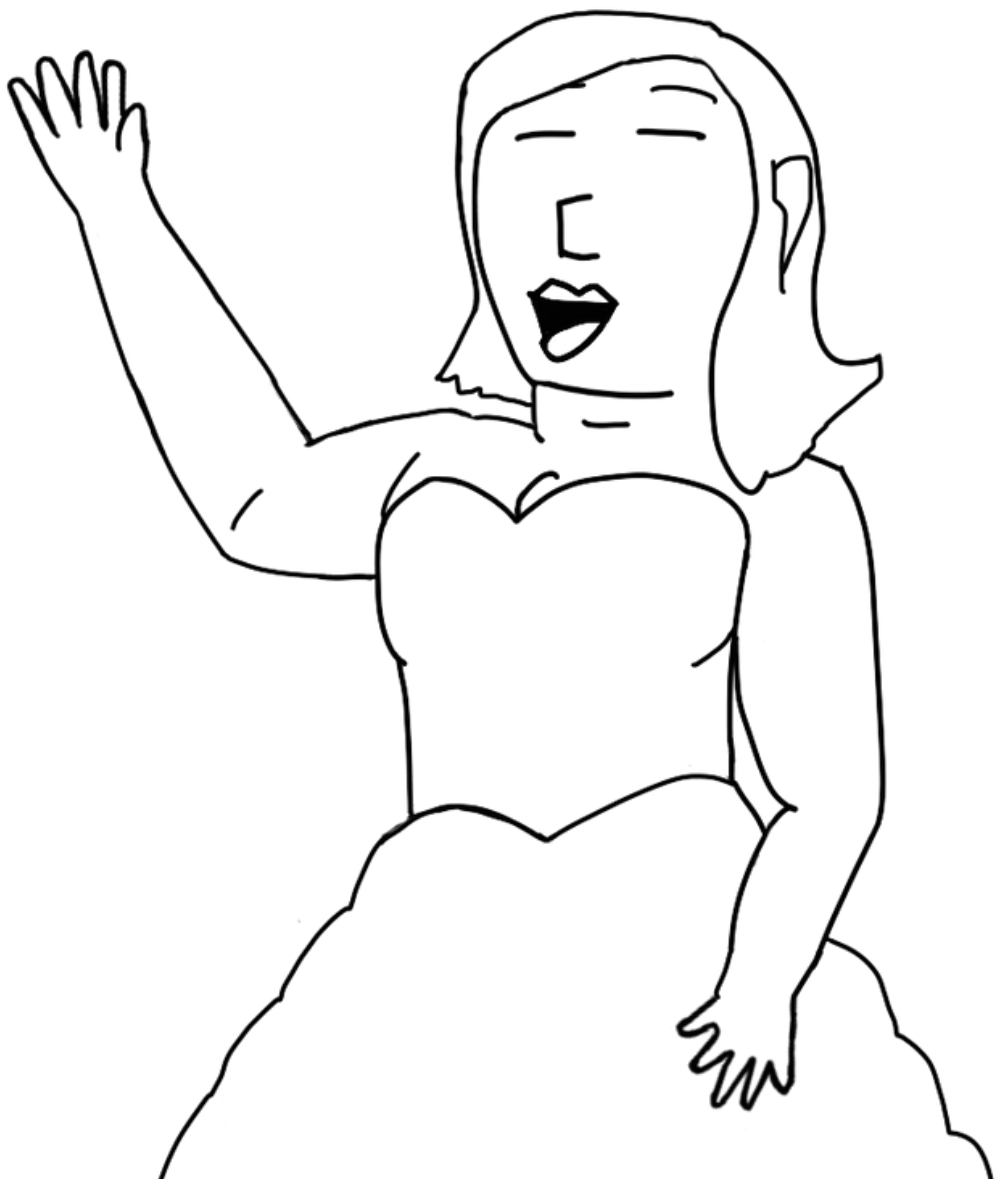


The Fat Lady Sings

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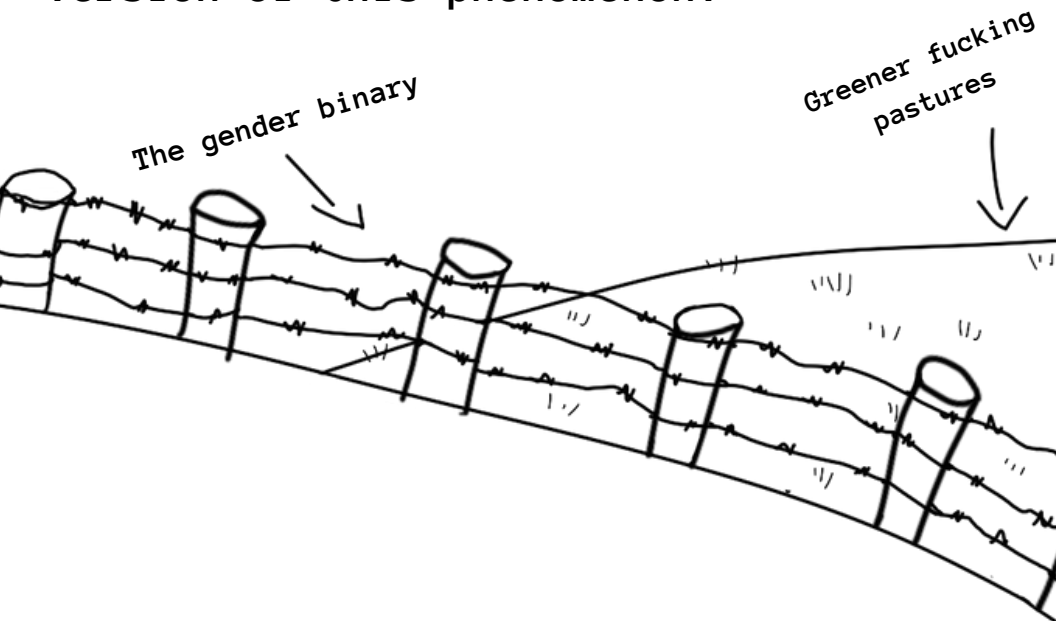
CONTENT WARNING

This work discusses themes including, but not limited to: eating disorders, sexual themes, strong language, body image issues, gun imagery, political content, fatphobia, and gender discussion. Don't like, don't read!



On gender and fatness:

Gender non-conforming people are stereotyped as fat, but fatness and queerness feed each other. Fat women are made a fool of by the media while men like Jack Black are idolized (and inspire immense gender envy in me, mind you), so why wouldn't I wonder what it's like on the other side of the gender binary? I cannot speak for others; maybe transfems have their own version of this phenomenon.



From all sides, I was forced out of girlhood. All I could do was explore my options. When you picture a woman, is she not thin? Fat women are excluded from their very own gender. Part of my initial confusion came from dysphoria. Did I resent my body because it was female, because it was fat, or both? Even now I mourn my thin cisgender body from high school from time to time. In late high school I left my diet behind as a means to cope with my gender epiphanies and my parents' queerphobia. I wonder: could I have been thin if I was not queer? Could I have been cishet if I was not fat? Instead, I rejected thinness and cisheterosexuality to embrace fatness and queerness.



On plus-size clothing:

The hyper-gendering of fat people is perpetuated by the fashion industry; to be a fat woman you must make up for your fatness by increasing your femininity, or else you are “weird” or “sloppy.” Every fat woman knows the horrors of the floral cold shoulder top; fat fashion is stuck one decade behind our thin counterparts. Add flowers or sequins or ruffles. This is fashion, right? Is it feminine? Is this what fat women want? Fat women are reduced to the hippopotamus in a tutu that is everpresent in every cartoon circus; this is all we can be. Once again: why would any fat woman want to be a woman? The options available for us are not appealing.



Clipart to show
that this theme
is so prevalent
that it warrants
clipart

On PCOS :

I probably have PCOS (polycystic ovarian syndrome). I did not realize this until I was 21 because:

My family is very bald, so a receding hairline is to be expected.

My symptoms developed during the height of the COVID-19 pandemic, so I assumed my acne came from wearing a mask.

I'm trans. I'm not going to look a gift horse in the mouth when it comes to growing facial hair.

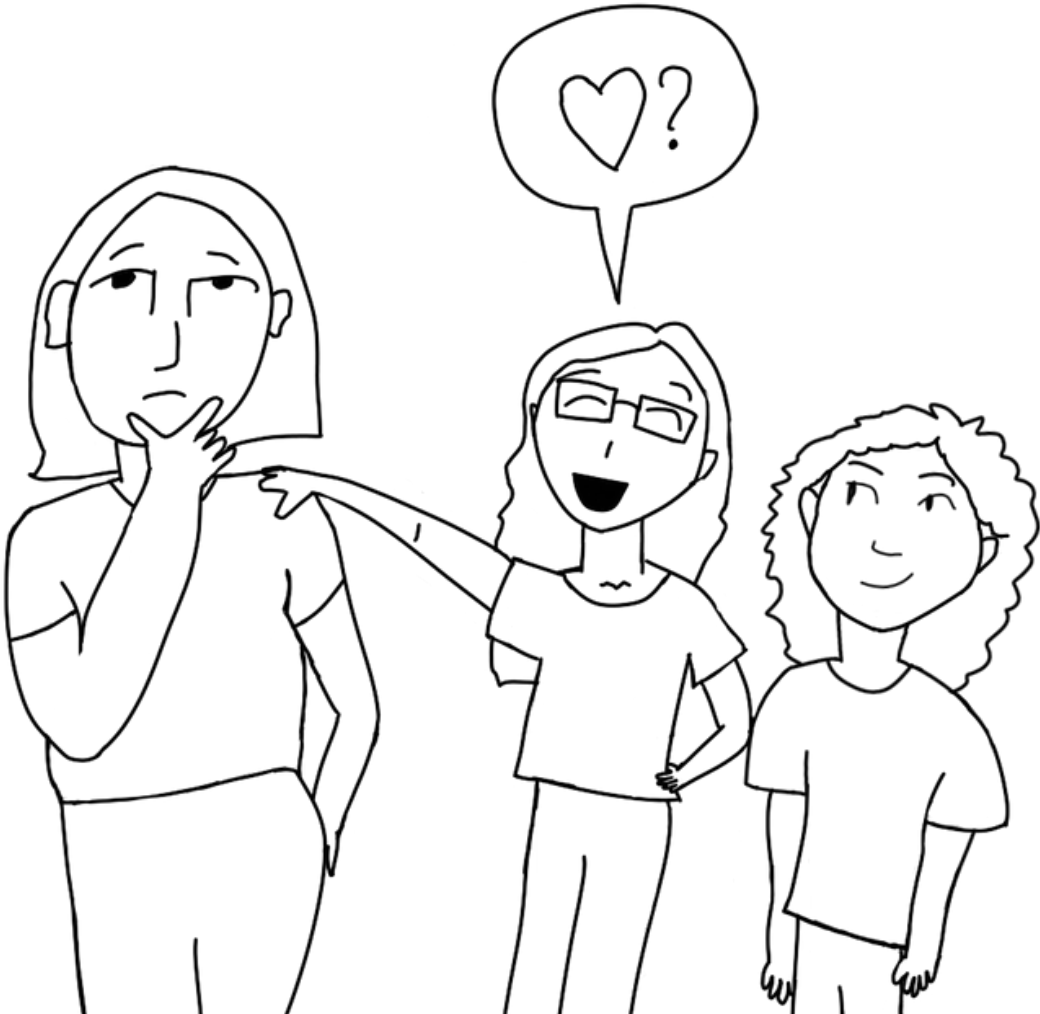
Periods fucking SUCK. I did not miss them; I'm a virgin anyway. Nothing about them helps me.

I have always been fat.

Overall, it just made sense.

On being “the fat friend”:

I've been surrounded by thin friends who talk about the copious amounts of people who have had crushes on them. They are always surprised when I cannot relate. They're terrified of looking like me but do not even consider what it would be like to live in my body. If you don't know what I face, what are you so afraid of? Can you not even empathize with me? My body is so taboo that my own friends will not call me fat; they fear the word.



On throwing the baby out with the bathwater:

There are bad people in the world. People we love to hate. People who have done terrible things. Therefore, it boggles my mind that of all the perfectly valid things to insult them for, people come for their weight. I recall wincing when during the Trump presidency, one of my friends called him a “fatass.” Your insults cannot hurt Donald Trump or any other politician or celebrity, but they WILL hurt your fat friends. Choose your words wisely. Do not throw your baby out with the bathwater.



The Bathwater™



Just a Baby™

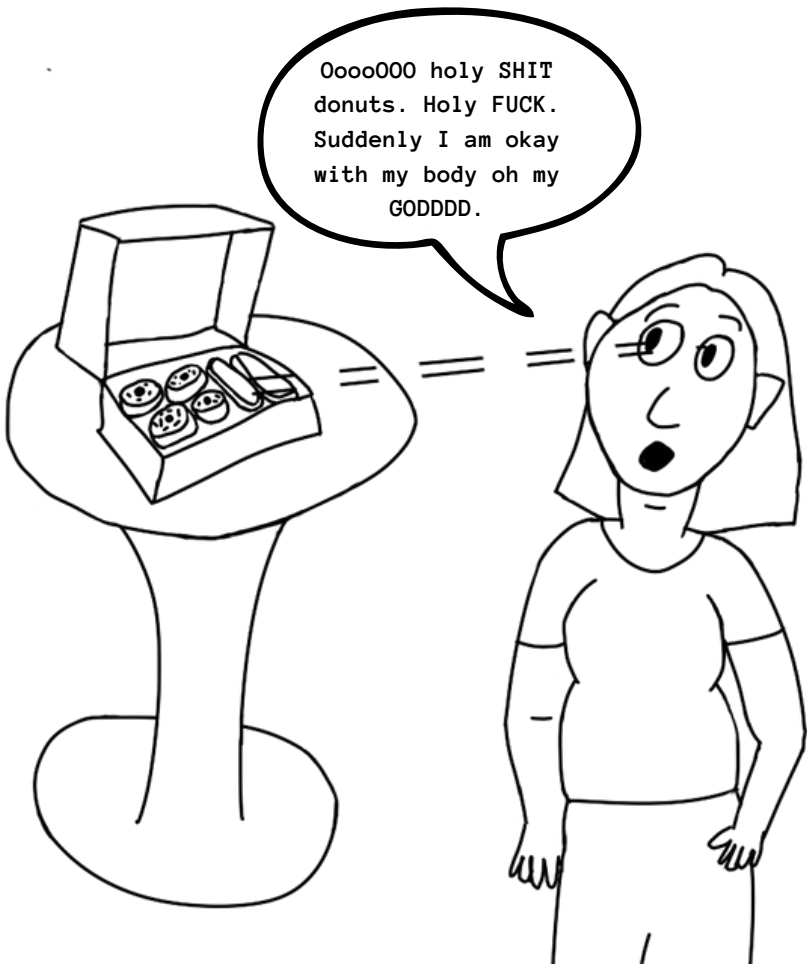


Supposed to be
my friend

*Author's note: I was going to draw Trump here but it made me feel physically ill, so you get to choose your own Bad Person™

On eating disorders:

I wouldn't say that I've had an eating disorder, but my relationship with food is questionable. Every few weeks I decide I might diet and then within the same week I've made peace with my body and embraced hedonism. Wash, rinse, and repeat. I've heard that diets aren't sustainable anyway. I cycle through this reasoning often and it takes a toll on my self esteem. I don't have an eating disorder, but I'm certainly not doing well. But, since it's not an eating disorder, who cares, right? I'm not broken, just deteriorating, and if it ain't broke, don't fix it.



I want to comfort my friends with eating disorders, but how am I meant to make peace with my fat body when everyone I know is crying about how they're so scared to get fat? I look happy on the surface but I am trying so so so hard to not relapse into hating myself. When others judge themselves for getting fat, it feels like they're judging me for being fat. You'd think existing in my proximity alone would make them feel better by comparison! Now don't get me wrong, I know that eating disorders are a serious issue and that I am not being personally targeted. However, what I want to stress is that fat positivity benefits EVERYONE. When fatness is destigmatized, eating disorders do not develop.



On feeling sexy in my fat body:

I am sexy in the fat, hairy, sweaty way, and it is an acquired taste, not for the faint of heart. Deep down, this is a survival mechanism. I've heard of people disliking when others fetishize their fat bodies, but to some extent I could only hope for that. Desirability when you're fat is hard to come by. When thin people say they would rather be called "beautiful" than "hot," I can only imagine the privilege to experience either. I find it hard to believe that anyone could think I'm sexy, let alone beautiful, so I'll take what I can get; it's wildly flattering either way. To bask in my sexuality is to be empowered. What can a fat lady do if not sing?



Always



Serving



Looks

About the Author:



Jess Eavenson (They/them/theirs) hails from Woodland, WA and enjoys browsing antique stores, playing video games, and doing anything and everything creative. They love spending time with their partner, Brendan, their roommate and true friend, Payton, and their two cats, Pumpkin and Sabrina. And yes, they got a significant haircut between doing the illustrations for this zine and taking this photo- sue them!