

The weight of the world

She can trivialize our body-obsessed mainstream culture, but Lee Lynch still hates her new tummy

Weight is a weighty subject. I've been sensitive about being skinny. Now I'm sensitive about being heavier than I'd like to be.

I can't win, even when I'm arguing only with myself. Nobody else wants to hear about it. This blocky shape that I've become worries no one but me. Lover likes my new solidity. I seem generally more confident and outgoing these days, but I have no idea if that has anything to do with shape shifting.

I grew up skinny. Everyone in my family who's been long-lived has been thin. This convinces me that with my genes I would do well to shed these pounds that take my silhouette away from the Ichabod Crane model.

Believe me, I love that Chantal and Pam and Lucy are big women. I'm not into judging anyone but myself although I'm sure society's measuring tape has ingrained itself in my consciousness.

Have another Ghirardelli chocolate chip. I only know how to spell the name because they're in front of me. Seventy calories per 1 and 1/3 cup. Not bad. Calories from fat: 35. Oh. I hate knowing these things! And I hate having no will power. How did this happen to me?

I loved being a skinny androgynous person. Age happened. I remember when I first started getting a tummy. I got an exercise book. It detailed the YMCA or Marine or some such regimen. I was gung-ho and followed it religiously. It didn't take many push ups to develop the tendinitis of the shoulder that I live with to this day.

Another book was specifically geared to flattening one's stomach. I was not religious enough. Yoga was great, but I suspect only yoga instructors can put in the time to shape up. Certainly I couldn't, balancing a fulltime job and a writing career.

Something else happened a little more recently. I was cured of my food allergy. Before that my eating choices were severely limited. After the cure, by an acupuncturist using the NAET program which re-programs the body, I began experimenting. My allergy had been to corn. Because corn is so pervasive in America, I couldn't eat white flour, white sugar or a host of other foods processed with corn or some corn-based derivative.

Over the months I learned to eat Mexican food (corn tortillas), returned to Chinese food (corn starch) and dove into American food (corn syrup). I could eat pickles again, and tartar sauce and Cheerios. Potato chips and Fudgicles and Three Musketeers! Rich butterfatty ice cream and anything I wanted at potlucks.

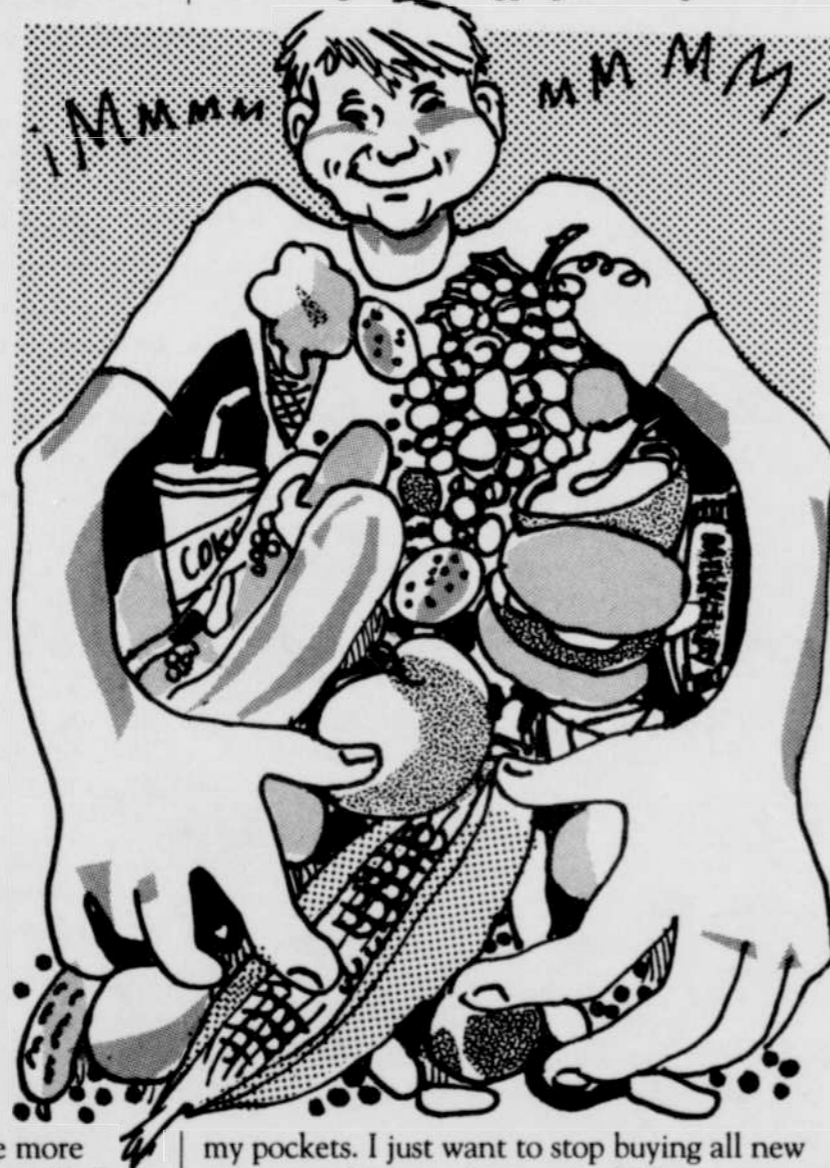
We went to the fair last weekend. I went hog wild, eating Italian sausage for lunch and cinnamon-sugar doughboys for dessert. I tasted

the funnel cake Lover was sharing with friends.

Last night I swore I'd have tea instead of indulging in taste orgies. Ha! I'm a born-again glutton ready to take on any dish that appeals—plus thirds. I dream of creamsicles. I fondly recall the summers of my youth when I lay on the beach reading and delighting in a Milky Way. I haven't tried corn on the cob yet, but give me another week.

This burgeoning middle-aged appetite came at a bad time. Middle age to be specific. This is when the thickening of the body occurs with no help at all. When menopause makes a person like me more nervous and I add compulsive eating to my recipe for living. When arthritis sets in and I, for one, became disabled for a year because of corrective foot surgery. I couldn't partake of optimal exercise (no complaints from me). When I needed medications to resolve one problem and their side effects created another—weight gain.

I understand that it's OK not to be an anorexic model. That's not what I aspire to. I just want to be able to climb stairs again without feeling like I'm lugging sacks of potatoes in



my pockets. I just want to stop buying all new sizes year after year. I just want kids to taunt androgynous me on the streets like they used to.

My mother-out-law said it had been so good to see us enjoying food on her last visit. She'd witnessed me discovering Ben and Jerry's Cherry Garcia. A whole pint of it at once. So much good food, so little time. Lover went blue berrying the other day. Six pounds she brought home. Such discipline. I would have wolfed down half of them as I drove. I went shopping on the Web. Climbing pants have roomy gusseted crotches. Baggy jeans are still in style. T-shirts come in extra-large. Send me clothes with room to move.

There's no stopping me now. The joy of cooking's become a lifestyle. I only follow one rule, the quote we have posted on our refrigerator door. "Never eat more than you can lift."

—Miss Piggy

AMAZON TRAIL

BY LEE LYNCH

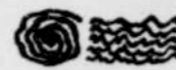
Presents of Mind

9th Annual Sidewalk Sale at the Hawthorne St. Fair

BEAUTIFUL HOME DECOR
JEWELRY JOURNALS

Fun & Wonderful
Cards & Gifts
for you or a friend.

TOYS FOR THE SLIGHTLY ECCENTRIC



Clip this ad for 10% off regular priced items!



In the month of August 1998

3633 SE Hawthorne - 230-7740 - Open Everyday

Gilligan's Island



Beach Party Benefit for **Our House**
AIDS HOSPICE

6-11 P.M.
SATURDAY, AUGUST 8

Special Guest: The Professor,
Russell Johnson



LIMITED NUMBER OF TICKETS AVAILABLE. \$45 EACH.
ADVANCE SALES ONLY. CALL 460-2682.

LAVISH BUFFET • DANCING • ENTERTAINMENT

MUSICAL GUEST: ART ALEXAKIS, LEAD SINGER FOR EVERCLEAR

Prizes for best Gilligan's Island costume

MEDIA SPONSOR:
just out

Our House is a nonprofit residential hospice facility for men and women with AIDS.

THE SEE VUE

Experience
the unusual

Jay and Fred had been staying in the Cottage at the See Vue Motel south of Yachats for years. On this particular visit, Jay was very ill. His T-cells were low and he was too weak to walk. All indications were that this would be his last stay at their favorite spot on the Oregon Coast.

It was the hardest thing Fred and Jay had ever had to do—say good-bye to their time spent together at the ocean. Two years later, after miracle-working drugs and Fred's love and support, Jay's T-cells are normal and all signs of his previous illness are gone. They return to the Cottage to celebrate Jay's renewed health and the promise of a long life lived together. They stroll on the beach, play with their new puppy and spend the evenings snuggled in bed.

Oh, and Fred beams.

6.2 miles south of Yachats, on the Oregon coast
(541) 547-3227 • iguanagraphics.com/seevue