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\$495

ROMANTIC GET-AWAY SPECIAL**

- * 2 NIGHT STAY FOR TWO IN THE McALLISTER SUITE WITH FIREPLACE AND JACUZZI
- * IN-ROOM FULL BODY MASSAGE BY A CERTIFIED THERAPIST
- * PRIVATE RESERVATION IN OUR OUTDOOR HOT TUB
- * A DOZEN ROSES, CHAMPAGNE AND CHOCOLATES!
- * FULL GOURMET BREAKFAST EACH DAY

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** BASED UPON AVAILABILITY

FIRSTPERSON BY NAT MICHAEL

Butch Bathroom Blues

Pee-ing in Public Places



Woman-Stirred Radio

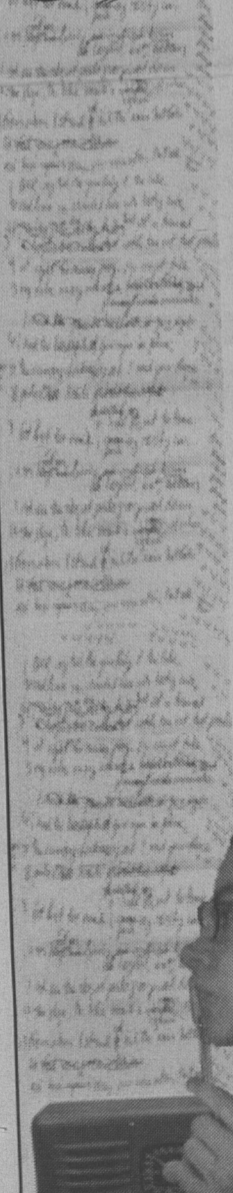
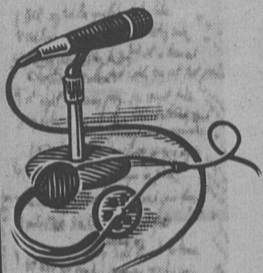
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writers, poets,
musicians and artists
from Vermont...
and the rest
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As a middle-aged, garden-variety butch dyke, I have my collection of bathroom tales. I'm never questioned while in one with a femmy friend. But going solo can be another thing all together. My M.O. is in/out, with an occasional, "Yes, you're in the right one," when a woman stands gawping in the doorway.

Burlington's Fletcher Allen Hospital has several lobby rest-rooms I've used for years while driving for human resource agencies. One time while rubbing my hands under the dryer this woman timidly walked in. Her head was down and she was clutching her purse to her chest. Raising her gaze she gasped, "Oh! I am SO sorry!" and she scuttled out again before I could say anything. She had a row of fresh stitches over one eye. I dashed after the poor thing and found her standing, bewildered, looking at the other door, marked MEN. She gratefully let me escort her back. I hoped the rest of her day went much, much better.

Montreal's Trudeau Airport has the women's and men's side by side with a common entrance. Running in to make a quick pit stop, a business type in his three-piece suit veered in my direction and fell in step right behind me. Decisions made in these moments are a ratio of embarrassment to urgency. Urgency won. I just plowed ahead to a stall. I could see him in the mirrors as he came to a dead stop, so obviously surrounded by - women! They all stared at him as he slowly turned round, mouth open in disbelief. I almost felt bad about

it, but was more relieved I hadn't been called Monsieur.

The story ends with us coming out opposite doors at exactly the same moment - wouldn't you just know it?! He came to a dead stop

VOICE: "Sir!! That's the Ladies' Bathroom!!" It was one of the Statehouse guards in his immaculate green uniform. The chase was on.

again. I fled into the terminal.

At a London Pub called The Bishop In Residence, a tall fellow in a camelhair coat and I nodded our matching Harris tweed caps at each other and courteously held open doors. He went to the right to the pub. I went to the left to the loo. As I pushed on the door I heard a clatter and bellow on the stairs: "Oy!Oy! That's the lasses'!!" But by then I was in, with him following close behind to catch my arm, and I heard him choke when he realized that he'd crossed the final threshold and it was all pink tiles.

Back in the pub, I wouldn't have recognized him without his coat and cap, sitting with his mis-sus - except for his beetroot-red face. I considered sending over a pint, but wasn't sure about the etiquette for the situation.

My favorite is still the women's bathroom at the Vermont Statehouse in the downstairs hall. It was the second round

of Civil Union hearings. We had all been on edge for so long - now. And the place was rapidly filling up. My immediate goals were bathroom and a seat in the balcony. Focused, I pushed on the bathroom door. There was a commotion far away. I turned my head. Down the other end of that long, elegantly carpeted hallway was a frantic Voice: "Sir!! That's the Ladies' Bathroom!!" So close, I almost leaned my head against the door. It was one of the Statehouse guards in his immaculate green uniform. The chase was on. I watched his green hat bobbing and weaving through the expanding crowd.

I debated. The long drive in the snow, nerves on edge, that big travel mug of tea. I watched the green hat. He was closing in. Some of the throng were taking an interest. I considered the possibilities for a real comedy routine with the biggest audience ever. And more were spilling in with each swing and icy blast of the outer doors. I finally just turned around and waited as he made his sprint to the finish. He pulled up short in front of me so I was able to watch him try to take in a deep breath at the same time as he was realizing that I was at the right bathroom. His face! He breathlessly began apologizing, very embarrassed, very red, very gracious, very aware of our little sideshow. Impulsively I put my hands on his shoulders and said in all sincerity, "This is going to happen ALL evening!" We got a laugh from the audience. I peed. The rest you know. ▼

Nat Michael lives in Underhill.