On Re-Becoming a Jew—page 5

The middle class fights back

Battle of Forest Hills

by Clark Whelton

When Mayor Lindsay gets around to writing Poor John's Almanac, one of the little sayings certain to be included is: any block worth busting is worth busting right. The annotated edition will explain that this means think big. Don't just settle for chasing out the middle-class families. Break up the entire neighborhood. Turn Brownsville into World War III and the South Brunswick into an open sore. Stick a string of welfare hotels into Greenwich Village and knock down a community of self-built homes in Corona. And if someone points out that these changes have made life worse, not better, then stencil him with words—like "racist" or "bigot"—and open fire on another neighborhood.

If Poor John's latest attempt at progress-through-disorder goes ahead as scheduled, his Almanac will probably avoid it a special footnote of its own. Right now on the edge of Forest Hills, Queens, bulldozers are clearing an 8.6-acre site for construction of three 24-story buildings which will provide 800 apartments for elderly and low-income tenants. Thousands of middle-class residents of the area, who have been fighting this kind of public housing project since 1967, are now picketing the construction site at 108th Street and Horace Harding Boulevard. They are trying to tell John Lindsay and anyone else who'll listen that they're terribly afraid of the project as it's now designed. The Mayor has responded by calling their demonstrations "deplorable" and by getting a court order to prevent them from picketing. No one in the city administration has been willing or able to calm the fears of these Forest Hills residents that the three public housing towers—divid—into 60 per cent low-income, 30 per cent middle-income, and 10 per cent elderly.

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Cockettes in New York

History of a hype: Worm in Big Apple

by Maureen Orth

New York is dead, everyone complained. The last thing to hit town was "Jesus Christ Superstar," and it was so unbelievably crass. The major art openings were over, and the holiday parties hadn't yet begun. Dull dull dull. But didn't Rex and Truman rave about some divine hippie drag queens from San Francisco who actually wear glitter on their private parts as well as their eyelids? Right. "The Rockettes like rocks, and the Cockettes like—" How utterly outrageous! And isn't this the Year of the Gay—"it's all right for men to dig other men in public. Everyone understands now," and hasn't the underground press been covering the Cockettes favorably for over a year, even though the regular San Francisco press accepts their ads but doesn't review them? Isn't it time for something different? Let's discover the Cockettes!

Not since Andy and Edie had New York made a group of society's freaks its very own darlings in one short week—seven days to scale the highest media peaks, only to fall opening night with a great dull thud. How come? One reason is that the media-heavy audience came opening night expecting to see some sort of new art form and got comatized instead; but more importantly, the Cockettes were victims of the Big Hype—that peculiar New York phenomenon whereby people and things are declared hot, cool, in, out, under, and over. The poor little gold differs of '71 from San Francisco made a big mistake— they believed it.

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His last mouse

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stoned up there,” she said.

Lots of family faces showed up—Edith Stephen, Larry Calgano, Rose Slivka, Bridgit Mun


naghan, Irving Sandler, Ruth San


A CROSS BETWEEN MAX’S

KANSAS CITY and Elaine’s.

Bar & Restaurant at 399 West 12th

Street is the new hangout for West

siders, residents and other artist

and writer types.

The Inca

AT TABLE

The Inca

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Street is the new hangout for West

siders, residents and other artist

and writer types.

The Inca now offers a menu that

includes the Nish Prefecto, the fi

and meat packing houses, it’s

open seven days a week for dinner

from 5 p.m. to 10 p.m., and speciali

izes in reasonably priced fish and

meat dishes, prepared by a cook

from Thalats.

Entrées at $2.95 to $3.95 includ

Indian curry, ham and asparagus

or chicken and shrimp a la Tu.

The house favorites are Inca salad

and the Nish Prefecto.

The Inca has a vibrant bar area

and a pool table, offering a cozy

and lively atmosphere.

The Inca is a great choice for those

looking for a casual and fun meal.

The Inca is open seven days a week

from 5 p.m. to 10 p.m., providing

a variety of dishes to satisfy every
taste. Whether you’re in the mood
for a light salad or a hearty entree,
the Inca has it all. So, grab your
friends and enjoy a night out at
the Inca, where the food is
absolutely delicious! 