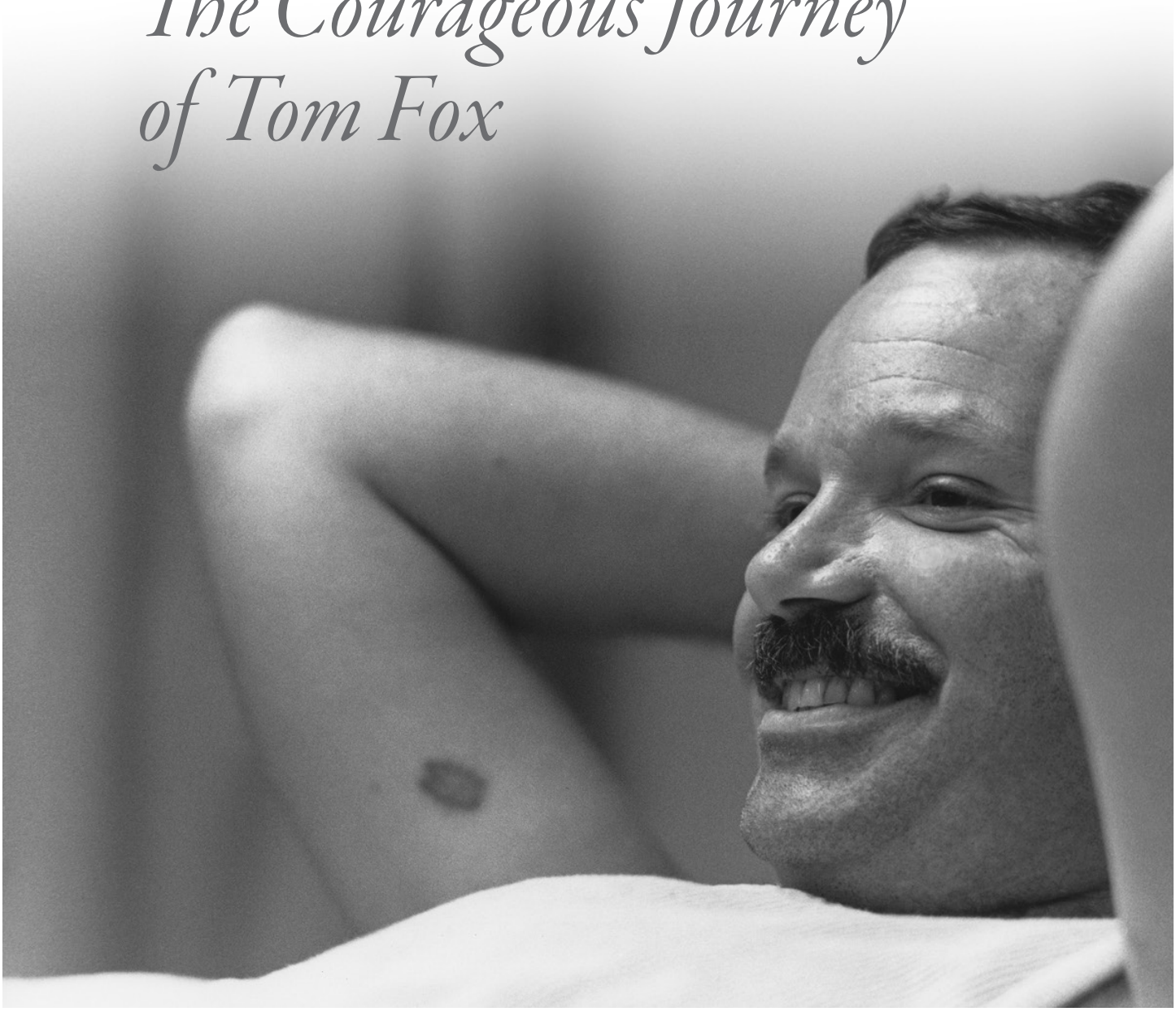
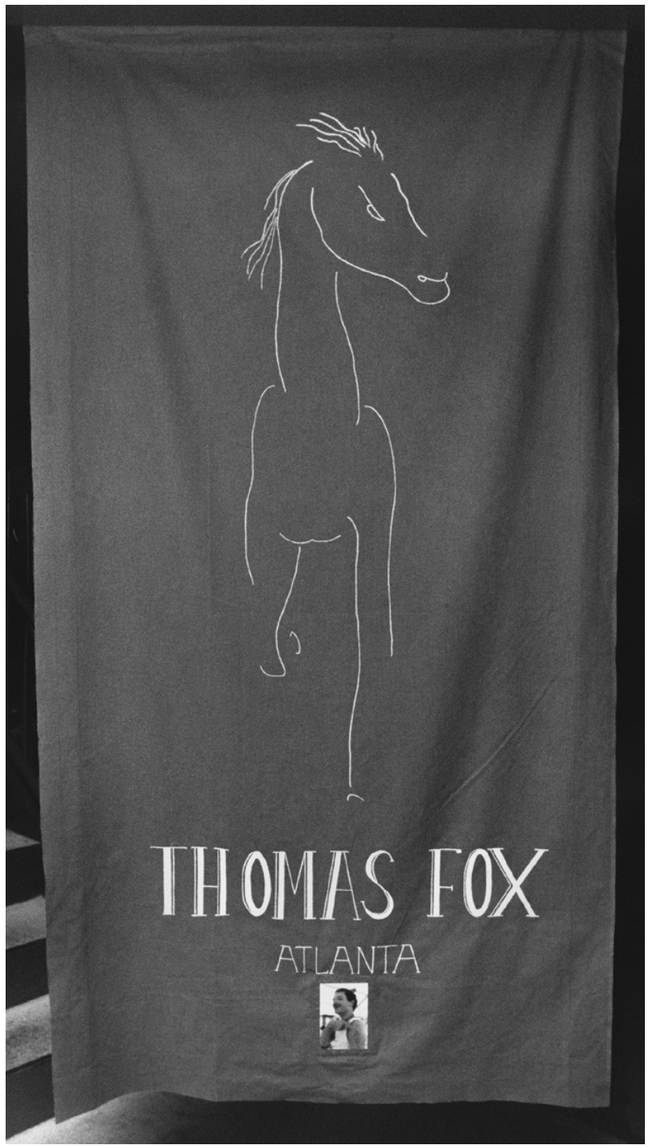
Wild Horse Running

The Courageous Journey of Tom Fox





Tom's favorite band was the country rock group Poco. He especially liked their song "Running Horse," and he had their logo tattooed on his left shoulder. His friends in Atlanta chose that image for a panel they created to memorialize him on the AIDS Quilt. At right, Tom during his days at Bloomington High School South.

Thomas Henry Fox

May 21, 1956–July 11, 1989

"...if I could
help one person open
his mind..."

This catalog and exhibition are dedicated to Thomas Henry Fox, who continues to open people's minds.

Wild Horse Running: The Courageous Journey of Tom Fox is based on photography by Michael A. Schwarz and writing by Steve Sternberg, originally published in *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* on August 20, 1989.

The project has been made possible by Robert and Doris Fox, who donated their collection of Schwarz's photographs to the Kinsey Institute.

Preface

When photographer Michael Schwarz asked me in 1987 whether I would be interested in documenting the life of someone with AIDS, I balked. I had just spent three years caring for my grandfather. I wasn't ready for another end-of-life encounter. In the 1980s, AIDS stories didn't end well.

I deeply admired Michael as a photographer. We both worked at *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution*. He had chosen me for a reason: I was one of a handful of reporters who had covered AIDS since the beginning of the epidemic. Still, I told him no, I didn't think I could handle it.

That's where things stood on January 25, 1988, when a note appeared in my interoffice mailbox:

"My name is Tom Fox, and I am an account executive on the 5th floor. I am a PWA [person with AIDS] diagnosed on Oct. 2, 1987. I am certainly no activist; only a person living with a serious illness, trying to make the most of my life. I represent a growing number of people who unfortunately are not able to share their thoughts and experiences; but if I could help one person open his mind to this problem, I would feel that I have made a difference."

A few days later, I met Tom for lunch. His intelligence, sense of humor, and appetite for life won me over. I introduced him to Michael. Soon, Tom would begin calling us his entourage, and we would be swept up in his valiant effort to defy AIDS and live a normal life with his family and friends. Tom's story was personal, but it spoke for an entire community of men, all struggling with a new and devastating illness, in an America gripped by fear and condemnation.

Our story, "When AIDS Comes Home," was published in *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* on August 20, 1989 as a 16-page extra section of the newspaper. Readers awakened that Sunday to Michael's iconic, half-page photograph of Tom, 33, on his deathbed surrounded by his grieving family. Now, more than three decades after Tom's passing, his story lives on in this catalog and in this exhibition of Michael's award-winning photographs, *Wild Horse Running: The Courageous Journey of Tom Fox*.

In every way possible, this is Tom's story. It is also the story of his parents, Bob and Doris Fox, and his brothers, Bob Jr. and John, who embraced us, and our efforts, during moments joyous and dark. We can't thank them enough.

—Steve Sternberg

Gay IU alumnus turns his courageous struggle against AIDS into a lasting gift of learning

Tom and his friends practice people watching during the annual Atlanta Dogwood Festival in Piedmont Park.

On the world stage, the year 1989 served up momentous events: The Berlin Wall fell, the Dalai Lama Tenzin Gyatso was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize, English computer scientist Tim Berners-Lee invented the World Wide Web, the golden toad of Costa Rica went extinct, Iran's Ayatollah Khomeini issued a fatwa calling for the death of Salman Rushdie for writing *The Satanic Verses*, unarmed students faced down Chinese Army tanks in Tiananmen Square, South African President F.W. de Klerk began dismantling apartheid, and Denmark became the first nation to legalize same-sex marriage.

In the United States, George H.W. Bush was sworn in as the 41st president; his son Neil Bush was implicated in the savings and loan scandal that cost many Americans their life savings; the Exxon Valdez spewed 240,00 barrels of crude oil into Alaska's Prince William Sound; *Rain Man*, starring Dustin Hoffman and Tom Cruise, won the Oscar for Best Picture; Colin Powell became the first black chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff; *The Simpsons* and *Seinfeld* premiered on television; Lucille Ball died; and Taylor Swift was born.

Such events were mere background music down at the level where regular people struggled with day-to-day living. Among them, a gay man in his thirties, who had grown up in Bloomington, Indiana, graduated from Indiana University and moved to Atlanta to affirm his sexual orientation, was waging a courageous battle against AIDS, at that time, a death sentence.

Thomas Henry Fox was born May 21, 1956, in Greenville, South Carolina. His family moved several times before settling in Bloomington when Tom was 12.

In 1960, when the Fox family lived in Nebraska, Tom, center, shared back-seat driving duties with his brother Bob Jr. and cousins.

While his father Robert Fox Sr. launched a career in educational television, Tom was experiencing the first inklings of gay sexuality. He recalled watching a ballet on television as a four-year-old and being attracted to the lead male dancer, not the ballerina. When his older brother Bob Jr. requested a cowboy hat and guns for Christmas, Tom asked for a kitchen set and a Ken doll.

At Bloomington High School South, he played the class clown, wearing a bow tie and tails to read announcements in his twelfth-grade English class. At his McDonald's job, he assumed the persona of "Pierre the French Fry Guy." There were danger signs as well, including the time his mother found him collapsed on his bedroom floor after sniffing glue.

He confided to a female classmate that he was bisexual, and they began to rank boys by attractiveness. After she moved away, Tom formed a friendship with Bonny Barr that grew into a life-long bond.

Editor's note. *This essay draws extensively on "When AIDS Comes Home," written by Steve Sternberg and published by* The Atlanta Journal-Constitution *on August 20, 1989. Direct quotes by Tom Fox, his parents, physicians, and friends are attributed to that article. Grateful appreciation is extended to the* Journal-Constitution *and to photographer Michael A. Schwarz for permission to publish his photographs.*

On a vacation to Key West, Tom dances with Johnny Hurd, a close friend, who had also been diagnosed with AIDS.

He took her to his high school prom. They got their first tattoos together and made love in a motel.

But heterosexuality was a pretense. "When I was young," Tom recalled, "I thought that other men were like me—they liked men instead of women—but they had to pretend to like women because that was just how it was. I thought we were all playing the same game, pretending."

Bonny got a nursing degree at a Texas university and moved to Atlanta to work in a hospital cancer ward. In 1979, she invited Tom to visit and took him to Backstreet, a gay bar on Peach Street. A short time later he moved to Atlanta. He returned to Backstreet where he met a doctor from Emory University. That night the doctor initiated Tom into his first gay sexual encounter.

Riding the wave of the sexual revolution and the gay liberation movement, Atlanta was the gay mecca of the South. Tom became a fixture in the city's gay subculture. His humor and outgoing personality made him instant friends with almost everybody. As one companion said, "No one was a stranger; he would talk to anybody." Among other activities, Tom joined The Buffalo Chips, a group of cloggers dressed in cowboy outfits who performed at numerous Atlanta functions. They hit their pinnacle performing at the 1982 World's Fair in Knoxville, Tennessee.

Tom met Paul Hunter at another gay bar. They became lovers and bought a house together. Tom worked as an advertising account executive for *The Atlanta Journal-Constitution* newspaper. Paul's income stemmed primarily from selling marijuana, tranquilizers, and methedrine, a powerful stimulant. For the young couple, it was a time of sexual abandon and drug excesses.

In 1987, a scare caused Tom to change. In a drug-induced mania, he caught himself about to set a fire inside their home. Desperate to escape his addiction, he admitted himself into the Psychiatric Institute of Atlanta. During admission, a nurse drew a blood sample, and without Tom's knowledge, sent it off for testing. Two weeks later, a psychiatrist at the Institute told Tom he had AIDS.

When the doctor asked if he were okay with the news, Tom answered, "Fine." It was a lie. Beneath the facade, "I started losing it," he later acknowledged. Although straight Americans still had little direct experience with AIDS, everybody in the gay community had friends who had died of it. Tom understood there was no cure.

HIV attacks white blood cells

AIDS is the acronym for acquired immunodeficiency syndrome. The disease is caused by the human immunodeficiency virus (HIV).

When bacteria or viruses invade the body, the human organism mobilizes to repel them. Much of this biological fight is waged by white blood cells. Rather than being killed by white cells, however, HIV kills them instead. This condition officially becomes AIDS when the T-cell count drops below 200 per cubic millimeter. The normal range is 500 to 1,400.

Without the white cells' protection, AIDS patients develop diseases their bodies would normally resist, including tuberculosis, meningitis, pneumonia, lymphoma, and a rare cancer called Kaposi's sarcoma. The virus incubates slowly and it can take several years for symptoms to manifest. Early during the epidemic, many people with HIV showed no symptoms, which allowed the disease to spread.

Today it is public knowledge that anyone can become infected and that HIV is transmitted only by bodily fluids such as blood, semen, vaginal secretions, and mother's milk. In the 1980s, however, many Americans still considered HIV/AIDS, a "gay plague," affecting only homosexual men. Many feared they might contract it through casual contact such as shaking hands or kissing. Because those infected were often stigmatized, many at-risk individuals chose not to be tested.

Tom was one. Before the diagnosis he never saw the same doctor twice. He was afraid a regular physician would tell him he had AIDS. Receiving the diagnosis freed him to establish a relationship with Dr. Ronald White, who had visited him at the Psychiatric Institute.

During a routine physical in August 1988, the tall, kindly doctor asked Tom's permission to test his white blood cell level. A few days later, Tom phoned for the results.

"I hate to tell you this," Dr. White said. "It came back a little low."

"How low?" Tom asked.

"About 60," his physician responded.

"Could it be a mistake?" Tom asked.

Dr. White had considered this possibility and had already had the test double-checked. "No," he responded, but quickly added, "We can't leave you like this and do nothing." He put Tom on AZT, short for azidothymidine.

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration (FDA) had recently approved AZT, and at that time it was the only drug available for treating AIDS. For many the medicine's toxicity proved almost as bad as the disease. Side effects included nausea, vomiting, acid reflux, headaches, sleep disruption, loss of appetite, anemia, and general malaise.

Even worse, at the highest dosage patients could tolerate, AZT could only slow, not stop, HIV. In some patients, HIV strains developed resistance to the medicine.

At the practical level, patients had to carry buzzers to remind them to take a 400-milligram dose every four hours, day and night. The medicine cost $600 to $700 a month, about $1,350 to $1,575 in 2020 dollars. Tom's job paid about $1,000 a month.

The AZT prescription was only the tip of the expense. One out-patient round of chemotherapy cost about $900. Pentamidine inhalers, to prevent lung infection, cost $500 a month. Radiation treatments for Kaposi's sarcoma cost about $200 each for a series of 10 to 12.

The bill for Tom's first hospitalization with Pneumocystis pneumonia was $27,539. Subsequent hospital stays in October and November 1988 totaled $26,194. The cost for his final hospitalization in an intensive care unit in Eugene, Oregon, was $36,788. From his diagnosis in October 1987 to his death in July 1989, the bills for Tom's medicine, doctor visits, hospital stays, and related expenses totaled $133,477, approximately $275,196 in 2020 dollars.

Coping with these expenses was a major blow to Tom's emotional equilibrium. Faced with a stack of bills, he told an acquaintance, "I don't know why I do it. Some people lose track and throw their bills in the trash when they come."

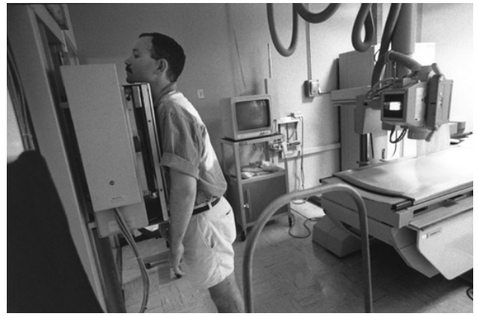
AIDS comes to the United States

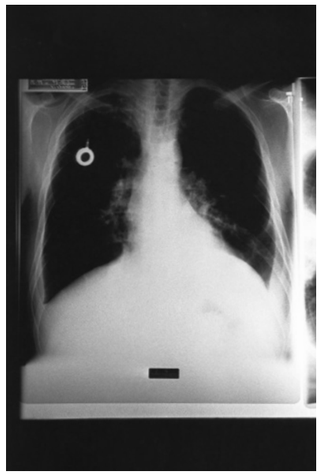
Researchers believe AIDS originated in the nineteenth century among chimpanzees and monkeys in central Africa. In the early 1900s, it spread to humans who ate simian bush meat.

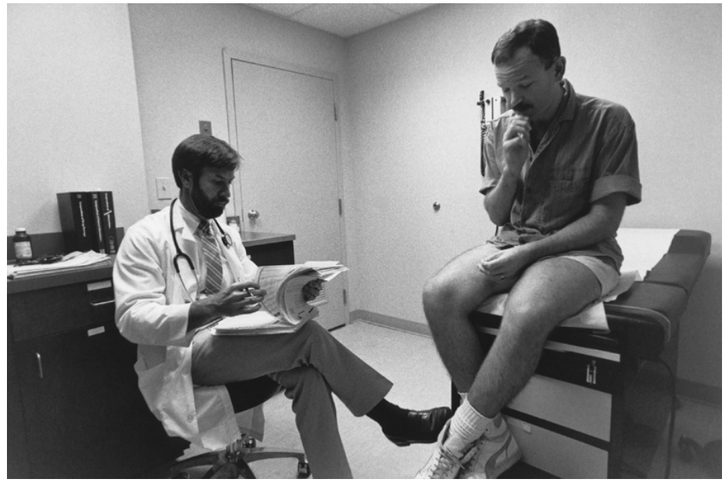
The first recorded human death caused by AIDS occurred in the Congo in 1959. By the mid 1960s, Haitians who had been working there brought the virus to the western hemisphere. From Haiti it spread to the North American continent in 1968, but incubated for several years before surfacing. In 1981, the Centers for Disease Control and Prevention (CDC) in Atlanta began reporting Kaposi's sarcoma and Pneumocystis pneumonia among gay men in California and New York City. At first, the disease was called GRID for Gay-Related Immune Deficiency. When it became evident the disease was not limited to gay men, leaders of the gay community, government officials, and CDC doctors met and coined the term AIDS in July 1982.

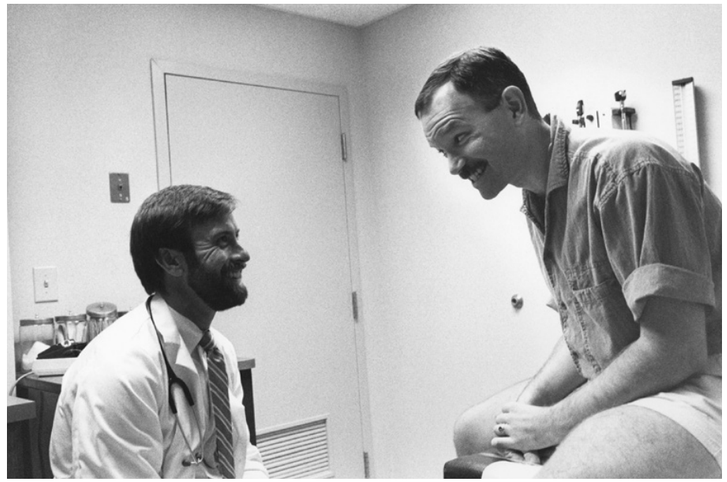
The cause of AIDS was not identified until the following year, when a researcher at the Pasteur Institute in Paris isolated the retrovirus that killed T cells in the lymph system of a gay AIDS patient. She later found it in hemophiliac patients and other gay men. Researchers gave it several different names, before settling on HIV in 1986.

The American pharmaceutical company Burroughs-Wellcome began laboratory trials for AZT and filed for a patent. When the FDA approved the drug in January 1987, after 25 months of trials, it was the fastest drug development in recent history.









After being diagnosed with AIDS, Tom formed his first lasting relationship with a physician, Dr. Ronald White. At an early appointment, Dr. White discusses lung X-rays with Tom, who turns on his full charm.

Gays face discrimination

In the latter half of the twentieth century, homosexuals faced a level of discrimination that seems impossible to comprehend today. An array of legal, religious, economic, and societal barriers forced most gay men to keep their sexual orientation a secret.

Among them:

- In its 1952 *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders*, the American Psychiatric Association categorized homosexuality as a mental disorder.
- During the anti-communism hysteria fanned by Senator Joseph McCarthy, gay men and lesbians were denied security clearances required for jobs in the U.S. State Department and other federal agencies, because they were considered to be especially susceptible to blackmail.
- Through the 1950s and 1960s, the Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI) and police departments kept lists of known homosexuals, their friends, and the businesses they patronized.
- The U.S. Post Office kept records of addresses to which homosexual material was mailed.
- Bars catering to gay men and lesbians were raided, and their customers were arrested, sometimes having their names published in newspapers.
- Some local governments made the wearing of clothing of the opposite sex illegal.
- Some colleges and universities expelled faculty members suspected of being homosexual.

While secular forces worked to keep gay love illegal, the religious right condemned it as a threat and a perversion. Based on the Old Testament legend of Sodom and Gomorrah, many fundamentalist Christians condemned homosexuality as a sin worthy of damnation in hell. They worked to slow or reverse legal and cultural acceptance of homosexuality. Many right-wing politicians championed their efforts in legislatures, governors' mansions, and the courts.

In Miami, Florida, pop singer Anita Bryant gained prominence for her opposition to gay rights. After success as a child singer, she became Miss Oklahoma and second runner-up in the 1959 Miss America pageant. Three of her records sold over one million copies, and she traveled frequently with Bob Hope to entertain American troops in Vietnam. She reached national television audiences as the spokesperson for the Florida Citrus Commission.

In 1977, Ruth Shack, a member of the Metro Dade County Commission in Miami, Florida, proposed and shepherded to adoption a measure that prohibited discrimination on the basis of sexual orientation.

Bryant campaigned to overturn the ordinance. She founded Save Our Children, a coalition of groups espousing the beliefs that homosexuality was a sin and that gay men were pederasts who abused boys and recruited them into homosexuality. In her book, *At Any Cost*, she wrote, "What these people really want, hidden behind obscure legal phrases, is the legal right to propose to our children that theirs is an acceptable alternate way of life."

She referred to homosexuals as "human garbage" and wrote, "As a mother, I know that homosexuals cannot biologically reproduce children; therefore, they must recruit our children." Her then-husband and co-author Bob Green declared, "Gayness is learned. It can be unlearned."

Bryant's campaign succeeded. In June 1977, the Metro Dade County Commission repealed the anti-discrimination provision. In that same year, the Florida legislature barred gay men from adopting children. It took 21 years (1998), to restore the anti-discrimination protection and 31 years (2008), before gay men in Florida could again adopt children.

Bryant went on to spearhead anti-homosexual campaigns in Kansas, Minnesota, and Oregon, but her activism sparked a backlash by gays and their supporters that derailed her career. At a 1977 press conference in Iowa, gay activist Thom L. Higgins threw a pie in Bryant's face while she was on camera. She responded with a gay slur: "At least it was a fruit pie." Then she broke into tears and prayed aloud that God would forgive Higgins "for his deviant lifestyle." One of the first instances of a public figure being hit with a pie, the incident turned Bryant into the butt of jokes. Entertainers and late-night television hosts began to ridicule her publicly. A national boycott of Florida orange juice cost Bryant her advertising position. She became the personification of bigotry and homophobia.

Nonetheless, her campaign mobilized religious and political factions into a potent opposition to gay rights that continues to the present.

Tom, who had decided to be cremated, went to help his friend and fellow patient, Pat Heinrich, choose a casket. At right, they fill out the paperwork. Tom lightened the occasion by joking about how good he would look in a casket lined with pink satin.

With his older brother Bob Jr. looking on, Tom, the clown, greets the statue of Adam, in Indiana University's Dunn's Woods.

The Southern Baptist minister Jerry Falwell rallied to her cause. He was noted for founding the Thomas Road Baptist Church, the largest independent Baptist church in the U.S., as well as Liberty University, both in Lynchburg, Virginia. In 1979, he co-founded the Moral Majority, a movement that supported conservative politicians and gave him a national voice.

"AIDS is not just God's punishment for homosexuals," Falwell declared, "it is God's punishment for the society that tolerates homosexuals."

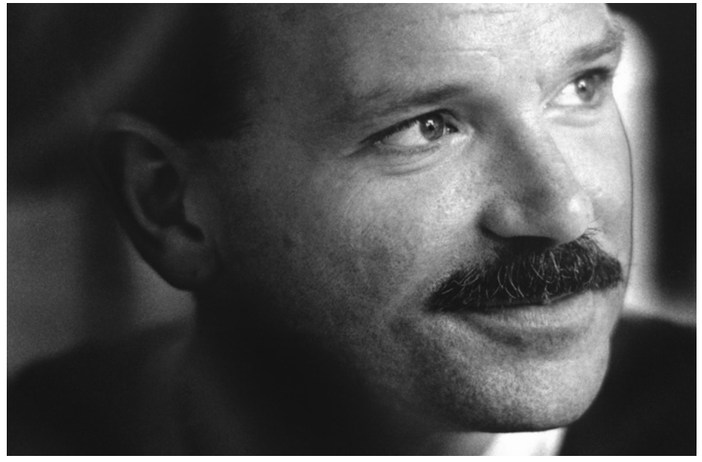
Like Bryant, he also drew ridicule. He claimed that Tinky Winky, a purple character on the animated television show, *Teletubbies*, was a subliminal gay figure attempting to proselytize preschoolers. "Role modeling the gay lifestyle is damaging to the moral lives of children," Falwell wrote.

The AIDS epidemic in the U.S. peaked during the presidency of Ronald Reagan, 1981–1989. As a Hollywood actor, Reagan knew many homosexuals and was probably friends with some. Whatever his personal views, he wanted the votes that Falwell's Moral Majority and other religious groups could deliver. For several years as the epidemic grew, he remained silent about AIDS.

In 1982, Reagan's press spokesman Larry Speakes turned a journalist's question about AIDS into a joke. With more than 600 cases identified, the CDC had just declared AIDS an epidemic. A reporter asked if the president had any reaction to the news. Speakes quipped that he didn't have the "gay plague" and jokingly implied the reporter did because he had asked the question. He continued to make light of follow-up questions while tacitly acknowledging the White House had no awareness of, let alone a position on, the situation.

Reagan was criticized for not making AIDS research a government priority and for remaining silent about the disease. Among the most bitter critiques was the cover of a United Colors of Benneton publication that showed an emaciated Reagan with Kaposi's sarcoma lesions photo-shopped over his face.

Reagan did take one positive step, although he probably did not intend the result. He directed Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, best known for his reports linking smoking to cancer, to conduct a study of AIDS. Because Koop had been shut out of



Tom maintains his positive outlook.

making AIDS policy, he understood the political dynamics. In the fall of 1986, instead of submitting his report for approval by the administration's political and policy advisors, he mailed an eight-page report on how to protect against AIDS to all 107 million U.S. households.

Gays and their supporters fight back

The oppressive political and religious climate sparked a backlash by gays and their supporters.

Many historians consider that research into human sexuality by Indiana University Professor Dr. Alfred Kinsey launched the sexual revolution of the 1960s and 1970s. His 1948 book, *Sexual Behavior in the Human Male*, helped many gay men understand that their sexual orientation was not an aberration—that they were normal. Some began to resist the oppression, even fight back.

The Stonewall uprising, credited with launching the gay liberation movement, was the first significant resistance to police oppression. The Stonewall Inn in Manhattan's Greenwich Village was one of the few bars in New York City that served openly gay clients at that time. It was owned by members of the Mafia and, despite their paying kickbacks to the police, the bar was regularly raided. Early on the morning of June 28, 1969, a raid descended into a riot.

Patrons who were not arrested congregated across the street in Christopher Park, where many homeless gay youths lived. They attracted neighbors and passers-by who began singing the civil rights protest song "We Shall Overcome." Police brutalization soon provoked a hostile response from the crowd. One officer shoved a transvestite, and she hit him with her purse. The crowd booed the officer. Another detainee shouted to the bystanders, "Why don't you guys do something?" When a policeman threw her into a police wagon, the crowd erupted, throwing coins, bottles, and other missiles at the police; protesters broke everything they could in the bar and set small fires. Thirteen people were arrested, four police officers were injured, and some protesters were hospitalized. In that spontaneous moment, gay men and lesbians, tired of being marginalized because of their sexuality, proclaimed they were no longer going to passively accept oppression.

Within months, activists formed the Gay Liberation Front, the first organization to use gay in its name. In 1970, activists celebrated the first anniversary of the Stonewall riots by parading from Christopher Street up Fifth Avenue to Central Park. Simultaneously, Gay Pride marches, the first in U.S. history, took place in Los Angeles and Chicago. The following year, marches occurred in Boston, Dallas, Milwaukee, London, Paris, West Berlin, and Stockholm.

Since the 1950s, activist Frank Kameny had been trying to convince straight people that gays and lesbians were no different from them. He considered Stonewall transformative. In the mid-1960s, he could mobilize only ten people to march on the White House and State Department. "By the time of Stonewall, we had fifty to sixty gay groups in the country," Kameny said. "A year later there were at least fifteen hundred. By two years later, to the extent that a count could be made, it was twenty-five hundred."

An early political success was the defeat of California's Proposition 6, better known as the Briggs Initiative. Encouraged by Bryant's movement, California Republican legislator John Briggs introduced a ballot referendum that would ban gays and lesbians from teaching in public schools. Initial public opinion favored the measure, but Harvey Milk, an openly gay member of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors, helped launch an opposition.

Milk and other gay leaders conceived a strategy embodied in the slogan "Come out! Come out! Wherever you are!" Previously closeted gay men and lesbians declared their sexual orientation to their families, co-workers, friends, and neighbors. They addressed church congregations, wrote letters to newspaper editors, and canvassed door to door, all to convince straight voters that they knew gays and lesbians and that they were normal people. The movement also prompted a group of conservative homosexuals to found the Log Cabin Republicans, which grew into a national organization still active today in politics.

Several politicians publicly opposed the referendum, including former President Gerald Ford, and then-President Jimmy Carter. To his credit, former California Governor Reagan, who was running for president, wrote a newspaper oped column opposing the measure. "Whatever else it is, homosexuality is not a contagious disease like the measles," Reagan wrote. "Prevailing scientific opinion is that an individual's sexuality is determined at a very early age and that a child's teachers do not really influence this."

In November 1978, California voters defeated the Briggs Initiative by 17 percentage points. It even lost in Briggs's home district in conservative Orange County.

The cultural shift continued during the next several decades, buoyed by Supreme Court decisions and television sitcoms that normalized gay and lesbian characters as ordinary friends and neighbors. In June 2016, President Barack Obama honored the 1969 protesters by establishing the Stonewall National Monument, the first U.S. National Park site dedicated to the LGBTQ movement.

Tom shares his diagnosis

Tom shared the news of his diagnosis in different ways with his straight friends, co-workers, family, and gay friends.

Bonny Barr, his close high school friend, had married Thomas Barrata and moved to Oregon. In a letter, Tom wrote, "Well, doll, I guess I must confess some bad news here. Ol' Tom is somewhat under the weather these days. Back at the beginning of October I was diagnosed with Pneumocystis carinii pneumonia."

Immediately, he tried to dispel concerns and put his situation in a positive light. "Please do believe that I am doing OK," he wrote. "I am trying to get the world to see that this is an illness and not a death sentence. I may die, but at least I have lived my life as I wanted to." He expressed a wish to see Bonny again and closed with "Love."

Tom was more matter of fact with his co-worker Kathy Bell. He had begun referring to himself as a PWA, Person With AIDS. "I'll be dead by December 1988," Tom told her. "The average PWA lives 14 months, and December will be 14 for me."

"You shouldn't even be talking like that," she objected. "Some people with AIDS live a lot longer than 14 months."

Tom, who had not yet come out to his family as a gay man, delayed telling them. He rationalized postponing the news of his diagnosis by saying he didn't want to worry her. His mother suspected he was gay and sent him a *Newsweek* article about AIDS.

She pried the news out. During one of his hospitalizations, she tried repeatedly to reach him on the phone and was repeatedly given excuses by Tom's partner for why he was not home. Finally, she demanded, "I want to know what is going on. Where's Tom?" Paul put her off again, but called Tom and told him to contact his mother.

"I'm in the hospital," Tom told her over the phone. "I have AIDS."

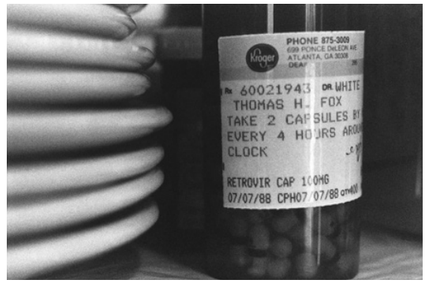
"I just knew," she said.

She flew to Atlanta when he was discharged from the hospital, knowing he would need help at home. Along with her love for her son and anxiety over his condition, she experienced a different emotion—one common in that era—fear. She was afraid contact with her son would infect her with AIDS.

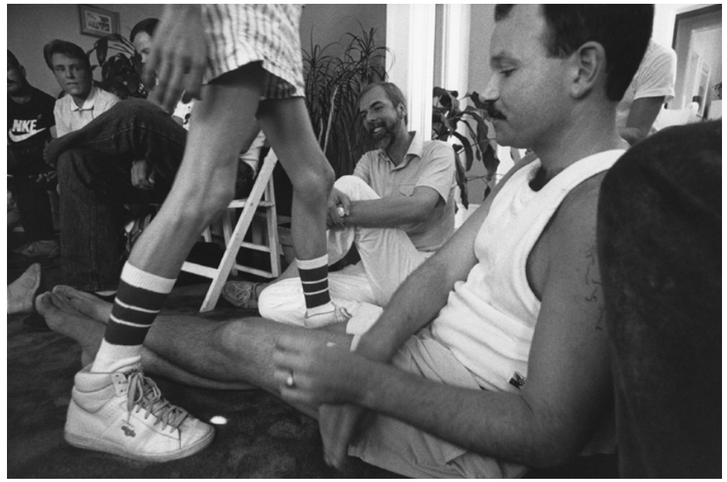
"When I knew I was going to have to go to Atlanta and face that child with AIDS, I was scared spitless," Doris recalled. "I talked with my doctor and I talked with my counselor because I knew I was going to have to walk into that room, and I was scared to touch that child, much less kiss him on the lips. And I knew I would have to. It's terrible. It's like my child had the plague or something."

Her doctor explained her fears were unfounded, assuring her she was perfectly safe kissing her son.

Not every family member was accepting. Doris Fox broke the news to Tom that he was not welcome



Tom's physician put him on AZT, or azidothymidine, the only drug then available for treating AIDS. Tom kept a buzzer on his computer at work to remind him to take the pill every four hours.



Atlanta's gay community and its straight friends united to support AIDS patients. Tom, in cap at top, shares a regular Tuesday night meal with other patients at an Atlanta church. At a group therapy session, Tom averts his eyes as a friend, reduced to 93 pounds by AIDS, passes.

at his favorite uncle's home for the family's annual Easter gathering. A bitter Tom spent the holiday with a friend's family.

Telling his gay friends in Atlanta was easier. Everyone knew someone who had AIDS. Many had contracted it themselves. Every Tuesday night, AIDS patients gathered for supper at the Shrine of the Immaculate Conception, an historic Roman Catholic church in downtown Atlanta. Some called it the Shrine of the Immaculate Infection, a nickname imbued with affection. After the meal, many participants visited AIDS patients at various Atlanta hospitals, usually taking left-over food from the meal and flowers from the tables.

A support group moderated by a therapist had been meeting regularly since 1985 to give patients a chance to talk out their feelings. Comments at the sessions ranged from despair to gallows humor.

"I'm tired of being a professional AIDS patient," Lee Springfield, lamented. "I was filling out a questionnaire the other day; I got to the line marked 'profession' and I caught myself writing down PWA."

Kenny Fleischman's chest was a mass of purple Kaposi's sarcoma lesions mixed with radiation scars. They could be hidden by clothes. His face could not. "My face makes me feel hopeless," he said. "Makeup helps, but not enough. … I don't know if anyone here has seen the remake of the movie, *The Fly*, where the hero changes his molecules into a fly's molecules. I feel like 'The Fly.' I get tired of looking in the mirror."

Group members were not reluctant to poke gentle humor at each other. "The other day while I was picking blackberries for my mother," Springfield said, "I thought, 'What happens if I get bit by a snake? Who's going to cut my leg and suck the venom out?'"

"What about the snake?" a friend quipped. "I'd feel sorry for the snake."

Tom took the conversation in a darker direction. Among his close friends, he could drop his positive persona and admit depression. "I have been very, very tired lately," he said. "I am taking care of my friends' dogs, and when I went over to their house the other day, I had to lie down on their bed. I was so overwhelmed by tiredness. … I didn't want to go on. I tried to talk my body into death, into this state of no heartbeat, no respiration." Exhaling a long breath, he added, "I didn't make it."

Tom and friends make an AIDS quilt panel

Fear and social stigma shut many AIDS victims out of traditional funerals. Some funeral homes refused to handle embalming and final arrangements. Some cemeteries would not accept the bodies. Some churches refused to allow ceremonies for homosexual men. Some families disowned their sons.

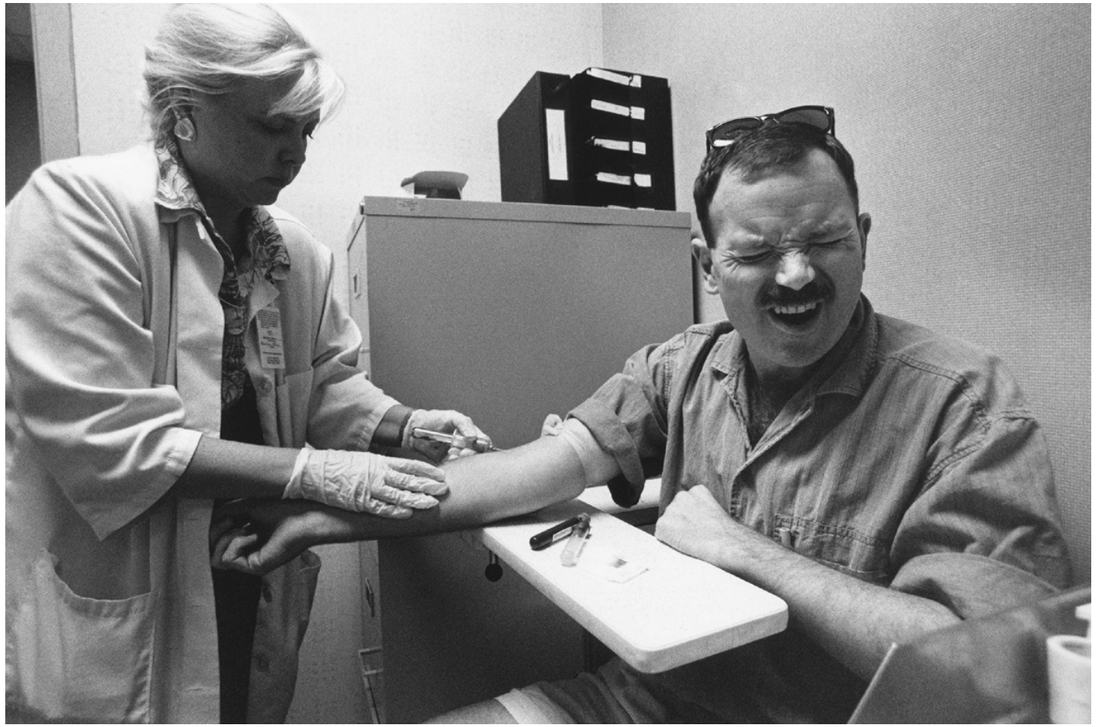
In 1987, a candlelight march memorialized gay San Francisco Supervisor Harvey Milk and Mayor George Moscone, both assassinated by a former colleague. Activist Cleve Jones encouraged marchers to write the names of friends and lovers lost to AIDS on signs that were taped to a building. The results suggested a patchwork quilt, sparking the idea for a more permanent memorial.

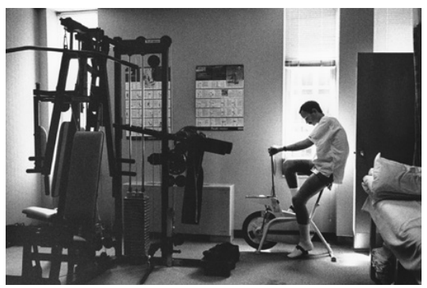
Jones launched the NAMES Project Foundation as a way to let survivors honor their lost loved ones by creating 3- by 6-foot cloth panels. They were assembled into a huge quilt and shown on the National Mall in Washington, D.C. The quilt, maintained in Atlanta, now contains the names of more than 94,000 people and weighs an estimated 54 tons.

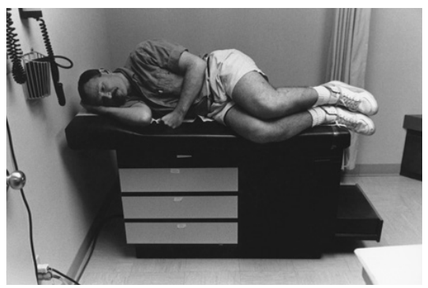
As the time approached for showing the quilt in October 1988, Tom and his friends made a panel for a friend that read, "Drew Wideman: 1950–1986."

Tom keeps bedside vigil with Johnny Hurd, the friend he danced with in Key West, and Hurd's mother.

Tom loved dogs. During a visit with his parents in Bloomington, Tom cuddles Sassy as his father naps. At right, he shares fast food treats with miniature schnauzers Sassy and Chip during a vacation weekend in Key West, Florida.







Since childhood, Tom hated needles. After his diagnosis with AIDS, medical technicians were constantly taking blood samples and giving him shots. Above left, he works out on a stationary bicycle. Above right, he surrenders to the constant fatigue while waiting for a doctor during an examination.

Wideman had been a church organist, and the design included a keyboard.

With the trip to Washington approaching, Tom passed the first anniversary of his diagnosis. He was running a high fever following chemotherapy, and his oncologist wanted to readmit him to the hospital for more tests. "I'm feeling fine," Tom insisted.

The physician expressed doubt, but Tom boarded the plane anyway with a large contingent of friends. On the flight, he resumed his jokester persona, walking up and down the aisle wearing a toy stethoscope and offering AZT pills from his "First AIDS Kit."

On the National Mall as volunteers read the names of AIDS victims, Tom and his group searched for the panels of friends. One man who had been a barber saw those of several of his clients. Another found the name of his former roommate. They recognized panels for the Atlanta Gay Men's Chorus, the Atlanta Gay Motorcycle Club, and friends they had been pall bearers for. A special panel, with a pink fuzzy bunny, honored Tammi Walker, an AIDS baby whom several members of the group had rocked in their arms at an Atlanta pediatrics ward. Regarding the panel for Peter Johnson, Tom commented matter-of-factly, "He found out he was HIV-positive and shot himself."

As some of his friends hugged and cried, Tom showed stoic resolve. "Next year you'll see my panel here," he said.

A constant topic at church dinners, therapy sessions, indeed, any place two or more gay friends gathered, was news of the latest friend to die. While he referred to himself as a PWA, Person With AIDS, Tom had another acronym, PWD—People Who're Dead. Tom kept a list of his friends and acquaintances who had died, and it rapidly grew to more than 100. Normally positive, Tom voiced frustration. "I really just feel numb," he said. "I keep seeing this happen to all my friends. Recently it's just been amazing how many people who have gotten sick and died … everybody I've known has gotten sick."

Facing his own impending fate, Tom wanted to spare his parents from having to make the many decisions death requires. He made a will. He made a list of songs he wanted played at his funeral. He decided he wanted to be cremated and asked his parents to sign the necessary consent forms.

As they prepared to travel to Washington to see the AIDS Quilt, Tom, center, and his friends make a panel for Drew Wideman, an organist for an Atlanta church.

Tom accompanied his friend Pat Heinrich, a fellow AIDS patient, to help him pick out a casket. He couldn't resist playing the jokester. "Wouldn't I look good in pink?" he quipped, referring to a casket's satin lining. "Maybe this lavender. Or this one with the flowers in it?"

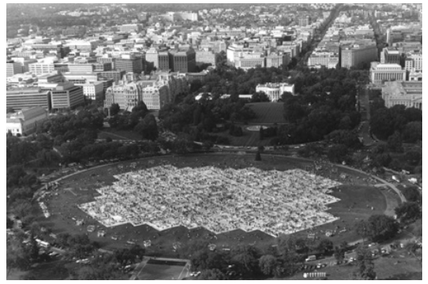
Tom turns his illness into education

AIDS brought Tom's life into purposeful focus. Tom the cutup became Tom the courageous. At a time when being gay was stigmatized and having AIDS compounded that stigma, he decided to make his private struggle public. He determined to turn his ordeal into a positive experience that would educate Atlantans about the devastating disease. He invited an *Atlanta Journal-Constitution* reporter and a photojournalist to document his illness.

Tom wrote to Steve Sternberg, the newspaper's medical writer whose primary beat was the U.S. Centers for Disease Control and Prevention, headquartered in Atlanta, explaining his intention:

"I am a PWA [person with AIDS] diagnosed on Oct. 2, 1987. I am certainly no activist; only a person living with a serious illness, trying to make the most of my life. I represent a growing number of people who unfortunately are not able to share their thoughts and experiences; but if I could help one person open his mind to this problem, I would feel that I have made a difference."

Sternberg, who had recently lost his grandfather



During the flight to Washington, Tom plays doctor with his "First AIDS Kit" full of medicines, above left. The AIDS Quilt fills the Ellipse south of the White House on the National Mall. Below, Tom photographs the panel he helped make for Drew Wideman. Later, he holds a candle during a memorial ceremony.

to a lingering illness, was reluctant to accept Tom's invitation. He was not eager to face death again so closely, so soon. As his relationship with Tom progressed, however, the real challenge proved to be balancing his humanity with his journalistic ideals. Journalism's ethical standards call for objectivity. Reporters are trained to maintain a professional distance from their subjects. Tom's personality and his needs made that impossible for Sternberg and Michael A. Schwarz, the photojournalist.

"Only the cruel could watch someone suffer without wanting to help," Sternberg wrote later in the *Journal-Constitution*. "Soon we found ourselves not just observers of Tom Fox's life and death, but participants in it." As Tom's partner abandoned him and his friends became too ill to help, the two journalists pitched in. They gave Tom rides to the hospital, cooked him Thanksgiving dinner, accompanied him to Bloomington for his last family Christmas, arranged a meal delivery service for him, and handled the details of his cremation.

When a nurse tried to prevent the journalists from following Tom into an emergency room, he told her, "It's all right, they're my best friends." The day before his death, he directed that they alone should have exclusive access to his room. "They've got a story to finish," he insisted.

When Tom died, Sternberg and Schwarz were at his bedside in Eugene, Oregon, crying along with his family.

Credit should also be given to their editors at the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, who afforded them the necessary time and expenses to cover Tom's story in depth. The newspaper published their story and photographs on Sunday, August 20, 1989, in a 16-page special section entitled "When AIDS Comes Home." In the best journalism tradition, their project informed and educated readers about an important social issue by making them care about the experience of a single individual.

Few Americans encounter death outside their immediate family. Collectively, Sternberg's article and Schwarz's photographs concretized dying through Tom Fox's story. Sternberg interwove poignant incidents with medical facts. His prose was lean, fast paced, and compelling. He began with the death scene, then in rich detail walked the reader through the 22 months between Tom's diagnosis and death.

Because of his closeness to Tom, he considered writing the article in the first person, but decided it should remain Tom's story. He put his personal reflections and journalistic confessions in a separate piece titled, "Behind the AIDS Story: Balancing the Twin Roles of Friend and Journalist" that was published the following week.

Schwarz's images exemplify documentary, story-telling photography at its highest. His photographs are both nouns and verbs. They characterize Tom, his family and friends; place them in concrete settings; show them acting and interacting; personify them with significant objects and clothes that 30 years later have taken on a historical patina. They let people of all ages, genders, and sexual orientations empathize with the feelings of a courageous gay man.

It was a level of journalism—words and pictures working together—rarely seen in newsrooms today.

As his illness progressed and Tom went on medical leave, the *Journal-Constitution* continued his salary and medical insurance.

Kaposi's sarcoma especially depressing

For young men, proud of their appearance, Kaposi's sarcoma was an especially depressing manifestation of AIDS. A cancer affecting the lymph system, it produces lesions—purple or brown, scab-like tumors. These sores give the skin a rough, leathery texture. The disease often causes legs and feet to swell painfully.

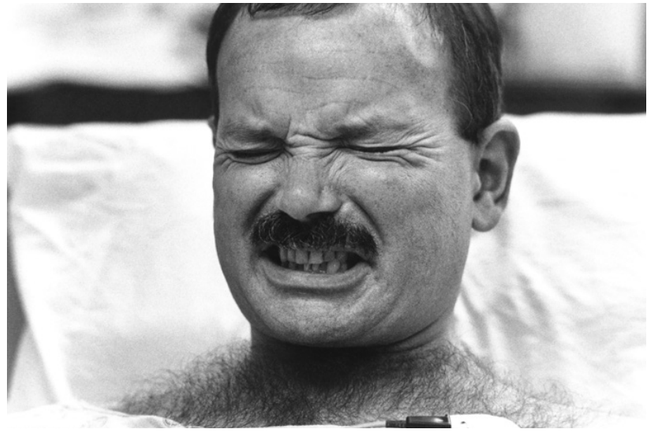
One of Tom's friends, Kenny Fleischman, used heavy makeup to try to hide the lesions that disfigured most of his face. Regarding the appearance of another friend, Lee Springfield, Tom commented, "You know he really hated that. I saw him at Dan Williams' funeral. He looked like a monster, his eyes swollen up into slits."

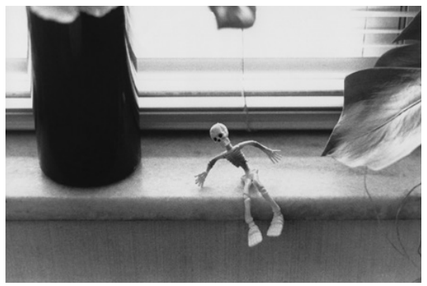
Near the end of his life, Tom considered himself ugly like Kenny. He hoped body language and social signals would make him invisible to healthy people. "I never look at them anymore," he told Sternberg, "hoping they won't look at me."

Early in his diagnosis Tom wondered if he would develop Kaposi's. He did, on his arms, legs, and back, but in a much more dangerous location as well—his lungs.

Tom was proud of his job as an account representative in the advertising department of the *Atlanta Journal-Constitution*, but eventually he became too ill to work. Instead of firing him, the newspaper put him on medical leave and continued his insurance.

Tom grimaces during one of his many treatments. Below, a nurse dresses open sores on his legs.





Illness could not diminish Tom's sense of humor, even when he was hospitalized. A small rubber skeleton, which he named Mr. Ben D. Bones, decorates his hospital window sill. For visitors, Tom makes faces, above, and clowns with a basket of flowers on his head.

Tom's parents, Bob and Doris Fox, sign papers agreeing to their son's wishes to be cremated.

Tom was having trouble breathing, and his doctors suspected the cancer had invaded his lungs. During one of his hospitalizations, a doctor inserted a bronchoscope through his nose into his lungs. A camera on the end of the fiber-optic device let the doctor see something that left him shaken.

Away from Tom's hearing, the physician told Sternberg, "All that purplish stuff is Kaposi's sarcoma. Everything from his epiglottis down."

Rumors abounded in the AIDS community about new treatments, experimental drug regimens that had not yet received FDA approval. Rather than waiting passively for death, many patients seized on the hope of enrolling in these research trials.

In mid-May 1989, Tom asked his oncologist, Dr. Daniel Carr, what else they could do. Pointing out that Tom had already lived longer since diagnosis than most patients, Carr offered little encouragement. "You've already confounded the odds," the doctor told him. "Nobody would have guessed when you first started this that you'd be up and around now."

"I know you've never treated anyone this far along as me," Tom replied, "but I was hoping there would be something you could say that would make me feel better." After a long silence, the best Carr could come up with as he left the examining room was, "Good luck."

A month later, an X-ray indicated one of Tom's lungs was enlarged. The cancer was causing fluid to drain into the pleural sack around his right lung. A specialist inserted a long needle through Tom's back and drained off more than a quart of fluid. During the procedure, the doctor punctured Tom's lung, causing him excruciating pain. Doctors repeated this procedure twice, once in Atlanta and once in Oregon. On the third round, an emergency room physician again punctured his lung.

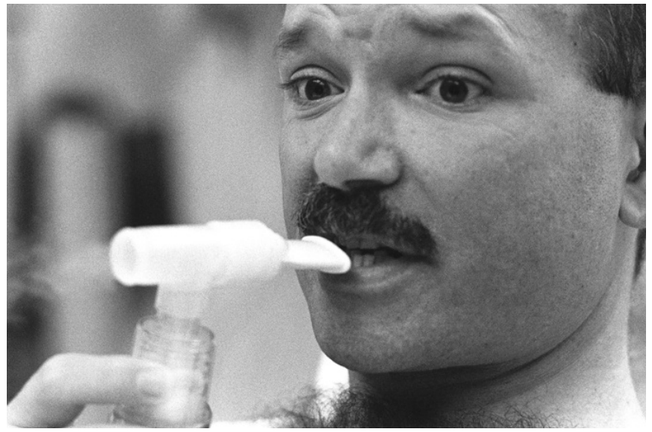
Tom seemed willing to confide feelings to Sternberg that he avoided telling his family. "You have to realize how scary it is to be sick and want someone to take care of you," he continued. "Every time I blow a fever at night or have any problem out of the ordinary, I want to go right to the hospital and stay there. I've done it, and I didn't want to leave. I wanted someone to take care of me."

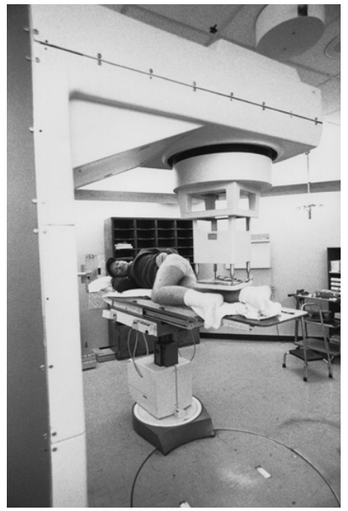
In other situations, however, Tom demonstrated his physical courage. He refused to let AIDS cripple him. As the disease ravaged his body, his legs became painfully swollen and lost 20 percent of their muscle mass. Tendons contracted, causing his feet to turn outward. A physical therapist taught him how to stretch his tendons and realign his feet. She gave him a walker and said he would probably have to use it permanently. Tom dove into the exercises, and when the pain got too intense, he took Percodan. A week later, he put the walker in a closet and never touched it again.

Shortly after Tom was diagnosed, his partner and house mate broke off their relationship. Because neither man was financially solid enough to make the mortgage payments by himself, they continued to share the house. The companion came and went on an erratic schedule, sometimes sleeping at home; other nights staying away.

At one point, he was arrested at an interstate rest stop, charged with possession of drugs and jailed. While cruising the rest stop for sex, he allegedly hit on an undercover policeman who said he wanted to do drugs first. Police reported finding a ledger in his pickup truck recording thousands of dollars in drug deals.

"It puts me in a real quandary," Tom said of his former lover's arrest. "How will I pay the mortgage?"





At left, Tom inhales pentamidine, a medicine to prevent lung infection. At top, medical equipment dwarfs Tom. Above, while a technician prepares him for a procedure, Tom wears a T-shirt captioned "Teresa Fox," a name he assumed when he was in drag.

Kaposi's sarcoma, a cancer of the lymph system, covered Tom's body and invaded his lungs. On three occasions, doctors drained fluid from his plural sack, twice puncturing a lung. Above, he holds a bag of fluid measuring a quart and a half.

Bonny Baratta, Tom's dear friend since high school, visited him in Atlanta. A nurse who understood the disease, she was not afraid her toddler son, Sam, might be infected through close contact with an AIDS patient.

But he also hoped they might repair their relationship and his companion would support him physically and emotionally. "I need someone to take care of me now," Tom said. His former partner never became the companion Tom needed.

When Tom's parents picked him up at the Indianapolis airport for his 1988 Christmas visit, they felt they were meeting a stranger. "He looked so different," his mother Doris recalled. "He was bald … and walking like a little old man, shoulders slumped, shuffling his feet. It was a shock for us to see him shuffling along."

Family members put up a good front. Nobody mentioned AIDS. Nobody wanted to spoil the holiday, but an unstated cloud hung over the family's celebration. "In the back of each of our minds, we knew that this was Tom's last Christmas," Doris said.

Tom visits Bonny in Oregon

As 1989 arrived, Tom set himself a new goal—to stay alive until July. On a visit to Atlanta, his friend Bonny had invited him to visit her, her husband Tom Baratta, and their infant son Sam at their home in Cottage Grove, Oregon. In late June, he flew to Portland. Bonny juggled her "Two-Tom" family by calling her husband Tom Elliott and her friend Thomas Henry.

The change from urban Atlanta to the evergreen forests and ocean breezes of central Oregon had a tonic effect on Tom's spirit. "I feel sick, I know I'm sick," he said, "but all of a sudden my mind is clear. Perfect." An inveterate reader, Tom spent more time watching the Oregon mountains than reading his biography of Tennessee Williams.

Illness soon displaced this sense of well-being. The Barratas wanted him to experience a ski resort on Mount Hood. The six-hour drive took a heavy toll. His feet swelled so badly his shoes no longer fit. The high altitude made it hard for him to breathe, even with the oxygen bottles Bonny had rented for him.

Exhausted by the short walk from the car to the lodge, Tom put on his usual brave face. "At 10,000 feet anybody has a hard time breathing," he said. Then he surrendered to reality. "I'm gasping like a fish out of water." His plural sack had filled with fluid again.

The next day they drove to University Hospital in Portland. In draining the sack, a doctor punctured his lung, causing it to collapse. Even so, the removal of fluid restored Tom enough that the Barratas could take him to the coast. Too weak to walk to the beach, he spent the visit on a futon in the family condo. Driving back to their home near Eugene, the Barratas stopped at Strawberry Hill and helped him hobble a few yards to a bench overlooking the Pacific Ocean. Captivated by the antics of harbor seals, Tom basked in the warm sunshine and salty ocean breeze.

At Bonny's invitation, Tom visited the Barattas in Oregon on what would be his last trip. At top, he playfully swipes a spoonful of her clam chowder, and puts her and Linda Hilligoss, another friend, in stitches with a joke. Bonny gives him foot massages and carries an oxygen bottle she rented to help his increasingly compromised breathing.

On his last outing, Tom enjoys watching harbor seals cavort off the Oregon coast. Despite the physical effort, he insisted he would rather be out in nature than lying in bed.

Again, nature lifted his spirits. "With air like this you don't need any oxygen. It's so rich," he said. "Sick as I feel, I'd rather be doing this than lying in some bed."

Bonny worried increasingly about Tom's decline. Several nights he groaned in his sleep loudly enough to wake her. She would go into his room, take his temperature, monitor his breathing, and wonder what she should do if he had a heart attack.

"Every night it seems to me that he's closer to it," she told Sternberg. "[T]he other night—after we had so much fun—I didn't hear him making any noise, so I got really scared that he had died. … I thought, 'What better way to die than after we had so much fun?' Then I thought he could go into respiratory arrest at any time. What do I do? Do I resuscitate him?"

When Tom's condition worsened, Bonny drove him back to the Sacred Heart Hospital emergency room. X-rays showed he had Pneumocystis pneumonia. Tom asked the doctor to "patch him up" so he could catch his flight back to Atlanta the next day. Instead the physician admitted him to the hospital, and his condition reached crisis stage.

On July 5, when Bonny phoned to wish him good night, Tom was near hysteria. "I can't breathe," he gasped. "Oxygen isn't helping." She rushed back to the hospital and tried to reassure him, telling him to breathe deeply.

"I can't breathe," he said. "I mean, I'm breathing but I can't get any air."

"What are you thinking?" she asked.

"This might be it," Tom said. "I'm scared to sleep. I'm scared I won't wake up."

A therapist gave Tom a fresh bottle of oxygen, and the crisis eased. He and Bonny had a serious conversation about how aggressively to treat his condition. If he were put on a ventilator, he asked, would he be able to get off. Bonny told him yes, but added, "The decision is whether living for a little while [longer] with all that stuff is worth it."

Tom opted for the machine, but a doctor was discouraging. "You are in respiratory failure," he told Tom. He held up an X-ray that was empty where much of Tom's lung tissue should have been visible. The ventilator "will prolong your life," the doctor said, "but it will not save it."

As they waited several hours for the machine to arrive, Sternberg phoned Doris Fox about 4 a.m. to inform her Tom might not live through the night. He passed the phone to Tom who told his mother, "Pray for me. I want to try to get better but I may not be able to. I want you to know my life has been full and wonderful. We never showed you that enough—you and Dad gave us wonderful lives." With his eyes closed he said, "I just wish you were here. If I make it through the night, I want you here to hold me."

Bob Fox Sr., who was in western Canada on a business trip, got there first. Doris arrived that afternoon. Tom's brothers Bob Jr. and John came soon after.

A half-inch corrugated plastic tube passed from the ventilator through Tom's mouth and throat into his lungs. It prevented him from talking, so a nurse gave him a clipboard, pencil, and paper to communicate. Tom quickly adjusted his sense of humor to the written word. "I itch so bad," he wrote to a friend, "I must have fleas."

When he wrote a greeting to his older brother, Bob Jr. showed Tom was not the only one in the family who could turn a quick quip. "You've got to work on your printing," he said.

Tom turned to Bonny instead of his family to talk about his chances of survival and the alternative. Torn by balancing her love for her friend with her scientific understanding as a nurse, she tried to help him accept the inevitable.

"The longer you are on the ventilator the less chance there is that they will be able to get you off," she explained. She appealed to his desire to protect his family. "If you got disoriented and couldn't make a decision to turn off the ventilator, your parents would have to do it," Bonny told him. Talking with Sternberg in another room, she said, "I really want to tell him to let go, but how can you tell someone that?"

Tom summoned his courage. He gathered his family around his bed and wrote that if the doctors believed his pneumonia could be treated, he wanted antibiotics. If not, he wanted them to turn off the ventilator. On July 10, he wrote on his clipboard, "Tomorrow."

"Are you tired?" his mother asked.

"Yes," he responded.

"Do you want the ventilator off?" she asked.

"Yes."

The next morning his family gathered for the final

time around Tom's bed. He tried to sit up and hug his mother, but fell back exhausted. "Are you afraid?" she asked. He shook his head, "No."

"It's going to be all right when they take the tube out of you," Doris said to her son. "I'm going to give you the biggest hug you've had since you've been here. We're all going to give you hugs."

Bob Jr. stood by the bed, stroking his brother's hair.

A nurse started a morphine feed to deaden the pain, and at 8:45 a.m., the doctor entered. "Here we go, Tom," the doctor said, and he quickly withdrew the ventilator tube.

Tom seemed relieved and asked for a handkerchief to blow his nose. Then he gasped, "I can't breathe." His chest heaved repeatedly. His eyes were open, but he could not speak.

"He's asleep," Doris said, leaning over his head talking to him. "He's asleep now. I love you. I love you so much, son. Just relax and let it go," she continued. "Slip on out, Tom, slip on out. We're all with you."

At 8:55, she pronounced, "It's over."

Bob Jr. threw his head back and uttered an agonizing sob, "Good night, Tom."

The final stage of Tom's dying took barely 10 minutes. His parents and brothers each gave him a good-bye kiss on his forehead.

Tom finds positives in his illness

Despite his physical and psychological suffering, Tom found positive aspects in having AIDS. He was especially glad it brought him closer to his family, allowing him to come out and see his parents accept his gay identity.

After his death, Bob and Doris Fox turned that acceptance into a crusade to memorialize their son and to support alienated gay men and people with AIDS.

In 1992, they helped establish the Bloomington chapter of Parents, Families and Friends of Lesbians and Gays (PFLAG) and served as leaders of the group for many years.

The Foxes made significant financial and service contributions to Project FIND, a regional HIV/AIDS support agency. They also underwrote the purchase and distribution of free condoms, which earned them the affectionate title of "Condom King and Queen." Through public speaking, media interviews, and meetings with elected officials, they worked vigorously to educate the public about HIV/AIDS and to advocate for LGBTQ civil rights.

In a final gesture to preserve Tom's memory, the Foxes contributed a complete set of Michael A. Schwarz's photographs of Tom to the Kinsey Institute at Indiana University. Those images, along with Steve Sternberg's articles and notes, form the basis of this exhibition. The collection will be available to researchers, scholars, and students in perpetuity.

Because drugs like PrEP (pre-exposure prophylxis) can help people avoid contracting AIDS and other drugs can help keep it in remission, the disease is no longer considered a major national issue. But thousands of people still contract it and hundreds die from it each year. Although many have come to accept homosexual identity as normal, large segments of society still oppose or even demonize it.

"If I could help one person open his mind to this problem, I would feel that I have made a difference," Tom wrote.

People still need to be educated. Minds still need to be opened. Through this exhibition and catalog, Tom's courage is still making a difference.

Doris Fox caresses her son, being kept alive by a ventilator. Below, just a few minutes after a doctor removed the ventilator tube, Tom passes away, surrounded by his parents and his brothers Bob Jr., center, and John.

Doris and Bob Fox grieve for their son Tom at a memorial service at Saint Mark's United Methodist Church in Bloomington.

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This exhibition is underwritten by the generous support of

William L. Yarber
Provost Professor, Indiana University School of Public Health-Bloomington; Senior Scientist, Kinsey Institute; and Senior Director, Rural Center for AIDS/STD Prevention at Indiana University Bloomington

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