

Jack Nichols (1938-): The Blue Fairy of the Gay Movement

James T. Sears



Jack was born during the year of the tiger, 1938. Mary Haliday Finlayson and John Richard Nichols, his parents, were high school sweethearts. "Mom was a Scottish-American beauty and Dad was a top-notch high school athlete. At the time of my birth he was in training with the Chicago White Sox, but he returned to Washington to get a 'responsible' job as a special agent for the FBI."

When Jack was three years old his parents separated and he went to live with his immigrant maternal grandparents (Nana and Poppop) in nearby Chevy Chase, Maryland. "Poppop was a Highlander; Nana, a Lowlander. Poppop had learned to read plans and began building." Jack's value system, like his grandfather's, was rooted in poetry. Murdo Graham Finlayson was for many years president of the St. Andrew Society, a Scottish fraternal order. Jack reminisced:

It was through Robert Burns that Poppop tenderly gave me the best of the Scotland he loved. . . . He wielded Burns like some unobtrusive patriarch who was satisfied to leave advice-giving to others if only he could first quote the poet aloud. Burns's portrait hung above our dining room sideboard. Sitting in my dining room chair, I faced the great poet daily. Poppop was never more bliss-filled than when giving a Burns recitation, something he did at the conclusion of every family discussion. . . .

From Poppop I learned that the constant repetition of themes laden with *values* turns those values into one's marrow. One becomes what one absorbs. From his love for Burns I absorbed a disdain for hierarchy and status. Burns's songs laughed at lords and nobles, celebrating

instead the life of the common person. The poet had believed, and Poppop tirelessly communicated, that an honest man is far preferable to a rich one. Burns was extraordinarily conscious of universal welfare, worrying even about the plight of a field mouse.

The songs from the animated film *Pinocchio* complemented the poems of Burns. An exotic cartoon fantasy character easily outdistanced flesh-and-blood actresses:

My goddess was the Blue Fairy. She explained to Pinocchio the essentials of what it means to be a "real boy": to be kind, to be truthful, to be honest, and to help others. Although the film premiered in 1941, it was 1944, when I was six, that I first saw it. I was just old enough to be captivated by her beauty. Electrified, in fact. She was to become a long-lasting childhood obsession. I got the record album and took it home. Fantasizing about Fairyland, which, I supposed, must be something like the Chevy Chase Country Club golf course, I traced her breasts over and over again on tracing paper. Identifying with the Blue Fairy, a stick for my wand, I traversed the golf course, aflame with magic.

After Jack's dad married for a second time, father and son saw less of each other. When they met it was more often for lectures and lessons than fun and frivolity:

When I went on outings with Dad, he spent time trying to impose his awkward concepts of masculine deportment on me, giving me "butch" lessons: how to walk like a real man, how to talk like a real man, and how to be, if possible, as much like him as nature would allow. His concern was extreme. He feared I might become one of the *unthinkables*, which, not surprisingly, I did.

At the age of twelve, Jack met Feredoon:

His father, a diplomat, was in the service of the Shah of Iran. I felt no physical attraction to Feredoon, but he beguiled me in a way I'd never thought possible. He was the first male of my age to show me how two boys can experience a passionate platonic love. He was more emotional than any of my American friends. He would kiss me full on the lips right in front of his mother and father saying "I love you." Hugging me close, he would whisper in my ear: "I never want to be apart from you. I wish you could come to live with me in Iran forever as my brother, which you will always be even if we're apart."

A short time later, Jack was stunned to learn that the Iranian government had ordered Feredoon's family to return to Teheran. Jack had decided he was gay. When he told the principal at Ardmore Junior High School near Philadelphia that he was gay, he found himself persona non grata. Soon after, Jack and his mother moved to Miami in 1952:

Our front window looked out on a lawn that sloped to the water. My favorite spot, Bayfront Park, was the site of a spectacular library. There, browsing among books on comparative religion, I discovered several tomes on the Baha'i World Faith, a religion born in nineteenth-century Iran. Baha'i teachings emphasized planetary and racial unity as well as the equality of the sexes.

The library books contained a Miami address where I could contact Baha'i converts. My initial interest in meeting these people stemmed from the fact that Baha'ism had had a Persian origin. The progressive principles seized my imagination.

The first Baha'i meeting I attended was a "fireside" (Baha'i terminology for gatherings in the homes of the believers). It was conducted in a mansion on Star Island, a rich locale in the middle of Biscayne Bay. The speaker, later to become a mentor, was Ali-Kuli Khan Nabil, Iran's first envoy to America, and the first translator of the Baha'i writings into English.

One night after a fireside meeting I got a ride home from an American Baha'i who struck me as effeminate. I decided he was gay. As we sat talking in front of my guest house, I told him about my homosexuality. He reciprocated, telling me that we were to be very secretive. Both of us decided that being gay was a real quandary. Explaining that he'd seen nothing in the Baha'i writings on the subject, he assured me that he was attempting to live a "moral life" and practiced celibacy.

In March 1953, Jack received a letter from his Iranian friends, now in Washington, DC, inviting him to live with them. Convincing his mother that he should move from Miami to DC was not difficult. Returning to Washington as the cherry blossoms came into bloom, Jack renewed his love for the capital and spent happy days with his Iranian friends. Attending Alice Deal Junior High School, though, was a loathsome chore. Jack, however, brandished a "weapon":

Remembering how I'd made myself unwelcome in Ardmore's junior high, I asked for an audience with the principal of Alice Deal. Miss Bertie Backus was a sixty-five-year-old woman from West Virginia who looked exactly like Eleanor Roosevelt. Like Eleanor, she was a

liberal who was already planning a city-wide parade to be held during the centennial of the freeing of the slaves. Miss Backus's warm smile stood in marked contrast to the smug paternalism I'd noticed in the principal of Ardmore.

Well, I walked into her office and told her "I'm going to tell you what I told the other school principal: I am homosexual. You know, I would really like not having to come to school."

She asked me for a few days to think over the implications of what I'd said, especially with regard to feeling uncomfortable in my classes. When I visited with her again, she asked me to do my best at remaining in class, but if I felt unable, to make her aware of my comings and goings.

Well, that is what I did. I stayed out of class literally all the time. At the same time she invited me to dinner at her home. Over our first meal together I told her about my religious development, and she recommended that I read a poet, Walt Whitman, who, she said, had a universal outlook. In Whitman I stumbled upon the *Calamus* poems celebrating passionate love among men. I was startled.

Jack also began cruising Lafayette Park, located directly in front of the White House. But, as with most gay teens, Jack was not yet reconciled with his same-sex feelings:

The weight of the social stigma making homosexual feelings the worst thing that could happen to anybody bore down on me. I thought, a stunted life, one of self-denial, of turning away from a kind of love that seemed possible to only one lonely teen: me. I could envision always hiding my deepest longings to avoid those who saw homosexuals as ghouls or sickly vampires who wanted only to prey on them, to change them into sickly vampires. Queers were ugly night bats who'd suck the spiritual lifeblood from any careless male.

Only when reading the English poet and scholar Edward Carpenter during that summer of 1953 and the pseudonymous Donald Webster Cory a short time later did Jack "discover that I had ground to stand on." Jack recalls:

I rummaged through the basement of an old bookstore and found a rare, mildewed copy of *Love's Coming of Age* by Edward Carpenter. In 1896, it had been the foremost sex-liberation tome of its day. Turning the yellowed pages, I found myself mesmerized by the exquisite spiritual intonations of its author. His gentle sophistication was, for me, my first communion with a great gay thinker.

I was later to discover that this was fitting, since Carpenter had been, in fact, a kind of great-grandfather of the gay liberation movement. He was among the first such thinkers who acted to join his personal life, including his sexual/emotional leanings, with the world as he saw it, becoming a prophet of the perspective that one's personal life is a political statement. He saw far beyond the view that politics is only about elections, economics, and parliaments. He looked to women, gay men, and artists everywhere to plant the seeds of a new age he foresaw, a universal age that would celebrate the underlying unity of earth's peoples—and, he had elucidated this in the last century, as did Walt Whitman. Carpenter, in fact, described himself as "the moon reflecting the sun," Old Walt.

Later, in another bookstore, Jack stumbled across the classic *The Homosexual in America*. Written under the pen name Donald Webster Cory, Edward Sagarin's book had an enormous impact on Jack, as it did on a generation of lesbians and gay men:

I studied this book at great length, memorizing many of its paragraphs, and focusing on parts which seemed to speak directly to my predicament. The "From Handicap to Strength" chapter gave me a very different viewpoint. Until then everyone around me had gone, "Oh! Poor Jack he's handicapped by being gay." Suddenly I had a strength! It was the "great democratic strength" inherent in the homosexual community.

Cory made a powerful case for self-esteem under the most grueling circumstances. He helped me to see poor self-images not as a product of homosexuality, but as the result of the prejudices internalized. At that moment, I was determined to stand outside the condemning culture and, with the healthy pride of a teen, to claim my rightful place as an individual.

Jack shared his newfound book and his nascent enthusiasm with Miss Backus.

"What do you think of it?" he asked, hoping for her approval.

"It makes sense," she admitted. Jack was "overjoyed!"

Having Miss Backus's approval was important and the revelations from this book led to Jack's questioning of earlier ideas:

I read and re-read it, marking sentences that lit up new avenues to self-acceptance. While this was happening, I began questioning Baha'i

thinkers about the homosexual question. None had a satisfactory answer, and, I noticed, some looked warily at me thereafter.

Attending Bethesda–Chevy Chase High School, Jack “cultivated” the comradeship of several classmates whom he suspected of being gay. Within a few months, he had come out to all of them, presenting each with a copy of *The Homosexual in America*. In addition to proselytizing among his high school comrades, Jack explored Washington’s gay bars. Despite his age, most who spotted the six-foot, three-inch framed figure with short, curly, dark hair assumed—or chose to believe—that he was an adult:

From boys I’d met at Dupont Circle I learned about The Chicken Hut, a quaint two-story restaurant/bar on H Street, three blocks from the White House and Lafayette Park. Upstairs sat Howard (affectionately nick-named Aunt Hattie), who played the organ and the piano, sometimes simultaneously. He’d held court in The Hut for over three decades. When I made my first entrance he was playing a Nat King Cole song “Somewhere Along the Way.”

Much of Washington gay life, however, was “staid,” as Jack describes:

There was a stilted bourgeois mentality. In those days, people were pretty proper, enjoying drinking feasts peppered with dancing and inconsequential conversations. Those who ignored “proper” behavior were, if not openly scorned, at least privately criticized. In the bedroom oral sex predominated and anal sex was a subject for petty gossip. Not only was dancing in gay bars disallowed, but a peck on the cheek between men brought hysterical lectures from bar owners about endangered liquor licenses that couldn’t survive such “lascivious” behavior.

By 1960, informal after-the-bar parties remained the norm in Washington’s gay night life. At one such party, the twenty-two-year-old was sitting alone listening to the fashionable though less than fascinating conversations swirling around him. Preparing to bid farewell to his host with accolades of Southern gratitude, suddenly:

I overheard a firm voice saying, “Donald Webster Cory, who wrote *The Homosexual in America*, has made an excellent case for our rights.” I rose from the sofa and walked toward a group of five who were standing by the window, searching for the voice I’d heard. The man who spoke was animated by a peculiar intensity, each of his

words clipped, authoritative and academic in tone. As I approached he looked at me appreciatively, stepping back to make room in the semi-circle.

"I've read *The Homosexual in America*," Nichols told him.

The other man's eyebrows did a little dance.

"And what did you think of it?" he asked.

"I think every gay person should read it," Jack replied, "and that's why I came over to speak with you because I've never before met anyone discussing it in public. I wanted to say hello. My name is Jack Nichols."

"I'm Frank Kameny," he said.

"Ideas by themselves are fun," Nichols told him, "but what good are they if we don't put them into some sort of action?"

"That's exactly what I'm doing," Kameny said.

Kameny took Nichols' phone number. "I don't have a phone right now," Frank said, "because I haven't been able to afford one since beginning this struggle to get the government to reinstate me." The Harvard-educated astronomer explained: "I've been writing a brief to present to the Supreme Court about my case. It'll be the first time a homosexual has approached the Court to get his government job back. I'll call you, if you like, and you can come over to visit. We'll discuss these matters."

Frank telephoned Jack a few days later. Jack climbed the stairway to Frank's cramped, dingy apartment on Columbia Road. After a long discussion, the two decided to begin grassroots action. Jack met regularly with Frank throughout the remainder of 1960 and Kameny continued to develop and polish his written arguments for the Supreme Court. At the beginning of the New Year, he submitted his case; three months later, Kameny's petition for certiorari was denied. His efforts, however, were far from futile. The process streamlined Frank's thinking and politicized his agenda. With names provided by the New York Mattachine, Frank and Jack sought people willing to form another Mattachine group.

On August 1, 1961, the leaders of the New York Mattachine, Curtis Dewees and Al de Dion, met in Washington to discuss organizational strategies with Frank and company. "By the standards of the day," Jack recalls, "both were somewhat conservative and macho. Curtis was a quiet, dark-haired man, and Al was brown-haired and assertive." Meeting that evening in room 120 at the Hay-Adams Hotel, a group began to coalesce.

Jack, however, soon turned his energies toward assisting Frank in operationalizing strategies and crafting the purpose statement for the Washington Mattachine. Jack argued forcefully for the inclusion of a statement of cooperation among allied civil rights groups with parallel interests. Although Frank was initially troubled by "mixing causes," he eventually ac-

quiesced and later embraced the position. On November 15, a group of a dozen or so women and men met to form the Mattachine Society of Washington, electing Frank as president; Jack would later become vice president. The group quickly assumed an aggressive stance. Within a year, letters were sent, demanding meetings with governmental officials from all three branches of the federal government. Meanwhile, Jack went in and out of the chapter as he pursued amorous adventures in other cities.

However, by January of 1963, "My experiment with irresponsibility and my flirtation with irrationality was at an end. A steady job, decent housing, and those free choices which only financial independence could bring now held special promise." As Jack recentered himself, pouring his energies into Mattachine, he became an able and dependable colleague for Frank, who continued to mentor the prodigal son.

Jack collaborated with Kameny in strategizing ways of breaking down antigay prejudices. "Kameny and I agreed we must plan challenges to the psychiatric establishment. This singular aspect of our cause united the two of us, perhaps, more than did any other issue." Doggedly, Jack assembled medical opinions and scientific research challenging the commonly held belief that homosexuality was an illness:

As I helped develop such ideas, part of my passion, I knew, had been fueled by my early adolescent experiences. When my aunt-in-law had called me "sick," and my depression over this circumstance had led me at age fourteen to attempt suicide, I emerged from that depression inwardly furious that I'd been so deluded by the quackery around me. My disdain for organized religion, including Baha'ism, had, in part, similar roots. But it was psychiatric nonsense that infuriated me most. Kameny knew this and encouraged my anger. In autumn, he suggested that I approach the executive board of the Washington Mattachine, presenting my viewpoint.

A letter, dated October 14, 1963, represented a watershed for the fledgling movement as it contested the medical establishment's authority. Cogently and clearly, Jack argued that homosexuality was not a disease, concluding in Corydon language:

It is often all too easy for us to sit in the comfort of a 20th Century apartment among certain enlightened heterosexuals and to imagine that after all our situation is not so bad. It is BAD. . . . The mental attitude of our own people toward themselves—that they are not well—that they are not whole, that they are LESS THAN COMPLETELY HEALTHY—is responsible for UNTOLD NUMBERS OF PER-

SONAL TRAGEDIES AND WARPED LIVES, and for poor self images. . . . By failing to take a definite stand—a strong stand—that is scientifically open, I believe that you will not only weaken the Movement 10-fold, but that you will fail in your duty to homosexuals who need more than anything else to see themselves in a better light. The question “Am I Sick?” is not an academic, drawing-room inquiry. It is an agonizing cry—and before you dare to give a drawing-room answer, I hope that you will give just a little more thought to the subject.

Doubt, disgust, and indifference greeted Jack’s open letter. Movement conservatives of the past generation such as Call and Dewees gave little thought to it. Clearly, if change was to occur in the manner envisioned by Kameny, Wicker, and Nichols, then a new generation of activists would need to be recruited and educated. Within a few years this new generation would transform the fledgling homophile movement with rebellious chants of “Gay Power” and declarations that “Gay Is Good!”

A few months after he had penned the letter on the sickness issue, and on a typical sultry DC summer evening, with Lesley Gore scattering “rainbows, lollipops, and moonbeams” on the jukebox at the Hideaway, a Washington gathering place, Jack met the love his life. He spotted a lanky twenty-two-year-old spouting “hillbilly wisdom.” He was a shapely Army man, wearing

a blue shirt that showed his absolute definition. His face had classic symmetry, his cheekbones high, his jaw strong, his eyes hazel with lips full. He was blonde, his hair styled in a civilian mode, a handsome wave directly above his forehead. I’d never seen anyone like him. The description penned by Old Walt in his *Leaves* came to mind: “Dress does not hide him / The strong sweet quality he has strikes through.”

After stumbling into the bar the night before escorted by two Army buddies, this evening Lige Clarke was motivated by more than curiosity. “I was a little nervous, but before I could even order a beer, a guy came over to me and invited me to join him and some friends for a drink. . . . I said, ‘Sure!’ Later he asked me to dance, so we did and I loved it. Everything seemed so simple, so natural.”

Lige fell into bed with Jack and into the homophile movement. The next day, the lanky serviceman, who worked at the Pentagon editing secret messages, was in the Mattachine basement mimeographing newsletters. Soon, he was lettering signs as his lover and the rag-tag group of homosexual militants picketed the White House, the Pentagon, and the State Department.

Four years later, the couple was living in New York City. Jack had secured a job at Countrywide Publications, where he helped to edit such magazines as *Strange Unknown* and *Companion*; Lige occasionally modeled and wrote for Countrywide. At this busy production house, the two became friends with Al Goldstein, an editor who dreamed of creating a magazine that capitalized on the sexual revolution and liberalized pornography laws.

In November 1968 *Screw* hit the newsstands. Amid the photos of female cleavage and assorted methods for achieving orgasm was a column, the "Homosexual Citizen," featuring "two lively males who have spent some very exciting years living and grooving together."

Capturing the spirit of the age, Lige and Jack wrote:

To the homosexual the sex revolution means much more than greater freedom for sex relations. It means that we'll be able to build positive lives in our culture. . . . We need more of a sexual culture of our own. It does not need to be based on outworn heterosexual ethics, for these indeed are crumbling fast.

Jack, now in his early sixties editing Badpuppy's *Gay Today*, remembers their late 1960s' message of sexual liberation:

Such calls hardly seemed outrageous or radical when, in fact, the counterculture had already greeted same-sex impulses with open arms. . . . [Men] in the counterculture were eager to show affection and tenderness—as part of the hippie ideology with its commitment to love-making on a planetary scale.

Writing to what was a mostly "straight" albeit largely supportive audience, the column "broke societal barriers just as the Gay Liberation Movement did" (Streitmatter, 1995, p. 89). Lige and Jack challenged the traditional male role. They observed that a major impact of the "hippie ethic" was "its exposure and its attempted destruction of outworn 'masculinism,'" arguing that "a truly complete person is neither extremely masculine nor extremely feminine."

The duo quickly became a fixture in the New York gay cultural scene, becoming the "most celebrated and recognizable" gay male couple in America (Hunter, 1972). Just as quickly, the homophile activists turned gay liberationists distanced themselves ideologically from the older generation of homosexual leaders.

In our discussion of the military, we took the counterculture's position, namely that any chewing gum we could put into its machinery

was gum well-placed. This stance was in direct conflict with Kameny, who hoped to see gay men and lesbians become a part of the Pentagon's schemes. . . . Perhaps our major departure from Kameny, Gittings, et al., was our conviction that homosexuality is not a minority condition, but, rather, a socially inculcated taboo. . . . Everyone, we began to say, would be capable of homosexual responses if only their abilities to relate to their own sex were not blocked by strict conditioning and abetted by the deliberate inculcation of fierce prejudice.

Spending the last weekend of June 1969 on Fire Island Pines, Lige and Jack returned Sunday night. Walking across Eighth Street, they entered the heart of Greenwich Village. On Christopher Street they spotted a few folks hanging near a partly boarded-up bar, the Stonewall Inn. Lige and Jack wrote their *Screw* column on July 8, the fifth anniversary of their fated rendezvous at the Hideaway. "Last week's riots in Greenwich Village have set standards for the rest of the nation's homosexuals to follow," they declared. However, the couple cautioned that the

revolution in Sheridan Square must step beyond its present boundaries. The homosexual revolution is only part of a larger revolution sweeping through all segments of society. We hope that "Gay Power" will not become a call for separation, but for sexual integration. . . .

With the energies (and marketing potential) unleashed by Stonewall, Al Goldstein launched the nation's first homosexual weekly, *GAY*, in late 1969.¹ Jack and Lige were co-editors. The cover featured Lige wearing a white fishnet tank top and standing near an ocean vessel. The couple's first editorial quickly distanced these youthful veteran activists from the "homosexual as minority" approach held by the older generation of homophile activists. They wrote:

GAY believes that there is only one world, and that labels and categories such as homosexual and heterosexual will some day pass away leaving human beings who, like this publication, will be liked and appreciated not because of sexual orientation, but because they are themselves interesting.

With Lige and Jack at the helm, "*GAY* became the newspaper of record for Gay America" with the largest circulation of any similar publication (Streitmatter, 1995, p. 121). As "journalistic prophets of the post-Stonewall Era," the couple shared editorial space with feminist writers such as Leah Fritz, Mary Phillips, and Claudia Dreyfus. There were regular features

penned by Movement pioneers such as Virginian Lilli Vincenz writing a general/women's interest feature and Dick Leitsch, who wrote "History Facts Your Teacher 'Forgot' to Mention." Kay Tobin, formerly associate editor of *The Ladder*, was the paper's first news editor, and New York art critic Gregory Battcock attended museum art shows, lampooning "dorky tastes in clothes . . . mis-matched colorings, frumpy lines, and ugly buttons" in his column "The Last Estate." *GAY* attracted some of the best writers in Queer America. Vito Russo was *GAY*'s film critic, and the pseudonymous writer Ian J. Tree wrote on the black experience. There, too, were occasional contributions by historian Donn Teal and psychologist George Weinberg. In "The Editors Speak," Lige and Jack took issue with a variety of sacred cows: denouncing Uncle Sam as a Peeping Tom and taking African-American playwright Leroi Jones to task for urging blacks to avoid homosexuality as "the white man's weakness."

Irreverent in tone and brassy in style, *GAY* mixed controversial ideals with integrationist themes, becoming the *MAD* magazine for the new homosexual. "Although editors of such publications are generally thought of as radicals," Lige and Jack considered themselves neither "conservative" nor "crusaders." *GAY* "was not aimed at the middle-class, uptight, furtive homosexual," they reminded their readers. "[We] want to build bridges, establish a dialogue between homosexual and heterosexual . . . [and] to keep the paper free of the defensive tone which has been typical of so many homophile publications in the past" (*GAY*, February 1970, p. 12).

Resigning as editors of *GAY* in the summer of 1973, Jack began work on his groundbreaking *Men's Liberation: A New Definition of Masculinity* while Lige finished up their soon-to-be best-selling reflections on mores, *Roommates Can't Always Be Lovers*. Similar to Whitman's "We Two Boys," their comradeship helped to contour a movement as it transitioned from Mattachine chapters to gay liberation fronts. *Men's Liberation*, which Jack had dedicated to the Kentuckyian who had "taught me that a man can learn to bend like the willow," remains as timely today as it was a generation ago. In 1975, the partnership ended with Lige's murder. Three months later, a full-page sketch of Nichols appeared in the *Washington Star*. Describing the aftermath of his personal tragedy, the reporter observed:

If he mourns his friend, he keeps it inside. He says Clarke is still alive because his values and dreams are alive. Nichols smiles at the memory of his friend "who lived his dream." Nichols' own dream is that of "human liberation." He says he's an optimist. "I'm not an alarmist. I think men are better than they think they are." (Flanders, 1975)

NOTE

1. Although *GAY* boasted the largest circulation of any gay newspaper in the country, several other liberationist publications emerged in New York City, including the GLF newspaper, *Come Out!*, *Gay Times*, and *Gay Flames*. The latter, produced by the Seventeenth Street GLF commune, declared: "Gay flames do not come from the matches of the church, the state, or the capitalistic businessmen. We are burning from within and our flames will light the path to our liberation" (Teal, 1971, p. 162).

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Lige Clarke (1942-1975)

Jack Nichols



In twelve days Lige Clarke would have been thirty-three, but he was murdered at a mysterious roadblock, his body riddled with automatic fire. He'd lived in whirlwinds of excitement during his short life, however, becoming the co-editor of *GAY*, America's first gay weekly newspaper and sounding on July 8, 1969, what historians note was the homophile movement's first "Call to Arms" following the Stonewall uprising:

The revolution in Sheridan Square must step beyond its present boundaries. The homosexual revolution is only part of a larger revolution sweeping through all segments of society. We hope that "Gay Power" will not become a call for separation, but for sexual integration, and that the young activists will read, study, and make themselves acquainted with all of the facts that will help them carry the sexual revolt triumphantly into the councils of the U.S. government, into the anti-homosexual churches, into the offices of anti-homosexual psychiatrists, into the city government, and into the state legislatures which make our manner of love-making a crime. It is time to push the homosexual revolution to its logical conclusion. We must crush tyranny wherever it exists and join forces with those who would assist in the utter destruction of the puritanical, repressive, anti-sexual Establishment.

Four years prior to the Stonewall revolt Lige had lettered nine of the ten picket signs carried by gay men and lesbians at the first White House protest held April 17, 1965. The young revolutionary had told me on several occasions that he had no fear of death. He'd seen it too many times in the mountains where he lived as a child. Following his murder I consoled myself