

FAT GiRL

\$5

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



Hot Photos

Stories

Rants

Smut

Hints

Comics

Resources

& Much More!!!

FaT GiRL is:

AGGRESSIVE•ANDROGYNOUS•**ANGRY**•**BOLD**•**BIG**•**BUTCH**•BUXOM•CELEBRATORY•CHALLENGING•CHARMING•COMIC RELIEF•COMMUNITY BUILDING•CREATIVE•CRITICAL•**DIVERSE**•DYKE-IDENTIFIED•FAGGY•**FAT**•FAT POSITIVE•femme•FEMINIST•FLESHY•FOR YOU•FOUND NEXT TO YOUR VIBRATOR•FUN•FUNNY•GOOFY•HAIRY•HOT•hungry•IN YOUR FACE•INTROSPECTIVE•**JIGGLY**•JOLLY•JOYOUS•KIKI•KINKY•LOTS & LOTS OF FUN•MAKING ROOM•MORE FUN•NERDY•NON-JUDGEMENTAL•OPEN TO DIFFERING DYKE SEXUALITIES•OPEN MINDED•**PACKING**•PERVERSE•POLITICAL•**POWERFUL**•**RADICAL**•REFLECTIVE•RESOURCEFUL•S/M-POSITIVE•SASSY•**SEX-POSITIVE**•**SEXY**•SILLY•SMART•**SMUTTY**•STEAMY•**STICKY**•TAKING UP SPACE•TALKING ABOUT HARD THINGS•TRANS-POSITIVE•TWISTED•UNAPOLOGETIC•VIBRANT•VISUAL•WET•WIERD•**WITTY**•WORLD-CHANGING•XXXXXXXXXXL.

FaT GiRL SEEKS:

activities•advertising•advice•articles•cartoons•centerfold•comics•contests•drawings•experiments•fantasy•fashion•fat sightings•fat-girl actions•fat-positive medical advice•gossip•hardware tips•high-quality•home-improvements•hot sex•inspirations•investigative reporting•job-discrimination info. letters•media watch•news•no comment•personals•photos•poetry•quizzes•rants•raves•reader responses•real life•recipes•resources•reviews•sex parties•smut•stories•swap info. toy advice★

FAT GIRL

Fat Girl is a zine for and about Fat Dykes. Fat Girl seeks to create a broad-based dialogue which both challenges and informs our notions of Fat-Dyke identity. We encourage dialogue based on our lived experiences as fat women, recognizing that our lives are various and multi-faceted. Fat Girl is produced by an eclectic collective of Fat Dykes. We come in all shapes and sizes; from diverse ethnic cultures and different class backgrounds. Producing Fat Girl is a political act; we want your participation. Submit your daily experiences getting from here to there; your fictional explorations; your whimsical reminiscences; your sarcastic diatribes; your songs of laughter and tears of anger and pain; your non-linear meanderings; your artistic endeavors: wood cuts, drawings, photos, rubber stamps, cartoons; your hard-hitting investigative journalism; your hot sexual forays from the perverse to the sublime; your tales of gender play; news; reviews; announcements; letters; gossip and encouragement.

Contributors to this issue: Amiee Ross, A. Hernandez, April Miller, Barbarism, Bertha Pearl, Beth Savage, Bethaniel, Candida Albicans Royale, Cathy Cade, Debbie Ann Wertheim, Drew, Elizabeth Stark, Erin O'Neill, Fish, Heather MacAllister, JJ Whitehurst, JoNelle Toriseva, Laura Johnston, XXXXXX, Lea Arellano, Max Airborne, Oso, Raquel, Selena, Sondra Solovay, Syndee Branton.

Layout crew: April, Barbarism, Max & Selena.

Thanks to the following fine folks for all of their invaluable help getting Fat Girl together: Jennifer Brooks, Judy Freespirit, Jux, Fish, Christine DePedro, Erin O'Neill, Kane Scarlett, Laura Johnston, Mitch Markstein, Nicola Ginzler, sappho@apocalypse.org, all the people who answered our zillion questions, everyone who bared their soul filling out the survey, and all the brave dykes who gave us encouragement when we handed them a flyer.

For inspiration, we'd like to thank Brat Attack, Dorothy Allison, Elana Dykewomon, Emma Goldman, FactSheet Five, Love & Rockets (esp. for Maggie), John Waters, Patti Smith, Queen (for Fat-Bottomed Girls), and a very special thanks to Fat Dykes everywhere, for making it this far: This zine is for you.

Write to us for ad rates and submission guidelines. Deadline for the next issue is December 1, 1994.

This issue was lovingly printed by Punks With Presses in Oakland, CA; first run 2000 copies. We did it on a Macintosh with the help of Quark XPress, Adobe Photoshop, Microsoft Word, and FileMaker Pro.

This issue ©1994 Fat Girl Publishing. All rights belong to individual artists.

Disclaimer: Some of the work published here may depict unsafe sex. This is for artistic purposes only, and is not intended to promote unsafe sex.

Fat Girl is not to be read by minors.

IS a POLITICAL ACT



What's inside...

STORIES:

Fat Fucking Bitch	by Candida A. Royale	4
Demon	by Barbarism	9
Give Me a Microphone	by JoNelle Toriseva	22
Thank You Note to a Top	by Drew	26

RANTS & RAVES:

No Excuses	by Selena	42
Rave: Fat Girl Aerobics	by Debbie Ann Wertheim	47

PHOTOS:

Barbarism & Oso	by Elizabeth Stark	3
Heather & Amiee	by Bethaniel	28
XXXXX	by XXXXX	49

COMICS:

I Was a Fat Kid	by Max Airborne	8
Cartoon	by Sondra Solovay	25
One Fat Day	by A. Hernandez	54

POETRY:

Real Mujeres Have Pansas	by Lea Arellano	7
Poison	by Selena	12
Poem	by Raquel	43
Poem	by Raquel	52

PEOPLE, INTERVIEWS & SURVEYS:

Chew On This	survey responses	2
Judy Freespirit	by A. Hernandez	6
Oh My God It's Big Mama	interview with XXXXXXXXXX and Max Airborne by Barbarism	14
Got a Big Ol' Butt? Bend Over!		24
Fat Girl Collective Roundtable		33
Contributor's Bios		58
Survey: tell us what you think		59

HINTS, ADVICE & RESOURCES:

Hey Fat Chick	advice column	13
Go Ahead Try It On	clothing resources	44
Ask the Gear Queen	info swap	48
Resources	organizations & announcements	54
Media Feast	books, zines, and movies	56
Personals		57

CHEW ON THIS!

HOW DO YOU FEEL FAT WOMEN ARE REPRESENTED IN THE MEDIA?

- "As fools and objects of disgust."
- "We're represented as being ugly, dirty, unable to control our eating. There are a few positive large women on tv, but only in sitcoms. In these cases they are 'funny.' There are no fat reporters on TV news."
- "Hatefully. You almost never see positive representations of fat women on TV. If a woman is fat, she has to be: sloppy, ugly, funny—but self-deprecating funny, asexual, confined to her home or office, sitting in front of the TV eating bon bons, on a diet, on an exercise binge, sick because she's got high blood pressure or she's fat, (not because she's sick from dieting, purging and yo-yoing to meet some impossible standard), hoping for Mr. Right to love her in spite of her 'weight problem,' made up, impeccably dressed. Even Oprah, who was for many of us a beacon of hope, subscribes to the US culture of self/body-hate."
- "As undesirable and unnecessary members of society. As laughing stock, as being out-of-control. Almost always in negative terms. And if one likes a fat woman (like Roseanne for example), it's in spite of her size and can't possibly be because of it. They are all on, or should be on, diets (says the media)."
- "As pathetic, helpless slobs. Tragic, ugly, lazy characters w/no self-control, or the butt of other people's jokes. In advertising, usually, the 'before' pictures. Or invisible. The only positive portrayal I've seen, in terms of advertisement, has been for pantyhose 'Just My Size!' and though there's something to the message that fat women can be successful businesswomen with romantic love-lives, I couldn't relate to the mainstream, middle-class, overwhelmingly *straight* message."
- "Oh, god. If I see one more magazine cover with Cindy Crawford or some waif model, I'm going to buy a chainsaw and kill kill kill. I don't think we're represented at all, except in Jenny Craig ads, where you'll notice there are no fat people really. (Lose 20 lbs??? tee hee...)"
- "Very poorly, if at all. Usually they're portrayed as sick, lazy and slobs."
- "Do you mean the lazy, depressed, unfulfilled women, or the scathing yet witty sensible mother types?"
- "Usually as feckless persona-non-gratas or women like Roseanne who want to emasculate males. Sexless, mediocre intelligence."
- "As outcasts, freaks, undesirable, and without feelings. We're portrayed as the butt of jokes and never in the true light of being living, breathing human beings with feelings, fears, desires."

HOW DO YOU FEEL FAT DYKES ARE REPRESENTED IN THE DYKE MEDIA?

- "Somewhat better, though I think the dyke media still has a way to go."
- "...Yeah, right. We're not. Lesbians come in lipstick or diesel only, period."
- "I think we are very under-represented. LN, here in the LA area, is supposed to be news for SoCal dykes, but it is almost like Vogue does dykeville: all skinny dykes, no glasses, no body hair, few women of color, few Latinas, makeup, tans, very body-conscious clothing. At least half the dykes I know are big women."
- "There's still a sense that we should and could be thinner if we really wanted to, and that we ought to want to. Often portrayed as the bulldagger type. Sometimes an acknowledgment or awareness of the power of size, but often along with a fearfulness. Occasionally (by us) an appreciation of our bountifulness in all aspects."
- "With shocking rarity. When I have seen fat dykes—in magazines, or in sex-positive ads—I have been very impressed, stimulated, excited. But fat women seem to be even more invisible in dyke media, since at least in mainstream media, there is *negative* representation. That is (thankfully) less acceptable, somehow, in homo-media. So fat women are just invisible, if not so 'pathetic.' Feminist lesbian journals have been a forum for making fat a political, sex-positive issue. But kink-negative and thus (to me) sexually repressive in the sometimes hard-line pc sexuality that seems fundamental to the journal editors and contributors. Fat-invisibility in dyke media makes me think dykes are ashamed of fatness, and afraid of lesbian stereotypes in the het world (you know, the fat-hairy-ugly-masculine lesbian image)."
- "I've seen some good stuff (Bad Attitude 7-5 has a piece on fat dykes, and the Brat Attack rant), but mostly, we're ignored."
- "At least they're there, though the positive body image hasn't gotten through. Dykes don't think large women are sexy either."
- "The lesbian media is better, in that an image of a fat woman doesn't *automatically* come with snide or degrading commentary. I feel strongly that there is much more space in the lesbian community for women to have diverse appearances. I know I am far more comfortable in my body among dykes - of any size - than with straight folks. But I think this has more to do with the fact that among lesbians, there's less of a tendency for women to judge each other on the basis of appearance - rather than that dykes think fat is beautiful. For example, lesbian porn images are still pretty thin oriented. In areas where looks are important, fat women are still excluded. I just think among lesbians, other things often matter, not just looks, so a variety of appearances are accepted."

IF YOU COULD, HOW WOULD YOU CHANGE THE MEDIA'S PRESENTATION OF FAT?

- "I would throw in some sexy and intelligent women who actually get an opportunity to do something and can handle stress without food. I really resent the idea that women have to plunge into the old binge routine to handle stress. Especially when it's thin actresses who eat cheesecake and then discuss how it's going straight to their hips."
- "I'd like to see fat people treated as just, well, people. I'd like to see fat people in roles where their character had nothing to do with size."
- "More fat women and men in TV news, etc..."
- "More, more, more presentations of fat dykes, fat women, fat people, fat kids, doing everything everyone else does... only better."
- "An acknowledgment that fat in and of itself is NOT UNHEALTHY, and that dieting in and of itself is far more unhealthy than a reasonably active, socializing fat woman. Being able and willing to identify women/portray them in the media, as all that we are and not just focus on size, or make up, or color, or all those things they usually do. Having really fun, happy, positive role model fat women characters throughout media representations, regularly, and not just unhappy, bizarre fat women."
- "More visibility. More representation, and means of representation. MORE! Different sizes, shapes, ethnicities, sexualities, identities, backgrounds! Portrayed as real people, so that people can see beyond 'just' FAT and the stereotypes that come with it. I also want it to be sometimes confrontational. Dealing with the taboo. Like, new representation of fat women *eating*. Make people think, from different fronts."
- "I'd like to see fat people as whole people, not just their bodies (sound familiar? insert "women"). I'd like to see fat women being sexual...preferably with one another (where's that damn apricot hankie...? ;-))"
- "Employ us as actors, broadcast journalists, cool dressers..."
- "Stop making a joke of it. Stop presenting fat as being a communicable disease. Stop making such an issue of body size."
- "I'D STOP FUCKING OBSESSING ON THE FAT CONTENT IN FOOD!@!!#\$ Sorry, but I work with two completely *obsessed* women in regards to the fat content in food and they're always reading those 'women's' mags that talk about the latest and greatest diet and quite frankly, I'm sick of it."
- "Depicting them as beautiful, loving women who are as worthy as any swimsuit model (more, actually)."

you want it, you got it ★

Oso ▼ Barbarism
photos by
Elizabeth Stark



Fat Fucking Bitch

by Candida Albicans Royale

One hot July day found me walking the long way home. The steamy events of the night before brought wet memories to my baggy overalls, and sex was in my stride. I was just coming to like wearing standard bulldagger-issue clothing at the time; I found that I felt particularly feminine in them—sex-limbered hips swaying and almost totally concealed under the well-worn denim that hid me and made me huge all at once. Heavy combat boots punctuated my gait. I crossed onto the main drag and glided past several cars backed up in traffic.

The sight of the Ranger full of white boys alarmed me. Groups of men always put me on my guard. Paranoid, is all. I managed to put the thought of them aside and rocked into her again, caloused hands gripping my ass tight in the dark.

Please, ma'am.

Harder, ma'am... Ohh.-

"Hey, look at that fat slob." My left foot paused in reflex to the jeering male voice—a loud, sharp needle scratching the spinning sex-fantasy record in my head. Oh God, please don't let them mean me, please not me. I resumed my pace and glanced over at the mini-van. Three young men were hanging out the windows, gaping and grinning. "Fucking pig."

They weren't talking to me—they were talking to this other big girl I see fairly often, and used to know...She looked down, crimson creeping up her plump cheeks. I didn't want to watch, but couldn't stop myself. There's something pathetic to her, something sexless and vulnerable. She always bounces when she walks, slow moving, though you can tell by her exaggerated grace that she is trying to weigh nothing at all, landing on the balls of her feet like a fat ballerina to cut the jiggle to a minimum. I am sure, to this day, that she rarely eats while other people can watch her. Everyone knows that people like her don't deserve to eat, and the judgment speaks loudly on disgusted faces even when they fail to put words to it. But this girl is huge, so of course she must pig out in private. This judgment—her blatant lack of self-control—

fit like a bad dress with sweat stains to match on this hot day, and looked just as gaudy. I looked back at her to appraise just what the boys were jeering at, transfixed and queasy at my own morbid curiosity. What does a victim look like?

This one wore baggy, shapeless clothes—as though we would all extend the courtesy of pretending that her fleshy, doughy body wasn't really underneath. I have seen her glob on too much makeup, and no matter how much she curls her flat hair and wears tacky jewelry and shaves her legs and armpits every other day and smiles a lot to show the world that she really is feminine, you can't help but think her all the

more pathetic for trying to hide this basic hideous flaw under mere cloth. I bet if she could find pretty underwear to fit her, she would wear that too—not that anyone else would ever see it, but just to feel more feminine and to pretend sometimes that she could be like the sexy skinny girls in the lingerie ads.

Today she wasn't even trying: sloppy clothes and no makeup at all...

Why can't those dickheads just GO AWAY?

I couldn't keep watching, I couldn't disappear, and somewhere beneath me I heard boots hitting pavement.

I wish I could erase her.

If I could only protect her from these dickwads, nurture her, anything but this standing by and watching her take it. I wanted to put my arms around her and wait for her bash my skull in. I wanted her to not be me.

"Fat slob!"

I gritted my teeth and glanced over at the jeering overgrown boys hanging out of the wagon like apes. They were talking to the wrong girl.

I kept up pace with the slow-rolling car and cut into the street, walking towards them. Traffic

had backed up even further, trapping them between two smaller cars.

They didn't even see me coming as I sidled up and leaned into the open windshield of the back seat, my arms crossed. There were three men in back, three in front.

***I gritted my
teeth and
glanced over
at the jeering
overgrown
boys hanging
out of the
wagon like
apes. They
were talking to
the wrong girl.***

"You boys talking to me?"

I gave them a sweet smile that has made friends who really know me just a little bit antsy.

They were shocked and delighted to find that their entertainment had come to them. "Oh, heh heh. Robert there was just getting kind of carried away, he had too much beer." Robert was apparently the asshole in the middle with the baseball cap. He looked like all the rest of them. Pink and hairy. "You know how it is."

"Oh, I do," I said

As I looked at them, I felt a certain satisfaction at their sudden vulnerability. I could do anything to them. But it was so unfair. Those idiots never even had to worry about getting caught. They were never afraid, not even now. So pathetic as they were, I couldn't muster up the least bit of sympathy for them. The bitterness in my mouth welled up. I gathered it into a full mouthful, and then I aimed it at the pitcher's head. A big white glob of spit ran down his cheek. His friends laughed nervously, in shock.

"Next time, someone just might kill you," I said, and meant it. I gave the boys a parting smile, and walked away from the car, daring to cross in front of it rather slowly to get to the sidewalk.

Moments later, I heard a few more feeble taunts: "You...beach ball! You donut!" I was disgusted at their lack of imagination, and had to fight the urge to help them out with some better ones. Instead, I turned and waved, and then resumed my pace while they were stuck choking in idling car fumes. From half a block away, I could hear the chant:

"Fat Fucking Bitch! Fat Fucking Bitch!"

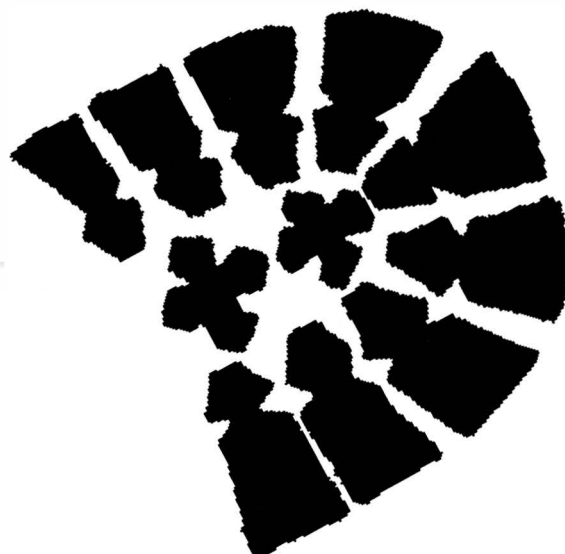
And I smiled, knowing they were right.

Unfortunately, that's not how the story really ends.

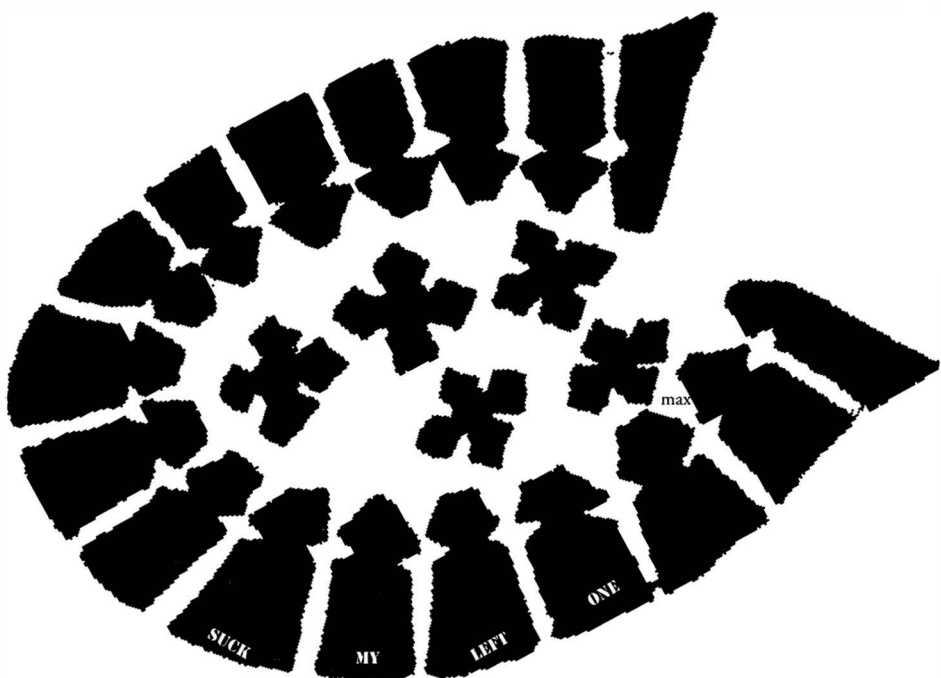
Three blocks later, the buzz from my little triumph was just beginning to wane, and after cutting through a pathway and turning the corner onto my own street (a traffic pit), I suddenly found the stud-wagon idling 50 feet in front of my house. They didn't know it was my house, but as the man-children hurled more unimaginative insults and an empty beer can my way, my temples began to throb. Panic. I couldn't have them know where I lived. Up ahead, traffic began to trickle slowly, and the car was able to follow my brisk stride easily.

Too proud to turn back and wanting out as quickly as possible, I ducked into the backyard of my next-door neighbor, hoping her house wouldn't later be vandalized by drunken frat-boys. Standing next to her fence, I glimpsed through the window and saw her sorting through her mail. I froze. I could never explain this to her. I never wanted to explain it to anyone. I stood there willing her to not see me, trying once again to be invisible. I didn't dare wipe the sweat that started to drip into my eyes. Everything burned and became blurry. When would they ever leave? Why was I suddenly this fucking fugitive? I kept vague track of the stop-and-go of traffic and finally gauged that the bane of my life was probably well up the street by then. I leapt out of my little dank cubbyhole hiding place (where a number of mosquitos had been sucking me dry) and walked home, weary.

Just another glamorous day in the life of a fat fucking bitch, I guess.



(Yeah-right.)★



JUDY FREESPIRIT

A. HERNANDEZ TALKS TO ONE OF THE FOREMOTHERS OF FAT ACTIVISM.

Cultural progression is usually assigned a maxim: the more things change, the more things stay the same. But when it comes to fat activism, it ain't necessarily so. Just ask Judy Freespirit. As cofounder of the now defunct Fat Underground in 1972, the architect of Fat Chance, a fat women's dance troupe, and the Fat Lip Readers Theater in the 1980s, Freespirit is the quintessential cultural worker whose name has been synonymous with the fat liberation movement for the

past 23 years.

"It's far from right—maybe in another 50 years—but compared to 23 years ago, it's like night and day," says the formidable fat activist who was caught up in the groundswell of the women's movement before she turned her political antenna to grassroots fat activism in Los Angeles during the '70s.

The Fat Underground

came on the heels of a burgeoning fat liberation group at the time, now known as the National Association to Advance Fat Acceptance or NAAFA. Back then, NAAFA's tack on "civil rights for fat people was to do volunteer work for the Cerebral Palsy Association to show fat people were nice," says Freespirit.

It was time for an alternative. Using the F-word without apology, the Fat Underground pricked the consciousness of a fat-phobic America with their clarion call for equal rights. The mission and philosophy behind the Fat Underground was simple enough: fat people rejecting the status quo.

"The basic message was that we should be treated decently. Stop making fun of us in the media," says Freespirit. "One of the main pushes was at the medical treatment of fat women; doctors making you go on a scale, making you go on a diet for whatever you came in for; handing you a diet on your way out the door when you came in for a sprained ankle."

Political action was swift; members of the Fat Underground wrote research articles and gender analysis on fat issues and published them in feminist and leftist magazines. Their guerrilla theater tactics were legendary—the women crashed behavior-modification weight-loss classes and read from their manifesto to captive audiences. But in the infancy of the fat liberation movement, the notion of egalitarian politics for fat people seemed like an anachronism in a predominantly thin world. "We would have community forums and invite people to come, but talk about fat liberation and they would snicker—they just didn't get it," remembers Freespirit, who was no stranger to such ignorance. Growing up under a fat oppressive scheme in Detroit,

Michigan, herself, she was already on her first diet and popping doctor-prescribed amphetamines by the time she was eight years old. But it was the untimely death of singer "Mama" Cass Elliot of The Mamas & Papas in 1974 that put the fat liberation movement on the map and exposed the posturing of a skinny society.

"Things really took off when Cass Elliot died," she says. "When she died, the news media thought it was really funny and they put that she died choking on a ham sandwich. It made us very angry and we got very pissed."

Following the sensationalized media reports of her death, the Fat Underground appeared at a women's equality day parade, sporting black armbands and candles for Elliot. In an unprecedented speech about institutional fat oppression, one of the members took to the main stage and publicly denounced the medical system for murdering the singer, who had been on a severe diet and had just lost 80 pounds at the time of her death. "Nobody had even really been talking until that time about the collusion of the medical establishment with killing us," says Freespirit. "We were very serious."

Today, the concept of fat liberation is no longer taboo and "there's more understanding in the general public. People don't laugh anymore," says the 58-year-old Freespirit. In the main, fat activism has gone high profile. Groups like NAAFA and the Fat Lip Readers Theater have appeared on Donahue, and TV shows like 48 Hours broadcast stories about the racket of the \$30-billion-dollar diet industry. There's even an International No Diet Day here and abroad.

"Overall, in the general minds of most Americans, there's been a huge change," says Freespirit. "There's also a huge reaction—models are getting thinner and anorexia has become epidemic." And how about in our own backyard? Unfortunately, the lesbian community can be a fallen culture too, particularly when it comes to body size and image.

Recently, she had a conversation with a woman starting up a lesbian matchmaking service in the Bay Area, "who is finding so much fat-phobia within the lesbian community," says Freespirit, adding that those slim-and-fit-seeks-same personal ads in the lesbian and gay press amount to fat discrimination.

This bias often results in fat women being passed up in the hierarchy of the dating game and also perpetuates internalized fat oppression within the fat lesbian community, says Freespirit. "In terms of sexual stuff, it's harder for fat women to find lovers, it's just a fact. It's not right. It's not good," she says. "We need to talk about it."

On fat activism in the 90s, Freespirit says the change agent in fat-positive education comes not only from the spoken or written word but by performing it on stage where the moral is both immediate and obvious.

"It's a very powerful medium. Of all the work I've done in all these years now—and it's been 23 years since I've been doing fat liberation work—I've never found anything that could be effective as theater," says Freespirit. "What really hits people in their gut is theater."

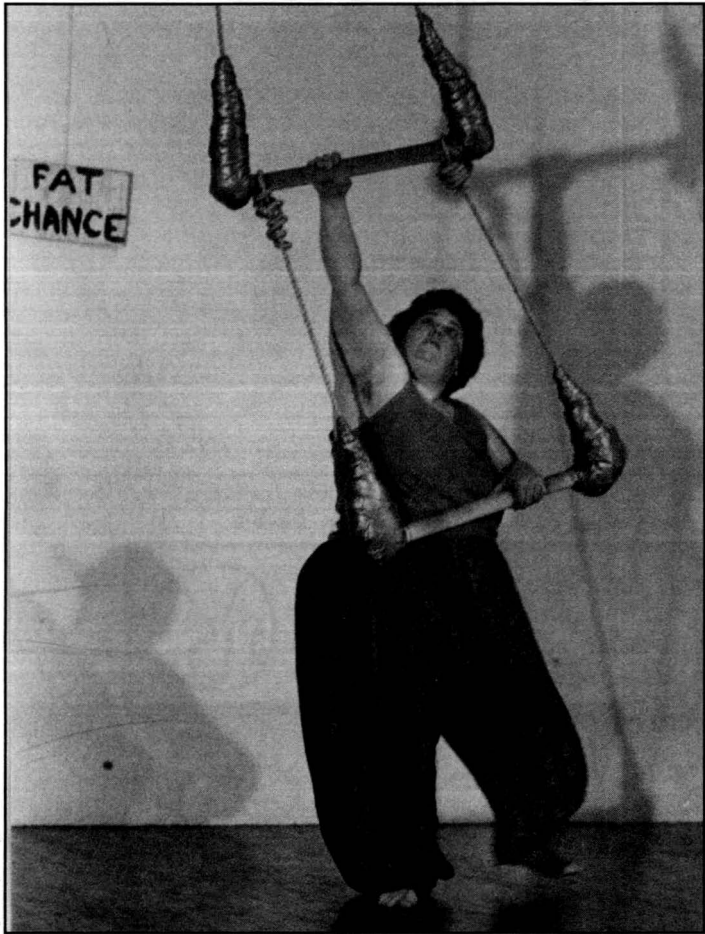


photo by Cathy Cade

Since retiring four years ago, Freespirit has written two books she's currently pitching to publishers—an incest survivor's story based on personal experience and a memoir, which is being serialized in the Mama Bear's bookstore News & Notes every other month. "I've been writing a lot of fiction and autobiographical stuff," says the activist-turned-author who now lives in Oakland.

Freespirit has come out of her retirement this year to organize the Fat Women's Gathering in October. The annual three-day conference, an arm of the NAAFA Feminist Caucus, draws fat women from all over the country to network and workshop around fat politics. The conference will also be the Fat Underground revisited for Freespirit who has reunited former members for a symposium on the evolution of the group, which disbanded in 1976.

"We have not been in the same room together for 18 years. Some of us haven't talked to each other in 18 years," says Freespirit who



Judy Freespirit in 1980.

tracked down the only existing copy of some vintage Fat Underground footage that will be screened at Sunday morning's panel.

And while Freespirit is no longer at the epicenter of fat liberation these days, you can still find her on the periphery, confronting the mythology of fat people wherever she goes.

"So whether I do anymore organizing or whether I belong to any more groups, it's still in every conversation I have with every stranger," she says. "It's become a part of my being. It comes out in my writing. It comes out in my conversation with the grocery clerk." ★

REAL MUJERES HAVE PANSAS

JULY 12, 1994 BY LEA ARELLANO

A REAL MUJER HAS A BIG LAUGHING BELLY
ONE YOU CAN BOUNCE ON FOR FUN AND FOR LOVE
SHE ALSO HAS GREAT GRABBING NALGAS
THAT FLOAT LIKE THE OCEAN
EBBING WHEN SHE DANCES
TAMBIEN TIENE THUNDER THIGHS
THAT WHISPER LOVE SONGS WHEN SHE WALKS
AS THEY RUB, RUB, RUB TOGETHER
IF YOU HAVE NEVER LOVED A BIG LAUGHING BELLY
GREAT GRABBING NALGAS
THUNDER THIGHED MUJER
IT IS LIKE NEVER LEAVING YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD
FOR FEAR
OF THE "OTHER"
TOO BAD FOR YOU ESA

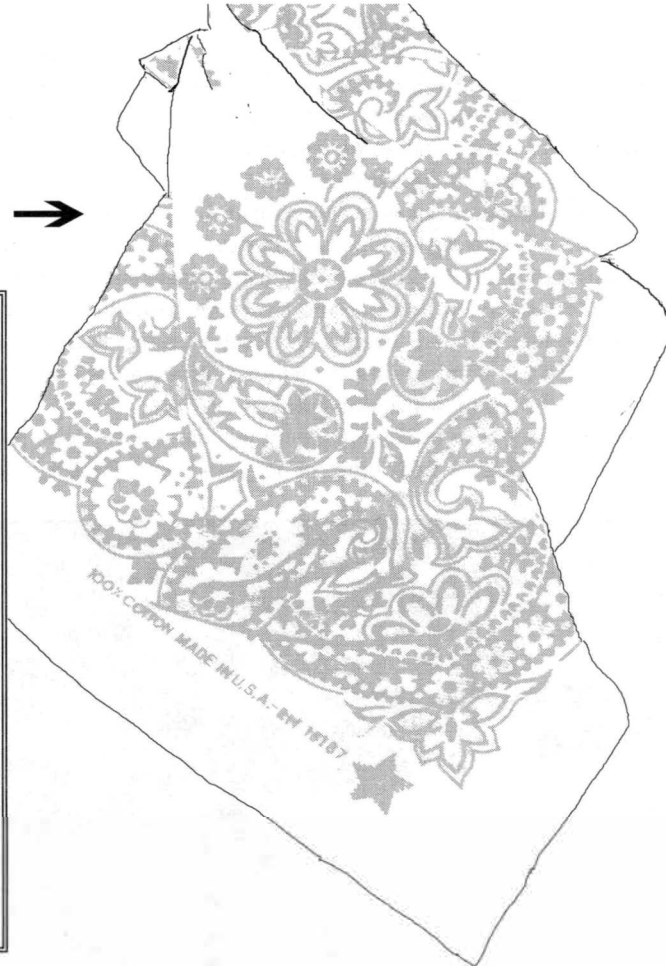
TRANSLATIONS: MUJERES=WOMEN, PANSAS=BELLIES,
NALGAS=BUTT CHEEKS, TAMBIEN TIENE=ALSO HAS,
ESA=HIP CHICANA SPANISH FOR "GIRL"



HANKY CODES

color me apricot! →

Black Hankies are for leather dykes, white hankies are for virgins, and APRICOT hankies are for Fat Girls! (Don't ask how it got to be apricot—I just saw it on a hanky-code list on Castro St.) I dream of a million Fat Girls, out and proud, clad in apricot hankies. Wear it on your left, wear it on your right, wear it on your head! Use it as a bib, a bondage tool, a lube rag or a snot rag! Just get one. -max



demon

BY BARBARISM

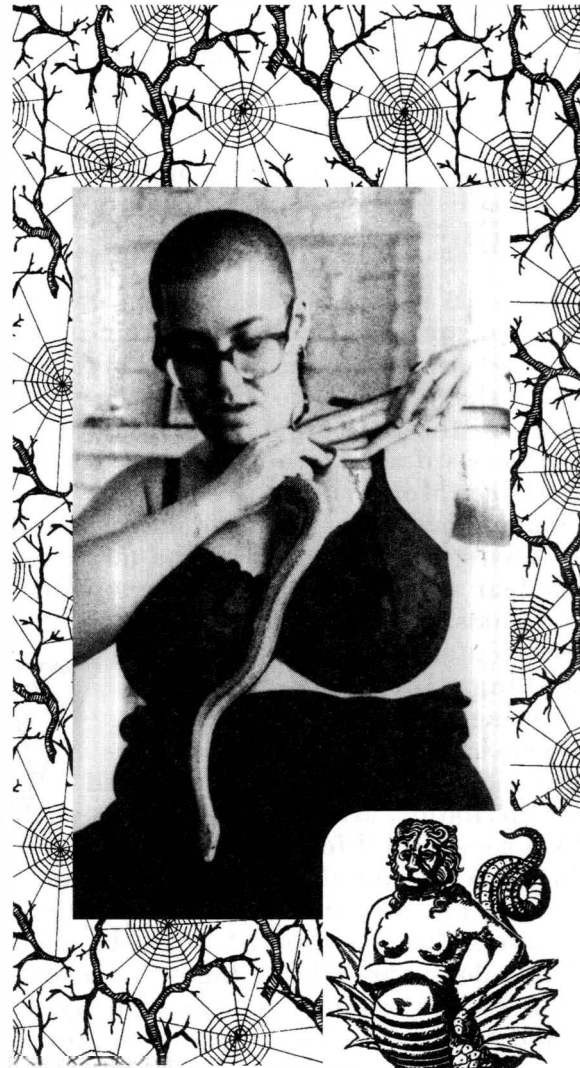
I sit somewhat impatiently, sharpening my teeth and claws. My tower built of stone may seem impenetrable, as it has no perceptible entrance. The shadows from the big colored glass window distract me from my task. I glance down, retracting my claws. It is past time for me to prepare my room. I light the candles, whisk the papers off my desk, and approach the armoire. The delicious smell of textures seeps out; silk, leather, velvet and sex tantalize my nose. I enjoy waiting for my demon lover; the expectancy sharpens my time awareness and teases my patience.

My lovers get into my tower in many ways; as many ways as demons are ingenious trixters, demanding and persistent. There is Eurys, who rises up out of the lovingly polished floorboards. Trailing her way up my thighs, wrapping round my belly, wisping across my nipples, flowing into my mouth and out my nose. She embraces me solid, full and fleshy at last. Her way of fucking is gentle, with the flow of a feather, and the directness of a gusting wind. If I look at her directly with hungry eyes I see the shimmer of her presence. Only when I take careful sideways glances, the non-seeing gaze, do I see her presence in full: her gold reflective eyes, thick abundant body, fur covered hands, the quick flick of her raspy tongue.

When Taine comes to me I hear the roar of her anger in the distance. Her explosive energy pulls at me as she scrapes her way up the side of my tower; sharp metal cleaving to stone. Her molten breath preceeds her through the window, which swings open with a crash. Her abrupt laughter shakes her jiggling belly as her gloved fists grab me by the throat, pulling me into her. Our fat bellies embrace as her studded codpiece rips up against my clit. She is just as likely to slap my face as beat my bottom. She fucks me from behind, forcing open my cunt, foraging my slippery asshole, amazed at how clean I keep it for her. She invades all my orifices with her tongue, her finger. Her finger up my nose, fucking it. Every hole of mine is hers.

Taine presents me braided pieces of barbed wire to weave into my hair. Out of her saddle bags fall shiny bits of metal, small rusty objects, and the shells and wings of once-live insects that I covet. She leaves me as abruptly as I come.

Dag is my polite gentlemanly lover. Clean in tailored shirt and tie, snappy leather suspenders, she steals her way into my tower. Lilted songs drift up, the pointed notes tapping on the window. Soft strumming mandolin phrases flutter at my heart. I respond and clap my hands; the once invisible-door swings slowly open; the long winding staircase invites her to join me. She offers me flowers with her songs. My breasts brush at her arm as I serve her warm food and spiced tea. Our foreplay is wit and laughter. She tantalizes me by feeding me food from her fingers, teasing me for being such a messy girl. She fucks me with her words and her eyes, undressing my body with her thoughts, invading my own... her breath becomes mine. My cunt opens up, the smell betraying my innocence. She only touches me to push the curls back from my face. "Touch your nipple"... "Lift up your skirt" ... "Open your lips" ... "Be a good girl and fuck yourself"... "Come for me...NOW."



She takes my fingers into her mouth, wet and sucking. With a toweling hand she wipes me dry, leads me away from the table and to my bed. Her lips whisper above my forehead with a kiss and a thank you. She slips down the stairs and out, gently closing the again-invisible door.

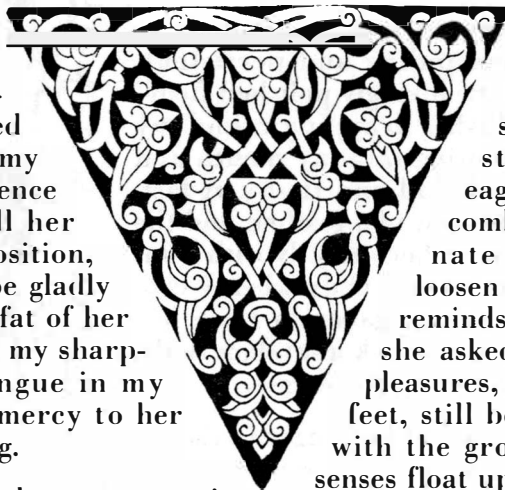
But I am hungry for more than they. I await Fearne, my bondmate, my demon who takes more than my body, more than my sex.

“And what ways are they, Jezebel?” the vines whisper as they sprout up, wrapping their thorny pathway around my ankles, slinking up my thighs, sinking their sharp ends into my fat sweet flesh; the soft spice of the flower petals trailing after the bite of ruthless spines. My arms whip back, reaching for balance. More vines sprout down to meet them, chaining my wrists up above me, my hands entwined in leaves. Armpits exposed, the tangy spicy smell of my fear and peaked desire mixes with the crushed blossoms. I lean my weight in tension against my restraints, both resisting and moving into my current bondage. My sweat salts my thorn-scratched skin, the continuous bite of their points both heated and irritating. My spine tingles as my skin gooses up. I feel Fearne’s presence in the warming air around, smell her vicious pleasure in my current position, knowing that if I could, I would be gladly biting down through the billowing fat of her skin, feasting on her lower lip with my sharpened teeth, imprisoning her tongue in my chomp. For the moment I am at mercy to her will; demon and brutally demanding.

The tower shifts, the heavy stone and mortar repositioning in response to my growing anxiety. Fearne takes this moment to make her physical appearance, swinging her massive weight down from the rafters above me. “Don’t look at me slut! I know you have been sitting around lazily, planning to take your desire out on me. Just you wait.” Ripping at my skin with her mittened hand, she snorts, the sharpened steel teeth embedded in the leather clinging to my breast skin, lifting my full breasts up and out of their corseted bodice. Steel teeth dig in deep, bruising my nipples a swollen purple. The weight of their fullness and the pull of gravity defy me as my tits sink willingly into the span of her hands. Fearne relaxes a moment, admiring the obscene ripeness of my tits spilling out and overflowing out of her large strong hands. “Bruja! you’ve got *BIC* tits!” Moment of admiration over, she gleefully twists my nipples into opposite but complementing painful directions. Stepping back she reaches for her shoulder buckle, quickly removing her leather tunic. I shiver, knowing

this will get messy. Fearne never musses her tunic. She looks piercingly at me as I stare, taking in her unbound tits, her meaty thick thighs and rounded forearms, her full round belly, the stretchmarks and scars she has accumulated. They criss-cross her, some white, some purple, some puckered, some rubbed with ink and ash. Some she gained in battle with the world. Some she gained from me.... My head cracks back into her cradling hand, the sting of her other bringing loose tears. The muscles in my arms burn, but my attention is drawn away to the razor-sharp knife Fearne has pulled that now rests against my breast. Pulling down the center of my chest, delicately and slowly my bodice is cut away. Slowly with great intention the rest of my clothes follow. The knife is handled just so, tracing thin lace-like patterns in my skin, stinging and numbing. Bright red beadlets form patterns of red-blood blinking lights before they begin to flow down my now fully exposed body.

My demon lover lights a thick-smelling smudge stick, cleansing the air around us, preparing for the spirit of my vulnerability. Standing behind me she asks me to name my pleasures as the full crack of her 24-stranded bull-hide flogger tastes eagerly of my wide fat juicy ass. The combination of stinging bite with alternate thuds of her now-removed belt loosen my breath and fears. Constantly she reminds me with hardened blows of the task she asked me to complete. “What are your pleasures, Jezebel? What makes you hot?” My feet, still bearing my weight, and my contact with the ground, stretch far below me as my senses float upward and inward simultaneously. A quick nip at my ear by gnawing teeth brings me back into my center. “Don’t disappear quite yet. You have a big sacrifice ahead of you that requires your willing presence and attention.” With that warning I slow down my breathing and send my spirit out to the tip of my head, my heart, my fingers and toes in preparation. Fearne has circled me, lashing out at sweet spots with her flogger, her lengthened cruel tongue. “Spread your wet lips for me,” she taunts, as she clips her chains to my blood-full labia, stretching them to expose my gaping burning hole, my clit hood standing engorged at attention. “Your hole will have to wait, though I might let you beg ungratefully for my cock...” Teasingly she sticks her fist on my mouth, gagging my begging pleas into heaving grunts. Once again I find the knife on my flesh, this time more insistent and urgent. Her free hand teases my clit, slowly working its way into my cunt, rubbing my flowing juices round the clit, down my thighs. The knife is working harder, deeper into my layers of skin, tracing round my soft spots, my breasts, my



chest, my thighs, as she writes repeatedly onto my soul. The flesh is parting, giving way to the loving penetration of skin. Hungrily it sucks Fearne's need into its own. The walls begin to break open, the gaping flesh emitting clouds of bright colored smoke, first ash-tinged green, then orange, then black. My holes breathe flames in rhythm to the deeper cutting knife. Smoke trails into patterns floating above my head, yellow, red, purple, blue. The pulsing of my body rises with the heat in my cunt. My body begins to shudder out ghosts of the layers of my painful past; I flow out my gaping wounds, flying out full force, touching the ceiling high above me. Floating amongst the mingling strands of smoke I reach out, dissipating the colors. The ash-tinged green of my fear, the orange of my despair, the black of my anger, the yellow of my hopes, the red of my pain, the purple of my heated passion, the blue of my peace all re-integrate into a pure blinding white heat that blasts at the walls and foundation of my tower. Fearne plunges her knife even deeper.

Pulled back to my core I open my eyes, looking into my opened side. My organs beating shiny and smooth, tempting me to bite and rip at my own entrails. I feel the trail of her chewing kisses along my brow, over my eyelids, down my cheek, the corner of my mouth, onto my throbbing neck, hovering over my jugular, plunging her teeth into its surface, pulling hard against its resisting walls. The world

wavers. My head rolls. Abruptly she let's go, her roaring laughter pushing up against my overflowing feelings. "Are you ready to sacrifice to me, Jezebel?"

Releasing my consent with a howl, Fearne delicately and ravagingly slices at my liver. She takes the sliver up to her lips, bowing her head. Eagerly she sucks at it, chewing slowly, sensuously; she swallows. She rubs her blood-stained lips across mine, smearing me in my fluids, fucking me hard with her demanding hand. Briefly, she slowly slips her knife into my cunt. We hold still, breathing together, eyes locked in embrace. With a wave of her hand she stills my bleeding side. Intently, we both visualize its healing, as the wound begins to re-weave itself. The bright white light swirling above us provides strands of healing light that stitch my side into closure. She replaces her knife with her hand once again. Fucking, fucking, fucking, I start to come and rip myself out of the restraining vines of thorns, screaming my joy and revenge! My teeth rip into the flesh of Fearne's upper chest, gnashing at my thunderous orgasm. The words she has carved into my flesh glow a brilliant purple as she whispers them to me.

"Inti hettit kibdi" / You are a piece of my liver.

Fearne, my demon lover, tears off her own skin and wraps me in its glorious soft folds, covering my exposed flesh with hers. ★



Selena

“Are you
ready to
sacrifice
to me,
Jezebel?”

P o i s o n

The crucial fact is that I was poisoned.
Every time I puked I tried
to retch it up,
each day without eating I knew
I didn't feed the crawling sickness in my bones.

From the place above my head
where I escaped like dammed water
it was all clear;
with enough blood lost I would be weak enough
to be protected.

My body was forgotten
as poison choked me out of my skull,
blood was real,
blood was creation,
the animation of life in a corpse,
proof of my inhabitation of skin.

If I were a church
my central miracle
would be the reluctance of bones
to release me.
For blood has its own doctrines, and preserved me.

-Selena



HEY FAT CHICK!

Hey You! Yeah you!
Got a burning question on your
mind? Want to know the latest in
Fat Girl etiquette?
Advice for the lovelorn?
Perhaps you have a thing or
two to tell Fat Chick!
What are you waiting for?
Write Fat Chick c/o Fat Girl.

Hey Fat Chick:

I have a thin lover who's gorgeous, smart and very outgoing, while I'm really big and really shy. I have no doubt that she loves me and is "into" me sexually, but these thin glamour-girls are always throwing themselves all over her—and sometimes they're not very subtle about it. Some are even snide and rude to me. I end up feeling ugly, worthless and invisible, even though my gf wants to be monogamous and does nothing to encourage them, and she and I otherwise have (had?) a great sex life. I can't help it, it's really affecting me. I'm starting to feel inadequate and unsexy of most the time now, no matter what she does, which I know is frustrating to her, too.

What to do?

*Signed,
The Invisible Blob*

Dear Invisible: Girl, it's obvious you have something those catty glam-girls don't. My advice to you? ...**FLAUNT IT.**

Now, I'm not suggesting stooping to their level or anything. But low-lives should stay low. If they have the nerve to act as though you don't exist (or feel "sorry" for your "poor" girlfriend, so encumbered is she with a fat girlfriend), feel more than free to rub their faces in the fact that you're enjoying her attraction to you every little bit, while THEY AIN'T GETTIN' IT. It would probably help to drop the unsubtle hint that they're making sorry fools of themselves. You know, where you (and or your lover) distastefully glance over the aforementioned full-of-themselves glam-girls with that sad, knowing look that says:

"My god, look how pathetic she is...this is too painful to watch."

PDA's (Public Displays of Affection) between the two of you can only help to remind these intrusive women that:

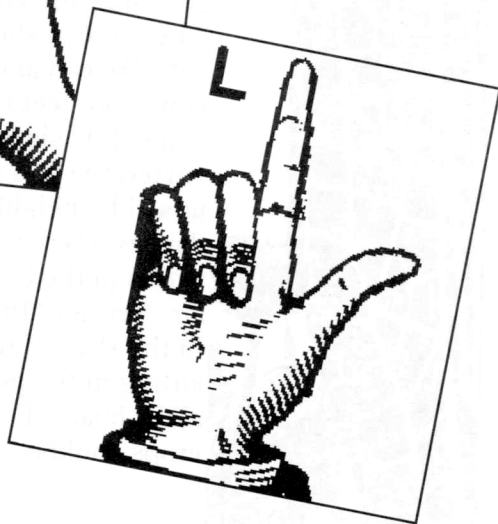
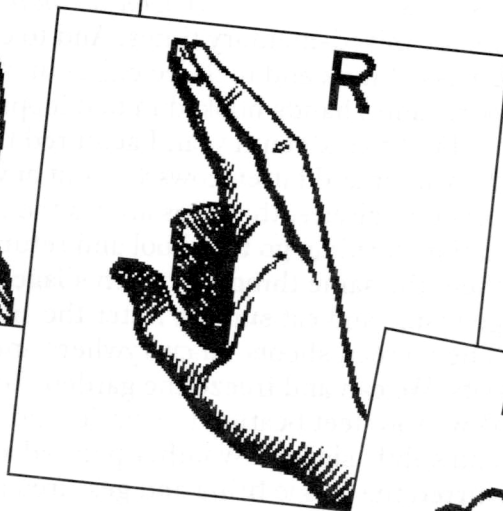
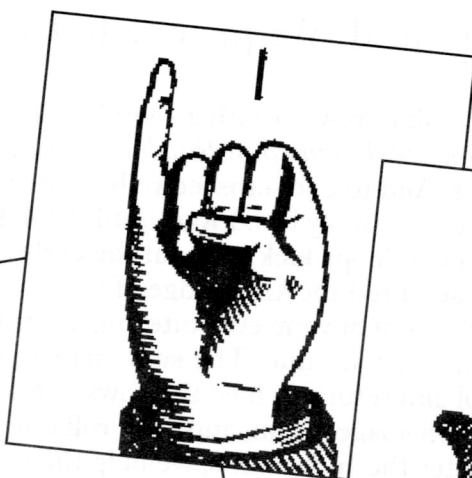
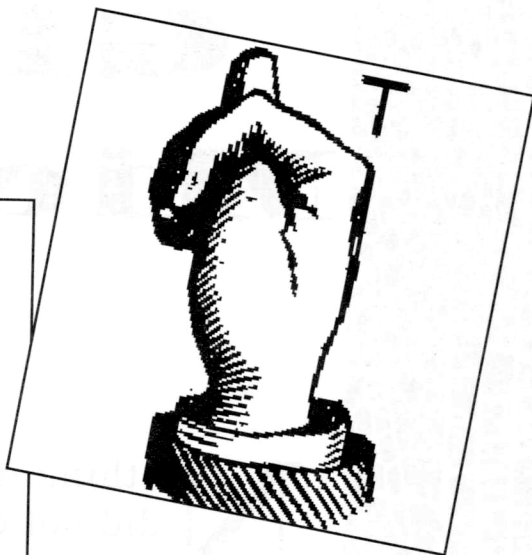
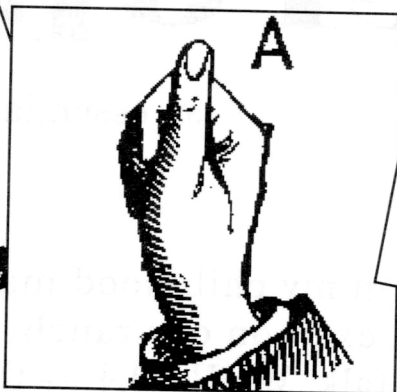
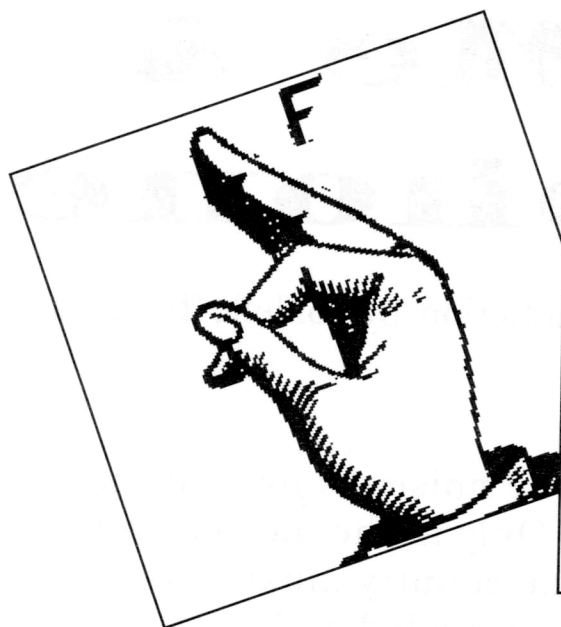
- 1) your lover is too BUSY to notice them since she is quite excited to have her tongue in your mouth,
- 2) you obviously have something very appealing to said gf that they're missing.

And by this, I mean more than a butt you can grip with both hands.

You are great and beautiful. Revel in their pathos. Feel sorry for them. Have mercy. Above all, leave them out of the bedroom and let your girlfriend get back to the business at hand!



★FAT CHICK





Give Me A Microphone

an essential fiction by JoNelle Toriseva

Nothing in my childhood made noise. Conversation did not exist on our ranch. Only in the movies, did people talk. WJHI 89.4 — the country music station had no sound, no matter how I waggled and jiggled the knob. The stars arrived for a Fargo concert: June Carter Cash's mouth opened, her hips swayed, the fringe around her knees shook and no wail came forth. Johnny's lips kept moving, but the tone seismograph lay on its side like a sleeping coon hound. We proceeded without words.

Sometimes I forget and think I grew up with a soundtrack. That my growing up occurred in *Paint Your Wagon* or *Oklahoma* or *Rawhide* or *Cat Ballou*. But no. Those are my mixed-memory times. And to cure crossed radio wires: I shake my head, chug a glass of milk and melt ice cubes in my bra. I wait until the 4/4 music, the cotton skirts and hands hooked in belt loops kick step out the ends of my fingertips.

First to sixteenth year, I acquired the knowledge of how to survive and prepare for the winter and fatten cows without anyone ever uttering a word. There, things happened in circles, the steps always the same. The snow arrives, we feed the cows at six in the morning, go to school and return to feed the cows at 6 at night. We always give them the same thing: hay, corn silage, grain, and then roll out straw for bedding. We go inside and eat supper. Later the snow melts, we help the cows deliver calves. Then, green shoots up everywhere and we plant and harvest clover, alfalfa, corn and oats. We can and freeze the garden. Soon, brown shrivels green and we dance at the Pow-Wow, feet beating the circle, and snow arrives. I learn everything by stare, stance and subtle signal. My father pointed at the bales I was supposed to haul. My mother stirred the pickle brine and gestured about which cucumbers to pack in the Mason jars. The neighbors communicated to us in eyelid motion. Saturday night at the barn dances, there were guitars, banjos and mandolins with no music. At church, the words in the hymnal, typed below a splatter of dots and lines, did not translate into air. Neither "In My Father's House" nor "Onward Christian Soldiers" ever spiraled in the shell of my ear. I looked at the man by the altar. I looked at the feedstore owner sitting in the pew ahead of me, my father's arm pressed into my side. They knew this all by heart. They didn't need to hear my female voice to survive. Life and cattle and crops could go on without me. I was sensed, not heard.

I longed for one word. One small, tiny three-letter word. At dances, I would stomp around, tripping on somebody else's pointy-toed boots and would scream things out like: Syncopated Hate. Trapped Suffocation. The words flew out of my mouth and hit my partner on the forehead and made her smile, him smile, them smile, the whole row of line dancers in front of us would wiggle their shoulders from the strange sensation.

One time a woman did speak to me. My strange slow aunt spoke. She held my hand and took me walking with her...we went up and down the gravel road and she spoke in long highway sentences populated with 10-ton double-wheel words. The sound vibrated up and down my breasts, the tones plucked at my ribs. Ping. Pong. Pung. Pling. Pling. Pling. Smiling at her, I signalled that I had received sound. My mouth turned O, U and V. Sucking in air and pushing air out, my throat strained to syllable. Alas, unable to find my volume dial, no sound waves traveled back to her. All the people in my North woods life, even my father, regarded my aunt (his sister) as strange. Talk was something they did in other places, like Minneapolis, like the movies. Talk wasn't wanted, wasn't used, wasn't welcome in the country. He, and the other ranchers, farmers, tribe members deemed conversation as superfluous in one single silent nod. Their voices didn't need to travel the path they knew so well. They wallowed in the peace of the place with no sound. There was a reason they had found silence and rooted in it.

Once, when I was imagining my life had turned into the movies, I thought I was my mother speaking to me: Riding on the back of the hay wagon, the axle churning me away from my mother, I think I see her mouth moving, but no sound breaks out to me. As we turn out the driveway, I grab the wood for balance, the slivers prick through my fuzzy yellow chore gloves. She waves at me, legs spread, her brown cowboy boots planted firmly in the garden soil. I wanted to make my life like the movies. I yearned for a response to the things that I could say. The women in my life were strong. I see my mother's broad back as she chops wood, my older sister's strong thighs ripple as she hoists up hundred-pound gunny sacks of potatoes, my grandmother's arm muscles glisten and shake as she hoes the garden. Being women, our physical presence was desired and essential, our verbal presence was not needed.

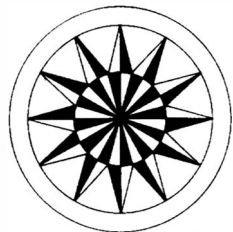
My size invited my world into wordlessness.

I tried to act like they did in the movies. I tried to say to my mother, "You are so strong." I wanted to ask her, "Will you always love me?" My grandmother silently pressed recipes to my lips as I longed for her to hear "Don't ever leave me. I will love you forever" from me. But they lived in this place so they could do without words, without hearing, without the tug, yank and tear of chat. Due to the conversational constraints, I stepped out of rurality and landed in the place where movies are made: the city. I was ready for full-blown sound, Bonanza, Miss Kitty, Laura, John Wayne, Ma and Jane Fonda. I had my words loaded, I had my sentences tied into my holster and ready for action. I talked, conspired, negotiated, fought and seized all moments with my mouth. I had tongue interactions. I sorted experiences through my vocal cords.

Then, silence welcomed me again. My size invited my world into wordlessness. Suddenly it began here. My shape changed and people found me inaudible. Hips stretching, my heart pumping my breasts larger and larger, my thighs dimpling like a cloud, my stomach rounding. The bigger I became, the softer my voice grew. People would glance away from me, smiling nervously, and give no indication they had heard the rumble of my shoulders. My lover looking only at that narrow square around the heart, rejected the mass of me. She shrugged and expecting me to read only symbols, stopped talking to me, began dancing with that smaller version of myself, the cut-up woman. That skinny boy woman in the magazine, that Miss South Carolina on the television, that mono-image movie star, that certain super model smiled at me and her hand nudged the volume. Turning me down, turning me off. Eliminating sound from my life.

As silence beats my eardrum, my hand searches for my controls. Grasping the volume button, I tweak, I turn, I snap the sound on HIGH.

Give me a microphone. Hear what I say. Get ready, this world is going to rock apart. Both of us have a part in this movie. Here's your cue: Start talking. Start talking to me. ★



RECIPES

Fat Girl Revenge Cocktail:

ingredients:

one quart brightly-colored kefir
(yogurt drink)

one teaspoon syrup of Ipecac
(vomiting agent)

Drink the kefir. Upon approaching
desired target (diet centers are good
places), swallow the syrup of Ipecac.
Position your mouth so it's facing your
target. When your stomach begins to
heave, aim quickly, and fire. Most
effective if done in broad daylight.



columns we'd like to see

•**REGIONALISM RULES!** If you live outside of SF, how about organizing a regional page for your area? Get together a group of friends and start digging for the stories/gossip/art/dating tips from your area, design a page (or two) and drop us a line. We want this to be a regular column, featuring locations all over the world.

•**FAT NEWS** What's happening in the news with fat issues? Have you heard something you'd like fat dykes to know about? What was that rumor about a fat person suing American Airlines for discrimination? Send us news clipping, send us local news, just send it!

•**HEALTH ISSUES** Yeah, what about those health issues?

•**LEGAL ISSUES** We've definitely got 'em. Anyone out there know enough to write about 'em?

•**NO COMMENT** (OK, so I stole the name from Ms.) Seen an ad or article that really pissed you off? Let us tear it to pieces.

•**BOYCOTT** Who's doing nasty things to fat people, promoting fat discrimination, making fat people miserable? We know they're everywhere (just like WE are!). Let's get a list going, so we can try holding some of those creeps accountable.



Oh! I think this makes me look too fat.
What do you think, Sara?



Stop hanging all over me! This is MY armrest.



Sondra Solovay

THANK YOU

NOTE TO A

TOP by Drew

"You've got a beautiful body," she says and I don't believe her. I let the whip that's slicing across my back drown her out. I don't want to hear this right now.

We're at a play party in honor of her birthday. I'm her present actually, delivered with a shove and a whispered "make me proud" by my current favorite Top. I am naked, and invisible. Or so I hope.

But even the relentless pounding of the flogger wielded by a mutual friend can't make her go away. Her voice breaks through, "You're gorgeous. You have great tits, you know that?" Her hand is shielding the back of my neck and her lips are moist, tracing the line of my jaw, the tendons in my neck, the curve of my throat. "Gorgeous," she murmurs, her fingers plucking my nipple.

I was having such a good time before she started talking about my body. She had been casually squeezing and prodding my flesh, adjusting the bondage so I could move forward a bit, to rub up against her when the whip on my back was just too much. I

love losing myself in her body, my head buried between her breasts, her fists full of my hair. She's a big woman: six feet tall, easy, one of the few women I know with shoulders broader than mine. She's got the best ass in the City and the biggest paws I've ever taken. She's fine.

Until she starts telling me about my body, distracting me from the pain I use to disappear. She won't let me go far tonight. She wants me present, there in the flesh and spirit for her. She is insistent.



"Don't you believe me, baby? This is some sweet stuff you got." Her hand is in my cunt now, the glove slick against my shaved lips. "You better believe me. You better believe every word I tell you." I can't tell if she's angry or not and I don't have a safeword tonight. "You've got a beautiful body," she repeats, testing me.

"Yeah, well, I grew it myself," I spit, thinking how much I hate it when Tops lie.

She pauses, looking into my tear-blurred eyes, and repeats slowly, "You grew it yourself. You learned how to love yourself enough to eat and sleep and work and play and give pleasure to yourself and other women, didn't you? And that's what you're doing now, you know." She's got four fingers

in me now, pumping slowly in time with her words. I know the whip is still there, but I can't really feel it anymore. My mind is trained on her words.

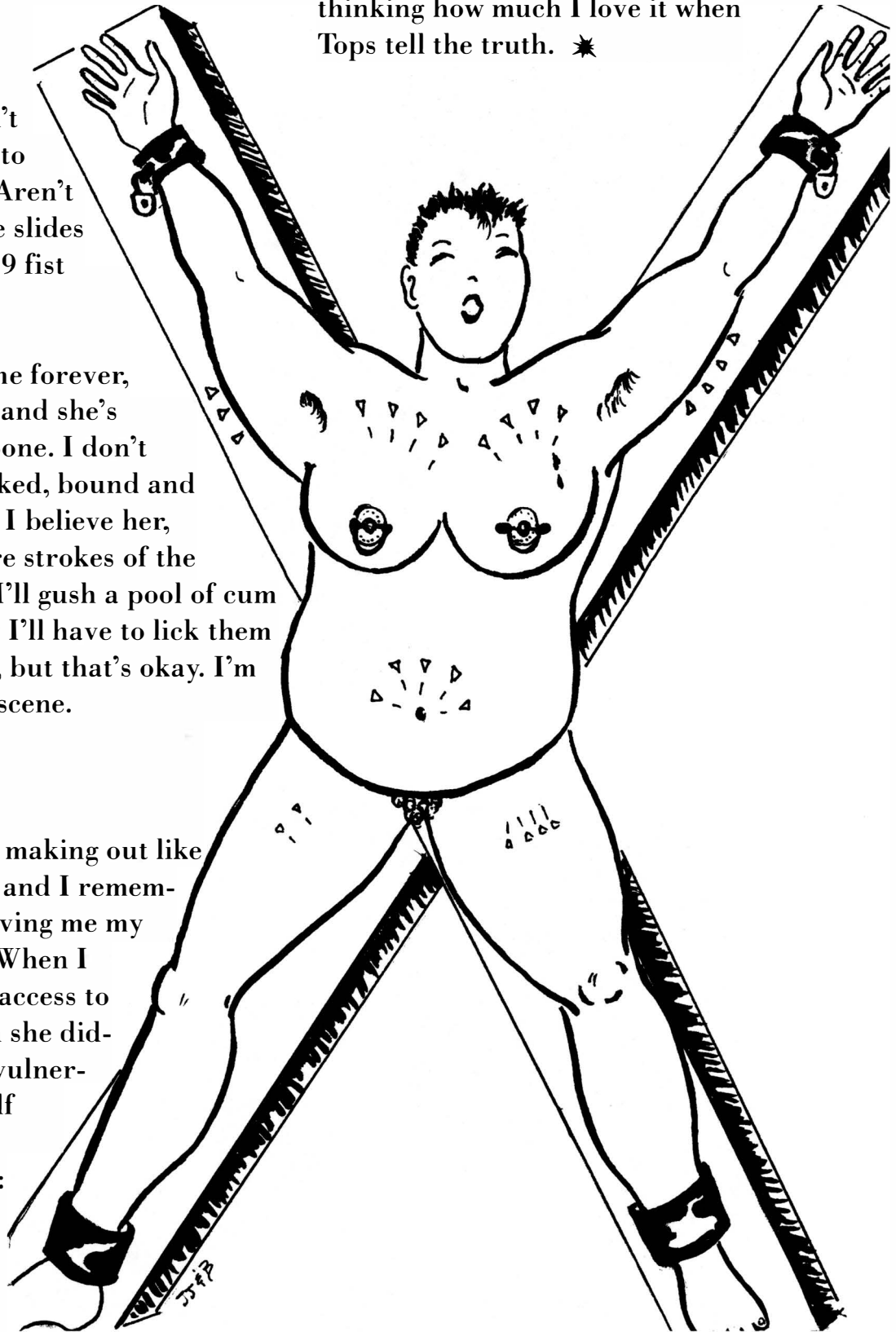
"This is a body for loving women with, isn't it, and you're giving it to me, aren't you, baby? Aren't you," and I gasp as she slides all of her glorious size 9 fist into me.

Our friend can hit me forever, till there's no skin left and she's whittling away at the bone. I don't care. I am standing naked, bound and full of this woman and I believe her, every word. A few more strokes of the whip and her fist and I'll gush a pool of cum onto her boots. I know I'll have to lick them clean in a few minutes, but that's okay. I'm always hungry after a scene.

* * *

Months later we are making out like teenagers in her truck and I remember to thank her for giving me my body back that night. When I bottom, I give my Top access to my pain, even the pain she didn't cause. And in that vulnerable state, my child-self exposed, I can finally hear those vital truths: You're so good. You're beautiful. I'm proud of you. I want you. And my chattering monkey mind, quieted by several hours of

San Francisco's finest floggers, shuts up long enough for me to hear what I've been listening to for all these years. Thank you, I say, thinking how much I love it when Tops tell the truth. ✱

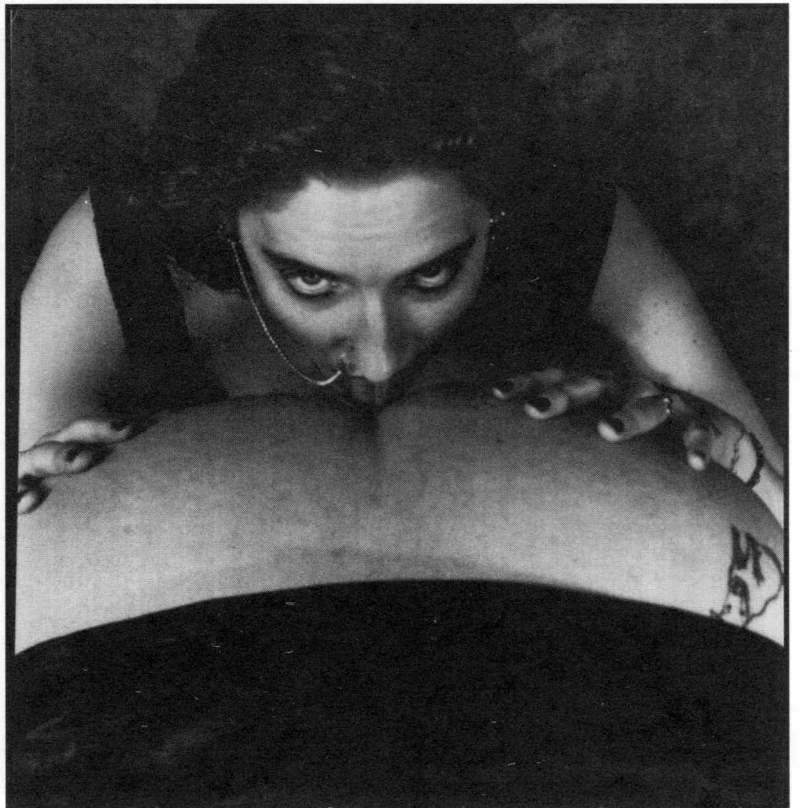
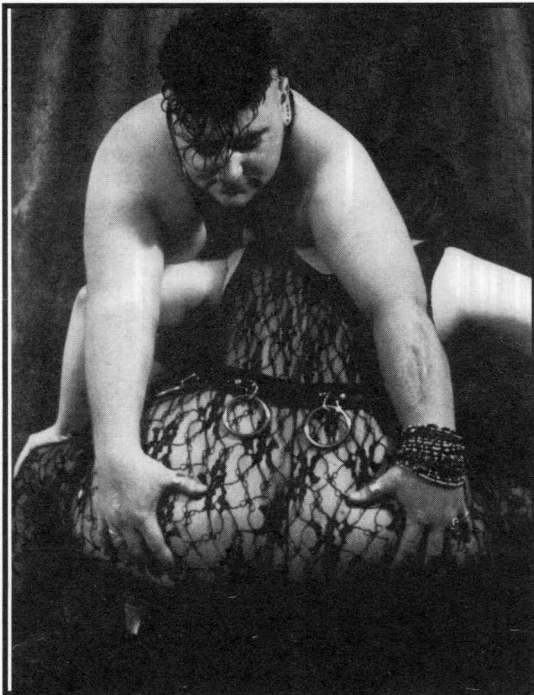
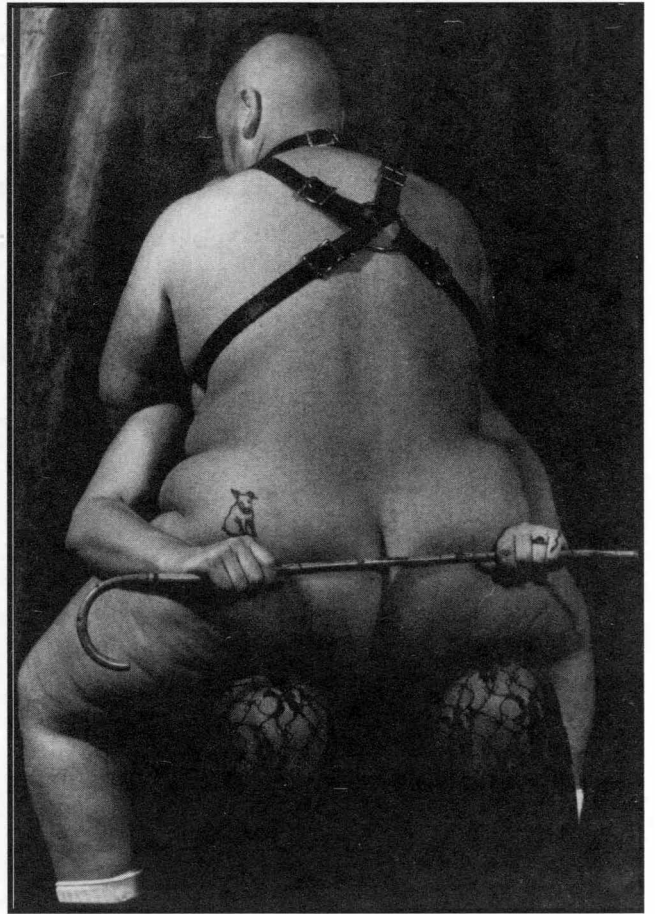
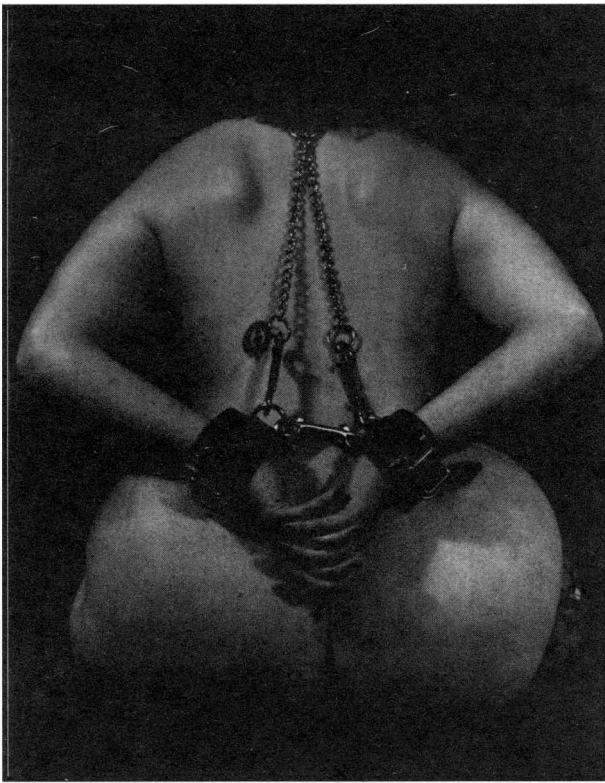




heather & amlee

Photography by
Bethaniel





FaT GiRL 

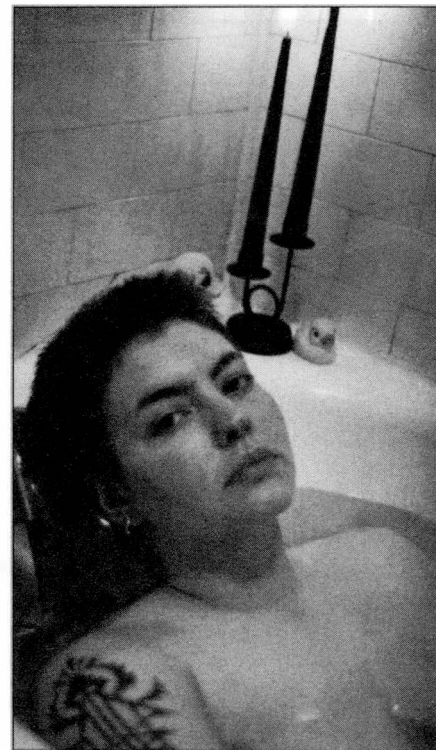




One of the driving inspirations in putting together FG is our desire for a visual feast of Fat Dykes. Being a demon with sharp teeth, I'm always looking for Fat flesh to feed upon...Fat Dykes come in all sorts of hot shapes and sizes and variations of pussies and stretch marks. Fat Girl invites you to look at us. Turn the light on and stare closely and intently at our abundant bodies. I hope it makes you wet, makes you want to pull hard at your nipples, bite down upon your lip. AND, IF you are an exhibitionist who has always wanted to be a cheesecake centerfold, now is your chance to spread 'em! Contact Barbarism at FG.



SPECIAL
THANKS
TO OUR
photo
Goddess
LAURA!
WITHOUT
her help
THIS
ISSUE OF
FAT GIRL
WOULD
NOT HAVE
BEEN
POSSIBLE!
XOXOXO



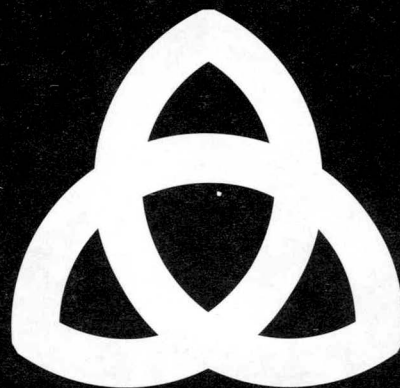
LAURA JOHNSTON
SELF PORTRAIT

**Bad Attitude — 48 pages of
lesbian lust with an
emphasis on S/M and B/D.**

**Squeeze
Bad Attitude**



3 issues \$15, 6 issues (1 yr) \$30.
Must state over 21 with signature.
Bad Attitude, PO Box 390110
Cambridge MA 02139



Lashes by Sarah

*Hand Crafted Cats
Floggers
& Whips*

(415) 621-6048

Round Table

Transcribed
by Candida
Photos by
Laura Johnston



“What’s different...
about being a fat dyke?”

C: As opposed to being a straight girl?

S: That and also, what’s it like being a fat dyke around other dykes, as opposed to the straight community. Both those questions.

O: How can any of us say about what it’s like to be a fat straight woman?

S: Well, in a way you can, because...

B: ...we used to be fat straight girls?
[laughs].

S: I’ve been a fat...well, not straight girl. But trying to be. And I don’t think that everyone who sees me on the street knows I’m a dyke.

O: I definitely think you get treated really differently in the dyke community if you’re a butch or a femme, and fat. I think I get a lot of good stuff, much more positive reinforcement from femmes than negative stuff.

B: I think even your shape sometimes defines whether you’re butch or femme...in how people see you visually. Even within the dyke community, dykes see “fat” first before they see “dyke.” [And they can’t tell us apart no matter how different we look.] That’s just one (of the many) reasons why

we want to do *FaT GiRL*. And I wanted a feast of images, there just are not enough images of fat dykes. The ones that are out there are few and far between...most of them are okay...a lot of them are goddess images of fat dykes, so therefore she’s maternal or something. Like, she’s going to take care of the other dykes in the community because she’s a fat dyke.

[Everyone laughs.]

S: Oh, also, you’re not going to be a bottom if you’re big.

A: Well, the part about the goddess stuff that bothers me, is that if she’s one of the maternal goddesses, the Mother, *then* she’s fat. Anything else, any other aspect of the goddess, is portrayed as thin.

M: Right. “Fat is fertility.”

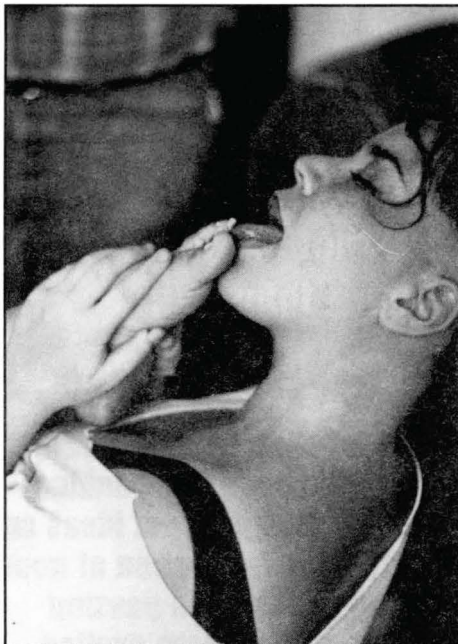
B: The crones are thin, the young maiden is thin, the warrior is thin. It’s so limiting. It’s just so frustrating...

The idea to put *Fat Girl* together came about last spring, while a couple of us were just hanging out shooting the shit. It seems the best ideas are often born that way, from the inspiration of good conversation with friends. With each passing conversation we grew more and more excited. The more the idea sank in, the more we began to realize how really revolutionary it would be to publish words and images of fat dykes—true words, words that really represent who we are. So, in order to get some of those inspiring ideas onto these pages, and not limit ourselves to the written word, we decided to record a conversation between members of the

group who put this together, to give you a chance to hear us talk about why we’re here. Hence, the birth of the *Fat Girl Roundtable*.

A=April Miller
M=Max Airborne
B=Barbarism
C=Candida Albicans
O=Oso
S=Selena





S: Even growing up. I was never very athletic for various physical reasons...and so therefore, if you have tits and curves, you're a "femme" whether you want to be or not. And when you're coming out, if you don't look like a dyke, it means you're not a dyke. So you're closeted all the time.

C: And fat girls do have more curves... But the interesting thing is that I always felt, as a young (girly-)girl, that because I was fat, I wasn't feminine to others. That because it wasn't how girls were "supposed" to look, it's "masculine," somehow (I don't know why, it doesn't make any sense). There was this very strong message...that Omigod, the worst thing in the world you could be was a Fat Hairy Bitch, oh no!

[laughter]

B: More power to you...

M: Mmmm, fat hairy bitch? [lecherous laugh]

B: I feel like I almost primarily have identified as a femme, and I think what has been complicated for me (being a big femme) is feeling like the butches in my life had problems with me being stronger than them. Cuz if you're femme and you're big and you're strong, also, that is really threatening to some... I think that's what's threatening about Fat within the straight world, why a lot of men have problems with fat women. We're big, we're stronger, we take up more space. And they want women who just sort of disappear. Like if you're trying to share a seat on the bus; the men get on, and they think the seat is for them, and they can spread their legs as far as they want, and when a big dyke is sitting there and takes up a lot of space on the seat, or a seat-and-a-half, with her legs spread, too....they take offense at it, that you're taking up their space in the world. And I feel that a lot when [I'm around smaller dykes]... Like, if you go into a straight bar, I feel like there's this space around their bodies, and they don't really touch...and when you go into a dyke bar, there's more contact...women bump into each other, and it's okay. But I feel like as a fat dyke, it's not okay when I'm bumping into other women. Or these smaller butches, if I'm bumping into them with my tits or my butt or something. I feel like they look at me like, "Hey, what are you doing? You're in my space." If I were a little femme, I could just fit through the crowd, and be cute and everything, but...

S: Whether it's true or not that people are resenting you for it every time, you feel that way, because people have treated you like that in the past.

M: But they do so often! Barb and I were at this restaurant, and there was this

guy...We had to squeeze in between these two groups of people in order to get to the table we were going to sit at, and I bumped this guy's elbow...

C: [Audible gasp!]

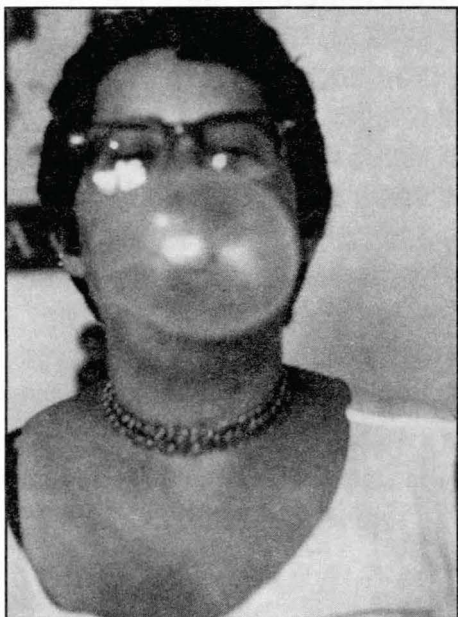
M: And OMIGOD, you'd think the world was coming to a fucking end. He started yelling, and talking at the top of his voice...yelling obscenities. Like, "Fucking dykes! Blah blah BLAH blah BLAH," and all the people in the restaurant (who were mostly queer, or queer-supportive), were like, who is this jerk? This guy was insane. I just felt like he happened to be one of the people who was crazy enough to speak his mind about how much he hated us...but I feel like that energy is there all the time.

B: He went on, saying how disgusting we were...and he was threatening how he was going to mess up her bike outside...and how could you do *those things* with each other. And it was a tiny little restaurant, and she barely bumped him, and said "Excuse me." But there's so much hatred. I just think when you're a dyke, and you're bigger...people notice you, and they see "fat," and people feel it's safe to attack you if you're fat. Like really, there's no good reason for your existence, and they can say that to you whenever they want. Growing up, everyone in my family was always on my case with, "Oh, you would be so beautiful, IF ONLY you would lose some weight." Constantly. Whenever I talk to my mother, no matter what I say. I could say, "Oh Mom, I got a promotion!" "Oh, you got a promotion? Well, I hope you lose some weight, because you know, you're not going to get another promotion." Everything comes down to: "Are you going to starve yourself for us?"

O: Or they would say, "If you were skinnier, you could get a nice man." No, I want some pretty girls, though I don't need to be skinnier.

S: My mother would always be angry at me for starving myself, and then telling me how horrible and disgusting fat women were. Mostly it was about her...we're built almost exactly the same, but she would go off about how disgusting she was. And I stopped eating. And then, "Oh, but you have to eat." Fuck, you know? Either I'm supposed to eat or I'm not.

C: What this brings up for me—in terms of, how is it different being fat around dykes than straight women—is being around women who talk about how much they need to lose weight. Or how awkward it is to be sitting next to it, because it feels like they're saying that being fat is the worst thing in the world, and they're afraid of



being fat. Whether they're fat or not. But they're actually not necessarily talking about you directly at all, they're talking about being unhappy in their body if it gets to be fat. So where do you draw the line? Or how much do you put up with having to hear about their hatred of all things FAT? Does it depend on how they word it, or what?

S: I don't usually say anything, because if you do, it ends up being so condescending. Like, "It's okay for YOU. You're...different."

O: I get that with my co-workers a lot. A lot of them are really small, some of them are like, anorexic. And they're always, "Oh my god, I can't eat this," or "I can't eat that..." And they don't even notice me, or if they do, they say, "Oh, but you're *different*."

C: "It looks so becoming on you, it's just ME..."

O: "I can't imagine you *any other way*..."

C: Oh, yeah. "...And I fantasize about you naked..."

[Big laughs]

O: God, *I* wanted it.
[Max laughs]

C: So, do you find you get that less frequently with dykes, or does it feel differently when a dyke does it because you think maybe she's more aware, somehow, about "fat issues"?

O: I even think it's kind of crap with other dykes, even in Women's Studies—you know, the Intro to Fem. crew—who are so in touch with their own shit and all...but they still do it! But they just feel bad about doing it. Or they can say something weird, and then say, "but I don't *really* think that." Or "I know it's wrong to think that, but sometimes I feel that way." I'd actually rather hear it from people who didn't have the p.c. rap behind it.

A: I find it more offensive from dykes. Especially because I expect them to know better. If nothing else, I expect them to love themselves a little bit more than the average bear.

C: Why? Why? Why?

S: Because you've already had to learn to love yourself over things that other people don't like about you. Theoretically.

A: And here we are, where I grew up, it's like we're all supposed to be making "safe space" for ourselves, and "safe space" for each other. Great.

S: I don't find it as much with dykes, it's way more subtle... I work with all straight women, eight women sitting around sewing all day, no money...we're talking all the time. They don't do it much, but they will—get into this thing about weight. And you never hear a bunch of dykes sitting around talking about that in that same way. They might be just as fucked up about it on the inside, but it's not like an acceptable topic of conversation.

A: Well, they'll talk about how they're going to go work out instead, or how they're getting so fat and have to go to the gym.

C: Yeah...but sometimes when it comes up, it doesn't mean someone is necessarily all that fat-negative. It's complex...if you suddenly gain a lot of weight and can't move quite as well and do the same things, it's seriously depressing. It can have real drawbacks, it doesn't always mean they're just "fat-negative" about everyone. I feel like some dykes are more aware of that. I don't know.

B: It seems like a lot of the images we see...I mean, I feel like our community is being more and more commercialized, and there's more money coming into it. But all the images I see of dykes...it's an androgynous image, so therefore if it's androgynous then they're skinnier, because then they don't have any curves or any shape to them. Even if they're femme and androgynous, they're super-thin. Like the same images you see of mainstream models, transcribed into our community. How our community is starting to sell itself is really frightening. It's so undiverse. There's just mostly skinny women. Like the Girl-Spot, they have all these ads...recently, they had one that said, "Come in for our new face-

lift." They had made a change and re-done themselves, and had all this advertising about their "face-lift." Like our bodies need to be restructured.

C: "Come in and get your cellulite SUCKED."

B: It's really alienating.

C: At least Page Hodel's thing...Club Q ...at least they advertise some diversity, they have big girls, girls of different ethnicities... they make a point of not having many white girls in their ads. Which is refreshing.

B: I mean, there are LOTS of fat dykes in our community!

M: Well, you don't see them in *Deneuve*, or *On Our Backs*, or any of the magazines...

B: Once in a while...

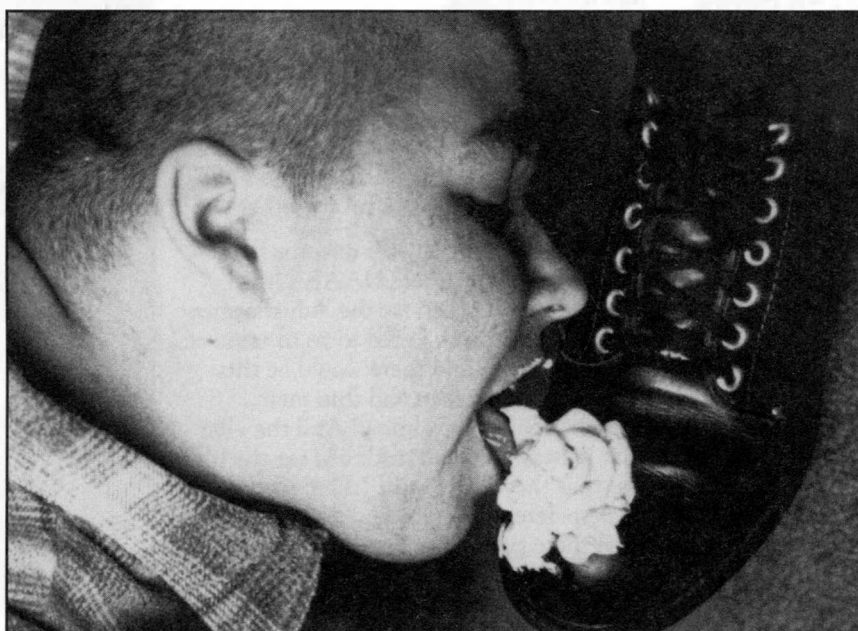
M: Once in a great while...usually in some s/m-related magazine, you'll see a fat dyke. Like Quim had a little blurb in their most recent issue about body image, and they put in the lyrics of one of my songs, a song called FAT GIRL. (That I wanted to name this 'zine after.) But that was it. And some photographs of this one woman who was fat, but not representative of someone who's *really* fat. I mean, I still don't feel represented.

A: Fat, but not super-sized.

M: ...and I weigh around three hundred. I never have seen myself anywhere, except for *your* picture, April. [points to April on the cover of the *SF Weekly*]

A: Poster-child.

[Hoots and "woo-woo" noises of appreciation for April's sexy pose.]



M: Really, it's true, you're the only person I've seen in print that makes me feel represented in the media.

C: I can't remember, April, did that article talk about your being a dyke at all?

A: Well, no more than it talked about my being a pervert. Which was also mentioned, but...

C: I just remember it talking about chubby-chasers who are guys. In terms of how fat-appreciators can hook up...

M: Ick.

A: Most of the article wasn't about me.

C: ...Goddamn it!

B: You know, they had a thing on Geraldo today, about Fat Emancipation. I couldn't tape it, but I watched it, and I was tripping out, because....there was one woman who said something about how it doesn't matter who you are and what your size is, it's who you are and that's what the men are attracted to. But it was really all about: *[imitates Voice of Geraldo]* "Are these women still attractive to men?" It was ALL in relation to men. And one of the women there was talking about this thing...they call "feeders"? Where there are men who are into big women and they want to make them bigger? So it's male controlled? Or they'll take them on a weekend date and they'll force funnel-feed them, and then weigh them at the end of the week, or weekend, and see how much weight they've gained.

[Disgusted groans and faces abound]

B: I was just blown away.

M: So it turns being fat into another way for men to control them.

S: I just did a straight fat porn video Monday...and I was sitting there reading all the magazines. And it's these first-person narratives by "women," saying things like, "Oh, I might just have to eat this WHOLE thing. Of course, it will all probably go right to my tits, I'll gain like five pounds." I don't know, it's so weird!

C: Well, it's a fetish...

S: Not all the straight chubby chaser stuff is like that. I mean, alot of it is really positive. I was impressed to see some of that which was pretty matter-of-fact. And also, it's really interesting to see all this stuff about guys coming out of the closet about liking fat women. And those are the words that they used.

C: It's true, though...not that I feel particularly sorry for them. But men do get a lot of shit for dating fat women.

M: Who cares?

[lots of laughter]

S: I kind of do, because it all affects me, in the end. The fact that even for a straight guy, someone who's right there in the norm...that that's so "out there" translates into more shit on the street for me, basically.

C: Also on the net—I don't know if any of you computer geeks have ever cruised alt.sex.fat [a computer newsgroup]. There was another "feeder" story on that one, about this guy who bought all these larger clothes for his girlfriend, and arranged for her to start a mail-order business at home...and then he started drugging her, and she gained 70 pounds, and was very depressed all the time, and dependent on him for everything.

B: It's all control.

S: Well, it's just like what I hear from these straight women at work, that their boyfriends will come down on them for eating. "Oh, you're eating *that*?" If it's not control one way, it's control the other way.

A: The thing that's always disturbed me about organizations like NAAFA [the National Association for the Advancement of Fat Acceptance], I used to go to some of their meetings...and there would be this roomful of fat women and thin men...chubby chasers, you know? And the vibe that I always got that disturbed me the most was that they really want "their women" to be desperate. Powerless and desperate. And then these guys get to be like god. Because all these women are fighting each other for these weeny men....I was so disgusted....

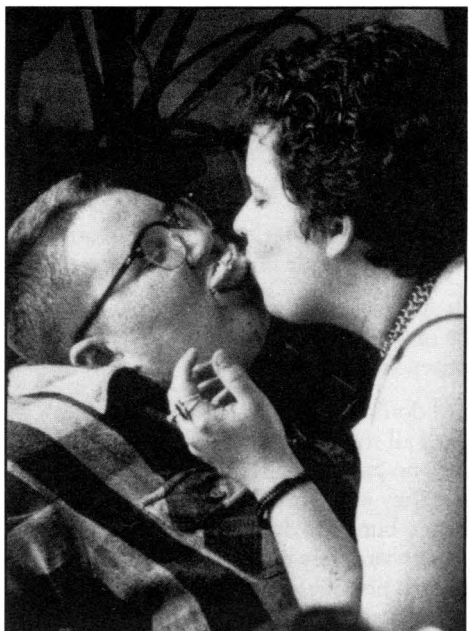
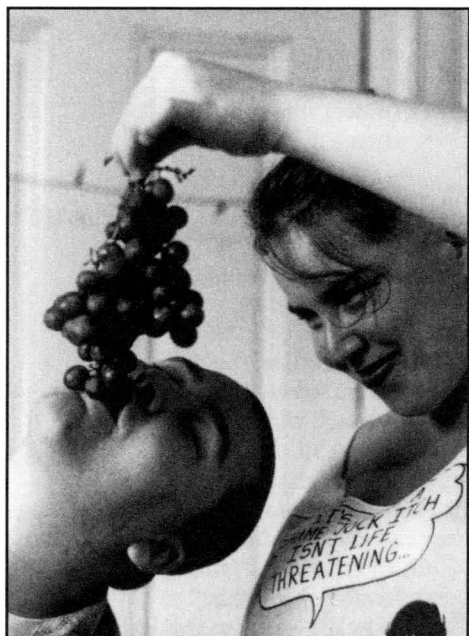
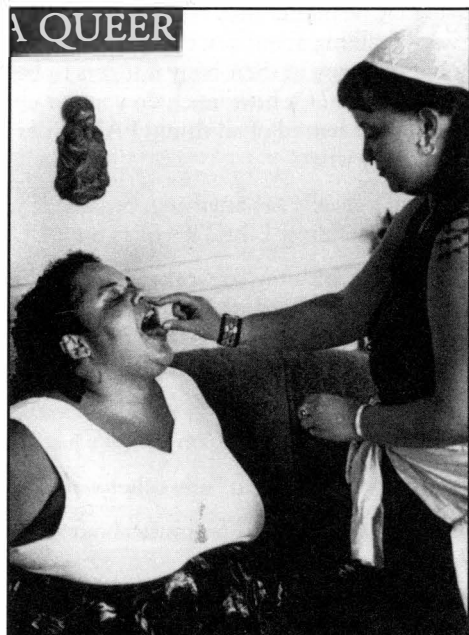
[people clutch their queasy stomachs and groan]

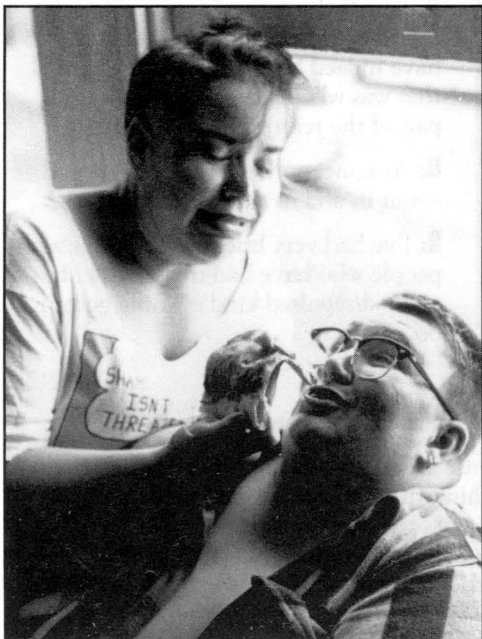
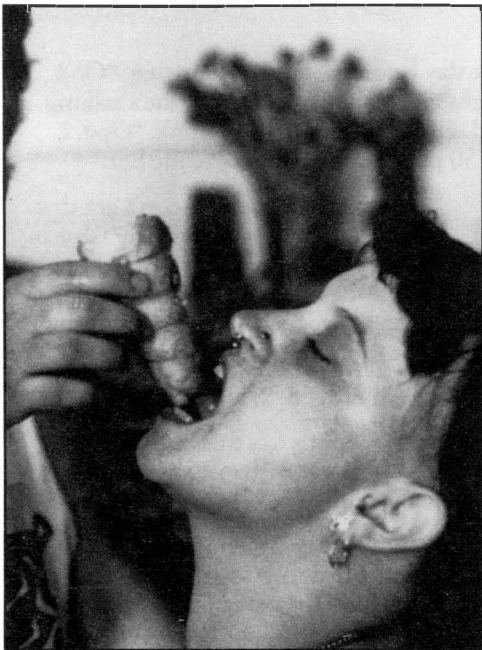
S: It still comes down to what men want.

A: Yeah. I'm not into the straight-men-who-are-into-fat-girls thing. Though I do believe there are some genuinely nice men in the world who just like that. But I don't see them in any of the organizations.

B: Well, do you think that mindset sort of translates...do you think there's a similar mindset within the dyke community?

A: I think the dyke community definitely has the valuing fitness thing. I find it really uncomfortable to go out and be "on the prowl"...to look for girls, and be out on the meat market. Because what kind of value does a fat woman—no matter how attractive—have in the general population and the dyke community?





C: Or what kind of issues are you going to come up against? Girls who have their own body issues (and who doesn't?)...they can't really deal with someone with a fat body because they have hated and feared it so much themselves. In a way some men do, too, but it's not the same.

O: I get a really different response, especially when I have girlfriends who are a lot thinner than me. It's this weird thing. They have all these issues all the time, like should they be dieting, or they're afraid to say they think they should be dieting, or they're freaked out that they want to lose weight, or they're freaked out that they gained some weight. But then if I try and talk to them about weight about me, they're like, "No, no, no..."

C: Well, you're butch, so to them, it's just like being with a guy...it's acceptable to not look like the "perfect slender woman."

O: Yeah, it's just like a guy thing. I was just thinking of this funny song, from this cartoon. It goes, "Keep your hubby chubby, cuz he's a happy pappy..." [laughter] Something like that. And here someone I'm going out with will do this funny thing, like "I'm going to have this liquid diet, but here, I'll make you whatever you want." And I'm sitting there going, what's going on here?

C: They ought to just get an i.v.

M: I haven't had that experience at all. I guess maybe I'm not as butch as you. [Oso].

O: Yeah, well.
[laughter]

M: I mean, I have had, in the past...nobody who's in this room [laughter from Max's liaisons]...but I have had lovers who are very "concerned" about my weight. And my health, and whatever. "You're going to die."

S: "So are you."

O: Yeah, I guess we all are. But that's really weird. I've never had that experience at all. I've been really lucky, to not have had that. People are weird about it and all, but my lovers seem to be really into it. "Oh, you're so cuddly," "Oh, you're so cute." That kind of little boy, chubby, cute, teddy-bearish thing. That's the stuff I get from them.

B: April, you were talking about cruising and stuff. I think for me, I've always had a really hard time with casual sex. And I think a lot of it has to do with not only dealing with my own body issues, but wanting to not have to deal with...like, when dykes get together and are sexual together, so many issues come up. Issues galore.

C: And you PROCESS them, too.

B: ...and then you process them! I feel like other people's body issues come up. And I don't want to deal with other people's fat-phobia. And sometimes you want to be sexual, so my own fear about people rejecting me because of being a larger femme, or a stronger femme, or not meeting other dykes who could throw me around as well as I could throw them around, has kept me from...but also, dealing with other people's body imagery. I've had really small lovers, and I know I brought up stuff for them. Their own stuff about body size. And I'm committed to working stuff out with them if they're a long-term lover—but dealing with casual sex, it's definitely an issue.

C: So, in terms of s/m play....I'm wondering. For instance, April, I've seen you bottom at numerous play parties. And always to people who are smaller than you. Is this a huge issue for you? (So to speak!)

A: What do you mean?

C: Barb was just talking about how, in terms of cruising and stuff, she feels this issue come up—that it's an issue, that she could throw these people around so much more easily. So if you're bottoming to someone who's... relatively puny next to you—how does that affect you as a bottom? This is kind of a different subject, hope y'all don't mind.

A: No, no. I'm not particularly interested in "fighting back," and being thrown around as a bottom. So that hasn't been much of an issue. But this one particular smaller person (whose name we will not mention), COULD easily throw me around if she chose to. My stuff about power issues has been more....like, Barbara, I think it's interesting that people respond to you as being big and strong. Because my stuff has always been that people are surprised by how strong I am. Because I can throw around all sorts of people, and do on occasion. I've always been amazed, out in the straight world, that people think that fat people are weak and helpless... [S: ...yeah!]

A: ...And that we're fat because we don't ever move! I want to say, "Okay, kids. You try walking around 300 pounds. For a couple of hours. And then we'll talk about who among the two of us isn't very strong."

B: I guess I'm not just talking about knowing people on a casual level, but this stereotype...having had lovers much smaller than me (and maybe not even that much smaller than me), who have this idea: "You're femme, and I'm butch, and you're supposed to be weaker than I am."

O: Hey, I just wanted you to carry the bag. *[Barb laughs.]*

S: I've had that come up for me. I don't know if it's come up for my play partners, but it's come up for me. It's not that I've played much with fighting back particularly, although that's one of the subjects that seems like a taboo in the leather community around here, like you're not allowed to like that? But when I have rough-housed and wrestled, then I've always felt like I have to hold back. Like with my girlfriend, who is smaller than me....I can pick her up really easily, and she can't pick me up (I don't think). And she used to like to play around in this one way that she ended up supporting most of my weight. Not picking me up, but knocking me around where she'd be holding me, and I'd have to trust her to hold me up, and I couldn't really trust her to hold me up. She says she can....but I've gained weight, and I don't know that she can. So, a) I miss that, and b) I never felt that comfortable with it at the time, thinking "you can't hold me, you can't hold me..."

A: That's the stuff that I miss...is that I was involved in a Daddy/girl relationship. And I would love to be in a situation at some point in my life, where I felt like I *could*...say, sit in somebody's lap?

S: It would be nice to be smaller than someone. It's not absolutely necessary or anything, but it's nice as a bottom sometimes to feel like you're physically smaller than your top. For me, it can be comforting. It doesn't mean I can't play if that's not there, but it's just one thing that...

C: I definitely feel it, too. It's only been a few times that that has happened in my life. It's a very comforting thing that I was totally unused to, my whole life. Putting yourself into the hands of someone bigger or stronger than you.

A: I actually dance with my friend Laura, and we work with a lot of contact improv stuff, which has been really, really hard for me. And really, really, good for me. Because a lot about it is about giving your weight to the other person...letting Laura carry me around! Rolling over her. Which, you know, after growing up fat—basically, I've always been super-sized—I was a size 20 when I was 14...that's super-sized for a kid. So I have all that stuff about, "Oh, watch out for *her*, she'll sit on you and she'll kill you!" So to be able to roll over someone so much thinner than me and not have her break.... I can do it easily with strangers...*[laughter]*

S: But we don't want to roll over just *anyone*, anyway...*[laughter]*

A: It's been really important to me just to be able to DO some of that.

B: Well...it's definitely nice to have a lover who's about your size.

S: My own body image stuff comes out a lot, having a lover smaller than me...it's hard... it's like, "Yeah yeah, easy for YOU to say." That hateful voice, with all that bullshit... "Oh, it's easier for you to buy clothes," and so on. It's not always easier for her. It's really hard for me to hear about any of her body image stuff. I know that

abstractly, I should be supportive of it, but I usually really don't want to hear it.

C: Or if it's a smaller woman going on and on about how she finds big women attractive. If she's smaller than me, I can't really trust that she means it the way, say, even a man would! Isn't *that* grim. But I'm always afraid that if it comes from a smaller woman, she can't really mean it because she's probably really fat-phobic. It's all my issues, but it's there.

M: What are you saying, about you believe it if a man says it?

S: Well, if a guy goes, "Oh, yeah, I like big women and those big, juicy tits!" you *believe* him. You may not like him, but you believe him. *[Barbara cracks up.]*

S: When I was into guys, I never got any of that, but I read, I see porn...

B: Well, women think they're fat and hate their bodies, no matter how skinny they are. Men aren't taught to hate themselves as well as women are taught to hate ourselves. So when you hear a woman say great things about your body, you're thinking, "Oh, sure, I know you must really hate yourself, and so you must hate me, too."

C: Well, especially if the day before, you hear her saying, "God, look how flabby my thighs are, blah blah blah..." If she's talking about her own body and self-hatred, it's hard to think, "God, I outweigh her by maybe 50 pounds, she finds me really hot."

S: With my girlfriend, I don't get that. It's the other way around. She's one of those people who will lose weight (when she doesn't want to), she doesn't feel as good, she's putting cream on her cereal and going, "I'm cold..."

M: Oh my god. What a concept!

S: It is. So it's not that she's dieting, it's just the way that she is. But it's really hard to tell part of me that.

A: What happens to me, at a certain point, when they start talking about how much they love my body, stuff like that, is I start to not believe them. Because I think they're covering up this aversion that they have. And I have indeed had experiences where that was what was going on, which is part of the reason that I think this.

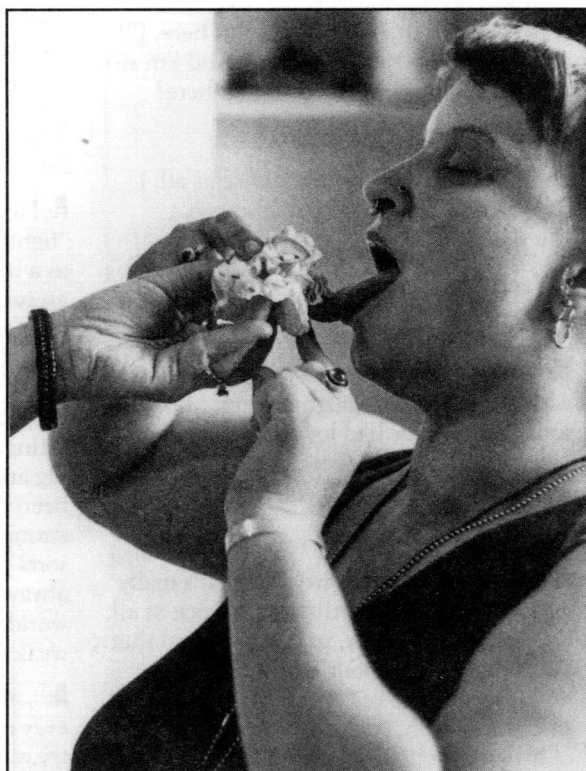
C: You mean, they want to feel good about it, and so they'll say it?

A: I've had very brief relationships with people who have had this bizarre...fascinated/repulsed kind of thing going on.

M: Oh, god...

B: They're going to work out their issues on you?

A: Right. And then there's also this dynamic, where the more that they say it, the more I think that's the only thing that they're interested in. And as soon as they get enough of big tits, or whatever, then they're going to go back to thin girls that they *really* like. Because they were never interested in me as a person, it was just the body.



B: Fat as exotic? [Snort.]

A: Yeah. Kind of.

C: And besides, April has such good taste, they just want to be a part of that.

A: Yeah, bask in the glory for a moment.

[laughter]

O: For me, another thing that's weird, is when people say that they think I have issues about people being fat. That I'm fat-phobic, not about myself, but about other people, or about girls I'm into or girls I went out with. And I think I got kind of upset about it...obsessing about it, like, "Oh...do I like this person because she's skinny? Or do I like her because I like this person? Do I like this girl because she's big, or do I just like her?" I think sometimes I'm not really sure. Because I went out with people who are really skinny, and I've gone out with people who aren't skinny. And I definitely think that, depending on their size, I have different issues about it. I think I struggle with wondering if I have shit about it. Like, if I continuously go out with people who happen to not be that big, it's this weird question that comes up in my head, why is this happening?

C: What about big girls who are particularly (or only) into smaller girls? Do any of you know dykes like that?

M: Deserters! [laughs] "Traitors!" I'm just kidding.

C: I can think of ONE PARTICULAR top
...

B: You mean, "the average woman weighs a hundred" one?

C: Yeah, that one. No, not average, that's on the "lighter side" for her. She's a big, beefy girl. Not *really* big, but she's pretty juicy. And she seems to be totally fat-phobic to me.

M: Right, there's a classic example. What they're referring to is an unnamed person who gave a demo...

C: And she was (when questioned) talking about supporting body weight, and thought that a hundred pounds was "on the lighter side" of the average for women...to be generous, I think! Oh, no, she later said to be generous with women, you should plan on "150." But with men, you should count on "250 or 300 to be safe."

M: And she, herself, is probably close to 200.

B: And this was in terms of giving safety information, about [checking weight ratings for your equipment] to carry the weight of a

person, and was talking about the "average" woman!

A: This person is totally clueless.

M: And this is someone who is seen as an "authority" within the pervert community.

C: And this is a WOMAN. I think she identifies as a woman...she uses female pronouns outside of scene...and she probably weighs at least 180, I don't know, I don't really care what she weighs. I don't get it. Do any of you come across that much, or ever, from big dykes?

S: I haven't.

O: Yeah, I've never heard anyone specifically say...

M: I've come across ignorance like that. Or people who say things to me, like, "You're not THAT fat." [laughs] There's a certain level of ignorance. **Not that fat? Yes, I am THAT fat. I can deal with it. I have been THAT fat all my life, okay? It is *okay*.**

S: They thought maybe if they denied it...

B: ...It would go away?

[laughter]

M: Or just other kinds of ignorance. Other dykes even not being aware of the fact that it might be difficult for me to fit in a booth...just things like that, there's this constant level of education I have to provide.

C: It's true, even among fat dykes. Like Max, I wasn't used to hanging around people as big as you when we started going out. So it didn't even occur to me, that booths would be a problem. Even though I used to be a lot bigger, and used to worry about chairs...like, would they collapse underneath me.

A: The worst experience that I've had so far with a lover.... we were actually very politically "together," you know, that fat politics and stuff were really there. But she had a sexual abuse history with a much larger woman when she was a child, so we never had sex. In part, because the last time that she had sex unwillingly was with someone of my size in comparison to her...and had been when she was raped as a child. So...what can you do with that?

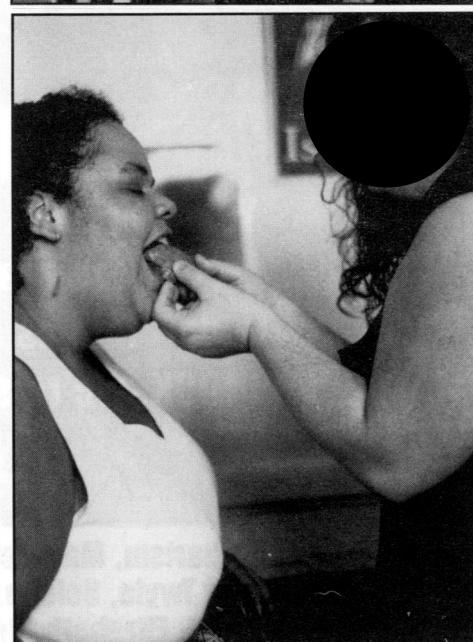
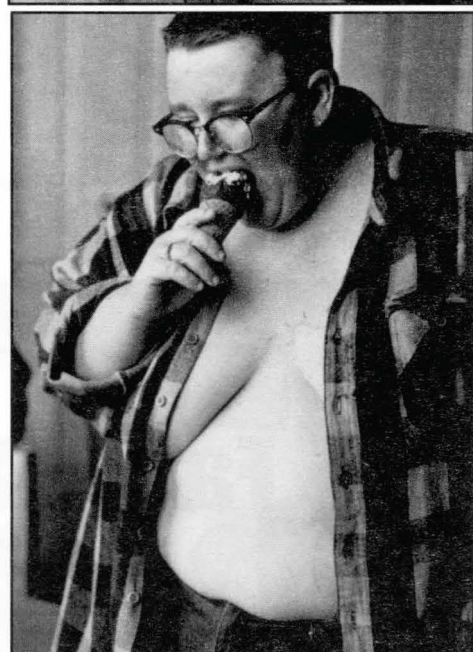
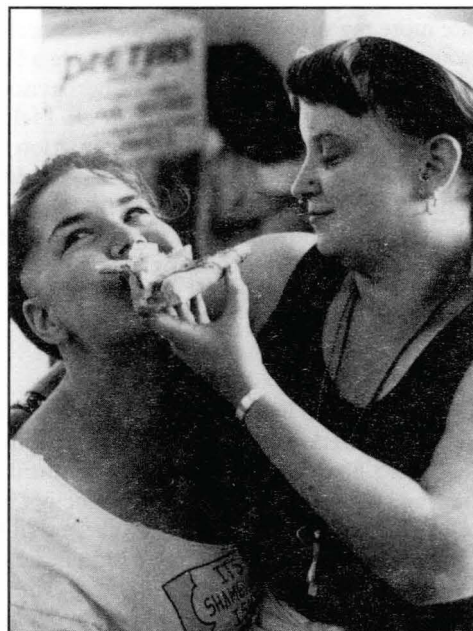
M: Wow. That's heavy.

A: Yeah, I didn't even know how to touch...

[long, distended pause, and silence]

A: Yeah, it was that kind of stopper in my life, too.

B: It's interesting. I don't know if there's a correlation, but when I am with lovers that



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...]

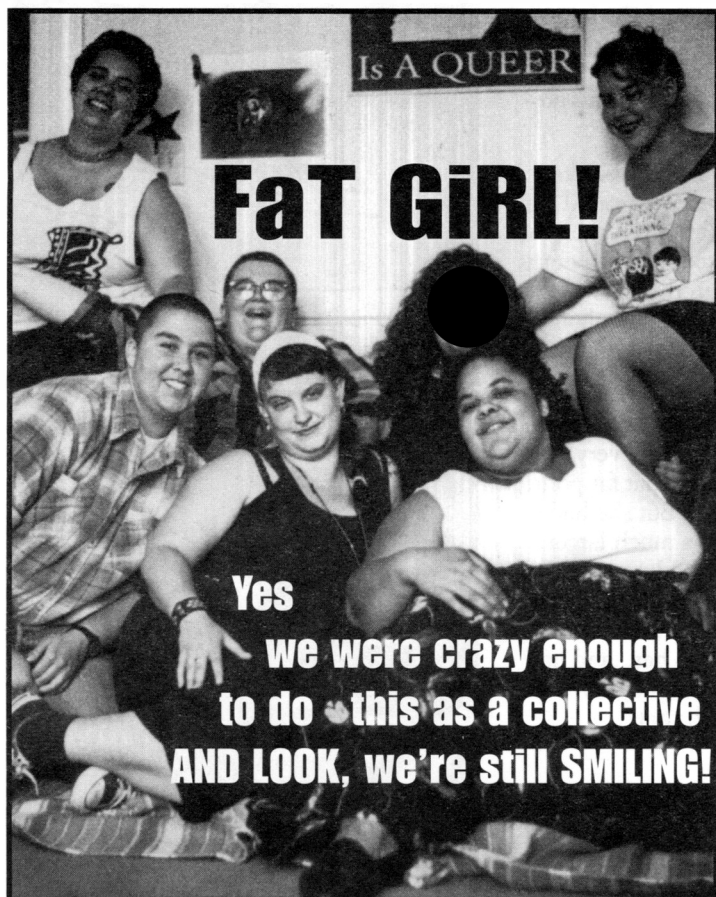
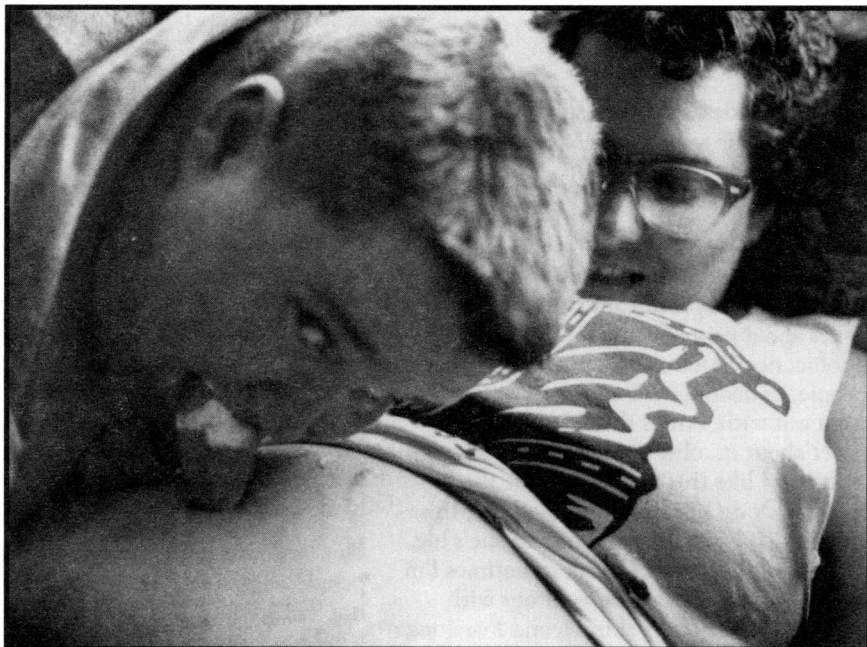
B: We just have more similar interests, and also I'm more attracted to them. But also, more abuse stuff has come up in my life recently, and I think that maybe I'm more ready to deal with facing people closer to my size or being able to share that physical intimacy. It's a really different intimacy when 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...✱



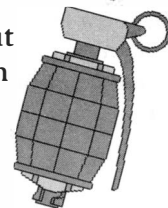
Back L to R: Barbarism, Max, Raquel, Candida Front L to R: Oso, Selena, April Not Pictured: Elizabeth, Bertha

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.)✱



FAT GIRL LIVES!

Who is Fat Girl? If you need to ask this question, I think it's time we sat down and had a little chat. Sit back and relax. Think back. Think back just a few minutes to the moment you picked up this zine. What made you do it? **Are you fat?** Remember back a few minutes further, to the last time you didn't fit into a chair and had to ask for a different one. Who kept you above your shame and humiliation? Remember the last time some creepy guy hurled insults at you and you told him to fuck off and die. Who was that moving your mouth for you, keeping you from sinking deep into depression and self-hate? Remember the last time your great belly shook with the thunderous roar of an orgasm. **Who helped you** get rid of that brainwashing bullshit about fat women having no sexuality? Who? Come on, say it! Who? **Fat Girl**, that's who. Yeah, she's a superhero, but she's not just one, and she doesn't fit into a fucking phone booth. She lives inside every one of us. She works day and night, keeping fat women proud, strong, loving, laughing and alive.

LONG LIVE FAT GIRL!★

Fat Girl a polka by Max Airborne

©1993 by the BuckTooth Varmints

you don't see her in the movies, she's never on tv
the dykes don't even show her in their magazines
she's our best kept secret, gonna rock your world
hey are you ready for Fat Girl?

she's a big superhero with a big attitude
and if you're not careful she'll be coming after you
she don't hold back collective anger unfurled
are you afraid of Fat Girl?

she came to my rescue one afternoon
shinin' like the sun and big as the moon
put a proverbial gun in my hand
said, "don't you remember Fat Girl singing in the dead of night?"

Fat Girl... they tell her she's ugly and say she won't fit
Fat Girl... tried to starve her to death since she was just six
Fat Girl... hey! what do you say when they make you feel blue?

SHUT UP OR I'LL SIT ON YOU!

Fat Girl can't live out no clark kent lies
girdles, corsets, vertical stripes, there is no disguise
she's omnipresent she's an omnivore
you know you can't hide from Fat Girl

so when you're riding on the muni and there's one empty space
Fat Girl get on board, she's right in your face
you know she's gonna sit right next to you
better save a place for Fat Girl singing in the dead of night

Fat Girl... they say even though she's jolly there is no happiness
Fat Girl... cuz jolly means loveable but fat means loverless
Fat Girl... hey! what do you say when they make you feel blue?

SHUT UP OR I'LL SIT ON YOU!

**HAVE
YOU
SEEN
FAT
GIRL?**

TELL US ABOUT IT. WRITE IN WITH
TALES OF FAT GIRL SIGHTINGS. WE
WANT TO KNOW EXACTLY WHAT ANTICS
FAT GIRL IS UP TO THESE DAYS. WE'LL
PUBLISH IT IN THE NEXT ISSUE. AND,
BEFORE THE NEXT ISSUE COMES OUT,
WE'LL PUT THE SIGHTINGS IN A HAT
AND HAVE A LITTLE DRAWING. YOU
JUST MIGHT BE THE LUCKY WINNER OF
A FAT GIRL APRICOT HANKY.

SEND US YOUR SIGHTING TODAY.



Today, I like my body. I went and bought a new bra today, and admired my body in the dressing-room mirror. It's the same fleshy, pale, 36DD, 180 lb, five foot two body I had last week, when I cried for hours at home instead of going to a play party because I couldn't love it, admire it, or imagine that anyone else could. That night, I didn't even feel like I could live in it.

I NEVER WANTED TO BE A BOY, BUT I ALWAYS WISHED I COULD PASS FOR ONE...

I like big women. I think they're sexy and powerful and they make my clit hard. Quite often, when I'm not in one of those self-hating moods, I think my curvy body is sexy, too. But the thing is, even when I do, I admire it like I admire other women's bodies. I don't love it and feel comfortable in it like a mind should feel in its home. At some deep level, it doesn't feel like it's mine.

I hit puberty at around ten or eleven years old; earlier than anyone else I knew or had heard of. I got called fat, thunder thighs, my friend's older brother asked me my bra size ; all the usual banal childhood torture. I never wanted to be a boy, but I always wished I could pass for one. And still do sometimes, and not just because the dyke version of Barbie would look like a fourteen year old boy. If I were small and androgynous, the unreconstructed fat-phobe in me fantasizes, I would be slight and mysterious and lithe, energetic yet waiflike, appealing in my boyishness. I would be a spitfire, bolder than my small body would suggest; I could take up as much mental and psychic space as I wanted and it would be charming instead of threatening because I used so little physical space.

My saner aspects are now shouting **'HEY!**

BY SELENA




Who the fuck says you shouldn't seem

like a threat to some people; better threatening than cute and powerless.' And I do passionately believe that, but at the same time, who doesn't like to be liked? I spend a lot of energy trying to make myself smaller and rein-ing in my mouth and my personality, trying to make myself palatable enough to get through social situations unscathed and back into my cozy little hole, where I am as obnoxious and witty and loud and smart as I care to be. It's not really surprising that it's tempting to think of shrinking my body instead, even though I know that I shouldn't have to do either.

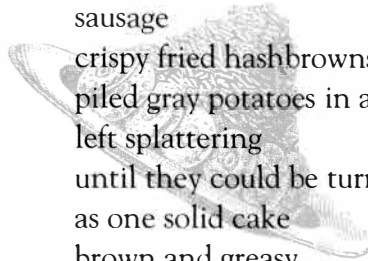
I was born and raised a feminist. I have the words and the concepts to think about this stuff, I know that I'm living in a world that is scared shitless by powerful women, that would like to see me held paralyzed and powerless by war with my own body. But I don't feel powerful a lot of the time, and I think that's where much of my discomfort with my body lies now. I like my body but it doesn't feel like it's

...AND NOT JUST BECAUSE THE DYKE VERSION OF BARBIE WOULD LOOK LIKE A FOURTEEN YEAR OLD BOY.

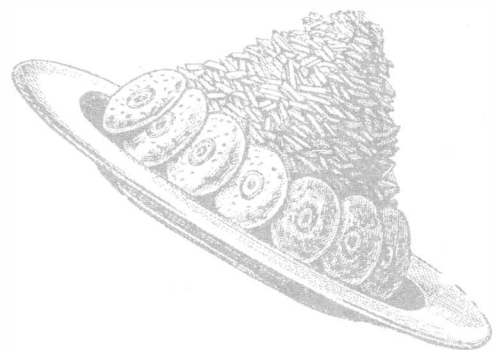
mine. I live most of my life drifting around the stratosphere feeling insubstantial, and coming to earth to find myself a woman of generous substance can be unnerving. I'm supposed to be one of those thin wraithlike creatures whose body makes no promises to remain in this world, not a strong, fat, and sturdy woman who might actually be called upon to have an impact on her surroundings. For me, feeling at home in my body is about coming to terms with my own strength, the fact of my own physical existence in this world. Nothing is expected of the powerless, which is one of the comforts of that state. Loving my body is a commitment to myself, the world, and to getting shit done, no excuses. ✨



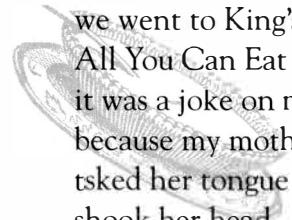
As I got older
I was encouraged less and less
to eat
luscious breakfasts were served
to my young brothers
waffles with syrup sent from my grandfather
in New Hampshire
one jug lasted through my teenage years
I hated breakfast food
except bacon
sausage
crispy fried hashbrowns:
piled gray potatoes in a crusty cast-iron skillet
left splattering
until they could be turned
as one solid cake
brown and greasy



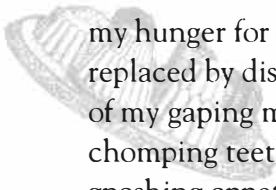
She looked at me
at my stomach
and mouth
disgusted




Once a week
we went to King's Table
All You Can Eat
it was a joke on me
because my mother watched my plate
tsked her tongue
shook her head
and offered me diet mints
to offset the soft ice-cream sundaes
eaten by my brothers



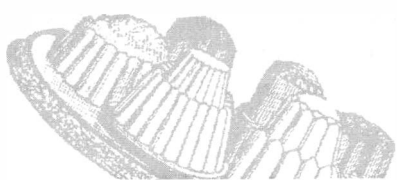
my hunger for her
replaced by disapproval
of my gaping mouth
chomping teeth
gnashing appetite



Now when I see her
I am very careful to always leave
some food on the plate



Raquel



GO AHEAD,

Clothes in the Bay area

by Raquel and Max

Ample Annie

717 Pacific Ave.
Santa Cruz, CA 95060
(408) 425-3838

This is a fantastic used clothing store for fat women. They've got a variety of stuff, mostly femmy, but it's worth checking out no matter who you are. The woman who owns it is fat, and has fat-liberation stuff up on the walls. It's the only *used clothing* store for fat women I have ever seen.

(Max)

Audrey Jones

Broadway Shopping Plaza
(Next to Emporium)
Walnut Creek, CA
(510) 943-6488

Hours: M-F 10-9, Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6

A more expensive mall store; I don't recommend them for everyday wear, but if you're looking for Danskin products (*leotards, leggings, big tee's*) or *formal party wear*, this is a great store to check out. They only go to size 24, but I've found their t-shirts and tights to be a little bigger (I wear a large 28). Another girlie-girl store, sorry Butch... (Raquel)

Harper Greer

580 4th Street
San Francisco, CA 94107
(415) 543-4066

Hours: M-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 12-5, sizes 14-26

Only if you come into some real money should you even walk by this store, but on the chance this happens, and you're looking for the *coolest in corporate wear*, check out this husband-and-wife-owned operation. They use only the *best fabrics* in beautiful, long-lasting designs made specifically to fit fatties. One day, when I thought I was gonna have to tow the corporate line, I went there to get a maroon houndstooth job. Yes, it was half my monthly pay, yes that was back before they

took my credit cards, but let me tell you honey, it rocked! Last time I was there they had sales racks upstairs with some good stuff too. (Raquel)

Lightstone's

1696 Valencia (@ Mission)
San Francisco, CA
(415) 282-1243

Men's work clothing, flannels up to 6x, *long & short underwear, jeans* up to 60 something, *overalls* up to 50 something, *jackets, boots*, etc. Really nice, friendly, family-owned, non-chain kinda atmosphere. Pricey, but really high-quality stuff. (Max)

California Big & Tall

822 Mission
San Francisco, CA
(415) 494-4484

Fancy men's clothes (*suits, jackets, shirts, pants*) at prices WAY below retail. Most of it is, of course, still expensive by my standards, but you can find some really nice shirts for around \$15 occasionally, and they're always having huge sales. The guys who work there are REALLY helpful, and could care less that I'm a crazy butch dyke. (Max)

Marshall's

280 Metro Center, 65 Colma Blvd.
Colma, CA
(415) 992-5350

Their women's big section was pretty dismal, and only went up to size 24, but I got two great pair of *Levi's* (one green, one purple, size 54/30) in the men's section for really cheap. I think it's the kind of store where you never know what they're gonna have—it's mostly *overstocks* and *irregulars*. (Max)

Says Who

3903 Piedmont Avenue
Oakland, CA 94611
(510) 547-5181
Hours: M-W 10-6, Th 10-7, Fri. & Sat. 10-6, Sun 12-4, sizes 34-52

Says Who carries a small and expensive, though high-quality, line of their own *knit*

wear. They also specialize in big *batik prints* (I got a really cool shirt with stars, moons and alien space crafts in miraculous shades of purple). They also carry *overalls* (sometimes) and *girlie denim jackets* up to 5X. If you can stand the haughty sales staff, you have a wad o' money to spend, and you like femmy clothes, Says Who is definitely worth checking out. (Raquel)

Seams to Fit

6527 Telegraph Avenue
Oakland, CA 94609
(510) 428-9463

Hours: M-F 11-6, Sat. 10-6, Sun. 12-4

Seams to Fit is the sister store to Says Who (see above) in Oakland. Specializing in large size *consignments*, they carry both formal and informal clothing. Like any *used clothing* store, the selection can go from being very bad to very good, so it's best just to check them out every so often for deals. It's a great place to sell your duds, you can get cash or credit (good at either Seams to Fit or Says Who). Besides used clothing, they also sell *seconds from Says Who*; used *shoes* (size 10 and up only) and new *bras* (though they're not racy enough for me). (Raquel)

Sister Sister Ladies Plus Size Fashion

660 3rd Street
San Francisco, CA 94107
(415) 243-4392

Hours: M-Sat. 10-5:30, Closed Sunday, sizes 14-26, up to 3x

Located in the Six Sixty Factory Outlet Center at Third & Townsend, this store is a real *gem for femmes*. On one particular shopping spree, I started in the East Bay at Seams to Fit, buying this great long cotton print dress. I then came to Sister Sister, where she had the same dress (different print) for half price. I learned my lesson, start in the city and work your way East. Like any factory outlet, some days it's all kitsch and other lucky days, PAYDIRT! (Raquel)

TRY IT ON

Sizes Unlimited

941 Market

San Francisco, CA

(415) 543-6436

Well, it's not true that they're unlimited (sizes 16-32), but they do go bigger than most of the fat women's stores I've checked out. Like every fat women's clothing chain store I've been to, their stuff is relatively poorly made, and costs too much. They do have some good sales though, and have a higher cotton/polyester ratio than most other places. (Max)

We Be Bop

1903 Fillmore Street

San Francisco, CA 94115

(415) 771-7294

Hours: M-F 11-7, Sat. 10-7, Sun. 12-6

This store carries sizes up to 3x. And, they always have a sale rack of *gorgeous dresses, shirts and slacks* in their signature *hand-batiked prints* for \$15. Many of the clothes you find in other "plus" stores actually come from We Be Bop, so check 'em out before you go mall-hopping, not after. (Raquel)

Mail-Order Catalogs

by Selena, Syndee, Max and Raquel

Back to Basics II for plus sizes

Back to Basics,

The Catalog Company

1107 West Main St. #201

Durham, NC 27701

This is a small (7 pages) catalog of simple cotton and cotton-blend clothes and under-

wear. *Bike shorts, leggings, t-shirts, tights, socks, underwear, t-shirt dresses.* Prices look pretty good: underwear \$2-3, leggings \$29, for example. Lives up to its name in carrying basics only, nothing very interesting. Sizes 1x-4x. (Selena)

FSA Plus Women

60 Laurel Haven

Fairview, NC 28730

1 (800) 628-5525

This company has some very nice clothes.

Sizes depend on what you are buying.

Pants, skirts and shorts go from XL (44-46 hips) to 6x (68-70 hips). *Stirrups and legging* sizes are the same. *Tops* go from 1x (34-36 bust) to 8x (58-60 bust), *dresses and a-line tops* are the same. **This company will also do custom orders. There is a one-time \$10 pattern fee and prices range from \$25 on up. (Syndee)

Gotcha Covered

PO Box 40443

Downey, CA 90241

This company sells *pants, t-shirts*, and whatever else they can find to throw in. Sizes go from XL (which fits hips 48-50) to 5XL (which fits hips 64-66). For most stuff prices range between \$15-\$45. (Syndee)

It's A Secret Plus

PO Box 5001

Englewood, CO 80155-5001

This company sells some very *sexy lingerie*; they also sell a variety of books, lotions and other fun stuff. Sizes range from 1x (which fits hips 40-44) through 6x (which fits hips 56-59). Prices average about \$35 for most stuff. The catalog costs \$3 to order. (Syndee)

JC Penney catalog

1 (800) 222-6161

You probably won't find most of this stuff in a JC Penney store, but their catalog has lots of great large-sized clothing in the men's sections—*jeans, overalls, coveralls, dress pants, t-shirts, work shirts and dress shirts.* Pants go up to W54, sometimes W56, shirts up to 5X. (Max)

Lane Bryant Catalog

1 (800) 477-7070

Though they use thin models and have a predilection for polyester, I got some *hot lace bras for me, and some well-constructed sports bras* for my non-girl girlfriend from this catalogue. I also got a nice *house dress* (ooh, one can never have too many of those) to wear during my weekly Saturday morning cooking show marathons. (Raquel)

Lillian Lavergne Designs

7401 Lunar Dr.

Austin, TX 78745

1 (800) 416-0063

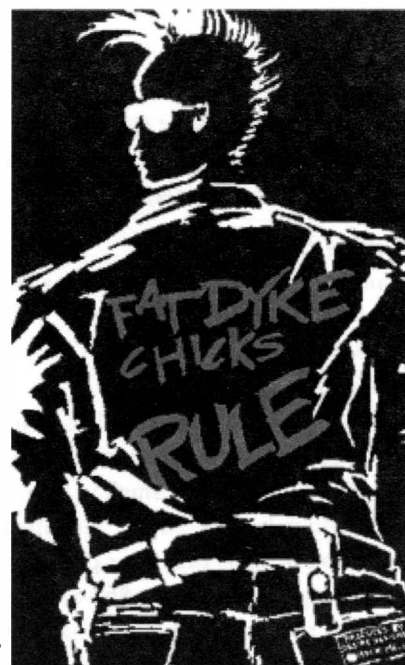
This company makes *slips and camisoles.* Their sizes range from xs (2-4) to 10x (50-52). Prices average around \$40. They will send you a swatch sample of the

continues...

XXXXL
50/50 c/p

**White on
Black I
with very
RED
"Fat Dyke
Chicks
RULE"**

\$15 + \$2 ship.



We love the looks we get wearing these shirts and they way we feel wearing them. So do our friends: straight ones, skinny ones, guys, femmes, and especially Fat Dyke Chicks like ourselves.

Checks, money orders, real estate deeds to.

H.M. Donovan P.O. Box 501

N. Andover, MA 01845-0501

write us! desire@apocalypse.org

BERTHA

CUSTOM CORSETS & FANTASY ATTIRE

5 1 0 . 4 2 8 . 4 9 1 7

catalogs, cont'd.

material they use. Note: you might try calling them and seeing if they will do custom orders. (Syndee)

Making It Big

"Natural Fiber Clothing for Large and Supersize Women 32-72+"

PO Box 2704

Petaluma, CA 94953-2704

This is a great catalog, with lots of interesting clothes in their own colors, in sizes 32-72+. I wear a small in their sizes, which is a good sign. The main problem for me is that their prices are kind of high. *Dresses* run \$68-\$90, *pants and tops* around \$50. I guess that's not really so much these days, but it's a lot for me. They are strong on nice *non-tacky career-woman clothes* and also casual stuff. I wish they had more tailored-type clothes, too, but I don't mean to complain too much, cause overall I think they're cool. (Selena)

Marilyn's

PO Box 1117

Santa Maria, CA 93456

1 (800)462-4447

This company sells *lingerie*. Yum is my response. Sizes range from XL (which fits hips 41-44) to 4x (which fits hips 50-53). Prices average about \$45-\$50. Call for the catalog. (Syndee)

Original Jo's

8766 Wicklow Lane

Dublin, CA 94568-1149

1 (800) 352-9156

This company just makes *t-shirts*. The shirts are decorated with sayings or pictures and sizes go from 1x to 8x. Prices start out at \$15 and go to \$26. (Syndee)

Peggy Lutz Design

PO Box 170665

SF, CA 94117

This is a catalog of supersize (48-76/5x-10x) clothing (*knit basics and business wear*) direct from the manufacturer. The clothes are interesting, dramatic, and upscale. Prices run \$60-\$180. My only nit to pick with them is that I found the for-

mat of unbound catalog pages to be confusing. (Selena)

Silhouettes

Women's sizes 14W-26W

340 Poplar Street

Hanover, PA 17333-0069

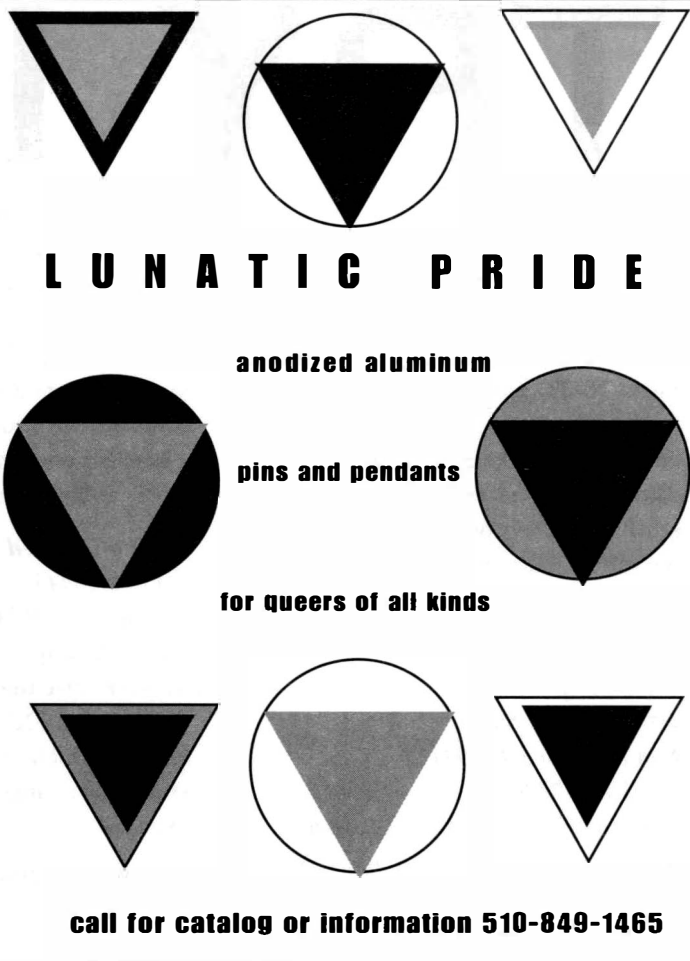
This is one of those catalogs full of skinny women wearing clothes that are too big for them. It's more mainstream and trendy than the other catalogs I've reviewed, and it's not all natural fibers (gasp!). Their prices are in the same general range as the others—\$40-150. Things I like about this catalog are their reasonably wide range of styles, and their good selection of *bras*. (Selena)

The Smart Saver

PO Box 105

Wasco, IL 60183-0105

They have pretty good *bras* in here and they go about 48DD on most of them. Average price is about \$15. I and my mom get most of our stuff from here as we can not find our sizes in the department stores. (Syndee) ★



LUNATIC PRIDE

anodized aluminum

pins and pendants

for queers of all kinds

call for catalog or information 510-849-1465

I thought I hated exercise. My dad shoved it down my throat for ten years, so subsequently I spent ten years refusing to do anything remotely resembling exercise. Ultimate Frisbee? Skiing? Sounds like fun, but it just might be exercise in disguise; can't have any of that, can we? Stubborn, I mean I was truly stubborn about the issue. Fat Girls Aerobics changed all that. Not my father's exercise, by a long shot. Officially, it is called AbunDANCE, but I've always called it Fat Girls Aerobics or FGA. The class is for women size 16 and up. Big strong women. Women who take up space. Women my size. FGA changed my life. For one hour, three times a week, a whole bunch of big huge women wearing lycra/cotton bodysuits and leggings in front of a full-length mirror, dancing our hearts out to Ferron, Bonnie Raitt, Neville Bros, Aretha Franklin, and more. It feels so amazing.

I realize it is not exercise I hate, so much as the attitude that the entire exercise industry seems to uphold. I used to walk into Gold's Gym and I could just feel how much everyone hated fat. They were trying to rid themselves of every ounce of fat, and as a fat woman, I felt like the very embodiment of everything they hated. That doesn't make it easy to want to exercise. And it certainly made Gold's Gym a place to avoid. But now that I've tried FGA, I'm stunned. I love exercise, it makes me happy, I get high off of either the endorphins or the sweat or both. OK, maybe my dad was sort-of right, this is fun.

When I first started going, I realized how numb my body was from the neck down. Chaya, the teacher, would say move your hips like this, or shake your shoulders this way, and I literally could not make my body do what I wanted. I felt frustrated. I couldn't move my arms one way and my legs another; I just felt so lost from my body. Every time Chaya would say, do what you can, listen to your body, get your feet right first, just do what feels good, this class is for you. So I did what I could. I felt

so inspired watching Chaya; she's a large woman and she can move so Hot. I thought, I want to do that. I kept trying. I learned that it really didn't matter that other women seemed to pick up the steps in about two seconds, and that I didn't know my right foot from my left foot, and I couldn't move my rib cage without my hips if my life depended on it; none of that really mattered. I just kept going, and persisting, and learning. Learning something by moving, instead of learning by reading a book. For me, the class was about my falling in love with my own body. And I did. I love watching myself in the mirror. I love seeing all the other women. There was such a great variety of women, all over size 16 and all so different. Each class felt like a celebration of being large. At the end of the class, Chaya would tell us to point at ourselves in the mirror and say, "I love myself especially the way I am." I have never encountered an exercise class that made me feel good about

the way I am. Every time I try other aerobics classes, it's a burn-that-fat attitude.

As I fell in love with my body, I found that I was having alot more sex. And doing FGA made me want more sex. I never knew exercise could do that.

And I was happier; the few times I didn't go to the class, I found myself getting depressed. The class actually became the highest priority in my life, my new-found religion. Something about the smell of sweat made me want to ask every woman in the class out on a date.

Pheromones rule my world. I like moving and dancing and playing and just being with fat women. It's great being in a place where fat is the norm; that hardly ever happens in my life.

So that's my rave.

FGA. Nothing else quite like it.

AbunDANCE classes are every Wednesday at 6:00 pm and Saturday at 11:00 am in SF. For more info, call (415) 337-6379.

RAVE
By

DEBBIE ANN WERTHEIM

ask the

Dear Gear Queen,

My problem concerns my tits. Not that I have a lump (praise whomever) or any medical

com-
plaint.
It's my

constant
disappointment of hauling 38L breasts into a 42DD harness with piano wire bra straps. Imagine the grief involved in going to a leather shop and knowing the corsets and other chest decorations are meant for smaller women, or for huge cups on a pencil frame.

I need advice on finding a corset designer that can design for a large frame. It would be *nice* to get a designer who likes a large body with large breasts, and who would not be afraid to mold a brassiere that could be built into (or match) a corset that could control a full bust during a rigorous spanking workout. (Nothing's worse than a jiggling bust colliding with an underarm during a paddle's down-stroke, is there?)

I don't have \$1,000 to spend, and I don't want to pay good money just to have some anorectic child laugh (barely) behind my back. Under \$300 would be nice, but under \$200 would be a miracle. (Oh yes, a person who'd know a reasonable supplier of thigh-hi leather boots for large calves or thighs would be ever so neat to know.)

I'm facing facts - no matter how well I wield a flogger, the ability to have supportive, sturdy clothing to play in adds to my comfort and confidence. I would be very grateful if I can find answers in your new (so necessary) magazine.

Thanks for your attention.

Yours (maybe, at reasonable rates)

M. T. Richardson

P.S. Any advice, Ladies, on buying a men's suit (ready-made or tailored)? None of this breast-binding genderfuck for me: however, it would be helpful to know how suits fit on women whose proportions aren't similar to Rush Limbaugh's. (If life were only so simple; a good suit, a bit of makeup, and one on-air sex act with one of his loyal fans, the radical right's hearts would skip a beat, as one...)



Dear Ms. Richardson,

Yeah, it's a pain not being able to walk into a store and find the perfect thing (or

at
least
some-
thing

halfway acceptable) in a size made for real people. Luckily, you have other options.

If you sew or have access to someone who sews you can make your own corsets. They

are time consuming but not particularly difficult to make and the patterns are *easy* to alter to accomodate a more (or less) generous endowment. (The same can't be said for suits. Don't try them at home without a lot of skill and experience to back you up!)

Amazon Drygoods' pattern catalog (\$7.00ppd) has a wide variety of period corset styles and sizes (among other things), and their General Catalog (\$3.00ppd) sells the busks, boning, etc. you'll need to make one. I also recommend their Shoes & Boots Catalog (\$5.00ppd) for *custom made footgear* including thigh-hi boots! Most shoes are in the \$150-300 price range and the price is per pair *regardless of size*. This pricing system means that if you're dressing a doll you're buying a very expensive pair of shoes, but if you're a supersize fat girl you're getting a great deal! (*Amazon Drygoods, 2218 East 11th Street, Davenport, IA 52803-3760, 319-322-6800*)

If you don't sew you can hire a patternmaker or seamstress to make things for you. You might not want to go to the local seamstress, but if you contact local clothing design schools and the costume departments of area theaters I'm sure you'll find someone who would *love* to make a suit or leather bra and waist cincher combo for a hot fat top with big breasts.

I'm pleased to tell you that there is a corset maker who specializes in large women. I run a company called BERTHA (see ad elsewhere in this issue) and
I'd love to dress a body like yours!

-April

P.S. Anybody out there got a source for bras in size 38L? Let us know!

Do you have a lust for something you can't find? Do you know where to find someone else's lust object? Write to the Gear Queen c/o FaT GiRL!

The fact is
I want my nipples
to ache hard
pulsing
for you to grab
me
while wearing mirrored
sunglasses
to swallow
as your shape shadows
and loud Led Zeppelin
tears away
inside my cunt

Your intention to arouse
my refusal
to be aroused
the game
of fuck
we play

I want my toes to squeak
shattering
calm and tired
creaming day's hard duties
under the ass of my hand

I want to play
with
who gets to
turn who
over

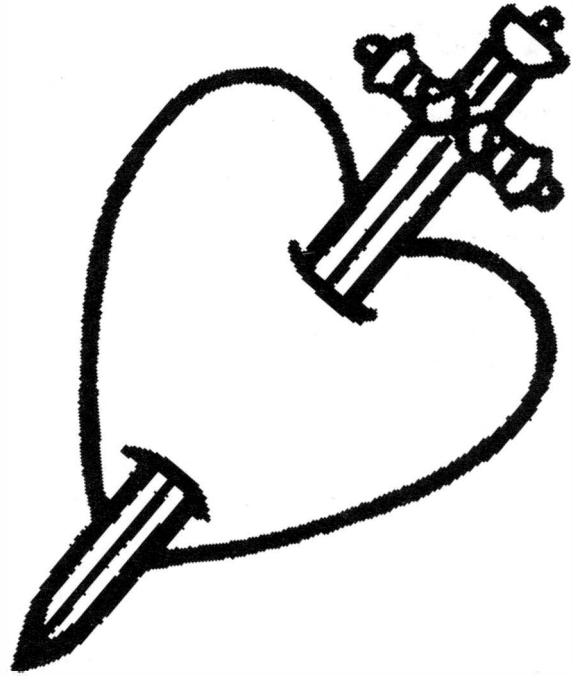
Remember our first night
when the blue train
vibrated
through my head
and your anonymity
pulled me open
you pressed
heavy on my chest
I
couldn't breathe
but my knees
and pussy
hot
told me you were right

I want to be strangers
again
to want you so bad
I don't mind a car crash
on the way home
at 16th and Mission
Flashing yellow/red lights
My head hit numbly
against the stinky vinyl
of the cab
I think it turned you on
to protect me
right then from the start

I want you
to suck my neck purple
and dance against a wall again
on Texas street

to play games
between my wanting
and your needing

I want smoky eyes
to shadow a hot pressing roll
into the river
of my pussy
the first night
you fucked me
woman/man
gave me sweetness
in my fat girl body
gave me years
of edgy waiting
more than even the best
of my often repeated fantasy



You gave me
bucking, rushing
You gave me hard tits
freedom to turn and move
You pressed hard against my breath
and gave me

I want you
Your mirrored sunglasses
your ass
and machismo

I want my hair caught tight
under your arm

Take me
away from everyday
bring me to a hot edge
make my stomach
turn and shallow
make me open and
sweaty
take my hair
in your hands
cry into my face
wash me
with your smoky eyes

Raquel

RESOURCES

compiled by max

ORGANIZATIONS

A Bay Area Fat Action Group is forming soon! Call Mara for details: 415-641-5567

Fat is a Lesbian Issue is a New York-based, fat-positive, anti-diet discussion group that helps queer women learn to accept their bodies at any size. They meet monthly to talk about food, clothing, healthcare, sex, exercise, self-esteem and other issues that impact fat lesbians and bi women. They meet on the 2nd Sunday of every month at the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center, 208 W. 13th St., in Manhattan. For more info, call Susan at 718-892-7375 or Gail and Shira at 609-924-9321.

Fat Lip Readers Theater is a women's performance collective that has been creating and performing work from a fat-liberation perspective for more than a

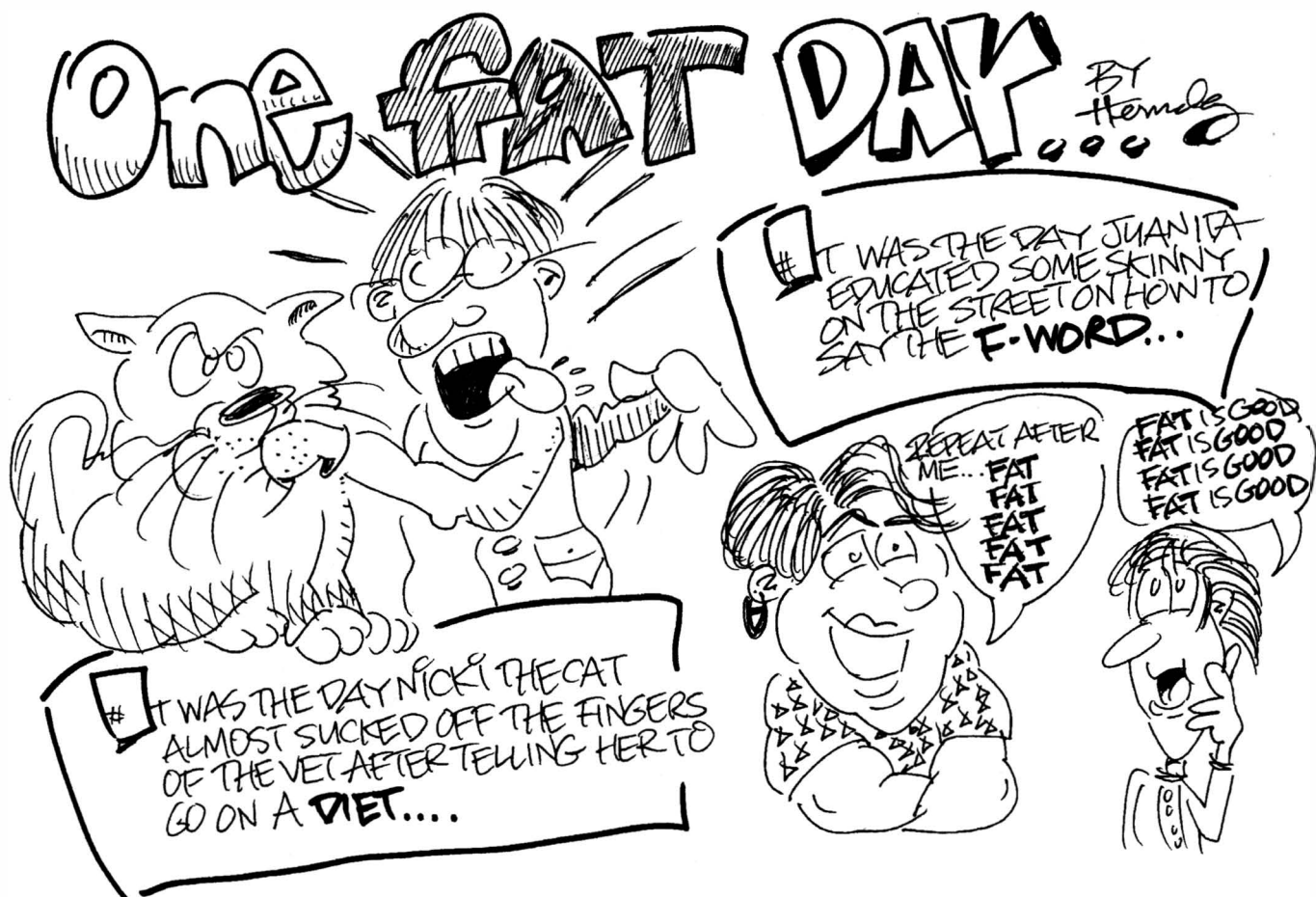
decade. To get on the mailing list, submit work, or inquire about membership, contact: Fat Lip Readers Theater, PO Box 29963, Oakland, CA 94604.

FLAB, the Fat Lesbian Action Brigade, is a New York-based activist group that fights for the visibility of fat lesbians within the queer community, the fat-acceptance movement and the world at large; works to discredit and destroy the multi-billion dollar weight-loss industry that threatens our survival; and celebrates the beauty and sexiness of fat women. See *Fat is a Lesbian Issue* (above) for meeting times and contact info.

LFAN, the Lesbian Fat Activists Network, is an affinity group for size-friendly lesbians of all sizes. To join and receive their monthly newsletter, send \$20 (\$5-\$10 low income) to: Helen Weber, 815 15th Ave. E. #4, Seattle, WA 98112.

For all you computer nerds who cruise the internet, there's a big-folks email list. You can subscribe by sending mail to big-folks-request@abstractsoft.com. There are also several different alt.news-groups for fat folks. Mostly posters are het males, of course, and so it primarily focuses on men's appreciation of fat females. But it's an eye-opener. You get some pretty interesting discussions and tips on movies and porn stars. Also, some fat men write in. It's a strange trip. They are: alt.sex.fat, alt.support.big-folks, alt.personals.big-folks, and alt.sex.fetish.fat. Also, *Fat Girl* is considering going on line. Does anyone have a WWW site where we could put a home page? Let us know.

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



ANNOUNCEMENTS

A Fat Women's Gathering is happening Sept. 30-Oct. 2 in Oakland, CA. The women-only weekend will include speakers from the legendary Fat Underground, a stellar cast of national fat activists, performance by Fat Lip Readers Theater, Elana Dykewomon, Sylvia Kohan, Midlife Crisis, and Wry Crips (a disabled women's theater), belly dancing, pool parties, workshops, a huge women's dance, vendors, and much more. For information call (510) 836-1153, or email 00053+8398@mcimail.com

Womyn at Large is seeking contributions for an anthology exploring fat oppression and the experiences of fat lesbians and bisexual women. Send your stories, poetry, essays, cartoons, rants, b&w drawings in any form, with a bio. As always, DON'T send your originals. Deadline for submission is October 15, 1994. Womyn at Large, 340 Howland Ave, Toronto, Ontario, M5R 3B9, CANADA.

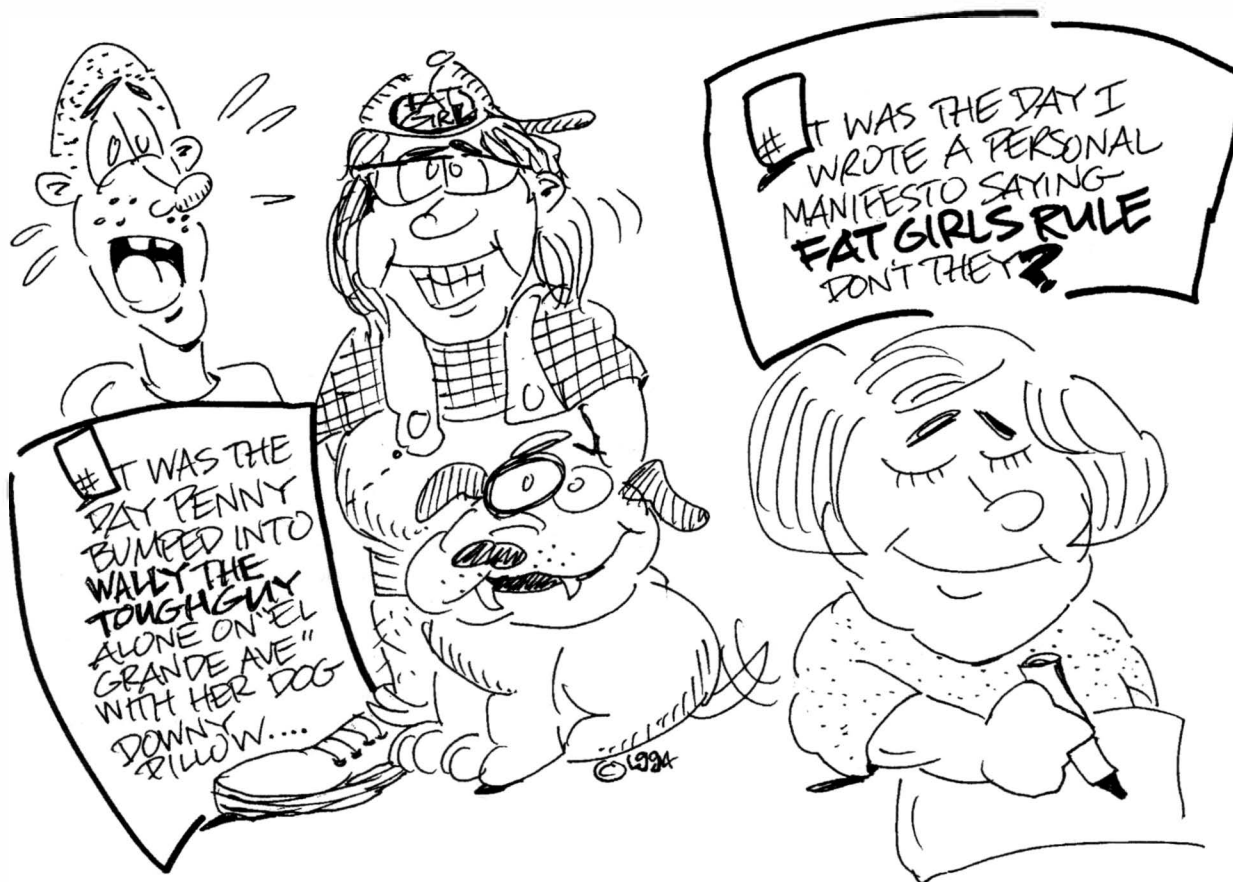
Writings Wanted for Anthology by Fat Lesbians! Fat lesbians send in your writing about the many aspects of fat lesbian life. Contributions which reflect on ethnic, racial, and class backgrounds, age, disability, education, or spiritual/religious beliefs are strongly encouraged. Additional topics to consider include: clothes, fat dyke fashion (or lack of it), jobs/work, lesbian community participation, growing up, coming out, exercise, physical activity, health, physical limitations, body shape and size, love and relationships, celibacy, sex, political accomplishments, music festivals, narrow public spaces, art and creativity, humor, mythology, fat dykes in herstory, food, cooking, gardening, dancing... Preference will be given to non-fiction and personal reflective writings. Photos and drawings also welcome. This anthology will also include an extensive resource directory, so send resource info. Deadline: Nov. 1, 1994. Please include a short bio with your contribution. Send to: Mev Miller, PO Box 300151, Minneapolis, MN 55403.★

RECYCLING HINTS!



Recycle your glass Xmas ornaments! Fill them with brightly colored paint.

Tape up the opening really well with heavy-duty tape so the paint won't spill. Put on your loosest house dress or trench coat. Fill your pockets with the paint-filled ornaments. Get on/in your escape vehicle (bicycles are good — especially red Schwinn's with big flowered baskets, or motorcycles). Non-chalantly approach your desired target (anti-fat billboards are good; so are diet centers), aim ornament, and throw. Best if done between 2 and 4 am. ★



MEDIA FEAST

PRINT



Fat News is the newsletter of the Fat Women's Group in London. The one we got included a cute little pin with a flying fat woman on it. If you're nice, they might send you a pin too. Send 'em \$5 for a subscription. The Fat Women's Group, Wesley House, Wild Court, London WC2B 5AU, UK.

Fat!So? #1 (San Francisco, CA) is a brand new zine by Marilyn Wamm "for people who don't apologize for their size." Issue #1 includes photos of healthy, normal, human fat cells, an interview and tons of artwork by Debora Iyall (of Romeo Void fame), short articles, poems and personal accounts, tales of Roseanne sightings, and my personal favorite: Venus of Willendorf cut-out paper dolls. One issue is \$3.50; a 4-issue subscription is \$12. **Fat!So?** PO Box 423464, San Francisco, CA 94142.

Girlfrenzy #4 (UK). This is an excellent zine "by women for people," and this is their Fat Liberation Issue. There's a cute Fat Girl drummer on the cover, some fat lib comics, a rant about fat issues by Charlotte Cooper, Fat Girl graphics by Lee Kennedy, and a fat-positive song on the back cover called "Supermodel = Superficial" by Anjali Bhatia. To get yours, send \$5 cash to Erica, Girlfrenzy, PO Box 148, Hove, East Sussex, BN3 3DQ, UK.

I Am So Fucking Beautiful is a zine by Nomy Lamm, a fat girl from Olympia, Washington. We haven't seen it, but there was a blurb about her in Ms. magazine. Write to: Nomy Lamm, 120 State NE, Olympia, WA 98501.

Journeys to Self-Acceptance: fat women speak (edited by Carol Wiley: Crossing Press). This 136-page book includes 24 personal stories by fat women, documenting each woman's process toward self-acceptance. Most of the contributors are both straight and white, but there seems to be a bit of class diversity. It's \$9.95. Check your bookstore, or call Crossing Press at 1-800-777-1048.

LFAN has a monthly newsletter that lists events of interest to fat dykes, has

We want media (books, music, movies, art, etc.) that portrays the truth of the diversity of our fat experiences. Fuck the old stereotypes! We want inspiring role models! We want to know what fat girls are really doing the world over. Send us your media blurbs already written, or send us the info and we'll write about it. Whatever the case, we want to know what you're reading/seeing/hearing that speaks to fat dykes. Tell us so we can pass the word along!

announcements, a list of fat dyke email pen pals, and a new column for fat bisexual women called "Bi and Large." Send \$20 (\$5 - \$10 low income) to: Helen Weber, 815 15th Ave. E. #4, Seattle, WA 98112.

Quim, Issue 5 (London, UK). Quim is a cutting-edge, slick but not-too-slick, amazing, totally packed dyke sex magazine. Issue 5 includes several pieces about fatness/body image. Among them: "Do dykes really care what we're supposed to look like?"—an article by Becky Trowler; various quotes about body-image issues; hot photos of fat-dyke model BJ by Della Grace; and a review of Naomi Woolf's book, "The Beauty Myth." Quim does a fantastic job of tackling issues that many people shy away from. Issue 5 is especially fantastic; it's more than a magazine, it's an historic testimonial. Buy a copy for your local lesbian archives. Buy a copy to jill off to. Just buy one. Try your local queer bookstore first; failing that, send \$12 *cash only* to Quim, BM 2182, London WC1N 3XX, UK.

Shadow on a Tightrope (Aunt Lute Press, Iowa City, IA). This is an amazing compilation of writings by fat women about being fat women. It is, to my knowledge, the first book ever published about fat liberation by, for and about women. Many (if not most) of the women published in it are dykes. It is angry, honest, painful, validating, radical and truly liberating. Each time I re-read it I grow closer to my own freedom. Every fat dyke should own a copy of this book. And if you're tired of educating your non-fat friends, let this book do the work for you.

Sisters of Size is a Lesbian fat activist newsletter from Seattle. Send \$5 - \$10 for a subscription to Robin, 710 28th Ave. S., Seattle, WA 98114.

Size Esteem: Empowerment for people of size. I haven't seen this zine, but this is what FactSheet Five said: Largesse is a radical fat feminist resource network. Each of their occa-

sional bulletins addresses a different topic relating to size diversity and feminism. Issue #4 contains a herstory of fat feminism from 1969 to 1993. An SASE will get you info. Subs: \$20. Write to: Karen Stimson, PO Box 9404, New Haven, CT 06534.

Women En Large: Images of Fat Nudes (by Laurie Toby Edison and Debbie Notkin) features over 40 fine-art photos of fat women, with writing about fat oppression and fat liberation. We haven't seen it yet, but our inside sources promise that it's excellent. Available beginning in September. Call Books in Focus at 1-800-463-6245.

MOVIES

Hairspray. I love this movie. It stars Rickie Lake as Tracy Turnblad, a fat teenage girl growing up in Baltimore in the '60s, during the wake of racial integration. Tracy loves to dance, and auditions to be on the local TV dance show. She dances up a storm, everyone loves her (except for her non-fat stuck-up Barbie-esque competitor), and she turns Baltimore upside down. This movie doesn't skirt the issue of Tracy's fatness at all. In one scene at the dinner table, Tracy's mother (played by Divine), who is also fat, tries to give her an appetite suppressant, and Tracy replies with something like, "I'm a growing girl; I need food!". She is proud of her fat, and not ashamed of either her body or her sexuality.

Sugar Baby. Story of a fat woman who works at a funeral parlor preparing dead bodies. On her way to work she gets the hots for the subway driver. So, she decides to take an extended leave from work, during which she emerges from her solitude, stalks the subway driver, and seduces him while his wife is away at a funeral. Though it's clear that she is pained and lonely, she is portrayed as intelligent, sexy and confident. Starring Marianne Sagebrecht, Fat Girl extraordinaire, who also stars in *Baghdad Cafe*

P S S S S S S T

I STILL BELIEVE

In true love but, currently, I find immediate physical gratification far more interesting. If you have a sincere appreciation of fat femme voluptuaries and you can 'keep up' your end of a relationship based on flirting, eating, and long hard fucking please write **FaT GiRL Box #1**

RUB MY HEAD, LICK MY BOOTS, SUCK MY DICK

Stone butch dyke seeks hot femmes for all of the above. **FaT GiRL Box #2**

HELP WANTED

Gracious femme dyke pervert household has an immediate opening for domestic servant. No prior experience necessary but applicant must be respectful, well-groomed, and willing. If scrubbing floors, making beds, cooking, serving, and holding the lube appeals to you please reply to **FaT GiRL Box #3**

I WANT YOUR BIG LUSCIOUS BODY NEXT TO MINE

SF leather dyke looking forward to kinky play, fun, & getting to know you. **FaT GiRL Box #4**

BEAT ME BLACK AND BLUE

Short, curvy masochist with controllable smartass tendencies wants you to push me around, beat my ass (and whatever else you please), fuck me wet and silly, and let me fuck you. If you're interested in all or any of the above (and not marriage) please write me at **FaT GiRL Box #5**

SKINNY SEXY SUBMISSIVE

Looking for big luscious tops. Can be sweet or bitchy, loves a good spanking. Looking for play, not marriage/girlfriend. **FaT GiRL Box #6**

FAT GIRL PERSONALS

TO ADVERTISE: Send your headline, text, name, address, phone #, and a check for \$5.00 for the first 500 characters + 1 cent per character for each additional character to **FaT GiRL**, 2215-R Market Street, #193, San Francisco, CA 94114.

TO REPLY: Pencil your dream girl's box # on the front of a stamped envelope containing your reply. Enclose that envelope in another one and send it to **FaT GiRL PERSONALS** at the above address. We will continue to forward replies to all ads until further notice.

NOTICE: **FaT GiRL** personals are for fat dykes and the women who want them. This description is intended to include bisexual and MTF transgender women. It does not include men.

Contributors

Amiee Ross: I am Amiee, self-proclaimed bulldagger raging bratdog. Always proud to be your big ole poppa. Constantly the wandering yid. Forever a hopeless romantic. Cuz I'm fat like that Cuz I'm full like that Cuz I'm round like that And you dig it like that.

Beth Savage: Beth is a flaming dyke at large in the seaside town of Santa Cruz. By day she makes sure puppies and kittens live to be grownups, by night she takes the town by storm. If she has one message to send out to the world it is to pursue perversity and be as hard and core as possible. FAT GIRLS ROCK ON!

Bethaniel: Bethaniel is a writer, photographer and nasty old butch top who advocates sexual mayhem and universal health care. She is pursuing her masters in Telecommunication, Radio, & Film, on the off-chance she may someday be gainfully employed thereby. In the meantime she drives a delivery truck for a living and is happy to have friends like Heather and Amiee who will strip naked and pose for pictures at the slightest provocation.

Debbie Ann Wertheim: Debbie Ann lives and plays in San Francisco. She's a wanna-be computer nerd and you can email her at xxx.

Elizabeth Stark: Elizabeth freelances in the Bay Area. She is currently working on a novel and studying for her M.F.A. in writing from Columbia.

Erin O'Neill: I'm a femme-geek dyke who arrived on the info hiway via performance art. Thank gawd B&W photography is still a viable art form. It keeps me sorta sane. I've been photographing queers & cats for just over a year & I'm currently working on a show about gender-blur in bathrooms.

Fish: Fish does illustration and comics all over the place. She is also the editor of *Brut Attack: the zine for leathertykes and other bad girls* (sample: \$5 to PO Box xxx, San Francisco, CA 94140-0754). She did the logo to earn brownie points with hot girls.

Heather MacAllister: Heather is a totally righteous & cool fat Celtic-warrior femme dyke who lives in Tucson, but dreams of living in San Francisco where she is appreciated for being her true freaky self. She wasn't here to write this bio, so her loving pals did the honor.

JJ: JJ can be found cruising girls in leather shops and diners in San Francisco.

JoNelle Toriseva: JoNelle is a writer who was raised on a ranch, and lives in San Francisco.

Laura Johnston: Laura Johnston is a big-time geek and sometime barber. She takes lots of pictures of stuff, cats, and herself, but really likes photo-ing fat girls best.

XXXXX: XXX

Lea Arellano: I am a 42-year-old fat working-class chicana dyke. I am a writer, scholar, activist/organizer, and contemporary curandera. I love dance, song, and drums. I currently live in Berkeley, Califas.

XXXXX: XXX

Drew: Drew is a greedy slut from San Francisco. Her work has been published in *Venus Infers* and is forthcoming in the *SandM Utopia Guardian* and the sequel to *Coming to Power*. She is the editor/publisher of *The Servants' Quarters*, a zine devoted to erotic submission.

Sondra Solovay: Sondra is a performance artist currently operating undercover as a law student to get material on the erosion of kindness and humanity in the ever-darkening ironically named justice system.

Collective Members

A. Hernandez is a third-generation San Franciscan who lives in a room with a view with Jenny, Nicki and Punch. On the periphery, she meditates Gurdjieff's tack that "all life is mathematics."

Miss April Miller has a sleazy reputation, which largely springs from other people's torrid imaginations. Nevertheless, she tries to live up to it.

Barbarism is a nerdy pervert into insects, ritual, and in-your-face political action. She dreamed (and talked and talked and talked) of a feast of fat images and voices. Yum. She is so happy to have birthed Fat Girl that she can't stop coming.

Bertha: redhead, big tits, talented hands, Brooklyn.

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

XXXXX XXXXX

Max Airborne is a big bumbling Barbarism-loving biker babe from New Mexico.

Selena is either an alien from another planet, or she's a well-adjusted geek. In any case, she's currently living in Berkeley as a 25-year-old S/M dyke.

Oso is a Chicana stone butch into hot femmes and tattoos. Love my kitty!

Raquel is an Interdisciplinary Arts graduate student currently designing an arts-based experiential workshop for adolescent women about body image because, "I told myself I would never forget what it felt like to be a teenager." She shares her world with A Hernandez and two fir balls.

FaT GiRL issues survey

We want to hear from you! Please fill this out and send it back to us. Continue on other paper if necessary. Selected quotes may appear in an upcoming issue of Fat Girl. Send to FG, 2215-R Market St. #193, San Francisco, CA 94114 or email responses to: airborne@advanced.com

How do you feel the dyke community treats you as a fat dyke?

Have you had negative experiences in the dyke community about your body size? Please describe.

Have you had positive experiences in the dyke community about your body size? Please describe.

What do you like about being fat?

What do you dislike about being fat?

What do you want from your non-fat allies?

What is sexy about fat women?

How does being fat affect your sexuality?

How have your lovers responded to your body size?

Do you tend to be attracted to a particular body size? Please explain.

What is your range of feelings about being fat?

What do you do to promote positive feelings about your body?

FaT GiRL reader survey

We want to know who you are and what you think! Please fill this out and send it back to: Fat Girl, 2215-R Market St. #193, San Francisco, CA 94114. We'll compile the results, consider all your suggestions and comments, and publish the interesting parts in the next issue.

How did you hear about Fat Girl?

Where did you get this issue of Fat Girl?

What interested you about Fat Girl?

What do you like about Fat Girl?

Suggestions for future issues of Fat Girl:

Do you identify as fat?

If yes, what are your favorite words to describe your body?

Demographics:

Age

Gender identity

Sexual identity

With which communities/groups do you identify yourself?

Where do you live?



go for a ride



with FaT GiRL

Support this zine! Subscribe. Write to us. Submit your work. Send us money. Buy an ad. Subscribe. Tell us what you think. Fill out the surveys. Spread the word. Subscribe a friend.

To get the next 4 issues of Fat GiRL, send us \$20 check or money order, made payable to Fat GiRL. We also accept cash and trades (if we like what you're trading). YOU MUST INCLUDE A SIGNED AGE STATEMENT.

*Also write to us for submission guidelines and ad rates
or send email to airborne@advanced.com.*

Fat GiRL 2215-R Market St. #193, San Francisco, CA 94114



**Y'all come back
now, y'hear!**