

AMPLIFYING LGBTQ+ VOICES SINCE 1978

JULY 15-28, 2026

QUEEGAS

Ballroom Is Going to Be Here:

*Dale Blackheart Revlon's
Tough-Love Blueprint for the
Next Generation*

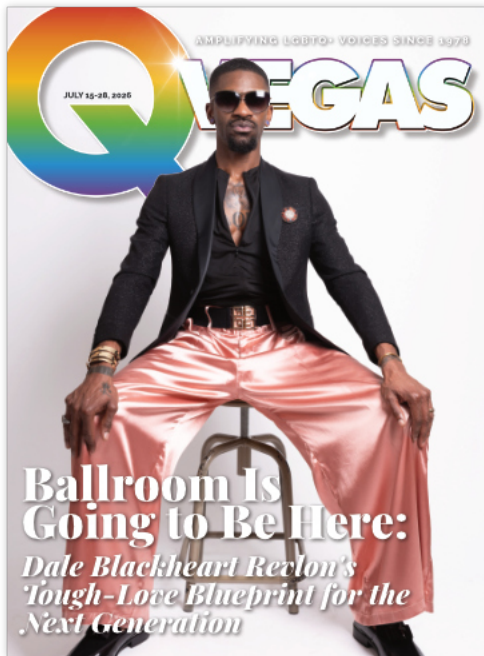
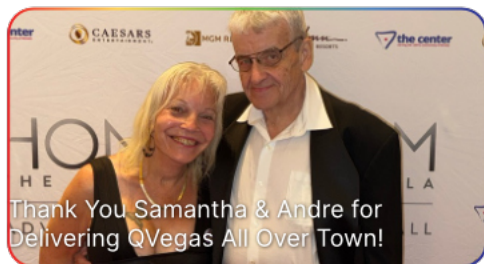


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With a proud publishing legacy that dates back to 1978, QVegas has been at the heart of Las Vegas' LGBTQ+ community for over four decades. What began as a grassroots newsletter has evolved into a dynamic weekly publication that informs, celebrates, and amplifies queer voices across Southern Nevada. QVegas is available in print at over 30 LGBTQ+ establishments, community nonprofits, and partner advertiser locations, making it a vital part of the local scene.

Beyond the printed page, QVegas connects with readers through a robust digital presence—on the web, across all major social media platforms, in our dedicated iOS app, and through weekly email blasts that keep the community in the know. Our coverage spans nightlife, entertainment, politics, health, advocacy, and the everyday stories that make up the diverse LGBTQ+ experience in Las Vegas.

As an advertiser-supported publication, QVegas is the most effective way to reach LGBTQ+ locals and visitors alike—offering unparalleled access to one of the city's most loyal and engaged audiences. In an era where equality rights are under attack nationwide, QVegas stands as a strong and unwavering community partner, committed to visibility, representation, and celebrating the power of queer voices.



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The Culture Keeps the Record: A Cover Star, a Jungle on the Strip, and an Obituary Nobody Else Would Write

Some issues come together like a set list; this one arrived like a ball — categories called, stakes high, everybody walking.

Our cover story belongs to Legendary Dale Blackheart Revlon, and we'd argue it belongs to Las Vegas, too. Dale's journey runs from a Baltimore kid sneaking into Club Bunnz at 13 to a legendary title conferred on an international stage in Paris — and now to Piranha Nightclub, where his Monday Mania Ballroom is doing something this city has never quite managed: building a ballroom scene meant to last. Vegas has hosted balls before. Big names dropped in, trophies were handed out, and the scene evaporated by morning. What Dale is planting is different — practices, mentorship, dinners, movie nights, chosen family in the fullest sense. His interview is candid about the glamour and the grunge, generous with the culture's history, and unflinching about its losses, including the memory of Sasha "Kitty 007" Williams, whose name Dale refuses to let this city forget. Read every word. Then show up on a Monday and clap like you mean it.

Elsewhere in these pages, we head to the Strip, where Bellagio's Conservatory & Botanical Gardens has gone gloriously feral for the season. "Paradise" fills the atrium with more than 20,000 plants, a 40-foot treehouse, and a menagerie that includes a 22-foot tiger dressed in 8,500 goose feathers. It's free, it's open around the clock, and if you're feeling flush, there's a new nightly cocktail experience tucked into the South Bed. Summer in the

desert demands a jungle; Bellagio delivered one.

And then there is the piece we suspect you'll be talking about. Lindsey Graham died on July 11, and the eulogies have been predictably gentle. Ours is not. Our story opens the ledger — DOMA, the D.C. adoption ban, "Don't Ask, Don't Tell," ENDA, the Equality Act, the Respect for Marriage Act — thirty years of polite, courtly, consistent no. We didn't run it to dance on a grave. We ran it because obituaries are where the record gets written, and our community has learned the hard way what happens when we let others do the writing. The votes are the story. We simply refused to lose the receipts.

That, in the end, is the thread stitching this issue together: memory as an act of defiance. Ballroom survives because its elders keep the culture alive and say the names. A community survives the same way. Since 1978, that's been our job.

See you at the ball.



Russ White & Garrett Pattiani
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Bellagio's Conservatory Transforms Into a Jungle "Paradise" for Summer 2026

Bellagio's Conservatory & Botanical Gardens has gone wild for the season. Through September 12, "Paradise: Nature's Most Beautiful Creations" turns the iconic atrium into a lush jungle filled with cascading vines, towering palms, tranquil waters and larger-than-life animal sculptures. Designed by Ed Libby and executed by Bellagio's Horticulture team, the display features more than 20,000 plants, 21 animals and a 40-foot treehouse rising above the Conservatory floor.

Each garden bed tells its own story. In the West Bed, elephants gather at a watering hole while monkeys and tree frogs hide in the foliage. The North Bed belongs to the tigers, including a 22-foot feline lounging mid-yawn, its coat adorned with 8,500 goose feathers. A lion and cub anchor the East Bed alongside flamingos and oversized passion flowers, while the South Bed's giraffes, their coats crafted from 900 pounds of flax seeds, stand watch beside blue herons.

The exhibit also introduces two dining experiences. The Garden Table, a treehouse-inspired retreat in the West Bed, returns with breakfast and brunch from Sadelle's (\$135 per person) and dinner from Michael Mina Bellagio (\$195 per person). New this year, The Watering Hole debuts as the Conservatory's first nightly cocktail experience, offering a three-course journey of handcrafted cocktails and small plates in the South Bed. Seatings run nightly at 6, 8 and 10 p.m., starting at \$500 for parties of up to four; guests must be 21 or older.

Sustainability remains central to the display. Water comes from on-site wells using rain and recycled resort water, and spent plants are composted locally, diverting thousands of pounds of waste from landfills.

It took 100 employees working around the clock for six days to bring "Paradise" to life. Admission is free, and the Conservatory is open 24 hours a day.



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Dale Blackheart Revlon Is Planting Seeds: How a Baltimore Kid Became Ballroom Royalty — and Why He's Building a Scene in Vegas

On a Thursday evening in late May, Dale Blackheart Revlon sits down to talk about his life — and he does not start small. He starts in Baltimore. He starts in the trenches. He starts at 13 years old, sneaking into a gay bar called Club Bunnz, watching a man he would come to call his gay grandfather strike a vogue pose to the opening beats of "The Witch Doctor," and feeling something click into place that has never clicked back out.

"I was standing there like a kid standing in the middle of winter wonderland," he says, "just watching all of these whimsical creatures walking past me. Trans women, realness boys, everybody. And I'm just like, oh my God, I'm really here. What's going on?"

More than two decades later, the man born David — Dale is a conjunction of his first and last name, a road name earned through years of international travel and performance — carries the title of Legendary within the House of Revlon's European chapter. He is one of the only figures in the ballroom world to have been formally deemed legendary on an international stage, receiving his title in Paris in 2023 from Jack Gorgeous Gucci, known to an earlier generation as Jack Mizrahi, one of ballroom's most respected gatekeepers. That moment, Dale says, meant everything — not because of the status itself, but because of what it took to get there, and who it was for.

"It took me 21 years," he says. "I have not always been a winner. I have gotten chopped. But I have mentored people all around the world, I have kept the culture alive, and I have never steered away from who I was. Three of my mentees, best friend, my "Brista" from Paris and my first "gay" child received their legendary status before me, and at every single one of those deemings, they said: I never would have been who I am if it weren't for you. That's when I knew I was already where I needed to be."

Out of Baltimore

Dale grew up the youngest child of a single mother who raised her kids, he says, "like damn near military." Respect, hard work, tradition, authenticity — these were not suggestions in his household. His mother, he notes with a quiet pride, is a lesbian who came into her identity in the late 1980s and early '90s, navigating both the AIDS epidemic and the crack epidemic in Baltimore City. Her experience shaped the way Dale understood LGBTQ life long before he had language for his own.

"I had a drag auntie who lived right across the street from my grandmother's house," he recalls. "We knew her as Bianca, but also as Bobby. She poured into me. Those people poured into me. So I never didn't understand the struggle. I knew the type of family I had — that's why I was able to

work the situation to my advantage when it was time to face how I felt."

He came out to his family around 13, delivering handwritten letters to his mother, grandmother, aunt, and a beloved uncle — timed, with characteristic strategy, to the family's Christmas party. Nobody flipped a table. Nobody called him a name. "My family," he says, laughing softly, "we were already the black sheep side. They kind of accepted the bizarre things we did."

His entry into ballroom came almost simultaneously, at around 14, at Club Bunnz in Baltimore City. He was brought by older mentors, including the gay father of an ex-boyfriend. The ball started. The beats dropped. He never looked away.

Learning the Culture

For readers unfamiliar with ballroom, a quick primer: it is a competitive LGBTQ+ subculture born in the Black and Latino queer communities of New York City, developing from the 1960s through the 1980s into the global cultural force it is today. Competitors "walk" categories — runway, face, voguing, realness, body, performance — and are judged by a panel. The judging system is binary and unforgiving: 10s mean you advance; a chop means you're done. Battles between finalists test execution, confidence, creativity, and presence. Winners receive trophies, cash prizes, or titles. But the



point, historically, has always been something larger than winning.

"Ballroom was created because many LGBTQ+ people — especially Black and Latino LGBTQ+ people — were excluded from mainstream society," Dale explains. "It provided a place where people could be seen, celebrated, and build family. That's still what it is."

That family structure is organized around houses — chosen families that compete together, mentor together, and live in each other's lives in ways that go far beyond the ballroom floor. Dale's first house was the House of Aphrodite, which he joined around 15 or 16. His path to the House of Revlon — one of Baltimore's most notorious houses, known, he says with a grin, for a certain scrappiness — came through an unlikely channel: a Burger King management training session, where he recognized the house's overall father across the room and slid him a quiet, strategic hello. The next day, a note came back across the desk: Welcome to the house.

"He was scary in ballroom," Dale admits. "I never introduced myself to him at balls because he was scary. But I knew my moment."

He has been in and out of Revlon since 2006 — leaving to father his own house, traveling, living briefly in Oregon where there was no scene to speak of — before returning in 2020, this time as a member of the European chapter rather than the American one. That distinction matters to him.

From Baltimore to Paris

Dale's ballroom journey has been genuinely international. He has competed and mentored across Europe, Asia, and Canada, and spent a year living in Paris — a city where ballroom culture operates, he says, at a different frequency than it does in the United States.

"In 2012 I was introduced to a photographer/ videographer turned



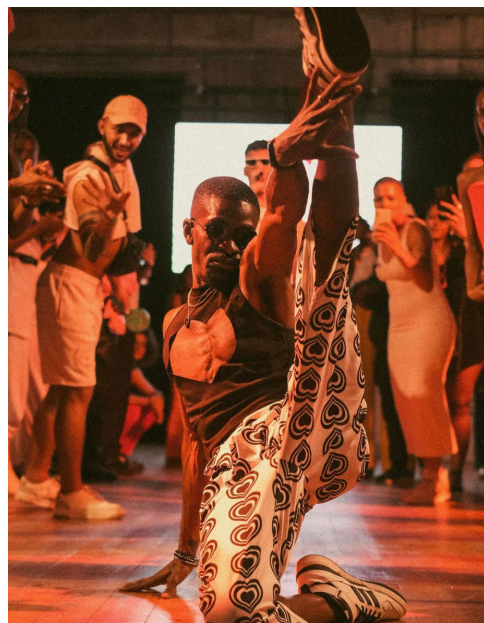
brother Frederic Nauczyciel who sought something in Baltimore yet found ballroom and me! I was in the prime of my ballroom career but was also stagnant based on my surroundings. After being invited to Europe for a collaborative performance arts exhibition my two Baltimore Revlon brothers and the newly flourishing ballroom scene of Paris, the rest has been history. I never lost the connection and respect for the conglomerate that was built from the ground up in Paris; more importantly I am an honored member of the scene there. In December 2025 Frederic passed away after a lengthy battle with cancer. I was privileged to hold his hand one last time as we discussed what LEGACY meant to us."

"In Europe, houses support each other. If a Revlon is on the floor, other houses are calling the name. In America, if they don't know you or they're not in your house, they're not yelling for you. The unity is different there."

The European scene has also achieved a level of mainstream visibility that American ballroom is still reaching toward. Dale's housemates in the European chapter of Revlon have appeared at the Cannes Film Festival. Ballroom performers walked alongside Bad Bunny at the Paris Olympics. Houses hold contracts with Puma and Nike. "You can catch them on a commercial, on a billboard," he says. "It's consistent. It's not just one moment."

His own Paris chapter includes his independent contemporary dance piece, *I'm Walking Tonight*, which centers on voguing and was performed there during his residency. He was in Paris, too, when he saw his house father — a man he hadn't spoken to in over a decade — across a ballroom floor, surrounded by European and African-European members of the house Dale had helped build.

"He could feel it in that moment," Dale says. "He avoided it for years, because when you're the black sheep, they shun



you. But some things — you can't avoid greatness."

Monday Mania and the Las Vegas Scene

Las Vegas has had a scattered relationship with ballroom culture. For a stretch of years, Jack Gorgeous Gucci brought his Sin City Ball to town annually, but it never took root as a permanent scene. When Dale arrived in 2022, there were Wednesday practices and Friday mini-balls at a venue called Jimmy's, driven largely by a New York transplant named Jasmine Couture. Then a scandal dissolved the scene almost overnight. Then Dale moved to Paris. Then he came back.

"You cannot continue to put us in a dark space and expect for light to shine out of it," he says. "It dimmed a lot of people's light."

"Which reminds me of the one person who was committed and dedicated to the Las Vegas ballroom scene prior to my move to Paris. Sasha "Kitty 007" Williams was a well known transwoman of the community because of her personality and talent. She moved to Las Vegas hoping to find a place to call home and learned fast that ballroom was not going to offer that. Even in my time in Paris I was the only family Sasha could call on and upon my return to Las Vegas, I was too late to pull her back in from the demons she would soon face. One early morning in January 2024 Sasha was stabbed to death by a 20 year old young man who was only sentenced to 8 years in prison. I've never found out why he would kill such a beautiful person and I'm forever grieving the loss of my sister, my friend. So Monday Mania is an owed to Sasha and I'll continue to say her name!"

After a stint at the Old School Lounge and a one-off event at Classic Jewel in the Arts District, Dale brought Monday Mania Ballroom to Piranha Nightclub — the longtime anchor of Las Vegas LGBTQ+ nightlife on Paradise Road — where it has been building momentum ever since. The

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decision to plant ballroom at Piranha was deliberate and, Dale argues, transformative.

"Piranha doesn't just host gay people. It's not a hookah lounge tolerating you, trying to make their bar meet something. When you say the LGBTQIA+ scene of Las Vegas, that's what you're talking about. Everybody knows what Piranha is. Ballroom is now in a space where it's visible."

For newcomers — spectators and potential competitors alike — Dale has clear guidance. Spectators should come ready to engage: clap, snap, cheer, ask questions. "It is not a museum," he says. Competitors need to do their homework before they ever step on the floor: learn the categories, understand the terminology (10s, chop, 007 free agent, old way, new way, fem queen, butch queen, realness), and most importantly, learn where they fit within the gender and performance categories the culture recognizes.

"Discipline. Creativity. Vulnerability. Accountability," he says, ticking them off. "You are at the stakes of people that are not like you, even though you all are alike. You have to be ready for that."

What a House Really Means

Dale is measured and intentional when the conversation turns to ballroom's role as a social safety net. The culture's history as a refuge for homeless and rejected LGBTQ+ youth is real and important — but he is careful not to

romanticize it into something it cannot sustain on its own.

"Ballroom is not the safe haven for the really intense issues you need help with," he says. "If you're underage and/ or in underserved circumstances, you don't have a place yet, you're struggling — focus on building yourself up first. Go to school. Get your degrees. Ballroom is going to be here. But you have to keep your life in order."

He is equally clear that his door is open for resource navigation — housing, food assistance, healthcare connections — for anyone who needs it. And he is building something that he hopes outlasts him in Las Vegas: a scene that doesn't depend on outside figures dropping in for a single ball and leaving, but a genuine community that sustains itself between events.

"I'm planting seeds for them to grow on their own," he says. "One day this won't be my forever place, and somebody else can carry it. But by that time, it'll be an icon coming back into something that's still being built and growing. That's the goal."

Working alongside him locally are his legendary sister Kiko Alpha Omega and his legendary brother Bo, both originally from the DMV. Together, they are trying to build not just balls, but community — dinners, movie nights, real human connection that makes the ballroom floor mean something when the lights come up.

Keeping the Culture Alive

Dale is 37 years into a life shaped by

ballroom — from that first night at Club Bunnz to the plaque handed to him in Paris, from Burger King training sessions to the stage at Piranha. He has watched the culture move from underground to mainstream, from Paris Is Burning to Pose to *Legendary* to the Olympics. He has complicated feelings about the television era — grateful for the visibility, wary of the distortion.

"Those shows are glamorous," he says. "But in reality, it can get grungy. When judges argue at a ball, most likely they're going to fight. It's not four fabulous judges with hair and makeup done arguing politely. It's different. Glamour versus grunge — that's the real rap."

What has not changed, for Dale, is the reason any of it matters. He closes the conversation the way he opens his balls: with an invitation and a declaration of intent.

"I have the most purest intentions to give culture and experience and fairness to talent. I love to celebrate people. That's what I do this for — to celebrate the people before me, the people here with me right now, and the people that will be here long after I'm gone. Show up with good intentions and love in your heart, and you will have a great time."

Monday Mania Ballroom with *Legendary* Dale Blackheart Revlon takes place monthly at Piranha Nightclub, 4633 Paradise Road, Las Vegas. Follow Dale on social media for upcoming event dates.



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A portrait of Lindsey Graham, a man with grey hair and a slight smile, wearing a dark suit and white shirt. An American flag is visible in the background on the left side.

Thirty Years of No: The Anti-LGBTQ Ledger Lindsey Graham Leaves Behind

The senator from South Carolina died Saturday at 71. His votes will outlive him — which is precisely the problem.

Lindsey Graham spent three decades in Congress perfecting a very specific magic trick: appearing reasonable while voting like a man who believed gay Americans were a zoning violation. He died on July 11, 2026, mid-campaign for a fifth Senate term, and the tributes have been rolling in ever since — the foreign policy hawk, the Trump whisperer, the guy who could golf his way into any administration. What the softer eulogies keep politely stepping around is the ledger. So let's open it.

Because here is the thing about Lindsey Graham that separates him from the average culture-war arsonist: he was never a bomb-thrower on LGBTQ issues. He didn't scream. He didn't rant about grooming on cable news. He delivered his opposition in that syrupy Carolina drawl, usually wrapped in phrases like "without animosity" and "respect for the Court," and then he walked onto the floor and voted no. Every time. For thirty years. On marriage. On adoption. On military service. On employment. On hate crimes. On codifying rights the Supreme Court had already granted.

He was, in other words, the most polite "no" in American politics. And a polite no, delivered across three decades and a dozen landmark bills, does exactly as much damage as a loud one. Arguably

more, because nobody ever made him pay for it.

1996: A Freshman Finds His Signature Move

Graham arrived in the House in January 1995, a fresh-faced JAG lawyer from Seneca, South Carolina. It took him barely a year to find the issue that would become his life's most consistent through-line. In 1996, he co-sponsored the Defense of Marriage Act — not merely voted for it, co-sponsored it, put his name on the letterhead — defining marriage in federal law as the union of one man and one woman and inviting states to refuse recognition of same-sex marriages performed anywhere else.

DOMA became law that September. It would spend the next seventeen years denying legally married gay couples over a thousand federal benefits — Social Security survivorship, joint tax filing, immigration sponsorship, the boring machinery of ordinary married life — until the Supreme Court began dismantling it in 2013. Graham defended it the entire way down.

He followed that up in July 1999 by voting for an amendment to prohibit same-sex couples from adopting children in Washington, D.C. Sit with that one for a second. Not marriage. Not benefits. Adoption. Children in the foster system, and couples willing to raise them, and

Congressman Graham deciding the better outcome was: no family for you. It remains one of the most nakedly cruel votes on his record, and it never came with an apology, a revision, or even one of his trademark shrugs.

Then, in September 2000, when Congress debated adding sexual orientation to federal hate crimes law — this was two years after Matthew Shepard was beaten, tied to a fence, and left to die in Wyoming — Graham argued the legislation wasn't needed and would "divide Americans." The Americans being beaten to death, presumably, were already divided from their attackers in a fairly meaningful way, but Graham felt the real risk was hurt feelings in the abstract.

This was also, let the record show, the same period in which Graham served as a House impeachment manager against Bill Clinton, prosecuting the president's sexual conduct with the moral fervor of a small-town revival preacher. Other people's private lives: a federal matter demanding the full machinery of the Constitution. Gay people's public rights: not needed, too divisive, next question.

The 2000s: Traditional Marriage Is Under Attack (By People Wanting to Get Married)

Graham ascended to the Senate in 2003, taking the seat of Strom Thurmond — a torch-passing so on-the-nose that a

novelist would have cut it. He wasted little time. When the Federal Marriage Amendment came up in May 2006 — an attempt to hard-code a same-sex marriage ban into the actual Constitution of the United States, a document previously amended to end slavery and extend the vote — Graham voted for it and released a statement explaining that "traditional marriage is now under attack."

Under attack. By couples. Wanting to file joint tax returns and visit each other in the hospital. The siege of Vicksburg, this was not.

The amendment failed, as constitutional amendments designed to write a minority out of a founding document tend to do. But it's worth pausing on what Graham was willing to put his vote behind: not a law, which can be repealed, but a permanent constitutional exclusion. That's not caution. That's not federalism. That's trying to weld the door shut.

2010: Battlefield Preparedness, or, The Commandant Made Me Do It

By December 2010, the country had largely made up its mind about "Don't Ask, Don't Tell," the policy that had drummed more than 13,000 service members out of the military for the crime of being honest about who they were. The repeal passed the Senate 65 to 31. Eight Republicans crossed over. Joe Lieberman championed it. The Pentagon's own review said the sky would not fall.

Graham — a colonel in the Air Force Reserve, a man who wore his military credentials the way other people wear cologne — voted no.

His press release that day is a small masterpiece of the genre. He was "very disappointed" the repeal was "jammed through the lame duck Congress." He invoked the Commandant of the Marine Corps and warned that repeal "would affect battlefield preparedness potentially leading to increased risk of casualties."

Increased casualties. From gay people. Serving openly. The gay people who were already serving — already flying the planes, already patching the wounded, already dying in Afghanistan — just now with permission to mention a boyfriend without being fired for it.

Fifteen years later, the battlefield-casualties-via-openness apocalypse has stubbornly failed to materialize, the military integrated open service without incident, and Graham never once stood up to say he'd been wrong. Being Lindsey Graham meant never having to update the file.

2013: Without Animosity™

In November 2013, the Senate passed the Employment Non-Discrimination Act, 64 to 32 — a bill saying, in essence, you can't fire someone for being gay or transgender. Ten Republicans voted yes. This was the softest of softballs: not

marriage, not the military, just the radical proposition that your boss shouldn't be able to can you for who you love.

Graham voted no.

That same year, he offered up the quote that best captures his entire approach: "I believe in traditional marriage — between a man and a woman, without animosity. I don't mind if people are able to transfer their property, visit their loved ones in hospitals..."

Without animosity. Truly the load-bearing phrase of the Graham era. He didn't mind if gay people could visit their dying partners in the hospital — how generous, how expansive — he just voted, reliably, against every mechanism that would guarantee it. It's the political equivalent of holding the door open with one hand while dead-bolting it with the other, and smiling the whole time. He also worked to keep protections for same-sex couples out of the 2013 immigration overhaul he was otherwise busy negotiating, because binational gay couples apparently threatened the delicate ecosystem of bipartisan compromise.

2015: The Pragmatist Cometh (Checks Polling First)

Then came Obergefell, and with it the version of Graham the profile writers loved: the pragmatist. He declared himself "a proud defender of traditional marriage" but said he would "respect the Court's decision." He told Kim Davis, the Kentucky clerk refusing to issue licenses, to comply with the law or resign. He told his own party to abandon the push for a constitutional amendment.

Progress? Read his actual reasoning. He explained there was no "chance for a constitutional amendment defining marriage between one man and one woman to get a two-thirds vote," and that pursuing it would "hurt us in 2016."

Not: it's wrong. Not: I've evolved. It can't pass and it polls badly. Graham's celebrated moderation was a math problem, not a moral awakening. He continued backing the First Amendment Defense Act framework — legislation critics accurately described as a license to discriminate with a religious permission slip — which is a funny thing for a man to support right after urging everyone to "move on."

2021–2022: Talking Until He Fell Over

If you want to know where Graham's heart actually sat, skip the Obergefell statement and go to March 2021, when the Equality Act — federal nondiscrimination protections in housing, employment, credit, public accommodations — came before the Senate. Graham vowed to "talk until I fell over" to stop it, claiming it would be "destroying the difference between men and women."

A 65-year-old man promising to filibuster himself unconscious to preserve the right

to deny gay people housing. In 2021. Without animosity, of course.

Then, in November 2022, came the cleanest test of his entire career: the Respect for Marriage Act, which repealed his beloved DOMA and required federal recognition of same-sex and interracial marriages already legally performed. This was the "move on" bill. The "respect the Court" bill. The bill that asked nothing except that the government keep honoring marriages that already existed. Twelve Republicans voted yes. It passed 61 to 36.

Graham voted no. Twenty-six years after co-sponsoring DOMA, given the chance to simply let it die with dignity, he threw his body on the casket. Every ounce of that famous pragmatism evaporated the moment it was asked to do something.

The Final Act: Coach Tuberville's Wingman

Graham's last years were spent riding the era's designated culture-war vehicle. In 2025 he co-sponsored Tommy Tuberville's Protection of Women and Girls in Sports Act, and when Democrats blocked it, he raged that "the radical Left still controls Democrat Senators" and warned of the dangers of "biological males" — the septuagenarian statesman, the elder of the Senate, closing out his career punching down at a handful of transgender kids who wanted to run track. From DOMA to this: a perfect thirty-year arc, ending exactly where it began, just with smaller targets.

The Ledger, Closed

For the record, this piece will not traffic in the rumors that trailed Graham his whole career. He denied them; they're unverifiable; and frankly the innuendo always let him off easy — it turned a policy record into a punchline and a psychodrama, when the votes need no backstory. The votes are the story. A man does not need a secret to explain co-sponsoring DOMA, blocking adoptions, opposing DADT repeal, killing ENDA, filibustering the Equality Act, and voting against the Respect for Marriage Act. He just needs to keep doing it, decade after decade, while the consequences land on other people's families.

Graham died at 71, never married, mourned by a president at 3:21 in the morning, and survived by a body of legislative work that told millions of Americans, politely, consistently, and without animosity, that their marriages, their jobs, their service, and their children were negotiable.

The courtly manner was real. So was every single vote. History gets to keep both, but only one of them ever changed anybody's life.

LGBTQ+ Resources

THE LGBTQ+ COMMUNITY CENTER OF SOUTHERN NEVADA
thecenterlv.org

ACLU
aclunv.org

ADL
lasvegas.adl.org

ALCOHOLICS TOGETHER
alcoholicstogetherlasvegas.com

BEARS LAS VEGAS
bearslv.org

HENDERSON PRIDE
hendersonpride.org

HUMAN RIGHTS CAMPAIGN
hrc.org

IMPERIAL ROYALE SOVEREIGN COURT OF THE DESERT EMPIRE
ircdei.org

LAMBDA BUSINESS ASSOCIATION
lambdalv.com

LAS VEGAS MEN'S CHORUS
lvmentchorus.org

LAS VEGAS PRIME TIMERS
lasvegasprimetimers.com

LEATHER UNIFORM CLUB OF LAS VEGAS (LUC OF LV)
thelucoflv.com

MAMA DRAGONS
mamadragons.org

NEVADA GAY RODEO ASSOCIATION
ngra.com

THE PRIDE TREE
thepridetreelv.com

SILVER STATE EQUALITY
silverstateequality.org

SOUTHERN NEVADA ASIAN PACIFIC ISLANDER QUEER SOCIETY
snapiqs.org

YOUNG: EQUAL
youngequal.org

Wellness Resources

THE GAVIN J. GOORJIAN COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER
thecenterlv.org

AFFINIDERM
affiniderm.com

COMMUNITY COUNSELING CENTER OF SOUTHERN NEVADA
cccfsn.org

FARABI WELLNESS CENTER
hplv.com

HUNTRIDGE FAMILY CLINIC
huntridgefamilyclinic.org

PARCS DENTISTRY
parcsdentistry.com

SOUTHERN NEVADA HEALTH DISTRICT
southernnevadahealthdistrict.org

UMC
umcsn.com

STI/HIV/AIDS Resources

THE ARLENE COOPER COMMUNITY HEALTH CENTER
thecenterlv.org

AID FOR AIDS OF NEVADA (AFAN)
afanlv.org

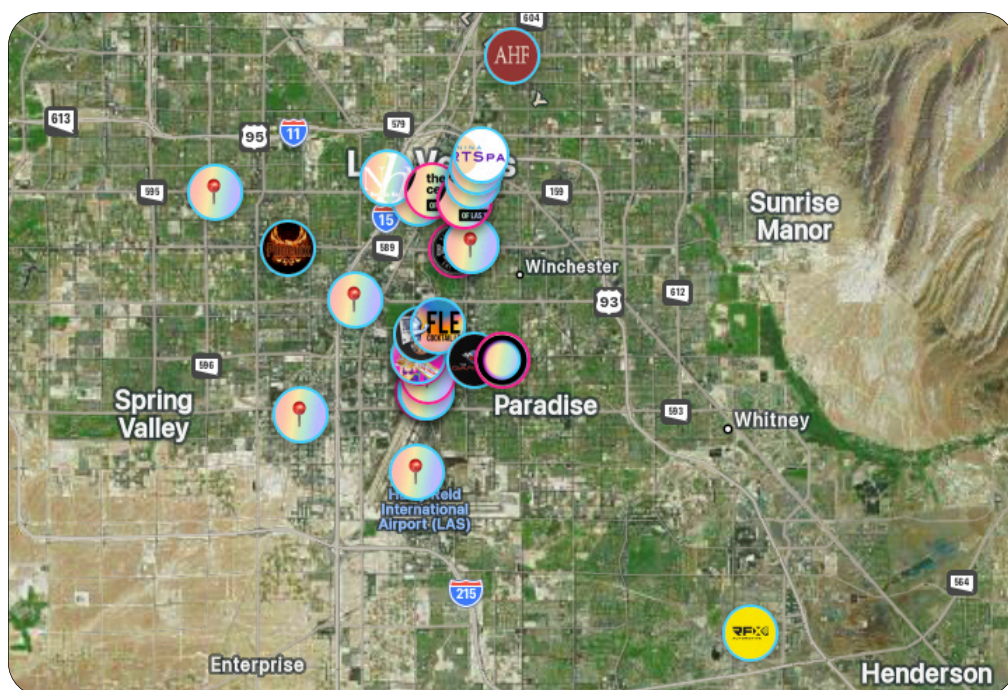
AIDS HEALTHCARE FOUNDATION (AHF)
aidshealth.org

CAN COMMUNITY HEALTH
cancommunityhealth.org/las-vegas

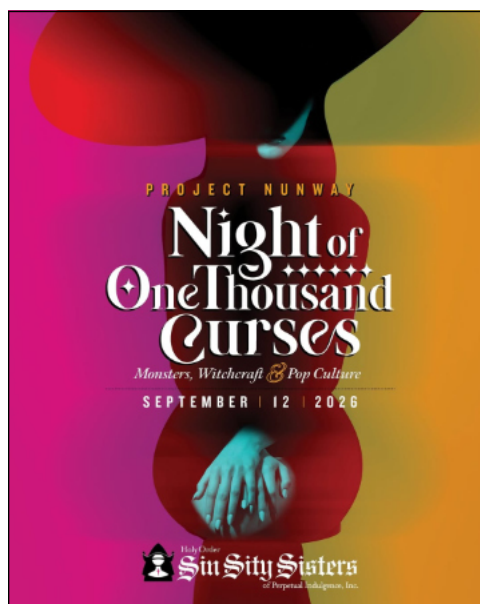
GOLDEN RAINBOW
goldenrainbow.org

SIN SITY SISTERS OF PERPETUAL INDULGENCE
sinsitysisters.org

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Bar & Nightlife Guide



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The Historic LGBTQ+ Landmark

The Fruit Loop

GET BOOKED

4640 Paradise Rd Unit 15

GIPSY NIGHTCLUB

4605 Paradise Rd

PIRANHA NIGHTCLUB

4633 Paradise Rd

QUADZ

4640 Paradise Rd

BADLANDS

953 E Sahara Ave Unit 22B

DUST

855 E Twain Ave, Unit 114

THE EAGLE

3430 E Tropicana Ave Unit 47

FLEX COCKTAIL LOUNGE

501 E Twain Ave

FUN HOG RANCH

495 E Twain Ave

THE GARAGE

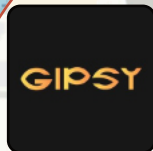
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1700 E Flamingo Rd

THE PHOENIX

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