

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

The Wisconsin Light

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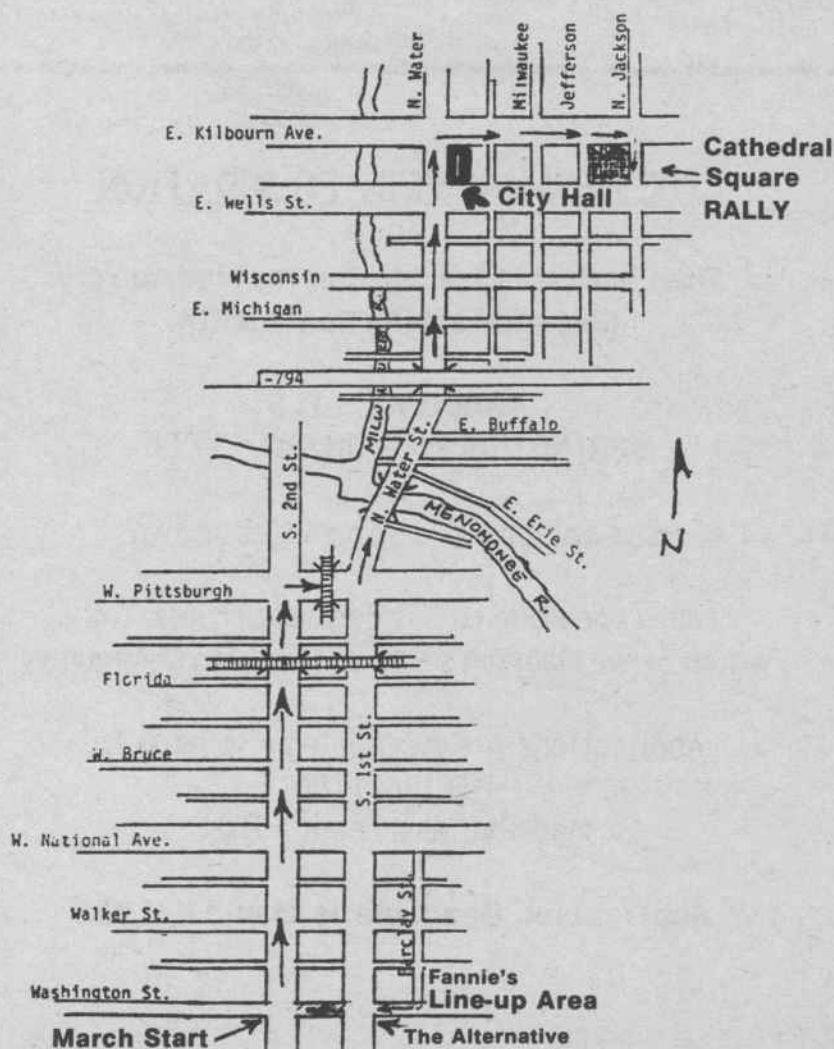
Great Lakes Band To Perform In Pride Parade

[Milwaukee]- The Lesbian/Gay Pride Committee announced on April 25, 1989 that city authorities have approved the route for the First Annual Pride Parade. The Parade will be held on June 17 and will begin at 12:30 p.m. with the Rally to follow at Cathedral Square downtown. The Pride Committee is strongly urging everyone to join in and demonstrate their Pride.

It was also announced on April 26 that the Chicago Pride Committee will be attending the Milwaukee March. An additional feature of the March and Rally will be the appearance of the Great Lakes Freedom Band. The Band is composed of musicians from all over the Midwest who have gathered together to perform at Pride parades throughout the region.

The Band is looking for new members. If you are interested in becoming a member of the Band, simply call the Milwaukee Pride Hotline at (414) 32-PRIDE. The Milwaukee Pride
TURN TO PRIDE, PAGE 5

Milwaukee Pride Week June 17 Parade Route Announced



Governor Thompson Balks At Issuing Proclamation for AIDS Victims



Scarlett (Vivian Leigh) is all dressed up to persuade Rhett (Clark Gable) to lend her money so she can pay the taxes on Tara in "Gone With The Wind".

"Gone With the Wind" Film Restored for 50th Anniversary

By Dale Edmund Kuntz

1939 is considered the "Golden Year" of Hollywood! More classic-and beloved-films were made and released that year than in any other year in American motion picture history. Topping them all...in popularity, Academy Awards, returns at the box-office and publicity was GONE WITH THE WIND — voted in numerous surveys as the most popular film of all time!

The most glamorous event of 1939 was the World Premiere of the film (the film's making and advance publicity were so much in the press and on radio, that the picture soon became known by its initials — GWTW — just to save space) on Friday, December 15 at Loew's Grand Theatre in Atlanta, Georgia. For two days, the news of World War II, only a few months old, was pushed off the front pages of most newspapers just to cover the Premiere. On Tuesday, December 19, 1939, a dual Premiere was held at the Astor and Loew's Capitol Theatres in New York City. Over 300 policemen were on duty to control the crowds.

Finally, on Wednesday, December 27, the Hollywood Premiere was held at the prestigious Carthay Circle Theatre on Wilshire Blvd. Never before — or since — has a film debut so captured the public's attention and imagination. On February 29, 1940, at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles, the film was awarded 10 Academy Awards — the most honored film up to that time.

Now GWTW is back! And will be shown as originally presented in 1939. In a Light exclusive interview with Dick May of Turner Entertainment Co., it was learned that brand new prints of the film have been processed just for the 50th Anniversary of the film.

It is to be shown in its original 35 mm format — a square image and not the elongated picture seen in recent reissues. You will see the film as Producer, David O. Selznick and Cinematographer, Ernest Haller intended the film to be seen. No more heads or chins being cropped off. No more dramatic effects being lost because the frame is not complete. No more loss of color or detail because the negative has been blown up beyond its original intent.

According to May, restoration of the original negatives was begun in 1987 in order for a completed release print ready for 1989's 50th Anniversary.

Let's backtrack for just a moment to see why it was so important to restore the original negative. Principal photography began on GWTW on January 26, 1939. The film was being shot in Technicolor which at that time was a 3-color process. Very cumbersome, but the result was beautiful, vivid colors that were locked together forever. The large Technicolor cameras actually had three strips of color

TURN TO FILM, PAGE 7

[Madison]- Wisconsin Governor Tommy Thompson has refused to issue a proclamation remembering those who have died of AIDS.

The proclamation was to have been presented at the Wisconsin opening of the Names Project Quilt in Madison on May 5.

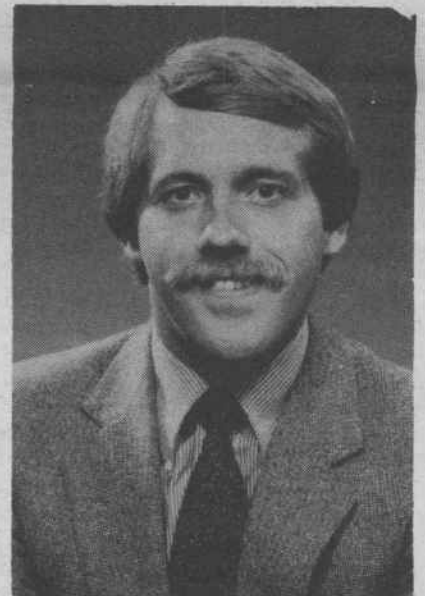
Governor Thompson did not indicate his reasons for refusing the proclamation request made by Marge Sutinen, Executive Director of the Madison AIDS Support Network. Nor has he responded to her plea to reconsider.

Sutinen expressed "deep regret" at Thompson's refusal to declare May 5, "A Day of Remembrance for people we have lost to AIDS."

"The remembrance weekend gives us such an opportunity to send a clear, explicit and appropriate message that in Wisconsin we care," Sutinen said.

"From a handful of cases of HIV/AIDS infection in early 1981 to more than 85,000 reported cases in the United States and close to 300 deaths in Wisconsin, AIDS is recognized as a world-wide, world-class epidemic," Sutinen added.

Thompson's refusal came on April 11 in a brief note signed by Michael S. Bie, gubernatorial aide.



Rep. David Clarenbach

Clarenbach Declares May 5 "A Day of Remembrance"

[Madison]- In response to Governor Thompson's refusal to issue an executive proclamation remembering those who have died of AIDS, the Speaker Pro Tem of the Wisconsin State Assembly, David E. Clarenbach (D-Madison) has declared May 5 to be declared "A Day of Remembrance."

Clarenbach said that he issued the legislative proclamation, "to show that Wisconsin does care about the AIDS crisis."

"It is not only unacceptable that Governor Thompson has turned his back on AIDS funding in his budget, but it is embarrassing that he cannot even make this simple gesture to show a sensitivity to people with AIDS," Clarenbach said.

The proclamation will be presented at the opening of the Names Project, the quilt display to honor those who have died of AIDS. The ceremony will begin at the University of Wisconsin-Madison Field House in Madison on Friday, May 5 at 7:45 p.m. The display runs through Sunday, May 7.

REMEMBRANCE DECLARATION ON PAGE 3

OUR HISTORY



A TIME TO DIE XVI

Nazi's Performed Hideous Medical Experiments on Gays

By Terry Boughner, Ph.d.

No crimes committed by the Nazis against helpless prisoners are more justly infamous than the medical experiments. The fact that these things were done using the excuse of being "in the interest of science" makes them all the more reprehensible. What is not generally known because it has been hidden or ignored is that these grotesquenesses were perpetrated chiefly upon Gays and Lesbians

The reason I was given for the use of Gays and Lesbians was that though we were considered "bent" and mentally defective, we were "aryian." The same excuse would be used later when Lesbians and Gays were enslaved for work in the factories.

But regardless of the excuses, the primary purpose remained always the same. That was always the extermination



of Gays and Lesbians to make way for the others who were constantly arriving at the camps. We could be and were worked to death, shot (an SS man who shot an "escaping" Gay could get a 3-day leave as a reward) and gassed, but death through medical experimentation at least, as far as the Nazis were concerned, had the advantage of providing knowledge.

A Pink Triangle sent to a hospital at Dachau, Flossenberg, Buchenwald, Bergen-Belsen, Sachsenhausen or any other camp, never returned. They were strapped to their beds and injected with bacteria, viruses and all sorts of chemicals just to see what would happen.

Pink Triangles, especially those with well-formed bodies were injected with hydrogen. Death was instantaneous and their bodies, instead of being burned, were sent to the medical schools for use in dissection classes.

The Luftwaffe and German aviation engineers wanted to know about survival in high flying aircraft. To find out, Gays and Lesbians were placed into pressure chambers to see how long it would take for their blood to boil. In another "experiment" to discover a pilot's chances for life after being downed in icy waters, Pink Triangles were placed into vats of water which were then frozen. Photographs were taken of each step in these tortures.

I have seen many of them. One series of five photos I remember especially were of a very handsome, slender looking young man. He was strapped to a chair in a pressure chamber wearing no more protection than a striped prisoners outfit. You can see the fear in his wide eyes and as the pressure was lowered. You can see his agony, his mouth a gaping wound, open in a silent scream. At the end, he is a corpse, a Gay man slumped in death against the straps that bound him.

I have often wondered since, who he was, this man so young and so good looking. What name did he have? What loves did he enjoy? Who held him tight, whispering sweet words in his ear? What hopes and dreams possessed his heart? Endless questions and never to be answered. All I know is that his face haunts me yet. For me he is a symbol of all untold numbers of Gays and Lesbians who were consumed in the fires of the Nazi Holocaust of my people.

Those selected for the experiments were most often young, healthy Pink Triangles, taken after an inspection of new arrivals at the camp. A camp "doctor" and an assistant or two would accompany the SS guards in looking over the line-up,

stopping here and there to feel the muscles of the naked prisoners, turning their heads this way and that. Reichsfuehrer Himmler collected skulls and the most handsome men with well-shaped heads were chosen to provide them. After the "experiment", the head would be cut off, the flesh boiled away and the skull sent to the Reichsfuehrer in Berlin to add to his collection. He professed to be able to tell Gays, Jews, criminals and others from the shape of their skulls.

When the selection process was completed, those chosen would be taken to the "hospital" there to await their fate. What went on is nearly beyond the imagination. I was told, for example, that Gays were infused with the blood of animals and vice versa to see what would happen. Gays were strung up and shot in various parts of their bodies to see how effective some variety of ammunition was and/or to give doctors experience in working with such wounds. Gays had hand grenades strapped to their bellies and then their bodies were blown apart, again to see what would happen.

Organ transplants were common. Gays had the hearts, livers and organs of pigs and other beasts put into them — all without anesthesia.

Gays and Lesbians suffered the horrors of vivisection and castration was, I was told, so "usual" that it became almost a routine procedure for Gays. A man would have his balls amputated, after which, the testicles of a pig or some other animal would be stitched on in their place. Afterward, the organs would be placed into jars of formaldehyde to be used for study.

Once the Gay had served "his purpose" his body was dumped with others at the crematorium to be burned. Sometimes, however, if the man was especially well-formed, his body would be put with others in a large cauldron, the flesh boiled away and the skeleton sent to one of the German medical schools to be used as a teaching tool for students.

I saw such a skeleton once, still there, hanging in a university classroom decades after the war, being used for the purpose it was originally intended. I can not tell you fully, the mixture of sadness and revulsion that swept over me as I looked at it and then ran my fingers over the smooth bones. As I had so often done before in other circumstances, I wondered who he had been. But no matter, he was me. It could have been my skeleton hanging there; dispised in life, in death, my bones a mere academic curiosity. For all I know, the skeleton is there yet.

For Pink Triangles, the Allied liberation of Germany and the camps meant little. They were still criminals and were, if discovered, sent from the camps to prison under laws that made homosexuality a crime. At the same time, the records of the medical experiments were confiscated and the results gained from the torture and mutilation of Gays was used by the Allies who, of course, disguised its source.

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Are Personal Liberties at Stake With New Poppers Ban?

By Paul Varnell

Editor's Note: In the March 23 issue of *Light* we printed an article by John Lauritsen titled, "Manufacture/Sale of Poppers Banned in the U.S." The following, is a response, reprinted by permission of the author from *Windy City Times*

That body of collective scientific expertise, the United States Congress, has by legislative fiat declared Iso-Butyl Nitrite (IBN) poppers a "banned, hazardous product," illegal to manufacture, sell or distribute. The ban was placed into the 1988 Omnibus Drug Act by Rep. Henry Waxman (D-Calif.) at the urging of Rep. Mel Levine (D-Calif.) who had been heavily lobbied by a self-styled "AIDS activist" Hank Wilson, head of a one-man Committee to Monitor Poppers. However:

The new law does not forbid possession or use of IBN poppers, so if you can get them, you can use them and even carry them around.

At this point, at least on manufacturer of IBN poppers, Western International Distributors, has gone to court and received a temporary restraining order to keep the law from being enforced against its products (which include Bullet, Thrust and Locker Room).

Some poppers manufacturers, including Great Lakes Products, have already started manufacturing and selling poppers made with other nitrites (e.g. propyl nitrite), and those are entirely legal to make, buy and sell.

The politics of such a ban, or prohibition, are interesting to contemplate. For instance:

Do Levine and Waxman and Wilson actually think such a ban will work? IBN poppers are not that hard to manufacture, so we may be in for a supply of "bathtub poppers" by underground network as well as God-Knows-What substances in plain bottles representing themselves as IBN poppers. Does anyone think this is a clear gain?

Isn't there some sort of personal liberties issue here? What about the argument that "It's my body" and that I have the moral right to control what goes into it and what stays out of it?

When cigarettes were shown (shown!) to be harmful, we put warning labels on the package giving the medical evidence and then let people make their own decisions — and the claims against cigarettes are substantially stronger than any claims against poppers. Whatever happened to freedom of choice here?

Rep. Levine has an ADA rating of 95 percent. Scratch a progressive, find a fascist.

The law offers no rationale for its criminalization, only saying that the substance is banned when it is manufactured for use for "euphoric or physical effects." What everybody

knows, however, is that the claims have been repeatedly made that IBN poppers are "somehow" involved as a cause either of AIDS itself (1981-1984) or, the somewhat retrenched position, as a cause of Kaposi's sarcoma (KS)(1984- present), or the even more retrenched position as a "co-factor" (i.e. not a primary cause) in the development of KS (about 1986-present). These claims seem doubtful because:

We all know lots of people who have KS who have used little or no poppers in their lives; and we all know heavy poppers users who do not seem to have KS.

KS is apparently widespread in Africa, an area not known to be a region of heavy poppers use.

The largest study of Gay men I know of, the Multi-Area Cohort Study by the National Institutes of Health shows no poppers-KS link.

The government's who expert on poppers, Harry Haverkos, has been working on the notion of a poppers-KS link for nearly seven years and still cannot confirm such a link.

Haverkos' own summary of all the IBN studies asserts that — at most — a few small studies seem to suggest an association between heavy (heavy!) poppers use and KS, but then says that other studies show no such link.

Some of the lab work has involved injecting enormous quantities of IBN into small animals. Other studies have forced inhalation of IBN in high concentrations for hours on end. Yet others have used animals with no immune systems to begin with. Yet others have used animals (and cited people) with rare genetic defects. By and large, this is the sort of evidence that Hank Wilson and his Committee to Monitor Poppers has found convincing.

If some studies suggest an association between heavy poppers use and KS, it is reasonable to be interested. What needs to be inquired into is whether heavy poppers use is causal or, rather, an accompaniment or marker for other behaviors which place people at risk of developing KS. But government researchers seem extremely squeamish about asking Gay men details of their sexual behavior. In the past heavy popper use tended to accompany anal sex and fisting, for instance. But it is surprising how incurious researchers have been to research these things.

Nowadays, I am willing to bet, poppers — like pornography — tend to be used as an accompaniment or enhancement of the pleasures of private masturbation — just about the safest sort of sexual behavior I know about. To the extent that is true, if poppers do actually make masturbation more pleasant, then instead of banning poppers, the government — if it had any real interest in the health of Gay men — should actually provide bottles of them for free at Gay bars.

Wouldn't that just make William Bennett's day?

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

The Wisconsin Light



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THE WISCONSIN LIGHT is published biweekly by NOVO GRAPHICS, LTD., with offices at 1843 N. Palmer, Milwaukee, WI 53212. Advertising and copy deadline is the Thursday prior to publication. Opinions expressed by writers in WISCONSIN LIGHT are not necessarily those of the publisher, editor, or our advertisers. Any reference made to any individual or organization should not be construed as an indication of the same's sexual or affection orientation or preference. All copy, text, design, photos, and illustrations in advertisements are published with the understanding that the advertiser is fully authorized and has secured proper written consent for the use of names, pictures, or testimonials of any living person, and WISCONSIN LIGHT may lawfully publish and cause such publication to be made; and the advertiser agrees by submitting ads to indemnify and save blameless the publication of any error that may be contained in said ad. WISCONSIN LIGHT does not accept any responsibility for any claims made by advertisers. The entire contents of WISCONSIN LIGHT are © Copyrighted and protected under the Federal Copyright Act and International Conventions. Reproduction of any portion of any issue will not be permitted without express written permission of NOVO GRAPHICS, LTD. Legal venue is Milwaukee County, Wisconsin. Printed in the U.S.A.

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Office Hours:

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS

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.

Institutional Member



EDITORIAL

MILWAUKEE COUNTY BOARD THANKED FOR HESS CITATION

Wisconsin Light would like to extend its thanks and deep appreciation to Milwaukee County Supervisors Dorthy K. Dean, Elizabeth Coggs-Jones and Anthony Czaja for sponsoring a citation of sympathy and regret at the passing of Alyn W. Hess.

By their sponsorship of this moving memorial, they and the Board of Supervisors have shown a beautiful sense of caring, compassion and concern for our loss of this great humanitarian and civic leader whose work for our community and all the citizens of Milwaukee County was and is an inspiration.

Alyn will be truly missed by his family and countless friends. Nothing can replace him. We here at Light and those throughout the Lesbian/Gay community are grateful for this remembrance by the Board and comforted that they have joined us in our sorrow.

THE STATE OF WISCONSIN



PROCLAMATION

Whereas, AIDS is a world-wide epidemic with more than 85,000 reported cases in the United States; and

Whereas, Wisconsin has experienced close to 300 deaths from AIDS to-date; and

Whereas, it is estimated that 9,000 to 12,000 state residents have already been infected with the AIDS virus; and

Whereas, the Names Project, a quilt display remembering those who have died of AIDS, will have its Wisconsin opening at the UW Field House in Madison on May 5; now

Therefore, I, David E. Clarenbach, by the powers vested in me as Speaker Pro Tempore of the Wisconsin State Assembly, hereby proclaim May 5, 1989 A Day of Remembrance for people we have lost to AIDS.

David E. Clarenbach
Speaker Pro Tempore
Wisconsin State Assembly

A Milwaukee Pride Week (June 16-28) Fundraising Event

-Set Sail, First Class- Aboard the Exclusive Euro-Style Luxury Excursion Vessel... the



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Cream City Foundation	People's Books	Wreck Room
Center	Phoenix	Your Place

Tickets are also available by mail order. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Milwaukee Pride Committee, 225 S. Second St., Milwaukee, WI 53204.

IS IT A PLANE?

(Keep Watching...
Future Issues)

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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.

LETTERS

TO THE EDITOR:

I am one of the people who is currently working on the Lesbian/Gay Pride Celebration here in Milwaukee.

As a member of the organizing committee, I have noticed a large amount of apathy among the people in this city. We have tried to bring about a special celebration commemorating the 20th Anniversary of the Stonewall riots by planning a series of events that would appeal to most, if not all. As the deadline approaches, we are finding ourselves running critically short of three things: volunteers, finances and other support.

Volunteers have been the least of our problems, though we certainly could use more. At present we have a small, dedicated group who have been working behind the scenes as it were, putting in a lot of time and considerable effort to enhance the community.

The major concerns lie in the areas of money and general support. We have tried to come up with a variety of events as pre-event fundraisers. So far, these fundraisers (badly needed) have been met with a response that can best be characterized as non-existent.

It would seem as if the same people who can spend up to \$50.00 a night to "go out" on the weekend, can not afford the \$12.00 it would take to attend a fundraising performance of a Theatre Tesseract production.

I would hesitate to remind you that these same people go to the theatre, or the movies or out to eat on a fairly frequent basis. Yet, they persist in complaining that the theatre is "too yuppie" or "too expensive" or "just not my thing." But even these reasons or excuses pail before the general lack of enthusiasm for what we as a committee are trying to do.

We don't expect everyone to like everything we do. But we have constantly exerted every effort to elicit opinions and support from our brothers and sisters to help us in our planning. This is, after all, a celebration of OUR COMMUNITY and it must be inclusive. We are not trying to be an elitist group, nor perpetuate stereotypes or create ill feelings.

What we ARE trying to do is to provide a time and a place where we can gather in our "Common Unity" and celebrate the great strides we Lesbians and Gays have made in the past 20 years.

Let me therefore, make a personal appeal to all in my community. I know you are out there and if you can't support us in a fundraiser, come, join the committee and help us plan. Believe it or not, your time and participation is as valuable as your cash. Last of all, be sure you are visible. This is, when all is said and done, OUR COMMUNITY.

—Tim
Milwaukee Lesbian/Gay Pride
Committee member.

Between The Real And Ideal

By Fr. James Arimond

"It would be nice if I could get a nice apartment on the East Side, but I just don't have the money!"

"It would be nice if I found a perfect room-mate, but..." "It would be nice if...but..." ...and on and on it goes. We all live somewhere between these two words and church people, perhaps, more than others.

As Church people, we have the ideal shining before our eyes: justice, pure love, total commitment, selfless giving, humility, forgiveness and a host of others. We sing about them, pray over them, read about these ideals in our scriptures, preach them, honor them, hold them up to be emulated and yet, we find that we live in a world, in a reality, where these ideals are very seldom, if ever, realized.

Some people don't expect much out of life, but I find that these folks are not usually church folks! Church people expect a lot out of life. As a matter of fact, they often expect perfection even if they don't find it within themselves. They take Matthew 6:48 quite literally: "Be perfect as your heavenly Father is perfect!" Instead of seeing this passage as an admonition directed toward reconciliation within the community and the importance of forgiveness among believers, they extrapolate the phrase to include all of life.

I think all of this is important to keep in the back of our mind when we hear church people expound on the ideals to which they feel all people should strive.

There is a vast difference between the objective goals and ideals of a community and the subjective reality of how these goals and ideals are concretized and lived out in daily life. If our spiritual life is to be lived realistically we must be aware of this constant tension between the ideal

and the real! If we see and accept only the ideals we will live under continual guilt. (It's living under this guilt that has forced many of us away from the church and synagogue community.)

When we read or hear public statements being made by religious leaders, it is important to remember that they are presenting us with the ideals; ideals raised up for our admiration and possible emulation. But what we must never assure is that if you and I cannot live up to these ideals we are somehow, ipso facto, inferior. The God of the Hebrew Bible and Jesus in the Christian Bible never demand that the ideals presented be lived in their fullness. As a matter of fact, quite the opposite is true. In the Hebrew scriptures, there is story after story of how God chose the weak, the sinful, the imperfect to carry out His will. (Scripture further attests to the fact that they didn't suddenly become perfect or remain perfect after the call.) Jesus surrounded Himself with many very imperfect men and women and He accepted them as they were! (The "halos" in Christian art were only added many centuries later.)

Then, are religious leaders being phony when they present these ideals? Not at all! What would we want them to present? Should their message deal with the failures of the human spirit; the degradation of human behavior; the defeat of human efforts? I think not! Where religious leaders are wrong is when they demand that we live up to those ideals or else!

We all need ideals to strive for. It's the ideals that quicken the human spirit, challenge the human effort, bring passion to the human heart. The tragedy develops when we condemn ourselves or especially when we condemn others for not being "perfect."

So, when we read about another statement being made by a prominent religious leader, let's put it in its proper perspective. Let's not get all bent out of shape because we feel they are postulating the impossible. You may be right. It may well be impossible for you. So leave it at that and remember if we all didn't need to be saved, we certainly wouldn't need a Savior. We do the best we can with what God has given us. We look to the ideals for inspiration and challenge, but we don't condemn just because we are as God made us to be: human.

Love yourself — God does.

Fr. James



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Taking Off The Blinders: Is God Incompetent?

By Rev. Dan Frederick Schramm

If anyone told you that God was incompetent, you'd be certain that person was mentally incompetent. Yet, without realizing it, Christian preachers across the land proclaim that God is indeed incompetent, and hundreds of millions of people believe it. You might even be one of them.

The Christians teach in their churches that Jesus was God incarnate in human form, sent to save us all from the curse of original sin. This salvation, they say, is obtained only by having faith in Jesus, and if you do not believe in Jesus as Lord and Messiah you are condemned to spend eternity in hell, come the judgment day.

In other words, God (or His Son, if one doesn't want to be totally literal as do the fundamentalists) came to Earth for the express purpose of saving all men and women from the curse of original sin, which was placed upon man by God. The fate and destiny of every person, and indeed all the world is dependent upon the acceptance of Jesus as God and Lord. This is the Christian view.

At the same time, God Himself gave man the power to think. If man did not have the supreme gift of logic and the ability to weigh information and make decisions, he would be a mere animal operating on built-in instinct. God expects man to make full use of his gifts.

According to Christians, God comes to Earth through Jesus. God, we all believe, is all-knowing and all-seeing, and to the Christians is absolutely perfect. To Christians, Jesus Christ is God. Interestingly, Jesus spent thirty years upon the Earth, doing they know not what, before he finally began to preach his message.

Jesus spent about two years preaching and spreading the word. He collected disciples, and then allowed himself to be executed for a crime which did not exist under Jewish or Roman law. Most know the basic story of Jesus, but totally fail to understand its significance.

Yet, this perfect Being failed to take the simplest steps and precautions to ensure the success of his mission and the spreading of his gospel. Jesus, the perfect man and "God" could not read or write! "God" who knew everything was illiterate. The Bible and biblical scholars agree that Jesus did not write anything down. He did not take the most basic step to preserve his teachings. He also had at least ten years before-hand to write things down and get them copied. At the minimum he could have obtained the help of others to write his teachings. Apparently, he had no idea what his mission was until the last minute. How could this person have been the all-knowing God?

Neither did Jesus recruit disciples who could make a written record. Not once in any of the gospels does he say a word to the disciples about taking notes or writing down his teachings. Not once does he warn them to keep and preserve an account of his words. Not once does he tell them that faith in himself is the only route that can save mankind from the curse of original sin, and the eternal fires of hell. In fact, not once does he ever mention the story of the Garden of Eden and the fall of man — the central tenet of Christianity. Not once does he say it is vital for his message to be spread to all the world. Not once are the most basic or rudimentary precautions taken. Not once does he plan ahead for the salvation of the entire human race!

If Jesus had actually taught the Christian scheme of salvation, certainly the disciples would have arranged for an immediate record to be made and then would have had copies made and spread throughout the land to assure their preservation. Still, Jesus did not think of it, nor did any of his "God-inspired" disciples.

Even after the crucifixion, resurrection and ascension, when the disciples should have known for certain the alleged importance of Jesus, they still did not make any written records. Nor did Jesus instruct them after the resurrection when he again had the chance for any last-minute instructions. He allowed every opportunity to slip by!

In fact, decades went by without any action being taken to preserve the teachings of Jesus. If Jesus had been counting on his disciples to make a

permanent record, he certainly was a poor judge of character. Imagine, God Himself, a poor judge of character.

Now some Christians may try to allege that the disciples did not write anything down at first because they expected the second coming in their life times, or in short order. Well, that theory does not hold water. In fact, it shows that Jesus was not only incompetent, but could not foresee the future, or in fact lied about his return. Thus, that Christian argument would have to concede that Jesus was either a imbecile or an evil imbecile.

It wasn't until the Jesus persecutor, Paul, changed sides due to an alleged vision, that Christianity wrote anything down. He wrote half the New Testament, but all of his letters were written long before any of the gospels were written. Paul never heard Jesus preach and knows little about him. Paul does not mention anything about the Parables nor does he mention the miracles of Jesus, although Paul tells us about his own miracles.

Finally, beginning thirty-five years after the fact, the first gospel was written. Following Mark; Matthew and Luke were penned. Then, eighty years after the fact, the gospel of John is written. On top of their late dates, none of the original manuscripts exist, not even copies from the same time-frame. The oldest New Testament manuscripts date from two hundred years after the crucifixion.

No one can be sure who really wrote the gospels, much less that the copies of 170 plus years are correct copies. The New Testament did not even exist until after 320 A.D. In point of fact, there were dozens of different and contradictory gospels in circulation and it was not until the Nicean Council that the writings for the New Testament were chosen — chosen that is in an atmosphere of political intrigue with physical violence and murders so severe that it was ultimately surrounded by Constantine's soldiers until the council came to the decisions he supported.

Then the Christian church tells everyone that these writings were inspired by God. They do not bother explaining how people writing about what they supposedly witnessed and experienced, otherwise known as history, need to be inspired or require the intervention of God. The only way they could even claim inspiration for the gospels is if they were written by persons other than the real disciples. The real disciples wouldn't have needed inspiration. I would like to hear some Christian minister try to explain how all the people at the Nicean Council were inspired by God!

If Jesus was God, or His Son, then he knew how very much was riding on his mission. Hundreds of millions of human souls were at risk. Nevertheless, Jesus was totally reckless and irresponsible about his responsibilities and the mission of assuring dissemination of these most vital words. In plain truth, the organizational and administrative abilities were less than non-existent, they were disastrous.

If our Christian preachers really expect us to accept their scheme of salvation and have faith that Jesus is God, then they must also expect us to believe that God is utterly incompetent. Only an incompetent God could have so utterly failed to take the simplest most basic precautions. He must have been a fool not to have prevented the countless blunders in His name. What sort of a God do the Christians want people to believe in?

Obviously, the Supreme Creator of the universe, an all-knowing perfect God could not be incompetent or reckless, nor could He thus be responsible for the Christian scheme of salvation.

Believing that God is responsible for the Christian scheme of salvation and its failure to save most of the world means that "God" is irresponsible, reckless and wantonly incompetent. How could anyone be condemned by an all-knowing, loving God to an eternity of suffering in hell for failing to proclaim the incompetence of God?

If a person rejects the scheme of Christian salvation it is because the system is neither rational nor inspired.


A person does not reject it because he is blinded by Satan — a person rejects it

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A BOY OF SUMMER

The Real World

By Morgan Summer

I live in what is called, by some people, an academic atmosphere. A college campus is a place where you learn, supposedly and primarily about solid nuts and bolts knowledge for use in the real world. College is not the real world.

There also exists other kinds of knowledge which is learned in campus residence halls and, in the case of my college, in the small town in which the college is located. That knowledge comes from a "class" I like to call "Acting Very Heterosexual 101." It's an elective, suggested for residents of dorms.

But, you may be saying, where is the pride? Surely, damn surely, there must be someone who is publicly out in a residence hall? Well, maybe there is, but he or she doesn't go to my college. But I can understand why a Gay student would stay in the closet while living in a residence hall.

1) Because of his or her roommate. Roommates, they told me in the college brochures I read before starting college, are sometimes a pain in the ass and are sometimes great fun to have. But if any problem would arise from the former condition, it could be easily worked out. Well...not quite.

Most college brochures fail to take into account that one in ten college students is Gay, if they live in a residence hall or not. But the problem is that 10% are and most of them have to live with a blisteringly heterosexual roommate. Since males are apparently in their sexual prime in the late teens and since a good majority of them attend college, why, what better place to fuck around? Most non-Gay males, I assume, are of the opinion that, of course, their roommate is also straight. Maybe, maybe not. If not, it's rough for the roommate who has to share a few feet of room with a blazing heterosexual. Close the closet door on your way out, please.

2) Because of certain residence hall programs. A few times a month my residence hall has little informational programs, usually in the basement lounge. They are called "Relationships and Love and Marriage." There are no programs about Gays. I was approached to do one a few months ago by a student manager on my floor, but I declined out of concern for my bodily safety. I wanted to, but I couldn't.

(By the way, the student knew I was Gay because she helped me transfer to a single room in January.)



Morgan Summer

3) Because there is no unity among the Gays in a residence hall. This is sticky because, first a Gay resident has to be identified and then that resident has to cope with quaint little heteros on his floor who would like to castrate the fuckin' queer.

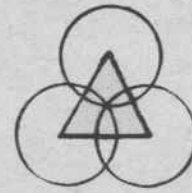
The breeders through this intimidation, scare and intimidate other Gay residents and drive them deeper, deeper into the closet, afraid for their physical well-being. Unity then, or even a friendship, cannot be achieved, hurting both the open Gay and the one closeted. Combine this with the two factors above and it's proof that residence halls are very homophobic places, one of the most homophobic anywhere.

However...the halls, at least my hall, are not all bad. Some solid friendships can be made and whether or not you like it, you do learn. I know. I'm approaching the end of my second semester in a dorm and it's actually okay now. I had to go through two roommates, two rooms, countless forms and two residence halls to get here, but everything is moving right along.

See, despite all the negative factors, it will always find a way. Love or lust, pride or just plain sex, it's here and in all residence halls. I pass guys on my all-male floor and they glance at me with a question, but not quite asking it. Between classes at the Student Union, guys I don't know look at me and at the Pink Triangle pin on my denim jacket thinking about something. They may live in a dorm, have a shockingly straight roommate, put up with happy-happy programs and homophobia, but they look at guys in their brown or blue or green or gray eyes and smile inside.

And what do you know? There's the pride.

Introspective



Another View

As An Emerging "Minority" We Aren't Perfect, But We Are It

By John Michael Roberts

We aren't perfect, but we're all we've got. As an emerging "minority" we are going through all the growing pains that all the others have experienced. I often write about some shortcomings I have perceived throughout our community. In the long run, however, we do a pretty good job with what is available.

I have dissatisfactions at times with how we go about what we do and I feel sorry that, somehow, we aren't progressing fast enough. But just griping isn't going to help us a lot, although those active in the community need to be reminded that they represent the Gay/Lesbian population and are not "THE" Gay/Lesbian population. So here are some thoughts I have on a platform for action for this community.

1) Stress, stress, stress in every way possible to the General Community at large that we are a Real, True and Permanent Minority.

2) GET INVOLVED. You can make the difference to a lot of good and important causes and you'll be doing yourself a personal favor as things improve.

3) Network with other minorities. The Irish, Blacks, Latinos, Jews, Catholics all have had their early discrimination. Those of color are so readily identifiable that they must fight every day to maintain what they have won. Others have been able to integrate better, but all have gone through our growing pains.

4) Let's make conscious efforts to catch up to those advocacy groups who are able to interact with the Government. Become better informed. Wisconsin Light and In Step can't do it all. Read, send away for copies of bills introduced in the Legislature; attend candidate forums and study the issues.

5) Help through funding, worthy organizations. We need expert staff persons to represent us at boards, commissions, City Council and State bodies. We are the only minority without any formal lobbyist.

We are the only minority without a

trained person to research, not only legislation, but what is needed and how others are getting things done.

We are the only minority that has no staff person to interact locally with other advocacy groups. To have that, our organizations need funds. You are their only source.

6) Help provide the infra-structure we so badly need. How do others contact us? I can only think of one office maintained by non-medical organizations and that's all volunteer and very part-time. Only one organization even owns their own computer, although it's programs are not nearly set up to meet their needs. The Community Center needs a VCR, color TV, blackboards, easels, an overhead projector in order to have the bare essentials for Community meetings held there.

7) Let's build beyond "official contacts" with government. We need the people behind us to reinforce our own efforts. A good start would be building our Pride Celebration through your help and encouragement. We have much to be proud of. Let's share this community.

We need to involve understanding friends, relatives and co-workers who are not afraid of the word "Gay." There are plenty out there.

8) With informed criticism, let's pat those of our leaders on the back who are accomplishing for us — and, with sound reason and judgment, replace those who are not. Leave the politics and personal hurts out of it. Act on informed judgments.

9) No leader — not even this newspaper or this correspondent — can act in a vacuum. Write with suggestions. Give everyone feedback. Where you perceive programs or actions are needed, make your views known.

10) Do all this as insurance — your insurance — for the future.

"We aren't perfect — but we're all we've got." A good, talented, tax-paying, accomplishing minority — A REAL MINORITY.

Superior AIDS Group Holds Fundraisers

[Superior, WI]-The Superior Chapter of N.O.W. will sponsor a "Pot O' Gold" Party on May 25, 1989 at The Main Club, 1813 N. 3rd in Superior beginning at 7:00 p.m.

There will be hor d'oeuvres and some 23 prizes awarded to lucky holders of tickets. Prizes include gift certificates for dinner at such places as Rumours and Gay 90's, Louis' Cafe and other fine restaurants, an airplane ride, a bed and breakfast weekend at Moose Lake, gasoline, drink certificates from Town House, Ladies Night and Rumours and many other prizes.

All these in addition to Grand Prizes of a \$300 diamond ring, a \$300 Litton Microwave and a \$50 savings bond.

The "Pot O' Gold" Party is for the benefit of the AIDS Advocacy Resource Coalition for Help so come out, have a good time and perhaps you'll be lucky too.

PRIDE Continued from Page 1

Committee will see that you receive music within a day or two.

PRIDE FUNDRAISERS

In preparation for this year's Pride Celebration, the Milwaukee Pride Committee will be holding several fundraising events.

On Sunday, May 21 between 3:00 and 6:00 p.m., there will be a cocktail reception at Your Place (YP), 813 S. 1st St. Each person donating \$5.00 or more to support Pride activities will receive a free pizza, compliments of the YP's owner, Uncle Al.

The Pride Committee will be at the YP

in force selling a variety of Prideware, including the 1989 Commemorative T-shirt and buttons.

Later that evening between 7:00 and 11:00 p.m., the Pride Committee will be at Melange Cafe, 720 N. 3rd St. (Lobby, Hotel Wisconsin). There will be live music (no cover charge) along with free hot and cold hors d'oeuvres. Larry and the Melange staff will donate half the till to support Pride Week activities.

On May 26, the Pride Committee is sponsoring a Milwaukee River and Harbor "Moonlight Cruise" aboard the Edelweiss, the newest of Milwaukee's sightseeing boats. The cruise begins at 10:00 p.m. sharp. The cost for the two hour trip is only \$20.00 per person or \$35.00 per couple. The Cruise is limited to 90 people so it is advised to purchase tickets as early as possible. They are available at all fundraising events, at the offices of In Step and Wisconsin Light or by sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to ML/GPC at 225 S. 2nd St., Milwaukee WI 53204.

On Memorial Day, Monday, May 29, the Committee will be again at the YP for a special Holiday cook-out. There's lots of fun planned as well as a "few" surprises in store.

As we go to press, the Committee is planning other events and fundraisers. To keep informed, call the Pride Hotline (32-PRIDE) or watch for the posters that will be going up in the first week in May. They will be displaying the theme, "Stonewall 20: A Generation of Pride."

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IS IT A PLANE?

(Keep Watching... Future Issues)

The Light LIVELY ARTS

Opening of Baseball Season Brings Wry Humor of "Changing Pitches"

CHANGING PITCHES
By Steve Kluger
Published by Alyson Publications.
\$7.95 in paperback.

Opening day of baseball season that comes in April, has held little meaning for many Gay men. That may change on Opening Day, 1989, with the publication of "Changing Pitches," by Steve Kluger.

In this paperback release from Alyson Publications, a pitcher's disdain for his handsome new catcher inexplicably turns into a major-league crush. Kluger shows with wry humor how a man who lives in the straightest possible environment deals with unexpected homoerotic feelings.

It's no surprise that, by and large, Gay men haven't been drawn to professional baseball. The sport has a poor record in dealing with both the Gay community and Gay players.

In 1975, *The Advocate* approached several professional sports organizations about interviewing Gay players for the magazine. One of the harshest responses came from the Minnesota Twins baseball club.

"Your colossal gall in attempting to extend your perversion to an area of total manhood is just simply unthinkable," said Tom Mee, director of public relations for the Twins.

This homophobia has also been felt by Gay baseball players. In 1977 when Glenn Burke joined the major league roster of the Los Angeles Dodgers, he was touted as "another Willie Mays." In 1978, Burke was suddenly and unexpectedly traded to the Oakland A's.

Teammates, sports writers, and fans were puzzled by the trade. Burke, who had been living a closeted Gay life for three years, realized that his increasing visibility in the Gay community was the

Romantic Triangle Unfolds Captivating Story in "Best Man"

THE BEST MAN
by Paul Reidinger
Alyson Publications Inc.

Reviewed by Jill Pollack

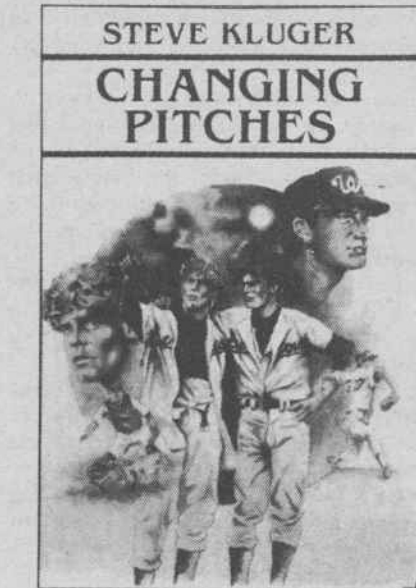
Katherine and David are looking for the perfect man. Problem is, they both find the same one. This romantic triangle unfolds in a series of amusing and honest reminiscences in Paul Reidinger's debut novel, "The Best Man", recently published in paperback by Alyson Publications.

Reidinger's work of fiction is a bit too true to life for many of us who have tinkered in our own deceitful triangles. "The Best Man" is a tale told with the candid voice of David, the narrator, who hides neither his feelings nor the truth from the reader. What he tells his friends is another story.

The tale begins when David and Katherine meet at Stanford during Freshman year. They become instant friends (although Katherine would like more). It is often said that the friends one makes in college are the friends one keeps for life. While this is true, college friendships can also be confusing and complex, leaving life after graduation a grab bag of mixed emotions. So it is with David and Katherine as they fight to save their friendship while silently maneuvering for the same man.

After college, these best friends move to San Francisco, each looking for his/her Prince Charming. Months of searching turn up Ross, a rather boorish law student who begins dating Katherine and making quiet advances toward David.

Thus begins the real intrigue of Reidinger's novel as this '80's' menage a trois tackles the confines of love, friendship and our conceptions of



likeliest reason for his exile to Oakland.

Over the past ten years, there has been no perceptible progress for Gays in professional baseball. Since Burke was drummed out of the sport, not one professional player has come out of the closet.

"Changing Pitches" isn't an indictment of professional baseball. It is the simple story of one man's unexpected love for another. Yet, in telling this story, Kluger manages to deflate the macho stereotype we've all grown up with and give a fresh perspective on the all-American sport and the men who play it.

When "Changing Pitches" was first released as a hardback book by St. Martin's in 1984, both Gay and straight reviewers welcomed it. *The Washington Blade* called it "fast-paced, cleverly written, and hilariously off-beat." *The New York Times* said it was "spontaneous, witty and immediate... Kluger bats well over .500."

what life should be.

Learning the lessons of love prove to be a bit too much at times for David, especially since he's practicing on the same man as his best friend. Not only must David come to terms with his own desire for Ross, but he must also consider his "best friend." After all, she found him first!

Reidinger's characters — their hopes and aspirations (or lack of them) — are not extraordinary. David refuses to accept the requirements of adulthood as he chooses to spend his time skillfully avoiding the advances of the Castro men with no names instead of getting a real job. Katherine, too tired to continue her search for the perfect man, settles for Ross and refuses to acknowledge his bisexuality. And Ross, well, Ross is pathetic as he cunningly uses those around him to complete his own medicinal version of the American Dream.

"The Best Man" is a captivating story as Reidinger begins, "they invited me to their wedding." I find it gratifying that for his debut novel, Reidinger has chosen a subject worthy of the best of gossips and, at the same time, cause for late-night discussions in which promises of everlasting loyalty are extracted from best friends.

The growing volume of Gay and Lesbian literature has finally gotten past the "coming out" story. In Reidinger we have found an author not content to tell a story, but one who seeks to look above and below the surface. Oh, Katherine marries Ross at the end of the story...but that's only the beginning.

Jill Pollack is the public relations and promotions director of People Like Us Books in Chicago.

Diamonds Are A Dyke's Best Friend

DIAMONDS ARE A DYKE'S BEST FRIEND: Reflections, Reminiscences and Reports from the Field on the Lesbian National Pastime.

By Yvonne Zipter.
Ithaca, NY: Firebrand Books, 1988

Reviewed by Marcia Summerskill

Spring's coming. Can you smell it in the air? Can you see a hint of a bud here and there? And wait...if I let my imagination go...YES...there it is...the crack of a bat, the smell of a new mitt, the sound of women's laughter and cheering on the bench. Thank the Goddess...it's almost time for women's softball again!

Yvonne Zipter helped me make it through the Winter with her delightfully well-written text on "the Lesbian national pastime." She covers a wide spectrum: from the history of women and sports in America and initial experiences in athletics for girls and women to discussions of romance on the field and a chapter devoted to the Lesbian jock-feminist dialogue.

The book is well-researched (with lots of endnotes and an extensive bibliography). And it's peppered with quotes from women from across the country (including two from the Milwaukee area). It's also fun (with assistance from some Alison Bechdel cartoons and some delightful photos).

Zipter is an MVP Writer in my book. As Kate Clinton says on the cover, "Sports Illustrated, eat your hearts out."

New Fiction Writers Sought

Alyson Publications, publisher of *Shadows of Love: American Gay Fiction*, is planning two further anthologies of short fiction. These will include a second anthology of short fiction by Gay men, as well as an anthology of short fiction by Lesbians. Like *Shadows of Love*, the books will highlight the work of writers who have not been widely published, although they will not be limited to such writers. The editors are especially hoping to include the work of members of minority groups and that of writers living outside of the major metropolitan areas.

Inquiries of submissions (accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed return envelope) may be sent to: Alyson Publications, 40 Plympton St., Boston, MA 02118, Attention: Joe Chapple (for the men's anthology) or Tina Portillo (for the women's anthology)

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Support Milwaukee Pride Week By Joining the "Proud Crowd"

[Milwaukee]- According to the Milwaukee Lesbian/Gay Pride Committee (ML/GPC), plans for Pride Week, June 16-27, are moving apace.

One of the ways in which you can show your pride and support is by becoming a member of the "Proud Crowd." For \$5.00 or more, businesses or individuals can have their names listed in the Pride

Week issues of either *Wisconsin Light* (June 1 issue) or *In Step* (June 8 issue). You may have a listing in both publications for \$10.00 or more. The donations will also entitle you to be named by ML/GPC as an Official Sponsor of Milwaukee's Pride Celebration.

All donations from the Proud Crowd Project go to the Pride Committee and must be received by the Committee no later than May 15 for *In Step* and May 26 for *Wisconsin Light*. Donations may be mailed to MLGPC at the Cream City Community Center at 225 S. 2nd St., Milwaukee, WI 53204 or simply stop in during office hours.

Milwaukee will soon be a mass of thousands of 1 inch Pink Triangles thanks to another ML/GPC promotion. The Committee is now selling sheets of six Pink Triangles at three sheets for a dollar. Sheets may be purchased at the Cream City Foundation Center and at all ML/GPC fundraisers. In buying, using and displaying the Pink Triangles, you will call to mind our past sufferings and current Pride.

The Pride Committee is still accepting entries for the Official 1989 Pride Poster. Entries can be submitted until May 15 at the Cream City Foundation Center.

Nominations for the Pride Committee's Community Service Award will be accepted until May 15. Nominations should be concise and typewritten and sent to the Community Service Award Program, Milwaukee Pride Committee, 225 S. 2nd St., Milwaukee, WI 53204.

The Pride Committee is moving rapidly ahead, but it needs you. The opportunity for involvement is great. If you can volunteer your time and talents, please call the 24 hour Hotline at 32-PRIDE and a committee member will get back to you with lots of ideas and/or assistance.

theatres around the country. The idea being to give audiences a true experience of the 1939 Premiere...no mall "cinder block" theatre — but a true, elegant movie palace... theatres like the Great Film itself; theatres that have survived the wind that has swept through the years.

In Milwaukee, the film will be shown at the Oriental Landmark Theatre, 2230 N. Farwell Ave, in the large theatre. It will start on Sunday, May 7 and run for 7 days through Saturday, May 13. Daily matinees will be at 2:00 p.m. and evening performances at 7:00 p.m.

As a special added attraction, the Oriental has invited Dale E. Kuntz to introduce the film on three separate programs. Mr. Kuntz is one of Wisconsin's leading film historians and a popular Milwaukee lecturer on the history and background of films. There will be a limited question/answer segment at 1:45 on Sunday, May 7 and 6:45 on Friday, May 12 and Saturday, May 13.

In Madison, GWTW will have a 10 day run at the Majestic Theatre (built in 1906), beginning on Sunday, May 21 and running through Tuesday, May 30. Matinees will be at 2:30 p.m. with evening performances at 7:30 p.m. Advance tickets are available at the box office and at Four-star Fiction and Video, 315 N. Henry St. in Madison.



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SCREEN PLAY BY SIDNEY HOWARD

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Release

Music by Max Steiner

Pictured is a photo of the original poster for the 1939 release of "Gone With The Wind".

"Gone With the Wind" Is Back in New Screen Splendor

Continued from Page 1

negative running and photographing simultaneously. Then, these 3 color negatives, yellow, cyan (blue) and magenta (red) were printed simultaneously on film stock giving us the deep, rich colors we remember from old Technicolor films.

In 1940 and 1942 MGM released GWTW at popular prices using the original 1939 release prints. In 1947, the first national reissue of the film was released. May said that many of the 1939 prints were used for the 1947 release as they were still in pristine condition.

The next national reissue came in 1954. New prints had to be made. In going back to the original negative which was nitrate film, it was found that sections had deteriorated. As a result, sections of the negative had to be copied and then spliced into the original negative which was then disposed of. What this meant was that the negative for printing consisted of original plus replacement footage.

To top it off, 1954 was the debut of Cinemascope and "big screen" films which were all the rage. If a theatre was equipped for wide-screen, the Cinemascope aperture plate and a prismatic expander allowed them to blow up the print. This caused some loss of color and a visible grain to the film.

Despite the loss of quality, MGM advertised the film as "GWTW — First Time on the Big Screen."

The 1961 reissue used the same process as in 1954. In 1967, MGM decided to reissue the film again. This time by redoing the 35 mm negative into a 65mm negative to be shown in 70mm release prints. This involved redoing the negative frame by frame onto a single color negative, replacing the old 3-color negatives.

In addition, the wider image also caused almost half of the original image to be missing on the new negative and, consequently, on the release prints.

To this catastrophe was added the introduction of new color stock in which the colors would eventually fade, leaving the print with just various shades of red.

In the last 20 years, many duplicate negatives were made for releases of the film and 16mm prints. Each time getting another generation away from the original negative, color and concept of the film.

When the Turner Organization purchased MGM and United Artists, they received all film rights to GWTW. At that time it was decided to restore GWTW to its original form for the 50th Anniversary of the film.

The original 3-color negatives were obtained from Eastman House in New York and the painstaking and time-consuming task begun.

As May explained it, "The original 3-color negatives were printed individually on an inter-positive contact on film. This enabled them to make a perfect duplicate negative with the proper filter onto color film stock. Then the magenta, with its proper filter, was printed on the same piece of color film stock. This process was then repeated with the cyan negative."

By doing this, they were able to produce a perfectly restored negative which brought back all the scope, detail and dramatic essence of the film as first seen in 1939.

Contrary to rumors over the years, there was no shrinkage of the individual 3-color negatives. This meant that perfect registration of the 3 negatives combined to make the new negative as close to the original as possible.

In printing the final color prints, consideration was given to what the colors originally looked like in 1939 and what today's audience accepts in color films. Also, today's film stock had to be considered in the final printing. The final result is GONE WITH THE WIND as envisioned by David O. Selznick and first seen by the most eager film audiences of all time.

What does all of this technical detail mean to you? For those of us who have seen GWTW before, it will be like visiting old friends who have suddenly regained their youth. We will see Scarlett in her green dress (it won't be blue or brown as in some TV or reissue prints). We'll see Twelve Oaks in all of its splendor and once again, we'll meet Rhett, Mammy, Gerald O'Hara, Melanie and Aunt Pittypat as they actually were.

For those of you seeing it for the first time, you'll see Vivien Leigh in some of the most beautiful close-ups ever put on film. You'll see all of the great fire and the destruction of Atlanta. You'll see all the dramatic images in full color in some of the most spectacular cinematography of all time. There will be all the glamour of Walter Plunkett's costumes — which changed fashion history — all the production designs, special photographic effects, acting, directing, music, all brought to a new height of perfection.

To add to the feeling of 1939, the Turner Entertainment Co. is releasing GWTW only in this new, restored version — and only to selected classic movie

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A SHORT STORY
By Terry Boughner

THE CAT

Art by
Mary Shafer

Hear, and attend oh best beloved for this is a story of the days when the world was new and the gods had rested from their labors. In those times everything was wild. The trees were wild. The grass was wild. The animals were wild. But wildest of all by far of all the wild things that the gods had created upon the earth was the cat. The cat was wild, as wild as wild could be and lived by his wild lone in the wild woods and had nothing to do with anybody.

One day when the sun in all of its oriental splendor was riding high above the vernal equinox, (that's magic) the Chief Djin, the greatest of all magicians, called a meeting of all the gods and godlings.

"Listen.", said the Chief Djin. "I have been blowing about this world we have created. I have seen that everything is wild, as wild, as wild, as wild can be. But wildest of all, by far, is the cat. He has nothing to do with anybody, thinks nothing but evil thoughts and offers no respect. Who created him?"

But no one answered.

"Well," the Chief Djin said finally (He was always saying things "finally" which is the way of Chief Djins. Please remember that.), "Well, if no one can show me some good in this wildest of wild things by Tuesday morning (and it is now Sunday) I will uncreate him."

Now, oh best beloved, the cat heard about what the Chief Djin had said from the bat, the little upside down bat, who had been in a tree that grew by the Djin's window.

"Bismew!", said the cat when he had listened to all that the bat, the little upside down bat, had said. But the cat said nothing more, but walked off into the wild woods waving his wild tale, thinking his own thoughts as always.

Now, oh best beloved, I must tell you that not too far away on the side of a very high, steep cliff, there was a most splendid cave. The first two people ever to be lived in that cave. They had picked it to live in because they were afraid. At night they huddled together and listened to the wild noises coming from the wild woods below. Oh, best beloved, they were most scary, worrisome noises and the first two people ever to be were quite pleased that they lived where they did. They did not at all fancy winding up as someone's dinner. Would you?

The bottom of the cliff was all set about with great, gray, green fever trees set trunk to root with the largest rocky, stony stones you ever saw. The only way to the cave, except by ladders which hadn't been invented yet, was by climbing up and up and up over teeny-tiny little ledges in the rocky, scaley side of the cliff.

Now, you should know also, oh best beloved, that the first two people ever to be loved each other very much, but still, if you can believe it, they were unhappy. All that they had to eat were the little creepy, crawly, scaley-flailly things that lived in the cave and slithered about among the rocks and dust way at the back.

"Oh bother!", said one of the first people ever to be whose name was Haji. "I'm not sure I want to think about dinner at all."

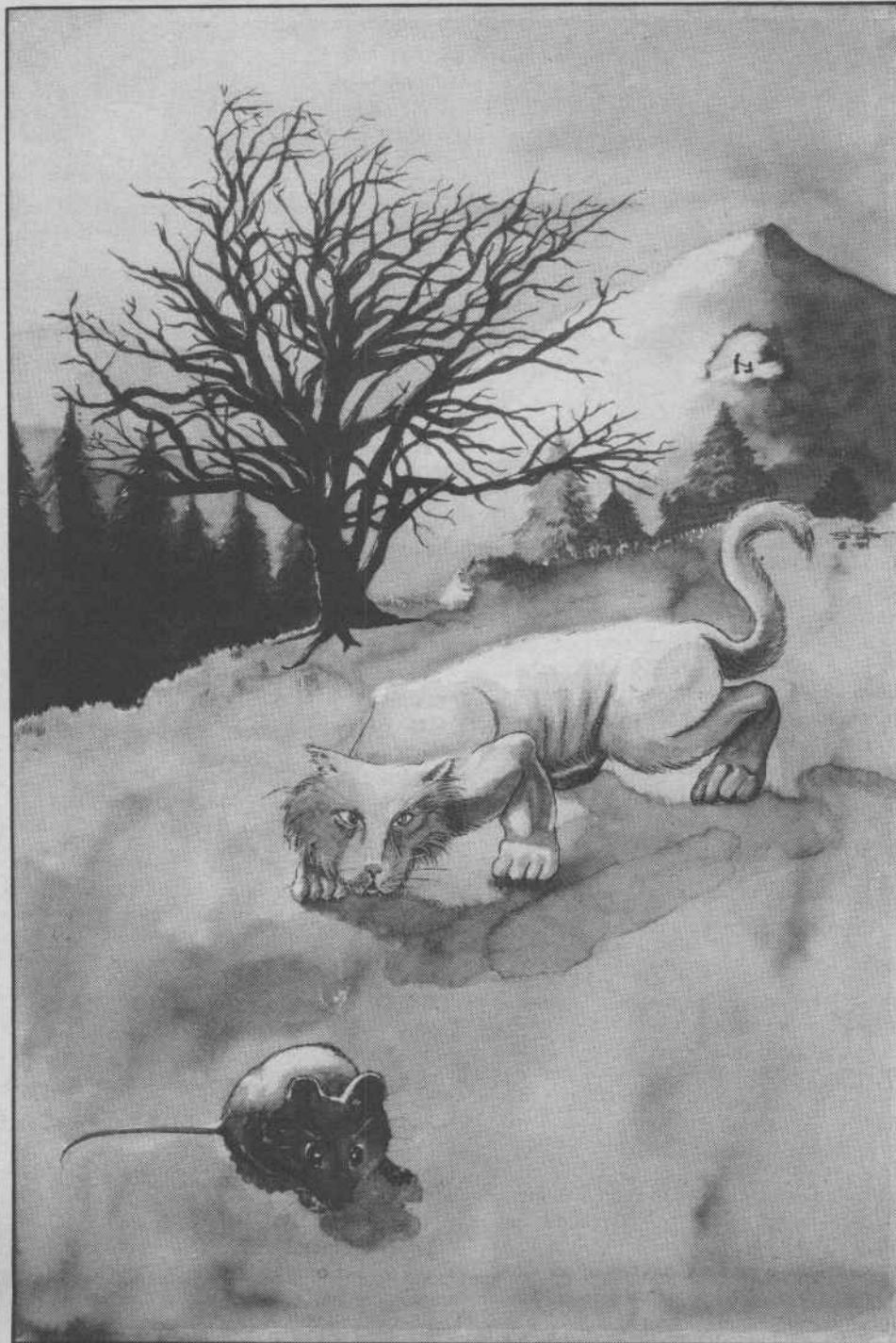
The other first person ever to be whose name was Sadji agreed, but they had no choice for they were afraid to leave the cave.

One day as Haji and Sadji (we should use their names to be polite) were sitting on the little ledge, the little brown sandy ledge in front of the cave, the cat was looking up at the rocky, scaley cliff and became curious as to what was up there for he had never been there before. For a long time he sat on his haunches, flicked his long, wild tail back and forth and thought all sorts of thoughts about that rocky, scaley cliff, but he could not figure out what was up there.

While the cat was looking and his curiosity, which was greater than ordinary, was tormenting and bedeviling his mind, there came slinking out of the wild woods wild dog. Now in those days, oh best beloved, dogs and cats were not yet enemies. That would happen later which, if you are good and mind your manners, I will tell you about some day.

"Oh, cat.", said wild dog. "What is troubling you?"

The cat looked down his long pink nose at wild dog for he considered him, as he did all other animals, to be decidedly



inferior. But, since there was no one else about and it agreed with him to talk, the cat told wild dog of his insatiable curiosity about the cliff.

"Ha!", exclaimed wild dog when he had heard all the cat had said. "That cliff, oh cat, was created by the Great Djin himself at the very beginning of things for the first two people ever to be to live in. They are most strange beings and they live in a cave way up the rocky, scaley side and they never, ever come down."

"People?", asked the cat, for his insatiable curiosity was tormenting him badly.

"That's what they're called.", replied wild dog. "A djin, not the Great Djin to be sure, told me about them though I have never seen them. Neither has anyone else. If you ask me, oh cat, you should forget about them. That insatiable curiosity of your's will get you in trouble."

"Bismew!", said the cat, pretending to total indifference as it licked its paw. "Why should I trouble myself?"

"As you will.", said wild dog and slunk off into the wild woods from whence he had come for it was almost time for dinner.

The cat watched wild dog go and then, with a lick of his paw, said to himself, "Who am I to listen to wild dog? He hasn't had a stick of intelligence since the creation. Am I not the cat who walks by his lone and thinks his own thoughts? I will go and see these strange beings for myself."

The cat easily made its way in and out and among the great, gray, green fever trees and rocky, stony stones at the foot of the cliff. And, he had no trouble at all climbing up the side for his paddy paws were perfectly made for the teeny-tiny little ledges. Soon he was at the cave.

Sadji and Haji were deep inside the cave hunting, very reluctantly, you may be assured, for dinner, so the cat hid behind a great moss-covered rock to wait and listen and watch. By and by he had seen all that there was to see.

"What poor, silly, feeble creatures these are.", the cat thought to himself when Haji and Sadji had returned from the back of the cave. "How terrible to be eating those scaley, flailly creepy, crawly

things. It is too bad they are not as smart as I am."

Suddenly, Haji spied some whiskers sticking out from behind the great moss-covered rock and knelt down to get a closer look. He made little comfort noises and soon the cat, who never admitted to being afraid of anything, became overcome with insatiable curiosity and slipped out toward him.

Haji stroked the its fur and the cat arched his back gracefully. He scratched the cat's ears and he began to purr as contentedly as he had ever done. Soon, Sadji joined his lover (of course that's what they were to each other. Does that surprise you?) and the cat settled down between them, all comfy-cozy as if he was used to this attention.

How beautiful and soft this wild creature is.", Haji said to Sadji and Sadji agreed.

"Perhaps these people are smarter than I thought.", mused the cat and he looked at the fire, the little crackling fire,

that Haji and Sadji kept going and felt its wonderful warmth and thought how nice it would be to lie beside it all toasty and enjoy this attention.

"Oh wild creature.", said Haji. "Stay here with us and be our friend."

But the cat would not and left the cave, making his way down the cliff, returning to the wild wood. But, that night while the cat rested on a pile of leaves, it began to rain ever so hard and the cat began to get wet, very wet. He thought about the cave and the warm fire where he could be so toasty and all the attention he would get.

Above the cat, the bat, the little upside down bat, had taken shelter in a drippy-droppy tree and knew what the cat was thinking (Bats are very wise).

"Oh cat.", said the bat. "There is a warm and toasty fire in the cave tonight and the two young men sit beside it and hold each other for there is much love there. This is my advice to you. Return the love these two can give you and you can lay beside the toasty fire for always and always and always and be as cozy and dry as you are now cold and wet."

"Bismew!", said the cat. "I am the cat who cares nothing for anyone. What have I to do with love?"

But the cat thought about what the bat, the little upside down bat, had said and the next morning when he was all wet and quite chilly, he thought some more.

"I am the cat who walks by his lone and cares nothing for anyone but, perhaps I can do those two young men a service."

So saying, the cat stalked off into the wet, wild woods waving his wild tail until he came to the hole in the ground all covered by a heap of bushes where wild dog lived.

"Oh, wild dog.", said the cat. "I hear your bitch has run off with wild wolf leaving you with many children. Give me one of the pups and I will find it a good home."

Wild dog pondered this for he did have far too many mouths to feed and was hard put to take care of them. At last he said, "I agree, oh cat. Take one and provide for it."

The cat choose one most carefully, a lively brown puppy, and taking it in his mouth by the loose skin on the back of the neck, left and went with it to the cave.

Haji and Sadji were pleased and happy with the little rolly-polly bundle of fur, but did not know what it was.

"It is dog's child.", said the cat. "It is worthless now, but one day, if you train it properly, you can take it with you when you go hunting. It will help you to have good meat to roast on your fire." And, at the thought, the cat flicked his little pink tongue about his lips.

"How will we train it?", asked Haji.

"Like this.", said the cat and when the puppy came close, he hissed at it and it collapsed onto its back legs in abashed silence. Then the cat sauntered over to it and spanked it with his paddy paw being careful, oh best beloved, not to let his claws extend too far for he did not want to hurt it. The puppy yelped and slunk over to where Sadji stood.

"See.", said the cat.

"Oh, cat.", said Sadji. "You are

TURN TO THE CAT, PAGE 11

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Self Destruction Is Difficult Yet Can Be Easy Path to Follow

Daniel G. Trzebiatowski

"Normal;" a word that has been in the back of my mind since childhood. I always perceived myself to be different (now I choose to refer to myself as "unique") even in my early years. Upon realizing this difference as being Gay, the "normal" seemed to intensify in a destructive way. The little self-esteem and self-worth that I did have was weakened even further after I labeled myself Gay. This is when I believe my self-destructive behavior began, only to be strengthened after my HIV positive diagnosis.

During the early "coming out" years, I fell into a deep, low-worth pit, accepting other's views as the only and final truth in regards to myself.

As the years passed, I began discovering ways in which I thought I was helping myself to deal with my low self-esteem. One of them was with alcohol.

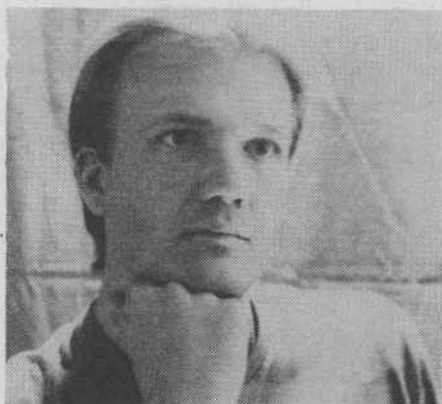
By the time of my HIV diagnosis, I was well on my way to crossing the tight rope that hung between using it to cope with anger and self-pity on one hand and the downward spiral of hopelessness on the other. I used my diagnosis to justify my destructive behavior and to increase it. Now, I got the privilege of accepting another label; "Alcoholic."

During the early years of what I thought was acceptance of my being Gay, I used sex to replace things that were lacking in my life; closeness, affection, caring, friendship and love. By doing this, I only heightened my perception of being a lowly piece of shit and quickened my destructive tendencies, much like alcohol did later.

Being an alcoholic was only the base, supporting and intensifying the feeling I had in relation to being a PWAV — diseased, infectious, dirty, bad. After the booze wore off, I fell into the pits of depression. So, I started using it continuously. But this was only a temporary escape. Before long, this continuous use increased the depression and feelings of worthlessness. I could find no way to stop it.

As I lost myself in alcohol, I lost jobs, lost contact with family and friends, had run-ins with the law and ended up living in the gutter. My new home was the park and the streets.

But now I realize that this was the point that I had to reach before I saw any hope



Daniel G. Trzebiatowski

and found any courage to raise myself up. After several in-patient treatments and short periods of control, I am once again on the path back to being a healthy, "unique" person. It's only been a short period of healthiness in relation to the years of repeated self-destruction, but a day is worth more than a life-time of my past "existing."

Just as I am discovering hidden positive things about myself in my control, I am finding things I appreciate and value about myself such as my life and others around me who I used to take for granted before my HIV diagnosis. It may seem rather dramatic that some positive things have come about me and the world around me as a result of my virus, but it's honest and healthy to take advantage of this.

I have gained a greater sense of strength, determination, compassion and caring for myself and others.

Many think homosexuality is a disease. Since I have come to accept and appreciate my Gayness, this must mean that I can also come to accept and appreciate my other two diseases, HIV positive and Alcoholism, for showing me the potentials and possibilities that they have.

Just as maintaining control and healthfulness is a minute to minute effort, so is maintaining a positive outlook on being a PWAV. There are a lot of ups and downs, bright and dark days, but as one reader put it and I honestly believe, **The Best Sunrise Is Yet To Come!**

Final Note: "Until there is a cure... there is the light of hope," says San Francisco's Bluelights Campaign. A blue light in your window at night will make the simple statement: STOP AIDS!

Once Upon A Time "Naivete" Was The Name of the Game

By Reen

A long time ago I was a suburban housewife and "Gay" was a strange word. Did this mean happy people or queer people? The Gay world was completely strange to me. Naivete was the name of the game. It was like playing ball for the first time and no one told me the rules. I fumbled the ball and made a lot of errors, but I had a lot of fun learning.

One Sunday afternoon a girlfriend invited me out for a drink. She picked the place since I rarely went out and didn't know where to go. The bar was close to downtown and for me, in another world. I recall thinking it was nice to see a woman bartender for a change and only women patrons. We had a drink and I went to play the jukebox. A strange woman appeared next to me and talked about the selections. Then she moved closer and I could feel her body heat. I looked at her and wondered why she was pressing against me. There was enough room. She didn't have to crowd me. Whether naive or dense, I still didn't get the message, but neither did I move away. I liked it. Later, I learned it was a Lesbian bar. Later, I learned a lot of things.

My girlfriend told me of another Gay bar. One evening I told my husband I was going shopping and drove the family station wagon to the tavern. This time I knew it was one of those funny bars and was shaking like a drenched puppy. The bar was crowded with both men and women.

I sat next to a man dressed in a suit and white shirt. His collar was open and the tie hung at an angle that matched his chin. Very drunk, I could figure out. (I'm not always dense.) It wasn't long before he was falling off the bar stool. I told the bartender he'd better do something

before the man fell on the floor. He looked at me with eyes that flashed "dense" and said, "That's a woman." I could feel my red face burning as the other patrons looked at me and grinned. And so I learned that people and things are not always what they appeared to be. But no one had told me anything about this game. Chalk up two errors.

After I'd been around for awhile, I learned some of the problems of Gay relationships. One I've never been able to solve is the underwear problem. At certain times, the panties are hastily flung aside. Later, the question is, which is mine and which is yours?

I still don't understand why men like to use the women's bathroom in the bars. The last time I sat down on cold porcelain I was not a happy person. Perhaps I'm being too picky. At least he lifted the seat. But after entering a women's room, I find it a little uncomfortable to find a hulking six footer, in a dress and heels, applying make-up. Perhaps I'm still dense.

I once saw a man in a baseball hat go into the men's room carrying a paper bag. He was in there a very long time and people were beginning to wonder if he'd ever come out. One of the guys went in and told him to get out of the stall. "Just a minute", he said while rustling some paper. After another few minutes, he finally came out without his baseball hat, dressed in women's clothes, jewelry and heels. I sat with my mouth open and watched him daintily walk out of the bar. The bartender retrieved an empty package of nylons from the stall. I'm learning.

One of the nicer things about Gay life is that I can relax and be myself. Some days I like soft women's clothing and jewelry. Other days I wear my butch clothes like

TURN TO GAME, PAGE 12

Social Tundra, Decrease in Sunlight Add to Winter Depression

Thomas J. Rondy

The reason I've had nothing in the paper for the past two months is a severe case of Wisconsin Winter Depression. The past Winter seems to have been a particularly good time for it, from what I've observed. It can be particularly difficult for us. We must do without a great many social advantages, many of which straight people take for granted. So, in the course of an infamous Wisconsin Winter from Hell, Gays and Lesbians often find themselves dealing with both a climatic and social tundra.

The social tundra is a bit more difficult to handle and requires a whole book. The space I have allotted to me here is more appropriate to dealing with the climate.

The main cause of Winter depression is the decrease in the amount of natural sunlight available to the human body. That has been proven by charting the percentage of people affected by Winter depression in this country and comparing the resulting statistics on a U.S. map. The final results showed that the northernmost latitudes where there would be the least amount of light with or without other climatic variables, had the highest incidences of Winter depression. More morbidly, the suicide rate is the highest in those areas such as Alaska and Scandinavia where there is no light for incredibly long periods during the Winter. It was the perpetual grayness of this last Winter that made it so hellish, not the wind or the cold.

I feel that such tributary factors do, however, form a major contribution to Winter depression's punch. When the temperature drops, for instance, the metabolism slows down and the blood thickens in the veins. That Winter feeling of "clottiness" is actually that.

Another of these factors is humidity.

California's a Brand New Game For Wisconsin Transplant

By Guy Hartmann

I don't remember the title of the song, who wrote it or who sang, "California's a brand new game." But wherever the line came from, it definitely has a point.

California, the Golden State, is a phenomena that defies analysis. It's breadth and scope would drive any reputable psychiatrist insane, so don't expect any lustrous pearls of wisdom coming from me as I try to explain my new home here in Los Angeles.

Technically, I guess you could say, I've settled in. My mail has fewer forwarding labels. Bottled water is delivered to my home. I know which freeway goes where and, much more importantly, I know when to avoid them. Why, there are even occasions when I can give directions to the ever-present and always underfoot tourists.

Sometimes it almost seems like I'm adjusting and then I realize that, no, I'm not. The bedlam here is generally beyond my comprehension. That bedlam has a name. It's called "the beach and barbecue mentality." But, don't ask for further explanation. No two definitions are the same.

I guess it would be legitimate to ask what I've done with the past five months? First, I wiled away the time (two and a half months of it) playing house husband for he who is my spouse. Dull, dull, dull — and then some. There is only so much house work one person can do, so many soap operas you can watch.

I live on Hollywood Blvd, but don't get any ideas about cute, blond surfer boys. My neighbors are into things like coffee clutches — definitely a scary proposition. Kudos to anyone, anyone at all, who can stay home, maintain a household and remain sane.

Since I am not certifiable, but was heading that way, I took degree and resume in hand to look for a job. I may as well have been from another planet when I said I was from Wisconsin. The stereotypes of cows and cheese are as prevalent here as they are in Chicago — that is, if they even know where Wisconsin is.

I am now employed at the Gay and Lesbian Services Center (when I can find it in the smog) — and before anyone even thinks it, I meant where I'm employed.

So, as the sun sets and you're all in bed (time difference, you know), I'm off to work where I will continue to explain that not everyone in Wisconsin lives on a farm

The cold, slicing air outside is parched enough, but the enclosed and stale indoor air on a typical Winter day in Wisconsin is even lower than that of the Sahara Desert; a meager three percent. Humidity being part of the problem makes sense, in view of the fact that the biochemical reactions of life rely on water as a catalyst.

The last two factors area mainly aesthetic. One is that Midwest speciality, cabin fever. (How do you think it got that name?) The other is a feeling of dreariness one gets from the relative desolation of the landscape.

A really wicked case of Winter depression would be a combination of all of the above. While this malady can't always be totally counteracted, its severity can be considerably lessened by taking a number of steps.

Exercise is, of course, on of the best things one can do. The expenditure of energy will help to speed up the metabolism and possibly control the thickening of the blood. Get out, if you can. Take a walk, jog. You may get some sun and it will help with cabin fever.

Get a humidifier, if possible and drink more water. This leads me to say that maintaining a healthy diet and avoiding alcohol can also help. Meditation, though unconventional, can also help.

If one feels seriously unbalanced, there should be no hesitation about seeking help, even if you're a student who is limited to university counseling facilities. It's better than nothing, comrades.

Pardon me if I've been sounding like WISC's Dr. Zorba Pastor in this column. I feel that this information is important and, I originally said, the last thing we need is to be dealing with Winter depression when there's so much to be done for La Victoria Siempre.

and that we do, in fact, have indoor plumbing.

C'est La Vie

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Gremminger Joins Health Department as Clinical Director

By Roger Gremminger

It is finally official. As of May 8, I will be full-time with the Milwaukee Health Department as Clinical Director.

In this position, I will be the lead medical person over the Social Hygiene Clinic for 40% of my time; working on prevention strategies for AIDS and other sexually transmitted diseases for 30% of my time and director of the Employee Wellness Program for City of Milwaukee employees for the remaining portion of my time.

I am anxiously looking forward to serving the city in this capacity and will put forward my best effort. I still remain hopeful for Milwaukee and view it as a manageable city in continuing to do effective preventive work.

Before I share with you some of my thoughts about the challenges that will face Milwaukee in keeping our local cases of AIDS as low as possible, I would like to state that I remain committed to the Brady East STD Clinic and will serve the clinic on my own time outside of working hours for the city. Likewise, I shall remain the Medical Director of STD Specialties, again on my own time. These are important services that I feel this community needs to provide a range of options which can appeal to a very wide range of individuals in society.

But getting back to the challenges. I wish to re-affirm one observation that I have made in the past about planning prevention work concerning AIDS. Such planning can not be made by looking at the present statistics relating to diagnosed AIDS cases.

The incubation period for this disease is fairly well recognized to be eight years from the time of infection to the time of onset of symptoms on the average. Thus, if prevention strategies are made from these statistics, the strategies will be eight years too late.

So, how can we proceed with timely plans? This, of course, requires studies done to determine who is presently infected and which groups are becoming infected at the present time at the fastest rate or which groups have the potential to become infected rapidly.

Here is where the rub is. The Gay community has owned the Aids problem with perhaps too much tenacity. It is true that all of us have been personally affected by AIDS with the loss of friends and loved ones. But by owning AIDS too tightly, we have fed the denial of groups that are becoming at risk.

We are not, of course, the only ones who have fed this denial. Everyone in society has tried to participate in this large-scale denial effort. It is curious to me that there are still arguments raised whether AIDS will be transmitted heterosexually.

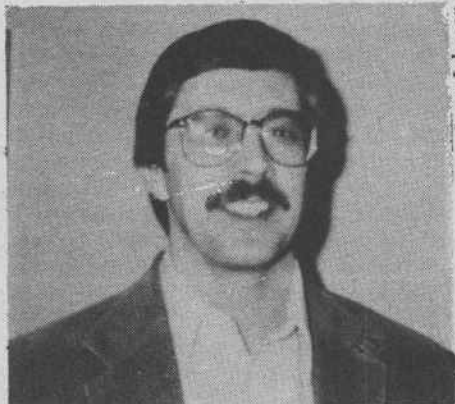
In my mind, there never was a doubt and certainly should not continue to be a doubt. AIDS and HIV is spreading and will spread among heterosexuals. And, of course, we all know only too clearly that the heterosexual populations that are at greatest risk are minorities, especially Blacks and Hispanics.

The reasons are numerous. IV drug use is very effective as a means of spreading the disease. This is especially associated with cocaine use which often is injected and many times associated with drugs for sex or sex with drugs. Poverty undermines families and contributes to promiscuity when the man does not have a job to even think of supporting a family.

School boards and parents delay sex education curriculum's trying to protect their innocent children when some of those children are already sexually active at age 9 or 10. Covering all of this is an atmosphere of ideals, control, prejudice, fear and hatred.

So where does this leave us? First, I strongly subscribe to the philosophy that the place to start to effect change in society is with ourselves. Certainly, now the most directed prevention work must be directed at the substance abusing community, the Black community and the Hispanic community and finally, our youth. Can we see and accept that this is where prevention energies must be spent or will our own prejudice and owning of the AIDS problem prevent us from reaching out to these groups?

There is obviously a deep sense of



Roger Gremminger, MD

Jerry Johnson

prejudice in these minority communities against Gays and Lesbians. Yet, can we face their prejudice and, in a courageous manner, work with them in spite of their prejudice against us so that they will not have to suffer the losses that we have and will endure?

This almost calls for a superhuman effort, but it looks like that is what it will take to stem the tide of the spread of this disease.

As I assume my new job, most of my energies will be directed toward those minority communities. As I have mentioned above, I am not turning my back on the Gay community. I just feel that much of the prevention work has been done and that there is greater need with these other communities. And I hope that I will be joined by several very knowledgeable and capable Gay men who share a similar concern, interest and philosophy.

Love, Roger

GOD

Continued from Page 4

because of its own inadequacies and the failure of its sales material and salesmen. The rejection results because the recruiter did not present the right information, or present it in the right way, or have any proof for it.

An all-knowing, loving and merciful God could not possibly condemn anyone for the incompetence of the messiah, his disciples, and the salesmen who came later. A loving God could never condemn anyone to hell for His own errors.

Additionally, how could the billions of people who never heard the teachings of Jesus be condemned to hell for the inadequacies of the Christian God and His churches? How could anyone anywhere be condemned for using God-given logic in rejecting the Christian scheme of salvation.

There are many good reasons for rejecting the Christian scheme of salvation and the belief that the man and teacher Jesus was God incarnate or the Son of God. This article outlines just one of them.

The Supreme Creator could never be responsible for such a bungled and sloppy chain of events for anything as vitally important as the salvation of the human race. Obviously, the Christian scheme of salvation is the work of men, inspired of men, and intended for earthly power and control. It is **nothing** more.



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Notes From The Northwoods: A Time of Renewal

By Keith Coley

Spring is upon us, a time of renewal, of new life. Yet, too often lately, I am reminded of what has been lost this past year and that's the loss of lives.

It's hard to deal with the loss of a loved one, whether it's through an accident or disease, but what is really hard for me to swallow, is when a person, particularly a young person, decides that they have to take their own life. Too, too often in these past few months when I've read the papers and heard about a young death, the majority have been suicides.

Enough! Too much life has been wasted. When I sit and think of all the joy and experiences these young people could have felt and given and the wasted talents that they could have bestowed upon the rest of the world, it tears my gut inside out.

In most cases, no, I didn't know these people, but that doesn't matter. I know a few people that have done it and that's more than enough. I grieve for the strangers as much as I do my close friends. It's the same loss no matter who, and it greatly saddens me.

Again, in most of the suicides, especially the male ones, the reason turns out that either he or the people around him can't handle the fact of his homosexuality. And because of this attempt to express his true self and love the way he knows is right for him, gets not only rejected, but profoundly censured. He is made to feel like a perverted, evil freak and, unfortunately, sees only one way to end the pain he feels inside and the pain he feels he is causing.

No matter what some say, I do not believe that suicide is an attempt to get back at people. What I do believe is that a person who commits suicide is committing what to him is an act of love. He may realize that his act will cause some pain, but it is better than tormenting everyone by continuing this perverted existence.

That is sad because it's the people around him who have something wrong with them if they can't accept his Gayness. It is they who are wrong when they cannot accept and love a person who is only trying to express the love he feels inside.

What is equally sad is that one who takes his or her life could get through their crisis if they were able to experience openly all the joys of life and thus utilize the talents as God intended them to do.

If you detect some first-hand experience here, you're right. I have felt and gone through much of what I am writing about. I have come close a couple of times to taking my own life.

The first time was when I told my friends and family that I am Gay. They reacted in a horrible manner and, ironically, could then never understand why I was always moody and depressed.

The last time was when I got in trouble with that little punk. Thankfully, I found the inner strength to get through those trying times.

For a long time, I couldn't understand why I was able to endure and others could not. Maybe I do now — at least a little bit.

Morgan Summer is part of the reason. His column helped me; gave me the courage to write and to share. I'd just like to say, Morgan, you've got balls. Not slighting the other writers, but it takes guts and pride to stand up the way he does at his age.

Soon, I'll be moving to Milwaukee, a positive move for me as well as a great challenge. I am going to get involved in the community; am going to try and help if even only a few people. But, for now, I would just like to say this: if there is anyone out there who is contemplating suicide, **don't give up and don't give in!** There are people who care and who will help. But it's up to you to decide that you're going to make it. If I can, you can, so **please** hang in there.



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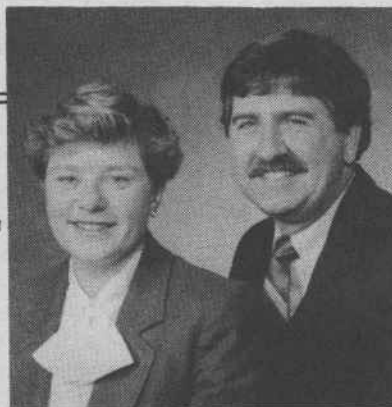
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Weekend Wisconsin

by Mary Shafer

The Call of the Wild: THE HORICON MARSH

By Mary Shafer

On our last excursion, we took you to central Wisconsin's sand county of Waushara. One of the highways we drove was state road 23, an east-west stretch of pavement running through the town of Ripon, an entity most well-known for its cookie industry. It is here that we begin this week's journey.

The little jaunt we made from here was an extension of one of our Mecan River visits. As the lingering cold of Winter's grip hangs on, and the snow dwindles to patchy areas now most noticeable for their deposits of windblown topsoil, I am comfortable in the memory of this trip, reminded by it that Winter cannot hang on forever (even in this unforgiving North) and that there was a time of warmth and sunshine, and, yes, there will be again.

My memory opens on the three of us — Susan, Skipper (our faithful black lab) and I, bouncing merrily along in our trusty little Ford Ranger (a blessed vehicle, no muscle truck, but steady and reliable as an old friend) through the streets of Ripon, kept (or not-so-kept) as a small town is wont to do.

Ripon plays the indifferent hostess, the oppressive, omnipresent heat never relenting enough to allow her to gather her skirts about her, tidy her hair and bid us a proper welcome. "Come as you will," she seems to say, "but expect very little, for we, too, are suffering from the swelter which you have sought to escape."

And so we appreciate what she does offer — several homes decorated with the local motif, wild geese in flight above thresholds and on garage doors; some fine old homes still in good repair; the site of (dare I mention it) the birthplace of the Republican Party and, best of all, a row of old train depot buildings. Once used for loading goods for shipment all across the country, they are used now either as warehouse storage or stand abandoned. But, oh, the fine, unmistakable lines of those old railway denizens: the symmetry of the gently sloping roofs; destination board still standing proudly upright, though long since devoid of any markings; the once heavily-trodden wooden platforms now sagging under the weight of the years.

We head south now, on highway 49, for some miles, rolling along to the sound of Gordon Lightfoot's "East of Midnight" release. Susan remarks to me that, were he female, his easy, folksy style would place Lightfoot in the Women's Music category. Listening to the soft, irregular rhythm of his "Lesson in Love," I become aware of the Ferron-esque turn of a phrase here and there, the unique melody line, and I must agree.

We turn now onto a short stretch of highway T, running southeast concurrent with the course of 49. A small, but well-kept cemetery comes into view, and Susan and I exchange glances. History buffs to the core, we are in rare form if we can ever resist the temptation to explore these plots of local history whenever we chance upon them.

Although commonly considered as nothing more than a repository for the dead, these places are far more alive than any history book could ever be. A real, three-dimensional testament to the lives and struggles of our growing civilization.

This particular yard yields evidence that Brandon, like many other small towns, was built on the work and sweat of a few major families, and that the town thrived or floundered with their triumphs and hardships. Several inscriptions on crumbling limestone markers (there were very few marble stones — obviously the Brandonites were never a wealthy lot), now bleached white by decades of sun and rain, bore mute testimony to an epidemic that had passed through the area in 1862.

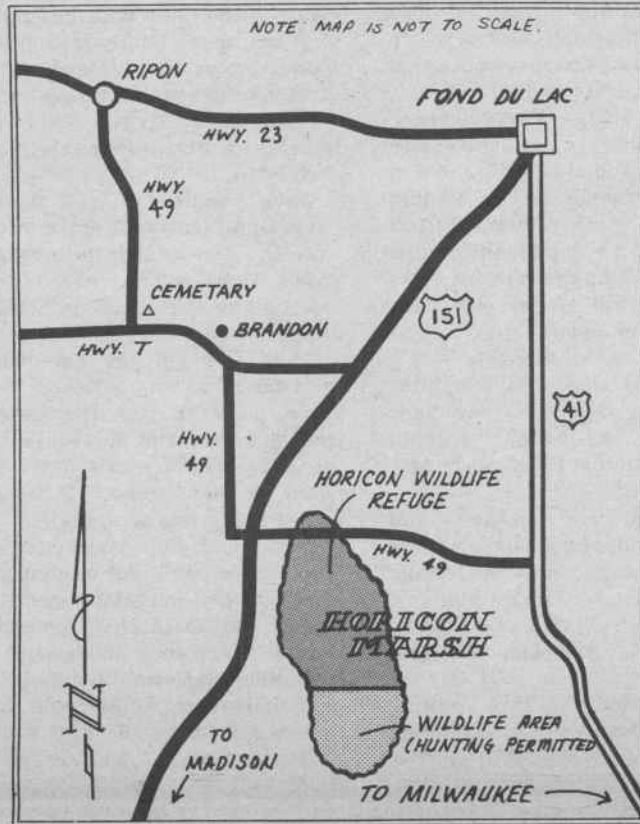
Eloquent in their plainness, the inscriptions on the graves of small children, many not past their second or third year, bespoke the tragedy of an outbreak of cholera, influenza or some other such fever that commonly ravaged these small outposts of humanity on

Wisconsin's vast prairie. With the Civil War raging in the South and many medical professionals lending aid in that struggle, frontiering communities were left to fend for themselves when it came to fighting the plagues of nature.

Some of the monuments, weathered and worn to the point of near-illegibility, testified that small children weren't the only contribution that Brandon made to

and, as we expected after the Summer's drought, found the low-lying areas, normally under water, to be nearly bone-dry, except for some thick mud here and there. The only actual water we saw was in a small canal that runs north and south through the marsh or perpendicular to the road. It was a sorry sight.

We feared the the geese would have a hard time of it this season, as they require



the era. Several of her native sons served in the conflict that tore apart a nation at the same time that a fever was decimating the population at home.

One brave man rode with the 3rd Union Cavalry, but never lived to tell of his exploits, returning home at last, not astride his mount, but probably in his tow. Another soldier with the Wisconsin 30th Infantry returned safely to his prairie home to build a more peaceful life with his family and now lay in his final peace beneath its good soil.

Susan and I headed for the truck in a silence of thought and not a little reverence for the story we read on these stones. History's faces have so much more meaning when they have names and ages and a place to rest.

Soon 49 jogged 90 degrees to the left, setting us on an easterly course, bound directly for Horicon Marsh. Since passing Green Lake, we had been seeing hundreds of geese flying away from Horicon. It was a truly awesome and humbling sight. I have never felt so insignificant in the scheme of things as I did that day.

Looking up into the sky, which resembled the monkeys-in-flight scene from "The Wizard of Oz," so full of geese it was, made me realize how huge and wonderful nature is, and what a small part I play in it. I couldn't help but wonder how ancient was this migratory ritual of the geese?

Odd as it may seem, the very fact that we don't really know the answer to this and many other questions, made me happy and comforted me. It thrills me that, with all our knowledge and technological power, there are some things we just can't know or change. Mystery is a sweet and delectable morsel in my life feast and one that I cherish.

As we proceeded on toward the marsh, we heeded a road sign and tuned our truck radio to AM 1610, a closed frequency that broadcasts news concerning the marsh. The recorded message gives a background and history of the area and news on points of interest to visitors. Although broad cast is primarily a marketing tool, the information is generally interesting.

We arrived at the place where the marsh lies on either side of 49 as the sun's rays were slanting into evening,

a great deal of open water for their food and drink requirements during their layover at Horicon during the migration. We surmised that the geese we had seen were all flying toward Green Lake where we knew there was still open water.

Although it was yet early for the Canadas to be flocking to Horicon, we did have the good fortune (and the binoculars) to see several species of other winged creatures that day. My tally included: 12 Sandhill Cranes; 2 Red-tailed Hawks; one Harrier Hawk; one Mud Duck; one Great Blue Heron; a pair of mallards; and a host of redwing blackbirds and cowbirds. Not a bad score for a day of birding!

With the sun settling low on the horizon, we stopped at one of the many roadside markets to buy a dinner of a stick of Wisconsin summer sausage, locally produced string cheese and some fresh-pressed apple cider to wash it all down. Having thus contributed to the economy of America's Dairyland, we headed for highway 41 and home.

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GAME Continued from Page 9

boots and a jean jacket. And no one bats an eye.

The other night I saw a very attractive woman in a bar. I couldn't take my eyes off her. After all, it is Spring, time to play ball. We talked a bit and I tried to keep from drooling all over my shirt. I was confused when she excused herself and walked to the men's room. A man standing nearby said, "You know that's a guy in drag?" I turned to a friend and asked her if this were true? "Can't be," she said, "She's too cute."

The cute lady returned and in my usual direct manner, I asked if she was male or female? She, oops, he, said he was in drag. My friend refused to believe this and, after a few more cocktails, said, "Prove it." The two of them went off to the women's room. They returned shortly and my friend's sad face told me it was true. She shook her head and said, "What a waste."

I still don't understand this ball game. I still don't know all the rules. I've had some runs, some hits and a lot of errors. I've said, "I don't want to play" when I should have hung in there and kept on pitching. I ran bases when I should have stayed at home. But I'm still in there pitching and learning, hoping for a home run.

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