A high-contrast, black and white portrait of a man's face, looking slightly to the right. The image is heavily stylized, with deep shadows and bright highlights. Handwritten graffiti is visible on his chest. The graffiti consists of three lines of text: 'I M', 'So Fuckin', and 'WBEAq/IFU'.

I M  
So Fuckin'  
WBEAq/IFU

NUMBER THREE

INTRO.

i'm so fucking  
b e a u t i f u l  
number three.

i say those words so  
often, seems like they  
somehow represent every  
thing i am, everything  
i've accomplished in  
the past two years, but  
i think sometimes i  
forget what they mean.

god knows i don't  
always feel it.

"i'm so fucking  
beautiful."

well for the past six  
months i've been telling  
people that i was gonna  
be doing this soon...  
asking for submissions,  
etc... i even wrote  
an intro, which i've  
since lost. this  
zine is so hard for me  
to do, and while i know  
that it's really necesar  
y, i don't always feel  
up to dealing with it...  
and i think that some-  
times i get this feeling  
like i'm "done with" fat  
oppression, i'm so over  
it, which is totally  
fucking untrue. i need  
this zine as much as any  
one else does, i need to  
make myself talk about  
this or i'll forget what  
i'm trying to do, get too  
caught up in daily life,  
self-hatred, numbness...

a fortune-cookie  
fortune just dropped outta  
my sleeve, it says "luck  
is coming your way."



i believe in luck,

i believe in esp,

i believe in OMENS.

in case you haven't noticed, i also believe in photobooths.  
i believe in plastering my face all over everything i do.

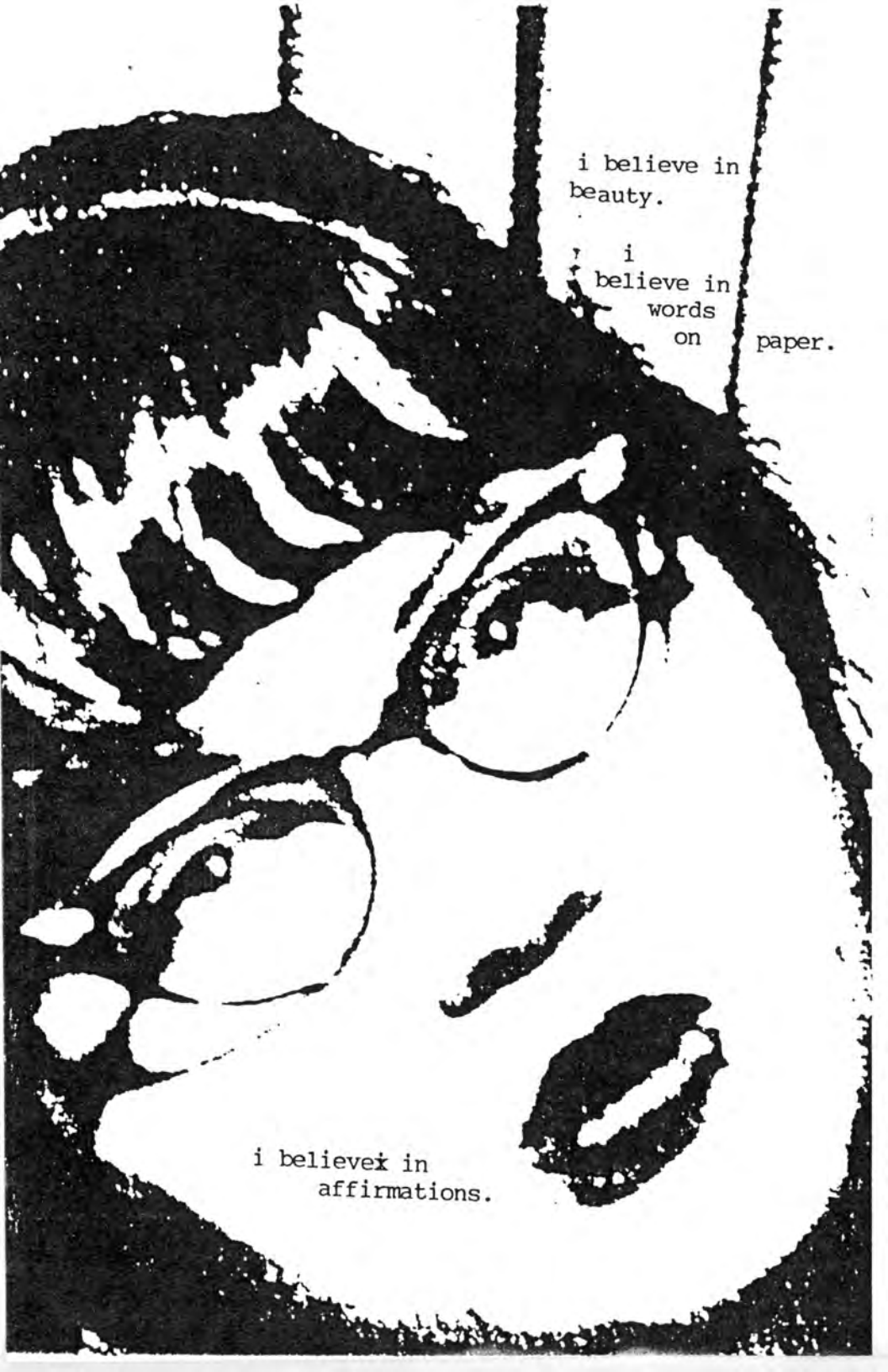
i believe that my body is connected to, is a part of, my  
mind, my work, my self... i believe in context.

context:

i am moving into another apartment in my building in two weeks, and i have this dream that it will be a new beginning. that this time, my apartment won't turn into a total shit-hole, that i'll actually do laundry and dishes and answer mail and put things away and know where ~~a~~ everythign is, that my home will smell like flowers and good food rather than dirty socks and cigarette butts. that i'll take pride in my surroundings, that i'll bathe regularly, that i'll eat right and quit smoking, that i'll get ~~six~~ eight hours' of sleep at night, that for once my life ~~won't be~~ won't be total chaos. (i can't remember a time when my life was ever like that, even when i lived with my parents.) since my life has never been like that, i don't know what i will be like if that happens. maybe i won't be able to write, maybe the empty clean rooms won't inspire me, maybe i won't be able to think anymore. i don't know, i guess that's just not me, i mean i always ~~xx~~ envision this day when my life will have some order to it, but you know, maybe order is just not my style. and maybe learning to like myself means learning to like myself on all ~~x~~ levels... (that's not a motto, i'm just thinking on paper.) *hey - i'm doing it! i've lived in my new apt. a month now & i'm doing everything i said i wanted to except quit smoking...*

talking abt context also means acknowledging the people i learn from & w/o whom this fanzine would not exist: val, amanda, molly, erika r., mary f., tony, ananda, sugar, christine d., chris o., zanna, ingrid, trish, hollie & the rest of the canada kids, basil...shit i'm leaving people out... also authors i've been reading lately: dorothy allison, toni morrison, tillie olsen, bell hooks, rebecca brown, alice walker (once again, i'm leaving people out). oh, and DUH - all of the contributors, ~~contributors~~ and my family. and the jesus christ superstar soundtrack, which i'm totally addicted to.

*also Joy Division cuz their music's just so fucking good.*



i believe in  
beauty.

i  
believe in  
words  
on paper.

i believe in  
affirmations.

here is what i don't believe in:

i do not believe in slogans.

this fanzine is not a slogan. (which sounds like a slogan in itself - can i ever escape it?) there is too much depth and complexity to EVERYTHING to sum things up in one line...

for me, rejecting sloganism means that i have to talk about all parts of fat oppression. and that means that i have to say more than just "i'm so fucking beautiful" all the time. that means acknowledging the times when i hate my body (my self) and what that means to me. that means working through my processes as honestly as i can, knowing that just because i say "i am proud to be fat, i love my body" that doesn't mean that i can't also say "today i averted my eyes when i saw my reflection." that means acknowledging pain. that means talking about how deeply i have been affected by fat oppression. that also means knowing that fat oppression does not exist inside of a vacuum, that racism, sexism, classism, heterosexism, able-bodyism, and capitalism in general feed into, interact with, and help create a system that makes fat oppression a reality. that means knowing that my experiences are not the only possible experiences, and that my knowledge is not all-encompassing. \*also trying not to rely so heavily on catch-

*phrases & lingo - really knowing my shit, not just*

"tell me the writing's on the wall,  
no fucking duh, i wrote it there,

but i don't care if you don't care, i don't care if  
you don't care.

just ignore the writing on my body.  
externalize our differences and everything is easy.

(it's so easy - we wear our politics like hairspray)  
yeah it's called sloganized radicalism!

the bumpersticker revolution!"

(those are some words i wrote to a song...)

this is i'm so fucking beautiful number three.

i don't know where i'm going  
but i'll take you there.

♡ Xo Nomy



★ THE "IM SO FUCKING BEAUTIFUL" MANIFESTO

as of august 15, 1995

- 1) i will reclaim and use the word "fat" w/o shame. my world is perceived through the eyes of a fat girl, and that's important.
  - 2) "all bodies are possible, acceptable, real."  
(from FAT!SO?)
  - 3) fat people have a right to love, health, beauty, activity, access to services, and *Respect*.
  - 4) starvation is NOT glamorous. this means that dieting is sick and perverse, and the "waif look" is fukn disgusting.
  - 5) fat oppression is REAL. this isn't something i should feel i need to "prove." i will do everything i can to discover the roots of fat oppression, and to dig it out of me, but i will not allow myself to feel incapacitated by a need for "proof."
  - 6) i'm not gonna try to prove to you that fat can be attractive if that means exploiting myself... "i refuse to be the self-appointed full-figured porno queen. figure it out on your own."
  - 7) fighting fat oppression is not solely the work of fat people. it is necessary for non-fat people to recognise the relative privilege they receive bcuz of their bodies, and to prove themselves allies to fat people. this is difficult work but it belongs to all of us.
- ~~~~~
- eight) i will struggle to understand the place of fat oppression in the broader scheme of things: find its place within a capitalist culture and hierarchical system of exploitation, its interconnectedness with all forms of oppression. i will fight for the liberation and self-determination of ALL people. i will not allow myself to be discouraged or disillusioned. ★ i will find beauty, life, and meaning in this struggle. ★

XOX *nomis*



THIS IS SOME SERIOUS  
FUN & GAMES...

(photo by alicia wheeler)

Body image problems are common to most women in america today (and I'm sure many other countries too, but since I live in america and as most americans am not very knowledgeable or aware of other countries, america is what I'll talk about). Many women "feel fat", think their fat , diet obsessively to look like that ever realistic and oh so attainable standard set by models, or are even deemed by our society as "overweight". These are all results of the hatred felt towards fat. I think often many of us who are not fat feel that we are victims of sizism and fat oppression. In some ways that may be true, fat oppression as in the oppression of fat itself, fear of fat, hatred of fat. These fears and hatreds have manifest themselves into the female beauty ideal/standard. Ridiculous beauty standards are not only a result of fat hate, but also mysogony and sexism. Women are expected to defy all laws of nature and match the body that american men at this point in history want to fuck (or are told by the media they should want to fuck). However usually when I think or talk about fat oppression I mean the oppression of fat people. Society hates fat, especially on a fat person. Fat people are a specific oppressed group. The fat, not the chubby, "overweight", thinks their fat, etc. (i real-



ize there is not exactly a cut off point for determining just who is exactly fat and loses the most because of fat oppression, that is a hazy area and one I have problems understanding). Fat oppression is an institutionalized form of oppression. It is discrimination in the workplace; which can mean not getting hired for jobs, or getting harassed on the job.

Discrimination in public places, not being served in a restaurant, or being treated with disrespect, not being able to go to the movies because the seats are way too small, and rule out traveling by airplane for that matter unless you feel like suffering the humiliation and financial burden of having two seats. Discrimination in the medical field, for one thing the term "clinically obese" is used to refer to fat people, and many times doctors or other medical professionals refuse to properly diagnose health conditions (attributing everything to fat, instead of looking for real problems), or refusing health care to fat people all together.

Fat oppression and body image problems are too often lumped together. Everything ties together. Different forms of oppression work together, but that doesn't mean they are the same thing.

Amanda

divide & conquer;

divide & simplify →



i think that a lot of times when  
i'm (re)talking abt politics it  
seems easier to deal w/ things  
if i (re)divide and compartmentalize.  
like i'm thinking abt the way i've  
always talked abt fat oppression  
in my life as completely separate  
from my disability... i guess i  
do this for a few different reasons  
1) because i honestly don't have the  
mental capacity or writing skills  
to be able to write & think about  
everything at once (duh) so i just  
have to keep interconnectedness as  
a goal in my writing but know that  
i can't always achieve it; 2) bcuz  
i want other people to like what  
i write so i worry that if i make  
it too specific to myself, or too  
confusing, nobody will get anything  
out of it; and 3) this is the biggie  
- because i've pretty much been  
in denial for most of my life abt  
the ways that my disability

(my artificial leg) has seriously affected  
my relationship to my body and my "body image".  
anyway, it may come as a surprise to some of you  
who dont know me personally but have read my writing  
that i'm disabled, and that makes me feel like i'm hiding  
something, and actually like i'm leaving out a vital piece  
of the "real picture" or whatever. so i wanna talk abt just  
a couple of these intersections btw fat and disability.  
this isnt the definitive statement here, and i talk more  
about this stuff in other places, but this is a place for  
me to at least bring it up & begin some sort of dialogue.

# Intersection

okay so one intersection i see here is this huge internalized shame i have about "laziness." like because i never really allowed myself to believe that my missing leg constituted a disability, i always felt that any limits my leg put on me could be overcome, and if i didnt do that then it was because of my own laziness. so this meant big things like learning to ride a bike (which i never did) but also little things like just taking a walk, or walking too slow, or doing certain exercises in p.e. or drama theater programs... and because of all the ideas we're given abt fat equals lazy, i was especially concerned abt not looking lazy cuz i knew people would draw that connection for me, like "if she'd just get off her ass and go for this walk w/the rest of us maybe she wouldnt be so fat."

IntersectionIntersectionIntersectionIntersectionIntersectionIntersection

i think also that in a lot of ways i did blame my fat on my disability... and in some ways it might be true, like if i had two legs i would be a lot more physically active (but we all know that's really NOT the deciding factor in body size, right?) any way, i really believed that if i were magically given two whole legs i could make myself ~~not~~ not fat. (whatevah, we'll never know if that's true.)

[also im really interested in this whole legal thing of trying to declare fat a disability... i dont really agree w/ it ideologically, but i can see how it could be helpful in providing fat people w/ more protection under the law... like w/ better access to services and employment.]



\*\*\*\*\*hi, my name is chris.\*\*\*\*\*  
so this here is my article/contribution for Nomys fanzine. As you can tell by my brilliant title im chris and what id mainly like to talk(write) about is access in terms of how its really denied to fat and/or disabled pœople (and im not just talking about physical access either). since im skinny and able bodied i retty much have complete access to any building, restaurant, college campus, home, etc. i also have more access to feeling validated, entitled and even empowered b/c of my body and ability. not that no fat or disabled peoiple ever feel this but it isnt something that is insætitutionally and socially xpanted in their concious like it is in mine or other skinny people. i think this is a privilege i WAY fuckin take for granted cuz like most privileges it comes so naturally, im used to it. so i mainly wanna address these privileges in me and other skinny able bodied people and how i/you can in some ways examine those accessibility problems, try to change them and do whatever i can to make life easier for ~~peoiple~~ people i know + dont know who dont have the same amount of access as me.

the 1st thing is this: since i am skinny and able bodied as well as white, male and middle class i have more backing me, like more validation if i complain, write letters to businesses, corporations, institutions etc to to ask/make them change their accessibility "problems" (god, this sounds so academic) this is 1 way that ~~peoiple~~ you can actively try to fight some of this stuff while at the same time (hopefully) realize what our privileges are and how we personally/politically <sup>need to</sup> change. okay, here are some examples of what i mean: except for like x2 buildings my college campus is completely handicapped inaccessible. this is also the 1st year that there are any disabled people on the campus and even though they can BASICALLY get around its in a really limited way. i (or you if you are in a similar situation) can write letters or directly speak to administration about changing this: like building ramps and changing the dorms, etc. pressure them into making the campus liveable for disabled students b/c if they are going to admit

them as students they HAVE To Make the campus a place they can live in and move as freely as possible in. → and more . . .

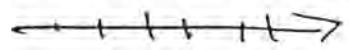
~~another~~ another example is those ~~supermarkets~~ supermarkets that have "theft blockers" which are like three foot high metal ~~shippoles~~ shippoles that are like really close together and make it ~~impossible~~ impossible for any fat person and most disabled people to enter the grocery store. the same goes for tons of other ~~places~~ places that i go to all the time: seats in movie theaters, almost any apartment building only has stairs and on and on. these are concrete things that i or you can ~~to~~ to exchange and call attention to. the thing i wrote before about my ~~privileges~~ privileges giving me more validation is true & i also think its important to not always set up a situation where ONLY fat or disabled confront these things cuz a) it sets up that whole "its your problem, you deal w/it" dynamic and b) it constantly puts fat and disabled ~~position~~ position of ~~exposing~~ exposing themselves even more to peoples fucked up attitudes, oppression, humiliation, etc.

this kinda leads to the next thing which is more about dealing one on one w/people in my/your life who fat and/or disabled (whether theyre close friends or total strangers) in terms of access. this part really ties into the 1st part cuz i think it involves what you or i take for granted as skinny, able bodied people. think of walking up stairs. think of walking at all. or running. or sitting comfortably in any chair i or you choose. think of going to a restaurant and being able to order anything w/out fear of judgement, ridicule, etc. or any of the things i do w/out realizing the complete access i have. theres a lot of things you or i can do like make sure that a friend who is fat gets the roomiest, most comfortable chair wherever i/you go.

dont take friends who are disabled to handicap inaccessible places or if you or i have to then help them get in or ask people to help if its necessary. the same goes for if you or i see a disabled person in the same situation. i know i sometimes feel uncomfortable or weird about helping in those situations but i think thats just guilt so fuck that. dont do activities that are difficult for a friend who is fat and/or disabled. BUT i think think its important too, to do these things w/out

making a big spectacle cuz my good intentions may cause a lot of tension and embarassment for my

Eric





friend or the ~~xxx~~person im trying to help. also if the help is refused LET IT GO cuz treating a fat or disabled ~~xxx~~person like they~~xxx~~cant get by w/out our almighty help is just as fucked and oppressive as treating them like shit for who they are.

~~xxxx~~also, a major thing that i have (like i said earlier) as a skinny, able ~~xxx~~person is validation, approval, and empowerment -things that arent physical but are still about ACCESS. i think another thing that i need to do b/c i have this privilege is confront/fight people who ~~xxx~~try to deny this access to fat and disabled ~~xxx~~people. this means calling people ~~omn~~ fucked up shit they say, reading and educating myslef so i can deconstruct (i cant believe i just used that word) sizeist and ableist ~~myths~~ that i still have. not that i am the skinny able boy who must fight the battle for the fat, disabled ~~xxxxxxx~~people but ~~xxxx~~b/c i do have privilege that gives me the safety to confront people cuz ~~xxx~~ no matter how ~~xxxxxxx~~"scary" i think that is its not at all-im not risking anything and also not doing this creates that "its your fight, so youre on your own" thing i talked about earlier. so, thats basically what i wanted to say. i think that the main idea i wanna convey is that i/you have ~~xxx~~ privilege in this sense and its our JOB to confront it and to do what we can to help dismantle oppressive institutions as well as do what we can (WHEN ACCEPTED) to help people who dont have the same/as much access as we do. so, i hope this wasnt as ~~simple~~simplistic as it seemed. if it was its cuz im still trying to figure alot of this out for me (this work is never done, so we cant look for a "the end"). none of this was original sprung from my head, nomy helped A LOT in the forming of this and my thoughts-thank you. so i guess thats that for now. if you wanna write me w/ critiques/comments/etc please please do, okay? and i will write back, it jxst may take some time.

love, chris.

WRITE  
to  
→

Chris Ohnesorge  
1 Meadway  
Bronxville, NY  
10708

so my name is hollie, and chances are you dont know me, but thats okay because what i want to talk about is not only about myself but something im sure many people can relate to, especially fat girls, even if they dont want to discuss it. so my name is hollie and nomy asked me to write something for isfb #3 because im fat and i want to talk about it. this isnt something that im ashamed of...well at least that is what im trying to reprogram into my head and believe. so when nomy asked me to write something for her zine, the first thing that came to my mind was something that ive wanted to talk about for sometime...and thats my stretch marks. at first they started to appear on my breasts, then my hips, and most recently, within the past year theyve showed up on my legs, arms and stomach. that especially freaked me out because i know a few girls who have them on their breasts and hips, but whose heard of them on your legs arms and stomach??? now for what seems like my entire life, ive been taught that stretch marks are ugly and something to be ashamed of. ive been taught that they are a fat persons problem and i should hide them. ive been constantly reminded if i put vitamin e on them, take these pills, rub on this lotion, they will go away. ive been taught that if i wear a certain type of clothing, you wont be able to see them. ive been taught that if i dont talk about them people wouldnt suspect me of having them. so in other words, ive been taught to be scared of my body, and to hide and hate it. \*ugly\*fat marks\*hollie\*ugly\*fat marks\*hollie\*ugly\*fat marks\*hollie\*...ugly=fat marks=hollie thats what ive been taught. "hollie hold in your stomach""hollie dont wear such tight shirts""hollie rub this into your skin""hollie if you keep eating the way your eating youll be the size of a house in no time""hollie i know what its like to be a fat person with stretch marks"...well mom, if you know what its like, why cant you accept other peoples bodies, so they dont have to be ashamed of their differences, they arent problems you know. WELL LADIES AND GERMS, IVE GOT AN ANNOUNCEMENT TO MAKE... the other day i went to the doctor, and even though i already knew this, i was just confirming it to relate to you. stretch marks are due to rapid growth (read: height, width, any direction), its not just a "fat persons problem", but a lack of elasticity in the skin. PEOPLE....its a skin thing! not just a fat thing, not a problem, not ugly, just a difference. please remember and accept that.

♡ Hollie.

... hey nomy, ive just been informed that ive spelt the word ~~stretch~~ stretch wrong...its stretch, so either you can fix it when you retype it or you can blame it on that crazy x canadian spelling...hahaha

# mind/body separation

(mind/BODY WAR)

this is the fourth time i've tried to write this fuckn thing, and i swear to fucking god THIS IS IT i'm not doing this again..... this thing i'm talking about here is huge and complex and sometimes really hard for me to deal with, i mean too overwhelming and it makes me cry and feel hopeless. stuff i've written about it up until this point has been really sad and gut-wrenching, but i'm hoping now i can write about it informatively and constructively (that's key).... i'm building something here, but it may still be a little rough...

*this little piece is from a story i wrote - goes right here:*

"for many people, including [me], mind-body separation becomes a means of survival. learn to disassociate the self from the pain, disassociate the body from blame. (dis-con-nec-ted, remember?) [i] feel the separation sucking [me] dry, but better to die w/o shame.

separate mind from body, cuz we're often told to believe that our only real self is inside of us. what if you feel at fault for everything exterior, and can't find anything ~~xxx~~ within? what if your body is the only thing you think you have and it's killing your insides? what if ~~xy~~you're taught every day every day since you can remember to hate your body, don't look at it, everyone else hates it too and it's your fault it's your own fucking fault stupid.

this sickness is oozing out of [me] like a slow mudslide, it kills slowly but surely.

sometimes our defense mechanisms kill us as much as the demons we're fighting. sometimes we die no matter what. sometimes there's no such thing as being whole.

and besides, it's so much easier to feel worthy of self-hatred than it is to feel worthy of happiness."

in past issues of this zine i've touched on all of this, tried to establish and assert a mind/body connection - "my body ~~x~~ is not some~~x~~ separate entity, it is me... if i'm hating my body, i'm hating my self." i don't think i yet understood the depth and complexity of what i was ~~xxing~~ trying to fight - the mind/body separation (&war) that i've internalized.

## 1 → DEFINITIONS (define "separation", "WAR.")

the idea that my ~~m~~ body exists for someone else, exists for some purpose other than as a life vessel, (MY SELF) = mind/body separation.

i'm not talking about out-of-body experiences ~~or separation~~, i'm talking about this mythical division between mind and body that keeps me from caring for and understanding myself.

and sometimes i think that mind/body WAR is more accurate, cuz all this means that my mind & body are fighting each other, struggling for a complete division, trying to kill each other. of course the entire ~~mx~~ notion that one's mind and body CAN "fight" each other comes from a mind/body separation - the idea that a person's self is divided between inside and outside, that our mind and body are not one and the same.

## 2 → REASONS (fat + leg, life experiences)

i think that a lot of the mind/body separation that i've learned as a fat woman has to do with capitalist conditioning - learning that my body is a commodity subject to whims and fads, learning to listen to rules about calories and fat content rather than my own hunger and what feels right...

but it also functions as a defense mechanism. when we are being told that our bodies are bad it becomes necessary to convince ourselves that our insides are separate and "better" than what's on the outside.

★ also Because HEALTH is

made ~~not~~ inaccessible to fat people: we learn that health means thin, that fat people are inherently unhealthy. really, health means knowing what's right for our bodies, what keeps our bodies happy and functioning. but i know that often for me to even try to think about health ~~x~~ is totally alienating, i feel like whatever my body tells me must be wrong (why else would i stay fat despite my desperate attempts at weight-loss?) so i learn to not even try to read my body.

i have to talk about my own life experiences here, not just make broad theories about ALL fat people. for me, mind/body separation has just as much to do with disability as it does with fat. three years old i came home from the hospital terrified, foot gone, the only way to neutralize the trauma was to separate myself, view my little leg with no foot not as a part of me but as a little "friend" (we named my little leg moey). (yes we learn our defense mechanisms early on.) growing up disabled and also in a diet-obsessed family taught me trained me into mind/body separation. i never felt like i really had ~~i~~ any say in what my body looked like or was capable of doing, but i dieted hard starved my body into submission, cuz i couldn't stand the thought that my abnormalweird fuckedup body was indicative of who i was. ~~i~~  
~~view my body as a separate entity.~~

luckily i had the consolation of always being the smartest at school, the best artist, best actor, best singer, best writer... all things that i worked very hard at in order to hopefully make up for what i otherwise lacked.

3 → effects

"EVERYBODY has to have an enemy. funny that mine's my own body. i kill it, just the same way that it's killing me."



well what i learned from all thsi was that my mind was a jewel, my body a terrorist. mind/body war. i learned to disassociate myself from my fat, stretch marks, the period that i only get every four years or so for unknown reasons, (a whole nother story that im not going into)

the large discolored patches of skiin where my leg rubs me raw, the open sores, (from my leg)

bunyon on my foot from wearing too-small shoes my whole life, and it seems like it goes on and on, like now my eyes are failing me. and in retaliation i guess, or maybe just because i forget that i have a body that i need to take care of, i do things that i know are killing me: little thngs like not bathing enough or brushing my teeth, picking at myself incessantly



and big things like smoking,

~~and having terrible eating habits~~

& having terrible eating habits (meaning that i don't eat things that are healthy for me - i'm trying to separate ths from the ideas i learned growing up, i.e. eating "right" means eating almost nothing);

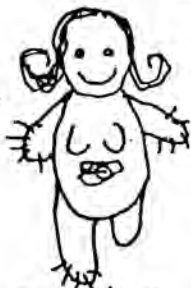
i don't have any intrinsic knowlegde of my body's health: i don't even think about the ways my actions affect my body. i don't have any understanding of the way that foods i eat make my body feel, don't know how to read my body for signs

that i'm not treating it well. when there's some thng wrong with me, feels like my body's disintegrating around me, i ignore it and hope it goes away.....

4 → goals ★

i want wholeness and synthesis. that sounds really nice, i wish i could just say that and leave it at that, but i need some sort of plan, some idea of how that can be achieved. cuz i know know that it's not as simple as just saying "my body is me..." i mean i gotta feel it.

terrorist?



Naomi E.  
Jamm

1) i need to come to terms with my disability and my fat: own and accept these things as a true and accurate representation of myself. this is probably gonna take a really long fuckn time, i mean i'm working on it every day but it's an ongoing process. need to eradicate the shame that's been bred in me. in a world that puts fat and cripple right near the bottom of the list of desirable characteristics, i need to know that I AM FAT AND CRIPPLE GIRL and that doesn't make me less of a person, it makes me more becuz i've lived through a lot. and fuck my teenage dream of cheerleaderdom.

2) so yes i know that fat and cripple are two things that i was born into, can never change. this does not mean that HEALTH is not an option to me. i need to be able to

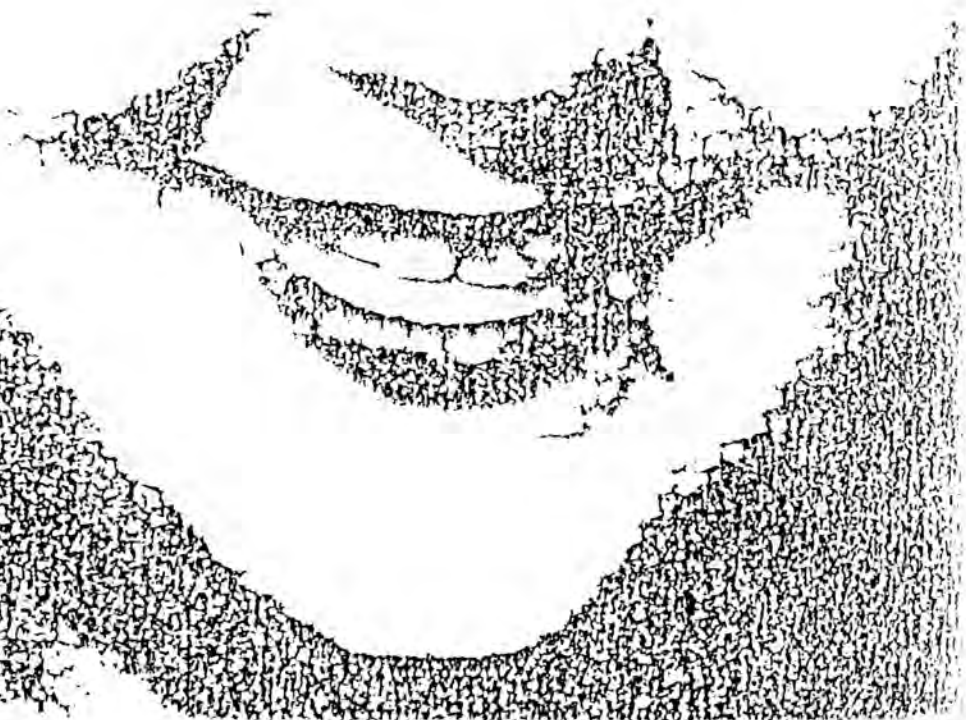
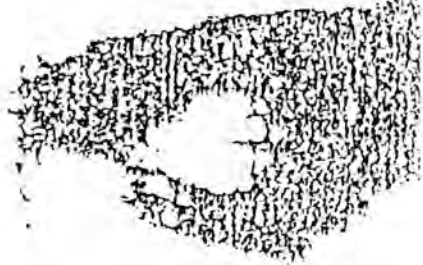
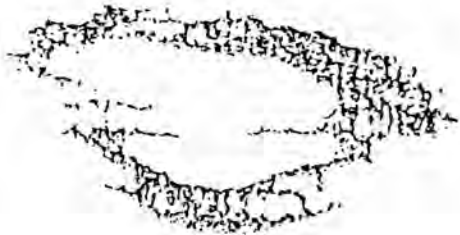
~~be able to~~ read my body, know my body as MY OWN and not what a textbook/health magazine/fucked up doctor/diet program tells me a body should be. and if i can really feel my body as me then maybe i can end this feeling of hopelessness about my health, know that i don't have to live with unendurable pain, discomfort, lethargy & depression. and if i can come to a point where i can truly care about and have a hand in my own health, i ~~don't~~ don't want it to be a "health kick", i want it to be

REAL.....

(livin' on a DREAM that i'll be reunited someday)



★ there is beauty in life, ★  
satisfaction in hard work,  
even <sup>x</sup>  $\lambda$  can be whole.



xxx

dear nomy,

hi. i'm x writing this letter to you because i have some stuff to say about food, nutrition, and health. i had planned to talk about both fat oppression and able-bodyism in this letter, but i changed x my mind for a few reasons. first, because i care about food and health but i don't give a shit about what most people consider "exercise" and there isn't a very strong connection between exercise and health in my mind. second, because i realized that my privilege as a skinny person and my privilege as ~~an~~ an able-bodied person don't ~~the~~ always operate in the same way and it won't work to talk about them in the same breath. i am still trying to figure out x what it means to have able-body privilege and that's probably for the best. because, and this brings me to my third reason, you said that you really x want your fanzine to keep its focus on fat oppression.

so this letter will be about food, nutrition and health as they relate to fat oppression. PLEASE understand that i'm not talking about the specifics of nutrition and health here, like what food is best to eat. you knowx at least as much about that as i do, and you knowx how to take care of yourself. what i want to talk to you about is attitudes toward health, or the amount of control that people feel theyx have over their own well-being.

ok, so you know how i feel about food. i love food, i talk about it all the time. i feel a spir~~it~~ual and physical connection to ~~food~~ what i eat and i love to talk and think about the ways that food will affect my mind and spirit, and help my body. when i talk to you about how much i love healthy food, sometimes you seem really alienated. this really freaks me out. i wonder, why can't you enjoy food the way i do? it seems incredibly fucked up that talking/thinking about some\_ thing as NECESSARY as food should hurt people, or make them feel guilty.

is it a matter of not caring? because i think that's fine, just because you don't care about good eating doesn't mean you hate yourself or you're on self-destruct mode. i sometimes choose to ignore my health, and i still feel ok about myself as a person.

but is this about choosing not to care? or not being able to care?

honey, in some of your recent writing, you've been talking about how you don't want to be held accountable for your health, for the ~~the~~ "way you are." you talk about being at ~~an~~ war with your body, trying to kill your body,

honey, you are not someone separate from your body. you are your body, your body is you. i can't answer all the questions you have about your body, i can't calm the fear and anxiety you have about your leg. but i love you. and all i know and love about you i know through your body, you = your body to me and i can't separate the two. that's ~~is~~ why i'm fighting for ~~my~~ your body, because that's you.

~~is~~ when you talk about your body deserving blame (!?) or ~~is~~ when you talking about hating your body and willfully hurting it, i don't know what to say. you are telling me that ~~is~~ you hate yourself, and how can i respond to that? how can i support you? ~~is~~ i don't know. that's why i have been quiet, nervous, uncertain around you sometimes. maybe you haven't noticed.

when i think about how the things i put into my body will affect my health, i am mostly thinking about vitamins, protein, and nutrients. i am also interested in raw and unprocessed foods. that pretty much sums up what "good eating" means to me. often i can't even talk about the ways that certain foods are affecting me, i really have no clue how the whole thing works but i see life and beauty in food and eating makes me feel fucking amazing.

when i think about healthy eating, i am not thinking about the fat content in food or about counting



calories. i think that being healthy has nothing to do with being thin, or with not being fat. the focus in health on "avoiding" fatness is capitalist propaganda designed to disempower fat people and make everyone afraid of themselves and each other, because that way they feel unable to act or to bring about change.

but here is an aspect of my privilege as a skinny person: i am able to reject this idea, the idea that healthy eating is just as much about fat content, calorie counting as it is about nutrition. it's safe for me to talk about healthy eating (to participate in the discourse on healthy eating) because no matter how i personally feel about things, i am looked upon as healthy by both sides of the debate because i am thin.

i understand why you can't think or talk about nutrition, i understand why you feel unsafe. i know that it is easy for me to write this letter, and i know that it will be hard for you to read it.

part of addressing my skinny privilege is re-defining the discourse on health, sorting the truth from the lies. one small part of addressing my skinny privilege is trying to make it safe for fat people to talk about healthy eating, to reclaim Health as something which fat people own just as much as anyone else.

you are taught that health is beyond your reach, that because you are fat health isn't an issue for you. but it is. you have a body (are a body) and your health matters and what you eat matters. you need and deserve to care about your health, you deserve to have an active role in determining your health. this does not mean losing weight, or changing your body's shape.

health/ self-determination in health are inaccessible to many people for many different reasons. making health more accessible sometimes means getting resources to the people who need them, resources like

money for food, places to buy or grow good food, health-care facilities, and education about nutrition, sexual health and other aspects of health. sometimes making health accessible means changing the way health is talked about, eliminating fucked-up propaganda from the language of health so that it is more inclusive and people will know that health is a relevant issue for them personally and their bodies. another important goal in making health accessible is to remind people that their health is important because they are beautiful and good people who are worth caring for.

often, i think that i can do nothing to change situations that are wrong. or i think that i could do something, but i never do- and so i hate myself. it is much easier for me to think of myself as part of the problem than part of the solution. it's fucked up, because first of all it's really unfair to me. and also, to have a privileged person like me feel helpless does nothing but reinforce the status quo.

before i wrote you this letter, i realized that i don't give myself credit for the work i have done to fight fat oppression. ever since i met you nomy, i have been working on sizeism and skinny privilege: with skinny friends, with my family, with my coworkers and with customers at the ice cream parlor where i work. once i realized that i can be (and often am) part of the solution, i began to feel right in writing you this letter. part of my work has already begun, now i need to tell you that i love you and i love your body because they are the same thing to me. i care about your body and your health and you deserve to care about your health too.

nomy, you are an inspiration to me. another reason i ~~for~~ feel good in writing this letter is that everything in it is something i learned from you.

love, tony

p.s. sorry for all the typos

dear tony,

~~in~~ this letter is in response to the letter you wrote me about food, nutrition, etc., but it's also kind~~x~~ of a continuation of a piece that i wrote about mind/body separation so i'm gonna send you that piece along w/ this letter.

first of all, i want to assert that i know that me=my body, but ~~x~~ i also know that i haven't been saying that much lately - mostly bcuz i'm just starting to realize and figure out all th~~s~~ stuff about mind/body separation and the way that division has affected my life. it's hard for me to start understanding and deconstructing it at the same time.

i don't know if all of my attitudes about food (& food + health) come from being fat, but i have a feeling that they do. in my mind, eating "healthy" will always have a connection to weight loss and i don't know how to unlearn that association. i mean that even when i'm trying to eat "healthy" for vitamins, protein, etc., there is always a nagging voice in my head saying "good for you nomy -this will probably help you lose weight!" i hate that voice, i wanna kill that fucking voice, but even at this somewhat "enlightened" stage of my process, it's still there. so you can see how eating CRAP all the time (the forbidden foods) could seem revolutionary to me for a time. to eat whatever the hell i feel like eating whenever i want to WITHOUT GUILT is pretty amazing. but now i'm thinking that to care about good eating and understand the ways that food affects my body - EVEN MY WEIGHT if i could think about weight without value judgements - would be the ultimate personal revolution for me.

near the beginning of your stay with me, while zanna and ingrid were here, i was feeling extremely alienated by the way you (& zanna) talk abt & think about food (as well as other things like exercise and smoking). it's not like you ever said to me "nomy, you're eating habits are gross, you should get more exercise, and by the way why don't you quite smoking," but that was what i felt from you and zanna. mostly i felt alienated bcuz it was all so easy and assumed to you - like it didn't occur to you that eating brown rice and

vegetables every night is VERY WEIRD to me, that going to my parents' house so we can "be active" is not the way i would usually look at it, and that talking about

how great "exercise" (~~i don't remember the exact words you were using, but of course you weren't talking about EXERCISE~~ exercise) makes you feel would make me really uncomfortable, both because of my disability and the fact that i can't feasibly DO most forms of exercise, and bcuz of the role that exercise plays in weight loss programs - the internalized shame about being "lazy" that i have. of course i don't expect you to change your lifestyle so that i can feel more comfortable with it, but keep in mind that when i'm hanging out with people i like to feel included, and i think that you and zanna could have been a lot more inclusive about things. once i even made a conscious effort to include myself in yr conversation about exercise (being "active," whatever), sat there racking my brain for fun "active" things that we could do together, and said "we should go to priest point park and play on the playground!" to which you responded "oh yeah, i wanna go to priest point park and walk on the trails!" knowing full well that that probably wasn't something i'd be able to do with you. i just kept feeling like i was ~~x~~ either being taken for granted ("this is the way everybody lives their life of course") or actively excluded. i'm kind of getting off the point here,, and i know that most of this is stuff that i've already talked to ~~x~~ you about, but the main thing that i wanted to say right here is that thinking about health is way easier for you than it is for me, much more cut-and-dry, and i didn't feel like you were taking into account how huge and complex and often painful it is for me. i guess this is something that i really need to talk to zanna about too, huh?

of course i don't want to KILL my body. but i have so many health & body worries/problems that at times it seems inevitable. this is only partially connected to being fat. it's very hard for me to think about my body's future, or, as you mentioned, take accountability for my health, because there are several variables that are totally out of my control and it freaks me out to think about it. the major things that i KNOW I should do for my body & health are very obvious to me but also very ~~x~~ difficult and/or scary. (i.e. eating healthy, finding exercise that i can do & feel comfortable about, quitting smoking, getting over my total terror of doctors so i can figure out what the hell's going on with my period...) and ALL of these things (except maybe smoking) have VERY DIRECT CONNECTIONS to fat oppression.

you said that everything you know of me you know through my body. that seems pretty weird to me, especially since we mostly know each other thru writing and have spent less than 2 months with each other in our entire friendship. it also feels weird cuz i've spent my life cultivating this smart&talented personality that i hoped would "make up for" my body....i hoped my personality would distract people from my body (hello mind/body separation?). of course that's no longer something that i want or strive for, but it's still shocking to have someone say that they see me as my body. it's scary, makes me feel naked and vulnerable, but i guess that's ~~good~~ good. (though that has backfired before.)

since reading yr letter, i've been trying to think about this mind/body separation crap in a way that's a little more self-affirming and hopeful. so i've been thinking about things i do that connect me to my body, make me feel really good about living in my body.....

1) dressing up! i love dressing up, putting on tons of make-up, doing my hair, etc. for me to leave the house thinking "man, i look really hot" is totally fucking revolutionary for me. that's something x that i, as a fat woman, am not supposed to be able to feel, that's my fuck-you to fat haters, sassy magazine, and anyone else who wants to stand in my way! (woo hoo, i'm slogan xcity today!) so anyway, dressing up is an act of resistance for me. (and i think that a lot of times the feminist stance of "girls shouldn't care what they look like and if they do they're buying into patriarchy" comes from a real position of privilege - girls who are conventionally attractive x in the first place.) when i dress up, i don't feel like i'm trying to cover up or "hide" myself, i'm drawing attention to my self and my body, and i think it's pretty amazing that i like doing that. (also, this is off the subject, but kathy acker once said this really cool thing about women wearing make-up, dressing up, etc. "makeup isn't frivolous; it's another form of art. and what we've done with our bodies is a form of art throughout the ages ... yet it's always been put down.....it's a form of art - a very high art!" read the whole quote it's really cool.)

okay back to business.

↑ from her xinterview x in the angry women Book.



2) DANCING!!! i've always loved dancing, though it's been made virtually inaccessible to me since i'm fat & disabled. i took dance classes when i was little, wanted to be a cheerleader, etc., but over the years i realized that i looked weird doing the dance moves that were taught to me. so i stopped dancing for a long time. as you know, my ~~sister~~ sister is an accomplished dancer (ballet, modern, tap...) and when i watch her dance i'm overwhelmed by her connection to her body, how well she knows her body and ~~what~~ what it's capable of. there's no real reason why i can't have that. i know i'll never be a world-famous prima ballerina, but over the last few years i've realized that i LOVE dancing. and what's more, i ~~can~~ CAN dance - i'm a fucking great dancer. when i'm at a show, dancing like a crazed maniac, i feel totally at home in my body. i don't have to deny my body the pleasure of dancing.

### 3)physical contact. human touch.

up until a few years ago i was terrified of physical contact. i was afraid that if someone touched me they'd feel how fat i was...whenever i hugged someone i'd go through the painful process of sucking in my stomach, standing up very straight to eliminate excess bulges, holding my breath, GRIN AND BEAR IT. well when i first started talking about fat oppression, "coming out" as a fat woman, i realized "man, fuck it! I'M FAT and it's ridiculous to try to hide it!" i finally started allowing myself to find pleasure in physical contact (sexual or otherwise). since then i've realized that it's totally not my nature to be unaffectionate. i think that allowing other people to know my body through physical contact, allowing myself to feel physically close to people, can be just as important to a friendship as any mental/emotional connection. finding that physical connection with someone proves to me that i have a body and that my body is totally VITAL. (duh!)

none of these things that i've been talking about have anything to do with HEALTH, of course. but they are important steps - steps in my process that have taken me a long time to come to. i think that taking an active interest in my health is going to be a HUGE step - and a very slow process. also an extremely difficult mindset for me to internalize.

i also know that it's going to have to come from me, cuz i'm sick of hearing what other people think i should do with my body. i'm the one living in my body, ii'm the one who has to figure out what my body needs. i'm the one who has to establish that connection.

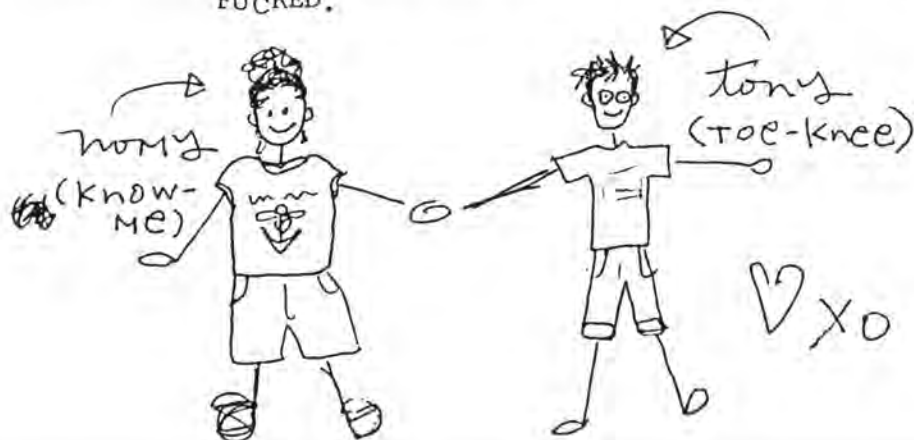
i know that it's hard for you to understand the kind of internalized fears and shame i have about my body, and i can see how my talking about all this shit might seem self-destructive to you. i wish that self-love and mind/body connection were as easy as just saying "i'm fat, ii'm disabled, and that's great!" but it's not easy. this process has a lot of ups and downs, and i see times like these, where i'm acknowledging and talking about things that aren't happy or particulary self-affirming, as a kind of exorcism. hopefully once i've brought out all of this stuff about mind/body separation (& war) then i'll be able to really work with it, bring about wholeness and synthesis. (see #4, GOALS.)

tony, i want to thank you for your letter. it was kiind of a wake up call to me, made me realize that everything doesn't have to be all horror and shame. it also inspired me to finally finish that thing i was writing about mind/body separation (FUCK ii'm getting tired of typing those words) as well as write you this letter.

i love you tony. thanks.

♥ love, nomy

p.s. don't worry about the typos - this typewriter is FUCKED.



a word to my cute skinny friends you wonder why sometimes i have an outburst of resentment towards you. you wonder why sometimes i have to remove myself from situations that involve intimacy with you. you wonder why a pleasant evening has turned into anger and tears without warning. there's only so much i can take and pretend i don't notice. i don't notice the subtle glances that cute person we just met is giving you. i don't notice the person who has been paying attention to me for the past three hours just saw you walk in the room and is hanging on your every breath even though they never even met you before. i don't notice that one of my closest friends in the world just decided you seemed really awesome just by hearing you say "goodbye" and walking out the door. i didn't notice that it took me days and weeks to make that same impression on them. i can bend over backwards with amusing anecdotes, astounding past history, culinary skills, tending to, common interests. i just proved how interesting i am. oh but here comes my cute skinny friend "hello becca" "hello cute skinny friend, call me some time" "ok, bye" at which point the person i've been hanging out with becoming friends with trying to smooch on says "who's your cute skinny friend, she seems really awesome" oh, was it that scintillating tone in her voice as she said "hello"? can you tell she's brilliant with tons of integrity or do you just want to fuck her? go on, be honest. i am sick of having to put 10 times the effort into meeting people that my cute skinny friends do just to get the same amount of attention. i am sick of having to prove i am interesting to win favor when all the c.s.f. has to do is exist. you wonder why i am resentful, when i have to work for attention respect affection and you don't realize that there are people in the world who don't have it lain at their feet. maybe now that i've done you the favor of pointing this out to you, the next time it happens, you can call people on their shit instead of wondering "what's gotten into becca to make her so upset?" don't leave it up to me. don't tell me i'm too sensitive, overreacting, imagining it, shouldn't get so upset about it. next time, take the initiative to tell somebody its fucked. or are you too afraid to lose your cute skinny privilege?

(b's Becca Bolo)

do you have something in common with me?

DIVISION is written on my body in big black letters and i wanna wipe it off and replace it with words like acceptance and love and connection and revolution. the division im talking about is size; fat, skinny and everything in between. and that physical division creates emotional divisions and interpersonal divisions and its like a big fence between me and some of my girl friends and i may look like im standing on one side, but i feel like it cuts right through me.

(and who built this fucking fence that keeps me away from my best friend so we have to talk through the chain links and link pinkys cuz thats all that will fit through the holes? divide and conquer. look for the ones in control, calling the shots, profitting from our separation and powerlessness.)

but look at me too, cuz i cant forget that if im not working to tear down fences and make this a safe world for every one, and im using myskinny privilege instead, then im part of the problem, cuz the patriarchy is inside of me and it got in through a

bitter pathway

of jealousy and infighting

and backstabbing and horribly hurtful

bullshit. (and it got in through compliments where beauty is equated with skinny too)

i wanna talk about my adolescence and hiding behind a curtain of dirty hair and a nineteen yr old body. eleven yrs old, 5'7" tall and a woman trying to disappear in too old, too wrong clothes. DIRTY, SLUTTY, VOLUPTUOUS eleven yr olds have a hard time fitting in (and accepting ourselves, even nine yrs later)

big breasts. dirty stinky and so many rumors and the boys all talk abt carrots and how many she must eat for boobs tits coconuts knock4rs like that slut. fuckn ugly ugly fuckn loser swearing into my mirror at night, ~~shrinking into~~ at the monster staring back, shrinking into my chair at school, slinking ~~into myxxxxxxxatxhoox~~ down hallways, slouching and contorting my body into all sorts of shapes in order to make it more "attractive" i.e. skinny and boyish and cute so the boys

would really want to sleep with me instead of just calling me a slut.

but i watched too. i watched and i figured out what you do when yr a skinny girl (cute ≠ slut)

voluptuous virgin, where do you  
fit?

i figured out what you do and i practiced in front of my mirror with makeup and everything (assimilate) and i guess maybe all that practice "paid off" cuz ive been losing weight and watching myself flirt and move and carry my newer "s9kinnified" body like its a fuckn commodity (((new and improved, LOW\*FAT))) and i wanna figure out why. i wanna understand what it means to change yr privilege, from working to middle class, losing weight, getting a boyfriend, whatever. im interested in the insight that can give someone (and has given me) and at the same time the more im extreme abuse that can go along with it beacause of years of watching the ways in which others abuse their privileges and not seeing the ways they dont. li9ke maybe formerly fat girls who lose weight get really catty and bitchy cuz they finally can, or maybe working class people who finally have money are really stingy w/ it cuz they remember all too well what poverty is like. or not, these are just possibilities, examples, questions.

i think its partly abt power and its complexities and how power is always scary and exploititive even if it looks really generous or whatever. im working really hard to not use my skinny power, like not acting all cute and flirty whenever boys are around (by the way, cute and flirty is really different from sexy and powerful and exciting and a million other ways to be... sexy is defined really narrowly to something that can be controlled and subdued but i think its really wild) but power doesnt have to be used, let alone abused. (power ≠ privilege which can and should be used to aid and work alongside less privileged people) thats the myth that keeps white boys thinking they dont have a part in the revolution cuz they think they caused all the problems and should just feel guilty.

(FUC(K GUILTY/LOOK FOR ALLIES / WORK  
FOR REAL CHANGE.)

yeah, no real conclusion, cuz as usual its

a process...

molly zuckerman



...of means of survival, those events...



so i've realized that i continue to judge my fat body by thin standards...

FOR EXAMPLE:

thinking i look best in skirts cuz pants make me look

"dis-proportionate"

"tak tok too wide"



or that my tattoo looks weird cuz my arm's not all thin &

"toned"

like i ~~miss~~ feel like it's okay to be fat as long as i look "streamlined"

(a very capitalist / industrialist mindset, by the way)



NO BULGES! !! ..ou ← darts, draping cloth



none of this!

so i'm trying to think about beauty & attractiveness in a way that's NOT dependant on standards of thinness...

like first of all, do my clothes fit? xox



i ♥ tight shirts!



i like this CURVE/bulge/roll of fat right here!



and hey, this one too!



and hell, how about these?

some of my favorite shirts have horizontal stripes!!!



but "slenderinos" verticle stripes!



LET'S FACE IT - I AINT STREAMLINED!!

sheesh!

howz about some cleavage?



sometimes it's scary to let people know what my ~~body~~ body really looks like, cuz i'm NOT shaped like a large-size skinny girl!

but i can look good wearing clothes that show my true shape.



## "I'M SO FAT I'M A BOY"

Nomy has asked me recently if I wanted to contribute anything to this zine, and the first couple of times she mentioned it, I told her that I wanted to think about it, but I pretty much didn't think I would, because these issues are things that I really haven't dealt with enough in my own life. I haven't discussed my fatness with some of my closest friends. In fact, this is the first time I've ever even used these words to describe myself. I have a few things to say about it.

1) I don't feel comfortable calling myself fat for a few reasons. One, there is the general, common reason. I still partly think of the word as an insult, and still have a hard time applying it to myself. Also, my body image is out of whack that sometimes I'm not even sure it applies. I guess it does. Lately, I have had a very hard time with self-assessment, especially about my appearance. Sometimes I feel like the 1000 lb man that became a media spectacle a few years ago (I think he has since died). Even as I type these words I know that comparing my fatness to this man's is an extreme exaggeration, and that it is also insensitive and fucked up to trivialize that man's life just like everyone else has, but this is the example that always plays itself out in my head. Other times I feel like I'm not even really fat, just slightly overweight. Where is the cutoff point for being fat? I really don't know. And this attitude carries over to other aspects of myself, too. I really can't tell if I have, you know, physically appealing features. I can't tell if I am attractive. This confusion is tied into my weight, I think, but also exists independently. Lately, I've been able to stop wavering about my intelligence and creativity, which also used to fluctuate like my body image, and accepting that I am smart and talented (although there are others who are smarter and more talented than me) has really helped me to begin to establish better confidence, which is something that I really need more of.

2) In this zine (although issue #1 I've only read once, and like 7 months ago), I find I have a major ideological conflict between nomy's opinions and my own. I know nomy well enough to not believe this, but it often seems like she is excluding men from the quest for fat liberation. Numerous references to the fat girl revolution sort of leave me cold. Sometimes I get really mad about it, because it seems slightly akin to a feminist who wants to end sexist oppression for only middle class white women. Fat oppression crosses gender lines, believe me. One of the things from ISFB#1 that especially bothered me was something that nomy had written about fat/curviness being womanly. I have curves in places where men aren't "supposed" to have curves, and don't think that I should consider myself "womanly." That little bit hurt, because I felt that it was just more of what society at large bombards me with, what they want me to look like. I have discussed this, although not really in depth, with nomy, and I don't really hold it against her.

3) I think that the boys/men of my generation are the first to have to deal with widespread and negative body typing of males on the part of the media. It's time for us to reap what we have sown. With every bulging Marky Mark, every triangle-faced feline Leonardo DiCaprio, every clean-cut Jason Priestly, the pattern for what the male body is supposed to look like is being mapped out for us. No, it's not quite

as omnipresent as it is for women, but it's getting there.

4) Does my own attraction to predominately thin people equal internalized fat oppression or is it just a simple matter of preference? I think it's a bit of both. This is a confusing and difficult issue for me.

5) I feel that my opinions about my body and goals I have about my body are somewhat incongruous to the topic of this zine. I feel that my very opinions hurt nomy and her struggles. *Because I want to be thin*. I will not lie to you, to myself, to nomy. I want it more than anything in the whole fucking world. Maybe not forever, but at least for a while. I don't know what it's like to be a thin adult. I barely remember what it's like to be a reasonably thin child. I don't feel able to completely separate my fairness from my self-esteem, and it's not for lack of trying, counselling, rationalizing, etc. God, this is getting hard to write. Sometimes, I feel like this nebulous goal is all I have in life. Without it, do I exist? And I'm not even admitting it all the way, but I am more right now that I think I ever have to myself, and certainly a lot more than I have to other people. I became overweight for reasons that I have within the last couple of years come to understand, and it has to do with compulsive overeating that I began when I was 11 years old. That I still have to deal with today. Abuse of food that was caused by emotional problems that started as the "glory days" of my childhood ended as I turned 11, as my parents divorced, as I completely left behind my friends and family and Dallas where I used to live, never to see most of them ever again, as I had to reestablish myself at new schools, as my mother stopped being a full time mom and started being the head of household, as she stopped trying to heavily regulate my dietary intake like before when she was obsessed with a strictly natural diet, as I finally got to have all the foods I had been denied up till then (candy, sugar, ice cream, hamburgers, fast food, on and on), as I tried to compensate for the previous lack of these foods by severely overindulging in them for the next 8 years, as I tried to compensate for emotional pain by eating for consolation, as new emotional pain emerged as I got fatter and fatter, as I learned to associate food with self-praise, as my parents tried to convince me to lose weight, as I hated their efforts, as I questioned their love for me, as I began to question the world's acceptance of me, as this circle etched itself right into the center of my life. I really feel like in the last year I have done very well at healing this pain in my life (god this sounds so pop-psychology, but it is sincere). I see losing weight as the final step in healing the scars from my childhood and adolescence. I've almost entirely dealt with the emotions, and I can't help but see my being fat as a link to that. I don't want a link to that part of my life. Being fat sometimes means holding on to the past. Yes, I could try to see things in another light, but I really feel that this is the way it is.

Am I buying into fat oppression completely here? I think that I am at least partially. And for that, I really feel *body*. *Body* for others, *body* for myself.

This is the part of the story that I don't think I should tell. But I've gotten a lot



further just right now this morning than I think I ever have. I think I would like to lose 4050 pounds. Since I've had my initial conversation with nomy 4 months ago about fat oppression, and when our different viewpoints emerged, I have spent a lot of time trying desperately to feel good about myself, about my appearance, about how I am and not about how I could be. And I think I've made lots of important inroads into this topic, but I still can't feel completely ok about being fat forever. Right now I feel ok about my appearance, well, maybe not ok, but much better than I ever have. But the thought I that I can't change my weight is something that I've realized I can't bear. Not at all. Thinking that I will never get to know what thin feels like makes me feel this really horrible, sinking, paralyzing despair. I really can't bear it. So for now, I live my life trying to accept who I am on the promise to myself that I will eventually change my appearance. It's sort of like buying self-esteem with a credit card. But what if I can't do anything about it? What if I am just fooling myself? Because I know I've tried to lose weight before. Yester- photo booth pic there is a glimpse of my first glance. It so good.



about it? What if I myself? Because I've tried to lose weight before. Yester- day I took some pictures and in one of my adam's apple. really made me feel

What if self-esteem is based on a future possibility of impossibility. I'd rather be dead. I shouldn't be dis- also feel like I'm fucked up. And seeking to end fat exactly because the world is just so

my entire self on a foundation of a that is really an Sometimes I feel like (Now I really feel like I'm cussing this, but I need to) That is so my interest in oppression is of this feeling. The completely fucked

up if that is how it makes me feel if I am fat. I know I'm not the only one. I sometimes feel that the world is this horrible, cruel, and unjust place when it assaults the personalities of all who aren't straight white middle class able-bodied attractive skinny men. I need to learn to accept myself for who I am, I guess, is the thing that is becoming apparent as I write these words. Not an acceptance based on the possibility of future change, but an acceptance based on the here and now. Because I need to be able to cope with what may come, because I realize that my thin-goal very likely may never be possible. Because I need to accept what an awesome, creative, intelligent, and attractive person I am.

6) I have "issues" about food. I have been good lately about avoiding this, but part of me thinks that the foods I like to eat, but that I consider "bad" (cheese! cheese! cheese! etc.), equal PERSONAL SUCCESS OR FAILURE. It's not just food, it's my entire self-worth, my entire discipline, my possession or lack thereof of control of my life. Like I said, lately I have been really good at (mostly) not thinking like this, it

hasn't been easy. Last spring I was seeing a counselor about primarily this issue. (A fact that I haven't shared with some of my closest friends)

7) Because I feel that there are health concerns that effect me. I can tell the difference of how 10 pounds gained or lost feels. In energy, comfort, etc. (I'm talking about on just a physical level here) I don't know if other fat people notice the difference, but I do. About a two years ago I had some thorough blood and urine tests done (for something else), and my triglycerides level came back way too high, or so said the "specialist." (Triglycerides is fat in the bloodstream, and overly high levels can cause problems) No, this doesn't have to do directly with being fat, but it did indicate that I was eating in a fairly unhealthy manner, which also doesn't directly relate to being fat, but it seems intertwined. I've been told by doctors (not like they're the final authority, but still) that if I were to loose some weight, I may see some improvement with my allergies and sinus problems which fuck up my health often. I guess the thinking here is that being fat is physically straining and taxing and that the body functions better when it is less fat. This might not even be true, and maybe I am rationalizing. I will not write a conclusion because there is no conclusion.

(I initially wrote this on 1/6/96. Now it's 2/4/96, and it has been one crazy and mostly good month for me, and I'm not even sure how much of what I've written I still believe. But I'll probably be writing more about this in the future.)

♡, Keyan

p.s.: write to me!

110 Legion Way SE #403  
Olympia, WA 98501

\*note from nomy: i feel that i should mention that excess fatty cells in the blood stream (i'm assuming that these are the triglycerides that keyan mentions), while they are often found in fat people, are actually most common in starving people... so there's a lot of evidence that this is actually a result of dieting... read "the questions people ask" by vivian mayer, in shadow on a tightrope. or you can read the actual study: richard e. nisbett, "starvation and the behavior of the obese," in g. bray & i. bethune, eds., treatment and management of obesity (nny, harper & row; 1974)



what i want to talk about is this trend i've noticed in the punk scene for the past few years or so. the trend is called being "healthy". it's all the rage. being "in shape". i don't have a problem with being healthy in the wide sense of the word. no, health is not the problem. its the definition i see these girls (and from what i've seen, it is all girls) putting on the word "health". health to them equals skinniness. it's important to be skinny because "everyone knows" being fat isn't healthy. what i've seen is the desire to make whatever size body they have into a stronger and more powerful body change into a desire for a skinny, and therefore "healthier" body. that is the line of reasoning. hmm. where have i heard this before? oh yeah, i remember, tvmagazinesmyfamilypsychaitristsboysonthestreetcorner. you. i'm gonna say this once and only once in this zine you read in public where everyone will see you so you can pay lip service to how you think what these fat girls have to say is so important just thank the lord and your stationary bicycle and your reduced fat tofu steam vegetable no oil dinner and your size 7 antique 1956 dress that you don't have to be a fat girl. you are slapping me in the face pointing at me in public stabbing me in the back. you smile at me at the show meanwhile praying you never (or never again) have to know what it's like to not be able to find anything to fit you or anyone who wants to fuck you. you think you can hide it under the facade of "health consciousness" or "getting in shape" but you can't hide it. i'm too smart to be fooled by your bullshit. with your pathetic pitying smile and your nervous glances you are trying to hide your fear and hatred of me and my kind. the fat girl. i know what you say about me behind my back. i know that every minute you spend working out you are killing me a thousand different ways, trying to destroy me and yet maintain your political credibility. no way, babe, i see right through it and you are just making me stronger by making me angry. your desire to be healthy is a big FAT lie and it really freaks me out to see so many girls in the punk scene falling for it. i see, you were too freaky for the cheerleading squad, too "ugly" for high school, but you can be skinny enough for the punk boys. i'm so glad the arena of competition has moved into my reality. thanks for bringing mainstream fatism into the punk scene. its not my imagination that shows have turned into a fashion show and parties are for the skinny and "beautiful". don't for a second think these things go unnoticed. you aren't getting away with anything and you cant destroy me. but you will destroy yourself by trying. you're so skinny i can see right through you.

(By Becca Balo)

fat girls learn the rules early on  
i've memorized the rules to the self-hate  
game

i know the guidelines that sell starvation.

this is shame

this is a game

called shut up and observe  
seen but not heard

my body is too damn LOUD

~~and~~ and don't you know in this world

you're not allowed to have

something

for

nothing.

it's not about the "body" →

it's about commodity commodity

watching tv

\*the american dream\*

all the while singing:

"where's the party? i wanna free my soul

where's the party?" (and who's in control)

wait - the name of the game is

BUY, BABY, BUY

~~never~~ never satisfied

cuz there's no such thing as perfection in this town

no matter how pretty i sing

how smart i talk

there's a new miracle pill,

SWALLOW ~~IT~~ IT DOWN

fat girl

this is salvation

(same thing: salvation, starvation, dieting,

identity... losing it pound by pound.)

RESHAPE, RETRAIN, RESTRAINT

it's about efficiency

it's about commodity

out of reach, out of shape, out of control,  
and all the money in the world won't buy back

what's already sold,

fat girl.

# i know that this

looks really BORING (hell, MAYBE it is) BUT IT'S really IMPORTANT, and I WORKED REALLY HARD on it - so READ IT NOW!!!

last year, as a part of the "political economy and social change" program at evergreen, my friend amy healy and i wrote a research paper on the political economy of fat. there's no way i'm gonna bore you by printing the whole paper but i do wanna talk about the things i learned while writing it. i'm not even gonna summarize the whole thing (though i was planning on it but it's just way to huge) - instead i'm gonna focus on the first part of the paper which talked about how fat oppression has been developed historically as a result of capitalist developments and economic trends, and how the ideology of capitalism affects our view of fat. the other half of the paper was about how fat people are economically oppressed within capitalism. there's an article in isfb#2 that kind of talks about that, and i hope to talk about it more in the future. ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

it was exciting for me to be able to look at fat oppression within a political-economic framework. i often get this feeling that fat oppression is "not important enough" to dedicate so much time and energy to. like okay there are the "main" oppressions (race, class and gender oppression) so then other things like heterosexism, able-bodyism, and ESPECIALLY fat oppression, are secondary, or even "made up" oppressions. do i have to say what bullshit that is? thinking like that only acts to invalidate my life and my work, and while i DO think that it's important to put things in perspective and understand the absolute HUGENESS of race, class and gender oppression, i also have to understand that this all works together - that all forms of oppression and domination are interconnected and "vital to the system." fat oppression is REAL, and just because it goes largely ignored (or justified) doesn't mean it's not worthy of discourse. writing this paper on the political economy of fat once again proved to me how important this work is and how far we still have to go in figuring it all out.

thing is, now that i'm trying to write it in my own language (and i don't think i've really succeeded in that - oy is this thing wordy!), i'm realizing how much i still don't know or understand. so i'm telling you right now that i don't have all the answers. and i'm asking for your help - please talk to me about this, write to me, share yr knowledge, guesswork, and ideas. as far as i know, this framework for looking at fat oppression is groundbreaking - we couldn't find any sources that linked fat oppression to the history of capitalist development, etc - and i think it's really exciting that this kind of work can go on within a zine dialogue... cuz like anything else, we're told to leave the things that are totally vital and important to the professionals. but the thing is, we refucking smart and capable of thinking and figuring things like this out. this is a beginning for me. there's no footnotes etc. in here but if you're interested in my sources then write to me. i'm probably gonna make mistakes but this ain't no friggin college essay and i'm not looking for a grade - what's important here is the process and the understanding, right?

this i know: capitalism is at the heart of oppression in the u.s., as well as most of the rest of the world. and if this is true, why is there so little talk about capitalism's hand in fat oppression? why is it only acknowledged in terms of "body image," health, and fashion trends? (of course all those things are tied into capitalism but the connections are rarely made.)

this i know: oppression does not just "appear" out of nowhere. it is historically grounded and developed. why is it that fat used to be (and still is in some parts of the world) a sign of wealth and prestige, but is now pretty much the opposite? things don't just switch around at the drop of a hat. there have to be reasons.

from our paper:

"this year the two of us came together in the desire to determine the ways in which capitalism ties in with fat oppression: how does capitalism, and a capitalist culture, benefit from fat oppression? how are fat people economically oppressed? and most of all, how did this system come into being?

"...we will show how economic oppression of fat people in america is rooted in the ideology of twentieth century liberalism and has emerged within a complex system of hegemonies and capitalist institutions which have widespread effects in the personal and political realms."



[ hegemony: "the dominating influence of one state over all others" this can also refer to ideologies, institutionalized truths that are so inbred that we dont even know to question them...

when i talk about liberalism here, and liberalist ideology, i'm not talking about current use of the word - i'm not talking about some vague term meaning "open minded" or some such crap. i'm not even talking about the political definition of liberalism as a stance advocating government regulations of corporations, etc... i'm talking about the ideologies of self-interest, individualism, and freedom of choice. i guess maybe it's called "classical liberalism," john locke style (from the latin "liber" meaning free). these three ideals are pretty much at the heart of all that is "american," and are the driving force behind capitalist development. and this basic belief system that is instilled in us - that we as individuals are in charge of our own destiny so we gotta look out for number one - helps form an environment that blames the victims (of capitalism). i.e. if you've got a problem then it's because of some personal flaw and not because there is a system set up that benefits only a chosen few. and if you can't pull yrself up by yr bootstraps/ lose weight/ transcend race & gender then it's because of a lack of personal conviction and will-power. so - once something is designated "undesirable" or whatever, it's up to each individual person to work their way out of undesirability.

with the emergence of a collective consciousness that justified fat hate, fat people were told that being fat was a personal flaw that could be "fixed" if they worked hard enough. fat people are kept believing that (because each of us is "in control of our own destiny") if we are fat then it's our fault, cuz we could choose not to be. i think this mentality really started taking hold in the early part of the century, when people were becoming more separated from family and community, and were increasingly being expected to present themselves purely as INDIVIDUALS. during this time, the hegemonic beauty ideal that was developing was especially important cuz they no longer had family and community to fall back upon - you were perceived by the world "as is." because of these factors, fat-hate and fat oppression gained more ground - people were becoming more self-conscious about the way they presented themselves, within a climate that was frowning on fat and blaming fat people for their "condition."

as far as i know, the most dramatic shift in the general consensus about fat occurred during the industrial revolution, between 1880 and 1920. there are three main reasons for this shift in attitudes:

1) the emergence of scientific management as an ideology. scientific management was developed as a way of increasing productivity in the workplace, and had to do with eliminating all slow and useless movements from the work routine. workers were trained in exactly HOW and WHEN to make each movement, timed with stop-watches, and reprimanded if they fell out of step... this philosophy of scientific management - streamlining for maximum efficiency/productivity - extended itself to the machines and all other aspects of the workplace, as well as the home, particularly in the kitchen. during this time there was a general shift in consciousness in which focus moved away from the pleasure of doing things (it no longer mattered how much time and care went into a craft) towards a worldview that idealized function, efficiency, and mechanistic living. less and less focus was being put on the act of actually *doing* things (i.e. the act of cooking is not important, only the food that is produced, etc.) and more was put on the final product.

i see this collective shift in consciousness as affecting people's attitudes about fat in two major ways: 1) because the focus of this ideology was on the workplace, and fat (or otherwise big) people reduced efficiency by moving more slowly (because of space restrictions) and taking up more than their allotted space in the workplace; and 2) because this worldview desired the streamlining and mechanization of all realms of life, including the body. obviously, fat bodies aren't streamlined. in the past this hadn't been a problem because there hadn't been such emphasis on efficiency and productivity in general - fat bodies worked just as well as other bodies, and because focus was just as much on the act of living as on the end result, streamlining didn't really matter. but with the emergence of capitalism, a working class, and a consumer market, streamlining for maximum efficiency/productivity became necessary (in order for capitalism to continue growth), and people began to mechanize the body in the same way they mechanized the rest of the world. there were rules about how the body should work, how it should be maintained, etc. - rules that (i believe) should be determined according to the needs and abilities of the individual body - that now dictated people's relationships to their bodies.

we now look to the experts of the outside world to tell us how much and what we should eat, how much we should weigh, what size clothes we should wear, how often we should shit, yadda yadda yadda, rather than understanding the needs of our own bodies. we're told that doctors and dietitians know better than us what our bodies should be. this is a very new way of thinking, and is a direct result of the mechanization of our culture. i don't believe that the body is a machine (one of the many reasons that i'm not straight-edge) - i believe that our bodies and minds work together to determine what's right for ourselves. and i think that this mechanized way of looking at the world is really fucking scary cuz it takes all the beauty and art out of living.

here's a really good example from the time that this type of thinking arose:

in the late 1880s, there was this guy named wilbur olin atwater who believed that the poor working class was "wasteful" in their eating, and thus unable to sustain hard-labor with their meager wages:

"atwater sought mathematically to proportion fuel to work. men doing moderate physical labor required 3,000 to 3,600 calories a day and 120 to 130 grams of protein daily. unfortunately, americans wasted a fifth of their protein and fat, and then overate, mistaking bulk for energy. to stem this foolishness, atwater drew up tables converting foods into fuel or nutrient units, then figured the ratio of nutritive value to retail cost. [trying to determine the most nutritional value for the least amount of money...] a pound of milk was more economical than a pound of beef; round steak was as good as tenderloin, mackerel as good as salmon.



"...atwater's charts reduced the smell, taste, texture and weight of food to an essential nutritional line against a dark backdrop of labor. were we today less accustomed to tables of proteins and calories, we might find it implausible that [atwater] could entirely reconstrue the meanings of foods without reference to taste, ethnic tradition, or social context." (from never satisfied: a cultural history of diets, fantasies and fat by hillel schwartz.)

Could it turn out that this system wouldn't even work for most working-class families & single women, who couldn't feasibly buy in bulk...)

this shift in collective consciousness towards an ideology that valued efficiency and function over all else was one of the first major steps towards establishing a hegemonic beauty ideal that did not include fat.

2) emergence of a consumer society. during this time, the u.s. economy was becoming more and more consumer oriented - fewer families were producing their own life necessities (food, clothing) and instead went to jobs which paid their wages with which they bought these necessities. because of this, food and clothing were brought into a public arena of discourse - there was greater talk about which foods and which clothes (which products) were the better ones to buy.

i think that the fact that food and clothing became consumer products at this time is really important to the development of fat oppression and a dominant beauty standard of thinness. i'm guessing that at this time there was an appearance of diet products as consumer goods. i do know that this is when the clothing "industry" emerged with a move towards mass production and standardization of clothing. this meant that, instead of making clothes to fit the body, people had to have bodies to fit the clothes they bought. and so, along with the standardization of clothes came the standardization of bodies, pushing fat people further into the margins.


3) with the emergence of a consumer society came a boom in the advertising industry. so not only was there more public discourse on which products to buy, but this discourse was being dictated NOT BY THE CONSUMERS THEMSELVES, but by capitalist industry. and of course the advertising industry used the developing hegemonic beauty ideal in order to sell products. (we know what this means - we've all seen magazines, t.v., etc., use thin white women to sell anything from cars to clothes to computers...)

X O X O V


i think that this was probably the first time in history that there was such widespread distribution of the current beauty ideal. i mean that before this time, fashion and the like were the domain of the wealthy/prestigious upper classes. not of the general public. while this might seem liberating in some way (the lower classes having access to beauty standards that weren't even a possibility before) i think it's pretty much the opposite since a) the beauty ideal was being *told* to them rather than *developed* by them, and b) it's a tool used to divert attention from social issues of access and equality, wasting people's time on inaction rather than social change. *but* - this widespread distribution of the beauty ideal did have huge effects on the general public, and made it easier for corporations to cash in on the emerging distaste for fat.

in our research for this paper, we came across an ad for lucky strike cigarettes from the 1920s that literally said something like "stay thin with lucky strikes." swear to god.

also i think that the advertising industry co opted the feminist movement in making the "boyish look," which was supposed to be so liberating to women in the 1920s, into a consumer product. we've all seen the drawings of women in the 20s - stick thin, no tits or hips, short hair... and if you look at these stylized drawings (which were used for advertising, mostly) and then the photos of women of the time who actually wore those styles, you'll see a huge notable difference: the drawings are about a million times skinnier than the actual women. this is probably the first time in modern history that it became fashionable to look emaciated - the early incarnation of the "waif" look. bleh.



so okay, i think those were some of the major things that happened in terms of creating an ideology that condemns fat. a quick recap: 1) the rhetoric of liberalism had already established the idea that we can change our own destiny w/o any institutional or systematic change; 2) people became more vulnerable to public opinion becu of the separation from community; 3) during the industrial revolution, the ideology of scientific management, the emergence of a consumer society, and the boom in advertising established and then distributed a widespread distaste for fat.



it's amazing to look at how many capitalist institutions are now either partially or entirely dependant upon fat hate & fear of fat. these institutions include: the diet industry (duh, hello), the medical and insurance industries, the clothing industry, the food industry in general, the advertising industry (which also means the media, since they're dependant on ads, so if they depict positive views of fat they'll lose their accounts w/ jenny craig et al...), and probably more though i can't even think of any more industries right now.

it's also interesting to look at more recent economic trends, and how they have contributed to the reinforcement of fat oppression. like the shift towards a service economy that began in (i think) the 1970s (this meant that there were more jobs that provided services [like fast food workers, etc] rather than actually producing something concrete [like factory workers]). this service industry gave rise to more things like diet centers, diet consultants, exercise trainers, and the like... i'm interested in learning more about current economic trends and figuring out how to tie this stuff together. i have to admit that economics and that kinda shit isn't really my strong point, but i'm learning. and i think that when we put it into a political-economic framework and look at the ways it directly affects our lives, it can be really inspirational and, hopefully, transformative.

yay, it's done! okay dudes,  
you just GOTTA WRITE TO ME ABT  
this so it can be worthwhile!  
♥nomz

x  
i get some awesome  
mail sometimes...  
this is an excerpt  
FROM a letter i got

---

"One thing I've noticed is that all the things it's cool and cultish to eschew as punkers (meat, dairy--things foodwise) are really fat-laden, and I don't think it's a coincidence that the COOL, PUNK ROCK CONDONED diet is one with almost zero fat, ~~ex~~ i.e. the more aware you are, the thinner you are (yyeah, I know that isn't a necessary conclusion, considering body-differences, but that's a generalization. And obviously a stupid & wrongheaded one on the part of whoever wrote the punk rock rulebook.) I mean, what would happen if all the kids and everybody started saying "ok, no more fruits or veggies b/c we all know how they exploit the farm workers, and from now on we can only eat dairy and meat and lard-infused junk food?" ?????Everybody (or a lot of people, anyway) would get a whole lot bigger, and the punker fashion plate image would have to change pretty drastically. With the "real world" (meaning the non-punk world of magazines and politicians and television game shows) the way it is, nobody would want to take pictures of all the fat punk kids, because they would not be considered charming and waifish anymore. So in a way, the skinny diet and image thing gets us a certain tacit approval; from the mainstream media ("the look for fall includes punk-inspired shoes hats blah nah schmah") and from the parts of ourselves that internalize fat fear."

by  
7B192x PLUMB

# poem for my ancestors

(first among many)

this is ancestral memory  
things i can't prove  
(proof being numbers; proof being the very things that have been stolen;  
don't ask for proof)

you who knew famine  
speak through this body  
your voices are still clear  
(though i've grown up with ears full of denial, couldn't hear)  
f l e s h   b e l i e s   a n c e s t r y .

i'm still looking for proof  
(so little has been passed on)  
i attach your names  
to faces and stories  
from books and movies.  
"she looks just like \_\_\_\_\_" they say.  
i don't recognise the name.  
i make up stories:

you who knew famine  
(survivor genes lived in preservation, wisdom and belief)  
you said, you said  
"they will never know hunger."  
speaking of generations  
now bent on self-destruction  
(that's me, that's me melting it away like survival means nothing)  
"they will never know hunger."  
i cling to this  
gauging what's been stolen:  
the definition of assimilation:

(one for the burning  
(two for the language  
(three for the teachings  
(four for the memory  
(five for community  
(six for my body  
))))))

count it all out on a scale of suffering  
like we count lost flesh  
like we count calories  
and i've been taught to kill  
the survivor bred in me  
taught to kill your memory.

there are things i know  
and have to trust  
there are things i know  
and have to trust  
there are things i know...

(i can't kill your gift  
i've tried but i can't do it)

i have no guilt,  
i seek pleasure... seek  
wholeness and fulfillment  
allow myself desire and  
desire and desire and desire  
and beauty inside this womanbody

beauty that touches touches  
this skin this skin of this  
woman body... with this beauty

with this desire  
we

understand.

with this beauty  
with this desire  
we understand  
we understand  
the skin that touches desire  
find wholeness  
and fulfillment  
and passion and life



just like the movies. by kim fern.

it all reminds me of that movie "eating" where all these women go to this party and there's all this food at the tables and all the women sit there forever and a day and no one touches the food, they all just sit uncomfortably eyeing it. you, the audience, know they all want some yet they just sit there, and there's this big unspoken about silence with the food. like it's this big looming evil villain but yet everyone is trying so hard to pretend that it doesn't exist. that it will go away with time. but it doesn't. cuz no one is touching it and it just sits on the tables and how is it supposed to just disappear if no one eats any of it? and the whole time half of the audience is just screaming "eat! what is wrong with them? why aren't they eating if they're hungry?" while the other half of the audience remains quiet cuz they know the answers to their questions. they understand it cuz it is them. it is their life.

but this time it's not the movie. it's real life. it's the party i'm at and i'm in complete and utter awe of how similar that movie is with what's going on. it's almost exactly alike. 20 women all sitting around talking about basically nothing cuz their minds can't get off of the food that's behind them. they try to have good conversations but their attempts fail cuz their minds are too preoccupied with all the food. and i have to admit it, i'm preoccupied with it too. almost obsessed. wanting to eat and eat and eat but yet knowing what will happen if i do. all the guilt. all the self hatred. and the purging that will have to come cuz of them. but then i check myself and get so mad cuz i know so much better. i know that eating does not equal bad. that eating a lot does not equal bad. that gaining weight and being fat is not bad. could never be bad. so i force myself to get up. go to the table. prepare myself for putting my mine and others theory into practice. showing these 20 women that it is okay to eat. that it doesn't have to be this evil force that makes our lives miserable. i'm hungry (and i know they are too) so i am going to eat. period. so i go to the table, dump all the food that looks appealing onto my plate and sit back down.

they all look at me. half in awe, half in contempt. i take a bite and say "ummmm, this is sooooo good" and then say "you should try da some" and they stare. and i keep talking to show them it's okay to eat. that eating doesn't have to be guilt or self hating and end up in purging that night. and i guess that i'm trying to convince myself too cuz i know how easy it is to say one thing yet think and feel another. so i guess i was am doing it for me as well. and i sit there, finally able to relax, and talk about what i want to talk about cuz i didn't let food get in the way.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN VARIABLES X AND Y.

(OR, NOMY PRETENDS SHE'S HAVING A CONVERSATION)

variable x: how do you feel?

variable yy weird. numb.

x: do you wanna talk about it?

y: about what?

x: well, why don't you just talk about your night, and we can go from there.

y: ugh. okay. well i guess the evening started when i put on my swanky black tank dress, fishnets,, fancy shoes, etc., and left the house.

x: how did you feel then?

y: what are you, my therapist? good. i felt good. (shrug)

x: okay... (raised eyebrows, waiting...)

y: yeah, i felt good. i thought i looked good. i thought "tonight's gonna be fun. i'll meet and talk to people."

x: did you?

y: well, i ~~x~~ saw an old friend of mine, and we were standing on the corner talking, and this guy walked by and said in this evilmean voice "god, you're fat."

x: (looks shocked and concerned) what did you do?

y: i didn't know what to do. my friend yelled "asshole!" i said "woo-hoo!" effective, eh?

x: god, that must have been devastating.

y: but the thing is that it SHOULDNT be anymore, you know? i mean, i've dealt with all that. mostly i was embarrassed cuz there were lots of people around and i didn't defend myself like i should've. i couldn't think of anything to say, i didn't know how to "show him." i just let him walk away.

x: so the people around you were probably thinking "oh, poor girl..."

y: exactly! i wasn't able to prove myself, you know? it's so frustrating!

x: what do you wish you had done?

y: i don't know, it's that whole "after the fact" thing, but the thing is, i couldn't think up the perfect response, even when it was too late! i don't know what i should've done, yell "too much woman for you!" ? ~~hahaha~~ that's so cheesy! how could i let him know that he wasn't fucking hurting me, he wasn't saying anything new?

x: yeah, totally...

y: i wish ii'd punched him. but i'm afraid he woulda kicked my ass...

x: oh, i doubt it! you're pretty strong.

x: oh, i doubt it! you're pretty strong.

y: well, i dunno, i don't know how to throw a punch... but that's a whole nother story. no, here's what i wish: i wish i'd just happend to have a can of mace in my hand, and yelled "excuse me sir, i think you forgot something" then fucking sprayed him in the face when he turned ~~around~~ around...

x: (laughter)

y: that's pretty unrealistic... i don't even own any mace. and i probably would've sprayed everyone else around me. plus, the thing is that he was totally indifferent to me. he probably wouldn't even have turnd around, he didn't care whether or not i responded...

x: he just said what he wanted to and kept on walking...

y: ~~any~~yeah, and i was left standing there, trying to keep my dignity in front of my friends and all these other people. and of course those people - not to mention the fuckerguy - don't know that i'm this ~~big~~ big fat-activist. they just see this fat girl standing there in shock, trying to laugh it off.

x: so it sounds like you were more hurt by not being able defend yourself than you were by the comment itself.

y: yeah, i mean he didn't say anything profound or anything i didn't already know. i know he was trying to insult me, but there's no reason why i have to take it that way.

x: well that's good that it didn't affect yr self-esteem, in that way, at least.

y: yeah, except... well except that it did. i mean, i know i shouldn't let it, but i'm thinking "wow, why did that happen to me today rather than any other day? is it this outfit? does this dress make me look fat?" which is just ridiculous, cuz dude, i mean i look fat no matter what the fuck i'm wearing, you know? i'm fat, there's no dispute about that! (both laugh)

x: yeah, but i know what you mean.

y: so then i went to this show, and, you know, i was trying not to let what happened phase me, but it's always there anyway... so it was there EXPECIALLY tonight. and i feel like at shows i'm so fucking conspicuous. like not ~~only~~ only am i THE (only) fat girl, i'm the only girl dancing. i'm the dancing fat girl. feel like i should wear a fucking sign or something!

x: (laughter) "hi, don't mind me, i'm just the dancing fat girl!" haha.

y: right! and it's weird, cuz i was feeling like such an ~~an~~ outsider in the first place... i was there by myself,

and while i knew almost everybody there, i wasn't really "friends" with any of them... and like i was sitting next to this girl who i had met the night before - i fucking danced during her band when NOBODY else was dancing - and she wouldn't even make eye contact with me, she totally ignored me... so the situation was weird anyways, then i was feeling really conspicuous for being the ONLY fat girl there, and you know the "cool" look in oly is to be totally emaciated and shit...

x: like that's so different from anywhere else...

y: duh! yyeah, it's so annoying! so like i'm the only fat girl in a room full of skinny glamour queens, and i have this earlier thing that happened on my mind, adn the bands were good so i was dancing, but for most of the night i was the only person dancing and i couldn't help thinking "man, what are all these people thinking of me?"

x: yeah, it's hard not to feel self-conscious when you feel so conspicuous...

y: yeah, and i feel like, FUCK THAT. i'm through with that mindset. i'm fat, that's not changing, and i like to dance so i'm gonna. people are gonna have to get used to seeing fat people doin' shit, cuz we're not going away, and it's about time we stopped letting our fat (and fear of ridicule) stop us from doing things that are fun.

x: right on.

y: sorry, sometimes i can't seem to talk without spewing slogans. jesus h.

x: saying things that are empowering sound like slogans a lot of the time... doesn't make it less sincere.

y: true... (pause) i looked good tonight, right?

x: yes. don't stop wearing that dress, it looks great on you.

y: thought so. (pause)

x: you seem distracted. what are you doing?

y: i'm sitting here in my nightshirt teaching myself how to blow smoke-rings.

x: are you doing it?

y: yes! i haven't been able to do it in public yet, and it's not consistent, but i'm doing it.

x: and you know, blowing smoke-rings is something that fat people are told they shouldn't be able to do...

y: (laughter) shut up! are you making fun of me?

x: sorry.

y: it's okay, dude. thanks for making me talk.

Imagine that you are fat. (MAYBE YOU ARE) Imagine that you are terrified that people will look at your body, see your body, see that it is a part of you. (YOU ARE, YOU ARE) Imagine that you walk onto a stage. (MAYBE YOU HAVE. MAYBE YOU HAVE, BUT WAS IT LIKE THIS WERE YOU FAT? WERE YOU AFRAID?) This is what you say:

Thin girls wear

T<sup>ight</sup> B<sup>lack</sup> P<sup>ants</sup>

W<sup>hite</sup> B<sup>elts</sup>

P<sup>unk</sup> R<sup>ock</sup> B<sup>leached</sup> H<sup>air</sup>

S<sup>mall</sup> S<sup>hirts</sup>

S<sup>ize</sup>

S<sup>mall</sup>

size small

Thin girls play in bands

Thin girls are stylish

Punk rock aesthetic says | I DON'T FIT |

I don't fit I don't fit

size small

Punk rock and bridesmaid dresses

don't come in my size



THIS IS NOT  
A MARKETABLE



commodity.

""this is a conversation between myself (nomy), and my fabulous friend mary. both of us have had jobs in the sex industry (though vastly different) and we decided to tape this conversation about size issues in the sex industry, and lots of other stuff too.

---

NOMY: well most of my knowledge about the sex trade comes from working at strip-a-gram, doing phone sales, and that's like a really... like that part of the sex trade is really high-class. this is where wives call and order strippers to come and strip down to their underwear. they have men too, but it's mostly bachelor parties, most of the girls look like barbie dolls, and it's very, like, when i would sell shows i'd say "it's a really fun show." and then also through just talking to friends of mine who are strippers, but i don't know much about prostitution or other aspects of the sex trade.

MARY: it's weird because what i know about the sex trade is really limited to peep shows or clubs because of so many of my friends who work in them. but at the same time i've been thinking about this piece that i did as a spoken word on this record that me and erika and angie put out, and it's about being a prostitute. and my entire life growing up, i was really fascinated with prostitution, but i really feel like it's an unfair representation of prostitutes cuz first of all in my piece i'm like "oh, i got paid three hundred dollars" and like prostitutes rarely get paid three hundred dollars for fucking somebody, like the scale's totally different. like i try to think of how that ties into my particular upbringing, whereas just like a typical romanticization of prostitution for little girls in this country, i saw my options and opportunities limited more so. possibly that has to do with growing up working class in grimy cities. plus my dad's a total hussler and his whole thing was about making as much money as fast as fucken possible. plus i wasn't given the space to ever conceive of myself as sexually desirable. like the way that sex was introduced into my life. so i was thinking about that piece and i really have a lot of problems with it because i don't know anything about street prostitution from first hand experience but i felt that i tried to make the tone of the piece from the perspective of a fascinated young girl in awe. but i don't think that it came across that way and i feel like there's so many prostitutes and sex workers that really don't feel like they have a legitimate voice in this culture talking about their/our own experiences cuz ours is such a fictionalized profession and that just adds to the oppression and voicelessness of fucken female sex workers in this country, and like how i really feel like that piece contributes to that whole thing. but so, where does my voice

fit in as a sex worker now? because i wrote that piece before i had actually started working this business, where do the voices of real sex workers fit in? into talking about pornography, the fight for making sex work legal and decriminalized in this country, or even a legitimized or okay shameless career.

N: you were saying the other night, about with stripping, fat women generally, like the only time they get work as strippers is as a joke, but with prostitution it doesn't matter usually... (?)

M: well the way that fat women's sexuality is "allowed" in the sex trade is as a joke or as a fetish but i was thinking about the conditions that fat women are in in the sex industry that i don't even know about that i wasn't thinking about. and that there are fat women that work in dingier clubs or as prostitutes. and i don't mean dingier clubs like SICK because i've worked in those same places, but they're just the places that don't attract high-class men, so you're not getting tipped the same, you're basically making less money. like i was thinking about carol leigh who's a prostitutes' rights activist who's totally not all barbie doll. she's fat. where does fat oppression fall into the sex industry under the control of men - and there are parts of the sex industry that aren't controlled by men - but because the sex industry exists under patriarchy, duh, and woman hate and fucken fat hate, the sex industry is all about fucked up size rules. even parts that are more controlled by women (certain kinds of prostitution) aren't so great. like the last place i worked, most women won't work in those kinds of places, cuz the money's really shitty, the hours are really long, the fucken whole relationship between you and the customer is weird for girls that would work in nice chatty clubs. i mean working in a club it's like "hi how are you this evening" - there's small talk. this is the type of place, where i work, there's fucking cum all over the floor, it fucken stinks, it's really dirty. and they hire anybody because, or anybody within certain limits, because not very many women will work there. the first place i worked the hiring was done by men and most of the girls were white, and i was the largest girl there. and the second place i worked was run by a woman who had been a dancer for twenty years, and she hired, as much as she could, an equal number of black girls and white girls, and because of that, the whole body spectrum was changed because black women's bodies were a part of the spectrum now and i wasn't the biggest girl there and i wasn't the only one shaped the way that i'm shaped. also she did the hiring but it's still really controlled by the customers and her boss. because i didn't last very long. cuz if you were skinny and had nice tits and a heart shaped ass and blonde hair, A) what the hell were you doing there? cuz you could get a job at fucken top shelf, and B) you were gonna have that job a long time. doesn't matter if you're showing up on time. whereas i could never be late or extra mouthy. but men don't necessarily go into peep shows to see barbie dolls but at

don't necessarily go into peep shows to see barbie dolls

the same time that does happen to be the more popular attraction.

i (usually) weigh 175 lbs. and am about 5'8". this all comes in a "curvy" or "shapely" package. my ass could shelve a six-pack of cold beer and my tits largely exceed the perfect handful.

my body was made for fucking fast and hard, oh baby what i'd do to you if i was on the other side of this glass! i'd tear your shit apart (mumble mumble groan whimper ooh oh ahh ah)  
- fuck me fuck me - hold still cum squirt it all over the floor. see ya next week.

N: also another thing i've been thinking about is just like - i don't know which magazines, it might even be hustler - but there's always like photographs of fat women in there because i think for one thing because they have really big tits. and oh my god this women has like

M: double z...

N: like 45 inch tits, something like that. and i think it's seen as being really "raunchy" or something, a big fascination. so i know that exists in printed form. i was wondering if that exists in strip clubs...

M: it's funny because in most situations where i was working, and i would be the biggest girl on the shift - which was most every single time i worked - men would tell me how a lot of the time they did not like skinny women. and they hated that whole thing in the sex trade, and they don't like fucking skinny women and that's not attractive to them. they like women that are "sturdy." in the gentlemen's pages in chicago, which is a resource for all the businesses in the city, there's tons of ads of fat women advertising themselves, and like phone sex and massage maybe. and those seem, and i'm saying seem because you can't tell from an ad who's in control, that that's something that they've done themselves that they're in charge of. and it's like i think it sucks, and i don't know if this seems far fetched, but it sucks for fat women in the industry that are totally confined to roles of what their sexuality is, i mean it's like that for all women in the industry, but with fat women, it totally plays itself out in its own way. but i think it also sucks for men, for the consumers of the sex trade who have the desire to legitimize the desire and the sexuality of fat people, i really feel strongly about that. the fucken consumers of the sex world are really fucken empty people most of the time, or like not even empty people, but really sad and also feel like they don't have very much power to their ability to have healthy meaningful relationships with women, they feel compulsive about porn. and using the sex trade as an outlet for your sexuality, there isn't very much outside the world of skinny, and that is very confining. does that seem far-fetched to you?

N: no, no i think that's true. like i'm thinking about the roles that fat women are allowed to play in the sex industry, and the ways that men are allowed to react to them, and it's like, either she's a joke or she's like this raunchy fetish. and then i'm thinking about men who maybe truly are attracted to fat women but feel like that's "gross" of them or something, and like turn it into this whole fetish thing - like i'll read things about clubs where men who are attracted to fat women but who are married go and pick up fat women and have sex and go home...

M: so it's prostitution?

N: not prostitution, cuz they're not getting paid. but it's like men who have a fetish for fat women but want their socially acceptable skinny wife, they go to these naafa dances (or whatever), pick up fat women, fuck, go home. it's their "secret life" or whatever. but something about fat strippers being made into jokes in clubs is like, it's so socially unacceptable to be attracted to fat women that even men who might be attracted to fat women might feel pressured into treating it as a joke.

M: i think one thing that totally would make the sex industry more inclusive of women's real bodies - and that doesn't just mean body size, i'm talking completely about body color and especially the way that black women are sexualized, and asian and latina women, there's a lot of racial stereotypes that are really confining of women's real sexuality - would be if women were a bigger consumer of porn, which would have to mean that we would not be sexually repressed in this country. like if porn was more geared towards women, then things would start to change. and for me personally, that [barbie doll] is not attractive, any desire in my head that finds only that kind of body sexually attractive comes from another source. i really don't find myself attracted to that slim version of women (no pun intended). or i don't find myself attracted to the cheesiness in porn, the disco lighting. and if fucken other types of sexuality were represented, and i'm not just talking bisexuality, cuz the way that's fucken dealt with - and lesbianism - is grossly fetishized. if other types of sexuality were represented, the market would be so different. i really want to make porn movies by the way. i think i'd be really good at it.

N: well one thing i was thinking about, for me, like i worked doing phone sales (not sex). and like that's a really weird thing - probably a lot of fat women do phone sex and other things like that where it's like you're totally removed and you can say whatever you want and have a really good phone voice... at strip-a-gram people were always like "oh c'mon, you be my dancer. i'll tip you a hundred bucks if you'll be my dancer" when i know that if i fucken showed up as their dancer they'd shit their pants. that was really hard for me, it was really hard for me to be in that situation and not really be able to say anything - what would i say possibly? like i would be on



the phone trying to make a sale and have someone be like "oh make sure there's no fat chicks." that would happen all the time and i couldn't exactly be like FUCK YOU. occasionally i'd say really cheesy things like "i see you haven't discovered the joys of large women"

M: that's awesome

N: totally cheesy things like that, it totally depended on how spontaneous or brave i was feeling

M: that's what a lot of sex work is, is total spontaneity. like depending on your mood. i would get customers who would say really dumb shit to me, not even so much offensive because so little really offends me these days. i came up with such witty fucken lines all the time, and that's part of my personality as a stripper, part of my draw. a lot of guys came back for me because i treated them in a way that took them seriously, but in a way that was not taking them seriously at all. like i totally joked with them all the time and kind of paid attention to them, but not in the typical "i'm paying attention to you" way. i feel cut off from my customers just having glass between us, because there's no like, fucken foreplay you know, it's all come in, drop yer pants, i'll take off what's left of my clothes and we'll get to it, and that whole setup got kinda hard for me after a while because i felt really totally cut off and if there's some other angle i wanted to try, i couldn't. and with phone sex, i feel like there's similar aspects maybe, because you can't see them at all. and i'm sure people call strip-a-gram all the time thinking it's phone sex...

N: oh totally yeah. i never actually gave them phone sex cuz they'd be just getting it for free and i'd still be getting \$5 an hour, but i sometimes wanted to just to see if i could, what i would say. i've totally thought about wanting to do phone sex cuz it's a way to make a lot of money and i think it would be really easy for me cuz i have lots of phone experience and i'm a good actor. but there's nothing like that in olympia, and that's really the only sex work that i could ever do because i'm fat and disabled. and i'd be interested to know, cuz i'm totally sure that most of the women working phone sex, i'm sure that no woman there looks like a barbie doll. i'm interested in working in the sex trade and while strip-a-gram was really hard on me in a lot of ways it was also really cool cuz it made me think about and deal with sex and sexuality - maybe in weird ways, but also in some really good ways. like a normal conversation at work would give me total insight into the ways people think about sex and what is attractive etc. also i really liked working with women who were doing the sex work cuz they were awesome and fun (well, some of them) and added to my life in other ways that jobs just don't. so anyway, i've been thinking about doing phone sex for a long time, and me molly and val have been talking about starting a collectively owned and run phone sex line and that's one of the few places that i, being fat and disabled, can work in the sex industry.

M: it's also possible that barbie doll styles are doing phone sex, it's not just a this/that kind of a thing. because a lot of the women that look like that who work in peep shows do it because they don't want to be in such close contact with men and they just really hate doing it. and it's weird to like sex work, as i do, because so many girls that you work with internalize all this shit so much that there's no room to like their jobs and it's just the money. it's always just the money, but like i've been trying to figure out ways it's affecting us other than just the money. one thing that doing sex work, for me, and this sounds completely anti-feminist or what-fucken-ever, but it's really helped me to become more confident about my sexuality because - obviously in really weird ways - because i've seen men grovel at me. but i feel more in control of having the right to my body and being like "no you can't see this part of me," "no you can't see my fucken cunt right now cuz you're not paying me enough." or you're treating me like shit so you're not gonna get the fucken jack off that you wanna get, because i'm not satisfied. and whatever form that comes in in my life. i feel like i am more assertive about it, i'm more aware of it as a factor in my life with people, with men especially. and that's capitalistic definitely, and that's not something i hold dearly to in my sexuality, like that's something i have to find a balance for, and i'm working on, and i need to be given the fucken space to do that. i see the amount of what somebody gets for nothing, and that somebody's usually the same man cuming over and over, whether he's a customer or my last boyfriend. there is an unequal distribution of wealth in this country, and that means

there is too much free pussy too. it sucks because i've totally commodified relationships that i've been in, viewing them as a commodity in those terms, and i feel like that's been somewhat unfair to the men that i've been involved with that don't want to view our relationship like that. but at the same time, it was a way for me to express feeling unsatisfied.

p.s. fat girl #4 has an awesome article by a fat sex worker.

(★ thanks, MARY, FOR DOING  
THIS W/ ME & FOR TRANSCRIBING IT...  
& FOR BEING SO FUCKN AWESOME! (XO)



# zine reviews

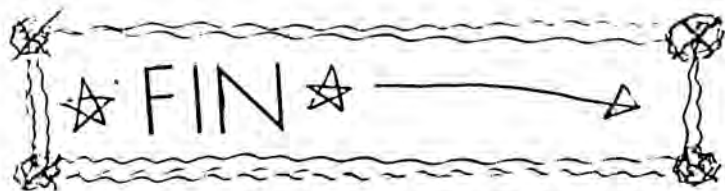
FAT!SO? - "for people who don't apologize for their size" - po box 423464/ san fran, ca 94142... \$3.50

this zine presents fat politics from a kinda fun, jokey, anecdotal way most of the time. marylin (woops, sp) wann is the editor, and the zine itself is a collection of stories, interviews, poetry, art, etc., all by/about fat people. it's getting better w/ each issue - issue #3 has some great tips on how to be a "fatao" - "#2) correct people when they use euphemisms for the word 'fat'. say 'i prefer fat. it's more polite.'" i can't really see myself calling myself a "fatso", i dunno, not glamorous enough for me or something, but other than that i find this zine to be totally right on. i know it's expensive, but if you can afford it, get it, cuz marylyn's doing some great stuff.

Fat GIRL - "a zine for fat dykes and the women who want them" - 2215 market st. #193/ sanfran, ca 94114 ... \$5.

this zine looks more like a magazine, which explains its high price - and i'm telling you right now, it's totally fucking worth it. there have been (i think) 4 issues so far, and i swear to you that each one is, like, vital to yr existence. okay, really, this zine is challenging and exciting, as well as really supportive and inspiring.

it gives voice to a diverse group of fat dykes, talking abt fat dyke politics in a really inclusive and interconnected way. just today i read this roundtable discussion on class and fat from issue #4, and that's something i really like abt this zine, is the way it uses different formats and genres for communications, and also the way they talk about issues as being connected. but possibly the best part of Fat GIRL is all the racy pictures of fat girls doin' it.



okay i'm writing the conclusion now even though i'm still not really done w/ the zine (still waiting on a contribution). i'm listening to peter, paul & mary on a stereo that belongs to molly, and she just moved out so the stereo's leaving soon. as of today i'm living alone which means that i have my own space for the first time in a year and a half. it's weird & exciting. i'm hoping that i'll be able to do more writing now, and do more schoolwrk. (i'm in this awesome program at evergreen called "art, culture & politics of the americas" & i'm going to chile this spring w/ one of my professors & other students. fukn exciting!) enyhoo...

i have a few more things i wanna say before this zine is done. #1) if i get one more letter that says "i totally agree w//you that we shouldn't judge on appearances" then i'm gonna kick some butt cuz that's not what i'm saying. like first of all it's a gross oversimplification of fat liberation to say it's just about "not judging on appearances" or "x looking at what's on the inside, not the outside." cuz like for one thing, fat oppression isn't just about "appearances," for another thing, those of us who DO have sight fukn relyx on that sense to tell us a lot about the world, and for a third thing, what i choose to do w/ my body & my appearance says a lot about me (OBVIOUSLY NOT everything), and i think that this line of thinking of ignoring people's appearances is a total cop-out. like rather than fundamentally restructuring the ideas about what's supposed to be "attractive" we should just ignore the whole subject. ? well whatever to that. so if that's all you got outta my zines, then please reread them cuz i hope to god that i'm saying something a little more deep than that.

another thing is that i often get letters from people that say "i agree w/ you, but right now i'm trying to lose weight for such and such a reason..." of course it's their right to do whatever the fuck they wanna do, and it's not my place to be all dogmatic about determining other people's life choices, but those letters are really hard for me to read. on a personal level, they're hard for me to read cuz i feel personally betrayed - it makes me feel really alone and sad. but also it scares me

cuz i feel like maybe people dont realize how dangerous and unhealthy dieting and weight fluctuation can be...



like it's so counter-productive (both mind-wise & body-wise), especially if the goal of losing weight is to be more "healthy." health is a good goal, insofar as understanding our bodies' needs, eating good foods, using our bodies productively, etc., but if losing weight is the objective, it just seems like in the long run it's a losing battle (no pun intended). i don't mean to sound preachy, so i'll stop talking about this now, but it just scares the shit outta me.

okay, #3 important thing:

many of you know that i'm a total shit-head about answering mail. i have boxes of mail to answer, but lack of time, motivation, stamps, and copies of my zines keeps me really behind on my mail. i'm trying to fix this, so from now on DON'T ORDER ZINES DIRECTLY FROM ME!!! this will give me more time to answer real mail. instead, there are several zine distributors that you can get my zine from (and many other good zines - ask for a catalog!) here's a few:

riot grrrl press (u.s.)  
2501 lincoln ave. box #261  
chicago, il 60614

riotgrrrl press (CANADA ONLY)  
box 33-345 e. broadway  
vancouver, b.c.  
v5t 1w5  
canada

GERILL  
656 w. aldine ave #3  
chicago, il 60657

write to ME about the zine, w/  
critique, ideas, whatever. i'll  
try to do better about answering those kinds of letters,  
and i really do wanna hear from you... 120 state n.e.#1510  
oly, wa 98501

\*\*\*\*\*last night me and molly had this big party cuz we know lots of awesome people but i never feel like i have a real COMMUNITY in olympia, so we wanted to get a lot of these people in the same room together. i dunno how successful the party was, but it was a step. i'm trying hard to reach out to people and do coalition work, i'm trying to get more involved w/ things like the youth aids prevention projects in oly, the disabled student group on campus, and other political action groups. \*i also really wanna do co-counseling, along w// some other close friends. the friends we know who do co-counseling say it's gonna change the world, and i think it's something that we really need. if you haven't heard of co-counseling, you might wanna check it out. \*yeah, i'm trying to integrate my life/history/politics/etc in a way that is fulfilling for myself and my relationships.

anyway this is one piece.

thanks.  $\times$   $\heartsuit$  you xovromy

The photo on the cover is of me, &  
was taken by Molly Z. xoxo



nomy "bam bam" lamm  
120 state n.e. #1510  
olympia, wa 98501

i'm trying to paint a portrait.

paint myself raw and real;  
(what am i hiding with my words?)

a picture says a thousand words: this picture tells the story of a white/jewish middle-class queer/disabled/fat girl and the toll that american capitalist ideology has taken on her teenage dream wishworld. is it only blankness in her eyes, trying to emulate the supermodel paperdolls she loves to hate? or do you see fear, shame? insight - does she know her place in the heirarchy of blame?

is there a banner w/ a catchy slogan plastered above my head?

money for  
the man.

there's nowhere  
to hide, lets talk.

this is my slogan: fuck slogans:  
i wanna understand.