

That's him. His voice rings in my ears. The picture of him dances in my brain, still, 20 years later.

This is the story of how I almost became the First Lady husband of the first Queer Black Drag Queen president of the United States of America. I would normally start into the meat of the story now but,

I got this email today from some one in my high school Ben Showalter.

“Hi George

So happy to find you through the social sphere. I'd heard you died of aids! Damn third party hearsay! Just knowing your still out there makes me smile. All my love my friend. Xoxoxoxo”

What kind of person would send an email like that? You could also ask what kind of person would receive and email like that? This guy.

I say yes to things, all kinds of things. Yes people are rewarded by the adventure they have. Do you want to join the circus? Yes I do! Do you want to tell one of your most personal stories full of heart break and drugs, and joy to a room full of strangers in a foreign country? 'I guess I do!'

### Who I am?

I am a man dating a woman. Before that I was married to a woman. and Yes that is Me! I have been married to a woman but that is the funny thing about being Bi is who ever you are, is replaced by who you are currently fucking. Your history is just removed. So where did the First Lady Husband go? That is why I am telling you this. Between divorce, immigrating, and Life itself. I had lost my the thread, even to myself.

There is that question bi's get 'so are you 50/50?' No, I am 100% pervert. PERVERT! I Love that word. Queer is good to. Love a bit of Queer. It is so visible, you can see it. You can see, there is something not straight about that boy.

### Moving to Chicago

When this story started I was 22 and I just moved to Chicago. It was the Early 90's and I had never slept with a man

I am a very open person. I'm from a farm Minnesota, we are open friendly people in Minnesota. You have to be, because Minnesota is a bit like Siberia, Frozen swamps ½ the year an mosquitos the rest, that's about it. I moved from there to the Big City of Chicago to work in a Mime troupe, Partners in Mime. barrette, whiteface, stripy shirt. This was not ironic, this was for real. I was a real mime (Mime rope) It was most likely

the very last Mime troupe in existence. I put the nail in the coffin of a centuries old art form. It felt great to be there..  
Art jobs never pay, so I worked in a cafe.

### Cafe Worker by day

He worked at a different Cafe down the street. His name was Terrence Smith, and he was amazing. He was this giant, tiny, body building black GOD, with a voice like Barry White dressed as a grunge kid. I was smitten with him. He was magic. from behind the counter of the cafe', and if you have ever tried to flirt with someone when there is a counter between you and your object, you know how hard it is to transcend the barrier. It acts like a chastity belt. You can't transcend the barrier, But Terrence would. All barriers would disappear. This is what he would do. ( do this to a member of the audience)He would reach over the counter and take my glasses off and clean them scolding me for letting them get so dirty. He would put them back on my face, He'd get in close, I can smell him now, patchouli, coffee, pot, his mohawk full of glitter, and oil. Like he was jesus returning my sight when I was blind. This was a little flirt trick he did, I saw him do it to someone else later after we got together. It was like that, I loved to watch him flirt with others. It was when he was full confidence. He was full of flirting tricks.

### The Barrier I

Now I had never slept with a man before this, never, never. Was I kidding myself? Was I really Queer? Would my junk work? I had wanted to but there wasn't MDMA around to help it along. All we had were drunken fumbles. If you have ever had a drunken same sex fumble with someone who might or might not be just trying it on? It can be messy and often strange, and in the worst cases there embarrassing, and can lead to crying and panicked sprints across parking lots, or ship yards.

### House mate advice

I turned to my house mate for advice.  
When I moved to Chicago I knew no one. I answered an ad in a news paper. No internet, there was no internet then. I called the phone that was in the apartment and left a message on the answering machine, that recorded the message on a cassette tape. This was a long time ago.

Chuck Gonzales answered my message, I was very lucky for him to be my first contact in Chicago. Otherwise it was just the people in the

mime troupe, and the didn't talk much. Chuck opened my eyes to so many things. He had an intuitive art collector, It's like folk art but made by the guy next door say. An say he was into Jesus and wooden crosses and also into Errol Flynn and would make little wooden crosses and paste pictures of Errol Flynn to them...This kind of thing is all over the place in America , Chuck collected stuff like stuffed frogs playing guitars little nails going through the frogs hand to hold it in place. or rowing little canoe. His apartment was a wonderland to me. I have a art collection similar .

His boy friend had moved out so there was a spare room. It was not a good break up, Chuck had been cheating on David... his boy friend was David Sedaris.?... have you heard of David Sedaris? ( David Sedaris is a an American humorist, like a modern Woody Allen) I moved into David Sedaris's room. He hated me. Of course David thought me and Chuck where fucking, and I was a Mime. And I was 22, whats to like?

Chuck once told me he had slept with over 100 people! Can you imagine? What are the logistics? I couldn't fathom it...a hundred people. Now of course I'm like whatever... You know?

You want advice about getting with some one you turn to a guy who has fucked a hundred people....Do not follow me on FaceBook and then look up Chuck to ask his advice on getting with people. That is not his thing. Don't do that. Chuck is just a very nice man. I changed his name.

I started to describe this guy from the cafe with a mohawk and swells like patchouly “Your talking about Terrence, Your talking about **Joan Jett Blackk**. (Que 2)

Then he told me this story like from a comic book. By day Terrence Smith, Cafe worker. By night **Joan Jett Blackk**, Presidential Candidate. Fighting for Truth, Justice and everything Fabulous.

To understand **Joan Jett Blackk** creation story.  
You need to know a little bit about Gay history.  
Because; (Glasses)

It hasn't always been so nice.

Gay marriage? Fuck you. No way, people hardly talked about it. Even Bill and Hillary Clinton thought it was to early to tackle that chestnut.

Gays in the military... If they found out about you they didn't care

how many people you killed and what shit you went through. You were chucked out. No pension, no metals... OUT!

Anti fucking sodomy laws. That's a real thing. Texas probably still has them.

Gay rights groups in the US in the 70's, I do mean to say Gay Rights groups because LGBTQ had not been invented yet and the movement was run by well meaning white men. So they were trying to get this basic stuff fixed, just equal protection under the law and then in the 80's HIV/AIDS hits by the 90's 150,000 American people had died of HIV/AIDS and the president had never mentioned it. Two presidents in a row. Reagan and Bush. Never mentioned it once. (Que 3)

Ebola The world's in an uproar right. 2 guys in the US die, somewhere around 13,000 West Africans die in the current outbreak. ... but a gay centric epidemic, not one word. Actually it was the butt of jokes... (Glasses off) Back then you would meet someone at a party, go out have drinks have a nice time, then 6 months later... oh yeah that guy. He died. This happened in every city. (Glasses on)

Silence = Death came out of this. Silence = Death was a campaign to get people to out themselves. In 1990 I didn't know Elton John was gay. It was never cool to out yourself as Queer, it became important to do it. Straight people didn't think they knew gay people... but of course they did, then they would get sick and die and then it was too late, that gay person was dead, and in their grief or denial they would forget to advocate. They might not know any other Gays... That is why we are all up in your junk now.

Speaking of silence. More West Africans died of HIV/AIDS than Ebola during the last outbreak. Silence

(Glasses off)

I remember one story in particular. Terrence told me one night when we were together.

It woke me up to how personal the campaign was to him, why he couldn't be silent.

Rough Trade? Here it is a record store. But its real meaning is Gay men who are attracted to men who appear to be completely straight. The hyper masculine... Construction workers, Squadies, cops. Guys you would never think. Terrence had this room mate who was into really rough trade. This was not without risk. Some times he would get punched or worse but this

guy had a real compulsion. They went out one night, there separate ways. Terrence went to a couple of clubs then ate at an all night breakfast spot. (Que 4) When he got home the door was open, unlocked. The first thing he sees is the hall. It's a mess and then he notices what he thinks is blood. He goes inside, in my imagination he calls out his roommate's name "Gareth?" He walks down the hall. The living room is upside down. Further in is the kitchen, it is streaked white, red, white, blood. Some guy had torn his room mate to pieces.

Now the last thing any Gay Black man wants to do, is call the police. Especially when your high. But he gets it together and calls 911. They all come, the ambulance the cops. Who is the obvious suspect in this situation? They interview Terrence, they figure out, pretty quickly, it's not him. They also can figure out that two gay guys live there, (beats) They ask Terrence if he has another place to stay, he does. So they tape up the house. He never hears from them. Nothing. The police just shelved the case. Who is going to care about a murdered gay guy.

So this is where **Joan Jett Blackk** came from.

How do you stop this???

Strap on some High heel shoes.

He pored himself into an American flag dress. He had these huge pec's into a B cup, he filled it with his powerful rage.

Joan was not passing as a woman by any stretch. He was gender Fuck.

Anything goes!

Him and his friends, that were still alive, took to the streets, not as victims, but as an unstoppable force

Just like a super hero in a comic book.

Terrance ran with glamour.

(Glasses on)

When a political party starts looking for a candidate, what do they look for? Someone unique, recognisable, of a high moral standard, with singular intelligence. The party looking at **Joan Jett Blackk** was The Queer Nation Party

His campaign slogan; "Lick Bush in '92"

This is the t-shirt. This t-shirt is older than some of you...?

His platform was platform shoes.

He promised to make America Beautiful again

He'd put the CAMP back in campaign.

He would change the name of the supreme court to the Supremes court and fill it with woman.

He would give control of the military over to "Dykes on Bikes" who were a motorcycle gang. 'who would fight them?' They had nothing to loss.

One idea was to Flip the budget of the military, which in the states is enormous for education budget. Let the military have to hold a bake sale to buy an aircraft carrier. If you actually did that. Genius. If you gave decent wages for people with PHD's in Astro Physics to teach 7 year olds. Not just Donald Trump's kids but every kid. If you took all the money that they put into the stealth bomber, which was a big thing back then and was meant to be invisible to all electronic detection, and cost 45 Billion dollars to develop and never worked. A class of high school students could come up with one that did work, and make it in shop.

We would be living in STAR TREK if we would have done that, but no, we are not going to do that. (Glasses off)

This is why I loved him, This is the world he imagined. The world we could LIVE in

### Barrier cleared

This is the man Chuck told me Terrence Smith was.

I still have my problem- and it's greater now cause he is a celebrity hero. I have never been with a man. I was so innocent, straight from the farm, he can't be the first guy I sleep with. He will want me to have some experience. Little did I know, now as a 49 year old man I know, there is a whole realm of first time Porn. " I never kissed a guy before! he would have been so hot for it if I told him, but of course I'm in my 20's, I gotta play it cool.

Oh how much time do I have. Can I go into this part of the story?.. oh my god! I've got no time.

Basically, I fucked some random guy I was in a play with that I used to carry into a hole night after night for 4 months, naked.... He won an award. Arg.. another tangent. While we where in the show together. The play was written by Clive Barker, who at the time I didn't know was gay. He won Best Actor in a drama in all of Chicago. I was carrying the best

actor in Chicago into a hole every night, I was the monster (monster mime.)and after the ceremony he was going to go home alone. And I'm from Minnesota, and we are nice people, so I did it. I did it for him, and for me and I did it for Terrence. I went home with him, And it worked, my junk did its thing, he got off, I got off... I was a real Queer Pervert!!!Then he was like stay stay, and I said no. I got Terrence on my mind. There was this song. Terrence performed it. It is Terrence to me-Classy and trashy. high art perverted for low art. I first heard him doing a Cabaret number to it.

Que 6)

Dance Break; Bongwater.

Walk on the wild side.

It feels like it happened the next day. Chuck took me to a party and Terrence was there and we hit it off with out a counter between us. We chatted and exchanged numbers and I went home with him. Giddy as a school girl.

I could tell the story of our whirl wind romance in great detail, but the details are hazy, it sort of got mixed up with a lot of drugs, really, lots and lots of drugs.( audience member hanging) Ceilings. Most prevalent memory. getting stoned. Plumbs of smoke rolling like mushroom clouds toward the ceiling. and staring at the ceiling in the audience Smell of patchouli, pot coconut oil.

I asked Chuck recently if he had any more specific memories of that time 'I remember he called and left a sexy-dirty message on our answering machine about feet. Yet he wasn't being specific about who's feet, I thought he was calling me, and was confused by all the toe sucking references, then he asked for you. When I told you he'd called and made some shrimping requests, you got giddy and said, "yay, I get to be a girl again!"'

(getting changed behind the screen)

I don't actually remember him proposing. But he did it I have the ring... and I said Yes. The ring it's proof.

Of course weren't going to marry, folks like us weren't aloud to get married. Not for another two decades.

When we weren't ceiling gazing. Terrence was busy with political art events. I would go along and act as Potential First Lady, PFL. I remember one event, It was big a deal, Artists from all over the US were performing at a big rock venue. **Joan Jett Blackk** was the MC and I his assistant,

really a human handbag in the greater scheme of things, Rolling joints, keeping the list of acts on hand

Ron Athey was on the bill too and he was doing his mummified duct tape number. He comes out on a sack trolley... Mummified, then he is cut out of all that tape. There is a reveal. He has his Junk, his cock and balls surgically stapled into the shape of a labia. His balls on one side and his dick in the other, to make really puffy lips. Terrence and I were back stage while the prep is taking place. All we could hear through the walls was (staple gun) Armmmf. We had to stifle our giggling.

(present dress!)

November came, election night, I wore something like this to the Election Night party. and no you didn't sleep through it. He didn't get elected to the highest office in the nation. There was no Queer Black Drag Queen President and a Bi First Lady Husband.

He knew he wouldn't win. He had planed to move to San Francisco after the campaign. He was going to work with the Promo Afro Homo's on a live talk show there. I was taking the relationship leap and go with him. But first, I went back to the farm in frozen Minnesota for Thanksgiving. And I learned my mother was dyeing. When I got back to Chicago we said we will get our selves sorted he would get settle in SF and I would see my mom off. Then after I would move to San Francisco.

It took her a long time to pass away. There's a different show in that story. It took me a year / year and a half to get to San Francisco. By the time I got there I was sad and broken and I needed my superhero. My superhero. Terence had found his kryptonite 'Chrystal Meth.

My hero who stood up to state enforced silence

Some how got silenced by San Francisco

San Francisco is a great city, it's what I call, 'a life style city'. You don't work there you LIVE there. There are parties every day and night.

They invent new drugs there,

If it's not fun why do it?

I heard people say to Terrence “ Why did you run for president?

Washington is way over there. There is no club scene in Washington.”

Terrence took it in stride as part of the life of the city, but it took me further down.

I don't think he noticed me leaving.

I had to get out to save myself.

(Que 10 )Rebel Rebel

I Don't know where he is now.

But there is a bit of him in everything I do and in my head I still have him dancing. In this life when you're a YES person you have to be your own Super Hero, and Terrence left me with this...

Bong Water Lyrics;

Mr B. is out of town  
and I can't find anyone to have an affair with.  
So I just Mozi on down to the Metropolitan Museum of Art  
To look at all the seders with hard on's  
They're over there next to the medieval armour(breath)  
their  
bronze Muscles flexing under there goats fur loin cloths vibrating that



oh plumbs of molten rock rising from Venues mantel  
solidify on the crust as plateaus (breath)  
That god looks cute  
he has the look of studied melancholy and distraction  
that reminds me of my old greek boyfriend  
the Al Pacino look alike I called my soul gigolo (breath)  
who broke my heart in a hundred places  
and caused my nervous break down that resulted in an unsuccessful  
suicide attempt (breath) involving 42 phenobarbital where I sleep for two  
days and woke up and luckily lived long enough to reach my sexual peek.  
(breath)  
I wonder whatever happened to him.