

Interview with Anonymous - in three parts

February 24, 2017

Interviewer: Roanoke College students

Interviewee: Anonymous

Date: February 24, 2017

Location: Downtown Roanoke

Transcribed by: Roanoke College students

Total Duration: 52:17

Part One (32:05):

0:00- Family background in Rock Creek, North Carolina, from slavery through the mid-twentieth century

1:57- childhood, singing in the church; moving to Roanoke at age seven (c. 1976)

2:54- Roanoke in the 1970s; discovering transvestites downtown; mother's employment working with people caught up in the War on Drugs

5:22- experiences as a black child growing up in Raleigh Court (late 1970s); an abusive stepfather; having to grow up real fast (early 1980s)

9:21- getting a job at The Park at age thirteen (c. 1982); starting to work as a transvestite sex worker on Salem Avenue at age thirteen (c. 1982); prostitution on Salem and Campbell Avenues in the 1980s; interactions with police officers

13:14- Roanoke Police Department Vice Squad efforts to entrap sex workers; first arrest at age eighteen (c. 1987); losing a lover to AIDS (c. 1989); relationships with the local media

16:15- Experiences in high school (mid-1980s); bullying and violence; learning about self-protection from the street queens

20:52- getting addicted to drugs; experiencing rape; seeking revenge; acting out in violence (late 1980s – early 1990s); becoming a bail collector / bounty hunter

25:26- description of transvestite sex work

26:29- battle over Roanoke's anti-solicitation ordinance (1992-1993); defending themselves in court; going to jail; diagnosis of multiple sclerosis (1998)

Part Two (4:57)

0:00- Mother's sickness; returning to Christ and the church (1999)

3:22- looking back on their life; mother's death (1999); Backstreet Café shooting (2000)

Part Three (15:15)

0:00- working as a bail collector; coming out to their mom as a prostitute; interactions with police

4:17- Police brutality and intimidation of gay people in Roanoke

5:12- more police brutality; encounters with the criminal justice system

7:33- run-in with the Galax Police Department; getting barred from The Park for life

11:32- clients of prostitution, including police officers

12:25- working in a brothel on Highland Avenue that was raided in 1992

13:47- getting arrested at a downtown bar in 1993

Part One (32:05):

0:00

I grew up in a little town called Rock Creek, North Carolina. Before that name was changed it was the Township of Patterson. My great-grandfather, who was the son of a plantation owner and a slave, he was the product of the slave and the plantation owner. My grandmother, Cora Patterson, she was the product of a slave and a plantation owner, and they were budding plantations. His name... well all I ever knew him as was "Pop" Patterson, but his real name was C.B. Washington Patterson. He was given 700 acres of land by his father who owned the plantation, and she was given 500 acres, and they put it together and made the Township of Patterson. I am very proud that my great-grandparents who came out of the slave era—their parents were slaves—but they were not because of where they came from. In the [19]30s when everybody was going through the Depression, their children had been born and their children were allowed to go to Hampden and Sydney University. Pop Patterson was the first black Republican in North Carolina. He was a proud man, seven children, only two of them who died in a car wreck did not go to college. The whole town worked as sharecroppers for him.

1:57

I started singing in the church when I was four years old. My father, *[name removed to protect privacy]*, was a singer. He went by the name Prince Paul and the Swinging Imperials. Which right now I'm trying to find an attorney to represent him. His song that he wrote for my mother in the beginning was the number one hit song in India. They're selling it on iTunes and Amazon records. My mother was a mental health worker. She had been a secretary. I was Prince Paul and the Swinging Angelic Angels. At four years old, I sang in the church, and I grew up in the church. At the age of seven my mother moved me here to Roanoke, Virginia away from family.

2:54

This place was crazy when I moved here in the seventies, in '76. I remember distinctly riding down Campbell Avenue and a Cadillac pulling up and all these beautiful women that were extremely tall and looked like Amazons getting out of the car. I asked my mom I said, "Mama what are those?" She said, "They drag queens," and I said, "I want to be a queen." And she smacked me all the way in the back seat of the car. I thought because they wore crowns and stuff. I didn't know that they were transvestites. Didn't know what it was. My mother worked for Heighra House which was a drug program, and it was an experimental drug program that the governor and [name removed to protect privacy] and them had gotten together. There were people who had over [were sentenced to over] 150 years that would come to this house that had a drug problem, and they had to stay there for 24 months. If they completed the program, then they were released. They had no guards, no guns. I was able to learn a lot from people who had lived lives that was just crazy and amazing. One gentleman that I will never forget, he was an African. He had 260 years for marijuana. They had sentenced him to that in Richmond. He had come out from the old prison called the Wall. Y'all are too young to remember the downtown prison in Richmond. It was there since the Civil War days. It was amazing to me. I went to school. I was the first black kid to live in [the] Raleigh Court area. My mother having a job, making 16,000 dollars a year in 1976, that's what bank presidents made. She was appointed to the Board of Behavioral Sciences by Governor Robb.

5:22

I was a latch-key kid. My mother started a black women's group, so mama left for work at 8:30 in the morning but she didn't get home until 10 o'clock at night. So I had to be in bed. It was just me and her. I grew up in El Ray apartments. There were no other black people there. I take that back, there was one, [name removed to protect privacy]. He was on Channel 7. But as far as children go. Then the government started doing section eight, and some of the apartments around us started having children. I was a smaller child. I'm not now, but I was then. I started getting picked on, all through school. My friends were in Virginia Heights, and because I was black they moved me over to Raleigh Court which was way farther from my house. I could have walked from my house to school if I wanted to, but they put me over in Grandin Court. Then when I rode the bus, the bus would take me to Virginia Heights and then take me home. Didn't make sense to me. So, life was good. Around the age of 12 years old my mother met a man by the name of [name removed to protect privacy], who is dead. Thank God. My mother, he beat her real bad one night. A Roanoke City police officer—who just recently I forced the city to retire him—I was 12 years old, he said, "The black bitch deserves it if she's stupid enough to stay with him." He had beat my mama, pulled a bed post off and beat my mother unmercifully till the point where she was never able to go back to work again. Before then he had molested my girlfriend, who went to North Cross. My mother would be in the hospital... she would have to go to the hospital. She stayed there for a whole year at a time, but just when the year got to break she would come home for a week so her major medical wouldn't run out. She had put in for disability and they wouldn't give it to her and I went through that for a number of years. By the time I was 13 years old my grandmother who came up and helped raise me, she passed away with pancreatic cancer, and it just left me in the

house with the child molester. I used to drive a car at the age of 13 to get back and forth to Community Hospital or Lewis Gale, whichever one mama was in. I was like an adult. Some of my teachers knew. They knew that I was at home by myself, but because of who my mother was they didn't call social services to have me taken away. It got to the point to where we were about to lose our home. The police had been there so many times. Our Deputy Chief of Police [name removed to protect privacy], I remember the first day that he worked. My childhood is one that I try to forget, but it's ever before me.

9:21

I was riding around with some friends on Salem Avenue when we ran across the transvestites, and being 13 years old I had lied about how old I was. I had to have proof so I got fired at Burger King for not being old enough to work there. I went to work at the bar that they call The Park. I got paid \$20 a night to pick up beer bottles. That was not enough. The house payment was \$240, the car payment was \$100 a month, and my mother's medication if she was at home was \$300 a month, and they didn't pay for that. I met a person that I call my saving grace. When I preach today I still talk about my friend better known as Miss Grace. Miss Grace was [name removed to protect privacy]. Miss Grace was our second Roanoke-at-large because they cheated her out of it the first time. She was about 6'8" and at that time she weighed about 240lbs; she weighs about 500 now. I started out and she kind of gave me pointers and made sure that I didn't get hurt. I was 13 years old at that time. It's a hard time to go back, because in the '80s that's when AIDS first came out. There were 35 to 40 transvestites that was all up and down Salem Avenue. The men could tell who was the real prostitutes; the women [looked] different from the men because the transvestites actually dressed better. They dressed better, they looked better. They were clean, they were not dirty. What I mean by that is I mean you could never find a transvestite in dirty clothes, but the real prostitutes you could. They usually worked on Campbell Avenue. I ended up moving from Salem Avenue down to Campbell Avenue where the real women work because I could make more money. My mother had applied for disability from her job and she had applied for Social Security. It took her 8 or 9 years to get it. I was raised up in streets by my friend Miss Grace. Like I said it's not something that's easy to talk about. Over the years, I had to deal with a whole lot of stuff, but it caused police officers... there were some who thought that I was very beautiful. I think I have some pictures. I got rid of most of my pictures because of my children.

[5 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

I didn't have sex for free. I charged more than anybody else. I learned something when I was younger by coming from a family that had money. If it cost more, it must be better. That's why I charged more than anybody else.

13:14

Anyway, when I was 18 I was arrested for prostitution by [name removed to protect privacy]. I can't believe that I can remember his name it's been that long ago. But I never quoted him a price or anything. The [Roanoke Police Department] vice [squad] was heavy. The police was always trying to take us to jail. Even for stuff that we didn't do. He arrested me and they were

going to take me to jail, but *[name removed to protect privacy]* knew who I was, our Deputy Chief. He said, “just write him a summons.” I had got a job at the age of 18. I was the first 18-year-old in the state of Virginia licensed to carry a handgun by the Department of Commerce, Law Enforcement Division. I was an armed security officer. My mother and I drove to Richmond to get my license. That was the quickest way to get it. I was working part time as a prostitute, and I was working full time as a security officer. And I was working 80 hours a week. Back then security guards didn’t make but \$3.35 an hour. I rose through the ranks to where I was a lieutenant and a captain and I made \$5 an hour. I would have all this overtime, but I still stayed out in the streets. Being out in the streets, I ran into politicians, lawyers, doctors.

[38 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

I was a target for the police department. There were people who wanted me gone. At the age of 20, my first lover John died of AIDS, and I lost my mind. Crack cocaine had just come out at that time, and I was not part of the drug scene. Before that I had done exposes for Channel 10, *[name removed to protect privacy]*. God how do I remember this name? I showed her where prostitutes would take their people. I made a statement one time on TV. I said, “It’s funny up there in the big tall buildings, they call them affairs, but down here they call it prostitution.” I got to the point where I just wasn’t going to be bullied anymore.

16:15

But when *[name removed to protect privacy]* arrested me, I could barely read. I was in school. I guess that’s the part I left out. I had been sent from Patrick Henry to William Fleming because I lived in William Fleming’s district. A young man whose life I saved when we were in boy scouts—we were on a scouting trip and the young man got raped by other boys, and I attended to him as the chaplain and the first-aid guy. I knew his pain. One of the guys that I saved, he jumped out of the canoe like a dummy. He could barely swim, and he almost died. I pulled him up to the bank, and got him out of it. He turned around, and he and another boy by the name of *[name removed to protect privacy]*... I was in ROTC [Reserve Officers’ Training Corps] which was the only thing that brought me joy in school. I was a Captain, and then I went up to Lieutenant Colonel. So, I was the big guy on campus in ROTC. And these guys robbed me... I started baking brownies for the ROTC to raise money for them. These guys robbed me because they knew I had been on Salem Avenue. They robbed me of 300 dollars. And 300 dollars back in 1985 was a lot of money. I went and told the dean. He said, “They stole your brownies?” *[name removed to protect privacy]* who was the principal, was a good friend of mine. He had been my principal in junior high school. I went out to my car.

[Several seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

The transvestites used to carry hammers and things of that nature, so they didn’t get charged with carrying a concealed weapon. It’s a tool. I had been taught by them, and raised by them out in the streets. As a Christian, I was angry because the God I had been told about, that I served, was never going to let nothing like this happen to me. However, I went and told my mother about one night the devil and the lord got to fighting. I was 9 years old. This is before this mean man came into our life. I told my mama. “Mama,” I said, “Jesus won, and he told me

that he was gonna always be with me no matter what.” I said, “So, I know I’m saved, and I’m alright.” Then the devil stepped into my life, this man, who my mother loved. I could never understand why. She had empowered black women through her group not to stay with men that beat on you. Yet, still she stayed with him. She ended up shooting him. I was whisked off to North Carolina for school. I was only down there for a month, and then I got kicked out of school for being smarter than some of the teachers. I was not that smart. It was just that North Carolina schools were on a different level than we were. We took physical science and we took biology in 7th grade and 8th grade. Well, physical science was a 12th grade class for them. I already had it. So, I grew up a pretty rough life. There were times when I did not have food to eat, and my mother was in the hospital, but I made it. People ask me all the time, do I regret what happened to me in my life. I tell them I don’t regret anything that I’ve done. I regret that I was lied on and put in jail for crimes I didn’t commit.

[3 minutes and 19 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

20:52

I had caught some easy breaks, but when I got to the age of 19 to 23 it was the worst time of my life. My friends were all dying with AIDS. I got strung out on drugs for approximately a year. I smoked up 343,000 dollars worth of drugs. That is something I never told anybody. My mother said to me—she was getting Social Security and stuff by then—she said “I don’t want to see you again until you get off that...”—she didn’t say “mess,” she said “shit.” My mother was the most important thing to me in my life. That’s how I overcame drug addiction. I got on my knees and I said “Lord, I haven’t talked to you in years, but if you’re real, take this from me.” I love my mother. My mother had me put out at the age of 18. Same man that raped me. The first time I ever went to jail—I guess I left that out—I was at the house. I had my own place then after she had me put out. And he was there. We were playing cards, and he walked in. This man had bullied me all my life. He backhanded me, he slapped me, and I told him, you know, “that was okay when I was younger. I’m older now.” I told mama, I said, “I’m gonna kill him.” I went out the front door. She locked all the doors. What she didn’t know was the window to my old bedroom wasn’t locked. And I came through the window.

[several seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

I was going to shoot him. And I told him you’re not worth shooting.

[several seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

My mother knew my temper. When the police came...

[several seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

They didn’t like him anyway. So, they weren’t going to take me to jail for beating him. My mother said he pushed me to get to him. They locked me up for assaulting my mother. I didn’t realize. I would never push my mother on purpose. I went to jail, and I was there for 3 or 4 days. Of course, I was going to lose my job. I was working as a security guard then. The greatest man I ever knew came and got me. He just died four months ago. I worked for him at Lakeside [Amusement Park]. His name was *[name removed to protect privacy]*. They called him

Rodger Rabbit, the Lakeside family. I ended up being the president of the company. Which was a real laugh because his daddy hated black people and people who were not gentiles. I have the sign in my home that says "Gentiles only, Lakeside." They would only let the black people swim in the pool on the last day. Then they'd drain it and wash it with Clorox.

[Several seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

But his mama said if we let him go he'll kill this man. Which I probably would have. He told Rodger, he says he knows everybody...

[Several seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

I didn't have any money. *[name removed to protect privacy]* got me out of jail, and said to me "how would you like to work for me?" I said, "well, what do I need to do?" He said "well, I'm looking for this woman that jumped bond." I said "I can find her in an hour." He said "yeah right." I said "no, I can find her in an hour. I assure you I'll find her within an hour." So, he bonded me out of jail. I found her. Not only did I not pay him, but he gave me 500 dollars. 500 dollars was a lot of money, but I had actually made more than that.

25:26

I used to charge 250 dollars an hour. I had a room in the Patrick Henry [Hotel] up near the top. They had apartments up there. But I kept a room at Thrifty Inn because that's where all the prostitutes were. I had this thing about me. I got so I wouldn't just go out with anybody. I had guns pulled on me. Knives pulled on me.

[56 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

I had baby fat. It's like now I can't get rid of it. I didn't wear fake boobs. I had a nice shape and I had a pretty face. I had long hair. I used to laugh and say "my mama said never trust a big butt and a smile." I would tell them this before I got in the car with them.

[3 minutes and 12 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

26:29

Just imagine all of your friends are dying and then the city comes up with the thing that I guess made me a little famous. They came up with the city solicitation ordinance. They came up with it to only get transvestite and homosexual men in trouble. They wrote up a law that says that anybody who for the purposes of having sex takes anything in consideration shall be guilty of a first class misdemeanor, violation of the city ordinance. When they actually adopted this law, I was at City Council meeting that night, and I was dressed as a boy, and I said to them "y'all can't do that." They said "*[name removed to protect privacy]*, you need to sit down and be quiet." [I] said, "look, I'm a registered voter. I have a right to talk." I said "you can't take out an element of a crime." I'm not a lawyer, but any idiot that's ever did anything with law knows you have to prove all the elements. They convicted 387 people on that. I was the 388th one. I was the very last one that they had to come to court on it. They gave me *[name removed to protect privacy]*, who's a tax attorney.

[Several seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

Never. They appointed him. We laugh about it when I run into him at the bank. I told him “Stick with me boy and I’m going to make you famous.” There’s a picture of me on the steps of the courthouse holding my briefcase. I actually wrote the legal brief that told *[name removed to protect privacy]*, a judge who had always put me in jail...

[1 minute and 48 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

I said “judge, if you remember, I wrote the paper for Sterling Preston v. Commonwealth where you were the judge and you found Mr. Preston guilty for violation of probation simply because he had been arrested. And his prostitution charge he was found not guilty of. You had already violated his probation. So don’t tell me I can’t appeal something.” I said “and the nice thing about it is you might as well give me a bond, because if you don’t I’m going to appeal that. I’m not going to sit over in the jail for 36 months.” He said “what are your grounds for appeal?” I said “abuse of judge’s discretion.” He said “ain’t nobody used that since 1922.” I said “yeah, I know. Ain’t it nice that I came up with it.” *[name removed to protect privacy]* was sitting there. [He] was the coolest lawyer ever. He was a man that was trapped from the [19]60s. He’s in charge of capital murder cases now. That’s all he does. He left the Office of Public Defender. He is the Public Defender of all the capital murder cases. He was fascinated with the transvestites not like he sexually wanted us. Just the coolness of it and the nuance of it. The transvestites used to hang out in front of Billy’s Ritz. That’s what made Billy’s Ritz so much money. People watching them get in cars and this that and the other. I came up with the deal with the Chief of Police, who’s dead now, which said if you will let me have a free hand I will kill prostitution in the City of Roanoke. To make a long story short I was able to write the brief which got rid of the city solicitation ordinance. Then I appealed my case to the appeals court. I knew I wasn’t going to win, but I knew it would keep me out of jail for two years. Then I appealed it to the Supreme Court which I knew would give me another two years. When I came back before *[name removed to protect privacy]* his heart had been changed, but he still gave me the time. He said “what’s the difference between now and then?” I said “Judge, if you’re asking me why should you not give me the time cause I’m not that person that I was when the crimes were committed.” I said “we all know that I didn’t commit the crime.” He gave me my time. I went to jail.

[21 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

[name removed to protect privacy] [The judge] did what he called judicial manipulation, and ended up letting me out of jail. This is after I had been in deep isolation for 261 days. This is after I had been told “weren’t no faggot niggers going to vote in the jail.” And my absentee ballot was ripped up. I just got tired of fighting. When I got out of jail Mr. Roberts gave me a job of being a bounty hunter. The state didn’t regulate it. It was under federal law. I wasn’t a convicted felon. I put a badge on my shirt, put a gun on my hip, and I started arresting people who jumped bond. In 1998—December 28th, 1998—I had been diagnosed with multiple sclerosis. I had an inoperable tumor in my cerebellum. The doctor told me to call my mother and ask if I could come and stay with her, because I wasn’t going to be able to take care of myself.

32:05

[The narrator asks for the recorder to be turned off when someone enters the room. This ends part one of the interview.]

Part Two (4:57)

00:00

[The recorder is turned back on after a pause of about two minutes. The narrator is now speaking about the spring of 1999.]

And then on March 14 [1999] my best friend Lee, he died, complications of AIDS, and then the next day my mother called me and told me the apocalypse was upon us, it was time for me to get right. The part I didn't tell you was my mother was on a ventilator, she had been asked not to be kept alive by machines. They went in to remove one blockage from her heart; she had four instead of one. And so when I was told at Rex Hospital that they were gonna cut off the ventilator, I told the doctor that if he did I was gonna cut his off. *[name removed to protect privacy]* who was a Circuit Court Judge, was my friend, he had become my friend because he got tired of seeing me in General District Court, and he actually offered to pay for me to go to law school, if I would go. I refused. I said "I want to go to heaven. I don't wanna go to law school. Lawyers ain't nothing but a bunch of liars. You can't lie and go to heaven." Everybody thought that was strange, but it was true. He had seen how I had been mistreated over the years, and he didn't like it very much.

[Several seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

Judge *[name removed to protect privacy]* was a judge who hated my guts, but when my mother passed away it all changed. He saw that I had taken up the cross for Christ for real. I prayed a prayer one night. They only gave me two weeks before—they didn't care what I did—they were gonna pull the plug on my mom, and I said "Lord, if you will let my mother walk out of this hospital, I will quit drinking, I will stop using the G-D word, I will serve you every time that the church is open." I had been to school to become a preacher. I had been in church for most of my life. I got thrown out of church when I was 15 years old because somebody had seen me going to The Park, so this was my way to make it back to the church. Within saying that prayer, three days, my mother was off the ventilator, oxygen in her nose, drinking a Pepsi-Cola, and cussing my name. My brother is a witness to this. My mother said to me, "I don't know why you brought me back down here. I did not leave you any money. I was in heaven and I was satisfied with my parents, and you called me back down here." She said "don't base your salvation on me because I will fail you." She said, "you base your salvation on the Lord cause he won't." That told me two things: heaven was real, and God would honor what he said.

3:22

I'd had a wonderful career. I had went from the whorehouse to the courthouse to God's house. [I'm] in the middle of writing a book, that's the name of it: *Cries of a Child, Tears of a Man: From the Whorehouse to the Courthouse to God's House*. Another book is gonna be called *Small Town Justice: Sex, Lies, No Videotape, Just Rumors*. I didn't tell you that I worked for [name removed to protect privacy] when I was 13 years old. See, I tried all the legitimate ways of making money, but nothing made money like being a prostitute. You know, you don't see it anymore in the streets.

[32 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

That's what happened. And so, momma called me—I told you my friend Lee died on March 14th, 1999—my mother died March 15th, 1999. My grandfather had just passed away. I couldn't deal with anymore. And then my friend Danny Overstreet, the Roanoke Seven... I was supposed to be there that night [at Backstreet Café] when Ronald Gay came in. Ronald Gay came in and I told Danny I'd be there because I was doing guard work at the old Iroquois, which was the ghost of Hollywood, and I overslept. I've always felt bad because if I had not overslept, Ronald Gay would not have killed my friend.

[20 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

4:57

[Recorder paused briefly after the door opens and someone enters the room. Ending part two of the interview.]

Part Three (15:15)

00:00

[The recorder is turned back on after visitor leaves room and the door is shut. Begins part three, the final part of this interview. The narrator continues their story]

And my mother—my mother passed away on March 15th [1999]. I had a prisoner that I had taken to Richmond, and momma called me on the day that she died, and she said what I had told you about the apocalypse is upon us. I had the first StarTACs in the state of Virginia, that's a cell phone that you would never recognize. Back in the old days people had those huge phones, well our phones were that big. That's why they called them StarTACs, and they flipped over. They only had an hour life talk-time, and you could put the extra big battery on the back that gave you three hours, and that was like supposed to be great. 1200 dollars apiece. I had a cord in my ear and I'm talking to my mom, while I'm walking up on this Jamaican guy who was wanted in Richmond for jumping bond. 2500 dollars was gonna go in my pocket. I looked at people as people, but I looked at the money—but in all the years that I arrested people... 2,339. I held the record. They actually kept records of it. I only had one complaint, and the guy was a snitch for the police, and I didn't have much choice, he was also gay. And every time I turned

around, I'd do something to help the gay people, [and] they'd throw me under the bus. I remember what my mother said when she found out. One of her friends called her and told her that her son was a "street walker." She took on down there to find me, but she couldn't find me. Momma threw me out. I was 16 then, but she let me come back. She threw me out, I was gone for about three days, and she said "why?" and I said "somebody had to pay the bills." And it broke her heart. It broke her heart. When her boyfriend molested me I told her, she was in the hospital. At first she was angry, then she wouldn't believe me. But when I was 24 and he was in the hospital dying, she begged me to come get her, and I took her to Roanoke Memorial Hospital to see him.

[20 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

But God is always... people who have done me wrong, God takes care of them. For the Lieutenant [*name removed to protect privacy*] who put me in deep isolation and came and got me and said "you've been in here 261 days you faggot nigger, how does it feel?" I said that "I felt like I just got here yesterday," and it just cracked his face. But the one thing that really got him was this. His beautiful blonde-headed baby, the daughter that he had, his son was nothing, his son was terrible, but his daughter was his heart.

[Several seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

He actually made it through the heart attack, and he wouldn't be bothered with them at first, but when they got to kindergarten and first grade they on his knee. I saw him in an assembly with them on his knee, and he was the grandpa then, and I just laughed. I had to laugh. Half of my family is white, you know. God has always made it so that when people did me wrong, He did me right. I was not smart enough to get out all of the cases that I did, but the thing about it is that God put people in my life.

[2 minutes and 34 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

4:17

Over the years I had been beaten severely...

[several seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

... by a policeman.

[32 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

I'll show you how much they stood behind each other. They were gonna fire him, but they didn't.

[several seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

And they gave me a polygraph and told me I didn't even pass my own name. Said I didn't even get my own name right! They'll tell you anything. Yeah, that's what gay people had to deal with.

Of course some of the stuff that they did was their own problems too. I never went into the bookstore to have sex with somebody. If I was gonna have sex it'd be in my house or in my hotel room. You know, people don't wanna see that mess. I have raised 25 children that are not mine that were gay that people threw away.

[1 minute and 25 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

5:12

I really went through a whole lot. I was sitting beside my mother and Officer *[name removed to protect privacy]* came up to me. Like I told you my momma was my greatest love, and he asked me where was my red dress at? And I said "your daddy bought it you short-sawed-off S.o.B. [son of a bitch]." He said "you're under arrest." I said "what for?" He said "threatening a police officer." I said "you better not put your hands on me." *[name removed to protect privacy]* is dead now, but [he] was the black judge of Roanoke County. He would never pay his paper bill. I was his paper boy. Never paid his bill. He and my mom were friends, and he knew how bad I needed the money. But he wasn't a good guy, he always found me guilty every time I come in his courtroom. The officer grabbed me.

[several seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

And I noticed that I had all these police officers and deputies on me, but nobody was trying to hurt me. They let me hurt the one upon me, because nobody liked him. Then he handcuffed me. And there used to be a crosswalk between the courthouse and the old police station, that's gone now.

[several seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

Got me down to the magistrate's office, and the magistrate didn't even like it. The magistrate told him [the officer] to leave the room, and he told me, he said "when you come back down from court I'm gonna PR you." I said "okay." I said, "he threw me down a flight of steps." He said "I can tell. I can tell."

[1 minute and 13 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

I'm not that bad of a person, but the courthouse has always had the deck stacked against gay people. I didn't carry myself as one, but I'd be damned if I was gonna let anybody pick on one. My best friend *[name removed to protect privacy]* died beside me. His father was one of the wealthiest men in the city, and because his son had AIDS and he was gay.

[several seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

And his daddy knew it, he wouldn't do anything for him. Until I went to him, and I raised a whole lot of hell. Then he turned around and he decided to get his son an apartment next door to me so that I could take care of him.

7:33

So, I've been through a lot. It has been a horrible....my child life was horrible, but my adult life has gotten better. Just here recently, two and a half weeks ago, I filed a lawsuit against the Galax Police Department for three million dollars, for arresting me because they claimed that I had a protective order, and they knew that I did not have a protective order. They were told by Roanoke City that I did not have a protective order, and they still arrested me. I had a torn rotator cuff, and they arrested me, put my hands behind my back. Took me down to the jail on a Sunday morning. I was supposed to preach. Now what they don't know is the law still stands that you're not allowed to arrest a preacher on a Sunday morning. Did you know that? That's an old law, still on the books, especially you can't arrest him for a misdemeanor. For a felony, yes. Not just that, but I hadn't committed a crime. The police department had made a mistake in the paperwork. Had a young lady allowed me. Every time I've ever gotten in trouble is cause somebody lied. I learned that people's perception of their reality.... They turned around and took me down to the jail after being told by the chief of police, even after state police had told them I didn't have a protective order, for wearing this gun. Here was the thing about it: nobody ever pulled me over. I never saw a police officer. I was going through my divorce, but I didn't have no gun. I wasn't even in town on the day that they claimed I was wearing the gun, and they said it. I was actually in another city protecting a judge. Now how does that sound? Yeah, I didn't even know the officer that got the warrant for me. And then the other officer who got the warrant for me, I didn't have no gun that night, and I've got five witnesses.

[several seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

Carrying on, and I still went down and prayed for them. All the black preachers came down and prayed for all the white police officers, cause they didn't have no blacks on the Galax police department. The one that they had they got rid of. They've got a Mexican now. This stuff is gonna always be around. I used to think it was because, they say, "well, cause you're gay." It ain't because you're gay! It's because people [are] just mean. The thing that really flipped my wig: gay people have got it better than they ever had it before, and they still want to push. I was barred from The Park for life, ten times, ten different times. The owners, same owner who barred me for life, I get barred for life, barred for life... every time I helped open up a gay bar somewhere else, I wasn't barred for life no more, you know. So...it's... I don't know.

[43 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

11:32

In the '80s and the '90s, if it hadn't of been for AIDS... this city was so corrupted by sex. That's all they did. Drink, snort cocaine, and have sex. Lawyers, judges, doctors, you couldn't find morality anywhere, and that's what used to crack me up about the vice [squad]. They call them the "morale police," hell they didn't have no morale.

[several seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

I used to tell them all the time, “look, my momma told me when I was young that if it smell like pork there’s no need to taste it, it is pork. I’ve got high blood pressure, I don’t do pigs for free.” I had a few friends that were police officers, and they paid for it.

[4 minutes and 7 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

12:25

Alright one last good story. Y’all look it up in the newspapers, you’ll see where there was a house on Highland Avenue, that was known as the prostitution house. I was arrested in that house. I wasn’t prostituting in that house, I was visiting my supposed boyfriend at the time. The vice kicked in the door, and when they did it had a big glass knob, it hit *[name removed to protect privacy]* in his hip and broke his hip. We had to carry him two blocks down the street to Lotz Funeral Homes so the ambulance could pick him up. He didn’t know the police were coming that night. I did. He didn’t. So that’s the only sex story you’ll get out of me.

[20 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

I don’t know what else to tell you other than *[that]* I loved Roanoke City, and I have given a lot for this city, and I have fought hard against this city. I don’t know where the bodies are, but I do know where the underwear fell. I tell them that all the way, all the time.

[1 minute and 28 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

13:47

If it hadn’t been for *[name removed to protect privacy]* I would have got that million dollars. You know *Hustler* magazine offered a million dollars for anybody who had ever had sex with a congressman or a senator. I was getting ready to call when I was told that my brains would be blown out. I’m the type of person that when you tell me that, you’ve got to prove it to me. I don’t go so easy. I got arrested down... well you see where we’re at, right? This is where I work. I can’t go downstairs and eat. You know why? Because in 1993 it took 17 police officers to arrest me downstairs. You remember Major Hasan, the one who shot all those people down in Fort Hood? Well his *[name removed to protect privacy]* and I got to fighting downstairs in 1993, might have been ‘92, and I did 36,000 dollars worth of damage downstairs, but the owner up here is still my friend. I did. I did 36,000 dollars worth of damage; 17 police officers it took to arrest me. Man hit me in the face with a glass beer mug and I lost my mind. When they had me in court that day, Judge Harris said that “being a police officer is a prerequisite of getting your ass whooped, and if you tell me that 17 of y’all—that’s what it took to bring a man who wears a wig and high heels to jail—I’m gonna tell you I’m dismissing the case already cause y’all ain’t nothing but a bunch of punks.” Course he knew that I was a hard way to roll.

[41 seconds of audio removed to protect privacy]

[END]