

Hips Don't Lie Greg Kozatek

Gentle readers,

In case you've been living under a rock in a musty-smelling cave somewhere in eastern **Slovakia** and were not already aware, we'd like you to know that Gayvorites has exponentially expanded its staff. Consequently, our headquarters have gotten a bit cramped. This predicament has resulted in numerous "accidental" ass grabs, "inadvertent" titty twisters, Sidekick spills, Blackberry busts, **iPhone** incidents, etc. To increase office elbow room and reduce device accident occurrences, we needed a certain je ne sais quois.

We sat at our stylishly space-saving **Ikea** desks pondering the problem for days, and eventually decided to hold a brainstorm session on the matter at our weekly staff meeting. Amidst awkward silence and under-the-table texting, intern **Theophallus** mentioned something that surprisingly sounded like a good idea (which we usually attempt to shamelessly exploit as our own). Typically we are hesitant to embrace the ideas of our subordinates. Despite their **Ivy League** educations, big and large they're heavy on the beauty and light on the brains. Maybe we should hire **Columbia University** students next year. But we digress.

Proving that her parents did not over-estimate their daughter's smarts by sending her to Brown, Ivy League intern #2 recounted that on her way home from an interview with **John Deere**, she noticed a snappy lesbian detaching her **Nextel** from a clip strapped onto her **Coldwater Creek** belt.

And there it was, something that had been staring us in the face all along. Something so practical we could hardly stand it. Could hip holsters be the solution to our cellular woes? The power lesbians always have all the [answers](#)!

The more we thought about it, the more we realized that to the average corporate lesbian, hip holsters are not only practical and stylish, but vital to survival. For all you fledgling philosophers out there who've ever wondered where the power in power lesbians came from, the holster is your answer. The hip holster functions much like a battery pack—or better yet, an insulin pump—from which the power dykes derive the necessary life- and business-sustaining force to go about their day.

This is not to say that something so practical can't be chic as well! With a look pulled directly from the construction site, how can you go wrong? Holsters come in a variety of sizes and forms, and are available for every type of mobile device imaginable. They make an important visual statement. This simple piece of plastic is able to project: "I'm a no-nonsense woman who stays connected to the busy world I live in. I don't take shit from anybody, especially not those chauvinist pigs I work with in upper management." The use of this handy apparatus also strengthens the connection between dykes and dads, two groups which Gayvorites has long argued are nothing short of clones. Dads' motivations are slightly different though. Dads go to finally buy a cell phone, because "who doesn't have one these days?" and then the [cute salesgirl](#) convinces them to throw a hip holster in the cart as well because it's only \$16.99. They love it because "you don't have to go into your pockets or nothing."

If you thought that hip holsters are limited to the humble duty of cradling cell phones, you can think again. The hip clip has inspired an entire artillery of clip-to-belt

products that, when combined, wrap around the entire waist to establish an equator of sorts, a center of gravity that complies with the philosophies of yoga and one-stop shopping. Simply replace **Batarangs** and stun grenades with a **Nalgene** bottle and a full set of keys and Presto!—you have yourself a more sensible and dyked-out big sister to **Batman's Utility Belt**.

After mulling over the dazzling possibilities, we decided that with all the success holsters have found in the lezzy community, Gayvorites could ONLY benefit from adding this “hip” addition to our office attire.

The aforementioned holster observations were enough to convince our purchasing office to “holster” our entire staff. We convinced them that if we cut coffee breaks and withheld salary increases for five years, we'd eventually break even. We gave each of our trusty staff members a holster, and then interviewed them about how they felt in regards to their new gadget. Here is a smattering of positive responses we collected:

“It's better than that time we got knitted tea cozies with the company logo for our [Christmas](#) bonus.”

“I don't have a cell phone, but it does comfortably fit four **Nutter Butters**.”

“Because this is a lesbian thing, does that mean it can also be a straight guy thing?”

“I love having a tool belt that holds my drill as well as the old mobile!”

“What's a hip holster for? I know it's for phones but isn't that why pockets and purses were invented? Is this another crazy Japanese invention like eye-drop application funnel-glasses?”

“Hooray, my **tamagotchi** has a home!”

The initial results were incredible. No one bumped into each other at the water cooler or the copy machine. Everyone started labeling their food in the fridge and keeping their hands out of everyone else's lunchbox. The company email system was flawlessly color-coded and labeled, and everyone emptied their inbox and deleted their trash. At company birthday parties, no one fought over the last piece of cake. Our pink table runners and seasonal flower arrangements were always perfectly in place. Yes, for a while at least, everything seemed to be smooth sailing. That is, until things got a little TOO efficient and “take charge.”

The first negative change we noticed was in corporate attire. Shortly after receiving her holster, our normally fashionista secretary came in to work wearing plaid flannel and a trucker hat. While gay cliches are fully within the company dress code, truth be told, we really just keep the girl around because she's a looker (the poor thing can't file or check voicemail worth shit). Several other female staff members followed “suit” and started wearing butchy ties, shoulder pads and chunky shoes. Then, scheduling meetings started to get a bit aggressive, with everyone vying for the coveted Wednesday at **2 pm meeting slot**. We knew things had gone too far when Intern #1 smacked Intern #2 in the stomach with a bat during the company softball match, and yelled, “Suck it, bitch!” All the mis-guided, un-informed, amateur bravado was pitiful to watch. We began to fear an uprising or—God forbid—the formation of a union.

Astonishingly, our employees were becoming free-thinking individuals and were starting to question our judgment. The hip holsters were producing undesired side affects and we just had to do something about it.

Eventually, a decision was handed down from corporate: the hip holsters would have to go. With a heavy heart, our interns begrudgingly made the long trek back to **Radio Shack** to return 76 hip holsters. It was extremely disappointing; much like receiving a liver transplant that the body then rejects. We had all learned a valuable lesson: authoritarianism should be—and will be—left in the capable, calloused hands of the power lesbians.

Good to Know: If your company doesn't offer health insurance, don't require your employees to strap radiation-emitting devices near vital organs.

The Bottom Line: Unless you're a **Nobel Prize** winner or the one "bringing home the bacon" in your domestic partnership, leave the hip holster on the shelf.