

WI Light

October 22, -
November 4, 1998

Inside



Matthew Shepard

1976-1998
- Page 5



Halloween in Wisconsin

- Page 16

WI Light Election Endorsements

- Page 14

CLIP & CARRY ENDORSEMENTS

U.S. SENATOR - Russ Feingold

GOVERNOR - Ed Garvey

1st DISTRICT - Lydia Spottswood

2nd DISTRICT - Tammy Baldwin

4th DISTRICT - Gerald Kleczka

5th DISTRICT - Tom Barrett

7th DISTRICT - David Obey

8th DISTRICT - Jay Johnson

TAKE THIS TO THE POLLS
November 3rd

The Devil's Angels

By Terry Boughner

You leaving already?" Tom asked me through a knowing chuckle. "Why, Doctor Cantara, it's only nine o'clock," he teased.

"I'm tired." It was a verbal shrug. "I've had a long day."

"You're bored, I'm bored," Tom said. He was referring to the welcoming reception of Parson College's president, Damiani Belfus. "C'mon David," he continued, putting a companionable hand on my shoulder. "I need some air. I'll walk you out."

We made our way through the crowd, finally gaining the front porch. A warm breeze off the mountains to the east rustled the leaves of the maples and sycamores that lined the brick-paved streets.

"So, what do you think of the place?" Tom asked.

"The college? It's okay; halls of ivy kind of school." I paused. "Okay, I'm new here. What's this about the Tuatha De Danann? The students keep talking about them."

"That's the old name," he answered. "Most folks call them the Devil's Angels. According to those who say they've seen them, they look like gargoyles with tails and cloven nooves. On Hallowe'en they go roaring, seize evil doers and whisk them away on broomsticks and carry them through the gate of Hell. They say, too, that if you put out a Jack-o-Lantern on Hallowe'en, you get a wish granted, like good grades or the love of your life. That's what the students want."

"Oh yeah?"

"Yeah, but don't shrug this one off. I was born and raised around here. Strange things can happen on Hallowe'en. Why don't you try it?"

"Me? Set out a pumpkin?"



"Yeah. You're young, single, a blond hair, blue-eyed boy. Ask for a girl. It couldn't hurt. Besides, if you're going to stay at Parson, you'll need a wife."

I didn't want that topic to go any further. "Yeah, sure, why not?" I said evasively and quickly changed the subject.

Another of the rituals of the first semester was convocation, held in the evening of the first Wednesday in October. According to Tom, there'd be prayers, hymns and Belfus would give a speech. It was part of "old time values" he said, I put in a call to see about getting a job back east.

The Field House was crowded that night. The president was all decked out in his robes, making

him look like a reprobate renaissance pope. Around him sat his court of assorted deans and the Board of Trustees on a broad platform draped all in red. Before them sat the "lesser sort"—faculty, staff and students. The townsfolk (peasants) packed the bleachers.

On the way in, I'd been handed a program, but hadn't looked at it. Taking time before the start of things, I did. To my shock, I saw that the title of Belfus's speech was "Sodomy Rears Its Head."

Some 20 minutes into the program, Belfus heaved himself up to the podium and launched in. The reason for his subject, he said, was that "two sodomites" had recently been discovered and, he was proud to say, duly expelled. He warned, however, that there were more. He was sure of that. Sodomy was infectious. The Devil, he raved, was at work at Parson College. It sounded like when it came to the train of thought, Belfus had been having cocktails back in the caboose. It was sickening.

As Belfus raved on—and on, I shifted uncomfortably in my chair.

Suddenly, I saw a gargoyle crouched down on one of the exposed steel beams that supported the roof. I blinked and blinked again. It was gone, vanished as if it had never been. When the program was over, I left the Field House as quickly as I could. By the next morning, I'd convinced myself that my imagination had been working overtime.

A couple of evenings later, I was on campus. It was late. I was hurrying along when I heard a gritty male voice say "Goddamn Fag!" followed by a thud and a sharp cry of pain. I stopped. Beneath a campus light, I saw four gents standing over someone lying crumpled on the ground. "Queer boy!" one of them cursed and kicked the victim.

"What th' hell's going on here?" I demanded as I charged toward them. "Get th' fuck away from him!"

Continued on page 4

