



Give the People Light and they will find their own way.

The Wisconsin Light

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Ben-Shalom Wins Human Rights Award

By Sue Burke

We are in "a very painful time for equal rights", according to Barbara Morford, chair of the Wisconsin Equal Rights Council.

To brighten these days, the Council, a governor-appointed body which advises the Wisconsin Department of Industry, Labor and Human Relations and its Equal Rights Division, began giving out awards four years ago for commitment to human rights.

This year's awards went to William Tisdale, Executive Director of the Metropolitan Milwaukee Fair Housing Council; Sharon Metz, Director of the Lutheran Human Relations Association and defender of Indian treaty rights; and Miriam Ben-Shalom, a sergeant in the U.S. Army Reserves.

While the others had organizations behind them — "No one works alone.", Tisdale said in his acceptance speech — Ben-Shalom has generally worked alone. She has been suing the Army for 14 years to win the right for Gay men and Lesbians to serve their country. She's still in court.



Sgt. Mariam Ben Shalom

Although she has no organization behind her, she was not alone that night. Her father, brother and daughter were there. Gay and Lesbian friends were also there, and she was introduced in the program by Richard Minor, a Gay member of the Council.

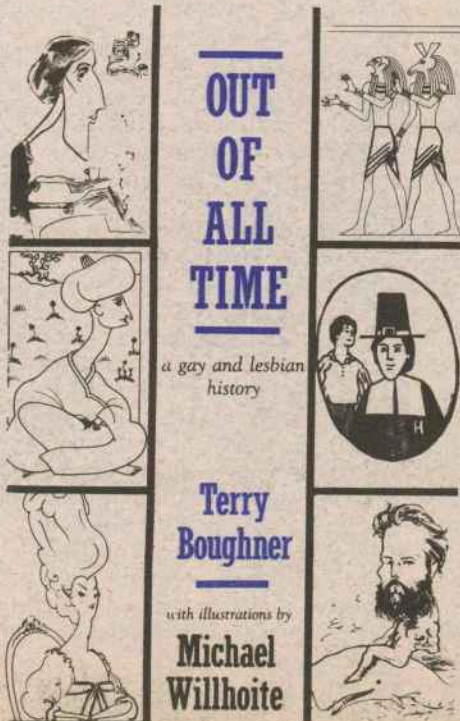
About 50 people attended the awards program, November 3, at the Marc Plaza Hotel in Milwaukee.

In her brief acceptance speech, Ben-Shalom praised her family. She credited her perseverance and inspiration to Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., Rosa Parks and the victims of the Nazi Holocaust including those who were Gay and Lesbian.

She said education is one of the strongest tools available to challenge racism, bigotry and discrimination. "I'm

TURN TO BEN-SHALOM, PAGE 3

NELSON TO LEAD MILWAUKEE AIDS PROJECT INTO THE 1990'S



"Out of All Time" Book Cover

Boughner's "Out of All Time" Gay/Lesbian History Published

As Publisher of Wisconsin Light I am pleased and honored to announce the publication of *Out of All Time* by the Editor, Terry Boughner. The book, has been published by Alyson of Boston, the largest Gay/Lesbian publishing house in the east. Each of the 50 chapters is furnished with original illustrations by Michael Willhoite nationally known artist

Madison Plans May 6 March

[Madison]- A diverse group of Lesbians, Gays, bisexuals, families, friends and supporters from within Wisconsin and throughout the Upper Midwest and beyond are coming together and organizing under the name, "The Madison March Committee."

The March which is scheduled for May 6, 1989 is, according to the Committee, will be "a massive and visible coming out in the Midwest to affirm the Gay and Lesbian culture, to celebrate differences and to prevent the erosion of our hard won rights."

This gathering of Gays, Lesbians and supporters which the Committee describes as a "massive coming out party", will reflect the strength of our community, act as a tool for ongoing personal and political empowerment and highlight the interconnections of all civil rights issues, said a March Committee press release.

Through our actions, we DEMAND full civil rights and an end to discrimination against Lesbian and Gay people, bisexuals, HIV infected, people of color, women, people of all ages and sizes, alternative families, people with disabilities and those who suffer from cultural, sexual, religious or other types of persecution.

The March Committee is eagerly seeking volunteers who wish to help with this massive project. For more information or to offer what help you can, write, The Madison March Committee, c/o The United, P.O. Box 310, Madison, Wisconsin 53701 or call Pam or Tony at (608) 255-8061.

The Milwaukee AIDS Project (MAP) is the most prominent AIDS service organization in southeastern Wisconsin. It spends 100's of 1,000's of dollars annually and directly or indirectly, effects the lives of all of us, Gay/Lesbian or not. Indulging in understatement, this importance will only increase as the incidence of the disease and those afflicted by it, continues to expand.

Recently, MAP hired a new Executive Director. He is Doug Nelson and it is he who will not only guide the organization in its wide-ranging day to day activities, but will help to chart its course in the years to come.

He enters the lobby of the MAP offices quietly with a confident, warm smile on his handsome features, greeting his interviewers with a firm handshake. Shortly, he makes his guests comfortable with steaming mugs of coffee in his sparsely decorated office with its large windows looking out on the bright November morning and settles back for whatever questions might come.

First impressions: Nelson is every inch the professional yet, open, friendly,

relaxed, but with an intensity about him that bespeaks commitment, dedication and a strong sense of 60's idealism and spirituality.

He is Wisconsin born and bred, growing up on a small dairy farm in the River Falls area. He attended UW-Madison, graduating in 1971 with a B.A. in Political Science. He was, he says an anti-Vietnam war activist and, he adds, unlike Dan Quayle, he joined the National Guard to avoid serving in the war.

After graduation, he held a variety of



Doug Nelson

jobs, all dealing with public service, most in the medical sector. He worked for the Wisconsin state medical society as a lobbyist and was director of health care issues for them. He became Executive Director of the Hospital Review program, an independent agency in Milwaukee sponsored by Blue Cross/Blue Shield after which he joined a small Madison health care consulting firm that developed business plans for hospitals.

By this time, he was 40 and decided that he needed to retreat for reflection; thinking about where had he been, where was he going, getting in touch with his own spirituality. There is a time for that and a time of endings which, for Nelson, came when he learned of the opening at MAP. "I had no idea of applying for the job, he says, "but something clicked.", and he filled out the forms. Despite stiff competition, was accepted.

There is some feeling, he is told, that MAP is aloof from the Gay/Lesbian community.

"If there's that impression," he

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HIT Tournament Opens Nov. 23

Milwaukee's Holiday Invitational Bowling Tournament (H.I.T.) celebrates its 10th year this Thanksgiving. Touted as one of the "premier international Gay bowling tournaments," H.I.T. is scheduled for November 23-27. Bowling is to take place at the Red Carpet Regency Lanes located at 6014 N. 76th Street, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The host hotel again this year is the Marc Plaza in Milwaukee.

Events this year will include a Pre-Hit party on Wednesday night, bowling on Thursday, Friday and Saturday, an Awards Banquet on Saturday night, and a Farewell Brunch on Sunday. Registration cutoff was November 10, but there may be room for additional late-comers.

For more information, contact Bob Gliniecki, Director, at (414) 278-8686 or Pat Prudlow, Secretary, at (414) 672-8960. Non-bowlers are also welcome to participate in H.I.T. activities and there is a non-participatory package at \$30.

TURN TO OUT OF ALL TIME, PAGE 3

OUR HISTORY



A TIME TO DIE V

Summer Of 1934 In Germany Is "The Time Of Flame"

By Terry Boughner

The Night of the Long Knives or as it is sometimes called, "The Roehm Purge", marks the beginning of the Gay Holocaust, the Nazi solution, as it was put, to "The Homosexual Question."

This I was told by Heinrich and all of the other Gay survivors whom I spoke with over the years. It was not that Gays hadn't been singled out before the Purge and sent to the camps. We were, dispatched to Dachau, Fuhlsbuttel and others as the system was expanded to meet the increased numbers. But after the Night of the Long Knives, persecution was more systematic, more organized and, if anything, more vicious.

In Heinrich's position within the Reich government itself, he learned much and heard more, most of which I was able to verify from other survivors or written sources. Among these I would



recommend **The Pink Triangle** by Rudiger Lautman. Unfortunately, to my knowledge, it has not been translated from the German.

By Lautman's account, Himmler was convinced that there were between 4-9 million Gays in Germany out of a population of some 90,000,000. He was determined to exterminate every one of us and in 12 years he came very close to achieving his aim.

To do this, following the Roehm Purge, he set up a special department, Department II, of the Gestapo to deal with the Homosexual Question. This was done six years before the beginning of the "Final Solution" aimed at the extermination of the Jews. The reason for this, for starting with us, according to Lautman and others, was that in Himmler's mind and in the thinking of the other Nazi leaders, we Gays were far more dangerous to the Third Reich than the Jews. While the existence of the Jews challenged Nazi ideas of racial purity, Gays were not only a "cancer on the folk" but were an affront to concepts of male superiority. Thus, we were doubly hated and despised.

Again and again, my informants emphasized that Gays were the lowest of the low, filth of filth. We were "Arschfickers", "Warmer Bruder", queer or most often "Schwules Arschloch", queer asshole.

It must be understood that Hitler shared all these ideas completely. None of it would ever have happened without the Fuehrer's express order or active consent. Over and over again, I found Germans, even those who were Gay, willing to ignore Hitler and place all the blame for the Holocaust on Himmler and Goebbels and the rest of the Nazi underlings. This won't wash. I think one must conclude that it is not one who does something, but one who makes it possible who must bear the blame.

But part of the blame for the Gay Holocaust must be born by history itself. The Nazis did not spring full-blown like Minerva out of Zeus's head. For hundreds upon hundreds of years, Gays and Lesbians had been outlaws in every Western society. As such, we had suffered untold persecutions and been subjected to untold miseries, much of it, to both Gays and Jews alike, done in the name of the God of Christianity. All the Nazis had done with their camps and gas chambers was to take all of this to its terrible and logical extreme. There is little difference between the Medieval Good Friday massacres perpetrated on the

Jews, the witchcraft trials and the terrors of the Inquisition aimed at Gays and Lesbians and Dachau and Aschwitz. The only difference is in numbers murdered and technological means of death.

During the Night of the Long Knives, millions of members of the SA, Gays and suspected Gays, were rounded up and killed or sent to the camps. Throughout Germany, there were, said Heinrich and others confirmed it, 100's of raids on Gay clubs and bars by the Gestapo. Sometimes, he said, those inside were herded out to be clubbed to death in the streets. "There were places in Berlin where the gutters ran red with our blood."

In 1977 I met another survivor, Rudolf, who told me his experience of this terrible time. "One night," he said, "I was walking home and saw that the Gestapo had closed off a street that I intended to use. I looked and saw they had surrounded a building. I knew it well. It was a Gay meeting place, a bar. They had torches and set fire to it. I heard screams, cry's. There were people inside, homosexuals there. The Gestapo was going to burn them alive."

The flames mounted higher and higher reddening the night in their hellish fury. He remembered the shadows cast on the street and surrounding buildings. "They jumped and leaped like tormented obscene puppets and the screams, Oh, the screams of the burning homosexuals were terrible, terrible, so pitiful." There was fire equipment there, but only to prevent the spread to other buildings, not to save lives, our lives. A crowd had gathered to watch and no one seemed to be upset with what was happening. After all, what was it? Only homosexuals going up in smoke.

He told me he remembered thinking who might be caught in that burning horror. Beautiful young men, perhaps, or lovers who had slipped in hoping to find a little peace, a place where they might be open and free, if only for an hour or two. "It was terrible," he said over and over again. "So terrible. Even now I can hear them, the poor wretches screaming, begging for their lives, denied life because they had loved. All I could do was to think how horrible to die that way, to be burned alive. I did not then know about the gas chambers; what it was like to die in those."

It happened, Rudolf and Heinrich and others told me again, and again all over Germany so that the Summer of 1934 might be called as one did, "The Time of Flame."

No one, a man named Heinz told me, will ever know the numbers who died then. No one. There was no record of them kept as was done with those in the camps. The Gays and Lesbians who were clubbed to death, shot in the streets or burned to cinders are and always will remain faceless, nameless, unaccounted for and unremembered by any memorial anywhere because some think that the death of others must not be smeared with the blood of Gays.

Rudolf quickly turned and went his way, fearful that someone might discover by the expression on his face or some other means that he was Gay. But, the next evening, he returned to see the still smoking pile of ash and rubble that had once been a Gay bar.

He stood, looking, feeling, as he said, horribly isolated and very much afraid. He thought of running, but there was no where to go. "There, looking at that, I wanted to stop being homosexual. I wanted to stop, stop, stop, stop. I could not. I did not want to die because of what I could not help being. And I thought, they are going to kill us all, everyone. There will be no escape."

Eventually, when Rudolf was exposed as an "Sittenstrolch", or fagot, and consigned to Sachsenhausen camp, his parents committed suicide out of shame.

According to Heinrich, it was well known that Himmler and his chief

TURN TO FLAME, PAGE 11

Measures of Change

By Alyn W. Hess

With this issue of **Wisconsin Light**, we introduce a column by Alyn W. Hess. For those of you living in Milwaukee, Alyn has been a familiar figure for many years. He is well known as an active member of many Gay/Lesbian organizations, but also as a keen observer of the passing scene. It is as such that **Light** welcomes Alyn to its pages.

There have been major changes in American culture in the last 50 years or so, but measuring it in a meaningful way needs to be done so that younger folks may know that for their Gay "fathers" and "mothers" it has not always been as it is now. In this column, I will try and point out, in what I hope are interesting and humorous ways, some of the changes that I see. I hope that what I write will make the youth more appreciative of what they now have and help them to see clearly that there is still a lot which can be done to make this a better world.

It seems interesting to me that **The Milwaukee Journal** and the Tri-Cable TV show are putting out things about Gays and our political achievements and goals. Would any of you readers think that would be a measure of change?

Well, I do. When Gay Liberation was just getting started, it was first focused on changing homosexuals' self-concept, or consciousness raising. Some few saw that there were goals in the political area too, but one could not write a story like this or put on a Gay cable TV program in 1970.

Since then, Gay people have not only raised their own consciousness levels, but the awareness of much of the general public as well. We here in Wisconsin also can be proud of the fact that not only have we decriminalized private, consensual sex between adults, but recognized that discrimination against Gay people should not be legally condoned.

Plus we now have a fairly effective lobbying effort and gained the respect of many national leaders of other

movements for redress of oppressive situations.

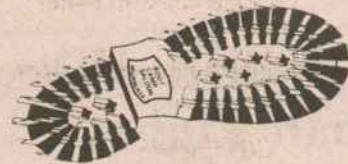
However, in 1969, I remember that we Gays and Lesbians were still too "hot" to be seen in public. One very large measure of change happened last year when about a half a million of us gathered on the Mall in Washington, D.C. and were addressed by a presidential candidate, Jesse Jackson. Still, we were too "hot" for most of the mainstream media. So, there is still work to be done for those of you who feel the urge.

I also remember when we here in Milwaukee urged a local political candidate to campaign in the Gay bars. He did and won! And now this year, Jim Moody has received a 100% rating from the National Gay and Lesbian Task Force for his nearly perfect voting record in Congress on our concerns.

Many more examples could be listed, but just one more should suffice. One of the first political races that Milwaukee Gays tried to influence was the re-election of then east side alderman Griffin who was a friend of Mayor Meier's. Griffin was expected to be an easy shoe-in, but he barely got re-elected because of Gay organized votes against him.

By comparison, we Gays worked to get Alderman Henningson elected and on the day of his swearing-in ceremony in the city council chambers, he publicly thanked the Gay community for helping to get him elected.

Maybe at another time, we could go over more detailed history of what have been significant electoral victories for Gays and Lesbians.



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The Wisconsin Light



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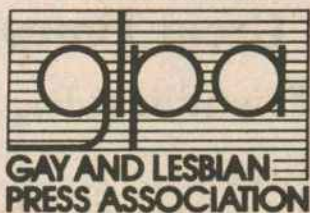
Office Hours:

Monday-Friday-9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m.
24-hour recording

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First-class subscription rate is \$30.00 for one year (25 issues).
Third-class subscription rate is \$15.00 for one year (25 issues).
Foreign subscription rates available upon request.

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PRESS ASSOCIATION

EDITORIAL

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

This is the season of Thanksgiving, the hushed and benevolent pause before the head-long rush into that most wonderfully magic of all holidays, Christmas. Oh God, how I do love it and, I'll admit, love it with the joy of any child. Even now as I write, this great old house is silent as if waiting for another Christmas of which it has seen so many. It is empty save for me, the pussycat, and, as I think, a ghost or two, beguiled perhaps by the carols I have playing on the stereo.

But Christmas, as it is wont to do at any time of the year, gets me off the track. Thanksgiving is the front gate to the holiday and I should concentrate on that.

Of course there will be the Macy's Parade televised from New York. Sure there are others, but to me that's THE parade. And Thanksgiving Day will be cold. It must be cold with maybe some snowflakes whirling in the air, just enough for the proper feeling, the kind that I used to get at my grandmother's house, wedged as it was in the mountains of Western Pennsylvania. How long ago that was, but not all that different when I think about it.

On Thanksgiving morning, Jerry will go into a cleaning frenzy. Isn't that always the case with one spouse leaving the other unable to find anything for a month?

Meanwhile, I'll see to the dinner. There will be turkey filled near to bursting with chestnut dressing. There will be mince and pumpkin pie, all golden brown, the yellow-green of succotash, the deep, rich red of cranberries and all the rest. It's my grandmother's menu, one that is set in stone, never varying, but harking back to roots dimly remembered on a New England shore.

Then at the appointed hour comes the gay procession from stove and oven to table, coming in abundance as from a cornucopia. Jerry, like my grandfather did, always looks a bit nervous. Is the bird done just right? Does the cranberry sauce have a tad too much sugar? Is there enough cream for the coffee? (Not in all Wisconsin, my love.) I reply, knowing how much of it he uses.) Then with a sip of wine, he will relax and together with our guests, we will begin the dinner of thanksgiving as the Autumn day draws quietly to its close.

How much we Lesbians and Gays here in Wisconsin have to be thankful for; how very much indeed. Oh, I know, Gay Lib

has a long way to go, but we have so much, a fact of which I am reminded every time I get a letter from a Gay person in Singapore, India or Indonesia. I tell them about Thanksgiving in Wisconsin and they reply, telling me about conditions for Gays and Lesbians in their countries. Things are not good. With their societies militantly against them, they are torn between their Gay/Lesbian natures and their blood families, seeking, ever seeking for a family of their own as, I think is the urge in all of us.

One writes a little hopelessly that perhaps, one day, he could come to America and "not be a stranger anymore."

I know because they tell me that they would give a lot to share our Thanksgiving feast. Not for the food, so much. The ones I hear from anyway, don't have to worry about that. But, to be, if only for a few hours, in a room with people where they didn't have to be concerned about their Gayness and would not be strangers. A friend in Jakarta says, "What wonderful freedom that must be. How thankful I would feel to be open to be in a family."

I will look around that table on Thanksgiving grateful for the food, yes, but mindful of my friends in the east and because of them and what they have told me, I will be even more thankful for the people who have joined Jerry and I. It will be a family like my friends in Indonesia and India long for, an accepting family sharing, not only the good things of earth, but each other as well. Unlike the meal, we won't be "traditional", but then how "traditional" was the Holy Family?

As the peace of Thanksgiving night drapes itself over us like a soft, warm blanket, I will be thankful too that I am a part of the entire Wisconsin Lesbian/Gay family. How many members I have met because of this paper and how fine a group, a family, they are.

So, while I sit here with old puss in the chair beside me, with Christmas music playing and some early little lights glowing red, blue and green in the window, may I, on behalf of everyone at Wisconsin Light wish you and yours the happiest of Thanksgivings. May your holiday be overflowing with good tradition and in that may you know acceptance, love and sharing that are, I think, the three great pillars of any family, Gay or straight.

NELSON

Continued from Page 1

responds, "I want to take every step and every measure to correct it. Gays and Lesbians are the base line constituency of MAP." He estimates that 85% of MAP's outreach and support are to and from the Gay/Lesbian community. "We're taking very big steps to integrate the Gay/Lesbian community in" to MAP. For those interested, MAP's board meetings, held at the MAP offices, are open to the public (except for executive sessions) and are held on the last Tuesday of the month. The next meeting is on November 29.

He speaks glowingly of the new volunteer training and management system that is being implemented and emphasizes that "volunteers are the life-blood of MAP" and stresses that "We need folks in all walks of life in the the Gay/Lesbian community"

What about funds raised for MAP by private persons? Some people wonder if the moneys just disappear into some vast fund while, in many cases, it has been said, people are not thanked for what they do.

The money that MAP receives, he says, from all levels of government, is earmarked for education and prevention and those things alone. "The government does not give funds for life-care services for PWA's" This is covered only by private contributions and "every cent received" from this sources goes to that and, he emphasizes, "all the money raised, stays in Milwaukee." The need for private donations is great and growing. "It is the life-care services that are the growth area." and because of that, "private fundraising must increase across the board."

To illustrate what he means, he says that when a PWA needs hospital care, a social worker is at the hospital at

lawn, maintain the landscaping, etc. There will be other such houses, he says. In fact, a donor has granted MAP a "life-estate" in a house which means that the present owner will live in it until his death after which, MAP will receive it. It too and the others to follow will need care.

It is to projects like this, to the houses for PWA's; to the social workers who support and counsel PWA's in time of need; it is to all the aspects of life-support services that money from fundraisers, banquets, and all the other activities goes.

One project that MAP is working on, says Nelson, is to bring the Quilt to Milwaukee. "Chicago's had it. Minneapolis has had it. Milwaukee is the next logical place." When? 1989 and "The chances are good. We are optimistic."

Nelson is enthusiastic in his hopes for bringing the Quilt to Milwaukee, but that and all else are good only insofar as they increase MAP's ability to serve those who it was founded to serve. "We want to make certain," he says finally, "that our services to our clients are top-notch; the highest quality." This is his overriding aim as MAP enters what he calls "The second generation of its life."

OUT OF ALL TIME

Continued from Page 1

with the comments and, I think, Terry was too. There will be several autograph parties here in Milwaukee and we'll be going to Minneapolis, Chicago and other cities as well.

In Milwaukee, the book will be on sale for \$6.95 at People's Bookstore, Schwartz's, and Webster's. In Madison, it will be available to Four Star Fiction and Video and Room of One's Own. In addition, the book will be distributed in Great Britain, Canada, Australia and New Zealand as well as in some 6,000 locations throughout the United States.

This is Terry's first book. Two others, works of Gay fiction, have been accepted just last week and he is working on a fourth.

A full review of *Out Of All Time* will appear in the next issue of Wisconsin Light.

—Jerry Johnson

BEN-SHALOM

Continued from Page 1

going to be as dangerous as I possibly can be," she said.

Interviewed before the presentation, she said she was "real honored and humbled" to be the first Gay person to get the award. "I hope I've done a good job for my community and state."

She was also a little surprised. "I did not know that anybody in Wisconsin was paying attention like that. It's been 14 years and after awhile, people loose interest."

Indeed, some people have wondered how she has hung on all these years.

I have reported her story and known her since 1983, and I have a theory: Miriam Ben-Shalom is a patriot and that's why she keeps fighting.

She loves her country and its ideals of freedom and equality. She is willing to act on that love by serving in the military and pledging to give all to defend freedom.

She loves freedom and equality for all people, including her own people. She is willing to serve as a soldier for them, standing up in the front lines to draw enemy fire and fire right back.

Patriotism has been suspect since the Vietnam War when it became associated with nationalistic chauvinism, but it need not be so. "For us," said Mahatma Gandhi, "patriotism is the same as the love of humanity."

Other things may move Ben-Shalom as well and she is a woman of strong passions. But patriotism is not the property of the Straight and narrow alone.

True freedom fighters are needed within our own community. In Wisconsin, we have one on our side.

LETTER POLICY

Wisconsin Light actively solicits Letters to the Editor on any subject. However all such letters must be signed and contain the writer's address although the address is never printed and the name will be withheld upon request. All unsigned letters, notes and stuff scribbled on the sides of clipped columns will serve as cat box liner.

A LETTER FROM KAREN LAMB

Darling Friends,

How are you? Gee, I've missed you! This last two months has found me traveling. "Too much, mommy," says Tab Hunter, the family cocker spaniel, as he sniffs forlornly every time the suit cases come down.

I'm sorry, Tab. Just one more trip to San Antonio for our Health Care for the Homeless Program, then mom's home for the Winter.

"Bout time. When are we going to do the storm windows? I like to do storm windows. I'll help by keeping the leaves off your feet, mom, and you lift 'em on the windows."

Burrrr. It's cold. While we wait for the snow to melt, Tab and I build a fire. He shreds the newspaper; I light the match. Together we settle into the corner of the couch and pull over a huge stack of newspapers that have accumulated.

First, there was the trip to Atlanta for a meeting of the American Fertility Society. Amazing, the technology that goes into making babies. Of course, my interest remains in research surrounding endometriosis, a condition that frequently prevents fertility. But tangentially, I'm always amazed at "harvesting" tiny cells, stimulating production, freezing, growing (I go to sleep, or at least allow my mind to wander over discussions of bovine vs. sheep agars) and the myriad technologies available.

Sex determination, says a keynote speaker, is not a matter of the old X and Y gene theories we learned in Biology 1. Sex is a matter of **quantity**. From the field of molecularbiology, it appears, and some scientists increasingly believe, that sex is determined by how **much** an individual receives of this tiny fragment located on the arm of the Y. If you don't get any, female. Get lots, male.

The scientist infers that amounts in between account for the variation in masculine and feminine traits.

Gee, I can see how this is useful with helping couples determine it's going to be a boy baby or a girl baby, but what about applying these elegant results to the field of homosexuality? Couldn't this explain a heck of a lot more than these creepy theories plaguing us all, most we know are not true?

Once upon a time, my friend, Ann Feltner, author of *The Truth About AIDS*, told me she was going to do a book about the growing measure of genetic research. I wish she would hurry.

"That's all very interesting, mom, but let's talk some more about staying home," Tab says, snuggling close. "You know when you are gone, daddy doesn't feed me very well. Sandwiches every day."

That's not true, Tab. Daddy said you ate very well.

"Not chocolate. I like chocolate sandwiches."

We avidly trace the plight of the whales, sorting and restacking newspapers by date to make coherent stories. Finally success. We both breathe a sigh of relief. Thank you, Lord, somethings right with the world.

The presidential election moves closer and closer. On AIDS philosophy, the choice is clear. Neither candidate voices policies or programs. Bush's philosophy is geared toward protection of the public from PWA's and persons positive. How? Testing? More isolation? Strangely, even Bush's medical advisor notes Reagan's neglect.

Tiny article in the local press: Reagan signs AIDS bill. "... boosting spending on AIDS testing, research and education by up to \$870 million a year... of people with AIDS."

Tab interjects. "But mom, didn't the new sports center cost \$75 million and didn't NML's newly remodeled old building cost \$100 million, and didn't the theatre district cost \$127 million, and didn't... add."

Instead, he rolls on the floor laughing. "Hey mom, did you see this picture Terry and Jerry put in *Wisconsin Light*? What are you doing out there in front of that old plantation? And in a babushka! Mom, this is the funniest thing I ever saw!"

No, Tab. Here's the funniest thing I ever saw. Can you imagine? Fidel Castro and W. Dudley Johnson? Page 1. Three hour meeting... Hummm, goes on and on... Castro reportedly said Cuba's 175 AIDS cases were "isolated from the rest of the country." Castro did not go into any further details about location.

It goes on here to say, Tab, that Castro



Dr. Karen Lamb

compared his AIDS policies with earlier policies of the United States in treating T.B. "when those afflicted with the disease were sent away to sanitariums for isolation and recuperation. 'I don't think he Castro was trying to say that people with AIDS are just being taken out and shot.'", reports a member of the U.S. medical team courting Castro.

"What are you reading, mom? The Far Side?"

No, darling. But isn't it nice to see our Milwaukee team representing St. Mary's Hospital did such a nice job in bringing heart surgery to the Cubans? Of course, the article doesn't say if they found any hearts.

"Yea, that's great. But don't you think, mom, that the team should have told the Cubans that those T.B. policies went our with the War Between the States?"

Well, true. The policies did change. Several years after that Unfortunate Embarrassment, in truth, but I do agree, Tab, that the team certainly should have enlightened Fidel.

"Says here, mom, that Fidel wanted to know if caviar was a 'heart-healthy food' 'bemoaning' the fact that the Soviet Union sent him caviar only once a month. Caviar, which is fish eggs (do tell!) is among the foods highest in cholesterol." I like caviar, mom. 'Specially with chocolate.'

You're always hungry, naughty dog. Come help mom pack one more time, then we'll stay home for the Winter. Then, perhaps, you can help us give a party for Terry. Do you know Terry has his newest book coming out, it is going to be on all the book shelves?

"Champagne and caviar, mom?" We will see. Terry deserves it. They both do. Without Terry and Jerry there would be no *Wisconsin Light*.

"Then will you ask them to put my picture in the paper? You know I have a great profile. You know, mom, that my great, great, great grandfather was John Barrymore's dog...?"

So you say. Come help me pack. And say "Good Night" to our friends.

"Good night. Ummmm, champagne and caviar. But, mom, find me another doctor, will you?"

Love and Kisses.
Karen and Tab. (Sorry. He insists.)

Cream City Business Association Launches "Kare Kans" Food Drive

Cream City Business Association is once again actively involved in Milwaukee's Lesbian/Gay Community. This time C.C.B.A. is helping to feed the hungry in Milwaukee through the efforts of the Milwaukee Hunger Task Force/Food For Families.

C.C.B.A. has designed and supplied collection receptacles. These green and yellow cans with identifying posters on them can be found at most Milwaukee Lesbian/Gay bars, businesses, the Foundation Community Center and all three Handy Andy's of Wisconsin. C.C.B.A. has dubbed these collection receptacles 'KARE KANS'.

C.C.B.A. knows there is a need out in the whole Milwaukee community for food for those unable to afford enough to feed their families and themselves. The Milwaukee Hunger Task Force supplies these people with this much needed food (baby food is now most in demand). The Milwaukee Hunger Task Force stocks and distributes the food to those people who need it most. Let us not forget that although C.C.B.A. wants us to show all of Milwaukee that the Lesbian/Gay community cares, that many Lesbian/Gays themselves need help in this area and use the Milwaukee Hunger Task Force's service. So giving to food for families through the 'KARE KANS' also helps give food for the Lesbian/Gay community.

That is why so many of Milwaukee's Lesbian/Gay bars, businesses, the Foundation Community Center and all three Handy Andy's of Wisconsin are participating in the 'KARE KANS' program. Below is a listing of those who are participating so you can find which ever one is most conveniently located for you to drop off food:

Alternative, Angelo's Mint Bar, Club 219/Shaft, Jet's Place, LaCage/ Jazz/ Dance, Dance, Dance, M&M Club, Shadows II, The Ballgame, The Beer Garden, The Phoenix, The Station 2, The Triangle, This Is It, Wreck Room, Your Place, Foundation Community Center, 225 South Second Street, Handy Andy of Wisconsin, Highway 100 (108th Street), South 27th Street & Morgan Avenue, North 76th Street at Florist Avenue.

These locations have already collected many items of food supplies. Although the amount collected is small, the community still has time to help boost this too a much needed larger number. The 'KARE KANS' will be available until November 28th. Please let us show Milwaukee just how much we can make a difference.



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A BOY OF SUMMER

Morgan Summer

By Morgan Summer

The guys next door were talking again, so I couldn't sleep. They'd do that — talk — about four times a week, into the early hours of the morning. The only problem was that as long as they chattered on the other side of my dorm room wall, I could hear them and I couldn't get any rest.

So that night, a Wednesday in early November, I got up from my bed to do something — maybe pound on their door and ask them to be quiet.

I got to my door, then heard voices outside and one of them said:

"Here, dude, you gotta read this."

"Why? What is it?", the other replied. They were both males.

"It's a newspaper."

"What newspaper?"

"No, just read it, dude."

The dude read it. About thirty seconds later he said, "I'm gonna kill that fuckin' fagot."

I, the fuckin' fagot in question, was behind my door in only shorts and a T-shirt. I felt a sick feeling in my stomach. I knew what they were talking about.

About a minute later, one of them — this, while I was still inside my door trying to figure out what the hell to do — swiped by my closed door and said, "What's this Gay-Lesbian shit . . . is this fagot in?"

He was, but there was no further conversation. I got dressed in my jeans and T-shirt and my high school letter jacket and prepared to go outside to think. I waited behind my door until I was sure they were gone, then went out. By chance, the student managers of my floor were out in the hall.

"Can I talk to you guys for a minute? In private?", I asked.

We went to the male manager's room. I gave them what I had heard and the explanation. Some guys on the floor found out that I wrote a column in *Wisconsin Light* under the pen name, Morgan Summer. I then told them that I had better take my leave of my current living quarters. They agreed and some phone calls were made. My life was in danger. Seriously.

At this point, the female manager heard someone across the hall and, since it was about twenty minutes after midnight, she went to see what was going on. There was a guy from the floor taping a sign to another guy's door. The sign, made from a sheet of notebook paper, read "Tony." The column of mine that they had read was " . . . And Your Embrace" in which I referred to a guy on my floor who I called "Tony", not his real name.

The sign-maker, Jeff, did not put it up. I left the manager's room a few minutes later. As I waited for the elevator, Jeff walked up to me.

"Look, dude, I'm sorry. I was being an asshole, okay?"

No, I didn't talk to him. He rode the elevator down to the main floor with me, frantically apologizing all the while. Finally, I said, "Okay, so why did you try to put the sign up?"

"I was being an asshole . . ." And then he filled me in on what had happened. A professor apparently had brought in some newspapers representing different minorities and the one she chose for the Gay community was



Morgan Summer

Wisconsin Light. A student in the class recognized me from my picture at the top of the column and promptly brought it up to my floor to show all the guys — including "Tony" and it was Tony who had threatened me outside my door.

I thanked Jeff for this information and semi-scolded him for trying to put up the sign. He wished me good luck and I went outside into the early morning to think about what to do.

What I had to do was move out. I did, the same day, Thursday. The administration of my college was understanding and they processed the move as fast as possible. By Thursday night, the end of a long day, I was moved into my new dorm. I slept and didn't dream.

On Friday, there was one last thing to take care of in my old dorm, rip up the carpet and throw it into the trash. This I did, turned in my keys and closed the door to my former room, now vacant. I went to wait by the elevators.

One came immediately, but it was heading up and wasn't mine. The doors opened and Tony came out.

I simply stood there in my letter jacket. Tony said, "Hi."

I replied, almost in shock, "Hi." Then he started down the hall to his room.

No. "Hey, Tony.", I called, not saying "Tony" but his real name.

"Hey, Morgan?", he answered, not saying "Morgan" but my real name. He walked back towards me. He was sort of smiling.

I, sort of dumbstruck, said, "Well, uh, as you know I'm moving out and you know why and I just, well . . . I just want to, you know, wish you good luck."

He looked at me somewhat bemusedly and said, "Okay, I just wanna ask you one question."

At this point my elevator came and I started towards it sort of regretfully. "What?", I asked.

"Like, why . . . what, like, inspired you to write that?"

I got in the elevator and looked at him, looked at his brown eyes, long hair, wonderful body, shining personality and said, "You did, actually." And he walked toward his room, shaking his head. He was, I think, sort of smiling.

Now I am back in the closet for all practical purposes. The Gay Student Union is going along fine and my mental health is better now.

But it's not quite over, you see. There is a guy I know on this floor. And he is very cute.

an hour after midnight. I was getting a little conscious of the sound typewriters make, that seeps through the dorm walls and maybe my neighbors were trying to sleep. I thought that I would finish the page I was working on, then go to bed.

A few minutes later, I heard a rapid, annoyed knocking on my door and was sure that it was one of my neighbors asking me to quit typing for a while . . . even though because it was Thursday night, probably sixty percent of my floor was still wide awake and rather intoxicated. In addition, I could hear at least two stereos going at medium volume behind closed doors.

I crossed my room, unlocked the door and opened it.

What I saw then was two males on the right side of the door and one on the left, all holding something. I, out of instinct or something, ducked. The objects they were holding flew into my room. Then the men took off, running towards a near-by stairway.

I took off right behind them, not thinking, mad as hell. I grabbed the guy bringing up the rear, while the other two ran into the stairwell. I wrestled him for about ten seconds, yelling, shouting, screaming, "HELP!" and the name of the student supervisor on my floor.

I brought the guy to his knees on the hard floor by the elevators while yelling my fucking head off. Then, in one quick motion, he overpowered me and disappeared into the stairway. I got to my knees . . . and the stairwell door opened again. Standing there was a huge guy, blond hair cut short, obviously a weight lifter, probably football. He stood there, one arm holding the door open, looking at me and I, at him. He had hate in his eyes. Still on my knees, I said, panting, "What did I ever do to you? Huh? What did I ever do to you?"

"You looked at me, you son-of-a-bitch!", he yelled, pointing at me.

I was going to say something when he demanded, "Get up and take off, fagot, that way.", he said, motioning to the girls' side of my floor. "Take off! 3-2- (I got up) 1! I'm gonna fuckin' . . . this — he would have killed me.

Then he retreated and demanded again that I take off. I limped in the direction that he had pointed, hearing the stairway door swing shut. About two seconds after this, I heard a female voice behind me say, "Are you alright?"

I turned around. From the shirt she was wearing and the clipboard she had in one hand, I could tell that she was a student manager on rounds of my dorm. I said, "Get after them. Get after them!"

She replied, "Hold this." and went to the stairs. She had handed me a water balloon. That's what they had thrown at me. The one she handed me was purple.

It was a long morning, but the fuckhead breeders weren't caught. They won't be. I reported it to the campus police and filed a report. I was told not to call my dorm, "a dorm", but a "Residence Hall", because "dorm" according to the student manager, had a negative connotation.

I called it a dorm.

By the time I walked out of the washing center, I realized what had hurt the most. Physical injury wasn't part of it, thank

God. All I had were some scratches. But the real pain came in thinking that no one on my floor came out to see what was going on. No one came out. The student manager even left for another floor.

Most of the guys on my dorm floor say "Hi" to me when they see me . . . or something. But, in this instance, they ignored me when I needed them most. It will take a while for me to get back my faith in the college students because, although they might applaud me during the day, when I truly need them, it is the sound of only one hand clapping, a deadly sound.

Silence.

Editor's Note: Morgan may have learned more in one brief moment about the Pink Triangle than I've learned in 20 years.

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One Hand Clapping

By Morgan Summer

I took a walk today; went down to a coin operated clothes washing establishment near the college I attend. You know the kind, about 30 dryers, 40 washers, machines for soap and fabric softener and a change making device. Also a beat-up, ancient soda dispenser in a corner next to a broken coffee machine. And the bathroom doors don't lock.

On the one day out of the week when I do my wash, I usually go to the machines in the basement of my dorm. Today, though, I felt like taking the rather long trek to the coin-operated place. I had to think, you see, about the events of this week. Walking helps me think and the late October clear, chill air, clears my head.

And I did think, walking there, doing the laundry, shoveling it into the dryers and walking back to my dorm.

This week I was physically attacked because I am Gay.

I was typing a term paper about a half



The Light LIVELY ARTS

Kudos to Clavis Theatre Ensemble For Fast and Loose "Cloud 9"

By Geno

[Milwaukee]- Members of the Clavis Theatre Ensemble are riding high on Cloud Nine in more ways than one these days. Their new theatre in the Prospect Mall at 2239 N. Prospect is the realization of a dream, a permanent home with spacious playing arena that is functional and attractive. And Director Neal Brenard has melded a first rate cast in an encore performance of Caryl Churchill's "Cloud Nine" to open their season living up to the recent addition to their name — theirs is truly an ensemble performance.

"Cloud 9" plays fast and loose with concepts of time, gender and morality. The first act set in Africa in the 1880's presents a group of British Colonials who open by singing the praises of God, Empire and family, a lovely group portrait. They then proceed to indulge in every imaginable perversity with typical British aplomb. Ted Altschuler as the scatty wife Betty (men play some female roles and vice versa, mostly vice) could give lessons to drag queens about femininity. Scott Smith as the husband Clive swashes about the stage with his riding crop, a most convincing Bwana with a raging sexual appetite. In another transvestite role, Amy Zeh is the pre-adolescent son of Edward who likes to play with dolls and his good old uncle Harry. In a bit of theatrical sleight of hand, Lynn Allen dextrously juggles the dual roles of the Lesbian governess and the self-reliant neighbor Mrs. Saunders.

The second act takes place in London in 1980, but the characters have aged just 25 years, and the actors have all switched roles. Lynn Allen is now Betty, divorced, confused about her life, but growing in understanding. Altschuler becomes Gerry, a Joe Orton type, the promiscuous lover of Edward now played by Scott

Smith who was Edward's father in Act I. (Remember?) Some of the role changes are extreme — Wendy Clifford who was the prim and proper grandmother in Act I becomes a most sensuous Lesbian mother of Cathy, a monstrous child who recites dirty limericks, a juicy role for Peter Zettel who was Joshua the native servant boy in Act I. Incidentally, the photos of two women embracing in Clavis's advertising and program covers actually show Ted Altschuler and Lynn Allen as the two Bettys, a neat representation of Betty coming to terms with herself.

All of these switches in time, character and attitudes may sound confusing, but in actual performance it isn't because the actors establish their roles so indelibly. And Allen as the 1980's Betty helps to tie it all together as she grows in self-confidence, understands and accepts her son's homosexuality, and realizes that the sexual hang-ups of the 1980's contrast with the surprisingly casual attitudes of the Victorian period. Churchill's message comes through clearly in this production though Brenard's direction seems more measured, less farcical than it was in the 1984 production. Perhaps we've grown more accustomed to hearing actors say "Fuck" or seeing cunnilingus onstage as Clive madly scarfs away under Mrs. Saunders' riding habit. Times change, mores change, and we change, and kudos to the Clavis Theatre Ensemble for helping us to see it.

"Cloud 9" will run to December 18. Performances are Wednesday through Friday evenings at 8:00 p.m., with Saturday and Sunday matinees and evening performances. For further information, phone the Clavis box-office at (414) 272-3043.

Milwaukee Rep Donates Four Productions As MAP Benefit

[Milwaukee]- The Milwaukee Repertory Theatre (MRT) is sponsoring a series of special late night performances in the Stackner Cabaret to benefit the Milwaukee AIDS Project (MAP).

All events are scheduled for Sunday evenings at 10:30 p.m. and the tickets are only \$10.00 each. Because all the performers are donating their time, all money raised through the sale of tickets will go to MAP.

In addition, to the performers appearing on stage, other actors and staff will be waiting tables with tips being donated to MAP, and the Cabaret management is donating 25 cents for every drink sold to MAP. MRT hopes to raise in excess of \$5,000 for MAP this season. It is important to note that all money raised stays in Milwaukee and is designated for people care.

Four productions will be presented during the season. These are: **Laughing Wild** by Christopher Durang. (See Geno's review in this issue of *Light*).

Aln't Nobody's Blues But Mine: The Life and Music of Bessie Smith. This will feature songstress Barbara Roberts and jazz pianist Manty Ellis as they heat up the Stackner Cabaret with the sounds and stories of the Empress of the Blues. This will be presented Sunday, February 5, 1989.

Good Evening by Peter Cooke and Dudley Moore. This will feature Monty Davis and Bill Leach, two of Milwaukee's favorite performers, as the go way beyond the fringe to delight us with more outrageous humor. This will be presented Sunday, March 26, 1988.

The Irish Rascal by David O. Frazier, Joseph Garry and Kathleen Kennedy. It will feature Kenneth Albers and Catherine McQueen as the regale us with

the life and loves of Brendan Behan, Ireland's most celebrated rascal, in a series of anecdotes spiced with Irish music. This will be presented Sunday, April 30, 1989.

Tickets are available at the MRT box office located at 108 E. Wells Street in Milwaukee. Phone (414) 224-9490. They can also be purchased at the MAP office. Phone (414) 273-2437.

Skylight Presents "Fantasticks"

Milwaukee's Skylight Comic Opera will brighten the holiday season when it brings the longest-running musical in Off-Broadway history, **The Fantasticks** to life in Vogel Hall of Milwaukee's Performing Arts Center December 7-31.

The Fantasticks, with music by Harvey Schmidt and book and lyrics by Tom Jones, is a wise and whimsical look at first love, coming of age, and human nature, accompanied by some of music theater's most familiar tunes ("Soon It's Gonna Rain", "Try To Remember").

The Fantasticks is the story of Matt and Luisa, two idealistic young lovers whose romantic notions soon encounter the realities of the world. The musical features humor and sophistication that will satisfy the tastes of all ages.

Tickets are available through the PAC box office and the Skylight Theatre box office. Phone (414)273-7206 and (414) 271-8815 respectively.



Carl Cliver and Ginger Spice

Carl Cliver and Ginger Spice Win Mr./Ms. Gay Wisconsin Pageant

By Terry Boughner

"It is altogether, altogether, altogether, the most wonderful thing that you have ever seen!"

So sang Danny Kaye in **Hans Christian Andersen**. Kaye was talking about a king, but he might as well have been singing about the 18th annual Mr. and Miss. Gay Wisconsin Pageant held in Milwaukee at the Marc Plaza Hotel on Sunday, November 6.

I have attended three Pageants, my spouse many more, and this one, by all accounts, was the best ever. Not only were the lighting and sound flawless — at least to my sight and hearing — but the whole of what I can well imagine is a very complicated affair, was run with a silken, professional smoothness.

It's hard to tell where to begin to tell you about it, but let's talk about the audience first. Official figures place the crowd at around 600, but it seemed to me as if only the immediate Gay and Lesbian world were present. Donna Mae and entourage, which included Gary and Jim, of course were there. So was Si from the Boot Camp as was Al from the Triangle. There was Rona, beautiful as ever, in a gown of brown with copper accents (Rona, forgive me. I don't describe clothing well, but you were stunning.) and Mark, so delightful, and Steve B. very, very sensual in his leather. Then there were the members of the Board of the Cream City Business Association having a rollicking good time for themselves — as was everyone.

All of these and hundreds more strolled about the lobby of the ballroom, seeing and being seen, dressed in everything from penny loafers to gorgeous furs and listening to Dave W. play piano selections ranging from "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" to "Deutschland Uber Alles."

For many, the heart of the Pageant is the contest for Mr. and Miss Gay Wisconsin and so it is, but, to me, it is a

wonderful time of glitter and make believe that make it something unique in the Gay/Lesbian world. I don't know of any event other than the Pageant where our community presents itself in all of its variety and elan. It is something right out of 2nd Empire France, all gaslight and gold needing only Napoleon III and his consort.

That need is amply supplied by Mr. and Miss Gay Wisconsin for whom the audience is simply the court. It is always a nostalgic time when the current reigning couple take their final bows and this year was no exception. Scott Sowles and Miss M, both smiling and gracious, received thunderous and heartfelt applause for representing the community proudly and well over the last year. Scott has a marvelous voice (Andee thought it was "magnificent") while Miss M, beautiful and talented as ever, presented "I Did It My Way" and got a justified standing ovation.

I would not have wanted to have been a judge. This year the panel was all from Illinois and what a task they had. The range of talent was extraordinary and the ability of the performers to "get across the footlights" was exemplary. As one person said as he watched Dynasty, Mary Richards, Ginger Spice and the rest, "These people know the difference between putting on a dress and being an actress."

As the evening drew to a climactic close, the judges awarded the palm to Carl Cliver who, sponsored by the Triangle, became Mr. Gay Wisconsin and Ginger Spice who will reign as Miss Gay Wisconsin for 1988-89.

Mel and Jerry should be commended for providing another wonderful Pageant. It is, as I wrote last year, the height of the social season, a Grand Opening, a night at the opera, a coronation. It is all of these and more. It is, as Carl, Mr. Gay Wisconsin sang, "Somewhere Over the Rainbow." There should, I think, be space in our lives for that.

Jerry Johnson

Singers Present "A Fest City Christmas," December 11th

Milwaukee's Original Fest City Singers will present "A Fest City Christmas" on Sunday, December 11 at 7:00 p.m. at the South Shore Park pavilion. "This Christmas in the Park with the Singers represents another new format for the chorus," according to Bim Florek, music and artistic director, "since it will be an informal open house with entertainment by the Fest City Singers for family, friends and our loyal following."

The glassed-in South Shore Park pavilion presents a spectacular view of the lake and the city skyline, and the large main room will host a festive gathering of guests seated at tables in a home-like setting with fireplace, Christmas trees, and holiday decorations. Refreshments will be served including cider, punch, and holiday foods, with special treats for the children.

The Singers will mingle with their guests when they are not onstage or performing. The musical fare will include songs in Polish, German, and Spanish to reflect the city's ethnic flavor. Of course, traditional Christmas favorites and novelty numbers and skits will be featured. And Santa Claus might just be there for a visit.

A limited number of tickets are available from members of the FCS, or information and tickets may be obtained by calling (414) 263-SING.

Other Christmas season plans for the Fest City Singers include two evening performances for the residents of the River Park Apartments, and "A Garland of Carols" to be performed for Galano at the Clubroom, 1428 N. Farwell in Milwaukee on Sunday, December 4.

"Laughing Wild" Opens Repertory Theatre MAP Benefit Series

By Geno

A capacity audience attended the first fund-raising series of plays put on by the Milwaukee Repertory Theatre, the Rep, on November 13 in the Stackner Cabaret to benefit the Milwaukee AIDS Project (MAP). Kenneth Albers and Priscilla Hake-Lauris, members of the Rep, donated their talents to perform Christopher Durang's "Laughing Wild" for a delighted audience. In addition, members of the acting group served as waiters and waitresses with all tips going to MAP.

"Laughing wild amidst severest woe," a line from a Beckett play, sets the mood and theme for Durang's play. Hake-Lauris comes on stage and immediately involves her audience in a dotty monologue detailing life's daily trials and peccadilloes (she hits a man on the head with a can of tuna in the supermarket for starters), problems with which we can all identify. She may just have been released from the asylum, but she makes damned good sense, and

Hake-Lauris has the perfect timing, the variety that makes her character come alive as we get to see things her way.

Kenneth Albers comes on as another individual trying to find serenity in the hustle of New York City (he was the one hit on the head with that can of tuna). Durang has a gift amounting to genius for writing free association monologues (witness his earlier play, "Sister Mary Ignatius Explains It All To You"), and a great part of "Laughing Wild" is seeing Albers lose his cool and try to regain his peace of mind using everything from crystals to Zen in a vain attempt. Again, the audience recognizes the difficulties of maintaining balance in a chaotic world as Albers recounts it.

A repeat benefit performance of these humorous, searching monologues will be presented by the Rep in the Stackner on Sunday, December 11. Attending the theatre at 10:30 in the evening is an experience in itself, so give it a try for a laughing wild time.



A large crowd attended the Feminist Choral Concert on Nov. 12

Feminist Choral Concert Provides Wonderful Evening For 300

By Jamakaya

The sounds of communal singing, shouts of "Bravo!" and many heartfelt sighs punctuated the air at the Feminist Choral Concert held November 12 at Milwaukee's First Unitarian Church. Three hundred people attended the program, billed as a "Celebration of Women's Voices in Song."

One of the most well managed events in recent memory, the concert featured four midwest women's choruses performing a variety of songs from traditional to madrigals to political anthems to jaunty "girl group" rock and roll.

The Mukwonago Feminist Singers opened the evening with lovely renditions of "Sweet Women's Music" and "Deep Peace." They sang the feminist classic "Bread and Roses" and a rousing version of "Old Time Religion" with deliciously revised lyrics:

"We will honor Mother Goddess and the Craft that She has taught us. She's the oldest and the oddest and She's good enough for me . . . voices strong, performed a set of girl group numbers including "Dancin' In the Street," a very funny "Leader of the Pack" ("Betty, is that Ginny's ring you're wearing?") and the always smoky "Fever." "Natural Woman," which takes on a special meaning for our women's community, was a crowd pleaser as was Cyndi Lauper's "Girls Just Want to Have Fun" which is becoming a new feminist standard.

My only regret was that during this set the audience was somewhat restrained. Maybe it was the stiff pews of the church

that inhibited people. At least one audience member, 3 year-old Andy, got into the spirit by rocking out in the aisle — too bad more of us didn't follow his example!

Milwaukee's Maiden Voyage sang a series of songs with sophisticated, complex arrangements. Their choice of material is very challenging. While the "Hymn to Her" began with voices and accompaniment a tad off-key, the chorus soon found its stride and went on to deliver "A Rainbow Around" and "Common Woman" ("as common as the common loaf of bread, and will rise . . .") flawlessly.

Most outstanding was the solo by Maiden Voyage Director Chris Maxfield of Bernice Johnson Reagon's powerful anthem of woman-bonding, "Every Woman." Maxfield's vocal intensity and gospel spirit alternately hushed and wowed the full house. Whew! The lady can sing!

Madison's Womonsong Chorus, 35 to 40 voices strong, opened with inspiring renditions of the "Azanian Freedom Song" and "Nkosi Sikeleli Afrika," the theme of the the banned African National Congress which gives me goosebumps every time I hear it. Among other songs were the delicate madrigal "Lady When I Behold" first penned in 1598, "Flamingoes and Bears," a tender and thoughtful tune about being different, and "Sherry," the Four Seasons' classic that some women are reclaiming as their own ("Come, come, come out tonight . . .").

Special recognition must be extended to
TURN TO CONCERT, PAGE 8

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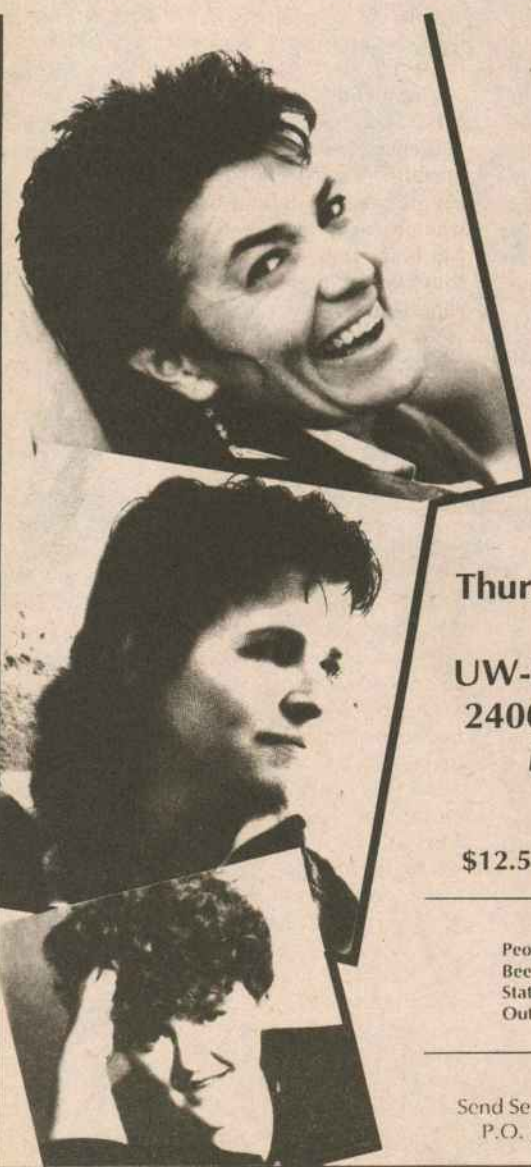
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Cloud 9

BY CATHY CHURCHILL

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POLITICALLY SPEAKING

What Went Wrong With The Dukakis Presidential Campaign?

By Bill Meunier

The election is over and the Gay/Lesbian community is distressed with the results of the Presidential race. Many people are busy pointing fingers and trying to assess blame for what happened and why. The GOP strategists tell you that the results were due to the Democrats' nomination of another Northern Liberal, the left wing of the Democratic Party contends that Dukakis was not liberal enough and nearly everyone says that the Duke ran a weak campaign.

Some of these contentions are true and some are not. The GOP is wrong. Dukakis was not and is not a strong liberal. Yes, he has some liberal positions such as Gay/Lesbian rights and his position on capital punishment and abortion. By and large though, he is considered to be a moderate.

The liberal wing of the Democratic Party is wrong too. Dukakis certainly was liberal enough to appeal to the traditional constituents of the Democratic Party. The problem was his failure to do so. At the Democratic Convention, one of the Duke's key aids told me that Dukakis would avoid going to the infamous "special interest group meetings," such as labor union conventions and women's conferences. The thinking was that if the American people saw Dukakis on the nightly news addressing women's groups, black groups and union groups night after night, it would make him look like Mondale did and leave him vulnerable to charges that he was nothing more than a tool of the left.

Those who blame the campaign management are correct to some extent. The candidate did need to avoid looking

like he was in the hip pockets of the labor, women's and black movements, but that doesn't mean that he should have avoided making any statements which may have aroused those groups to fuller and more enthusiastic support. For example, in the first debate when asked an AIDS question related to the Reagan-Bush neglect of that issue, Dukakis responded by saying that George Bush shared his "deep commitment to fighting this disease." The Duke was too afraid that an honest answer blasting the administration record would have resulted in his losing votes from the so-called "mainstream."

Then there is the matter of Dukakis spending four fateful weeks in his home state while the Republicans hammered away at him and his lead in the polls shrank to nothing and finally became a deficit. In Atlanta, we were told that the Dukakis brain trust viewed the Mondale post convention sabbatical as "one of the most serious mistakes made in the 1984 campaign." We were assured that as soon as the Convention was over, the Duke would hit the campaign trail and go non-stop until Election Day.

The Dukakis campaign organization and their strategy decisions left something to be desired as well. Unlike the Bush campaign which had all commercials and media buys placed into the hands of one man, the Dukakis media was entrusted to no less than 20 people. As a result, his ads and literature were uncoordinated and gave credence to the argument that he didn't have a clearly defined image.

There was also the decision not to respond to the Bush attacks. Unlike many observers, I do not totally fault Dukakis

TURN TO ELECTION, PAGE 10

Mr. Gay Wisconsin-- Ms. Gay Wisconsin Pageant- 1988

Saturday, November 26
and Friday, December 2
8 pm-Midnight
"The Lady Has The Blues"
Christine Harris Sings
with Melvin Rhyne, Pianist

Saturday, December 3
8 pm-Midnight
Holly Berrie and Trio
"Songs from Hollywood
and Broadway"

Cafe Mélange
720 N. 3rd
(lobby Hotel Wisconsin)
291-9889

CONCERT
Continued from Page 7

Lynn Fendler, Director and Conductor of Womonsong for more than eight years. Fendler conducts with a passion that moves and inspires her chorus to great heights — and transfixes the audience as well. What a crime it is that, over the years, women have been systematically excluded from conducting orchestral and choral groups. What a terrible denial of our power and abilities! Observing and sharing Lynn Fendler's passion for music was a real thrill!

All the choruses gathered for a final set to end the evening. High points here were the communal singing of "If It Weren't For the Women," an ode to female accomplishments, and Kay Gardner's stunning "When We Made the Music."

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Jerry Johnson

I Just Look At Him; He Just Looks At Me

By Fr. James Arimond

The Cure in the city of Ars, France, once noticed one of his parishioners just sitting in church for hours at a time day after day. The man had nothing in his hand: no prayer book, no rosary, no Bible. The Cure's curiosity got the best of him, so he went up to the man and asked him what prayers he was saying? "Oh," the man replied, "I'm not saying any prayers. I just sit here and look at God and He just sits there and looks at me!" The man, without really being aware of it, gave an almost perfect definition of prayer. He was in the presence of the one he loved and that was all that really mattered.

Far too often in our life, we make prayer a "chore" or a job that needs to get done. Because it is a job, we begin to tire of it and it isn't too long a time before we decide that it just isn't worth all the aggravation. We don't like to do something that we think we "have to do" or "should do"! But a life of prayer doesn't have to be that way. In fact, it **shouldn't** be that way!

Prayer should be something that refreshes us, enriches us, brings joy and enlightenment. It's supposed to be fun. It's supposed to be something that we look forward to! So, if it isn't fun, what's wrong with our prayer?

I don't claim to be an expert on prayer. I suppose I should be, but, in all honesty, I have a long, long way to go. Oh, in the Seminary, I felt that I was "pretty good at it", but I've taken a lot of side roads since those days and I've experienced a lot of life. I'm not quite as sure of things now as I was when I was 25. But, all along the way, I have picked up a few things and some of those things that I picked up about prayer, I'd like to share with you here.

For one thing, I've learned over the years that God has a passionate desire to talk to us. God is the perfect lover and what lover does not want to be with the beloved? God loves to be in our presence. As the scripture tells us, "God takes delight in the sons and daughters of man." (Prov. 8/31) God wants to talk to us and, as a matter of fact, we are the only creatures God can talk to, at least intelligently. So, if God wants to talk to us so badly, you'd think He/She would make it easy! Well, the fact is that God does make it easy!

The first step in prayer is not hoping for a willingness on the part of God, for it is already there. The first step to refreshing prayer is a willingness on our part. We have to **want** to pray! Do you want to be in the presence of your perfect lover? Do you want someone to know you completely? Do you want to be refreshed, comforted, consoled, excited? Do you want someone to be there for you always? Then spend some time with your perfect lover!

Okay, so you've taken the first step; you are willing. Now what do you do? Well, what do you do when you find a new human friend? You call them up, you talk about your work and recreations, you see a movie together, you go out to eat, you write letters and poems to each other, you buy little surprise gifts for one another, etc.

So it is with God. We write letters to each other: e.g., I write in my journal to God and God writes to me in the scriptures. We call each other: e.g., I talk to God each day by just saying little things like, "Hello, thanks for a new day.", "Thanks for the great night's sleep", "I'm going to need your help on this one", "I think I'm going to like this new person I've met.", etc. We go out to dinner together: e.g., Everytime I come to the Lord's table, I'm sharing in the Lord's supper. That's what that "Church stuff" is all about. I just spend time with God; e.g., often when I'm alone, I just simply invite God to sit with me. You'd be surprised how that shatters loneliness.

I could go on and on like this, but I'm sure you get the picture. If God is to be my best friend, then I must treat God just like I treat any of my friends. Friendships must be nurtured if they are to grow and we do that by the little things of our everyday life. I've gotten to a point in my life when I may be alone but never lonely!

Sometimes "willingness" is not always enough of a motivating force in my life. I don't want to do anything, much less pray. When those times come along in my life, I usually rely on my "need" to

pull me back to reality. I find that my "need" is a strong motivating force and it is usually enough to call me to prayer.

No matter how strong I may feel, no matter how much "in charge" of life I may feel I am, I am also very much aware of how vulnerable I am. I am a heartbeat away from death. There are little "time bombs" all over my physical body just waiting to "go off" and someday I know that one of them will. This is not morbid thinking; I don't get upset or despondent over it. It's just reality. I've lived long enough to learn from experience and I've seen this annihilation take place too many times to doubt that it could and will happen to me. I, therefore, have a very real "need" for someone who is stable, for someone who will always be there, for someone who is a "power greater than I."

Perhaps some of you may remember the traditional classifications of prayer into Prayer of Adoration, Prayer of Petition, Prayer of Thanksgiving and Prayer of Contrition. While those divisions may help some people, I find them overly complicated. We don't judge our conversation with friends by classifying them. Why should we do this when we talk to our best friend, God? All conversation and therefore, all prayer, is a combination of all of these qualities. Don't get put off by complicated categories. Contemplation is nothing more than being comfortable in the presence of the Beloved. All conversation contains moments of appreciation, thankfulness, apology and request. It's natural, so just think of "talk" when you think of "prayer." They are one and the same thing.

Something that I have found necessary in my prayer life is to make time for it. I spend about a half an hour to an hour each day in keeping contact with my friends by writing letters and notes, calling them on the phone, stopping by for a visit, etc. Why shouldn't I also do this with God? So, I try to set aside time each day to spend with my best friend who happens to be God. I find I need to discipline myself if I am to retain my friendships. This doesn't mean that I can't be spontaneous, but it does mean that I take these friendships seriously enough to invest some time in them. This includes spending time with God.

I also try to "set up my space" for prayer. Make it comfortable and pleasant. A lit candle, some flowers, soft music or the smell of incense, a comfortable chair or body position; any or all of these can help a great deal. (Again, when I have friends over to the house, I do some of these things. Why not do them when I'm inviting God into my life?) Are these things necessary? No, of course not, but they can help and make this time very special. I also use other prayer helps such as a passage of Scripture, a poem, a hymn that has meaning to me, a newspaper, or a prayer that someone else once wrote. I also feel free to use a rosary, a Buddhist temple bell, or anything else that will help my mood or thought. (What I enjoy about my Catholic discipline is that we have such a long and diverse tradition that I can use just about anything I want to use when it comes to enhancing my prayer time.)

This has gone on long enough and I could go on and on. I guess that's why so many books about prayer are written. At any rate, I hope this speaks to our readers requests. Prayer is one of the simplest things in the world to do and one of the most rewarding. Don't worry about "how" to do it. Just "do it" and you'll find that it changes your life. Keep the questions coming and God bless.

Fr. James

**Wisconsin Light
Welcomes
H.I.T.
Bowlers**

Community Volunteers Very Responsive To City Health Needs

By Roger Gremminger, MD

With the holiday season, I think it is appropriate to stop a minute and reflect on all the things we have to be grateful for that have happened over the past year. And, indeed, there are many that I can personally think of.

First, from reading the scientific literature, I am aware of a number of research projects that have the real potential for making a significant breakthrough in AIDS treatment.

The CD4 sponge is very interesting. What it is is a synthetic clump of T4 receptors to which the HIV virus can attach. Thus, when there is free virus in the blood, this CD4 sponge can disable all the virus particles that attach to it. The full utility of this has yet to be explored.

The scientists have now also identified two genes of the HIV virus which see to keep the virus repressed and not replicating when the genes are active. As the disease progresses, these genes are turned off and can not continue to hold the virus in check. If the scientists can find a way to keep these genes active, then a person who is infected could be treated and not have the virus change and become active. Thus, we could possibly keep a person healthy for their natural lifetime. This form of treatment is a way off, but does have some promising perspectives.

The treatment of the opportunistic infections has also been advancing. The real success story, of course, is the treatment of pneumocystis pneumonia. Now, with breathing treatment of pentamidine, the pneumonia can be prevented from recurring in a large number of patients — 84% according to one study from the Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center in New York City.

Here on the local front, we also have much to be thankful for. I have said this in the past and I will continue to say this. We have a very good and responsible Gay community here in Milwaukee. It is very gratifying to me to talk to my physician colleagues and hear that they find working with Gay patients to be both easy and satisfying.

This tells me many things. First, there is a deep sense of trust between many physicians and their Gay patients. Second, there are many good things that can happen for the patients when this sense of mutual trust exists.

But, as a realist, I am also aware that there are some risky and seamy parts of the Gay Milwaukee scene. To keep our whole community strong and healthy, we have to pay attention to these seamy aspects and work gently and kindly to change these aspects to make them safer for our more vulnerable members, mainly those who are just in the process of coming to grips with their sexuality.

Lastly, no holiday should pass without a very warm and hearty thanks to all the volunteers of this community who have contributed so much in this past year. The Milwaukee AIDS Project (MAP) and the



Roger Gremminger, MD

Brady East STD Clinic have some truly extraordinary people who are motivated by a deep love and compassion for their fellow humans. There are also good things happening in other agencies in town; the Red Cross, Planned Parenthood, Sixteenth Street Clinic, the drug treatment programs and STD Specialties to name just a few.

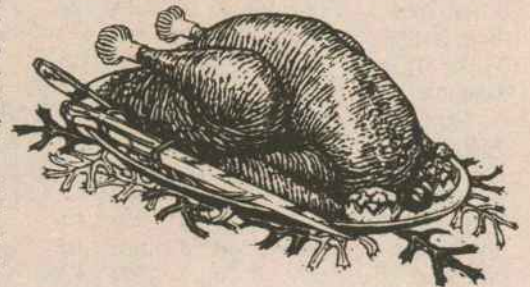
Just a side note. STD Specialties, formerly with St. Anthony's, has found new financial backing and will gradually get back to full operations.

Of all the wonderful volunteers, there is one whom I would like to single out specially and he is Alyn Hess. Alyn has been a leader of this Gay community since the early 70's. He was one of the founding members of the Gay Peoples Union (GPU) and the GPU VD Clinic which evolved into the present Brady East STD Clinic which also founded MAP. So Alyn is really one of the individuals who got the whole thing going. He also served as a very articulate spokesperson for the Gay community in the late 70's.

In the 80's, Alyn assumed a quieter role of leadership, but he has still been there. Now, Alyn has been diagnosed with AIDS, but even here, Alyn has continued to lead. I know from personal knowledge that Alyn tells all medical personnel who help him, in a very open and forthright way, that he has AIDS. And I have heard admiration and gratitude from doctors and nurses alike that Alyn has been so open with them.

I have just spoken with Alyn and he reports that his is doing reasonably well. I am truly grateful for this and I wish Alyn a great deal more time of healthful living. I, for one, will miss him sorely when he departs, for he has truly contributed significantly to making Milwaukee's Gay community great.

Love, Roger.



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SPORTS NEWS

La Sota Elected Saturday Softball Beer League Commissioner

By Jerry Warzyn Sports Editor

The Saturday Softball Beer League (SSBL) of Milwaukee held its final meeting of the 1988 softball season on Sunday, October 9, 1988. The primary item on the agenda was election of officers for the 1988-89 season. Commissioner Tom Salzsieder surprised those in attendance with his announcement that he would not seek another term. Delegates then elected Lou La Sota the new Commissioner. Tom Salzsieder then was chosen for the open position of Assistant Commissioner. Pam Woythal was re-elected as Secretary, while in a close race for Treasurer, Patty Brown was re-elected to her previous post. Suzi Arnold was renamed Women's Division Commissioner by acclamation.

Lengthy discussion was had on a proposal for the separation of the League into two separate divisions, an Open Division and a separate Women's Division.

Presently the League sponsors two divisions, but each division operates together in all respects.

The proposal was to have each division elect separate officers, choose its own rules and play-offs, fund its own activities

and purchase trophies, etc. The League would operate together only for scheduling, the Milwaukee Classic and the purchase of softballs.

Members present split fairly evenly on the proposal during discussion. However, when the vote was taken on the proposal, it was soundly defeated. Sentiment at the meeting was that the proposal was perhaps too premature as the women's division has not yet come into its own.

In other business, the League reviewed the final financial report for the Milwaukee Classic, which showed a net profit of approximately \$1,000. The League's 1988 financial report was also reviewed. The League operates on a budget of some \$28,000, including the costs of the Classic.

Newly elected Commissioner La Sota announced that plans for the 1989 Milwaukee Classic were already underway. Meetings will be held during November and December to develop a planning committee. Persons interested in more information concerning SSBL may contact La Sota at (414) 672-6866 or write the League at SSBL, P.O. Box 92605, Milwaukee, WI 53202.

Record 12 Teams Enter Saturday Volleyball League

A record 12 teams have entered the Saturday Volleyball League for the 1988-89 season. Play commenced on November 5, 1988 at UW-Milwaukee's Englemann Gym with matches between all participating teams. Team sponsors are as follows: Alternative, Ballgame, Beer Garden, Club Muse, Cream City Foundation, Gamma, La Cage, M&M Club, Station 2, This Is It, Triangle and Your Place.

Matches are scheduled for Saturday, November 19, December 3, 10 & 17 and January 7, 14, 21 & 28. After these dates, divisions will be set up and divisional play will take place.

OPENING ROUND RESULTS

Alternative 15-15-15, Ball Game 3-1-0
M&M's 15-15-15, This Is It 4-11-1
Alternative 15-15-15, This Is It 1-6-1
Ball Game 15-15-15, Triangle 12-11-12
La Cage 15-15-15, Triangle 4-2-8
Gamma 15-15-15, Station 2 3-1-4
YP 15-15-15, Cream City 0-0-0 forfeit
Beer Garden 15-15-15, Club Muse 12-13-5

STANDINGS AS OF 11/5/88

	W	L	PCT	GB
Alternative	6	0	1.000	-
Beer Garden				
Volley Dollies	3	0	1.000	1.5
Gamma	3	0	1.000	1.5
La Cage	3	0	1.000	1.5
M&M's	3	0	1.000	1.5
YP	3	0	1.000	1.5
Ball Game	3	3	.500	1.5
Club Muse	0	3	.000	4.5
Cream City Foundation	0	3	.000	4.5
Station 2	0	3	.000	4.5
This Is It	0	6	.000	6.00
Triangle	0	6	.000	6.00

ELECTION

Continued from Page 8

for this. Never in the history of American Presidential politics have so many lies been told in so many ways about one man. Dukakis couldn't believe that the American people would respond the way they did. He couldn't believe that the voters would ignore what the network commentators and the newspapers were saying about the Bush lies and distortions. He was wrong. But, even if Dukakis had tried to respond, there were so many lies (and I mean outright fabrications of the truth) that it would have been impossible to respond to all of them. Nevertheless, I believe that Dukakis failure to respond to the initial lies signaled the Bush camp that they could say whatever they wanted and get away with it.

The lies of the Bush campaign were beyond question the major reason that Dukakis lost. The Bush lies were so bad that many network correspondents took it upon themselves to point out that the commercials Bush was running were false. In one memorable interview with

All volleyball games are played at UW-Milwaukee Englemann's Gym located at Hartford & Maryland Sts. Matches begin at 3:00 p.m. and run until 7:00 p.m. Fans are encouraged to attend and interested players are still needed.

GAMES

November 19		
3:00	Gamma vs. Cream City	Sta 2
	YP vs. Club Muse	Sta 2
4:00	YP vs. Gamma	CCF
	Station 2 vs. Club Muse	CCF
5:00	Station 2 vs. Beer Garden	YP
	M&M's vs. La Cage	YP
6:00	Ball Game vs. La Cage	Beer
	M&M's vs. Alternative	Beer

LA SOTA ELECTED BOWLING STANDINGS MONDAY NITE IRREGULARS AS OF 11/14/88

	W	T	L	PINS
1. YP Vultures	52	11	23390	
2. Short Circuit		40	23	22955
3. Wreck Room Spurs	39	24	22506	
4. Ball Game Delux				
30 & Over	39	24	22237	
5. This Is It	39	24	21467	
6. G.L.O.B.	38	25	23444	
7. YP Flamingos	38	25	21557	
8. Wreck Room Wranglers	37	26	20033	
9. M&M Close	32	31	21954	
10. Crack of Fannies	31	32	20691	
11. M&M Bolerama				
Bimbos	25	38	TS18405	
12. Who's Sorry Now?	25	38	17892	
13. Born Again Virgins	21	42	18506	
14. Pointless Sisters	18	45	19540	
15. Cream City				
Foundation	15	43	17198	
16. Pin Wackers	15	48	16989	

Leslie Nielsen, the Bush Media Director insisted that the infamous "revolving door commercial" which claimed that 263 first degree murderers had escaped while in furlough was "totally" even after being confronted with evidence that it was a blatant lie. A Madison Avenue advertising executive interviewed by ABC News said, "If Bush was Coke and Dukakis was Pepsi, there would be a lot of Coke executives in jail because of his advertising."

The unfortunate thing is that, unlike product ads which are regulated by the Federal Trade Commission and the media, no one regulates political ads. Candidates can say whatever they want.

Sure the networks and newspapers pointed out that claims made in these ads were twisted distortions at best and often were out and out falsehoods, but by running these ads as often as they did, the Bush campaign drummed them into the minds of people.

Every network had a news story on the Massachusetts furlough program showing that it was established by Dukakis' predecessor, that it was a success and that, during his tenure as

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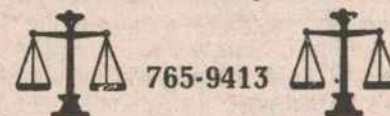
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Governor of California, Ronald Reagan had a similar program which he defended even after police officers were killed by furloughed inmates.

Well after that story left your memory, you were still seeing the Bush commercial about Willie Horton.

Another purpose served by these lies was to discourage people from voting. Millions of voters who were all too familiar with the Bush record on jobs, day care, foreign policy, ethics etc., stayed home. They couldn't bring themselves to vote for Bush, but they had such a negative impression of Dukakis as a result of these commercials that they didn't think he was any better. The result was the lowest turnout in election history.

The real tragedy of all of this is not the Bush win (that is in and of itself, tragic enough). The real tragedy is the way he did it and that the American people let him get away with it. What the people told the political pros was, "We're not interested in issues. We won't take the time to investigate the outrageous lies you tell us. The bigger your lies are, the more inclined we'll be to vote for you."

On election night two Bush supporters told me that it was alright to lie if it will win the election. Said one, "Hey, if the Dukakis people weren't smart enough to lie like we did, that's their problem. What choice did we have? We couldn't have won without those lies. They were effective and the proof is on television right now. We're going to win." The other one said, "All Bush did was point out that Dukakis was much more liberal than he was. If he had to tell a few tall tales to do it, who cares? No one really got hurt." — except Dukakis.

He's wrong. We all got hurt. We got hurt because those lies prevented us from having a real discussion of the issues. We got hurt because the American people chose a president for the wrong reasons. We got hurt because people got fooled into voting against their own interests. We got hurt because the message to the next Democratic nominee is, "Lie if you want to win."

The Republican strategy was simple. They knew they couldn't win in a fair fight so they made the fight unfair. For years they had been telling the American people that the Democratic Party was too liberal. When the Democrats nominated a moderate, the GOP did the only thing it could do, it lied to make him look like a wild-eyed radical. A National Dukakis staff person told me, "We learned our lesson. Next time we'll lie too. We thought the truth was bad enough, but apparently it wasn't. Two can play that game."

Yes, indeed, we all got hurt and one can't help but feel that on November 8, by electing someone on the basis of his lies instead of his stands on the issues, American democracy committed suicide. For my part, I will never call Bush, "President." When I refer to him, the word "liar" and not the word "President" will precede his name. I just hope that the damage he and his cronies have done to our democracy is not irreparable. But I'm truly afraid that it is.

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