MARSHA SHOWS OFF HER FAMOUS SMILE & EASTER BONNET, 1992, EASTER SUNDAY-BOOTS & SADDLES ON CHRISTOPHER ST.

1992

FRIENDS & CAMPAIGNERS & UPLIFT STAFF, JUNE '92

GOOD RIDDANCE TO YOU !!

Well, darlings, once again it's solticetime. Yup, we celebrate successfully completing another trip around the Sun--literally as we continue spinning off through space on our next journey. Oh, these "holidays," happy or not, each one you survive is one less you have left to suffer through.

Frankly, all this mandatory merriment grows increasingly wearisome year after year. New Year's Eve parties are particularly grotesque. Those too young to know better cheer the birth of the new year.

Since 1949. when, at the age of 11, I somberly witnessed that falling ball inflict a slow tortorous death on the 1940s, my first conscious decade, I always mourned each year's death---dreaming of catching that forever falling ball, declaring just one "leap year" for the 20th Century. Everyone would have another shot at reliving the previous year, challenged to do better the second time around.

But 1992 I'll bury without regret. The battles were tiring, the victories hard won. But 1992's sum total was continuing frustration & staggering personal loss.

I'd decided to spare you all this. But Mother Nature intervened with 90 MPH winds, downpours, floods & a howling blizzard. All transportation to NYC was knocked out. Unfortunately, while my talented indefatigable staff struggles on, greedy true-believing little profit-sharing elves determined to make Christmas as lucrative as possible, I've fallen into these always alluring (but too infrequently touched) typewriter keys. Let's get past the "news", briefly & in chronological order. Then we'll have time for our dreary, 1992 tales-from-the-crypt feature story.

St. Patrick's Day came & went. I covered it with my video camera for cable tv & did the major news story for NYQ/QW, NYC's major gay news magazine. ILGO, the Irish Lesbian & Gay Organization, ran a long unedited version in their newsletter--which may or may not make it into the "reprint bibliography" at the end of this letter.

My best writing of the year, possibly the best I've done in my life, ended up being amazingly popular despite its rather dry & dreary title. Even my mother thought it was "beautiful." The piece, "AIDS Atheism & Me", first appeared in NYQ, then in PWA Coalition's Newsline, then in Florida's widely circulated TRW newspaper. If it appears, as expected, in Free Inquiry an internationally circulated Secular Humanist Magazine, it will be the most widely read piece I've ever written. It'll be included later, for sure.

The Christopher Street Festival Committee, organizers of the yearly Gay Pride Festival on Christopher Street & the AIDS Candlelight Memorial Service commenced peddling $25 plaques for what I felt was an "AIDS Memorial In The Village" fraud. I got really mad & decided to take them on.

Everyone believed they were connected to and/or protected by "the mob." I got mad enough to try to find out, hired a Private Investigator, dug up plenty of incriminating dirt on them, even financed a media campaign to promote my exposè. I knew we had succeeded when the N.Y .Times covered our effort. Right now, Heritage of Pride, supported by every gay group in the City is battling it out with the crooks in a fierce political struggle within the local Greenwich VillageCommunity Board 2 for control of next year's permit. I'm virtually certain we will win.

This campaign was, in fact, a belated effort on my part to cover up a mistake, to change what has been my ultimately unflattering epitaph as a gay activist. Because I was the first gay activist to appear on radio & tv in the early 1960s, the first to speak out at public street rallies & one of the first to organize public demonstrations for gay civil rights, some writers describe me as "the first gay militant."

But, although"ahead of my time" in the early 60s, I had fallen "behind the times" by 1969. When the Stonewall riots began in 1969 , I naively failed to realize their importance--that they would capture the imagination of the entire gay community & transform our tiny little movement into the mass movement we had always dreamed of it becoming. By 1969, I was an "old-fashioned" Mattachine era veteran who believed the way to win acceptance was to dress properly, behave reasonably & obey the law. When the "MOMENT" came, I was a numbnut urging others "to act lawfully & stop rioting." And, unfortunately, that has been my defining error. Yes, I'm in those documentaries but it's as the"NUMBNUT OF STONEWALL."

Now, perhaps, some will say that 23 years later I finally caught up with the times once again. I jokingly told the real old timers that "The Mattachine Society Secretary of 1962, a living dinosaur of the gay movement,came lumbering out of the dustbin of history breathing Hell fire & damnation." And in so doing, he helped gays reclaim control of the festival that lay in the heart of their annual Christopher Street Liberation Day celebration." Finally, I'd caught up with the times & even helped change them.

Other campaigns, however, like last year's announced challenge to the spousal inheritance laws of N.J. have gone nowhere. I was certainly a fool of a client when I tried being my own lawyer & drafting David Combs's will. I mistakenly made his sister the executor & so far she's just sitting in Ohio with twenty grand & I'm left hanging in the wind & talking to more lawyers.

One of the few "bright moments" in 1992 was going down to Rockville, Maryland for the wedding of my first cousin's youngest son, the last of his five kids to wed. Over the years, we'd talked by phone occasionally & exchanged cards. But year after year slipped by, nearly 20 or so, without our meeting in person.

I arrived about five minutes late at the church & saw the bride's maids, the bride & this grayhaired fellow standing just outside the door getting ready to enter. I introduced myself as "Jim's cousin from New York," only to discover I was talking to Jim himself. My, what a difference twenty years makes in all of us.

It was great to meet in person all the offspring (neices, nephews, 2nd cousins??-we really weren't sure) from the population explosion wing of the family & reconnect to old family roots.

We all lose touch with family members, childhood friends, schoolmates, etc. I have wondered what happened to various people I had known long ago. My failure to recognize my first cousin reminded me of running into an old friend, previous employee from the late 60s in East Village. He, too, had walked in--recognizing my name--& I couldn't imagine who he was until he gave me some really leading hints.

I've told friends that story many times because it made me realize that any of us could sit next to someone we knew in the past very well and NEVER EVEN REALIZE that they were our old friend.

Wouldn't want to put my cousin Jim through the trama of a "before" and "after" comparison. But my old hippie friend, Bruce, posed for a snapshot ("after"). And I just happened to have an old 1969 photo ("before"). See for yourself. Then look closely at those vaguely familar folks you see on the bus. They might be an old friend or long lost relative (ha).

But the REAL HORROR STORY of the year was the mysterious murder/death(???) of Marsha P. Johnson. I'd had barely one week's rest from my life-consuming campaign against the Christopher Street Festival Committee when they found her body at the end of Christopher Street in the Hudson River on July 6th.

When something so unexpected, so devastating, like that happens - your mind & emotions play tricks on you. I'd last seen Marsha Thursday morning, around 5:00 a.m., when I'd briefly gotten up to go to the bathroom. She was sitting on the couch chatting with George.

For several days, we'd known she was getting "mental" again. But her old doctor, with whom I'd had such a good rapport, had left the hospital, so I couldn't call & get a script for mellaril which would have prevented a full breakdown.

A few hours later, when I got up for the day, Marsha had disappeared. It was Thursday, laundry day, & I suspected she'd ducted out for that reason.

When she didn't come home friday, July 3rd, and saturday, July 4th, we thought she might have been whisked away by friends to the July 4th festivities on Fire Island.

~~When~~ We began to worry on Sunday, July 5th, & tried to make a missing person report at the local precinct (only to be told that "missing person" reports cannot be made about adults over 40 years of age).

The next day they found the body, somewhat decomposed, & I just assumed Marsha had gone out Thursday morning, flipped out & saw her father on the bottom of the river (like she said she had during the previous breakdown a year or two earlier) &, not knowing what she was doing, walked toward him--into the river--and, not knowing how to swim, simply drowned. I didn't just "think" it, I was absolutely convinced that THAT is WHAT had to have happened! My mind was playing a seemingly kind (but ultimately very cruel) trick on me.

In the throws of sorrow, I spun my "theory" to the detective who called. Within 24 hours, they had used my story to declare Marsha had committed "suicide." For the next six months, I would struggle to get that decision changed.

The entire matter grew uglier & uglier. First, I discovered that Marsha was alive, but obviously in a state of mental illness on the night of July 4th, in a very dangerous area of Manhattan--talking in a spaced out way about "them putting Aids in the food" and "the Mafia being after her." (Despite the nearly unanimous support for my campaign

against the CSFC in the gay community, Marsha was scared of their 'Mafia' image. (And it was ironic that George, a month before, had joked that if I was indeed taking on the "wrong people" I "could expect to find the maid dead in the swimming pool.") In her delusions, Marsha had let her lingering paranoia overwhelm her.

Marsha's two sisters & her brother--along with a number of writers & close personal friends of Marsha--confronted the detective in charge of the case & demanded her death be investigated & a new death certificate saying "cause unknown" be issued.

We made the sad discovery that cops don't like to ever admit they're wrong, that they will do anything to avoid admitting making an error. The Medical Examiner told me all they had to do was call & say that there "was reasonable doubt" about Marsha's "suicide" and that she "would be more than happy to issue a new death certificate saying 'cause unknown.'"

Unfortunately, the cops (pardon the phrase) turned out to be really "pigheaded" and mean-spirited about the entire matter. They just wouldn't budge--even after we organized a march on the precinct & started raising hell in the press.

Not much you can do after someone is gone. John Klar had died in April & I had been quite touched by a memorial service for him at which a dozen or so friends spoke of their memories of him. I wanted to do the same for Marsha.

I'll not bore you with the incredible search for a church/place to hold this community event. Once again, your atheist rolemodel(?) found himself going from priest to minister to minister. Finally, $350 secured the Duane Methodist Church opposite the Gay community Center for a few hours where we could have the kind of innovative service we wanted.

Yes, we had a lesbian minister. Yes, we had a wonderful singing of "Swing Low Sweet Chariot." The family came & were overwhelmed by the 400 plus people who had turned out that rainy Sunday to "remember & celebrate" Marsha. Mayor Dinkins sent a letter of condolence. A video professional made a copy of the service to use in a proposed program about Marsha's life on Public Television.

We had speakers talk about Marsha's life in chronological order so that, when all was said & done, you had a snapshot of her remarkable life.

Everyone was there--from Rollerina to the Executive Editor of the Village Voice. From runaway teenagers whom Marsha had taught survival skills to in the mid sixties, to fellow lesbian Stonewall veterans & drag queen militants from STAR (Street Transvestite Action Revolutionaries) to fellow performers in theater groups & poets moved to verse, to friends & admirers who annointed her "Saint Marsha," to the transexual Marsha called "my daughter" (a high priced call girl who credited Marsha with "teaching me to turn my first trick"), to yours truly, to the hunky dancing partner who for months would loyally maintain a "people's memorial" of bottles & glitter & flowers on the spot they laid her body upon pulling it from the river.

One friend recalled that Marsha worried about having a funeral. In fact, she had three. One by the family in Elizabeth, our big "remembrance" celebration in NYC and finally a small private service in Hoboken where the local Catholic priest from the church across the street blessed the last of her ashes as Willie, George & I--and a few others who had known her--said 'goodbye' one last time. I did it because I know that Marsha would have wanted it that way. In fact, she'd requested it.

The knife in my heart was twisted again in late September when a witness came forward to describe a group of professional muggers/ drug dealers he had seen harassing Marsha on the night of July 4th just a few feet from where her body was first sighted in the river.

Despite his deposition at the police station, the cops simply weren't interested. Needless to say, this was enraging . I flooded the neighborhood with fliers, turned my store into a virtual "Justice for Marsha" headquarters, and sent videotape copies of the new eye-witness testimony to City Hall, the local precinct Commander, the City Councilman's office.

Finally, with the help of the gay community's Anti-Violence Project, the police agreed to make a presentation to those concerned as to how they decided Marsha had committed suicide on dec.8th.

They didn't let the press in--although Newsday did show up. Robert, Norma & Jeanne Michaels (Marsha's brother & two sisters) came in from Elizabeth. The AVP's Matt Forman & Bea Hanson cross examined for our side. The police were represented by the Precinct Commander and the heads of all the Det. bureaus for lower Manhattan. We all sat at a huge conference table confronting one another for nearly two hours.

To hear the Police tell it, they did a "thorough job" of investigating Marsha's death--talking to nearly 20 people (ha). . And many of these people said Marsha was "depressed about having Aids" and spoke of "crossing the River Jordan." (Marsha was forever talking about ' "crossing the River Jodran"--I used to tell her they'd meet her half way & tell her "Go back, we don't want your kind over here!")

There was that birth certificate in her rear pocket. Seems that suicides frequently carry weird ID like that. (Marsha always carried it as a 2nd or 3rd peice of ID in case some of the clubs gave her a hard time getting in.)

And what about the flowers she had given to George & her sister Norma on the first? (George's birthday was the 4th & Norma's was the 6th---& Marsha had just gotten her July check.

And the wedding ring left on the pillow that last day? Good question. Maybe she didn't want to lose it. She didn't wear it to her sister's house. Guess we'll never know.

And what about tossing all those clothes down the compactor? Marsha did that every few months. She "never" wore the same dress twice since to do so would "ruin her reputation." Besides for the past two months she talked about taking a "vacation" to L.A . & even tried calling Greyhound on July 1st (The cheap tickets wouldn't be good until the 21st). I thought she was really going this time. In fact, if they'd never found her body, I would have been calling friends in L.A. looking for her.

Oh, it just goes on & on. I think I will write a fascinating play entitled:" Who Murdered Marsha P. Johnson?" We'd pick up the four who had been harassing her & each would tell a different story. The audience would be left to decide.

However, one planned plotline I'll have to eliminate. When they throw Marsha in the river as a joke, then, in horror, realize that she can't swim because she goes back down & then they ~~run~~ away....That theory went down the tubes on Dec. 8th, ~~because~~ I discovered that Marsha COULD swim!! People who can swim have a hard time committing suicide by jumping in the River. The desire to breathe takes over.

In case, you haven't realized it, I'm convinced that there is a good 80% chance that Marsha met foul play--and only a20% chance she fell into the river or walked in not knowing what she was doing (Which would be 'accidental drowning' in any case) . And it eats at me that the police don't give a damn.

In the real world, we do what we can & accept what we can't change. At the hearing, City Councilman Tom Duane really saved the day by appearing to volunteer that he "knew Marsha" and even by the standards of the gay community she was an eccentric who might say and do things (like talking about "crossing the River Jordan") others might think strange.

Concilman Duane, who is well known for being both gay & HIV positive, pointed out that Marsha really didn't have any serious symptoms from her HIV and that she might well have jumped into the river to avoid being bashed by homophobes seeking to harm her., something he said he'd certainly do as well faced with such an alternative.

Well, what can I say but there is nothing like having a little clout and elected officials on your side. Suddenly, the police had a hushed conference & decided that perhaps--if all of us would give them depositions--they would present these to the Medical Examiner and perhaps she "would see fit" to issue a new death certificate.

So that's how things stand at the moment. Barring a miracle (someone ratting on someone else) we'll probably never catch Marsha's killers. But with luck, we'll remove the ugly lie of suicide from the historical record.

Marsha is no more. She brought warmth & laughter into so many lives. Of all the people I've known well in this life she was the most unique, the most generous. My memory of her is precious. I hope that someday I will find the time & motivation to record as much of it as I can & share its joy with the world.

Gay-Rights Victory

Gay-rights activists claimed victory yesterday after police agreed to consider new information on the July drowning of a well-known Greenwich Village transvestite whose death had been ruled a suicide.

The body of Malcolm Michaels Jr., 46, who called himself Marsha P. Johnson, was found in the Hudson River July 6. Friends said Michaels had not appeared suicidal. For six months, activists protested the swift conclusion of a police investigation of his death, saying it took detectives only 24 hours to conclude Michaels committed suicide.

Police yesterday agreed to interview Michael's siblings, his roommate and members of the Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project, said City Councilman Tom Duane, who met with investigators and Michaels' family. Police also took a statement from Duane.

— Kate Phillips

NEWSDAY, DEC.9,1992

GEORGE SHOWS OFF HIS NEW TEETH, DEC.18,1992

* ON DEC. 17th, THE MEDICAL MARSHA'S DEATH AS "DROWNING FROM UNKNOWN CAUSE."

Wow, 1992, what a downer. It could drive you to drink & it has certainly given me a nightly alcohol thirst. Could things be even worse? Of course, they could! Just read on, you merry revelers!

George, the last significant other still with me here in Hoboken has not been doing well. Seizures. An increasing difficulty in walking. A slowly encroaching blindness--if he lives long enough, he'll go blind. I guess, depending on your perspective, if he's lucky, he'll die first.

We have a homecare attendant 8-hours-a-day, 7-days-a-week, which makes things barely bearable. Actually, George is the one who makes it all bearable. He has such a resilient spirit. Rarely complains. Knows & talks about this probably being his last Christmas.

It's been in and out of hospitals all this past year. Some pretty nasty trips. George misses Marsha most of all. She was his best friend. Before we had homecare, it was Marsha who would stay home on days George felt "a siezure might be coming on."

George takes great pride in recalling the time Marsha told him that: "We are truly sisters." I feel like I'm cheating him by giving so much attention to Marsha. She's gone & doesn't know. I should talk more about his continuing struggle--how he just keeps getting up and going on blow after blow after blow.

I should write about the many precious little moments--helping him down the hallway, me walking backwards, him stumbling forward while holding both my hands. It is a wrenching and touching ritual, one anyone taking care of a very sick coheart will understand. It reminds me of those last months with David.

I should share with you the worry & terror of every sound in the night--and the relief of seeing him stumble, holding onto the doorframes as he passes out of the bathroom and back into his adjoining bedroom.

After endless visits to the dentist, we go to get his teeth--both the uppers & the lowers, the big full deal, this coming Thursday. Why, after the hairdresser cuts those curls, George will be ready for Xmas. "Think I'll get a crewcut," he threatens. "What difference would it make, I couldn't see it anyway."

I counter by suggesting an outrageous "Mohawk." George grimaces & we both laugh.

Tonight we called Willie to wish him a belated "happy birthday." We'd had a little argument our last trip to Baltimore but it was all history now.

Yes, Willie had more bad news & plenty of problems to share. We traded horror stories. But it was good, at least, that we still had each other--someone to tell our troubles to.

And, dear reader, that's the best thing I can say about 1992.

Solistically yours,

Randy Wicker

Randy Wicker

Randy Wicker's
Uplift Inc.
506 Hudson Street
New York City, NY 10014

For several months, the "people's memorial" for Marsha continued to receive flowers, personal mementos, candles, food offerings, talismans, & cards & notes.

Some had poems. Some were from as far away as England-left by visiting tourists who had heard about the memorial.

One day, a scroll--reduced & printed below lay among the flowers & candles, tied with a small red ribbon. It was too precious to waste. I took it, framed it & put it in my window & here I share it with you.

[redacted]
Hoboken, NJ 07030

HE NEW YORK TIMES **OBITUARIES** THURSDAY, JULY 16, 1992

July 20, 1992

Dear Marsha --

Thanks for all the laughs. Thanks for the fight for freedom.

I wish things had gone better, but I'm real glad you were here.

God rest your immortal soul, honey. You were a true original.

With love,

Gil

Gil.

JOHNSON—Marsha P. (aka Malcolm Michaels Jr.). We deeply mourn the loss of our beloved and respected member, a survivor of the 1969 Stonewall Rebellion. As organizers of annual Lesbian/Gay Pride events, Marsha was an inspiration for all of us. Marsha was an internationally acclaimed entertainer with Hot Peaches Review, Andy Warhol model, Anvil icon, and a legendary lady of the evening on Christopher Street and the West Side Highway. The lesbian and gay community, habitues of the Village, and nightclub afficionados will all miss her dazzling smile and unflagging good cheer. Memorial service Sunday, July 26, 3pm, Metropolitan Duane Church, 13th Street and 7th Avenue.
Heritage of Pride, Inc.

H.O.P. paid $400 to run this tribute to Marsha. NYT refused "prostitute" but compromised on "legendary lady of the evening.

THE VILLAGER, October 14, 1992

New Witness Is Found In Mystery Pier Death

On July 5, Marshal P. Johnson's body was found in the Hudson River near the Christopher St. Pier. Within 24 hours, his death was classified as a suicide.

But nearly four months later, a man has come forward saying that, on July 4, the night Johnson, a tranvestite, died, he saw him being taunted and possibly assaulted near the piers.

"Four guys tried to make him smoke a joint. He said, 'I don't want to smoke.' He told them to get away and he slapped them," said Bennie Toney, 43. "They grabbed him, four guys, they swung him around."

Toney, who says he knew Johnson from California and then in New York, says he told police about what he'd seen, but didn't take it seriously at the time, so he moved on.

Weeks later, though, when he found out that Johnson, also known as "Marsha," was dead, Toney says he connected the two. "The first thing that came to my mind when I found out was these four guys," he said.

Toney says he has seen the four men before and since and that they had regularly roamed the piers, sometimes robbing and assaulting people.

Police say that Johnson's death, which is still officially classified as a suicide, remains under investigation. Although Toney has given an official deposition at the Sixth Precinct, police say it has not changed their investigation.

"A lot of people saw that person that night," said Lieut. John Fahey, of the Sixth Precinct. "We have a thick folder on that investigation. There's nothing that person could add that would change our investigation at all."

"They talked with me and one other person and, frankly, they misconstrued what I said," said Randy Wicker, Johnson's roommate, whose statements helped move police to declare the death a suicide.

The New York City Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project is pushing to have the death reclassified. And they and others are pushing to have this classified as a bias incident. If that is done, the police's anti-bias unit could investigate.

THE VILLAGER ARTICLE ERRS ONLY IN SAYING "FOUR MONTHS LATER" WHEN IT WAS ONLY 2½ MONTHS. AND THE POIGNANT FACT THAT MARSHA'S BODY CAME UP FROM THE BOTTOM OF THE RIVER JUST TEN FEET FROM WHERE THIS WITNESS SAW HER BEING HARASSED WAS NOT STRESSED.

AFTER INITIALLY PRETENDING TO BE UNABLE TO FIND THE HOTEL & THE WITNESS, THE SIXTH PCT. COULDN'T BE BOTHERED EITHER SHOWING MUG SHOTS TO THE WITNESS OR PICKING UP THESE PROFESSIONAL MUGGERS, PROBABLE MURDERERS, FOR QUESTIONING OR TO APPEAR IN A LINE-UP FOR MUGGING VICTIMS.

MARSHA'S DEATH WAS UNIMPORTANT TO THE BIGOTED, CAREER SUBURBANITES WHO MOTOR IN EVERY DAY TO MAKE FAT SALARIES & MOCK THE CONCEPT OF "EQUALITY BEFORE THE LAW" AND/OR "JUSTICE FOR ALL." SHE WAS GAY, BLACK, A TRANSVESTITE, A PROSTITUTE (i.e.) A "NON-PERSON" IN THEIR EYES.

AND THINGS AREN'T GOING TO GET BETTER WITH THE NEW COMMISSIONER KELLY--AS YOU CAN SEE FROM THE QW NEWS STORY. UNLESS EVERYONE WORKS TOGETHER TO DOCUMENT ALL THE DIFFERENT WAYS THE 6th PCT. FAILS TO PROTECT EVERYONE. UNTIL THEN, MARSHA'S MURDERERS WAIT TO MUG YOU, MAYBE MURDER YOU. THEY'RE "EQUAL OPPORTUNITY" CRIMINALS.

randy wicker

October 25, 1992 QW

Gary Terracino

Gigi Cohen

Councilman Tom Duane rips into Police Commish Kelly at City Hall

Raising Hell Over Santiago Murder

Over nine months after Jesus "Jesse" Santiago was stabbed to death in the Bronx, activists are still fighting for justice in his name. At issue is the refusal of the New York City police department to classify the 24-year-old transvestite's murder as a bias crime and activists are fuming over a letter regarding the case from acting Police Commissioner Raymond Kelly.

Santiago was murdered on Feb. 9 after he went back to a john's apartment, who after killing Santiago with a screwdriver, hurled himself from a fourth window. However, despite the testimony of witnesses that Santiago's assailant, Augustin Rosado, made repeated homophobic remarks during the attack, the police refused to classify the crime as bias motivated.

Since then, the New York City Gay and Lesbian Anti-Violence Project (AVP) has spearheaded a campaign demanding that police re-evaluate their decision. And after City Council President Andrew Stein intervened with the same demand, Commissioner Kelly responded in a Sept. 18 letter that claimed, "Although the words 'Fag' and 'Faggot' may have been used by Mr. Rosado during the attack, he was known to use those terms indiscriminately as opposed to an explicit expression of anti-gay sentiments." Kelly further wrote that Rosado was intoxicated and not in control of his "cognitive process" when he made the remarks.

Neither Stein, Councilman Tom Duane or the AVP were impressed with Kelly's response and on Oct. 8, they held a joint City Hall press conference calling on the commissioner to withdraw his "insulting" response. "Kelly obviously does not understand that anti-gay hate comes from the same evils as racism and anti-Semitism," said AVP's Juan Mendez. "He would not have even thought of saying that a person's 'indiscriminate' use of racist epithets points away, rather than toward, a person's racism."

—Sean Hilditch