

are more my size or larger than me....When I was younger, and did date women that were a lot slimmer than me—really small, and really androgynous...My abuse stuff really didn't come up at all. I felt so much more physically in control of the situation in a lot of ways. I don't know if I've reached a point in my life where I'm just more in tune with myself in so many ways. I don't know if there's a correlation, but now I'm definitely more into being lovers with women who are closer to my size. I mean, it's nice to be able to borrow clothes....

[Laughter...]

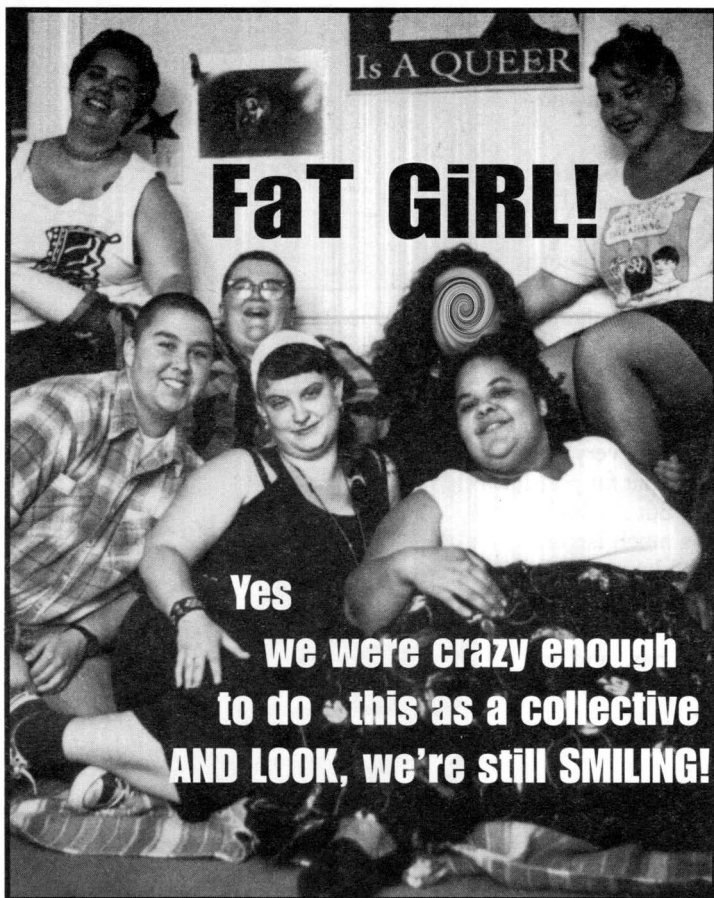
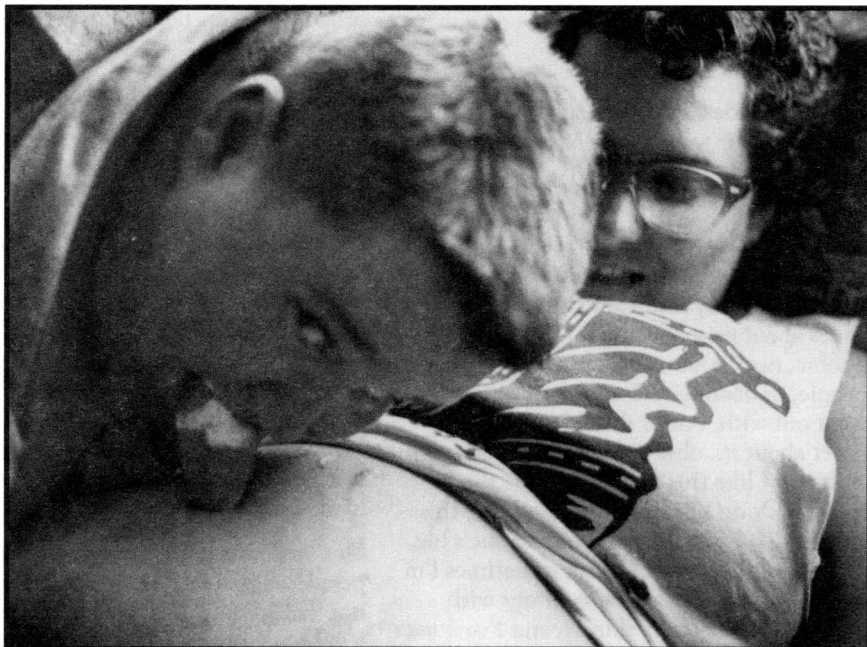
B: We just have more similar interests, and also I'm more attracted to them. But also, more abuse stuff has come up in my life recently, and I think that maybe I'm more ready to deal with facing people closer to my size or being able to share that physical intimacy. It's a really different intimacy when you're with someone who's a lot smaller than you. Different things come up for me than when I'm dealing with a HUGE, voluptuous woman...and you have to share the bed.

[Lecherous laughter.]

C: There's never as much bed space.

S: Well, MY skinny girlfriend takes up plenty of bedspace....

[along with] my ten-pound cat...✱

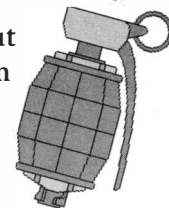


Back L to R: Barbarism, Max, Raquel, Candida Front L to R: Oso, Selena, April Not Pictured: Elizabeth, Bertha

HELPFUL HINT

Hysterical Pregnancy and Insta-Birthing:

Next time someone harasses you about being fat or looking pregnant, give 'em what they're asking for. Turn your back and look downward (giving them the misleading appearance that they've made you feel humiliated and horrible about yourself), and stuff whatever you might be carrying into your clothing. Then, turn the tables on your unsuspecting victim(s) by clutching your bulging, padded gut and stumbling towards him/her with an arm outstretched, moaning and grunting: "Help me! I'm going to have my baby!" The louder the better. The fat-phobe will look frightened and confused, but don't let him/her get away!



The piece-de-resistance comes when you squat and grunt and give birth to whatever you were able to stash away under your clothes. Best results if you can pull it out from between your legs— especially if you pre-plan the action and have a bloody barbie doll, used tampon, or groceries (Hostess Twinkies, fresh tomatoes, and shaken cans of soda work well when plopped to the ground). And remember, the more the merrier! (Friends having multiple simultaneous births makes for a more blessed event.)✱