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C O V E R S T O R Y

# GAY VOICES, BLACK AMERICA

## THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO VAGINAL CREME DAVIS



RICK CASTRO

**VAGINAL CREME DAVIS**—the creative force behind the speed-metal thrash band *Pedro Mural* and *Ester*, the gospel R&B *Afro Sisters*, and *Cholita*, the female *Menudo*—is editor of *Fertile La Toyah Jackson Magazine*, a solo performer, a Jean-Paul Gaultier model, and a filmmaker.

What's it like to be an internationally known militant 6-foot 6-inch drag queen activist, magazine publisher, and outspoken award-winning "blacktress"? That's a question I get from a lot of people. Being an ultrafeminine African-American

man in a promasculine, white-male-dominated society is no bowl of freshly wrapped cherries in the snow, darling. I've made a career out of doing exactly what I want. That

may be threatening to the great white corporate structure, but I'm not going to let it bother me. I'm a queen—a queen's queen.

I have no manifesto, I'm just a simple black, feminine man, and that's scary to a lot of people. We all have masculine and feminine sides. Most men try to suppress their femininity, sensitivity, and insecurities. Everything I do is out there, up-front, personal, and real. Too real for most people to handle, so they try to dismiss me. But they can't, because I won't allow it.

I can't stand holier-than-thou, politically correct queers, black or white. Most faggots have real middle-class aspirations. I reject all that, so I'm not exactly beloved by the mainstream gay community. In the conven-

tional, what I term "normal homo," world, a black drag queen is relegated to a certain position of being—a Diana Ross or Whitney Houston impersonator who lip-synchs. I write and perform subversive material that is not at all about blending in with the majority. I'm no intellectual. I'm just a simple lady of simple means.

Black gay, or rather gay black, separatists have accused me of being a traitor for dating nonblack men. I'm a controversial, passionate figure. I find all kinds of men attractive, as long as they are men who have large, beer-can-thick penises with mushroom-headed knobs. I stand proud and defiant as a size queen.

Sure, I've had sex with the white man. When I'm dressed up onstage in my S/M gear, it's quite a turn-on for the young boys in the audience. They wouldn't admit it, but I can tell by looking in their eyes that I'm every milky-mouthed, punky, lily-white boy's taboo love fantasy.

Because of the constant struggle the black man must face every day, I feel he needs my love more. I'm a militant and very pro-people-of-color lady. But all the haute sexy black men out there seem to be fur-tively looking for a white boy or girl to date.

Why? After centuries of being force-fed inferiority, some blacks—especially the highly educated "niggerati"—feel compelled to band with Anglos to somehow redeem what they perceive of as their dark,

nefarious jungle-dom. Do I know what I'm talking about? Yes.

Am I crazy? Yes, I am crazy, but at least I can admit it. It's those guys who think they are normal you have to watch, baby. I'm not a fantasy queen. I'm a reality

queen. Some people may say my tactics are a bit harsh, but we're living in an extremely tacky world, so a queen has got to be extreme.

Everything about me is pretty obvious. I like being direct. Nothing I do or say em-

barrasses me. I've gotten way beyond that. Even though I'm a superstar now, there was a time when I was just a poor, nappy-headed little girl living in the Jordan Downs Projects in the Watts neighborhood of Los Angeles. I haven't forgotten where I came from. And I don't sit back and let the powers-that-be dictate to me.

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