

HEY FAT CHICK!

Hey Fat Chick:

I was so excited to see your new zine, I nearly peed my pants. I've been calling myself a fat dyke for years, and constantly come up against attitude from other "large lesbians" who get offended and seem to avoid me nervously. As though being fat were a contagious disease they're ashamed of having. On top of that, I'm butch, and tend to stand out anyway. I respect a person's right to label herself as she chooses, but how do you deal with this level of denial? Is there any hope of bonding with other fat dykes when most of them seem to be trying to fit back into the closet? Any suggestions about how to deal with hostility from my so-called peers?—Frustrated Fat Dyke from Podunk, Iowa

Dear Frustrated:

This reminds me of all the stories we garnered when we first started putting the word out about FaT GiRL. We handed out flyers and stickers to fat girls from all over the place, mostly at Pride marches and dyke marches, including Stonewall '94. Reactions were perpetually mixed. Not so surprisingly, not everyone was flattered to be singled out with a "SUBMIT TO FaT GiRL" flyer.

You might try this approach: Carry a copy of FaT GiRL around with you at all times. Next time you find yourself in conversation with one of these closet cases, let part of the zine oh-so-casually slip into view. When she sees what it is and cringes, you can ask, "Oh, have you seen this new zine yet? For FAT dykes like us?" And while she huffs and stumbles and



tries to get away from you, you can atone for having offended by calling after her, apologizing: "Oh, I'm sorry. Are you not a dyke?" Then again, you live in the land of farm-wives, so one can only hope you aren't blessed with urban gaydar.

Have fun,

FC★

For advice on poise and attitude write Hey Fat Chick, at FaT GiRL.

#2 *The Adventures of Super Slut*

by Betty Rose Dudley

When last we left our dykenamic duo, Super Slut, the Imperial Attitude Adjuster herself, was giving Dyke Boy hands-on, or in this case hands-off, experience in autonomic response control. As our action begins, Super Slut is sitting with her immobile hand positioned over Dyke Boy's crotch, when the phone rings.

"Oh, please no, don't answer it!" begs Dyke Boy, but Super Slut, a phone queen if ever there was one, ignores Dyke Boy's pleas and, after removing her hand from Dyke Boy's crotch, picks up the receiver. After all, she is on duty. It is her turn to monitor the Super Queer Hotline.

"Super Queer Hotline! We're her, we're queer, how may we help you deal?" answers Super Slut. "Oh, good, Super Slut, it's you! I wasn't sure who was monitoring at this hour." The voice on the other end of the line is her Super Queer peer, Queen Person, the gender question mark. Queen Person has the amazing super abilities to go in and out of sex-gender roles faster than a safer-sex slut can switch condoms, and to wear high heels for any activity, but from the sound of the voice on the line, Super Slut, with her super, co-dependent listening ability, can tell that something has gone wrong. "What's wrong, Queen Person?" queries Super Slut.

"I was making my rounds, monitoring the straight world." responded Queen Person, "Well, girl, I'm in this bar watch

ing this group of straights watch the World Leader on TV, when I see these evil-looking homophobes come out of the woodwork. Only, what's really strange is, they didn't look like homophobes at first. They looked sort of like Queers!

They're either mutating, going underground, or gaining a sense of fashion. I figured I'd better report the sighting, and warn everyone, you can't judge a homophobe by its cover."

"Thanks, Q.P., you're a real doll! Not everybody has the stomach for entering the straight world like you do. Most of us would have missed this sighting," responds Super Slut, with deep feelings of gratitude for Queen Person's contribution. "Oh, girl, think nothing of it! Gotta run now. Kiss, kiss!" says Queen Person as s/he hangs up.

"Kiss, kiss," mumbles Super Slut absent-mindedly as she hangs up the phone. She's mulling over the idea of homophobes who look like queers, when the sound of a low-pitched groan enters her consciousness. She looks over and sees Dyke Boy sprawled in a heap on the floor, with a really stupid-looking grin on her face. "Damn it Dyke Bitch," yells Super Slut, "I wasn't on the phone that long. You were supposed to wait." Super Slut sighs. She might as well call it an evening. Dyke Boy is no longer fit to fiddle with, and besides, Super Slut wants to do some heavy thinking about this new homophobe development. "Clean yourself up and come to bed," she says as she throws Dyke Boy both a wet and a dry towel.

Will Super Slut solve the mystery of the new homophobes? Will Dyke Boy ever learn to pass as a Stone Butch? Will Super Slut and Dyke Boy sleep after Dyke Boy comes to bed? Stay put for the further adventures of Super Slut and her companion-in-training, Dyke Boy!★