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Photo by Sarah Duckworth

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Thorgy Thor added to GDMAF’s Night of Stars

Thorgy Thor, a fan favorite on Season 8 of RuPaul’s Drag Race who returned for Season 3 of All Stars, has been added to GDMAF’s Sept. 14 Night of Stars.

Thorgy Thor is a NYC drag performance artist, event host and professional musician. Night of Stars benefits LifeWalk Team Metro whose fundraising will support the Greg Dollinger Memorial AIDS Fund and takes place in The Rose Room.

After spending his early years studying violin, viola and cello, Thorgy earned a dual degree in violin and viola performance. While studying at Hart School of Music and Purchase Conservatory, Thorgy also earned an honorary degree in Drag Ridiculousness, performing her original works of art entitled Matri and Pocket to Pocket.

Thorgy Thor has been nominated for over 13 awards presented by the Glam Awards, Get Out Awards and Odyssey Magazine Awards.

Tickets are available at GDMAF.org.

— David Taffet

McMurray addresses Irving school board

Resource Center’s Leslie McMurray asked Irving school board members a simple question last night: When will you return my phone calls?

She had a reason to go directly to the board. For the past year, Resource Center’s transgender advocacy and education coordinator has attempted to meet with district officials about the lack of nondiscrimination protections. Resource Center has been trying to engage the district for more than two years pushing back against UIL trans athlete rules, advocating for anti-bullying rules, nondiscrimination policies and more.

Since President Donald Trump’s rescinded an Obama-era guidance last year protecting transgender school children under the Title IX interpretation of sex, students have felt unsafe at school, according to the most recent GLSEN school climate survey. The survey also found 72 percent of Texas gay, lesbian and bisexual children and 64 percent of transgender and non-binary students were verbally harassed.

“For the first time in a decade, victimization of LGBTQ youth is not decreasing at rates previously seen — it has, in fact, gotten worse for transgender and gender non-conforming youth,” McMurray said. When over 80 percent of LGBT students have been harassed with homophobic or anti transgender remarks — this needs to be addressed. It’s not going to fix itself.”

McMurray added the district’s chief legal counsel Sarah Prouney told her the process of adding protections must start with a school trustee.

“Is there one of you who is willing to stand up for these kids?” McMurray asked.

— James Russell

State Sen. Royce West announces Senate candidacy

To chants of “Go West,” State Sen. Royce, D-Dallas, announced his campaign for the US Senate this morning. The state senator is one of several Democrats seeking to knock off Republican Sen. John Cornyn.

West was introduced by former Ambassador Ron Kirk, who lost to Cornyn in 2002, Congresswoman Eddie Bernice Johnson, D-Dallas, and his high school teacher Shirley Fisher.

The Vice Chairman of the Senate Higher Education Committee touted his accomplishments in the Senate in his speech, including opening the University of North Texas at Dallas, public education and criminal justice reforms.

“I have spent my life as an advocate for parents and teachers to achieve world-class education for students, championing criminal justice reform, supporting workers seeking fair wages, and advocating for common-sense gun legislation,” he said.

West joins M.J. Hegar of Round Rock, a veteran who nearly knocked off Congressman John Carter, R-Round Rock, in 2018, Houston City Councilwoman Amanda Edwards and former Congressman Chris Bell of Houston.

West, a lawyer, was first elected to the Texas Senate in 1992 and has only faced token opposition since. He was reelected in 2018 for another term. He will not have to give up his seat to run.

— James Russell

Queen at AAC

“Let’s address the pink elephant in the room,” Adam Lambert exhorted the audience at American Airlines Center tonight, gathered to see the American Idol finalist and of late frontman for the band Queen. “I am not Freddie; nobody could be,” Lambert said, referring to the late lead singer (and subject last year of the Oscar winning biopic Bohemian Rhapsody). Instead, he said, we would, collectively, be celebrating Freddie Mercury and Queen together.

And for more than two hours, that is just what happened, it the best way possible.

Queen was one of the first arena rock bands, one whose showmanship and flamboyance helped define the music (and the culture) of the 1970s.

For full review see DallasVoice.com

— Arnold Wayne Jones
Keith Haring: **Against All Odds**

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JULY
• July 26-28: QuakeCon
Gamers from around the world are in town for a four-day video game festival from 10 a.m.-6 p.m. at the Gaylord Texas, 1501 Gaylord Trail, Grapevine. Quakecon.com.

• July 27: DFW Federal Club Summer Luncheon
The DFW Federal Club holds its Summer Luncheon. A panel discusses HRC's legislative partnership with Planned Parenthood. Former Dallas Voice reporter James Russell moderates at 11 a.m. at the Tower Club, 1601 Elm St. in downtown Dallas. For information visit DFWFederalClub.org.

• July 27: Trans/SOFFA support group
An open group for those who identify as other than their assigned birth gender, significant others, friends, family and allies at 5 p.m. at Heart of the Matter Healing Center, 2060 N. Collins Blvd., Richardson.

• July 28: UCLSE Men Are Cooking
The United Court of the Lone Star Empire presents “The Men Are Cooking,” from 2-5 p.m. at The Hidden Door, 5025 Bowser St. Proceeds benefit the UCLSE General Fund. For information visit DallasCourt.org.

• July 28: UCLSE A Night of Disney Magic
The United Court of the Lone Star Empire presents “A Night of Disney Magic,” from 6-10 p.m. at Dallas Eagle, 5740 Maple Ave. Proceeds benefit the Coalition for Aging LGBT. For information visit DallasCourt.org.

• July 28: Prime Timers
Games hosted by Harry and Tommy at 2 p.m. at 1702 Brighton Drive, Carrollton.

• July 28: Miss LifeWalk Pageant
Drag queens, fundraising and advocacy, oh, my. Cheer, tip and support your favorite Miss LifeWalk candidate. Doors open at 5 p.m. Pageant at 6 p.m. in the Rose Room, 3911 Cedar Springs Road.

• July 28: Pack the Pantry
Hosted by Dallas Hope Charities and Cathedral of Hope. Bring non-perishable food items for the food pantry, which serves thousands of individuals and families each year from 9-11 a.m. at Cathedral of Hope, 5910 Cedar Springs Road.

• July 28: Steering Committee Happy Hour
Learn about joining the Equality Texas Dallas Steering Committee and the work they do from 6:30-8 p.m. at The Ross & Hall Beer Garten, 3300 Ross Ave.

• July 30: Democratic Debate
StoneWall Democrats hosts a candidate debate night 1 watch party from 6:30-9:30 p.m. at Alexandre’s, 4026 Cedar Springs Road.

• July 31: Prime Timers
Dinner at 5 p.m. at Big Al’s Smokehouse BBQ, 3317 Inwood Drive.

AUGUST
• Aug. 2: United Court
UCLSE presents Hot Country benefiting Safe To Be from 7-10 p.m. at Dallas Eagle, 5740 Maple Ave.

• Aug. 3: Rainbow Salsa classes
Puerto Rican style Salsa basic moves for singles and couples from 10 a.m.-noon at Trinity Metropolitan Community Church, 933 E. Ave. J, Grand Prairie. $35 for four classes.

• Aug. 3: Prime Timers
B-A-F at 12:30 p.m. at 2 Guys from Italy, 11637 Webb Chapel Road. RSVP.
Meet Talon, a 5½-year-old, male Labrador Retriever mix. He is very sweet, gentle and loving. Since he’s a mature gentleman, he has great manners and knows how to be the good boy of your dreams! He enjoys going for strolls around the block, cuddling up on the couch and spending time with his people. If you’re looking for an affectionate boy to share your memories with he’s the one for you! Talon is waiting to meet you at the SPCA of Texas’ Jan Rees-Jones Animal Care Center in Dallas. Come meet him today!

Talon is waiting for you at the SPCA of Texas’ Jan Rees-Jones Animal Care Center in Dallas at 2400 Lone Star Drive near I-30 and Hampton Road. Hours are noon to 6 p.m. Sunday through Wednesday and noon to 7 p.m. Thursday through Saturday. Regular adoption fees are $125 for puppies and kittens aged 0-6 months and $60 for adult dogs and cats aged 6 months or older. Fee includes spay/neuter surgery, age-appropriate vaccinations, a heartworm test for dogs six months and older and a FIV/FeLV test for cats 4 months and older, initial flea/tick preventative and heartworm preventative, a microchip, 30 days of PetHealth Insurance provided by PetPlan, a free 14-day wellness exam with VCA Animal Hospitals, a free year-long subscription to Activ4Pets, a rabies tag and a free leash. Call 214-742-SPCA (7722) or visit today.
Michael Draper describes the condition he’s been dealing with for seven years as a “designer disease.” His husband, Terry Wicks, said that when they finally received a diagnosis, “the bottom dropped out of our world.”

Draper went almost two years before receiving a diagnosis of MSA — multiple system atrophy — a progressive neurodegenerative brain disorder that results in death.

Wicks has become his full-time caregiver.

MSA is often misdiagnosed as Parkinson’s Disease, but it seems to be more related to other diseases like PSP and Alzheimer’s characterized by a build up of certain proteins in the brain. Wicks explained that with MSA, the proteins needed to transmit signals from one cell to another seem to crumple and block transmission. As that happens, brain cells die.

Functions that are automatic — maintaining body temperature, swallowing, breathing, eliminating waste — stop working. Speech is affected. Muscle coordination deteriorates. The person with MSA becomes unable to take care of himself.

In 2013, the couple was living in California. Draper was an executive with Yahoo. Wicks was an MRI technician.

Wicks remembers asking his husband one day, “Why are you so clumsy lately?”

After a year of a variety of symptoms presenting themselves and several doctors unable to diagnose what was wrong, they went to Stanford for a diagnosis. After almost a year of visits, their doctor told them that she was waiting for one more symptom to appear. When it did, she confirmed MSA.

Symptoms appear when a person is in his or her 50s. Draper was 52 when they first recognized something was wrong. Those manifestations progress for five to 10 years.

New drugs are being tried to halt progression, but Wicks said his husband’s condition was too advanced for the medications to work. And because it takes so long to diagnose, most people have progressed beyond the point where these medications will help.

Four years ago, both men had to stop working. Draper was unable to work any longer so Wicks, who’s seven years older, retired to take care of him.

They decided to move back to Dallas to be closer to family. Their doctor at Stanford told them Dallas was a perfect choice because a colleague of hers had recently opened an MSA clinic at UT Southwestern, so Draper would receive top medical care.

Wicks made a trip by himself and purchased a house in Garland. He said it was the only time in their 29 years together that he had bought a house without his husband.

They decided to move back to Dallas to be closer to family. Their doctor at Stanford told them Dallas was a perfect choice because a colleague of hers had recently opened an MSA clinic at UT Southwestern, so Draper would receive top medical care.

Wicks made a trip by himself and purchased a house in Garland. He said it was the only time in their 29 years together that he had bought a house without his husband.

Wicks describes himself as a planner. So before leaving, he had planned what they needed in a house. He found one in Garland that fit his needs — a 1980s one-story ranch without any stairs or steep inclines that could be outfitted for their needs.

Among the work needed on the house was a complete bathroom redo. They replaced the tub with a walk-in shower fitted with a large tiled seat and an entrance without a step so that a wheelchair can roll in.

Because someone with MSA eventually has trouble turning around, Wicks found something he calls a pivot disk, sort of a lazy susan for people. From his wheelchair, Draper can stand and Wicks rotates him 180 degrees so he can sit in the shower or on the toilet.

Wicks said a person who needs this level of care loses all personal dignity and they’ve worked to keep Draper as independent as possible as long as possible. When he couldn’t brush his own teeth with a regular brush, they got an electric toothbrush.

Draper joked that he could still use a razor as long as his husband didn’t mind seeing him with slash marks all over his face. An electric razor allows him to continue shaving himself for now.

While they still are able to make a trip to the hair salon to get his hair cut, their hairdresser said he’d come to house once he can’t get out any longer.

Until recently, Draper had been using mostly a walker. Lately, he’s less able to make it around the house that way, and he’s begun relying more on his wheelchair.

Over the last few weeks, Wicks said he’s also begun having to use a catheter in order to urinate.
About 15 LGBT youth participating in the Youth First’s Creative Works Summer Program will present a program of monologues, spoken word, poetry, music, dance and more.

The show runs two nights, and for many, it’s their first time performing for an audience. Others participated in last year’s theatrical performance or were part of University of Drag earlier this year.

According to organizer Cami Fields, two or three youth will host and share their coming out stories. She said those participating feel lucky and grateful because most don’t feel free to be out at school.

A great way to support the youth is to come for their performance, Fields said. “It will be an impactful night,” she said. “With a whole community backing them up, it will be a magical experience.”

In addition to the 15 performers upstairs at Resource Center, downstairs will be filled with art from about 30 youth. Fields said a variety of media will be included in the show such as painting, photography and sculpture created during the summer program.

The Creative Works Summer Program is supported by the City of Dallas Office of Cultural Affairs.

“Come and show them they’re loved,” Fields said.

Aug. 9 and 10 at 7 p.m. at Resource Center, 5750 Cedar Springs Road. Free under 18. $10 for general admission tickets at YouthFirstOurStories.eventbrite.com.

— David Taffet
Today, I flew back from my fourth Men Having Babies conference. This time it was a little different as my boyfriend thought it would be fun to come along for the trip, and it made me reflect on my experiences at each of these conferences.

I still remember the cold, dreary, November day last year when we arrived in New York. That was my first conference of this sort. My senior partner had been doing these conferences for years, but this was a new adventure for me. We all learn in medical school, residency and fellowship the hypotheticals of how two men would go about having a baby. It would include an egg donor, a gestational carrier and a whole lot of time and money. The reality of the conference was startling.

The thing that immediately struck me was that this was a room of gay men with a dream: having a family. Something that in my heart, I knew one day I could have if I wanted but it is something most gay men must accept may not happen when they come out. One of the scary things when I came out was accepting this fact. I may not be able to have kids and pass on my family name and legacy.

The second thing that struck me was that this was a room of men supporting each other, and the providers there were all 100 percent behind the cause of helping them to achieve their dreams. So many people from surrogacy agencies, egg donor agencies, fertility clinics, legal and more were there to help provide support and options to the intended fathers. Knowing that some fertility clinics do not provide services to male couples, it was encouraging to see a room full of people who believed that anybody deserved to have a family if they wanted one.

I was involved in some of the presentations and small group sessions at that first conference, but the majority of what I did was sit back and listen to the different sessions. I was new to the details of most of this too. Of course, I knew how it would all functionally work from a medical perspective, but I had no idea how it practically proceeded. The amount of information presented was overwhelming. I now tell prospective fathers that the conference is like drinking out of a fire hose pointed at your face. That is precisely how it feels. I left that first conference happy with the experience, more knowledgeable on the subject and excited to help my fellow LGBT patients to start their individual family journeys.

Skip forward 12 months, and these conferences have become almost old hat to me. I have helped several men become dads. I still get choked up talking about my personal experience and my love for serving my community. While I love all aspects of infertility, there is something so special about treating others in your community. LGBT patients inevitably will need some sort of reproductive assistance in creating their families. It is one of my greatest honors to be able to help make that process as straightforward and easy as possible.

Back to my boyfriend. Now, we have only been dating about 6 months. He’s an elementary school principal, so I knew when I started dating him that he would likely want to have kids. I love kids, but being ready for them right now is a different story. I love my nephews who also live in Dallas, and I love my dog, Kugel. It was a bit scary to bring my boyfriend to a conference where he would learn how the process of family building for gay men would work. In the end, though, my fears were unfounded. He was there as my biggest supporter, smiling at me from the front row.

It was that look of pride on his face that I saw reflected in the exchanged glances shared between each couple at this conference. The look of love, support and belief that anything is possible.
When one woman was diagnosed with cancer, she turned to her community family for support

ALEX GONZALEZ | Contributing Writer
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For some, finding healthcare in the event of illness is simply a matter of going to a doctor and receiving treatment. As more women, people of color and LGBT people are becoming medical professionals, they are able to cater to a more diverse range of patients. The generations before us, however, still remain skeptical and cautious when finding doctors.

In 2016, PJ Swanson discovered a lump in her neck. When she went to a doctor, she felt that he overlooked her ailments.

“He could tell I was a lesbian, and he was just very dismissive of my needs,” Swanson recalls.

Swanson admits that as a 66-year-old lesbian, she is skeptical of some doctors, due to the prejudice she has witnessed throughout her lifetime.

“I’m hesitant to reveal my lifestyle to people in the healthcare business, because most of them, to be honest, are old, straight, white guys who don’t understand or approve of my lifestyle,” Swanson says. “It’s difficult when they ask you ‘Where’s your husband?’ or ‘Who’s going to take care of you?’ and you are hesitant to say ‘My lesbian community will take care of me.’ You don’t really want to divulge that because there is a prejudice among them.”

Following a bad experience with the first doctor she sought diagnosis from, Swanson was later referred to Dr. Manish Gupta of Texas Oncology. Minutes into her first appointment, Swanson realized immediately that Gupta was worthy of her trust.

“Is she your partner?” Swanson recalls, “and I said ‘No, she’s just a friend,’ but that let me know immediately that he was accepting of it. He asked if anyone was going to be taking care of me, and I told him ‘I have a great support system within my community,’ and he didn’t bat an eye.”

Swanson, later diagnosed with aggressive stage three squamous cell carcinoma, began treatment in February 2017. Following 35 rounds of chemo, Swanson attended meetings with Cancer Support Community North Texas. First formed in 2002, CSCNT is an organization committed to offering free emotional and social support to their families.

“We offer a continuum of support,” says Mirchelle Louis, CEO of Cancer Support Community North Texas. “We absolutely do support groups, we do networking and counseling, but the fact of the matter is, not everybody is interested in going to a support group. We’ve got a wide range of other services.”

CSCNT offers services in Dallas, Collin and Tarrant Counties. Those interested can contact them at 214-912-1111 or online at cancercommunitynorthtexas.org.
The fight for marriage equality puts a level of shame on same-sex divorce, but counselor Jimmy Owen just sees it as a rite of passage for some couples.

DAVID TAFFET | Senior Staff Writer
taffet@dallasvoice.com

With marriage equality comes divorce equality, and that may complicate relationship break-ups among same-sex couples.

Counselor Jimmy Owen, who has counseled couples for years as they’ve dissolved their relationships, has honed his skills to steer couples through the divorce process in a positive way.

He said because the LGBT community worked so hard to earn the right to marry, there’s an extra layer of shame or guilt that sometimes comes along with divorce in the LGBT community.

“There’s a feeling if we end this, we failed,” he said.

Instead, Owen said he works with his clients to have healthy goodbyes. He tries to steer the couples or individuals he’s working with to see divorce more as a rite of passage.

There’s no set scenario when couples come to him for counseling. Some want to work on their relationship but find they can no longer remain together. Sometimes one person wants to end the relationship, and the other doesn’t. At other times, the couple needs someone to mediate as they work out child custody, property division and other details of their split. Each couple is different, Owen said.

And sometimes one spouse comes to Owen for counseling. That spouse may be the one who wants the divorce or may be the one whose spouse wants to end the relationship.

Working with a couple, Owen sees his role as someone in the room to mediate — to explain, to heal, to grieve.

“We figure out how to do this in a healthy way,” he said.

He begins with each spouse answering a list of about 80 questions and turns them into a graph. When he overlays them, he shows the couple how many things they have in common before working on their differences.

Working on their relationship in a healthy way starts with both spouses being honest and avoiding blame. He starts by looking for four warning signs in their communication: criticism, contempt, defensiveness and stonewalling. Those are bad signs for the relationship. He said a good way for a client to begin discussing their problems is to begin statements with “I.”

Infidelity is often at the root of a divorce. But even when one spouse hasn’t been faithful, Owen said it’s more useful for the other person to talk about how that made him feel rather than making accusations: “I feel betrayed,” rather than, “You had no right to... .”

Owen said while infidelity poses a serious challenge to a marriage, his question is, “can that hurt be fixed?”

Then, if the couple agrees to a monogamous relationship, what does that mean? Is it OK to be flirting on an app? No webcams? What about touching?

For a couple to get through infidelity, it’s important for the person who cheated not to get defensive. There’s no quick fix. Time and appropriate behavior build trust. Part of the healing in cases of infidelity is addressing the other issues that led to the unfaithful behavior.

Owen believes marriage equality makes same-sex couples take their relationships more seriously.

“Before marriage, it was easy to dissolve a relationship, so we didn’t necessarily stay in it,” he said. “With a legal price, people tend to take the relationship more seriously.”

He said there’s an emotional attachment to using certain words used in married relationships. Words like mother-in-law described the new family relationships formed with legal marriage.

Sometimes as part of his divorce counseling, Owen said he talks to couples about how they will disclose the news of the break-up to parents and other relatives.

The rise of social media brings new issues to divorce. A sudden change in status from married to single can set off a storm, especially if one spouse changes status before the other. Owen advises taking that slowly and coordinating. A good guide for divorcing couples is to wait until everyone who needs to know is notified and the divorce is legally finalized.

Texas is a community property state, which has prompted pre-nuptial agreements.

“That’s something we didn’t deal with before,” Owen said. “And it’s a reason some couples don’t marry.”

When couples come to Owen for divorce counseling, he said his goals are to
involved in CSCNT can participate in a variety of activities including yoga, tai chi, pilates and expressive art workshops.

“This is a very warm and welcoming place,” Louis says, “There’s a reason why community is a part of our name. We know cancer can be overwhelming for both the individuals and their families, so we want to provide a real sense of help and support for people and help them move forward with their lives, even when they have cancer.”

Additionally, Educare Dallas is an organization committed to addressing the compassionate care needs of both patients and caregivers to improve the quality of life for those in marginalized communities. Educare Dallas conducts training programs to help caregivers and medical professionals understand the needs of LGBT, veterans, holocaust survivors and more.

“When we’re talking about cultural competency as it relates to healthcare, we are a board of allies,” says Sharyn Fein, founder of Educare Dallas. “Our vision is to create a compassionate cultural care training program. There is a great sense of fear and reluctance about walking into a situation that may or may not be culturally competent. There are often members of the community who don’t seek medical or any kind of professional services out of fear of discrimination or lack of understanding the needs that need to be met.”

Educare Dallas often partners with LGBT organizations throughout the Metroplex. In June, they hosted an event called Cultural Competency and Cancer to discuss the fear that queer and trans people face when having to come out to medical professionals.

Throughout her experience, Swanson endured a whirlwind of emotions. However, she feels that she would not have been able to get through it without the support of her community. She feels that with CSCNT, she was able to openly discuss her lifestyle with a group of strangers for the first time.

“I had the fear of dying, and that made me want to live a more authentic life,” Swanson says. “You need someone to confide in, someone that you can just know that your safe to talk with about everything — intimate things about how everything’s affecting you. I found that in the Cancer Support Community.”

Michelle Louis (Courtesy Cancer Support Community of North Texas)
“get past the why” and to be “task-oriented.” He doesn’t want each session to be a rehashing of the problems.

When children are involved in the divorce, he said the same-sex couples he’s worked with are more collaborative than straight couples.

“There’s more creativity in how to raise and co-parent the children,” he said, because same-sex couples don’t stick to stereotypical gender roles in raising their children.

With some couples, Owen has each person write a separation agreement. That would include how to divide household items, assets and pets. They decide how to handle social media. When will they tell parents and children and how?

In his experience, Owen said, same-sex couples are more likely to become friends after their divorce than opposite-sex couples.

Owen said there’s no particular time in their relationship that couples come to see him. He’s worked with couples who’ve been together 50 years and are growing apart and he’s talked to couples who’ve been together six weeks and wonder why they’re having problems.

Owen said he sees same-sex couples taking marriage very seriously.

“We’re not running off to Vegas on impulse to get married,” he said. “We see it more as a privilege.”

Draper said he feels guilty that he’s putting his husband through this, but Wicks wouldn’t have it any other way.

To help them deal with their situation, they go to support groups. Spouses taking care of their spouses compare, commiserate and share. That’s how he learned about the pivot disk. Those with the rare disorder that may affect only about 15,000 Americans don’t feel as alone when they get together.

Wicks is also careful about caregiver fatigue. Draper’s parents will take care of him for a week while Wicks takes a trip to the Seattle area where the couple lived for a number of years to help decide if after his husband’s death, he wants to move back there.

Draper encouraged his husband to take the trip. This way, he can participate in making future plans even if he won’t share them himself. He wants to know his husband will be all right and will return to having a life beyond caregiving.

Wicks said he still is able to leave Draper alone for an hour to run out to the store for groceries. As Draper’s condition deteriorates, Wicks said he’ll have to hire someone to come into the house to relieve him so he can do errands.

Caregiving that includes everything from personal care to doing all of the housework is a full-time job, Wicks explained.

“Unless you’ve done it, you have no idea how much it entails,” he said.

In addition to the physical labor, caregiving involves stress. Wicks described what he’s going through as anticipatory grief. Most people don’t grieve until their spouse is gone, and Draper has already outlived original projections for his life expectancy with MSA.

Wicks doesn’t know if the grieving he’s going through now — imagining what life will be like without his husband — will facilitate the grief he’ll feel after his husband’s death or if he’ll experience the loss he’s expecting all over again.

But that anticipatory grief also propels him to make the best life he can for both of them. Draper still has his sense of humor even as communicating grows more difficult. But as they look at each other and tell their story wishing it was headed toward a different ending, there’s a contentment and bliss in their just being together.
This is my normal

I have benefitted from having two moms and can’t imagine a world different from the one I grew up in.

I’ve had two moms for as long as I can remember, but I can vaguely recall the first time my mothers told my brother and me that they were a couple. I was about 6 or 7, sitting next to my younger brother in the car. We were on our way home from the mall, and the information was just tossed out in what felt like a very casual way to see how my brother and I would react.

My only response at the time was, “Huh.” Because I’m sure, somewhere in the back of my mind, I already knew. We were all already living together, so, as far as I was concerned, nothing had changed; telling my brother and me was simply a formality, acknowledging something that had already been going on.

Even today I don’t feel like the declaration all those years ago changed anything. They loved each other so they were a couple; it was as simple to me then as it is today.

Growing up with two moms, as far as I could tell, wasn’t any different than growing up in any other two-parent household. I still played with my friends and neighbors and enjoyed life like most other children. We were a family like any other — dysfunctional and awkward, but we loved each other through thick and thin.

I’ve heard the argument that kids, especially boys, need a strong male role model when they’re growing up, but I don’t agree. I never had that prominent male role model, and I never really needed one, especially since I’ve grown up in an era when most of the stereotypically male tasks — like working on a car — are either automated or taken mostly beyond our control. And those we can do ourselves are limited to the basics of car maintenance — changing a tire, changing the oil, things you don’t need a man to teach you.

The only thing that posed any sort of challenge was when I had to learn how to shave my patchy, adolescent face, and no one in the house had the experience to help me. But that was solved by asking a local police officer who just happened to be at Walmart the same time my mom and I were one day.

I didn’t know when I was younger about the taboo that society places on my parents’ relationship or any similar relationship. Even when I discovered people’s negative opinions, I didn’t care and couldn’t understand why others cared so much about it. They were my parents, and that’s all there was to it in my mind.

I think I was lucky because I never met anyone who reacted negatively to my family. Those that knew were just unconcerned about it as I was. I attribute that to growing up surrounded by supportive people who were fairly accepting. I have heard the horror stories of people with gay parents losing friends over it, but those that I considered my friends never seemed too bothered by the idea. They still don’t.

I would suggest I actually benefitted from having two moms. I learned certain useful skills from having two people I could go to with my emotional turmoil. For instance, I learned to listen to what people tell me, and I learned to empathize with how people feel about things. By having two people who were open and supporting of any decision I made, I was able to learn to deal with my emotions and in turn help others do the same.

There were a number of times where I could just sit down, start a conversation and help someone work through their problems, even if I couldn’t change their circumstances. I had people who would seek me out to vent their frustration, their sadness or their anxiety. And I prided myself on being able to understand. I believe it has made me a better friend and person, and it’s something I learned from my moms.

Writing about my life was different because I have gay parents was the hardest thing for me — not for any other reason than I had to stop and think hard about what challenges I might have faced others wouldn’t have, or what blessings I received as a result of my parents.

In my life, I’ve always had two moms. I don’t know anything about what it’s like in a “normal” household, because this is my normal. I’m grateful for that and for my family, and I couldn’t fathom a world any different than the one I’ve always lived in.

Joshua Kelley is a student at Tarrant County College and is working as an intern for Dallas Voice this summer. His two moms have been a couple since he was 4 years old.
The hardest part of parenting is letting go

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My daughter Hannah just turned 20. People call her my “Mini-Me.” We’re not twins by a long shot. She’s gorgeous — big blue eyes, long blonde hair and the kind of smile that makes it impossible for other people not to smile back. We’ve been attached at the hip since the moment she came out of me and into the world. Still, to this day, she steals my clothes and eats whatever I order and lives for the beach and can’t get enough acai bowls or poke bowls and knows every word to the score of Hamilton and would sooner eat a handful of sand than miss a chance to see Wicked.

We’re also really different. She ice-skated and painted and played volleyball in high school; at the same age, I was all drama club and debate team all the time. She hates to read, which is like a dagger to my retired English professor/career author/writer heart. Speaking of hearts, mine is always on my sleeve, hers, not so much. When she was little, she was as snuggly as could be, and we would both cry at movies and Kleenex commercials. But I couldn’t be any more mushy on all counts, which is just not her M.O.

Hannah just finished her sophomore year at Stephen F. Austin. Freshman year was tough; she joined a sorority and went to a lot of parties and did not do well in her pre-med curriculum. It was really tough for me too. Her dad and I got divorced the day after she graduated high school. Even though it was a long time coming, it was still hard. I moved to Lake Livingston to be with my now-wife while her dad stayed in Dallas where we had moved when Hannah was about to start first grade. So she calls her dad’s place “home” and my house “the lake.”

She stays in North Texas for winter break and all summer long. I get to see her more than he does during the school year since she lives much closer to me when she’s at SFA. But during those long breaks, she goes to Dallas, which is where the nanny jobs and her boyfriend are. I try not to take it personally, but I do. I want her at the lake with me... Not that she wouldn’t drive me crazy and that I wouldn’t drive her crazy if we lived together full-time. But I don’t just love her. I really like her. How heartbreaking that when it finally gets good — when your kid finally becomes a person — they move away.

I consider myself lucky — really lucky actually — that we only had six lousy months when she was actually kind of awful to me. It was her senior year in high school. I wanted to hang out with her like we always did, and she was starting the very natural step of pulling away. But just because it’s natural and honestly quite good for her doesn’t mean it’s easy to take. She even sent me a text one day that read, “You’re my
mom. Not my friend.” I think I actually threw up a little. It’s not that I didn’t know that or even know that she felt that way, it just killed me to hear it.

I never set out to make my daughter my best friend or any kind of friend for that matter. I don’t think that would be very healthy. She just happened to be very much like me, and we just happened to spend almost all of our time together. Even though I have always traveled a lot, the preponderance of my time was with her or doing things for her: the doctor-taking, sick-caring, babysitter-hiring, clothes-buying, project-doing, carpooling, costume-making, summer-entertaining, school-volunteering, trip-taking duties of a mom.

As she was growing up, I did my best to keep myself intact. I tried to make mommying only part of my life — a massive part but not the only part. I kept traveling and kept writing and kept up my friendships so that maybe the experience of the empty nest would be less harsh than for the moms who gave up everything for their kids and who were truly moms only.

But it doesn’t work that way. At all. She’s not mine anymore. She belongs to herself and to the world. And I want that for her, of course, but I also miss her terribly and I want her to choose “the lake” whenever she’s not at school and I want her to want to be with me. I hear how funny that sounds. I guess that means I did at least most of this parenting thing right: I raised a human I actually like and who is striking out on her own as she should. Still, I cry every time she drives away, and I am so excited when she Facetimes me just to talk about stupid stuff.

I made her with my body. She lived inside me for nine months. I nursed her with the milk my breasts made. We’re connected by blood and cells and whatever that magic is that allows women to create humans with their very being. And so a piece of my body is walking out there in the world where I can’t protect it, and I can’t be close to it all the time. There’s a bit of a hole in me, an emptiness that can mostly be filled with the joy and pride I have for who she is and the love I have for her. But like anything that is missing a part, a longing remains.

Mommyhood is hard — totally worth it, but also totally hard. The late nights and the crazy schedules and all of that are a lot, yes. But more than that is the fact that I gave my lifeblood to a new human who I cannot protect from the world every second of every day. All too often, I want to lock her away where no germs or bad guys can get to her. But, alas, that is not allowed.

Instead, I do my best to enjoy every second I do get with her, and I do my best not to worry all of the time. Still, some days, I wish I could turn back the clock whenever I wanted to whatever date I wanted so I could run my fingers over her teeny baby lips or jump in the waves holding her chubby toddler fingers or watch her 7-year-old eyes widen and take in the vast Texas sky as she exclaims, “Oh mommy! Are we in outer space?” or see her turn 11 under the Eiffel Tower wearing a beret and eating a croissant as per her very specific request or watch her watch herself in the mirror when she finally found the perfect prom dress.

The heartache of the empty nest is real, and there is little out there to ease it. Still, I feel grateful for the unparalleled experience of being her mom. And, as hard as it is to have a piece of my heart out there wandering the world, it’s all worth it. Her life is truly my life’s work.
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Reviewing the second weekend of the alt-play festival

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The biggest mistake of my life,” opines the novelist Louisa May Alcott from some non-specific netherworld, “was being born a girl.” Like her contemporary Emily Dickinson (they both died at age 55, within two years of each other), Alcott was a woman trapped by the circumstances of her era. Raised by Transcendentalists in the hard-scrabble of New England, Louisa’s creativity was fostered (her parents were feminists before that term was probably even coined), but she was still expected to conform to most social norms of dress and propriety. And she found it stultifying.

In Jo & Louisa, now playing as part of the Festival of Independent Theatres, playwright Isabella Russell-Ides has conjured an interesting mechanism for exploring the author’s duality: She has conceived of the story as an impossible dialogue between the omniscient ghost of Alcott (played by Victoria Wright), fully aware of the world and her place in history and her greatest literary creation, Jo March (Bethany Burnside), a fictional character who nonetheless seems miffed at the life of the mind she has been sentenced to. The women bicker, even as they understand one another: Jo was Alcott’s alter-ego, yet one she saddled with the legacy of conventionalism. (Alcott did what she could, giving her heroine a masculine-sounding name.) Jo, in Russell-Ides’ interpretation, is not so far removed from another 19th century fictional character penned by a woman: Frankenstein’s creature, an abomination who hates her creator for distorting what she deserves to be.

This two-hander bounces along with thoughtful discussions of androgyny, sexual labels and gender identity, suffused with a literary intelligence that never condescends. Russell-Ides incorporates references to Virginia Woolf’s Orlando and Elena Ferrante as well as Netflix and Elizabethan-style theater, and the director, Susan Sargeant — always one of North Texas’ most inventive and savvy interpreters of erudite playwriting — modulates the emotional journey smartly. Both actresses are terrific, although Wright’s transformation from regretful, stiff spinster into a liberated, trouser-wearing lesbian comes off as especially poignant. Jo & Louisa is funny and wise and thought-provoking,
and forces you to look anew at Little Women, and its author, through rainbow-colored glasses.

Unlike Alcott, Lee (Gazelle Garcia), the gender-fluid young person (who uses the pronoun “they”) does not seem to have any misgiving about being queer… just about having a bitchy girlfriend. On the last day before Lee’s 86-year-old grandmother Dorothy (Leena Conquest) is scheduled to move into a nursing home, Lee takes her to the local zoo where Dorothy once worked. As they sit on the rim of the rhino enclosure, Dorothy recounts with cynicism her familiarity with the taxonomy of marsupials, her wisdom about relationships and her anger at being treated as a frail ol’ lady when she has it together better than most of the younger folks. Dirty Dirty Night Squirrel starts off with a quirky sense of whimsy, and it remains quirky throughout (at one point, there is an interlude with tutu-wearing rhinos… or are they opossums?), but it also never quite coalesces around a central idea: Ageing? Independence? Self-realization? The generation gap? The ending is a puzzle and frankly doesn’t work. But along the way, we get to be delighted by Conquest’s droll performance and surprisingly interesting facts about herbivores. That’s unique.

BOOK REVIEW: ‘Jimmy Neurosis’

Jimmy Neurosis by James Oseland (Ecco 2019)
$28; 305 pp.

Moving again should have been no surprise for young Jim Oseland. His father had always been somewhat of a nomad; in each new town, just as the family got settled, it seemed as though the first plan was to move again. But this time was different. This move was to California, and Oseland’s dad said he no longer wanted a family. Dad was staying in Minnesota.

Just 13, Oseland hoped to fit in with his new ninth-grade classmates at San Carlos High, but he realized on the first day that it wouldn’t happen. Still, over time, he managed to make friends with a boy who dealt weed and with a tall Marilyn-Monroe-ish exchange student who invited Oseland to explore the world of punk rock. The music, the moshing and the clothing were all things he’d seen on TV in Minnesota, but the culture was attainable in California. In club after club, 15-year-old Oseland was welcomed for his uniqueness; not fitting in seemed to be the whole point. He even felt comfortable enough to admit, out loud, that he was gay.

It was something Oseland had known since he was very small, but he couldn’t articulate it until he was welcomed into the world of punk rock. And he blossomed. “Gone,” he writes, “was the shy, awkward boy, to be replaced by someone with sharper edges.”

He gained a boyfriend (more than twice his age), and after the boyfriend moved to New York, Oseland followed. When that relationship soured, the now-17-year-old returned to the West Coast with a germ of an idea: California had changed. Punk rock had changed. And so, again, did Oseland.

Though it may at first seem like just another memoir, Jimmy Neurosis has three things that set it apart, the most obvious being that it’s a look at punk rock. That’s a story told not merely from its beginning but also from the perspective of two coasts. Oseland was there to see both.

The second and third things go together: told from the point-of-view of an awkward, desperately-wanna-be-worldly teenager, this memoir is mostly set in a time before the AIDS crisis, but only just. Oseland was highly promiscuous in those days, and he’s very open in his recollections; AIDS is never mentioned, but readers still may not be able to avoid feeling an edge-of-your-seat fear, not because of what’s written but because we know too much.

For that, and for readers who like memoirs of the coming-of-age type, this book is an easy choice. It’s also a great memory trip for old punk rockers. For fans of both, Jimmy Neurosis is the perfect blend.

— Terri Schlichenmeyer
Well-intentioned but mopey, ‘The Farewell’ fails to catch fire

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A Chinese-born American woman goes back to her homeland for a fancy wedding, and navigates family squabbles, social climbing relatives, prejudices about how “Asian” (or how “American”) she is, basically feeling like a fish out of water. Oh, and Awkwafina stars in it.

That’s the premise of The Farewell, though it shares many common points with last year’s surprise rom-com smash Crazy Rich Asians. This film, however, promised to be the thinking-viewer’s counterpoint to that flashy, big-budget rom-com: An artsy take on the Asian-American experience with charm and gentle goodwill.

And while there are several charming moments and the insights into cultural rifts feel authentic, The Farewell is also morose, slow-moving, tonally erratic and unfocused. It’s the movie you want to like but which refuses to give you good reasons to.

The plot is based on a true story — or as the opening titles put it, “An Actual Lie.” Billi (Awkwafina) is a struggling student who has lived in New York...
When my husband and I decided to adopt several years ago, we traded our Volkswagen Beetle for a Mini Countryman because we needed four doors and “more space.” My parents laughed. Soon, we were crying because the little blonde-haired girl who followed does not pack lightly. We needed an even bigger car, but we had no plans of giving up style and panache just because we had a kid. A crossover like the new Hyundai Santa Fe would have been a righteous family-friendly fashion statement.

Designers clearly had a meeting of minds when they sculpted the Santa Fe and its more luxurious and larger sibling, the Palisade. Both look like they should rest in Genesis showrooms with their LED exterior lighting, squinty headlamps, large grille, neat crease and liberal use of chrome. It’s all placed over 19-in. wheels in Ultimate trim.

Interiors are equally exquisite with brown quilted leather seats with copper stitching, perfectly-sized leather-wrapped steering wheel and roof upholstery that looks and feels like your favorite sweatshirt. The dash, doors and console are also lush with stitched brown coverings. Gray woodgrain sweeps from dash to doors as speaker grilles have a chiseled rock effect — all very chic.

There’s a wardrobe of comfort and technology, too. Heated and cooled front seats, heated steering wheel and panoramic sunroof elevate the passenger experience, as do dual-zone automatic climate control and thumping Infinity audio. A large intuitive touchscreen handles audio and navigation functions while a wireless charging pad and Bluetooth keeps devices humming. A full suite of safety tech includes adaptive cruise, forward collision avoidance, blind spot warning,
since age 6 but who maintains a close bond with her grandma Nai Nai (Shu-zhen Zhou). Billi learns that Nai Nai has inoperable, stage 4 lung cancer, and will be dead in a few months. Everyone in the family knows it… except Nai Nai. It’s the Chinese custom not to tell the patient when the diagnosis is fatal and nothing can be done. But everyone decides to rush Billi’s cousin into marrying his new girlfriend as a pretext to gathering everyone in China as a way to say goodbye to Nai Nai… without actually saying goodbye.

Billi objects but agrees to the deception, and for the next 90 minutes, Awkwafina mopes, pouts and whines her way through awkward dinners. It’s never clear why she’s so vehemently opposed to this … or when exactly she comes to embrace it (which she does). Why not value the time with Nai Nai, rather than concentrate on the anger?

Writer-director Lulu Wang has told this story before (a few years ago, on a radio segment on This American Life). It’s based on her own experiences, which begs the question: Why fictionalize it so much (like changing her own name and occupation)? The radio story was far more satisfying in a third of the time. Wang also meanders between subplots without fully illuminating the characters (or their relationships to others), demonstrates a bland visual style (I kept imagining better choices for camera placement and editing) and can’t seem to maintain a sensible tone (my audience laughed at points that didn’t strike me as especially funny, such as one character breaking down during an emotional wedding toast).

And a lot of the blame rests with how Wang handles Billi. Awkwafina was the shiniest diamond in Crazy Rich Asians (and even memorable in Ocean’s 8), but here she seems determined to suck the life out of every scene she’s in… which is all of them. The Farewell is in desperate need of the energy she showed in those films; instead, it’s a Mobius strip of self-pity.

Beneath the crisp bodywork is a 2.0-liter turbocharged 4-cylinder engine conjuring up 235 horsepower and 260 lb.-ft. of torque — all routed to the wheels through an 8-speed automatic transmission. All-wheel-drive is optional, but we skipped it; there’s little need in North Texas. Routing that much power to the front wheels won’t lay yards of rubber, but the torque gives the Santa Fe a peppy step off the line and keeps it dancing as speed rises. I wouldn’t write to my momma about fuel economy, because several mid-size crossovers achieve comfortably over 30-MPG highway Auto stop/start, which pauses the engine at rest, contributes to 20/25-MPG city/highway.

But it’s a pretty nice drive. The turbo is smooth, always streaming beneath your feet while the suspension and steering feel precise, able to absorb rough pavement without shaking teeth inside. Clip it through the twisties or a fast on-ramp, and you’ll be reminded the Santa Fe is a roomy crossover; but set it across wide prairie, and it is beyond pleasant.

The fact that Hyundai is delivering a worthy competitor to the Ford Edge, Jeep Compass, Chevy Blazer and Honda Passport is impressive — particularly when you consider how worthy all are. Especially with kids who cost a house payment for daycare, it’s nice that affordability and fashion can co-exist. How does a base price of $24,250 or $38,205 as-tested sound? It seems like an incredibly good value to us. We should have bought one.
Friday 07.26

John Leguizamo’s one-man show both informs, splits sides

John Leguizamo is a kind of renaissance man — an acclaimed actor, playwright and comedian. All of those talents will be apparent this week when he takes the stage to explore the legacies of Latin American heroes from Frida to Pitbull. In his Tony-nominated solo show Latin History for Morons, Leguizamo’s satirical professor role tries to educate audiences about society’s misunderstandings of Latin culture. Set in a big classroom, he brushes up on some influential figures your textbooks might have forgotten. Pay attention to this laugh riot, and you might learn something about your Spanish-speaking friends’ heritage in this one-night-only show.

DEETS: Winspear Opera House, 2403 Flora St. 8:00 p.m. ATTPAC.org.

Friday 07.26 – Sunday 07.28

Day by day, ‘Godspell’ dazzles

Come catch Stephen Schwartz’s brilliant take on Christ and his disciples before it’s too late. Presented by WaterTower Theatre, Godspell details a series of biblical parables, from the Tower of Babel to the Prodigal Son, primarily based on the Gospel of Matthew — but with a groovier, modern take. One might recall the catchy chart-topping songs, such as “Day by Day,” made popular by Godspell’s first generation in the early ’70s.


Friday 08.02 — Sunday 08.04

‘Carrie’ crashes Casa Manana’s prom

Carrie, the musical adaptation of Stephen King’s story of a high school outcast who discovers her telekinetic abilities, was a flop in its initial Broadway run but has become a cult favorite since then. Revenge meets adolescent angst in this tale, but now, Carrie carries a tune when that pigs blood pours down and soaks her white prom dress. Seventeen-year-old Sydney Dotson portrays this disgruntled teen tormented by classmates and repressed by an overbearing mother in this version of the ’70s horror classic.

DEETS: Casa Manana, 3101 W. Lancaster Ave., Fort Worth. 8:00 p.m. CasaManana.org.
ARTSWEEK
THEATER
Festival of Independent Theatres. The annual festival of short plays, including this year’s substantial LGBTQ-interest productions. Reviewed this week. Bath House Cultural Center, 521 E. Lawther Drive. Through Aug. 3. FestivalOfIndependentTheatres.org.

A Bronx Tale. Alan Menken composed the score to this adaptation of the one-man play (and later movie) based on the early life of Chazz Palminteri. After a run in January in Dallas, it plays this week at Bass Performance Hall, 525 Commerce St., Fort Worth. Through Sunday. BassHall.com.


Lungs. A 30-something couple wonder about their future, as they see their entire life cycle play out before them in the regional premiere of this comedy-drama. Stage West, 821 W. Vickery Blvd., Fort Worth. Through Aug. 18. StageWest.org.


COMEDY

FINE ART

Caravaggio: Martha and Mary Magdalene. A stunning work from 1598, on loan to the DMA through the summer. Dallas Museum of Art 1717 Harwood St. Free. Through Sept. 22. DMA.org.

FRIDAY 07.26
THEATER
Latin History for Morons. John Leguizamo received a Tony nomination for this engaging, instructive and funny recitation of Western culture from the Hispanic perspective. Winspear Opera House, 2403 Flora St. ATTPAC.org.

SATURDAY 07.27
COMMUNITY
FrontRunners. Gay jogging/walking group meets weekly at 8:30 a.m. in Oak Lawn Park at Hall Street and Turtle Creek Boulevard for a run along the Katy Trail.

MONDAY 07.29
CABARET
Mama’s Party. Weekly cabaret night with special guest performances. Uptown Theatre, 120 E. Main St., Grand Prairie. 7:35 p.m. $10.

TUESDAY 07.30
FILM
Chinatown. Often considered a perfect screenplay, this neo noir from director Roman Polanski remains one of the most iconic detective stories of all time. Screens as part of the Tuesday Big Movie New Classic Series, which now includes a matinee. Landmark’s Magnolia Theatre in the West Village, 3699 McKinney Ave. Screens at 2 p.m. and 7:30 p.m.

THURSDAY 08.01
CABARET
Glitterbomb Denton. Weekly queer variety show with a new lineup every Thursday, now at a new locale and new time. Andy’s Bar, 122 N. Locust St., Denton. 8 p.m.
11-Night India Land Tour
Abercrombie & Kent
March 7-18, 2020
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7-Night Machu Picchu Tour
Abercrombie & Kent
May 23-30, 2020
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with post tour Amazon Cruise option

7-Night Amadeus Provence
River Cruise from Lyon
July 9-16, 2020
From $2594pp
with a pre-3 night Paris option


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Ask Howard

How to do the wrong thing right

OK, beeyotches, any of you DILFs know what time it is currently? “Sure, Howard! Why, it’s queer-power time — time now for us all to sparkle and circulate!” Correctamundo, bois! Everybody, scootch up a little closer to the front… closer, forward, more… that’s it. And let’s kick off the top of Howard Hour by first acknowledging our beautiful auditory’s 600-pound drag queen gyrating directly ‘neath the disco ball behind me — y’all can see her, yes? The girl nobody wants to be caught making eye contact with? Too ashamed for not remembering who she famously is? I’ll give you a hint: Her initials are LGBTQA+ — a show of hands, anyone? Who among us can Uncle Howie call upon to translate for the rest of you blow-up dolls exactly what LGBTQA+ even stands for… Just off the glittering tops of your tiaras… anybody? Dontcha gimme that, “Girl, wha?” rhinestone-studded ‘lute. Hurry, somebody, fuckin’ H-U-R-R-Y! Nobody? It ain’t so easy wielding queer-power now, is it? We’d be hard-pressed to find more flagrant proof that Gayville — with all her abbreviations, jive pseudonyms, double-entendres and acronyms — had finally hit a saturation point. Time’s up; No. 2 pencils down. The correct answer is: Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual Transgender Queer (or Questioning) Intersex and Asexual (or Ally).

And, yet, still you wonder why you all find yourselves sweating stickily here in attendance at this uber-dumb summer camp refresher course on what it means to be gay lately? For those of you just now joining us, this is Gayville 102 — everyone seeking Gayville 101, please exit the auditorium and shoot yourselves now. For those few of you not already packin’ a concealed firearm of his/her own, one will be loaned to you at the lunchatorium entrance, where you may enjoy a complimentary last meal of your choice. Unfortunately, I’ve just received word however that the pavlova dessert option has been eighty-sixed. How is it even possible to run out of meringue? Did chickens suddenly stop laying eggs? Ah, the mysteries of the universe. Nonetheless, a lavender/rosehip crème brûlée (always a fine, final-meal flourish!) is being offered as a substitute, possibly a double-ennui combo, even. A case study is currently underway, the conclusive results of which shall be posted following the closeout of our 2019 summer series program; thus, anyone who should require a pistol to be provided to them gratis… well, here we’ve arrived back to our circle-of-life starting point. Those of you closest to me, near the front of the stage, if you wouldn’t mind standing to better allow our defunct 101s to pass and let’s do all give ’em a big, proud round of applause for effort — one year late and another day duller, they’ll soon be no more! Excellent. Fabulous. Kisses.

Look up at the screen here behind me. Recognize anything? No? You should — it’s the online profile of your trick from last night (or this morning, if you wanna get technical). You remember him. The one that showed up two hours late, asked you cover his Uber fare, needed an outlet to charge his phone, smelled like a tourniquet and asked if you if anybody was hiding in the closet — remember him now? Now, don’t y’all go all Mulan on me — this ain’t our first date. I’ve not only heard your farts, I smelled ’em, too. Uh huh. Sweeter than berries! I’ll help you, class. Howard will guide you through morass of this larded text and show you how to read again— 21st-century-style.

“First, let me say I’m not like the other guys here. I always get straight to the point. What you see is what you get.”

Well, it all sure sounds forthcoming and innocent, our mystery trick’s first three sentences. Well, duh! Why’d you sign up for this symposium in the first place? Here’s the translation: “First, let me say I’m exactly like these other guys here, only sketchier, even, if you can believe that.” (Oddly, I can.) “I always get straight to the point, in that I always request my transportation fee to be reimbursed upon arrival, nor shall I produce any receipt to back up my rather steep remuneration claim — listen, slick, do you want my dick or not? Cuz the only way I’m staying is if I get to disappear behind this speedball. Kindly keep your fuckin’ clap shut long enough for me to find a good vein, then I might be willing to fuck for at least a couple minutes on this pre-dawn Tuesday and hopefully even be out your door before the neighbors leave for their jobs and start judging your morality, of which a pig has more. With me, what you see is what you get: A sweating, spinning, chemical-reeking trainwreck is exactly what you’re seein’ see, what you get, and what you’re stuck with until I’ve coerced sufficient Jacksons, Grants and Benjamins to move the Tina Express… cuz on top of it all, seeing as how I still ain’t pulled my dick out yet, means you probably ain’t gettin’ none!”

“Come hang with a real man. I’m totally classy and easy on the eyes. A nice guy, but just don’t test my trust. Great at conversation. I can keep it going for hours.” Translation: “Real man like me don’t hang with other dudes to play grab-ass. I’m totally class-free trash, and it’s easier on my eyes the further away from me across the room you are. So long as you don’t say nothin’ we can have a great conversation. I can keep it going for hours, or until you’ve bribed me your wallet empty for me to just please get the fuck out, whichever comes first. I’n nowhere nicer to be and no hurry to get there. Oh, it’ll eventually be your wallet’s last dollar stolen what finally forces me out, in that trust you may test.”

“DO NOT CALL — read it again, NO CALLS — or text me inappropriately. I have no tolerance for games. I’m not into kissing, or any other form of oral reciprocation and no BB — repeat, NO BAREBACK — so don’t even ask me. I’m one hundred ten percent straight, only my girlfriend’s out of town tonight and, well, you know…”

Now, class, here at last we come to the… oh, my stars, is that the bell already? And just when we were getting to the real juice, too. We’ll move further along faster tomorrow — the first day always requires a bit more ironing-out-the-wrinkles, but just between you, me and Mickey D, I’m wondering if the administration didn’t just go all slab-job at vetting those 101s; that, or else they don’t much care about ensuring the LGBT community always stays one sprinting step ahead of dissolution. You Millennials arrived here today already universally labeled as overly coddled, entitled lounge lizards with minimal work ethics and permanently crippled conversational skills. So what does this bode for the generation of toddlers now coming up behind you? A go-getter, global battalion of environmentally conscious, morally attuned/societally alert statesmen (ha!) or an even more zombified, kaleidoscope-eyed scrapheap of your mirror’s own shards of regret? Aww, but just look at how cute and innocent the precious little cuties are currently — ciahtcha just melt? Hey, time to throw us that wanein’ kiki, everybody! Dreadlock the doors, dial down the dimmers, ramp up the “I Feel Love” disco ball, all the way to Mach 1 sparkle-and-circulate, and start spillin’ that tea, Mz. Girlfriend! Everybody’s friends here of Dorothy, but now, Howard — oh, you shade-throwin’ cagey rapscallion! You mean every single person I see before me possesses huckster-spotting antennae utterly of stone? But, you’re gay! We gays see through everything! Every piece of bullshit that comes down the pike, we’re the very first to call it out! You know, my pets, it’s not too late to join the 101s; plus, they’ve lavender/rosehip crème brûlée to enjoy… free of charge, no less.

“CONTACT Howard at AskHoward@dallasvoice.com. It’s life as magic.

— Howard Lewis Russell

Contact Howard at AskHoward@dallasvoice.com.
Making the SCENE the week of July 26 –Aug. 1:

- **1851 Club**: Kiana Lee hosts an all star cast on Friday and Saturday.
- **515 Bar**: Tap TV Trivia for Cash from 8-10 p.m. on Thursday.
- **Alexandrie’s**: JaQuay and The Elm Street Kids on Saturday. Wayne Smith on Sunday. K-Marie on Tuesday. Vero Voz on Wednesday.
- **Cedar Springs Tap House**: Hangover brunch starts at 10 a.m. on Saturday and Sunday.
- **Club Reflection**: All entertainers welcome to support Amy Muah on her way to Miss Texas State. Lineup at 6 p.m. and showtime at 7 p.m. on Sunday.
- **Dallas Eagle**: Dallas Diablos cook out from 5-9 p.m. on Sunday. United Court presents A Night of Disney Magic from 5-9 p.m. on Sunday.
- **Havana**: Showtime is 11 p.m. on Thursday.
- **Hidden Door**: Ms. Leo contestant Erica Odessa presents Leather and Feathers 2: A Ms. Leo candidate show at 7:30 p.m. on Saturday.
- **JR.’s Bar & Grill**: Cassie’s Freak Show at 11 p.m. on Monday.
- **Liquid Zoo**: Mr. Wet & Wild wet boxer contest at 3 p.m. on Sunday.
- **Martys Live**: Sexcapade Fridays with DJ C Wade and Hypeman Dupree.
- **Pekers**: Dallas Pinup Dolls Karaoke Night from 10 p.m.-1 a.m. on Saturday.
- **Round-Up Saloon**: Dance competition at 9 p.m. on Tuesday. Saloon Star live singing competition atm 10 p.m. on Wednesday. Lip Sync Battle at 11 p.m. on Thursday.
- **Sue Ellen’s**: Vivian Vermouth on Saturday. Faron followed by The Empire Cats on Sunday.
- **The Rose Room**: Roxie Brooks on Friday, Saturday and Sunday. Miss LifeWalk Pageant at 6 p.m. on Sunday.
- **TMC: The Mining Company**: Fuego Wednesdays at 11:30 p.m. on Wednesday.
- **Urban Cowboy**: Time of the Month Drag Brunch at noon on Sunday. $20.
- **Woody’s Sports & Video Bar**: Woody’s 2019 Turnabout Show hosted by Jada Pinkett Fox benefits Resource Center from 7-10 p.m. on Sunday.

Scene Photographers: Kat Haygood and Chad Mantooth
Family Life

Calista, Anna and Trevor

Chappell-Franke Family

Parades Family

Drew, Cameron, Damon, Courtney

Green Family

Lisa and Ann Marie

Drew, Cameron, Damon, Courtney

Green Family

Lisa and Ann Marie

Shannon and her family

The Kantor Family
The Goodman’s  The Marnell Family  Max, Keith and Bobby
q-puzzle

Of Paramount Importance

Solution on Page 26

Across
1 “The Queen of Mean” Helmsley
6 They aren’t straight
10 In the sack
14 Come to mind
15 Penetrate the cracks
16 Jethrene Bodine portrayer Max
17 As a companion
18 Enjoy a bear market
19 French existentialist’s word
20 1958 film of 33-Down
23 Contraction in a gay apparel carol
24 Bronsman TV role
25 Brian Epstein managed them
27 Fashionably nostalgic
30 Cook in the microwave
31 Brand name for a drag queen, perhaps
34 Minor bones to pick
36 Gets ready to shoot off
39 Nutty-fruitcake filler
40 Quinto, who is developing a biopic about 33-Down for Paramount
42 Norma, in a Field film
43 Persian Gulf port
45 “___ Lady” (crossdressers’ show of old)
46 Memory unit
47 Rose fruit
49 Sometime label of Dusty Springfield
51 Evans of Bewitched
54 Two threesomes in bed?
58 The O of BYOB
59 Partner of 33-Down
62 Sib of David Six Feet Under
64 The Lion King sound
65 End of a farewell from Frida
66 Just makes, with “out”
67 “Tickle-me” doll
68 It puts people out
69 Maryland athlete
70 Sound like Harvey Fierstein
71 Growing Up Gay in the South author James

Down
1 Male deliveries?
2 Ostentatious display
3 Beginning of a carol about orgasm?
4 Hamlet told Ophelia to go there
5 Diamond design
6 The A in GLARP (abbr.)
7 Smell awful
8 Advocate cover, often
9 Baudelaire collection, “Paris ___”
10 Vigoda of sitcoms
11 1955 film of 33-Down
12 Bone-chilling
13 Drag queen’s garment
14 Prudential rival
15 Smart-mouthed
16 Boxing ref’s end to a butt-whipping
17 “If I Were a ___ Man”
18 Colette’s The ___ One
19 Guy who cheats on his boyfriend, e.g.
20 Big Columbus sch.
21 Gay icon who died July 8, 2018
22 35 Merit badge site for the “morally straight”
23 Cabaret’s Kit-___ Klub
24 “Got it?”
25 “Button your lip!” or “Check your fly!”
26 Erect
27 Earhart milieu
28 Windy-day toy
29 Wicks making a basket, e.g.
30 50 Case of the jitters
31 Contemporary of Bonheur
32 Back from dreamland
33 ___ Gay
34 Campbell of Martin
35 Penetrate
36 Peter the Great, and more
37 Tasty tubers
38 Broadway stage piece
39 Sixth sense

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