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love it when I'm interviewed by some gay guy and I say, 'It takes a real man to suck cock,'" he said. "I can't be put down as homophobic, because I've sucked dick. If I were in prison, I'd probably be a queen. That's my humanity. If somebody doesn't like that, fuck them." Part of his ambivalence about outing, he said, came from the fact that "when I hear that a football player is gay and sucks dick, I love that, because that frees all of us."

Goldstein credits gay pornography with possibly rejuvenating the craft. "There's joy in gay movies. They have those flat stomachs and big dicks. There's passion. They're into that sucking and fucking. There's loads all over the place. It's dirty. The worst thing is a heterosexual film where everyone's looking at their watch. I found the most exciting thing about gay sex, the tearoom sex, which is how I was involved in it, there was something so down to basics about it. It was the antithesis of romantic. The worst thing that could happen was if someone asked you your name. In the lesbian world that doesn't exist. Why is gay female sex so different from gay male sex? Can you imagine a ladies' room where one half of the room was for girls who like to eat pussy and the other half where they like to have it eaten?"

As for the future of pornography and the urge to defend it, he said history wasn't likely to be repeated. "There probably isn't a need for another Al Goldstein. I've served my purpose—by admitting that yes, I masturbate, yes, I pay for hookers, yes, I've had gay experiences."

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Fashion with fangs...The November *GQ* shows the *Spy*-ization of the men's monthly continues. Nasty profiles of subjects as diverse as **Harold Bloom** (the Yale critic best known for his watershed work, *The Anxiety of Influence*) and developer/media mogul **Mort Zuckerman** spice up the issue (which also carries a laudatory piece on *Variety* Editor **Peter Bart**, providing an excuse for him to replay some of the Hollywood bashing that appeared in *Fade Out*, his tell-all book about the decline of MGM).

Under the auspices of a "Books" fea-

ture, Bloom is subjected to the type of damnation by anecdote that *Spy* has perfected, which is appropriate, given that the author is *Spy* Assistant Editor **Martin Kihn**. In "Bloom in Love," Kihn (Yale '86) provides an at times stomach-churning recounting of Bloom's reportedly Lothario-like behavior toward his female students. "Bloom has a massive organ," Kihn writes early in the piece. "It sits in the cradle of his skull," he adds in the next sentence.

After laying out the accomplishments that would legitimate Bloom for non-literary types, Kihn declares, "Bloom...doesn't so much educate as he enters students' lives, folding them into his own. Particularly the lives of attractive young women—or just women who may be, for the first time, very, very far from home."

While Kihn writes that "crudely physical" relations are not necessarily the rule, what he claims to be the case is unpalatable enough: "Bloom...[drags] those students who are willing into an elaborate Freudian dependency ritual—one in which he is both motherly and helpless." Unnamed young former female students claim variously to have fed and bathed the 60-year-old professor, whose physique Kihn describes as "shuffling [and] bowed." Bloom, whom Kihn interviewed at his home for the story, is given a one-line denial.

Talking over the phone last week, Kihn said he used his Yale contacts to research the piece and approached *GQ* with the idea, having chosen to get the "going rate" at an outside publication rather than write it "for free" at *Spy*. He said he'd heard no reaction from the Bloom camp.

For all their titillating suggestiveness, his observations about Bloom's personal behavior, if accurate, might shed some light on Bloom's current project, *The Book of J*. There, he proposes that a critical segment of the Hebrew Bible was written by a woman.

Kihn's findings are certainly spicier than what appeared in a generally run-of-the-mill feature story on Bloom and his book on last Wednesday's "Arts" page of the *Times*. Reporter **Richard Bernstein** did manage to produce one telling quote

from a friendly rival. Arthur Herzberg, a rabbi and religion professor, told him: "My amused reaction to this book is, yes, Harold, this is a wonderful description of how you deal with your Jewish mother in the Bronx." And what would she say about Bloom's purported behavior on campus?

Zuckerman receives a more worldly going over in the same *GQ* at the hands of **Alicia Mundy**, an editor at *Regardie's*, the Washington-based business monthly, and, for a short period, a reporter at *U.S. News & World Report*, which Zuckerman purchased in 1984. Zuckerman, who also owns the *Atlantic* (which he's credited in the story with rejuvenating both editorially and financially) is depicted in a scathing series of vignettes as an ambitious, insecure, soulless social climber. Such things have been said about him before.

What makes Mundy's piece so mean is that she positions herself in the midst of a group of Zuckerman's presumed friends, most notably those gathered for a Sag Harbor softball game and cook-out, and they use every chance to badmouth him in his absence. One sample of the cutting analysis Zuckerman is subjected to in absentia "Can he guess," Mundy writes of the Sag Harbor crew, "that only minutes before several of the picnickers, including some self-identified friends of his, were critiquing his on-again, off-again relationship with [Diane] Von Furstenberg, who, the all agree, is less amiable than 'Gloria [Stein] and is therefore a more amusing target?" If he couldn't then, he can now.

Stop the presses—please...It's one thing to make the best out of a bad situation; it's another to try to exploit it tastelessly. The latter's the case with *New York's* upcoming special issue, "How to Save New York," due out Nov. 19. It promises "some of the city's best minds" will address New York's problems, which are detailed in tri crime-like cartoon panels illustrating homelessness, AIDS, crack, guns and poverty. It sounds like the ultimate service feature.

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