What are the limits of free speech on social media?

COVER STORY by Arnold Wayne Jones Page 8
HIV alone didn’t cause the clogged artery in my neck. Smoking with HIV did.

Brian, age 45, California

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Anti-gay factions challenge HERO

Opponents of the Houston Equal Rights Ordinance turned in 50,000 signatures to get the issue on the November ballot. Only 17,269 were needed. The city secretary’s office has 30 days to validate the signatures.

The ordinance passed on May 28. The Houston city charter allows a recall election on an issue if 10 percent of voters in the last election sign a petition. A recall against a mayor or council member requires 25 percent of voters in that election to sign a petition.

Until HERO was passed, Houston was the only major city in the United States without an equal rights ordinance of any sort. In addition to protecting the LGBT community, the ordinance puts into place protections based on sex, race, color, ethnicity, national origin, age, familial status, marital status, military status, religion, disability, genetic information or pregnancy. None of these categories were protected by the city before the ordinance was enacted.

The anti-HERO forces have claimed the law allows men to dress as women so they may enter women’s restroom and attack little girls. There is no mention of bathrooms in the ordinance. The city plans to defend the ordinance.

“The Houston I know does not discriminate, treats everyone equally and allows full participation by everyone in civic and business life,” said Mayor Annise Parker. “We don’t care where you come from, the color of your skin, your age, gender, what physical limitations you may have or whom you choose to love. I am confident voters will soundly defeat any challenge to the ordinance.”

— David Taffet

Police make arrest in Oak Lawn murder

Police arrested Derrick Madison, 24, on July 7, for the May 30 murder of Joshua Tubbleville. Madison is being charged with capital murder.

Tubbleville was killed when Madison robbed him in his car and he crashed at the Shell station on the corner of Lemmon and Oak Lawn avenues.

A police spokeswoman said DNA evidence in Tubbleville’s apartment linked Madison to the crime. She said Madison had no criminal history that she knew of and declined to comment on what evidence was found in the condo linking Madison to the crime.

A video taken from inside the Shell station showed a black man exiting Tubbleville’s car immediately after he crashed at the station.

The two had met the night before outside Tubbleville’s building. Madison had a drink and spent the night in Tubbleville’s condo and in the morning, Tubbleville was driving Madison home.

Police called it a crime of opportunity, not a hate crime. After his arrest, Madison gave police multiple versions of what happened that night.

No evidence links Tubbleville to the gay community.

— David Taffet

Volunteer opportunity for Tyler-area gays

If you live in or plan to visit the Tyler-Canton-Longview area, Tyler Area Gays and East Texas PFLAG need your help on July 12. Members of these two organizations will be participating in Trash Off Day on July 12 by cleaning up the portion of U.S. 69 that has been adopted by TAG.

Participants should be at New Life Worship Center, 18335 U.S. 69 (1.5 miles south of the light at Loop 49 — the modern-looking church up on the hill) by 8 a.m. The TAG portion of U.S. 69 is about 3.3 miles south of the light at Target on South Broadway and on the south side of Loop 49. According to a press release about the clean-up effort, the clean-up ALWAYS starts on time and takes about an hour.

That stretch of highway has two signs — one on the southbound side of the road and the other on the northbound side — noting that it has been “adopted” by Tyler Area Gays. In return, TAG has “agreed to clean up a two-mile section of highway four times a year.” But as TAG leaders pointed out in a press release about the clean-up effort, “A two-mile section may not sound very long but since we are cleaning both sides of the highway, this immediately becomes four miles of cleaning.” So they need all the help they can get.

In the conservative East Texas town where, in 1993, Nicholas West was murdered in a brutal, anti-gay hate crime that made national headlines, it’s significant that an LGBT organization is so out and so visible. As TAG leaders said in their press release looking for clean-up volunteers, “Our participation testifies to our community spirit, promotes teamwork and exercise and makes our presence known. Another way to put it is we want people to know that we are here and that we are responsible citizens.”

— Tammye Nash

Man dies in fall from Turtle Creek highrise

Dallas police report Kevin Nicolas Day, a Houston man in his 30s, fell to his death from the 11th floor of 3525 Turtle Creek Boulevard on July 4 shortly before midnight. Neighbors report there was a disturbance in the apartment earlier in the day. But witnesses said the man who fell was alone on the balcony at the time of the incident.

Dallas police spokeswoman Sherri Jeffrey said the death has been ruled a suicide.

— David Taffet

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— Tammye Nash
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Out & Equal plans fundraiser

Out and Equal Dallas Fort Worth will hold its seventh annual signature fundraiser, One Night in Waikiki, Aug. 14, 6–8 p.m., at Times Ten Cellar, 6324 Prospect Ave. in Dallas. Individual tickets are $35 in advance, and $40 at the door. Sponsorships are also available at different levels.

Guests will have the chance to sample a variety of wines, assorted cheese and other appetizers. There will also be special music, drawings for prizes and a live auction.

Proceeds from the event will help fund workplace educational programs and scholarships for volunteers from the Dallas-Fort Worth area to attend the national Out and Equal Workplace Summit Nov. 3–6 in San Francisco.

For more information, contact Jeffrey Gorczynski at 214-226-6502.

Donation for Promise House

Promise House has received a $15,000 donation from Elizabeth Toon Charities after the eighth annual Elizabeth Toon Charities Concert and Shootout at The Rustic near West Village.

Promise House, located in Oak Cliff, provides emergency shelter and transitional living for teens. Many of the youth helped by Promise House have been kicked out of their homes after coming out as LGBT.

Dallas Bar Association Hosts Christmas in July for local charities

The Dallas Bar Association’s Community Involvement Committee be accepting donations to its annual Christmas in July program July 25, 9 a.m.–noon, in the Locke Room of the Belo Mansion, 2101 Ross Ave. in Dallas. Recipients this year are Austin Street Centre, Big Brothers Big Sisters, Genesis Woman’s Shelter, North Texas Food Bank, The Family Place and W.W. Samuel High School.

Items needed include: men’s and women’s clothing, nonperishable canned food items, hotel/travel sized toiletries, gently-used luggage/duffle bags, high school and elementary school supplies, bed and bath linens, home décor items and kitchen supplies.

Night of the Stars 2

The Greg Dollgener Memorial AIDS Fund Life-Walk Team TeamMetro hosts its annual fundraiser at The Brick Aug. 9, 6-10 p.m.

The event will feature RuPaul’s Drag race star Raven, joined by an all-star cast of local entertainers including Sable Alexander, Sienna Silver, Linze Serell, Vanity Storm and host Patti Le Plae Safe. Go-go boys will sell raffle tickets and there will be a silent auction.

For a front row view of the show, buy a VIP table for three for $80 that includes event entry. Only 10 tables are available. Buy tickets at GDMAF.org.

Meet Boyd, a handsome Terrier Mix who is looking for a home. Boyd is a friendly dog and would be a great companion. He is a smaller size dog that is great for car rides and walks at the park. Come see our sweet Boyd today.

Boyd and other pets are available for adoption from Operation Kindness, 3201 Earhart Drive, Carrollton. The no-kill shelter is open six days: Monday, 3-8 p.m.; closed Tuesday; Wednesday, 3-8 p.m.; Thursday, noon-5 p.m.; Friday, noon-5 p.m.; Saturday, 11 a.m.-5 p.m.; and Sunday, noon-5 p.m. The cost is $70 for cats, $150 for dogs over 1 year, and $175 for puppies. The cost includes the spay/neuter surgery, microchipping, vaccinations, heartworm test for dogs, leukemia and FIV test for cats, and more. Those who adopt two pets at the same time receive a $20 discount.

Is your dog having a bad hair day? We Can Help!

Meet Boyd, a handsome Terrier Mix who is looking for a home. Boyd is a friendly dog and would be a great companion. He is a smaller size dog that is great for car rides and walks at the park. Come see our sweet Boyd today.

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FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS?
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Facebook’s ‘community standards’ rules are so vague, some in the LGBT community fear anti-gay mischief could chill free speech on social media

Del Shores has made a living pissing people off, and he’s not about to stop now. But these days, it can be more of a challenge than it used to be.

Although best known for writing *Sordid Lives*, *Southern Baptist Sissies* and episodes of *Queer as Folk*, it’s another form of expression that has gotten him into trouble recently: As an enthusiastic poster on Facebook.

The Texas-born Shores has an ornery streak when it comes to issues related to matters close to his heart, especially the intersection of homosexuality and religion, and he’s not shy about expressing his opinions. But several weeks ago, such frankness resulted in something severe: A suspension of privileges from his Facebook account.

That might not sound like such a big deal — who can’t use a break from social media, if just for a while — but it was precisely because Shores uses social media to communicate with his fans. It would be as if he suddenly lost Internet access or an email address.

“I’m now approaching 36,000 fans, and I have a very high-sharing page,” says Shores. One post, a meme that said, “Don’t use the bible to beat people down,” was shared more than 250,000 times, he says.

“A lot of my posts are shared, especially if the ones that are very pro-gay rights or pro-gay marriage. Then, when their friends comment on those posts, those posts go to the mother page,” he adds.

Twice in the past, complaints have led to temporary suspensions of his Facebook privileges, but those last only a few days. It was this last time — the third occasion — that put Shores in fear and awe of the power of Facebook.

“So just how did it all happen? I’ve pissed a lot of people off over the years. Anybody can comment on my page and many people like it merely to troll it. What I do is, I patrol them, and my fans [and I] fight back. In this particular instance, there was this guy who was being biblical and anti-gay. I asked him to delete [his comments]. I can only assume he got his prayer lawyers after me.”

In Shores’ scenario, the disgruntled reader mobilized enough of his friends to complain directly to Facebook about the content of Shores’ page. Shores disputes that there was any obviously objectionable content (no nudity or out-right hate speech); rather, his pro-gay posts were being attacked by a homophobe.

But the truth is, neither Shores nor anyone else who encounters a blocked Facebook page, will ever know for sure what happened. And that’s the very problem.

“I think that Facebook does not do a thorough investigation,” Shores opines. “They get 20 comments on one post or one picture, and they react. I’ve had so many complaints [over the years] that now I get a 30-day suspension [rather than the less obtrusive three-day].”

It took a while to get satisfaction.

“I waited, I complained, and said this is unjust and unfair. But Facebook [did] nothing,” he says. “My story [about my suspension] was covered in the HuffPost and through a blog in Ontario, Canada, and that’s what got her attention,” Shores says of the Facebook rep who finally contacted him. “Facebook reversed the ban and said they wanted to apologize and I publicly accepted their apology.”

Dallas’ Will Kolb had a similar problem with one of his 38 Babylon groups, online communities based on Facebook.

“There are 128,000 people in those groups, with 500 to 600 joining every day,” Kolb says. So it was a surprise that one of his smaller pages — called Loud and Queer, with just 1,000 followers — caused so much trouble.

“I woke up that morning and signed on and all my admins had been disabled,” he says. He was also met with a note from Facebook that said if,
Joel Burns leaves for a year at Harvard, but promises to return

BY TAMMYE NASH | Managing Editor
nash@dallasvoice.com

Joel Burns leaves for a year at Harvard, but promises to return

Farewell, for now

A large crowd of family, friends and supporters packed into the lobby of the Moncrief Cancer Institute Wednesday evening to bid farewell — at least for awhile — to as-of-Thursday-former Fort Worth City Councilman Joel Burns.

Burns, 45, who became the first openly gay elected official in Fort Worth when he was sworn in as the District 9 council representative in 2008, announced in February that he was resigning from the council to accept an invitation to attend a Mid-Career Masters Degree Program in public administration at Harvard University. He left for Boston Thursday morning.

Moncrief Cancer Institute Director Dr. Keith E. Argenbright on Wednesday described Burns as “a visionary leader” and “a problem solver” who has had an enormous, positive impact on District 9 and the city of Fort Worth as a whole. He pointed to the revitalization of Magnolia Street, the “vibrant near south side” of Fort Worth and new bike lanes, but also said the cancer institute itself is a sign of Burns’ contributions.

“None of this would be here” without Burns’ help, Argenbright said of the center. “He went to bat for us at city hall and even cut through a little red tape for us.”

But Argenbright said those outside Fort Worth know Burns best as the person who made Fort Worth “a part of the national conversation” on bullying with his “personal message of hope to victims of bullying,” delivered during an October 2012 city council meeting. Video of Burns’ emotional speech, in which he described being bullied as a teen and how he considered taking his own life, catapulted him to national fame.

Argenbright said that Burns “had the personal courage to do the right thing, even when it wasn’t the easiest thing.”

Burns’ voice choked with emotion Wednesday night as he thanked his friends and family. Burns said his tenure on the city council had given him the chance to “meet incredible people doing great things,” and that he continues to be inspired by those he has met. He said that choosing to step down from the council to attend the Harvard master’s program “was one of the hardest decisions I have ever made,” but that he feels certain he will have “an incredible year” in Boston.

Burns saved the biggest thanks for his partner, Democratic political consultant J.D. Angle, saying he was “incredibly lucky” to have Angle and thanking him “for loving me for 21 years and for giving me this opportunity” to live in Boston for the next 10 months to attend Harvard.

Even as he prepared to leave on the next leg of his journey, Burns promised that he would continue public service in some way, and that he would do that in North Texas.

“I’m not done,” he said. “I don’t know what I’ll do next. But I know I will come home to Fort Worth.”
Before the sweet nothings, whisper something that can keep him safe.

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Local LGBT LULAC pitching in to help with migrant children and in forming new gay LULAC chapters

DAVID TAFFET | Staff Writer
taffet@dallasvoice.com

County Judge Clay Jenkins put Dallas front and center in the immigration debate when he offered to shelter 2,000 migrant children from Central America who have crossed the border illegally.

“This is Texas, and in Texas, we don’t turn our back on children,” he told Mother Jones magazine.

Among the first groups Jenkins turned to for assistance was LULAC.

LULAC District III Regional director Rene Martinez said LULAC members would mentor, tutor and provide recreational activities for the children. He said everyone who volunteers, other than teachers, will have to go through a background check.

Martinez knew without doubt that Rainbow LULAC, one of the area’s most active and fastest growing chapters, would pitch in to help.

Rainbow LULAC President Juan Contreras said that Jenkins’ chief of staff had “approached us and asked if we’d like to volunteer.” Contreras added that he already has about 200 volunteers lined up, but is still looking for more bilingual volunteers.

Right now things are still in the planning stage in Dallas County. But once the children arrive, LULAC is ready to jump into action.

“The council is waiting for direction,” Contreras said. “Catholic Charities will provide training.”

The training will be for directly working with the children, but Contreras said they’re already planning toiletry and toy drives, too.

When the migrant children and teens up to age 17 begin to arrive in Dallas, Contreras said Rainbow LULAC be looking for any LGBT youth among them and providing extra assistance in the form of mentoring and advice on asylum claims.

He said these youth could face heightened risk if they are returned to the violence in their home countries.

Headed to NYC

Contreras has more on his plate, as well. This weekend, he will represent his council at the national LULAC convention in New York, where he’ll bring a resolution to the floor to add a national LGBT liaison.

That resolution passed at the district convention that Rainbow LULAC chaired in April.

Contreras will also be at the New York convention as a resource for delegates from around the country interested in starting their own rainbow councils.

The Dallas group began in 2006 and was the only LGBT council in the country for several years. But despite its singular presence, Dallas Rainbow LULAC has had a national impact since its inception.

At the 2007 national convention, the council held a diversity session to discuss LGBT acceptance. In 2008, LULAC passed a resolution supporting the repeal of Don’t Ask, Don’t Tell.

In 2010, the Dallas Rainbow Council was recognized as council of the year. And within a week of President Barack Obama evolving on the issue of marriage equality, LULAC put out a statement also supporting the right to marriage.

LULAC has supported including LGBTs in hate crimes laws and workplace anti-discrimination laws, and giving bi-national same-sex couples the same rights as opposite-sex couples.

Contreras said Dallas is no longer the lone LGBT LULAC chapter. Houston, San Antonio and Orange County now have LGBT groups. He said El Paso is talking about forming a chapter as well.

Dallas has always been an incubator for LGBT groups. From Human Rights Campaign’s Black Tie Dinners, which now take place across the country after starting in Dallas, to the Gay and Lesbian Victory Fund, which was founded by a former Dallas Gay and Lesbian Alliance president, Dallas has been successful in creating groups that go national.

The regional LULAC district can take credit for the group’s success as well and Martinez talks about the group’s success with pride.

“We were the first district,” Martinez said. “Not only did we encourage it, but we expanded it from adults to young adults.”

Indeed, Dallas now has two rainbow councils, the newer one for teens and young adults.

For information on Rainbow LULAC in Dallas, visit www.lulac4871.org.
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Why I love drag queens

I unabashedly and enthusiastically adore drag queens. Camp queens, beauty queens, lip-syncers, insult comedy emcees — if they are fantastic at their version of drag, I am absolutely on board.

I will seek out a drag show in any city, at any bar, and if one is happening, I don’t understand why the plan would be anything else.

It started in college. I had a vague awareness of RuPaul, and I had seen the man-in-a-dress Saturday Night Live-style sketch comedy. But I had never experienced a full-on drag show.

At the start of my sophomore year, a newly-out member of our theater department invited us all to the Rose Room to see his first performance in drag at amateur night. I was not out at the time, and as we walked up Cedar Springs I realized I was about to enter a gay bar with all my friends. I was excited and horrified — horrified that I would like it. That they would find out about me. That it would be awful. That I would feel uncomfortable. That I would feel comfortable.

I had no idea what I was feeling, and now I was supposed to go inside.

I took a deep breath, or tried to — it was more like that weird gulping thing fish do out of water — and I entered the lion’s den feeling less peaceful about it than Daniel supposedly did. I stopped three feet inside the door, rooted to the spot. I was pretty sure I had entered Queer as Folk’s Club Babylon. (I had been secretly watching the first season at a friend’s house.)

I was in awe. In my memory, there were naked men and penises everywhere, but in hindsight I’m sure that was not the case. But here were all of these homos stating clearly they were homos by being at a gay bar. It was electrifyingly terrifying.

I stood there for half an hour, or 30 seconds — time went all Salvador Dali melty — until I felt a tap on my shoulder. I turned to find myself staring into a large set of bedazzled breasts. I looked up into the face of an Amazon under a veritable mountain of blond curls. I think I stammered “Oh, I’m not … we’re just … cowabunga …” and then something in Morse code. “It’s me,” laughed the lady, and I realized it was our friend. I was not sure whether I felt better or worse with the realization.

We hurried up the mirrored hallway of stairs to the old Rose Room. We packed into a corner as Valerie Lohr took the stage to start amateur night. I pushed as far back against the mirrors as I could, knowing I would melt like Elphaba if she pointed that microphone in my direction and asked me … well, anything. And yet, I was fascinated.

When the show started, I’m pretty sure my jaw dropped further and further with each number, so that by the time Krystal Summers hit the stage, clad in one of her standard barely-there-where-does-she-put-it? outfits, I could have deep-throated a fire hydrant. In the middle of Krystal’s number, hands fully in the air and dancing like my sheltered life depended on it, I turned to a friend and yelled, “I don’t know if I’m OK with this!” with the goofiest of ear-to-ear grins on my face. She laughed, mirroring my enthusiasm and said, “Oh, I definitely am.”

It was a very short time before my enthusiasm for the shows was as loud and plenty proud. In fact, most of my early adventures to the bars involved getting the giant black “under 21” Xs drawn on my hands, then making a beeline for the Rose Room. It became my safe place. I was not comfortable yet talking to strangers, but I was growing more and more comfortable being in a place where people would “know” I was gay.

I would get there early, get a good spot back against the mirrors and marvel at the show. I learned all of their names, their favorite numbers and cheered gleefully at the reveals, the death drops, the dramatic lip syncs and every terribly tasteless joke.

The first Miss Gay Texas Pageant I saw was the year of the first American Idol. Ashley Cole won and began her reign with “A Moment Like This,” and we all lost our minds. Not a single televised talent show holds a candle to a stage full of drag queens in a pageant on a talent night.

We lived. And I loved it. All of it. It was the showiest of shows, and being a musical theater boy, it pushed all of the right buttons for me.

It also did more than that. As a boy growing up in Texas, where a particular brand of masculinity was celebrated above all others, I was a massive failure in the vast majority of ways that quantified stereotypically “being a man.” My handshake is fine, but my voice ranges entirely too high when I get excited, I’m terrible at every variety of sportsball, I lean toward “pretty” rather than “handsome,” and I have the shoulders of a petite Asian grandmother.

Standing in the audience at drag shows, I learned to celebrate aspects of myself I had previously considered weaknesses. Watching the power of these queens as they commanded attention and adoration by celebrating performance, musical skill, artistic abilities and comedy all through the lens of overt and exaggerated femininity helped me learn to revel in my own feminine aspects.

Because why not? These men in 40 pounds of hair, 17 sets of eyelashes and bedazzled from here to eternity were amazing, strong and proud. And ridiculous. And offensive. And gorgeous. I loved them for that, and learned to love myself a little bit more by watching them.

So ladies, men-in-dresses, queens of all types, looks, styles and sizes — Thank you. For the incredible variety of the art you create, the entertainment you always bring and for teaching this homo once upon a time that whether he wants to treat a sidewalk like a runway, flip his imaginary wig during every pop song while driving down the freeway or scream the lipiest “Yaaaassssssss” in enthusiastic support of anything amazing, all of those aspects of being a person — man, woman, gay, straight or anywhere in between on either spectrum — can and should be celebrated in every single one of us.

Let’s make a deal. I promise never to cross the spotlight if you promise never to ask me anything from the stage. Because with your incredible beauty, powerhouse performances and acerbically subversive and offensively hilarious humor you taught me to be brave. But when you’ve got the mike and want to cross wits? I’m still not that brave. Or that stupid.
DID ‘QUEER’ QUEER THE NET COPPS? | Will Kolb’s Loud and Queer page on Facebook was suspended last month for reasons never made clear to him. He suspects that the word ‘queer’ in the title may have offended a disgruntled reader.

through the Babylon groups, he continued “this behavior,” they would discontinue his personal Facebook account.

“I asked if there was anything I could do,” he says, “they never responded. They shut it down, got barraged my media people and suddenly it came back up. But I never heard from anyone — no comment, no apology.”

Kolb thinks he knows who was causing the mischief — thinks, because, as with Shores, he has no idea what criteria were imposed or who the complaining party was. But he’s still not clear what was said that got him tagged.

“Maybe they tagged the word ‘queer,’” he speculates. Kolb didn’t change the name, though, and — with help from Shores — the suspension was revoked. Kolb still doesn’t know why or how.

As with Shores, Kolb suspects he was closed down “for being a hate group or promoting hate speech, but that’s really strange, because its an LGBT support group — history, news, etc. We do point out some of the bashers, but are never hateful.” Kolb and Shores agree that the major concerns are the lack of transparency and responsiveness, and the vagueness of the rules that can be broken without even knowing how.

“I don’t know if they are shorthanded or if they lost evidence?” says Kolb, although Shores did get some direct contact.

“I’m very grateful to Facebook,” he says. “They shut it down, got barraged my media people and suddenly it came back up. But I never heard from anyone — no comment, no apology.”

Kolb and Shores agree that the major concerns are the lack of transparency and responsiveness, and the vagueness of the rules that can be broken without even knowing how.

“If they want to have rules, they need to state them up front. They’re shutting us down without recourse.”

If they want to have rules, they need to state them up front. But you cannot just arbitrarily make it up. They’re shutting us down without recourse. This may be a sensitivity and training issue.”

“I pointed out that it’s interesting to me [Facebook was] still taking my money, because I advertise my events daily on Facebook, even as they disabled my page,” Shores says. “If you’re going to monetize — and Facebook wasn’t originally like that — then you need somebody we can call, even if they are in India.”

Indeed, it is because Facebook is so prevalent in our lives — and yet is a corporation that makes up its own rules — that many of its members are so concerned.

“The world has changed,” Kolb says. “This is how people communicate, and there are serious consequences [to being blocked]. It puts us on pins and needles. And we need to be able to talk to some human being.”

“I’ve always feared losing my page, which can happen,” adds Shores.

“Is the tide could turn quickly on all the LGBT groups. There’s no LGBT liaison to ask why. What I would like to see is Facebook hire someone who has some contact with the LGBT community. This is how people communicate, and there are serious consequences [to being blocked]. It puts us on pins and needles. And we need to be able to talk to some human being.”

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If it’s not gay, do we care?

It’s time for the LGBT community to stand up for others as others have stood up for us.

In the almost eight years I’ve been out, I’ve marveled at the pace equality — and equity — for gays and lesbians have evolved. In addition to winning numerous court victories, rejoicing at the death of DOMA and DADT and seeing corporations and communities now aspire to be LGBT-friendly, we as a community have achieved so much, so quickly. No longer just stereotypes on TV sitcoms, we enjoy a much broader respect in much of the U.S.

Hurray!

But — on human rights issues not gay or lesbian, it’s more of a “meh.”

Within our community as a whole, I have observed a basic disinterest in any issue not specifically related to our cause. Working for the liberty and equity of all people — a tenet of gay-rights pioneer Harvey Milk’s brand of activism — is something that seems to have slid down the list of our collective priorities. Don’t misunderstand: I dearly love waving my Pride flag whenever I get the chance. But there are many other flags that need waving.

Consider this: As much as we have changed the world — and enlisted allies to help us — what if we applied some of that zeal to other groups?

Women — who even in the 21st century lack the same power and privilege of men — cannot make their own healthcare decisions and are not guaranteed equality in the workplace. A Supreme Court whose majority did not represent the interests of the people its decision affected insulted the dignity of women.

Generally speaking, I happen to believe that on the issue of women’s healthcare choice, men need to shut the hell up, except in one instance: Men need to use their power and influence to ensure women have the same control over their bodies as we do ours, and that they earn equal pay for equal work.

The often-overlooked “T” in LGBTQ — our transgendered sisters and brothers — have been in great part fighting their battle for equity alone. We gay men love our drag queens (as we should, forever in homage for Stonewall), but what if we applied our anti-bullying fervor to the transgender cause and embraced them just the same as we do our own little segment of the community?

I suspect that many immigrants and undocumented dreamers must feel so lost, so afraid, so alone in our country. However, unless you happen to be gay and undocumented, or are a member of the Latino-LGBT community, or find yourself in a bi-national relationship, few seem moved to action on the issue of immigration. LGBTQ people know what it’s like to be considered an “alien,” to be alone in this country. Why, then, aren’t we leveraging that experience into meaningful acts of empathy?

Russia. Uganda. Brunei. Now Jamaica? Being gay is dangerous — even deadly — in other parts of the world. LGBTQ Americans have a responsibility to use their privilege to stand up against violence against our people in other countries.

Because if we don’t, who will?

Not everyone agrees on the politics — or method — of healthcare reform. But anyone who knows someone with a serious healthcare condition — particularly HIV/AIDS — has likely seen that person denied the healthcare they need and deserve. To those of us who have insurance: How concerned are we that Rick Perry refuses to expand Medicaid to provide coverage to those who need it most? Why we as a community aren’t beating down the doors of the state Capital, I do not know.

And what about the death penalty? And the injustice the economically disadvantaged experience? And the rising rates of HIV infection in young people and non-Caucasian races? And the housing and senior care dilemma facing the oldest of our community?

The gay rights movement has been a struggle for dignity and respect, as much as anything. How can a people who have fought as hard as we have for those things not stand up for all of us? If we are pro-life, then we are pro-life in all its manifestations.

I wonder … What if we put our might and our dollars and social media influence toward other efforts?

Surely a people with so much experience being marginalized and dehumanized — and changing the world — could rise up and advocate for others who have not yet tasted the victories we have. We are a progressive people who, decades apart, elected candidates like Harvey Milk and Sen. Tammy Baldwin. Certainly we can whip up a state to elect allies like Wendy Davis over the bigot on the same ballot.

We have much work left to be done: We have to pass ENDA without religious exemptions, finish gutting DOMA and so on. Would “extracurricular activism” dilute our movement? Or would it make us stronger?

And as you contemplate that question, ask yourself: Where would we be today with our own Allies fighting alongside us?

Todd Whitley is a local activist who can usually be found tweeting (@todd enlightened), holding a picket sign, thrift shop shopping, or eating Tex-Mex.
DOG DAYS OF SUMMER
This Summer, Things Get HAIRY
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DARK HOUR
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Dallas Voice: When did you get started writing music? What was your big break?

Matt Palmer: I started writing songs when I was 14 years old and wound up studying Recorded Music at NYU a few years later. My first break came when I won a songwriting competition in 2008. That competition led to my first publishing deal and got me started in the music industry.

You’ve said writing for others isn’t as satisfying as writing for yourself. Why do you think that is?

It’s not that it’s less satisfying, there are just more rules. It’s always fun writing from someone else’s perspective, but there’s generally a sound or message that’s already established for that artist. When I write for myself, I have a lot more freedom to try new sounds and lyrical themes.

Which of the songs is the most personal to you?

"Snow" and "Free" are both very personal songs about previous relationships of mine. "Free" is probably the most personal song on the EP.

You don’t play “the pronoun game” on your new disc — you talk on “Teardrops” about wanting to make love to him, not to you or that special someone. How important is it to you to be upfront about your sexuality? Do you worry it will cost you fans or will it gain you some?

I think it was an important decision to make because the best music to me is honest. I’m a gay man, so if I’m going to be singing about love, I should be able to say he. I spent a long time being afraid of what people I may not even know would think of me, and I try not to do that anymore. If someone isn’t going to listen to my music because hearing a guy sing he in a song makes them uncomfortable, then that’s on them. I think many more will appreciate my honesty.

Speaking of pronouns, your version of “Only Happy When It Rains” changes the pronoun I from Shirley Manson’s original to he, which makes the song seem a little angrier than the self-deprecating original. Do you agree? What attracted you to it? “Only Happy When It Rains” is very different from Garbage’s original. I sampled a couple of lyrics and the chorus melody, but the story I’m telling in my song is very different. I grew up loving the Garbage song and thought it could be a cool sample 20 years later. I really love what Drew Scotty did with the track, and I’m happy with how it came together.

Other than Garbage obviously, who are some of your musical influences?

My biggest musical influences have always been Mariah Carey, Michael Jackson and Babyface, but I am constantly listening to new music as well. I get a lot of production ideas from new records and try to match up radio-ready sounds with lyrics and melodies that are inspired by the music I grew up on.

How important is getting the right producer who knows what you are trying to do with a song? Or does a good producer take you places you never expected?

It is incredibly important to find a producer who can understand my vision for a song but still bring something new to the table. The album was done remotely so the producers only had my demo and a couple of sentences to go off of when they created their first mixes for each song. After a few back-and-forths, I always wound up with a version of the song that was even better than I had initially imagined.

Any plans for a tour? Ever been to Texas? We’d love to have you. Absolutely! My family actually lived in Texas before I was born, and I’ve definitely gone back to visit. I’d love to perform there! After we wrap the “Break-Up” video, I’m going to be setting up shows, so stay tuned!
Pop rocks

Matt Palmer’s catchy debut; NPH punks out as Hedwig

Stranger than Fiction
Matt Palmer
From the familiar squeezed-sound opening of “The Break-Up” — the opening track from Matt Palmer’s self-released debut EP — it’s clear he’s adept at those radio-friendly songs that get your head boppin’ to easy lyrics. That it’s stylistically indistinguishable from the CD’s second track, “Whatever It Takes,” is hardly a bad thing — Palmer’s upbeat, wailing tenor was made for pop music.

Openly gay, Palmer doesn’t shy away from making it clear when he’s singing about another man, as he does most plainly on the most directly R&B-infused songs. “Teardrops” explains his sexual unrequited yearning while delving briefly into rap (musically, it’s the most convoluted song, but the words resonate). “Only When It Rains,” which substantially samples the Garbage hit from the mid-90s, turns the perspective of the song in on itself: Instead of singing I’m only happy when it rains, Palmer says He’s only ... voicing a frustration with relationships that sounds as bitchy as gay boys at brunch.

“Give Me You” offers an engaging syncopated Calypso rhythm with layered lyric tracks, while “Snow” starts off with a simple piano-vocal solo that sounds like it might be all-unplugged, but Palmer can’t resist adding some reverb and supplementing the baseline with strings on the mix. That’s the sign of a musician who wants it all, and is willing to give it to anybody who’ll listen.

Hedwig and the Angry Inch
Original Broadway cast recording
Anyone who has seen Dr. Horrible’s Sing-Along Blog — or even caught his appearance on Glee a few seasons ago — knows that Neil Patrick Harris knows his way around a song. For those who didn’t realize it yet, they should be convinced by Hedwig and the Angry Inch. The original cast recording of the Tony Award-winning revival, just out on CD and other formats, is a testament not only to Harris but to composer Stephen Trask and the entire production, which comes through clearly as what it is: A true rock opera.

A cast recording has never been available before, though the show has been around for more than 15 years, but that doesn’t mean you haven’t had access to the songs. The indie film — directed by and starring John Cameron Mitchell, who also wrote the script — is a showcase for Mitchell’s interpretation of a character he wrote; no other singers stand out on the soundtrack. But here, we not only get Harris’ reinterpretation of the lyrics and phrasing (sometimes better than Mitchell, sometimes not, but always engaging), we also have Lena Hall’s voice in the unfamiliar numbers “When Love Explodes (Love Theme from The Hurt Locker)” and “The Long Grift,” and you realize why she won a Tony last month, too.

Trask’s score is a genuinely rock-infused — a rollicking punk celebration that rivals Green Day’s American Idiot and Richard O’Brien’s Rocky Horror Show. It howls, it screeches, it wails and thrashes across 14 numbers, including “Tear Me Down,” “Wig in a Box,” “Wicked Little Town” and “Midnight Radio.” If those titles don’t ring a bell already, trust me. Listen to this album once, and you’ll quickly get hooked and commit them to memory.

— Arnold Wayne Jones

WIG OUT OF THE BOX | Neil Patrick Harris won a Tony last month as ‘Hedwig,’ now you can hear why.
So how gay is Frisbee? Pretty gay. It’s a sport — which is actually called “Ultimate” and played with a “disc,” because “Frisbee” is a registered trademark — that has traditionally attracted “outsiders.” Some are good athletes who have been turned off by the rigid rules and militaristic manner of mainstream sports. Others are people who always considered themselves non-athletes, but finally realized the joy that can be found running, throwing and catching.

And plenty are gay. Ultimate welcomes everyone (except referees — there are none). It’s a big gay sport. And it has spawned Big Gay Frisbee teams.

There’s one in Los Angeles. Another in San Francisco. Those names — originally tongue-in-cheek — stuck. And they’ve stuck all the way to Las Vegas, where this month Ultimate was played as part of the Sin City Shootout. (More on that later. First, the Ultimate background.)

Around 2007, Seth Harrington was searching for a team sport. Rejecting what he calls the “macho paternalism” of sports like football, basketball and baseball, he had not been particularly athletic while growing up. But in his 20s he wanted to do something sports-like. Randomly, he picked up a disc.

He discovered a “level playing field.” Ultimate was athletic and fun, without being judgmental or exclusionary. Harrington roped in gay and lesbian friends (and his own lesbian sister). They became as enraptured as he was.

The men and women who initially gathered with Harrington to play in Los Angeles parks were, like him, “non-athletes.” But younger players soon joined, many with backgrounds in traditional team sports. They did not feel as excluded from sports as Harrington had been, but they also enjoyed the easy-going camaraderie of the Ultimate players.

“It’s a generational thing,” Harrington says, referring to a new group of LGBT people who have grown up playing sports. He’s only 28, but he recognizes the difference.
Ultimate is “super easy to pick up,” Harrington notes in explaining its appeal. “All you need is a disc. In two minutes, you understand the rules.”

Just as quickly, newcomers catch the spirit. “It’s an easy camaraderie. Everyone respects everyone else,” he says. “There’s no ref, so everyone sorts out and resolves issues together.”

It’s also “a way to have fun without a drink in your hand. It’s a way to come out without the bar scene.”

Those qualities make “Big Gay Frisbee” attractive to the LGBT community, Harrington thinks. And they extend to straight players who join. Harrington has been surprised several times when, after playing for months, someone casually announces he has a girlfriend. “These are straight guys who are very at ease with the LGBT community. They don’t feel this big necessity to identify as straight right from the start.”

(About that Big Gay Frisbee name. It started as a joke, Harrington says. “It was just part of the fun. It sounds non-threatening, welcoming and ironic.” Eventually it stuck. Now it’s official.)

In 2011, four years after the first dozen or so players gathered, there were enough for a legit tournament. Flyers, a Facebook page and website drew a crowd of 60. Today there’s an email list of 250. The Facebook page has 280 members. That’s enough for a real Big Gay Frisbee league. Each season lasts several weeks, with six or so teams. “It’s almost like a real sport,” Harrington laughs.

He adds proudly that although a lot of players are first “dragged in by friends,” or arrive looking for a boyfriend, after just a couple of games they realize the Ultimate attraction: Frisbee is fun.

“They stop boyfriend-shopping,” Harrington says. Meanwhile — with the pressure off — relationships do form and flourish.

Which leads to the Sin City Shootout. Held annually in Las Vegas (duh) over Martin Luther King Day weekend, it draws more than 6,750 participants. They compete in basketball, bowling, bridge, darts and 12 other sports. (They also party. But that stays in Vegas.)

This year, the Shootout included what Harrington calls “the one and only national LGBT Ultimate tournament.” Eight teams participated, from Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago and Cincinnati.

The San Francisco group is an outgrowth of the original L.A. teams and league. First organized this past October, it’s already grown to 60 members. Defiting the Bay Area, many Ultimate players there are startup types. In Southern California, Big Gay Frisbee players are a mix of ages (early 20s to late 40s) and backgrounds: professionals from West Hollywood; plenty of doctors, lawyers and entertainment people; younger folks from across the city, a few from South L.A. There are a number of Asians and Latinos plus, Harrington laughs, “a lot of Jews. I did a lot of recruiting from my gay synagogue.”

For more information, visit BGFL.com.
"Les’ is less... is more

Scaled down and modernized, DTC’s ‘Les Miserables’ hits the high notes

The first image you see in the Dallas Theater Center’s new production of Les Miserables is of orange jumpsuited men being manhandled by black-leather-clad stormtroopers. Is this an Oz-inspired BDSM fantasy or the musical adaptation of a 19th century novel?

Updating the settings of plays is nothing new — Shakespeare has been reimagined more times than Cher’s career. But the decision of director Liesl Tommy (a South African native) to move this tale of French radicals in 1830s Paris to the cellphoned, hipster-infested streets of the modern era becomes a truly inspired bit of invention, taking the well-worn musical — bombastic and sweeping — and breathing a fresh, intimate energy in it. Students in corsets barricaded in the slums of Europe is one thing; but Occupy Wall Streeters clashing against right wing one-percenter’s brings the story home more powerfully.

It’s a reminder of why the title Les Miserables is shortened but never changed — peoples of all ages and cultures are oppressed, and eventually they take to it the streets.

If the style seems heavy-handed, get over it. Despite some shocking, decidedly non-family-friendly moments (the “Lovely Ladies” number has always been a raunchy song about prostitutes, but the simulated sex — men-on-women and men-on-men — is raw), this version of Les Miz isn’t known primarily for its humor, but for its humanity — the tale of a fugitive, Jean Valjean (Nehal Joshi) relentlessly pursued by a jackbooted thug hiding behind his badge, the religious zealot Inspector Javert (Edward Watts). In his leather duster and angular face, Javert looks like a brigand from a John Wayne western, though he lacks the vocal shadings to set the role apart.

Joshi, though, makes for a powerful fireplug as Valjean, with breathtaking songs (his “Bring Him Home” aria is arrestingly good) and doleful eyes that, even from across the stage, engender compassion.

Even his singing, though, is outshone by Allison Blackwell’s Fantine, whose rendition of “I Dreamed a Dream” should be used to force Ann Hathaway to give back her Oscar. The entire ensemble — especially the charmingly tomboyish Elizabeth Judd as Eponine and dashing Justin Keyes as the romantic Marius — never falters.

John Coyne’s massively raked set gives depth and scope to the show that, in the industrial box that is the Wyly’s performance hall, feels as personal as a love letter. And props to the props department, whose signing during the early scenes of unrest (“Still waiting on the VA — please help”) remind us that even divided by centuries, the message of Les Miz still packs a punch.
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It's a reminder of why the title Les Miserables is shortened but never changed—peoples of all ages and cultures are oppressed, and eventually they take to it the streets. If the style seems heavy-handed, get over it. Despite some shocking, decidedly non-family-friendly moments (the "Lovely Ladies" number has always been a racy song about prostitutes, but the simulated sex—men-on-women and men-on-men—is raw), this version of Les Miz is as expertly crafted as any I've seen. When before has Madame Thenardier (Christia Mantzke) stood out as one of the great comic roles in musical theater? She'd steal the show if she didn't share all her scenes with Steven Michael Walters as her rapacious husband. His hair twisted in a sloppy dreadlocks nest, wearing too-small clothes but strutting like a peacock, Walters is the resident magician, pulling magic moments from hats along with wallets from his victim's pockets. Even the sound screw-ups on opening night, which left him unmiked during key solo moments, didn't interfere with the comic timing. But then, Les Miz isn't known primarily for its humor, but for its humanity—the tale of a fugitive, Jean Valjean (Nehal Joshi) relentlessly pursued by a jackbooted thug hiding behind his badge, the religious zealot Inspector Javert (Edward Watts). In his leather duster and angular face, Javert looks like a brigand from a John Wayne western, though he lacks the vocal shadings to set the role apart.

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It doesn’t take much more than 10 minutes of *Dawn of the Planet of the Apes* before you stop thinking, “Wow! What awesome special effects!” and start thinking, “These apes sure are good actors.” Of course, they aren’t apes … and yet they are. These aren’t wholly CGI-created fictions but performers, led by Andy Serkis, in motion-capture technology that not only tracks body movement but detailed facial movements. The result is an amazing illusion, which allows the audience to relate to the simians as real beings. And that leaves a lot of ambiguity in the message of *Planet of the Apes* we’ve held for 45 years.

The original 1968 film was a classic of the sci-fi genre in the post-atomic age. The mysterious “planet” was Earth, hundreds of years in the future, after mankind blew it up and a new set of primates, with Darwinian determination, rose up as the dominant species, turning the remnants of the human race into its pets. The latter-day prequels — 2011’s *Rise of the Planet of the Apes* and now this — pose a different twist, suggesting it wasn’t nuclear winter but a man-made pathogen that led to humanity’s downfall.

Ultimately, the reason we were replaced doesn’t matter. The real question asked, back in the ‘60s and today, is: “What can we do to stop it?” And the answer in *Dawn* seems to be: “Man doesn’t deserve the planet anymore.” We’re the dinosaurs, and we have only ourselves to blame.

If that sounds waaaay too serious for a summer action movie, well, you need to pay attention to *Dawn*, one of the smartest and most
contemplative tent-pole franchise entries Hollywood has recently produced. There’s tons of action, but even more dialogue ... and even more careful plotting.

Caesar (Serkis), the missing-link chimp whose intelligence marked a paradigm shift in evolution, is the undisputed leader of the ape world, which lives peacefully away from humans in the forests of North California. The ragtag human survivors in San Francisco need access to a hydroelectric damn in Caesar’s kingdom to keep from dying out. Can they reach a détente that will allow peaceful coexistence? Will Koba, Caesar’s war-mongering consigliere, or Dreyfus (Gary Oldman), the suspicious human, foment conflict until it’s too late?

Director Matt Reeves has fashioned a post-apocalyptic parable that recalls modern-day conflicts, from rallying political support via demonization of the enemy to assassination as an excuse for war to, sadly, the impossibility of having real principles — it’s Camelot, with less singing and more gorillas.

The cast sells it. The human actors, especially Jason Clarke, never wink at the audience and just how they interact with the half-actor, half-digital apes will leave you scratching your head ... or under your arms. Serkis may finally get a long-overdue Oscar nomination for one of his enhanced performances. His haunting eyes make Dawn a crowd-pleaser you won’t soon shake.

The fur flies in Dawn, but it gets caressed, stroked and eroticized in Venus in Fur, Roman Polanski’s film adaptation of David Ives’ Broadway two-hander about an actress named Vanda (Emmanuelle Seigner) whose audition for a nebbishy playwright (Mathieu Amalric) takes on a sexually charged energy. Is the actress — who wants to play a character also named Vanda — real, or a fragment of his imagination? Is that dialogue she’s speaking or some kind of improvised mind-screw?

Venus in Fur marks the 80-year-old director’s second consecutive foray into film versions of small-bore stage works (following 2011’s Carnage) and he seems to revel in contradictions: Carnage was based on a play written in French but filmed in English, and Venus is the opposite.

Why? Maybe because the subject matter — a brooding author obsessed with adapting the book that gave us the term “sado-masochism,” who himself was deeply affected by the pleasure-pain principle — is oddly close to Polanski’s heart. (Amalric is even a dead-ringer for the young Roman.) Sex dramas somehow seem more European, especially when they enter the woozy netherworld where fact merges with fantasy, as it does here.

That’s not aided by the fact Polanski doesn’t really open up the story beyond its stage one-set, one-act structure: In 90 minutes, you get the full range of this seesaw of dueling personalities, where power shifts from one to the other and words take on a prickly, seductive resonance. That’s better live than on film, especially in the real-time set up of Venus. Polanski, usually a master at psychosexual drama, stumbles through the imagery. It lacks the creepy passion he has touched on so disturbingly in the past. Seigner (Polanski’s actual wife) should be too old for the part, but she carries it off with a pouty, earthy carnality. (She looks a lot like Christina Applegate.) Amalric has the thankless role of a kinky man easily manipulated by women. But their pas-de-deux ends up as a pas-de-don’t.
Dallas Voice: Hina is a strong woman and her students seem to respect her like a coach. Did any of them have any derisive things to say about mahu? How accepted is mahu among younger Hawaiians?

Students in Hina’s school are very respectful. In Hawaiian and other Pacific Islander communities, mahu are very visible and normal, part of everyday life — respected and included in family, school, church, business, community life, etc. It is only in the context of rigid Western thought, primarily religious, about gender that problems emerge. So, while negotiating daily life in modern Hawaii, mahu do encounter problems. But at Hina’s Hawaiian-values-based school, it’s not an issue. In fact, Hina is not the only teacher at the school who happens to be mahu.

In general, the Hawaiian spirit of aloha is very real. People here — Hawaiians and non-Hawaiians alike — tend to be much more courteous, respectful, welcoming and inclusive than in most other places. It’s simply a cultural way of life. If and when there is resistance in the day-to-day, it tends to be subtle rather than confrontational, which is why it didn’t emerge as a strong element in the film.

A right-wing religious and “family values” presence in Hawaii is on the increase, however, and with it is coming much more politicized and visible forms of bigotry and discrimination, as seen during last November’s special legislative session on marriage equality.

Is Hina’s story fairly typical of mahu today, or do many of them encounter more prejudice?

Hina’s story is not necessarily typical, and she has experienced the challenges that many mahu and transgender women face in Hawaii’s heavily Westernized dominant culture, similar to trans women anywhere in the U.S. But, as she says in the film, Hina found refuge in being Hawaiian — Kansaka Maoli — and...
A rare person

Doc about Hawaiian mahu woman highlights AFFD

decided to share her story, and a glimpse of traditional Hawaiian culture’s more enlightened view of gender and sexuality, as a way to inspire hope for positive change in communities far and wide.

The young tomboy, Ho’onani, offers an interesting parallel story to Hina’s. Was that just luck? I’d love to follow her story 10 years from now. As portrayed in the film, Ho’onani emerged as a primary character in Hina’s story quite unexpectedly. But that is the magic of verité documentary filmmaking — you let the cameras roll and hope that you’re smart, or lucky, enough to capture compelling scenes. When Ho’onani appeared, wanting to join and ultimately lead the boys’ hula troupe, we knew we were witnessing something very special and just tried to make sure we were there to follow her and Hina on the journey they were taking together as mentor and [pupil] in uncharted waters.

While many who view the film are quick to put simplistic or convenient labels on Ho’onani, she is still on her journey, and we’ll see where it goes. The most important thing is that she, and other kids like her, have teachers, and other adults in their lives, like Hina who are willing and able to support them as they grow up and become who they want to be.

Is mahu the same as what we call “trans,” or is there some kind of subtle difference in the language? I love how Ho’onani defines it as “a rare person.” Mahu is a concept that refers more to those who embrace and embody both male and female spirit rather than those who simply transition from one gender to another. It is much more fluid and encompassing of a person’s whole being rather than simply about biology and/or sex.

Mahu reminded me of the trans people in India who are respected insofar as it is “bad luck” not to give them alms, or Native Americans’ “third sex” who are respected as mystical. It seems many ancient cultures recognize a “third sex,” but many modern ones don’t. Yes, it seems that most indigenous cultures had and have ways of recognizing and honoring the diversity of the gender spectrum. So, our focus should not be to treat the concepts as exotic curiosities or relics of the past, but to counter the religious and other ideologically-driven institutions that have been trying to drive acceptance of gender diversity out of existence for centuries.

Hina and her husband Hema have a sometimes-contentious relationship, but I found Hema fascinating because he’s a simple, small-town farmer trying to be “modern” in his acceptance of a mahu as the woman he loves. Hema perhaps is a reflection of the younger generation of Polynesian men, struggling to make sense of all the conflicting things he’s been taught, including traditional Polynesian acceptance and his family’s conservative (Western) religious beliefs, grounded in a rigid interpretation of gender and sexuality. His journey in the film shows how he’s developing his own way of thinking about these things, aided greatly by a sense of openness and acceptance in Hawaii that he did not experience in his native Tonga. We hope his willingness to share his story in this film speaks to others in a similar spot in life and inspires them to be more independent in their thinking as well.

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The hula and music/dance performances were so fascinating and contextual. Is that kind of native Hawaiian culture threatened today? The presence of Hawaiian culture, language and practices is strong in the islands, but also constantly under threat in a modern world more focused on commercial development and tourism than authentic cultural preservation and empowerment. Hina has become a very important figure in today’s Hawaii because she works so hard to keep Hawaiian culture and traditions alive, including the traditional embrace of mahu and others so commonly marginalized in Western society.
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Festival of Independent Theatres returns to Bath House

Don’t get out out enough to the theater? You can make up for it all in one fell swoop with the return of the annual Festival of Independent Theaters, with eight companies offering up their one-act productions of fringe-fest-ish plays, from breezy comedies to brooding dramas and all points in between. The festival runs four weekends, so you can consume as much theater as you want in record time. Pictured: Austin Tindle, last seen as the troubled gay son in Uptown Players’ The Lyons, plays the first man and Catherine DeBord is Eve in WingSpan’s The Diaries of Adam & Eve, based on a Mark Twain story.


Thursday 07.17

Lady Gaga performs at AAC

What does one need to say to a gay person to suggest they attend a Lady Gaga concert other than, “She’s here, on this date, and she’s the new generation’s Madonna.” OK, maybe you need a little bit more, like knowing her ArtPOP Ball Tour comes to American Airlines Center Thursday. If you don’t already have tickets, well, aren’t you naughty little monsters.

DEETS: American Airlines Center, 2500 Victory Ave. 7:30 p.m. Tickets from $40. Tickemaster.com.

Life + Style

Best Bets

Thursday 07.17

Drag Racer Alaska serves it up at The Brick

Second Saturday at The Brick means drag fabulousness, and you can’t get more fab than Alaska Thunderfuck, the runner-up for Season 5 of RuPaul’s Drag Race. The quick-witted queen, who combines glamour with a sassy screw-you attitude, will headline the event, which will be hosted by M.C. Nicole O’Hara Munro and feature a performance by G Licious “G.” There will be a red carpet, meet-and-greet and even a photo shoot right after the show. A portion of proceeds will go to benefit Sugarstix LifeWalk team.

ARTSWEK: NOW PLAYING

THEATER
The Festival of Independent Theatres. Small Dallas theater companies — including WingSpan, Echo, Churchmouse and One Thirty — present this annual collection of one-act plays, showing in repertory at the Bath House Cultural Center, 521 E. Lawther Drive. July 11–Aug. 2, $20 (single ticket), $63 (two-week pass), $73 (four-week pass). For a complete schedule, visit FestivalOfIndependentTheatres.org.


DANCE
Modern Dance Festival. The Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth hosts this 11th annual recital series. Performances on July 12, 13, 19, 24 and 25. Admission is free. Modern Art Museum of Fort Worth, 3200 Darnell St. For a full schedule, visit CDFW.org.

FINES ART

FILM
Asian Film Festival of Dallas. The 13th annual event, which runs for a week with all screenings at the Angelika Film Center Mockingbird Station, 5321 Mockingbird Lane. On Saturday, the documentary Kuma Hina, about a trans Hawaiian, screens. See story Page 28. For a complete schedule of films and for passes and tickets, visit AsianFilmDallas.com.

SATURDAY 07.12
SPORTS
FrontRunners. Gay jogging group meets at 8:30 a.m. at the statue in Lee Park for a run along the Katy Trail.

COMMUNITY
Alaska Thunderfuck. The Drag Race finalist performs at The Brick, 2525 Wycliff Ave., #120. Doors at 9 p.m., show at midnight.

FINE ARTS
Ronald Radwanski: A Celebration of 15 Years. Ronald Radwanski, the curator of ilume Gallerie, is the subject of an exhibition and reception recognizing his 15 years of modern art. Proceeds will benefit Dallas Rescue Me’s A New Leash on Life program. ilume Gallerie, 4123 Cedar Springs Road. 7–10 p.m. ilumegallerie.com.

HAVE A TASTE
The Taste of Dallas returns to Fair Park this weekend for three days of foodie fun.

FRIDAY 07.11
FOOD
Taste of Dallas. The 28th annual chance to sample food from dozens of area restaurants returns to Fair Park, starting with a “date night” Friday and offering special VIP tasting (and drinking!) packages. Fair Park, 3600 Grand Ave. July 11–13. For tickets, passes and details, visit TasteOfDallas.org.

COMMUNITY
High Tech Happy Hour. The queer monthly mixer, sponsored by Texas Instrument’s gay networking group but open to anyone, returns to Two Corks and a Bottle, 2800 Routh St. in the Quadrangle. 5:30–7:30 p.m.

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SUNDAY 07.13
CONCERTS
Basically Beethoven. The Fine Arts Chamber Players present their second free concert of the 34th annual Basically Beethoven Festival, which includes the Rising Star Recital from SMU grad Audra Methvin and a piano concerto from Eduardo Rojas. City Performance Hall, 2420 Flora St. Doors at 2 p.m., concerts start at 2:30 p.m. Free. FineArtsChamberPlayers.org.

TUESDAY 07.15
FILM
Airport. The Oscar-winning drama, which spawned a generation of disaster movies, screens as part of the Tuesday New Classic series at Landmark’s Magnolia in the West Village, sponsored by Dallas Voice. 7:30 p.m. and 10:15 p.m.

THURSDAY 07.17
THEATER

CONCERTS
Lady Gaga: The ArtPOP Ball Tour. The gay icon pop singer brings her pop goddess energy to American Airlines Center, 2500 Victory Ave. 7:30 p.m. Tickets from $40. Ticketmaster.com.

THE FIRST 15 ARE THE HARDEST | Gay contemporary artist and ilume Gallerie curator Ron Radwanski is the subject of a new exhibit and reception Saturday marking his 15 years as a painter.

To submit an item for inclusion in the Community Calendar, visit Tinyurl.com/dvsubmit.
Cassie Nova

More Q&As for Ask a Drag Queen!

Hey, y'all! I'm back — taking a break from summer pool parties and drag shows to answer some of your interesting and entertaining questions. I asked for them, and y'all delivered! I got a butt-load filling my inbox — many from curious Misters asking about the tucking thing again. Please see my first column from just one month ago — you people are tucking crazy! Maybe I should do a tucking informational. Any volunteers? I will tuck ya. Tuck the hell out of ya.

Here is the first question.

Dearest Cassie, I know your husband is supportive of your career. Were you already together when you first started? Has he always been so supportive? Has it ever been difficult for him in any way or has he ever hoped you had another line of work? Just curious, Marc McWhorter

Great question Mr. McWhorter. I met my husband Jamie about 14 years ago in the Rose Room at one of my shows. It took him three years to ask me out. On our first date, we saw a movie (Dreamcatcher) and ate at Red Lobster cuz we are fancy like that.

That night changed my life. We have been together and I am very at ease. Or rather, I have been more at ease. The drag thing has never been an issue for him because he knew what he was in for when we met. It takes a real man to date a drag queen. I am the luckiest girlie boy in the world. As Phoebe from Friends might say, “He’s my lobster.”

Dearest Cassie, I'm a straight female who is a strong advocate for equal rights as well as a follower of the Christian faith, though I do not go to church at this time. Also, my mothers-in-law are lesbians. Recently, a coworker told me I am not a Christian because of my belief in equal rights for both women and LGBTQ people. I told my boss I didn't want to be scheduled to work alongside this person anymore. I am worried, however, that when I do see this person again, I will be forced to interact with them. Any advice on what I should say or do? Thanks in advance! Xoxo, Holding my tongue

Damn, girl. Where do you work — Hobby Lobby? Thank you for being on the right side of history. Our community could use a lot more peeps like you. Now, about this person at work: Have you ever heard the expression, “Bless your heart”? True Southerners know what that really means. Just throw a good ol’ “bless your heart” at the hater and walk away. People like that are not looking to change their ways or their way of thinking, they are trying to be confrontational. Stick to your beliefs and rise above. With much respect and thanks, Cassie Nova.

Dearest Cassie Nova, I have never been a big fan of the Dallas gay scene, with the exception of going out on the weekends and seeing you perform at S4. Most of my friends are straight and I have a tough time meeting guys, unless on apps like Grindr, Scruff, Growlr, Jack’d, etc. Ninety-nine percent of the time, I won’t meet any guy off those apps because I prefer to date someone seriously before we jump in bed (or the bed of my truck, or wherever). I am very attracted to bears, wolves and otters but essentially have no idea where I can actually meet these guys, have a drink, and just get to know each other. Do you have any suggestions for me? Are there actual gay men in the DFW that want something more than an occasional hook up? Please give me some advice. Thanks, Jake

Well, Jake, some of the Rose Room cast and I were talking about that recently. My life story would be called You Know What You Should Do?, because my deflected self thinks I always know best and force my “wisdom” on others. For the record, Edna Jean Robinson’s autobiography would be called Unintentionally Messy and Layla Larue’s would be I Was Mindin’ My Own Business Where... That book would be a bestseller — the bitch has got stories that would make you blush. Kelexis Davenport’s would only be sold in the adult section and titled, Why Do My Knees Hurt? Thanks, Cassie

I would now like to call out some of my fellow drag queens. Bitches, get your own jokes. If you are gonna use my monologues, don’t use them verbatim! Dammit! They say that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Well, flatter me with a percentage of your tips. If you think this read is about you, it probably is. XOXO, Cassie.

If you have a question and want to suggest for Ask a Drag Queen — or just have some juicy gossip to share — email it to AskCassieNova@gmail.com.
Making the SCENE the week of July 11-17:

**Alexandre’s:** Walter Lee on Friday at 10 p.m. Bad Habits on Saturday at 10 p.m. Lala Johnson on Wednesday at 9 p.m. Alicia Silex on Thursday at 9 p.m.

**Best Friends Club:** Miss Gay Texas state pageant system AIDS Outreach Center benefit show on Saturday at 7 p.m.

**Changes:** Cowtown Leathermen meeting on Monday at 7 p.m.

**Club Reflection:** Trinity River Bears meeting on Sunday at 2:30 p.m. and cookout at 4 p.m. Texas Gay Rodeo Association Trailer Park Trash Show on Sunday at 7 p.m. Wall of Food Show on Thursday at 8 p.m.

**Dallas Eagle:** Beach Party on Saturday begins at 10 p.m. National Leather Association club night on Saturday. United Court of the Lone Star Empire presents Bangles, Diamonds & Leather hosted by Thelma DaZel and Craig Bolton on Sunday at 7 p.m. benefits Resource Center Youth First.

**JR.’s Bar & Grill:** Net Chix with Krystal and Asia on Monday.

**Round-Up Saloon:** Karaoke all week long 9 p.m.-2 a.m. with Eric W. on Friday, Cole on Sunday, Matt on Monday, Mel on Tuesday, Jeff on Wednesday, and G.T. on Thursday.

**Sue Ellen’s:** Mojo Dolls on Friday. Mi Diva Loca on Saturday. Summer Girl Jam on Sunday opens at 3 p.m.

**The Bikini:** Second Sugar Stix Saturday with Alaska Thunkerknick, Glicious G and emcee Nicole O’Hara Munro.

Doors at 9 p.m. Show at midnight benefits Sugar Stix LifeWalk team.

**The Rose Room:** Asia, Cassie, Jenna, Krystal, Layla, Valerie, Chevelle Brooks, 93 Lady Gaga Event on Friday.

To view more Scene photos, go to [DallasVoice.com/category/photos](http://DallasVoice.com/category/photos).
Neicy and Kassia on The Strip.

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