



# Jack White and Billy Reuben

June 21, 2007 By [Shawn Decker](#)

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Several years ago a friend of my cousin, Erin, wanted to do a documentary on me and Gwenn. I got to help edit it, and choose which music was: Bella Morte, Lauren Hoffman and The Sane, Depeche Mode and The White Stripes.

My friends gladly volunteered their tunes, and Depeche Mode did as well because, hey, they *were* my dying wish. The surprise was getting permission from The White Stripes, who were riding high with Elephant at the time.

The scene, set to their song "Seven Nation Army", featured my mother intensely speaking about my being kicked out of school in '87. Nobody really saw the doc, which didn't see the light of day, but Jack White's people got him the scene, and he approved. I couldn't believe it: Jack White liked me, he really liked me.

Which leads me to this declaration: Jack White? a Cancer of '75 just like me? is the King of the Cancers.

Oh, about my ass-kickin' Momma. Just saw her last weekend for a quaint Father's Day celebration dinner. As we were eating, I brought up an email I received the other day.

It was from someone who is doing their dissertation on Ryan White. Apparently his mother donated all of the letters the family received in the late 80's to a library, and the guy came across one that my Mom had sent to Jeanne White (Ryan's mom) in 1989.

Mom said, "I remember writing that letter," then said, "I tried to get her to call me!" (Mom was afraid of the AZT treatment Ryan was taking at the time.)

The Ryan White conversation, as it always does, shifted to my healthcare. "Do me a favor," Mom said. "Call Dr. Greg and tell him I want a Billy Reuben."

"... is that a steak or something?" I responded.

“It’s a blood test. Your eyes are yellow, you look a little bit jaundiced.”

In the car ride home Gwenn confirmed it. “Yeah, your eyes look yellow sometimes.” What the hell? I got home and looked in the mirror, and yes, they were a touch on the yellow side.

But I got home, and kind of forgot about Billy Ruben, and it was back to working on Synthetic Division stuff, gearing up for the fall speaking season with [Campuspeak](#), and finishing up the 6th season DVD of the Gilmore Girls. Highly addictive, our friend Lauren (mentioned above) is into now, and had borrowed some of our discs. (Phone rings. “No Lauren, we still have two episodes to watch! You’ll get it soon!”)

Last week was an On Meds week, and I definitely felt more tired than usual, so I can see why Mom was worried by my demeanor and watered-down piss-shade eyes. One of the reasons why I do the staggered HIV meds treatment is because I have a healthy fear of longterm side effects. This schedule works fine for me, and I can deal with a few days of sloth every couple of weeks.

As it turned out, I didn’t get the [Bilirubin](#) test this week, but I did get an email from the Poz News Desk that said one of the meds I am taking, Reyataz, can cause kidney stones. Maybe I got kidney stones in my eyes?

I have an appointment with Dr. Greg next month, so I’ll honor my mother’s concern and make sure I order up the Biliruben. Hold the jaundice.

Positively Yours,  
Shawn

***Support Darcy, she is honoring her friend CJ’s spirit by getting people to donate blood. CJ would have been 30 on July 6, the goal is to get 30 people to donate blood by then. Let’s reach that attainable goal and declare CJ the Queen of the Cancers!***

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