"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau



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suspense.

Cover: Our young coverman strikes a commanding pose (photo by Patrick Nunn); and (opposite page) gets caught in a compromising position (Photo by Henry Dryovage). We'll take him any way we can get him!

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We were curious as to what would happen when the media finally had their hands on the information that screen star Rock Hudson has AIDS. Now we know. Magazines that wouldn't mention the word or which, like the present administration, had a definite policy of ignoring the problem, now have their version of AIDS information (which we in the gay community have known about for more time than we ever wanted to) all over their covers. The coverage is predictable with TIME and NEWSWEEK being objective and above it all, PEOPLE wallowing in it and LIFE's screaming front cover with very little information inside.

But we have to take our hat (or something) off to the NATIONAL ENQUIRER. We can think of no time in which they have sunk quite as low, within recent memory. Not even Jerry Falwell would have publicly put out the hogwash they slapped into a hurried front page. As usual, what followed inside had not too much to do with the headlining. There were no facts, of course. The ENQUIRER has never been known for facts. Just quotes from unknown persons claiming the Dynasty cast was aghast at having been exposed to Rock Hudson during both taping and rehearsals. There was a statement from another unnamed source quoting co-star Linda Evans, then John Forsyth, that one or the other had kissed him repeatedly and was now frightened to death. Even one supposedly from Joan Collins, who certainly must be aware of the dangers of venereal disease, mouthing hogwash which she probably never mouthed.

But that isn't all you get for your 60¢. Another unnamed source quotes Nancy Reagan as similarly aghast that Mr. Hudson was invited to a state dinner at the White House and exposed everyone there to his loathsome disease.

We doubt any and all of this and ferverntly hope that some of these quoted individuals sue the living hell out of the ENQUIRER, which, God knows, is no stranger to lawsuits. Perhaps, we suggest, just in the name of a rather nice guy who has had to live in the closet all of his professional life. When you win, and if you collect, give the money in his name to one of the many causes around which can be of immeasurable help to similar victims who haven't such a newsworthy name.

In the meantime, Mr. Hudson, God be with you. Your illness may accomplish more than you ever dreamed throughout your very creditable career.

-John H. Embry