

**Don't
Label
It!**
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MAY 2010

*The perfect union
of music and film:*

**Drive-By
Truckers**

and Oscar Winner

Ray McKinnon

sync whole



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Embedded Professionals in the Gay Media Warscape

By Xanna Don't

As a lead vocalist and band leader for over 15 years, from time to time I would ask my musicians what they thought the definition of "professional" was. The most common answer I got was, "You get paid." It always broke my heart to hear that because it's so much more. For me, a professional was somebody who had acquired a level of skill that enabled them to get the job done, no matter what happened to interfere with it. Performing music, it meant keep on singing, even if somebody knocks over a tray of drinks or a brawl breaks out. Keep on singing, and singing your best, even if there are only six people in the room and your band makes up five of them. Don't qualify how hard you will try. Don't cheat. Always do your best.

Within the gay media landscape, I've seen a phobia associated with this word. At the lesbian magazine where I was Entertainment Editor for its last year, I was asked to prepare a music festival request-for-proposal that included our photos. Mine was an Obamicon and my publisher feared it was "unprofessional." Explaining that it would be read by bands who would be more interested in my experience as creator and co-producer of *South By Southwest's* first all-gay music showcase didn't calm her nerves. When I came onboard as Interim Editor for *ATL Free Press* (I renamed it after a big scandal), my publisher insisted on making up press

passes that still said *Atlanta Free Press* because he felt Atlanta was "more professional" than ATL. For them, professionalism was all about appearance. For me, it's always been about the job.

At the other end of the increasingly sprawling, ragged gay rag battle field, there are folks who seem very assured of their professionalism. They have degrees and have been working on their craft for some years, and they will be the first to tell you that, as Chris Cash, publisher of *GA Voice* did in a recent op ed. But I wonder if they also have fears of living up to that word. I believe fear may have manifested into some despicable, desperate actions.

Deliberately sabotaging *Atlanta Free Press* after two issues by acting as an "anonymous source" to another online publication is something one of these so-called professionals did. I know which member of the old guard did it, but I won't reveal the name because I was told off-the-record. *That* would be unprofessional in my book. But it didn't end there. Verbally attempting to intimidate a new *Southern Voice/David* (their alma mater) staffer and then even me in public is something a couple of their staffers appeared comfortable doing, too. I'd love to know what journalism ethics class taught them these techniques.

Quentin Tarantino told Fiona Apple on their Sundance Channel's *Iconoclast*

episode from Austin, TX, that he “never wanted to be a professional” because he feared fucking up his art. I’d like to encourage anyone reading this that they can publish their own ‘zine, too, with a little bit of determination and genuine interest. There’s a lot of buzz about how many publications the glbt community of Atlanta can sustain. Sustain how? Financially? That’s another matter.

Financial feasibility should never discourage anyone who wants to write.

So let’s go back to what many of my musicians said, because they were half right. You don’t have to accept the invitations of the so-called professional publications that court your content for free to sustain their full time salaries. That’s an exploitation of our community’s voice, not a true expression of it.

###

be scene



Easter Sunday @ Burkhart’s (above) and Mikey Gray’s karaoke Tuesdays @ The Eagle (below).



Letter to Luda



Photos by Loren Hoffmann

Dear Ludacris,

I was thrilled when **Atlanta Film Festival** (ATLFF) introduced **Luda's Choice** this year. Your choice of screening the racially charged **Crash** five years after its Oscar win for Best Picture seemed so brilliant in the glow of our country's election of its first African-American president. And after the incredible panel at Starbucks just three hours before its showing on April 21, entitled *Color Struck: Race and Movie Images in Hollywood* (a continuation of last year's *Diversity On Screen* panel), festival goers were primed for it. Well attended and hosted by **Gil Robertson**, these panels override their allotted time due to passionate participation. Because of their time constraints, the promise of a *Luda's Choice* post screening discussion, described in ATLFF's program as an opportunity to "discuss the issues [Crash] brought to the forefront and examine how these issues still affect us six years later," was eagerly anticipated.

But then our hopes were dashed. After simply stating "the film woke a lot of people up," and encouraging "conversation—that is where change comes and where we start to find solutions," you abandoned that conversation for a couple of industry anecdotes

and, predominantly, the full presentation of your press kit: your album, your foundation, your clothing line, your cognac, your restaurant...you may have even read its menu line by line, but by then many people were standing up to put their jackets on and leave. It was not the discussion we came for—it was an infomercial. To make matters worse, the after-party at your restaurant offered nothing. It was just a regular night there—order from the menu, cash bar, and no designated area for filmgoers to discuss what you neglected. I'm sure you've been to numerous film after-parties and I'd be surprised if many of them went down like that. The film festival volunteers were stupefied; they had no idea why they were there—there was nothing to serve.

Some of my fellow folks in the gay community have told me that Atlanta may be tired of being the “go to city” for race relations chat, and considering what my community continues to face—marriage inequality, unequal employment opportunity, and the



lingering horror of the raid on **The Eagle** last September—it's understandable that some have grown weary. I have not. And it should be noted that your re-showing of *Crash* with its post Q&A and party was attended by an international film community participating in ATLFF. There is still so much to explore and we were looking to you to lead that discussion, at least for that night.

Luda, I challenge you to return next year and be a part of the race/diversity panel as an engaged panelist. At the end of this year's discussion, the audience expressed a desire to expand it to two hours on a Saturday afternoon. I hope that if you choose to participate, during each and every minute of it, you'll connect with its attendees in a meaningful way. We need your focus and will honor your sincere effort.

*All my best,
Xanna Don't*

sync whole

Drive-By Truckers and Ray McKinnon's perfect union of music and film

By Xanna Don't

Photos by Ann Brown & Loren Hoffmann



Closing night of the 2010 **Atlanta Film Festival** (ATLFF) brought the 30-plus-year fest as close to a South By Southwest experience as a former Austinite could hope for; it even included a live music performance. ***The Secret To A Happy Ending*** is a rockumentary that follows Athens-based **Drive-By Truckers** (DBT) over three pivotal years in their unlikely rise to success. It's a fun ride. Director **Barr Weissman**, whose editing and producing credits include the Kennedy Center Honors and numerous PBS specials, saw the band, loved them, and asked them to do the film.

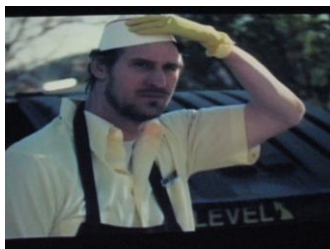
"His pitch was perfect. If he'd been involved with VH-1, we never would've talked to him," cracked DBT's founding member **Patterson Hood** at the post-screening Q&A.

Hood's insightful discern may have stemmed from his previous work with another talented filmmaker known for his sincerity and reverence for authenticity. **Ray McKinnon** won an **Academy Award** in 2001 for his live action short film, ***The Accountant***, but his face is better known these days as the high school football coach who gets slapped on the butt by Sandra Bullock in ***The Blind Side***. His credits are numerous, but what distinguishes him from the Hollywood milieu is his commitment to the south. He and his wife, Lisa Blount, a Golden Globe-nominated actress, don't live in Los Angeles; they choose to live in



Arkansas to be near family. The Drive-By Truckers have built a loyal fan base with that same devotion to southern life. It's who they are and it can't be faked.

The Accountant inspired the DBT song, *Sink Hole*, and that tribute led to DBT's music being featured in three subsequent McKinnon films: *Chrystal*, *Randy & The Mob*, and last year's *That Evening Sun*, for which McKinnon was honored with an **Independent Spirit Awards** nomination for Best Supporting Male. The director of *That Evening Sun*, Scott Teems, directed DBT's latest video, ***This Fucking Job***, from their rapidly charting new album, *The Big To-Do*. The video stars McKinnon as a working man driven to desperate acts.



“Scott and Ray made it come in for a fraction of what it should have cost,” lauded Hood when the video showed following the band's documentary. Their new recording label, ATO, which Hood describes as “supportive,” was undoubtedly happy with that.

But both McKinnon and the Truckers have found their respective industries to be less nurturing. In

McKinnon's Oscar-winning short, his character gripes, “They ain't gonna let no real good old boys in the movie picture business, son! It's too risky for 'em.”

And Hood can pinpoint his band's newfound success concisely with the astute observation, “It took the music business collapsing and getting out of our damn way.”

Their shared do-it-yourself hard work ethic and southern roots give their working relationship a familial resemblance. It's a tribal commonality with its own quirks, but both career paths have grown richer over the last decade by having been enhanced by the other, creating a perfect union between music and film.

Walking out of ATLFF's jury awards dinner a week prior to closing night, Ray McKinnon gentlemanly paused to let me pass in front of him. I was taken aback and joked, “Oh that's right, you're southern!”

Ray quipped, “Yes. There are a lot of voices in my head.”

That's probably true. And we're always eager to hear them.

www.atlantafilmfestival.com

www.drivebytruckers.com

www.theaccountantmovie.com



encounters

May 5

Raja's Journey - free film screening and Q&A reception with director Karl Saurer @ Goethe_Zentrum, ATL
www.german-institute.org

May 7

The Comedians of Chelsea Lately with Jo Koy, The Sklat Brothers, Ken Kirkman, and Chuy @ The Tabernacle, ATL
www.facebook.com/comediansofchelsealately

May 11

2010 Oscar Winner—Best Original Song
Ryan Bingham [pictured below] @ Smith's Olde Bar, ATL
www.myspace.com/ryanbingham



May 12

Benefit for
Melissa Carter Transplant Fund
@ Worthmore Jewelers 7—9 pm
@ Bellissima 9 pm—12 am
www.melissatimes.com

May 14

Femmethology Launch with Asha Leong, more @ Charis Books, L5P ATL
www.charisbooksandmore.com

ALHI/Fourth Tuesday Happy Hour 6—8 pm
@ Mixx [new location] Ansley ATL
www.mixxatlanta.com

Panty Raid
with DJ Vicki Powell
@ Bellissima, ATL
www.myspace.com/bellissima_lounge

May 15

Bill Kaelin presents Day Party
@ The Artmore Hotel, ATL
3—10 pm, with DJ's Drew Van Atten, Habersham, Inferno, Michael Scott, more
www.artmorehotel.com

May 21

Music Men of Midtown with Juan Cezar, Guyton Maurice, Sean Kagalis [pictured] Mike Rickard, and Bucky @ Bellissima
www.myspace.com/bellissima_lounge



May 22

Hotlanta Softball League presents
Mr. & Mrs. HSL Pageant @ Jungle
www.hotlantasoftware.org

May 26

Bernadette Seacrest & Her Provocateurs
@ The Highland Inn Ballroom
www.myspace.com/seacrest



May 28

The Swell Season @ Symphony Hall, ATL
www.myspace.com/theswellseason

June 4

Reverend Horton Heat [pictured below]
with Cracker @ Masquerade, ATL
www.myspace.com/reverendhortonheat



BrokeNCYDE

with Jeffree Star [pictured below]
@ Masquerade, ATL
www.myspace.com/jeffreestar



June 8

Blue Rodeo @ Smith's Olde Bar, ATL
www.myspace.com/bluerodeomusic



July 2

Liza Minnelli with Atlanta Symphony Orchestra
@ Chastain Park Amphitheatre
www.classicchastain.com

more to be scene



**ATLFF
2010**

Photos by Loren Hoffmann



ATLFF 2010 Photos by Xanna Don't & Ann Brown



Photos by Loren Hoffmann

DON'T LABEL IT!

Personal Forecasts

**MAY
2010**



What would Brick do?

What would Xanna don't?

| | | |
|-------------|--|--|
| TAURUS | I can't imagine anyone having this much fun since my family took a road trip to the spelling bee finals. Luckily, you're tic free! | Don't go straight, go gaily forward! If the path you've been on offers a curve, follow it. You're ready for something or someone new. |
| GEMINI | You've done your homework, so expect extra credit. You may even get invited to the popular kids' party. <i>(whispered) extra credit</i> | Don't stop, make it pop, DJ blow my speakers up, tonight I'mma fight 'til we see the sunlight, tick tock, on the clock. <i>Kesha</i> |
| CANCER | Your school project is due tomorrow and you just told your mom about it. Note: baking soda and vinegar make lava. <i>(whispered) lava</i> | Don't send out the same old resume. Check last month's issue of Don't Label It for Linda Burns' advice on getting that cool film job. |
| LEO | Remember when one of my great aunts pretended an uncle had died and the funeral turned into a big party? Get ready for that! | Don't let surface drama deflect you from what this story is really all about. Think about what the character would tell you if he could. |
| VIRGO | Early acceptance to an Ivy League school may come sooner than we think. We should study for the SAT's and apply for loans now. | Don't stop thinking about tomorrow, don't stop, it'll soon be here. It'll be here better than before, yesterday's gone. <i>Fleetwood Mac</i> |
| LIBRA | Remember when my mom's company picnic charged for beer and soda, like Ludacris? You have more soul than that. Drink water. | Don't kill the messenger. The messenger is you! Not everyone will get what you're trying to tell them, but you can lead by example. |
| SCORPIO | The responsibility of taking care of my baby chick is severely limiting my freedom. But the little guy imprinted on me! <i>(whispered) imprint</i> | Don't skip dinner with the family to beat the cover charge at the club tonight. A little ying can make up for a lot yang later. Balance it. |
| SAGITTARIUS | You know how my sister Sue tries out and auditions for stuff at school and so far it hasn't worked out? Your time will come, too. | Don't give me the labor pains, just bring me the baby? That's not how it works. You put in months of prenatal care. Breathe and push! |
| CAPRICORN | You know how Axl was dating that girl Morgan who was totally out of his league? <i>(whispered) league</i> My mom is usually right. | Don't get swept off your feet too easily. Get swept, for sure, but don't jump the broom just yet. Make sure both houses are in order. |
| AQUARIUS | Remember when school closed the library and made my literary pals and I weather the recess playground? Get ready to zigzag! | Don't understand the notes you made in your journal? Does your bank statement look like the code to the Matrix? Put on your glasses! |
| PISCES | My mom is such a great help with my school projects. There could be a mentor like that for you, too. But make sure it's your vision. | Don't let anyone pull the rug out from under you. You've been slipping and sliding on it lately, but Home Depot has rubber grippers. |
| ARIES | Sometimes I like to read a bunch of books at once, but the library only lets you check out so many. Return your overdue books now. | Don't kick yourself too hard. You did all you could do and behaved honorably. Now is not the time to sacrifice all that hard work. Hang! |

Atticus Shaffer plays Brick Heck on ABC's *The Middle* www.abc.com

[These forecasts are the author's interpretation of what the onscreen personality *might* say.]

text messages from hell

me (4/26, 11:48 pm): ...*you slack—THAT pisses me off more than Gaydar ever could*

me (3/26, 2:19 pm): Just spoke to film festival and your application is all set. So we hit the filmmakers' VIP lounge beginning the afternoon of 4/16.

me (4/8, 11:10 am): Picked up our business cards yesterday. Are you free tomorrow night to go to the Hawks' game? I have 2 "club level" tickets.

loren (4/9, 5:44 pm): I'm on my way should be at your house by 6!

me (4/15, 9:15 pm): I'm in the taxi on my way to the club. See you soon.

loren (4/15, 9:16 pm): Yay!

me (4/16, 2:23 pm): Good morning! Emailing you my tent sched and then heading out to the theater; it's behind Traders Joe's in the Frogs complex.

loren (4/16, 2:54 pm): I'm here but don't know where to go.

me (4/16, 6:44 pm): What's next on sched? Are you back?

loren (4/16, 6:46 pm): On my way now! Putty Hill at 7.

me (4/16, 6:47 pm): Ok cool.

brian (4/16, 7:06 pm): Stopping for a picture ummmmm

me (4/16, 7:07 pm): Where are ya?

brian (4/16, 7:07 pm): Perching. ;)

me (4/16, 7:09 pm): Where's the nest, my fine feathered friend?

brian (4/16, 7:17 pm): Low and in the bushes.

me (4/16, 7:18 pm): What fun!

brian (4/16, 7:36 pm): Riding around with the "k" delivering SoVo. What do you think?

me (4/16, 9:10 pm): Great idea to put the film festival on the cover. ;)

me (4/17, 1:14 am): Ann and I just got home. Noon tomorrow? Hope you had fun.

me (4/17, 12:04 pm): I'm in Theater #3.

loren (4/17, 3:36 pm): Im back! Where are you?

me (4/17, 4:00 pm): #6.

loren (4/17, 9:21 pm): Hey I'm here! Where are you?!

me (4/17, 9:32 pm): No food at filmmakers' party, so they all came to Frogs!

loren (4/17, 9:33 pm): Haha!

me (4/17, 10:23 pm): Be there soonish. Or not? Got some film crit's in good conversation.

loren (4/17, 10:56 pm): K

me (4/18, 1:36 am): We just got home. Looking forward to seeing the pix...

me (4/18, 2:07 am): Are you OK? Get some rest! Please. Hydrate and breathe.

loren (4/18, 2:09 am): Haha!! Will do.

me (4/18, 2:20 pm): Lost you. I'm upstairs.

me (4/18, 2:29 pm): I wanna see what you shot so far.

loren (4/18, 2:31 pm): K! Im on my way up!

me (4/18, 2:55 pm): Wait, can't you charge your battery here?

loren (4/18, 3:10 pm): I will need to get my charger then! Plus I think I'm gonna make some lunch and save some money! Be back at 5 or sooner!

me (4/18, 3:21 pm): Sooner would be better. I know it can get boring, but you never know who may turn up. Just emailed with Margaret Cho—I interviewed her last summer.

loren (4/18, 3:22 pm): Awesome!

me (4/18, 3:24 pm): She just texted back from her blackberry; she can't make it but other comics will be here...

loren (4/18, 5:12 pm): Traffic isn't moving but I'm almost there.

me (4/19, 12:29 pm): If you just want to meet me at Starbucks @ 4pm that will work. HH @ 5, \$1 tacos at Frogs, Lesbian Shorts @ 7:20.

me (4/19, 12:29 pm): Pauley Perrette will be at lesbian shorts. She's on the TV show NCIS and in the short she plays an HIV+ lesbian.

loren (4/19, 1:53 pm): Cool!

me (4/19, 4:00 pm): @ Starbucks.

loren (4/19, 4:06 pm): On my way.



loren (4/20, 12:31 pm): I'm in theater 4.

me (4/20, 12:46 pm): We just woke up. Gotta go to the bakery and Whole Foods. Will be there for the Q&As in #4 and #5 around 4 pm.

me (4/20, 3:29 pm): Actually, we're gonna hit the panel on HD @ Starbucks. If Alley Pat is there, can you get his photo and then meet us?

loren (4/20, 3:30 pm): Im in theater 5.

me (4/20, 3:38 pm): Alley Pat is in #4.

loren (4/20, 3:39 pm): Yeah im watching things we carry in 5.

me (4/20, 3:42 pm): Can you just run out and see if he'll be on the red carpet and get his photo!

me (4/20, 10:23 pm): We're almost home. Fun day. We'll be at Cutud (Aussie filmmaker) at Noon. Just get there when you can. You're doing a great job.

loren (4/20, 10:25 pm): Cool!

me (4/21, 5:24 pm): Sorry, had to run to ladies room. At HH.

me (4/21, 6:41 pm): Ludacris is upstairs now!

me (4/21, 7:15 pm): We are 7 rows from the front on the left. Gabe is now doing intro's...

me (4/21, 7:16 pm): In dah house!

me (4/21, 7:17 pm): Now!

loren (4/21, 7:21 pm): I talked to his driver hes headed to lenox!

me (4/21, 8:49 pm): But he'll be back for Q&A.

loren (4/21, 8:50 pm): Yeah.

loren (4/21, 8:56 pm): Shes in the things we carry shes the mom.

me (4/21, 9:11 pm): Omg yes! You still in the house? Matt Neumann caught me in the lobby for awhile!

me (4/21, 9:43 pm): This is a fucking commercial!

loren (4/21, 9:11 pm): Haha, get your drinks.

loren (4/21, 10:06 pm): Did you leave?



me (4/22, 4:02 pm): #3 Q&A!

loren (4/22, 4:03 pm): Cool be there in a sec just got done in 6

me (4/22, 7:43 pm): @ Apres Diem outside.

loren (4/22, 7:44 pm): K

me (4/22, 10:25 pm): Jeanette is singing LaBamba now! Are you back?

me (4/22, 11:18 pm): I hope you're feeling OK. If you can't make it tomorrow, Ann could use your pass so she's not out \$40. Please let us know.

loren (4/22, 11:31 pm): Ahh I just woke up are you guys still there?

me (4/22, 11:36 pm): On our way home.

loren (4/22, 11:37 pm): K

me (4/22, 11:40 pm): You should go to Vicki's thing tomorrow. We will still get your pass back to you for a collector's item. But this has been a lot and you need rest. No worries.

me (4/23, 12:36 am): Need an answer.

loren (4/23, 12:36 am): I mean I will go but if you and Ann want to save money I can take off...

me (4/23, 12:42 am): I have already paid you in full. We bought tix for Ann—this is NOT about money. It's about availability and yours is limited. You never came back tonight.

loren (4/23, 12:56 am): I was so sick...on new meds and Im not use to it.. The side effects are not ideal. Have been there and will be there. I have done everything you've asked. I told you I didn't know fri has a schedual that's the reason I planned on going to flux.

loren (4/23, 12:57 am): If its not about \$ then why do you keep saying "so Ann's not out 40"

me (4/23, 1:34 am): No biggie. Thought maybe we could sell her tic. But Andy is available. I need this shot. No hard feelings. Keep your fee and just send what you've shot. Same deal.

loren (4/23, 1:36 am): What would you like me to do? I do appreciate this opportunity you've given me. I love the people ive met the movie ive seen and the some 2000 photos ive taken. I don't want you to think I don't.

me (4/23, 1:37 am): Already arranging a transfer of your credentials. I love you but Don't Label It needs complete coverage. You need a way better doc—I've been thru thyroid stuff myself.

loren (4/23, 1:38 am): I told you I'd be there.

me (4/23, 2:05 am): Can't bank on that. Future of my stupid little magazine depends on it. It's not much, but it's all I have, yet you treat it sub par because it pays low \$. You qualify it.

loren (4/23, 2:30 am): ???

me (4/23, 2:33 am): I don't pay much, but I pay because it matters. It's outta my own pocket. But gigs are judged by what they pay. My most important band gigs paid little.

me (4/23, 2:39 am): It's cool. Go to Vicki's party—we can talk about it another day. Not every moment of each gig will be exciting, but it's the grind that pays off in the end.

me (4/23, 2:41 am): Commanding your meds will enable that grind. It is essential. I care about and respect you deeply. Your talent is huge. I just don't think you'll show tomorrow and I need those shots.

loren (4/23, 2:47 am): Who ever said money was a thing with me? I understand not every minute is going to be exciting... I've been there every day and every step, today I got sick...

loren (4/23, 2:48 am): Off the record...*[editor omitted]*...I never use my sickness as an excuse and I hate that I'm even saying anything

me (4/23, 2:51 am): Then be honest about it. It's OK. We will support your art always.

me (4/23, 2:53 am): P.S. I helped you move! Trump card always...!!!!

me (4/23, 2:56 am): I think after this week I will slip into a coma. Please visit me and say nice things so I can publish a pretty poetry book when I awake.

loren (4/23, 2:57 am): ???

loren (4/23, 2:59 am): Yeah you win...I love you like a family member and you and Ann mean the world to me...Best wishes

and have fun tomorrow. I will have a DVD of all the images 4 you on Monday.

me (4/26, 10:06 pm): Ann can meet with you tomorrow or Wednesday. Please coordinate with her. Hope you enjoyed your busy weekend.

me (4/26, 11:07 pm): Now. But be ready to incur my wrath.

me (4/26, 11:10 pm): I'm applying an extra coat of lip balm now for when I begin foaming at the mouth.

loren (4/26, 11:11 pm): Why does there need to be wrath? I have your photos I gave you a camera and I could have finished that job but you thought I wasn't up to it.

me (4/26, 11:12 pm): You were not. And you gave me no notice.

me (4/26, 11:14 pm): Let's get this over with, but you must know you've blown one of the best references you coulda had. Rule 1 of any pro job: finish the job, no matter the fee.

loren (4/26, 11:17 pm): I told you I would be there and you told me to give you your pass...I woulda been there but you shut down on me. Then you make Ann a middle man...

me (4/26, 11:21 pm): Ann's middle man to save you. If you wanna come over now, I will try not to break MY OWN vases. Your camera is completely safe in the wife's hands.

loren (4/26, 11:26 pm): I can give you your money back I haven't cashed it...I'm not looking 4 drama I honestly loved

you like family it was nothing about you...I got sick.

loren (4/26, 11:26 pm): I got sick...you got pissed and things fell apart...I appreciate you and the opportunity I didn't do it on purpose. I'm sorry I have left a sour taste in your mouth...

me (4/26, 11:29 pm): OK big bad scary Xanna will make a point of being elsewhere @ 11 am tomorrow. But I'm entitled to feel this & your pix better rock. As for \$, you know better.

loren (4/26, 11:38 pm): The pix are everything and more. I've filter out the bad ones and you have 4 batches to go through and then the b-ball ones. I will see you at 11 am. I hate that things are rocky but I understand.

me (4/26, 11:40 pm): Filtered? Nope. All. That was the deal.

loren (4/26, 11:47 pm): OK!

me (4/26, 11:48 pm): Unlike ATL-FP, you're not art director of DLI. You have potential to be a great one for any pub, but you slack—THAT pisses me off more than Gaydar ever could.

loren (4/26, 11:58 pm): Glad to know how I can improve... Hopefully as I grow in life I can grow into a respectable person.

Sorry I disappointed you. I know I have a lot to learn and I'm willing to almost anything health issue and morals permitting.

me (4/27, 12:24 am): two words: fried twinkies, three words: fried corn dogs, four even better words: trader joe's healthy snacks. morals...don't go there with me.

**always more to
be scene**



*WIG OUT @ The Eagle,
a benefit for MondoHomo
PHOTOS BY ANN BROWN*

ABOUT DON'T LABEL IT:

Previously published in the 1990's in Austin, Texas, this 'zine began simply as my band's newsletter and evolved into a regional Texas publication. Since the demise of Atlanta's lesbian magazine in 2009 (as its former Entertainment Editor) and after a brief stint as Contributing and then Interim Editor for another now defunct GLBT paper, I've revived the concept of cross-pollinating on paper and online the worlds I've always lived in: the live music scene, film happenings, and the **gay community**. Within these pages, they coexist in harmony. Thanx for picking us up!

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