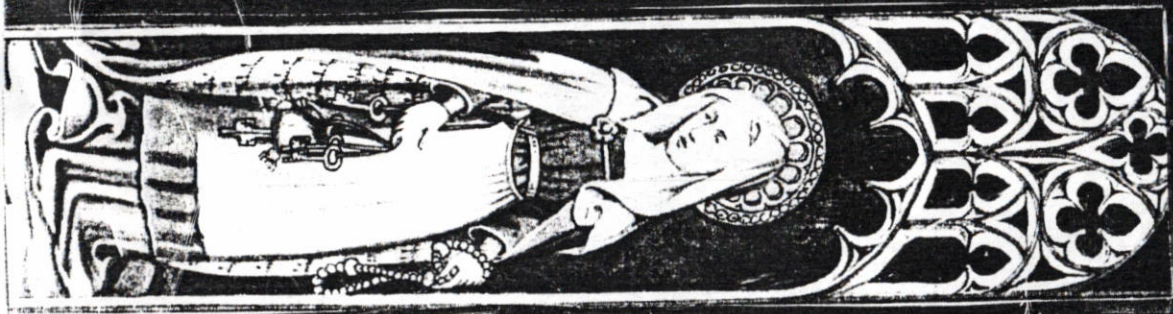


superfly

issue number four. cold
1995/96. swanky theme.



superfly
305 arlington
apt #2
ottawa, ontario
k1r 5t1
canada



welcome and goodbye. here it is number four. pretty different huh? i feel sorta weird about it. it's pretty so i feel like the insides should be different too. like i should have way smarter and way more interesting things to say. of course i don't. ha ha. some of these articles have been in other people's zines. recycled articles. im just assuming they'll reach different people. i hope so anyway. it sux. i will work on my zine and think of a million things i wanna write for this but when i sit down to write this i forget everything. duh. i hope you enjoy this sisue. bye.

love,
Tess XXX

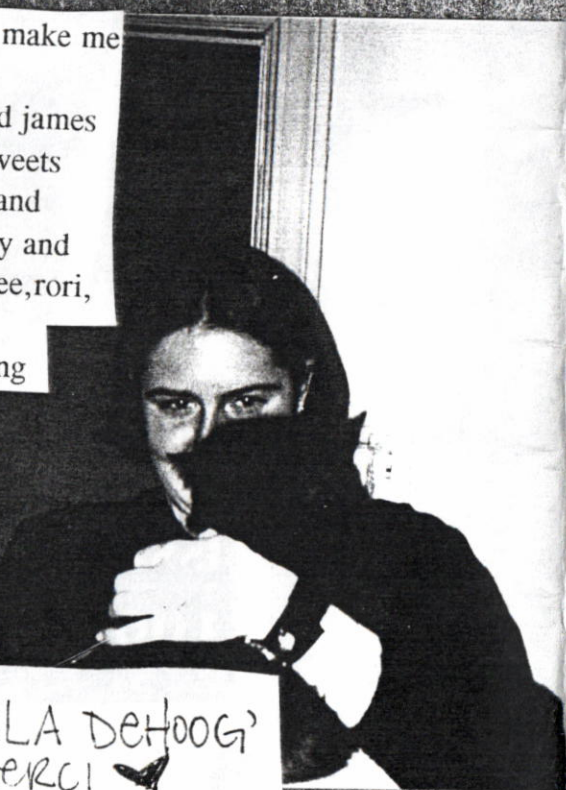
305 arlington
apt #2
ottawa, ontario
k1r 5t1
ice planet hoth

tdehoog@chat.carleton.ca

thank you-(in no particular order so quit trying to make me feel bad cause you ain't first) sherry, amazing steven, johanna, christinaXold maidX, erin nation and james of two, mel and matt, brigetta and mike, paul, tina, sweets chewbacca(what a wookie) saira yoda(plus moishe and tabby), dywelska, mat gard, gigi, grimace, jason, tee-jay and brent, jacyntheXsnapcasehoodypoX, XsirenX, witknee, rori, ryan, XcanadianallgirlstraightedgemilitiaX, daryl vocat, radwan, shireenee, dave sams, sophie, noah young if i forgot you, it's because we gotta fight.

me and my kitty(who came home) even though once this is copied you won't be able to tell

Please address things to 'TooessLA DeHoog'
so I CAN REDIRECT MY MAIL. MERCI ♡



for hypatia or so sophie in quebec city can come visit us. i dunno.

i don't care to some extent if quebec separates. it would be

kinda weird to have a different country in the middle of canada.

maybe even kinda interesting. think about how it would fuck

up all those map and globe makers. hee hee. nationalism scares

me and watching all those flag wavers on t.v tonight bothered me.

there will be wars and big brother will be a reality and all those

people cheering for the winning no vote are going to be cheering

because someone is being executed for going against the

government. you know what i'm saying? the sheep, nationalism

thought process is so damn frightening. maybe i've read

too much atwood

and orwell but really one day this

place is gonna be even

scarier.



driving down wellington and stopped at the lights. there was a group of kids walking down the street. they looked around our age and were all grunged-out.

they had the banners and they were yelling and chanting. we opened the van door and they came running. a boy introduced himself to me. i smiled and shook his hand.

his friend did likewise. our light

changed and i said "nationalism

is bad" (i know how

confrontationalist but really

i was on the spot) they

started saying "no it isn't. what

about quebec" we just drove away. i got to thinking. well i could

take the usual bad ass punk stance and say "fuck it" which in

my lethargic mind is tempting. but i guess i don't want quebec to

separate. not because i think we must be united and all proud.

blah blah blah. really it's just so it's still easy to go to

friends or for jen to come here to sing montreal and visit our



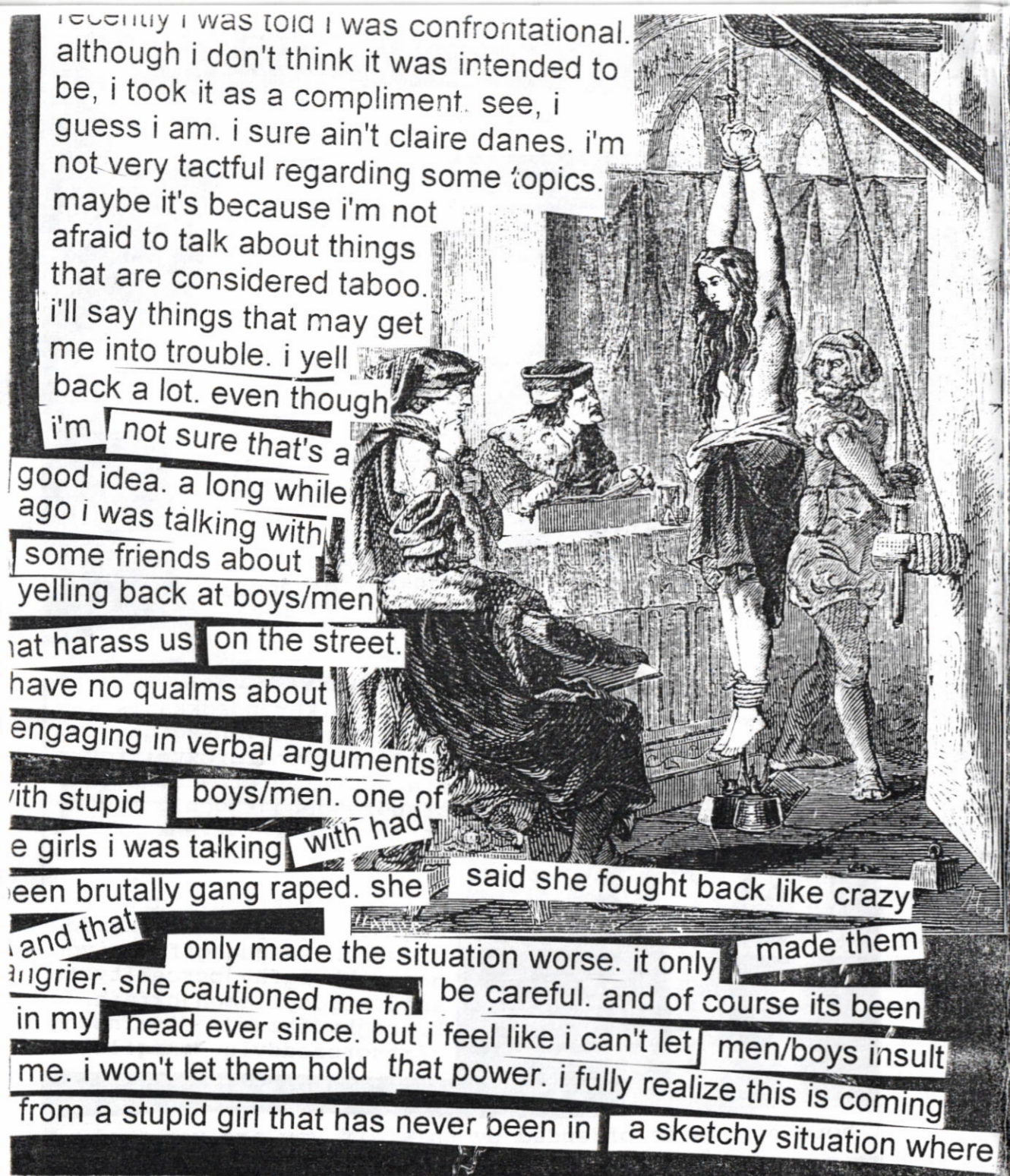
hardcore heart throbs
if it's in brackets don't search for it. alright? on y va.



- ari(lifetime)
- asa(doughnuts)
- beaubeau
- civ
- daryl(snapcase)
- don(frail)
- dwid
- elena(ashes)
- james(zerohour)
- jason(lostinhappyland)
- josh(trustkill)
- karl(earthcrisis)
- kent(mc clard)
- kim(sparker)
- melly(xmel)
- porcell
- rob(endpoint)
- sherry(hivequeen)
- steven(outlet)
- tim(mouthpiece)
- vique(simba)

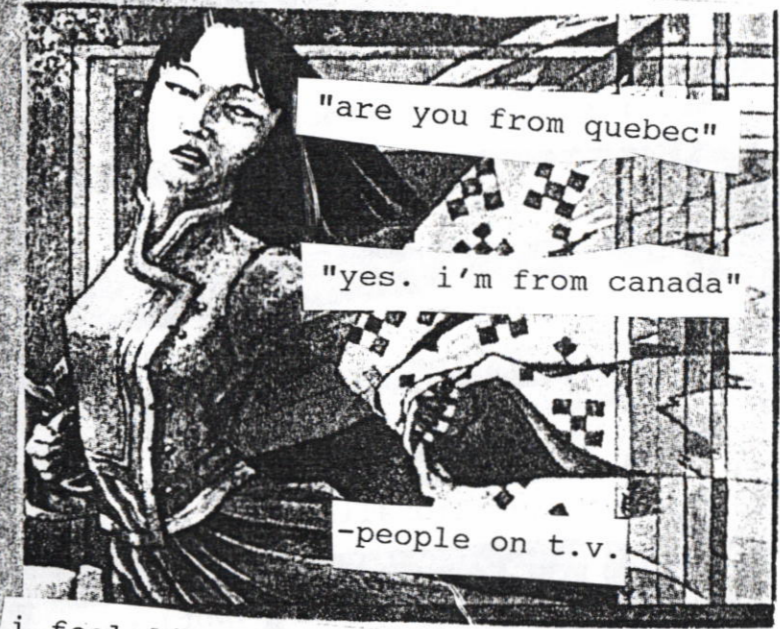
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oops i hope no one is offended by this. if you are yer silly.



recently i was told i was confrontational. although i don't think it was intended to be, i took it as a compliment. see, i guess i am. i sure ain't claire danes. i'm not very tactful regarding some topics. maybe it's because i'm not afraid to talk about things that are considered taboo. i'll say things that may get me into trouble. i yell back a lot. even though i'm not sure that's a good idea. a long while ago i was talking with some friends about yelling back at boys/men that harass us on the street. i have no qualms about engaging in verbal arguments with stupid boys/men. one of the girls i was talking with had been brutally gang raped. she said she fought back like crazy and that only made the situation worse. it only made them angrier. she cautioned me to be careful. and of course its been in my head ever since. but i feel like i can't let men/boys insult me. i won't let them hold that power. i fully realize this is coming from a stupid girl that has never been in a sketchy situation where

yup, so tonight was the referendum. never seen so much nationalism. it scares me. nationalism on the whole scares me. when i watch hockey on t.v. and i see everyone all excited and proud to be



canadian and proud to be watching their home team win i get this weird feeling. it's really bad when i watch the stanley cup game. "are you from quebec" "yes. i'm from canada" -people on t.v. i feel like it's an orwellian world. big brother is watching and he's glad the leafs won the cup. over the last week there has been a lot of hype regarding the referendum. "my canada includes quebec" is written across t-shirts and hanging in store windows. people chillin' on wellington in front of parliament hill with "just say no, canada" banners and maple leafs painted on their faces. we were

i know i face prejudice and i wonder if i would take the miracle
cure. i really don't think i can make an answer and since i don't
need to, i won't. but i will philosophize a little more. the girl

in me that's bummed at the fact she can't be pretty says "of

course, no question" but

girl in me says

my fat brothers and
accepted by all".

not a hero.

think i will

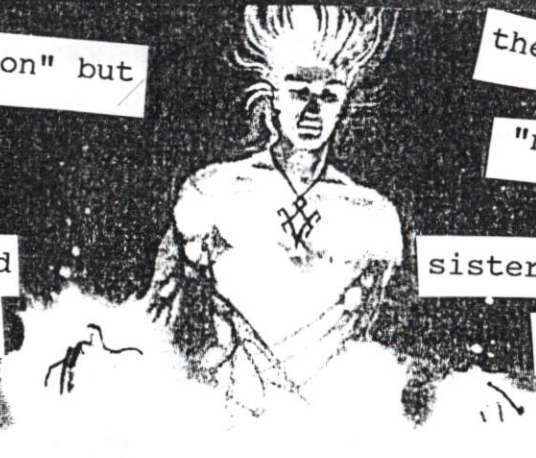
take the cure because the hope of one day being
skinny has been in my mind since i was old enough to realize

i wasn't pretty. but tomorrow i may say otherwise. and i think

that's probably the right answer because i'm stuck with this

crummy body forever so i better

start getting use to it.



then the warrior/martyr

"no, i will fight for

sisters so that we may be

sheesh. i am

and today i

anger wouldn't benefit her. in fact when i'm walking home alone
at night or i'm put into a sketchy situation i get a crazy adrenaline
rush. i feel ready to fight. but i think i'm just tricking myself. really

In a situation where i'm about to be attacked/raped i probably
couldn't hold my own. especially since i'm shitty at play fighting.
women are expected to be gentle and kind and blah, blah, blah.

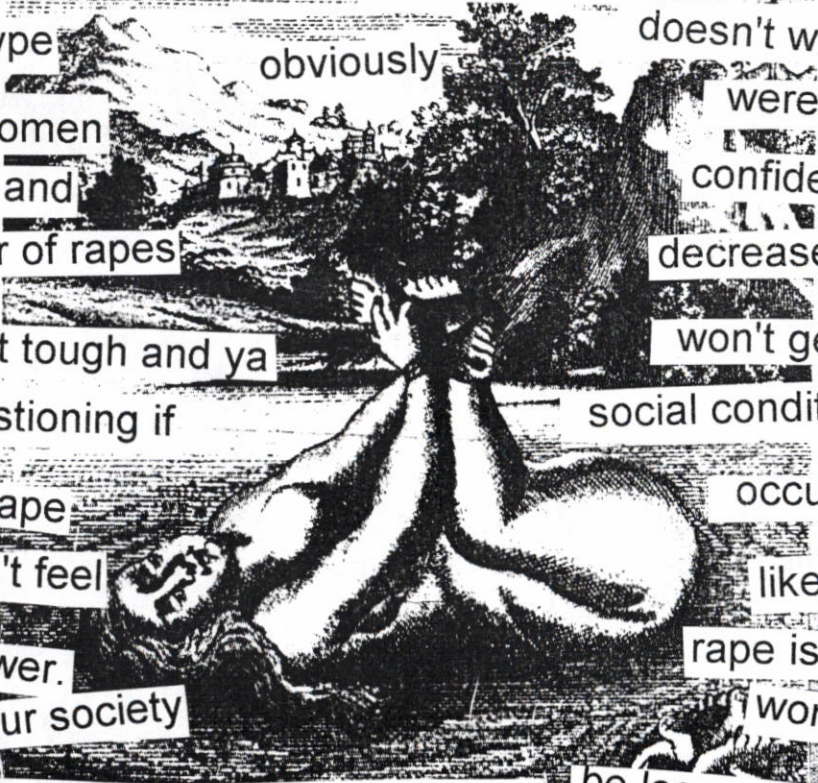
this stereotype obviously doesn't work to their
benefit. if women were expected
to be tough and confident would
the number of rapes decrease? now i'm

not saying act tough and ya won't get raped, i'm
merely questioning if social conditioning were

different. rape occurs when a
man doesn't feel like he has
enough power. rape is a power

issue. if in our society women were
expected to hold more power would there be less rape. is rape a
consequence of a patriarchal society? i suppose so. but off i've

gone on a tangent. la la la. i think i've come to the conclusion that
won't be a quiet, charming little girl. even if it means people think
i'm a weirdo. i'm gonna be strong and confrontational. so there

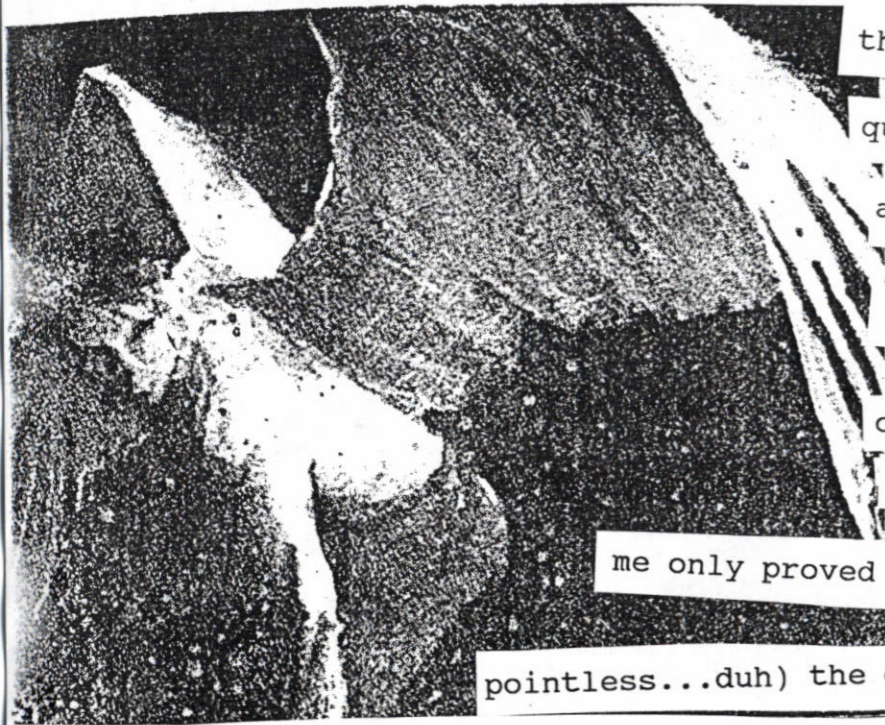


i like jawbreaker a lot and this isn't gonna be some article where i whine because blake got some operation and the vocals on the new album are bad or whatever. instead i was thinking about how crappy a friend blake must be. i hear about boys (and maybe some girls) that are jealous of blake's charm with girls and all that and girls (and probably boys) that would smooch him no questions asked. this morning i was listening to a mixed tape i made for a friend of mine and of course i put on 'west bay invitational' and i was listening to the lyrics and the point of the 'invitational' was "to have all the strangers over, make friends" right away blake takes this as an opportunity to hook up with some action. instead of making new friends or perhaps scoring some jawbreaker connections, blake is off smooching some girl. sheesh. i can just see his friends looking for him after the party, since he's their ride home and yet again, he's off with some girlie. do people stop hanging out with blake since he looks at every outing as an opportunity to score the babes? off a bunch of friends go to play mini-golf and no sooner are they putting and blake is "tracing the little lines along yer palm" with the refreshment stand girl. he has to have used that line more than once. i wonder how they have time to play shows or practice or record. i'm surprised ya can't hear slurpy-kissy noises on their album. now i hope i haven't wrecked jawbreaker for anyone. i know i can't listen to them the same way anymore. really i wonder if blake has some polyester leisure suit on under his punk rock ensemble. alright so they still rock my world, hell my cat gave birth the night they played here. blake probably had something to do with it. sheesh.]



... miracle cure so many (including myself) have been waiting for. my opportunity to be a skinny girl could soon happen. but would i want it? would i be able to be skinny? it's such a big (no pun intended) part of me. it's created my thought process regarding so many things. would i want to change something so important to me. and it has become important to me. a few months ago i wouldn't think twice about "curing myself" but now it's something i have to contemplate. i would fully feel like a hypocrite going skinny. i realize i fight so much for fat acceptance and it would be like giving in. it would be like all my words were empty and i was just telling lies. but i know in my lifetime i won't see an acceptance of fat and i think that would be my reason for becoming skinny. i guess i'm pretty selfish but i think my life would be easier. then again maybe i'm using my weight as a scape goat and i suppose to some extent i do. like i blame my weight for why i can't find a fly honey or why i don't go find a job. really i hafta stop doing that but that is another topic. but

now that i've given myself permission to talk about this issue i don't think i'm gonna stop. hee hee. so anyway i was at my new job and we were listening to cbc(that's canadian broadcasting corp. to all you non-canadians) radio. the segment was some science and health kinda thing. they were talking about how they've taken genetically similar rats who are fat and have been trying to cure



them.(this could also quickly turn into an animal rights article since they said a lot of dumb stuff regarding their testing that to me only proved testing on animals was pointless...duh) the doctors continued to talk about how there will one day be a cure for fat people (i'm sure they said "overweight" so as not to offend anyone) well of course i thought this was pretty dumb since they were only reinforcing myths about fat people. then i got to thinking. this

"white girl,i wanna change the world but i won't change anything unless i change my racist self. it's a privilege, it's a background. it's everything that i own.it's thinking i'm a hero of this pretty white song. it's thinking i'm a hero of this pretty white world"

-heavens to betsey
"as with all traditions, you must take the good and eliminate the bad while remaining true to yourself"
-from warrior marks

here we go again. i feel that as a about aspects of other cultures "white/canadian" culture is as complain about cultures i do want to be the same. i do in her veil. she is not always choice to be there. it is not lifestyle is sexist. that she is to canaduh, she did not a white woman. she and it is her right to keep country of origin, in order for fun whatever reason. me about his muslim it but his sister does. quite important in her life. it remain muslim. he tells me sexist, his family is sexist, his is not true. his sister is happy. equal sexism. this brings me to genital mutilation. i know it is wrong but it wasn't part



white kid i shouldn't complain i find sexist. especially since our sexist as any. it's like i shouldn't not understand. not all cultures not understand the muslim woman there by force. it could be her my right to tell her that her oppressed. when she came come to wear pants and become brought her culture with her it. perhaps her family left their to find wealth or maybe just i hear a story my friend tells family. he does not practice she finds it to be something was completely her choice to that people tell him he is sister is oppressed. this wearing a veil does not

EVERYONE KNOWS THAT MORE CANONS SLAM THE DOOR ON US. I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE JOKE ANYWAY. EVEN IF NO ONE ELSE DOES. THIS PICTURE TO BE HONEST I USED

of my life. it wasn't that i didn't care, it was just that i didn't understand. it wasn't up to me to point out what was sexist with another culture. i felt like i was coming in as superior white girl, laying down the law, telling women how their lives should be. as if their problems would be solved if they denounced their culture. the way i try to denounce mine. but it's obviously way more complicated than that. there are sexist aspects of all religions and cultures and those need to be changed but it doesn't necessarily mean

denouncing
ones culture.
i'm not at all
saying anyone
should take
pride in being
"white"
since there's
not a lot to be
proud of.
but other
cultures
deserve that



right. and to think that one culture is worse because they stone women is completely insane. take a really good look at our society. sexism doesn't end with girls being allowed in the pit. when ads run that say "liposuction without surgery" in regards to pantyhose sexism is still very alive. i will stand beside women fighting against genital mutilation and the like. i will not lead the fight but i will support it

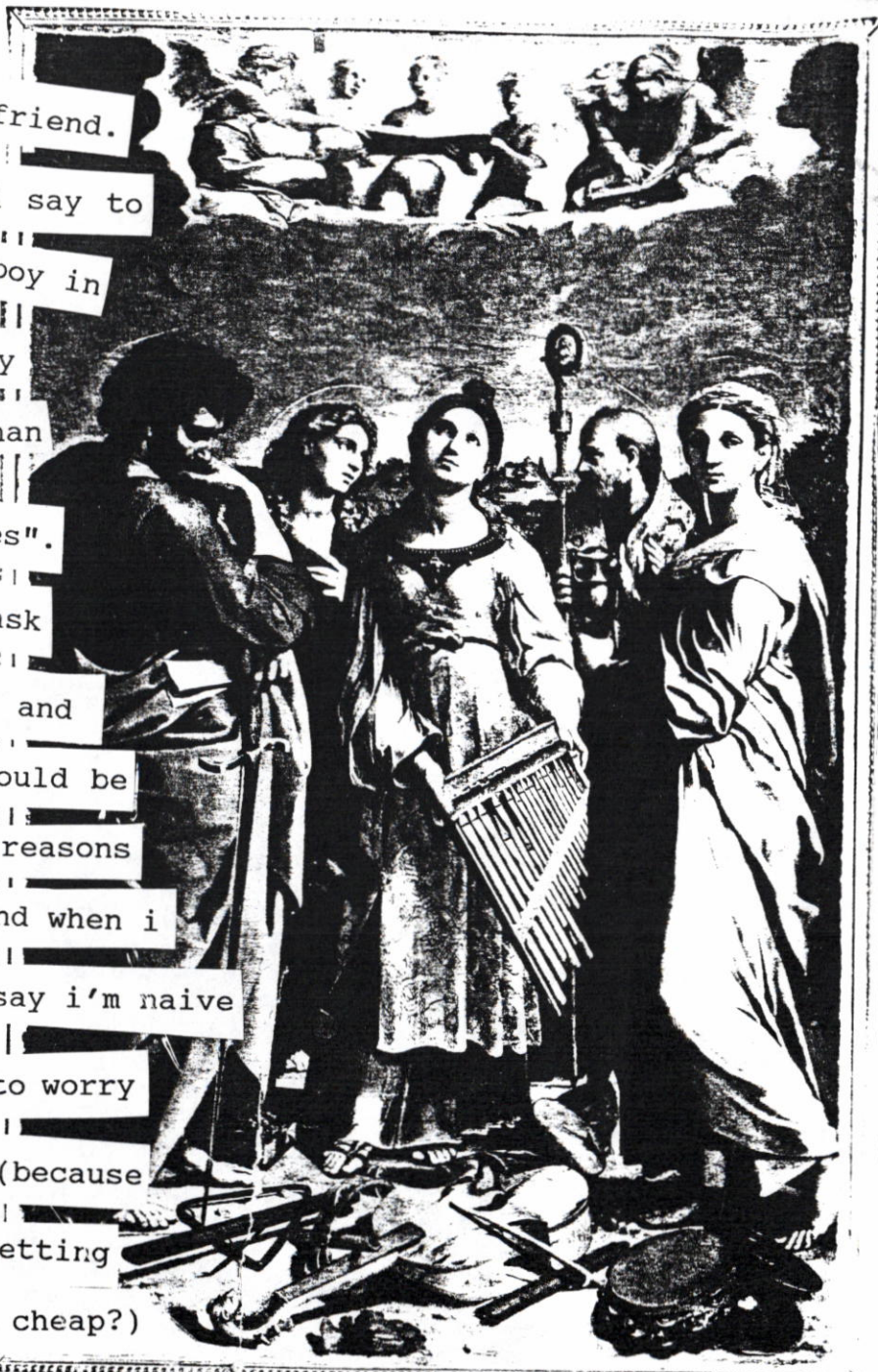
yeah. how much older to i hafta be before someone believes me?
so i go home from work and i think that i feel a little dumb
in comparison to these marriage-oriented girls i work with.
like i should think i should think i should think them and i start to feel dumb
since i haven't had a date

since october (which was scary-yuck) which isn't that long at all but i feel like i should with these girls around me always yapping about dates and their boys. so i'm scared i'm gonna turn into them if i keep hanging out with them and i don't wanna.

i wanna be free.

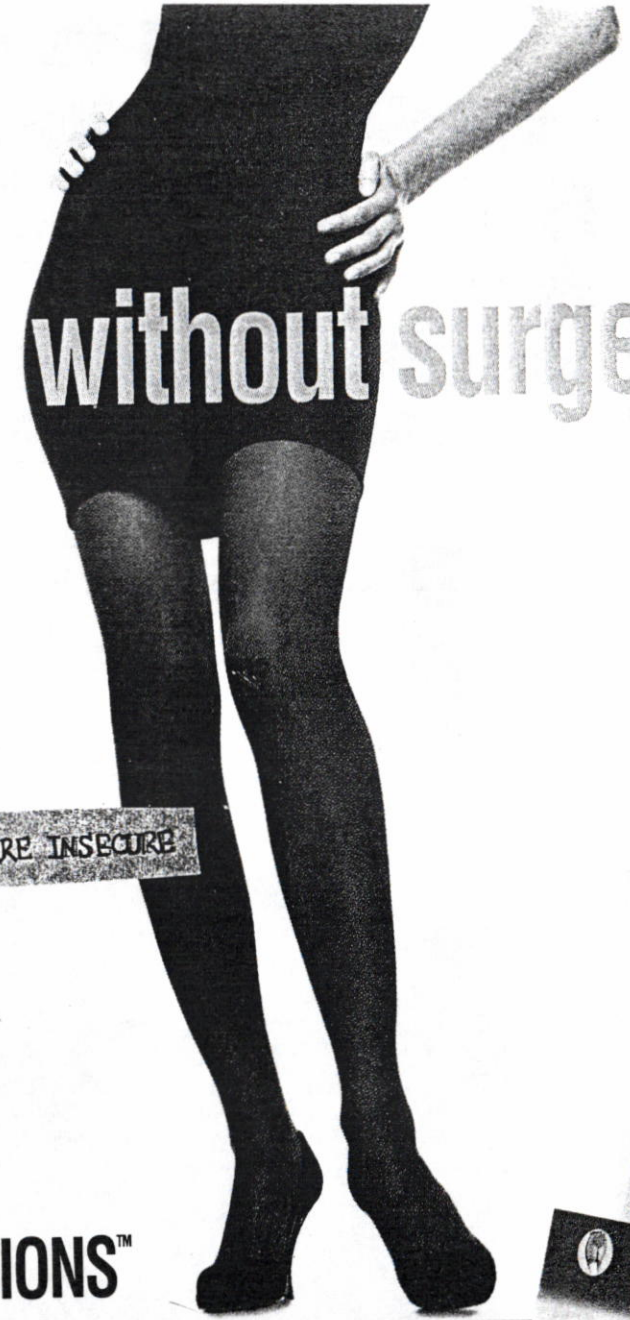


if he did what they would say. and i was just listening because i had nothing to say in the matter and i was praying they wouldn't



ask if i had a boyfriend.
sheesh. what would i say to
that? "i think a boy in
new jersey is really
neat-o but other than
that i have no dates".
or worse they would ask
if i would ever marry. and
my response to that would be
"only for financial reasons
or for citizenship" and when i
tell people that they say i'm naive
or my dad says not to worry
'cause he'll pay for it(because
my reason for
not getting
married is because i'm cheap?)

Liposuction without surgery



AND BOYS WONDER WHY GIRLS ARE INSECURE

HANES SMOOTH ILLUSIONS™

NEW BODY CONTOURING PANTYHOSE

Put on 2 ounces of pantyhose. Look like you took off 5 lbs. The illusion is real.



i was walking home the other night with one of the girls i work with. we live pretty close to each other. and she was telling me about how she doesn't mind living in our

neighbourhood even though it's suppose to be the bad area. she was telling me about how there are less rapes in our neighbourhood then over in the neighbourhood by ottawa u. i felt good about living in my neighbourhood. even though alone it can be fully scary, even with people it can be scary. i believed her story. i bought into it. the next day i was



it's strange. but i find when i'm around the people i work with i feel like i am living my life all weird. i know everyone doesn't like the people they work/go to skool with but at least you can get along on some superficial level. but when they start talking about their personal lives i feel like some weirdo because i rarely agree

with what they have to say. like the

other day the store was closed

and we were cleaning and

restocking and cashing out

and all that stuff. the girls

i was working with all started

yapping about boys

and marriage and stuff and

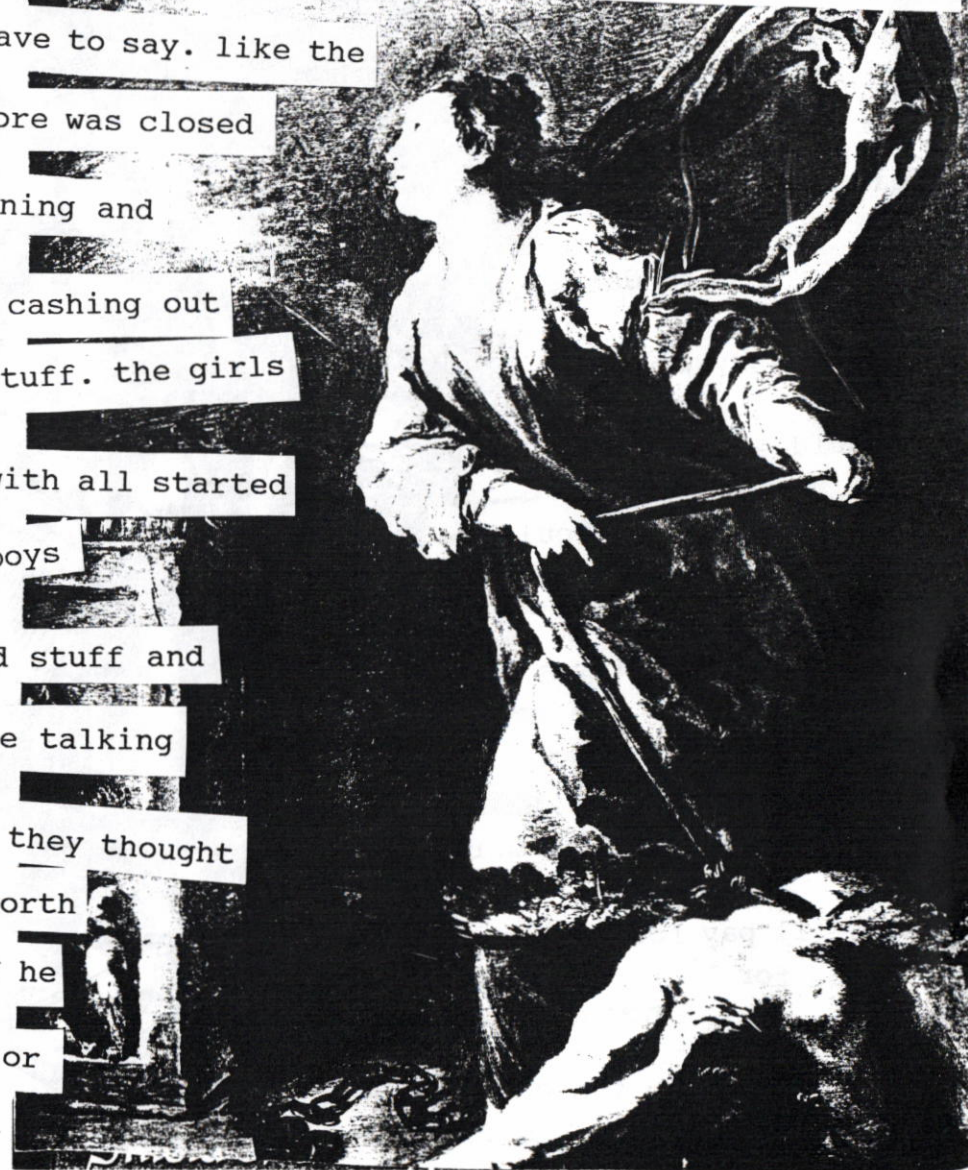
all of them were talking

about wether they thought

their boy was worth

marrying or if he

was gonna ask or



first ever list of things that make me happy 1.my new hello kitty calander 2.slayer 3.pierogies 4.magic cards 5.outlet 6.being drawn naked in sherry's zine 7.my new (relativly)black sweater 8.girl talk 9.my history class 10.spiderman band-aids 11.the rentals 12.cola 13.flicking boogies 14.homeys in baker's lounge 15.little gween men 16.my bodum 17.apple turn-overs from harvey's 18.squirrels 19.new mitts from my mom 20.my

quilt (this list was way harder to do. sheesh)

yeah and there's not likely to be a part two. this is way too boring. bitterness is way more amusing.



riding the bus to my other job and again i got to thinking about what she had told me and about rape and whatever else. then i clued in. i dunno what i was thinking. i guess i just didn't wanna be afraid in my own

neighbourhood anymore. sometimes i'm even afraid in my own apartment, especially with the weirdo that lives downstairs. (and my roomies don't lock the door behind them all the time) but once again i'm off on a tangent. there aren't less rapes in my neighbourhood. in fact there are probably more. the thing is

the girls in my hood that would/are raped are prostitutes, older women and women that are from different cultures, countries, etc. the girls in the other hood by the university are young, university students. women that have a larger support system behind them. i'm not saying one instance of rape is worse or better it's just something that came to mind one afternoon.

once upon a time there lived a girl. she had big blue eyes,
silly brown hair and a body. a body that was considered
fat by society. a body that she didn't necessarily feel
comfortable with but she knew she was stuck with it for
the rest of her life. many people tried to convince her to
change it and that it was ugly. some of these people she
didn't know or even see her. when the girl was a child
she spent many hours crying about her body. the kids

made fun of her at school. they tried
to tell her she wasn't as good as
they were all because she had a
different body than theirs. her
parents tried to help her by putting
her on diets and making her feel
guilty about eating. as if she didn't
deserve to eat. she felt like she was
being punished. she just wanted to
be pretty. she didn't realize she
already was. [and sometimes
doesn't believe that still]



the third list as to why i'm bitter (yes maybe i will
do this every issue. got a problem?) 1.work 2.my
room has practically no heating therefore i'm
always freezing 3.skool books are way expensive
4.my crazy women's studies prof. 5.i have no one to
play magic cards with 6.i can never find copies of
madman or eightball at my local comic book store
7.steven lives in jersey(ha ha you made the list)
8.mallrats has a cheesey ending 9.new swanky zine
format = new expectations 10.contact lenses
11.ugly stationary i get for christmas 12.the
photobooth constantly breaking down at bad times
13.the crappy porn selection at the corner store
14.everyone expects me to be bitter 15.gill 16.not
having glue when yer working on a zine and having
to rely on packaging tape to do the job(that's the
reasons for any fuck ups) 17.people that can't take
jokes 18.weirdos that e-mail me 19.no bus runs
down bronson to carleton 20.losers that ask me if i
honestly like slayer(duh)



lived with the boy that couldn't understand her. she cried less. she had started thinking maybe she wasn't so ugly after all and maybe having a fat body was not that bad. she started hanging out with people that were alright just the way they thought she was. she still cries sometimes because she remembers what she used to feel and sometimes that feeling comes back to her. sometimes she forgets that she's a pretty girl and needs to remind herself because this girl's journey isn't over but she feels like it's getting easier. maybe one day she can live happily ever after.

she didn't realize that because her body was fat she was still beautiful. her attitude towards society was greatly altered because of the way she looked. as she reached her formative teen years she found herself hanging out with the freaks. she found they didn't like her fat body either despite the fact they claimed to be anti-establishment, but they were more accepting. she was at the age where her friends were beginning to have boyfriends. she thought she would never find a boy that wanted to kiss her because of her fat body because that was what the people that told her she was ugly said. this made her



sad and she continued to cry but now for different reasons. one day though she did find a boy that wanted to kiss her and that did make her feel better but she still felt like she was worthless. she still held all the same fears. she realized finding a boy that wanted to kiss her wouldn't solve her problems although she thought it would. it also didn't help her that she had friends with not fat bodies that complained that their bodies were fat and ugly. she thought since they were beautiful and had not fat bodies that she must be the ugliest girl in the world. she continued to cry. for new reasons and the same old reasons. one day she met a boy who said he was not upset by any bodies. he didn't care if she had a fat or a not fat body. he got mad and frustrated because he couldn't understand why she felt embarrassed around him and asked if she looked pretty. he thought she shouldn't care. now she had even more things to cry about. she knew it was wrong to be hung up on her body. she had read the books. she had learnt all about the beauty myth. but still she felt horrible. it's good to be aware of the beauty myth but is told all their life they are bad and ugly because of their fat body it is hard to be confident. she grew mad at the boy because he had a not fat body and boys are told different stories when they are little. he could not understand her obsession.. she eventually parted ways with that boy. she no longer lived with the parents that put her on diets and she no longer and was given some time to herself.

