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FAT: A Collective Webzine

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2017

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# FAT

A COLLECTIVE WEBZINE

DIY, LO-FI, AND FREE ART ABOUT OUR  
FAT BODIES, OUR FAT FEELINGS, OUR  
FAT PRIDE.

THIS ZINE OPENLY OPPOSES SIZEISM  
AND FAT-OPPRESSION



POETRY  
ESSAYS  
DRAMA  
VISUAL ARTS

BECAUSE WE HAVE NOTHING TO  
LOSE

2017

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# PRESENTATION

## Pierre-Luc Landry

This zine was produced as the final project of a Fat Studies class taught by Joseph Michael Smith at the Department of Women, Gender, and Sexuality Studies, Oregon State University. I chose to curate a collective zine in order to produce art-based research and knowledge about “Fat in Public”; zines are a very accessible and democratic form of public art, consequent with the DIY and lo-fi movements, and it seemed extremely appropriate to address this particular topic and collect a variety of experiences of Fat in a safe, inclusive, non-discriminatory, open, and positive virtual place. Zines are an effective means of intervention in the social narratives constructed around notions like Fat and their intersecting locations. They allow people who produce them and read them to engage in conversations from a standpoint that is embodied in their personal experiences and that is not condescending or prejudiced. This zine is also free, and I encourage every reader to share it around them so the ideas, words and images collected here reach as many people as possible. My goal is not to impose upon the world my understanding of Fat, but rather to disseminate as much as I can different discourses about Fat in the public spheres, in order to disrupt the standard narrative that equates adiposity with unhealthiness and undesirability.

I chose to make room in the zine for all contributions I would receive; it was a way for me to embody the radical openness I talked about when I introduced this project to my friends and classmates. No intervention was made on the texts I received, except the odd typo that was corrected with the approval of the author. The many contributions collected in the following pages take part in a lot of different ways to the conversation about Fat and art, Fat and politics, Fat and self-care, Fat and society. The zine recognizes sizeism and Fat-oppression, and suggests that art is a powerful tool to face such oppression.

The collective is also a location of radicalness and freedom; creating a cooperative zine allows every collaborator to engage in further thinking because of the conversations they will strike with others’ words and art. That particular aspect of this zine authorizes a broader comprehension of what Fat means in our societies, and how our interactions with Fat as a concept and/or a reality is informed by our race, gender, age, socioeconomic status, language, sexual orientation, ethnicity, etc.

The knowledge shared here is situated, and each contribution exists on its own; some may be contradictory with others, and that’s quite alright. I also chose not to contribute myself, except by putting the zine together and coordinating its production, in order not to impose anything on anyone; I didn’t want to be a figure of authority: what was of interest to me was collecting different experiences of Fat transformed into art, and sharing them at large.

I truly hope this cultural “intervention” participates in changing someone’s perception of Fat; that it helps someone else realize that their Fatness is amazing, and that they can work from their Fat body in order to create their own art, instead of working against it; that it offends a thin and privileged person enough so they finally take some time to rethink how they were raised to believe that Fat is bad. I hope it helps unite us, smaller-fats and bigger-fats, so we fight together the intersectional revolution to come.

"FAT PEOPLE OF  
THE WORLD,  
UNITE! YOU HAVE  
NOTHING TO  
LOSE..."

JUDY FREESPIRIT AND ALDEBARAN  
NOVEMBER, 1973

FAT LIBERATION MANIFESTO

*originally published by the Fat Underground,  
Los Angeles, California.*

# ABACUS, OR, THE TRUTH ABOUT NOT EATING

Alyssa Cooper

People who eat without guilt don't know the truth about not eating.

The truth is, it's not about being thin, even when it is about being thin. It's about how powerful I feel when I push away a plate untouched. It's about how strong I am to run for an hour on an empty stomach, and still not pass out. It's about knowing the mathematical formula behind every ounce of food that slips between these lips, turning all of my meals into complex calculations.



They don't understand that when I am starving, I see angels out of the corner of my eye, and they follow me everywhere, and when I eat, I lose my faith. I lose my religion, I lose the face of God, and I am alone again in this swirling miasma of meaninglessness, of listlessness, I lose my purpose, and they don't understand that either, they don't understand that I have never been better at anything than I am at this, this alchemy of sublimating flesh from bone, this is my greatest achievement, not just being sick, but being sick in secret, so good at these mathematics that no one even notices the calculations scrawled across my skin, they don't notice when I count my ribs like abacus beads, when I hang my worth on the number of fingers I can wrap around my thigh, and in fact—they congratulate me.

People who eat without guilt tell me, recovery is not linear. They tell me, recovery is not a destination, it is a journey, and your setbacks are not failures, they are pit stops, but this is so much more than a set back, this is a rewind, this is a rerun, and I am right back where I started. I am the same size now that I was when I swallowed those pills like candy, binging on painkillers instead of sugar, because dying hurts less than not being beautiful, and I am right back there, purging my shame with the sink running to hide the sound, and smiling at the angel on my shoulder.

And it is so hard to find a place in this world, and I am making myself smaller, folding myself in, trying to find a place to fit. And I am not a square peg struggling to fit in a round hole, it is so much worse than that—I am a dodecatetrahedron, fighting to exist in this sphere of a world, cramming myself into predetermined spaces and breaking off my corners on the edges.

And my mother tells me, you're getting thin again. And she sounds concerned. But when I brush it off, she lets me—because people who eat without guilt don't know the truth about not eating.

# FUCKING WITH THE LIGHTS ON

Caleb Luna

i  
love  
fucking with the lights on

i wanna  
SEE your  
asymmetry and your  
discoloration

wanna  
run my hands and my  
mouth over your  
stretch marks and  
acne scars,  
caress the body hair that  
grows in patterns and places  
we are taught is  
*unseemly*  
and stroke  
that thing that the doctor doesnt  
quite know what to call

i want to  
honor the  
parts of you  
we  
shame

sex in the  
dark turns our  
bodies into secrets  
hands groping, hips grinding,  
tongues licking darkness  
as if there is  
any intimacy when we are  
inside each other but  
i cant see your  
eyes

but if i am fucking  
you i want to be  
fucking YOU and  
if you are fucking me  
i want you to be fucking  
*me*

cause  
i dont feel closest to you  
with your  
genitals in my mouth but  
when you touch me where  
it scares me

grab my back  
rolls,  
lick the inside of my thighs,  
squeeze my belly

fucking while fat  
and Seen makes  
every watt a  
protest;  
every shadow cast the  
hair of a  
dissenting  
body

and i say i wanna  
make this a demonstration  
but

if im being honest its just that  
i want you to kiss  
me and i dont want that to be a  
secret  
and when you do i  
want you to see me and  
i dont want that to be

brave



# FAT WINNING

Julie Bourcier

*A mom and her son are in the backyard playing cards.*

**BOY**  
Mom, you're fat.

**MOM**  
I know.

**BOY**  
I mean: really fat.

**MOM**  
*(Laughing)* Don't tell me it's the first time you realize it! I'm too fat for that!

*A moment passes in which we see the mom choosing which card she will play; the boy looks at her with perplexity.*

**BOY**  
You're fat and that's all? You don't cry?

**MOM**  
*(Really surprised)* Why? Should I?

**BOY**  
Well... I guess.

**MOM**  
You wanted to make me cry?

**BOY**  
It's not that.

**MOM**  
What is it then?

**BOY**  
At school the teacher said we're not allowed to tell someone's fat.

**MOM**  
Ah! I see...

**BOY**  
It's bullying.

**MOM**  
Impolite maybe. Bullying... Well, I guess it's true when you're not able to see yourself as you are.

**BOY**  
Tom cried about it yesterday.

**MOM**  
Tom's young.

**BOY**  
He's eight!

**MOM**  
Tom's fat?

**BOY**  
*(With big eyes)* Oh ya! He is!

**MOM**  
And is it all he is?

**BOY**

What do you mean?

**MOM**

When you think about him you only think how is fat and that's all?

**BOY**

I don't know... I don't usually think about him...

*They play cards in silent.*

**MOM**

Son?

**BOY**

What?

**MOM**

Your teeth are crooked.

**BOY**

What?

**MOM**

Your teeth are crooked. It's a fact. You'll have to live with that all your life.

**BOY**

No! I won't! I will have braces one day!

**MOM**

Maybe yes. Maybe not.

**BOY**

But I have to have braces if I want to get a big shiny smile!

**MOM**

So you want to change yourself?

**BOY**

Not all myself! Just that part of myself.

**MOM**

So your crooked teeth are not everything you are?

**BOY**

Not at all!

**MOM**

But Tom's fatness is?

**BOY**

That's not what I said! I mean... It's not my fault if that's the first thing people see!

**MOM**

Before everything else? People look at him and think, "He's fat!" and then nothing else happens? Is that it?

**BOY**

Well...

**MOM**

So if people see your crooked teeth at first sight, all they will know about you is that you have a disastrous mouth. Am I right?

**BOY**

People don't see just that! And my mouth is not disastrous!

**MOM**

No? You're sure? Because even Godzilla thinks he got better dental perspectives than yours...

**BOY**

*(Sobbing)* Why are you telling me that? I've done nothing!

**MOM**

No. You've done nothing. But the facts are there: I'm fat as a hot-air balloon, your teeth look like a rollercoaster on the loose.

**BOY**

But I don't want people to see just that, mom! I don't want them to tell my mouth is a disaster!

**MOM**

Why not? It is true!

**BOY**

But I will have braces one day!

**MOM**

So you want them to imagine you already have braces?

**BOY**

You don't understand!

**MOM**

Oh, sorry! You meant you want them to imagine your crooked teeth after you had braces! Do you need help to build a sign that advertises it so they'll know what to see?

**BOY**

All I wanted to say is that someday I won't have my crooked teeth anymore!

**MOM**

You don't know that. Maybe your father and I will lose everything we have and won't be able to pay for it. And maybe you won't have enough money as a grown up to pay for it either.

**BOY**

*(Crying)* Why are you so mean with me?

**MOM**

I'm not mean. I'm practical. See, if you don't see yourself exactly as you are and accept it you'll always want to change yourself or to change the way people look at you. Sometime it's possible. Sometime it's not. Meanwhile you'll be sad as hell! I see myself exactly as I am. I'm fat. Really really fat. Would I prefer to be someone else? Sometime, as everybody else I guess. But I would never want to be someone else as much as I want to be me. You know why?

**BOY**

No?

**MOM**

Because being myself is making me win all the time.

*And she drops all her cards on the table.*

# SOMETIMES BEING FAT SUCKS

Maude Lafleur

In the era of Body positivism and Fat acceptance, we are encouraged to accept ourselves and accept our bodies as beautiful. We are supposed to stop caring about what people think, we are supposed to think of ourselves as we think of them, beautiful (at every size), successful (at every size), healthy (at every size), positive (at every size), happy (at every size) ...

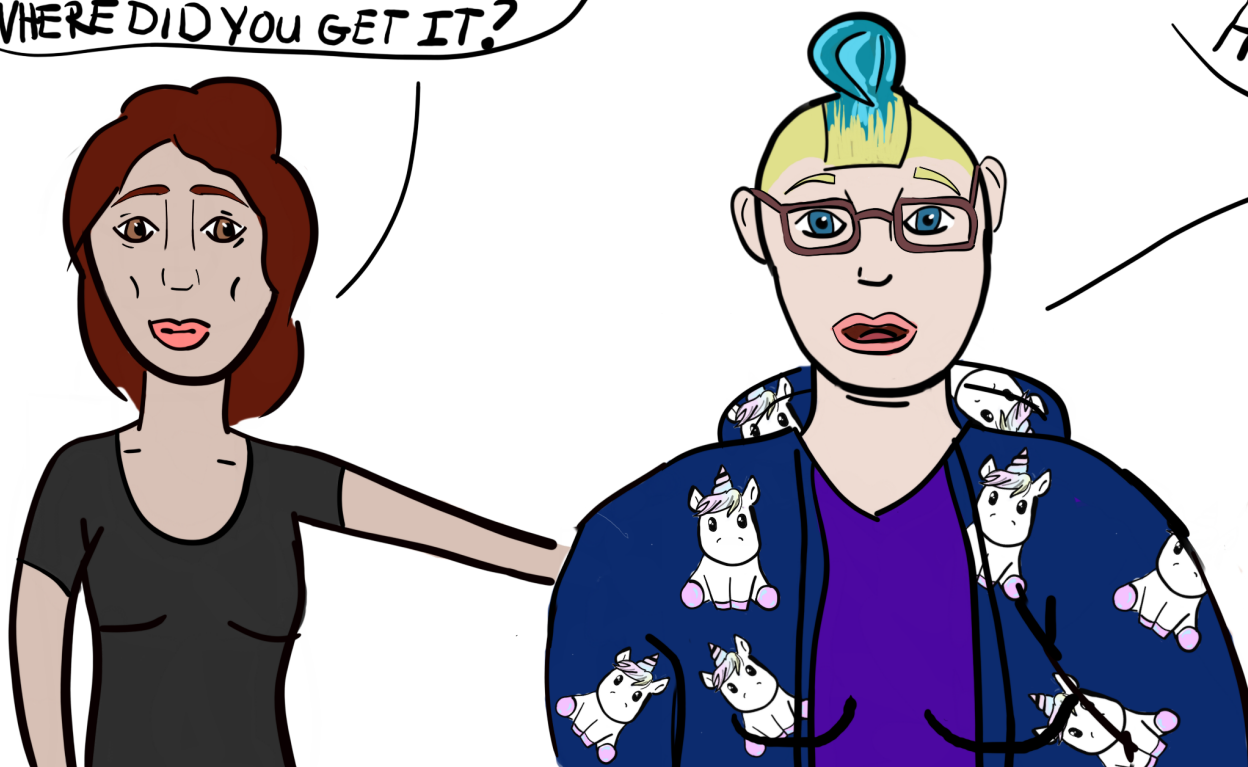
But every single day, I am reminded that... I am NOT like them.



The first reminder happens when I get dressed in very expensive plus-size clothing that I don't like that much but that I still had to buy because I have to cover my body somehow. Being a bit more masculine is a struggle when you're fat because curves are supposed to be feminine. Sometimes, I do find clothes that I like and I get compliments about it. And then, there is the dreaded question:

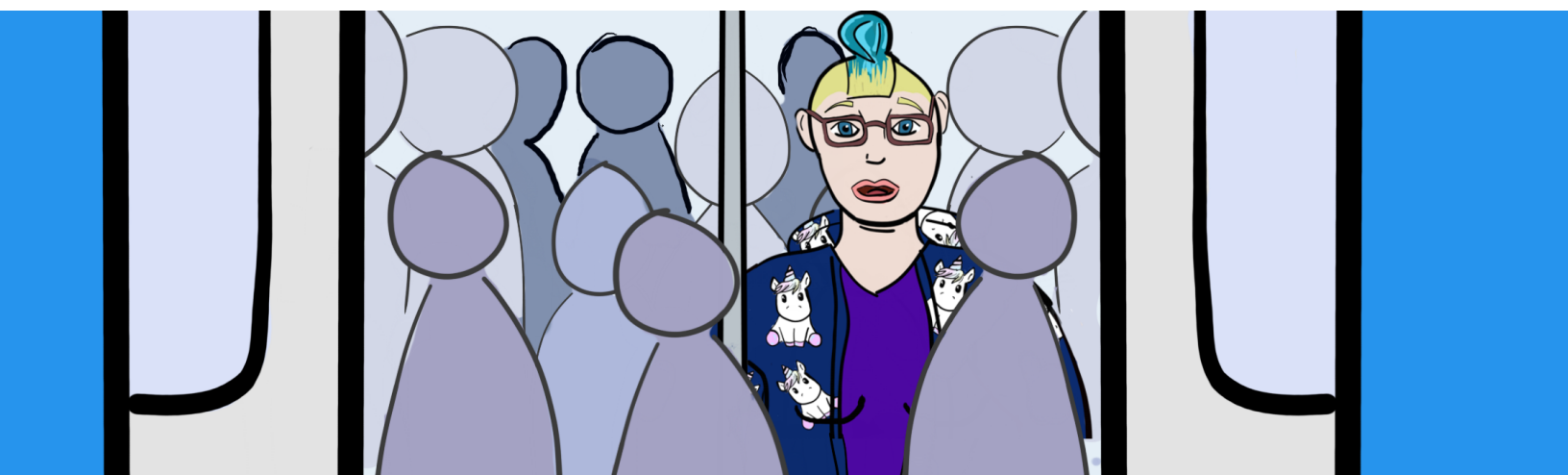
WHAT A CUTE JACKET!  
WHERE DID YOU GET IT?

HMMM!!?



And I'm like... don't they see that I'm fat. Don't they see that we could never shop at the same store? And then the truth of that statement hits me and I'm ashamed of my size, of my difference. Because I don't want to shatter their illusion that we could wear the same type of clothes, because I just want to be accepted by them I lie: "I don't remember".

Ok. So now that I'm dressed, I have to take the bus or the subway, the very packed subway. All through the ride, I feel guilty for taking that much space. I keep my eyes on the floor, I try to make myself fit, I curl inside myself pushing my elbows in, sucking my belly in. Standing in the middle of the crowd, always alert so I don't accidentally brush up against someone. Sitting is not always an option. I don't want to be that fat person who takes up two seats, so I'll only sit if an individual seat is free. And even though I hate every second of that bus or subway ride, I dread the moment I'm gonna have to drag my fat body across to get out of there, apologizing to every single one of them.



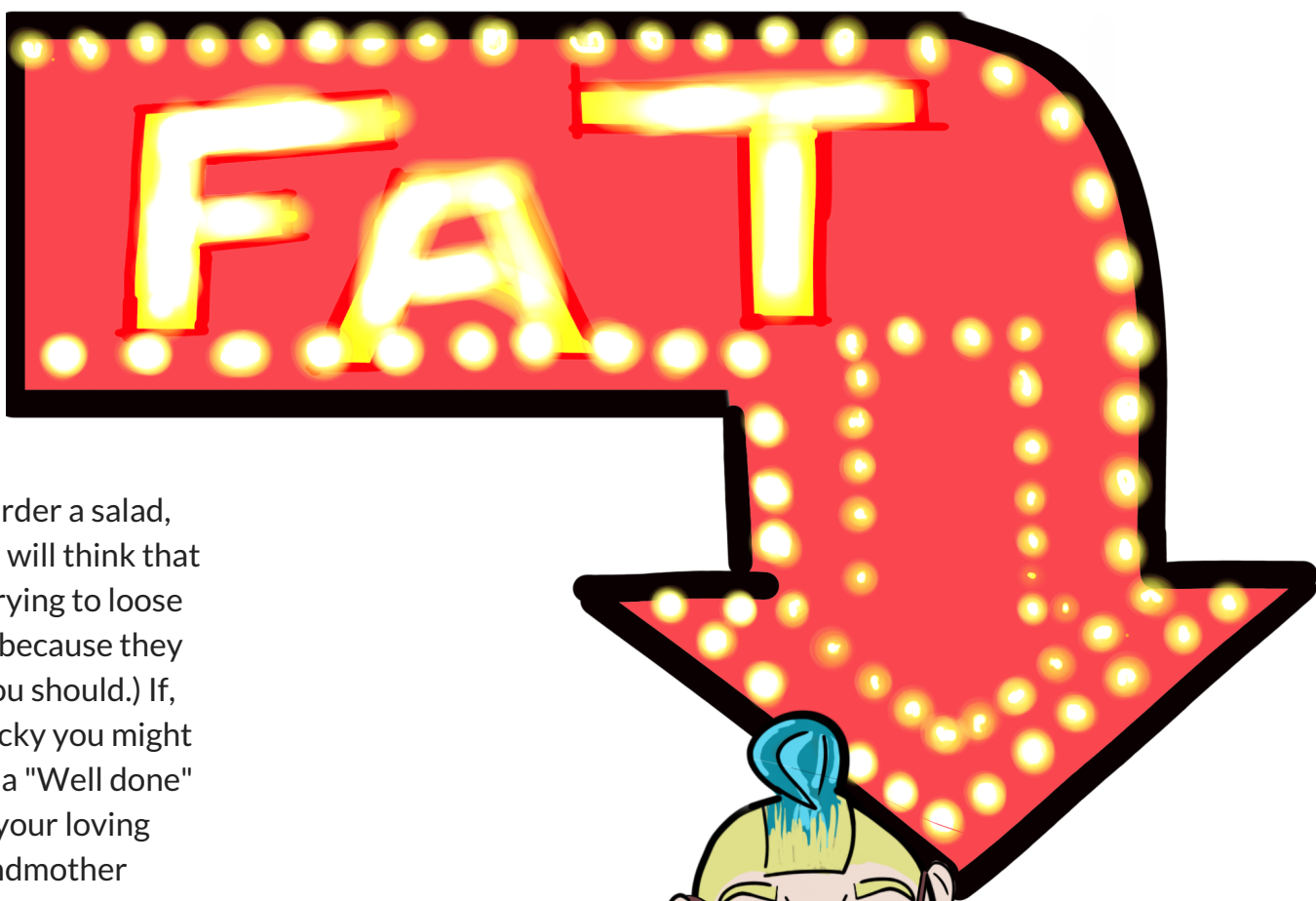
And now that I'm out of the public transit, I still worry about my size and the space around me.

Whether I'm going to study in a coffee shop or see a play, I have to carefully navigate the crowded space around me to get to a uncomfortable seat. Once I sit down, I will stay put for as long as I can, trying to ignore that I really have to pee or that I desperately need another coffee.



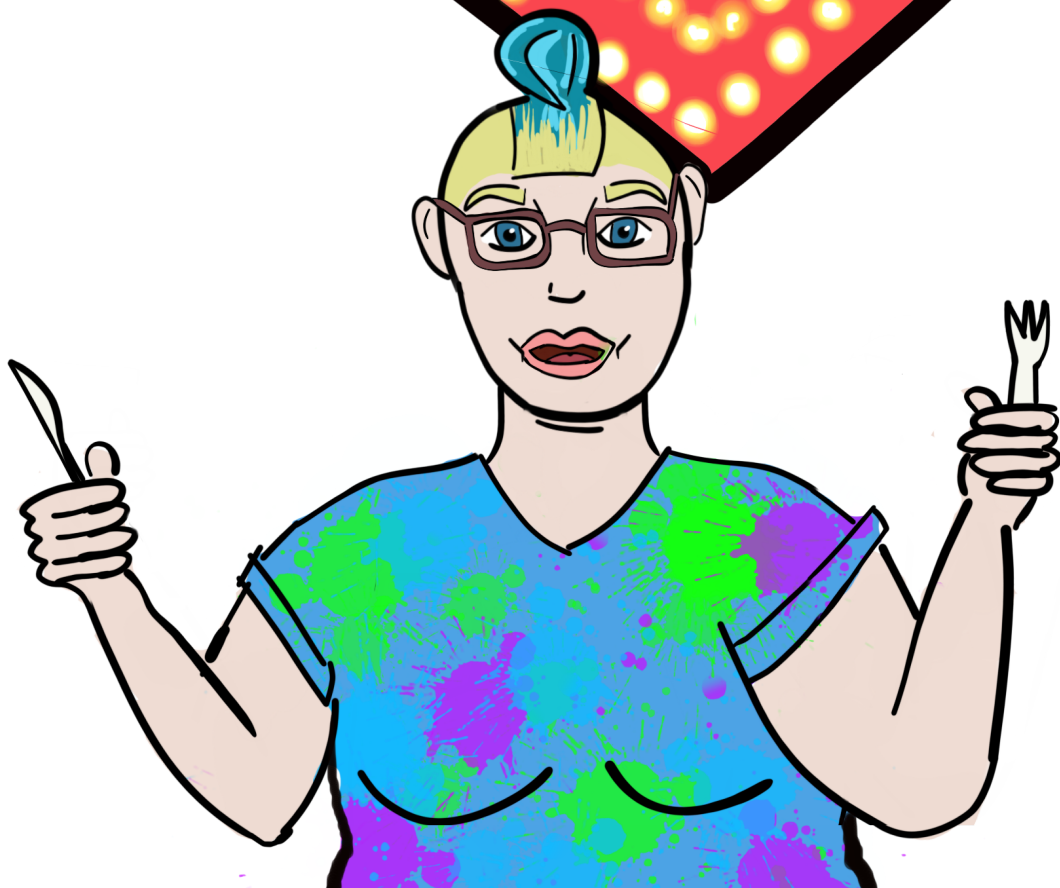
OH! I forgot about the worst place ever to be when you're fat : BARS (even a medical office come second to tiny crowded hip bars But I won't get into that.

And then there's going out TO EAT with your well-meaning thin friends or family members. Being fat and eating in public is like going through a maze. Regardless of what's on your plate, eating while fat is being under constant scrutiny.



If you order a salad, everyone will think that you're trying to lose weight (because they think you should.) If you're lucky you might even get a "Well done" from your loving grandmother

On the other hand, if you go for a burger with fries (because YUM!), no one will assume that you are making an exception for the occasion. If you dare to step foot into a fast-food restaurant, people will assume it is your home away from home and the sole basis of your food consumption habits.



And then, after this exhausting day of trying to fit in and failing miserably, you just want to enjoy a movie or a TV show. But NO. Pop culture has put a war on people with your body type. Either they keep it as far away from cameras as they can, or they show how fat fat people are, humiliating them until they loose weight and therefore claim their prize : being acknowledge as a (beautiful and normal) human being. Just so you choose to watch my 600 pound live just so you can stop being the fattest person in the room for a while.

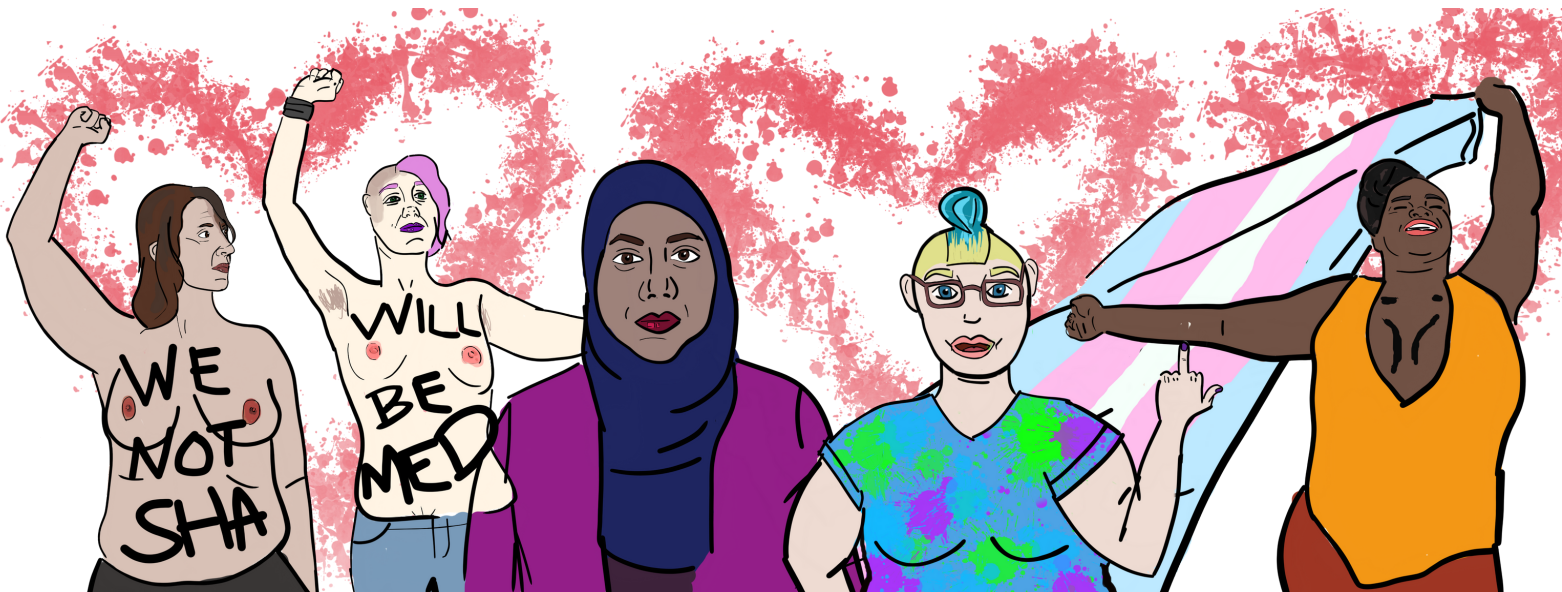


Sometimes being fat sucks, and it's ok to admit it. Our lives are no sell pitch. We do not have to be happy good little fat boys and girls for them to accept us.

We don't have to be compliant.

Sisters, Brother, and everyone in between, it is time we stop apologizing for our existence and it is time to unlearn that we are too much of that or to not a real this.

We don't have to exist on their terms. Failing to be like them is perfectly fine. Let's create our own standards and stop living by theirs. Let's stop trying to make ourselves acceptable or beautiful to them. Let's learn to take too much space, to be too big. Dare to be different. Let's not hide ourselves behind their ideals and lets accept each other as we are: fat, trans, queer, freaks, Black, LatinX, Asian, witches, folks with disability or kooks who don't want to buy a house, get married and have babies like everybody else. Together, let's make the margins of society THE place to be, let's raise our chubby fists and flabby arms and resist them.



# F(L)AT CURVES & LOVE IT!

Léonor Comin

As a woman, an artist and a queer activist, I have been defined by society in many ways through the years. After being sick in 2015, I have lost a lot of weight. People started to look at me differently telling me how beautiful I suddenly was. Despite their compliments, my curves, as part of my profound identity, were missing. I have invented the label/word F(L)AT as a way to conceptualize this dichotomy in the perception of my own identity.

This series of prints deals with transition. Through age and experiences, our bodies change from flat to fat and vice versa. But media and brands only focus on the flat side of bodies, suggesting fatness and curves are problematic. Fat shaming and body shaming have to stop.

BODY SHAMING  
HAS ALWAYS BEEN  
PART OF ME

NO MATTER  
WHAT HAPPENS  
TO YOUR BODY  
LOVE IT!

It is what  
makes you

BODY  
HAS  
P

It is  
&

BODY SHAMING  
HAS ALWAYS BEEN  
PART OF ME

BODY SHAMING  
HAS ALWAYS BEEN  
PART OF ME

NO MATTER  
WHAT HAPPENS  
TO OUR BODIES  
WE LOVE THEM  
IT!

330x435  
1/2x1/2  
1/2x1/2

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER

OF  
**SENSES**  
**AND**  
**VISION**

# THROUGH NO SOUND

Sébastien Dulude

as far as i foresee myself  
i still see me  
sharp-minded  
and ill-bodied  
my wit  
just slightly slowed by age,  
griefs,  
and a lifelong taste for wine  
and my heart  
my ever-straining heart

as for the others  
what can they see  
my body appraised  
perused at times  
oddly dissected

a vision  
not unlike that  
of this morning  
when a huge bumblebee  
died whilst in his flight  
and fell  
through no sound



# LE GROS GLOSSAIRE

MAUDE LAFLEUR & AL.

*Charlotte Cooper, in a chapter published in Esther Rothblum and Sondra Solovay's The Fat Studies Reader, noted that Fat Studies are mostly an American field; Cooper deplored Fat Studies' lack of a multicultural perspective. We thought it would be extremely interesting to come up, from our Québécois standpoint, with a glossary of terms to address Fat, Fat oppression and Fat liberation, in French. The next pages are our humble attempt at translating some Fat vocabulary.*

Terme	« Définition »	Contribution de...
« Paquebot géant »	Paroles de la chanson « Tu m'aimes-tu » de Richard Desjardins ; référence à la femme que le chanteur aime et à laquelle il dit qu'elle est « tellement, tellement, tellement belle ». Dans le vrai monde, il ne s'agit pas d'un compliment, en raison de la grossophobie ordinaire qui stipule que l'adiposité est indésirable ; toutefois, dans le contexte de la chanson, cette expression est d'une intensité et d'une beauté féroces. À s'approprier le plus souvent possible.	Pierre-Luc Landry
« Grosse toute trempe »	Excessivement péjoratif : décrit une femme qui sue à cause de son embonpoint.	N. Dawson
« Les grosses sont plus cochonnes »	L'idée qui circule selon laquelle les femmes grosses, pour avoir des partenaires sexuels, doivent en faire et s'en laisser faire plus que les minces en compensation de leur physique disgracieux.	Maude Lafleur
« Une botte de foin sur deux aiguilles »	Expression sexiste servant à juger une femme qui porte des talons hauts malgré sa taille.	N. Dawson
Abondante	Se dit de la poitrine d'une femme grosse. Voir « généreuse ».	Maude Lafleur
Acceptation des gros/grosses	Traduction (lacunaire) des mouvements de <i>Fat Acceptance</i> et <i>Size Acceptance</i> .	Maude Lafleur
Adiposité	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Terme neutre pour parler de gras. À préférer à « obésité », « embonpoint » ou « surpoids » (voir ces termes pour leur définition).</li> <li>2. L'adiposité renvoie directement à l'accumulation de graisses dans les tissus ; de cette manière, certain·e·s vont préférer le terme plus polysémique « gros » ou « grosse », qui renvoie plutôt à la notion d'espace — la personne grosse occuperait trop d'espace, selon les normes sociales.</li> </ol>	Pierre-Luc Landry Maude Lafleur

Terme	« Définition »	Contribution de...
Bacaisse	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Terme québécois péjoratif. Femme grosse et costade. Exemple : Pousse-toi, grosse bacaisse ! N'a rien à voir avec l'expression « Swing la bacaisse dans l'fond d'la bouête à bois » (et pas juste parce que ladite bacaisse serait alors trop lourde pour ce faire).</li> <li>2. Nom que mon prof de biologie au secondaire donnait à la cellule végétale qui, contrairement à la toute menue cellule animale, est large, carrée et recouverte d'une épaisse membrane.</li> </ol>	Julie B. Maude Lafleur
Balaise	Sert à décrire un homme très musclé, donc à souligner sa force. Pour les femmes, cependant, sert à décrire de façon péjorative sa taille jugée excessive. Voir « armoire à glace ».	N. Dawson Maude Lafleur
Baleine	Insulte qui associe une fois de plus la personne grosse à l'animalité. Parfois utilisé par une femme enceinte par autodérision. Voir « truie », « cochon·ne », etc.	Maude Lafleur
Bâtie	Une façon « douce » de dire « grosse ». Souvent précédé d'un silence qui témoigne du malaise qui entoure le choix du qualificatif.	Maude Lafleur
Bear / Ours	Un homme fétichisé (dans le milieu gai) parce qu'il est gros, poilu et plutôt âgé.	N. Dawson
Beauté intérieure	Subterfuge utilisé pour éviter de parler de l'apparence physique d'une personne qu'on estime gênante.	Andrée-Anne

Terme	« Définition »	Contribution de...
Beaux yeux Beaux traits	Ce qu'on complimente chez une personne grosse quand on veut éviter à tout prix de parler de son poids. Dans l'idéal, on peut complimenter tout et n'importe quoi d'une personne grosse : ses vêtements, son visage, son sourire, son corps, ses courbes, sa répartie, sa tenue, sa personnalité. <i>Fat is beautiful</i> : n'hésitons jamais à dire aux gens qui nous entourent qu'ils et elles sont beaux et belles.	Maude Lafleur Pierre-Luc Landry
Bien portant·e	Façon <i>old fashioned</i> de dire « gross·e »	Fanie D.
Bon vivant / bonne vivante	Se dit de quelqu'un qui vit (entendre ici mange) sans restriction.	Maude Lafleur
Boulotte	Entre la grassouillette et la bacaisse. N'a pas de correspondance masculine directe.	Julie B.
Bourrelet	Appelé aussi « poignée d'amour », le bourrelet est une accumulation de graisse retrouvée sur les côtés de l'abdomen, habituellement toléré sur les bébés, les hommes minces, mais peu en <i>shape</i> ou, encore, lorsqu'il est facilement dissimulable une fois habillé·e ou vêtu·e d'un corset.	Julie B.
Burlesque	La scène burlesque est souvent envisagé comme un espace sécuritaire pour les personnes grosses qui souhaitent performer devant public leurs différentes identités. À l'intersection de la fierté queer et de la fierté adipeuse ( <i>Fat Pride</i> ), la scène burlesque offre des possibilités que les arts plus « traditionnels » ou « mainstreams » ne permettent pas pour les personnes aux corps « atypiques ».	Pierre-Luc Landry
C'est moins long (de) passer par-dessus que (de) faire le tour	Se dit, mais ne devrait pas se dire, d'une personne tellement large qu'il est plus logique de procéder à l'escalade de celle-ci. Pour l'image, il suffit de penser aux voyages de Gulliver.	Maude Lafleur
Chirurgie bariatrique	Mutilation médicalement approuvée et promue par les « spécialistes de l'obésité », qui veulent faire du gras une maladie.	Pierre-Luc Landry

Terme	« Définition »	Contribution de...
Cochon/cochonne	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Quand la bonne vivante ou le bon vivant dépasse les limites imaginaires fixées par la société concernant ce qui est acceptable.</li> <li>2. Se dit de quelqu'un qui se laisse aller à la gourmandise, prouvant qu'il ou elle n'a pas de discipline et d'amour propre.</li> </ol>	Maude Lafleur
Costaud·e	Autre façon douce de dire « gros·se »	Fanie D.
Cub	Même signification que « bear », mais cette fois pour les jeunes, question de bien séparer les fétiches.	N. Dawson
Discrimination par le poids / la taille	Situations inconfortables, injustes et très fâchantes qui résultent de la grossophobie.	Maude Lafleur
Diversité corporelle	L'idée radicale que les humains ne sont pas produits à la chaîne et qu'ils sont tous différents. Ça passe pour les flocons de neige, pourtant...	Maude Lafleur
Dodu·e	Individu moelleux à qui il fait bon de faire des câlins.	Maude Lafleur
Double menton	L'idée que certaines parties du corps, comme le menton, ne peuvent prendre d'une seule forme et qu'une personne avec un menton « atypique » est défectueuse au point de vue anatomique.	Maude Lafleur
El gros !	Interpellation habituellement utilisée entre deux amis de longue date qui, en général, ne sont pas gros.	Julie B.
Embonpoint	Moins impliquant que l'obésité, « embonpoint » est à « gros » ce que « personne de petite taille » est à « nain ». Ce terme est néanmoins connoté négativement puisqu'il implique une « surcharge » pondérale par rapport à un poids idéal mystérieux et chimérique.	Julie B. Pierre-Luc Landry

Terme	« Définition »	Contribution de...
En santé / en forme	L'association arbitraire et souvent fautive entre la forme du corps et l'état de santé. Idée contre laquelle s'élève la phrase <i>Health at every size</i> (la santé à toutes les tailles).	Maude Lafleur
Enrobé-e	Voir « enveloppé-e ». Le terme n'a toutefois jamais été employé par Obélix.	Mélie Drouin Maude Lafleur
Enveloppé-e	Terme popularisé par les bandes dessinées <i>Astérix</i> pour désigner « gentiment » une grosse personne. Obélix, offusqué par le terme « gros », se disait plutôt « un peu enveloppé ».	Andrée-Anne
Épais, épaisse	Voir « gros épais ». Insulte qui n'a pas toujours à voir avec la taille de la personne, mais qui renvoie à la valeur disphorique de la taille.	Francis Langevin
Fat fems	Expression utilisée abondamment dans les réseaux de rencontres entre hommes (type Grindr) pour exprimer son désir exclusif pour les hommes dits masculins et musclés, tout en rejetant ceux jugés « gros » et « efféminés ». Ex. : <i>No fat fems</i> . Variante : <i>No fats no fems</i> .	N. Dawson
Fort / Forte	« Taille plus » parfois devient « taille forte ». On dit aussi « fait-e fort-e », mais ce mot est également utilisé pour qualifier quelqu'un, comme « rond-e », « bâti-e », « costaud-e ». Comme tous ces mots, celui-ci, lorsque prononcé parfois avec un mime un peu grossier (épaules haussées, coudes vers l'extérieur, poings fermés, joues gonflées), donne lieu à un malaise, à un petit rire ou à une grimace coupable.	N. Dawson

Terme	« Définition »	Contribution de...
Gargantuesque	Se dit de la grosseur quand elle est monstrueuse. Belle façon prouver que tes études en lettres ne t'ont pas été totalement inutiles. Ex : « Diantre, cette portion est gargantuesque ! » ou « Mais quel ventre gargantuesque ! »	Maude Lafleur
Généreuse	Se dit souvent de la poitrine des femmes grosses. Cette idée que toutes les femmes grosses ont de gros seins, idée que la mode (voir « taille plus ») a intégrée comme vraie, invalide complètement la diversité corporelle.	Maude Lafleur
Gras-se	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Surtout utilisé par nos grands-mères, ce terme se dit généralement assis sur une chaise berçante, une main devant la bouche et à voix à peu près basse, comme dans la phrase suivante : « Elle est donc ben rendue grasse ! » Ne pas confondre avec son homophone, « grâce », qui, lui, peut être claironné sans gêne, sans main et sans chaise berçante.</li> <li>2. Se dit de toute la nourriture que la personne grosse ne devrait pas se permettre de manger.</li> </ol>	Julie B. Maude Lafleur
Gros-se	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Terme descriptif qui relève encore de l'insulte dans son usage courant, mais qui dans la mouvance des <i>Fat studies</i> tend à se neutraliser. À préférer à « obésité », « embonpoint » ou « surpoids » (voir ces termes pour leur définition).</li> <li>2. Bien que gros-se soit le terme le plus employé pour traduire <i>Fat</i>, celui-ci met surtout de l'avant la notion d'espace — la personne grosse occuperait trop d'espace, selon les normes sociales. Certains préfèrent traduire par le terme adipeux ou adiposité qui relève davantage l'idée de l'accumulation de gras.</li> </ol>	Pierre-Luc Landry Maude Lafleur
Gros épais, grosse épaisse	Voir « épais ». Superlatif.	Francis Langevin

Terme	« Définition »	Contribution de...
Gros gai	L'insulte suprême à lancer à son frère ou à un de ses chums de gars quand il fait l'« épais ». Combine les deux pires choses qu'on peut être dans la vie.	Maude Lafleur
Gros lard	Insulte qui combine l'idée de la taille et de l'adiposité.	Maude Lafleur
Grosse tête	Si on dit que tu l'es, c'est un compliment — on te considère intelligent. Si on dit que tu l'as, c'est une insulte — on considère que tu te prends pour un autre. Dans les deux cas, c'est à prendre au sens figuré.	Julie B.
Grosse torche	Insulte réservée aux femmes grosses qui implique qu'elles sont malpropres et stupides.	Maude Lafleur
Grossophobie ordinaire	L'idée persistante que les termes associés au mot « gros » sont nécessairement négatifs et injurieux.	Maude Lafleur
Grotesque	Il fut un temps où les personnes grosses étaient partie intégrante des <i>freaks shows</i> dans les cirques ambulants. Maintenant, cette idée que le corps gros est grotesque est reprise par la télévision, les films, les mèmes, les gifs et l'internet en général.	Maude Lafleur
Il/Elle a les cuisses qui frottent	C'est connu, les personnes attirantes ont un <i>thigh gap</i> , cet espace entre les cuisses, photoshopé ou non. Les autres ont les cuisses qui se touchent et donc qui frottent, ce qui peut être très douloureux et désagréable. Mais ceux qui critiquent la chose se balancent de l'expérience des autres et commentent uniquement l'aspect inesthétique.	Maude Lafleur

Terme	« Définition »	Contribution de...
IMC (Indice de masse corporelle)	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Invention du diable qui n'a aucune valeur médicale effective ou réelle.</li> <li>2. Outil qui prétend calculer le taux d'adiposité et qui est utilisé pour différencier les obèses des non-obèses. Ne prend en compte que la taille et le poids. Pas l'état de santé et encore moins la diversité des corps.</li> </ol>	Pierre-Luc Landry Maude Lafleur
Muffin (top)	Se dit pour décrire le repli de chair qui peut se former à la taille en raison d'un vêtement plus ajusté. <i>On voit toute mon muffin (top) quand je mets ces jeans-là. Lui as-tu vu le muffin ? Qu'est-ce que tu préfères, dans le muffin, toi ?</i>	Francis Langevin
Obésité	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Terme médical cherchant à stigmatiser l'adiposité de la majorité de la population ne correspondant pas aux standards mouvants de la corporalité, imposé avec violence dans le langage par l'industrie médicale, l'industrie pharmaceutique et l'industrie du régime. À éviter.</li> <li>2. Diagnostic arbitraire qui tombe sur toute personne dont l'indice de masse corporelle (voir « IMC ») dépasse un certain seuil. Les désignés « obèses » sont considérés comme souffrant d'une maladie chronique peu importe leur état de santé réel.</li> <li>3. Syndrome (maladie) lié à la culture (R. Ross, 2005)</li> </ol>	Pierre-Luc Landry Maude Lafleur
Plantureuse	Un mot utilisé pour parler d'une femme dont le poids n'est pas un obstacle à sa légèreté, à ses désirs et à la séduction. Notons au passage que le poids est un obstacle à la beauté uniquement parce que nous sommes conditionné-e-s à cet effet. Il ne s'agit pas d'attrance personnelle, mais bien d'un apprentissage culturel et d'une discrimination systémique (n'en déplaise à Marie-France Bazzo).	N. Dawson Maude Lafleur

Terme	« Définition »	Contribution de...
Poids	Construction sociale, au même titre que le genre, le sexe et l'orientation sexuelle ; discours normatif à déconstruire au plus criss.	Pierre-Luc Landry.
Poids maximal	Ce qui te prouve le monde est conçu pour exclure les gens plus lourds de certaines activités et expériences, parce que c'est plus simple de penser que les gens lourds sont fautifs que d'imaginer un projet de société inclusif.	Maude Lafleur
Poids proportionnel à la taille	Description du corps souvent aperçue autrefois dans les petites annonces amoureuses pour se décrire soi-même ou pour décrire l'être recherché, et qui pourrait aujourd'hui être traduit, dans Grindr, par « en shape ».	N. Dawson
Poids santé / Poids normal	Fiction morale mise de l'avant par la médecine.	Maude Lafleur
Positivisme corporel, body-positi ou attitude positive envers le corps	Tentatives de traduction du mouvement <i>Body positivism</i> parce que sans langage spécifique francophone pour décrire la diversité corporelle sous un jour positif, il est difficile de changer la charge négative autour de la personne grosse.	Maude Lafleur
Pourcentage de gras (ou taux de graisse corporelle)	Autre mesure discriminatoire pseudo-scientifique utilisée dans les salles de sport et dans le langage sportif pour stigmatiser, sous le prétexte de la « santé », les individus au « taux de gras » jugé trop élevé. Ce pourcentage, établi à l'aide d'instruments très peu spécialisés, est une stratégie de marketing visant à vendre des abonnements au gym, des forfaits d'entraînement avec des instructeurs personnels, et un attirail sportif très onéreux.	Pierre-Luc Landry
Surpoids ou sous-poids	Termes utilisés dans le discours médical et qui mettent de l'avant l'idée qu'il n'y a qu'un seul poids normal. Attention de ne pas tomber dans le panneau.	Maude Lafleur

Terme	« Définition »	Contribution de...
Tablier	Accumulation de matière adipeuse au niveau du pelvis et qui se déploie de façon à obstruer les parties génitales. N'est pas vu sous un jour positif.	Maude Lafleur
Taille de guêpe	L'équivalent francophone du <i>hourglass silhouette</i> . Utilisé pour décrire un corps idéalisé. La forme (> <) était atteinte au moyen d'un corset qui compressait les organes vitaux et causait des évanouissements fréquents. Pensez à Barbie !	Maude Lafleur
Taille husky	Synonyme de « taille plus », taille husky est plutôt utilisé dans l'industrie des vêtements pour enfants.	Andrée-Anne
Taille plus	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Euphémisme utilisé dans l'industrie du vêtement pour catégoriser inutilement des vêtements de grande taille. Le terme peut s'appliquer à une personne : « Ma cousine est une "taille plus" ».</li> <li>2. Distinction entre ton linge et celui de tes ami·e·s qui fait que tu ne pouvais pas aller magasiner avec elleux parce qu'il n'y a qu'une poignée de boutiques qui tiennent ta taille.</li> <li>3. Qualificatif qui t'assure que tu vas payer tes vêtements beaucoup plus cher que les gens « normaux ».</li> </ol> <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1. Se dit des vêtements à partir de la taille 14-16, mais des mannequins (humains et en plastique) à partir de la taille 8.</li> </ol>	Andrée-Anne Maude Lafleur
Tas	Voir « gros tas ».	Maude Lafleur
Vache	Péjoratif, utilisé pour diminuer et animaliser les femmes grosses. Voir « baleine », « cochonne », etc.	Maude Lafleur
Ventru·e	Se dit lorsqu'une personne porte principalement son poids dans le ventre. Exclut toutefois les femmes enceintes.	Julie B



# RHYTHM AS SHOCKWAVES

Matthieu F. Girard

the baldness of my back  
down there where the shocks are alive  
they do take their time and yours too  
my body arching and bulging

all that jazz and the grunts screams muffled  
your bellybutton shakes as our hips locked  
everything is sending waves  
racing through the surface of my skin  
some blues and the whiteness

my belly like a mound of love  
big beautiful mountain of mine

yours too

and all that fat used to make me puke  
and slice my arms  
and write suicide notes like poems  
and you said it doesn't matter and you said it again  
and that I'm beautiful and

yours too

my throbbing ass lunges forward deeper  
partition of our fucking makes noise  
exquisite noises of skin smacking  
interlocking adiposity

in the aftermath of our earthquake  
the marks on your skin so sweaty  
bruises of newborn confidence  
bold big fat confidence  
the earth ain't flat neither are we

# TO EVERY SKINNY BOY WHO EVER CALLED ME BEAUTIFUL

Caleb Luna

To every skinny boy who ever called me  
beautiful  
And went home to your white lover  
Fuck You

To every white boi who ever called me amazing  
And went home to your skinny partner  
Fuck You

To every boring boy  
Who has ever called me any combination of  
Brilliant  
Badass  
Amazing  
Sweet  
Genuine  
Or told me how I have  
Changed their life

To every boy whose  
“Radical politics” compel them to say  
They’d date fat people on Okcupid  
But leave every party with a  
Different skinny boy  
And pretends it’s coincidence  
To every boy who ever loved  
Everything about me  
But my body

Fuck you  
And I don’t fucking believe you  
And I don’t fucking  
Care  
Your empty words don’t mean shit  
I am not fooled by your guilt  
I reject your consolation prize words  
You cannot patronize me into neutrality  
I will not absolve you  
I am not here  
To make you into better men  
For other men  
So you  
And your skinny partners  
Can interrogate your internalized fat hatred together  
Post coitally

We both know  
I could crush you  
With my glare and my thighs  
Kill you with a look  
We both know my beauty is more than the brain you admire  
The thoughts you consume

My beauty is the fullness of my belly  
The softness of my face  
The brownness of my skin  
The smoothness of my body  
The limp the doctors gave me  
My beauty transcends the colonial constructions  
That you,  
That we worship

My beauty is the history of my ancestors  
My beauty is the strength it takes to live in this world  
In this body  
My beauty is the look on my face when  
I see through your bullshit  
My beauty is a lifetime of resistance  
My beauty is power  
My beauty is nonnegotiable  
My beauty is a fucking reclamation

And you  
Will never know it.

# MY ASEXUAL BODY: ON FATNESS, DESIRABILITY, AND ASEXUALITY

Stephanie Meunier

Content/trigger warning for institutional and internalized fatphobia and negative body image.



As a fat woman, I am not supposed to want things. Fat people, especially women, are portrayed in ways that desexualize or hyper-sexualize us. We are either too ashamed of ourselves/our bodies to dare desire anything (food, sex, love, attention, etc.), or we're so needy and desperate that we consume it "excessively". Either way, we're starved for it. This dichotomy of starvation and excess makes it impossible for our desires and our needs to be taken seriously. We can't want things in the same way non-fat people do; we have to want them because we're fat. We don't deserve things, thus we shouldn't even think about wanting them, because we're fat.

Sarah E.S. Sinwell wrote about asexual representation in media (specifically in TV series). Sinwell writes about how some bodies are asexualized, so not only desexualized, but also assumed to be asexual. Through this process, asexuality is redefined;

*Fatness, disability, Asian-ness, and nerdiness, for instance, have all been associated with asexuality. These characters are represented as asexual not because they do not experience sexual attraction, but rather because they are not sexually attractive; they are not allowed to have a sexuality because, if they were, normative codes of sexual desirability would be threatened. These representations of asexuality conflate a lack of sexual desirability with a lack of sexual desire and redefine asexuality via the desexualization of non-normative bodies and identities [1].*

I've been wondering for the past few years, while figuring out my sexual orientation, if my asexuality is just an expression of my internalized fatphobia. If, perhaps, I simply don't allow myself to want people and sex because I don't think I deserve to have my desires legitimized and to see myself as desirable.

I've been doing a lot of work to combat internalized fatphobia since my late teens and I think I have successfully eradicated a lot of the negativity around fatness I felt. But I still don't see fat people, myself included (or maybe especially?), as desirable. Maybe it's a failure on my part to question my desires and to smash beauty standards and such; maybe it's just that I don't find anyone attractive or desirable. And don't get me wrong, I think fat people are beautiful, stunning, immensely gorgeous and graceful beings. But I don't find us sexy (yet?). I don't find anyone sexy.

I've never gotten what people meant when they called themselves or others "sexy", to be honest. I mean, I get the concept, sure, I get the standards, and I get what it means for other people, but I've never felt it. I've recognized it in people because we're trained to do that regardless of what we, us, individuals, want. But I can't say I find anyone sexy, myself included.

Sexualizing my own fat body feels weird and unnatural to me. It's very alienating, trying to see my own body in a way I don't even see others' bodies.

Am I asexual, or am I just afraid that no one will want me? I am asexual. And I am afraid that people don't want me. It's silly, kind of ridiculous, but both statements are true. Even as I detach myself from the mindset I was in when I thought I needed to want people in a sexy way, I still feel the need to be reassured that I am sexy as an extension of the need to be reassured that I am desirable as a human being (maybe more specifically as a girl).

Sexualizing my own body, or seeing it as sexually appealing will not be a part of my process of unlearning fatphobia and learning to love my own body and fat bodies. I will love fat bodies, mine included, but I will not be attracted to them. And that's fine.

I will train my eye to see grace in the movements of fat bodies, to appreciate stretch-marked bellies and lumpy thighs, to observe the beauty of roundness and the loveliness of thick, soft shapes. I will learn to love all of the things that make my own body and the bodies of other fat people "not sexy" and I will delight in it. My revolution won't be sexy. My revolution will be mine.

[1] SINWELL, Sarah E. S. "Aliens and Asexuality: Media Representation, Queerness, and Asexual Visibility", in CERANKOWSKI, Karli June and MILKS, Megan. *Asexualities Feminist and Queer Perspectives*, New York, Routledge, 2014, 385 p.

I deserve to love my body  
without  
feeling  
guilty



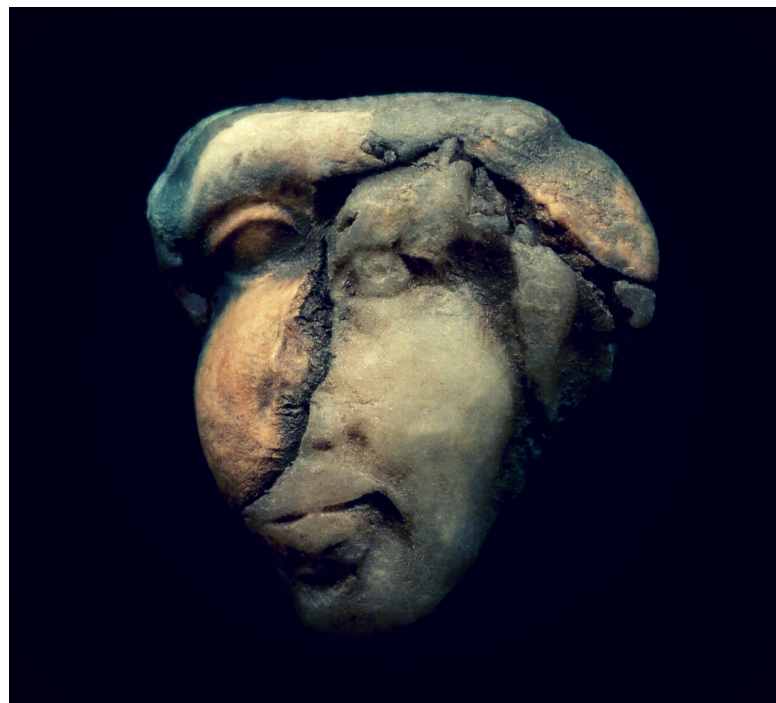
# THIS IVORY TOWER

anonymous

I am not writing to you from the frontlines of oppression and abuse, of discrimination and a profoundly and cruelly internalized sense that my body is *wrong*. I am writing to you cowed in fear and from a cowardly safe distance, shaking my fist in occasional indignation when the tip of the iceberg of fat-hate knocks on my friends' windows, or offering minimal and polite cheering when they demonstrate their herculean dieting endeavours, which never fail to make me feel like I am beating them at a marathon from the air-conditioned comfort of my car seat. But I digress.

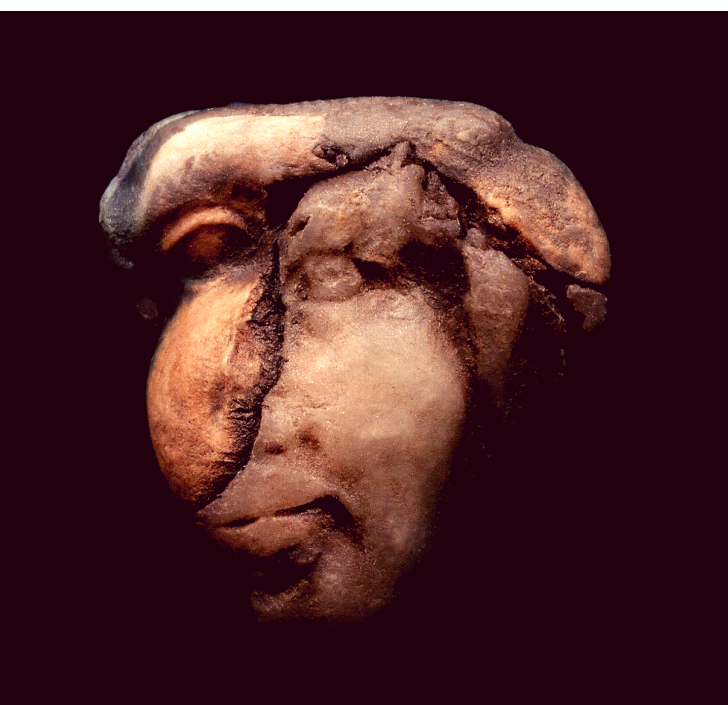
I am writing from a place of relative privilege: Thinness.

Much like a certain overrated Italian painting, Thinness smiles to all from every angle, hinting at the promise that it is possible and desirable for all to fit a certainly unattainable standard of human morphology. But what it *whispers* depends on what the *whisperer* looks like, what their perceived gender and assigned "race" is, and how much effort they have to exert in order to look the way they look.

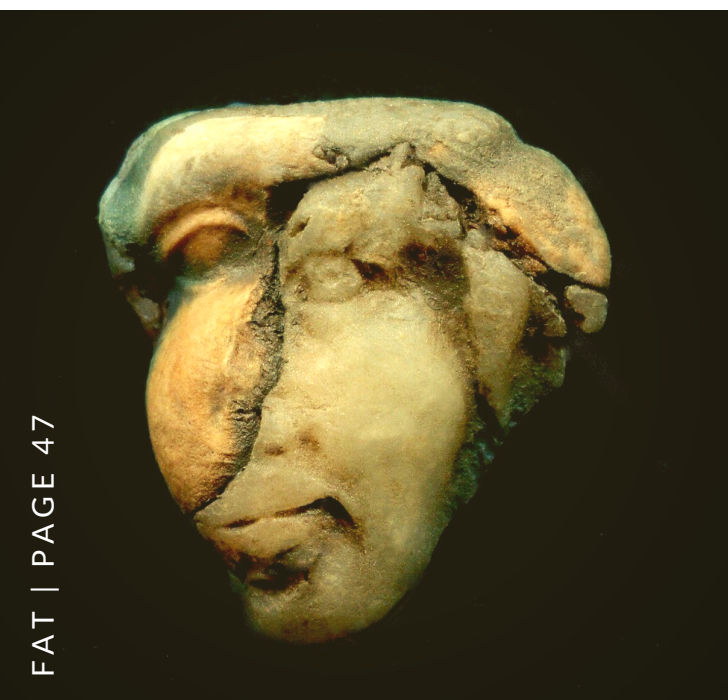




To me, it whispers false praise. False praise for having the “right kind” of body. That kind of external validation is the empty carbs of the female psyche.



Then, as I gloat about this false sense of superiority, Thinness urges me to work harder (!). To work harder to cater to the male gaze—(thinness was only the first step)—and work harder to stay thin, to maintain and perform my thin privilege. That I can’t take it for granted.



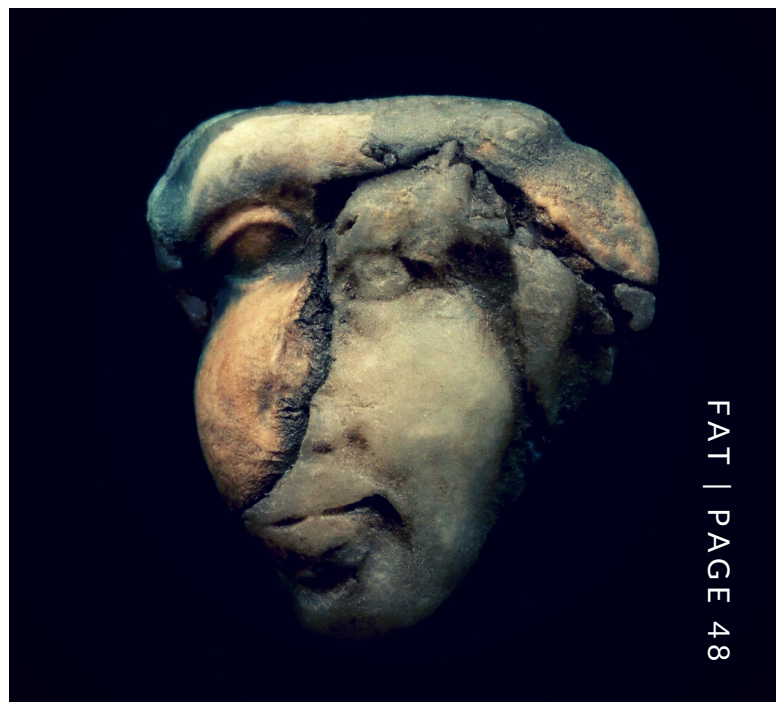
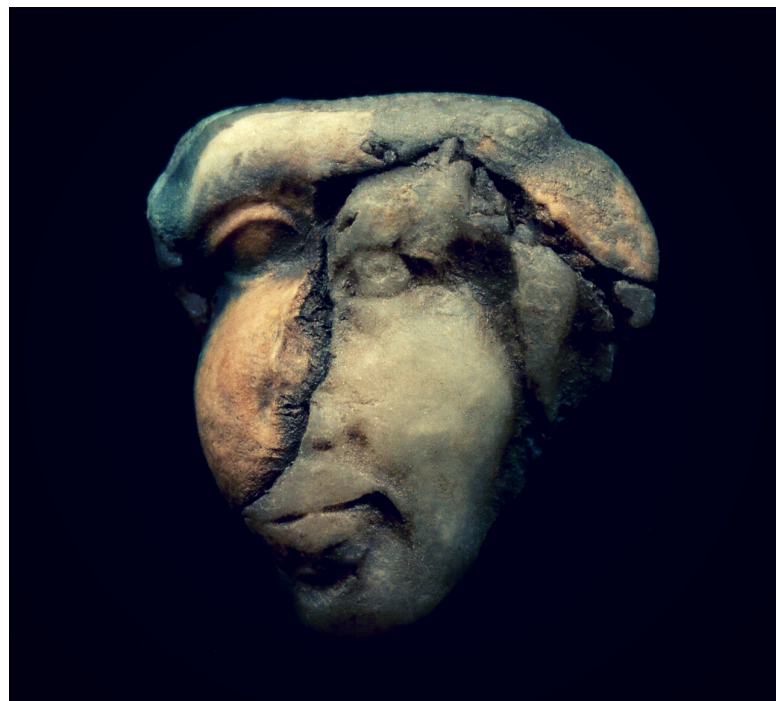
And finally, Thinness shows me what treatment I could suffer—“*deserve*”, allegedly—if I lose my privilege. It points at a fat friend, a fat co-worker, a fat celebrity or public figure. It likes to point at females better. Or at trans\* folx. Or *anything* that is “guilty” of not being a white cis anglo-saxon straight male. Then it places a stone in my hand, gives me a pat on the shoulder, and stares at me unnervingly. I am ashamed to say, I have often obliged.

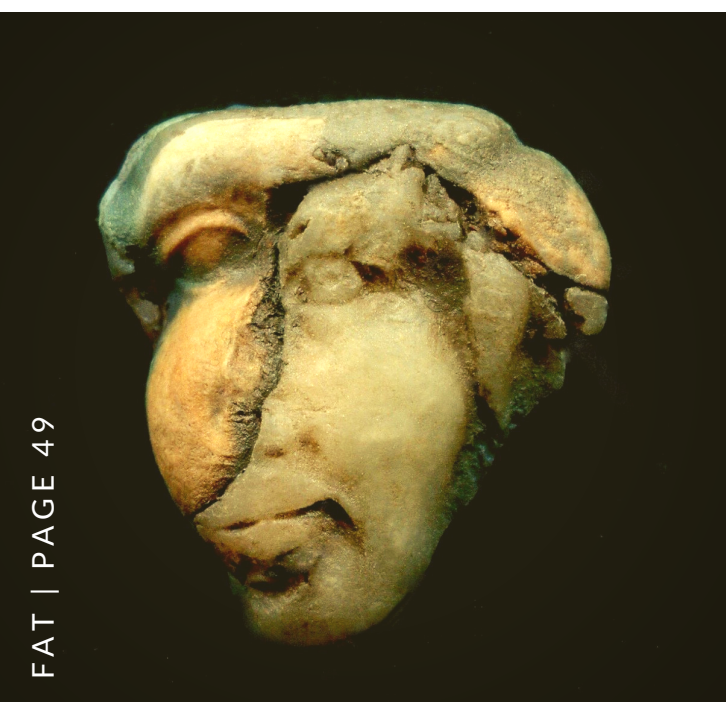
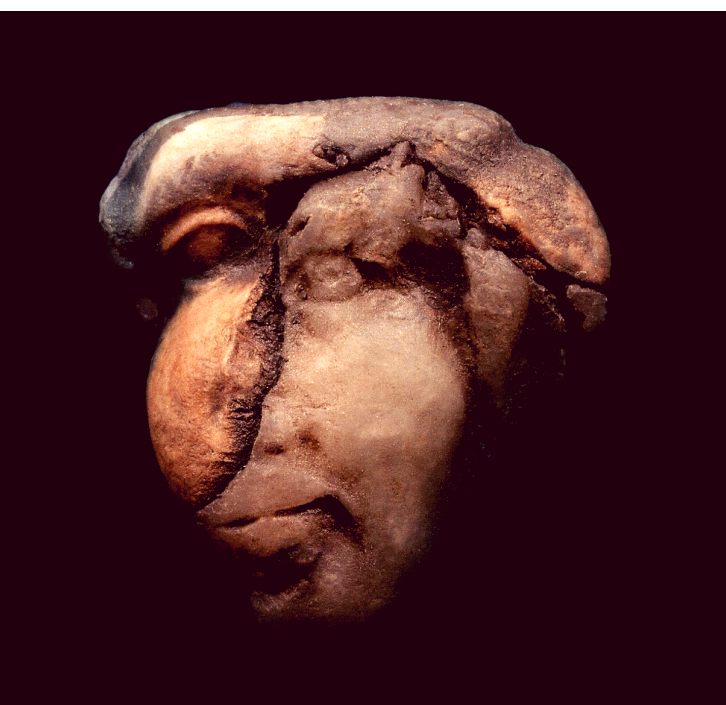
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Now I will tell you about my family history of mental illness. Dementia, schizophrenia, depression, anxiety, and the sub-clinical, pop-culture-y and/or DSM-evicted “dysthymia”, “mood swings”, “burn outs” — we collect them like loyalty points. (And that’s not even counting the deeply damaging effects that heteropatriarchy, rape culture and repeated sexual violences have on those of us who are assigned, and raised as, females.) I myself can not function without a combination of a mood stabilizer and an anti-epileptic proven to be effective for clinical anxiety at small doses. With the addition of intensive self-care practices and onerous therapy work, I managed to go from not being able to tie my shoelaces to regaining my social status as a highly qualified and sought after knowledge worker.

But it wasn’t always so.

What I mean is I wasn’t always treatment-compliant. (Not aiming to promote psychiatry or anti-psychiatry or pharmacotherapy or one pill over another — that’s another zine contribution.)





My point is that, I had grown so used to mining huge chunks of my self-worth from the perception that others had of me that I was “pleasantly thin”, that I forgot to freak out when I lost 15 pounds in the summer of 2014. Fifteen pounds. That meant suddenly being able to fit in a pair of size 2 Guess jeans and walking to the till feeling distinctly pleased with myself, instead of anxiously dialing 811 from the awkward depths of my dressing room and asking what the f\*\*\* was wrong with me and why was I crying all the time and why couldn't I sleep well anymore and why wasn't I able to get out of that increasingly distressing funk? (For the record, I did buy and still own these, which I call affectionately my “depression jeans”).

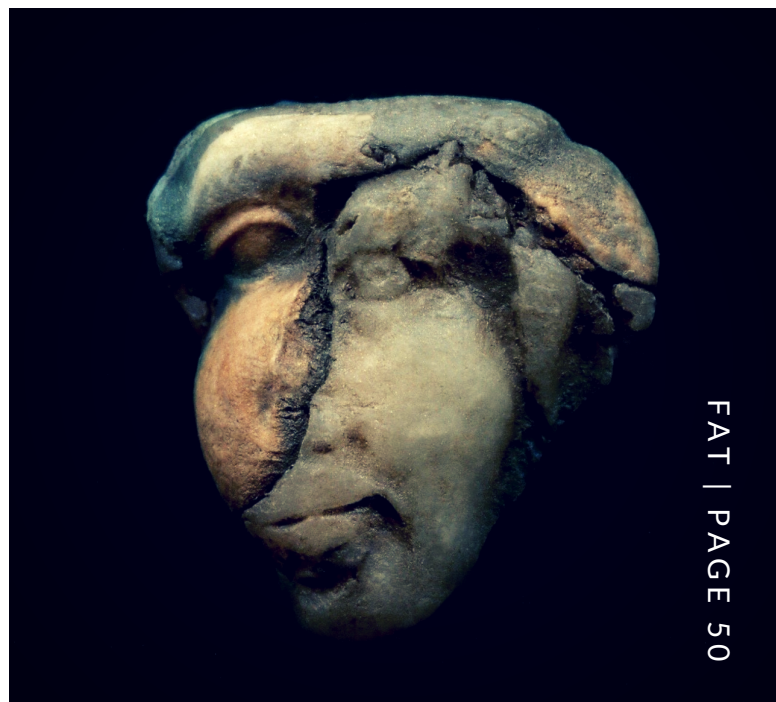
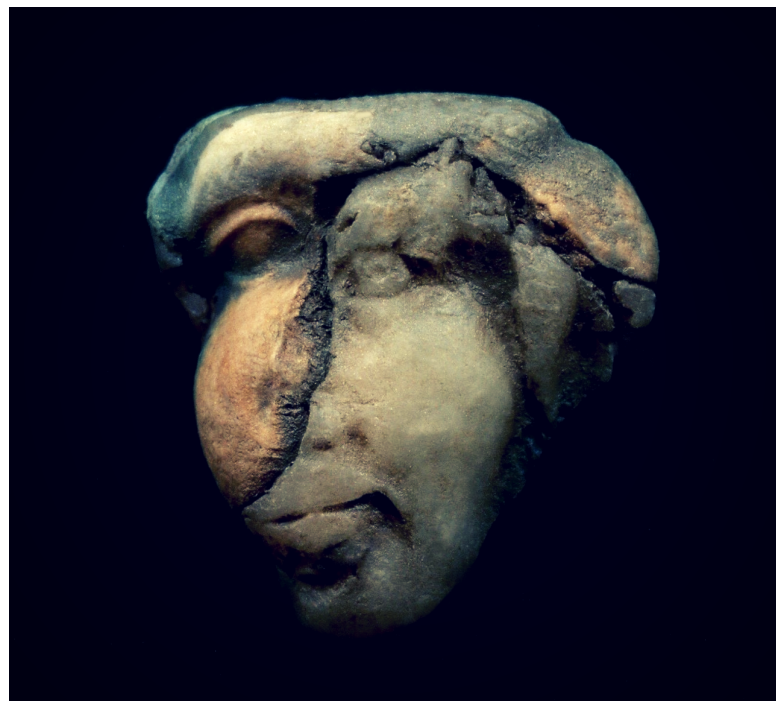
Two weeks later I was diagnosed with severe, clinical, unipolar, depression disorder.

My psychiatrist offered to prescribe me pills with a casual enthusiasm I found shocking at the time (I had not yet understood that physicians are not the gods they make us believe, but really health consultants and prescription pad technicians). I resisted pharmacotherapy initially. Partly because I misunderstood them. Partly because I had internalized the shame and taboo surrounding “psych meds”. Partly because of the dreadful list of side effects: not limited to, but including mania (no thank you), dizziness and nausea (ew), suicidal thoughts (what the?), crippling headaches (please don't), drowsiness (I would actually welcome that one), and weight gain.

*Weight gain.* That means becoming *fat*. That's when I remembered how to freak out. So I properly freaked out.

*Weight gain!* I had seen thin people I knew become not-thin-anymore, every pound gained ousting invaluable points off a person's reputation ranking chart. There was no way I would become a [whichever gendered weight-based slur I thought of at the time]. Never. Nuh-uh. Not dealing with the self-hatred, or the actual and damaging hatred-pity spectrum from the rest of the world, or whatever being at the receiving end of fat-phobia meant to me at the time. *Choose the enemy you know.*

So I decided to try and beat depression, the chronic physiological illness with an almost certain biological basis, with sheer willpower. I would do all of the things they say is good for your brain—aerobic exercise, no blue light after eight pm, talk therapy, journaling, meditation, yoga, support groups, unsupervised and very hit-and-miss “healthy eating”, mood-altering substance avoidance... you name it. All of this took massive amounts of time, only to improve my condition... marginally. Meanwhile, I was dealing with everything the average neurotypical thinks not to be a symptom of depression: irritability; simultaneous agitation and lethargy (the synergy of which made me feel dangerously dysphoric); insomnia; loss of appetite combined with intense cravings for fat, salty and sugary foods; memory loss; inability to concentrate and make decisions; impaired executive functions; anxiety; acute feelings of worthless and hopelessness; frequent bouts of unexplained crying followed by bouts of profound apathy. Every waking hour of my 19-hour days was made of an ugly, variable and unpredictable patchwork of these symptoms through which I fought (sometimes literally) to “get better”, usually to little or no avail.



I put myself through this for a year and a half. 1.5 years. Doesn't seem much, doesn't it? That's roughly 523 days. Times 19, comes to nearly 10,000 hours of horrifying pain and agony.

I could have chosen the other path—the sensible path that has its priorities straight, that recognizes that the shards of privilege that is thinness are not worth ten thousand hours of excruciating cognitive and affective dysfunction. **When I could have been fat and healthy, I chose to remain unhealthy and skinny.** Mark my words. And do not let anyone ever again sway you with the false logic that thin = healthy.

This isn't one of those inspiring stories of how I learned to accept myself and love myself even more in my fat, self-loving and self-validating, now near-neurotypical body. I did not gain a noticeable amount of weight taking my daily dose of the mood stabilizer, although I must avoid several types of foods in order to lower the risks of developing a metabolic disorder such as diabetes. I am essentially still thin and do not have to deal with the double discomfort of dealing with a changing appearance or with the mercilessness of millions of fat-hating individuals we collectively call "society". **I have learned that suffering is not synonymous with healing, and that we are all losing when we choose to rank, or to let others rank for us, which body types are more deserving of praise and envy, or hate and shaming.**

Yet for all my pushing against the fat-hating forces that permeates our daily lives, I don't think I can call myself a true "ally", or even an aspiring one, when thin privilege holds me captive in its claws. Last month I met with a nurse to ask about various contraceptive options. When she mentioned "weight gain" as one of the possible side effects, I shuddered.

# JE SUIS JUSTE DÉGUEULASSE

Myriam St-Denis Lisée

Lorsque j'étais enfant  
Le soir de l'Halloween  
Nous devons remettre entre les mains de ma mère  
La collecte de la soirée

Nous avons droit à deux bonbons chaque dimanche  
Si nous étions gentils

À l'Halloween suivante  
Nos vieux bonbons étaient refileés  
Aux vampires et aux lutins qui venaient sonner à notre porte  
...

Ma première fois au dépanneur  
J'avais 13 ans

Je me souviens  
D'une explosion de saveurs dans ma bouche  
Et du sentiment de liberté incroyable  
L'euphorie d'avoir bravé les interdits

Ce jour-là, une part de ciel s'est ouverte en moi  
Et depuis  
Elle ne cesse de vouloir engloutir le monde  
...

Des Smarties  
Des barres Mars  
Des Caramilk  
Des Aero  
Des Whippet aux fraises  
Des jujubes  
Des pastilles Halls rouges  
Des Mister Freeze  
Des Magnum au caramel  
Des Werther's  
Des menthes au chocolat  
Des Tic Tac  
Des paparmanes roses  
Des Glossette  
Des bleuets enrobés de chocolat  
Des Mentos  
Des After Eight  
Des guimauves  
Des Oreo

Et je n'ai toujours pas  
Atteint le fond  
De mes envies dévorantes  
...

Je performais mes excès  
J'étais une originale  
Mon public m'applaudissait  
Enviait ma bonne étoile  
Célébrait mon laisser-aller et mon amour des  
sucreries  
En m'offrant régulièrement mes délices  
favoris  
Pendant six ans je n'ai pratiquement pas grossi

Et puis, à vingt ans, je suis passée de 110 livres  
à 125 livres  
On me disait « ne t'en fais pas, tu n'es pas  
grosse »  
Et personne ne s'inquiétait lorsqu'en pleine  
réunion  
J'engouffrais cinq barres de chocolat en guise  
de souper

C'était un véritable divertissement de me voir  
manger  
Paraît-il  
...

À partir de quel chiffre sur la balance  
Faut-il commencer à s'en faire ?

À quel moment devient-on, aux yeux des  
autres  
Quelqu'un qui a abdicqué sur sa santé ?

Maintenant, quand j'avale deux barres de  
chocolat dans le métro (seulement deux !)  
Je ne suis plus drôle  
Je ne suis plus attendrissante  
Je suis juste dégueulasse  
Je ne sais pas me contrôler...

...

La dernière fois que j'ai perdu du poids  
J'avais passé le temps des fêtes sur le  
divan  
À hyperventiler jour et nuit

Quand je suis revenue au travail  
On a félicité ma bonne mine  
Et mes quelques livres en moins  
« Bravo, ça te va bien ! »  
(de ne pas dormir ?)

La dernière fois que j'ai pris du poids  
J'avais passé l'été à m'entraîner pour un  
défi sportif  
J'étais resplendissante de santé  
Malgré mon ventre en expansion  
Mes ovaires polykystiques ont brouillé les  
pistes  
Et m'ont privée des compliments qui  
n'auraient pas manqué de fuser  
Si mes kilos s'étaient envolés

J'avais l'impression que mon corps  
Me trahissait

...

Ce qui compte finalement  
Ce sont les apparences  
La santé des autres ne nous intéresse pas  
réellement

Ce qu'on veut  
C'est pouvoir mater  
Des corps désirables  
Sur la plage  
...

« C'est donc beau une fille qui aime  
manger ! »  
(à condition qu'on aime la regarder)



As I sat on your bed,  
I kept wondering  
if you liked what  
you were seeing

# A LIFETIME OF COMMENTS FROM MY MOTHER THAT MADE ME FEEL FAT

Léa G.

*Tuck your sweater in your skirt so we can't see your waist. It looks fat.*

When I was eight, taking an official family picture.

*Stop walking like an elephant!*

When I was being too loud, as a kid.

*Your cousin is so elegant. Have you seen her long legs? They are so muscular.*

When we were visiting my relatives.

Good thing she also said that she had googly eyes.

*Are you kidding me? The dress Mamie send you is too small? Such a shame. It's gorgeous.*

When, as a little girl, I received presents from my grandmother by mail. They were often too small because I only got to visit my grandmother every two years.

*Yes, she does look like her father. They have the same constitution. Big bones and all.*

When people would comment on my shared looks with my father.

*It's sad. You have such a beautiful face.*

When I was a teenager.

*Are you sure you want to buy this? It's not very flattering for your body type.*

When I was shopping for my very first bikini.

*I'm glad you are not that kind of girl. Being too pretty is a poisoned gift.*

When she heard a story about a good-looking friend that was jumping from one relation to another.

*You know what would help with your knee pain? Losing some of these extra pounds.*

Whenever I would complain about sore legs after a 12 hours shift at work.

*Maxime, would you like to finish what's left? No, not you, Léa. You had enough.*

Every time there were some leftovers at the end of the supper.

*Did you gain weight, again?*

Anytime we would see each other, after I moved out of the family house.

*You are such a pretty girl. If you were thinner, you would make heads spin.*

When she wanted to compliment me.

*This dress is a good pick. Black is very slimming.*

Commenting on my clothing choices at a wedding.

*You should be careful if you do not want to end up like your aunt.*

Talking about her sister (dangerously obese, according to her).

*You are not going to wear this, are you? Your thighs are showing.*

Last week, at my grandmother's funerals.

# BIOGRAPHIES

**Pierre-Luc Landry** is Assistant Professor with the Department of French Language, Literature, and Culture at the Royal Military College of Canada. He holds a Ph.D. in Literature Studies from Université Laval. He published earlier this summer *Listening For Jupiter*, an English translation by Arielle Aaronson and Madeleine Stratford of his award-winning novel *Les corps extraterrestres*. In French, he published two novels, coauthored a multidisciplinary essay, and he edited two collections of short-stories. He lives in Kingston, Ontario, and is currently a non-degree seeking student in Queer Studies at the Oregon State University.

**Caleb Luna** is a Ph. D. student in Oakland with the Department of Theatre, Dance, and Performance Studies (UC Berkeley). Caleb is a working class fat, brown, queer, light-skinned latinx. Their work explores the intersections of fatness, desire, fetishism, white supremacy and colonialism from a queer of color lens. You can find their writing on *Black Girl Dangerous*, *Everyday Feminism* and *The Body Is Not An Apology*.

**Alyssa Cooper** is a Canadian author, poet, and spoken word artist from Belleville, Ontario. She is currently living in Kingston with her partner, two cats, and a Boston Terrier. She has authored three novels, a short story collection, a poetry collection and a poetry chapbook since her first publication in 2008, as well as having her work included in numerous literary journals and anthologies, and is an active member of the Kingston poetry and spoken word community.

**Julie Bourcier** has a post-graduate degree in literature and is currently completing a master's degree in education. Co-owner of the *Imagine* bookstore since June 2016 in Laval (Quebec), she has eight years of experience as French teacher in general adult education. Passionate about new technologies and communications, she has had the pleasure of organizing about thirty cultural and literary events in the past year. She took the resolution to write more often and was very pleased to be a part of this project—which allowed her to write her first short drama in English.

**Maude Lafleur**, aka Lady Jett, has been called a lot of things from a fat cow to unattractive to human garbage, she's been called a freak, she's been called a dyke, and she's been made to feel like a waste of space. Today, she proudly proclaims herself a feminist, a queer writer and an illustrator. She is currently pursuing a Ph.D. in literature studies at Université du Québec à Montréal, writing a thesis about social perception and social bias surrounding the notions of chaos and embodiment. You can check out her drawings at <https://ladyjett.threadless.com/> and her writing as well as other illustrations at <https://ladyjett.wordpress.com/>

Born in Montréal in 1976, **Sébastien Dulude** is both a poet and a performer. He has published two poetry chapbooks and has contributed to many poetry magazines and fanzines. As a performer, he's been known to push the limits of his body in indulging performances that aspire to mingle beauty and violence, through an ambiguous and uneasy intimacy. He's presented his work in many occasions in Québec, as well as in France, Belgium, Sweden, Serbia, and soon Russia.

**Stephanie Meunier** is a bilingual community organizer in Ottawa-Gatineau who's passionate about social justice. She is white, cisgender, fat and able bodied, and identifies as queer and asexual. She's finished her undergrad in Women's studies this year and is hoping to work locally to bring resources to marginalized communities.

**Léonor Comin** (b.1983) is a French poet, artist, and curator. Her major artwork series is a communication between short texts and photographs under the name of Heterotopies Poétiques. [www.leonorcomin.com](http://www.leonorcomin.com)

**Matthieu F. Girard** : né dans le Québec rural quelque part à la fin des 1980, gavé de poésie et de lettres de tous les genres, amoureux de la musique et des sons. A publié deux-trois machins dans son jeune temps ; depuis diplômé en philosophie en Europe, carrière d'enseignant à poursuivre, il traîne son corps abondant et neuro-divergent de par les routes littéraires qui l'intéressent, c'est-à-dire les moins empruntées, arcs-en-ciel et intersectionnelles.

En dehors des Smarties, **Myriam St-Denis Lisée** a plusieurs passions dévorantes : la lecture, l'écriture, l'intervention avec les enfants et les adolescents, les vidéos de chats sur Internet et l'entretien de relations de qualités avec des humains vulnérables et authentiques. Pour la contacter : [myriam.stdenis@gmail.com](mailto:myriam.stdenis@gmail.com).

**Léa G.** is writing a thesis on the capitalization of feminism in North America during the last ten years, but she would rather be writing poems and short stories.

# CREDITS

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Stephanie Meunier's text was originally published in a perzine by Stephanie Meunier, *What I Lost to Find This*, which is available to read online (<http://bit.ly/2qbh0Fi>) and for purchase at the feminist library L'Euguélonne in Montréal, QC. You can contact Stephanie about purchasing copies of her zines or to chat at [steph.meunier@hotmail.com](mailto:steph.meunier@hotmail.com).

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