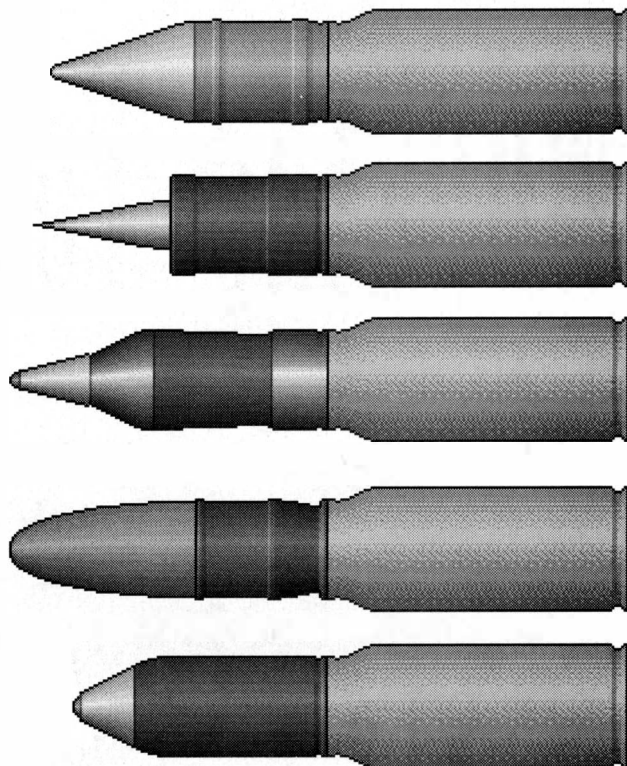
The point of this rant is that I want to see the things that matter to me be addressed. I

can't go on tip-toeing around and trying not to annoy other women. I want a radical analysis of fat women that includes me. You know I'm getting tired of all this mainstream, god-fearing society stuff, NAAFA bleating on about the importance of legislative change—Fuck that! I'm an anarchist! The Radical feminists have come the nearest so far but I want more. Their vision of the world seemed to stop in 1985; what's been happening since? Where is everyone? Is there a whole scene I'm missing out on? Perhaps *Fat Girl* will fill this gap. Does anyone else feel the same way I do? I feel so isolated. Heeeelp meeeeeee!!!!!!! ✨



Helpful Hint #9: Enfatten your friends

Sick and tired of having your family and friends shove their skinny values down your throat? Well, turn the fat tables on them! Send them a letter saying how concerned you are about their health. Rant on about the potentially fatal dangers of dieting. Encourage them. Goad them on. Remind them that if only they'd stop dieting, they'd get that job, that lover, that American Dream. Let them know help is available. (Body Image Task Force, PO Box 934, Santa Cruz, CA 95061, (408) 457-4838; or NAAFA, PO Box 188620, Sacramento, CA 95818, (916) 558-6880) And don't forget to tell them, "I'm doing this for your own good. But of course I love you just the way you are."✱



More on apricot hankies:

Max: It stands for fat, you know, how fags have their hanky codes?

Judy: Does it matter which pocket you wear it in?

Max: Well, I guess if you wear it on your left it means you're either a fat top or you are looking for other fat folks, and if you wear it on your right I guess it means either you're a fat bottom, or you want some fat person to top you, or I don't know.

April: I sort of think it means whatever you want it to mean.

Max: It means you're into fat people. I think a skinny person could wear an apricot hanky and it would mean they were into fat people.

April: I don't know. I feel very conflicted about it, because part of me is like, "cool, there are people who are into fat people," and then another part of me is like, "oh great, I'm a perversion. I am so much of a perversion that I have a hanky code." You know?

Max: Good point. Yeah, it's a fetish for some people. We talked a lot about that in the last round-table, and how gross we felt about chubby chasers.✱

Issue Survey

***Have you had
negative experiences
in the dyke
community about
your body size?***



Dina

•Several women told me they found me attractive, but none were interested in dating or being more than friends.

•Lesbians are socialized in many cultures growing up. They have the same basic attitudes as other women, mainly fat-phobic.

•Not directly, but the old "no fats" or the more recent pc version, "weight proportional to height" (like whose isn't????) in personal ads irks me.

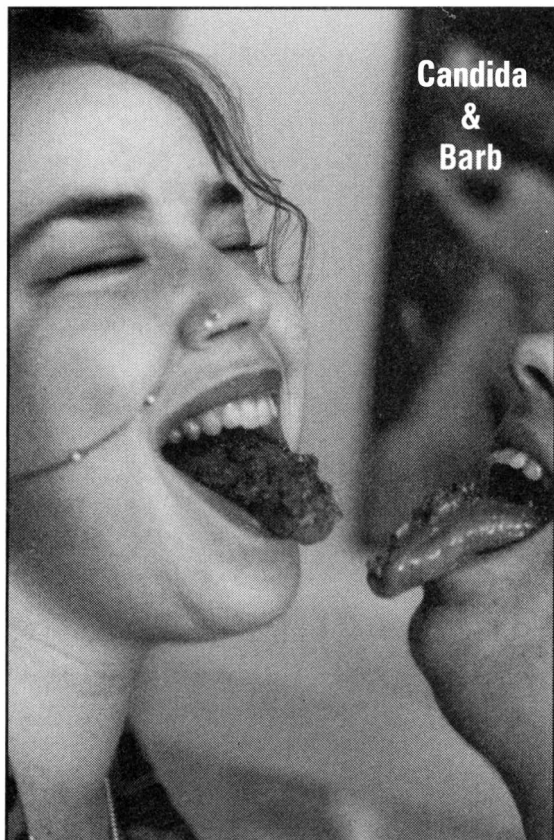
•Yes. Fat-phobia galore.

•In the lesbian community, as everywhere, there are individuals who are insensitive and feel that I as a large woman should do something about my size.

•I'm starting to see lots of personal ads for women looking for trim, fit, weight-proportional-to-height bullshit—just like the gay men.

•Dykes like to be my friend but not my lover. I'm a great friend and lover, but most of them close themselves off from the possibility of being my lover. That's the hardest and most negative experience I have in the dyke community any more. And some in the fat dyke groups seem to be intimidated by my aura of power and self-esteem, self-acceptance, & so they sometimes keep their distance too. The scene: a typical Saturday night at a typical movie theater. The players: a group of people who got together to see a movie. The action: I slid down the row and took my seat between two friends. The seats were a bit tight but I'd never thought about it before. That is until the extremely thin dyke on my left complained, "This is my armrest. God, I feel like I'm suffocating the way you're hanging in my space." I could find no reasonable way NOT to use the arm rest or to move my body "out of her space" except by wordlessly switching seats with someone else in the group. She then had the audacity to complain that I didn't want to sit next to her. AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!!

•Some dykes just don't get it, and are really unsupportive or even bitchy when you bring up incidents or everyday conditions of the anti-fat social reality. That they can't seriously take our "whining" about being dismissed or targeted as inhuman fat blobs indicates, to me, that they don't take fat people and our experiences seriously as real human beings—let alone consider us a worthwhile topic of consideration for social change. I think, quite frankly, some dykes just wish we'd go away. We are an eyesore and a visible reminder to them of everything the straight world assumes about lesbians and that, as women, they fear about themselves.



Candida
&
Barb

- Yes. There are some women who find my size offensive, and they've said so.
- Some women say stuff like, "I'll go with you to that gym; wanna go?" or "I lost 5 lbs. on this diet; wanna try it?" Some even say helpful things like, "Do you think you might eat more than you need out of depression?" or "I'm concerned about your heart/knees/self-esteem." Some are rude enough to say, "God, she's fat, she's really out of control" about another woman, to me. But I think those dykes (and straight women), when they say stupid, or irrelevant things about my body or my fat sisters' bodies, are usually reacting out of a fat-phobia that is rooted in self-hatred. So, we need to work on all forms of oppression, and not divide ourselves into less-power
- Of course, but it's subtle like, "I feel so fat," or "Do I look fat in this?" The usual ignorant shit.
- Oh, you know, going to a dyke event and not being able to fit in the seats. Having to listen to thin dykes moan about their bodies and their diets. Fat-hatred in the personal ads and fat-phobics who responded to my ad.
- The publisher of On Our Backs refused to publish erotic photos of me and another woman because "dykes don't want to see fat women." Oh really!
- Hmmm, not great outstanding ones, just the usual frustrations. ✨

• Every time I go to an event where dykes are talking about dieting, where diet food (i.e. sodas) are being served, where t-shirts are not available for women over a certain size (which always includes me), where seats are not provided that I can fit into, or dyke businesses where the aisles are so narrow that I knock things over every time I try to move through the store, or where people who are described as beautiful are always the thin ones, these are all times I experience negativity in the dyke community. I don't need to be told I'm a big fat slob and don't belong. It's enough for dykes to create events and spaces that don't allow me the same access that thin or average dykes have to show me I'm not supposed to be there. I also feel the same way about dykes supporting events that are not specifically dyke events when access is not available to me as a fat woman (or to disabled dykes as well).

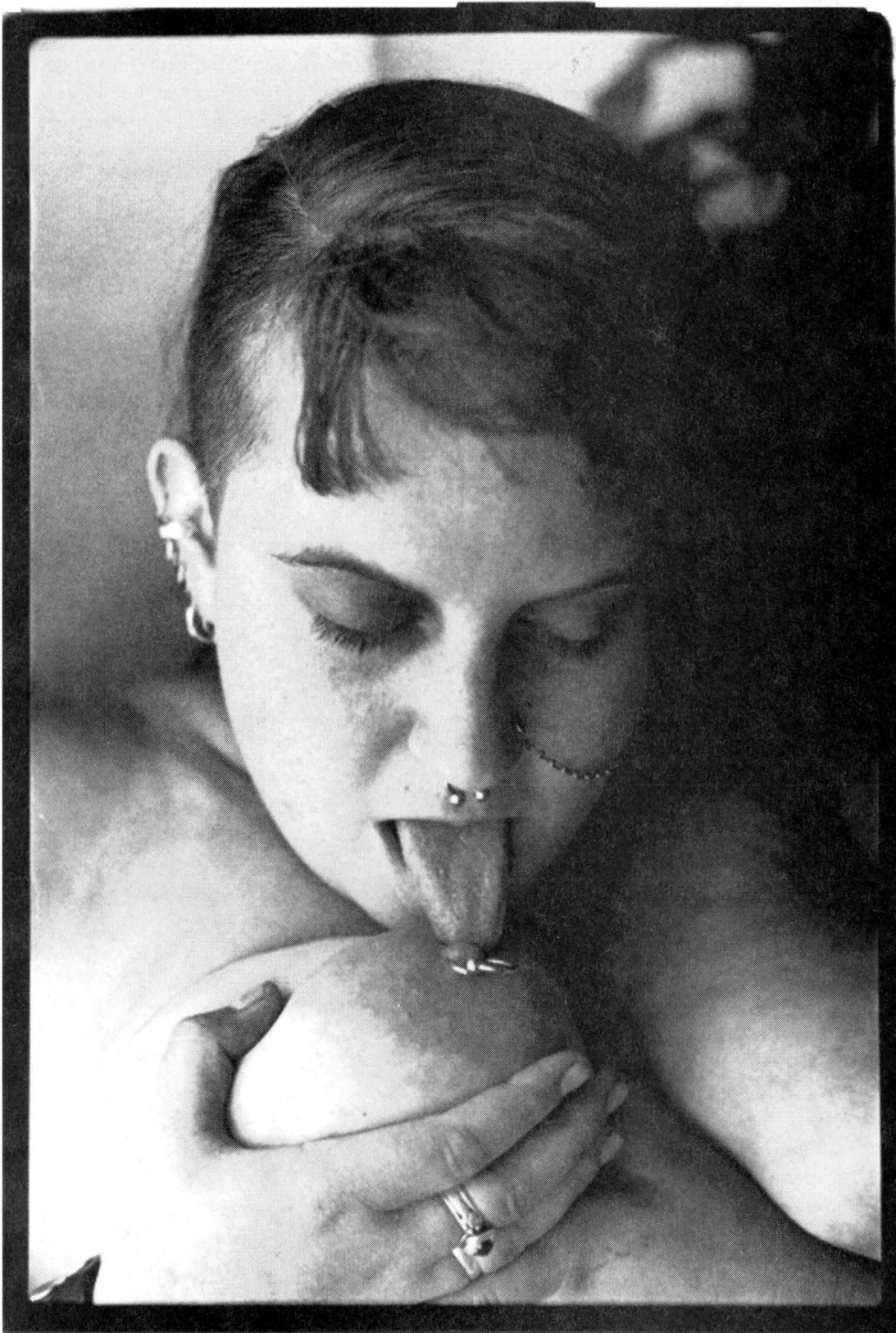
• Umm, only in L.A. where skinny, blond, waspy types behaved as though I was beneath contempt. I'm hurt each time I'm invited to a picnic where the only seating is at tables with fixed benches which allow too little space between bench and table for my body to fit; each time I'm invited to a party where there are no sturdy armless chairs to sit in.

• Not really. The only problem is in mail-order catalogs—great t-shirts with slogans often come only up to XL

• Not recently. Years ago I used to get that "if you cared about yourself you'd diet" crap from acquaintances. Lots of good support for fat wimmen in SF/EBay, relatively speaking.



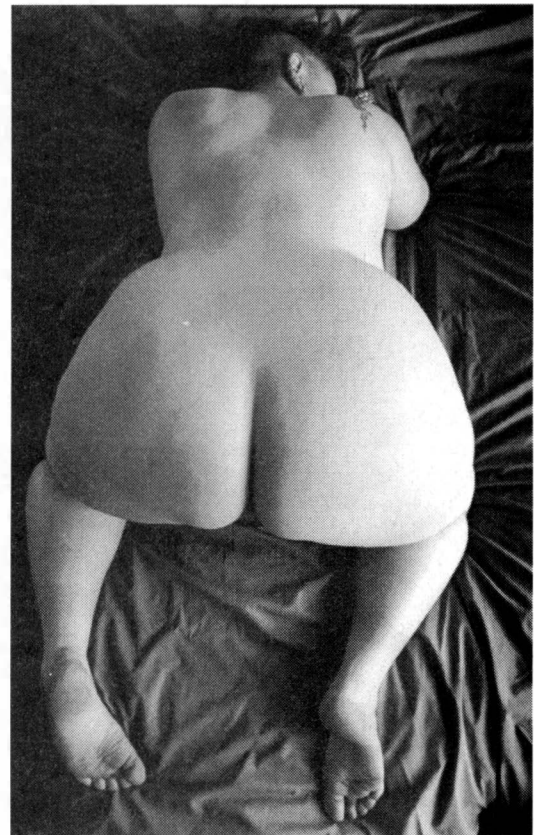
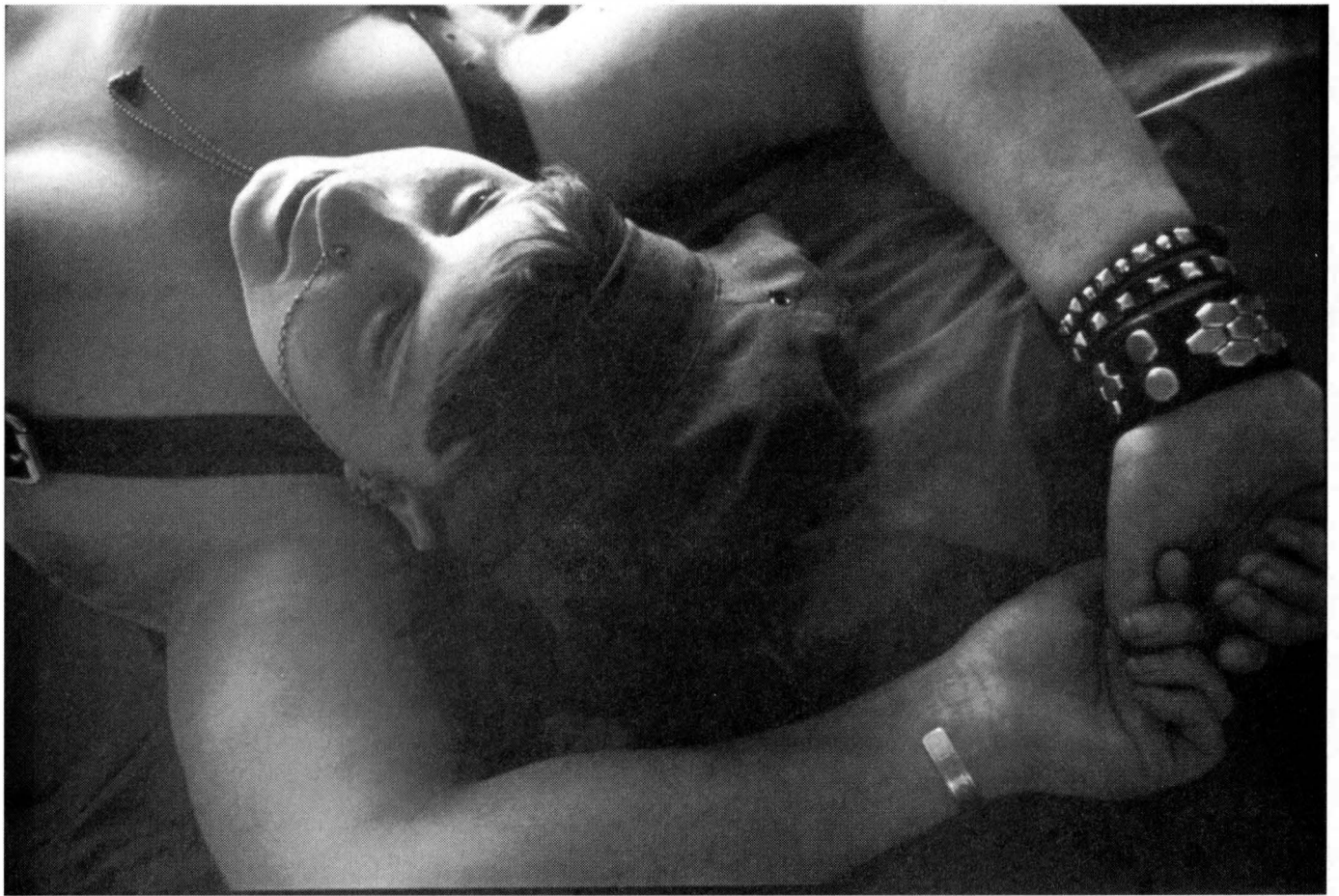
Max



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*photos
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Laura
Johnston*

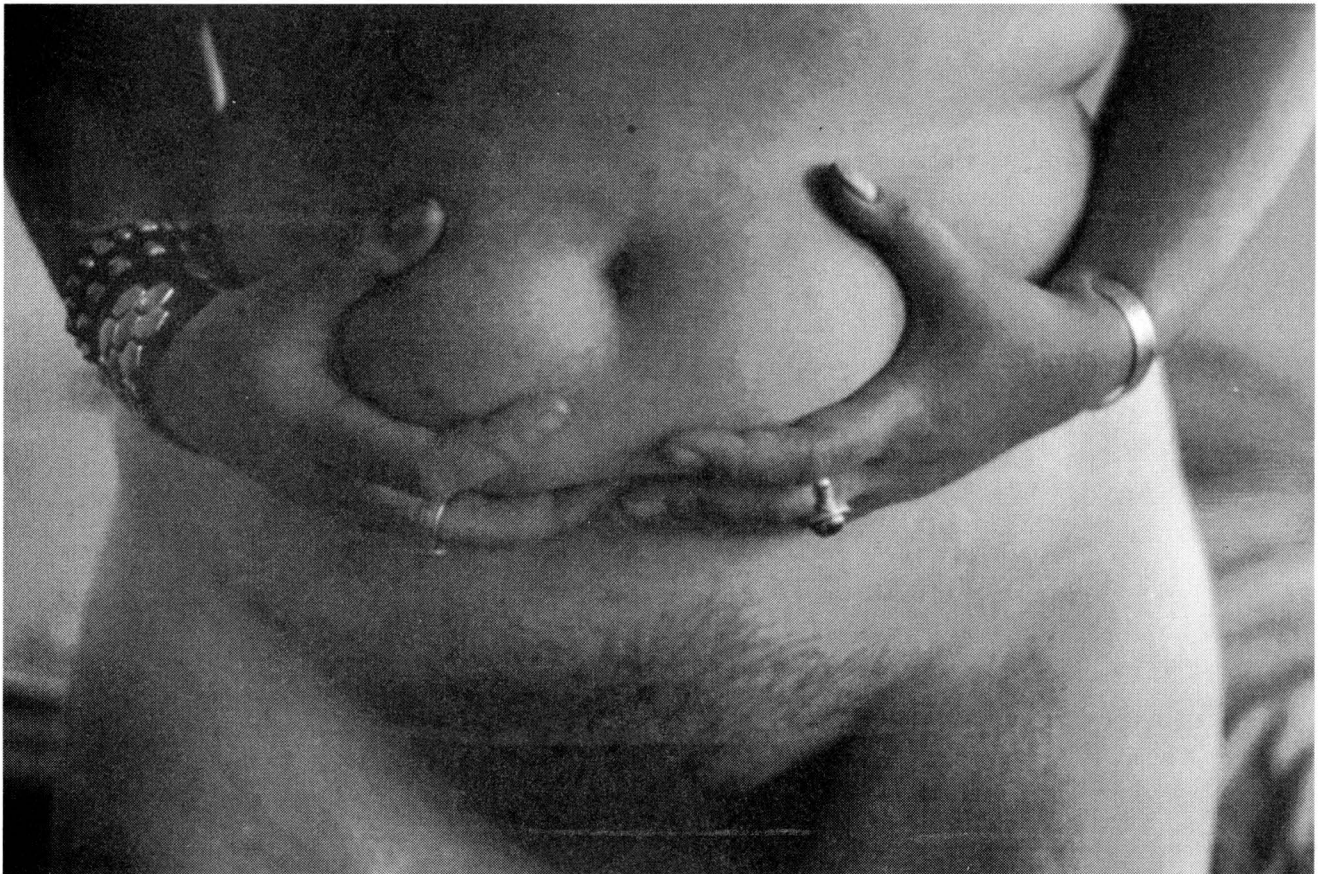
“Now happiest, loveliest in you lovely Earth,
Whence sprang the ‘Idea of Beauty’ into birth



She look'd into Infinity—and knelt.
Rich clouds, for canopies,
about her curled—
Seen but in beauty—not impeding sight
Of other beauty glittering thro' the light—



(Falling in wreaths
thro' many at
startled star,
Like woman's hair'
mid pearls.
until, afar,
It lit on hills
Achaian, and
there dwelt),





A wreath that twined each starry form around,
And all the opal'd air in color bound."

Edgar Allen Poe, *Al Aaraaf* (1829)

The Fat Truth

by Max Airborne

I thought I was over it. Fat Girl was going to be a celebration of fat dykes, a place to see ourselves in print, a place to bitch and moan, a place to organize. I had no idea what I was getting into. I knew it'd be a lot of work, and collectives could be difficult. But nobody told me what it would really be like; that I'd have to look at myself in ways I had never imagined, deal with feelings I didn't even know existed. There was no sign saying "Warning: Deep Shit Ahead." Perhaps some part of me knew, but I dove in head first, deluding myself enough to do so innocently.

My eyes opened as the collective struggled to define fat. How could we determine who was fat enough to be part of Fat Girl? We went around and around and around. Nobody ever really defined it, but the tension and fear seemed insurmountable. Everyone had feelings about it, most of us held back. I was afraid to admit I thought the line started with me, afraid to think about my place in the fat spectrum. If women much smaller than me are fat, what does that make me? Super fat? No, the proper euphemism is "supersized," I discovered. And what the hell is the line for that? Who's deciding anyway? I started feeling like there was no way someone who weighed a hundred pounds less than me could possibly share my experience of being fat. If they claimed the label for themselves my feelings were being invalidated, my experience being whitewashed. "Hey, I want control over my *own* identity. And yours, too, so you don't knock over the walls surrounding my fragile sense of self." Ick. What a scared and nasty me I discovered. The whole process continues to be painful, and I haven't really spoken about it until now.

Fat sensory overload

Like the sudden deep clarity of an LSD trip, all the thoughts and feelings I've always had about my body are now shouting at me full blast. The voices have existed forever, but I used to turn down the volume so their controlling effect was subliminal. (The killer part of the story comes when I simply realize the voices are in fact my own, and I control them. Ha! I guess I'll have to write another chapter when I reach that part in the plot. It'd be easy to write then, after the fact.)

I silenced my inner reality for most of my life. Not that I didn't have opportunities to listen. There was the time I started seeing a therapist (willingly for the first time) because I wanted to stop feeling suicidal, and needed help dealing with the memories and effects of my past sexual abuse. During the intake interview, the therapist asked me how I felt about my body size. I said, "Oh, I've worked very hard to accept myself. Yeah, I've dealt with that." I saw her for a year and a half, and didn't bring it up once. I think I actually believed myself. But the truth was I couldn't handle going that deep. Now it makes sense, because the depth of the fear and self-hatred that I am uncovering seems infinite. I guess I have enough moments of being ok at this stage in my life that I can handle it.

My intellect and my psyche have been at war forever over the fat truth. The first time I got angry about my childhood lifetime of forced diets I was 19. It was the day before I moved as far away from my family as I could get. My dad asked me—for the last time—when I was going to lose weight. I had spent my life in terror of this man for the violence he'd committed, but that question fueled all the fear I ever felt into one unstoppable projected flame. I screamed, nearly out of control, that I didn't ever want to hear another word about my weight from him ever again, that he had

fucked up my whole life by making me hate myself. I reminded him how he behaved with me when I was 4, going away on a trip and having me promise that I'd be skinny for him when he returned. "What kind of creep would do that?" I demanded to know. He was in shock, and denied everything. How easily we forget! We never spoke of it again, and a few years later I cut him out of my life completely. I wish that fire had pushed me out of my *own* fat hatred. Instead, the flame retreated and I went on with my life, feigning ignorance.

A year later I went to Nicaragua to help build a school. I became quite ill from parasites, and had bad diarrhea for most of my two months there. I secretly rejoiced that I was afflicted with something that would make me lose weight. The family I stayed with had no mirrors, and I became obsessed with the idea that I wouldn't look at myself until I returned to the US, looking completely different (thinner). My political consciousness was determined not to diet, but there I was, relieved and excited to be ill enough to lose weight against my will.

The volume of compliance

It has always been like that: My decision not to diet wasn't made out of self-love, but out of desperate rebellion and psychic survival (which I guess is a twisted, oppressed form of self-love). It has been a virtual "Fuck You" to the assholes who've tried to kill me all my life. Unfortunately it doesn't address the fact that I have continued doing their work for them. And, like most of life, knocking on the door is only the beginning. I've barely stepped through, and it's clear that most of my work lies ahead.

Now that I'm listening, my sense of my fat self is acute; every thought and action presents itself to me undeniably. It's much more difficult than just turning down the volume, but I can't go back. I need to find a way to address the voices, but I often feel like I'm hovering above everything, looking down at myself; seeing it all clearly, but unable to participate.

This awareness of my size comprises a good portion of my everyday brain activity. It always has. It's amazing to me that I was unaware for so long. Now I can't help but see how many things I do and don't do because I am fat. I sit down with a group of friends and I'm only comfortable if I sit on the outside, partly because I need more space than most people, but mostly because I can't stand to be in a position where, in order for me to get out, I have to ask someone else to move to make room for me. It's too painful to call that much attention to my size.

I have cut most of my biological family out of my life

for long periods of time. Even when we do talk I don't want to *see* them. I say it's because they were abusive to me, which is true, but what I don't say is that I am still ashamed of myself for being fat, and don't want *them* to see *me*.

Each morning I get to work around the same time as another fat woman who works in the building. I watch her take the long way around, avoiding the stairs at the back entrance. And I watch myself ascend those stairs each morning, determined not to look like I can't, determined not to show that I am out of breath when I reach the top. Desperately trying to convince myself that it's ok to be fat, that fat doesn't equal disabled. I tell myself that I'm out of breath for lack of exercise, but the truth is I don't exercise because I am afraid to find out. I see fat women who have a hard time walking, or don't walk at all, and it becomes all I can see. I forget about the women I know who are fatter than me who exercise and are in good shape. My fears take over, and as I get older and fatter, my fears grow. The longer I go, the harder it gets. I'm only 28. I am terrified of my future.

Redrawing the battle lines

Finding employment as a fat butch dyke in a city where I don't know anyone is close to impossible. I can dazzle anyone with my impressive resume, but when they see me in person for the first time I'm just too much for them. I see myself starting to feel paralyzed by my dependence on my already-established network of friends for employment. When I have to look for work I hear the voice of my father, who warned me nobody would hire me if I was fat. I desperately want to prove him wrong, but the reality is that employers (do) discriminate against fat people. The real challenge for me is not proving him wrong, but realizing that just because he was right doesn't mean I am to blame for fulfilling the prophecy. I need to love myself anyway, despite the fat-hating world.

Friends say their first impression of me is that I am secure and self-confident. They're surprised when I tell them it isn't true. I'm amazed to know that a fat girl can hide so well. I guess I've had to—can't let the enemy know you're down! My entire life is a war. How can anybody not see that? How could anyone not see what I do just to survive each day? I can't continue to allow such ignorance of my reality and the reality of every fat person in my culture. It may be all I talk about for the rest of my life, but I will not shut up until fat girls start growing up with the self-respect we deserve.✱

The Frigidaire

Queen

Two shoes, fat thighs and a
freezer door for a face

This is my self
portrait in profile

Magnets bearing phone numbers of real
estate agents, holding up expired pizza
coupons in turn

faded and dog-eared and me just 9
Odd skeleton, those formative years
My features in yellow plastic on vinyl

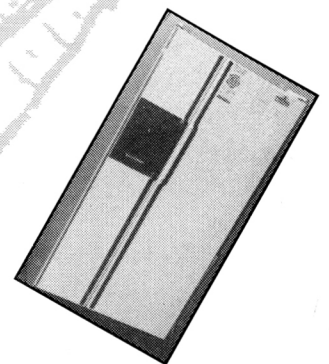
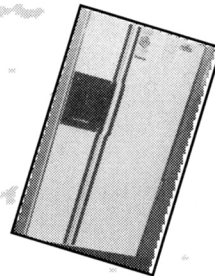
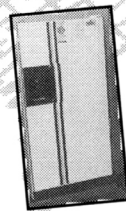
There is no light in the freezer
I steal by touch and the cold burns
my fingertips skin tongue numb
Made dumb by the promise of ice cream
again

When I speak, I steel
my body against what it knows to be true:
3000 lovers big tits mobility and
an income

my very own fucking Frigidaire
won't keep me from hunger and
the urge to take
what will never be mine

Yes, I am ashamed of it
but even today, I would rather
you see my naked hunger stuck
like florid plastic on vinyl
than watch me eat

by Candida Albicans Royale



Fat Girl Dances with Rocks

Book by Susan Stinson, from Spinsters Ink, 1994.

—review by Selena

The title character is Char, a fat teenage girl who spends a summer smoking pot, dancing with and falling in love with her best friend Felice. They smoke, they drink, they cruise and go to discos, and Felice checks out the boys while Char checks out Felice. But then Felice goes away for the rest of the summer, and Char gets a job at a nursing home, gets to know some of the patients, and learns about friendship, having principles, and generally being a good person, as well as learning to be comfortable with, and like, her body. Not to make it sound self-conscious and moralizing, but it is, just a little. Don't get me wrong—it was absorbing enough; I read it straight through; but it was more of a snack than a meal. For me, the book is strongest when it's showing us the everyday adolescent stoner friendship between Char and Felice, and the details of their



photo by Susan Wilson

lives and interactions. Despite how much of what's important in the book is taking place in Char's head, she remains opaque to me as a character. I don't know what she's be like if I met her at a party or on the street, and the same goes for the women she's friends with in the nursing home. Felice is more in focus, but whatever Char finds so compelling about her didn't come across. One of the main things that happens to Char over the course of the book is her coming to terms with her body and deciding not to diet. Obviously, I think that's a great message and all, but it seemed to drop out of nowhere on her, an epiphany from on high. My girlfriend, who also read it, said this book seems like a 'young adult' story, and I think I agree with her. It was interesting enough and didn't bore me, but it's kind of thin (so to speak). There's only one thing going on at any given time, only one layer to the story. On the other hand, I might have found it more compelling when I was just coming out, since it is a coming-out story. But I think it's the teenager in me that is left so unsatisfied. The bulimic fifteen year old I was would really like to know where Char's appreciation and acceptance of her body came from; would like to know how the hell she did it. Is that even something that can be conveyed with words? I don't think I could do it. While I enjoyed reading this book, it ultimately didn't move me as much as I wish it had. ✨

more reviews

The Most Massive Woman Wins

Play by Madeleine George, 1994 Young Playwrights Festival, New York.

—review by Elizabeth Stark

Liposuction waiting room: the stage is bare, a chair in each corner. Four women of varying sizes sit reading fashion magazines. Waiting.

So opens the 1994 Young Playwrights Festival's production of Madeleine George's evocative play *The Most Massive Woman Wins*. Astonishingly, George was 18 when she submitted the play to the festival.

Each of the women tells her own story, and slowly they begin to interact and support each other in the telling. They delve into food issues, job discrimination on the basis of fat, pressure to lose weight from significant others (limited in this play to husbands and boyfriends), bulimia, self-destructiveness, and growing up fat.

"I see that to want and demand things is bad," the skinniest of the women remembers about her childhood. "When I finally want so little I can barely walk, my mother pulls me out from behind the chaise lounge and says, 'This is my daughter.'"

The most intense monologue comes from the fat housewife, her hair in a kerchief, who describes cutting her skin with kitchen knives and picking at her feet. "I wanted to take myself completely apart," she says. Eventually she set herself on fire. The ultimate consequence of her hatred for her flesh, she imagines, "Just me and my bones running naked through the forest, feeling the breeze." Though she saves herself, the site of her recounting is the liposuction waiting room, so this is no redemptive climax.

Other parts of the play are fiercely humorous: "Why did everyone always tell me I had beautiful skin?" one woman asks. And later, "I am so very tired of being everybody's warm and fuzzy sounding board. I want to be a full-blown sexual threat right now."

Childhood rhymes and chants are interspersed throughout, and the layers of their meanings are revealed by the context:

"She drank up all the water
She ate up all the soap
She tried to eat the bathtub
But it wouldn't go down her throat."

At the end, the women shed the paper patient-coats they changed into earlier, and stand in slips, t-shirts, underwear. They seem to be collectively abandoning liposuction. They recite the beginning of the Rapunzel story, about a woman who had never asked for anything, but one day wanted a neighbor's radishes. "These were no ordinary radishes, this was no ordinary woman." And then again, "This was no ordinary woman."

Madeleine George is to be commended for a searing play that presents fat (and skinny) women as raging, passionate, struggling, and possibly, together, triumphing. The talent of this young playwright is formidable, and though *The Most Massive Woman Wins* didn't deal with dykes, I suspect it's only a matter of time... ✨

Butch Baiting

by April Miller

I love to make you sweat.

We don't see each other often, but when we do I make sure to lay my hand on your arm, just so. My touch is soft and light. Just firm enough to feel your muscles clench. I watch your hands ball up into fists.

Poor baby, you're fighting it.

I lean in close enough for you to catch my scent, feel my heat. I brush against you with my breasts. "Accidentally" graze your back with my nipples. I like it. I like the feel of you. I like it when you flinch, and start to tremble.

Poor butch. Poor big touch butch. I know you're getting wet, getting hard. Sitting trapped between two femmes, between your girlfriend and the feel of my tits, you're trying to play it cool.

Cold. Hard. Stone. Butch.

"Dance with me." I watch the sweat break out on your forehead. Watch you wait for your girlfriend's nod of permission.

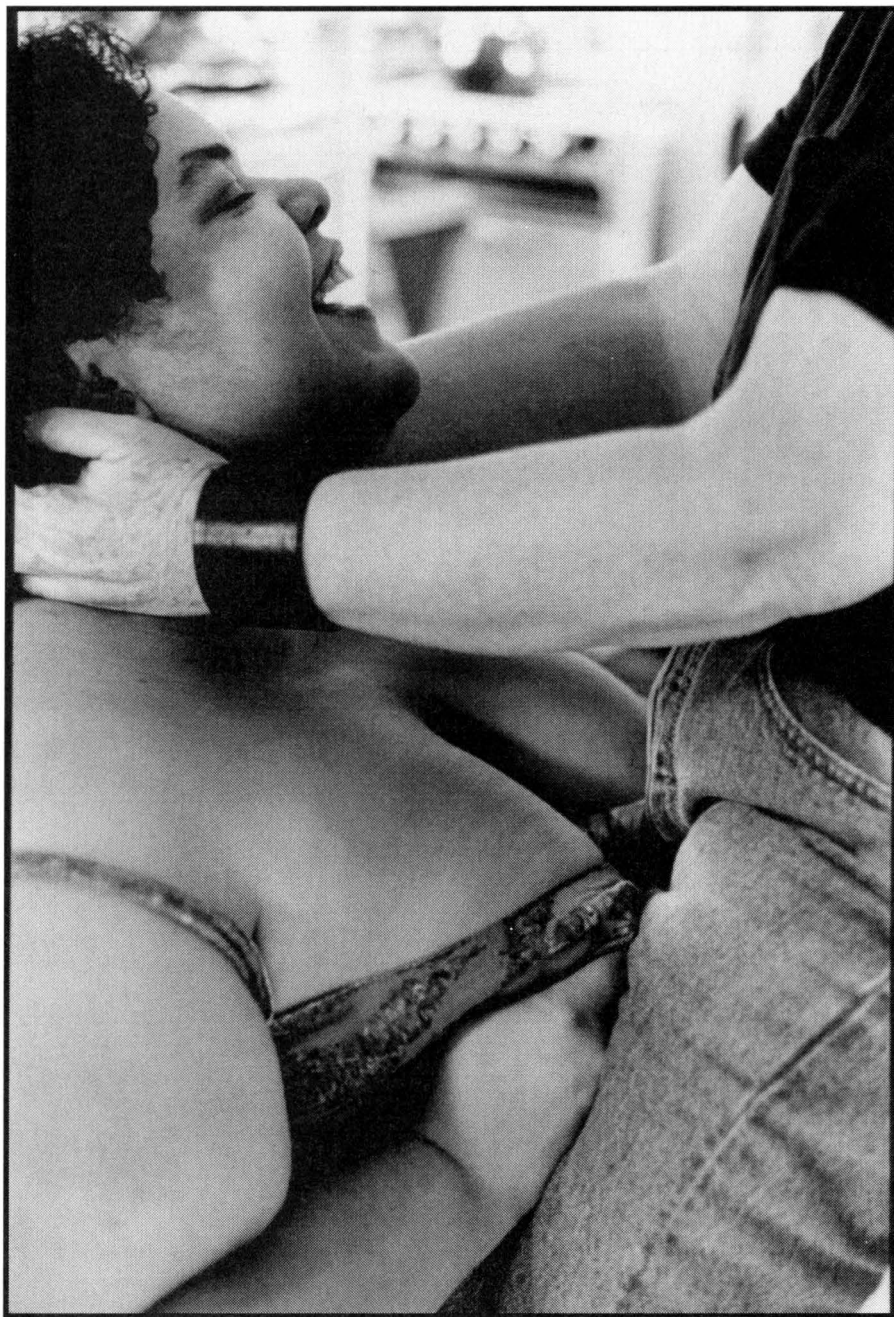
Don't fool yourself girl, she knows.

I grasp your hand. You respond to my pull, follow me to the dance floor. I know you are watching the sway of my hips. Feeling the tap of my heels on your clit.

We move into a field of gyrating bodies, the illusion of privacy. I slide my hands up your chest, over your shoulders, drape my hands around the back of your neck and then—while I stare into your eyes as my fingertips glide through the buzz-cut hair at the nape of your neck—you finally reach out with your large, capable hands and hold me. Press me to you, belly, breasts, thighs.



photos by Laura Johnson, model's April & Sally



You're giving in.

I slide a little sideways and press my leg into your pussy, feel the damp heat of you there. Feel the stiffness and hunger of the erection you never wear in public. I stroke my fingers along the bulge of your thigh, cup you in my hand and listen to you gasp for breath. I feel your hips push insistently against mine.

I know what we want.

I watch your face as I toy with the buttons on your jeans. I kiss you once and when I feel you push your tongue past my closed lips I grab hold, suck it deep into my mouth. I torment it with my lips and teeth, work it like it's your cock I'm devouring.

When you break the kiss I unbutton your fly. Reach in and free your manhood, your hunger. I drop to my knees and rub your erection with my face, stroke it with my nose and hair. I take your balls behind my teeth. Suck on them, twirl my tongue around them and then let go. Glide my tongue up and down the length of your shaft, around and over the tip. I flick my tongue lightly at the indentation there until you press between my parted lips, through my mouth. Until you pound yourself deep into my throat.

I want you to grab my hair and fuck my face until you're screaming with pleasure. 'Til I am so hot and wet and open that when you slide out of my mouth and push me onto my back on the floor,

when you slowly pull my miniskirt up to my hips and discover my bare pussy framed by black garters and stockings, when you finally spread my legs and settle your stocky, muscular body between them, when you FINALLY enter me with one hard, practiced thrust of your pelvis, I can take it.

I want to take you. Take your cock and squeeze it with my pussy. Moan and sigh when you bite my neck and pinch my nipples. Gouge your back with my nails and beg you to fuck me until you lose all control and thrust us into an orgasm in which we shatter into tiny pieces and lay trembling on the floor.

Until the song ends.

I unhook my fingers from your hair. You drop your gaze and step back to remove your thigh from my cunt, my cunt from your thigh. We pretend not to notice the girl-slime on your pants. Your erect nipples, shortness of breath.

It's true, I dance sleazy with everyone.

But as I watch you walk back and sit down next to your girlfriend I know that you're going to have sex with her tonight. She'll put on frilly underwear and spread her legs for her big man.

And inside you'll be calling my name. ✨



WARNING:

Dieting has been shown to lead to anxiety, depression, lethargy, lowered self-esteem, decreased attention span, weakness, high blood pressure, hair loss, gall-bladder disease, gall stones, heart disease, ulcers, constipation, anemia, dry skin, skin rashes, dizziness, reduced sex drive, menstrual irregularities, amenorrhea, gout, infertility, kidney stones, numbness in the legs, weight gain, compulsive eating, anorexia nervosa, bulimia, reduced resistance to infection, lowered exercise tolerance, electrolyte imbalance, bone loss, osteoporosis, and death.

—Body Image Task Force offers this statement on a sticker! For a sheet of 7 stickers, send \$1 with a SASE to: PO Box 934, Santa Cruz, CA 95061

Fat Action: A Cunt for a Cunt

Tired of other queer women watching their diets (and yours), pointedly glaring from the next table like you're some kind of child molester for EATING LUNCH ... in public? Next time you're at a dyke hang-out and someone loudly declines dessert while looking your way—you know, saying "I don't want to get FAT or anything," to her pal—feel free to interrupt. "Oh, a girl like you doesn't have to worry about getting fat," you can say. "I got this way from eating pussy." ✨



When I found a long-lost copy of my high-school yearbook, my boyfriend leapt at the chance to look at my senior-class pictures. "But you said you were fat as a teenager," he observed in a puzzled tone. "You were so cute. You look like the kind of girl I was afraid to ask out." "You're just prejudiced," I replied.

"Come on, look," he urged me. "This is not a fat girl!" I looked—probably for the first time since my high-school graduation. And—how astonishing!—the man was right. I was cute—not gorgeous but certainly as nice-looking as most of the other girls in the yearbook. My cheeks were a little rounder than they are now, but I certainly wasn't fat.

Like a great many women, I've been lugging around an image of myself that has very little to do with reality—yesterday's ideal. Yet these outdated self-portraits can exert a powerful, continuing impact on our adult lives. For some women, the memory of past unattractiveness, whether real or imagined, can be a success—"I'll show them." For others, the anxiety it creates a profound sense of insecurity and can lead to self-sabotage in both love and work. In a culture growing

How to look good in a lounge chair? Lie with head, shoulders, raised just slightly (makes tummy flattest), hands over head (be sure underarms are well-groomed!), one leg bent, the other extended. When walking, be confident—shoulders back, chest forward, abs pulled in, toes pointed.

posing



How's Your Appetite?
You're a slave to chips and dips... maybe a victim of PMS pangs... So try these tips for taming your cravings! By Randi L.



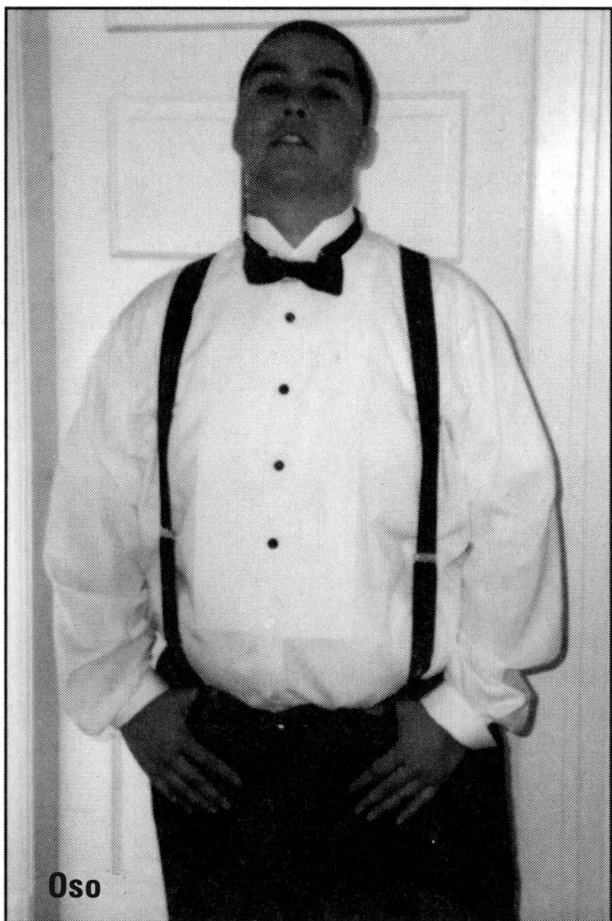
LESS WEIGHT EQUALS MORE ROMANCE, MOOLA
Overweight women are 20 percent less likely to marry than those who are slim. Their incomes are lower too, by an average of \$6,700. Who says so? The Tufts University Diet & Nutrition Letter, reporting on a study of more than ten thousand people.

bare essentials
Everything You Need (Besides a Reasonably Good Body) to Look Good in a Bikini

EAT THIS COSMO!

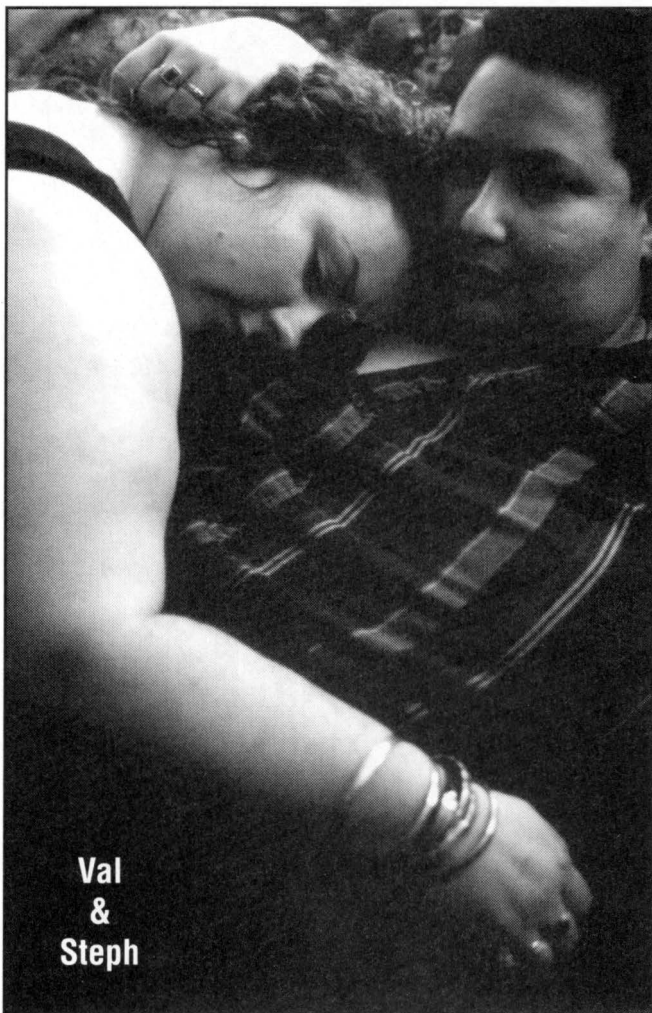
Issue Survey

*Have you had
positive experiences
in the dyke
community about
your body size?*



- Yes, hooking up with other fat dykes via the internet and internet relay chat (IRC).
- I was the de-facto spokeswoman at events relating to a coffeehouse I helped organize—I'm pretty verbal, have good social skills, and was big enough to get attention.
- Most PC dyke organizations and publications try not to be obvious about their physical prejudices in public.
- There are always fat lovers in the dyke crowd I've come to learn. Fat-o-philies are everywhere.
- Email friends say it doesn't matter. But you never know until you really meet face to face.

- Yes. Just the other day a woman passed me on the street and said out loud "Oh Baby." Nice. But not too often. Usually I feel like everyone, dykes included, try to make me invisible.
- I never believed anyone could love my fat body, but two women did. It was radical.
- The Women En Large slideshow at our local dyke bookstore was great—lots of luscious fat dykes and thin allies.
- I feel more size acceptance here than anywhere else. I don't feel women look at my size to decide if I'm cute or not or if I'm smart or not.
- I've had wonderful lovers. I don't have any trouble finding lovers, either.
- I met a wonderful woman who taught me I should love myself because of who I am and not hate myself for what size I am. Size acceptance has a long way to go but it certainly seems that the forefront of the movement is within the dyke community.
- I was solicited to help create this band of fat dykes as models for a musical comedy written by some local dykes. It was great fun having these women asking us, observing us, to see how fat dykes moved naturally, how we felt about our bodies/what we liked about ourselves, and have it come together in a musical comedy that I also got to act in. (Return of the Hammer, written by cappy kotz, music by phrinn pickett, Seattle '85 or '86, I forget which year.)
- I like bonding with other fat dykes about being fat. This never happens between me and fat straight women. And some dykes are totally out there and fucking fat-positive! Sometimes, a skinny or smaller dyke will become very bashful around me, and visibly attracted. It feels really flattering, as though they value full/curvy/strong bodies as superior to their own. While I hope they don't feel bad about their own bodies, it's nice to sometimes come across the feeling (from those "without") that bigger is better.
- Absolutely. Great sex w/other fat dykes being #1 on the list. But general appreciation, especially as a leatherdyke.



Val
&
Steph

•Yes I have. As I said, I went rather suddenly from being a relatively small person to a becoming large person. This could have been a traumatic experience, but I was very lucky, because at the time, I was surrounded by several friends who were either fat themselves, or very aware of issues pertaining to oppression of fat women and had fat-positive attitudes. So I felt supported by my friends, and still felt that my looks were appreciated. My lover was fat, and she was comfortable with my gaining weight. And I always thought *she* was sexy, so it was possible for me to believe that she would find me sexy. So I felt protected from a lot of the negativity that someone else might have had to deal with if they had gone through a similar change. More recently, here in California, it's been more of a mixed bag. I haven't been choosing friends on the basis of their attitudes about fat (although, of course, they would have to have minimal acceptance to even want to be my friend!) But some of my friends here are more weight-conscious, and are concerned with diets, etc. At the same time, I also have some friends here who have positive attitudes about size so I do have support. And lately, I've been connecting with the fat dyke community, so I've had a lot more of that.

- I've had some very positive experiences in the SF dyke community about my size. In Lesbian Avengers, it's the smaller women who often bring up the fact that we don't order large enough t-shirts. At Whiptail, my size has never been an issue. I often see large, fat and super-sized women at local bathhouses, and they are friendly and relaxed with me. The SM scene is cool about my size. It's also a positive experience for me to see so many fat couples, or fat/skinny couples, walking around in love in the sunshine. I'm really impressed.
- After writing to several companies about tiny shirts, several have expanded (no pun intended) to include up to 5XL!
- I've been picked up, told I'm attractive, adorable, sensual. Can't argue. I'd fuck me. Some people really appreciate my softness and like that I look like a woman. One girl recently told me she needed a matronly woman to give her a good spanking (me). I fell in love!
- Yes! For me size has 2 meanings. I'm fat as well as being 6'1". I have felt appreciated for being big (an amazon). I don't know if it was fat-positive.
- Yeah...Let it All Hang Out Day is cool.
- Yeah, I've had nothing but fat-loving lovers, some big and beautiful, too, some slim, but all positive about my big bodacious self. In the community as a whole women are more willing to look at their sizeist shit, sometimes.
- In general most women are real accepting.

WANTED

YOUR MUGSHOT HERE!

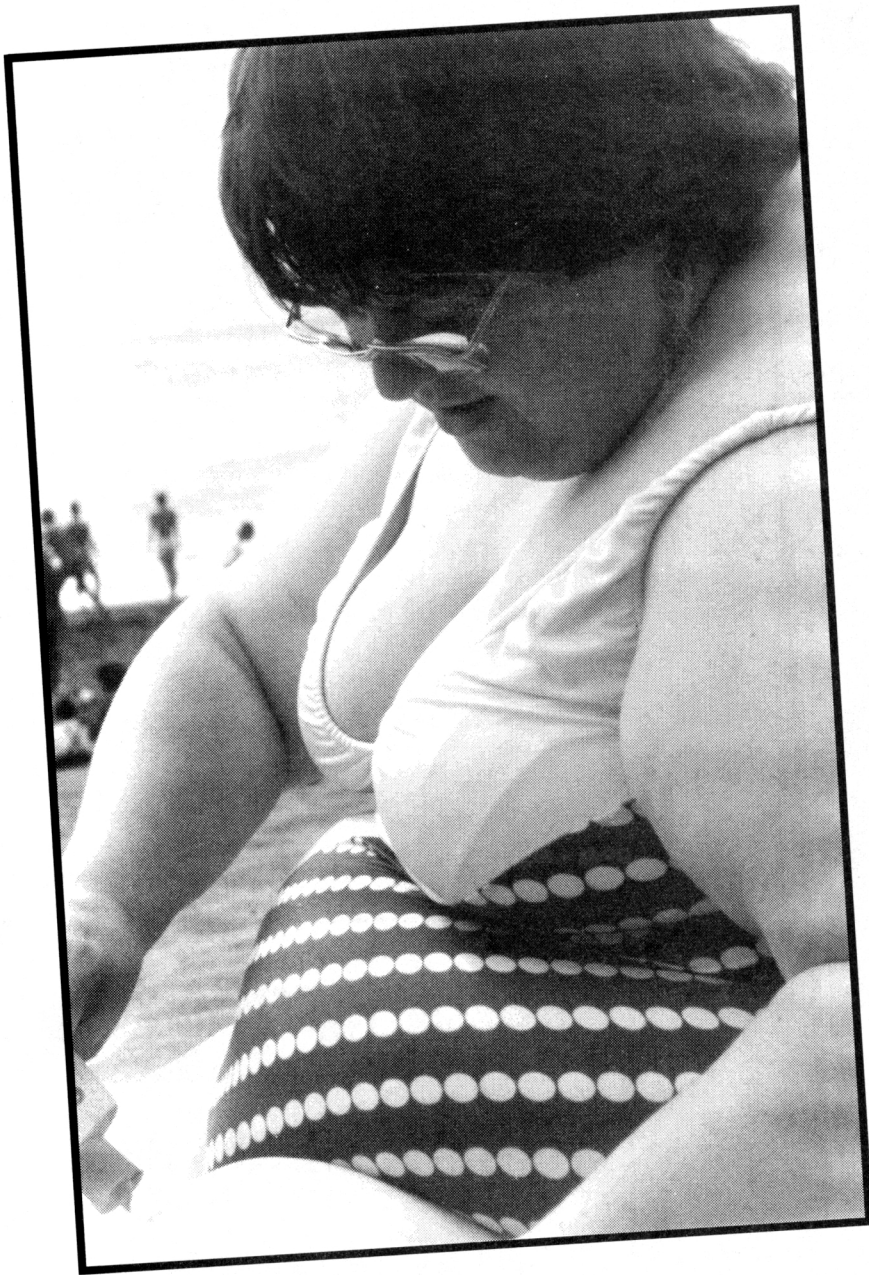
If you are a fat dyke
and a **FaT GiRL** reader
then your stylin' face
should be right here!!!
silly serious sexy crazed
happy sad—whatever

JUST SEND US YOUR MUG!

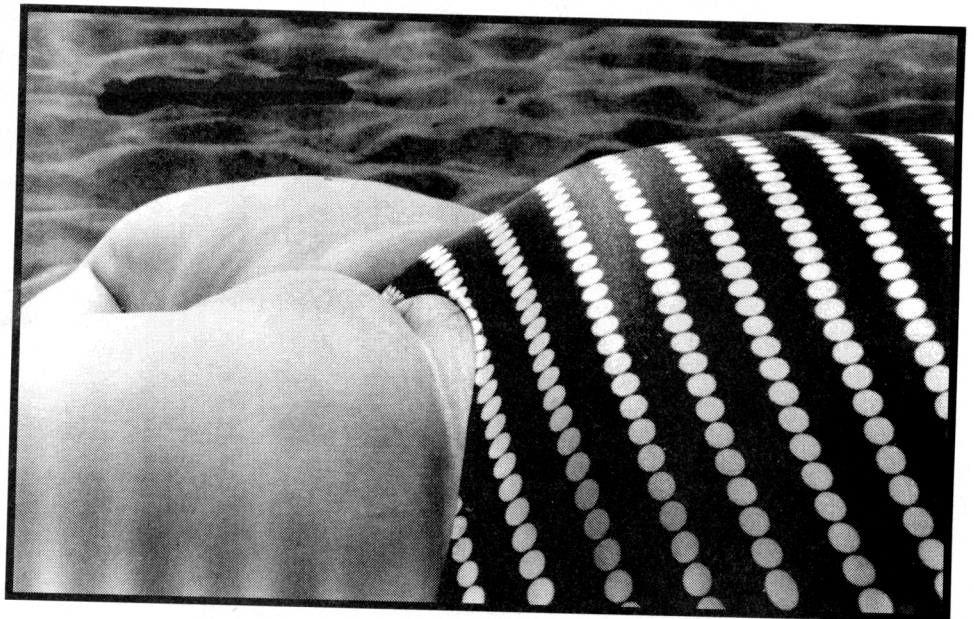
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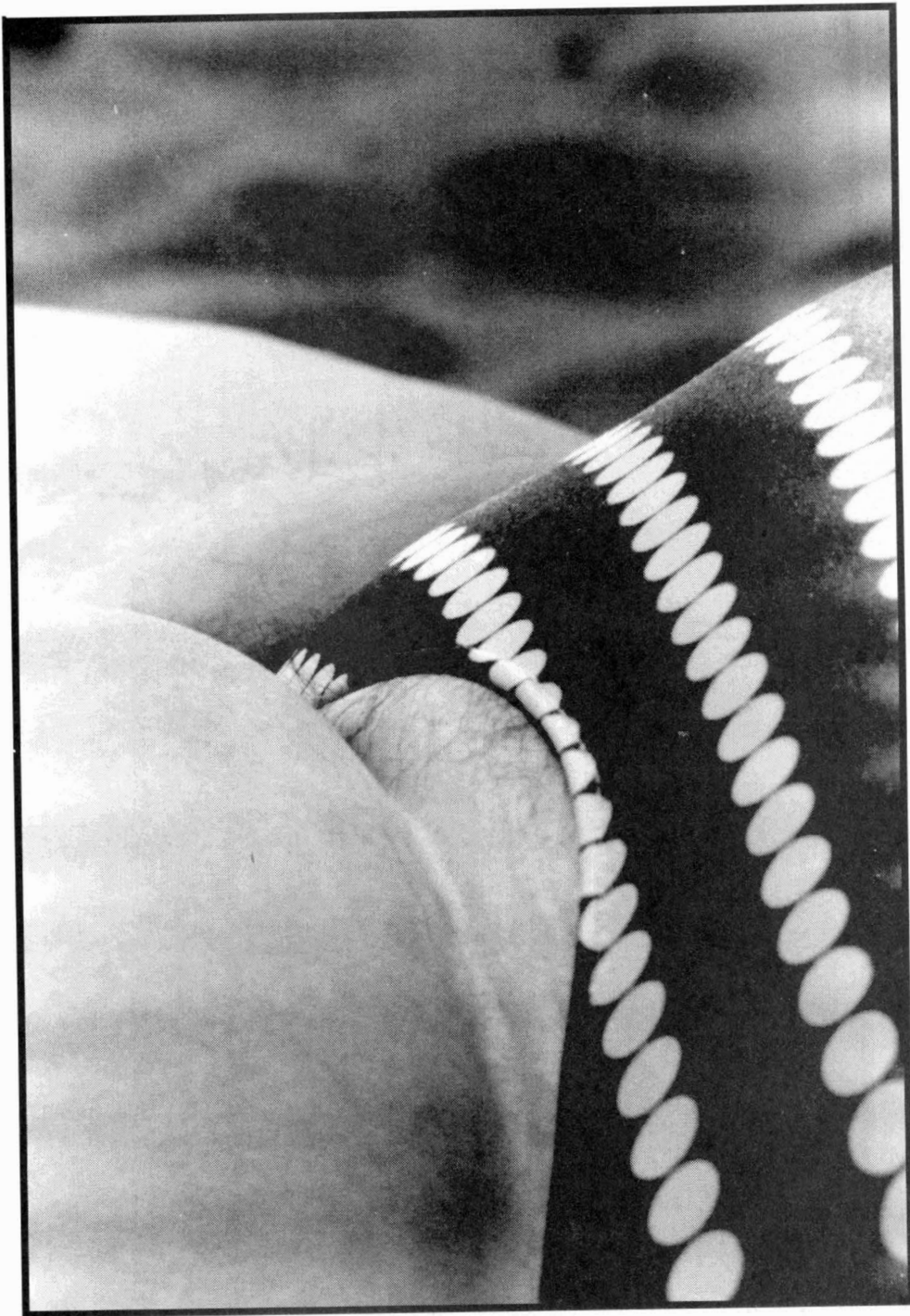
FaT GiRL

2215-R Market Street, #193
San Francisco, CA 94114



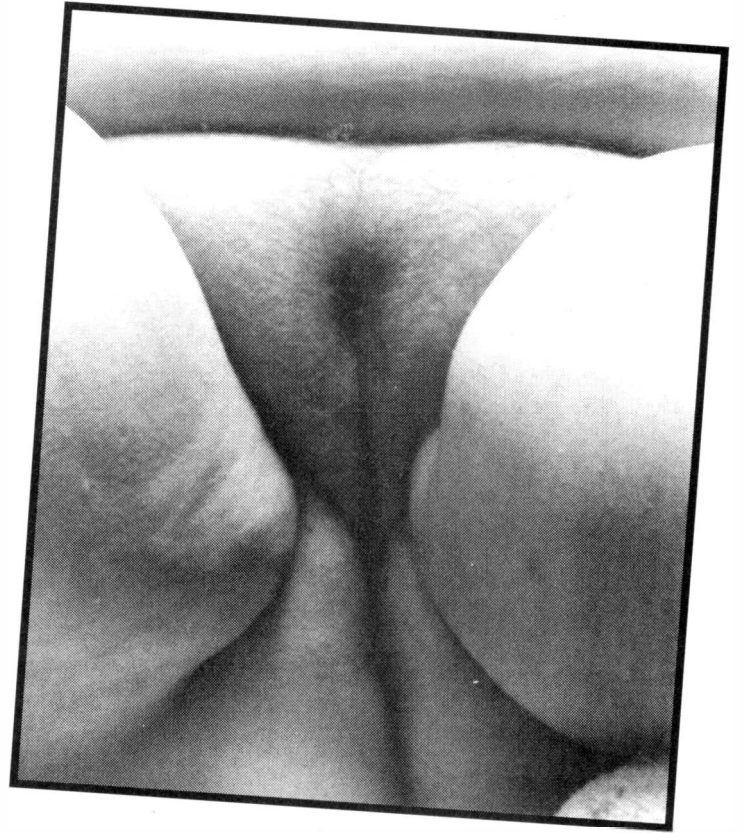
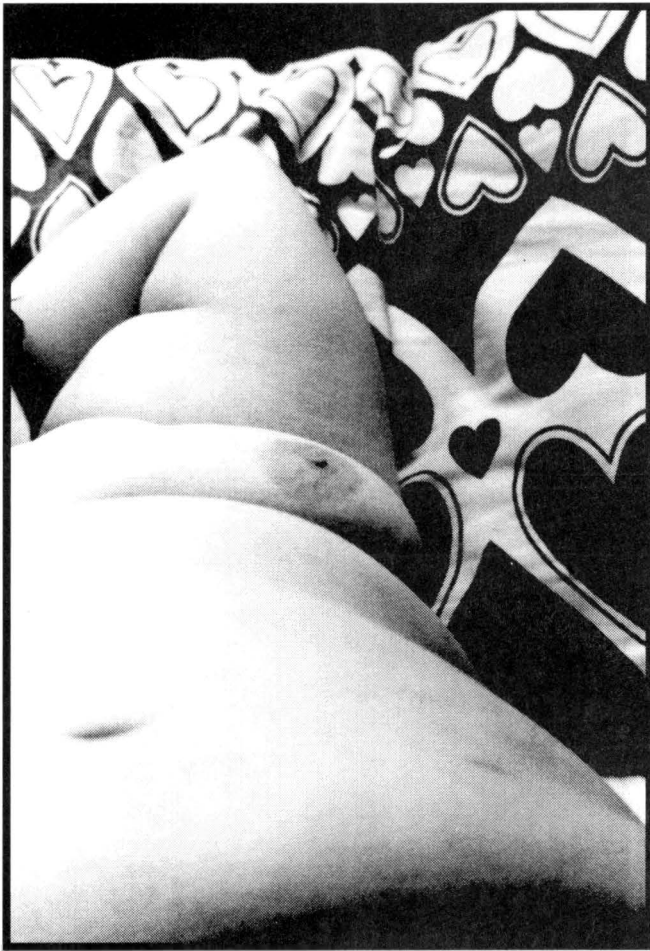
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*photographed by
Cath Thompson,
1986*





HEY FAT CHICK!

Hey Fat Chick:

I was so excited to see your new zine, I nearly peed my pants. I've been calling myself a fat dyke for years, and constantly come up against attitude from other "large lesbians" who get offended and seem to avoid me nervously. As though being fat were a contagious disease they're ashamed of having. On top of that, I'm butch, and tend to stand out anyway. I respect a person's right to label herself as she chooses, but how do you deal with this level of denial? Is there any hope of bonding with other fat dykes when most of them seem to be trying to fit back into the closet? Any suggestions about how to deal with hostility from my so-called peers?—Frustrated Fat Dyke from Podunk, Iowa

Dear Frustrated:

This reminds me of all the stories we garnered when we first started putting the word out about FaT GiRL. We handed out flyers and stickers to fat girls from all over the place, mostly at Pride marches and dyke marches, including Stonewall '94. Reactions were perpetually mixed. Not so surprisingly, not everyone was flattered to be singled out with a "SUBMIT TO FaT GiRL" flyer.

You might try this approach: Carry a copy of FaT GiRL around with you at all times. Next time you find yourself in conversation with one of these closet cases, let part of the zine oh-so-casually slip into view. When she sees what it is and cringes, you can ask, "Oh, have you seen this new zine yet? For FAT dykes like us?" And while she huffs and stumbles and



tries to get away from you, you can atone for having offended by calling after her, apologizing: "Oh, I'm sorry. Are you not a dyke?" Then again, you live in the land of farm-wives, so one can only hope you aren't blessed with urban gaydar.

Have fun,

FC★

For advice on poise and attitude write Hey Fat Chick, at FaT GiRL.

#2 The Adventures of Super Slut

by Betty Rose Dudley

When last we left our dykenamic duo, Super Slut, the Imperial Attitude Adjuster herself, was giving Dyke Boy hands-on, or in this case hands-off, experience in autonomic response control. As our action begins, Super Slut is sitting with her immobile hand positioned over Dyke Boy's crotch, when the phone rings.

"Oh, please no, don't answer it!" begs Dyke Boy, but Super Slut, a phone queen if ever there was one, ignores Dyke Boy's pleas and, after removing her hand from Dyke Boy's crotch, picks up the receiver. After all, she is on duty. It is her turn to monitor the Super Queer Hotline.

"Super Queer Hotline! We're her, we're queer, how may we help you deal?" answers Super Slut. "Oh, good, Super Slut, it's you! I wasn't sure who was monitoring at this hour." The voice on the other end of the line is her Super Queer peer, Queen Person, the gender question mark. Queen Person has the amazing super abilities to go in and out of sex-gender roles faster than a safer-sex slut can switch condoms, and to wear high heels for any activity, but from the sound of the voice on the line, Super Slut, with her super, co-dependent listening ability, can tell that something has gone wrong. "What's wrong, Queen Person?" queries Super Slut.

"I was making my rounds, monitoring the straight world." responded Queen Person, "Well, girl, I'm in this bar watch

ing this group of straights watch the World Leader on TV, when I see these evil-looking homophobes come out of the woodwork. Only, what's really strange is, they didn't look like homophobes at first. They looked sort of like Queers!

They're either mutating, going underground, or gaining a sense of fashion. I figured I'd better report the sighting, and warn everyone, you can't judge a homophobe by its cover."

"Thanks, Q.P., you're a real doll! Not everybody has the stomach for entering the straight world like you do. Most of us would have missed this sighting," responds Super Slut, with deep feelings of gratitude for Queen Person's contribution. "Oh, girl, think nothing of it! Gotta run now. Kiss, kiss!" says Queen Person as s/he hangs up.

"Kiss, kiss," mumbles Super Slut absent-mindedly as she hangs up the phone. She's mulling over the idea of homophobes who look like queers, when the sound of a low-pitched groan enters her consciousness. She looks over and sees Dyke Boy sprawled in a heap on the floor, with a really stupid-looking grin on her face. "Damn it Dyke Bitch," yells Super Slut, "I wasn't on the phone that long. You were supposed to wait." Super Slut sighs. She might as well call it an evening. Dyke Boy is no longer fit to fiddle with, and besides, Super Slut wants to do some heavy thinking about this new homophobe development. "Clean yourself up and come to bed," she says as she throws Dyke Boy both a wet and a dry towel.

Will Super Slut solve the mystery of the new homophobes? Will Dyke Boy ever learn to pass as a Stone Butch? Will Super Slut and Dyke Boy sleep after Dyke Boy comes to bed? Stay put for the further adventures of Super Slut and her companion-in-training, Dyke Boy!★

RESOURCES

by Max Airborne



MEDIA

BOOKS & ZINES

The Ample Shopper is a consumer-oriented newsletter with a focus on goods and services for fat folks. \$12/year to Amplestuff, PO Box 116, Bearsville, NY 12409.

Belinda's Bouquet is a fat-positive book for kids by Leslea Newman. I haven't seen it, but I'm on the lookout for a copy. Ask your bookseller, or contact Alyson Publications, 40 Plympton St., Boston, MA 02118, (617) 542-5679.

Belly Songs is a book of poems by Susan Stinson. It's available from the author at 49 1/2 Union St. #9, Easthampton, MA 01027.

BigAd is a well-established, bi-monthly magazine "for full-framed men and their admirers to communicate, meet, and share thoughts." 20 of its 56 pages are personal ads! Fat Girl is getting there... Tell your fag pals to send \$35/year or \$6/sample to BigAd, PO Box 14725, San Francisco, CA 94114.

Fat News is the newsletter of the Fat Women's Group in London. Send 'em \$5 for a subscription, c/o Wesley House, Wild Ct., London WC2B 5AU, UK.

Fat!So? #2 is out, and girl is it *faaaabulous!* It's got the incredible shrinking/expanding Oprah flipbook (need I explain?), an anatomy lesson on bellies, the Body Mass Index of fat culture, an amazing array of facts and tidbits about fat (did you know that 1 match = .26 calories?), Marilyn's fiasco trying to buy an ad in Weight Watchers magazine, manifestos galore, and more! Send \$3.50, or \$12/year to Fat!So? PO Box 423464, San Francisco, CA 94142.

The Fat Underground—the Original Radical Fat Feminists is a sourcebook that contains amazing historical information about the FU, including reproduced literature, press clippings, and

letters, collected by Largesse, our friendly neighborhood fat archivists. Send \$7.50 per copy to Largesse, PO Box 9404, New Haven, CT 06534 (While you're at it, include an extra .75 cents for a copy of Karen Stimson's info-packed pamphlet, "Fat Feminist Herstory.")

Food For Thought and Size Esteem are two small publications from Largesse, the Network for Size Esteem. One is a quarterly newsletter, the other a bi-monthly issue-oriented bulletin. You can receive both publications for \$20/year. Largesse, PO Box 9404, New Haven, CT 06534.

I'm so fucking beautiful—I've seen issues #1 and #2 of *isfb*, and I can tell you that this is an amazing zine, with rants, drawings, a list of fun things about fat, photos of Nomy (who is VERY cute, by the way), and a ton of important things for everyone to think about regarding fat oppression and self-love. For issue #1, send 35 cents and a stamp; for #2, a buck and 2 stamps oughta do it. Nomy Lamm, 1505 NW Groves Ave., Olympia, WA 98502.

The International No Diet Coalition Directory of Resources contains nearly 200 entries with complete contact information and descriptions of groups in the anti-diet, size-acceptance, anti-size-discrimination, anti-eating-disorder, and size-diversity movements. Profits are returned to the No Diet Coalition. \$10/copy + \$2.50 shipping and handling to Willendorf Press, PO Box 407, Shady, NY 12409.

LFAN has a monthly newsletter with events of interest to fat dykes, announcements, a list of fat dyke email pen pals, a column for fat bisexual women, and organizing ideas and information. Send \$20 (\$5 - \$10 low income) to: Helen Weber, 815 15th Ave. E. #4, Seattle, WA 98112.

Living Large is a bi-monthly apa (amateur press association) for folks who are fat and interested in talking about it. For those who don't know, an apa is a subscriber-created zine: to subscribe you must contribute stuff, and part of the idea is that the contributors get to know one another by interacting through writing in the zine. It's like a big ongoing conversation (plus more), and this one has been going on for two years! Kathleen sent a sample of the October issue, which is 87 pages (!), with 27 folks contributing. It has a hot cover photo of BJ, personal rants, clipped articles and cartoons about fat, an extensive

bibliography, and more. For a sample, send \$4 to Kathleen Madigan, PO Box 1006, Elgin, IL 60121.

NAAFA (the National Association for the Advancement of Fat Acceptance) has a book service with a pretty comprehensive list of fat-positive books, publications and pamphlets. To get their listing, write NAAFA, PO Box 188620, Sacramento, CA 95818, or call (916) 558-6880.

New Attitude is the quarterly newsletter of the NAAFA Fat Feminist Caucus. \$20/year to Carole Campbell, Treasurer, PO Box 1154, New York, NY 10023.

One Size Does Not Fit All, by Beverly Naidus, is a book of original art and collage exploring women's struggles with weight and food. \$15; check your bookstore or order direct from Aegis Publications, 1449 W. Littleton Blvd. #200, Littleton, CO 80120, (303) 730-6232.

Pasty is a great zine by a fat dyke from Seattle. The one we received contained listings of fat-girl catalogs, a list of pink things, a story about a sex party, and more. Send \$1 to Sarah-Katherine, 734 20th Ave. E., Seattle, WA 98112.

Room to Grow is a booklet of "nine poems of size" (good ones, too!) by Karen Stimson, a fat radical feminist writer and activist. Send \$5 to Largesse Presse, PO Box 9404, New Haven, CT 06534.

Rump Parliament Magazine—We haven't seen this because the editor refused to trade with us (after we sent her a free copy). Hmm. My friend Joyce sent me this: "Rump Parliament is dedicated to size acceptance activism. Each issue features articles, discussion columns, activist-oriented fiction, and news of interest to people who believe that 'fat' is not a four-letter word." Single issues are \$6, a 1-year sub. is \$24. Lee Martindale, PO Box 181716, Dallas TX 75218.

Sisters of Size is a Lesbian fat activist group/newsletter in Seattle. Send \$5-\$10 for a subscription to Robin, 710 28th Ave. S., Seattle, WA 98114.

Women En Large: Images of Fat Nudes by Laurie Toby Edison and Debbie Notkin is available. It features over 40 fine-art photos of fat women, with writing about fat oppression and fat liberation. See review elsewhere in this issue. Check your bookstore or call Books in Focus at 1-800-463-6285.

RESOURCES RESOUR

MUSIC

This *Heavy Heart* is an album of folksy fat tunes written and performed by singer/song-writer/fat dyke activist Cynthia McQuillan, Jane Robinson (both of the group *Midlife Crisis*), and friends. This is a really creative bunch of songs, with excellent vocal harmonies and guitar, as well as various other instruments. They're complicated, funny, political, and uplifting. "The theme of this collection is self-image, perceptions and relationships, and it is dedicated to every woman who doesn't quite fit into the expectations of our society." Send \$12/cassette or \$17/CD to Unlikely Publications, PO Box 8542, Berkeley, CA 94707.

Look out for *Music for Fat People*, a punk compilation from FatWreckChords in SF.

FILM & VIDEO

Keep your eyes peeled for *Heavyweights*, a new movie about a fat-pride summer camp for kids. We can't promise it's really fat-positive, but it sounds worth checking out.

Rent *The Pajama Game* (1957?). Watch it. Even if you *hate* Doris Day and musicals, loathe pajamas and long johns, watch this movie! All the gritting your teeth will be worth it when you see middle-aged fat girl Reta Shaw dispense romantic advice, sing, and DANCE. When was the last time you saw a fat girl dancing in a major Hollywood movie? The only other time I can think of is the more recent *Strictly Ballroom*, which has lots of great dancing and several fat girl characters. They do dance, but for fat girls dancing, nothing's quite the same as the *Pajama Game*! —April

Throwing Our Weight Around is a video about fat liberation from BAFL, PO Box 308, Kendall Square, Cambridge, MA 02142, (617) 661-8111.
(turn the page, there's more...)

*Big Hearts
Lesbian
Matchmaking*

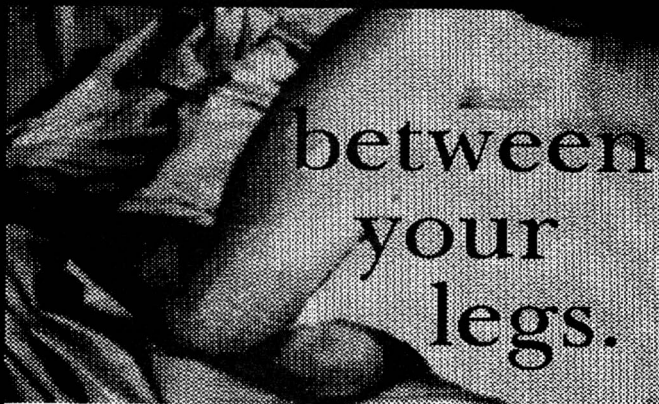
*For
Fat Lesbians
and the Women
Who Appreciate Them*



Rebetzin Yenta
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(510) 843-5615
*The tradition is Jewish.
The service is for all lesbians.*

Bad Attitude — 48 pages of lesbian lust with an emphasis on S/M and B/D.

**Squeeze
Bad Attitude**



3 issues \$15, 6 issues (1 yr) \$30.
Must state over 21 with signature.
Bad Attitude, PO Box 390110
Cambridge MA 02139

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for people who don't apologize for their size

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Venus says:
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You get:

- Roseanne sightings
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- the incredible Oprah flipbook (Make her diet & get fat again!)
- Aunt Agony's advice & attitude
- Venus of Willendorf paper dolls
- interviews with famous fat folk
- photo essays: a body part each issue
- Or buy FAT!SO? t-shirts, butt posters & paper doll books

Just \$12 for 4 issues/year!
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DURCES RESOURCES

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Fat Lip Readers' Theater: An Invitation to express yourself. Join us for a thoroughly delightful afternoon of socializing, noshing, and writing. No experience required in any of these areas. We are all enormously creative women with much to say and write about our lives and living in our bodies (some of us just need a little nudge). No charge, please wear no scents. Sun. Jan. 22, 1-4 pm, Oakland, CA location; and Sun., Feb. 26, time and location TBA. For info and RSVP, call Susan at (510) 658-3300.

International No Diet Day is May 6. Help spread the word by wearing a t-shirt or button. Get them from Lynn Meletiche, 2065 First Ave., Suite 19D, New York, NY 10029, (212) 289-3603.

Largesse, the Network for Size Esteem, maintains a library of archival material on fat liberation dating back to the beginnings of the fat feminist movement in the early 1970's, as well as a computer database cataloguing resources in dozens of categories. They invite contributions and offer free referrals, printouts from their database, and research assistance. WOW!!! Largesse, PO Box 9404, New Haven, CT 06534, (203) 787-1624 phone/fax (call weekdays between noon and 8 pm EST).

A Theater Games Workshop for Fat Women will be conducted by 4 Big Girls in April or May, 1995. Through the use of movement, voice, and relaxation, they'll explore self-esteem, personal power, sexuality, and body image. No theater experience is necessary. Interested in participating or have suggestions? Send a SASE to 4 Big Girls, PO Box 2134, Seattle, WA 98111.

Submissions needed for an anthology on body image and identity in the queer communities, especially work about the relationship between appearance, body, and queer identity. How do you feel about your body? SASE for guidelines to Dawn Atkins, PO Box 861, Iowa City, IA 52244, or e-mail datkins@blue.weeg.uiowa.edu.

Let It All Hang Out Day (LIAHO) will be celebrated next June in San Francisco (the

week before Pride), and will have a float in the SF Pride Parade. LIAHO was started in response to one of those letters written to the local press by some yuppie woman who was sick of seeing all those fat, hairy, nearly naked dykes (*gasp!*) out at public events. Soon after, a bunch of fat, hairy, scantily-clad dykes got together and started a yearly party on 17th & Castro. In 1992, their float at the Pride Parade won "Most Outstanding Float" in the *Outrageous* category. LIAHO has been sleeping for two years, and is coming out of hibernation to prepare for June. Fat women who work on the float get to ride on it. Call (415) 285-1340. Fat, hairy dykes ... alive in '95!

Making Waves is a supportive recreational swim group for women over 200 lbs, meeting every Sunday from 11 am-1 pm in the East Bay. The first Sunday of each month is Friend Swim for women of all sizes. Swim fee is \$3 - \$5. For info., call Linda at (510) 524-6470.

Wanted: fat-positive writings and art by fat dykes for inclusion in a big, fat anthology. Preference will be given to non-fiction. If you don't write, send your thoughts on cassette tape. The deadline has been extended to Feb. 15, 1995, so pull out that stuff you've been meaning to submit girls, and stick it in the mail! I'm sending my cartoons *right now*. Mev Miller, PO Box 300151, Minneapolis, MN 55403, (612) 872-8307.

ORGANIZATIONS

The Body Image Task Force is a task-oriented group that fights size discrimination and looksism and promotes positive body image for all sizes through events, workshops, actions, and public speaking. They need volunteers and student interns. Contact them at PO Box 934, Santa Cruz, CA 95061, (408) 457-4838.

Boston Area Fat Liberation (BAFL) is a group of fat dykes and feminist fat activists in the Boston area. Find them at PO Box 308, Kendall Square, Cambridge, MA 02142, (617) 661-8111.

Fat is a Lesbian Issue is a New York-based, fat-positive, anti-diet discussion group that

helps queer women learn to accept their bodies at any size. They meet monthly to talk about food, clothing, healthcare, sex, exercise, self-esteem and other issues that impact fat lesbians and bi women. They meet on the 2nd Sunday of every month at the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center, 208 W. 13th St., in Manhattan. For more info., call Susan at 718-892-7375; or Gail and Shira at 609-924-9321.

Fat Lip Readers' Theater is a women's performance collective that has been creating and performing work from a fat liberation perspective for more than a decade. To get on the mailing list, submit work, or inquire about membership, contact: Fat Lip, PO Box, 29963, Oakland, CA 94604.

FLAB, the Fat Lesbian Action Brigade, is a New York-based activist group that fights for the visibility of fat lesbians within the queer community, the fat-acceptance movement and the world at large; works to discredit and destroy the multi-billion dollar weight-loss industry that threatens our survival; and celebrates the beauty and sexiness of fat women. See Fat is a Lesbian Issue above for meeting times and contact info.

LFAN, the Lesbian Fat Activists Network, is an affinity group for size-friendly Lesbians of all sizes. To join and receive their monthly newsletter, send \$20 (\$5-\$10 low income) to: Helen Weber, 815 15th Ave. E. #4, Seattle, WA 98112.

For all you computer nerds who cruise the internet, there's a big-folks email list. You can subscribe by sending email to big-folks-request@abstractsoft.com. There's also a fat-acceptance list; subscribe by sending email to majordomo@world.std.com, with the words "subscribe fat-acceptance" in the body of the message. Some news groups are: soc.support.fat-acceptance, alt.support.big-folks, alt.personals.big-folks, and alt.sex.fat.

The Fat Women's Group is based in London. Write to them at: Wesley House, Wild Court, London WC2B 5AU, UK.

Los Angeles/Long Beach area Fat Girl rap group forming soon. Contact Solara at (310) 428-3217. ✨

Nicola Ginzler Design

415/621-4937

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Good Vibrations

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San Francisco, CA 94110
Open 11 - 7, 7 days a week
(415) 974-8980

Armchair Shopping

catalog reviews by Selena

Send us catalogs! We want to know where you shop and why, so we can spread the word here in our shopping guide for fat girls. So stuff those leftover catalogs in an envelope and mail 'em to FaT GiRL, 2215-R Market St. #193, San Francisco, CA 94114. And if you're feeling really inspired, write a few lines about why each particular catalog floats your boat.

Big Stitches

2423 Douglas St.
San Pablo, CA 94806
(510) 237-3978

Custom-made swimsuits in all large sizes. Nylon/Lycra in a wide range of solids and prints. One-piece, two-piece, various styles. Basic suit costs \$70, special fabrics, extra features, \$20 more.

Entrance

large and super sizes
PO Box 11627

Marina Del Rey, CA 90295

Conservative, work and party drag in sizes 14-36 and 1X-5X (I'll never figure out these sizing systems) made out of polyester and rayon. Mostly not too butt-ugly, except you gotta see the leopard-print poly-chiffon dresses. Dresses are \$90-150, separates \$55-65.

For You

from Spiegel
1040 W. 35th St.
Chicago, IL 60609

Sizes 14-24/1X-3X. Mostly plain or "classic" clothes. Nothing terribly ugly or exciting, but some good basic stuff. Leggings \$30, dresses \$70-100, skirts and pants \$60-80.

Intimate Appeal

Arizona Mail Order Company, Inc.
PO Box 27800
Tucson, AZ 85726

Terrifyingly tacky nightgowns, pajamas, and (oh dear) *loungewear*, in sizes Small to 3X, average prices, I suppose, not that I know anyone who dresses like this. However, they also have a good selection of bras in bigger sizes, some styles up to 48G. Prices for bras are \$20-30 for the most part. This catalog also carries prostheses and other "mastectomy items."

Roaman's

Where fashion meets value for size 14 & up
PO Box 8360
Indianapolis, IN 46283

Let's see, polyester floats, pantsuits, skinny models. Sizes 14-3X. Pretty cheap (dresses \$30-60) and there are actually a few scattered decent pieces in with the scariness.

Sally's Place

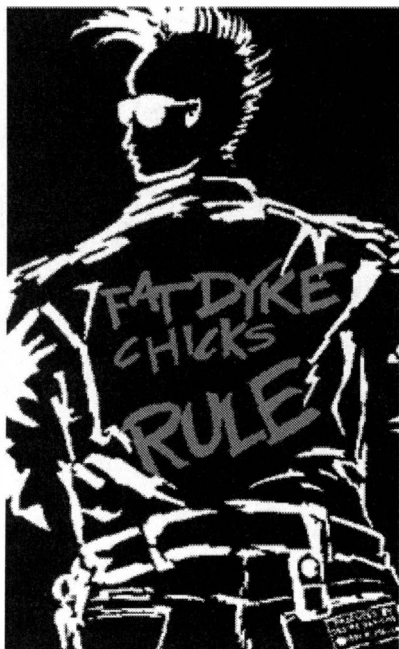
PO Box 1397
Sausalito, CA 94966

Cool lingerie in sizes 1X-4X! Bustiers, panties, stockings, garters, catsuits, French maid's outfits, shown on actual gorgeous fat models. Bustier-panty-stocking sets \$65-95, catsuits \$75, bodysuits \$45. Also hats, shoes, extra-large sequined pasties, and various heterosexual novelties. ✨

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50/50 c/p

**White on
Black T
with very
RED
"Fat Dyke
Chicks
RULE"**

\$15 + \$2 ship.



We love the looks we get wearing these shirts and the way we feel wearing them. So do our friends: straight ones, skinny ones, guys, femmes, and especially Fat Dyke Chicks like ourselves.

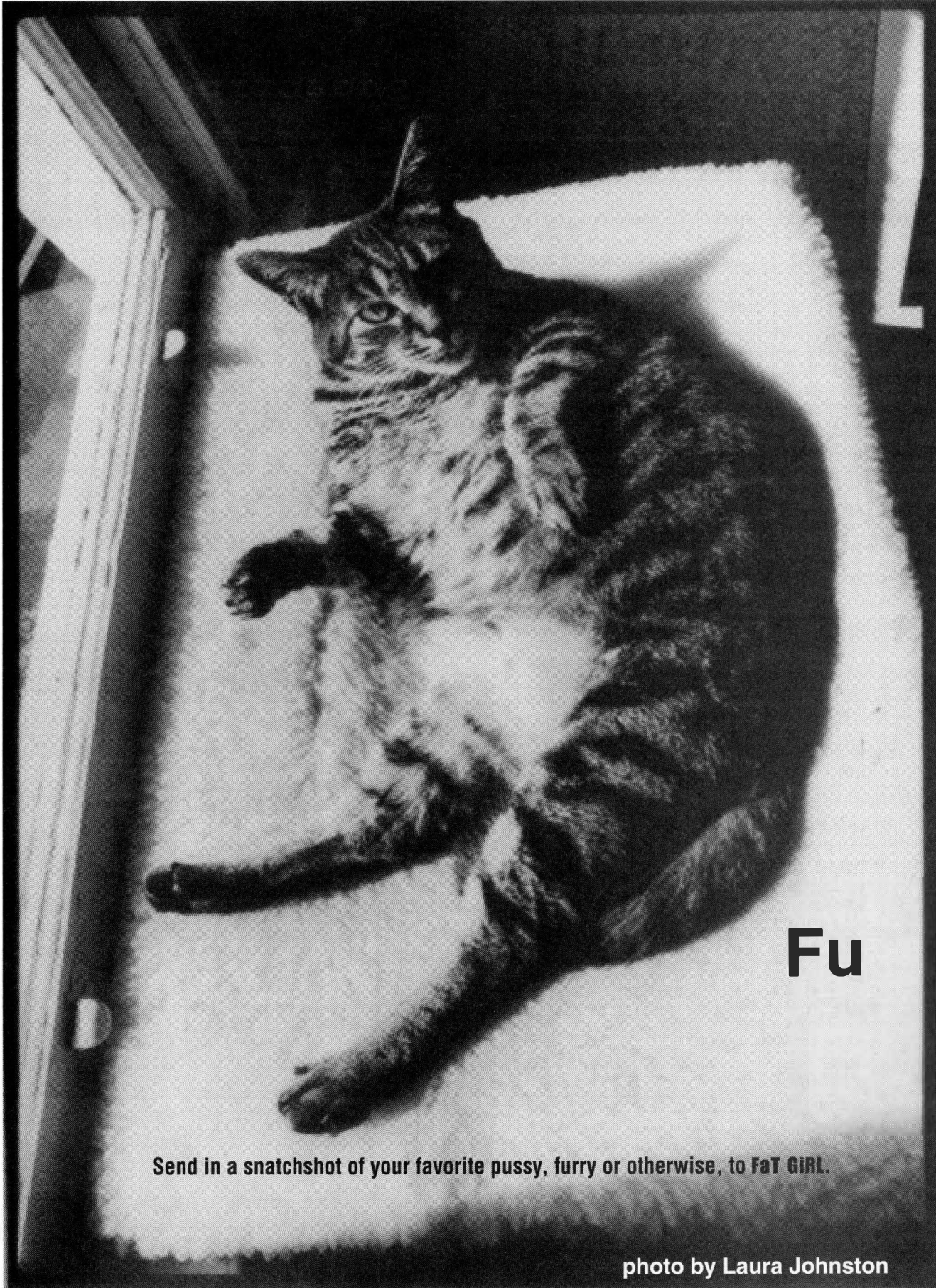
Checks, money orders, real estate deeds to:
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N. Andover, MA 01845-0501

write us! desire@apocalypse.org

BERTHA

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Fu

Send in a snatchshot of your favorite pussy, furry or otherwise, to **FaT GIRL**.

photo by Laura Johnston

Who are all these babes, anyway?

CONTRIBUTORS

Betty Rose Dudley: I'm a fat, working-class dyke from Missouri. When it comes to sex, I like vanilla, with a little topping 8-).

Cath Thompson: Bitch Goddess Extraordinaire. Single. catspinner@aol.com

Charlotte Cooper, 25, from London, England, reconvened the Fat Women's Group in 1992 and has been an active participant ever since. She's currently studying for a postgraduate degree where she's exploring fat politics and she's made a video: "Growing Up Fat 1983-1990."

[REDACTED]

Dina Palivos is a virile Greek man trapped inside a beautiful femme's body. She's sharp, silly, and available for meaningless affairs.

Elizabeth Stark: Elizabeth hates short descriptions of who she is but will settle for raging anarcha-feminist femme dyke with a lust for words and butches. She is currently living in New York City and working on a novel.

Fish: Having already succeeded at scoring brownie points with (and guest appearances in the dreams of) several fat girls, Fish continues to woo us with her great drawings. She's out of SF while we write this, but can sometimes be found about town with a nasty grin or girl.

Fu is a fat pussy/kitty slut who loves to be held down and scratched, especially with long fingernails. She is tongue maiden to her beloved Monkey and friend to anyone with a lap.

Jasmine Marah: Jasmine is a Jewish writer, a political lesbian of over 20 years, a mother of 2 grown children, and a professional lesbian matchmaker.

Judy Freespirit: Judy is a founding member of the Fat Underground, and a long-time fat activist.

[REDACTED]

Herlinda Lea Arellano: Chicana border dyke agitator. Writer, activist, scholar currently residing in Berkeley, Califas. Lover of womin of all sizes, ages, abilities and colors.

Malaina Poore: Malaina learned to masturbate from age 14 from a boy who "showed her what to do." She has since progressed to women and inanimate objects.

Osa Shade is a mild-mannered lover of life by day and an erotic adventurer by night who has been writing sometimes passionate, sometimes desperate erotic poetry to wome she loves since age 13. She is now 42.

Sally Hopkins is also known as the safe sex bag lady.

Sondra Solovay: Sondra is a performance artist currently operating undercover as a law student to get material on the erosion of kindness and humanity in the ever-darkening, ironically named justice system.

Syndee Branton: Syndee is a quiet, radical femme-dyke geek who works and plays hard, and can be reached at u_branton@venus.twu.edu.

COLLECTIVE MEMBERS

Miss April Miller wrote *Butch Baiting* about experiences she had at the robust and rowdy Fat Dyke Dances in Oakland, CA. (And they say that fat girls don't have any fun!)

Barbarism aka "Boot": femme nerd who can usually be found slaving away at the pages of Fat Girl or writing smut or hanging out with her cat Malt or dreaming about insects and aliens and sex and can be reached via email at XXXXXX@advanced.com.

Bertha: redhead, big tits, talented hands, Brooklyn. **Candida** is a very nice girl, really.

Laura Johnston is a big-time photo geek and some-time barber. She takes lots of pictures of graveyards, cats, and herself, but really likes photo-ing fat girls best.

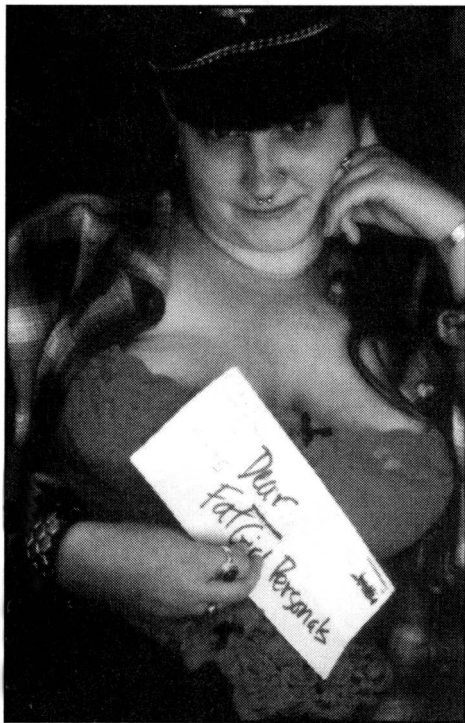
Max Airborne is wanted in 49 states (and then some), and also goes by the names Hans and Dot. She resides with a cult of anarchist sluts who have adopted her last name and given themselves blue mohawks to worship one of her former incarnations.

Selena lives in Berkeley as a pagan leather-dyke craftswoman with purple hair and—on happy days—a big, purple butt to match.

Oso is a Chicana stone butch into hot femmes and tattoos. Love my kitty! ✨



FaT GiRL Personals



YOU MUST ENJOY ENORMOUS

BREASTS Or I'm not the right woman for you. Even if you like Mozart, Einstein, Ben and Jerry... Gertrude Stein, Lt. Dax and the Indigo Girls... Even if you revel in hot tubs, cold oceans and warm mouths... Even if you love dogs, rats and horses... Even if you choose gentle kisses, rough pain and non-monogamy...if you don't get into soft, gigantic, round, heavy, hanging breasts, why even bother to write? FaT GiRL Box #7.

FEMMES!!!

Do you like feeling the magic touch of experienced hands slowly traveling up your luscious thighs, pausing only to tease and expand our pleasure? Enjoy strong arms as they wrap around you, drawing you near for my long, wet, deep kisses that transport us into the world of intense sensuous erotic adventures? Do you want a vibrant, intelligent lover you can laugh and cry with? Someone who wants to please you and spoil you silly? If you are a femme, over 35, and want to move in the world with an intelligent, independent, confident butch read on. I want to meet a beautiful femme who can reciprocate the finer gifts my love has to offer! I await your response. Come on, you deserve all the above! FaT GiRL Box #10.

Are you a Big Bad Strong Butch?

Are you into uniforms? Do you like to be in charge? Do you do it well? Do you like inflicting pain? Do you like Big Redheaded Sluts? FaT GiRL Box #12.

San Francisco Fat Dyke Visitors Bureau

Hoping for a hot, kinky fling during your next visit to San Francisco? This sexy, fat SF butch is basically married but seeking occasional steamy fun from out of town. FaT GiRL Box #11.

Like to Date? I do!

I like the tension of waiting for your phone call, and the giddy feeling of talking to you. I like going through my closet to pick out just the right outfit—over and over again. I like feeling my heart jump when your leg brushes mine under the table. Then you apologize and I say that I don't mind... I like good food, and candlelight and flirting. I like good night kisses... A date? Thank you, I'd love to! FaT GiRL Box #9.

Submissive

House boy and girl sought to fill part time positions involving Victoriana and personal and domestic service. Standards are high, training will be extensive, and discipline, if it proves to be necessary, will be of the domestic or schoolroom variety. Butch/Femme couple preferred, but single applicants will be considered. Respond with a letter expressing your interest and qualifications. FaT GiRL Box #8.

I WANT YOUR BIG LUSCIOUS BODY NEXT TO MINE

SF leather dyke looking forward to kinky play, fun, & getting to know you. FaT GiRL Box #4.

SKINNY SEXY SUBMISSIVE

Looking for big luscious tops. Can be sweet or bitchy, loves a good spanking. Looking for play, not marriage/girlfriend. FaT GiRL Box #6.

High Heels

Fat Femme with a large collection of high heels looking for a taller butch to wear them around with. If you're 5'7" or over please reply. FaT GiRL Box #13.

BEAT ME BLACK AND BLUE

Short, curvy masochist with controllable smartass tendencies wants you to push me around, beat my ass (and whatever else you please), fuck me wet and silly, and let me fuck you. If you're interested in all or any of the above (and not marriage) please write me at FaT GiRL Box #5.

I STILL BELIEVE

In true love but, currently, I find immediate physical gratification far more interesting. If you have a sincere appreciation of fat femme voluptuaries and you can 'keep up' your end of a relationship based on flirting, eating, and long hard fucking please write FaT GiRL Box #1.

HELP WANTED

Gracious femme dyke pervert household has an immediate opening for domestic servant. No prior experience necessary but applicant must be respectful, well-groomed, and willing. If scrubbing floors, making beds, cooking, serving, and holding the lube appeals to you please reply to FaT GiRL Box #3.

TO ADVERTISE: Send your headline, text, name, address, phone #, and a check for \$5 for the first 500 characters + 1 cent for each additional character to FaT GiRL, 2215-R Market St. #193, San Francisco, CA 94114.

TO REPLY: Pencil your dream girl's box # on the front of a stamped envelope containing your reply. Enclose that envelope in another one and send it to FaT GiRL Personals at the above address. We will continue to forward replies to all ads until further notice.

RULES: FaT GiRL Personals are for fat dykes and the women who want them. This description is intended to include bisexual and MTF transgendered women. It does not include men. FaT GiRL is a fat-positive, diversity-positive zine. Please keep that in mind when writing your ad. We do not accept ads with personal names or street addresses. We reserve the right to refuse to print ads we find offensive. ✨

FaT GiRL needs YOU!

We need help with:

- Distribution.** Finding stores that will sell FaT GiRL and being a contact person for them.
- Advertising.** Finding businesses who will place ads in our pages.
- Writing.** Fiction/news/interviews/information/smut/you name it.
- Illustration.**

You need not live in San Francisco. We want to be a giant network of Fat dykes all over the world. The rewards are many: our eternal gratitude, your name in lights, and the opportunity to come into contact with amazing Fat dykes everywhere. Contact FaT GiRL at (415) 550-7202.

go for a ride

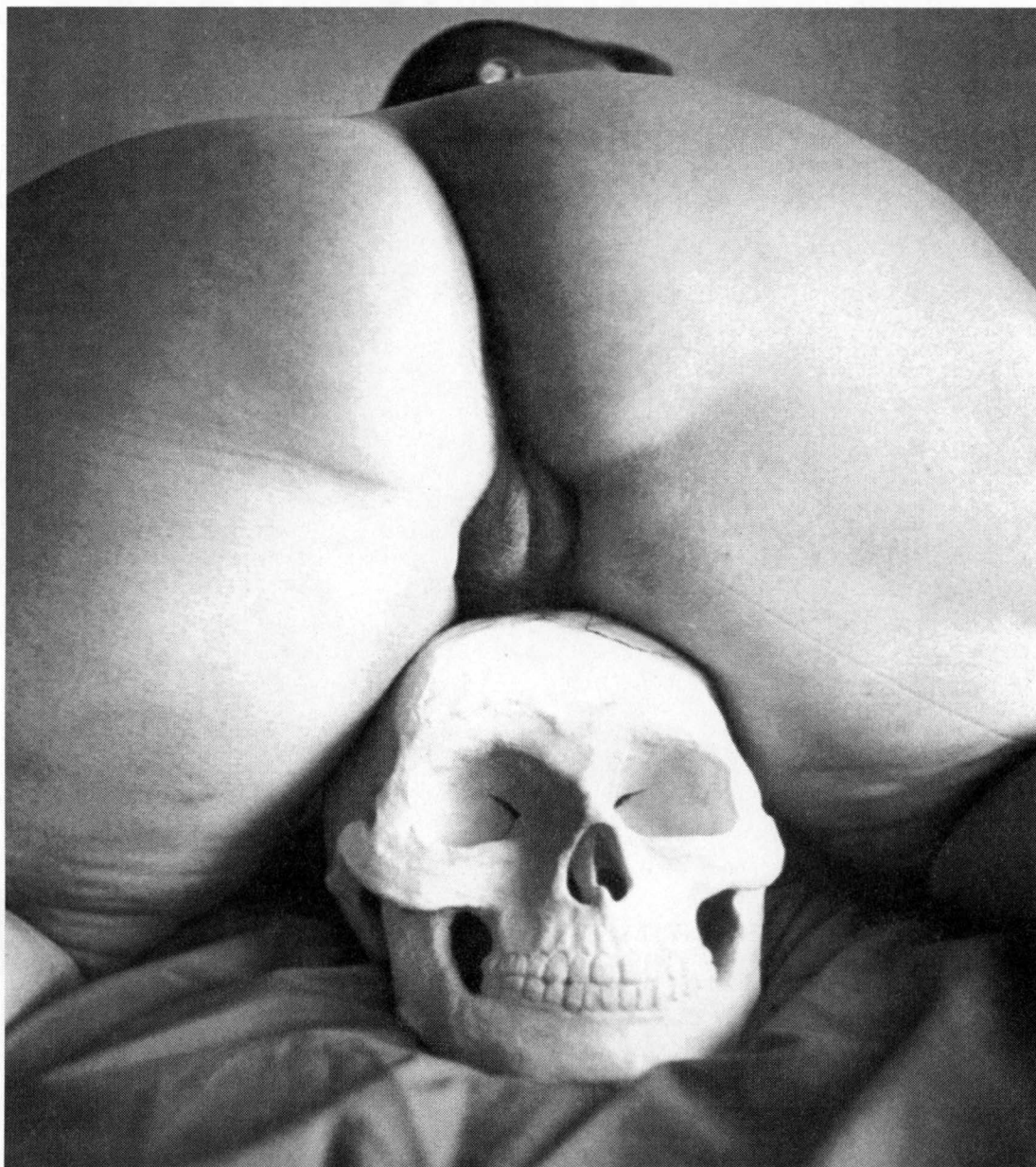


photo by Laura Johnston

with FaT GiRL

***We need your support to keep publishing this zine!
To get the next 4 issues of FaT GiRL, send us \$20 check or money order,
made payable to FaT GiRL. We also accept cash and trades (if we like
what you're trading). YOU MUST INCLUDE A SIGNED AGE STATEMENT.
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SPOT THE DIFFERENCE