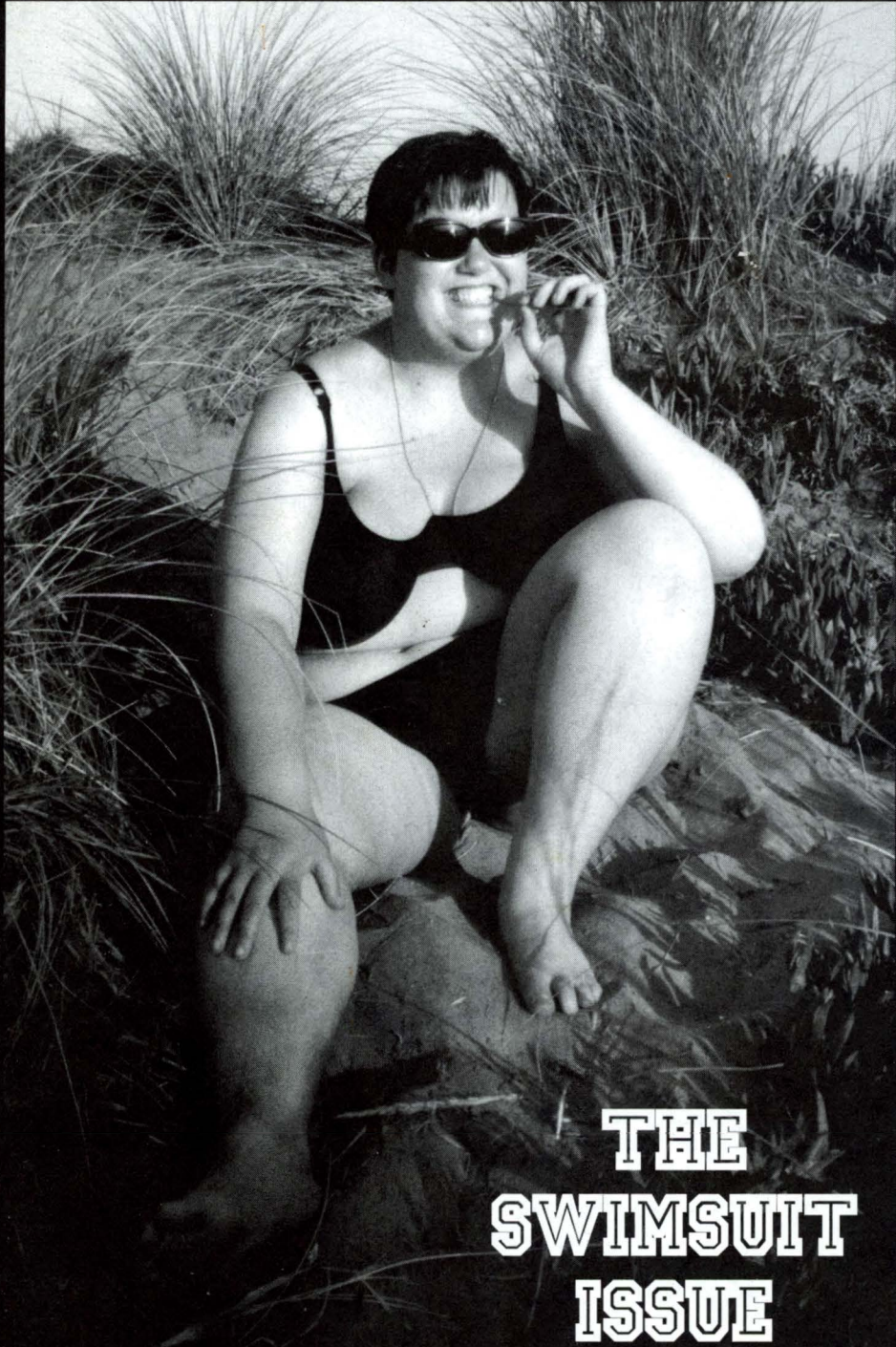


FAT GIRL



A Zine for Fat Dykes and the Women Who Want Them



**THE
SWIMSUIT
ISSUE**

#6

- Activism
- Art
- Resources
- Sex
- Sports
- News
- Fiction
- Smut
- Liberation

Fun! Fun! Fun!

Visit our web site:
<http://www.fatgirl.com/fatgirl>

editorial

By Margo Mercedes Rivera

Welcome to the Fatgirl Sports and Swimsuit issue. I confess, I'm the one who begged the other collective members to do this topic. My interest was entirely selfish, of course. Since we are constantly bombarded by images of Barbies in bathing suits, I wanted to see some juicy women in skimpy outfits for a change. And, I wanted to transform the swimsuit edition idea (ala Sports Illustrated) which is traditionally geared for straight men into something positive for fat dykes.

Additionally, my own participation in sports has been fraught with some kind of shit related to someone's fat phobia. Whenever I'm publicly participating in sport, I'm just waiting for the stares, laughs, hoots, whistles, or comments. Putting yourself out there as an active and happy fat woman instead of hiding indoors wearing concealing garments, just tweaks fatphobic pinbrains.

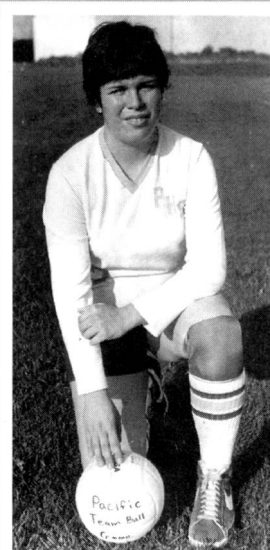
This desire to see fat women active and sexy has been incubating for quite a while. It became necessary after yet one more trip to my gym where I was the fattest woman by far. The ONLY time I have seen anyone bigger than me there was when I brought my lovely wife. It fucks with my head to be the only fat one there all the time. It pisses me off to see Twiggies look away in disgust in the locker room. It infuriates me that some of the "instructors" there do not take me seriously. Once during an orientation on the weight machines the instructor kept skipping the advanced machines. Even though I told her I had been lifting weights for years she showed me how to use these machines very reluctantly, chastising me for using too much poundage. By the end of the "lesson" she was barely speaking to me. It angers me that do-gooders come over to me to encourage me to persevere with my workouts. One woman who was sure I was a rank beginner because I hadn't yet "trimmed and toned" my body almost had a heart attack when she saw I had been leg pressing 400 pounds. In the sauna, trying to relax, I hear the skinnies sitting there whispering about their caloric intakes and their cellulite.

AAAAARRRRRRGGGGHHHHH.

It is no wonder I feel as if I am entering enemy territory every single time I open the door to my gym. And, this is the most comfortable gym I've ever been in — not a 24-hour pink and lime green spandex hetero pickup joint. I wanted to see what other fat women were experiencing when they participated in sports, so I asked them — see the survey results on pages 16 - 23 in this issue.

As fat women we have been told repeatedly to exercise in order to facilitate weight loss. From some of the survey responses, it seems that many of us have a love/hate or hate/hate relationship with athletics. And still, many of us overcome the negatives to enjoy the thrill of playing and sweating with our fat bodies.

The dykes who answered the survey all identify as being fat. Most live in the SF Bay Area, one in another state, one in England. 75% are from a lower class background. More than one-third are women of color or mixed race women. One-sixth are super size. Age ranged from about 25 to about 55. One-seventh identify as disabled or partially disabled. I would be interested to hear from other women — feel free to send your comments to FaTGIRL.



Margo at seventeen...

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Oops: Correction



Our apologies to Megaera, the lesbian artist from Australia featured in FaTGIRL #5. We accidentally failed to mention that images of her wonderful pieces are available for sale on notecards. They make great holiday gifts, so plan ahead.
Contact: Megaera, P.O.Box 263, Daylesford 3460, Victoria, Australia.

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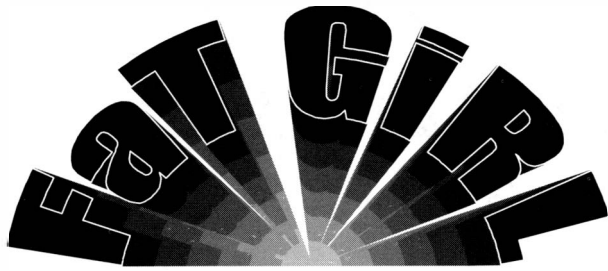
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On the Cover: (photograph by Susannah)
During her recent visit to San Francisco, the dynamic Charlotte Cooper graciously agreed to pose for FaTGIRL before jetting back to England.
[See photospread pages 10-13 for more of Charlotte.]



Birthdays, Michigan, and Mothers

Dear Fabulous, Beautiful Babes at FaTGIRL,

Here's my check for a subscription and your first four back issues. Sunday is my 25th birthday, and this is a present to myself. Wow! I don't think I've ever given myself a more useful or self-loving birthday present! I'm also enclosing \$10 to continue the work- I wholeheartedly agree with the woman in issue #5 who said that you folks are in the business of saving lives.

April, I just wanted to say that meeting you at Michigan was an inspiration. You are a beautiful, powerful woman, and it was uplifting and empowering (not to mention HOT!) to watch you strutting your stuff around the land while several thousand tongues dragged on the ground after you! ...ANYWAY, FaTGIRL's presence at Michigan was perfect and much-needed... Michigan is one of the few places where both queer and fat women can go and be fully ourselves and fully SEXY for one week out of the year, and your presence there can only further ensure the full inclusion of fat chicks in the all-around babefest! I hope FaTGIRL becomes a permanent fixture at the Festival!

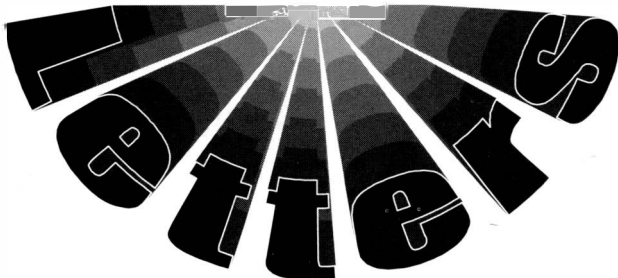
Michigan this year was such a galvanizing experience for me. I guess I didn't really know until I was sitting there in the fat workshop ranting how fucking ANGRY I am about fat oppression and the bullshit attitudes of some thin women. It was a big eye-opener for me to find that I have all this politicized rage to express intellectually, when on the inside I still feel so much self-loathing so much of the time. It was kinda funny (and kinda sad, too)- the day after I got home my mom called and asked how the festival was- so I told her. She started in on the crap about fat being a chronic disease and I said, "Mom, that's like saying being Jewish or having brown hair is a chronic disease!" Her response was, "Well, you're just in denial. You'll get over it." I said, "Mom, I'm sorry, but fuck you!" Then I was like, oh shit! I just said fuck you to my mother!! I later apologized, but I had been so overwhelmed with anger

that it just came out! What a new and different experience to be righteously PISSED at fat-phobia, rather than internalizing it until it starts to poison me with self-hatred. In any case, if my mom is worried about my health, I am at least as worried about hers because she has been a compulsive dieter all her life. I mean, she gets up every morning and writes her weight down to the quarter of a pound in lipstick pencil on the doctor's scale in her bathroom! I wish my mom could read FaTGIRL, if only she could be able to get past the pictures of fat women fucking each other (please leave and increase their number- I read yer zine for ME, not my mom!!!).

Anyway, you and your zine are rad, rad, RAD!!!! You women are doing vital, healing work in the world, and being utterly fabulous while you do it! I especially want to congratulate you on the bi-dyke dialogue that seems to be going on in your pages- I hope to see this topic increase in upcoming issues. Thanks for having the courage to include fat bi women in the queer women's community, which many of us turn to as the only one which will (sometimes) accept and take us seriously as fully sexual beings. I also LOVE all the hot butch-femme material you publish- keep it up and give us more!!! I believe very strongly that we fat femmes need to support each other in a world (even, sadly, within the queer community) that tells us we can't be sexy and beautiful and desirable (and all you strapping butches, fat and thin alike, better be listening too!). Y'know, I recently read the book *Nothing To Lose* by Dr. Cheri K. Erdman. While I thought it was pretty good (and, surprisingly enough, not altogether ignoring of us other-than-mainstream types), it didn't go far enough for me. The book's focus was on fat acceptance- I want to be BEAUTIFUL! All you fat femmes out there know what I'm talking about! Let's talk to each other- let's use the pages of FaTGIRL to come out as the hot thangs we are!

Love and gazillions of hot, wet kisses,

Kathy
Cincinnati, Ohio



FaTGIRL

FaTGIRL is a zine for and about fat dykes. **FaTGIRL** 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. **FaTGIRL** is produced by an eclectic collective of fat dykes. We come in all shapes and sizes; from diverse ethnic cultures and different class back-grounds.

FaTGIRL is a political act.

We want your participation!

Currently **FaTGIRL** is: April Miller, Bertha Pearl, Laura Johnston, Margo Mercedes Rivera, Selena, Sondra Solovay, Susannah and Oso

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

Front Cover: Charlotte Cooper
Back Cover: Pandoura

Special thanks to:
Max Airborne, Judith Black, Jennifer Brooks, Pandoura, M. G. Cimino, Christie Johnson, Terry Sapp, Hadas Weiss, and Ann Williams.

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 FaTGIRL 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 #7 is November 10, 1996.

Look for #7 in Winter '96-'97.

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FaTGIRL may not be sold to minors. That sucks.

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**is a political act-
Be a part of it!**

FAT GIRL Letters

Fatphobia in the Bedroom

Dear **FaT GiRL** & Her Beautiful Vixens,

I needed someone to talk to, to tell about what happened to me on Thursday. My girlfriend and I have been together for three years and over that time we have been separated on numerous occasions, due to the fact that she is American and I am English. Anyway, I am fat- big breasts and big tummy. We tried to have sex on Thursday night when my girlfriend turned to me and started to cry because she said that she is turned off by my size- waist 36, breasts 36DD. Every negative image I had of myself was heightened, my hurt and anger at her was completely lost to my deep humiliation. Of course she was immediately apologetic about how she did not mean it. But shit, where do I go from here? All my life my family has ridiculed me about my weight. I desperately tried to keep on liking and loving myself but faced with mass media stereotypes, the cruelty of others, and my total lack of self esteem, I failed. Your magazine is the only thing that gave me hope and continues to give me hope. I am still trying to work out what to do about the situation between my girlfriend and me. I am sure many of you are screaming for me to dump her sorry arse, but three years is a long time and I do still love her- I think. I want to be proud of my size and myself. I think all the women you have pictures of are incredible, big and beautiful and so sexy. Through reading your magazine I begin to feel normal and that I am a great person whatever the hell the size of my breasts or stomach are. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

-Nathalie.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sondra Says: Whatever you decide about your relationship with your girlfriend, know that what she said to you and how she said it speaks volumes about her and nothing about you, your desirability, worth, or beauty. You are right. You should be proud of your size and yourself- you obviously have much reason to be.

Those Pesky '-isms'! Learning About Them and Looking Back

Dear **FaTGIRL**(s,)

Thanks for putting out such a swell bunch of info (and smut!). I just devoured your #5 having never imagined something like it before yesterday.

I've been dragging all manner of phobias up to my consciousness for several years now and learning to look at and deal with my own '-isms' little by little.

Your intelligent and cool magazine has kicked my butt hard in a way I'm real glad to have been kicked. I fell instantly and hard for a big, strong fat gal a couple of years ago- coupled up for a while then drifted (abruptly) apart for various reasons. Only now can I see and own up to some body issues I have- with my body and hers.

I am not particularly fat and have never bought into the diet crap but am victim to "standards" sometimes even while thinking I don't buy in. I have to admit I do in some ways, at some times. Like bitching about my weight to someone I find incredibly attractive and sexy who weighs 100 pounds more than me. How stupid am I? Can I think before I speak? I'm determined to learn. I'm glad to have a resource like yours to help me combat the world of "beauty"/ "normal" (blah blah).

The work you're doing is real important. I wish my big, beautiful sister were still alive to find the supportive forum that might have shown her a way to accept and love herself rather than the bulimia she practiced (and kept secret until her death).

I love you and thank you,
[name withheld by request]

PS. Enclosing \$30 for a subscription; consider the extra \$10 a donation to keep up the good work.

FaT GiRL 101

Hi **FaT GiRL**,

I just wanted to thank you for your cool publication! I am teaching a class on Body Image at UCSC and was thrilled to have one of my students bring in **FaT GiRL**! We are in the midst of studying queer women who are not only comfortable with their bodies, but actually like them! Again, thank you!

Gina

Santa Cruz, CA

Political Aspirations

I just read my first issue of **FaT GiRL** (#5) and I just have to say that I loved it! My size is something I've struggled with for many years, and for a while now I've been comfortable with myself...but haven't taken it any farther. Recently I'd been thinking that I wanted to get more political about fat, and I wasn't quite sure how to begin. Quite fortuitously I was in my local women's bookstore (New Words Bookstore, Cambridge, MA) and saw **FaT GiRL** there. Of course I immediately bought it, not even realizing there was all this wonderfully slutty stuff inside as well. I'm really glad there is, not only because it's great to read, but because that way I can get my lover to read the magazine as well, and maybe she'll take in the political stuff, too. She is a wonderful fat butch woman who is only just beginning to become conscious of how she feels about her body and what that means for her self-concept...I'm hoping I can introduce her to Fat Liberation.

I don't know what I will do with my excitement about **FaT GiRL** or my awakening political consciousness - I just hope I can find something BIG and LOUD to do and not wimp out. It's great to know you're out there.

-Christine

Hey Christine! Whatever you decide to do, tell **FaTGIRL** about it or send a picture. We can't wait! Same goes for all you other Fat Dyke Activists, too!

FaTWatch

Fat Oppression Kills Again- 12 Year Old Dies

Samuel Graham killed himself in his Florida backyard just hours before he was to start his first day of class at Parkway Middle School. He told his family earlier that he did not want to go to school because he was afraid he would be picked on because of his weight. His two younger brothers found him hanging from a tree early Monday, August 26. Samuel was 12 years old.

Sympathy for Supermodels

"Hostility against thin people is at an all-time high, and fashion models are taking the brunt of the criticism."

-Rebecca Johnson of **Vogue** magazine expressing concern for "weight oppression."

Gain a Pound, Lose a Crown

The 18 year old Miss Universe is likely to lose her title if she does not lose weight. Officials have told Venezuelan Alicia Machado she has 2 weeks to lose 27 pounds or her crown will go to the runner-up. "She has various swimsuit contracts and they're not happy that she has gone a bit chubby," a pageant representative said. (Rumor has it that she may not be fat, but pregnant. If so, she may be able to keep the crown.)

Fat Clothes, Fat Models?

Lane Bryant is starting a big advertising campaign featuring their version of 'real women'. Advertisements are appearing in mainstream women's magazines (like *Glamour*) as well as on television. The TV ad features Anna Nicole Smith and other women running on the beach. She proudly proclaims, "I am curvy everywhere."

Sacks of Shit

"The other day I was looking through the newest version of *Our Bodies, Our Selves...* and I found something as offensive as I find in *Playboy*. Every woman in there looked like a sack of shit."

-Susan Powter talking about fat and feminism in **Ms.** magazine.

Stop The Hypocrisy: Ms. Weighs In

Although the choice of cover story about TV character Xena seemed absurd to me, I bought *Ms.* magazine. It was the Special-Six-Advertisement-Free-Years-Anniversary-Edition and I wanted to show my support for their efforts- they usually manage to have some good stuff in each issue. What I found left me so angry and disappointed I couldn't even talk about it for days.

The anniversary issue claims it is celebrating the theme "Building Bridges." To this end they introduce two consecutive articles writing, "We have seen how the politics of fear thrives on scapegoating and dividing people. In these mean-spirited times, the following two articles serve to remind us of the importance not only of proclaiming our movement's moral vision, but of really walking the walk. *Ms.*'s commitment to 'walk the diversity walk' ends abruptly, however, for all who read the next article- a three page interview with Susan Powter. Painting her as an 'advocate of feminism' while referring to her earlier weight gain as "ballooning," the article is a free ad for Powter. There is no investigative journalism, no hard-hitting, probing questions, just a forum for Powter to spread her verbal violence against fat people, women in particular. Thanks to *Ms.*, readers needing and expecting reliable information are instead instructed to, "Tell the truth to somebody who weighs 350 pounds. Here's the bottom line. You can be fat and love yourself. You can be fat and have a great personality, you can be fat and do whatever you want, but you cannot be fat and healthy. You cannot! Fat kills, it clogs, it destroys...So don't tell me that you love yourself."

Ironically, in the first Building Bridges article just pages before, Audre Lorde specifically identifies the *Mythical American Norm* as "white, thin, male, young, heterosexual, and financially secure." I guess Powter was too busy doing sit-ups to read Lorde's piece. Note also that the graphics for the two diversity articles show 19 silhouettes of people of dif-

ferent races and ethnicities. None of the silhouettes are fat. Not even one.

Lest you think *Ms.*'s publication of Powter's opinion is an aberration, consider the dialogue in the letters section of the same issue. Activists Cheri Erdman and Pat Lyons wrote to encourage *Ms.* to do an investigative report on the politics of fat oppression. They conclude, "We, as fat feminists, would like to feel represented within your pages, including photos of large women on the covers." *Ms.* defensively responds, "We have profiled two activists on the issue of fat oppression in the past three years." Wow. Now that's a statistic to be proud of! Not.

One of those two stories was a reprint of a piece by the wonderful 20 year old Nomy Lamb (*I'm So Fucking Beautiful*). While her fantastic piece was crammed onto one page, *Ms.* devoted that much room to a big photo of Powter's face alone. Can this possibly get any worse? Yeah, it can. Turns out *Ms.* has not actually paid Nomy the money they owe her for her piece. When she calls, as she has been for months, the man in charge of payment is always out of the office. He has yet to return her calls. Gee, I wonder if Powter's interviewer is still waiting for her money.

To let *Ms.* know what you think about all this write to:

Letters to the Editors
"Ms."
230 Park Avenue New
York, NY 10169

or email:
ms@echonyc.com

Be a FaTWatch Clipper- Win FaTGIRL Stuff!

It's so simple...

See a fat-related story? CLIP IT
See a fat-related show? WRITE A MINI-SUMMARY
Hear a fat-related quote? JOT IT DOWN

Then send your stuff to:

FaTGIRL, attn: Sondra
2215-R Market St., #197, San Francisco, CA 94114.
or email solo@sirius.com

(Be sure to include all relevant source info- date, author & publication names, etc., and your contact info.)

If you are the first to report the story and **FaTGIRL** uses it, you will win a FaTGIRL sticker, play tattoo, or other goody!

this stuff by Sondra Solo

From the photographic series

I Don't Wanna Be (a Barbie)

by Estibaliz Sadaba

"I think that maybe you don't consider my belly 'notorious' enough, but it's a hard issue for me to fight against the idea of the thin anorectic woman (K. Moss style) that is everywhere.



This was my response to the pressure I felt in the art world or even between my proper friends. So that's the context of the work."



Queer Punks Chew

A number of fat activists recently converged at the Dirtybird Queercore Fest here in San Francisco (organized by Outpunk -thanks Matt!). Dirtybird

being fat in a fat-hating world, even if they have a great self-image. As Nomy (recently featured in Ms. magazine, by the way) is often invited to

while, here's a helpful, SENSIBLE diet you can follow to stay "sensibly" thin, since you're better off dead or anorexic or bulimic than FAT. (I



The Dirtybird Fat Oppression Workshop Crowd

drew a predominantly, though not exclusively, young (18-24) crowd, especially at its four workshops: Fat, Queerzines, Race, and Young-and-on-your-own. It was a pleasure to have finally met some of the starlet writers and artists whose zines I've been following from afar.

43 riot grlrs, fag geeks, punk dykes and bi-activists—fat and thin—turned up for the Fat Workshop, which was facilitated by Sondra Solo (of FaT GiRL) and Nomy Lamm (I'm So Fucking Beautiful.) A number of participants brought up the subjects of eating disorders and body image problems, and Nomy was quick to differentiate between issues of "fat oppression" and "body image." As she put it: what girl *doesn't* learn to hate her body, regardless of size? But fat people get a lot of shit and discrimination specifically related to

lead workshops on fat at predominantly thin riot grl conventions, she wasted no time in making this distinction.

Personally, I'm sickened and enraged by the lip-service that "body image problems" are getting in the media nowadays, as it's usually thrown out there as a trendy catchphrase devoid of sincerity or concern for the root—a hatred and fear of fat—let alone the problem, much like oil companies touting their environmental "friendliness." Oh, we are so concerned that girls are growing up idolizing anorexic models, poor body image is a terrible problem! So we will use skinny models instead of extremely bony models (since of course we still have "palatable" standards of beauty to live up to), and remember, girls, anorexia is bad! Everything in moderation! And mean-

especially love how Omega watches pulled their advertising from Vogue for a brief 3-day stint claiming that they didn't want to contribute to rampant anorexia—only to change their decision claiming that as advertisers, they couldn't drive editorial content. Since when?! Who do most beauty mags cater to? And by the way, LOVE that Omega watch ad that depicts a bony model wearing a wristwatch around her waist.)

But how I digress!

So yes, I do indeed believe that every girl and woman has to contend with not hating her body so god-damned much, including myself still—but in the meantime, I found it refreshing that Nomy made the differentiation and kept the workshop geared on issues that fat people specifically face, and not about the complex issues behind (thin) women's

the Fat

by Candida Albicans

fear of becoming fat. I do wish there were more forums for girls dealing with this, but hey, I'm selfish—and was so excited that a FAT WORKSHOP was organized at a punk gathering in the first place! So thanks, Nomy, for keeping it on track.

Then Sondra horrified everyone with her true-case scenarios of discrimination against fat people in U.S. courtrooms. That fat people are incarcerated in state custody (i.e. mental hospitals and jails) because of their "obesity," and over such unrelated legal matters as child custody and parole was news to many, and managed to raise the level of already rampant disgust and distrust a roomful of young anarchists have with the legal system. Congratulations to Sondra for finishing and surviving law school, by the way! I always look for her news briefs and statistics both here in FaT GiRL and in Fat!So?.

The discussion soon led to the horrors of the so-called health care industry... And in fact, there were too many issues to cover in 3 1/2 hours, so the group split off into smaller groups of 6 to have more personal discussions. I can't tell you how exciting it was to sit around and shoot the shit with people I hardly knew about the fat-hatred in punk communities (and how some people absurdly equate veganism with a commitment to having low body fat because "thin=healthy"), fat-positive leatherdykes, postponing coming out as a fag because being a fat guy was hard enough to deal with, lock-gluing, and much more.

I also got to meet out-of-town zinester Charlotte Cooper (who graces the pages of FG and Girlfrenzy and puts out the zine Alright with her lover), who had plenty of incisive and right-on-the-money comments to throw in the fray. She's looking to inspire more organized fat-activism in London, as there seem to be more isolated

actions from fringe communities, but little holding them together; and she's tired of looking to the states for organized, networked queer-positive fat activism!

If you live in London and want to brew some changes, write her up. And while you're at it, drop a note to Rachel House, also from London, who illustrates the fat and bi-positive zine, Red Hanky Panky. When asked about the scene in London, she said that fat-activism used to be more prevalent in the bi-communities—that there are some really great bi freaks in general— but that it seems to have tapered off.

Sound familiar?

Please encourage fat freaks to come out wherever you live, and sponsor your own local or regional fat chat/workshop. Thanks to the organizers of Dirtybird for getting my panties in a wad again.

To get a hold of these, and other fine zines, check out the reviews in the Resources Section.

----->
For a copy of the Kissing Bandits' demo tape (which includes the song "FatPhobe"), send \$5 U.S. to:

Lukas Blakk
XXXXXX

----->

FatPhobe



Your biggest fear
The biggest girl
You're scared I'm gonna crush you

Watch your step
Watch your back
One wrong move and I will

You can't see what's underneath
You can't look me in the eyes
All the girls look and stare...
They all wish that I would Die

FATPHOBE FATPHOBE FATPHOBE FATPHOBE

I was young
I wasn't small
The kids all called me Bacon

Then I grew, and I grew tall
And now I really Hate them

You can diet
You can fast
It will all come back to you

It's your life
I don't care
I'll be dancing on your graves

FATPHOBE FATPHOBE FATPHOBE FATPHOBE

When I look at t.v
Everyone is skinny
Then I look in the street
There's so many more like me..

But they all hide
They all run
Into liposuction hell

They don't think they'll be happy
Till they look like KATE MOSS

Bridge:
Well, you can try real hard, but you're never going to look like her.
Why would you want to anyway?
You got more power, more presence,
and you're way more beautiful.

Toss the books,
Throw the pills,
You're just fine the way you are.

Listen up
And listen good.
To a thing called FAT POWER

They can starve
And they will die
Guess who will be left behind
We will dance and we will shout
Let's have a fuckin party

FATPHOBE FATPHOBE FATPHOBE FATPHOBE

My sexuality and my fat body are all bundled up into a glorious tangle. As a fat bi-dyke I've been thinking about the ways my identities knot together, and what that has meant in my life. Certainly my politics as a fat woman have enabled me to generate an understanding of myself as a byke. Or was it the other way around?

Here are some of the notes I've made about the similarities between being fat and bi. I don't pretend that what follows is a definitive statement, I just want to get the ball rolling, and I hope that others will develop and debate some of these ideas.

Please note that I write as a British woman, and my comments about communities are really about the scene in the country where I live. I try not to assume that my perspective is universal.

FAT & BI

Prejudice

Biphobia and Fatphobia share more than just spelling, there are peculiar similarities. The prejudice against fat and bi people manifests itself within cultural beliefs that we are ugly and uncool compared to other people. This gets mixed with a kind of pity from outsiders (and sometimes ourselves) about our "difficult" sexualities and bodies. These are "difficult" only because both groups don't fit into the narrow parameters which define what sexualities or body sizes are socially appropriate. Bizarrely, it is always us that is considered deficient, not the rules which excluded us in the first place. When I first started networking with other fat and bi people I was alarmed by the extent to which I had been a sucker for the line about us being uncool. I know that just because you're fat or bi isn't necessarily going to make you a great person, but as communities we are cool, we are really cool.

I think the greed thing is interesting. Bi and fat people are often accused of "having one's cake and eating it". For bisexuals this is a metaphor that covers the disgust at our "insatiable" sexuality, whilst for fat people the insult is more literal, because we like to eat all the time, right? Especially sweets. Because our appetites are uncontrollable. That's why we're fat, isn't it?

When I had this brainwave I remembered that Jewish people are also accused of greed. This suggested to me that in twentieth century western society (ironically, the greediest colonialist culture in the world) the accusation of greed is used to control

By Charlotte Cooper

socially marginalised groups. I think the whole thing about being called greedy is to label us as sick and pathologised, "out of line", and intolerable compared to "normal" society, whatever that is, so that "they" don't have to deal with "us". Maybe it's our "greed" for equal rights and respect that the dominant cultures find so distasteful.

Fat people and bisexuals are a challenge to the rest of society. The very existence of bisexuality forces us to question the notion of rigid and unchangeable sexualities and binary oppositions. As fat people we are also a challenge to the belief that bodies come in sizes 10, 12, and 14. Both groups are a delightful affront to cultural values about what is correct and appropriate. I guess folks don't like being challenged.

Prejudice feeds certain reactions

Bi and fat people have experienced an appalling amount of marginalisation both within more mainstream communities (same old same old) but also in places where we would otherwise expect support, such as amongst lesbians and gay men, and in the women's movements.

Some people don't consider fat politics or bi stuff as "real" compared to Issue X, Y, or Z. I read one hatchet piece which whined that fat women should stick to our diets and spend our energy not on attack-

ing fat hatred but on more important women's issues such as childcare and equal wages. Similarly, bisexual people are often asked to take sides, gay or straight, as though we could take ourselves apart.

It's bad enough not being considered legitimate but what really pisses me off is when we get scapegoated as parasites. As a Byke I have been accused to my face of "stealing lesbian energy" and fencesitting, and fat people are familiar with the notion that we take up too much space, or that we eat too much. Fat people are even defined in some places as a drain on government resources, ie. that fat-related ill-health (was anything ever so over-exaggerated) eats up precious healthcare budgets.

The effects of hatred

Many fat and bi people are strong and lucky enough to have felt empowered and validated from day one. For others shame is the great leveller. Many of us try to be something we're not, because the reality of ourselves is too awful to admit. In my experience

Differences

I know there are differences too. It's a moot point, but often sexuality is something that can be kept hidden to a certain extent, whereas there is no way of completely camouflaging a fat body. Also, fat women trying to develop political theory have had allies who have crapped on bisexuals from a great height. I'm not going to name names, you know who you are. There are fat people who are biphobic, and bisexuals who are fatphobic. It's not like we're some big happy family.

Fat + Bi

In spite of our differences, what draws me to communities of fat and bisexual people is that both groups are in the early stages of generating autonomous social/civil rights movements. Both groups are reclaiming labels and old slurs with pride and defiance. We are creating our own theory and practices on our own terms. I love it.



the feelings of shame and embarrassment that encourage fat people to lose weight are very similar to those which pressure bisexuals to pass as lesbian/gay or straight. Might as well stir in a bucket full of guilt whilst we're at it. This is almost too obvious for me to say, but such a denial of our true selves comes at an enormous cost to our health and well-being.

If and when we come out of the downward spiral, fear and vulnerability often remain. After experiencing a giant spook, it can take a lot of courage to expose oneself again. For example, although lesbians' attitudes towards bi-dykes in has generally improved over the last 5-6 years, I still get some shit, and I still have to weigh up whether or not it is worth me speaking out. Same, after years of ridicule, with talking about fat stuff. It angers me that for bi and fat people our collusion and silence are always assumed by more dominant groups.

Bi politics often goes on about celebrating a "both/and" sexuality paradigm, instead of one which insists "either/or". For example, if your sexuality draws you towards women and men, you do not have to choose to label yourself lesbian or straight, bisexuality means you can be both these labels, and neither, and more. This reminds me of the size rights arguments about valuing the whole body size spectrum, not distilling it into a dry definition of "fat" or "thin", which in turn becomes "good body size" or "bad body size".

So there you have it. I would like to see coalitions being drawn between bi and fat people. I think we have a lot to share.

CHARLOTTE OF THE DUNES



photography by Susannah





12 Fat Girl



Dear Charlotte,
Come back soon!
XXOO
FaT GiRL

A.M. Salt

COPPER

The cookie jar was in the same house that I ate hair spray in. It was a small grayish green one-story, with two bedrooms and a short front porch leading to the sidewalk, front lawn, two cottonwood trees and then the street. When I peeked out of one side of the curtains covering the living room window, I saw that any afternoon might be filled with kids running into and out of the shade.

I remember the bathtub very clearly, mostly because that's where I was when I swiped the can of Aqua Net off the sink counter, pressed down on the button and then re-adjusted it so it would shoot into my mouth. After we left my Daddy and came into town, I became restless that way. I began to do things that I would never have thought of doing before then. I swallowed pennies, silently waving good-bye, and not good-bye. So long, I was thinking, I'll see you later.

I moved the couch away from the wall just far enough to let myself squeeze in between and squash silly putty into the carpet. I liked to remember it when we watched the TV at night, and would sometimes sit on the green scratchy fabric of the sofa that I knew was directly over the Spot. I nudged my Mother over a few times in order to hit the Spot exactly right. I smiled real big and waited for her to notice me.

"Girly, you got a canary in there? What's wrong with you?"

I didn't think any words were necessary. She seemed to know about everything else I did.

Since we moved, she talked on the phone more than she used to.

Grandma Hampton would call, and Mother would nod into the receiver, a loop of deep red hair coming out from behind her ear. She nodded and re-tucked, and shifted her long legs for what seemed like hours to me.

So sometimes I would get myself into the bath that she had started to run for Rose and I. If Rose had hers first, most of the time I would dry her off and make her sit on the toilet while I climbed into the tub, so that I could teach her everything I had learned that day in school. We went through the alphabet first, every time, even though we could both read and do numbers better than the other kids in my classroom. That was just our way of getting started.

That day, the day I doused my throat with hair spray, I got to jump in first. Usually Mother would come and sit in Rose's place, barefoot in her nylons, her skirt tenting over her knees when she rested her back against the tank. But she had come home from work and had gotten a phone call right away. I could hear her talking to Grandma all the way from the tub.

"No, he's not."

Then she'd listen for a little while.

"That's right, Edith. That's Friday that I have to be in Hoisington after I get off work, and the girls have been asking to see you."

I could hear the hard tips of her nails hitting the varnished surface of our kitchen table.

"What do you mean I can't? They were seeing each other before we left."

It was OK, but not all that I thought it would be, eating hair spray that is, so I switched my focus to the cookie jar.

My Mother loved the cookie jar; it was one of the oldest things she owned, and in the shape of a foot-high teddy bear, brown paws wrapped around its round tummy, tongue sticking out of the corner of its snout. Its red nose, the beam of a lighthouse, zeroed the attention of my sister and I when we came home from pre-school, or whenever our Mother went out front to get the paper.

Mother liked to stare at the cookie jar and fill it with tollhouse chocolate chips, oatmeal raisin cookies and snickerdoodles. She kept it out of reach, like she tried to do with the silly putty, even though we found that.

I remember the first day that I ever saw snow because that was the day that I discovered that if I moved a chair in front of the counter, and then stood on it, I could reach the bear, lift off his head, and bring cookies for Rose and I without Mother's participation.

I felt good about figuring that out and as my fingers latched onto the biggest chunks near the bottom of the bear's feet, I saw Mother come in from the bedroom where she's been taking a nap, and head straight for the kitchen. I pulled my arm back reflexively without making sure that I had cleared his neck, and pulled the bear onto the counter, where he broke into five large pieces. He gave up tiny pieces of M and M's, cinnamon dust and flat pieces of oat that seemed larger than they should be.

My Mother stood in the doorway, with her mouth wide open, and began to cry, and because I hadn't expected to see this, and because I felt so bad, I began to pick things up from the counter top and put them into my mouth.

Broken cookies, stray hairs, and a penny, which I held on my tongue for as long as possible, tasting its bloody lemon essence, before swallowing.

My Mother stopped crying when she saw me swallow the penny, took her hands away from her face and came over to me quickly.

"What did you do? What did you do?", she said, and pinched my cheeks together, forcing my jaws open to try to get the penny out. Since she wasn't crying anymore, I thought I would start, and as I felt the penny slip down my throat, my face began to feel hot, my ears were

red, and I let her fingers poke down the back of my throat while I tried to get air and make noise all at once. She lifted me from the chair and carried me into the living room in front of the couch where Rose was watching TV, and turned me completely upside down. She held me by the feet, up against her body and smacked me hard between the shoulders over and over again.

She said, "Spit it out. People don't eat money, Spit it out."

I was coughing, not crying anymore, just coughing to make her feel better, even though I knew that the penny was in my stomach by then. Maybe it would come up from all the way down there, but it didn't, and she stopped pounding me eventually, put me down, and just sat on the couch next to Rose and cried again.

"That was my cookie bear," she said. "I've had that forever," and then she put her hands back up to her face.

I went into the suitcase that Rose and I kept our toys in and hunted around in my school supplies for kindergarten next year.

"Look Mother," I said, copper on my tongue, "Don't worry."

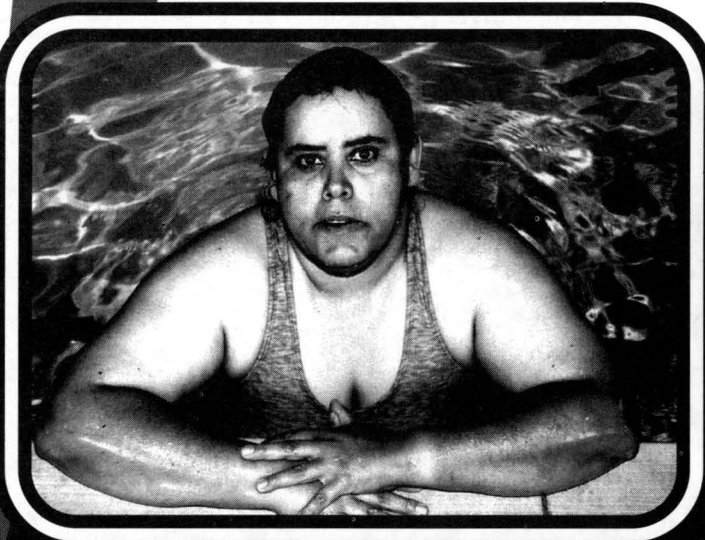
I held out my new bottle of Elmer's Glue as far in front of myself as I could, and she stared at it for so long that I wondered whether she had forgotten that it was Monday.

She hadn't though, and after a while she walked away from the couch and started to bake.

FATGiRL

SPORTS SURVEY

Approximately twenty dykes responded to this survey which was primarily distributed in the San Francisco Bay Area. Many women were surprised to find themselves sobbing as they answered the questions. What on the surface seems to be "fun and games" actually unearthed some very painful issues for us fat women. It was also interesting to note that only one woman who answered the survey identified as an "athlete."



Jacque at Making Waves, the swim for fat women, in Albany, CA.

My parents never mentioned exercise. They are working-class Cubans, and exercise is what you do at work... It would never occur to them to strap themselves into a machine to build muscle or bicycle in the same spot for hours just to sweat.

WHAT SPORTS DO FaTGIRLS PLAY?

Aerobics Archery
Athletic Fucking
Badminton Basketball
Bicycling Body Building
Boogie Boarding
Dancing Field Hockey
Hiking Ice Skating
Netball Pool
Roller Skating Running
Shotput Skiing
Softball Swimming
T'ai Chi Tennis
Volleyball Walking
Water Exercise
Weight Training
Wrestling Yoga

If you go to a gym,
do you feel comfortable
there?

.....
I couldn't possibly go through that nightmare again. Every single person stared at me. It is a mixed place in my small town and I was the fattest person trying to exercise by about 100 pounds.

Not unless I'm with another fat woman.

The ladders out of the pools are often too narrow. They barely fit me sideways and this makes for some creative entrances and exits.



FOR THE ENTIRE FIRST YEAR THAT I BELONGED TO THE Y, I DIDNT SHOWER THERE AND WENT HOME ALL SWEATY BECAUSE I JUST COULDN'T BEAR GETTING NAKED THERE. I FINALLY STARTED USING A BEACH TOWEL TO COVER MY BODY ON THE LONG WALK FROM SHOWERS TO LOCKERS. NOW I JUST CARRY THEIR HANDKERCHIEF-SIZED TOWELS AND I LET MY FAT BODY BOUNCE AND MY STRETCH MARKS SPARKLE AS I WALK AND I DARE ANY OF THEM TO UTTER A PEEP.

WHAT KIND OF SUPPORT OR HARASSMENT DO YOU GET WHEN YOU ARE PHYSICALLY ACTIVE?

⑥ I've been verbally attacked by male motorists when riding my bike. Although I don't know if that's sexism, homophobia or fat hatred. Probably all of the above.

⑥ Support can be double-edged. People who don't know me can be very patronizing and assume that I'm trying to lose weight when I'm exercising.

⑥ I swim at the public pool during times when there are lots of older people, disabled people and some fat people. Mostly I'm just one of the folk. I have also developed "reverse radar" - not noticing stares and giggles. I've noticed that as I've grown older I'm much less a target. My theory is that now that I'm old enough to not be of sexual interest to many people they don't care that I'm too fat to be considered (by them) a sexual object. Young fat women draw anger because they are perceived to have become too fat to be a "good" sex object.

⑥ Someone I worked with years ago pissed me off during a tennis game when he said he was "going to run me around the court" so I could lose some weight. Of course that's all I needed to win so powerfully that he was sufficiently humiliated.

⑥ I avoid this whole possibility. And resent it.

⑥ Mostly by men- the usual way they feel free to comment on women's bodies, except worse. I feel particularly vulnerable with my big ass perched high on a bicycle seat or when I'm wearing a girlie bathing suit instead of the trunks and top I feel comfortable in at the fat swim. When I wear tank tops I choose the ones with snarling pit bulls in dangerous looking collars to ward off assholes.

⑥ Lots of smiles @ the Marina where I walk- probably because I am usually smiling.

⑥ People interpret my presence as an invitation to gawk, hiss, and laugh.



DO YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF AN ATHLETE?

No, not any more because I don't play team sports.

No. I read too much. Its safer.

Not anymore because I rarely participate in sports.

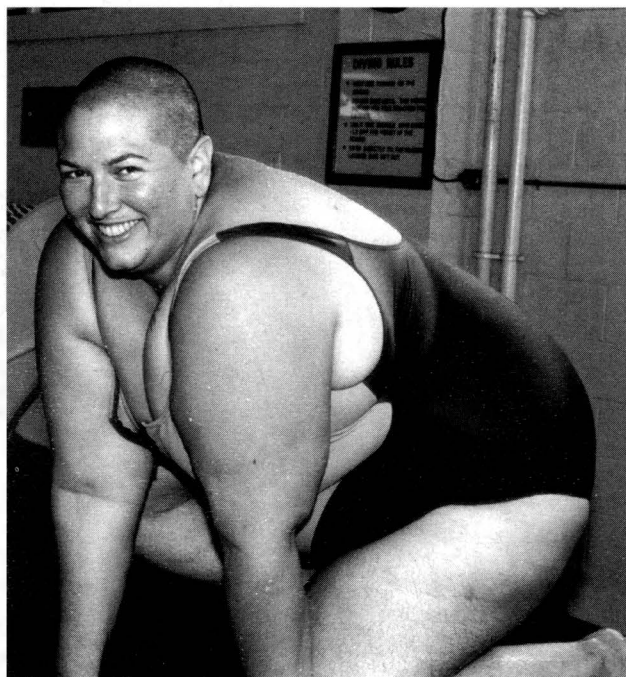
No, never. No more than I consider myself an alien life form...

No, I don't see what I do as *sport* it seems much more low key than that. Athlete seems too serious a label for me.

No. I think of myself as someone who exercises regularly, but somehow the word *athlete* implies sports, competition or something I don't identify with.

I consider myself to have athletic ability, but not an athlete because I don't give it time and energy.

Yes, even though being partially disabled compromises what I can do. I have been athletic since childhood and I have always struggled for recognition because of my fat not because of my ability. I love being competitive, especially when I see my opponent size me up as an easy win because I'm fat. I love blowing these losers away.



DO YOU EXERCISE WITH OTHER **FAT** WOMEN?

Yes, it's the best way to feel less of a freak and it's fun to watch skinny folk see their worst nightmare doubled.

I love the fat swim, although it feels more social than physical. It's way comfortable and safe.

No, but I'd like to. I'd like to be able to play with other fat women and watch those tits and bellies dance.



Fat Swim - yeah, it's great!

I like playing sports with someone whose skill level matches mine and if they happen to be fat that's great because I then feel more comfortable.

It is a RARE skinny friend who doesn't have weight issues lurking behind anything that remotely resembles exercise.

Yes, I swim with fat woman and I love it.

I have in the past. It's nice to have the support.



How have you been told to exercise?

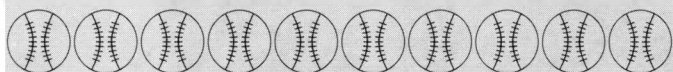
By a doctor because of back surgery.
By skinny girljock friends many times.
Just ignore them.

By my doctor as an adult and by my parents as a kid and always in reference to losing weight.

Very few non-fat people even discuss exercise with me since I surpassed 300 pounds.

Constant nagging by media. On the rare occasions I interact with health professionals they berate me as well. They can't believe that I am already very active.

Repeatedly by family, doctors, magazines, tv, etc. All for the purpose of losing weight -- not for pleasure, strength, health, etc.



The worst thing for me about exercise has been the stigma other fat-positive fat women have attached to it.

Regardless of my activity level or physical health I have been treated as a traitor for enjoying exercise. Exercise has been viewed as a fat betrayal and an attempt to become thin.

After a knee injury, exercise became a thing to do. Before that it was never an issue.

By family, doctors, & strangers.



WHAT IS YOUR HISTORY OF PARTICIPATING IN SPORTS AS A **FaTGIRL**?



I have horrible memories from childhood of PE class. I was tormented, teased, and picked last for every team.

Even though I was a star athlete on two varsity teams my coach was always nagging me to lose weight and offering me diet suggestions.

I am fat and athletic and relatively mobile.

I had never really participated in sports because I always thought I was too fat. About the time I realized that wasn't true, I became disabled and sports were eliminated as a possibility



Final Takes

I love the high I get from sweating and feeling my body strong and powerful. I enjoy building muscles on my fat body. I like the contrast of my hard calves and ass with my soft round belly and breasts. Pumping iron several days a week and hour-long bike rides give me the stamina for the best exercise of all, riding my wife all night, pumping my cock into her.

The best things about sports are that I have fun and it feels good. The majority of weight-obsessed people struggle with compulsivity, deprivation, guilt, and the eternal search for absolution because for one wild Satan-spawned moment they pleased their tongues.

Some fat dykes have told me I'm not "fat enough" which really hurts because everyone else in society treats me as though I'm really gross or asks me when the baby is due. I've actually considered getting a pregnancy swimsuit - which is infuriating because I've been a dyke for 31 years.

Even though I'm glad they exist 'cause a lot of fat women find them inspir-

ing, I am not particularly impressed by the whole wave of aerobics classes for fat women. They seem a little prissy - it's too close to mainstream anorexic aerobics and beauty culture for me. I hate the authoritarianism of a group of people all copying the leader, not very challenging. So, where are the fat girl bike runs, skateboarders, street hockey players, basketball teams, dancers? Where are the fat girls who play rough and dirty and sexy?

A fat woman breaks all our cultural rules and social bindings for women. We take up space, we look larger and more powerful, more unmanageable, more uncontrollable, and much less suitable as a sperm-receptacle and social trophy prize, particularly if we dare to be happy and move with unrestricted ease.

Being fat makes me feel more shy about beginning to participate for fear of ridicule. I'm much more conscious about who might be a spectator. I'm tired of people at my gym assuming I'm a

beginner because I'm "still fat." I'm tired of seeing women's eyes bug out after they get on a weight machine after me and see that I'm lifting more than they weigh, sometimes more than I weigh.

I'm afraid to enjoy sports as I did when I was younger because I'm sensitive to negative comments and try to avoid any situation where my body might be commented on.

At a gym a few years ago I heard of the instructors telling people that aerobic exercise is good for burning fat, and the proof of this was that "you never see any fat runners." I love to run, but I can't keep going for very long. The instructor's comments made me feel very invalidated and discouraged. Fuck.



When I think of women and fat and sex I think of my mound, my plump womanplace.

Ever since I was a girl of ten or so, this part of my body has fascinated me and stood apart as something special, something wonderful. As a young one, I compared my sweet mound of Venus to a roasted and succulent turkey tail. Not an erotic or even tantalizing notion to most. But it made me happy, made me laugh, made me tingle. You see, that was my favourite part of the turkey. I put "dibs" on it, I fought for it. I even stole it.

Oh the sensation- greasy, slippery morsel of juice and flesh and bone gripped between my fingers. Teeth sinking, juice squirting. Fat so cloying it is almost too much. Joy! Enough to drive a girl's hand to her own plump sweetness. To rub it, squeeze it between her fingers. Imagining teeth biting, lips smacking, until sticky juice flows under finger pads. Double joy!

My mound, the one fat part of me that I never doubted, always admired, always loved. This body, it's been up and down, bony and round. The mons, she is always constant, even as she grows. A comfort to my palm, a pillow for my lovers. And, as I plump up and flesh out, she keeps pace, growing wider, rounder, juicier with each passing year and each collected pound. Sometimes she seems wide enough to cushion two lovers' weary heads.

Women's palms find more flesh to knead/need, more lips to unfold, more pulpy flesh to dig through, to penetrate. They are comforted, surrounded, enfolded by juicy lips and pillowy flesh sucking them down. And when those fingers, those hands, those tongues break through, uncover/discover the sweet, musky treasure beneath the mound, the juice squirts, flows, making cheeks and chins greasy and sweet with joy. And I am happy, like a child with a friend who loves her no matter what.

By Leah M



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for people who don't apologize for their size

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she's asleep.

i come in to the room. she's been asleep for a while now. the blankets are pushed down, and her ass is exposed so invitingly. she's beautiful when she's asleep.

i slide onto the bed, carefully moving the blankets without waking her. i slowly, oh so slowly run one fingertip along the curve of her ass, and onto the edge of her labia. gently, gently, don't want to wake her up. not yet.

featherlight touches along her thighs, and she spreads her legs as i work my fingers toward her cunt. her breathing changes. i find her rings, slowly rippling my fingertips under her clit, and her breathing changes again.

she's wet, she's still asleep, she may be dreaming, and i fill my hand with warm lube, moving so slowly, not waking her, sliding one and then two fingers into her. her hips rock, just barely, into my hand. another finger, my thumb circling her clit, taking days and days of time. four fingers now, her breathing is faster, my hand moves faster, my thumb around her clit closer and closer, her cunt tightening on my hand. i start to fuck her in rhythm with her breath. she's still asleep as i pour more lube on my hand, keeping time, fucking her forever, most of my hand, pushing, turning, pushing, in, yes, for, me, now, now, NOW!

and her eyes fly open. and my hand slides home. and we're both there. now. pulsing, breathing, crying, coming.

now.

she's not asleep anymore.

-Wolfie

SAN FRANCISCO

PRIDE WEEKEND 1996

Susannah

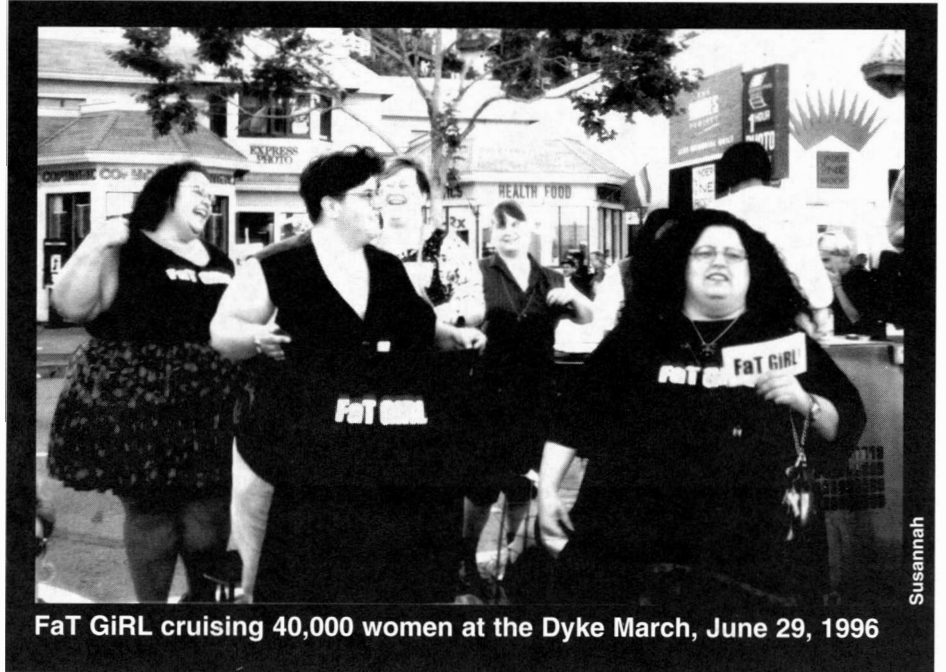


Kebo and Latricia at FaT GiRL's PRIDE DAY Lemonade Social and Bake Sale, held at Kairos.

Susannah



Max at the Dyke March



Susannah

FaT GiRL cruising 40,000 women at the Dyke March, June 29, 1996



Laura Johnston

Twirlin' Bertha, Pride Day, June 30, 1996



Laura Johnston

Barbara on Ice, Pride Day



Laura Johnston

Mr. Anon keepin' cool

* * * * *

Recipes from the Kitchen Slut

presents:

the PICNIC

Yes, the Kitchen Slut threw a picnic, and just look at all the hot sexy babes that came... (Well, I don't know that for a fact...) (that they came, that is!)



From left to right: Miriam Bloom, Charlene, Max Airborne, me, Michele Hunt, Elizabeth Stark, and [REDACTED]

This issue is about sports and fat girls, and one of the best sports with food is a **-FOOD FIGHT!**

It started innocently enough with chocolate fondue, and strawberries and bananas dipped in it-- but that was far too clean, and before I could blink my eyes, or get out of the way, there was chocolate dripping all over my chest, and a banana...

I invited everyone to bring what they would, so here's our

menu, with recipes to follow. Please feel free to reenact this in your own backyard, and send me *pictures!*

love,

the Kitchen Slut

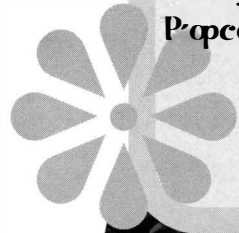


"Would you like to lick the chocolate or eat my banana?"

Kitchen Slut Picnic Menu

4 cans whipped cream
1 watermelon, cut up
Strawberries
Bananas
*Too Yummy Chocolate Fondue
Honey
Popcorn

*Easy and Sleazy Chocolate Trifle
Challah
*Vegetarian Mock-Chicken Salad
(see, we had something besides
sugar)

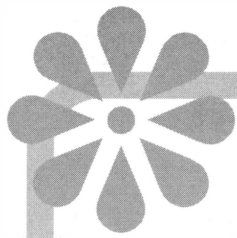


Can't even bend over
without being attacked



Let's Decorate Michele...





Too Yummy Chocolate Fondue

- One package milk chocolate chips
- One large bar dark chocolate
- One pint heavy cream or whipping cream
- One half cup Kahlua (optional)

In a fondue pot with the flame half open, pour the cream and chocolate chips. Let it melt down and add dark chocolate pieces, then Kahlua if desired.

Stir till melted and hot, pour over sexy women, and have your way with them! (or you can dip other stuff in)

Thank you, Michele



"The Strawberry Tease"

"Oh, no- Attack the Kitchen Slut!"



Yummy belly, and the
tits look good too!



Can she take a whole hand of
chocolate trifle? I lend my
assistance !

Easy and Sleazy Chocolate Trifle

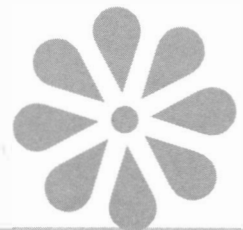
2 large boxes instant chocolate pudding
2 angelfood cakes, broken into bite-sized pieces
2 pints whipping cream, whipped till firm

Prepare the pudding the night before and chill.
Layer in a large bowl (glass works well):

angelfood cake
chocolate pudding
whipped cream

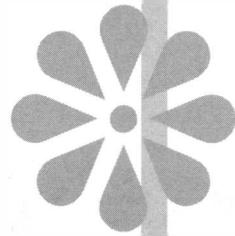
Repeat until bowl is full. Dive in...

Thank you, Charlene



Vegetarian Mock-Chicken Salad

1 box frozen wheat "chicken", defrosted and chopped*
3 carrots, shredded
3 stalks celery, chopped fine
2 teaspoons pickle relish



Mix ingredients together and serve- it's fabulous!

*can be found at your local health food store

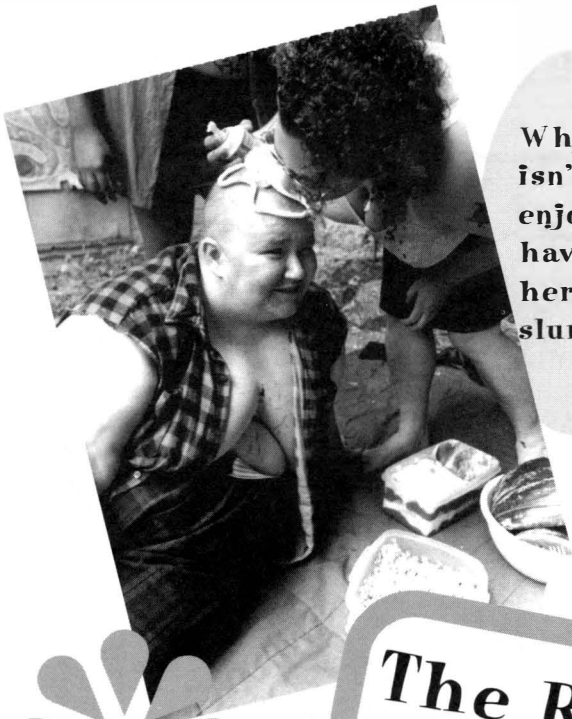
Thank you, Max



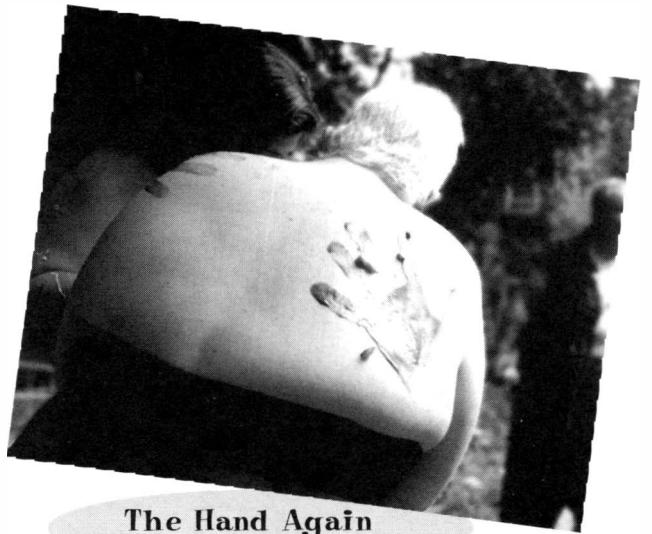
A popcorn embellished
tattoo?



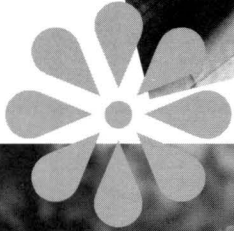
Charlene is letting
Max have at...



Why isn't Max enjoying having her head slurped?



The Hand Again



The Result of All our Fun:



The Gorey Kitchen Slut

A good and messy time
* was had by all. *

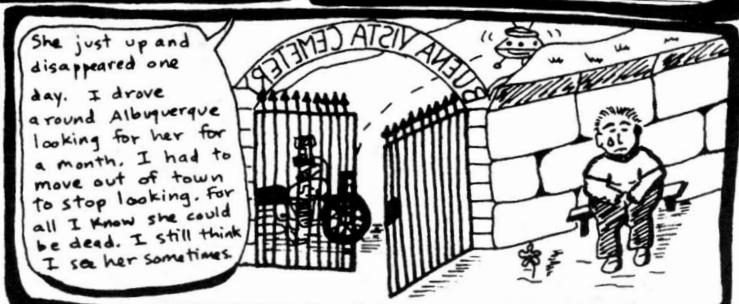
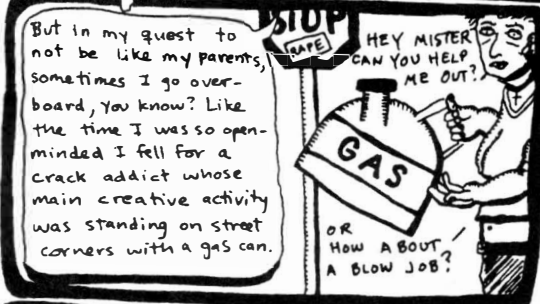
to Fredi who couldn't make it- let's have our own private food-fight picnic

LYING AWAKE AT NIGHT WITH NOTHING TO THINK ABOUT?
HAVE A PEEK AT

The diarrhea of my mind



BY MAX AIRBORNE
© 1996



So you've read **every** issue of
FaT GiRL cover to cover

While wearing your
official **FaT GiRL** t-shirt

But you just **can't** get enough **FaT GiRL!**

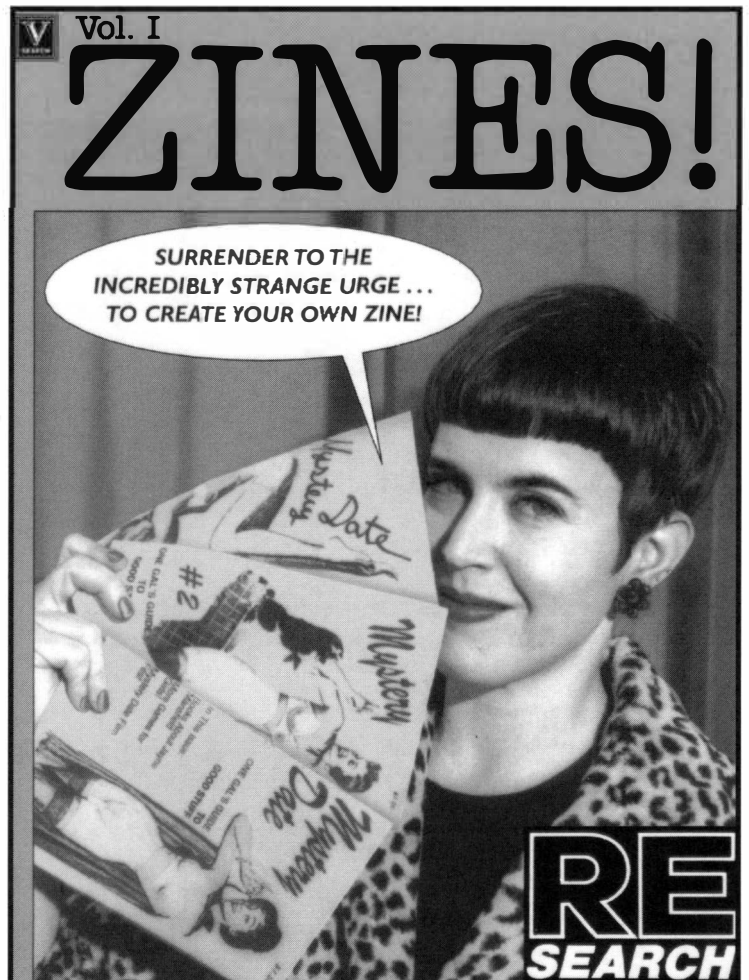
Now there's a solution to your problem!

Simply march on over to your local bookstore (or order direct at 415.362.1465) and buy a copy of *ZINES!: Volume 1*, from V. Vale of RE/SEARCH-V/Search fame.

In it you will find a lengthy interview with former and current **FaT GiRLS** talking about interesting stuff, as well as drawings and never-before-seen photos of collective members (some with clothes and some without.)

But wait, there's more! Included free and at no additional charge you will find a wonderful history of zines, a zine directory, fabulous quotations, and **10**, yes **10** other fascinating interviews with the creators of zines like Outpunk (host of the Dirtybird Festival you read about on pages 6-7), Housewife Turned Assassin, Meat Hook and more.

So what are you waiting for?
Act now!



FaTGIRL 35

Before Our First Frost

winter sun caresses madrona's flushed
coral green inner bark
whose graceful old burnt sienna skin
curls earth like leaves
Crows caw change
Small birds skitter singing
alert our spirits
to live for an unexpected rainbow over
a jangled end of city street
for a lone autumn rose unopened pink
for this silent breath of cedars
As I walk through these woods
each shadow is your cherished voice
which held me for a moment
in this stiff agony of our days
echoed in a snag whose bleached trunk
of bare broken branches
leans into some coming wind storm
This tender moss under my feet
is a nest of brilliant viridian feathers
delicately comforting you
Give our sorrow
to that old snake of time
shedding shedding



*In memory of Terri Jewell
Winter 1995*

by Chrystos

I am the kind of lover

who will destroy the beauty of roses
to make you a hot fragrant bath
floating with petals of maroon, crimson, and lemondrop.

who will kneel down
rub almond oil into the cracks in your work-hard feet
drum my fingers into the soles
make them hungry for adventure.

who will coax the venom out from
between your plump toes
strum my adoration
around the swell of your ankles
stir the desire lurking in your arches
grasp one queen-size foot by
the delicate chord of Achilles tendon
as I gnaw and suck
transforming
the throbbing ache in your feet
into hunger

By Margo

A lot of supposedly fat-related diseases and health conditions sound suspiciously similar to those diseases and conditions that are also related to stress (for example, heart disease, high blood pressure/hypertension, arthritis, and some forms of cancer) — and no wonder! Living as Fat Girls in a fat-phobic society such as ours *is* stressful on a day-to-day level. So, those of us interested in promoting our personal health and well-being would do well to incorporate some stress-management techniques into our lives.

Some stress, of some sort, is inevitable to life in general, however. The key is learning to determine when you might be suffering from excessive, unhealthy amounts of stress. It's important to note that in many ways, it's chronic stress that's the real problem. Occasional bouts of acute stress are usually easier to deal with, while longer-term stress wears us down. (It's also true, however, that too-frequent episodes of acute stress can act in the same way as chronic stress in contributing to health problems.) There are many symptoms of excessive stress, including: headaches; neck and shoulder pain from excessively tense muscles; nervous twitches, tics, or general jumpiness; insomnia; increased susceptibility to colds, flu, and other illnesses, or illnesses that last longer than usual; jaw pains and toothaches from grinding teeth; headaches; appetite upsets (loss or gain); stomachaches and intestinal upsets, including constipation, nausea, diarrhea; increased frequency of cold sores or herpes outbreaks, mood alterations including irritability, anxiety, depression, and despair. (Whew!) Some more long-term effects of stress also include: a depressed immune system response, ulcers, high blood pressure, heart disease, rheumatoid arthritis, and an increased risk for cancer and strokes.

Fortunately, there are a lot of strategies available to help alleviate stress, both in the short-term and in the long term, and on several levels, starting with individual changes and moving up towards more long-lasting and wide-reaching activities.

The two most important individual changes one can make to help reduce stress are to get enough sleep, and to eat nutritiously and regularly. These two are, in fact, probably the cornerstone of stress reduction. Eating and sleeping well ensure that your body has enough energy to cope with whatever is thrown at it during the day. Try to get around 8 hours of sleep if you can, or to take naps when possible. And try to eat nutritionally balanced meals. Detailed information on nutrition would fill another column (or two!), but one tip is to balance meals nutritionally through the week instead of day-by-day or meal by meal. This provides flexibility while still assuring good nutrition. Concentrate on getting enough vitamins and minerals, and don't worry so much about what *not* to eat as what to eat more of. Many fat women's anxieties and stresses center around food issues, so don't let the attempt to eat healthfully become another source of stress. Also, get lots

of fluids, preferably water or fruit juice if possible.

Movement can also help reduce stress, and help us feel more energetic and capable of handling life in general. Get out and move. Of course, finding ways to exercise in a fat-positive setting can be difficult, and again, suggestions on how to do so could take up another column. But some short suggestions include choosing to exercise in private, or better yet, with a group of other Fat Girls — consider, for example, scheduling a time to take over the neighborhood pool, or invite all your friends to go dancing somewhere. Find a level of activity that is comfortable for you — remember, the point is to reduce stress, not add to it.

There are a number of relaxation techniques that can help relieve the physical tension that stress produces in our bodies. Try deliberately tensing and relaxing various muscles in the body; this will teach you both how to recognize body tension, and how to dispel it. Plus, practicing can be a good stress-management technique in and of

STARR

By Lori Ann Selke

itself. Tense and release shoulders, biceps, forearms and fists, jaw, stomach, calves, feet. Also, deep, slow, regular breathing can help calm and center yourself. (A lot of tension can be released through this method.) Try breathing from your stomach, hands on your belly so you can feel what's happening. Inhale slowly through your nose, filling your lungs up and pushing your stomach out. Hold for a moment, then slowly let the air out again through your mouth. Concentrate on feeling the breathing process, experiencing the sounds and sensations of breathing.

Another useful approach to stress reduction is what I call "sensual healing." Particularly for Fat Girls, it can be important to take time out to remind ourselves how much fun it is to have a body in the first place. Sensual healing encompasses a wide range of activities, from listening to good music, dancing, massage, soaking in a bubble bath, to filling your house with the smell of baking brownies. Some of my favorite suggestions include playing in the bath with animal sponges, bubbles, and lots of splashing; receiving an almond-oil massage; drinking mint tea after work, or buying myself flowers. Consider investigating herbal and aromatherapy techniques when trying this approach as well.

Another nice thing to do in the sensual-healing department is to surround yourself with images of big,

beautiful, fat women. Place them on your walls, taped to your computer, at work, wherever. (They can be hard to find! But worth the hunt. I like to collect postcards — they're cheap and relatively easy to find. Or cut out or photocopy your favorite pictorials from this magazine! If you feel the least bit artistic, have a go at making some images yourself, in whatever medium appeals to your artistic sense. Or just take photos of yourself or your fat friends looking happy.)

Another suggestion is to either get a pet for yourself, or spend time with someone else's. Sitting on the couch curled up with a cat, for example, can be extraordinarily relaxing. So can just staring quietly at a tank of fish, for that matter. But be sure you're ready for the responsibilities a pet involves.

Spending time with friends is another important stress management technique. Friends who you can vent to when necessary, and fat-positive friends who can understand the

ESSS

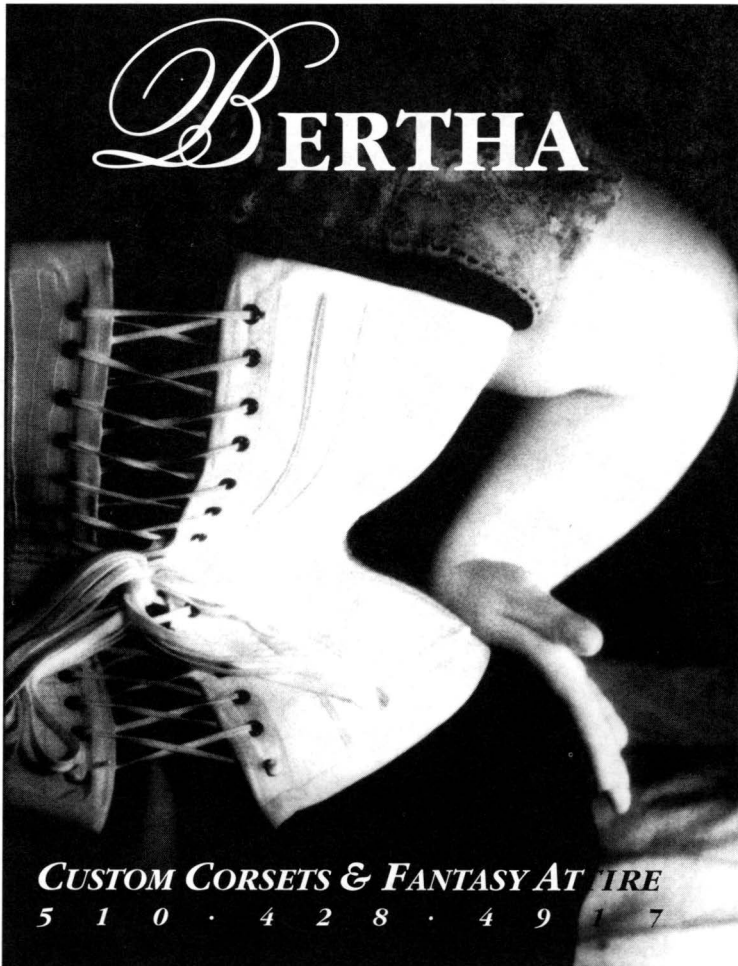
kinds of stresses you have to live with every day, are an important resource. Spending positive, "fun time" with these friends can be very relaxing and rewarding as well. They can provide an insulating layer between you and the phobic world-at-large. Just think of how less stressful shopping for clothes with a friend can be, just as an example.

While small-scale stress reduction is important, sometimes it can feel like it's addressing the symptoms without getting at the root of the problem — that is, without addressing the *real* sources of stress in our lives. Unfortunately, several of those sources are entrenched societal ideas about appropriate weight, size, and roles for women, and thus, are awfully hard to change. But that doesn't mean we shouldn't try! Activism, and feeling involved in a movement to alter society's perceptions, can feel very liberating and invigorating, and is a good way of addressing, in the long-term, some of the sources of stress we all experience.

Not all activism has to be on the large scale, however. There are a lot of things that can be accomplished on the individual level. Write a letter to your congressman, or Lane Bryant. Or, write an article about fat issues and get it published somewhere. Put a bumper sticker on your car, or a sign in your window. Pull a prank of some sort (pranks can be truly wonderful stress-relievers!). Or print up a t-shirt or

sticker run and sell them or give them away to your friends. Organize a group in your hometown, or a protest at a local diet center. Hold an event, of whatever scale you feel like you can manage. A dance party for fat women, say, or maybe a sleepover. Joining groups that promote larger-scale actions, and participating in them, can also be a way to approach larger-scale activism.

Pick whatever level of activity you're comfortable with — remember, the idea is to *reduce* the overall level of stress in your life. Don't stress out over stress reduction! Don't take on too much at once, and put yourself and your needs first. None of this is supposed to be a chore — and if it starts becoming one, stop! Stress reduction is one of those things that, ideally, should be healthy and fun at the same time.

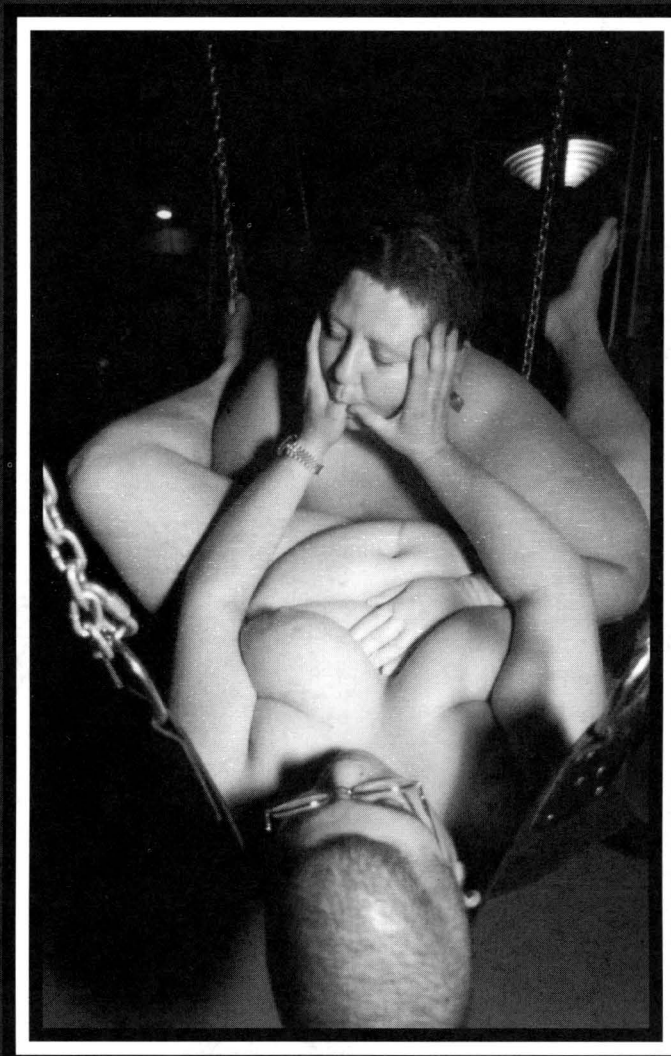


BERTHA

CUSTOM CORSETS & FANTASY ATTIRE

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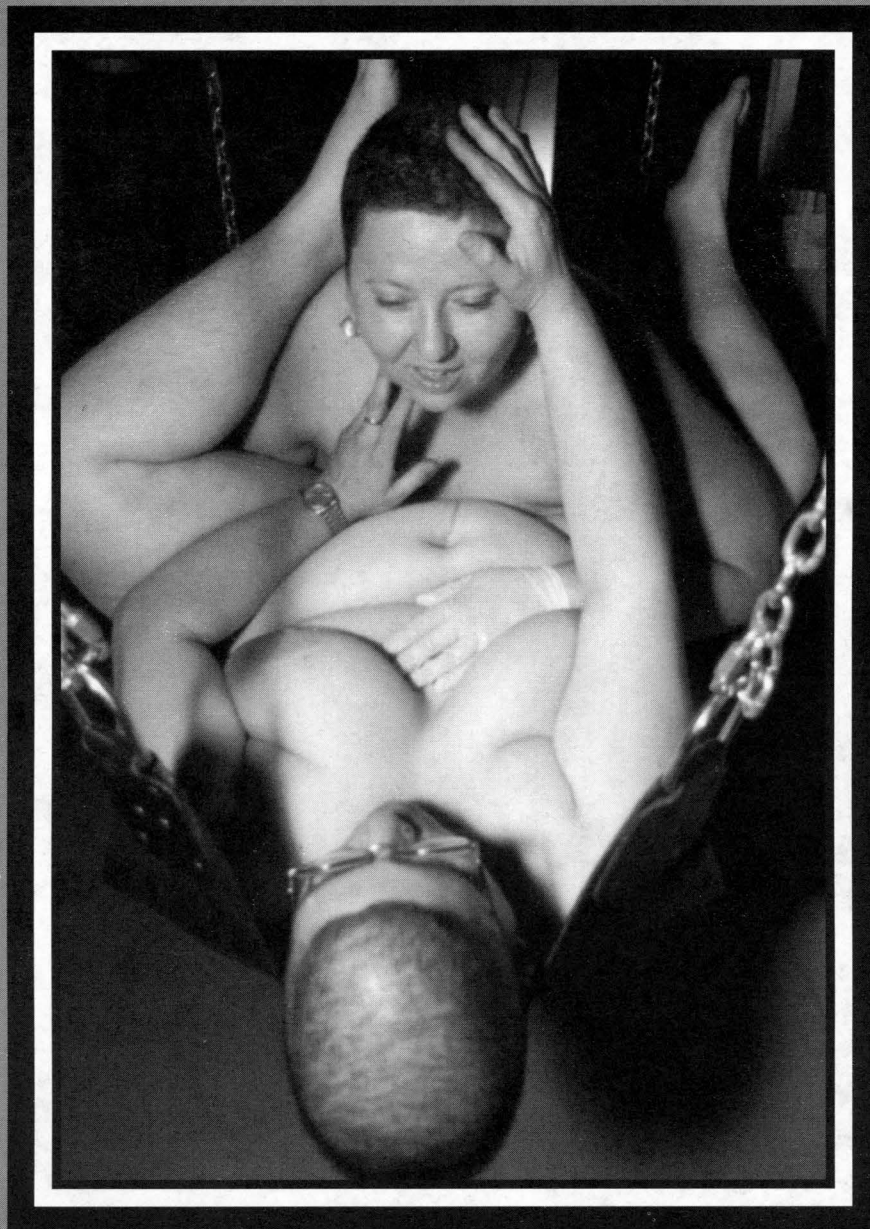
Hadas & Marco

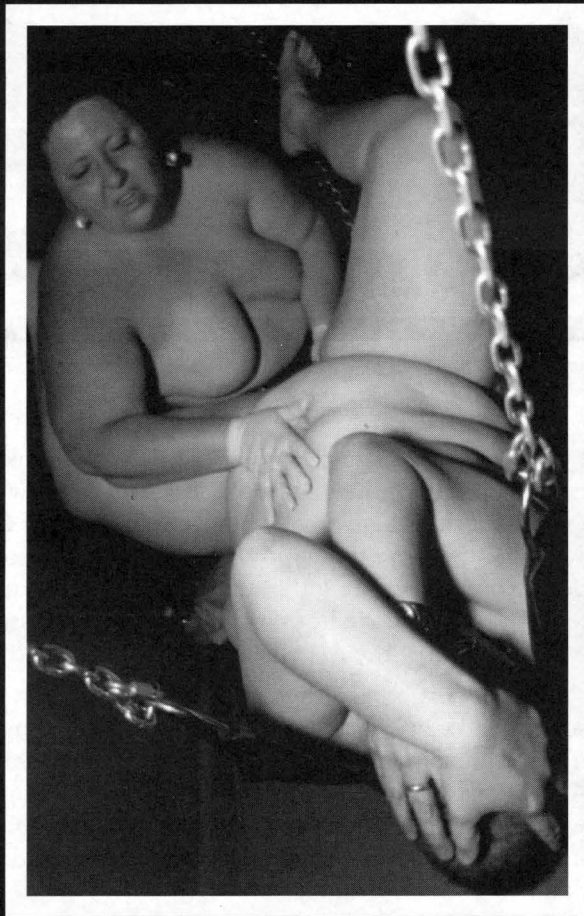


Photos by Jane Philomen Cleland



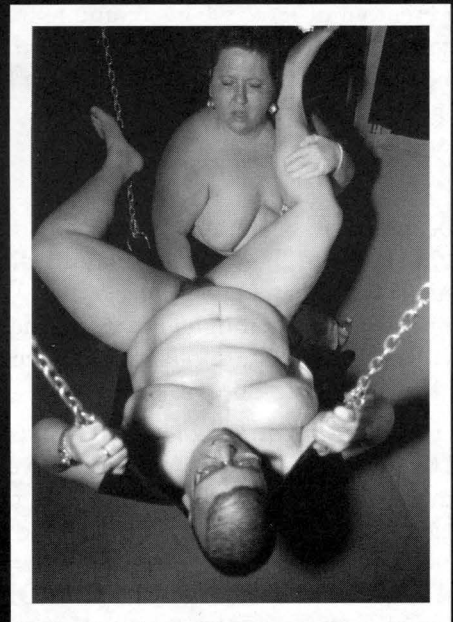
Fun at the release
party for **FaTGIRL #5**





Your turn next time...

remember,
payback is
sweet...



Perve

I was twenty-one the weekend I discovered that butches were off-limits. I was in a bar called the Brave Bull in Modesto, California. Modesto is a sprawling town in the central valley. Rustic. Farm land. The place was strange to me. Although I'd been in the bar a time or two, I'd been there with my x-lover, Karen. This time, I was alone.

It was the weekend of my twenty-first birthday, and the friends I was planning to camp with were sick with the flu. I considered staying home, or joining other friends on a trip they had planned. Without putting a lot of thought into it, I packed up my car and headed off in the direction we had originally planned. On my own.

I camped along the San Joaquin river. I had a large tent, good food, good music, a battery-operated vibrator, and the company of my dog. I spent my days wandering, reading, and hiking, my nights listening to a quiet that was strange to me. I'm a city girl.

I'd grown up in a town that had been like Modesto, but had become industrialized, over-populated. When we'd moved to Fremont in 1969, we lived among tomato fields and vast farm lands. In 1977, when we moved away, we lived in the midst of housing tracts. The farm lands were totally gone and forgotten, replaced by mini-malls and poorly manicured, overly landscaped parks.

I had been fifteen when it got to really showing. We lived in Hayward then. Typical Haywardian, I wore a suede cowboy hat, boots, jeans, a thick belt, and a plaid, flannel shirt. I was tough and angry and completely oblivious to any sort of clues folks might have that I was different than any other kid in town.

And, if you were looking at the boys, I suppose, I could see why I thought that. Except for my forty-two inch waist, I'd say I measured up to the boys commonly referred to as Aggies. Agriculture. Farm boys. Now, I already told you that there weren't any farms left, but there were still Aggies. A dying breed. Lost to embarrassment, replaced by Chicanos and modern-day Greasers. We didn't call ourselves that. They were most likely things we called one another.

But, people like my mom and dad weren't looking at the boys and, even if they had been, they certainly weren't looking at the Aggie boys. They were looking at the girls. And, they weren't too happy. They were looking at a population that wore too much make-up and slicked-back, feathered hair, carried purses, and had long nails. Not only was I not one of them, I wasn't even looking at them.

In some sort of last-ditch effort, my mom even tried to send me to Christian school. Like, God was going to save me from turning into a boy or a queer or something. Alas, I was Saved. Not like she had in mind, though: they wouldn't take me because of my "behavior problems." If I had believed in any such mythology, I would have thanked God for truancy.

Mom and I were figuring things out at a similar pace by the time I was fifteen and with my first girl friend. While I can't say my folks were thrilled necessarily, they got over it, more or less, and moved on. At the very least, they figured out I wasn't going to get zapped by some sort of fairy-princess and turn into a Number One Femme if they did the ever evasive "right thing." They were okay. Once we got names and identities clear, all there was for them to do was accept it, and they did mostly.

So, my first girlfriend ... The weekend I met her, I had schemed and planned with my best friend, Ellen, another butch high school student, who was out —ahead of me by at least a year. We had arranged to spend the weekend together, meet some of her friends, and party. We were sitting on her front porch, waiting for one of her buds to come pick us up, and she started warning me about Lin. "Watch out for Lin," she said to me. "She likes young girls with big tits."

My introduction to my first lover. Oh, yeah.

Lin was butch. She sized me up only against herself and other butches. It was a thing that made sense to me, certainly more than measuring me up against girls or—even—Aggie boys. I liked how like me she was. We fucked sometimes. We fucked others sometimes. She introduced me around. I found a place where I felt like I belonged. It was good.

rts

Judith Black

There were butches in my bed here and there in the years that followed. Karen, the girl friend I had gone to the Brave Bull with was, in fact, butch. I'm not sure if it was a Hayward/Fremont thing, or if it was the time, or both, or what, but it wasn't a big deal. Maybe it's because we were so young, we were invisible anyway. It didn't matter who we hung with, went to bed with, whatever. Chicken. Not like people.

So, I hadn't learned the "proper" prejudices. This is my point. When I arrived at the Brave Bull by myself the night of my twenty-first birthday, I hadn't learned that butches were off-limits if you happened to be one. I am, however, a quick study — once the lesson has been adequately explained to me.

I'd driven through the unlit back roads from my camp to town. I'd found the bar, parked my car, walked my dog. My shirt was sticking to my back. I was a fat dyke in a strange bar. There were not others like me. I had spent the morning hanging at the river. I had the blisters to prove it; I had fallen asleep in the mid-day sun. I was scorched.

I nervous and sweating and wishing I wasn't alone. I felt just as out of place as I had in high school, living among the Aggie boys.

I was in a bar. I wasn't going to get thrown out as soon as anyone noticed me. I was legal. I was twenty-one. Besides, no one noticed me. I hung on the edge of the dance floor.

I smoked cigarettes, cruised the door. I felt young and scared and vulnerable, and I knew just how tough I looked. I was alright.

Eons passed. Days and nights. Seasons changed. I leaned along the dance floor. There was a group that had come in an hour or so after me. They were butch and femme. They looked like the kind of dykes I grew up with; like Lin and Ellen and the gang. There was one in particular I liked. She seemed to be among friends, not with anyone in particular.

An olive-complected girl like me, maybe she was Portuguese. Or Italian. She danced with several of the gang she was with. A tailored button-down shirt and bolatje. Slicked-back short, dark hair and smoldering eyes. She was bigger than anyone else in the bar, besides me. She had a tattoo on her forearm. Her jeans were gray and worn. Her boots were clean and polished. She looked tough.

Another cigarette. Another bottle of water. I probably should head back to camp. My twenty-first birthday. What the fuck! I should at least dance one damned dance! I should ask her. All she could do was say no, right? I could handle that. Damn. I wished I wasn't there alone.

So, I asked her. She was at the bar. I leaned against the bar next to her. The bartender nodded at me—she'd get to me as soon as she was done with the tray she was setting up for this woman. "How's it going?", I asked her.

"All right," she said. "How you doing?"

I told her it was weird to be alone in a bar. I wished my friends had made it. She smiled warmly, asked me where I was from. We chatted idly. She invited me to join her and her friends at their table, nodding her head in their general direction. I maintained my cool, what was left of it. I would never ask her to dance in front of her friends. As she paid the bartender, I did it. "Would you dance with me later?"

I asked. I smiled coolly.

Her face clouded over. The warmth that was there cooled so quickly, it took my breath. She was angry. "Fuck no," she snarled. "Would I dance with you? Why don't you dance with a girl?"

The bartender served me quietly, without sympathy. I returned to my corner. I stayed just long enough, I thought, to look like I was leaving on my own steam—not because of her hostile rejection. I had been watching them. They now watched me. "Look cool. Look cool. Look cool. No matter what."

If I'd had any idea this incident was not over, I would have gotten in my car and driven away, ending it. But, I didn't.

When I looked up from my thoughts to check on my dog, I was surprised to find myself face-to-face with the gang from the bar. Butches in front, femmes at the flank. Seven of them. In the odd light of the parking lot, they looked immense. Her hostility was a shared thing. I was in trouble.

A few unkind words were passed. I'd tell them if I remembered them, but I couldn't even recreate them the following day. I wanted to forget more than anything. Nearly a decade has passed. I had gotten the point. There was a code of ethics I had smashed by asking a butch to dance. I was too queer for the queer girls. I shouldn't come back to the Brave Bull. She hit me once, her fist against my fleshy stomach. A touch. Not what I had in mind. It could have been much worse. They snarled at me en masse, and I fled. They let me go.

Into the night, I drove. Confused. Onto the unlit back roads. Into the woods between the Brave Bull and camp. I drove for hours. The more I drove, the less I understood. My back hurt. My head hurt. My heart hurt. I drove in silence not exactly crying. My dog licked my hand. We got desperately lost.

The forty minute drive ended a couple of hours later. Back at camp. I crawled into bed, now numb. I closed my eyes, and I saw her face. Then theirs. All of them. Circling me. I clutched my vibrator, sobbing and coming, tears streaking my twenty-one-year-old face. I was lost in sleep and peculiar dreams.

In the night, the wind picked up. The silence left. I was so clearly the other. I was far from home. I was alone.

I broke camp after breakfast. I headed home a day early. My blistered back was breaking open. My head ached. My heart felt numb and cold. As I picked burrs out of my sleeping bag, I considered for the first time: it was me. I was wrong. I packed the car quietly and drove myself home.

Once home, I began the first of a decade-long series of relationships with femmes. Not that this was particularly difficult or anything. I mean, I like femmes. I get attracted to femmes. The rules are a little different, but by no means unreasonable. I knew enough to get by. I lived, in part, to avoid the agony I had felt that night in the Brave Bull's parking lot. I told no one of my experience there. Any change in me went unnoticed.

I was lovers with a woman—femme—with hair down to her waist. I got by. I had no complaints. I found a comfortable groove in the community I lived in. Time passed. Lovers came and went. I drifted further and further from the roots of my youth, my coming out.

I grew cynical and sarcastic. Just another fat leather dyke in the city of San Francisco. No shit taken. No feelings spared. Not a bad life; just a life. I danced in the clubs, given half a chance. I became friend to a lot of women. I worked for a living. It was no big deal. My dog got old and died. It took me a while to get past that. Somehow, I survived. I thrived.

I looked back from time to time, and at once such point, I was looking at a woman I had been lovers with when I was very young. Karen, the woman I had gone to the Brave Bull with when we were lovers. She'd been twenty; I'd been nineteen. We had split up eight years earlier, and had never spoken again.

I looked her up.

When I couldn't find her, I left a message for her at her parent's store. A few weeks later, I heard from her. She was living in Modesto, of all places. As much as she was surprised to hear from me, she also seemed pleased. We had a couple of conversations on the phone, then planned to get together. I found our connection to be comfortable. I felt like she had been gone from my life forever, and yet not at all. She came to San Francisco.

She looked somehow different, and yet very much the same. She wore cowboy boots and a work shirt. Spurs. She had horses now. She swaggered. Her eyes were lit when she smiled, a mischievous smile that took me back through the years. Her slick hair was not as soft as the butch-do she had worn in our mutual youth. I was still attracted to her. And she was still butch.

We spent the day together, then laughed well into the night. I fed her Hamburger Helper just before midnight as we caught up on the years that had passed. Carefully, we walked around the spark that still existed between us. We were in the house I shared with my lover, Liz. I invited her to spend the night; it was late, and she had a long drive home. She accepted.

As I turned down Liz's bed for her, explaining where the lights were and such, she suddenly changed her mind. Ungrounded by the sudden change, I handed her Diet Coke's as she headed out the door. I stood in the cool air, my feet cold against the bricks of my front steps, and I watched her drive away. There was a warmth to the chill I felt as I headed back into the house. Liz would be back the next day. I washed dishes to distract myself from the change I felt in the air and in my body.

Did she leave so suddenly out of guilt about her own lover or disappointment that I was not taking her to my own bed? Had I imagined that zap of energy? I certainly hadn't imagined the ease of conversation and the frequency of laughter. Perhaps I was making too much out of things. I turned down the lights and went to bed.

The first thing Liz asked me when she walked in the door on Sunday: "So, did you sleep with her?"

"No," I said, somewhat astonished and clearly defensive. "We don't sleep with other people here. We're clear about that. She came here."

"Well ... I was out of town," she said. "That's different."

"I don't think it is."

She asked me if I'd wanted to. "Partly." I said. I changed the subject quickly. We talked about her trip. She unpacked. I folded laundry.

When I spoke to Karen, I repeated to her Liz's blunt inquiry. Karen let me know the feeling was, indeed, mutual. "I don't have sex with girlfriends," I told her, "When they have agreements forbidding such things." We didn't talk about it again.

We became friends. I really like Karen. She's a good person. I visited her and made a point of befriending her lover. Chris was butch. Maybe more so than Karen or I. I liked her immediately. Karen succeeded for the second time in our history to get me astride a horse. I didn't hate it half as much as I had the first time. But, my ass got just as sore.

We got together from time to time. We talked on the phone more often. I went out to Modesto and hung out with them. They came into the city and hung out with me. Sometimes Karen came alone. Befriending Chris made it easy for me to back away from any remaining energy I had for Karen. It was never in the way.

Eventually, I left Liz. Karen and Chris were sweet to me around the whole thing. Karen would shake her head at me: "You go through more women...", she'd say. Not for a while, I planned. I needed some time off. I took it. No girls for a while. Karen and Chris faded quietly and comfortably into my collection of friends. Time passed.

When I decided to venture out again, I found myself using them for a model. Karen and Chris, and maybe Karen and I, when we were ten years younger and ten years more innocent. In the way of the city, I placed a personal ad in the gay paper. "Butch seeks same." There must be others who felt like I did. Perhaps times had changed.

Then again, perhaps they had not. I got few responses, and those I got were from femmes. I met a few women, then gave the whole thing up. Ad dates were more of a chore than a source of entertainment. I was over it. At a party that summer, I realized that nothing had changed at all. A butch dyke who had recently done a sexy (I thought) layout with another butch in a local magazine, made a point of publicly dismissing the whole thing as repulsive. She just did it for the perversity of the thing. Any other consideration was absurd. She had a wife. (Like, oh ... clumsy me.)

Maybe I wouldn't get slugged in the stomach for asking a butch to dance these days, but, then again, I might never dance again if I didn't dance with femmes. And, maybe I would still get slugged in the stomach—if I were still barely twenty-one and scared half to death and all. There's no way to know. I hardly even care. Yeah, I like femme women. I get attracted to them. I have sex with

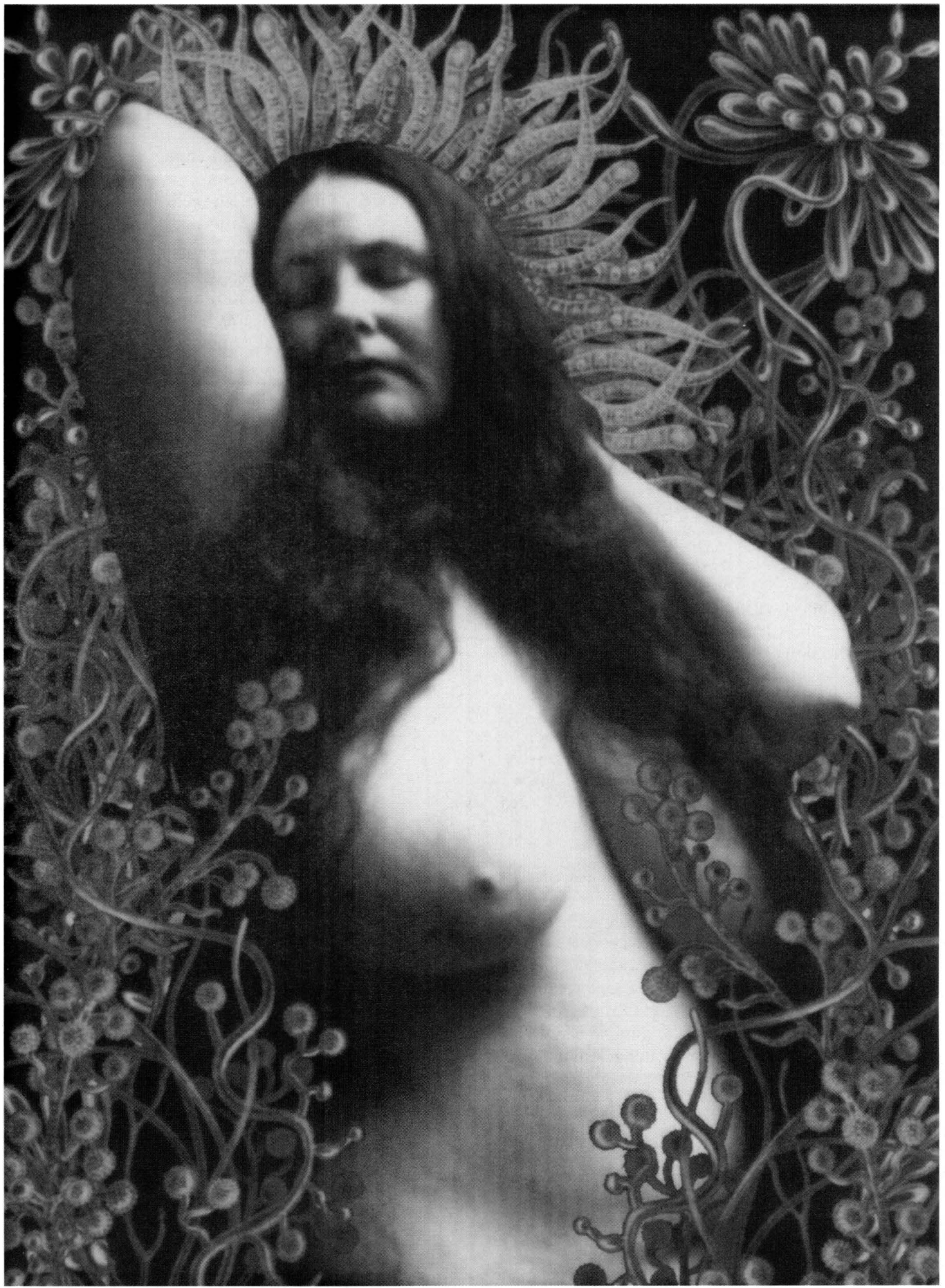
them. I get into relationships with them. I fall in love with them. No problem.

But, I also like butch women. I get attracted to them. I could easily have sex with them. I could fall in love with them.

I fear I'm too queer for the queer girls. I'm not transsexual. I'm butch. I'm a butch who likes butch girls. A rare breed. An odd duck. I'm unable to return to the innocence about it I so enjoyed in my youth. The code of ethics of queer life in the city is painfully inflexible.

Among butch dykes, it seems that butches are good enough to fuck. Good enough to play with. Play fag with. But, fall in love? Come on, Judith ... that really is perverse. There are exceptions, I'm sure. Some of my friends among them. Karen, Chris, Nicki. Others. Few and far between. Perverts.





by Freddie Baer



by Freddie Baer

Suzie, the Elm Tree, and Me

Mary Frances Platt

The first time I saw her she was moving so fast her curly brown hair was blowing behind the push handles of her chair... The ones I wanted to reach out and grab, spin around and pull close enough to bruise lips. Instead, I stood there with my mouth dropped to the ground, watching the trail of dust her wheels stirred up, which was nothing compared to the stirrings creeping through my butch type loins.

I looked for her all the next day and finally spotted her off the beaten path, taking her service dog for a pee and a romp amidst festival fervor. My body, mesmerized by the sight of flashing chrome, graceful bone, and bounding four legged bundle of energy, moved onto friendly elm tree for support. Quivering, I watched as woman and dog danced a tune of desire and beauty, skirt flowing, arm swaying, breasts bouncing in delight. I found myself grabbing the elm as if it were her, moving my pelvis hard as my own nipples stiffened with the watching.

When I thought I could stand it no longer, she ended her dance, turned away from my viewing, and called to her assistant. In the midst of bodies and maneuvers I could not see, but heard her tell her P.A.* that she could go on break and she would meet her at the segregated crip food line at six. I was attempting to quietly sneak away when I heard her say, "You may want to turn around and look at me fully before you leave." My heart was now nicely embedded in my throat as I, in true butch style, turned slowly and deliberately on one heel to oh so calmly and coolly face the object of my desire. She began to roll toward me, the quiet humming of her wheelchair punctuating the sexual tension between us. Her breasts, uncovered now, were as large and luscious as I had imagined, her arms and torso as big as I had hoped for. Slowly I sauntered toward her as she and dog began to tease circles around me. "I want to be your elm tree, smell your cum and feel your rhythms on my face. Are you surprised?" Now this was just the kind of femme that made my heart sing and my cunt moan, but I responded with a simple, "No, I am not surprised." "Have you ever done it with a fat quad?" she said. "Fat, yes. Quad, no." I responded. "Have you ever done it with a thin butch without wheels?" I asked. She laughed a throaty laugh and hissed a yes. "Perhaps not one with as great an ass as yours, though."

I was trying to follow her words as they tumbled past her lips but was so turned on by the movements of her disabled body and the brashness/trashiness of her slutty mouth that the mantra I heard was come get me come fuck me come on me come in me. I began to feel a warmth move up and out of my cunt and dropped to the ground just as spasms of ecstasy overtook me.

I returned to reality to feel dog licks on my face and defined stroking on my head. I was sitting next to a wheel and looked up into the face of the woman who had brought me such an exquisite coming. It was a beautiful, soft, and smiling face. "Hello, my name is Suzie, and would you like to have dinner and a date with me tonight," she said. Indeed, I replied, and hopefully more. Much more.

*P.A.= Personal Assistant

The Fat Person's Bill of Rights

E. Gail Miedema

ARTICLE I

ALL PERSONS, REGARDLESS OF SIZE, HAVE A RIGHT TO BE TREATED WITH KINDNESS AND COMPASSION.

ARTICLE II

ALL PERSONS, BIG AND SMALL, HAVE THE RIGHT TO A COMFORTABLE CHAIR OR SEAT IN ALL PLACES TO WHICH THE GENERAL PUBLIC HAS ACCESS, AND A RIGHT TO ALL OTHER SERVICES AND ACCOMMODATIONS GENERALLY AVAILABLE.

ARTICLE III

ALL PERSONS HAVE THE RIGHT TO OBTAIN EMPLOYMENT BASED UPON THEIR ABILITY TO DO THE JOB, NOT THEIR WEIGHT.

ARTICLE IV

ALL PERSONS HAVE THE RIGHT TO PROPER MEDICAL SERVICES — FOR A FAT PERSON, SERVICES THAT DO NOT AUTOMATICALLY BLAME ALL HEALTH CONDITIONS ON BEING FAT.

ARTICLE V

ALL PERSONS HAVE THE RIGHT TO EAT, TO EAT IN PUBLIC, AND TO EAT ANY TYPE OR AMOUNT OF FOOD DESIRED, WITHOUT BEING SUBJECTED TO RIDICULE OR ATTEMPTS TO SHAME AND CHANGE THE PERSON AND HIS OR HER EATING HABITS.

ARTICLE VI

ALL RIGHTS THAT ACCRUE TO U.S. CITIZENS AND MEMBERS OF THE HUMAN FAMILY ALSO ACCRUE TO PERSONS WHO ARE FAT. FAT PEOPLE DO NOT GIVE UP THIS RIGHT NOR ANY OTHER RIGHT BY BEING FAT.

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Organizations and Events

compiled by Max Airborne

West Coast USA

Ample Opportunity

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

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 to a new volunteer each month who gets to choose the topic of the meeting. They also do social and political outings. Call Gail at (503) 774-5774 for information.

Making Waves is a supportive recreational swim for women over 200 lbs, every Sunday from 11 am-1 pm in the SF 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.

The NAAFA Feminist Caucus' 12th Annual Fat Woman's Gathering will be held November 8-11, 1996 in Seattle, Washington at the Executive Inn, near the Seattle Center. Guest speakers include W. Charisse Goodman, author of "The Invisible Woman: Confronting Weight Prejudice in America". There will also be empowering workshops; vendors who specialize in fat women; a talent show; a fashion show; private pool party; clothing swap; a fat-positive song 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.

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.

Strike Zone Celebrates 20 Years of Leatherdykes

20 years ago, at the height of granola-crunching, Birkenstock-wearing, flannel-clad "PC" lesbianism, a group of San Francisco women shocked the lesbian world by forming the first-ever support group for lesbian sado-masochists. To celebrate the founding of Samois (pronounced "Sam-WAH"), some of San Francisco's most uppity leatherwomen are throwing a bash called **Strike Zone**, a conference and celebration for leatherdykes from all over the world, on next year's Labor Day weekend, August 29-September 1, 1997.

There have always been dykes who did S/M, but the formation of Samois marked the beginning of an above-ground, visible, accessible leatherdyke community and culture. To celebrate this community's longevity and vitality, the **Strike Zone** women intend to find out if

for "grrlz" to have too much fun. They will test this theory with workshops, parties, conversation, food, cross pollination, bi-costal bonding, transatlantic tricking and more parties. The Strike Zone women want this conference to become the first in a series of regular biannual events, and to generate feelings of community and solidarity that will lead to the creation of a national leatherdyke organization. The conference will connect women interested in discussing what a national organization could accomplish and how it should be structured.

Women-identified women who do S/M play with other women and want to network, cruise and hang out with like-minded leather babes can contact Strike Zone by mail at 2215R Market Street #246, San Francisco, CA 94114; by telephone at 415/522-2340; or by e-mail at strykezone@aol.com.

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. On the 4th Tuesdays, the group meets at Two Sisters Bookstore, 605 Cambridge St., Menlo Park. On the second Tuesdays, the group meets at another location: call ahead to find out where. \$2 is requested to help pay the room rental, but no one is turned away for lack of money. Call (415) 965-8416, or send email to jwermont@netcom.com or stef@bayarea.net.

Midwest USA

SAFFO, Sisters Are Fighting Fat Oppression

is looking for fat-positive, les/bi/trans-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 USA

Big Beautiful Lesbians

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

Fat Dykes in the Northern Virginia/DC/Maryland area:

Come celebrate your attitudes, shyness, & FLAB! Call Nicole L. Reid at 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.

GirlCon '97

April 11, 1997 4:00 p.m.

April 13, 1997 6:00 p.m.

Call for participants, speakers, entertainers, zine publishers, and small businesses owned and operated by young women.

Purpose: To create solidarity and a support network in the young feminist/women's action movements. Tentative Workshops: Racism, Women in Science/Technology, Women/Young Women/Girl's Education, Religion and Women's Activism, Classism, Self Defense (RAD Training), Fat Oppression, Domestic Violence, Women's Health (Herbal Gynecology, Breast Cancer (treatment, prevention, how the medical industry deals with)), Women in the Medical Industry, Sexually Transmitted diseases, Alcoholism/Drug Abuse, Mental Health, Race and Women's Activism, Women and Political Organizations, Queer Issues (Bisexuality/Lesbianism/Transgender/Transsexual issues in the young feminist movement, Androgyny), Alternative Media (Women in the Arts, Zines, Independent Films, Guerrilla Theater).

We need help with speakers and panelists on all of these issues. Speakers, entertainers, panelists, etc. must be young women. Bands must have at least one female member who is instrumental to the creative process of the bands music. Please send workshop/panel proposals, Performance tapes/samples/reviews, and films for possible screenings, and conference registrations (\$0 - \$25 sliding scale, Pre-registration between 1/1/97 and 3/30/97) to: Wellesley Women's Alliance For Action, Wellesley College, Wellesley, MA 02181 or e-mail: ocortina@wellesley.edu. Check out our site: <http://red-branch.mit.edu/~olivia/Girl.html>.

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

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, or check out their web site at <http://www.fatgirl.com/fatgirl/largesse/>.

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.

The network for Battered Lesbians and Bisexual Women

has a free bilingual (Spanish/English) newsletter (the most recent issue of which included an article on why S/M is not battering), a hotline, referral info re other groups around the country and a support group. Group is only for folks in the Boston area, but

everything else can go anywhere. The Network can be reached at: office (phone, v/tty): 617-424-8611, hotline (v/tty, English/Spanish): 617-236-safe, address: P. O. Box 6011, Boston, MA 02114.



drawing by Marva Holmes

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 World Wide Web where we list tons of resources that exist only on the Internet. Check it out: <http://www.fatgirl.com/fatgirl/>. **FatDykes**

is also the name of a new, women only, IRC ("Chat Room" to us only marginally computer-friendly dykes) which is up and running on the undernet. You can get to the undernet via any of the following servers:

`/server ca.undernet.org`

`/server us.undernet.org`

`/server phoenix.az.us.undernet.org`

`/server vancouver.bc.ca.undernet.org`

`/server sanjose.ca.us.undernet.org`

(among others.) once connected to the undernet type `/join #FatDykes` and it will take you there.

As FaT GiRL goes to press, the fine women who run this IRC are busy getting the channel up and running 24 hours a day. In the meantime, the channel is running from 5:00 p.m. (CA time) until the operator packs it in and goes to bed.

MEDIA FEAST

reviews by

Candida Albicans Royale

ZINES!

Alright #2 is a truly brilliant comic by Charlotte Cooper & Simon Murphy. Send a few bucks to: Charlotte Cooper & Simon Murphy, 33 Romford Road, Stratford, London E15 4LY, England.

Bitch #2

(Not to be confused with Bitch!) Fun, ranting media critiques that sometimes overstate/overanalyze the obvious. At the risk of sounding shallow, a horrendous fat-hating, girl-hating ad or quote sometimes speaks better for itself than a 3-page analysis.

Still, when you're bombarded with crap, it's a breath of fresh air. Love

the "Riots Not Diets!" back cover, which features a photo of a "housewife"-type loading a rifle. Because it's too damn expensive to color reprint mainstream so-called art, their great, state-of-the-art web-site gets to include mo bettah visuals. "Get Bitch now by sending \$12 for 4 issues or \$3.50 for a single copy. Make your checks out to Lisa Jervis and send them to 3778 Ruby Street, Oakland, CA 94609." Or, check out <http://www.subvox.com/bitch/>.

Black Sheets #8

The "Dead Cow Issue." A wholesome, light-hearted, friendly pansexual leatherzine brought to you by the very nice boys and girls who live next-door. Black Sheets does feel like more of a wholesome & friendly resource for safe play than the "unsafe" smut I typically get hot over, but I'm spoiled; if I lived somewhere out in the middle of nowhere instead of this queer and kinky Mecca, I'd find the resources more useful, and its accessible feel a welcome relief. This issue is 55-pages thick, and includes more than I can list here: stories like "Black Latex Clambake" by Conrad Hodson, essays "On Being a Female Submissive" by Carol Queen, "Confessions of a Dish Fetishist" [I can relate!] by Janet Weinberg, poetry by Lori Selke (of FaT GiRL health column renown), Sexart photos including prints by FG's Laura Johnston, and zine reviews, for starters. Send \$6/issue or \$20/4 (\$24 for Canada and Mexico) and a signed age statement to Black Sheets: Black Books, P.O. Box 31155, San Francisco, CA 94131. (E-mail BlackB@ios.com)

The Daughters of Houdini: Medical Zine and My Bloody Sister

Clearly a labor of love by these two disciples of Edward Gorey... **Medical Zine** is hand-painted, and cuts & pastes dry verse, graphic photos, and new and found illustrations of women from the misogynist roots of Western Medicine. **My Bloody Sister** is a quaint little hand-sewn chapbook of menstrual blood-thirsty, man-hating delight. About the D. of H.: "Engaging in art and other condemned activities / We ignored the

law & indulged in our proclivities // You must understand! We cant help our evil actions, / REVEL, REVEL, in unsanctioned contractions! // Our bad blood is tainted with mischief & deceit, / We drink the red, and stain the sheet, // Indulging in fingers, potions, muscles, motions, / Debauchery, crime, bad table manners, lewd remarks— / You don't know the half of it! // Were Gruesome Girls—HEAR OUR GORE!!!" Send stamps, trades, and "your tales of medical mishaps, remedies & crimes" to: Daughters of Houdini, c/o Z. Kroll and C. Cooley, P.O. Box 40291, San Francisco, CA 94140.

Fat!So? #5

Marilyn delivers another great issue, chock full of quotes from the "Honor God with your body" anti-fat web page, "carve-your-own fat-a-licious blubberific rubber stamps," an interview w/Mary Armstrong, the traveling glob-of-fat-model, comics, resources, Olestra rants, "heroes and villains of fat history" trading cards, and much more. My only disappointment was in not finding another Fat Manifesto (the previous 2 have made jaded me profoundly question ways I think about fat)...but how many brilliant manifestoes can one person produce? Send \$3.50 for one, or \$12 for 4 issues to: P.O. Box 423464, San Francisco, CA 94142. Great web-site (which graciously hosts the FG web-site) at: <http://www.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.

i'm so fucking beautiful #3

And Nomy Lamm is! A must-read.

After a long hiatus, Nomy has not disappointed—her hand-written, cut-and-paste zine appeals on a very personal level. Check out her "I'm So Fucking Beautiful Manifesto," which I'm tempted to carry around with me for those confrontational occasions when you feel like there's too much to say to be able to say it well. Stay tuned for #4, which will focus on her recent experiences in Chile. Send \$1 each for #1 & #2; \$2 for #3 to: Nomy Lamm, 120 State N.E. #1510, Olympia, WA 98501.

insideOUT #9

"The Essential Queer Youth Magazine." Glossy magazine with twink news, pix, gossip, polls, and a regional resources directory, and also Cruella's "Out-o-meter." This is surprisingly hard to find on the stands where baby-dykes need em, so ask your local bookstore to order some, even if it isn't your cuppa-t. \$3/issue or \$12/yr (stamps accepted), make checks out to INSIDEOUT Magazine Online, check out <http://www.youth.org/io> for more updated listings. *Note: stay tuned for upcoming issue on Body Image.*

Living Large

is an apa (amateur press association) for folks who want to talk about fat issues. An apa is a subscriber-created zine, so 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 Kathleen Madigan, PO Box 1006, Elgin, IL 60121.

Meridian (Dec. '95)

Personal, riot grrl, cut & paste fanzine with much soul searching, poetry, New England women's resources, and cartoon reprints and favorite bands. Send \$2 (or stamps or equal trade) to Judy Ricardi, 79 West St. #4F, Worcester, MA 01609. Send same for her other fanzines: **Resist Psychic Death, Structure, Ginger's Hut, Top** (\$1).

ZINES! (continued)

Outpunk #5

I'm always impatient to see the next issue of Outpunk and get a good, fresh dose of queercore, and #5 does not disappoint. Tons of dyke coverage, reviews, the hilarious story (and pix!) of Tribe8 getting invited to party with Luther Campbell of 2 Live Crew (he didn't know they were dykes) and them turning the tables on him with their impressive cocks... interviews w/ Joan Jett Blakk, Donna Dresch, Mouthfull, queer hiv+ skinhead Pedro Serrano; memories of the now-defunct *Homocore*; more great clip art from Queer Action Figures; and Matt's refreshing "What's Wrong With Punk Rock" section asking people to WAKE UP and re-think what the fuck "punk as fuck" means—i.e., more of a mainstream trendy political and fashion monoculture nowadays than an inclusive counterculture. Outpunk consistently demonstrates a commitment to diversity in both the zine and the record label; check out Matt's critique of Maximum Rock and Roll's par-for-the-course racism and sexism that got their macho panties in a wad and which irked MRR enough to play an obnoxious prank on Outpunk in their "Book Your Own Fucking Life" issue [see Press Release], where they essentially equate Outpunk's diversity with what of course must mean a lack of talent and tokenism (umm...right). Support your local queercore wage-slave: \$2/issue (only #3-5 available) to Outpunk, P.O. Box 170501, San Francisco, CA 94117.

Pasty #6

Sarah-Katherine takes us to her local research subject stint, where she's paid \$40 and a cab ride to get weighed-in by a skinny girl, down 3 vodka-and-tonics, and answer some loaded questions about a date-rape (or was it?) scenario. As with many of S-K's sardonic adventures, it's not all it's cracked up to be. Check out "How to Make Yourself Loathed at the Condom Store"—a list that had me cringing, since I myself met her at the condom store where she works, and noticed that I must have commit-



Drawings
by
Marva
Holmes

ted at least five of the offenses myself and no doubt made an indelible impression. Always well-written, and still vehemently poetry-free. Send \$2 (cash) and snack cakes to: Pasty, Sarah-Katherine, 6201 15th Ave. NW, #P-549, Seattle, WA 98107.

Pathetic Life #20, 21

"Diary of a Fat Slob." Currently one of my favorite zines. It's the very personal, very compelling DAILY (!) diary of Doug's life. Doug is an unapologetic fat slob anarchist who sells un-Christian fish on Telegraph, cleans office for Black Sheets, and divulges his pangs of longing for the pen pal of his dreams, Sarah-Katherine [see Pasty review]. Too much zine-scene overlap and local goings-on for me to not take interest, but that's not what makes this such a good read—it's Doug's unapologetic living and disclosure of the personal (beware if you have a thing about bodily fluids) and most of all, his witty writing style that alternately pains me and makes me laugh out loud snorting on BART. After much soul-searching on whether or not to move out to New York to be just buddies with S-K: "In my dream, I was hanging on top of the TransAmerica Pyramid, not quite ready to let go but giving it some serious thought. Awake again, whoa! I don't like suicide dreaming. I'll miss Sarah-Katherine, but not quite enough to climb the pyramid and

throw myself off, bashing and bruising and bleeding onto the windows down every angled floor. I'd be dead before falling ten stories. And what a mess I'd make! No, there are easier ways to kill yourself, he typed, chewing on the first of seven bread & butter sandwiches." I'm eagerly awaiting #22. Send \$3/issue (\$2/issue if you order 2 or more) cash or stamps (NO checks!) to: Doug Holland, 537 Jones St. #2386, San Francisco, CA 94102.

Pucker Up #1

"The [porn]zine with a mouth that's not afraid to use it." Pansexual and perverse. Definitely not for lezzie separatists! Issue #1 is chock full of material (63 pages), much of it about B/D/S/M between men and women, from the vantage-point of masochistic men.... Typical fetish photos of typical model-type women by Eric Kroll and Richard Kern (big turn-off yawn for me, but your mileage may vary)... a gender-fluid smut story called "Like I Paid Him To" by Andrea Tetrick... hot fiction about a fat tomboy's first (lezbo) sex experience by Karen Green... and too much more to fit into a tiny review. The material is hit or miss, but diverse enough that you should be able to find something you like (unless you're looking for fag-on-fag porn or pictures of fat women) if you don't mind wading through all the stuff you don't. Very New York.

Pucker Up #2

New 2-color glossy cover, and new format featuring multiple works by "Artists of the Season"—in this issue, Sandra Lee Golvin, Kerry Allen, D. Travers Scott, and Linda Smukler. Plus a whole lot more in these 64-pages: goth material (interview with Danielle Willis, het death-fetish porn by Thomas S. Roche), an interview with Kathy Acker, more boring photos by Richard Kern, Wickie Stamps on her job editing *fat porn* at *Drummer*.... This issue seems to have more by and about dykes and fags and tg's, but there's so much across-the-board material in both (and cross-[gender]-writing) that there's little point in trying to keep track. One thing this zine could seriously use (from the perspective of what gets ME hot and therefore interested) is some fat-bodied smut, as well as more diverse bodies in general, so if you want to see it, send some in! \$5/issue or \$18/4 (\$28 Canadian, \$35 overseas) cash or checks payable to Tristan Taormino, Pucker Up, P.O. Box 4108, Grand Central Station, New York, NY 10163.

Red hanky panky

Bi-active, fat, racy comix by Rachel House. Send 1 pound or \$2 US plus stamps to RHP, 23 Whateley Rd., East Dulwich, SE22 9DA, London UK.

The Search for the Meaning of Life

Dyke comix by Megan, the fat-activist drummer in the all-queer band, the Kissing Bandits. No fat content yet, but she's now starting to draw fat people so she can tell the accurate stories of the people in her life (so stay tuned). Send \$1 Canadian or \$1.50 US to [REDACTED]

Your Head on a Platter #2

Rebecca Levis surrealist zine of dreams. The theme of this issue: "Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink!" Several floaty water dreams. Queer attractions. Esther Williams. I love Rebecca's haunting back cover drawing, "Self-Portrait as a Butch/Femme Couple." Send \$2 for each issue to Your Head on a Platter, 2336 Market St. #132, San Francisco, CA 94114. Seeking illustrations and dreams featuring "Gender Trouble" for issue #3.

VIDEO!

M.U.F.F. Match

dir. Julie Jenkins, 1995, UK, 50 min. video (PAL-format).

How to begin to describe this video? Benny Hill meets Sister George meets (now-defunct) *Quim* meets John Waters in this light-hearted romp about randy dykes in an all-girl school and their "stern" disciplinarians. Definitely made by and for dykes, but it was too enmeshed in slapstick camp to give this girl a wettie. Featuring the fabulous Amy Lame'—Divine's young lesbian protege' (if not daughter!)—in an extended sight-gag spanking scene that was funny the first 30 seconds or so. Aside from some enjoyably sordid fetish sight gags, the highlight is when the reigning field hockey champions, the M.U.F.F.s, come to play—big, fat, bodacious dykes, including legendary bad girl B.J. and several other cuties; but they're just there for a cameo while the viewer is expected to make due with truly tedious, awkward, staged sex between the skinny girls. The sex scenes were even less appealing than most het "lesbian" porn I've seen! Of the vacant-eyed-during-penetration and head-bumping variety; and how long can you draw out repeated, clothed bumping and grinding in slow-motion?) Who would have thought that 50 minutes of dyke porn could feel like such an eternity? Perhaps it just needs a big, rowdy audience to play to; maybe it will be a bigger hit at the SF Queer Film Fest this June. The camera-woman herself is quite hot, I wonder if she'll be there in person? For more info, contact the distributor: Dangerous to Know, 66 Offley Road, Kensington Oval, London SW9 0LS, tel: 171 735-8330, fax: 171 793-8488.

BOOK!

Zines! (Vol. I)

V. Vale, formerly of RE/Search, interviews the creators of 10 different Left Coast-based zines, including the former and current FaT GiRL collective members! Also includes coverage of *Mystery Date*, *X-Ray*, *ThriftScore*,

Meat Hook, *Housewife Turned Assassin*, *Beer Frame*, *Bunnyhop*, *Craphound*, *OutPunk* plus indie distributor A-K Press. Jam-packed with reprints from the originals. Great to get to know the zinesters on a more personal level (well, in a voyeuristic way), since most of the zines covered here are theme-based, and not focused around the editors' personal lives per se. Vale's tastes are heavily riot grrl-influenced, and it shows—check out the numerous quotes and resources also compiled in the book. \$18.95 in stores, or send SASE for a catalog to V/SEARCH, 20 Romolo #B, San Francisco, CA 94133. (Online: <http://www.postfun.com/research/welcome.html> or e-mail research@sirius.com.)

girlburn

SUBMIT!

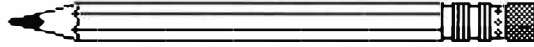
CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS:

Whether leather and latex or flowers and romance make you burn, we invite you to conspire with us in the pages of *girlburn* in embracing and strutting our sexuality. Write and read about women taking the erotic power, giving into the heat, and standing on their own. This is dedicated to the celebration of erotica—dyke, het, bi, trans, and yet to be discovered. Our aim is not to define woman, erotic, love or sex, but for our contributors and readers to make these words live in their own minds. May you burn along with us, and see you soon in our upcoming issue. Nicole Lightburn and Shannon L. Casey. Send requests for submission guidelines and/or \$2 per issue to: Riot Grrl Press, attn: girlburn, P. O. Box 1954, Lawrence, KS 66044. e-mail girlburn@aol.com.



Buffalo Pope

FaT GiRL Resources Survey



Hey girls! We're trying to expand our resources and we need your help.

We want to include more stuff, especially outside of the SF Bay Area.

Please let us in on your finds so we can spread the word.

(Maybe the hip FaT GiRL of your dreams will finally join the gym YOU recommended. It could happen...)

Where do you live and hang out? _____

What local restaurants would you recommend as having the best combination of food, atmosphere, hassle-freeness, and size accessibility in terms of the physical space? _____

What movie theater would you recommend? _____

How big are the seats there? _____

Where is your favorite place to go swimming? _____

Bike, motorcycle, or horseback riding? _____

Skateboarding? Skiing? Surfing? Other? (Fill in the blank, you get the picture.) _____

If you workout, where do you do it? _____

How comfortable do you feel being fat and exercising there? _____

Where do you get your shoes? Do you wear a hard-to-find size? _____

Where do you buy your clothing? What sizes do they carry? _____

Where is your favorite place to take a hot babe and go lingerie shopping? Tool shopping? _____

Sex toy shopping? _____

Where do you work? Is it a fat-friendly environment? _____

Do you have a doctor to recommend? _____

Did you have a bad experience anywhere? Is there someplace FaT GiRLS should avoid? What happened there? _____

Where are you most likely to be found on the internet? _____

What 'zines do you keep in your bathroom? By your bed? _____

Do you have any other info that would be helpful to FaT GiRLS living in or visiting your area? _____

**Please send us your answers, and include addresses if possible! (Or at least the city and state.) Send to:
FaT Girl, 2215R Market Street, #197, San Francisco, CA 94114**

Contributors

Chrystos

is a Native American lesbian poet from the Menominee Nation. She's been a femme for 30+ years. She has published five books of poetry. She's also a treaty/land rights activist.

Estibaliz Sadaba

is a woman artist from the Basque Country (Spain.) She addresses feminist and political issues through her art and has recently edited a publication with other women artists in the Basque Country.

Charlotte Cooper is a saucy switch-hitter who bats for both sides. Her book, *Fat and Proud*, is coming soon from The Women's Press in London.

Leah Rachel

is a photographer whose body of work is about her life and more specifically about the lives of other women. She is drawn to the portrait as a piece of evidence, each image a metaphor for all humanity. She approaches her subjects without any preconceived ideas and thrives on the search to display a deeper truth.

Candida Albicans Royale

learned to read at age two from the back seat of a run-down Volvo by announcing whatever neon restaurant, bar, and gas station signs she could decipher in the 40 m.p.h. blur. She still has fond associations with these early influences.

Susannah:

strong, loyal, competent, cute as a button, and a sexy voice to boot. All in all, a good pick. April said so.

Judith Black

and her partner-in-crime Butch (an 8 pound toy poodle), are currently planning their escape from S.F. They will be adding (immensely we're afraid) to the butch population in Benicia, CA, this fall.

Megaera

is an Australian Lesbian artist who recently exhibited drawings of fat dykes in Melbourne and Adelaide, under the title "Abundant Beauty." Cards of many of her images are available- to order or for information write: P.O. Box 263, Daylesford 3460, Victoria, Australia.

Sondra Solovay

is wondering how the world would be different if, rather than worrying about dieting, people worried about how to eradicate poverty, how to stop domestic abuse, and how to secure equal rights for all.

Miss April Miller

has finally emerged from the dust of Michigan and is wondering how she missed the several thousand wagging tongues.(see the letters section for details)

Leah M

I am a 41 year old Lesbian fat woman with two great kids. Sophia is my guide (when She pleases) and wisdom is my hope.

Margo Mercedes Rivera

Esposo gelibte. Tamarindo y kigel. Hijo de Elsie y Jaime.

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.

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 Second Coming*. She'd sweet and quiet and demure. Really. Honest.

Bertha: redhead big tits talented hands Brooklyn.

Mary Frances Platt

is a sleazy, sexy, fat femme radical crip activist on wheels in search of women to fight and fuck with on the frontlines of disability and class oppression.

Hadas

Well-fed, fat ass, Jewgirl slut.

E. Gail Miedema

has started a reading/discussion group in Portland, OR, for Lesbians of Size (LesbOS). She writes about size issues for *Ample Information*, newsletter of a local, 11 year old, fat acceptance organization for women. Gail fought her obesity for 3 decades. A few years ago she killed it, embraced her fat, and is now a fat and happy fat lesbian activist.

Freddie Baer

is a fat, bi collage artist (along with a whole truckload of other descriptors). Her illustrations have appeared on numerous magazine covers, t-shirts, posters, and album covers, and she is renowned throughout the small press and marginal communities. In 1992 AK Press published *Ecstatic Incisions: The Collages of Freddie Baer*, a book of her collage work, and she is currently working on another collection of her collages. Freddie is also her own favorite fat model.

Max Airborne

is with the Desert

Laura Johnston

is a nice Scottish girl who always looks both ways before crossing the street.

Selena

likes cats and hates bios.

Oso

(aka Little Ricky) is looking for a high femme Mommy and/or a transgendered Daddy. Non-smokers a plus. Should be willing to spoil their loving son.

PERSONALS

Threesome Plus

Handsome sweet butch and beautiful strong fem seeking a fine butch or two for some hot fucking. We are fat, juicy, sexy, creative, smart, working class, interracial, & Jewish. You are most of these things and more. SF Area.

FaTGIRL BOX 43



Sweet Tart

25 year old Femme switch, 5'9", 215 lbs., lt. brown eyes, long legs, tattooed, & pierced. I like alternative music, Annie Sprinkle, animals, being an artist and a creative, sensual, loving, smart woman I'm looking for that sweet butch womyn who is 25-30 years old who is into tattoos & piercings & alternative lifestyle. You don't look straight. You walk tall & proud & laugh real loud. I'm not into casual liaisons. I want to be in a relationship with a caring, honest, fun womyn who has good communication skills & who has done some emotional (hard) work on herself through therapy or some related healing. I have a leather fetish & I get butterflies in my belly when my butch wears a suit. Yum. I also got a thing for bald heads, funky hair & juicy butts. Nu, so what about you?

FaTGIRL Box 42

Young Babe Just Out

20 year old, 5'4", 220 lb., blue-eyed blondie, living overseas (American) returning home SOON! Looking for that Gentleman Butch to teach me. My hobbies vary. I like everything. I'm probably the most eclectic person I know! Sexually eclectic as well! Write me!

FaTGIRL Box 40

Fabulous Fat Bi Beauty

I am a sweet fabulous fat femme searching for the special kind of friendship only women can share with each other. I am a married bi beauty who loves all fat girrlzz! I am looking to correspond, get to know, make new friends with other fat or size positive women. I am extremely femme, understanding, very intelligent, and a great cook. I have a special fondness for butch women! I agree that all women are good, some are better, especially us fat girrlzz! I live in the southwest but would love to make new friends from anywhere in the country.

FaTGIRL Box 41



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 **FaTGIRL**, 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 and send it to **FaTGIRL Personals** at the above address. We will continue to forward replies to all ads until further notice.

RULES: **FaTGIRL 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. **FaTGIRL** 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.

Go For A Long Cool Ride



Photograph by Laura Johnston

Deva on Ice

With **FaT GiRL** Today Subscribe!

We're Re-printing another run of our
Fabulous **FaT GiRL** T-Shirts!
To order: Specify Size 1X - 10X
(also let us know if you would like
a smaller or larger size than above)
Black Shirt with White Logo
(See photos from Dyke March pg. 26)
\$20/\$5 s/h

To get 4 issues of **FaT GiRL** delivered right to
your door, send a \$20 check (payable to **FaT GiRL**)
or money order to:

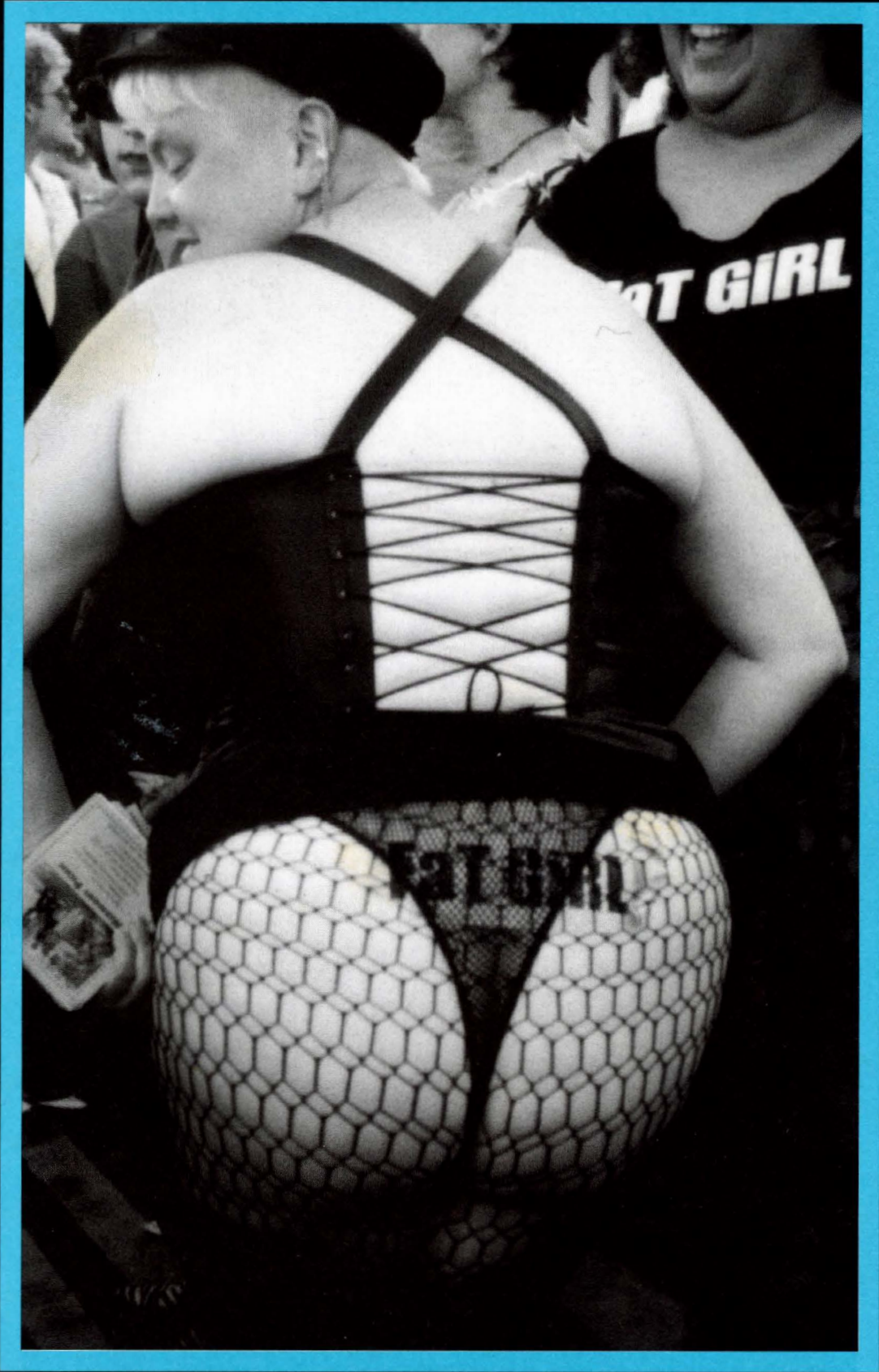
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2215-R Market Street, Suite 197
San Francisco, CA 94114

Specify what issue you want to start your subscription with (#6 is what you've got in your hands now.) Please send a **signed age statement** certifying that you are 18 years of age or older with your order. Back issues are available individually for \$5 each while they last. (collect 'em all!)

Got extra money lying around? **FaT GiRL** gratefully accepts donations to help continue the work.

Feeling the urge to write, rant, pose, cook, shop??
Send us your results: resources...recipes...your
own roundtable discussion...naughty photo...ads...

Want to do something but need ideas or inspira-
tion? Call us at (415) 522-8733 or write to us at
the address above.



Susannah