WHERE CATS RULE

In-Sync Exotics sanctuary puts felines first

by Tammye Nash, Page 6
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  Odin, a 6-year-old Bengal tiger rescued by In-Sync Exotics from a Wisconsin breeding center in 2014.
  Photo courtesy of In-Sync Exotics.
  Design by Tammye Nash

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An HIV positive diagnosis shouldn’t change how much someone is loved and supported.

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North Texan competing on Drag Race Season 13

You might not realize it just by reading through the list, released Dec. 9, of queens who will be competing on the 13th season of RuPaul’s Drag Race, but there is a North Texan among the 13 entertainers who will be vying for the title of America’s next drag superstar.

Y’all congratulate Elliott Puckett — known on the show as “Elliott with 2 Ts” — from Ennis, who now lives in Las Vegas (via Dallas)!

VH1 announced Wednesday that Season 13 of the Emmy Award-winning reality competition show premieres at 7 p.m. local time on New Year’s Day (that’s 8 p.m. ET and PT). RuPaul’s Drag Race: Untucked follows immediately after. The episodes were shot last summer under full COVID-19 protocols, a spokesperson said.

This season will feature Drag Race’s first trans man contestant, Gottmik from Los Angeles. Other contestants are Denali from Chicago, Kahmora Hall from Chicago, Kandy Muse from Brooklyn, LaLaRii from Atlanta, Olivia Lux from New York, Rosé from New York, Symone from Los Angeles via Arkansas, Tamisha Iman from Atlanta, Tina Burner from New York and Ulica Queen from Minneapolis.

— Tammye Nash

Supreme Court again rejects challenge to trans-affirming school policies

The U.S. The Supreme Court on Monday, Dec. 7, declined to take up an appeal from parents in Oregon who want to prevent transgender students from using locker rooms and bathrooms of the gender with which they identify, rather than their sex assigned at birth.

The case came from a school district near Salem, Oregon’s capital city. The federal appeals court in San Francisco had upheld a Dallas, Ore., school district policy that allows transgender students to use bathrooms and locker rooms that align with their gender identity.

Parents sued over the policy in 2017, saying it caused embarrassment and stress. A lower court refused to block the policy, and the 9th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals affirmed that ruling, writing that the school district did not violate students’ constitutional rights or a law that protects people from discrimination based on sex in education programs. Similar lawsuits have been dismissed by courts in other parts of the country.

— Associated Press

Clyde ISD student suspended for wearing nail polish

Trevor Wilkinson, 17, wore nail polish to school. He was suspended.

Wilkinson is a high school student in Clyde, located along I-20 about 130 miles west of Fort Worth, just before Abilene. Female students are allowed nail polish and makeup in school. Male students aren’t.

Wilkinson told Good Morning America, “I went into my class, and immediately my teacher sent me to the office because she said I broke dress code.” The school district told NBC News that it reviews its dress policy each school year and a copy of the code is sent to each student and parent. Students who don’t meet the dress code are given a chance to correct the “problem.” And a student will remain in suspension until the “problem” is corrected.

Wilkinson said he met with the principal and vice principal who told him he’d remain in suspension until the nail polish is removed. He said he’s not removing the nail polish because the policy is wrong.

— David Taffet

pet of the week / ROGER

Meet Roger, a male, 5-year-old hound mix weighing 52 pounds. He has a nutty red coat, big floppy ears and the cutest puppy face you have ever seen! He can be shy around new people, but with time and treats, he’ll be your best friend. He’s a gentle fellow who would love a home with another friendly pup who can show him the ropes. He would prefer a home with a yard and with older kids who can be patient with him while he settles in. He has so much love to give and will be the perfect boy for a laidback family looking for a snuggle pup.

Roger is waiting to meet you at the SPCA of Texas’ Jan Rees-Jones Animal Care Center in Dallas.

In an effort to reduce the potential for spreading COVID-19, the SPCA of Texas’ shelters, clinics, mobile adoption events and mobile wellness events remain closed to the public until further notice. Adoptions are available by appointment only. Adopters will need to submit an adoption inquiry form in order to begin the tele-adoption process and schedule an appointment to complete the adoption. Browse our available animals at spca.org/adopt and visit spca.org/dogadoption to inquire about a dog or spca.org/catadoption to inquire about a cat.
Nice kittens

In-Sync Exotics in Wylie is dedicated to letting exotic cats live their best lives

TAMMY NASH | Managing Editor
nash@dallasvoice.com

It all started with a cougar abandoned at a vet’s office, explained Angela Culver, board and media director for In-Sync Exotics Wildlife Rescue and Educational Center.

Vicky Keahy was working as a vet tech at that clinic when, in 1991, someone brought their “pet” female cougar named Tahoe in for treatment. But when the vet called to let the owners know that Tahoe was ready to go home, no one came. They waited. And waited. And waited some more. The owners never returned for Tahoe.

During all that waiting, Keahy had become pretty attached to the 18-month-old Tahoe. And she was determined that the cougar would have a good home — even if that meant she would provide that home herself.

“Unlike with domestic house cats, you can’t just put out a flyer looking for a new home for a cougar. And by that time, Tahoe couldn’t just be released back into the wild,” Culver said. “And Vicky was not about to let the cougar be euthanized. So she started doing the research to find out what she needed to do.

She talked to the experts and got all the permits she had to do this legally, and she built an enclosure for Tahoe.”

Keahy also talked with veterinarians and animal experts and folks at Texas Parks and Wildlife, doing everything she could to learn everything she could about how to provide the best life for Tahoe. So, in 1994, when TP&W learned about another cougar that needed help, they went to Keahy. This time it was a male cougar who was sick. Keahy took him in, named him Ranger and nursed him back to health. Ranger and Tahoe soon became inseparable, and Keahy’s big cat family had grown to two.

Four years later, Keahy learned about a three-week-old tiger cub, owned by breeders who determined that the cub — injured and neglected — “was just too ugly to sell,” Culver said. Rather than leave the cub to be left to die, or worse, Keahy rescued her and named her Kenya.

With the addition of Kenya, Keahy realized that this feline family was getting too big and too involved for her to do it all on her own. So she decided to start a nonprofit organization dedicated to rescuing, caring for and educating people about “exotic” cats.

And, in 2000, In-Sync Wildlife Rescue and Educational Center was born. It sits just outside of Wylie, on County Road 384, on the southern end of Lake Lavon.

“That was 20 years ago, and here we are now. We have a staff of paid keepers and a vet tech, and more than 100 volunteers,” Culver said. “And we have, let’s see, 74 residents [animals] now.”

Of the 74, there is one horse, three goats, two lemururs and 68 exotic cats: lions, tigers (orange and white ones), leopards, cheetahs, cougars (of course), serval cats, bobcats, lynx. There have also been ocelots in residence and even a coati (which isn’t a feline) for awhile.

The horse, Culver explained, belongs to Keahy. One day a goat wandered into the compound from the other side of the railroad track that runs along the back side of the property. The horse and the goat bonded, so the goat got to stay. Then folks noticed how well, chubby the goat was getting. And before they knew it, the goat population had grown to three.

“They have their own special little happy family,” Culver said. “The horse and three goats. It’s an unconventional family, but that’s cool with us.”

In-Sync does have a few “temporary” residents — animals, usually cats, that stay there for a bit on their way to somewhere else — and there are a few — including three cougars rights now — that come to the rescue as babies and, for whatever reason, just stay.

But most, Culver said, are “geriatric” cats — older animals that have been rescued from some situation, including those rescued from other so-called sanctuaries or shows or breeders or even private owners. At least two of the tigers there were rescued as cubs from smugglers. And some animals came to In-Sync from reputable conservation breeding programs after they “aged out” of those programs.

But, except in a few rare cases, no matter where they came from, when they came to In-Sync, they came home. “Once they come here,” Culver said, “they are with us for the rest of their lives. And our whole goal is to make sure the rest of their lives are as good as they can possibly be.”

Culver, who lives in Bedford, came to In-Sync about 10 years ago and has worked her way up through the volunteer ranks to a seat on the board. She explained that she has always loved animals of all sort, especially cats and especially amur leopards. She learned about the amur leopards — the most endangered of the big cats, with only 55 left in the wild and only about 100 left total — while studying conservation and biology. She was looking for a sanctuary...
that had an amur leopard “because I wanted to see one before they were all gone.” She heard about one sanctuary, but when she contacted them to ask about volunteering, they never got back in touch.

“Then I heard about In Sync. I came to see it, and I knew, yes! These people really care bout the animals!” she recalled.

Culver, who works Mondays through Thursdays as an admin for a group of psychologists in Bedford who do therapy and testing, joined the board about three and a half years ago. These days, she spends her Fridays at In-Sync, where she works on a number of projects, including livestream presentations featuring her different feline friends to help hold up the educational side of In-Sync’s mission.

Culver — who says that the members of her own unconventional family like to come out and help when In-Sync holds special events — is also in charge of handling all the media requests from folks, especially those who want to include the sanctuary in some sort of broadcast program or documentary. And, she said, In-Sync has seen a definite up-tick in those kinds of requests over the last several months, in the wake of the wildly popular Netflix docu-series *Tiger King* featuring Joe Exotic and Carole Baskin. In-Sync Exotics values its reputation as a top-notch rescue and sanctuary, Culver said, and they aren’t interested in exploiting their animals for that kind of drama.

And speaking of *Tiger King* and drama and exploitation, Culver said there are actually a number of establishments calling themselves big cat rescues and sanctuaries. But not all of them actually put the animals first. How do you tell the difference, though? First and foremost, Culver said, steer way clear of any place that offers you the chance to pay to pet and have photos taken with the animals. And stay even further away from any place that breeds the cats and sells the cubs.

In-Sync Sanctuary usually has a number of special programs throughout the year, including two times a year when a limited number of visitors can actually camp out overnight at the sanctuary. This year, the In-Sync crew had planned a big party to celebrate the sanctuary’s 20th anniversary. Thanks to the COVID pandemic, though, those plans had to be put on hold.

“But that’s ok,” Culver said. “We will just do it next year, bigger and better.

Right now, In-Sync Exotics is open for self-guided tours on weekends. Visitors can also schedule special guided tours on weekdays, including special “feeding tours,” where they get to go along as employees and volunteers feed the cats, and even “bone tours,” that special time each week when the cats get a special treat. Tours start at a suggested donation of $12 for adults and $8 for seniors over 65 and children under 4.

But if you can’t get out to Wylie to visit in person right now, checkout the In-Sync Exotics website, InSyncExotics.org, or the sanctuary’s Facebook page where you watch Culver’s livestream programs each Friday.
OBITUARIES

Brett Penn, 58, passed away Saturday, Nov. 28, at Medical City Heart Hospital in Dallas, of complications following a heart valve replacement procedure.

Brett was born Sept. 18, 1962, in Brownwood, Texas. He moved to Dallas from Houston in 2000 where he met his future partner, Scott Howell, at “the old TMC” on Throckmorton Street. They moved to Santa Fe, N.M., for five years where Brett was offered a job there, then moved back to Dallas. They later lived in Portland, Ore., for two years before again moving back to Dallas, because Dallas was home.

Brett formerly worked in the funeral industry, but, since 2012, he had worked as office manager for Hunky's and catering coordinator for HamburgerMan. Hunky's owner Rick Barton said Brett's coworkers will miss his happy, bigger-than-life personality.

Scott described his partner as someone who never met a stranger and would do anything for anyone. Brett always had a smart-ass remark or funny comment; he was always full of life and will be greatly missed by all who knew him.

Brett Penn is survived by his partner of 21 years, Scott Howell; by his beloved mini dachshunds Freddie and Betty, and by countless friends and members of his chosen family. He will be cremated, and part of his ashes will be interred at the family plot near Brownwood, while Scott will scatter the rest in Santa Fe in 2021. A celebration of life will be held at a later date, when it is safe to gather.

Brian Todd Koch, son of Janet and Allen Koch, passed away on April 6, 2020, after several months of illness. Brian was born in Corcoran, Calif., on Nov. 13, 1967. He was a resident of McKinney at the time of his passing.

Brian spent his elementary school years in the Melissa, Texas, school system, and he attended McKinney High School, graduating in 1985. From elementary through high school, Brian attended the Joan Martin School of Dance and the Carol Crock Plano Dance Academy, and he was part of a dance company that traveled to New York.

Brian attended Barbizon School of Modeling in Dallas and later moved to Atlanta for work. He attended classes in fashion merchandising and went on to graduate from Capelli Learning Center in Therapeutic Professional Swedish Massage. While in Atlanta, he danced in the opening and closing ceremonies of the 1996 Olympics.

Brian returned to McKinney in 1998, where he was known for his work with several Realtors in McKinney and surrounding areas. Brian had a great personality and was always reaching out to help others through fundraising and charities. He enjoyed cleaning, cooking, gardening and cars and was always willing to share his knowledge and tips on those things.

Brian is truly an angel who was greatly loved and will be greatly missed.

He is survived by his mother and father; his sister, Leesa Mills; his brothers, Joel Koch and Dana Koch; one sister-in-law, Jacki; two brothers-in-law, Shannon and Gary; two nieces, four nephews and his beloved dogs.

The family offered thanks to the doctors and nurses of Medical City Dallas, doctors and nurses of Baylor Hospital Radiology McKinney and first responders for their help and care. A Celebration of life for Brian was held Nov. 14 at Frisco Commons Park in Frisco. Many longtime friends, family and others gathered to share in the wonderful celebration, and the family thanked everyone who gathered to help them say goodbye to Brian.

The family also asked that those who want to honor his memory make donations in Brian's name to the Greg Dollgener Memorial AIDS Fund or to the SPCA.
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Brandon Vance reflects on two years as president of Stonewall Democrats of Dallas

DAVID TAFFET | Senior Staff Writer
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When Brandon Vance joined the board of Stonewall Democrats of Dallas, he had no idea the board was about to appoint him vice president and a year later move him up to president.

“I had no clue,” he said. But then president Lee Dougherty “did a good job preparing me.”

Vance credits Dougherty for grooming him to take over as president of what is the largest Democratic club in Texas, the largest Stonewall organization in the country and one of the largest LGBTQ organizations in Dallas and the state.

Upon becoming president, Vance knew he was up for a challenge. But, he thought, “This is going to be fun.”

What he wasn’t expecting was his new position to become a daily job. He was surprised at how much behind-the-scenes work it involved — how many meetings with leaders of other organizations, how many media requests he’d get for comments, how much time would be required.

But Vance took the challenge seriously. After all, Stonewall Dallas boasts an impressive membership roster with quite a few elected city, county and state officials among its active members.

Stonewall’s political endorsements are well respected and sought after. Vance said he expected candidates running in every local race to seek his organization’s nod, but some requests surprised him. Local Republicans have come before his membership knowing they couldn’t receive their endorsement but anxious to introduce themselves and work together, he said.

Democrats from across the state contacted Vance saying they’d like the endorsement of Stonewall Dallas because they believed it was an important approval. Vance said that just made his job and that of his political chair just that much harder.

He explained that just asking for Stonewall’s support didn’t mean a candidate would automatically get that nod. Vance and his political chair researched each race and reached out to other candidates running for the same office to offer to screen them as well.

Vance was also Stonewall Dallas’ first African-American president. He was careful not to accuse anyone of specif-
ically targeting him because of his race, but there were times the daggers came out that caught him off guard, he said.

“Let’s say this position is difficult for anyone coming in new,” he said as diplomatically as possible.

After two years at the helm, Vance said he didn’t accomplish all of his goals. But he did carry out much of what he hoped to do, he said, and he is happy to turn over the reins to Todd Hill-Jones.

“We deepened our relationship with other organizations,” Vance said of his two-year tenure. “We’re positioned to do great things within the community.”

But during the election year that took place during the pandemic, Stonewall Dallas didn’t focus as much on fundraising for candidates as it usually does, and Vance said the organization didn’t support its endorsed candidates from a stronger position. And, he said that’s why he’s excited about the incoming team of Hill-Jones and his finance chair Vonda Bailey, whom he described as a fundraising powerhouse.

While everyone is glad to be rid of 2020 in just a few weeks, Vance has quite a bit he’s looking forward to in the new year. He’s been thinking of adopting a child for a number of years, he said. In 2019, he began the required classes and, this year, he met the two kids he hopes he’ll be able to adopt next year. And in fact, he just bought a bigger house to better accommodate his growing family.

If everything works out, in February, the children will be coming to live with Vance, and, he hopes, the adoption will be finalized about six months later. That’s about the tightest schedule Texas adoption laws will allow.

But for now, as Vance ends his term in office, he pointed to Stonewall’s virtual holiday party earlier this week that ended a two-week fundraising drive netting $12,000 in donations. He said he was quite pleased with that total and sees it as a great way to end his term in office.
THE GAY AGENDA

Have an event coming up? Email your information to Managing Editor Tammye Nash at nash@dallasvoice.com or Senior Staff Writer David Taffet at taffet@dallasvoice.com by Wednesday at 5 p.m. for that week’s issue.

The Gay Agenda is now color-coded: Red for community events; blue for arts and entertainment; purple for sports; green for nightlife and orange for civic events and holidays.

DECEMBER
• Dec. 11: Turtle Creek Chorale concert
  The Turtle Creek Chorale performs Holidays Unmuted, a virtual Christmas concert. BJ Cleveland hosts the show as Liza Minnelli. They promise many surprises, but promise that the traditional Silent Night in sign language will be featured.

• Dec. 12: Toy Drive
  Lost Souls Rugby will be in the Round-Up parking lot collecting unwrapped toys benefiting the Adelpha Callejo School from noon-4 p.m.

• Dec. 12: Queer Reads
  Queer Reads an online book club meets the second Saturday of every month from 6:30-7:30 p.m. Join us to discuss fiction and nonfiction books about and/or written by the LGBTQ community. Register online through the Dallas Public Library’s events calendar. https://dallaslibrary.librarymarket.com/events/queer-reads-book-club.

• Dec. 12: One Meal Matters
  Food drive benefiting AIN from 9 a.m.-1 p.m. at Kroger, 4142 Cedar Springs Road.

• Dec. 12-Jan. 30: Ciara Ell Bryant: Server 3.0
  A solo exhibition featuring new works by artist Ciara Ell Bryant open noon-5 p.m. at Ro2 Art The Cedars, 1501 S. Ervay St. Opening reception on Dec. 12 from noon-5 p.m.

• Dec. 13: Lambda Weekly
  Christopher Zyda, author of The Storm: One Voice from the AIDS Generation, is the guest on Lambda Weekly at 1 p.m. on 89.3 KNON-fm or streamed live at KNON.org.

• Dec. 13: Home for the Holidays
  Cyndi Lauper’s annual fundraiser for homeless LGBTQ youth features Billy Porter, Brandi Carlile, Cher, Dolly Parton and more on YouTube or Facebook. Info at TrueColorsUnited.org/HomeForTheHolidays.

• Through Dec. 13: Art+Fashion+Community
  A holiday silent auction featuring Christmas stockings and face masks that benefits AIN is available online and in person at Martini Consignment, 2923 N. Henderson Ave. Suite A. MuradBid.com/bidapp/index.php?slug=ainafc.

  A contemplative visual arts journey that will span the campus of the Latino Cultural Center. Only four participants will be allowed at a time presented by Cara Mia Theatre. Tickets and info at CaraMiaTheatre.org.

• Through Dec. 13: Market at the Meyerson
  Dallas Symphony Association in partnership with the Dallas Arts District offer Market at the Meyerson featuring a variety of gifts from the DSO, Nasher Sculpture Center, Crow Museum of Asian Art, AT&T Performing Arts Center, Dallas Museum of Arts and others, noon to 7:30 p.m. daily.

• Dec. 14: Stonewall Tarrant County
  New Hampshire Rep. Chris Pappas is the guest speaker at Stonewall Democrats Tarrant County monthly meeting at 7 p.m. via Zoom: Meeting ID: 898 3852 8495. Passcode: 001670.

• Through Dec. 18: Hanukkah
• Dec. 18: Women’s Chorus of Dallas concert
The Women’s Chorus of Dallas presents its holiday concert, Love and Joy, virtually at 7:30 p.m. Tickets at https://app.tickettailor.com/login?redirectTo=/event/485855.

• Dec. 18: “A Holly Jolly Celebration”
The Dallas Symphony Orchestra presents a holiday celebration featuring sing-along at 7 p.m. on Bloomberg Television.

• Dec. 18-20: Drive N Drag Saves Christmas
Bianca Del Rio as Scrooge Del Rio and Asia O’Hara in Drag N Drive Saves Christmas from 4-11 p.m. at Irving Mall. $69 per car for two people. Tickets at VossEvents.com.

• Dec. 19: Messiah Sing-Along
Dallas Bach Society presents the annual Messiah Sing-Along at 5:30 p.m. in Strauss Square. Tickets at ATTPAC.org.

• Dec. 20: Holiday Scavenger Hunt
Rainbow Roundup presents a holiday scavenger hunt from 3:30-4:30 p.m. See Facebook event for details.

• Dec. 20: A Marsha Dimes Christmas Special
Marsha Dimes’ Christmas special benefits the Turtle Creek Chorale at 8 p.m. on Marsha’s YouTube channel with a Zoom Afterparty. $10 minimum donation at MarshaDimes.com.

• Through Dec. 20: Reliant Lights Your Holidays
Enjoy 550,000 LED lights illuminating the Winspear Opera House, Wyly Theatre, and the many trees in Sammons Park from 5:30-10 p.m. Free.

• Dec. 20: Jingle All the Way

• Through Dec. 22: The Naughty List
Stage West presents a new holiday work as an outdoor experience at Texas Wesleyan University Mall, 1201 Wesleyan St., Fort Worth. $20. $10 youth. 7 p.m. 817-784-9378. StageWest.org. Streaming available starting Dec. 4. $30 per household.

• Dec. 25: Christmas

• Through-Dec. 31: Holiday at the Arboretum
Two large-scale exhibits are featured: the classic 12 Days of Christmas depicting each day in the beloved carol with 25-foot tall elaborately decorated Victorian-style gazebos; and the return and expansion of The Pauline and Austin Neuhoff Christmas Village highlighting 14 old world European-style shops in a magical setting. Dallas Arboretum, 8525 Garland Road. Check website for hours, prices and purchase timed tickets at DallasArboretum.org.

• Dec. 31: New Years Eve

JANUARY

• Jan. 1: New Years Day

• Through Jan. 3: Comfort and Joy
Brighten the season for the thousands of shelter animals in North Texas. Shelters are requesting blankets, toys, treats and canned food for animals who need extra nutrition. The SPCA of Texas is in most need of dog toys to keep their pups happy during the holidays and all-year-round. SPCA.org for more information.

• Through Jan. 3: Dallas Zoo Lights
Cruise through a newly constructed pathway as you marvel at over a million twinkling lights and endless holiday cheer along the way. $65 per car. ZooLights.DallasZoo.com.

• Through Jan. 3: Ella’s Swinging Christmas
This tribute to Ella Fitzgerald features Felecia Wilson at WaterTower Theatre, 15650 Addison Road, Addison. Tickets and info at WaterTowerTheatre.org.

• Through Jan. 3: Vitruvian Park Lights
Cruise through a newly constructed pathway as you marvel at over a million twinkling lights and endless holiday cheer along the way. $65 per car. ZooLights.DallasZoo.com.

• Through Jan. 1: Vitruvian Lights
More than 1.5 million lights of all colors bedeck over 550 trees in Addison’s Vitruvian Park. Visitors can drive through the park to see the lights, or park in one of three lots and walk the park in a socially distanced manner. 3966 Vitruvian Way, Addison. 5-11 p.m. Free.

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Send in the trolls

These last nearly four years of the Trump administration have been, well, trying to say the least. It seems like each day, there was some new outrage, some new national embarrassment, some new foolishness happening. It has been so very easy to be angry. Even now, 37 days after Joe Biden was elected by a margin of more than 8 million votes, the outrage and the embarrassment continue.

In fact, it seems to have gotten even worse over these last 37 days as Trump and his minions literally try to flush our democratic processes down the toilet in his desperate efforts not to be a one-term president.

Like I said, it has been easy to be angry, to be frustrated, to be flabbergasted by the things we’ve seen happening. But you know, despite all the anger and frustration, I have never felt or expressed the desire to vote a certain way for the chance to piss off somebody else, and I cannot comprehend this burning need from people some people seem to have to do just that.

How many times have you seen someone on the more “conservative” end of the political spectrum declare that they have, in some way, “owned the libtards”? Have you seen similar sentiments from the other end of the spectrum? Why? Why is it so satisfying for these people to feel like they have somehow “put one over on” someone with whom they disagree?

In the last few months, it seems, we have seen more and more people coming to the Dallas Voice website, commenting on articles to let us know how much they hate us and everything we stand for. I’m not talking about non-LGBTQ folks, either. I am talking about commenters who are — or at least claim to be — LGBTQ people who are just disgusted with the fact that other LGBTQ people actually want equal rights, equal responsibilities and equal treatment.

I mean, how dare we?

Surely we know we are destroying the fabric of our society by expecting that we not be fired from our jobs simply because of our sexual orientation or gender identity, that we be given the same access to civil marriage as non-LGBTQ folks, that we not have someone else’s religious beliefs forced on us, that we not be beaten and murdered because someone hates us for being LGBTQ.

Of course, we at the Dallas Voice are certainly not strangers to hateful comments and insults and even threats directed at us because we are an LGBTQ media outlet. But like I said, it seems in the last few months — as our country dealt with a pandemic, with unrest over injustice and the growing lunacy of an outrageous and hateful presidential administration — the trolls have come crawling from beneath their crusty old bridges at an ever-quickening rate.

And I just cannot understand it.

I mean, if you think Dallas Voice publishes dreck, why come to our website or pick up our print product to read that dreck. I have in the past been able to understand why some LGBTQ people supported the Republican Party; they put what they saw as economic concerns over civil rights concerns that they didn’t think impacted them. But I have never understood how any self-respecting LGBTQ person could continue to support the GOP as it has skewed ever more extremely toward the LGBTQ-hating right-wing extreme.

How can you justify support for a political party that promotes hate against you?

And yet, those people are out there. And they have decided (at least some of them have decided) that their favorite thing in the world is trolling Dallas Voice and those of us who work here.

At first, back in about July or so when the influx started, I tried a few times to reason with them through responses to their comments. I even tried to do it politely. It made no difference.

Then, I got disgusted enough with their hatefulness and obvious self-loathing that I decided to troll them in return. There was one, in particular, who chose a screen name declaring themself to be gay and a Trump supporter (they never use their actual names, of course). This particular commenter had repeatedly insisted on calling people names and posting comments intended just to insult whomever had written the article they were commenting on or sometimes another commenter.

At first I politely informed this person that comments using anti-LGBTQ slurs or promoting unfounded and insulting accusations against victims of crimes would be deleted. But they persisted, seeming to find special delight in insulting transgender murder victims and using anti-transgender slurs. Then I trolled back and, in one exchange, got this person to inadvertently expose their own internalized homophobia: “People like you make me ashamed to be gay.” “I don’t think you need any help with that.” And then, fed up with the childishness of it all, I told this person I felt bad for them and that I felt sorry for them because going through life filled with such hate for one’s self must be absolutely exhausting.

Their response: “Whatever, tranny.”

Ah, there it is, this person’s idea of the ultimate insult.

At that point, I just began deleting the insults and the slurs because it is unacceptable that such slurs would be allowed on an LGBTQ website where someone whose skin is not so strong as mine could be hurt by them.

I don’t understand it, though. Why do these people feel the need to try to hurt others with their insults and their slurs? Why would one LGBTQ person want to pull down other LGBTQ people? Is there any way they can ever clean the hate — for themselves and for others — out of their souls?

In the meantime, we at Dallas Voice will just keep deleting the insults and the slurs, letting the hate bounce off us as we try to shelter others who aren’t as strong from those bars. Go ahead and send in the trolls. We knew there had to be trolls.

Tammye Nash is managing editor of Dallas Voice. The opinions expressed here are her own. Prohibitions against insults and slurs in comments on DallasVoice.com will be enforced.
Dallas, let's take care of this together!

If you, or someone close to you, have been impacted by COVID-19, as a City of Dallas resident, you have access to HEALTH AND FINANCIAL RESOURCES.

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On the road again — for the first time

A two-week RV trip for Thanksgiving sheds light on a whole different way of life

JENNY BLOCK | Contributing Writer

I’m not sure what I expected. I had never even been inside an RV before, so when my wife suggested we rent one for the week and do a Texas road trip over Thanksgiving I figured, “What the heck!”

Ok. I didn’t exactly figure “What the heck.” I was actually kind of nervous. I like a bit of privacy and solitude, and I like my bathroom space. But my wife seemed so excited, so I said, “Okay! Let’s do it!”

We made the decision pretty late in the game, so we ended up renting an RV from a place all the way out in Shreveport. It was a really cool Thor Motor Coach from a super sweet guy at Arvey Brothers. But yes, you heard that right: It was hours away in Shreveport.

So before we even hit the road, my wife had to, well, hit the road — three hours there to pick it up and three hours back home. So hit she road she did. And while she was driving, I was shopping, searching the grocery store for anything we could, would or might want or need.

The next day we packed up the RV. It was hard to know what to bring and what to leave behind. I made little baggies of spices and small containers of flour and sugar. I packed extra blankets and what turned out to be way too many tank tops. I packed a couple of casual dresses for outings and Thanksgiving. We brought along the Instant pot and the George Foreman and a little Cuisinart grill. I even brought along a cushy bathroom rug.

My wife packed one bike for trips to the campsite offices, bungey cords, a first aid kit, an outdoor rug, camping chairs, a table — in other words, all the things that she knew would help create a bit of home away from home.

And on Saturday at 11 a.m., we headed out with our 12-year-old Chihuahua terrier Walter and our eight-month-old dachshund Aurora for our first stop: Austin. The RV was more spacious than I imagined. It had a “bedroom” with a queen-sized bed; another queen-sized bed over the “cockpit,” a kitchen with a microwave, range, sink and plenty of storage for a week; a bathroom with a shower that was not — thank goodness — over the toilet, and a slide-out section that doubled as our “family room,” complete with a table with benches and a sofa.

The dogs loved it. They got to sit on my lap all day long. And we took turns playing DJ, listening to podcasts and favorite playlists.

Around 4:30 p.m., we arrived at the Austin East KOA Holiday. My wife checked us in and got us all set up. She was a natural despite it being her first time dealing with all of the hook-ups. Despite any trepidation I may have had, I liked RVing right away. I actually really like camping, and it felt like upgraded camping — glamping, if you’ll excuse the now-overused term.

We got a great spot at the campground with a little extra yard for the dogs, and, because of them, we made new friends right away. You know how dogs are when they see other dogs. We met the Watsons — Rebecca and Cory and their kids Adley and Shep — from Washington state who are on the road for a year. We met them through their 12-year-old Chihuahua dachshund Aurora for our first stop: Austin. The RV was more spacious than I imagined. It had a “bedroom” with a queen-sized bed; another queen-sized bed over the “cockpit,” a kitchen with a microwave, range, sink and plenty of storage for a week; a bathroom with a shower that was not — thank goodness — over the toilet, and a slide-out section that doubled as our “family room,” complete with a table with benches and a sofa.

The dogs loved it. They got to sit on my lap all day long. And we took turns playing DJ, listening to podcasts and favorite playlists.

A two-week RV trip planned before COVID, interestingly enough. They own their rig, which they customized with tile and a barn door and real furniture. You could almost forget you’re in a travel trailer when you’re inside — almost.

We all hit it off immediately. There’s something about travelers — like kin-folk on the road, the kismet of meeting people outside what your norm is, the connection between people who like to ramble ….

Hayden Walker, a foodie friend of mine in Austin, brought us dinner from La Barbecue that night, and we sat by the campfire and ate heavenly brisket and caught up. And I could feel my wife start to relax, which is a really big deal for her. Between work and the pandemic and keeping me from losing my mind through the political debacle we are finally making our way out of, it’s been one hell of a year, as you obviously already know.

That was the point of this whole thing, of course — to relax. To really relax. The funny thing is, much to both my surprise and hers, as we left home, we each admitted that we were both taking the trip for one another. I thought she really wanted to do this RV thing, and she thought I did. We both had a good laugh, and I couldn’t help but think that that’s what I always wanted in a partner — that moment when you realize you’ll both do anything for one another, even when it’s outside of your comfort zone.

We spent the next day sitting in the sun and walking the dogs, and I even...
taught myself to how to felt. I made a teeny owl that I gave to Adley because it was her birthday, and she hand-wrote a thank you note to me for it.

Things are different on the road. Everything is slower and more deliberate. It takes time to cook things and to get things out and put them away every time, which you have to do in a small space. Everything you do is about journey rather than destination — literally and figuratively.

And, in case you’re wondering, we opted to shower in the bathhouses at the campsites since the RV shower was so tiny, and you really can only take a two minute shower because of the hot water required. And we decided to mandate the RV bathroom as a peeing-only facility. So, yes, I did have to run in the dark and cold some early mornings and late at night to the bathhouse, which I hated because I am no fan of the cold or the dark, but I am less of a fan of a lack of privacy.

And if it’s all the same to you, that’s the last you’ll hear about all of that.

Before we knew it, our two nights in Austin were over, and it was time to head to our next campsite. We were truly sad to say goodbye to our new friends, and I was reminded of the bittersweet goodbyes at summer camp each year when I never wanted the summer to end or to leave my new friends behind.

Next up was two nights in San Antonio at the Alamo KOA Holiday. On the way, we masked up and stopped at the Vineyard Vines outlet in San Marcos, where we basically had the whole place to ourselves. Vineyard Vines is my wife’s favorite, so we couldn’t resist.

That night at the park, our friends Rob and Jeff came by for dinner. I cooked up a hearty pot of goulash, and my wife set a beautiful table, complete with tea lights and a tablecloth.

Cooking on the trip was a big part of the fun for me. I learned to make biscuits and eggs and bacon all in my one Finex cast iron pan right on our teeny little grill. I figured out how to bake chocolate chip cookies and even mini pumpkin pies in my George Foreman. I loved being able to figure out how to make non-camping food in camp settings.

We did decide to get pizza and wings for our second night in San Antonio. We couldn’t resist, and we were glad we didn’t. I don’t know if it was because we were having so much fun and were eating by the campfire or because it actually was that good, but we enjoyed that pizza as much as or more than any number of far fancier and far more expensive meals we’ve enjoyed together.

After San Antonio we were off to Fredericksburg, where we stayed at Texas Wine Country Jellystone Park Resort. We went to a Dale Watson concert in Luckenbach, that night, which was a total blast. I sent my dad a postcard from the gift shop, since it and the bar and the dance hall comprise the entirety of Luckenbach. People two-stepped in the street and we ate barbecue under the stars, and I started to think that perhaps the best parts of life are just outside the frame.

We got to Luckenbach via Lyft, which turned out to be half the fun. We became fast friends with our driver, who turned out to be country singer Matthew Butter. He ended up taking us to and from downtown Fredericksburg a day later. The one peril of having a drivable RV and not towing a car: You need to hitch a ride to get anywhere.

But again, it was all part of the journey.

Thanksgiving was kind of a hoot. The campground provided the turkey, and all of the campers brought side dishes. My wife made stuffing, and we brought a prepared pie since I couldn’t bake a whole pie with no oven in our RV. We got our food and sat at our campsite picnic table complete with Thanksgiving décor from home and, of course, a fresh flower arrangement that my wife picked up in town.

We had a great day shopping downtown the next day. My wife got me the prettiest cowboy boots I’ve ever seen and new ornaments for our tree. And because as it turns out, this trip was all about connecting, after waiting an hour for a table at Hondo’s on Main, we bumped into a couple just arriving who joked that maybe our table would work for four. Turns out, it did. We invited the strangers-turned-friends to join us and ended up having just the best time.

It was becoming a theme on our trip, a welcome theme that I never expected: following the journey; saying yes; opening our hearts to whatever adventure awaited us.

After Fredericksburg, we were supposed to return home. But instead, my wife suggested we add on another week and meet up with the Watsons, the family we met in Austin, in Galves-
Arvey Brothers graciously agreed to let us keep the RV for another week, and the campground where our friends were staying had space. So it was game on.

The weather had been gorgeous up until Galveston. But when we got to the beach, we were met with high winds and frigid temps and pouring rain. Still, it didn’t matter. We were so happy to see our friends, you would have thought we had known each other forever. And even though I’m a girl mom, five-year-old Shep and I fell madly in love. He’s like this wild sprite, and maybe, deep down, I have a little boy mama in me, too.

We got in late that night, but the next day we all went off to Gaido’s Seafood Restaurant for lunch and then hit The Strand for ice cream before heading to the tall ship Elissa for a tour and then to Moody Gardens to see the holiday lights and the animated dinosaur exhibit and even a 4D version of Rudolph.

We had the absolute best time.

The next day, after the wind died down and the temperature warmed up, we took the dogs to run on the beach. And that night, I made chicken stir fry and took it over to our friends’ fancy travel trailer where we ate and talked and drank and laughed like old friends.

I cried that night as I started to drift off to sleep.

“Are you ok?” my wife asked.

“Yes,” I insisted.

“Jenny,” she said.

“I’m going to miss this,” I said. “I’m not ready to go back. I’m going to miss you so relaxed, and us, so close, and our new friends. I feel so connected to other humans and to life out here.”

“We’ll take the feelings home with us, baby. And we’ll do it again soon, I promise,” she said. “Now get some sleep.”

The next day was our last one on the road. My wife had to spend the day on conference calls, as did Cory. So Rebecca and I headed out with the kids to Crystal Beach. We took the ferry over and drove down onto the beach where we walked and collected shells and let the dogs chase one another and the wind.

We headed back after the sun went down, picking up pizza on our way back to the RV park. That night, as we ate around the kitchen island in the Watsons’ travel trailer, it was strange how natural and easy it was. It made me wonder yet again about the bonds one makes when traveling, when things get slowed down and simplified as to leave time and space for nothing but what is most important.

That night it rained and stormed and blew. My wife and I spent the next morning hunkered down, working on our respective computers. Late in the afternoon, the sky cleared and the temperature warmed for almost exactly one hour — time that we used to stand between our campsites and say goodbye again to our new friends. Well, to Cory and Rebecca anyway; Adley was stuck in an online class in the trailer and Shep was conquering the RV park with his new tribe of lost boys.

Just as well. I managed not to cry amidst the adult good-byes. I would not have fared as well with the kids, I’m sure.

We got home that night and unpacked the RV in the driving rain. And the next day my wife drove the six hours roundtrip to Shreveport to return our home away from home while I unpacked and unpacked and did more laundry than I’ve done since I had a newborn.

I kept tearing up and tried to get a handle on why that was.

I still don’t have any explanation, although I will say this. I have never been very good at transitions or good-byes. I don’t like endings, and new beginnings can scare me just as much. Rebecca and I have texted every day since we got back, and the Watsons have promised to visit us on their way back West.

In the meantime, I’ll remain grateful for what the road gave me as this very strange and painful year draws to a close — proof, once again, that even the most evil of forces, human and otherwise, cannot squelch the human spirit and its innate penchant for wandering and for connection.
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Viola Davis shines in ‘Ma Rainey’s Black Bottom’

GREGG SHAPIRO | Contributing Writer
gregshapiro@aol.com

Going to the theater to see a play is on hold for the near future, even as talk of a COVID-19 vaccine is getting mixed reviews. Fortunately, there are enough movie adaptations on the way — including The Prom, Everybody’s Talking About Jamie, In The Heights and West Side Story — to quench a theater queen’s thirst.

Sadly, the late, prolific playwright August Wilson, who died in 2005, never got a chance to see the movie versions of two of his plays: Fences from 2016 and 2020’s Ma Rainey’s Black Bottom (Netflix). He probably would have been particularly pleased with the performances of Viola Davis, who won a Best Supporting Actress Oscar for Fences and appears to be a shoo-in for an Oscar nod for Ma Rainey’s Black Bottom.

From the moment she appears onscreen, performing a show in a tent in rural Georgia in 1927, followed by a more professionally presented concert in a theater, it’s impossible to take our eyes off of queer mother of the blues, Ma Rainey (Davis). From her gold teeth and dark eye shadow to her glorious dresses and occasional fur collar, she is a sight to behold.

In Chicago for a recording session, she is accompanied by her nephew — and driver — Sylvester (Dusan Brown) and her lover Dussie Mae (Taylour Paige), and for every stare she gets, she gives it back double.

Her band, led by trumpeter Cutler (gay actor Colman Domingo, whom some may remember for his portrayal of Maya Angelou on The Big Gay Sketch Show), is already at the studio rehears-
FRI 12.11
You can’t keep a good Chorale down! It would take more than a pandemic to keep the Turtle Creek Chorale from continuing its 41-year tradition of presenting a extra-special holiday concert event, although the holiday concert will be a little bit different this year. The Chorale presents “Holidays Unmuted,” a free virtual holiday experience streaming on the TCC Facebook page and the TCC YouTube Channel. 7 p.m.; Facebook.com/TurtleCreekChorale; YouTube.com/channel/UC0dllQ5Js2BWCVBAjXsKVFw.

ONGOING
Now at the Amon Carter Museum of American Art, you can see Gabriel Dawe’s “Plexus No. 34,” a large-scale, site-specific installation that was created out of more than 80 miles of multicolored thread and designed to look like frozen technicolor vapor while at the same time drawing attention to the majestic architecture and natural light of the museum’s Atrium, which was designed by architect Philip Johnson. Dawe, by the way, is the same artist that created the string rainbow featured in Resource Center’s Community Center in Dallas. Amon Carter Museum, 3501 Camp Bowie Blvd., is open 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays and Saturdays, 10 a.m.-8 p.m. Thursdays, and noon-5 p.m. Sundays. The museum is closed Mondays. The museum closes at 5 p.m. on Christmas Eve and New Year’s Eve, and is closed Christmas Day and New Year’s Day.

SUN 12.13
Pride Sports Dallas hosts an Open Play session to welcome the sport of tennis to the Pride Sports Dallas family. The open play event is open to anyone 20 years old and older, of all skill levels, all genders and all sexualities. Bring your own racquet, but balls will be provided. Samuell Grand Recreation Center, 6200 E. Grand Ave.; noon-1:30 p.m.; $5.
Hello all of you beautiful people! Today, I want to tell you about something weird going on here in Midlothian. As most of you know — well, you know if you read this column on the reg — I live next to a fairly large wooded area. We see all of the regular critters, ranging from opossums and raccoons to coyotes and even a few wild turkeys. We even have a big ol’ heard of boars that show up every once in a while and fuck up my front yard.

But you know what: Something else lives out there.

About six years ago they tore down a bunch of the trees a few acres away from here, closer to the freeway. That is when I started to see it. At first, I thought it was a pair of orange-red bicycle reflectors someone had left out in the woods. One second, I would see them, the next they would be gone. I thought it was just a trick of the light or possibly even the taillights of a car on the freeway.

It was during the winter, so there were no leaves on the trees, and sometimes you can see lights from 287 through the trees.

Then one night, a few years back, I came home around 3 a.m. after the show and took the dogs out. At the time we had six dogs, so it is always a little bit of chaos taking them out. I opened the front door to let them out, and they took off. But then they all screeched to a halt — like they do when it is raining — and refused to leave the porch. Each one quietly turned and slowly went back inside really quickly.

I looked out into the dark wooded area and saw two huge, glowing red eyes looking back at me. I totally pissed out and ran inside and woke my husband, Jamie, to go check out whatever it was I saw. He didn’t see anything though, and for a few weeks he made fun of me, joking about the monster in the woods that was going to get me. That was until he saw it himself a month later. But when he saw it, it was 30 or so feet up in a tree.

Even though it freaked him out a bit, he convinced himself that it was an owl. We hear them all the time. I asked him, “Did you hear an owl?” He said no, but the only explanation was that it had been an owl. I was like, “Would the dogs be scared of an owl?” He said, “The little ones definitely would.”

“What about our Chow?” (She is huge, but the truth about our Chow, Lucy, is that she is scared of her own shadow.)

The next day we went to visit our neighbor, Chris, who lives diagonally across from us and is basically next door to the same woods. I needed to ask him if he had seen anything out there in the dark.

Chris is in a wheelchair and had his house built on his lot a few months before we moved in. That was 15 years ago. Fun fact about Chris: His entire house was built to fit someone in a wheelchair and has been featured in many magazines. It is perfect for him; even his pool has a ramp into the water. It’s really cool.

Chris told us that both he and his girlfriend had seen the red eyes in the woods and even argued over what it could be. He also thinks that whatever it is, has been leaving animal skins next to his lot. He said it is like someone just completely skins the animal without tearing the fur too much. They have found a couple of rat skins, a raccoon and a fairly large coyote. I was like, “That ain’t no owl doing that! Not a coyote, it’s way too big for an owl!”

Finding out about the skins really freaked me out. We decided to only take the dogs to the back yard where they are fenced in and to never leave them unattended. It terrifies me to think anything could ever happen to them.

It has been a while since anyone has seen anything in the woods, and Chris said that he hasn’t found any skins anywhere. Plus, during the summer months there are lots of leaves on the trees, and you can’t see that far into the woods. But trust me, I look. Sometimes I look obsessively. But I hadn’t seen anything in a long while — until the other night.

Last Tuesday night I awoke from all of the dogs moving on the bed. (We have five dogs now; we lost Lucy a while back to old age.) All five dogs sleep on the bed with us, so they all get off the bed and get under the covers. (We have five dogs — nope! They all moved on the bed. (We have five dogs now; we lost Lucy a while back to old age.)

The dogs moving on the bed. (We have five dogs now; we lost Lucy a while back to old age.)

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froze and prayed that I was dreaming. Fear bubbling in my throat like acid reflux until I screamed.

Of course, none of that actually happened. I am bored and couldn’t think of anything to write about, so I thought I’d bullshit y’all.

That was kinda fun, hope you enjoyed it. Remember to always love more, bitch less and bullshit whenever you can; it keeps the boredom away. XOXO! Cassie Nova
SCENE
Flashback

A look back at the days before COVID when the bars were full

Bearly clothed at Magnum

Asia showing off her goods

Belinda Carlisle performs at MetroBall

BINGO!

Bleach says her secret is TrimSpa

Bobby serving Smirnoff and smiles at S4

Boys night out at Hidden Door

Dressed up for the Todrick Hall concert

DJ Kitty Glitter spins at Magnum

Cassie’s Christmas party

Drew G always fills the Dallas Eagle dance floor

Drinks? Abbbbbolutely

Fantasha and Ross dressed up for a night on the town

Date night at DSO
Gay best friend

Across
1 Hairy market pessimist?
5 Susan Feniger preparation
9 Swedish import to Tinsel Town
14 “She” to Bonheur
15 One-time Atlanta arena
16 Mild oath
17 Trump portrayer Baldwin
18 Neeson of Kinsey
19 Get around
20 Wilson Cruz played the GBF in this ’90s TV series
23 Gay demographer Gates
24 Reclined
25 “The Trolley Song” noise
28 Small suckers
29 Christopher, to Madonna
32 War hero Murphy
33 Our Sons actor Grant
34 Lots of bucks
35 Nico Santos played the GBF in this 2018 movie
36 Martinac’s Out of
39 Working hard
40 Gay city
41 Psyche parts, to Frasier
42 To some extent
43 Our Town playwright
44 Valhalla VIP
45 Guthrie with a guitar
46 Greg Kinnear played the GBF in this 1997 movie
52 Resell REM concert tickets, e.g.
53 Piece of gay rodeo gear
54 Bear overhead
55 Harbor site
56 Colleges, to Ruby Rose
57 Richard of A Summer Place
58 Actor Robert and family
59 Depilatory brand
60 “Chim-Chim-Cheree” residue

Down
1 Supporter of Julia Morgan?
2 Cousin of Jethro and Jethrine
3 Stein fillers
4 Accept the authority of
5 Their cuspid neighbors are bi
6 Wild Nights with ___
7 Like a rim job
8 Broadway illumination
9 Soccer position
10 Singing chipmunk
11 It’s over your head
12 Dessert cheese
13 Queer
21 Not forthcoming
22 Country house, to Nureyev
25 Here are the pricks
26 Glaringly sensational
27 Affleck’s Chasing Amy crush
28 Completely clear
29 Fog hag on a date, perhaps
30 Zellweger of Chicago
31 Figure skating star Brian
33 Strategy in Billy Bean’s sport
34 Talks with Socrates
36 One to ten, e.g.
37 Knocked over, as a drink
42 Becomes a gay parent
43 Most sardonic
44 Duly noted a hottie
45 Degree of easiness
46 The Boys in the Band problem
47 Barneys event
48 Tops
49 Proof word
50 Poet ___ Wu
51 Director Gus Van ___
52 Kneeler before a queen

Solution on Page 22
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