

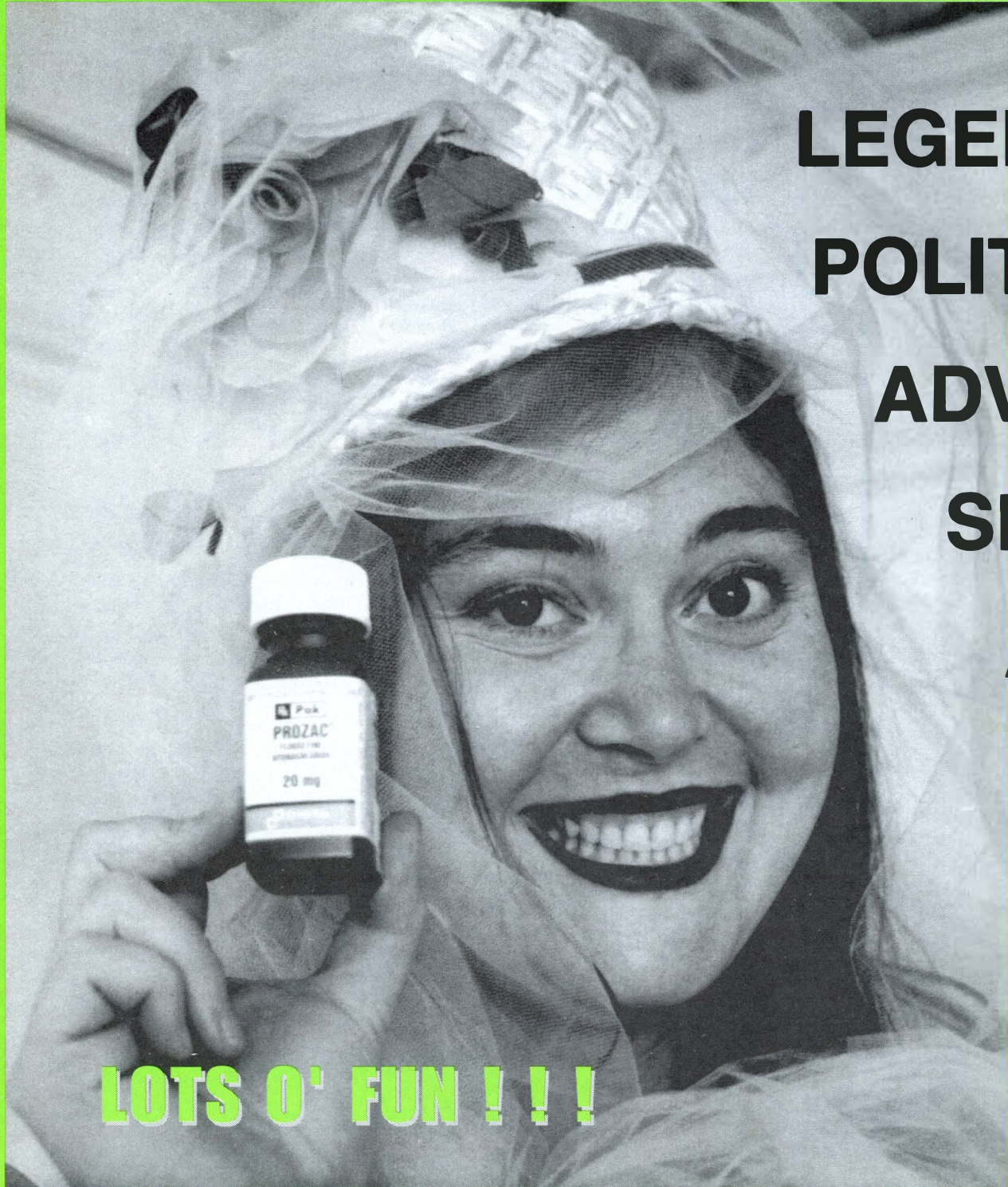
FAT



GIrl

\$5

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



LEGENDS

POLITICS

ADVICE

SMUT

ART

LOTS O' FUN !!!

visit our web site:

<http://www.fatgirl.com/fatgirl>

The long awaited issue five is finally in your hands, and although it took a little longer than usual,

Photo by Laura Johnston

the new collective:



Top: Laura Johnston, Margo Mercedes Rivera, April Miller, Sondra Solovay, Bertha Pearl,
Bottom: Susannah, Oso, Selena (not pictured)

we hope you feel it was worth the wait.

There have been some changes in the FaT GiRL collective since we last came out. I'm excited to say that we have three new, very enthusiastic, collective members who have all pledged to devote their lives to FaT GiRL. After over a year of lots of hard work and not many changes in the original collective, three of our members decided to leave FaT GiRL. The choice to leave the collective was not an easy one. Although I'm sure they made the right decision, I personally miss working with all of them. Barbarism, Max and Candida willingly gave up sleep, posed naked and put themselves on the line for FaT GiRL; they worked really hard and their contributions helped to shape and form the way FaT GiRL is today. Although they are no longer collective members, I'm sure we haven't seen the last of them. I believe that they're all going to be contributing some of their work to the upcoming issues. I want to take this opportunity to formally say good-bye to the three of them, and thank them for everything they did for FaT GiRL.

There were some tense moments when those of us who were left wondered if we could continue putting out the 'zine. Lucky for us, we found three extremely dedicated people with a lot of good ideas to help keep FaT GiRL going. With the arrival of FaT GiRL # 5 we officially welcome Sondra, Margo, and Susannah.

When we first decided to start FaT GiRL, it was our hope that the collective would not change much over the years. We thought that the more continuity there was within the collective, the better chance she had of surviving. But as happens, people changed and so did the collective, and it's been a good learning experience for us to discover that there was enough of a want and need to see FaT GiRL continue that other people jumped in and were not willing to let the 'zine die. It seems that FaT GiRL is bigger than the collective, and that somehow, even with changes, she'll survive.

EDITORIAL
by Oso

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ON OUR COVER:

COVER MODEL

CHRISTINE
Height: 6' 2'
Weight: 325lbs
Eye Color: Hazel
Favorite Color:
Green
Favorite Food:
Butter Pecan Ice
Cream
Last book Read:
The Diamond Age,
by Neal
Stephenson



PHOTOGRAPHER

BETH PECKMAN
1995

FATGIRL LETTERS

In Remembrance

Dear FatGirls,

You are so ass kicking wonderful! Enclosed is a \$25 check to be used to send your message to somebody who needs it! Sorry it's not more.

I have to tell you that the money comes from my mother's estate. She died this June of complications from an intestinal bypass. She had been suffering for 19 years with one health problem after another from her surgery. She knew before she went in that the surgery would be detrimental to her health. She did it anyway and suffered for 19 years because of it. Your work is so important. As far as I'm concerned you are saving lives. And FatGirl has definitely saved my sanity more than once.

I know you will use the \$25 well. You are creative, courageous babes. Thanks for kicking butt!
Love Ya, You Vixens You,
Marva H

FaT GiRL appreciates your generous gift. Let none of us forget the women who have lost their lives in an effort to lose weight.



Hey! Fat Grrrlz! Come out, come out...



Wherever you are!

FROM MAUI

Barbara,

Hi! This is Sara all the way in Maui. I am writing to you because my girlfriend and I LOVE Fat Girl. Especially here where we are very starved for such good reading. I think Fat Girl is a terrific zine- smart, sexy, funny, and real and many other things. I think the work you all are doing is so important and I really appreciate it...

Maui is such a different world and I don't know how much longer we will be here. I've thought about and looked for any distribution places for Fat Girl here but, unfortunately, haven't found anyplace I think would work. I'm open to ideas if you have any and would be glad to help. Things are pretty straight laced here and much of the queer community is very closeted and scared. But anyways, I hope you're well. Take care,
Sara

FROM MARYLAND

Great Web site! As a MFW (Militant Fat Woman) myself, I was overjoyed to see Fat Girl while poking around the Web. Imagine my delight that it is a Lesbian mag.

Unfortunately, I live in the culturally backward state of Maryland where only 2 shops nearby carry it. I will try to get to Lammas books soon. I am telling all my friends about Fat Girl (on the Web and off) and as soon as I get a copy, I will be flashing it everywhere. If I can get some of the back copies, I will lay them out at Darkover Con in November. Darkover (if you aren't familiar with it) is popularly known as Dykeover because of the large number of fans of the Free Amazons from Marion Zimmer Bradley's world of

Darkover series. Of course, like femmefans everywhere, most of us are Big and Beautiful. Anyway, read the books, you'll get the picture! Speaking of pictures, the comics are wonderful too! If you want add another fun magazine to your list of resources, RADIANCE (also based in CA) is Gay-friendly and has interesting articles and poetry. Check them out. Thanks,
Megan

Big thanks to Sara, Megan, and everyone else who is working to get FaT GiRL into stores everywhere!

FROM CONNECTICUT

Dear Fat Girl Collective,

I recently moved from SF to Connecticut to go to graduate school. Talk about culture shock. I've been going a little nuts. Out of 110 people in my class only two of us are out. I'd almost forgotten (or maybe blocked out?) what it was like to be surrounded by straight people all the time. And my roommate talks about losing weight more than anyone I've lived with in years (although thankfully still less than the average American woman).

Did you know the NY Times ran a story last week about some study that recently found that the increase in bulimia and anorexia could be directly attributed to the rise in dieting? I'm sure you are all as shocked as I was by that startling revelation. NOT!

My wonderful skinny girlfriend sent me a copy of your wonderful fat zine and I read it cover to cover. You provided a much needed reality check. I especially loved the interview with Dorothy Allison, the comics, and the

photos of XXXXXXX (you go girl!). It is so great to see pictures of other fat women happy, sexy, and just being themselves. Keep up the good work!
Alice

FROM NORTH CAROLINA

I just got my first three issues yesterday in the mail and all I gotta say is W O W!!!! Just about blew my socks off. I was heartily comforted to know & realize that other folks out there are just like me. I know, I know, percentages indicate that there HAVE to be other large dykes out there, but I've not connected with many here in my new 'home town' of Charlotte, NC (I moved here from St. Paul, MN two years ago). And even when I was in Minnesota I was fairly 'closeted' sexually. Politically I was out in the front lines, even have had my picture in the Washington Post wearing my dyke hard hat & overalls, but even at 48 I'm still a virgin. Of course, you might say, you lived in Minnesota — where 80% of the time it's too cold to do anything!! But honey, they ain't got flannel shirts for nothin'!! I drool over dykes in flannels. My own collection is sparse (only 4), but haven't had much luck until lately finding sizes that fit me. I'm certainly going to patronize some of the stores you listed in the first issue.

Anyhow, am loving the work you're doing. Hang in there & keep up the energy. Am sending you shivers of hi-potency stuff. I've already read the first issue from cover to cover, and am devouring the 2nd issue. I'm trying to make the third issue last yet another day, before it too has become dog-eared & memorized. Love it, love it, love it.

May she who watches over us bless y'all, and send back to you three fold, what you have gifted me with.

-Mary Rose

FROM MINNEAPOLIS

Love, love, love your zine! It is great to know that there are more people out there sharing my beliefs in fat politics and some of the articles have been giving my girlfriend and me some very special quality time. Thank you again and I can't wait for your next issue.

-Happy girl from **Minneapolis**

FROM FLORIDA

I received the back issues (#1-3) of FaT GiRL! I haven't put them down all

weekend. Great zine! You wimmin have done an outstanding job. I can't wait to get #4.

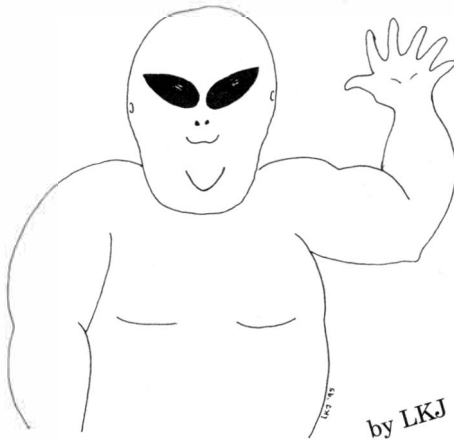
Way cool to see pics of you and others who are involved in the zine. Although since being on the net, I'm used to never having an idea of what folk look like, it was great to see faces. A fellow fat dyke member lives in my town, and she is going to take some pics of me soon. I'll definitely have to submit one to FaT GiRL. However, I can't say it will be of my face ... <eg>.

Oh, if you see her, tell "Val" (the "gender-bending, 36 year-old Cuban dyke) that she has an admirer in **Florida** .. yea, me. I'd love to hear and see more of her. Is she by any chance on the fatdykes list?

Keep up the great work. I'm about to go visit the FaT GiRLS homepage to see what's new. I've been so fucking busy, I can't remember last time I got on the web.

Love and rockets ...

Stephanie



New Terrain

Dear Fat Girl,

Enclosed please find a check for \$35 for the first three back issues and a subscription for this year. I can't wait to get the back issues, having read about them in the letters to the editor!

I got your zine actually by accident. I was ordering some toys from Good Vibrations and asked if they knew any magazines that had fat women in them. They said the only one they knew of was Fat Girl and that they sold it. I said put one in. I was looking for something to look at with my husband that portrayed fat women as sexy. I was surprised to see that it was a zine for fat dykes and the women who love them. But I wasn't disappointed. I didn't share it with my husband very much- I showed him some of the pictures. I especially liked the pie

scene. But I have read it and enjoyed it cover to cover several times. And to think I always thought I was totally straight! I'm definitely not totally straight! I think you all are terrific and beautiful and I admire you and I like you and I love and care about you and support your work and your lifestyles.

I'm sorry I don't know all the lingo and the right way to say things. It's amazing that I'm 31 years old and, having always been very sexual, have never really considered being anything but straight. I am married and love my husband. But I get so turned on by looking at your zine and reading your stories and thinking about being with Fat Girls. I think we grow up thinking in a certain way and many of us don't question it until we're much older. I know that I am now attracted to a much different kind of man than I was in my teens and twenties. And I know that at one time I would have been upset to think of myself being attracted to women. But I noticed about a year ago that when I was masturbating in the shower, I was often thinking of one of my girlfriends. I didn't really indulge myself in fantasies of women until I read your zine. Now it is a part of me I won't ever deny again. I don't know when I will ever act on my growing fantasies. I wish I knew of a place near me where Fat Girls hung out so that I could just spend some time with them and see where I really am with all of this. I do want to stay married, but I also value my connection to Fat Girls. I guess that makes me bisexual if only in my mind and not in practice- although if ever the right opportunity came up, it would be in practice, too.

Well, I just wanted to say that I think you Girls and your zine are terrific! I'll probably submit some stories, articles, and pictures soon. This is an exciting exploration for me. If you print my letter, please don't use my whole name- I'll have all your future issues and I don't want my husband to see a letter like this from me- he'd freak. I wouldn't care if I didn't have a little daughter to consider. Like so many people, my sexual fantasies and desires and secret friendships will remain hidden from my spouse.

I hope that I am welcome in your group. I noticed that there is some friction on the part of some people between who is a dyke and who is a bisexual and levels of belonging. I think we should all support each other. I may not know much about the problems and

pains and lifestyles and joys of dykes, but I want to know and I do care and I don't judge and I'd like to belong just by virtue of the fact that I'm interested and want to learn and explore, and that I am an ally whether or not we are the same.

With love,
[name withheld on request]

Bi/Dyke Discussion

Dear Fat Vixens,

First of all, I want to thank you for reviewing my zine, Pasty, in issue #4. I appreciate your support more than I can say! Unfortunately, however, you misquoted me in your review. In the passage you quoted you substituted the word "chick" for my word "chic," resulting in a confusing word salad. It's not a super big deal, but I just wanted to let you know...in case you want to print a clarification.

Secondly, speaking of clarifications, I want to thank Wendy for responding to my previous letter to

Fat Girl, in which I wrote that I preferred to be called a bisexual girl rather than a dyke. Wendy, in my letter, I never meant to imply that dyke was in any way an inferior (or superior) term, or that chicks who have sex with both men and women should all similarly prefer the term "bi" to "dyke." I was speaking for myself, not for bi girls at large! I prefer "bi", you may prefer "dyke", someone else may prefer something else, but according to the religious right, we're all just a bunch of fucking perverts anyway, right? You can call yourself whatever you want, and you'll still be my beautiful, queer, fat sister. Labels schmabels.

Finally, I want to thank the Fat Girl Collective once again for publishing one of the most erotic, playful, and cour/out-rageous magazines I've ever had the pleasure of perusing. I should be in the Bay Area again in the middle of December, and I'd be thrilled to model for you, if you need another sexy fat chick to do nasty things in front of

your cameras. If you don't need another model, I will just have to content myself with being one of your most avid fans!

Thank you, Fat Girls, for everything.

Big fat kisses and a sly caress or two,
Sarah-K

Sorry about the word salad, SK. Thanks for clarifying.

Dear FaT GiRL,

Thank you for submitting FaT GiRL for inclusion in my 1996 Alternative Lifestyles Directory. Your participation is gratefully appreciated.

As a "fat girl" myself, I found your magazine to be funny, warm, erotic as hell and something I've waited my whole life for! It is simply incredible. I most definitely will give it my highest rating and an awesome review. In fact, I plan to review it for another

one of my publications, HAIR TO STAY, the world's only magazine for lovers of natural, hairy women.

I couldn't help but notice your logo (by Fish) has a woman with hairy underarms. More power to us fat, hairy women!...

I truly appreciate your participation and dedication to your zine. The best thing about Fat Girl is that when reading it, for the first time in my life, I felt normal.

Hirsutely,
Pam W
WINTER PUBLISHING, INC.

What's in a Name?

Dear Editor,

We have received quite a few requests for our catalog from people who heard about our company through your reviews on the web. We decided to do a little surfing on our own and we were able to quickly find your site.

Thank you for the nice words about our company...Your description of our company is pretty much on target. You may want to note that we now can supply bras up to an "I" cup. Also, perhaps you might find a suitable alternative for the adjective "kinky" because it may give people the wrong connotation of what our mission is- namely, providing women with the very best selection of women's intimate apparel...

-Sincerely,
Joan Herman
Foundations Buyer
Lady Grace Stores,
(800) 922-0504



Bursting with Joy!

Hey there FaT GiRL!!!

I just wanted to let you know that I am very glad to have found you on the WWW! I knew you were around and after a bit of searching I found you! Seeing all that fat positiveness just makes me want to burst with happiness!!!!

Thanks for putting out such great stuff!!

-Jennifer
Portland, Oregon

1996 Alternative Lifestyles Directory

1996 edition contains more than 450 reviews of publications ranging from mainstream to taboo, mild to wild. An invaluable guide for the open-minded adult or adult business owner.

Yes! Please send me the 1996 Alternative Lifestyles Directory. Enclosed is my payment of \$18 (\$14.95 plus \$3.05 p/h) including first-class postage; \$20 Canada; \$22 Int'l, US funds only.

Name _____
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City, State, Zip _____
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FaT GiRL

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 dykes, 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!

Today, FaT GiRL is: April Miller, Bertha Pearl, Laura Johnston, Margo Mercedes Rivera, Oso, Susannah, Sondra Solovay, and Selena.

Logo by Fish.
Web Site by Max Airborne of Cacatan.
Publicity: Meredith Tanzer
Accounting: Judy
Bookkeeping: Ann Williams

Cover: Christine
Back Cover: FaT GiRL by Laura Johnston.

Special Thanks to:
Barbarism, Beth "Kiki" Carr and housemates, Cath Thompson, Candida Albicans, Hadas Weiss, Jennifer Brooks, Pandoura, M. G. Cimino, Marva Holmes, Max Airborne, and Terry Sapp.

Subscriptions: Send \$20/4 issues, \$5/sample and a signed age statement to the address below.

Stores: Our terms are 60/40, you pay shipping. Get FaT GiRL direct or from Last Gasp, Fine Print, Armadillo, or AK Press.

Ads: Business cards- \$40, quarter page- \$75, half page-\$150. Send your ads ready to scan. We can shrink to fit. Call about design rates.

Submissions:
We accept original work by women that is relevant to fat dykes. Please include a S.A.S.E. with your stuff. We like written submissions that are typed. We love submissions that are on disk, especially Mac disk. We are always on the lookout for art!!!

Please don't ever send us your original copy of anything. Include a brief bio with your stuff and model releases for your photos (we can send you these if you need them).

Deadline for #6 is June 1, 1996.

Look for #6 in August.

This issue (#5) copyright April 1996 Fat Girl Publishing. All right belong to individual artists.

FaT GiRL is not to be sold to minors, which really sucks.



Note new contact info

FaT GiRL
2215-R Market St. #197
San Francisco, CA 94114
(415) 522-8733
selene@sirius.com

This issue is dedicated with respect and thanks to all the fat activists out there fighting for fat dyke visibility.

is a political act

Oso's First Official FaT GiRL Word Find

buxom	breast	jezebel
fleshy	plates	witty
jiggly	blackberry	mujeres
nerdy	cherry pie	bold
perverse	courageous	huge
sassy	Martha	femme
sticky	Moody	stout
unapologetic	lecherous	babe
wet	frosting	kiss
sleazy	pussy	bellies
kitchenslut	Barbarism	bum
gearqueen	poundcake	big
muffdive	butt	FatLip
apricot	Hairspray	jello
living large	masochist	bear
miners	collective	Butch
seductress	polka	massive
	poison	cunt

DISBUMHAIRSPRAYTC!
 WLSSUOEGARUOCAKLOP
 IPERVERSEILLEBERLE
 TYRUSCBNLJYHSELFLV
 TCTWLUIAESCGBVNTEI
 YICSEMSLBTBRTISMCS
 RTUUUULMVGAEEDTUTS
 REDOZOABELRAKFIJIA
 EGERYEPAGABSAFCEVM
 BOSEEJRNEIATCUKREA
 KLHHYQIBGCRPDMYEIR
 COUCUVCAUYILNFFSPT
 APGEINONCBSAUSRAYH
 LAELESTPUOMTOTOSRA
 BNORFSOTIWCEPOSSRM
 UDDKITCHENSLUTYEO
 RYXLSKEFATLIPTIUHO
 MASOCHISTEMMEFNRC
 TCNBMALBEZEJIGGLY

Find these words and then unscramble the secret message.

 ---!

(answer on page 67)

FAT LIP Readers Theatre

15th Anniversary Performances

April 28, 3pm

\$5-\$10 Sliding Scale

May 3, 7:30pm

\$8-\$20 Sliding Scale

St. Paul's Lutheran Church

1658 Excelsior St., Oakland, CA

May 4, 7:30pm

\$8-\$20 Sliding Scale

Women's Building

3543 18th St., S.F., CA

Reception & refreshments following performance.

No One Turned Away for Lack of Funds
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 Sign Language Interpreted
 Please no scents or perfumes
 Free Childcare-
 Reservation by April 25



Call 415 585-3955
for more info & to reserve childcare.

BOTERO AND US

PART ONE BY DAISY FIELDS

Odd...I was on my nth breakup with a woman I had met online just three months ago. Only this time, I believed it to be the last time. As of this writing I still do. Thought this on again off again online obsession was one constant, my best friend and ex, Laurie, who held my hand and withheld judgment until even I agreed the blue eyed beauty from Colorado was troubled and dangerous...

So...in order to distract me and help me with my heartache, we made plans to shoot some risque pictures of Laurie at an exhibition of Botero's sculptures. On a busy street. In Beverly Hills. The day after Thanksgiving...

I told Laurie we needed to have an earlier start. Then maybe we would not have risked arrest. Oops. Getting ahead of my story. Where was I? Oh yeah. Waiting for my best ex girl who was late even this morning. Not too out of character. This woman rarely wakes before the crack of noon.

I offered to drive. She declined my offer then asked why. To get us there a little quicker. I think she smirked, and I dropped the subject.

Arriving at Beverly Gardens, we made a mutual bee line for the restrooms. I due to my diabetes, she to slip into something more comfortable and scanty. Two seashells attached with string- a kind of mermaid bra, thong underwear, sandals and great anticipation...

We began at the opposite end of the exhibit, and to the accompaniment of morning traffic, the occasional honk, whistle and hoot, and the quiet clicks of the camera, we set about our task. Going back to the car to refeed the meter, we discovered her wallet missing. I ran to the bathroom. Nope. Luckily, I found it on the grass beside one of the sculptures. The second of three times our adrenaline was pumping. The first being in actually executing this adventure, the second being the lost wallet...The third was yet to be. Kind of Dickensian, in a way.

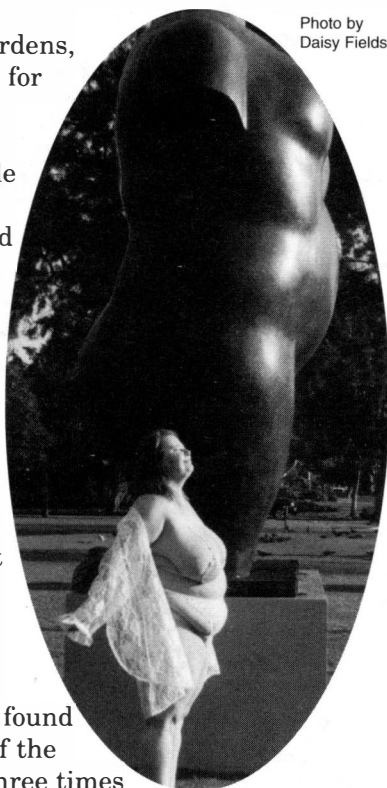


Photo by Daisy Fields

On our second roll and on the last leg (so to speak) of our shoot, Laurie flung open her lacy jacket, struck a pose, and just as quickly regained her... uh, composure and panicked. "What?" I asked, my back to the traffic.

Her one word reply: "Cops."

(Actually, there was one other word, but I decline to repeat it.) I turned around and saw the first of two cruisers pull up. I said hello, and that was the last of my involvement with Beverly Hills' finest.

This exceedingly young cop came up to us (Laurie had re-robed by now) and wanted to know what we were doing "dressed like that" in Beverly Hills? Dressed in shorts, a sweatshirt, old sneakers, no socks, I don't think he meant me. Laurie said something to the effect that we were taking pictures for a magazine. Well, said the police officer, you need permits, blah blah blah... and you can't do that here in Beverly Hills... I was reminded of the movie Beverly Hills Cop with Eddie Murphy, where, to each of his suggestions or explanations was the refrain, "Not in BEVERLY HILLS." Huh. Life imitating Art. Or something. They made us wait a little longer, and then we went to have breakfast. As the patrol cars rolled back into traffic and we slunk back to the car, we heard a loud, raucous cheer and applause. The workers of a warehouse across the street had been approving and silent spectators (till then) of our big adventure. I took a bow. Laurie waved. We still have over half a roll to shoot.

Next week: Godiva in Glendale...



Photo by Daisy Fields

PART TWO BY LAURIE AVOCADO

Next time I try something like this, I'll bring a lawyer. Was I really doing something illegal? How would I have been treated if I were a thin, young, hard-bodied model? My theory is that a naked (or nearly naked) fat woman is more naked than a naked thin woman. We see the thin, young woman everyday in movies, in magazines, on TV, at the beach, in her bikini, her underwear, or from behind in nothing at all. However scanty her clothing is, she is still wearing her culture, her conformity, and her obedience. She is a good girl. She titillates the viewer but does not over-indulge in pleasures of the flesh. A naked fat woman, without the decency to be ashamed, is a wild, uncontrolled being who threatens the most basic assumptions of our society.

Dear FaT GiRL:

On December 2nd, 1995, the Boston chapter of the Lesbian Avengers turned FaT GiRL suggestion into reality. Cambridge's Porter Square branch of Jenny Craig was the unintended host to the First Annual Lesbian Avenger Eat Out. Dykes of all sizes fed themselves and each other outside Jenny Craig while handing out our flier "Women Should not Live on Bread Alone" (which outlined how the diet industry perpetuated racism and sexism and was therefore operated by the devil's minions).

The idea came from FaT GiRL. 'Tis the season for paintballs and as we planned who to target with our "urban redecoration", thought turned toward a suggestion in FaT GiRL to deface Jenny Craig offices in a similar fashion. We realized that we had not done any activism around sizism and that attention to the epidemic of fat phobia was long overdue. The Eat Out was the end result of our brainstorming.

As actions go, it was fairly low-key. The day began with an unrelated appearance by the local Jesus Screamer driving around in his car decorated with anti-gay, anti-Semitic rantings and proselytizing to local shoppers. After a brief biblical debate and his subsequent departure, we did our own proselytizing about the diet industry. While many ignored our flyers, many others stopped to talk to us about the action and the statistics

AVENGERS EAT OUT

we presented (provided by and credited to FaT GiRL's internet home page...very cool grrls!). One woman

took the time to read our stats aloud to her daughter. While it was an action better suited for the warmer months and while

the location suffered from proximity to but not direct access to hoards of holiday shoppers, we managed to distribute 200 flyers, have a fantastic lunch (bagels, bread, chocolate, grapes, fruit juice, pasta salad) and make a few people in the Greater Boston area think for a moment.

Unlike many of our actions, we targeted this event towards populations beyond mainstream society. We recognize that the queer community has political and emotional distance to travel in coming to terms with sizism. Lesbians learn early on that their bodies and the beautiful things they do make them freaks in the eyes of the outside world. Confronting that prejudice without turning that venom on ourselves of each other in the queer community is a tough challenge, but one that must be taken for true "diversity", "community" and "family". Gay men, known for their obsession with appearance and the physical, could benefit greatly from size acceptance, which is not to suggest that girl queers do not continue to listen to the patriarchal voice that dictates beauty and the qualifications for physical dignity.

Keep at it, FaT GiRL. Thanks for the idea and motivation.

If there are any Boston-area dykes interested in participating in the Lesbian Avengers, call **617-983-FIRE** for meeting time and location. Leave a message if you have questions.



Read This, Sisters

I was sitting up last night pondering two things:

1) the major impact FaT GiRL has had on the lives of many dykes from all walks of life, which I know to be true based not only on the slew of letters FaT GiRL receives, but also from the number of folks who approach me personally and tell me how much FaT GiRL has affected them. And

2) the fact that there are many "feminist" and "lesbian-friendly" bookstores that refuse to carry FaT GiRL. Some say they have rules about not carrying anything with S/M content, some say they don't think it will sell (never mind that we offer it to them on consignment, so even if it didn't sell, it would be no loss to them whatsoever.) The owner of West Berkeley Women's Books, after carrying it based on receiving numerous requests from customers, sent it back with no note or anything. I called to ask her why, and she reluctantly admitted that it annoyed her that men who came in picked it up. Geez, why wouldn't they pick it up? It's interesting! Full Circle Books in Albuquerque said they wouldn't carry it because only a tiny percentage of their customers were fat S/M dykes. Never mind that most of the content of the magazine has nothing to do with S/M whatsoever, and that many of our readers aren't into S/M at all, and many of them aren't even fat!

MAX'S RANT

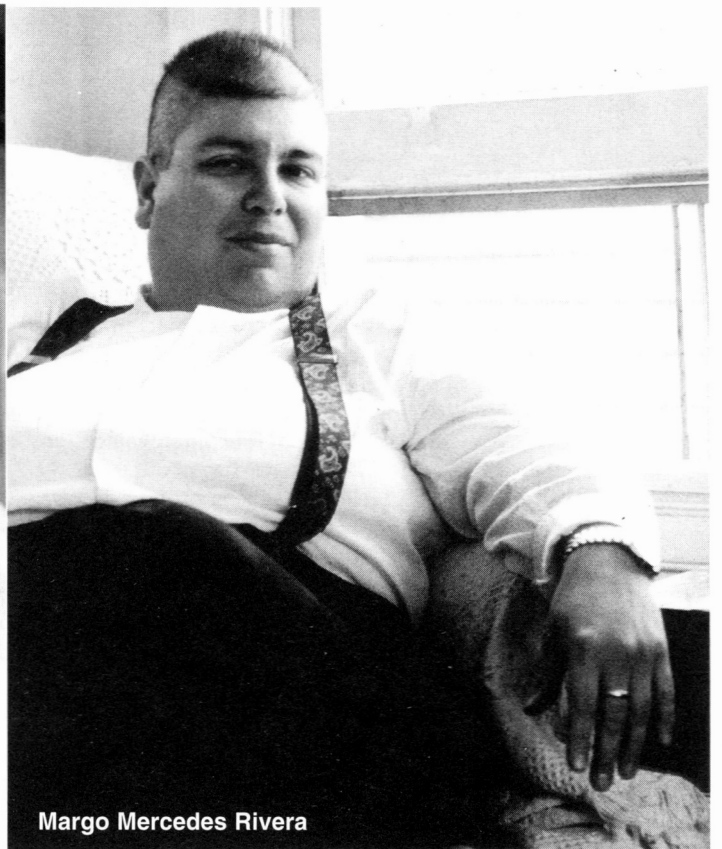
But that isn't even really the point. The point is that here we have a fledgling dyke magazine that is really doing something to bring dykes together to express ourselves honestly, and then we have our "sisters" who own bookstores, in a position to offer support to fat dykes in their community at no cost to them, but refusing based on their prejudicial attitudes about sexuality (or whatever it is). It's a kick in the butt, reminding me that no, not all of my sisters are very sisterly. Part of me thinks "silly me for assuming they would be," but wait a minute, why the hell should I expect any less from other dykes? After all, I do believe in community, and I do believe that dykes are family and should treat each other with respect and help each other out whenever possible. And yes, I even believe that "Sisterhood is Powerful." Come on sisters, we need each other! Let's stop being so damn afraid of each other and communicate! Just because we don't agree doesn't mean we should try to censor each other. Really. Haven't we been through this for a couple of generations now? How long will it take?

If you like Fat GiRL, please, tell your local bookstore how much you like it. Thank them for carrying it. If they don't carry it, request it. If they refuse to carry it, stop supporting them, and tell them so. FaT GiRL ought to be accessible to as many fat dykes as possible, not only to dykes in large cities or dykes "in the know."

by Max Airborne



April Miller



Margo Mercedes Rivera

SEXUALITY



Susannah



Sondra Solo

Photos by Laura Johnston

It's a really intense thing to get into bed with our fat bodies that we travel around on the street with, that we get hassled with, then take off all of our clothes off and be vulnerable and say, *Here, I'm giving you my fat body,* and I trust you with it, and see what they do.

**A DISCUSSION ON
SEX, SEXUALITY,
SEXINESSES,
GENDER, POWER,
AND SHOPPING...**

April: I was interested in coming because when Margo first brought up the topic, it sounded like she had really cool positive things that she wanted to talk about, about fat and sex and how they interrelate. When I heard the topic, all I had in my mind was really negative stuff about fat and sex. So I thought, "Okay, this could be really interesting."
Margo: Yeah, it definitely could be! One of the things I'm interested in is how being fat and being lovers with fat women has impacted my sexuality. For me, this isn't limited to only when I'm in bed. It's also going on when I'm out in the world. My lover and I just visited my

ROUND TABLE

APRIL MILLER
SUSANNAH
MARGO MERCEDES RIVERA
SONDRA SOLO
PANDOURA

I was tired of people asking me if I knew I was beautiful.

Yeah, why wouldn't I?!

father in Sacramento, and we were both really uptight sitting there at their suburban table, eating with them. And that has its effect. The whole way home, we had a discussion about how it felt to be fat and lower class and lesbian. It definitely made us interact differently with each other. When we get hassled on the street as fat women, it carries over. There's also the incredible power of getting into bed with someone who you feel absolutely safe with, someone with whom you don't have to explain yourself, and who you find incredibly sexy. So, there's that whole dynamic of, as you said, April, the good and the bad.

Sondra: Do you feel comfortable because your partner's fat, or because you know your partner?

Margo: I felt instantly comfortable. There was no explaining. She didn't have to reassure me time and time again that she was really attracted to me, and that she liked me "even though" I was fat. I absolutely trusted where she was coming from. I've had that, to some extent, with women who were smaller, but, in this instance, it was instant, and it's been that way since I met her. What's your experience been?

Sondra: I just got really tired of dealing with the body-image thing, and I said, "The next person I'm with, whoever it is, has got to be a fat person." I said that to myself. I made a rule. I was just tired of it. I was tired of all the hassle. I was tired of people asking me if I knew I was beautiful. Which really insulted me. I mean, I know that it was intended to be reassuring, and maybe it would be for someone who was at a

different stage of self-acceptance, but for me, it was like, "Yeah, why wouldn't I?!" And actually, then, I broke that rule a bit, because the next person that I was with was the person I'm with now. She really wasn't fat at that time, so I was really hesitant . . .

Margo: Is she now?

Sondra: A convert, yeah! But I was just desperate not to deal with body-image issues anymore.

April: I feel the issues I have about fat and sexuality combining developed when I was really young. I got a lot of sexual attention from adults when I was younger. And I blamed it on my size – because I'm very curvy, and I always have been, and very femme. A lot of my issues about fat and sex are about abuse and control; that my sexuality isn't mine – it's theirs. I don't have ownership of it. The idea that being with another fat woman would make it easier just isn't true in my life. Sex is real scary, and real vulnerable – more vulnerable than I'm willing to be with other people. That doesn't change with the other person's size. It doesn't matter who I'm with, it always comes up.

Pandoura: I'm from the Midwest, Colorado, which is a state which abhors fat women - it's just not an acceptable thing. Being a dyke in Denver is just a nightmare come true. In Denver, my lovers were always very thin. I always wanted to hide behind them, if you can imagine or picture that. I would never even look at a fat woman. And when I moved out here and my entire life became the fat community, it was like breathing for the first time. I want a woman that I can grab hold of. I want a woman that I can touch and I can be hard with, if I want to, and not worry about

breaking bones, or worry about bruising, or all of that just like be with her the way people have always been with me. I was never willing to be with a woman who was larger than me until very recently. Up to my size was okay, but bigger was a major "no-no." And I'll never forget being down between her legs - she has this great mirror in front of her bed, at the head of her bed - and she was lying there, I was down between her legs, and I was fucking her, and I looked in the mirror, and she's very large, and was rubbing her belly and her legs, and it was the biggest turn-on and the most freeing experience that I've had. And that was less than a year ago. So it's all very new. I feel very excited about it. Now I look at fat women on the street and go, "Ooh! Lunch!"

Sondra: Is your girlfriend a large woman?

Susannah: My girlfriend is not a large woman. My girlfriend is thin. I've had relationships with both fat and thin women in the past. It was really funny, because when I met my present lover, it was one of those being-fixed-up deals, and so friends described her to me — leather vest and the occasional Mohawk, and I had formed this image

before I met her. I just imagined, in my erotic visualization, this fat woman, and when we finally met, nothing else surprised me, except my expectations about her weight.

Margo: I think it's wonderful that you assumed she was fat. I think a lot of people would assume someone wasn't.

Susannah: I think that's definitely where my attraction and erotic center was, right then. I felt very attracted to her none-the-less and I've fallen deeply in love with her. She introduced me to s/m. Even though I felt like an anxious little puppy, we took our time exploring s/m and roles together. It was this wonderful, very languid enjoyment. I found for the very first time with her that I could sustain "being present" in my body for sex. Recently she's said to me, "I know I can't give you the things a fat lover could." We both recognize this, it is true, but she continues to give me so many other amazing things!

Margo: I know that when I did personal ads this summer, the most important issue to put out was that I was fat - more so than that I was mixed race, that I was butch, what my age was, what I was into sexually, it was that I was fat, because I didn't want to date anyone who was either dieting or who expected me to be slim, fit, any of those other euphemisms for not fat. A few people wanted to know how fat I was, and the three people I ended up getting involved with were all fat. It mostly just happened that way, but pretty much none of the women who weren't fat were cool enough about fat for me.

Pand: Because I'm so new at fat politics, and it's such a new core of me, I'll say things that are

wrong . . . I'd now consider them wrong, but say things that I'm new about, that I'm not understanding, and I've been chastised a few times. I'm not trying to diet, but I've lost a lot of weight this year, from medical problems I'm having, and I've gotten a lot of crap for it. I've had women tell me that I'm not fat enough to be in this space, or that space, and it's a frustration to me because I still have this little voice in the back of my head that says, "You're supposed to diet. You're supposed to be thin. You're supposed to be getting thinner, this is a good thing, not a bad thing." I still have this little conversation going on, and then I have all of my wants, needs and my desires completely on my sleeve, because they've been unearthed and I'm wearing them very close to the surface. I literally have to say to people, "I need you to be very gentle. I need you to be very careful, because I really don't want to get this slapped away. Pay attention. Be nice and kind." I'm finding with new lovers, especially this year, that I'm being very top, very in control. When women who are new into fat politics, like my current lover, say things like, "I shouldn't eat that," or when

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I said, "Well, why don't we put chocolate all over each other's bodies and lick it off!" and she said, "Well . . ." I say, "Don't go there!" Please, don't go there! I'm not going to put sugar-free chocolate or sugar-free Jell-O in bed with us. It's just not going to happen. My most favorite erotic thing to do is to feed and be fed the most luscious foods things that just squish when they go in your mouth – in public. This is a personal favorite thing to do, and people stare. With my ex, people used to stare and click their teeth. It's really hard. Fat people have sex. We fuck. We fuck each other. We fuck all of them. Surprise!

Margo: You know, that's the other thing. When I get in bed with my fat lover, there are all these obstacles to overcome. Like, when you go to Good Vibrations and the harnesses don't fit. On top of everything else, all the images we see of sexual people are all straight, mostly white and thin. The thin thing is yet another layer of "if you're fat, you can't be sexual." It is hard to leave that behind. But I feel like when I do get in bed with my lover, the garbage usually does just vanish, because I trust her so much, and I'm so attracted to her. There's such magic between us that it does go away and our sexuality is really powerful.

Pand: My fat lover, right now, she's so new at this. All of her lovers have been skinny and fatphobic. So the only way to do it was that she would fuck them, and then she would never get anything in return, and that's been her entire experience. So she's having . . . When I'm fucking her, I'm telling her, "Your body is so beautiful," she has stopped me several times and said, "I can't take it. I can't hear it. I'm not in a space where I can hear that yet." It's hard for me, because that's so much a part of sexuality for me. How beautiful her body is, how beautiful she is, and what she's giving me is so intense, and I totally love it. It's hard for me to back off and go, "Okay, I'll fuck you without any voice, make love to you without any spoken word." It's difficult.

Margo: Well, it's a really intense thing to get into bed with our fat bodies that we travel around on the street with, that we get hassled with, then take all of our clothes off and be vulnerable and say, "Here, I'm giving you my fat body, and I trust you with it," and see what they do.

Susannah: My lover takes up so much "space" in the bedroom, in the world, and then there's all of the things that go on energy-wise in our exchange that I see her as this big, strong, powerful person during sex that when I come down from my sexual high and I catch our images together in the mirror, our difference in physical size is a bit of a shock. So, I wonder if I carry in my mind, still, an image of her that is much larger than her physical frame.

April: When I used to see pictures of my ex and I together, they always freaked me out. I think part of it

was that she took up an amazing amount space, too—she was just so much bigger than her body, but part of it also was that I have an image in my head of myself as smaller than I am, so that both of them would hit, at the same time, looking at a photo.

April: I'm wondering if other people have really specific issues that they've noticed. Recently I've been working on learning to lay on top of, sit on top of, give my weight over to other people. I started doing that with a dancer friend, and I've progressed to doing it to some extent, or occasionally, or not very long, with lovers. But it's a really big deal! And I'm sure a lot of it is from being taunted, or listening to other kids taunt friends of theirs, that if they didn't watch out, I'd sit on them.

Susannah: There was even a song for me, because of my name, "Oh, Fatsannah, don't you sit on me." But I have sat on people, and it *is* a lot of fun.

April: I like to have women of all sorts of different sizes lay on me, so I can understand it, but it freaks me out every time I have a lover who just casually asks me to get

on top of her. She assumes that's something that's in my realm of possible things to do in the world, and it's not! It's a big deal!

Margo: My last lover was probably about 130 or 140 pounds, about 5'3", and she would beg me to lie on top of her with my full body weight. And it took me I

don't even know how long to do it. And I finally did it, and she didn't explode, and she didn't break, and she actually really liked it, but I was never comfortable with it. And my lover now wants me to get on top of her. I do it more, but I still don't understand why she would want that. Maybe it's a butch thing, but I don't think I've ever...maybe just for two seconds sat on someone's face. I don't think I can do that. But I love it when my lover gets on top of me and rides me. I think it's great!

Pand: I begged my ex to sit on my face. My most favorite thing in the world is to be totally smothered. I love that! I'm not sure if it was a top thing, or a butch top thing but she wouldn't do it. And my current lover is so comfortable . . . I mean, her body has been that size forever. As she grew up, as she got older, she got fatter and fatter. She just says, "Yeah, that's my body." She's never had any trouble, never had the size trouble. And I asked her, and she just said, "Of course." Thank you!

April: It seems like there must be other things that are difficult for people.

Susannah: Well, in my family, we've always really strong bear huggers. I always feel like I'll hurt someone with that. My brother and I used to pseudo-sumo wrestle when we were kids. I love wrestling with people, testing my strength.

Margo: But I think there can also be another side of that. A good friend of mine who is a Latina butch had the beginning of a relationship with another woman, who

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happened to be a thin white woman. An interaction happened where, as I understand it, the thinner white woman accused my friend of trapping her and physically abusing her and doing things that she didn't do at all. I've known this woman for fifteen, twenty years, and this is not who she is at all. And I think it was her size that made this other woman feel intimidated, feel scared of her. It's also the intersection of other things too - race, and butch identification, but also it really had a lot to do with her size, and the woman basically feeling very unsafe with her.

Sondra: I've had experiences like that, too. I'm thinking particularly of this one woman who was one of the first women I was fooling around with. She was very thin, very white - frail. And I remember sitting next to her, and she was really

intimidated. And I sort of put my hands on her, and I was like, "It's okay." And she was like, "Whoa, what are you doing?!" She was so scared, and I realized that it wasn't going to work. I did feel like it was a size thing. She was so intimidated. I felt like, if you're intimidated by me now, I don't want to be getting into this.

Pand: I have found that personality and size and sexuality are three things that just mesh, all the time. Or people on the outside looking in think they mesh. I have a big personality, therefore I must have big body. When I talk on the phone, when I was doing the personal ads thing a couple years ago, and I'd be talking on the phone, I never said anything about fat, and they automatically assumed I was, because of the size of the personality. I have a woman I traveled across country with last summer - and I hope to god she's never in my life again - she's a very thin white woman who lives in the Bay Area, she's a dyke, and she kept talking about people taking up space in the world, and I got more and more and more offended. And I kept saying to her, "If they're having big personality stuff, or they're fat, I need you to tell me, because I'm getting more and more offended, because I've also taken up very little space and been the same size. Okay? So I need you to let me know." And it became this really big issue for us.

Susannah: I think that taking up space issue is really important, especially because I feel very much that I "expand" when I'm in pleasure, and I take up a lot more room in the bedroom. So, if the person can't be there for that, and kind of hold her own in that, it's not going to work.

Pand: I've found, in s/m scenes especially, that when I'm bottoming and I'm in a really small space, I need my top to be of size. I need her to be large. That with a thin woman, when I am small, I just think it's two children in the room. It's really difficult. I need the big personality, I need her to be strong, and I automatically equate fat and strong, in a sexual situation. So when I'm bottoming,

and I'm little - I'm very, very little - I need her to bring me back that way. I need her to be strong and grab me and go, "I need you here; I need you present; I need you focused. Stay with me. Be strong." And it helps me. It helps me a lot.

Margo: Just as you said that, I just got this flash that I do associate big fat women with, as you said, strength, but also safety. I mean, that's the main way I like to give it up. But, yeah, there's something really safe.

Pand: Artemis Oakgrove wrote - and we all know she's like one of the worst writers in the community, but she does do good smut; she does decent smut - there's a piece in her book, *Nighthawk*, that I always refer to, when she's talking about being with the woman who foster-parented her, and the sexuality that hap-

pened in that relationship which is sick in its own right -but she's talking about how only a fat woman can take this from her, only a fat woman can take the total power of her sexuality, a hundred percent thin women cannot do this. I remember reading that scene and going, "Yes, that's totally it!"

April: I read that same piece and I think the book is horrible, but for me, it just keys into all the messages I've heard all my life, it's not that fat women have a sexuality - they have a sexual usefulness.

Pand: My take on that was that she uses *Nighthawk*, that she's excited when she comes, that's the only woman who can really give this to her the way she needs it.

Margo: So, April, how do you think we can have a sexuality, as opposed to having a sexual usefulness?

April: I don't know. But I think the more that fat women are explicit in the world about the fact that they have a sexuality that's *their* sexuality, and they're doing what they want, the better.

Margo: Yeah, well so often, we get sabotaged. I was in Miami, this summer, with my lover, and we were walking on this boardwalk, and there were lots of faggots out, and there was all this really cool Latin music playing. It was raining, and my wife was dressed in long shorts and a short T-shirt that showed off her belly. She looked really good. It was pouring, and the more it rained, the more her clothes stuck to her body. These guys sitting in a cafe started hassling my lover. My instinct was to reach out and put my arm around her, which of course made them hassle us for being lesbians. And they went on and on, and I don't even remember what they said. It was just nasty stuff. We kept walking and I was feeling really bad. I'm sure she was feeling even worse and I dropped her hand, because I didn't want any more shit. And she interpreted it as I didn't want to be with her, or that I was ashamed to be with her. Of course, it disintegrated from there. But that expression of herself as a fat, beautiful 350 pound woman, dressed the way that she

I've heard all my life, it's not that fat women have a sexuality - they have a sexual usefulness.

wanted to dress, turned into a wedge between us. So I think it's really hard for that to happen, because we can't just do what we want to do. We have to take in all the shit that's out in the world. It's happened, and it's really hard to transform that.

Pand: I just had a flash, from when I lived in Colorado, my lovers would never be seen with me in public as a lover. I was okay in the bedroom, and I was okay in the living room, but I was not okay to go out dancing with. I country step, two-step. And it was okay to dance with my faggot friends. It was okay to dance with my friends, but my lover would never acknowledge my existence, and this was several lovers in a row. And I totally interpreted that as being because I was fat. I mean, I never assumed it was anything else. It had to be! THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE WRONG WITH ME!

And I just flashed on that, and I really understand. I've done much better for myself since I got here. . . . Did you talk it out, you and she, later on?

Margo: Oh, eventually. . . .

Susannah: I've an experience, just from growing up and being very close with my mom, of having my mom as a companion and her being out there in the world as a smart, witty, social fat person. I have all these positive visual and kinesthetic memories of my mom getting dressed for a party, how good she looked; so elegant and sexy. She also gave me such a sex-positive and tolerant upbringing. My mom's social circle had a number of political and artsy fat dykes in it. I even went with my mom to my first lesbian bar. Having older dykes as friends while growing up has helped me enormously to live my life. But my mom has been the single most important role model for me in terms of being a fat woman in the world. Last spring, my lover and I went to a formal evening wedding. She was "best man." I had this last-minute anxiety attack about how I looked, and how we were going to be treated as a "out" dyke couple at this straight wedding. My mom just sat me down and laid all this positive stuff on me. It really helped me feel good and I really enjoyed the evening.

Sondra: We've talked a lot about fat women as being strong, and a lot of us sort of identify fat women that way, but I think that is probably sort of atypical. I'm wondering if other people think so. I mean, I think a lot of fat women out there -and maybe I'm thinking just heterosexually -but I feel like when fat women are targeted - maybe just straight women -it's more because they're easier. I don't know . . . it seems not genuinely a consensual sexual interest.

Pand: I don't know. Explain that a little more.

Sondra: I feel like there are stereotypes that fat women can be easier - easier to get fat women to do what you

want, easier to control, than a random thin woman. because I don't really feel that way, I wonder if that's part of why I'm drawn to the whole dyke community. I really wonder how much of a factor that is in my life. Because that stereotype really doesn't fit with me, it would be really hard for me to be with a man, no matter what my body was saying. Just because the culture is so different, so alienating.

Margo: Men come up to me on the street and, basically, just out and out proposition me for sex. They wouldn't say, "Would you like to go out for a drink ." They'd say, "Would you like to go home and fuck." It would just be really blatant. Sometimes I would say, "I'm a lesbian," or whatever, and they would say, "Well, I can suck pussy as good as any girl." And I'd say, "Yeah, right!" But there would be no pretense of anything else, except that I was just this fat cunt that they could stick their dick in. I mean, that's all it was. So I think that that exists.

Pand: Yeah, I've had that kind of experience, too.

Margo: And I don't know if that happens to thin women, too. I'm sure to some it does, but this exclusively happens. I mean, that's the only attention I've ever had from men.

Pand: I remember being thin and getting attention from men, and it wasn't like that. It was much more in love, like cat-calls, and nice propositions like, "Hey, wanna get married?"

April: I get both kinds. I was walking to the hairdresser once, and walked by this man who said, "Wanna fuck?" It took me ten steps to think, "He really said that! I have a hairdressing appointment! No!" But I also have men who follow me and try to give me their phone numbers, want me to go out for coffee, want to date, that kind of thing. Finally, if they're polite, I tell them I'm a lesbian,

"I don't do men."
But I think that the stereotype is definitely out there, and there is a real perception that fat women are available, because they're desperate. And hey, "all cats are gray in the dark." I don't think you can be a dyke and grow up in

America and not have that stereotype in you somewhere. I don't know how it plays out in the lesbian community, but I'm sure it's there because it's out there in the world.

Pand: That would be a really good survey to put in *FaT GiRL*, and have fat girls give to their thin friends. What happens to you on the street? Do people proposition you? Do you get this? Do you see yourself this way, and that way? Give it to both sides and see what the comparison is.

April: I find that the attention that I get is more hostile and abusive, or what I consider that way, when I'm

I have all these positive memories of my mom getting dressed for a party, how good she looked; so elegant, so sexy.

depressed. When I'm not depressed, people tend to stay further away. I still get attention, but it's more polite. So I'm curious, is it just me?

Margo: I wonder. I'm in this writing class, and the teacher told a story about walking down the street. She'd just gotten herself a roasted chicken, and she was really into this chicken. I don't think she was eating it, but she was holding it. And these guys just called her a whore, or "puta" - they said "puta" to her. And I was thinking it was probably because she was much more interested in this chicken than she was in what they had in their pants. So I think that perhaps, since you're not engaging with them, or you're really obviously not interested, in your own head, that they feel like you're rejecting them, and they can say nastier shit to you.

April: They come up and touch me, when I'm depressed, when I don't even know they're there. I think that part of it has to do with the whole *fat = lonely = available* equation.

Margo: "You'll take anything, even scum like me."

Pand: I've found myself . . . I'm riding bus and BART, now, and I'm finding that my car is going to be bigger than any therapy I've ever had, because I can't protect myself. I don't feel like I have any mental or emotional protection at all. And I have found, I'd say it's upwards of ninety percent of the time, I'll be alone at this bus stop, let's say. A man will walk by. He will say hello. I ignore him. This is an open invitation to barrage me with every disgusting thought he's ever had about a woman, a fat woman, a dyke, whatever he assumes that I am. But if I happen to say hello, just thinking I'll say hello and that'll be the end of it and he'll just keep walking - he turns around and takes it as an invitation to proposition me.

April: You just can't win.

Pand: I've given up trying.

Margo: Get a mustache.

Pand: Yeah, change my hairstyle, adjust my body, put it in appropriate clothing. It's still not going to be right.

Sondra: Get a gun.

Pand: There you go! I had cops telling me the other day that I was a moron, for walking through a neighborhood where I had no business being, dressed the way I was dressed, and looking how I looked - that I deserved, basically, I deserved what I got from the guys that harassed me.

Sondra: Did you complain to the cops?

Pand: No. These guys were harassing me and the cops pulled up, and I'm very happy they were there, because it would have extended . . . it would have gone much further than it did. And now I'm required by my supervisor to be driven to this neighborhood, because I can't protect myself, short of owning a gun or being a black belt in karate, and being able to take care of myself that way. I can't do it. There's no way to win.

Sondra: In some ways, I feel like weight is just another

one of those things, like being a woman, and being a dyke, and being whatever other things that just make you more susceptible, to people feeling that they can fuck with you.

April: I think that what I've done is learned to use the stereotypes to be my protection. Fat women are perceived as voracious, that's part of the whole "fat women are easy" thing. That they're always sex hungry, partially because they can't get it, and partially just because they eat. So a lot of my persona is about taking that reputation of voraciousness and saying, "yeah". I think that it intimidates people, that the sheer sensual wave I can put out keeps them away. Which is good and bad. I think part of the difference when I'm depressed is I'm just not doing that. I'm crying, I'm doing whatever, and then I'm vulnerable, I'm usable again. Other times they may know they can't really handle me, but at that point . . .

Sondra: Is that something that you can let go of, when you want to?

April: No.

Sondra: It's a reaction to the world at large?

April: And intimate relationships. A lot of times, I feel what I've got is a little three year old girl, running around the world in the grown-up woman's body she's always had.

Susannah: Once I was at the neighborhood diner, I had my hair all done up, and I'm in a flowered flowing dress, and I'm feeling very sexy, and my lover is in jeans and 100% butch. We passed a man and he says, raunchily, "Hey, beautiful!" to my lover. And I think I

was actually jealous of the harassment! The harassment is different for all of us. For a butch, it's a double insult, to be called "beautiful".

April: I'd be lying if I didn't say that there's a part of me that really revels in it. To be able to make people who really believe "fat people are ugly," want me and not be able to get me. I like that. Yes, I like that. I don't like them to be impolite, but I don't mind if they desire.

Pand: There's a group of men that my lover works with. She's the only woman who works in this music store, and she's not closeted, she's just very suburban, very pastel, so I walk in there. "So, this is the new girlfriend?" They don't know how to take me. I came in one day, and I was showing her *FaT GiRL*, and the men were interested. I said, "Fine. Take a look." And they were looking at it. It happened to be the first issue. Do you guys remember the centerfold? This guy opened up to it, and he threw it! He had no idea that women do this - I mean women and women together. He had no idea that fat women do this. And I guess she got tons of shit about being sexual, and she said, "I'm twenty-eight years old. I have a lover. We are sexual. That's who we are." And they got honest with her, and they said, "We never, ever thought of you as a sexual being. We've known you ten years." The men never thought of her as a sexual being.

"You'll take anything, even scum like me."

Is it just women, or is this fat women? Thin women are always assumed that, at the age of fifteen or sixteen, they're fucking, but fat girls -we don't start 'til later. God knows, nobody wants us and we have to wait 'til later. I didn't start being sexual 'til nineteen, but those were choices that I had made. And I'm happy about my choices. I am a sexual being. It's eighty percent, sometimes, of my persona. And I like it.- I like to put it out there. I've never interviewed for a job I haven't gotten. I'm very strong, out there, in who I am, and I want people to say, "She's sexy." I want people to tell me that I'm beautiful. I want people to tell me that they understand. So I keep taking them every issue.

Margo: Make them buy them.

April: One of the things I like about being fat is my voluptuousness. Whether it's currently fashionable or not, big tits are woman. Big hips are woman. So there's a part of me that revels in being big tits and tiny waist and big hips, and just more womanly than any woman they've ever seen before. I like that part of it. I like being able to be out in the world and throw people's assumptions back in their face, and really challenge them to look at their beliefs . . . not by saying that their standards, or the things that they value are wrong, but by saying , "Yes, the things that you value are beautiful. I think they're beautiful, too, and I have them all. You've just put a limit on the size, and that's wrong."

Sondra: I've been thinking a lot about butch identity issues, this past year. And I think what you say is really true. It's been my experience, too - this whole sort of "big breasts, big hips, more woman" thing. And I think that's really hard. I'd really like to hear more of a butch perspective on it. 'Cause I know that can be a real problem. It can be really hard to be out in the world and be butch, when your body is perceived as "ultra-woman."

Susannah: I have the flip side of that: I'm femme, but I have a butch body; broad shoulders, flat chest. . . I happen to be with a lover who totally revels in that, so we have a lot of faggot fun between the two of us.

April: I think that's interesting, too, because for me, a butch with big tits is . . . I love . . . that's what butches are supposed to be! But I totally understand it's a shopping nightmare for them. If you're the kind of butch who wants not to be that shape . . . But I don't care. I'm thinking, "Yeah, that's definitely the right way!"

Margo: It's exactly, as you say, a shopping nightmare. I was in Eddie Bauer outlet - my favorite place- and I'm in there, and I see this other butch. And of course I go up and say "hi", real friendly. She said, "Did you see these pants? Aren't they great?" I said, "I have that butch nightmare." pulling my shirt up. I moaned, "I have that

hourglass figure." She kind of laughed. "Well, they fit me just fine." When I was smaller, I used to be able to wear men's pants really easily, 501's used to fit great. But now I'm too big in the ass, with this little waist. It just doesn't work. And I do have big tits - they definitely get in the way. They feel great when I'm in bed, but when I'm strutting around, trying to be butch they don't quite fit.

Susannah: Well, try trying on dresses with huge darts! I've got nothing to fill them, and yet the dress is fitting my shoulders just fine.

Pand: I've found you just need to buy boys' clothes. I'm totally attracted to butch women. I don't have any doubts in my mind that a dark-skinned butch woman is a hundred percent for me, and I can pick them out of a crowd of a thousand, every time.

April: Are you referring to persona or physique?

Pand: Both. I like a woman with a male body. I always have. I like small-breasted women; I like women with no hips. I'm built like that, and I feel much more comfortable. I can dress femme, and I can do all that because I know how to accessorize. But I like them butch. I like to guess . . . I'm most attracted to the ones I have to look at and go, "Is that male or female?" Very attractive, I'm very attracted to transes. And it's a lot of fun. I like going out and taking them shopping, and helping them shop. They're beautiful - I think they're beautiful, and I think the struggle that they go through is beautiful.

April: I think for fat women, the commitment that we have to make to express ourselves through the way we dress, and move, and are in the world, is so big- and it doesn't matter whether you're butch or femme, or neither-the kind of struggles that we have to go through to find a way to make ourselves project what we want to project are such a ferocious project it's amazing. You're right, the struggle is beautiful. We were talking earlier about perceiving fat women as strong. I think that's part of it. You have to be incredibly strong to live in the world as a fat woman.

Margo: There is that strength of getting harassed, or getting the daily message that you don't fit, in whatever way, and then still going, still pursuing, still finding sexy outfits to wear outside, even though it may be \$60 for this really slinky sexy thing in the store - if they happen to have your size - overcoming all of that, and still being who you are and expressing it. It makes it doubly sweet.

Sondra: Yeah, but I think there are a lot of women that it doesn't happen for. There's a ton of women who just stay in their houses or in their rooms, or whatever, and I sort of feel like that could be me. Not that it could be me, who I am, but it just so happened it didn't happen to me

**"We never,
ever
thought
of you
as a
sexual
being"**

that way. I think for me to be as out there as I am, just being a person walking down the street, and then being sexual on top of that, and everything else on top of that, it was real luck. I don't think it was a personal strength thing. I think it was more . . . I don't know. I just feel like, for every one fat woman who can turn it around and manage to feel good about herself consistently, there have to be tens of women who can't. You know, who are in the bedroom, who are thinking, "If only I could get down to a size 26, I could buy the thing at Lane Bryant, and then maybe I would feel sexy." I think it's sad. I guess I don't see glamour in the struggle.

Pand: It has been so long since I've been involved in that struggle, that when I hear it . . . Like, a woman the other day that I've just recently met, and hating spending time with, she's like really into losing the fifty pounds she has, and becoming the beautiful woman she wants to be to impress these men, and I have like a total visceral reaction to it. I'd forgotten that women do this struggle. I'd forgotten that office of women are on the Weight Watchers' diet, and I forgot that all they're trying to do is impress men, so they can be sexual. I'd forgotten all of this. It was a slap in the face. It was really hard. I think if we forget where we came from, we're going to be lost. And if we don't put it out there every day, we're going to be more lost.

Sondra: This is one of the things where I wonder if there's a difference - something I was trying to bring up a long time ago - a difference between s/m people, or whatever you want to call it - power people - and vanilla lesbians. Because, it seems to me the great majority of people that I experience who seem reasonable about size issues and body image issues, are all s/m people. I don't know if that's just because I don't hang out with many people who aren't. There's certainly so much shit in the lesbian community about body image stuff. I guess I get really protective of my girlfriend, 'cause when I go out with her she often gets a lot of shit, and she's quite, quite butch . . .

April: And really cute.

Sondra: Yeah. And I compare that experience to going out with other friends - especially one friend who's butch and who's very thin - just exactly what many lesbians would drool over - tightly muscled, sort of small, but big-shouldered kind of thing. And I'll tell you, she is treated better, everywhere, every time, by people queer, not queer, whatever. And it makes me so angry. It just makes me so angry.

Margo: I know this was discussed in the race roundtable thing - but there's definitely a different aesthetic of what's considered beautiful or sexy in some communities of color. I grew up similarly to you, (to Susannah) with my mother being fat, and it being a good thing, it being a

really positive thing, and my father being wildly attracted to her. I don't think it's exclusively s/m women who are into fat women. Maybe it's a higher percentage, in the survey thing, but I know plenty of vanilla women - white and of color - who are really great about fat.

Susannah: Certainly, at s/m play parties, for the first time I got to see, since I never saw my mom having sex, fat women having sex, outside of my own mirror image. There is the power of that.

April: I don't know exactly how to address this, but you were talking earlier about not all fat women being able to make a choice to be positive in the world. I know that I am kind of hostile about it, but I feel I made a choice when I was young about whether or not I was going to give in to society's pressure about how fat women could be. And I ended up the way that I am, and for the most part, I like it. And I think those women chose too - the women that I see that make me feel sorry, and make me want to rescue them, and for whom I feel an enormous amount of sympathy, but also an enormous amount of blame. I really feel like they could have chosen - or they could still choose - not to live their life like it was appropriate to tread on them. And I want them not to. I want them to decide that they have a right to be in the world, and they can be who they want, and do what they want, and stop being involved with weenie people because they're desperate, and get a life. And it sounds really harsh, but there's this part of me that *is* really harsh and aggravated. People compliment me a lot, but what they say is, "I could never wear that. I could never do that." And it's not that they don't admire, or want it somehow. They've put it as someplace that they could never go. WHY NOT? They're smaller than I am. It'd be a whole lot easier for them than it is for me, in terms of the actual physical stuff in the world. So, I don't have a lot of patience for it. I really don't. I think they chose to be limited.

Sondra: I think that's really different. What you just said is a different thing than . . . for someone to come up - and I've had things like that, too - come up and say, "Oh, I could never do that. You're so great for doing that. I could never do that." That to me is no compliment, and I don't feel like it was

intended as one. I feel like it's a "Boy, you're certainly eccentric! Good for you!" That, to me, is really a different thing. I don't have the anger that you have about . . .

I mean, I understand it. I think I really do, because I think it's probably similar, for me, to people who don't . . . like people who are just closeted, or something. And it's like, "By staying in the closet, you are affecting me. By them not knowing that you're gay and can hold that job, that does affect me." But I guess I just don't have

There's certainly so much shit in the lesbian community about body image stuff.

that feeling about weight issues. I think it probably has to do with knowledge about abusive relationships, and really understanding how they can work. People say "You should be doing something to get out of this," but you can't. Like you can't do anything. I understand it on such a guttural level that I just don't have that anger.

It's so easy to say, just leave, or whatever. Just change, just don't take it. Being able to do that is a big, scary, hard thing. But I understand what you're saying, I think.

Margo: I understand it, too. From my perspective,

I couldn't get out of it until I was ready to get out of it. Partially, I couldn't get out of it until I knew that there was something else out there. I know you were fat as a kid, too, April. I don't even know when it began. In first grade, somebody made some comment how I wasn't in their classroom, and if I were, nobody else would have been able to fit in the classroom. It just went on and on and on. I was very active in sports, in high school, and people mooded at me from the other team, and taunted me. So I internalized it, and then when a lover said the classic "well, you'd be so attractive if only you lost X pounds," I didn't get mad about it, and I took it. I thought, "Well, that's just how it is, and I should be grateful that she wants to be with me, at all." It wasn't until years later that I really got a consciousness about it. I guess I don't feel like people are choosing to stay there as much as they're slammed into this place, and they don't know better yet, or they haven't figured what other options there are yet. This particular area, we're very privileged to have a lot of really wonderful political stuff happening, and a lot of acceptance. I love places like Telegraph Avenue, because I feel like I can walk there and melt in and I'm not a freak. But there

aren't places like in most of the places across the country.

Susannah: There's such constant bombardment from society to fit the "norm", unless you have something within you that says it can be different, somehow, and that grows, and that's always forming your perspective, so that by the time you're an adult, you can express yourself as a unique being, as a creative person, or an independent thinker in any regard.

April: I can only relate it to my life. I grew up in Minnesota, in Minneapolis, one of the probably five mixed-race kids that I knew in the state of Minnesota. And I've been fat all my life, and it's not like people were rushing out to talk to me in Minneapolis and say, "Oh yes, you can be different. You don't have to buy all of this." All the pressure that I got was to accept it and go with the flow, and try and turn myself into wall-paper, and diet and stuff like that. It was no easier for me there than it would be for anybody else anywhere. I think that everybody's faced with that choice, and it's not about the outside world making it easy and accessible for you. It's about what you're prepared to think and prepared to

accept. And I guess the people I'm often the most aggravated with are people like women in NAAFA, who are in a fat activist community, or women in the Oakland fat dyke community, who have an enormous quantity of options, and still spend a lot of time saying, "I can't do this. I can't do that. This isn't available for me." If they're out in the world, they could do it, but they won't. Part of my aggravation, clearly, is that I feel like I'm doing all their work for them. I want to have company. But it's

hard for me to see people in that kind of pain, and the pain isn't any less when you're trying to hide. It's just the pain is just yours. You don't get to share it with anybody. It doesn't go away; it doesn't get any smaller.

It's just that there's just you.

Sondra: I guess it's so hard to leave that kind of place. I feel like people do what they can do. It's hard for me to believe - and not to belittle the effort that you've put into being you, at all - but it's hard for me to believe that people would willingly allow themselves to be oppressed. . . . People aren't stupid, you know.

If you see clearly your two options, and you can really do both of them, you choose the better one. You would choose to be less oppressed, or more vocal, or whatever, and the fact that people don't choose that, to me, means they can't - whether they can't see it or they can't do it, the fact is they can't.

April: I think people choose the more familiar route. Which isn't necessarily better, but they know how to do it.

Margo: The known misery?

April: Yeah. They know what misery looks like; they know what it feels

like; they know what to do with it.

Margo: I don't know. I feel like I need company in the things that I do. Like I didn't come out until I heard that there were other lesbians in the world, because I thought I was the only one. If I was the only one, it was a non-issue. I really did think I was the only one. I just thought I would not be sexual for the rest of my life. What a tremendous loss that would have been.

Transcribed by Cath Thompson.

**Pull up a chair at the roundtable!
Organize a discussion of your own and send
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FaT GiRL

**2215-R Market Street, Box 197
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Q: How does being

A: I think it

I feel better and more comfortable in bed, nude, making love, than I do out in public.

I consider myself bi-sexual but have found many more women than men who accept my size and find me sexy. I can't say my weight has made me a lesbian but I do believe it's influenced who my sexual partners are. Then again, it's probably just that women are so much cooler in general.

Due to some recent experiences, I'm in a shell—not planning to come out. It really hurt.

I often think, when I have a crush — oh, she'll never like me, I'm too big. But when someone does like me, I'm usually able to be very comfortable in my body.

Mostly I think it affects my confidence in seeking out sexual partners. I've only had one, and she made the first move sexually. I've been in love with several women who I've never even told. My lack of confidence isn't entirely due to being fat, but a lot of it is.

I think I'm somewhat more self-conscious when I'm with a woman who is smaller than I am, but it hasn't really been an impediment. I do everything I want to do, and have no trouble getting my needs/desires met by and with lovers.

I feel sort of embarrassed to talk about sex. I am uninhibited in my fantasies, but I'm shy about acting them out.

I have always been fat and always loved being sexual—don't know if I can separate the two. I am and feel abundant in my flesh, this extends to an abundance in my sexuality and a desire to share. I like how my breasts and stomach shake when they are caressed and I get excited when one of my body parts moves against another body part.

I can never find cuffs big enough for my lovers and I.

20 Fat Girl

It's inhibiting. I'm so much better, more liberated sexually than 10 years ago. It was hard to be naked. I'm pretty OK now. I can do it. Sometimes, on bad days, I might not want to get into a certain sexual position because I think my ass looks too big. It's hard to come when you're feeling inadequate and insecure. I still have nagging doubts about my appearance. For example, I'm still very uneasy about making a pass at someone. At least now I can name it. Helps that first I should determine if they're fat-friendly. I'm interested in the question: How does your sexuality affect being fat? I've been working on that one for awhile.

Physical movement can be restrictive but other than that it really doesn't.

I don't know. I've always been fat so I don't know how I might be different if I weren't fat.

I am always, to some extent, hiding. My body is like a peep-show. People see what I want them to see. Or at least, that's what I always tell myself. It's really hard to stay present when someone is running her hands over my 'fat parts' that I've been mentally erasing my whole life.

I'm not sure it does.

Dealing with being sexual and feeling sexually desired as a fat woman by other women has also given me permission to be a promiscuous dyke slut. Breaking down those walls and feeling like "Yes, people really do lust after me" makes me want to test it and see how far I can go. Partly liberating, partly dangerous. Sometimes I just like to keep my body to myself and it is a completely empowering sensation to feel like when I'm allowing women to worship my body, it's because they know what I have to offer and they would pay almost any price—and then I give freely.

I like to include food in my sex life. Wine, frappes, marshmallows, butterscotch sauce, olives.

fat affect your sexuality? enhances it in some ways.

I don't have an attraction to really skinny girls with hip bones that stick out. I love women who are full, thick, and know it. I feel powerful and strong sometimes, and other times I feel like a big kid.

It makes me feel bad about myself sometimes.

Well, I play almost exclusively with other fat women. I use longer dicks when I fuck to accommodate bellies and asses. Sometimes I get weirded out when a skinny woman is interested in me, afraid she'll be squicked by my body. It makes me less likely to respond if someone's cruising me. I just can't believe they mean it.

Hmmm...

The media certainly makes me think I'm not very sexy and it's a constant battle to remind myself that I can be very sexy!

I'm 31 and just took all my clothes off and really had sex with another woman for the first time last year, after living as an out dyke for years. It ended badly and confirmed my worst fears—that a lover would reject my body. Sex is really scary for me, I really want to be able to lose myself (and hang ups) in sex. I'm trying to overcome years of fears, negative messages, etc. about sex, particularly as a fat dyke.

Fewer positions work than when I was thin. That's about it.

This is so painful to think about, but . . . I do feel dykes—even most of my intimate lovers who really love me—will find me less attractive, by the sheer fact of my being fat, than they find slimmer women. Unless a lover shows a consistent genuine bias and lustful preference towards fat women (like, I'm not just some exception), I can't help but fear that if she finds a slim woman attractive, there's no way I can 'compete.' And I can't help but compare us.

As women, and especially as femmes, we are always comparing and gauging beauty, to calculate our worth and standing, although among friends, we are gracious and supportive (or perhaps I've been lucky). And although I genuinely do personally find skinny women less attractive than women with meat on their bones, I think I will always feel that I will never rate with the skinny pretty girls, and that my lovers will find me inferior. When that actually happens, it makes me sick. Fat/thin is all I can see, and I am that sorry, 'pathetic' fat girl for thinking I can rate with someone who's thin.

I am far more reticent to pursue or even initiate contracts or relationships, both out of fear of rejection and a desire not to complicate my life more than it already is.

I am much less concerned about other people's opinions and expectations when I am heavier.

I don't know how it does, but I'm sure it does. Oh, I won't date small women. I'm sure that would be different if I were smaller.

I'm more self-conscious around thin women in a sexual situation. Otherwise, it doesn't affect it.

Being fat doesn't affect my sexuality, but it does affect my sex life. I've had more sex when I've been fatter. Maybe because I've lived in places like China, where fat is sensuous, and NY, a melting pot of cultural attitudes about size, and of course, SF, birthplace of the Fat Liberation Movement. Maybe being larger makes me feel safer about taking risks, because I can back up a "No" with all the strength of my big body. But how I look has never affected how sexy I feel nearly as much as how I feel inside has.

WORD OF MOUTH

"I am sorry they divorced. I really am. Because she did without a lot of things to help Newty. She tutored him, she took care of the children,...and she didn't have nice furniture...But we often wonder, if she would have lost some weight, if it would have helped. She was quite heavy."

-Kit Gingrich, mother of the newt, demonstrating her own family values.

"There's too much hate in this world. Whether it be the size or the color that I am, I am big and I am beautiful and I'm gonna show it!...I'm the new and improved Barbie. I can't help it if I can't fit all this personality into a size 6."

-Pro-Wrestler Kelle "Beastie" Boeninghaus

"A 400 pound woman carrying a key ring with a rape whistle on it is ridiculous. It is like putting the Club on a '73 Pinto."

-A 'comedian' on Comedy Central

"Genetic inheritance is much more important than people currently think. We have never found any twins in which one was extremely lean and one was extremely obese. It simply doesn't happen. No matter what they ate as children."

-Dr. Susan Roberts, Tufts University, studying the nature versus nurture debate through the examination of twins raised apart.

"I hope in 10 years they don't go, 'Oh! You've got a bad liver or heart.' But no, I don't believe a product that's being sold over the counter can do that much harm. Hopefully it's approved by the FDA."

-A peppy chromium picolinate (aka Fat Burner) user, confident that the product, developed by the US Department of Agriculture while studying pigs, will do him good. This despite the fact that a Dartmouth-based study found that "prolonged and excessive" use (defined as three times the safe amount) causes chromosomal damage in animal cells, which may mean cancer in humans. By the way, 'dietary supplements' need not have proven safety or benefit records to the FDA before being placed on the market.

Lead Me Not Into Temptation

"I've lost 128 pounds! It's only through obedience to God that I've done it," proclaims one of twelve people in Belmont Church's Dieting for Jesus program. Similar 'Slim Down with Jesus' organizations currently exist in more than 3,000 American and European churches. Leader of another program, The Weigh Down Workshop Inc., Gwen Shamblin, explains her basic philosophy: "Eat what you want whenever you want and ask God to help you stop when you've had enough." The cost of her audio tape weight loss regimen, with revival rallies included, is \$100.

Fat Phobia Behind Bars

In Georgia, prisoners who are not deemed to be in good enough physical condition will be forced to shape up by the system. Prison Commissioner Wayne Garner, who believes the inmates are not in adequate shape, will force them to exercise. "There's 30 to 35 percent that ain't fit to kill," he says. His plan requires the prisoners to dig ditches, then fill them back in. "When they get out," he predicts, "they're not going to want to come back."

Lane Bryant Boycott

There's a boycott of Lane Bryant (as well as The Limited, Victoria's Secret, Structures, Limited Too, Abercrombie & Fitch and Cacique) to pressure them to stop purchasing products made with child labor, in sweatshop conditions or with forced or prison labor.

According to Carpenters Local 108, The Limited (Lane Bryant is a subsidiary) imports about \$1 billion of garments primarily from low wage, third world countries each each year. In addition to black-listing union members nationwide, the garment producing companies commit many other worker abuses against the largely female employees. Carmen Portillo, a Honduran worker describes the working conditions, "Workers are treated like animals. While we work, the supervisors yell 'Hurry up, hurry up!' and hit us on the forehead. If an operator is unable to complete a task quickly, a manager will grab her by the back of the head and smash her against the sewing machines."

There is a new arcade game out called "Feed Big Bertha." It consists of a

Sick Kid Tidbit of the Month

large three dimensional doll with a gaping mouth (somewhat reminiscent of a blowup doll), small arms with hands clenched into fists, and a tent-like dress. She is set back a few feet in a cage. The object is to quickly throw balls into her mouth. Because of the height and distance of the target, the balls must be thrown quite forcefully. A shot into the mouth registers on an LCD screen as "weight gain." When enough points accumulate, Bertha responds by lifting up the front of her skirt to reveal her stomach and underwear. Thus, as the game is played, Big Bertha alternates between being hit repeatedly in the face by the balls and exposing herself to the ball-thrower. What is most disturbing about seeing and playing the game is the clear connection between violence against fat women and the joke it makes of fat women's sexuality.

FATWATCH

THE TRICK



It was January in San Francisco, the first clear day after weeks of dreary storms. The rain that was keeping me Muni bound had finally let up, and I was itching to have my bike between my legs again. I was restless and sleepless even after spending an hour jerking off to Daddy/boy porn, and 2 o'clock a.m. or no, I knew there had to be some action somewhere.

It was the contrast the caught my attention first. The boy looked so out of place it jarred the eye. On a nice, quiet, tree lined street, the elegantly restored Victorian stood framing in its well lighted marble stairway what can only be described as a degenerate farm boy.

Oblivious to the chilled air, bare feet nonchalantly stuck out of ragged baggy overalls. The large frame leaned into the wall, carelessly showing the lack of shirt under the leather jacket. Tousled blond hair framed the sun-freckled boyish face, as lips puckered gently to accept a cigarette from a meaty callused paw.

Not wanting to distract the boy from its oral delights, I drove slowly past and parked on the corner. Walking back, I wondered what was possessing me, true, I am into other butches, the bigger, the badder, the better, but generally the only thing on my mind is dropping to my knees and sucking them off, or just getting the shit kicked out of me by a butch who enjoys the work. This, however was pure boy. I wanted to make it wallow in the mud and beg, bend it over my bike and fuck it, force it to its knees and . . .

My thoughts were interrupted by movement, stopping I realized I was adjacent to the child, caught in the shadows across the street. Quickly I looked over to see if it had noticed me. No, the boy didn't see me, couldn't possibly, noticing with a smile what movement it was that had caught my attention. The boy adjusted his position, with one leg propped up on the stair, his back wedged in the corner, one hand guiding the cigarette back to those soft full lips, the other hand disappearing into the coveralls. Ah, that is the movement that catches my eye now. A slow pumping action filled the baggy overalls. The cloth fell over something stiff, billowing and collapsing in a hypnotic rhythm, a rhythm that might seem foreign to

I knew there had to be some action somewhere.

anyone other than another of our ilk. The rounded fullness escaping from the top of the overalls

added to the incongruent picture. My eyes filled with voyeuristic wonder as I watched her jack off. She tossed her head back, a small smile dimpling her face. Her eyes half lidded regarded only inner fantasies. Cigarette, forgotten, dangled from her hand. Her mouth awaiting some other oral pleasure opened slightly and glistened in the light. Back arching, eyes closed, the boy came with a moan that seemed to echo along the quiet street.

The hand did not leave the confines of her clothing, as the boy restlessly looked around. Taking a chance that she would not be satisfied with her performance, I emerged from the shadows and walked slowly across the street. The boy startled, looking more guiltily than afraid as a slow flush suffused her face. I noticed with delight however that when she saw what was approaching, the hand returned to its place. "That's right boy, continue what you're doing. I just want a closer look," I say amazing myself with my audacity. Blushing even harder the boy hung her head but continued the pumping slowly. I watched for a moment or two before smiling slyly and saying, "Ah, you're very sweet, but you look a bit lost, do you need any help? Maybe I could give you a ride somewhere," looking down at my bike. The boy, looking increasingly flustered glanced quickly at my bike, back to the house, and then shyly looked at me and said, "Uh, I'd need to be back before they wake up, but, uh OK." Excitement and daring lit up her baby blue eyes as they met mine, sending a jolt racing to my cunt. Looking pointedly at her feet, I told her to get her shoes on and meet me by the bike. She turned and headed into the house, looking like she expected me to disappear. Hurrying to the bike, I checked my saddlebags for my 'emergency kit' and smiled when I noticed I hadn't unpacked from my last date. Everything I could need was neatly secured in my bags, and what wasn't there was already in my pants. I quickly took out a pair of handcuffs and the gag, and stuffed them in my pocket. Hearing footsteps, I turned and watched her approach. Moving with a grace unexpected for a big girl she sauntered towards me trying desperately to appear cool. Jacket zipped barely restrained her cleavage. Her soft full belly escaped the confines of the jacket adding fullness to the overalls. Big broad shoulders and large working arms contrasted the softness of her torso. Her hands jammed into pockets, she self-consciously stopped in front of me. Smiling, with what I hope is my most innocuous grin, I motioned for her to hop on. As she swung up behind me, her face looked poised to ask a question, so I smiled again and revved the bike, not giving her a chance to speak.

I headed the bike to the SoMa area and a seedy little alley I knew of. The boy clung to my back like someone who's never ridden a bitch, but moved with the turns like a pro. Making sure to keep her occupied at every stop light, I groped and fondled her legs and whatever else I could reach. She seemed nervous, but her grip was firm on my leather, and she started self-consciously caressing my back and sides. We rounded the corner to the alley and I turned off my lights so as not to startle the fags, who were already busy. I parked the bike behind a dumpster, on the sidewalk, and hopped off the bike. Turning around I looked expectantly at the boy. He sat on the bike scanning the alley with a puzzled look, wondering I suppose, what in the hell he was doing in a strange alley, half dressed, with a butch he doesn't even know. Without giving him a chance to change his mind, I grabbed his jacket front and hauled him off my bike and used the momentum to throw him into the wall behind me. Clamping my mouth onto his to prevent any protest, and using my body weight to pin him to the wall, I slapped the cuffs on. I thrust my leg between his, pushing his balls into

his cunt. His body relaxed, his weight sagged onto my leg. I reached into her pants and grabbed the dick with one hand and the other I placed around her throat. "So, what were ya thinkin' about, pretty boy?" I said, mimicking his pumping action from the earlier performance. My hand engulfed the dick and pumped it hard against his clit. "Standing there, jerking off in the middle of the night, what was going on in that pretty little head of yours?"

The boy tensed again as he struggled to get the blood back into his head. Blushing and hanging his head he whispers, "Something like this, Sir." A feral smile appeared on my face as I say, "Oh, you flatterer, are you implying I'm a dream come true?" I moved my hand from her neck to her chest, lazily, almost absentmindedly, I caressed her abundant cleavage, working my way to her nipples. "If I wasn't so concerned about putting my dick in that pretty little mouth, I'd ask you to be more specific," I say as I grabbed her nipple pulling down and twisting, using my leg behind her knee to help her take the hint. I dropped her to her knees. "But you've given me such a hard on boy, lets see if you can use your mouth as well as you can use your hands." Stepping back so I could look at her face, I slowly unbuttoned my fly, watching for anything resembling rejection, as I pulled my dick out, a small smile crossed her face as her eyes stayed on my dick. "You want this don't cha boy, you want to feel this dick in the back of your throat, Tell me boy is this what you want?" I said standing just out of reach. Never taking his eyes off my dick, the boy mumbled, "Oh, yes Sir, please." Moving closer so my dick just touched the edge of his lips, I grabbed his hair and forced his face to look up at me, "I thought so, you're just a regular little fag aren't cha, so desperate for dick that you'll go off with a total stranger, just so you can get some. Do you realize boy, you don't even know my name?" Before the boy had a chance to respond, I shoved my dick into his mouth. The boy's lips wrapped around my dick, I pushed into his mouth until I felt resistance, then I held still. "You look real good hanging off my dick, pretty boy, you look like you belong there, on your knees in some seedy little alley with a dick between your lips, is that where you belong?" The boy nodded his head as vigorously as possible while keeping my cock in his mouth. I felt his throat relax and started slowly pumping into his mouth. Reminding myself not to get too enthusiastic, I kept myself to a nice steady rhythm. A guttural moan escaped from my throat, and the boy responded by picking up the pace. I felt my eyes start to glaze, as my blood raced to my clit, and tried to pound through to fill the silicone. I leaned back into my bike for support, and grabbed the boy's head more firmly. I held his head steady, as I slowly started fucking his face. His face turned red as he struggled to find a breathing pattern but he didn't gag as I sank my dick to its base. My voice sounded husky as I said "You're quite the little faggot aren't cha boy, this isn't the first time you've sucked cock, is it?" The boy groaned, but shook his head no, as I continued to fuck his face. "You want to feel me come boy?" "Can you take it?" Without giving him a chance to respond, I started pounding into his throat. My body tensed, knees locked, as my hands started shaking on his head. The orgasm rocked through me almost knocking us both over.

"You're just a regular little fag aren't cha, so desperate for dick that you'll go off with a total stranger, just so you can get some."

I yanked his head off my dick, and pulled him to his feet. Tears were running down his face, and I caught a few in my hand and licked them. "Since you're such a good boy, I'm gonna fuck you now. can you take that big dick in your ass, boy?" Smiling shyly at me the boy said "Yes Sir." "Good." I said reaching into my saddle bags. I grabbed the lube and condoms, and put them on my dick, as I watched the boy self-consciously drop his overalls. I pulled the gag out of my pocket and buckled it onto his head. I grabbed his arm and roughly threw him over the bike. I cleared his harness out of the way and dribbled some more lube on his ass. "Put your hand here boy, let's put some lube on that dick of yours so you can jack off nice and proper while I fuck the shit out of your ass." The boy awkwardly moved his handcuffed hands so I could reach them and I dribbled lube into them. As he smeared his dick with the stuff, I nudged the head of my dick slowly into his ass. He groaned, as I felt the ring of muscle melt and allow the head of my dick to enter. The boy, obviously an avid ass fucker, bucked back into me, taking my dick to the halfway point. Slowly the boy started fucking himself on my dick, and not being one to pass up an opportunity, I just relaxed and watched. The boys nice full ass caught all the light this dim little alley had to offer, and seemed to glow framed between his jacket and my pants. His head turned to the side so I could see his mouth stretched around the ball gag and his brow creased in concentration. His arms moved in a rhythm to match his hips, disappearing underneath him. Moans escaped the confines of his throat, and reached my ears, causing mine to match. Moving together now, his ass filled with my dick, as my hips slapped against him. Waves of pleasure seemed to bounce between us increasing in intensity with each thrust. The tempo increased until I was fucking him so hard the bike started rocking. The boy trembled, and a low loud moan filled the night air, sending me over the edge. We came together as my hips crashed into his butt for one final thrust. The boy's knees buckled, as I fell onto him, across the bike. With lethargic determination, I stood up and slowly pulled my dick out of his ass.

The dawn(having snuck up on us), illuminated the alley, as the boy and I pulled our clothes and selves together. "Well, sweet boy, looks like I should probably take you back." I said as I tucked my dick back into my pants. I climbed back onto the bike and watched the boy finish pulling himself together. I ruffled her hair as she smiled at me, and climbed up behind me.

The boy cuddled close on the trip home, and as I pulled onto her street, squeezed hard against me. I pulled over in front of the house and turned off the bike. As she hopped off, I snagged her arm and spun her toward me. Pulling her against me I kissed her long and hard, my tongue managing to reach in and pull out one final orgasm. I broke off the kiss, and held her face so she looked into my eyes, "My name is Alex, boy, what's yours?" Grinning widely, she replied "Tony, Sir, and thank you."

POSTURING

Street lights blink out as I pass,
I am that much of a stud.

Babies don't cry,

but dogs howl at my footsteps.

And women take notice

and men think twice

and little kids suddenly have business
elsewhere.

Because I'm not beautiful

and I'm not pretty.

Some would say

attractive is a stretch

but not to my face,

because

my body is thick

and my fingers are thick

and my hide is too thick

to care

and my knuckles are thick enough

to wear well

on your face.

So, I'm a stud and a half!

(and such a liar,

such a liar)

236 POUNDS
AND TODAY I WOULD DATE MYSELF,
THAT'S HOW GOOD I LOOK.
LEVI'S AND FLANNEL
(DAMN I LOVE WINTER)
AND SHE'S STILL IN THE SHOWER,
BITCHIN GENTLY NO HOT WATER.
STICK OUT MY TONGUE TO THE MIRROR,
LOOKS THE SAME,
EVEN WITH HER FLAVOR ALL OVER
MY FACE STILL,
KNEES STILL IMPRINTED WITH
BUTTERFLIES FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE TUB,
UNDER MY JEANS, BUT
I KNOW THEY'RE THERE.
GRIN AT MYSELF,
POSE,
PULL BACK MY HAIR.
GOD, I LOVE
A BUTCH DYKE
WITH A BELLY.

CLEAN SATISFACTION

BY HANNAH

BLIND

by Yodel Sloth

Walking down the street in New York City in a leather vest and Levi's 501's and boots, I project the image of a self confident, heavy, fat butch who happens to be Asian. There is not a day that goes by where someone in the service industry neglects to address me as "Sir." The notion of a big, strong, hefty Asian woman who weighs at least 200lbs is a foreign concept to most people. The "ideal" Asian woman continues to be the myth of petite tiny waisted creatures like the passive geisha, the Singapore girl servant/stewardess, or the wanton and submissive oriental massage girl. This myth is equally prevalent in the gay and lesbian world, with some added twists.

A cool March evening in Greenwich Village, New York City, there's a hint of rain and a leather jacket will keep you warm. Leaning forward with one foot on the bar rail, I shoot a glare right back at the woman staring at me. She's pale, her brown hair touches her shoulders and her white blouse is tucked neatly into her slacks. She glances at me in that mixture of interest and revulsion that I know so well. You can tell she doesn't do fat women. At least not in public, where her friends can see.

I think to myself that I could probably make her scream if I squeezed her really tight. She puts her hands on her hips and laughs, soundlessly, the jukebox drowns out everything except the boring argument of the couple next to me. Fold my arms over my chest and scan the room. I am the only woman of color in the bar tonight, the rest of the clientele is Caucasian, different shades of pink, I remind myself.

Check my watch and decide to make a phone call, gritting my teeth to wade through the bodies standing and chatting. Sometimes I hate overhearing conversations between women that I would rather not know. One stopped me dead in my tracks: "Oh, that film festival was just too 'third world' for me , babe," one woman pushed her locks back while she said this and her freckled companion guffawed, confiding: "I know what you mean. . . I mean, does everything have to be about India or China?"

"Strike one for this joint," I mutter to myself. Near the bar again, my head cranes around to find the drunken redhead who pronounces to her mousy young friend: "Honey, there's no way you'll stay unemployed in this town. . . I mean, you're free, white, and over 21." These two harpies smirk to each other over bottles of Bud Light and bring thin menthol cigarettes to their lips mechanically.

"Strike two." The wait for the telephone feels like an eternity as my ears burn over the last couple of remarks that prick my brown skin like burrs. I've heard worse, I remind myself.

Suddenly I am near enough to touch the woman with shoulder length brown tresses that hasn't stopped staring at me. I hear the dyke next to her snort, "The Chinese girl would be cute, yeah, if she weren't so fat. . ." I know they are talking about me. No figment of the imagination, I am the only fat dyke in the place, and the only one looking vaguely Oriental. The little wave of hurt that washes over me quickly dissipates. This isn't strike three. I smile at the loud mouthed dyke's friend, the one who stares so impolitely at people. She smiles back.

I flash a slow grin again and turn abruptly towards the door. Ten steps down the block I can sense her behind me.

She's thin, almost waif like. I have no problem shoving her against the doorway of a brownstone and pinning her hands over her head. She looks excited. Perhaps she is not as vanilla as she seems. I press up against her as a lone car picks up speed as it passes by.

"I didn't know Chinese girls were so aggressive. . .," she smiles.

"Tell your friend that I am not Chinese." My voice is deep.

"Korean, then?" She ventures.

"No." I bring her face to mine and kiss her. She follows me up three flights of stairs to my apartment. We kiss and tear at each other's clothes as I open the door.

Candles are lit. Brown skinned women look good in candle light. I am unashamed of my body. I am proud of it. The deep brown skin that turns reddish brown in the summers, the short cropped jet black hair with a hint of salt and pepper. My heavy, solid body, the fat that adds velocity to my ability to make love. I wouldn't trade my body for any other. I know it too well.

The waif girl takes off her shirt and slacks and shivers in her underwear. I stand there in a pair of boxers and take her in my arms. She sighs and collapses into the folds of my skin. I carry her to the bed.

She tells me that she wants to

be dominated. I smile once more and tell her that she doesn't have to ask so nicely. I throw all my weight on top of her. We stay up most of the night.

In the morning, we wake up late and have breakfast around the corner. In the daylight she seems more annoying than at the bar. After we say good-bye and good luck, I chalk it up as just another conquest.

She glances at me in that mixture of interest and revulsion that I know so well. You can tell she doesn't do fat women.

She's thin...I have no problem shoving her against the doorway of a brownstone and pinning her hands over her head.

ALLEYS

That was the last time I seduced someone just to prove that I was as much of a stud as any thin dyke. I did it to assure myself that I could get an attractive woman to beg for me as she did. Five years have passed since that night, and I remain fat, butch and Asian, albeit with better choices about who I sleep with and why. The realization that no one but yourself can determine body image and self image took years for me to understand.

Looking back at the first time I marched in the New York City Gay Pride Parade, I find it remarkable that I strode the length of the parade route with various Asian groups. As a teenager, I ran from anything considered Asian in flavor. I was always at least 60lbs heavier than the other Asian girls in high school and felt like an alien around them, with their bird like bodies and cliquish ways. Added to this feeling of alienation was the fact of my sexual attraction to other young women, and my skin a deep brown hue that marked my birth in a Pacific Island nation. I cannot recall meeting another fat Asian woman before graduating from college.

I identify as a member of the SM community, as a top and a woman of color and of leather. Through SM, I have found a transforming power, a way to communicate my deepest wants and needs. As a top, I find that my weight is an advantage, I feel strong and in touch with my body when doing SM. I have noticed that women who do SM with women have been some of the most non-prejudiced concerning race and weight. The women's SM community has also been the most supportive concerning my love of cross dressing, packing, and being faggot identified.

I have been lucky enough to have lived in Asia and North America, as well as traveled through Europe. The differences in how gender is perceived by various cultures is mind boggling. The signals that set off bells and whistles in our libidos have the possibility to change with the international time/date line.

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I was tempted
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their minds.

Depending on the country, the gender systems in Asia make the head spin: concerning what can be bought, sold, and advertised.

While in Asia, a favorite activity for my inner boys is a night out to a strip club or sex club dressed as a boy and in the company of my real life male cousins, with a female cousin sometimes tagging along. During the day, I might get some strange looks walking down the street, after all a big butch with a freshly buzzed flat top and boots collides with the world's stereotype of the petite Asian/Oriental geisha girl.

My personal record for being "Sir" and "Yes, Sired" had to be on a certain Singapore Air flight two years ago. Straight women in Asia seem to have a hard time dealing with hard, bigger, butch Asian women, gay or straight: we are perceived to be unnatural. As far as straight Asian men are concerned: after staring they often go into the "we are on the subway and I can't see you" mode.

In Asia, the women who seemed the most unfazed by my looks and bearing were the girls who worked the clubs, as well as the boys who go-go danced for colonialist dollars. In Hong Kong, I was refused entrance to a club for not being one gender or the other. I was tempted to pulled down my jeans and blow their minds. . .but just wound up going to the dive next door.

I find the Asian fag and dyke community a little more accepting of genderfuck because there are so many of us that live it. In New York City, during the Pride parade, I have marched with my Asian/Pacific Islander brothers and sisters for five years in a row now. Many of the boys done up in drag, lithe, and drop dead gorgeous: sarongs, tunics, and tight fitting hot little dresses. Look closely the next time we come by: there will be a few of the handsome women in suits, or in shorts and boots: heavy set fag dykes, butch big girls and daddies looking for action.

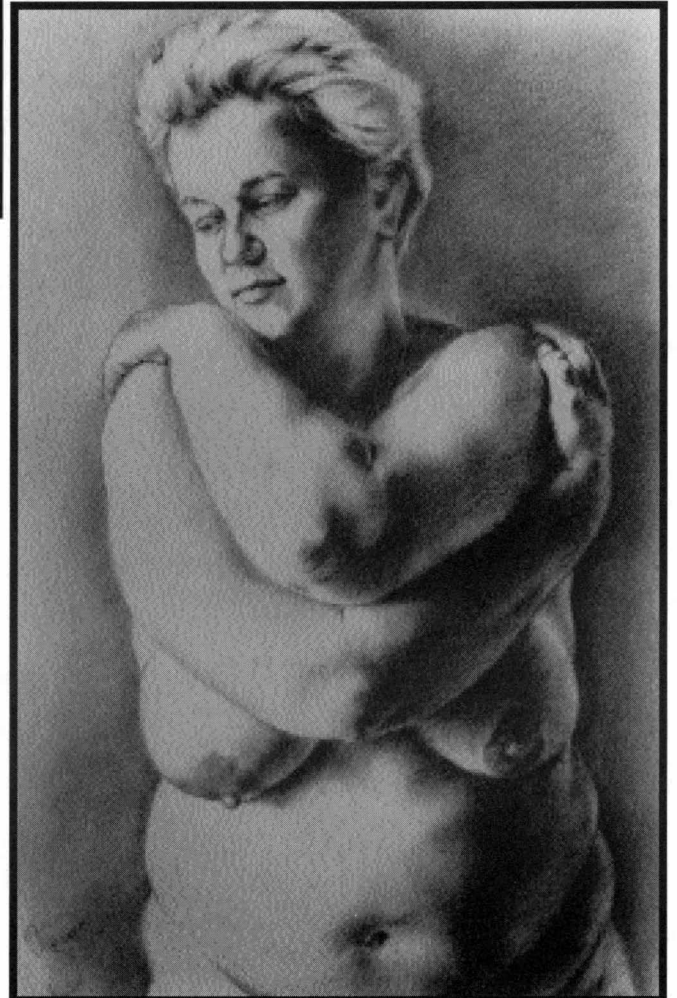
REPRINT: to appear in "Looking Queer"
(Dawn Atkins, Editor)



"Maureen"

Drawings by

Megaera



"Sabin II"

It is Yom Kippur, the holiest of holy days for Jews. The day when Jews who don't attend to synagogue all year, go. The days of awe, the days of wiping the slate clean, starting the new year fresh. This day when the most observant Jews fast to show their devotion.

I hear your key scratch in the door, you're home from services in shul. I greet you with a kiss and we settle into each other's arms. You tell me about the evening, the songs you sang, the people you saw.

Standing in the kitchen, I press a cube of sweet honeydew melon into your mouth, licking the trickle of juice escaping down your chin. The lick turns into a soft kiss, my lips brushing yours, my tongue entering your mouth. Our tongues spar, before you greedily suck mine back between your lips.

Worshipping

By Margo Mercedes Rivera

Stroking your neck, massaging your shoulders, I knead my way down your back. Hugging your body into mine, feeling contact everywhere. Working my hands under your soft cream-colored shirt, caressing your round belly, rubbing your bare breasts which have leapt into my cupped palms. Slowly, pulling your shirt over your head I stop to admire how strong and sexy you look. I smile my desire at you.

Taking your hand I lead you to our bed. Kneeling, unzipping, removing your clothes while I am still fully dressed. Gently pushing you to a seated position on the bed, standing in front of you as I peel off my white t-shirt. Just out of your reach, your eyes watch the front of my black jeans.

Unbuttoning my pants I let them fall down. Barefoot, I step out of the jeans, deliberately rubbing my full crotch. Your gaze is transfixed at the bulge in my black jockey briefs. Your hands settle on my hips and draw my body towards you. Reaching down I release my hard-on through the fly of my underwear. You grin, take my prick in your hand and guide it into your waiting mouth. Your tongue laps hungrily around and around the flared head until you swallow the whole thing. Your head bobs as you suck my cock between your lips. You lick wide trails up and down, savoring each trip.

I climb on top of you pressing the full weight of my fat body against your fat body. I meander down your torso, kissing as I go, marveling at the curry scent in your folds. I settle between your abundant thighs and run my mouth everywhere but where you want me. I lick wide circles on your belly, around your hips, dangerously close to your clit as you start to buck hoping I'll move even closer. Nuzzling with my nose, my lips, my teeth — then I descend on your cunt. Lapping at the sweetness dripping down your crack, I bury my tongue inside you to scoop out every drop. Wandering down to your asshole, I nudge it gently with the tip of my tongue. Raising your hips, spreading your legs even wider, you give me better access. I make loud sucking squeaks tickling my lips. Your moans grow

louder as I part your asscheeks with my hands so I can get in even deeper. Pulling out, I slurp my way to your clit, back to your ass, back to your clit. You grow bigger and harder nestled between my lips. Making my tongue wide and flat I run it over you the way you like it. I know you can cum like this but selfishly I want to fuck you.

Gliding up next to you, I kiss you with your own girljuice. With a wild glint in your eyes you leave the bed. When you return you are wearing your tallis, the Jewish prayer shawl which traditionally is only worn by men and then only for prayer. You look so beautiful in it, so reverent, so spiritual, so naked and sexy. You beam at me, get back in bed and climb on top of me. On my back I'm helping you guide my hard-on into your ready cunt. With a grunt and look of total satisfaction, I'm buried all the way inside you.

Dangling the fringes on my breasts you begin to wave the tallis around as you dance on my cock. You ride me with the skill of a vaquero, keeping me pinned to the bed. You're moving faster and groaning pleasure as you flap your arms ready to fly. The tallis wings are beating beating, stirring the thick woman smells in the room. You're bucking and impaling yourself on my hardness, soaring high, calling me endearments in Yiddish, Hebrew, Spanish.

Worldwide, on this day, when Jews attend synagogue to atone for sins; we are slaughtering several conventions at once, ritually reinventing religion as sexual worship as you wild-ride my butch cock, wearing a prayer shawl over our naked Jewish bodies, screaming, "Holy, holy, holy" right before you cum and collapse on my thudding heart.

One thing about being honest and open with yourself is that you may well discover the truth is not quite what you had in mind.

Deeanne and I had started out very vanilla, in love, wanting to be free, honest and open, and we thought we knew what that meant.

Our bodies had different plans. In our lovemaking, she became rougher, more demanding each time. I became softer, more responsive (all right, insatiable) more silky, rippling, juicy. . . We told each other everything about our past, our seductions, our fantasies, our desires, demonstrating every delicious detail as we went along, slipping into role playing before we even realized what we were doing.

I'd become her college roommate, and gave Deeanne what she'd wanted (but never got) from the roomie, then Deeanne's boyfriend's mother, (who actually did slip into her bed, more than once, after enough rye and after the boyfriend had passed out) and I gradually learned how to be a little bit aggressive and shameless, how to get on top once in a while.

Deeanne said she thought I was beautiful, and she loved to look at me. I couldn't really imagine that could be true, but I started dressing up a bit to further our games and to please her, hesitantly at first, because I'm a big fat woman and I'd never dressed sexy, ever. I'd been ashamed, I'd always worn fat clothes, the kind that say, "Don't really look at me, only from the neck up," and then you wear careful makeup and incredible earrings to draw attention upward from those "problem areas".

My new clothes, my sex clothes, were completely different; heels and stockings, lingerie, lacy areas, low cut. These clothes said, "hey, here's my tits, no, look over here, my legs, my lips, my eyes, no, back here, check out my ass. . ." There was nowhere to hide in those clothes, but she still seemed to think I was beautiful and sexy, and even I was beginning to wonder, "Well, maybe?"

One night, about three months after we got together, we got ourselves out of bed for once and went dancing at our town's only women's bar, but this time she dressed me up in some of my new clothes before we went out. I was nervous about meeting her friends, terrified of making a fool out of myself. "I know Deeanne thinks I'm hot, but what if some of my friends see me in this fat femme get-up? What's a fat girl like me doing in a place like this, drawing attention to myself?"

What with one thing and another, the evening was somehow finally over. On the way home, Deeanne seemed quiet. I was uneasy, I'd noticed several of her friends looking at me in a way I didn't really understand. I'd blown it, I thought, made a fool out of both of us in public, her friends didn't like me. "You're mad, aren't you?" I ventured

She didn't answer. We rode quietly home. I was on the verge of tears, planning to tear off my now-hated slut suit and slip quietly into the shower. As soon as I'd pulled the dress over my head, she came up behind and took me by the arm, leading me into the darkness of the bedroom.

She pushes me down and kisses me hotly. I'm relieved, amazed, but I'm still confused, I thought she was mad at me.

I try to question her, to apologize, but she interrupts. "You don't understand at all, baby. I wanted them to stare at you. Let their tongues hang out, let them pull you close on the dance floor, you're mine now."

"You want me to flirt with your friends on purpose? I squeak incredulously.

"Yes," she tells me firmly. "And what's more, I know you liked it."

Well, I hadn't really, I'd been too upset and embarrassed about my fat body. "You're nuts," she sighs, exasperated. "Look, I'm obviously going to have to teach you a lesson."

Oh, oh. Lately that phrase has had some very interesting meanings. She kisses me for a while, touching me, teasing me, telling me how much Helen had stared down my cleavage, and Dorrie had been pissed off about it. She pretended to scold me about how sexy I had danced with Lisa, exaggerating, reality and fantasy blurred, getting hotter all the time.

After a while she jokes, "Well, girl, I'm going to have to rope you down so you don't sneak off on me." There, now she's said it; we both have known this was coming for weeks.

"You might need to," I agree shakily.

"No time like the present, I always say," and from under the bed she hauls out some thick, stained yellow camping rope. I'm excited and afraid as she slips the loop over one wrist, and makes it secure.

It doesn't feel like anything yet, but in a minute, the other wrist is secured. I'd expected her to pull my hands above my head, that's the way it's done in the few pictures I'd seen, but no, she's busy fastening my ankles tightly together.

She leaves the room, and I discover that my two hands are fastened to my ankles, with a little lead between my hands, so each hand can move freely. Well, somewhat freely. I'm not fastened to the bed at all, but I can't straighten up to stand. I can kind of sit, but if I do, my hands are pulled down to my knees. I sink back on the bed, wondering.

She returns with my desk lamp, and plugs it in at the foot of the bed, trying it at several angles until she's satisfied. I'm spot-lighted like this. "No, turn it off, what are you doing?" I gasp. I'm fat, remember, I make love with the lights off, well, maybe a candle at the very most.

"Shut up, bitch."

"What are you going to do to me?" I ask stupidly, shocked. She's never talked like that to me before.

"Nothing," she laughs. "I'm not in the mood. You are going to do something for me." She calmly walks back and forth around the bed, watching me, smiling, drinking a beer.

"I love to look at naked women, baby, and right now I'm looking. I love to look at them tied up and ready to please me. I love to look at them with their legs spread like yours are now, and with their juices running out. I like to watch them touch themselves and make themselves come."

I don't know this stranger she has become. "I can't!"

"Yes you can, baby, I left lots of room for you to reach." At least she sounds like herself again, a little. I start to argue, "No, I mean I could never do that."

She goes pale, and grabs at one of my wrists, untying the knots. "You fucking bitch!" she rages. "You've been moaning and purring and coming all over my pillows for months now, and I've given you more and more, told you things I've never told anybody, put myself on the line for you, but the first time, the very first time, I ask you to do anything for me, you say no, you couldn't. Well, forget I asked, just forget it!"

We are both crying now, in rage and shame and humiliation. I am appalled, I whisper, "I'm sorry, I'll try."

"Forget it, I'm not interested," she won't look at me.

I try to re-wrap my wrist the way it was, I can't really manage it. "Please, baby, I'm sorry, I'll do anything you want." No response.

"Please, I want to do it for you," I beg. "Let me try."

"You'd fucking well better," she growls, tying me back up, tighter than it was, to punish me for refusing her. "I've had enough shit from you for one night."

At this intense moment, although the shame of my fat is still strong, the raw emotions are stronger, and so is the beginning of my wondering what it would feel like to be watched, really looked at, with desire and appreciation rather than with disgust.

Trembling, in fear and shame and desire, my eyes locked on hers, I pretend to think I'm beautiful. I arch my back proudly to make my huge breasts show even more, smile seductively, my tongue wetting my lips a little, and move my shaking hand down between my thighs to begin. . .

LESSON # 1 by C.C. Dane

Jodie ran her fingers through her short black hair, quickly checking her lipstick in the reflection off the passing windows. Thrill ran up and down her spine then directly into her thighs as she mused about her date tonight.

Jodie had responded to the ad strictly on a whim, amused, (and turned on just enough) by the image of a 5'10" woman with huge tits swinging low, protruding belly, and thick thighs sporting a ten inch cock strapped between her legs. Jodie had written back promising to serve this woman and her strap-on as long as she would get fucked hard from behind. Jodie's cunt tingled as she saw herself on all fours begging to be impaled by this pussy-cock. She stepped up her pace through the barren meat packing district on the West Side highway toward Jezebel's.

Alix's phone call had come unexpectedly on a rainy weekday morning, my day off. It had been weeks since I'd answered the ad and figured the woman was freaked by my response. Not even close. It wasn't long before idle chit-chat laced with sexual innuendo had given way to pussy soaked phone sex.

"So, you really like to get fucked?" Alix said.

"Yeah, really hard," I replied quickly.

Alix chuckled and told me to take off my clothes. It didn't occur to me not to do it, not that I didn't want to anyway. She continued, "Spread those legs as wide as you can so I can get a good look at your pussy, how wet and hot you are for me. I'm going to bury my face between your legs, breath in your cunt and flick my tongue over your sweet little clit. I want to suck that clit, take it all in my greedy mouth and nibble away at you. Then I'm going to slide my tongue down your slit to your hole and slip it into you; I'm going to fuck you with my tongue until your begging me for more, pushing those wide hips against my mouth. Would you like that you little slut? Do you want me to fuck you with my hard dick?"

"Yes! Please fuck me, I need to get fucked now!" I begged into the phone as my own fingers furiously worked my engorged clit. I couldn't control the moans and little screams escaping my throat as I begged Alix to fuck me. Listening to her own sounds of pleasure only further heightened my desire as my hand slid around my already soaked cunt.

"I want you to get on your knees, bend over the side of your bed, but don't take your fingers off your clit."

I did her bidding, reaching beyond my hanging belly to play with myself and smearing the insides of my thighs with the juices streaming from my snatch. I could smell myself and longed to put my fingers in my mouth.

Alix interrupted my thoughts, "My cock is so hungry for you, aching to slip into your pussy. I want you to play with your nipples while I stand behind you and squeeze that big, fat ass. I'm just going to stand there for a while watching you want me as you pull harder and harder on your tits. Then when you can't stand it anymore, and you least expect it, I'm gonna thrust all of my ten inch tool into your cunt!"

I was barely able to hold onto the phone as I cried out and rhythmically moved my hips back and forth over the imaginary cock. The beginnings of an orgasm gathered in my thighs, sending heat down my legs into my toes. I arched my back and took my fingers away from my clit for a split second, concentrating on feeling Alix pump me with her huge cock. I listened to her now blurred words and moans mingle with mine as I knelt suspended momentarily. Rolling my fingers back over my clit was the only touch I needed to send me over the edge. I came hard against my hand, bucking and shuddering violently the kind of orgasm that makes you feel like someone has emptied you out leaving only hollowness. I trembled as the last waves of my orgasm washed over me.

Jodie's cunt was streaming when she sat at the bar and ordered a drink. The place was nearly empty on a Wednesday night and she was wondering why Alix would choose a dump like this when she felt someone pressing tightly against her back, and teeth on her neck.

"You almost finished with that beer?" Alix said, pressing her damp lips to my ear.

I could feel my nipples harden at the feel of her hot breath on me and a chill raced down my neck. My grip tightened around the sweaty bottle as I raised it to my mouth but before I could drink Alix wrapped her fingers around my wrist pinching the skin.

"I think you're done," she hissed and tossed a few bills on the bar with her free hand. Alix pulled me off the stool and out the door before I even said a word or got a good look at my date.

We walked down the street silently, Alix still leading me by the arm. The slight fear that rattled me turned to desire when Alix jerked me toward a shady alley and pushed me abruptly against a cold brick wall. Her mouth on mine was firm and insistent as I welcomed her tongue to explore my own. I moaned when my cunt touched the outline of a stiff cock through her jeans. Our bellies mashed together in my frantic need to feel her hardness on my clit. Alix probed my mouth like she was lapping at my dripping pussy. She slid her massive hands under my sweater, grabbed my breasts, toying with the erect nipples while her tongue snaked down my neck and tickled my earlobe. I clutched her asscheeks pulling us closer together. I wanted her to fuck me so badly.

Alix sharply bit my throat and slammed me back against the wall. When I reached out for her she stepped back and caressed the length of her cock. With precise deliberation Alix unzipped her jeans, lowered them to her ample hips, and took it out. I could see the tangle of black hair underneath.

"You like my cock, bitch," Alix stated rather than asked, "so get on your knees and show me how much you want it."

I looked at her, hungry yet unsure. Surely she didn't want me to -

"Suck it!" she ordered.

Another surge of wetness flooded my pussy at the sound of her rough voice and I fell to my knees. Once face to face with her organ I realized its' great width. I slid my fingers underneath my pants and underwear and dipped them into my cunt. I shuddered at my own touch but didn't linger in soaking my hand and bringing it to the cock before me. I rubbed my juices all over it, bringing my hand back to my pussy several times. I could feel Alix's impatience so finally I wrapped my lips around the head of her strap-on. The taste of my own excitement drove me crazy, and I began sucking wildly. I took as much as possible of her huge piece into my eager mouth.

"That's right, suck it good you slut. Tell me how much you love sucking my cock!" Alix urged me on.

"Oh god," I said, "I want it so much. The smell of your cunt is making me insane!"

I took this opportunity to delve one finger between her swollen lips. A groan escaped Alix and her body trembled, but it was the light stroking of her throbbing clit that pushed her over the edge.

Alix clutched my hair and jerked my mouth off her cock. I barely had time to think of the discomfort when real pain settled in my shoulders. Her fingernails raked my shoulders, tearing skin, as she yanked me to my feet.

"Turn around," Alix commanded, pulling at my pants at the same time, "Bend over."

She leaned over me, grabbed my wrists and planted my hands, palms down, against the wall. We were both breathing hard when she shoved her knee between my thighs opening me up. Alix thrust her cock deep into my cunt and I screamed out. Grasping my hips she fucked me harder and harder, ramming the prick in and out of me, my whole body shaking. The tension rose in me, taunting. Alix reached around my exposed hips and ground her fingers into my clit. My screams echoed off the walls of the deserted alley as I came hard. My quivering slowly subsided and I could hear my shallow breaths and the scurrying of rats not too far away.

A chill ran through me as she pulled out and stuck her fingers in my mouth.

"Not bad," Alix said, "I think you're ready to learn what it really means to serve me and my strap-on." With that she twisted my still hard nipples violently and began walking away.

My cunt was already twitching with anticipation of my future lessons, and I trotted after her.

On your knees
you gaze upwards as you rub and caress me
nuzzle my hardness
then swallow me whole.

Then you flip this butch
your fingers plucking my nipples
your big fem hand stuffed right through me
each knuckle an earthquake
as you pump it into me.

When you rip it out
you suck out everything
leaving such a tortured emptiness
I wail and howl my madness
until you pound me full again
and I belly-laugh with such glee
that tears cut down my face once more.

You play me for all I'm worth
leave me wet
crumpled in a heap
beloved
in your arms.

by Margo Mercedes Rivera

Q: How have your lovers

A:

Positive, one had some problems with it, others have not. They either wanted to kneed me like bread dough or they would say 'acres and acres and its all mine.'

Very well.

Very positively. My current lover is much smaller than I am, about 75-85 pounds less. She thinks I'm fabulous. My last lover was larger than I by 50 pounds or so.

Fine—I guess if it bothered them we wouldn't have become lovers in the first place.

They have always enjoyed touching me, lying with me, being warmed by my nonstop internal heater. A little over a year into a relationship that lasted 6 years, my then-lover told me that, although she had loved me early on and loved lying with me being lovers, it had taken her that whole year to reach a point where she could actually look at me and still love me. Whew! That was a hard thing to hear and took some work on both our parts for me to want to continue in that relationship. On the other hand, I was staying at her home during a visit after I had moved away from that town, and ended up having a little fling with one of her housemates. Her housemate saw me walking from the bathroom after a shower, towel draped casually over one shoulder, body naked, and she found me quite attractive (and this is someone who meets the traditional [het male] standards of beauty herself). How could I not take her up on an offer of 'I find you very attractive, would you please let me make love to you?' It was a delightful few days . . .

They seemed to be having a good time. Me too.

Only positively—they wouldn't be my lovers otherwise.

My first S/M top was someone I lusted after in a big way. She didn't seem quite so much into me, though, such that I ventured to ask her if she was really interested in dating me or just hanging out. She got very offended, but I really wanted to know so that I wouldn't throw myself at her just to feel rejected. We dated about a month more, and were still on good terms. She told me about a personal ad she placed, and when it was coming out. I checked it out, and it specifically mentioned she was looking for someone who was 'not' fat. What an asshole. I wish she had been up front in the first place. I did not need to find out (and from a personals ad which I wouldn't have otherwise come across) that I had submitted my body to someone who found it/me repulsive. It has been that much more difficult to believe women when they tell me they desire me. I always suspect they are lying.

Most have accepted or 'worked around' it.

My one lover seemed to enjoy my body a lot. She was not really skinny, but not what you'd call fat, either. She once commented on my stretch marks while we were having sex, touching them and saying they reminded her of being pregnant (a very positive experience for her). Even though her comment was meant to be positive I didn't like her drawing attention to my stretch marks.

responded to your body size?

Positively.

Most of my women lovers have taken pains to show me how much they lust after my body. I feel sorry for them, because even when their lust is undeniable—quick, shallow breathing, dripping cunts, wandering hands and having trouble restraining themselves from just grabbing—I have a hard time really believing them. Or if I do, I think, "What's wrong with them?" and think at some level that they are too strange and freakish for me to understand, to love and want me like that.

Current lover (life-partner) constantly tells me that she LOVES the way I look and that she thinks I'm sexy.

Lately — great. They love my body, and it's gratifying. In the past I've had lovers who insulted me, including one who was fat. Talk about projection!

Mixed. Some love my size, some tolerate it, some were always on me to diet.

Mostly positively. My longest and/or most intense relationships (capital-R or tricks or flings or what have you) have always been when I was bigger rather than smaller. (I've dieted down to 140 lbs and was sick and miserable and my lover left me...) I won't play with someone who has issues about my body size. Period. I remember one of my lovers (the only thin one ever, ironically) being the one to sit me down and say, 'Honey, you're bulimic and you're killing yourself. I want you to see a doctor NOW!!!' Thank god I listened.

Usually, enthusiastically.

She blamed me for her weight gain. Like she wasn't larger to begin with! But, then, she wasn't comfortable with life in general, so I tend to discount her aversion.

Some love it! Some don't care! Some seem to want to be with me "in spite of my size." Some are afraid that I'll crush them in bed!

I have been in the same relationship for a long time, and my size has varied during that time. However, my girlfriend has been attracted to me, and appreciative of me, in all of my incarnations.

I've only been involved with people who find my size appealing.

Fine...once I stopped dating girls who liked me "in spite of my size" or said things like "I never think of you as big." I get more offers at this size than I ever have before.

I don't believe any have liked it for itself. My current lover accepts me as a complete package. I stopped seeing a previous lover because I always felt self-conscious—they would stare fixedly at my belly when I undressed, and often remarked that they wished they could get their arms all the way around me.

My lover hated it when I was thin for a while after being very ill. She said my hip bones hurt when she was on top of me and she was afraid of injuring me. She is much sexier when I am heavier.

I've had different responses that ranged from mild disgust to great desire. I had one lover say "I'm not attracted to your body...so I must really love you. Right?" That same lover once told me "You're fat, BUT you're graceful" (like the two qualities were mutually exclusive). My current lover is my size (almost exactly) and she says she loves my body, but she doesn't see the beauty in her own body. And I'm like that too sometimes (i.e.-I think her body is beautiful, but I can't understand what she sees in mine.) Go figure!

Anyone who responded negatively is now an ex.

Some really well. My lover right now *loves* my ass, which is the biggest part of me. Some badly, commenting when I've gained.

Miss First Time (thin) was supposedly in love with me, but after months of aggressively courting, winning and fucking me, she told me she was worried about my health, and then when pressed, that she found "it" unattractive. I cut her off, but she kept coming back, saying she wanted to fuck me again so I wouldn't feel bad about myself. I told her to fuck her charity. She also admitted she would want to go out with me still if I had a different body! I know her reaction to me was about her problems, and our relationship didn't work for other reasons, but it hurt.

Enthusiastically.

Mostly positive. My first lover was fat-phobic, but I learned quickly and since then they've all been loving of my body.

No One's Getting Fat Except

Mama Cass

In fat politics so much is made of role models.

Being a contrary sort of gal I am mistrustful of them, I think we should be our own goddesses, and I believe that worshipping a brittle pedestal-dweller only leads to disappointment.

By Charlotte Cooper

I secretly resent the relentless jolly emphasis on positive, upbeat, good, and when no one is looking I sneer at those women who appear to have got it made, who paper over the cracks in my life of poverty, guilt, and sadness. This is not to say that I am a complete stick-in-the-mud; the fat women I admire are bad ladies, nasty girls, spiky in their lives, real, unmanicured. Cass Elliott has caught my attention; she was a prominent fat woman, someone human and complex, someone who's life and death contradicts her mythology, and Cass is dead, she'll not dismay me, she's made her mistakes.

What I know about Mama Cass Elliott is scratchy. In rock and pop histories her entry is so often reduced to a sniggering coda. Everybody knows that Cass died alone choking on a ham sandwich, trying to jam it down her neck, greedy hateful fucking fat bitch. How can I know about her? Cass was fat and famous at a time when my popular history constructs this era as mini skirts, Twiggy, and diet pills. The Fat Underground and NAAFA had recently been born and I wonder whether she knew she had any public support for being fat, was she politicized? Did she feel lonely? Cass and those who love(d) her had no way of refuting the lies about her life, and the death rumor has outlived her, alongside all fat mythology: in life and death fat women are a ridiculous tragedy, always the source of our own downfall.



Front cover of *Mama's Big Ones; Mama Cass, Her Greatest Hits*; a product of ABC/Dunhill Records/L.A. Calif. Produced by Steve Barri. Art Direction & Design by Tom Gundelfinger

Cass Elliott was a symbol of an era, but her death is

Cass was the star of the *Mamas and Papas* because her voice and her fatness is memorable. Even a fan like me has difficulty naming the other three, who fade into a kind of pretty, bland, blond-ish hippie-ness. I saw the other female singer on daytime TV a couple of years ago demonstrating “Boxercise,” the “new exercise craze that’s sweeping the nation.” I can’t recall her face, her body was like every other Californian I ever get to see on telly, ditto her bizarre exercise demonstration; I just remember thinking “Cass knew this woman?!” Cass was cool, she was friends with cool people, she sang with The Mugwumps and Tim Rose, cool music, hell, even The Beatles called round her place and got blasted the day they finished *Sergeant Pepper*. How many cool famous fat women are there today? Excluding all the women who contribute to *FaT GiRL*, how many famous fat women would your groovy daughter, your fashionable friend, your hip self rate at all? Roseanne? Kathy Bates? Really?

Cass was a white singer named in the tradition of fat black women, and I might say that the name was appropriated. Ma Rainey, Big Mama Thornton, and the Mammy connection too; all painted as gutsy, rootsy, powerful women. Earth Mothers, all flowing fecundity and wide childbearing hips. I don’t care to say how truthful was this “strong black woman” trip, how it reflected the reality of life, just that the mythology around any fat women who sing, who are sexual, is as tight as can be. For Cass, a cool countercultural fat white bird who sang like a dream, I guess the Mama prefix was inevitable.

Cass was sexy too, with a famous libido “When Zally met Cass she gave him lovebumps.” Assuming she had much say in the matter, Cass played with her sexuality. I think that even if it was some record company marketing arsehole’s idea of fun, calling your record *Mama’s Big Ones* is cheeky enough, but draping your fat body provocatively over the cover is nothing short of saucy innuendo. People bought this record too. How did they feel about it? Did they approve?

As well as being an incongruent embodiment of the glamorous hippie, Cass was also very much of her time. I’ve heard people criticize the *Mamas and Papas* for commercializing what was originally not for sale, for being clean and perky when dope fiends were queuing up for treatment at the Haight-Ashbury free clinic. Cold-hearted post-modern me, *The Mamas and Papas* were the least of it, and anyway



Back Cover of *Mama's Big Ones; Mama Cass, Her Greatest Hits*

I find the sell-out too kitsch. I like *The Monkees*, I like *The Sonny and Cher Show*, and I hope one day I’ll get to view tapes of Cass’ sold-down-the-river hippie TV program. In the meantime I’ll just have to rewind my childhood memories of seeing her as Witchipoo in that scary kid’s show *H.R. Puffn’Stuff*. Such inspired casting!

Cass Elliott was a symbol of an era, but her death is rarely chalked-up with those other sixties casualties. The ham sandwich slander scuppered her inclusion alongside Brian Jones, Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, is not her death just as tragic? She died young. I read that she had a heart attack, which, for a fat woman, is as much a

dismissal as the ham sandwich lie, because don’t all fat people explode, or collapse, or just die from being fat? No.

The other Mama and the two Papas had famous booze and drug addictions, maybe Cass didn’t get to Boxercise her way out of her habit. Someone else told me she’d “finally wanted to do something about her weight,” maybe because of the pressures in her TV career, anyway she’d been on a heavy diet and was weakened, and she just disappeared one day. *Evaporated*.

Most people reading this live in a culture that does not want fat women to succeed and thrive. When one of us dies the worms wriggle out and snigger and gloat. When we lose the power to speak for ourselves, lies germinate and are fed and watered. Cass’ death was a political death, about power and representation, it sparked a good deal of public activism (the Fat Underground protested loudly) and was an important event in the nascent fat rights movements. Her death was not a lonely joke. Twenty years later I am calling Fat Girls to remember Cass Elliot, to be proud of our ancestry, and to read behind the lies.

rarely chalked-up with those other sixties casualties.

She thought her ass was too big. Too big for what, I'd reply. Too big for me to love? Too big for me to spank? Too big for me to fuck?

I was bigger than she was, bigger, fatter, stronger. It was a trip for her when I'd come over and lift her 200 lb body and carry her to our bed. It was a trip for her when she could sit on my stomach while biting at my nipples.

Sometimes she'd worry and say, "I'm not too heavy, you can still breathe?" and I'd reply

"No, no I can hold all of you."

Then one day she said it again- some shit about being too big and I sat up in our bed and announced

"I've had it. How do you think it makes me feel to hear this crap day in and out about fat being bad. I'm a hundred pounds fatter than you. Do you think I'm too big???"

"I think you're cute and strong," she said, "It has nothing to do with you. You know I find you hot." She had tears in her eyes. I was pissed but who was I to get self righteous? Didn't I struggle to keep a positive self image in a society that actively hated my kind. Didn't I fight against the internalized fat hate I'd ingested as surely as I breathed air. Didn't I, on bad days, contemplate slim-fast only to be saved from that crazy trip down diet lane by the memory of four years of hunger when I starved myself thin.

We sat in bed, my fat girl and me, surrounded by our own pain. I reached for her, my butch need to protect her moving my arms to reach around her and pull her to me. I held her tightly and began to touch her.

"I love your fat arms, the way the flesh jiggles on the underside. I love the heft of your large, fat breasts." I bent my head and bit her nipples. "I love your fat belly, " I said when my mouth was free again and I reached under her large fold and

gently rubbed the skin there, feeling the web of stretch marks, letting my hand get warm with her heat.

I rubbed my hands together and said quietly and intently, "Now that my hand is warm, I can get down to the place I really love. I love your big fat enormous butt. I live and die for your ass and it pisses me off that you hate it so. Get on your hands and knees and give me your ass."

I went to my dresser and pulled out my harness and dildo.

She hesitated as I fit the dildo into the ring and stepped into the harness.

"I...I can't," she said. We were on shaky ground, I knew, doing a scene about fat hate when she was feeling it so acutely. She was shaky so I made myself strong enough for her to lean on.

"Rae, you have a safe word. If you NEED to, use it. Not WANT, but NEED. I don't care what you want. I do care if this would be bad for your head, but not if this will push your limits. I want to push you." I waited for her word and didn't hear it.

I moved to her and smacked her right butt cheek hard. She leaned on the bed, needing the spanking to get her going. I took our spanking belt from its hook and began to slowly hit her. "Your big butt is a good target," I commented. "It takes a good beating and...hear that. Your flesh thunders when I hit it. I like that sound." I hit her harder then, a few good shots right in the place where her ass met her thighs and she groaned with excitement. I put down the belt and wailed at her butt with my hand, holding her down as she moved away, leaning my weight on her.

"Please stop." she said and I hit her five more times.

"I don't have to stop Rae," I said as she cried out.

"Know why" I demanded.

When she didn't respond I hit her five times again.

“Know why?” She flailed her legs in protest and tried to heave her fat body up.

I laughed and simply leaned down on her, “Because Rae, I’m bigger than you.”

I pulled her thighs apart and stroked the softest flesh I found there. She was wet from her spanking. I decided to smack her there too.

Fat is so profound to smack. It ripples, it moves, it shakes, it makes loud noises, it responds. For not a lot of effort, I got a lot of movement, a lot of sound.

“I could spank you all day and you’d get red but wouldn’t bruise because the muscle in your fat ass, muscles you have just from walking around and carrying your weight, don’t bruise easy.”

“Please don’t spank me all day long,” she said clear as a bell. Not whimpering or begging. She was in her body now, feeling it, having to deal with herself.

“No, I won’t because what I want is to fuck you. Get on your knees.”

She did and spread herself wide enough to fit me between her legs, which left her asshole stretched and gaping. I lubed her butt and took her shoulders and guided her back onto my cock. She groaned with the effort.

“That’s it,” I encouraged, “Push out like you’re shitting and take in my big cock. It’s extra big. Know why? We need those extra inches to accommodate your fat ass cheeks and my big belly.” The cock was about twelve inches long. When her ass met my belly, about eight of those inches were in her. I pulled back when she got used to my being there and thrust in, watching her ass swallow that cock up. I began to thrust and she began to thrust back to me. When her ass and my belly met, the slap of flesh was thunderous and turned me on, no end. “Here that? That’s the sound of two fat dykes fucking.”

She was groaning. I slapped her, “No moaning... Just listen.” I made her listen to the song of our flesh meeting. I thrust in all the way and leaned all

my weight on her. She collapsed on the bed. I kept fucking her, jerking my hips up and down.

“There’s no room for fat hate between my big belly and your fat ass. No room for anything and my cock and enough lube to ease my way. Say it. Say you love your ass. Say you love your big, fat ass.”

She screamed as I fucked her. Screamed with each thrust.

“I...” grunt, thrust

“Love...” more grunts

“My...” thrust

“Big...” thrust

“Fat...” thrust...

thrust

“Ass.”

I started to fuck her like there was no tomorrow, not for her, but for me. For my own need to thrust in, for my own cock’s pleasure. And she, without touching her clit, had an anal orgasm that shook her from the root and left her whole soft and hard body quivering.

“I love my ass!” she screamed. “I love your belly! I love your big cock up my ass!” Soon her words were incoherent.

I stayed in her until she made to push me out. When she did I spread her cheeks to see her well-fucked hole. I like to see the ends of my work.

She rested and I stroked my cock, cleaning it off while nuzzling at her neck.

She turned to me and, with tears in her eyes, said, “Thank you. Now let me show you how I love your fat body.” She bent to kiss my ass, pulling at a nipple as she did. I sighed with pleasure as her tongue found my asshole and slid in.

Too fat, I thought...Too fat...

It was her very fat that drove me wild.

by Maxbear Finkelstein,
Dedicated, with love, to ST

Review

by M. G. Cimino

The Invisible Woman is available at bookstores (support your local feminist bookstores, grrls!), and may also be purchased directly from Gurze Books for \$14.95 plus \$2.50 shipping and handling. To order call 800/ 756-7533.

The *Invisible Woman* by W. Charisse Goodman is a book with its heart in the right place. Subtitled "Confronting Weight Prejudice in America", the book does an excellent job of doing that through the use of quotations, examples, and the author's personal experience. The use of quotes, from various diet books, medical journals, and fat-acceptance literature is extensive and exhaustive. While serving as a good source of ammunition to fight fat phobia, the continuous quoting made me wonder why I didn't just go back and reread *The Beauty Myth*. The quotes from Naomi Wolf's classic were profound and summed up in a sentence or two what Goodman then discussed for pages.

This is not to say the book doesn't have value. In fact, simply having a new, updated book about fat phobia and prejudice released is a wonderful step forward. And it is certainly a great introduction to the issue for women who have not yet been exposed to the idea that they can throw away their diet books and take a sledgehammer to their scale. But fat women who have already made these decisions and lived through fat prejudice will find little they did not already know, think, or feel.

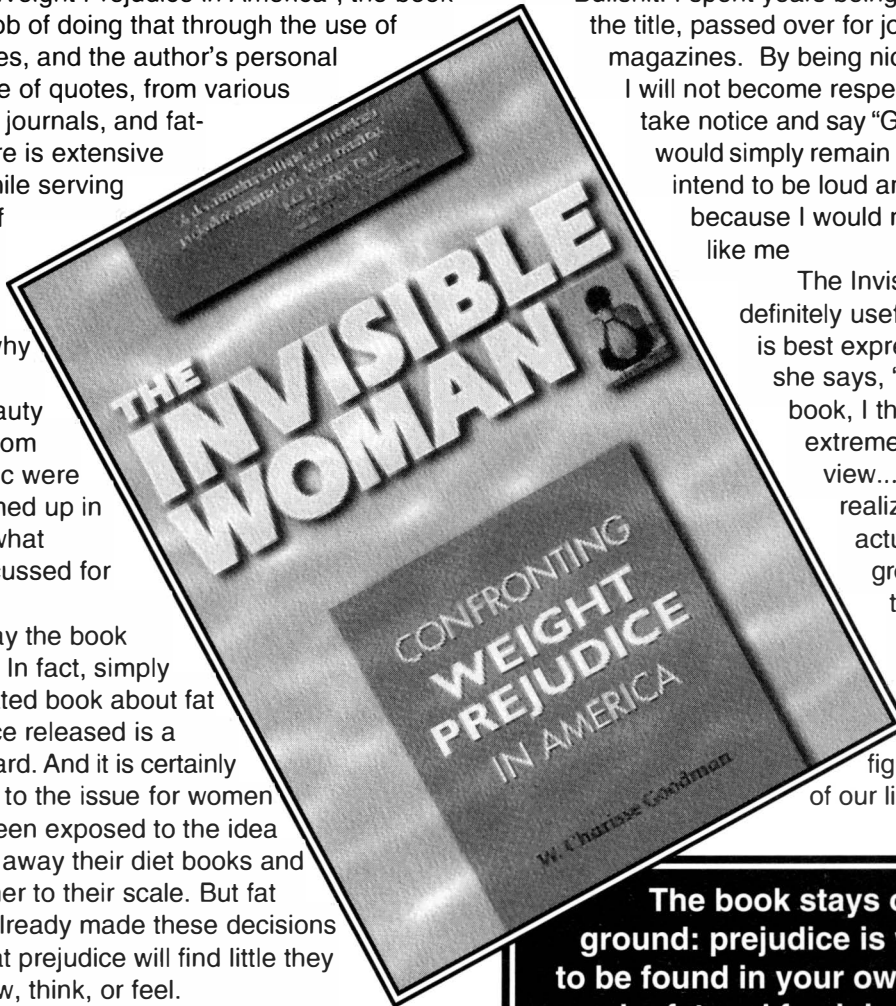
Some of the author's use of personal experience seemed repetitive and did little to aid her argument. She talks about forcing herself to watch what thin women order and eat in restaurants. She seems stunned that many ingest more food and less healthy food than she does. She also talks about "healthy" fat people trying to debunk the myths that fat women are unhealthy, vast quantity consumers. But as a fat woman who enjoys eating and has no idea what her cholesterol is, I found myself alienated. Healthy or not, pretty or not, intelligent or not, a fat person should not be discriminated against. Period.

But my biggest disappointment came in the final chapter, entitled "Invisible No More: Learning to Be Seen and Heard." The book stays on safe, simple ground: prejudice is wrong, beauty is to be found in your own mind, and you can be fat and feminine. The only radical notion in the book is one I violently disagree with. In the one and a half pages devoted to what to do with the anger and self-hatred a fat woman finds herself with, the author urges us to behave like Christ, Ghandi, and King. To be better than thin people, to

show through our higher morality and refusal to return pain for pain, that we fat women are better than them.

Bullshit. I spent years being the "Invisible Woman" in the title, passed over for jobs, unseen in movies and magazines. By being nice, upstanding and patient, I will not become respected. Thin women will not take notice and say "Gosh, I've been bad." I would simply remain invisible to them. No, I intend to be loud and angry and pushy because I would rather others see me than like me

The Invisible Woman is a decent, definitely useful book. But its weakness is best expressed by the author where she says, "When I began writing this book, I thought I was promoting an extremely radical point of view...Now, though, at the end, I realize that my arguments actually represent the middle ground." (p 197). And there's the rub, by being a proud fat woman in this society we are already radical. There can be no middle ground because of the fight we must fight, every day of our lives.



The book stays on safe, simple ground: prejudice is wrong, beauty is to be found in your own mind, and you can be fat and feminine.

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The Kitchen Slut

Presents

Sweets for the Slutty

I just can't seem to get enough sugar, my sweet tooth wanted chocolate, *melt in your mouth* and in your hand! I put the word out for candy recipes (thanks, Max) and got some yummy responses... Thank you, everyone who sent me recipes. These were my favorites...

This recipe was sent by Mary Stewart of Indiana, who loves sweets and sweet fat girls...

Chocolate Goody Bars

2 cups chocolate chips
2 cups butterscotch chips
2 cups peanut butter
2 cups peanuts
1 cup butter or margarine
1/2 cup evaporated milk
3-3/4 oz vanilla pudding mix (not instant)
1 teaspoon vanilla

Butter a 15-1/2 by 10" baking pan, set aside.
Melt chips, stir in peanut butter. Spread 1/2 of mixture in the baking pan and chill. Stir peanuts into the remaining mixture and set aside.

In a large saucepan, on low heat, melt butter and add evaporated milk and pudding mixture. Cook until thick (do not boil!)

Remove from heat, add sugar and vanilla.

Cool slightly and carefully spread over (yourself? your honey? no...) the chilled chocolate mixture.

Chill again for 30 minutes, then slowly drop the remaining mixture over the pudding and chill until firm.

Cut into bars, and keep in fridge (whatever is left, that is, I didn't have any left!)

That was good, but the Kitchen Slut wants more...more...more!

Have some candy with me?

Pudge's Peanut Butter Rice Crispy Treats

1 cup peanut butter (chunky is best)
1 12 oz bag butterscotch chips
5 cups rice krispies

Melt chips and peanut butter together, add krispies, press into a greased pan (not a greased hole...why not?? Cause it has to chill, silly!) and chill. When cold, make frosting.

6 oz bag of chocolate chips
1/4 cup sour cream

Melt chips and cream in a double boiler, then spread all (all over her bpdy)(oops, the kitchen slut getting excited again!) over the krispy treats. Chill and munch, yummm munch munch yummm!

Well, that's it for now, hope your sweet tooth is sated for the moment.

Don't forget, send me your favorite recipes — next time we'll be going on a picnic.

If I use your recipe, you're invited to join me, but don't be camera-shy 'cause our photographer is coming too!

Til' next issue...

Love,

Bertha

The Kitchen Slut

SLEEP APNEA

by Lori Ann Selke

These days, the condition called sleep apnea seems to be becoming a high-profile medical condition. More and more people are being diagnosed with it, and there seems to be a lot of curiosity about what it is, how it affects people, and what can be done to treat it. "Apnea" literally means "lack of breath," and sleep apnea is a condition where breathing stops during the night, while asleep. There are two kinds of sleep apnea: central and obstructive. Central sleep apnea is a result of some dysfunction of the central nervous system and is fairly rare; obstructive sleep apnea involves the more mechanical blockage of the throat during sleep and is far more common. Obstructive sleep apnea has been linked to weight; the condition is more common in heavier people (though people of any weight can have sleep apnea), and more common among men than women; but more and more women seem to be diagnosed these days as well, and the risk for sleep apnea increases after menopause. It is believed that "excess" fatty tissue or weight may contribute to the mechanical throat blockage, thus affecting the severity of the condition. Weight loss is therefore sometimes advocated to help alleviate sleep apnea. But it's almost never presented as a "cure," and rightly so. Besides, there are other ways of treating and relieving sleep apnea.

There are several symptoms associated with sleep apnea. The one that often acts as a tip-off is loud, heavy snoring. Now, just the mere presence of snoring is often not an indication of the condition, but snoring interrupted or punctuated by gasps or pauses in breathing, this may be a sign of the presence of sleep apnea. More important than snoring, but harder to detect, is if your breath cuts off or pauses while you are sleeping.

Other symptoms stem from the fact that the sufferer of sleep apnea isn't getting enough actual restful sleep during the night, due to the interruptions that the breath stoppage causes. These include being inexplicably drowsy during the day, especially if to the point of "nodding off." Since the breath cut-offs often cause a sleep apnea sufferer to wake up in the middle of the night, frequent wake ups are also a symptom (sometimes this is masked by the belief that one has to urinate that is causing the wake-ups). Lack of energy during the day, inability to concentrate, and morning headaches are some others. Mood effects from lack of restful sleep, such as anxiety, depression, or irritability, are also common.

The lack of restful sleep, and breathing interruptions can also have longer term effects, including memory loss or impairment, elevated blood pressure, increased risk of heart attack or stroke, heart arrhythmia, and shortness of breath. This last symptom is often overlooked by fat sufferers of sleep apnea; it's just assumed that shortness of breath is part and parcel of being fat, rather than being an indication of some underlying medical problem. The constant or recurrent drowsiness and cognitive effects also impair one's ability to work, and increase susceptibility to accidents.

An accurate diagnosis of Obstructive Sleep Apnea can only come from a sleep test (called a polysomnography, or PSG), administered by medical professionals. The PSG measures the frequency and length of any breath stoppages, also called "apnea events," during the night.

However, you can also get a good idea of whether or not you should consider getting tested from a home sample. Try recording your breathing at night, or have someone listen for you. Record any gaps in breathing longer than 10 seconds; if there are several present, it's likely that you may have sleep apnea.

Many doctors are unfamiliar with sleep apnea. If your doctor is inclined to be dismissive of the potential of apnea, consider getting a second opinion. Your doctor may also refer you to a sleep specialist or otolaryngologists (also known as an ear, nose and throat specialist), or you may consider suggesting this yourself.

Unfortunately, testing and treatment are expensive, and may be a problem if you're not covered by some form of insurance. (Some insurers can be initially reluctant to pay for testing and treatment as well, because of the expense. The only advice I can offer is, persist, and enlist your doctor and/or specialist's support, if you can. Have them write letters to your insurance carrier if necessary; sleep apnea is a serious condition that needs treatment if possible.)

A CPAP (Continuous Positive Airway Pressure) machine is the most common method of treatment. The CPAP machine consists of a small unit which plugs into a wall socket, and is



attached via tubing to either a mask or a set of "nose pillows" (also known as an ADAM unit). The machine forces pressured air through the nose and into the respiratory tract; that air forces the respiratory tract to stay open instead of collapsing and causing an apnea event. It is supposed to be worn whenever a person sleeps.

Some cases are also treated with a BiPAP (Bi-Level Positive Airway Pressure) machine, usually those cases which do not respond to CPAP treatment (but not always). Similar in function to CPAPs, BiPAPs are more expensive, and so insurers are often more reluctant to pay for them. Unlike the CPAP, a BiPAP machine only blows air "on demand," that is, when the wearer inhales. The pressurized air flow ceases when the wearer exhales.

The DPAP (Demand Positive Airway Pressure) is a newer machine that has just arrived on the market. According to the manufacturer, Innovative Medical Systems, the DPAP, responds breath-by-breath to changes in pressure requirements. Your columnist does not have much information as yet on the DPAP, including any information on cost or effectiveness, because it is so new.

Surgery is sometimes prescribed for curing snoring — however, most of these surgeries, including nose/septum realignment, UPPP (standing for Uvulopalatopharyngoplasty, an operation that removes the uvula, that tear-shaped flap of skin at the back of the throat, as well as removing some tissue from the soft palate and upper throat) and LAUP (standing for Laser Assisted Uvulopalatopharyngoplasty; essentially, a laser-aided version of the surgery described above, except with less extensive tissue removal), are sometimes effective on the snoring per se, but aren't as effective in treating any underlying apnea problem. (The success rate at treating Obstructive Sleep Apnea with

UPPP is around 50%, and possibly lower.) Your intrepid columnist thinks that surgery should be considered a last resort, since treatment with CPAP and similar machines is usually more successful, as well as less invasive and with less side effects. LUAP, in particular, is not recommended for treatment of sleep disorders by the American Sleep Disorders Association, a professional organization.

There are a few other purely mechanical ways of treating certain forms of Obstructive Sleep Apnea, such as using tongue-restraining device to prevent the tongue from falling backwards and blocking the airway behind it.

Other behavioral modifications will often be suggested in conjunction with another form of treatment, including, yes, weight loss (as previously discussed), and avoidance of alcohol and sedatives because one of their effects is to suppress breathing. It also might be a good idea to try and quit smoking, if possible, because of the possibility of decreased lung capacity interfering with breathing in the night.

There are a lot of different models of CPAPs and BiPAPs, with a lot of optional equipment available. If you've been diagnosed with sleep apnea, you should attempt to get your doctor, sleep specialist, or homecare provider to help educate you about your various options. Some of the more common choices

include: mask vs. nose pillows (there are pros and cons for both: some people find the smaller nose pillows more comfortable, some people find the mask, which is a larger but less penetrative, to be so), and the optional addition of a humidifier to prevent the nasal passages from drying out (often a special concern for those who choose to wear the nose pillows). Another useful feature is a remote control, and a "ramp-up" feature, that starts the airflow at a lower and less noisy pressure at first, and then works its way up to full pressure over time. The doctor or homecare provider should also help adjust the sleep apparatus with you, and should also help calibrate the machine's pressure for you — this will also involve another sleep test (in fact, it should, as this is the most effective way to correctly calibrate the needed pressure on the first try). Finding the right combination of headgear, tubing, positioning of the unit at night, etc., may take a lot of trial and error; try not to get too discouraged if it doesn't all fall into place right away.

You should be given a manual for your unit. If you aren't, ask for one. Read it thoroughly and try to familiarize yourself with it. Cleaning the mask and hose every day helps prevent increased susceptibility of respiratory infections, and also helps keep the skin that's in contact with the mask from breaking out. Make sure that the headgear is properly adjusted. Many people who complain about how uncomfortable the equipment is turn out to have been using poorly adjusted or fitted headgear. Try taking some time during the day to explore your headgear and familiarize yourself with it. Take it apart, put it back together, experiment and play.

Place the machine at the head of your bed, and try to trail the tubing back behind your head (this may be easier with nasal pillows, by the way), or perhaps loop it around one post of the bed. This prevents you from getting entangled in the hose in the middle of the night.

A lot of people seem to find themselves removing the mask in the middle of the night inadvertently; often, though, this problem seems to go away on its own as the wearer gets more used to sleeping with the machine over time. If it continues to be a problem, make sure that all the headgear has been properly adjusted.

Consider giving the machine a name, or try to think up other friendly ways of getting to know your equipment. I had a lot of fun trying to imagine how to turn all the straps, hoses, etc. into sex toys, for example. Also feel free to poke fun at it — it's a great way to relieve the tension of introducing it into your life and routines.

Give yourself some time. Getting used to the machine may be slow going, and the effects may be gradual (though they may not be — I know some people who adored their CPAP or BiPAP from the moment they tried it). It may be hard to see the benefits at first. Be patient.

Lots of people worry about how their partners (or future partners) will take living with a CPAP. I think that most already-existing partners are actually quite happy to have the CPAP in their lives because of what it means — a happier, healthier, more energetic lover (not to mention the lack of snoring!). Just make sure you include your current partner, if you have one, in the process of introducing and adjusting the machine. Many of these fears seem to stem from a fear of loss of spontaneity in sex. If you're really worried about this, practice taking off the headgear as quickly as possible! Also, consider using one of the models with a remote, so that the machine can be turned off quickly. As the partner of a CPAP-wearer, I can say that I've learned to eroticize the moment when the mask comes off...

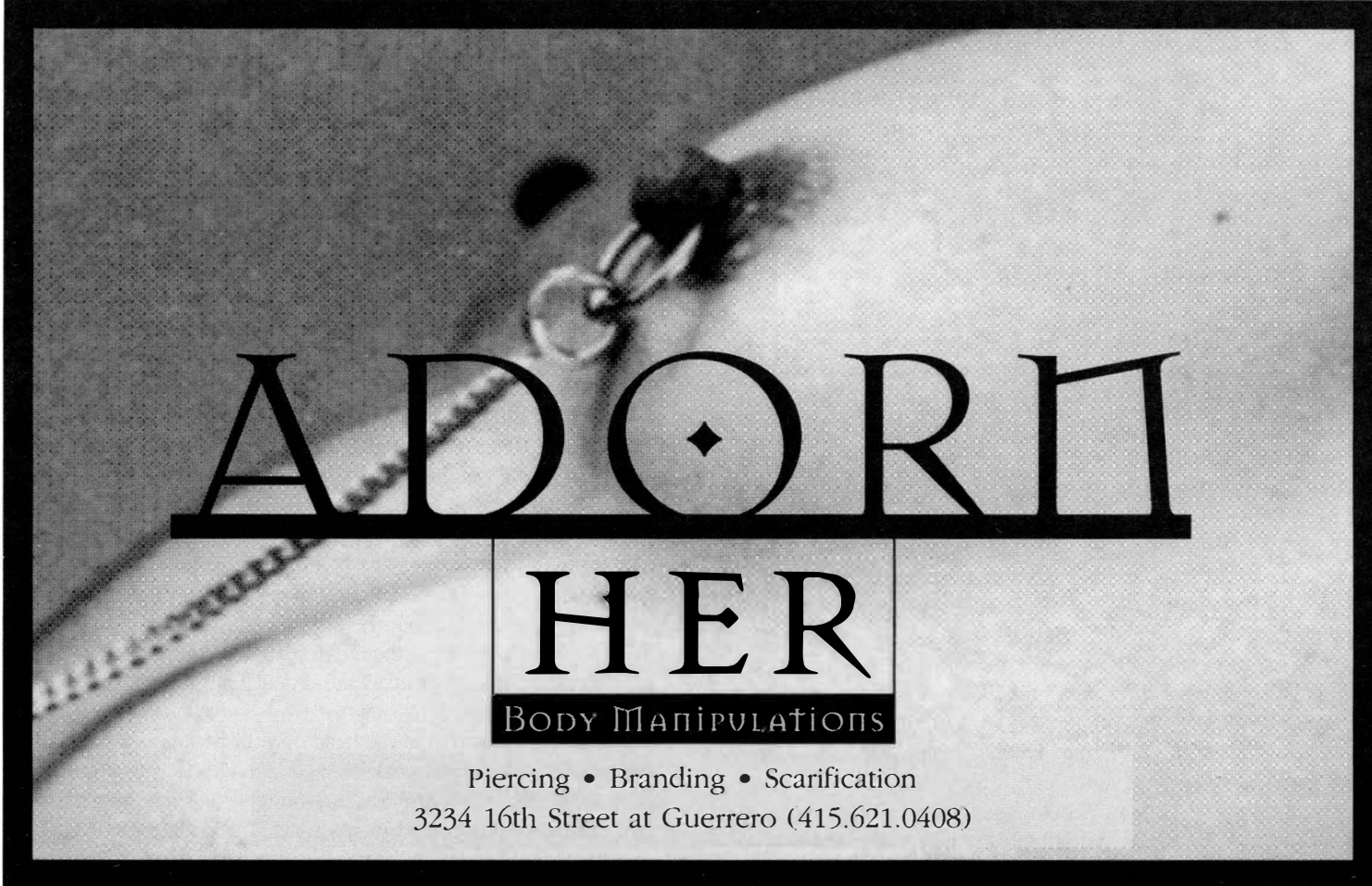
When it comes to new lovers, generally a short explanation of the purpose of the machine does the trick. Most potential lovers won't object to the use of a device without which you'd stop breathing in the middle of the night!

Also, keep in mind that although it's inconvenient, it's better than the alternative...and that's really the best way to look at it. In addition to the medical benefits, people being treated for their sleep apnea often feel more awake, energetic, and able to function, once under treatment; in other words, more "alive." The rather limited disadvantages of having to deal with the machine every night should hopefully be outweighed by all this.

There are lots of resources available for further information. If you have access to Usenet newsgroups, alt.support.sleep-disorder is an excellent place to ask questions and get help. If you have access to the Web, there is a site with very detailed and informative patient-organized sleep apnea FAQ: URL: <http://www.access.digex.net/~faust/sldord/osa/osa.faq.html>. However, this site is not fat-friendly; it does equate being "overweight" with being unhealthy, and urges sleep apnea patients to lose weight. There is also another excellent, if more general site, the Sleep Medicine home page at:

URL: <http://www.cloud9.net/~thorpy/>.

For those who aren't connected to the Net, The American Sleep Apnea Association (ASAA), PO Box 66, Belmont, MA 02178, (617) 489-4441, fax (619) 489-4761 is a good resource. It publishes a newsletter, Wake-Up Call, and is affiliated with a network of patient self-help groups, the AWAKE (Alert, Well, and Keeping Energetic) Network. It also has patient education videos available.



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I try to fuck as much as I can. I find the more body-to-body contact I have, the more “aware” of my body I become, and the more confidence I have in “living in” my body. Those are two problems I always want to overcome.

Surround myself with positive images, do yoga, wear fun clothes, pamper myself with candlelight baths, exercise, dance!

Buy nice, flattering clothes when I find them. Exercise. Masturbate. Touch my body all over. Swim, especially in natural bodies of water. Cook and eat healthy meals. Not diet.

I think nice things, deny myself little, open my heart to myself and have *multiple* orgasms.

Eat healthfully most of the time, but not afraid to splurge at others. Exercise. Not try and disguise my size in the clothing I wear.

When Bible ladies offer weight-loss advice, I say, “I’m ready for the famine of Armageddon!” When snobby skinny girls say, “I’m so fat!” and look at me, I say, “Yes you are!” and pinch at an imaginary piece of flab on their arms. “You really *should* work out more, girl!” Obviously, I have fun with my size, with my life, with my breasts and thighs and big swinging butt.

I just happen to like myself, so I am positive without actively promoting it.

Write love poems to myself / my body, buy pretty things to adorn it with, treat it well, take it dancing and swimming, feed it when it’s hungry.

What do you
do to promote

POSITIVE
FEELINGS

about your
body?

I smile at myself a lot, I feed myself well, I work out, I wear interesting jewelry and am liberal with that budget! I refuse to wear clothes that don’t fit right or are constricting.

Run around naked.

Just being me in all my big goofy bulldagging ways. Also, when I’m given a compliment I say “thank you” and not duck and deny myself the stroke.

I fight back. I refuse to apologize and I eat what I want and enjoy it without guilt.

I wear what I want; things that feel comfortable and look like me. I listen to compliments when I get them (ie-I try to ignore all the old tapes in my head that tell me bullshit). I don’t stand on scales. I don’t “watch my weight.” I hang with people who like me the way I am, who would never suggest I change anything about me.

I love myself and give myself great pleasure, whether or not I currently have a lover. I let myself wear whatever feels great on me.

Because I have mild diabetes I stopped eating sugar a couple of years ago—my energy level changed quite a bit and now I have pretty good, even energy all day long (this is a major good feeling thing). And I walk two miles to work every day, which keeps me energized too. Neither thing has caused weight loss, that’s not why I do them, but they do keep me aware of my body and how great I’m feeling, which helps me have positive feelings about my body in general.

Wear tight clothes, show off what I have and who I am.

I put myself out there as a flirtatious, hot, sexually-active, **FAT** woman. I make myself resist the urge to pretend I’m thin while I’m doing this. I avoid people who tell me (or whom I suspect believe) that my having a fat body has absolutely nothing to do with my being attractive. I do erotic things with food, and sometimes I’m aware that it’s because I want to demand that people—including myself— see fat women **EATING** as being very sexy. I try my best to surround myself with people who validate me—who like me for me, but who also find my body attractive (whether or not they lust after me). I nurture and love and wholeheartedly support other fat femmes. I treat them the way I believe we should be treated. I fuck fat women.

Take care of my physical self: eat, sleep and fuck well. Hang with others who are positive about my body and their own, whatever their size.

Eat, sleep and fuck well Do yoga Take no prisoners!

Talk to my
honey, go for
hikes and
walks, work in
the garden.

Hang around with people who like me for me and not for what I look like. Nothing boosts self-esteem like being truly liked for being you.

Read FaT GiRL! Read fat-positive things. Learn about fat oppression/liberation.

Bathe. Buy really cute clothes. Hang out with people who tell me how cute I am - and believe them.

Be myself, not exhibit stereotypic behavior.

I just enjoy myself. When I walk the Bay to Breakers or climb the hills of SF, I put out nothing but positive!

Dress in a way that I feel makes me look attractive. Do physical things that feel good, such as being outdoors getting exercise. Keep a regular connection with the size-acceptance community via reading (*Rump Parliament*, NAAFA, *Radiance*, various books), and talking to people on the net and in person, who are size-positive or size activists. Being involved in the community, attending gatherings, having friends there, etc. Hanging out in a hot tub with a bunch of naked fat women! All these things allow me to experience myself as sexy and attractive.

Make or buy and wear bright, beautiful clothing or daring, sexy clothing. Use fragranced, quality body-care products. Eat food I like when I want, masturbate, hang out with other fat women, get tattoo.

Wear short skirts, low shirts, act sexy! (It works!) Seek out fat-friendly compulsive complimenters.

Just being
me in all my
big goofy
bulldagging
ways.

Read defensively (newspapers, billboards, beauty magazines, novels & comics). Live a physically, hedonistically sensual life.

The more I can get in touch with my body the more I can love it. I do this by going to the gym, using sauna, whirlpool, getting massages, going for walks/hikes and camping, masturbating, dancing, fucking, and eating/shitting well.

Take no prisoners. I'm out and proud. I don't make excuses for my size.

Remind myself I am strong, healthy, competent.

Wear tight clothes Run around naked Fight Back!

Lesbian Tax Mom

Susan Levinkind

A lawyer and tax preparer in Northampton, MA and is now in her sixth year of preparing your taxes in California.

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romancing the bones

Lea E. Arellano

dipping her fingers into the broth of her chicken soup
as I watched with intention
such an act of intimacy

she, lifting up and out from the steaming bowl
the wing of a rocky junior*
looking at it with her pure focus
offering it to her lips
mouth opens and she takes it right in
suck, slurp, suck, suck
tongue comes out to lick her lips
full circle

she takes it out and examines her work
her tongue wraps itself around it once more
and takes it back in
I hear the bone crack
I swear I hear her teeth smile
lips smacking she begins to suck and pull loudly on the broken bone
ah it's the marrow says she
the very best part

closing her eyes
she returns to sucking on that damn chicken bone
savoring the treasure she found at it's core

I said to myself how deprived can one be
the whole time I watched her
I wished it were me

(*Rocky Junior is the name of a free-ranging organic chicken raised
in the Bay Area that some lesbians are fond of eating.)

© Lea E. Arellano July 1995

Outcast Dykes

eMRobinson

She said, "Love me, love my thighs."
Her soft and wrinkly rounded, sagging
thighs are filled with butter fat—the sweet cream
that rises to the surface.

I can take hold of them easily
and cushion my head as I sink into her.

I said, "I will love your thighs.
They are just like mine. But with me
comes my belly."

She thinks about how it overflows,
folding against itself, rolling under my clothes.

It's pale, doughy and heavy,
clumsily moveable and poorly hidden.

When she seeks, she finds
and finds and finds.

She said, "I will love your belly.
It's just like mine. But promise me
you won't laugh at my arms."

And I said, "Promise me you won't criticize
my double chin."

How can we criticize each other
for the same faults? the same obvious defects?

Fat is bad at hiding. It prefers to be noticed,
taunting thin bodies with malnourished minds
to throw sharp darts, as if we can be deflated,
as if we should be deflated,
as if we owe them gratitude for humiliation.

Not everyone needs to count their ounces
of body fat on one hand or even two.

But in our likeness, the outcast sameness,
we struggle with acceptance of ourselves.

I can love her thighs more easily
than I can love my own.

So we work at loving ourselves
while our soft bodies comfortably melt together,
becoming one
(and a half).

Although, our four breasts are equal to the weight
of ten. That's more to enjoy for each of us,
Outcast Dykes.

ZINES & MAGAZINES

By Max Airborne

Bamboo Girl, #2

There's heaps of interesting reading in this zine for Asian dykes. I especially loved the interview with Selena Wahng of the Lucy Stoners and Sabrina's list of affirmations. You'll also find more interviews, a report from the Dyke March, tips on everything from essential oils to Tagalog, some art and writing from Femzine, thoughts about feminism and hardcore, Asian Fucking Stereotypes, and more stuff than is possible to list here. A big, healthy dose of my favorite attitude. \$3 to: *Bamboo Girl*, PO Box 2828, New York, NY 10185-2828.

Dendron: Psychiatric Survivors and Allies Madness Network News, #36

Have you ever been told that your fat or your sexual preference were diseases that needed to be cured? *Dendron* speaks on your behalf. *Dendron* is an incredibly important resource, chock-full of news, ideas, and information for psychiatric survivors and folks who want to stop psychiatric abuse. *Dendron* also encourages reclamation of the word "crazy" — hooray!!! Issue #36 includes the Ten Warning Signs of "Normality" pull-out poster. \$15/4 issues (sliding scale) to: *Dendron*, PO Box 11284, Eugene, OR 97440, email: chrp@efn.org.

Dork Dyke, #2

And a dorky dyke zine it is, complete with fashion tips for wealthy men, a cute lesbo episode of Laverne and Shirley (and Boo Boo Kitty), musings about being a hick, rants about computers, and more mentions of John Denver than you've seen in one place since you were a wee tot (did you know that he and Martina were twins separated at birth?). \$2 to Tara Moyle, 1027 S. 4th St., DeKalb, IL 60115.

fantastic fanzine, #6

This title doesn't lie — it really is fantastic. But not to say it's fantasy — on the contrary, this zine packs its pages with more truth than many people ever acknowledge in their

entire lifetime. There's lots of excellent writing about class, race, abuse, being a girl, riot grrrl, bodies, mental health, and life, including a contribution from Nomy Lamm and a recipe for homemade lube. Loads of praise and respect to Erika for creating such an excellent zine. Send some extra dough and ask for a Riot Grrrl Press catalog or a copy of *wreckin ball #3*, a zine Erika and Mary did together while sequestered away together for 2 days. \$3 (sliding scale) or trade to: Erika, 2501 N. Lincoln, #261, Chicago, IL 60614.

Fat!So?: For People Who Don't Apologize for Their Size, #4

Armpits galore grace the centerfold of this latest issue of my favorite fat zine (besides the one you're reading, that is). You'll also find more Body Mass index of fat culture (did you know that the circulation of Weight Watchers magazine is nearly that of the New York Times??), cut-and-paste flying fat fairies, a roundup of TV talk shows about fat, fiction, poetry, intensely interesting blurbs, Fat!So? trading cards, and a comic by Max Airborne (heh, heh). \$3.50/sample, \$12/4 to: *Fat!So?:* PO Box 423464, San Francisco, CA 94142, email: marilyn@fatso.com.

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. The latest issues include an update on the new FDA "obesity" drugs, internet resources for fat folks, songs to celebrate fat women, parental activism on behalf of the large child, a fat person's guide to biking, and arguments for size rights legislation. You can receive both publications for \$20/year. Largesse, PO Box 9404, New Haven, CT 06534.

GirlFrenzy: By Women for People, #5

I was thrilled to get my hands on this latest issue, and my joy only increased as I leafed through its pages packed with great comics; an article about women and guns; a story about Riot Grrrl UK; an interview with Val Langmuir from Feminists Against Censorship; show



By Kate Evans From *Girl Frenzy*

reviews; a tribute to Dusty Springfield; TONS of reviews of comics, zines, music, books and more, all with attitude and beautiful, readable layout to boot. You gotta get it. Send 'em an extra buck and ask for a Kate Evans "Can you pinch an inch? Do you give a fuck?" postcard. (pictured above) \$5 to: *GirlFrenzy*, PO Box 148, Hove BN3 3DQ, UK.

Girl Luv, #1

Lots of angry, collage-style graphics in here, some cool personal stories and even some good poetry. There's a great story about 2 rad tough girls who aren't afraid to do what they want. Olivia does some excellent drawings, too. \$1 + stamp or trade to: Olivia, 3233 Juliet St., Pittsburgh, PA 15213.

Her Posse, #3

Just how sick are you of mainstream lesbian and gay culture? Let *Her Posse* help remind you. Among my favorite excerpts from this issue: **"HOMICIDE WATCH: THAT BITCH WHO MADE BAR GIRLS.** We never thought it could get worse than *Claire of the Moon*...there is no excuse for this badly acted, badly scripted, faux LA, big haired, dyke-hating "lesbian" film. A corpse is more erotic than this film & twice as alive." No apologies in here. And I mean **NONE.** Get it, you need it. Trust me. \$2 to: *Her Posse*, PO Box 15137, Boston, MA 02215.

I Still Don't Like Frogs, #1

The title is a quote from *The Color Purple*, in case you were wondering. This is a very personal rant-ish, diary-ish zine by Cleo, a baby dyke in Alberta. She's got some other projects in the works, too, including a queer youth zine, a masturbation zine for women, a zine about girls and self-mutilation, and a listing of girl dyke zines. Send her your stuff. Oh, and send her an extra buck and maybe she'll drop you a copy of *Slut Magnet #10, the All Dyke Militia issue.* You can get ISDLF for \$1 or trade to Cleo, Box 6, Site 209, RR 2, New Sarepta, Alberta, CANADA, T0B3M0.

Lezzie Smut: Fall '95 issue, #7

Lezzie Smut is not a magazine to be read at work (as I've been trying to do for the past hour), because nearly every page has something that's bound to get you into trouble, not to mention the fact that it makes sitting still at your desk nearly impossible. If it's not a huge, juicy cunt taking up the page, it's a pullquote that calls, "It ain't over till the fat bearded lady makes you scream, sweetheart." Whew! They're committed to portraying more fat girls, too, so send 'em your photos (don't forget to include model releases)!!! \$5/sample, \$24/4 to Hey Grrrlz! Productions, 364-1027 Davie St., Vancouver, BC V6E 4L2 CANADA.

Liliane: Butchy Dykes, #29

Leanne Franson has been doing this fab mini-comic for several years now, and it's a real gem. Each issue tackles some aspect of queer life or feminist politics, and I must confess, I especially love this latest issue about butches. She's captured the essence of butch with her witty insight and mighty pen in a way that's guaranteed to make you smile. I can't wait to see the continuation in #30!!! \$1.50/sample, \$7.50/5 or \$15/10 to: Leanne Franson, C.P. 274, Succ. Place du Parc, Montreal, Quebec, CANADA H2W 2N8.

Living Large is an apa (amateur press association) for folks who want to talk about fat issues. In order to subscribe you must contribute (2 pages every other issue). 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). *Living Large* is currently open to new members. For a sample issue, send \$5 to Honorine Woodward, 2 Leland Ave., Northborough, MA 01532.

Pasty: the Heavy issue, #5

Sarah-Katherine recounts a trip to the gynecologist, a moment at the bus stop, thoughts about food, and an american tragedy about Jello No-Bake dessert. Plus "Thin People Can Bite Me" by Erin Fitzgerald, and more. As always, poetry-free. \$1 + 2 stamps or a box of pop tarts to: Sarah-Katherine Lewis, 6201 15th Avenue NW, #P-549, Seattle, WA 98107.

Queer Nasty, #7

If you ever wondered if there were radical queers in Oregon, wonder no more. These folks are radical, funny, and very smart. This issue has some fabulous simple comebacks to dumb epithets hurled by homophobic breeders, a centerfold declaration about outing, advice from Mother Nasty,

an article about size awareness in the classroom, one about growing up fat, a news column, a recipe column, and the usual array of fashion photos and ads. \$5/sample, \$20/year to: *Radiance*, PO Box 30246, Oakland, CA 94604, email: radmag@aol.com.

Sourpuss: the "Talk Show Freak" issue, #9.

Though she's now graduated from high school, Sara is still as cool as ever, and here she recounts for us her experience on the Oprah Winfrey show (where she wore a Fat Girls Rule sticker!). She also interviews a band called Pinchu Macha who gives an interesting little rant about sex vs. sexism, and fills us in on her thoughts about growing up and how stupid it is (right fucking on!), the fucked-up boy world, and things that suck oh so very much. There's also a couple reviews and a big ol' pig on the cover. Sara's also trying to organize an East Coast Riot Grrl convention, so interested folks should get in touch. \$1 or trade to *Sourpuss*, Mailbox #860, SUNY, 735 Anderson Hill Rd., Purchase, NY 10577-1499. Email mcool@brick.purchase.edu.

Wage Slave, Tales of Menial Toil

By Lee Kennedy: "52 painpacked pages" of the comic (and some not-so-comic) stories of a fat struggling cartoonist in England. I especially liked "Miserable Old Fart Just Wants to Do Her Art," but all of the comics here are worth a gander — I couldn't put it down until



From *Wage Slave* by Lee Kennedy

and lots more fodder to put hair on the chests of queers everywhere. \$2/sample or \$10/sub to Baby Rhino Press, PO Box 10181, Eugene, OR 97440-2181, email: queer-nasty@tripnet.com.

Radiance: the Magazine for Large Women, #45

Radiance is probably the only mainstream glossy women's fashion magazine that actually has articles worth reading. This issue contains articles by Charlotte Cooper and several other women outside the US about fat activism in their countries,

the very end, at which point I discovered that I'd long-since burned my dinner. Get a catalog that includes her stuff by sending a self-addressed envelope to: Slab O Concrete, PO Box 821388, Dallas, TX, 75382.

If you would like your publication reviewed in *Media Feast*, please send to: **FaT GiRL Attn: Max, 2215-R Market Street, Suite 193, San Francisco, CA 94114**

ORGANIZATIONS

Compiled by Max Airborne

If you would like your group or event listed here, please let us know!

West Coast US

Ample Opportunity, of Portland Oregon has a fat women's swim on Tuesdays and Thursdays at the MLC pool, 2033 NW Glisan, from 7:45-8:45pm. The pool is always staffed by a female lifeguard. If you're feeling self-conscious, AO will provide you with a swim pal to help you get to the pool for the first time. Call the AO phone at (503)245-1524.

The NAAFA Feminist Caucus' 12th Annual Fat Women's Gathering will be held Nov. 8-11, 1996 in Seattle, WA at the Executive Inn, near the Seattle Center. Guest speakers include W. Charisse Goodman, author of *The Invisible Woman: Confronting Weight Prejudice in America* (see review in this issue) and Diane Amos ("The Pine Sol Lady") actress and comic, who may also conduct an Improv. Workshop. There will also be empowering workshops; vendors who specialize in products for fat women; a talent show; a fashion show; private pool party; clothing swap; a fat-positive sing-along; video presentations; old and new friends. The conference space limits the number of women who will be able to attend, so you must register early! Cost is \$105 for NAAFA Feminist Caucus members, \$115 for non-members. To obtain a registration form, email mestl@u.washington.edu, or send a SASE (#10, business size) to West Coast Conference Committee, 508 North 103rd, Seattle, WA 98133. This will be a smoke and scent-free event.

The Body Image Task Force is a task-oriented group in Santa Cruz that fights size discrimination and looksism and promotes positive body image for all sizes

through events, workshops, actions, and public speaking to raise awareness of body-image issues. They need volunteers and student interns. Contact them at PO Box 934, Santa Cruz, CA 95061, (408) 457-4838, email datkins@blue.weeg.uiowa.edu.

FAT LIP Readers Theatre "is a collective of fat women who present exciting, dynamic theatrical performances about what it's really like to be a fat woman in today's society. Our mission is to end fat oppression and promote size acceptance through education and theatrical performance. We also offer educational workshops and in-service trainings for organizations and community groups. We periodically open up our membership to newcomers, FAT WOMEN interested in writing and performing original works of poetry, song and stories. Because we are constantly striving to have the diversity of our culture reflected in the composition of the group, at this time we are specifically seeking women of color. No experience necessary. All levels welcome. If you are interested in more information about performances or membership, call (510) 841-3438 and leave your name and phone number. If you leave your address we will send you a new member information packet. Email: carolguy@netcom.com."

Girth & Mirth can tell you what's happening in the fat men's movement. 176-B Page St., San Francisco, CA 94102, live info: (415) 824-0260, events line: (415) 552-1143.

Lesbians of Size (LesbOS) has formed in Portland, Oregon for the empowerment of fat lesbians. LesbOS meets every third Thursday at It's My Pleasure. Cost is \$1 per lesbian for the space. These are the business/planning/rap group meetings. LesbOS shares leadership, with the facilitation of the group changing each month to a new volunteer who gets to choose the topic of the meetings. They also do social and political outings. Call Gail at (503)233-1816 for information.

Making Waves is a supportive recreational swim for women over 200 lbs, 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 sliding scale. For info. call Linda at (510) 524-6470 or email weazy@aol.com.

Sisters of Size is a Seattle group for fat dykes. Begun in 1987, the group meets at least twice a month — once to go swimming and once for a focus night of discussion, watching relevant videos, networking, potluck, etc. They also eat in restaurants together, go bowling, kite flying, camping, and have picnics, bonfires on the beach, and parties. They try to have a float in the Gay Pride Parade and participate in No Diet Day activities. Many friendships have been made through the group. For info, contact Martha at (206)789-1267.

Water Women is a Seattle-based low-intensity water exercise class for large and/or differently abled women and their supportive significant others. Mondays 6:30-7:30 and Wednesdays 5:30-6:30, \$3 per session, call Lee Brown at (206)789-1267.

Women of Width is a Bay Area fat-positive women's support group, based on the idea that women are healthy and beautiful at any size. The group meets on the 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of every month, 7:30 - 9:00 pm, at Two Sisters Bookstore, 605 Cambridge St., Menlo Park (unless otherwise stated). \$2 is requested to help pay the room rental, but no one is turned away for lack of money. For more information call (415) 965-8416, or send email to jwermont@netcom.com.

Hey, get more fat girls on t.v.! And learn more about production while you're at it: **Dyke TV** is shown in various cities across the U.S. In San Francisco, it is on Viacom Channel 53, and coming soon to the East Bay. The planning meetings for local production are the first and third Mondays of the month at 8pm. Call 415-641-6254 for more info.

and

EVENTS

Midwest US

SAFFO, Sisters Are Fighting Fat Oppression, is looking for fat-positive, les/bi/trans women-positive women based in the Minneapolis/St.Paul area dedicated to arming fat women with pride and dismantling diet CULTure, fatphobia/hatred, and thin privilege. For more info, contact Wendy (c/o UYW) at 244 Coffman Union, 300 Washington Ave SE, Minneapolis, MN 55455. Phone: (612) 625-0607. Fax: (612) 625-9161, email: uyw@maroon.tc.umn.edu.

The Venus Group is a social group in Southeastern Michigan for big women who want to reclaim the fat female form as love goddess. They meet monthly. For info contact Heather at (313) 480-7080.

East Coast US

Big Beautiful Lesbians is a support group for fat lesbians in Washington, DC. For more info contact Michaëlle at (202) 863-0862.

Fat Dykes in the Northern Virginia/DC/Maryland area: Come celebrate your attitudes, shyness, & FLAB! Call Nicole L. Reid @ (703) 671-8990 or Email NLReid@aol.com.

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 Gail and Shira at 609-924-9321 or email amy_parker@margeotes.com.

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.

FatGala '96, A Conference for Fat Women and Their Women Friends and Allies will be held July 4-7, 1996 at the Sheraton Tara Hotel in Parsippany, New Jersey. Events planned include workshops, trunk sale, three pool parties, a talent show, murder mystery, and meetings, all in a "beautiful castle setting." The gathering is sponsored by: The Fat Feminist Caucus of NAAFA, LFAN, Largesse, Council on Size & Weight Discrimination and other national and regional groups. To receive a registration packet & more information write to: Willendorf Associates, PO Box 407, Bearsville, NY 12409, or call Miriam at (914)679-1209.

England

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

Non-regional

The Council on Size & Weight Discrimination works to influence public policy and opinion in order to end oppression based on discriminatory standards of body weight, size, or shape. Reach them at PO Box 305, Mount Marion, NY 12456.

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. Largesse, PO Box 9404, New Haven, CT 06534, (203) 787-1624 phone/fax (call weekdays between noon and 8pm EST), email 75773.717@compuserve.com.

LFAN, the Lesbian Fat Activists Network, is an affinity group for size-friendly Lesbians of all sizes. Contact Laura Tisoncik, PO Box 635, Woodstock, NY 12498, email: 76473.2141@compuserve.com.

Internet

The Fatdykes email discussion list is a place for fat lesbians and our allies to discuss topics related to our lives as fat lesbians, from a pro-fat, pro-lesbian perspective. We welcome discussion and debate, but not flaming. We ask list members to treat each other with respect. We also consider our pro-fat, anti-diet position to be the foundation of this list, so this is not a place for debating the validity of our perspective. We're here to share ideas and information, to vent, to give support, to chat, to make friends or get dates, to do networking and activism for fat liberation. This list is for women only and is open to fat-positive, pro-lesbian women of any size, orientation, or birth gender. For info on how to subscribe, email: majordomo@apocalypse.org with the body of the message: info fatdykes.

FaT GiRL

Has a site on the
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CONTRIBUTORS

[REDACTED]

Miss April Miller has no life, she has a maga zine. If you would like to help Miss April Miller have a life please buy lots and lots of 'zines. Then we can start to pay ourselves and she won't have to have a job, a sink full of dirty dishes, and FaT GiRL

Bertha: redhead, big tits, talented hands, Brooklyn

C.C. Dane lives in a studio apartment in New York with her dear friend Pam, where they share space with a somewhat mean spirited, sizable, "touched" cat named Pumpkin (a.k.a. Pumpy). Catherine is an aspiring writer and director, among other things...She has just recently begun discovering the joys of writing about fat dykes.

Charlotte Cooper lives at [REDACTED] UK. She loves wayward women, americana, gossip, fat politics, cartoons, and travelling to foreign countries. Drop her a line if you can combine any of these things.

Christine is a 6 foot 2 inch girl who lives in SF. She wants to go watch the lava flow in Hawaii, but she has to work. Yesterday a woman on the street said to her, "I hope you don't mind me asking, but do you wear size 2X underwear?"(true story)

Daisy Fields is the name of an aspiring writer and cultural nomad. Born in Texas in 1961 of Chinese and Korean parents, raised in California in a culturally Hispanic house hold, a former future English major who speaks 21/8 languages (English, Spanish & French), writes in 3 (see above). Lives in Los Angeles and makes the world's greatest BBQ.

Hannah: 235 or so pounds according to the public scale at my work. usually happy with the power inherent in my size. still usually too shy about it to use the public scale at my work until some time around midnight. committed to a large butch woman, and have been for several years. a poet/novelist/screenplay writer/cashier. a night person, a loud person. a dyke activist and very out. blessed with good family. a pagan. getting bored with writing about myself. finished with my small bio.

Laura "Floyd" Johnston believes she was left here as a newborn by aliens to observe and document certain Earth customs which her "people" find interesting. Until she is picked up and brought back to the planet of the cat people, she is looking for a patroness of the artist, so she can quit her day job and gain more "hands on" experience to relay to her progenitors. (In other words, she's a GEEK!)

Laurie Avocado: Laurie enjoys herself behind as well as in front of a camera. She wants to be photographed naked with all the public sculptures in Los Angeles. She also wants to stay out of jail.

Lea E. Arellano: Desert Chicana dyke, lover of all women of all sizes and abilities

Pandoura: Hi, my name is Pandoura and I wear my big pink fuzzy slippers with my leathers. Any questions?

Lori Ann Selke is a big, bi, butch and unemployed leatherperson currently living in Chicago. Her work can also be seen in *Black Sheets* and the forthcoming *The Second Coming*. She's sweet and quiet and demure. Really Honest.

M. G. Cimino hates writing bios.

Margaret: I love chocolate, of course, and nineteenth century "ladies" novels, especially the ones with lots of pathos and "moral tone." I cook great eggplant and tomato curry and pakoras, and sometimes write very bad poetry, limericks or haiku even, on ambiguous looking postcards and send it to people who aren't expecting it, (usually for no reason at all).

Margo Mercedes Rivera is a fat, mixed race butch of Peruvian and white Jewish heritage. She wishes to thank the divine Ms. Elizabeth Summers, teacher extraordinaire, of the Audre Lorde writing workshops for lesbians of color. She is grateful to Dasele, her beloved vybele, for absolutely EVERY THING.

Max Airborne is a fat dyke who doesn't know how to squeeze her 30 years of life into one paragraph.

[REDACTED]

[REDACTED]

Selena eats, drinks, sleeps and reads, and doesn't do vanilla

Sondra Solo: By day, she battles Gap wearing law school losers. By night, she's doing stuff that would make them gasp.

Susannah designs pages and clothing, hailing from Baltimore; land of Divine, Edie the Egg Lady, and coddies on saltine crackers.

Oso is anxiously awaiting the return of Mrs. Elizabeth Stark but in the meantime Sam & Rebel are keeping him very busy with all their crazy demands.

wolfie is a pagan priest, hippie anarchist, welfare mother, living in Oakland with dreams of opening a temple/dungeon in Oregon sometime in the next five years. When pressed, she identifies politically as a drag queen leatherdyke separatist. She prefers to call her followers devotees rather than slaves, because they have to be seriously devoted to put up with her, especially during her bouts with fibromyalgia.

[REDACTED]

And Also...

- Beth Peckman
- MaΔbear Finkelstein
- JJ Cooley
- Yodel Sloth
- eM Robinson

Answer to Word Find (Page 5)
Your fat, wet, juicy, creamy, delicious cunt rules.

PERSONALS

HAIRY NEW YORK CITY BUTCH

32, 5'10" tall, 300 lbs, super busty (H cup), huge nipples. With hair, hair everywhere - legs, thighs, crotch, ass, tits, nipples - everywhere. Seeks interesting fem who likes me the way I am and would love to serve me and my strap-on. Write to me at FaT GiRL Box # 25

SEX AFTER DISNEY?

Smart, mouthy, irreverent Femme with 2-yr old son looking for dates. On a first date I promise to devote full attention to you. But, if we decide on a second date you may have to wait till the CINDERELLA tape finishes and he's in bed to garner that attention. I'm a great cook with a very cute ass and I'm partial to butches. Interested?
FaT GiRL Box # 31

SO IT'S NOT GLAMOROUS

Wash the clothes, cook the food, flirt with the girlfriend. Someone's got to do it, but every four months we don't have time! If you have some spare time and energy, FaT GiRL's layout committee members need volunteers to take on our basic life maintenance tasks while we get the zine to press. Our roommates and lovers may kiss your feet, and you'll get MAJOR Brownie points with all the girls that count!
FaT GiRL Box # 32

'DESPERATELY' SEEKING

Courtly butch to take this Glamour Queen out on the town! If you have manners, and a spark of mischief, like to dress up, and give good flirt, you might be just the Knight this Lady's been waiting for. I have charm, wit, curves in all the right places, and a closet full of party clothes. Give me an excuse to wear them.
FaT GiRL Box # 33

ATTENTION BOXHOLDERS #27 & #30

Please send us your addressess'. We are holding mail for you.

TROUBLEMAKING DYKE

Seeks same for friendship, fun, and adventure. Do you think the "City of Lights" refers to Las Vegas? Do you think a good mystery novel is a high form of literature? Do you understand that a truly good burger (even veggie) must come with fries? If you answered "yes" to one or more of these questions, we may be soul mates. Wow me with your words. Send letter to
FaT GiRL Box# 34

RELOCATING

Moving to S.F. in April. Looking for tour guides, friends, dates, roommates, job connections etc. I'm tall, green-eyed, blondish, fat and gorgeous (so I'm told). I work in Social Services now, but have my M.F.A. in Creative Writing and B.A. in theater. Would love to talk to some fat girls before I get there!
FaT GiRL Box#37

TO ADVERTISE: Send your headline, text, name, address, phone #, and a check for \$5.00 for the first 500 characters + 1 cent per character for each additional character to FaT GiRL, 2215-R Market Street, #197, 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 addressed 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.

EMBRACE MY SPIRIT

I am your body pillow of love and light. I need your soft, tender arms to hold me and support me. I am 36 years old, 5'5", 370 lbs, and caucasian. I am looking for any women willing to share their lives with me in a friendship or more intimate relationship.
FaT GiRL Box # 35

HI,

I am a 23 year old femme Artist living in Chicago. I am tall, busty & Stylish w/ rich, brown skin & Dark tribal tattoos. I have a million \$ smile w/ Pouty Cupids-Bow lips. I am looking for a dyke Daddy who will spoil, pamper and correct me. You should be tall, dashing, older, funny, indulgent and firm. W/ an impressive strap-on. Corporate Types and Blue Collars are both very welcome.
FaT GiRL Box# 36

RUSSIAN SERVICE

Footmen/Waitresses experienced at, or interested in, formal dinner service desired for semi-annual events. Please send letter of interest to: Madam
FaT GiRL Box # 38

HOW ARE YOUR MANNERS?

How are your manicure and pedicure skills? Can you smooth the stockings over my strong luscious thighs with the seams straight, like a professional dresser? Can you serve me tea in the afternoon, soup in the evening, and make sure the dishes are done before you go to bed? Will you communicate honestly with me? Are you able to learn from Specific Constructive Criticism and correction? Will your ego and pride come from a place of submission and service to me? I am a Femme, Fat Beautiful Dom, who is looking for a submissive who wants a life partnership. I want to be your highest priority, not your only priority. My style is an open hand that slowly tightens. I want to call you mine. Do you want as your Dom? Write a creative answer to my questions and send it to
FaT GiRL Box # 39

go for a ride with FaT GiRL



photo by Laura Johnston

Michigan or Bust!

Yep, we're going to be at the Michigan Women's Music Festival (they let us in—will wonders never cease), and we want you to visit us. **All of you. ALL AT ONCE.** We want to have 5000 fat dykes rubbing shoulders and bellies and flirting up a storm as we overrun the crafts area, the festival, the world!

COME BE A PART OF THE MOVEMENT, or just stop by to say hi.

We'll be the cute fat girls with no clothes on.

photo by Laura Johnston



The End