



Change 3: Faith Ringgold's Over 100 Pound Weight Loss Performance Story Quilt

1991

Acrylic on canvas with pieced fabric border

75 inches by 85.5 inches (190.5 centimeters by 217.17 centimeters)

1. Can you imagine a party where everyone invited is a manifestation of yourself? I am having such a party, and finding it is fun and a great way to get to know myself.
2. It's been a long time since I learned anything new about myself. I talk to myself and I understand and accept my point of view. But I want to know: who am I talking to?
3. At my party everyone invited is me, and knows me, so there is no need to posture or pretend. Even our disagreements and rejections are stimulating and enlightening.
4. The extreme manifestations of me showed up at the party uninvited and were snubbed. One was eating a fried porkchop sandwich from a greasy bag. When she left, in a huff, she got stuck in the door.
5. But can you imagine a party such as the one I suggested: with

only me there – or you there; in every possible expression of myself or rather of yourself. Would you find that intriguing?

6. Would you want to be surrounded by yourself: the you who are your repressed dreams and fantasies; your second helpings, midnight binges and lack-luster lazy, cookie-monster demons?

7. Can you imagine what you would look like, be like, in every color, shape, form and combination of your being? You could get some answers to some very pertinent questions like: “Why do you eat so much?”

8. Because you already know the person you are talking to is really you, you could ask anything. But ask only a thin you about over-eating; otherwise the answer could lead to a second helping.

9. I am so demanding. I want everything I fantasize to be real and true. If it turns bad, I will try to change it, if not I may deny it. But who can deny weight?

10. All of my guests came nude. They were every degree of weight loss and gain I’ve had over the past 40 years. I was shocked though delighted to meet them all face to face. They were:

11. A best friend, though we have fallen out lately, who eats only one low-fat meal a day. She caught me eating her lunch once, when she came late for a lunch date.

12. This woman exercises and works out, has facials and dress fittings and is very together. I love being around her. But she is sometimes compulsive and rigid about food. I have not seen her lately.

13. There is another woman who likes only to look at food. She is

a culinary voyeur. I admire that. She will prepare delicious food and never eat it. I am fond of her, though I rarely see her.

14. There is another woman who always wants to “do lunch!” I don’t do lunch, I eat lunch. The only thing I like to do when I eat lunch, is order more.

15. When I crave a piece of chocolate cake and ice cream it is she who supplies me with a fix. “I’m here for you any hour of the day or night” she says. But I don’t want to know her.

16. I have made it quite clear, though she is basically a nice person, that I find her presence very threatening. She is simply not my type. But still she sticks to me like glue.

17. I prefer the woman who is often too busy to eat; and picks over her dessert until her ice cream melts, and makes her cake soggy. You might know I never ever see her.

18. So I invited her to go to Paris with me. I happen to know that she hates French food – all that bread and butter and patisserie. But she was as usual too busy to eat – or to go.

19. There is one woman who is my greatest fantasy, though she will never be invited again. I identify with her too closely. She eats nonstop and never gains weight.

20. There are two very large women who have eaten three trays of hors ‘d’oeuvres each before dinner. They have invited me to an after dinner party for coffee, cake, and ice cream. Really!