

in

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February 8, 1993

Crosscurrents

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Last night, I was chatting with a friend of mine. She's reading a book about a lesbian who murdered two people who mistook her for a man.

I can relate. At least several times a week, usually while trying to go into the women's restroom, I'm mistaken for a man. Sometimes I've actually had women scream and clutch their chests in horror. But usually, some "well-meaning but nosy son-of-a-bitch who just took their lives into their own hands" type says, "Excuse me, but this is the ladies' room."

"No shit," I usually mutter to myself and walk past this member of the gender police.

It's a total drag. But some of the butch women in my life have offered me some solutions to my dilemma.

Right before I open the bathroom door, despite my short hair, jeans and tattoos, I just try to look female. This trick comes from watching chameleons. I just wish myself green, I mean more female looking, and poof! It will happen right before I step into the restroom.

Some of the butch bikers from the local bike club have a "bimbo wig" they take on long trips. Right before they saunter into the rest stop ladies' room, they slip on a Marilyn Monroe wig. In full leathers, boots, sunglasses and a helmet in hand, I'm sure they fit right in. Some of my more daring — or cowardly — dyke friend just sneak into the men's room. Less hassles. (Although you can't be bothered by the sight of penises. And, who knows, maybe some cute gay boy will also mistake you for a boy and pick you up) Other friends of mine have gotten sex changes. Chic, but a little too radical for me. And then there's my best friend's tactics. When she's confronted, she pulls up her shirt and say "get the hint, you idiot?" Me? If my chameleon trick didn't work and I got confronted, I just look really nasty, call them a "mother-fucker" (behind their back, of course) and then I go into a stall and cry my little heart out.

I just hate it. What can I say! I think Kermit the Frog is right. It's not easy being green!

Maybe I'll just start carrying a urinal!