

How America Bought A Dictator 100 Mistresses!

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**Why Kim Novak
Won't Marry:
'ONE MAN
CAN'T
SATISFY HER'**

**The Nite
Lili St. Cyr Tried
Suicide**



CONFIDENTIAL intends

no disrespect to the

very grave problem of

civil rights. But this

story of a swish-in

just has to be told!



The Limp Wrist Side

By IRVING O' MALLEY

AS events at Little Rock, Birmingham, and Central Harlem have shown, the struggle for civil rights is all too often a grim one. But the little (non-fictional) fairy tale that follows should demonstrate that even a contest as crucial as the fight for racial integration is not without its moments of "gaiety." By now, we have all heard of sit-ins, walk-ins, kneel-ins, wade-ins, and—if you live in Alaska—mush-ins. Well, friends, this is the story of a swish-in.

The setting is a big city in the Deep South and the locale is a place we'll call the Yoo Hoo Club, one of those "bachelor bars" where you're about as likely to encounter a normal guy as you are the NL pennant over Shea Stadium.

It was early evening, there were about 30 people in the bar, various attitudes of "camp" were being struck, and dateless daisies who had come alone were busy "cruising." As for the mated couples, they were adoringly gazing into one another's eyes and picking scraps of lint out of each other's lapels.

Then it happened. The door swung open and ten Negroes entered in solid phalanx. The initial reaction

was one of consternation. What was going on? Were these invading rowdies or—even worse—a militant band of Black Muslims out to rough up a joint of lily-white lilies?

But on closer examination these fears evaporated. The Negroes' demeanor was, to put it mildly, friendly and a survey of their clothing revealed a goodly number of such articles as skin-tight pants, velour hats, white tennis shoes, and cuddly-bear cashmere and shetland sweaters. As the newcomers began to take their places at the bar in an orderly and peaceful manner the truth dawned that a historic event was taking place. The Yoo Hoo Club, a Deep South gay bar up to now rigidly restricted to white Dixie pixies, was the target of a swish-in!

When it was clear what was taking place, reaction in the bar was mixed. Some of the more sophisticated and well-travelled queens—veterans of New York and Paris—were ready to welcome these Freedom Gliders with open arms. Others—who had no objection to integrating in bed or behind the shed—were still bound by Southern taboos against race-mixing

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in public. (These were the faggot equivalent of the guy with the "high yaller" mistress who says—"I'll sleep with her but I won't eat with her.") Finally there were the extremists—diehard redneck and cracker types to whom any contact with "nigras" was anathema.

Unfortunately for the newcomers, the owner—whom we'll call Melvin—belonged to the third category as well as to the third sex. As fanatical a segregationist as he was a faggot, Melvin was a real Ku Klux Kween. Hips swinging, he minced angrily over to the Negroes and ordered them out.

But nobody moved. Then the Negro leader, a dark little visitor from New York, politely pointed out that there was now a nation-wide civil rights law and that Melvin was violating it by refusing service. (The Negro spokesman's name was Eric and he had been chosen to lead the swish-in because of his standing as a well-known writer.) But Melvin was adamant. Civil rights law or no civil rights law, he would close down his bar before integrating. As the argument progressed the bar became bedlam.

Suddenly the door opened and in came a pudgy, middle-aged white man. Seeing him, Melvin abruptly broke off the argument with Eric and respectfully approached the newcomer. His name was Tom, he was a successful playwright, and he also happened to be Melvin's best and most free-spending customer. In fact, he was such a celebrity that many of the boys came to the Yoo Hoo Club just on the chance that Tom might be there. Melvin began to apologize for the presence of the Negroes, Tom looked over to where they were standing and it was then that he spotted Eric. In the next split-second they were in each other's arms, whooping with joy and generally acting like long lost buddies. Though both were now famous, they had been friends since the late 40's.

The dramatic encounter between Eric and Tom broke the ice. Whites made room at the bar and the Negroes took their place beside them. Melvin, fearful of losing his star customer, bowed to the inevitable and began serving—to everyone. And as gaiety returned to the Yoo Hoo Club, there was no more black and white—only lavender.