



I am new  
 Born again;  
 All the old roles  
 (Butch, fem, straight)  
 Died and fell away.  
 And I stand naked  
 With fresh skin,  
 New,  
 Not yet quite sure  
 How to think of myself:  
 Only knowing  
 That my skin  
 Is very tender  
 To the touch.

-- Heather

Photo by Lin Stephan

ACORN

I can touch your eyes, acorns,  
 Kiss your mouth and breasts  
 In morning conversation.  
 Moss behind your knee. I stop.  
 My leaves like withered hands  
 Hang at my sides.  
 Something there is that doesn't love.  
 A wall of stone  
 Is heaped up in my chest.

Don't ask me why the wall,  
 Snakes in the crannies. You know.  
 Moss grows on my lies.  
 A fat old diamondback, my tongue,  
 May lie upon your lips  
 But cannot pass  
 Our own touchstone of truth.

I am the shriveled corn, awaiting rain,  
 Poems like bluebells ground in caliche.  
 Come down, thunder, speak!  
 April flood the arroyos.  
 When I come to your bed again  
 Even the stone in the cave will shine,  
 A campfire on the plains.

-- Martha Shelley

Photo by Debra Moldovan



# Proposal for a GAY CARE center Continued from last page by Alice Bloch

and be willing to revise constantly as needs appear and change.

As I perceive the needs of the gay community at this time, here are some things we could do and ways we could do them.

### What We Could Do:

1) Be a crisis center with short-term living space. In crisis counseling we should be sensitive and responsive to people's needs in many areas of life. This would mean we couldn't refer them to outside agencies, and sit back with an easy conscience. We'd want to help people discover what they really want and how they can get it and then to help them get it - as a friend would, not as a professional agency would. We can't afford to make divisions among ourselves as "therapist" and "client". All of us need each other and people who would come to us in a time of crisis could soon help other new people.

2) Be a cooperative workshop. Together we could make and sell things. This would be good from several points of view:

(a) We're going to need money to keep going, and while we'd hope to get funds from donations, benefit performances, etc., we can't count on that to support us.

(b) A shop attracts people. Someone who wandered in could immediately join us at work if (s)he wanted to. Also, shopping would be a less risky way of approaching us than having to come forth and declare immediately, "I need help, I'm fucked up, I'm fucked over, I'm in a bad place right now."

(c) Productive work could be good "therapy" for people in crisis.

(d) For many of us, work with our hands could be a good antidote to feelings of worthlessness and alienation. We really need to see that we can create and make things, that our bodies are connected to our heads and that as whole people we can be productive.

(3) Offer cheap or free second-hand clothing to sisters and brothers in need.

(4) Offer help to gay drug addicts and alcoholics. I personally have a lot of hangups and ignorance to shake in both of these areas, but I really see this as a key need. The ideal situation would be for gays who have already been through the drug or drink trip to help those who are going through it right now.

(5) Offer day care for children of gay people and anyone else who wants day care.

(6) Help gay people organize in problem solving groups, interest groups, co-op houses - whatever groupings people want and need.

(7) Organize a food co-op or participate as a unit in an already existing food co-op.

(8) Offer "re-education" on demand (e.g. a workshop-seminar on sexism, a seminar on the political structures of NYC and how gay people can deal with them).

(9) Offer a health clinic for gay people.

(10) Offer legal referrals and follow up.

I don't think we should be open only to gay people, but we can be open only to people who can deal with us as gays. We've all been oppressed enough, we can't afford to be oppressed more by

people who come to us for help.

Right now the Liberation House Collective consists of a few committed people and has only a telephone and a vision. After a week of limited publicity, we are already receiving calls from people who need the services we want to provide. Every day we become a little more concrete, and that's exciting. By January 1st we'll be opening a basement store-front at 247 W. 11th St. where we can make ourselves more accessible to the gay community and center our projects. By then we hope also to have a loft so that we can begin making our life style a collective experience. To raise funds and get people together we're planning a film festival December 17 and 18 and a New Year's Eve dance at the Church of the Holy Apostles, 9th Ave. at 28th St. We'll be offering a community meal some time around Christmas. We're organizing a workshop-seminar on drug rehabilitation and a seminar on "Our Bodies" in January. Also in January we plan to begin several groups: contract and problem-solving groups, sensitivity-training, relaxation and exercise groups. We are also trying to help people organize their own living communes on an on-going basis.

We need several more people who would want to commit themselves with us to creating a collective life style and offering services to the gay community. We also need the interest, support and help of many gay people. If you are interested in Liberation House, want help or want to help, call 242-7521 (keep trying) or write to

Liberation House 247 W 11 Street basement apartment New York, NY 10014

# DUTCH RETREAT

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From an American point of view and especially one which dates from only a few weeks spent in Europe it is difficult to arrive at any assessment of the situation of Gay people in Europe as compared to our own here in the U.S. Furthermore, as we had to leave out the Scandinavian countries as well as Germany and Italy due both to monetary and time reasons, this compelled us only to get a brief glimpse of some Gay factors operating in the cities of Amsterdam, Paris, and London.

We have sisters and brothers there who after the traditional European reserve and suspicion towards anybody or -thing non-European will readily and wholeheartedly welcome their American sisters and brothers for what we are: equal participants in the struggle that we all are fighting as Gay people against straight society.

Holland is a small country and very liberal - liberal here in the sense that all European countries are with their very homogeneous populations and long traditions of democracy and socialism. This very liberalism, however, severely hampers and postpones any revolutionary attempts at changing much less destroying the prevalent paternalistic modes of government and institutions which are as much a sickness on the European scene as on our own. In some respects this blind allegiance to authority is maybe even stronger there than here, where the frontier and the West still exist more than a faded memory or a dream.

We talked in Amsterdam with such a liberal group and we were the surprised and extranged young American radicals listening or opposing this suave well-groomed representative of Dutch liberalism under which as a side issue important only to themselves came Dutch homosexuals. A very conclusive attitude can be gathered from the Dutch answer we received to our question as to whether there had been any Christopher Street March in Amsterdam simultaneously with the New York March (as there had been in various other European cities). No, they had not in Amsterdam deemed this a wise thing to do: it was unfair to confront straight society with such a march of the outcasts - it would do irreparable damage to the respectable and shapely image they were engaged in building into straight and gay society alike. Respectability, acceptance, integration these were the key words and if this could not come about in this generation - why then we must wait for the next. Meanwhile there were individual solutions to be found - a lover, an apartment, a well-paid job manicured toenails (not that toenails must not look appetizing) straight friends who could show their liberalism off by accepting you to their cocktails, the most in-car (not that cars etc.). Furthermore, one should concentrate upon educating the straights (trying to make the blind see, and ignoring the gays

in the dark so desperately needing their own to realize their beautiful third-eye). This was done by lecturing and printing articles and being generally accepted on straight terms. Adjusting our pact to theirs and giving them time to crush a few more generations of Gays if so were their will and their blindness. The very crude but to us very potent analogy we tried to oppose to this Dutch version of the closet - that of the black movement in the U.S. and gay is proud and angry now was greeted with a shudder. This would cause a gap - a conflict-situation and for whom could you then manicure your toenails?

We were tired now, but felt fine and radical and we suggested the Dutch liberals to go tell the Blacks to wait another generation.

This was a very dampening experience - dampening on our initial enthusiasm and expectations of the Great European Mystique, but we emerged more healthy and slightly more American - world chauvanistic but undaunted also in our belief that in the fact of these clogs and windmills another Amsterdam and Holland must also exist. This was only for the tourists and alas we were but tourists and had neither time nor money or language to take us to and explore the

real Amsterdam, our Amsterdam - gay Amsterdam and more power to them! Next time we will find you and hug you.....

*Juliana  
Queen of the  
Netherlands*

### THIS WILL BE MURDER.

1. This will be murder and pot shaped graves  
I do not sublimation clearly  
not so negative of awareness  
roses and roses both like railroads, steaming  
I can't help getting sleepy.  
He is working in my bathroom constantly calling "Amigo, amigo" perhaps Sunday though I'd prefer pets nothing  
it looks like spring
2. Can I help being a number?  
motion hammer  
made silver  
when his colors are grey  
away at school  
often  
miracle  
midnight  
hold.  
Christmas  
red  
seeing the stars of another generation they dare  
whereas we are all negative in loving  
nothing better than gold standards  
motioning to the rear  
I can see ti his way.  
by piano  
old trees  
used potatoes  
here is a string of apples
4. red  
yet he applied pressure  
shyness  
(portable picture)  
of a world that is titled *Factory*  
to pick up  
we are eleven  
at once  
the address is simple to remember.  
Thursday night  
some butter  
a letter to please.  
strings of apples remain

### Contin. of "The Mailman and I"

It is now 15 years since Pete and I held each other's cocks at that drive-in movie theatre in eastern Pennsylvania. The gay liberation movement has been born, and I am part of it. Pete, now 60 years old, still drives the mail truck from Brooksville to Flat Rock. I saw him at the Flat Rock post office a few weeks ago when I went to visit my parents. He gave me a big smile and said, "How are you?"

"Pretty much the same," I said, smiling broadly, trying that way to communicate to him that I am gay. I wanted to stop and really talk to him, but I could not do it then and there, and I'm not sure how it could be done at all.

But I do wonder about Pete and I wonder if his relationship with me was unique, or one in a series. I want to hear the story of Pete's life because that is what homosexuality has been (and still is) for countless people. I want to hear the story of his life because he is my brother, and because, in that strange winter and spring of 1956, he was my lover.

(editor's note: Jonathan Stone writes frequently on gay liberation under his real name. He has given a fictitious name to himself and the mailman, and changed the locale, in order to protect the mailman who still has his job and his family to contend with. This is a true story.)