

135+

POWER

x im so fucking
beautiful

#2



hello again friends!

you are about to read issue #2
 of i'm so fucking beautiful!
 i am nomy and i am nervous.

I AM NERVOUS CUZ I'M IN
 COMPETITION WITH MYSELF. I'M
 AFRAID I WON'T LIVE UP TO
 WHAT I'VE DONE BEFORE.

that's why
 it's taken me almost a year to
 come out with a second issue.

okay, IF YOU HAVEN'T READ
 ISFB#1 THEN YOU REALLY
 SHOULD, CUZ I'M NOT GONNA
 EXPLAIN EVERYTHING ALL OVER
 AGAIN IN HERE. SEND ME
 35¢ + 1 STAMP & I'LL SEND IT
 TO YOU.

that brings me to a
 subject that seems to have
 caused a lot of confusion: my
 address. i have people
 writing to me at three
 different addresses. so i'm
 gonna clear it up once and for
 all. you can write me at this
 address until june, when i'll
 be moving:

4221 indian pipe lp. nw
 tesc p107
 olympia, wa 98505

← AREN'T I CUTE?



this is my parents' address,
which you can write to me at
forever and always, and i'll
be sure to get it. (it just
may take a little longer.)



1505 nw groves ave
olympia, wa 98502

**REMEMBER: FAT
OPPRESSION IS A FORM OF
INSTITUTIONALIZED OPPRESSION**

a quick list of rules

for you to keep in mind:


1. fat is not ugly
2. fat people do not lack control
3. fat people do not need to lose weight
4. we do not make "fat jokes"
5. fat is punk rock *Yee haw!*
6. you do not call yourself "fat" if you're not.
learn the difference.
7. diets are 20 times more unhealthy than being fat
8. i am not ashamed of my body
9. i am susceptible to pain. don't try to hurt me.
10. if you consider me a threat, if you
fear me now, then just wait. the fat
grrrl revolution has begun.

(THE REST IS ALL QUESTIONS...)

FAT GRRRL = PUNK FUKIN' REBEL

okay, in case you're having trouble figuring it out--i'm fat and this zine is all about fat oppression. in the past year i have made a lot of progress with myself and my body image. when i first started doing zines i was too ashamed of my body to even say that i was fat. although i wanted my zines to be personal i couldn't bring myself to talk about my body because the only thing i could even think to say was "why can't i lose weight?" by the time i wrote isfb #1 i had realized that i didn't have to hate my body, that i could be proud of my body, that i could be sexy, beautiful, *and* fat (not a contradiction). i am still not at a point where i can say that i always love my body, that i never wish that i was thin... but i have come a long way. as i've said before, i'm always in process, i'm constantly learning. i really truly do love my body i do i do i love my fat and i'm not the only one. i've realized that it's not just me against the world (although it often feels that way) i do have support there are people out there doing the same kind of work that i am, there are people out there who aren't totally oblivious to this fucked up media brainwashing that's going on everywhere allthetime.

xo  nomy



i've been feeling...um...SEXY lately. i'm not exactly sure why, but these are the reasons i've been able to come up with:

- 1) i have this neat purple sweatshirt that i wear a lot, and for some reason i always feel attractive when i wear it-- even though i don't usually think that i look particularly stunning in it. funny how that works.
- 2) i've been doing a lot of naked-in-front-of-the-mirror assessments lately, and i'm getting more and more comfortable with my body.
- 3) a while ago i was at a party where we all took turns saying who in the room we had been attracted to at some time. all of the boys said they had been attracted to me at some point, which i really wasn't expecting. (well actually every boy there had been attracted to every girl there. surprising?) it sounds silly, but it was kinda a nice ego-booster.
- 4) okay, this reason is really sick. i haven't had much money lately, so i've been really low on food. consequently, i'm hungry almost all of the time.

feeling hungry makes me feel sexy.

this is the kind of thing that i thought i was beyond, but apparently it's still affecting me. it's not something that i usually even recognize, i mean it's totally subconscious. i have been conditioned to believe that when i'm hungry i'm well on my way to being thin, which of course means more attractive.

what does it mean to "feel sexy"? is feeling sexy synonymous with feeling *thin*? cuz i know that even with all the work i do with fat oppression and body image, i still feel more attractive on "thinner days" and uglier on "fatter days." i know that i'm never gonna be thin, and i don't want to be thin (usually), but i still have this thing like "well maybe if i were just a little bit smaller then not only would i just be able to accept my body, i'd be able to really really love it!" and no matter how much i say that fat is totally awesome and that we should revel in our fatness, i don't think i'd want to be any fatter than i am now. so what if i do get fatter? what if i gain 50 pounds in the next year or so? will i then like my body less? will it then be less okay for me to embrace myself and my fatness?

and this is so fucked up, cuz it means that i'm still operating under this hierarchy of thinness. like i'm more able to accept being fat than someone who's fatter than me, and girls who aren't as fat as me are a little more revolutionary or something cuz fat oppression has not had the same stifling effects on them as on me. (so their work is more effective, right?)

AND SELF-ESTEEM IS ALWAYS
INVERSELY PROPORTIONAL TO
BODY SIZE, ISN'T IT?

and by the way, exactly what counts as being fat? i've had girls write to me and say "i'm 5'3" and i weigh 145 pounds, so i know exactly where you're coming from." and i read this and think *this person has no idea where i'm coming from. this person does not know what it's like to be fat. how dare she undermine my struggle!?!?*

ARE YOU 5'3" 145 lb. GIRLS FEELING
RELIEVED NOW CUZ I SAID YOU'RE NOT
FAT? DON'T FEEL RELIEVED. THIN ≠ COMPLIMENT
FAT ≠ INSULT.

but then i have to wonder, isn't there something fucked up in the fact that even girls who i see as being thin still think that they are fat? isn't there something fucked up in the fact that these girls can relate to what i'm saying? because the truth is that i know of maybe 5 girls who do not feel fat. compare this with the fact that i know maybe five girls who actually are fat. but then, that's fat according to my definition--and what the hell is my definition? does "fat" mean "bigger than or the same size as me"? because that's totally fucked up. that's me putting myself right at the cut-off line for fatness, therefore making myself right on the verge of being

thin. which i know is not true. i don't feel good about deciding who has the right to define themselves as fat. the fat grrrl revolution does not belong to me. but at the same time, i don't think that it's fair for people who aren't fat to say that they are. this is something that happens a lot, and all it does is reinforce the idea that fat is this horrible thing that we all must dread and fight against, cuz it's ready to swallow us whole at any moment. in other words, your mistaken identity adds to my oppression.



i have a feeling that some people will think
this analogy is racist. is it because
not wanting to be black is so much more
horrible than not wanting to be fat?

okay, i just thought of this analogy:
let's say i (white girl) look in
the mirror one day and say "oh my
god. i look black. i'd better
stay out of the sun."

that may sound kind of far-
fetched, but i see a lot of
parallels... being in the sun can
make my skin darker. eating may
make you gain weight. just cuz i
have a tan does not mean that i'm
black. just cuz a thin girl gains
some weight does not mean that she
is fat. people are black because
of their genes--biology has
predetermined their skin color.
people are fat because of their
genes--biology has predetermined
their body type. (some of you may
find that hard to believe, because of
course we're all taught to think that we
have total control over our figures, and
that fat people have the choice of being
thin. if this is true, then why is
anybody fat? if this is true, then
why do 99% of all diets fail?)
if white people were constantly in
fear of becoming black, would it
not follow that there is something
inherently wrong with being black?
and since thin people are
constantly in fear of becoming
fat, does it not follow that there
is something inherently wrong with
being fat?

→ fuck that capitalist propaganda bullshit.

how would it be interpreted if the scene i
just described really happened? and what if
i made that blatantly racist comment, fully
aware that there was a black woman standing
right beside me? what kind of a person
would i be thought to be? so why is it
okay for you, thin girl, to stand next to me
and say "oh my god, i look so fat. i'd
better go on a diet."

- ~~is racism more important~~, maybe more *political* than fat oppression? this seems to be the assumption of a lot of liberal-types who would never think to develop a hierarchy for other forms of oppression.) ←

i'm really not into comparing different types of oppression, trying to figure out which are most harmful or whatever. the purpose of that analogy was not to say that fat oppression and racism are the same at all, cuz i know that there are a lot of flaws and inconsistencies in the analogy. i'm just trying to explain all this in terms you'll be sure to understand. i think i'm also using the comparison to try and convince you that fat oppression, like racism, is a firmly entrenched mechanism of our society. it is an institutionalized form of oppression that is used to keep our system running. (are you convinced?) anyways, i'm getting really far away from what i meant to talk about.

now that i've hopefully semi-successfully explained why it's so fucked up for non-fat people to claim to be fat, i want to get back to my discussion about the definition of fat. in shadow on a tightrope i think it

said something like "women of 200 lbs. and up" are considered fat. well, my weight fluctuates between about 195-210 lbs. i have

[never told anybody that. why? does it matter to you? →

does this mean that as soon as i hit 199 lbs i am technically considered "not fat"? or is there a "kind of fat," a "pretty fat," and a "really fat"? women of different sizes have to deal with oppression of varying degrees, so it would follow that a "really fat" person qualifies as more oppressed, i guess. so when i talk about fat oppression, am i speaking for women who are fatter than me as well? do i have the right to try to understand their oppression? or do i already understand it, since i'm living it, albeit to a lesser degree? do i resent fat women who are less fat than me? (hierarchy of thinness, anyone?)

what about fat people who lose weight?
once they lose weight, are they no longer
fat? (i'm talking in kinda abstract terms
here. i know that of course technically they
would be thin.) does being temporarily thin
erase a lifetime's experience of being fat?
would that person then be a fat person trapped in a thin
person's body? (as opposed to diet centers'
battle cry that "inside every fat person
is a thin person struggling to get
out." yeah fucking right.)

i think that the thing i need to work on the most
right now is how i view other fat people.
cuz i'm not sure whether i always recognize
their struggles and their processes to be as
valid as my own. even though i am pretty
comfortable with my body and i expect other
people to like my body and my fat, i still
don't always automatically accept other fat
people's bodies. this is totally fucked up
and disgusting and a lot of this has to
do with CLASSISM too, because the fat
people who i tend to look down on are usually
poorer people who maybe don't have the time
and money to "package" themselves just right.
(different forms of oppression work
together...) and should i expect other fat
people to necessarily be working on fat
oppression too? what if they're trying to
lose weight? i often tend to just get
totally disgusted with people on diets, and
not just accept that this is what they feel
they have to do. (blame the victim...) **is**
my point in this process
more important or valid than
theirs (yours)?

hey kids get ready to rock. this story is kind of *funny*. . . (yeah i do have a sense of humor...)

so last summer i was in berkeley and i happened to be wearing this shirt i made that said "no fat chicks" on the front and "fuck you. love, riot grrrl oly" on the back. i was sitting on a bench in this weird park-type thing that's like right in the middle of the street on telegraph ave. so i'm sitting on this bench with my friends and i notice that there's this creepy looking guy who keeps staring at me and smirking and trying to make eye contact. i say hi. he offers me a beer. i say no thanks, i am a little too early for me. he kinda nods and just keeps looking at me and smiling and then he starts laughing really loud at things we say and trying to join our conversation. i'm polite and all but he's really bugging me. finally i can't handle his creepy surveillance any more and i tell my friends that i want to go, kinda hinting with my eyes that this guy is creeping me out. so as i'm getting up to go the guy leans back his head and looks down his nose at me and says "so. what's wrong with fat chicks?" i laugh and say "nothing. it's a political statement." he nods his head to indicate his approval, still looking over his nose at me and running his tongue around the inside of his cheeks and bottom lip. (are you picturing this? i'm having a hard time explaining his expression. think "construction worker.") "a political statement, huh?" he grunts. "awllrrright. fat chicks ROCK." fukin yeah. whatever, dude.

(FELLOW FAT LIBERATIONIST? OR DRUNK SLCAZE?)

"and i do believe you are me.
yes i do believe you are me.
whoever you may be..."

FAT GIRL LOOK ME IN THE EYE
I SEE YOU AND WE DON'T HAVE TO
RESENT EACH OTHER'S RECOGNITION.
WHEN I SMILE AT YOU
ARE YOU HATING ME FOR THE FACT THAT
I'M ACKNOWLEDGING OUR BOND?
ARE YOU HATING THE FACT THAT
YOU & I HAVE A COMMON EXPERIENCE?
AND MAYBE YOU'RE ON A DIET
SO YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY TO
DISASSOCIATING YOURSELF FROM ME.
OR MAYBE YOU USED TO BE THIN
AND YOU CAN'T ACCEPT YOUR
NEW-FOUND FLESH.

THAT'S NOT THE
REAL YOU," IS IT? xo

no

no we can't look each other
in the eye

CUZ THAT WOULD MEAN ACKNOWLEDGING
SOMETHING FAR WORSE THAN
EACH OTHER'S VALIDITY.

THAT WOULD MEAN ACKNOWLEDGING
OUR OWN BODIES.

YES I AM FAT.

YES YOU ARE FAT.

BUT I'M RUDE TO RECOGNIZE THAT.

FAT GIRL, WE CAN BE SISTERS.

AS SOON AS WE STOP RESISTING
EACH OTHER

WE CAN START RESISTING
THIS THING THAT KEEPS US

xo a p a r t xo



her life was prescribed to her as a web of shame (but she is not ashamed)

sacred

Nel

I AM FAT. IF I SAY THIS OUT LOUD SOMEONE MIGHT SAY, "NO, YOU DON'T LOOK FAT," AND POINT OUT SOMEONE LARGER THAN ME. THESE SORTS OF COMPETITIVE COMPARISONS DO NOT ALLOW WOMEN TO SUPPORT EACH OTHER. I CAN'T PROVE THAT I AM FAT, BUT IF I WERE ANSWERING A PERSONAL CLASSIFIED AD I COULDN'T ANSWER ONE THAT REQUESTED I BE SLIM, SLENDER, THIN OR TRIM. (AND I WOULDN'T, ANYWAY.) OBJECTIVELY, JUST LOOKING AT MYSELF, I AM BIG AND RATHER ROUNDED. PLUS, I CAN'T BUY CLOTHES IN MOST STORES. IT'S

AN ~~ODD~~ ALIENATING FEELING
TO BE ABOVE THE SIZES
MOST STORES CARRY IN
WOMEN'S CLOTHING. (3-16)
MY BRA SIZE IS ALSO ABOVE
THE SIZES MOST STORES
CARRY. THE PROBLEM,
HOWEVER, IS NOT WITH ME.
THESE STORES ARE FUCKED.
SOMEONE SHOULD GIVE THEM
AN AWARD OR SOMETHING.

♡ DIANA

CUT AND CARRY!

CERTIFICATE
OF ACHIEVEMENT
AWARD

CONGRATULATIONS! THIS IS TO CERTIFY
THAT YOUR STORE DOES NOT CARRY ANY
OR ENOUGH CLOTHING FOR LARGER WOMEN.

i don't mean to dwell on the past, but i want to point out a critique i have of isfb#1. most of the drawings i did of supposedly "fat" women weren't really fat. or at least, they were all thinner-fat. more "curvy" than anything. and that sucks cuz i think it's important that not only thinner-fat people are liberated. i mean, the fat grrrl revolution is for all of us, and my artwork was maybe ostracizing some fatter women. none of the drawings i did looked anything like me, none of them were as fat as i am. so i've been working on drawing pictures of fatter women, and i think i've gotten pretty good at it. at least, i've developed a definite "style." also in this issue i'm including some photos of myself, and i'm trying to choose some that aren't necessarily my "thinner looking" photos. i think it's a good idea for me to include images of myself along with my writing, cuz that's what it's about--body image.

don't close your eyes
it's what they want



sleeping
beauty

I am writing this because i want to talk about my experience as a not fat person with fat oppression. It is so frustrating to me that the fat liberation movement, a movement that i so strongly identify with, i am made to feel i cannot be a part of because i don't fit the definition of a fat girl. I 'm not saying that i have been completely shut out because obviously i would not have the opportunity to contribute this if i were, its just that i feel my experiences are viewed as less valid and that they have not affected me or devastated me in the same ways as a fat girls. i fully understand that it is important for me to SUPPORT women who are fat. i also recognize that their are different degrees of oppression and i have definitely not experienced the full extent of prejudice as girls who are fatter than me. On the other hand going back to the black/white fat/thin analogy in this society there is no such thing as being "a little black" mulattos (if you will) are discriminated against in many of the same ways as those who are full black. just as i am not fat by conventional standards, i am also not thin and i am no stranger to scrutiny and humiliation because of my body. i have seen, read, heard so many things from fat women that i totally related to. i too have spent the better part of my existence dieting, feeling ashamed of my body, feeling ashamed of myself, being put down and made fun of by other kids, being made to feel like i was less by teachers, doctors, and parents because i was not thin, and yes, hearing those awful unrepeatable words "you are fat". i was always the fattest girl in my class, always the fattest girl on my volleyball team and always the fattest out of all my friends. i felt like i had to be that much better, that much smarter, funnier, prettier, whatever to compensate for what i supposedly lacked. so i guess my question is why just because my body (my weight) has finally stabilized to what is right for me am i still not accepted in this sexist, sizeist, society because i am not thin, nor am i accepted as part of the fat girl revolution because i am not fat?

i know i cannot speak for others, only for myself, but i have talked with many other girls who are not fat who have very poor body images. don't get me wrong i 'm not saying that girls who are thinner have (or are supposed to have) a better body image than those who are fat, it just is a natural assumption that they have not had as much to deal with in terms of accepting their bodies. Right? well mainstream media tells EVERYONE who is not "perfect" that they are too fat, and too ugly. This makes it easier for me to understand why so many women fat and thin have such poor body images, and also why women who are not fat are persecuted because they do not live up to the "ideal". (i feel as if i am speaking within the boundaries of this sizeist society and i hate when i do that. i 'm sorry if you've heard it before, but i will tell you again; THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS REVERSE OPPRESSION i understand this just as well as i understand that all women have their struggles). i know that you cannot ignore reality and the reality of our society is that women are oppressed, but the thin white woman is not oppressed nearly to the degree of the fat black women. i also realize that it is a fact that fat women DO have a lot more to deal with than other women,

they have to not only deal with the pressures to be thin and beautiful, but also all the shit they get for being who they are. (synonymous?)

this reminds me of another thing i wanted to bring up, that in all my years of being teased and made fun of, my razzers (funny what you'll find in a thesaurus) were rarely girls. i came to the realization that the girls i knew took the more mature approach (if you can call hatred mature) girls could make me feel like shit in a myriad of other ways which probably all of you are aware of. the really sad thing to me is that times when i was thin (the unique occurrence that a diet was successful) or if i was around a girl who was fatter than me i would cop that "skinnier than thou" attitude that i was somehow better than them because i was thinner. this feeling is one that i am still trying to overcome not only in my actions, but also my thoughts.

i wrote this because i wanted to get some of this out and i hope that you can understand where i'm coming from. i think it is important to recognize our privilege and put our struggles in perspective and support our sisters. we need to realize that fat oppression, just as patriarchy, racism, classism and other institutionalized forms of oppression hurts everyone.

♥ Amanda



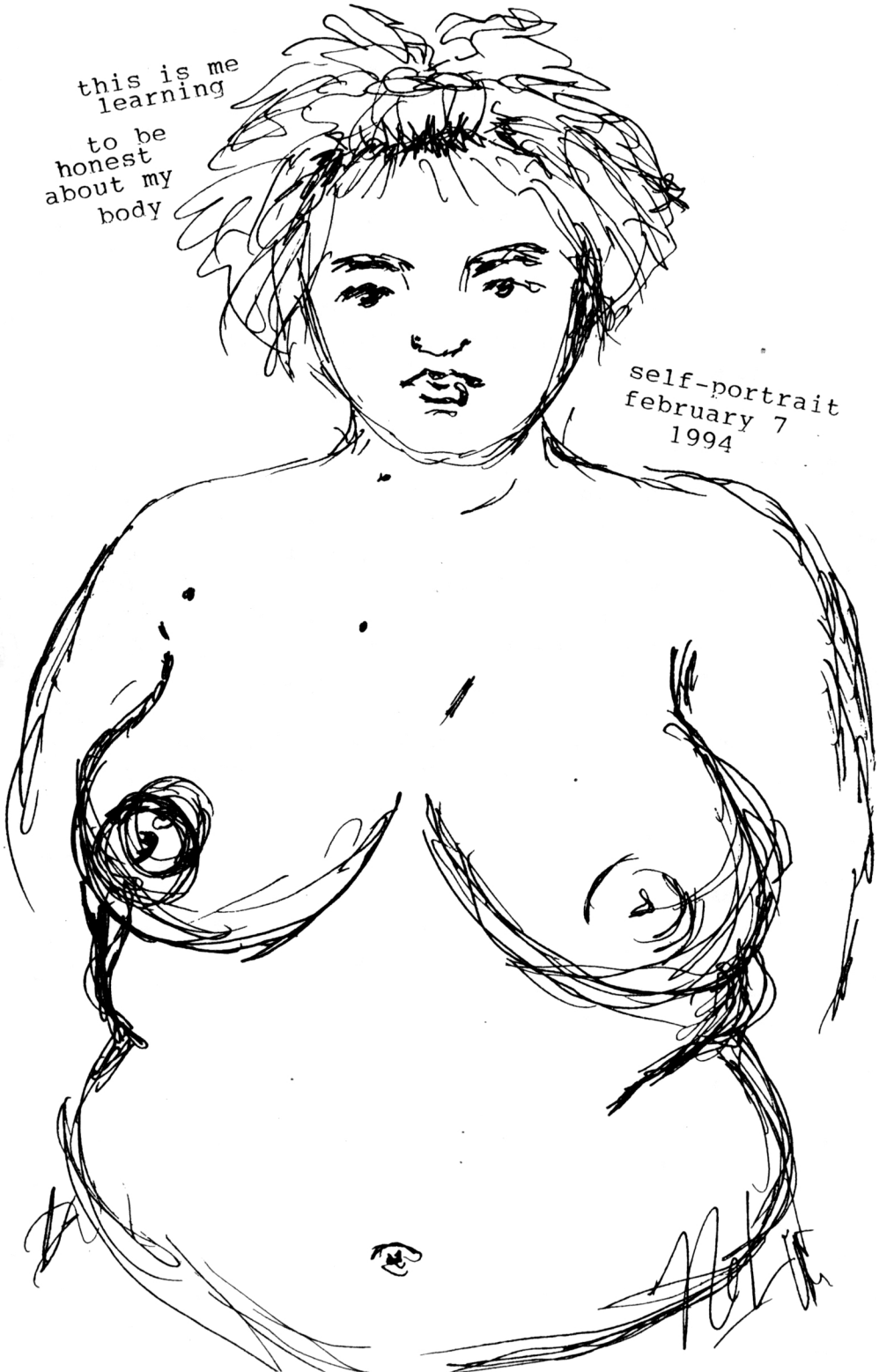


i have a crush on a boy and i don't really know why i'm writing this, but it's on my mind. i hardly know him. i don't want to say too much cuz you might know him or you might be him. the important thing is that every time i have a crush on somebody i end up feeling like shit about my body. because inevitably they don't like me back (there has been one exception to this rule) and i end up blaming that on my body. my fat. is it true? or is it because maybe i'm so busy being self-conscious about my body that i forget to "give off that radiant glow"? so then i end up spending all my time thinking "glow, dammit, glow!" i am just way too inexperienced with crushes to have any idea how all of this is supposed to work. (oh, i know, i'll just be myself! duh. how fucking profound.) okay that's it i guess. (hi crushboy. do you know who you are?)

WILL THIS TIME
BE
DIFFERENT?

this is me
learning
to be
honest
about my
body

self-portrait
february 7
1994



in a recent interview with me in mrr about isfb#1, they said that my zine was about a "seemingly superfluous subject." (they then went on to say that my zine convinced them that it wasn't. this isn't an attack on carrie from mrr.) the idea that fat oppression was a "superfluous subject" kind of surprised me. i'd never thought of it in that way before, and it got me wondering if maybe other people think it is superfluous. (read: no big deal compared to other forms of oppression.) like maybe it's not important enough or political enough to dedicate an entire zine to. so now i feel i have to justify it or something.

okay, first of all, just the fact that we all deal with body image problems, we all have fucked up ideas associated with fat, makes it important enough. i don't know of anyone who can't relate to this.

secondly, i think it's important that people realize that fat is definitely a political issue. fat oppression is an institutionalized form of oppression, just as racism, sexism, classism, homophobia, able-bodiedism, ageism, etc. are deeply rooted in, and in fact create the foundation of, Capitalist Amerika. our minds are totally colonized with lies about fat. (sound familiar?) i recently read the beauty myth and reread shadow on a tightrope, so i have a lot of facts fresh in my mind.

for one thing, like all other forms of oppression, fat-hating is not just a personal choice made by an individual. "i don't have a problem with other people being fat, i just don't like it on myself--it's a personal thing," is bullshit. capitalism needs people to hate fat in order to sustain itself. without fat-hate, the \$33,000,000,000 a year diet industry would collapse. despite substantial medical evidence that fat is not caused by overeating and that only 1-10% of all fat people who go on reducing diets will be capable of keeping off the weight, we are still told to "keep on trying." (of course this medical information is largely kept secret, because who knows what revolution might occur if people knew the truth? we wouldn't want that, would we?) every year or so, the government issues

"new findings" on obesity--facts that are meant to "prove" that fat people are much more unhealthy and have shorter life expectancies than thin people. however, these reports fail to mention that these studies are conducted on people who have most likely been dieting for most of their lives. is it any news to you that people who endure long-term starvation are going to be unhealthy? also, these studies do not take into account the physical toll of living in constant oppression. in an essay titled "the fat illusion" (from shadow on a tightrope), vivian f. mayer points out that "the handful of studies existing on non-persecuted fat people suggests that they are quite healthy, whereas studies of persecuted groups other than fat people, such as black people, show these groups to suffer from many of the diseases 'characteristic' of fat people." and regarding the shorter life expectancy of fat people--these statistics include early deaths of fat people due to dieting and reduction surgery. (an estimated one out of ten people who undergo intestinal bypass die.) so these crimes that are committed against fat people are then thrown back in our faces--"we've killed you, how dare you die!"

the result of fat-hating propoganda is that fat people are told to either lose weight, or keep out of the public eye. shape up or ship out. since the odds of losing weight are significantly slanted against us, most fat people tend towards the latter. even if we don't want to, we often are given no choice. fat people are ridiculed for eating in public, and ridiculed for exercising in public. even if a fat person wanted to go swimming in public, they would have a hell of a time finding a swimsuit to fit. in fact, it's difficult for a fat person to find clothes in general, and when they (we) do, they cost considerably more than smaller sizes. the justification for overcharging an oppressed group of people, who are traditionally in a lower economic class in the first place, is that larger sizes cost more to make because they require more material. "that'sbullshit. if they're selling 100 of

this item in sizes under a certain size and five or ten over that size, they could divide the extra cost of material between the 110 people and it would be only a few more cents for everybody. instead, i have to spend five dollars more. it feels punitive... i'm being punished for being fat." (from an interview with judy freespirit, shadow on a tightrope.)

women are often kept out of the job market for being fat. there are many ways that this is done. as would be expected, there are many many cases of women being discriminated against and not given jobs simply because they are fat. sometimes the reason is that "fat people are sick more often." (a lie. duh.) sometimes the reason is some "professional beauty qualification," as in modeling, stripping, etc. but the professional beauty qualification is actually much more widespread than that. being told that you "don't have the right image" is pretty much the same as being told you just aren't pretty enough. then there are even more subtle reasons that fat women are kept out of the work place. okay, since fat women have a harder time getting a job in the first place (and what is available is usually menial low-paying work) they are going to have less money. in order to get a good job you must dress "professionally." women in general may have a difficult time finding professional looking clothing for a reasonable price, but for fat women it is nearly impossible. so it becomes this vicious cycle: fat women need jobs in order to have money, need money in order to buy decent clothing, need decent clothing in order to find a job. and the fatter the woman, the more difficult it's going to be to fulfill any of these requirements. i was unemployed for two years, and although i went to several interviews and know that i was qualified, i didn't get the jobs. part of this may have been because i am fat, part of this may have been because my clothing wasn't professional enough. my parents would always bug me about how i needed to get nicer clothes if i wanted a job, but they weren't supplying me that money. the clothes i have come from thrift stores and free boxes, and it's pretty damn rare that

i find anything "presentable" in those places. and i think that when i went to interviews i looked pretty conservative--i didn't have any piercings or tattoos at the time, i didn't have really weird hair (it was black), and my clothes were the best that i could do. still i never got the jobs. i now have a job that i got over the phone, and it was just because i have work-study. i have a huge fear of trying to find a job in the real job market.

fat people are also greatly oppressed by the medical industry. i've always dreaded going to the doctor because i knew that i would be weighed. and after the weigh-in i would be told that i was "overweight" (so there's a certain weight that it's not okay to be over...) and that i needed to go on a diet. then of course there are those fabulous medical diets where you starve yourself for the good of your own health. then there is reduction surgery and all of that. then there is the fact that medical research has proven that all these justifications for fat-hating are lies, yet that information is withheld from us. but one of the worst things is that fat people are often even refused medical service. for one thing, fat people are usually unable to find medical insurance that will cover them, because they are "health risks." then, even if they are able to afford going to a doctor, whatever medical problem they have is blamed on their "obesity." my father was once very sick and was told that in order for him to even be diagnosed he had to lose weight because "the things in his blood that could be causing the illness were identical to the things in his blood that were caused by being fat." this is such complete BULLSHIT!!!! even if this was true, which i seriously doubt, medical science does have the technology for figuring out how to diagnose despite this problem. they just don't *bother* to figure it out. i don't remember whether or not i talked to my dad about how stupid this was. if i did i'm sure it didn't make any difference to him. it's incomprehensible to most people that, yes, **doctors lie**. most people in our society will do anything they can to perpetuate the

myths about fat. doctors, being in a position of authority, are a prime resource for keeping fat oppression as a fully functional tool of our abusive society. doctors are so convinced that fat is bad that they will do anything to get people to lose weight, even if it means lying. cuz in the long run those gluttonous slobs will be better off, right? fuck doctors. but in reality, even if my dad had realized that he was being lied to, it wouldn't have done any good because the doctor still wouldn't have diagnosed him unless he lost weight. i once went to the doctor (a woman doctor who i'd been told was really great) because of period problems and was told that she couldn't tell anything from the examination because i was too fat. and once again, even if this is true, there should be resources available so that they can tell.

i think i've made it pretty obvious that sizeism is not just a matter of body-image. fat oppression is literally everywhere. yes, even within our punk-feminist community. one example of this can be found in just about any feminist zine. the assumption that all women have to deal with sexual harassment, have to deal with being told we're sexy, every day, is extremely sizeist. that is not my biggest problem, and i think it's really exclusive of other women to assume that it is. and i hope that you realize that i'm not discounting sexual harassment as an extremely important issue, i just think it's also important to recognize that not all women are considered societally "beautiful," and our experiences are just as valid.

anyway, i feel like this whole piece about fat oppression being institutionalized and political sounds like a fucking college essay or something. i hope that it wasn't too boring for you, but i do think the information is really important so i hope you read the whole thing. and forgive me if i'm not a skillful enough writer to be able to write about "intellectual" things without sounding like a textbook. i'm working on it.

♡NOMY



more fun things about fat

(continued from last issue)

1. fat floats, so i don't have to worry as much about drowning!

2. i guess my fat hides my muscles, so boys are just that much more surprised when i beat them at arm wrestling! nanny nanny boo boo.

3. my shoulders are really comfy to lean on.

4. oh, i just want to reiterate just how much fun fat is to suck on. if you haven't tried this, you must! *

5. if yer gonna have a tummy slappin' party, be sure to get some fat people to go so that you get a variety of tones. (fat bellies tend to have a higher pitch, i think.)

and, oh yeah i almost forgot:

6. "two hard bodies don't feel as good." this wonderfully enlightened and liberated insight was given to me by one of my dear readers. so remember boys, when yer lookin' fer good sex, you know who to call! (fuck you.)

*warning: if you don't have enough fat to try this on yourself, be sure to get permission before trying it on someone else.

junior high school before home-room
waiting for someone to defend me
said I had glasses like a mask
and called me fat and zitty
god, that ruined my day
here I am liking people,
my body is sexually charged but
works under the mind that always
remembers that day
and feels those stringy scars where
most of the fat used to collect
and that weird skin just above my ass
I love it but I want to be loved
and somehow I think things will
get to the point where it's daylight
with my lover and intimacy will fade
they'll look at me like I was behind
glass and they'll remember all the
shit they've heard about cellulite
and stretch marks and folds of skin
and long soft breasts and they'll
judge me like those saran-wrap and
syro-foam packaged pieces of meat.
that's the kind of trust I wish I
could believe in. and sex can heal
when you believe in it. I always
wonder afterwards because means a lot
lot to me. but then I can easily go
without it because I need to know
(you can't know). I guess to feel
alright. the lust is right. and I
feel beautiful and more important
than beauty.
feel like nothing.
this body's an empty house with
cold wind blowing through it
and I never remembered the guy who
said those things to me in the
hallway in front of everyone. no
one comforted me
like it was a disease they could catch
(maybe only his first name)
can't say I don't care but I don't
give a shit.
does love get through the mind-fuck-body-mess?

Miss Mya M.

7.1
Girlfriend you are so supportive
but I don't think you understand
If you understand then why must
you always insinuate that I am
ugly?

(maybe he thinks I'm pretty,
not just talented.)
Yeah it happens every time
every time I'm feeling good
(feeling attractive? how dare I.)
You make sure to remind me.
And I'm so sick of that tired old
joke.
you know, the one where you say you're
fat.

And I guess I'm supposed to assume
it's only because you feel bad about
yourself.

It has nothing to do ~~me~~ with
me.

I don't buy that. I don't buy that.

I would confront you but I don't
want to know the truth
if the truth is that you think

I'm so tired. I'm ugly.

I'm so tired of feeling bad
all the time.

Every time I'm with you.

Girlfriend I really want to know
DO YOU UNDERSTAND?

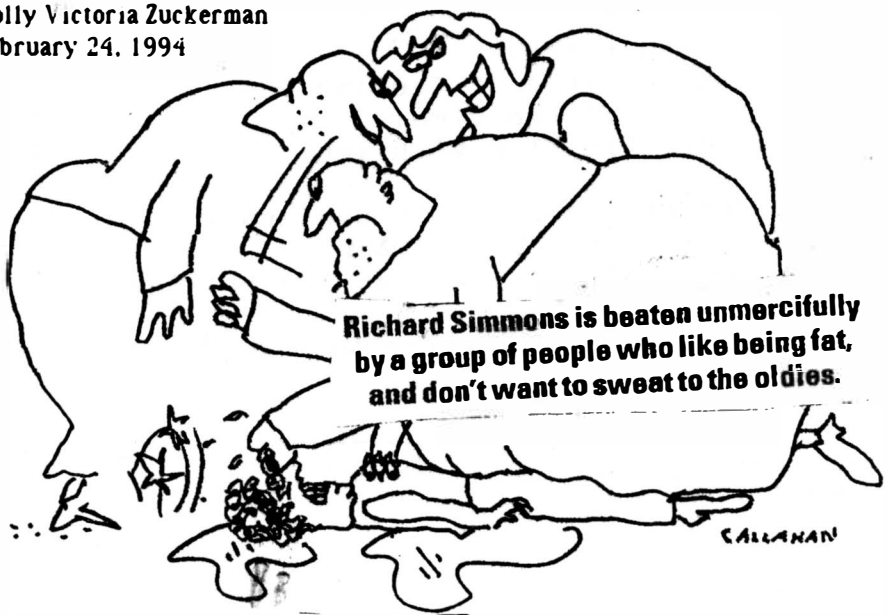
Do you even know what I'm talking
about?

Do you even know I'm talking to
you?

I have observed a lot of discussion in the fat liberation movement which attempts to justify fatness. There are hundreds of reasons why fat is a genetic, biological, and immutable fact of life. People devote whole essays to explaining why fat people have **no choice** about being fat. This is supposed to make it "ok" and acceptable for society. I say that is fucked up bullshit. In the same way that telling gay people they can't be gay unless they have **no choice** in the matter, unless it is **biological** is a twisted mentality. I believe in choosing my life, my words, my actions and my beliefs. This is the only aspect of Amerika that I appreciate. (Not that I have full freedom to choose here, but at least that is the advertised ideology, the party line, so to speak.) The capitalist doesn't have to explain away his exploitation of countless people by saying that he "has no choice it's biological." I realize that in order to convince people who cannot accept gays and fat people, you need drastic reasons, and usually facts to back it up, but this should not be the **only argument**. The point is that until people are accepted (this does not necessarily mean agreed with, I think there is room for diversity of opinion, and that without it, life would be pointless) for who they are, no matter how or why they got that way, there won't be true acceptance of diversity, of any kind.

Irrelevant Relevancy: I am in college at the moment, and have been writing more essays than I care to think about. Because of this, my writing style is incredibly boring and academic, juxtaposed with the occasional "fucked", which I realize sounds like my feeble attempt at colloquialism. Please believe me when I say that this is honest emotion, but my constant striving for intellectualism is slowly sucking the last of this out of me. Soon I will be no more.

Molly Victoria Zuckerman
February 24, 1994



this is not a review page, okay? the purpose of this page is to let you know about some other people who are doing stuff related to fat oppression. i'm sure that there are many many more people who should be listed, but at this point these are the only addresses i have for people doing extensive work with fat oppression/fat stuff. they would all be good contacts to make, and if you're doing this kind of work, i want to know about it, okay? this is called coalition!

alleee/the adventures of big grrrl--

adventures of big grrrl is alleee's zine and she recently came out with #2. #1 focuses more on fat oppression, but #2 is really awesome too. it has articles about fat people and exercise, unrequited love, subliminal messages in advertising, and a buncha movie reviews. yay yay good stuff! unfortunately i don't have her new address, but i'm hoping that the address on her zine will suffice: 1029 n. 50th/seattle, wa 98103. umm... send her a dollar and a couple of stamps.

carolyn coolie--

carolyn did a zine which she said was in response to isfb#1, and it's really good. it talks mostly about carolyn's mom's weight issues and what it's like to have to deal with a weight-obsessive parent--something that a whole lot of us can relate to. i'm not sure what it's called or if it even has a title, but just write her and ask for her zine, she'll know what you're talking about. 307 valencia st. apt. #204/san francisco, ca 94103. send 50c and 1 stamp, or equivalence in stamps.

chad armstrong/super chubby--

chad's in this band called super chubby, which consists of him (230 lbs.), nicky (210 lbs.), and susan (310 lbs.). they are "dedicated to confronting fat oppression wherever they see it"--through their band, graffiti, organized letter-writing, etc. oh yeah, and they're working on a rock opera called "sit on you (i'm gonna)." you should definitely write chad a letter and see what they're up to. and maybe you can be one of the "beloved disciples of super chubby"! 24 clinton #6/redwood city, ca 94602. it'd be nice if you sent him a stamp so he can reply.

m@ce/venus envy--

venus envy is this amazing comix zine about being fat. wow i cannot describe it.. you must get it. the artwork is really good and the whole thing is so right-on. there's also a couple poems and articles and stuff. p.o. box 8948/minneapolis, mn 55408-0948. \$1 plus a stamp sounds about right.

fat feminists of naafa c/o lynn meletiche--

i don't know too much about this... i wrote them a letter but haven't gotten a response yet. well, write to them anyway cuz i'm sure they're doing awesome stuff that you'll want to know about, right? 2065 first ave. #19-d/new york, ny 10029



MIRROR

I am WOMAN
isn't that enough?
This mirror says I'm wrong.
Ugly. Fat. Bad.
My hips are wide
to hold life inside.
What mistake is this?
This mirror says I'm no good.
Ugly. Fat. Bad.
I can't eat.
Food is the enemy.
Guilty, I'm punished.
This diet makes me feel no good.
This mirror tells me it's okay.
Smash. I won't look.
I hear those whispers,
nagging voices-
Ugly. Fat. Bad.
This bag is not big enough.
I cannot breathe,
these voices are killing me.
Deaf. Blind.
Still, there's a hum
a fly in my head
it says I'm gross.
Big, Ugly, Fat, and Dumb.
Sister your words hurt.
What are you fighting for?
My hands smooth the ripples.
I can't handle it anymore.

-Emily



Xo

Xo

i've been doing some performing lately and i **always end up talking about fat oppression**. i'm getting sick of it. there are a million other things that i could talk about, but i feel like i **have to** talk about it or something. i'm afraid that if i'm not talking about it, if i'm not calling it to people's attention constantly, then they'll just sit there and think "she's fat" instead of listening to me. **no matter what** it's an issue.

when i was thirteen i choreographed this dance to the song "macavity" from cats. i showed it to my dad, and the whole time he just sat there and when i was done he just nodded and when i asked him what he thought he said "oh, it was fine." i felt really shitty about it and i didn't understand why he didn't like it, cuz i'd worked really hard on it and i thought it was really good. later my mom told me that the reason he didn't like it was that i "looked fat" while i was dancing. **i looked fat while i was dancing...** so what i got from that experience was that fat people do not dance, because we don't want to call attention to our fatness. **fat people do not perform**. we sit in the corner and hope that nobody will notice our bodies, and we can't wait till we lose weight cuz then it'll be **us** up there on the stage. then **we'll** be the sexy performers. then **we'll** have men drooling at our feet. i am a good performer, but i'm not allowed to show that unless i'm thin.

do i have to be especially good in order for my performance to be valid? if i were thin would my performance be **more enjoyable** for you? if i talk about **sex** are you wondering who in their right minds would have **sex** with me? ...or maybe you're just thinking that you'd never have **sex** with me... when you watch fat people perform, what are you thinking? **what are you thinking?** are you thinking that their weight is an issue that they should address? are you (like me) wondering if they've been "educated" about fat oppression?

Xo

Xo

X0

X0

see this is something i think about a lot. sometimes i am afraid to perform because i don't want to deal with fat oppression. and what if i'm in a situation where i'm talking to people who are still operating under the assumption that fat is **bad** (as if anyone in our society has really escaped that assumption... yeah, even me)--like if i'm talking to a group of people who aren't "punk" or **whatever**, who i haven't ever performed for before, do i have to start at the beginning for them or just perform and not give a fuck? cuz

it's really important to me that i be taken seriously. okay but then i feel like even at "punk" shows a lot of people don't get it, like it doesn't really sink in, they're just clapping so they can be fucking **v a l i d a t e d** or something. like "oh, wow, that **white emo boy** is so supportive and sensitive. *look at how he's supporting that fat girl.*"

(am i wasting my time?)

i don't want to think about it like that cuz i know that there are a lot of people out there doing the same kind of work as me and there are a lot of people out there who support us (yeah even white emo boys) and i don't want to invalidate them or myself.

okay well i wanna talk about exercise, cuz i think that performance and exercise are really connected. there's this whole **double standard** when it comes to fat people and exercise, cuz it's like "well, no wonder she's fat, she never exercises." but at the same time, people totally make fun of people who exercise. "oh, watch out, i can feel the

ground shaking!" ha ha ha. when people exercise, they become showpieces. there is no fucking way that i'm gonna put on a bathing suit and go swimming, put on a pair of shorts and go jogging...

well actually i've just started doing some exercise-- i'm going to the weight room at evergreen every week to lift weights and stuff, cuz i wanna be stronger. but when i do this, there are two fucked-up things that i have to think about. 1) of course i'm afraid that people are gonna be laughing at me cuz i'm a wimp and i'm fat and i get out of

X0

X0

breath and tired after even walking up the stairs. 2) i don't want people to think that i'm exercising to lose weight. i'm not gonna give people that satisfaction. i should make a shirt that says "NO I'M NOT TRYING TO LOSE WEIGHT, AND IF YOU SAY 'BOOM BABBA BOOM' THEN ONCE I GET BIG MUSCLE-Y ARMS I'M GONNA BEAT YOU UP." (my sister rose gave me that idea.) this is off the subject, but when i drink diet sodas i have the same dilemma. i like the taste of diet colas better, **really honestly i do** (probably just cuz that's what i'm used to, my parents being on perma-diets and all), but i hate buying them cuz i know that people will think that i'm on a diet, and besides **i don't want to support the diet industry.**

X O X O



what are you Thinking?

Hi Im
Sash. →
Nomy made
me write
this in about
2 seconds
so anyway
here it is.



“I’m so fat!” probably made up fifty percent of my verbal conversation and about ninety percent of my thought processes for the first 16 or 17 years of my life. Not that I have ceased putting this clever conversation filler to use altogether, I still find myself slipping into this mode of thinking much more often than I care to admit, but, overall, I have noticed a huge change in myself. I became aware that my thinking was fucked up long before I actually believed it was. I could recognize the fact that I was surrounded by girls who were really sick because of the emphasis put on their bodies. I would talk about the importance of just accepting one’s body and not to concern one’s self with things like sizes and weight, but in my head I was wishing that I could just look “normal” in a pair of jeans so I could honestly not concern myself. Now all of a sudden I’ve realized that I really don’t think about my weight or

looking fat most of the time. I was quite pleased to discover this. I have not been able to figure out why I am finally able to go about my business without a constant, "I'm so fat" mantra going on in the back of my head. I'm sure there are several possibilities and contributing factors.

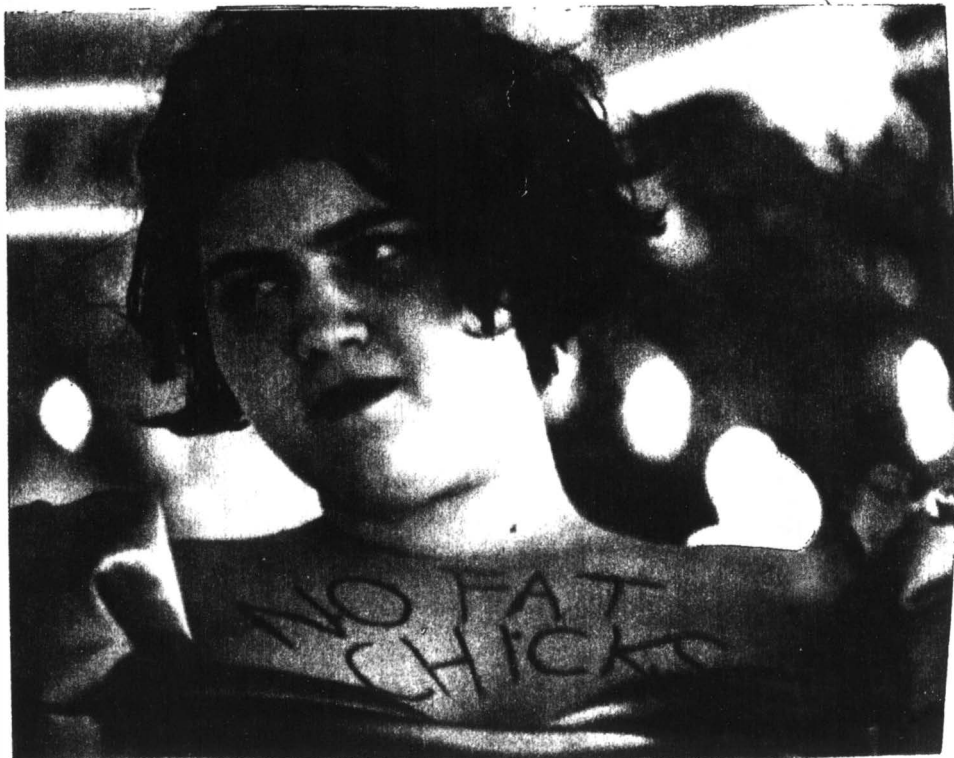
Am I a representative of a generation of girls and women who have been dieting since diapers and just getting sick of it? Is my sudden lack of enthusiasm for weight loss actually a widespread feeling that has yet to reach the media simply because people are afraid to admit that they are comfortable with their bodies? It is practically a direct insult to say "I like my body" to anyone, even with the more "enlightened" crowd, it is still a touchy subject. If this is indeed what is going on, then it is possible that before too long this indifference will become more and more apparent to the point where anorexia will not be a necessary item on the new fall fashion check list.

Or, I could be totally sheltering myself in a safe world of girl bands and boys that wouldn't dare admit they liked skinny legs. What about all those fourteen year old girls in Guess jeans that didn't make cheer leading, or worse, did? They aren't being helped by my community, they are still comparing barfing techniques and ~~waist~~ ^{waist} sizes.

It is possible, I suppose, that I alone, have partially overcome my big fat complex that my mother and I have worked on so hard my whole life. But I doubt it. I suppose that all of these things have contributed to my present situation, I would like to make the necessary contributions to all girls as soon as possible but I will just start with this, maybe later I'll go through the local middle schools beating the mean people who make fun of fat kids over the head and force feeding the starving girls or something.

this is the end. i think that i actually like this issue better than the last. i hope you agree, but if not then feel free to keep your mouth shut. (just kidding, duh.) no really, i want to know what you think, so write me! i want to apologize to anyone who's written to me and hasn't gotten a response. i try really hard to answer all my mail, but i also work and go to school and have a life...you know. if i don't write back to you, i promise that doesn't mean that i don't like you or didn't like your letter or something. it just depends how busy i am. but please don't let this discourage you from writing to me--i love getting mail, and hearing from people is really important to me.

thank you to the people who gave me contributions: mya, amanda, emily, diana, molly and sash. thanx also to: fem theory girls, val, marty, shawna, stephanie, tracy, leeza, rosie-posie, kirsten and all my awesome penpals.



♡XO N@MYOX♡

NOMMY Lamm
422T indian pipe lp.
fesc p107
olympia, wa 98505

there are three reasons why i'm doing this
zine.

- 1) as a personal outlet and a way to express myself creatively and get rid of some shit at the same time.
- 2) to try to help other people learn to love their bodies, because a big part of all of this is how we view ourselves.
- 3) because fat politics are not just a personal thing. it's important that we deconstruct the myths that we are fed from birth regarding fat vs. beauty, fat vs. health, etc. we need to not only accept our own bodies, we need to accept (love) other people's bodies too.

yr \$ goes here

i'm in love with...
you + me = REVOLUTION X O