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A sign carried during Clone Rights United Front's first demonstration declared:  
CLONING = FREEDOM OF CHOICE & PRESERVATION OF LIFE

ABOVE: (LEFT TO RIGHT) SUE, MOTHER'S NIECE, BETH, MOTHER, AND PETER, BETH'S HUSBAND, DURING STOP AT GRAND CANYON ON WAY TO ALABAMA, MAY '98.



This is a picture of the future not from the past. It's a picture of my unborn twin brother. Those who oppose human cloning are the real monsters. They would deny this little boy his right to life.

LEFT: LEAFLET (REDUCED) WHICH PUTS A HUMAN FACE ON CLONING - THE FACE OF MY UNBORN TWIN BROTHER. IT HAS GOTTEN A VERY POSITIVE RESPONSE.

Randy Wicker  
Founder  
Clone Rights United Front





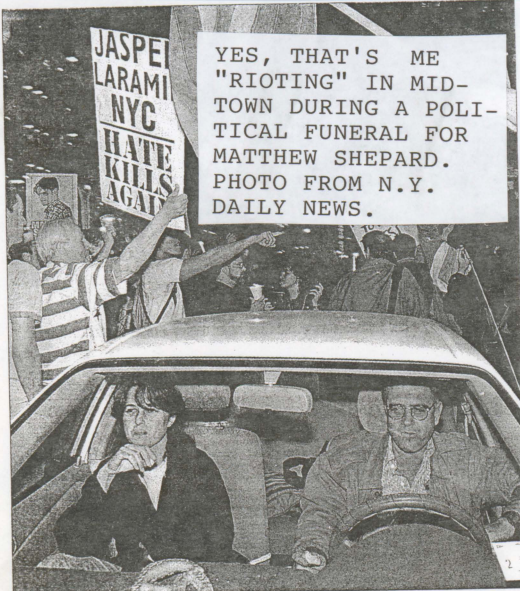
ABOVE, SALVADOR SEEMED LIKE YOUR AVERAGE 19-YEAR-OLD MEXICAN IMMIGRANT. BELOW, "MELISSA" WITH HER TWO BEST FRIENDS WHO HELPED GET HER OFF TO HOME.



ASHOK KAVI, FOUNDER OF THE GAY MOVEMENT IN INDIA (L) VISITED SYLVIA RIVERA (R) & ME AT UPLIFT THIS PAST YEAR.



ABOVE, COCO IN MORE FESTIVE DAYS. THE GOVERNMENT IS STILL WASTING \$28,000 ANNUALLY KEEPING HER IN PRISON FOR SELLING ONE \$10 BAG OF CRACK. JESSE JACKSON & ALL THE OTHER BLACK POLITICIANS ARE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT ABOUT THE DISPARITY IN SENTENCES BETWEEN WHITE COCAINE USERS & BLACKS WHO USE CRACK!



YES, THAT'S ME "RIOTING" IN MID-TOWN DURING A POLITICAL FUNERAL FOR MATTHEW SHEPARD. PHOTO FROM N.Y. DAILY NEWS.

**PATIENCE** is in order as motorists are frozen by the throngs jamming midtown at height of last night's rush-hour rally. The appearance of some 4,000 protesters caught police by surprise.



KOO-EE IS GETTING SO WHITE FACED IT'S SPREADING TO THE TOP OF HER HEAD. BUT, AT TIMES, SHE'S LIKE A PUPPY AROUND FRIENDS LIKE JIMMY LANZER.



p. 1, 3, 4 missing originals

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Oh My Darlings,

Jesus Christ! Thank God almighty, Christmas is over and we all survived it once again! With a little luck and lots of tradition on our side, we won't be subjected to it for another 364 days.

For twenty years, I've slaved away sending annual missives out at this time of year with only slightly more success than those beaming radio signals into space and patiently waiting for other intelligent life to respond. I've been slightly more successful. Now and then a scant scribble, a personal accolade, even a rare intelligent response has been received. These meager drops have sustained me like rare rains in the desert keep the cactus alive.

This year, physical exhaustion, call it "retailer's collapse" prevents me from enjoying the masochistic delights (?) of crawling on bloodied knees toward the sacred shrine of Holiday obligation while beating my back bloody with a cat of nine tails laced with typewriter keys.

So. The barest outline of the letter not written will have to do. The year's two main stories would be demeaned by a truncated treatment here.

Most importantly, this year, at the age of sixty, I commenced a metamorphosing from being my mother's only biological child into being her closest confident, friend and protector.

The first week of July, I closed down the shop, flew to Birmingham, Alabama, to rescue her from a fancy retirement home my step sister, with only the best of intentions & mother's welfare at heart, had taken great pains to place her on a trial basis. She knew Mother had reached the point where living alone had caused her to become dangerously depressed & possibly physically endangered.

For weeks, I resisted her daily tearful pleas to come save her from the "mountain top" prison from which she could see "only the tops of trees, could have her ailing dog visit only on weekends (outside, of course)" and where everyone seemed much more disabled (walkers, canes, wheelchairs, etc) than her and where all the surroundings and people were strangers.

I arrived on July 2nd, spent July 3rd packing Mother's big boxy 1987 Lincoln Town Car with all it would hold and drove off on July 4th, (how appropriately named "Independence Day") on a three-day twelve hour-per-day 1800 mile trip through Texas's record breaking heat wave to Mother's home in Sun City, a retirement community just outside Phoenix, Arizona.

By the time I arrived in Sun City, I had come to understand my step sister's anger, why she had left town to go camping before my arrival in Birmingham. After all, she'd gone to Sun City, packed Mother's things and driven her, with the help of her sister-in-law to Birmingham in the first place. What a workout! What a trip! I'd been angry too!

But Mother was so happy to be home. A couple thousand dollars in medical treatment had failed to save the poodle she'd adopted several years before and now the house seemed lonelier than ever.

Indeed, during the three days we spent crossing the country, I noticed those small changes I'd not detected during hours of phone conversation. Every day she asked if we were going to get home that evening. Everyday I had to remind her we were on a three day 1800 mile trip.

But we had quality time together. I got a greater appreciation for her patriotism. She cried several times on July 4th when martial music and patriotic songs came on the radio, telling me stories of friends visiting mothers of men they'd seen shot down over Germany -to assure them that their sons had indeed died in their plane's fiery crash & could not have survived & been captured or tortured by the Germans.



She fondly remembered the cobbler who'd worked for nearly an hour repairing a broken strap on her shoulder bag, who, upon discovering that her husband, the General, had fought in liberating that part of Poland refused payment for his services.

However, after returning to Sun City, it was obvious some sort of support services would be needed. Arrangements were made for daily meals to be delivered, a social service agency that provided a "case management" arrangement whereby a nurse would check in weekly and put Mother's daily medication into the right daily compartments, and a woman who supplied transportation services -making sure doctor appointments and, more importantly, those weekly visits to the beauty parlor, were kept.

By the time I'd left Sun City a few days later, I knew I'd done the right thing. Mother was back in familiar surroundings, I'd get her a new small dog for her 83rd birthday, and if she decided she wanted to move into assisted living, she could easily do it there. Lately, her memory loss has increased & she's been told not to drive anymore, making life at home more isolated, and she's considering trying a nearby facility where she has some friends.

Whew, that "thumbnail sketch" stretched out two-whole-fingers worth!

Life at Uplift was literally insane. Business improved & my burden of possessions lightened just a bit. One employee/friend slowly transformed from a male to a female persona, then became schizophrenic & had to be hospitalized. I'd point to it as proof that the shop could drive anyone mad, but it was so sad, traumatic and draining--and a living terror to experience. But, it was inspirational to see how his five or six friends spent so much time, energy and money helping him through the crisis, making it possible for him to return to his family in Mexico where he ultimately insisted he wanted to be.

Since my campaign for human cloning seems about as interesting as astro-physics to most of you, I'll briefly give you this year's highlights. You can download detailed stories on any of it at the [gaytoday.badpuppy.com](http://gaytoday.badpuppy.com) website. Other stuff will also be appearing shortly on the website of the Human Cloning Foundation - [www.humancloning.org](http://www.humancloning.org).

In short, the LEE&A Gibbons national tv show flew me to Los Angeles to tape a program on cloning, which was interrupted in some parts of the country by the tawdry Monica/Bill episode, which has transformed Congress into a shabby imitation of the Jerry Springer Show.

Then, in February, I was one of only 18 witnesses to testify to the U.S. House Committee on proposed anti-cloning legislation.

In June, some members of the Stonewall Veterans Association tried to have me thrown out of the gay pride parade for carrying a placard reading: CLONING=SAME SEX REPRODUCTION=GAY RIGHTS. They didn't succeed and there were pockets of enthusiasm among the onlookers--especially lesbians, who seem to be getting the message that through cloning they can have their own children without becoming involved with the genes of friendly or unknown sperm donating males.

And finally, a parade of foreign television crews from France, England, Germany, Japan and (next week) the BBC again are doing interviews at the store on cloning. The Japanese seemed particularly interested in my contention that cloning blurs the line between life and death just a little bit. And how ironic it was when a few weeks later science discovered the way to isolate stem cells, the very basic cells of human life, & biologists deemed them to be "immortal" because they could keep dividing forever--unlike human cells which can't divide at all or die after just a few divisions.

Time, energy & space permitting, I might enclose a picture of my unborn twin brother. Maybe even another goodie or two, but time is short & I have important things to do--like some serious ground-breaking writing on human cloning.

Cloningly yours,

*Dandy Wicker*