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the other night i was being a tour guide for some friends who were visiting new york -- after a very nice dinner at my favorite restaurant - the spanish restaurant at the chelsea hotel -- we started to bar hop -- it was raining so we started at the closest one -- just a couple of blocks away -- now if you don't know new york city - or perhaps you do but your not a gay man you still might not realize that chelsea (chelsea hotel - get it) chelsea approximately 14th street to 30th



street on the west side -- is really a very gay neighborhood with lots of gay bars -- its a very sexual neighborhood - i mean the east village has a lot of gay bars and so does greenwich village - soho doesn't have any and the upper eastside and the upper westside a few but if you say "A CHELSEA QUEEN" everyone who's been gay in new york for any longer than about 10 hours will know KNOW what you

mean ... either an older guy - over 43 who has lived in the neighborhood for a while - who was once a typical clone-mustache tight jeans-leather vest and or vest and or baseball cap (leather) too - the kind of guy who

"WHO FARTED"

official Candyass DATED MATERIAL

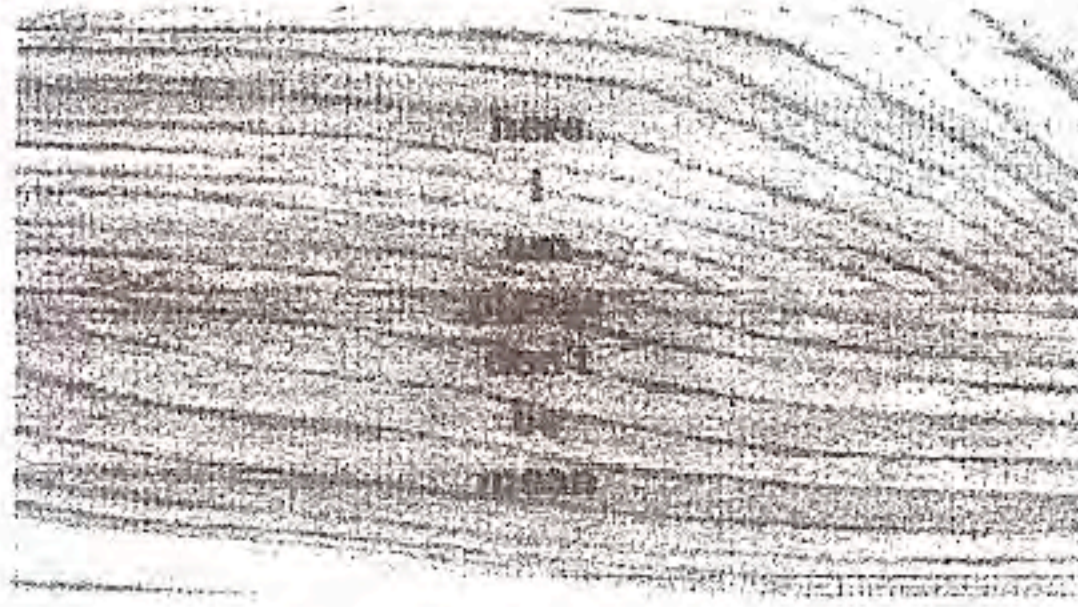


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will flirt and let you know what he wants -- a younger guy - or at least more into the nineties so his hair is shorter and

maybe a beard but most likely no facial hair - goes to a gym and likes pop music -- maybe opera and then there's my MY MY generation -- oh boy... well they (my generation) always go to the gym and they look it and definitely no facial hair - and probably not much body hair too but still a fashion victim (I MEAN THIS IN THE NICEST AND LEAST BITTER WAY POSSIBLE) -- really

i mean they are very clonish still very sexual i mean they practically reek of sex SEX !!! anyway so we started at the BREAK -- my friends tods latest usual hangout - now tod is very sexual -- he could meet some-



one go back to their place have "really hot sex"



and then go back to the BREAK to see if the "other" guy he was cruising is still there but it was early -- about 9.30 so we didn't really see too many other guys in the bar so we moved on to "RAWHIDE" which to tell you the truth i was a little afraid to go in - i think the last time i was there i was 18 or 19 and it frightened me then and i never went back but - well ... because it was very cliché in that older chelsea man kind of way but SURPRISE!! it wasn't scary when we went in - i guess i am getting old and so were the bar-



tenders but it had tom of finland prints all over the place - nicely framed and hung and really elaborate

christmas decorations - i think someone must also work for a department store -- so my friend stig - i was giving the tour to liked this place and although it wasn't so crowded we decided to settle in for a while - stig likes men who are chunky with facial hair -- and i also saw a super sexy kind of guy about seven feet tall with a shiny bald head who came over to us - well not really its just that we were standing at the bar - but he did say? yeh, yeh, yeh, did you guys scare the bartender away? yeh, yeh, yeh, ... no! he really did -- anyway stig saw some guys he really liked - one was really fat - really -- but they all kind of gave him the cool cold

shoulder treatment and stig is swedish so he's very shy - although a real heavy "TOP"



Don't Hate Me Because I'm Jewish

so then we moved on to the two really tough customer bars down by the river the spike and the eagle well - i've been wearing a tie everyday lately because i, having my show and i feel like it helps my selfesteem if i dress up - so up till now in the story i have had my tie on - a wide purple and blue mod one from the seventies - i love ties - i have hundreds and hundreds that i buy used anywhere and everywhere as long as they don't smell

and are not more than three or four dollars - well we got to the spike and its practically empty but very very clean - and this is my first time there and i expected giant bathtubs of urine with guys lying in them and that kind of thing but it was very designed and very clean - it doesn't even open till ten or eleven at night so that even seems tough - i'm usually too tired to plan such an adventure... but i also see two other guys in there and one

of them is the ex "EX" of a friend of mine and i "happen" to know his "STORY" he makes a lot



of money being the financial planner-manager of a rich church on the upper east side and has a big expensive apartment and a jeep station wagon with a car phone - he also likes to have young black boys shit on him ... anyway we sat at the bar and the bar tender came over to us and said politely but not apologetically that there is a dress code and that i must take off my tie - which i immediately said "oh, i'm sorry" and undid it right away - i kind of felt like i had just walked into a blind person and wanted to make



everything better right away and then he said o.k. what would you like to drink but i already felt stupid and a little angry

that at this bar where there was about a total of six people i was made to feel like i didn't belong that if i wanted to be a gay man i had to look like one and i guess everything else would follow - well stig ordered his bourbon on the rocks like he did at every other place we had been to and i ordered a club soda which i was ordering most of the time except at one optimistic moment i ordered a "screwdriver" well - anyway stig was the "doorman" at the leather club in stockholm and kind of apologized for the tie and said - yeh they have some problems to get over and i said it was funny because one of the toughest sex guys i know wears a big fat tie with every outfit he has, be leather or rubber etc ... and stig said that he always felt a little stupid having to enforce some of these type of rule back in stockholm but... and we sat there for a while waiting for a crowd to show but we weren't even really thirsty or in the mood to be so drunk so

with our drinks still mostly filed we said oh... lets just go home.

we left and walked for a bit but stig hates to walk and so we hailed a cab - there's always a lot of taxis in "dark gay neighborhood" i had them drop me at the subway stop and told stig where was a nicer but still tough crui-sy gay bar in the east village



called the tunnel bar 1st avenue and 7th street as i waited for the subway i got angrier and angrier about the tie and wished that we hadn't bought the drinks - i even wondered if the bar was "gay owned" - you know sometimes it's still owned by the mafia even though it's gay - but i guess i just start to feel defensive about "how" much a gay man am i - i feel like i am not ready - or interested in getting fucked or giving blow jobs so much and well - i cant let the gay community know this or i'll get kicked out then i will be like some old man who no



one can figure out and then just die someday in my really messy apartment by turning on the stove, but i think i know better at this point and i know i want to have sex with men -

not women - and i think i also know enough people who don't fit their "look" - you know they might be really fem but only want to fuck others and get blow jobs from them and i also don't think its nice to tell someone that their outfit isn't appropriate ☹