



Volume 20, Issue 12

December 2020

Seasons Greetings

*Map
Events
Articles
Calendar*



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Dana



Wayne



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Dwight

In Memorial



Terry



Bruce

Calendar of Events

DATE	Time	Event	Venues:	O= Online	C= Center
Dec 2	6:30 pm	Month LGBT Center Board Meeting			O
Dec 7	7 pm	LGBT AA Group Meeting			O
Dec 7	7 pm	PFLAG Monthly Meeting			O
Dec 9	7 pm	Positive Attitudes (HIV+ Support Group)			O
Dec 14	7 pm	LGBT AA Group Meeting			O
Dec 15	7 pm	Gatlyn Dame Group (Trans Support Group)			O
Dec 21	7 pm	LGBT AA Group Meeting			O
Dec 23	7 pm	Positive Attitudes (HIV+ Support Group)			O
Dec 25	1 pm	Center Open for Christmas Drop IN			C
Dec 28	7 pm	LGBT AA Group Meeting			O

Jan 1st 2021 ~ Happy New Year ~ Good Riddance 2020!

Christmas is the spirit of giving without a thought of getting. It is happiness because we see joy in people. It is forgetting self and finding time for others. It is discarding the meaningless and stressing the true values.

Thomas S. Monson

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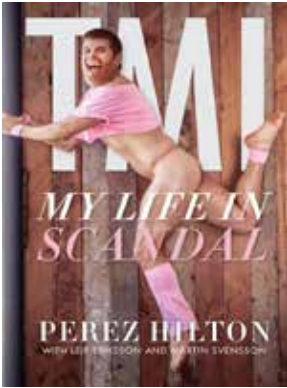
Book Reviews

by: Terri Schlichenmeyer

aka: "The Book Worm"

bookwormsez@yahoo.com

"TMI: My Life in Scandal" by Perez Hilton with Leif Eriksson
and Martin Svensson c.2020, Chicago Review Press
\$26.99 / \$35.99 Canada 229 pages



You're allowed to change your mind. You grow, get a few experiences under your belt, and things might look a bit different. You can have a change of heart then, and pivot your life in a different direction. You can take do-overs and take-backs, but carefully. And as in the new book **"TMI" by Perez Hilton (with Leif Eriksson and Martin Svensson)**, you can ask for forgiveness, too.

If you knew Mario Armando Lavandiera Jr. when he was a child, you'd be surprised at the man he is today. He says he had a good childhood but he was a "different" kid then, and was often bullied: among other indignities, his classmates called him "the Fat Kid" because he loved to eat.

That last part hasn't changed. What *has* is that Lavandiera is now thinner, famous, and known by a nicer name: Perez Hilton. And no, if you're wondering, *Paris* Hilton "never bothered" to sue him over the lookalike name, "though she definitely could have."

This transformation didn't happen overnight.

By the time he moved to New York to attend college, Hilton knew for sure that he was gay; while there, he gained friends, a pile of debt, and a mitt full of credit cards. Down but not out, he started a series of jobs and launched a series of websites that both spanned time in New York and L.A., and that got him into trouble in one way or another. Then a photogra-friend leaked a few celeb pictures his way, Perez posted them on his website, and he was famous, literally overnight.

And that was good – for awhile. Hilton partied near-constantly, busted into celebrity events, became "wifey" with Gaga, clubbed with Jessica Simpson, and hung with Paris Hilton. And then he made a video for a

national cause that caused him to see the hurt he'd left....

Could it be that the infamous author and gossip blogger Perez Hilton has.... *softened*?

Yes, mostly. There's a whole lot less venom inside "TMI" than you might expect from Hilton, but fans won't be entirely bereft. There's still a little spark of gossip here, names dropped, and stories propped up and left on the roadside for embarrassment or for examination. Those are accompanied in this memoir by a glint-in-his-eye tone, and the sneakiest of snark hidden here and there, but that's often tendered by tenderness.

The surprise – or the shock, depending on your level of fandom – is that Hilton apologizes to several people he feels he hurt; and he expresses a degree of regret for having lost good, close friends because he reported gossip about them despite the friendship. It's contrition that feels like it came from a battered schoolyard bully, only genuine.

Hilton is a father now and he writes with unabashed love for his kids, from a refreshing, seemingly-happier place in his life. "TMI" still includes plenty of Hiltonized Too Much Information, some snickers, and a hint of tattle-tale, but if you've never been much of a fan, here's a chance to change your mind.

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Is There A Santa Clause?



Son: “Dad, I am old enough to know now. Is there a Santa Claus?”

Not being the world’s fastest thinker, I stalled for a time.

Dad: “OK, I agree that you’re old enough. But before I tell you, I have a question for you. You see, the truth is a dangerous gift. Once you know something, you can’t unknow it. Once you know the truth about Santa Claus, you will never again understand and relate to him as you do now. So my question is: Are you sure you want to know?”

Brief pause. **Son:** “Yes, I want to know.”

Dad: “OK, I’ll tell you: Yes, there IS a Santa Claus.”

Son: “Really?”

Dad: “Yes, really, but he’s not an old man with a beard in a red suit. That’s what we tell kids. You see, kids are too young to understand the true nature of Santa Claus, so we explain it to them in a way that they can understand. The truth about Santa Claus is that he’s not a person at all; he’s an idea. Think of all those presents Santa gave you over the years. I actually bought those myself. I watched you open them. And did it bother me that you didn’t thank me? Of course not! In fact it gave me a great pleasure. You see, Santa Claus is THE IDEA OF GIVING FOR THE SAKE OF GIVING, without the thought of thanks or acknowledgment. When I saw that woman collapse on the subway last week and called for help, I knew that she’d never know that it was me who summoned the ambulance. I was being Santa Claus when I did that.”

Son: “Oh.”

Dad: “So now that you know, you’re part of it. You have to be Santa Claus too now. That means you can never tell a young kid the secret, and you have to help select a Santa presents for them, and most important, you have to look for opportunities to help people. Got it? Because that is what being Santa Claus is all about.”

Christmas Story: For the Man Who Hated Christmas

By Nancy W. Gavin

It's just a small, white envelope stuck among the branches of our Christmas tree. No name, no identification, no inscription. It has peeked through the branches of our tree for the past ten years.

It all began because my husband Mike hated Christmas. Oh, not the true meaning of Christmas, but the commercial aspects of it – overspending and the frantic running around at the last minute to get a tie for Uncle Harry and the dusting powder for Grandma – the gifts given in desperation because you couldn't think of anything else. Knowing he felt this way, I decided one year to bypass the usual shirts, sweaters, ties and so forth. I reached for something special just for Mike. The inspiration came in an unusual way.

Our son Kevin, who was 12 that year, was on the wrestling team at the school he attended. Shortly before Christmas, there was a non-league match against a team sponsored by an inner-city church. These youngsters, dressed in sneakers so ragged that shoestrings seemed to be the only thing holding them together, presented a sharp contrast to our boys in their spiffy blue and gold uniforms and sparkling new wrestling shoes.

As the match began, I was alarmed to see that the other team was wrestling without headgear, a kind of light helmet designed to protect a wrestler's ears. It was a luxury the ragtag team obviously could not afford.

Well, we ended up walloping them. We took every weight class. Mike, seated beside me, shook his head sadly, "I wish just one of them could have won," he said. "They have a lot of potential, but losing like this could take the heart right out of them." Mike loved kids – all kids. He so enjoyed coaching little league football, baseball and lacrosse. That's when the idea for his present came.

That afternoon, I went to a local sporting goods store and bought an assortment of wrestling headgear and shoes, and sent them anonymously to the inner-city church. On Christmas Eve, I placed a small, white envelope on the tree, the note inside telling Mike what I had done, and that this was his gift from me.

Mike's smile was the brightest thing about Christmas that year. And that same bright smile lit up succeeding years. For each Christmas, I followed the tradition – one year sending a group of mentally handicapped youngsters to a hockey game, another year a check to a pair of elderly brothers whose home had burned to the ground the week before Christmas, and on and on.

The white envelope became the highlight of our Christmas. It was always the last thing opened on Christmas morning, and our children – ignoring their new toys – would stand with wide-eyed anticipation as their dad lifted the envelope from the tree to reveal its contents. As the children grew, the toys gave way to more practical presents, but the small, white envelope never lost its allure.

The story doesn't end there. You see, we lost Mike last year due to dreaded cancer. When Christmas rolled around, I was still so wrapped in grief that I barely got the tree up. But Christmas Eve found me placing an envelope on the tree. And the next morning, I found it was magically joined by three more. Unbeknownst to the others, each of our three children had for the first time placed a white envelope on the tree for their dad. The tradition has grown and someday will expand even further with our grandchildren standing to take down that special envelope. Mike's spirit, like the Christmas spirit will always be with us.

Home For The Holidays!

Most of us, if not all of us, are happy to be in the home stretch of 2020. It's been a year like no other. A pandemic that won't end. The crippling effect it has had on the economy. Perhaps the holidays in November and December could add some much needed family time to the ugly equation. Not so fast. 2020 isn't quite done with us yet.

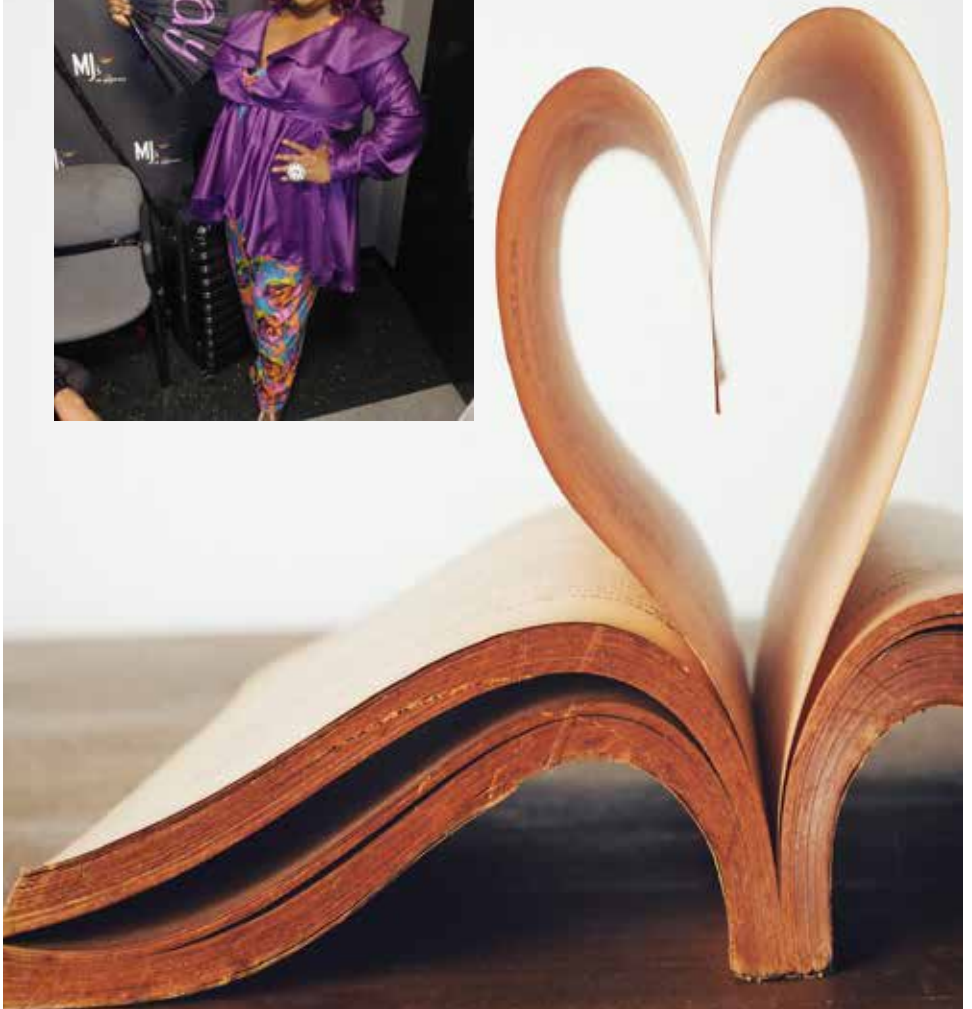
As COVID-19 continues to spread like wildfire, indoor gatherings with groups of people are being discouraged. And that has led to some tough conversations and decisions among families. Sure, we all want to gather and celebrate the holiday season. But at what cost? Can your grandparents or parents risk getting coronavirus? That was the question that my family has been discussing recently and yesterday, we came to a painful decision.

For the first time in, well, forever perhaps, there won't be a family Thanksgiving dinner with the whole family. In the end, we decided that we didn't want to risk spreading the illness to those who might have trouble fighting it off. Why risk it. We ruled out Thanksgiving, and decided that unless something drastically changes, Christmas wouldn't happen as normal either.

Yes, I'm disappointed. Thanksgiving is my favorite holiday of the year. I love sharing the day with family and great food. But this year we'll have to make a new tradition. We'll have a dinner for just our own family and Zoom call all others. In the end, making sacrifices like this are necessary. No holiday gathering is worth losing a loved one over. Thanks a lot 2020.



In Loving Memory



Daray Lorez
1978-2020

UofL Institutional Review Boards
IRB NUMBER: 19.0405
IRB APPROVAL DATE: 09/28/2020

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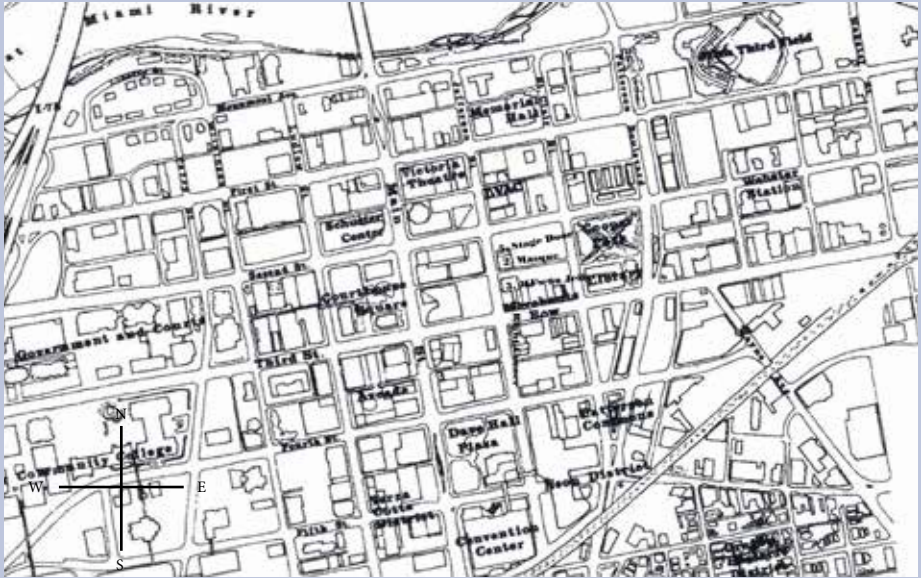
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GayDaytonMap



18 +	18 and Up	E	Other Entertainment	N/H	Neighborhood
A	Alternative	F	Food	S	Strippers
AH	After Hours	G/S	Gay/Straight	T	Mature
C	Country	K	Karaoke	V	Video
D	Dance	L	Leather	W	Women
DG	Drag	M	Men	Y	Young

1. Argo's, 301 Mabel Street 252-2976 (M,L,E,S)
2. Evolution, 130 N Patterson 203-2582 (18+,Y,G/S,D,E,V,DG)
3. MJ's on Jefferson, 20 N. Jefferson 223-7340 (18+,F,M,D,S,E,DG,V,K)
4. Right Corner, 105 E. Third St 228-2033 (NH,M,T,E)
5. Stage Door, 44 N. Jefferson St 223-7418 (M,L,C,K,T,NH,E)
6. Natalie Clifford Barney Historical Marker
7. The Greater Dayton LGBT Center, 24 N. Jefferson 274-1776

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