Finding Myself While Losing Others Pt1

Sometimes the wise and healthy decisions—like saying no to unlimited sex with hot European men—don't leave you feeling so wise and healthy.

August 3, 2022 By JMV

It's incredibly wonderful to be writing again. I'm diving back in for a sense of the serenity and peace it gives me. I get my thoughts out in a process that's like writing in a journal, but it's not private and I hope that someone can relate with something I say: maybe that's a feeling, situation or an experience. I have a lot of stories to tell from the last five years after I did my 31 Days of Awareness, so where do I pickup after my latest blog post? That's easy, and yet this is the hardest post to write yet because so much holds me back—this topic has been the source of fear and writer's block. I suppose it's just time for me to take that jump...

We find ourselves in late autumn of 2017. I see myself preparing for a tour of Christmas Queens in early November in Los Angeles, trying to understand more of who I am. Even at the time, and through my entire life, I heard, "Dance like a man," or "Stop dancing so gay." That was largely in part to being the queer that I am. I can dance like a man, but why should I have to fit in someone else's box that is way too small for me?

After rehearsal with the queens and dancers

I found my insecurities flaring up, and I wasn't spending any time with my coworkers. Instead I found myself in recovery meetings with new West Coast friends, hanging with the queens, and inviting sexy strangers over from hookup apps for naked fun—all while trying to cope with someone I had feelings for in New York City who was nowhere near ready and willing to date me.

After a week of rehearsals in Hollywood for this Christmas Queens Extravaganza, I returned to NYC to prepare for the tour itself while spending time with James and working at a popular Hell's Kitchen queer establishment. One night I decided that this back and forth drama and uncertainty was too much for me, so I had to tell James that I needed a break from him for my sanity. "Why couldn't he just commit to me? Why was I so hell bent on controlling the situation?" I knew these obsessions weren't healthy for me. I figured that this was a perfect time to pick up and leave and have time to be my authentic self performing and having time to reflect on literally everything.

I had some wonderful times in New Orleans, Hawaii and Seattle—and then we were off to Europe. I consistently felt like an outsider. I felt left out from the other dancers, so I would find myself at more recovery meetings or with another man inside me, or sometimes both. If I wasn't doing either of those, then you could find me hanging with my closest straight crew member. We had

lots to talk about and became like siblings. It was nice having at least one person I could hang and count on to be there. He is such a cool character.

Then we found ourselves in London, and then men in London, at least in my experience, are sexy as heck. One night I found myself at one man’s flat being entertained by him and his three mates. It must’ve been forty inches of fun that night—and yet I still felt empty. No matter how much I tried to sexually medicate what I was going through emotionally, I realized I had to give up sex for a while and process my emotions. That was the healthier way to deal with my emotions. It was weird being in all of these cities with unlimited new men to sleep with, but then deciding that wasn’t the path I could be on in that moment.

I hoped making that wise decision would solve most of my problems, but they weren’t over quite yet. Although I found a lot more fun while we were in the UK, a series of events waited that would leave me feeling lost and in despair. I hope you’ll return for the next part OF this tale. It’s devastating, yes, but the story needs to be told.

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