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Crosscurrents

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Several years ago, I tried to seduce a drag queen.

He was a professional female impersonator. I, a pitiful butch dyke whose lover had just dumped me.

We became fast friends, each one was totally taken by the other. He often said I looked just like his step-daddy whom he'd had an affair with. God only knows who he (in his hip-hugging rhinestone-studded gowns, blond wigs and spikes) conjured up in me. Most likely, your everyday gorgeous femme, à la Marlene Dietrich.

Clearly we were in love — or at least in lust. Determined to have my way with him, I swept him off to Provincetown to one of the town's swankiest inns. Premeditation dogged my every move. The room I chose was the same one I had stayed in with my recent "ex," a rather bland girl who was fantastic in bed. I chose this room for one reason: it had only one bed.

Unfortunately, when the very young and pretty, gay houseboy escorted us to our room he daintily tip-toed over to the closet that was next to the brass bed. He then opened what I thought was a closet. "This room also has a Hollywood hideaway bed," he sweetly murmured as he, with a Vanna White sweep of the hand, displayed the extra bed flush against the wall.

I was fit to be tied. My fantasies of fucking my evil drag queen while he was in full drag dissolved before my very eyes. Drats! And, worse yet, knowing the hustling ways of this evil drag, I was sure the bastard would cost me a fortune during the weekend.

I never fucked that drag queen. Instead we spent a harmless weekend frequenting the drag joints where he'd performed and chatting with his old friends. Over coffee I listened to my dear friend while pointing to the photos of drags on the bars' walls, reminiscing over his past life with all his friends who died. We also talked about how we had the hots for each other and how totally insane (but fun) it would have been to "carry on," as he was fond of saying.

The reasons we decided not to "carry on" had very little to do with the fact that my conniving ways were derailed by a hideaway bed. We agreed that it would probably mess up our friendship. And since I was a lesbian, he a gay man, having sex would land us in adjoining suites in the local loony bin.

This erotic attraction between butch dykes and drag queens is a part of our gay and lesbian sexuality. Most old-time drags will talk about the butch dykes, often who passed as men, who frequented the local drag bars. The old-time dykes and the drags flirted shamelessly with one another.

I am not exempt from this history. It's true. I almost had an affair with a drag queen. He's still one of the hottest-looking "women" I've ever seen. He still flirts with me shamelessly and barely tolerates my lover whom he is terribly jealous of. When I'm down in the dumps, he cuts my hair and feeds me chicken and onion sandwiches. He also gave me my first tube of lipstick and, while behind stage at a drag performance, slipped my first set of rhinestones — a gift from him — around my neck.

Drags. Who's really zooming who?