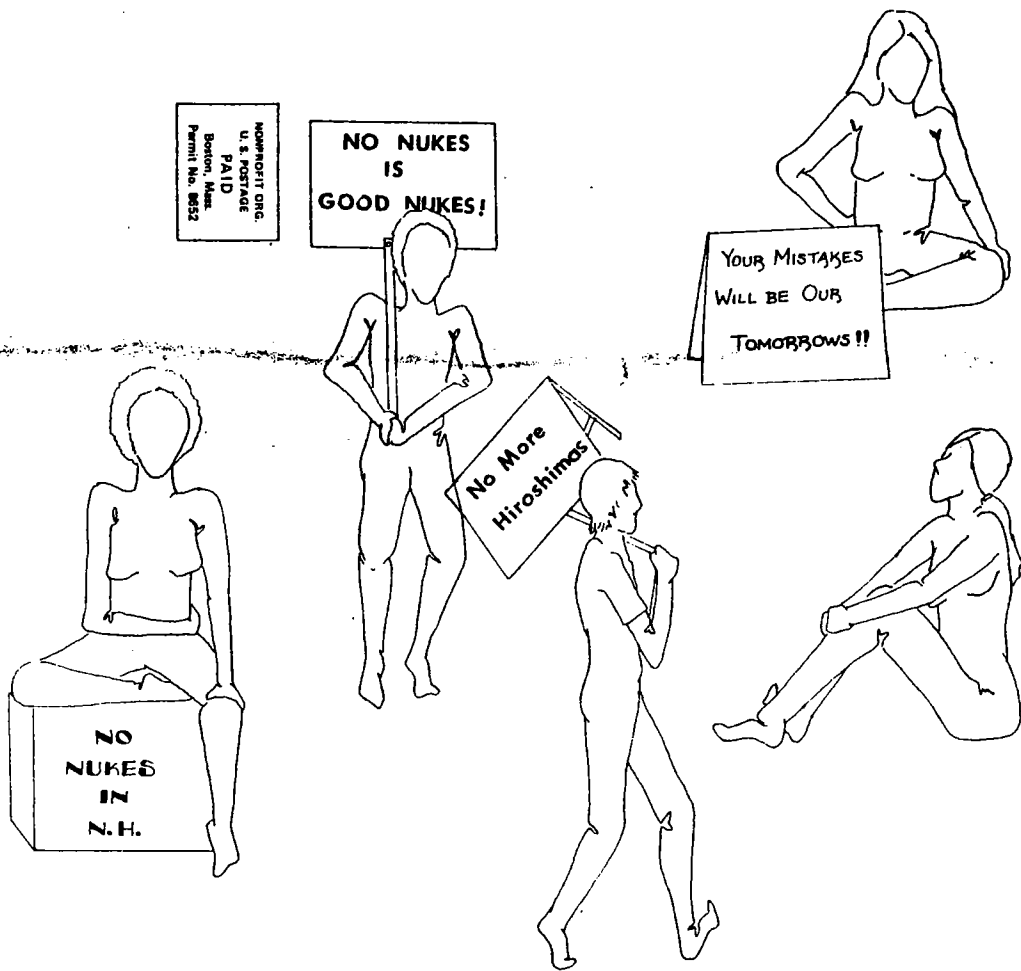


Liberal Religious Youth  
25 Beacon St.  
Boston, Mass. 02108

# Cream of People Soup



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**SOCIAL ACTIONS ISSUE !!!**

**WITH SPECIAL PROGRAM SUPPLEMENT**

# PERSONALS

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Your contributions for this paper are welcome! It is made possible through your articles, both spiritual and physical. Any contributions of news items, short stories, poems, editorials or artwork are welcome and will be considered. News can be returned. Drawings or other artwork must be in black ink, and photos must be in black and white. We cannot pay for contributions; the oil budget just couldn't stand the pain.

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To all the dear people at Rockford Conference: Diane, Sara, Ilane, Karen Matt, Chris, Greg, Liz, Brian, Bob (it is a cumplot), Jim, Mick, the Desperatos at Flgin truck stop... oh so many, many more... Thanks for being there. I love you ever so much -Val. P.S. Please write. V. Jencks, 4506 Cornell, Downers Grove, IL 60515

Sorry Leigh, I was in CA and didn't see you but I need your telephone # Dan Smith, P.O.Box 3832, Columbus AFB, MS 39701

Ray-Why do you want me to write you? Liz.

Meg Fourt, wherever you are I hope you're filled with warm fuzzies and light! I think of you. Love Gary S. in CA.

JOHN ROSFTT-I thought of you today-Rita (as in Grateful Dead concert).

To all those concerned-I just graduated from Ft. Wayne to Pittsburgh. My address for the next 10 weeks or so(May 31-Aug 10)will be: 4769 Wallingford St., Pgh, PA 15213, keep those letters coming, folks. Chris (oops! tele #: 412-687-0373) T.

ALABAMA!--Miss your kisses. Please come back east for conf or a visit. Love, Lyn & Rita c/o 17 Greenwood Lane, Valhalla, NY 10595

Emily- Why do I get the idea that you're angry with me? Nina

Richard Hotz, Hello, I'm abounding in warm fuzziness for you. Love, Lyn Oswald

Peter from Arkansas-I love ya and miss ya--I'm graduating and love it! all things must pass, Carol from Houston.

Anyone looking for Bob Toren/ Joy Redscarfe, Please write or call: 328 '8' 45th St., Oakland CA, 94609 415-654-3791. I am alive and going to school--still Atheist--still happy --whereeee!!!

No-d, Kathy S., Becky, Jr., Jen, and countless others. I've been thinkin about you muchly lately. Much love, Love



AIN'T HE CUTE?

To all my buddies who I haven't seen for months, to all the people I've met and loved, to all the people who have helped me and helped eachother-remember: The place to be happy is here. The time to be happy is now. The way to be happy, is to make others so. I love you, Julie C. Yancey

Kevin Bell please tell me where you are. Love Laura

Dear LRVers: MDA Cherry Hill will be dying on June 6th (Happy Birthday, Lid!). By the time you read this it will probably be too late to visit us or come to our end-of-the-world party (June 3-5). Its been swell, mostly. We can be contacted by mail through friends or parents. We'll be living in several different places come Sept. See you at Continentals? Love, Ben Alexander, Laura Arnow, John Atadan, John BebeCenter, Chris Blaisdell, Glenn Cooper, Bob Davis, Mona Dayton, Jane Doyle, Erica Goldenberg, Terry Herron, Donnie Richardson, Val Stapel

Jack (Karen) from Ithica G.A.: Where are you in Arizona? I love you Limpy.

Pam-bird: spread your wings and fly to this town by the lake. The flute fills my room with the song that your eyes sing... I wish you were here to dance to it with me.

I've been stagnant too long. Anyone wishing to put a ripple in this shallow dingy pond I'm in, throw in a rock by sending me letters, please do, before I drown. Send any letters to Sue Magath, Institute of Living (substitute for living) box 100, Hartford, Conn. 06106 I love you.

THE DUNCE wishes to thank everyone who made Harrisburg Conf. so wonderful (Angel in particular). Tommali (or any other kind of mail) will be accepted at: 908 Pickett La., Newark Delaware, 19711. I will try to answer all I can. Don the Dunce.

HEY TIM FOWLER--I know your pain. I need your address and new number to ease it. Write to me, I want your contact. Leigh Taylor, P.O.Box 690, Darkspur, CA 94939

Roy Creek or Say Velt, Send us your address. We have mail for you! Lid, 1261 Mass Ave #3, Arlington MA 02174

To my dearest friends, the Summit local: I love you and miss you and I can't wait to be with you. Take care keep warm. May the LBIP send a cool breeze your way. I love you. Sue

Amy, We never resolved anything! NM

Carol and Ginny in Houston: I'm coming to see you!! Will you be there? I can hardly wait. I love you both. Write me. Dizzy Lizzy.

YASI from Tulsa- Where are you? You haven't written since MAR. '76 Nina

Cathy, I know you're trying and I love you. Lucky

WHERE IS THE WOMBAT?!!????????????? Folks, This is a very serious matter and people are concerned. It involves our dear friend who has disappeared from the conference scene. And I alone know why. YES, it is the WOMBAT. Many people have written & shown concern in this communique over this dear little creature. So, I felt obligated to let you know that it's safe. But you can still wonder where it is. From bus to back pack to uncounted trunks it has finally found its home. GODARFUL STILL REIGHS. signed A.B.C.D.E.F....

Furry Friends- Wendell has moved a gain. All but the proper authorities can contact him c/o Whitcomb D. Nirvana, 15 Elton Rd., Newark, DE 19711

Sweet Susan Stephen-liked your article lots. When you choose your real family I want to be at least a first cousin. Love from a distance as usual/always, Bill C.

MEMO: Hi Nina, Joy, Beth, Jill, Alan, Jason, Tasha, Ben, Ann, Carol, Allison, Robin, George, Alice, Warren, and everybody else in Miami. Love ya, see ya at U.U.S.I. Allen.

WANTED: Drummer/Boston Area, for rock improvisation and any other kind of music. Contact Seth Deitch, 2208 Pearl St. Somerville, MA 02145



To "The Kid" from Little Rock, I'm glad you came to Rally. I miss you.

Kimlin- thanks for writing; it's encouraging to hear someone digs my articles. I hope you, and others, do write for People Soup about your pretest experience at Seabrook. Right on!! -- Liv.

Steve H.--Where were you? Please write more often. Miss you! Love Vikki

I live here in Ottawa again now, basically (but I'll be out west for the summer) and like always, can be reached indirectly through my folks-- 35 Cromhill St., Ottawa, K1J 7K5 Ont, Canada. Bill Cameron

Dearest R.F. in L.K.- I'm sorry for everything except loving--it's not easy being uncertain all the time--didn't mean to drop things this way--I'll spend some time finding me--i goofed this time--with love and memories B.H.C.

No-D, You still owe me a letter, but I love you anyway. Give my love to them (you know, the guy who writes 20 page letters to total strangers?). Miss ya lots, Ellen.

Is anyone out there living in the Philadelphia area? If so, please write or call--quick. I'm getting lonely here with only normal people to talk to. Lyn Oswald, 141 Thomas pen, 3700 Spruce St., Phila, PA 19174 (215) 382-8310

Eric--zzzzzzzzzz; hee hee hee hee; loops! (what a turn-on!) love always Ellen P.S. support your local conehead police

Eric, Greetings! Whyncha write? Do ya still have the blues or did my jokes kill ya? Thinkin bout you. Thank for the personal. Much love and warm fuzzies. Love, P.S. Will arrive at Star Isle avec mes amis- Jen, Kim, Dusty at 6:00 "keep the faith".

Dearest Jenny, Mod Squad lives on & on...! Been turned on by any strangers in the Public Gardens lately?(wasn't his name Richard?) Watch out for conehead cops that lurk behind stone walls in fields. I love you muchly, Ellen.

Reed, I hope your air mattress pops, I don't love you anymore, Emma Rubenstein.

To those interested: I have dropped out of Bard COL. and am living at: 65 S. Fenel RD., Lima, PA 1903. I am also thinking about moving to New England (maybe) and traveling this spring. Any suggestions about either? Love Daniel Dole

Greg, In all the hustle I didn't get your address. Please write: Love Taylor, 7 Old Farm Rd., Bedford, NH 03102

Karen Chadwick-you're Beautiful, thoughtful, intelligent, loving, sexy, graceful, brave, quick, strong and wonderful. I love you. Your not-so-secret admirer, Kimlin

I'm looking for the lost PSIRY angel last seen wearing a white paper halo and smiling. Does anyone know where Marilyn is? (if you read this I love you, Marilyn) B.H.C.

I lost a tan felt hat at Bridgewater conf. (New year's Eve weekend) if anyone found it, please send it to me. The owner (a third party) is getting very impatient. Thanks: Lyn Oswald, 17 Greenwood Lane, Valhalla, N.Y. 10595

I just read about how somebody held a birthday party for Frodo and Bilbo awhile back. Yes, I know it sounds like taking off on somebody else's ideas, as a matter of fact, it is. But who wants to help me plan a conference for the weekend of Sept. 16-18? Since their birthday is the 14th it would be more of a belated birthday party. If anybody wants to help, reply to: Cheryl Gilman, Normandy Heights Road, Convent Station, NJ 07961 May the hair on your toes never grow less! C/C

Reff- Don't be mad. Please. Roscoe

Mark- Why do you go away and leave me alone? My tears could fill a lake. It digs a well inside me. Here's to you, my rambling hov. Carol

Cathy Carney- I miss you. I hear you're doing great. GREAT! I'm growing and feeling mostly good. Hope I can see you this summer. Kimlin

Hermes- I was beneath the twisting oak. Where were you?

To all concerned: This is a note of apology. I'm not always the bitch I was at the MAC. It was one of those times that hit us all. Love

DARRI-beautiful gypsy woman, i see your face before me, hear your voice in my dreams. On cold days, lonely nights--always, remember that I love you. Wherever you are I am with you. I reach out, touching you across time and distance. The star in your eye shines through darkness... I feel your presence.

Kathi, My car keys? Please? Mommy

John Rosett: I would like to see you sometime. I wrote but never got an answer. I often wonder how you are doing. Write or call- Jananne Cohn 1369 Phoenixville Pa., West Chester, PA 19380 phone: 696-1864

Carol: I like your graphics (esp. the butterflies). I'll be going to the Rainbow Festival in Taos, and would like to stop to visit you. Are there any SEAFOM conferences in July? Come to Continental! (You too, Clay!) See you there if not sooner. Love, Glenn

If you were at the CRP rally in Little Rock- Thank for not breaking any rules. It made everyone's life a little easier.

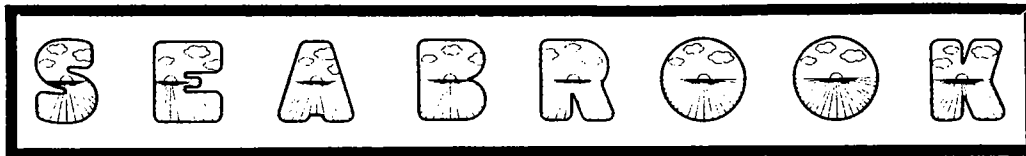
Hi Kathy, I miss you and love you! I wrote you a sweet letter, but never dropped it in your mailbox. Write me please!! Marc. 31 Homestead Dr., Yardley, PA P.S. I'm going to Star Island. See you there.

LOST: One Deb Peterson, Contact Seth Deitch, 2208 Pearl St., Somerville, MA 02145

Kathy, Eric, No-D, Jennifer S., Geoff, and Jennifer N.: My thoughts are always with you. Love.



You know you're really out of LRY when...you never see your name in the Personals anymore.



## INSIDE: By Doug Webb

I first heard of plans for the occupation of the Seabrook, N.H., nuclear power plant site from the occupation's instigators, the New Hampshire based Clamshell Alliance. The Clamshell Alliance is a group originally organized to protect ocean life around the Seabrook plant. They broadened their goals to include the defeat of both nuclear power in general and the still to be constructed Seabrook plant in particular.

Weeks before the occupation, an array of stickers, leaflets, and other Clamshell organizing efforts were evident throughout Boston and in other areas around New England. Bits and pieces of news coverage were popping up in various parts of the country, mostly through alternative publications. Clamshell organizers worked more and more intensively as the time grew near - attending planning sessions, publicizing the coming occupation, running non-violence training, and doing other assorted tasks necessary to pull off such a massive act of civil disobedience.

Soon after hearing of the occupation and making a few passing comments to people about how maybe LRY should be involved, I left Boston to do field work for LRY, intermixed with some personal visits. Seabrook fell into the background, but kept surfacing in my mind now and then. When I returned to Boston two weeks later, I sat down at my desk to find the few pieces of Seabrook literature I had collected staring me in the face with a demanding glare. Then I knew LRY should be involved.

The occupation was to be divided into "affinity groups", which were to serve as support groups of (about) 15 to 20 people. I

felt that LRY could form one or two affinity groups of its own. So with one week left before the occupation, the wheels were set in motion. Clamshell was contacted; LRYers and ex-LRYers were phoned and information on the occupation and nuclear energy in general was gathered. In the course of two days, about ten people firmly committed themselves to forming an LRY affinity group, and an equal number of people said they were interested. We scheduled ourselves for the required Clamshell non-violence training seminar held at 6:00pm the next evening. We ended up with about ten LRY types at the seminar, with five others to be trained the next night or at Seabrook. The session was intensive. What had been billed as a three hour training seminar turned into six hours. There was no time for our affinity group, Pomgranates Plus, to meet at later date, as had been done with groups in previous training sessions. All the preparations for food, outside support, medical supplies, and shelter had to be planned here, along with the role-playing and discussions which constituted the non-violence training.

One of the role-plays was a mock occupation in which we were divided into occupiers, police, agitators and Public Service Company officials. I played the part of the Public Service Company (PSC) president, a role which I fell into rather naturally with my bureaucratic tendencies. It was fun looking at the situation from the PSC's standpoint, but I could not help breaking the role. A few people went into hysterics when I shouted, "That's my son!" as Andy was dragged off in the staged arrests. We finally left

the training session at midnight with both excitement and apprehension, looking toward the following Saturday.

### MARCH ON!

We marched a little more than three miles to the access road with occasional rest stops while we waited for people at the end of the line to catch up. Along the way we saw policemen who would give us warnings about staying on the side of the road and reminding our traffic directors that they had no authority to hold up traffic.

When the front of the march reached the access road, the word was passed down to stop and rest for awhile. Our affinity group was down the line about four blocks from the access road, so we couldn't see what was happening. As the time passed, we all grew very anxious; "What's happening up there?" Thoughts of police encounters and the concerns expressed to us by the townspeople about possible violence flashed through my head. Finally the word was passed down to move toward the site.

I was elated by the cheers and clapping of support people and sympathizers as we passed the guard house which marked the access road's entrance. From that point on, we walked in loose order, breaking from the two-by-two formation and covering about half the road. People stopped from time to time, pulling food and water from their packs or just resting their legs. After walking for about half a mile, the large, dusty parking lot which was to become the "Town of Freebrook" came into view. At this point, the

## OUTSIDE: By Andrew Hansen

Bon jour. The following is not a newsstory, and perhaps you will even find it uninformative, though I certainly hope not. It is simply a subjective account of the time I spent with the Clamshell Alliance in Seabrook, New Hampshire, as a support person (non-occupying shit-worker and outside resource person) for my affinity group, Pomgranates Plus.

The Tacos first heard of the proposed occupation several weeks before it took place from a group of energetic leafletters. Because talk of social actions hits many of us right in the ol' guilt response (whatever did happen to the LRY social consciousness of the late 60's?), we figured it would be a good idea to take part in the occupation and represent, to some extent, the organization. The leaflets said that non-violence training was required before anyone would be permitted to occupy, so we presented ourselves at the MIT student union on the Wednesday prior to the occupation for an orientation.

About 150 persons were seated in a semi-circle before three Clamshell representatives. We began the evening by singing some of the "movement" songs (The Clams Go Marching One By One, etc.) written for the occasion. As the evening rolled on (from 6 PM to midnight) we discussed the layout of the site and surrounding areas and the short and longterm implications of arrest, and learned some court history regarding Clamshell. We also role-played situations likely to be encountered in dyads and as a total group. Later we formed a base for an affinity group with some of the LRYers present and talked about fears, expectations, and more practical matters such as who would be the medic, and who would be the support person (me). After the session was over and we made our fare-the-wells, Doug

Webb, Wendy Vogl and I went back to the Taco apartment to collect our belongings, assemble a medical kit and otherwise prepare for the departure to Seabrook, NH early Thursday morning (although it turned out to be Thursday evening). Although most people were not going to the site area until 24-36 hours later, we were hoping to get press passes from the Powers That Be, thus gaining further access than your average occupier. These press passes never materialized, but they also provided next to no special pull to those who received them.

Anyway, there we were, Doug, Andy and Wendy, standing in the middle of Route 1 where the Greyhound let us off and wondering what was so special about Seabrook. Doug decides we all need a drink to think better, so we head for Skip's Pub, hoping to imbibe and ask directions to what had been erroneously designated by Clamshell as Newton Campground. No one there was quite sure where we should go to get to Newton, but the directions we did get were consistently contradictory. Crossing ourselves and murmuring "no nukes", we headed for the Seabrook Cottages Motel. Who could say no to three wholesome, involved youth who needed beds for the night? Well, the motel proprietors took several good stabs in that direction, but God is on Our Side (?), so we settled into Cottage 7, trailed by dire warnings regarding noise, drugs, and so forth. Chewing on pizza (excellent) and soda (standard), we watched some TV and went to sleep.

At 10AM Friday morning we were politely ejected from our quarters, so we went to Dunkin Donuts for breakfast. This was our first real contact with Seabrook citizens, and because of the size of the town I expected coldness, if not hostility. I was surprised to find, in conversation with the wait-

ress and various Donut fans, that the people of Seabrook are largely warm and helpful. It seems that the town is fairly split on the nuke issue, so many people were either supportive or at least unopposed to the principles of what we were trying to do. But one point that almost every Seabrooker agreed on was this: Nuke or no nuke, they didn't want to be disturbed. Many were fearful of violence (not necessarily initiated by the Clams) and others simply didn't want Seabrook to become even more of a focal point for public interest.

Before the nuke site was established, the town population stood at 800; these were people who had formed a tight, inward community of basically the same families which has remained stable for five generations. The employment created by the nuke and the ensuing stimulation of the commercial economy (theatres, supermarkets, et cetera) caused the population to rise to 8,000. Understandably, Seabrook now fears more of the same.

But I digress. We left Dunkin Donuts and went to the Clamshell Alliance information trailer and hitched a ride out to the Newton Campgrounds with an older and wiser Clam. The distance exceeded all estimates, so we gave some thanks that we hadn't tried to walk. Laziness' always pays off.

The people at Newton could be divided into two groups: those who looked efficient and those who looked lost. The choice for us was obvious, so we sat down under a tree and honed up on our nuclear power information. Later, after we had improvised a servicable, if unimpressive, tent, we met up with Kevin Bell, another member of ol' Pomgranates Plus. Things were actually starting to come together! The rest of the evening was uneventful, save preliminary meetings of spokes, support people, and the decision making body (DMB). (cont'd on p. 22)

# BIOFEEDBACK

To People Soup;

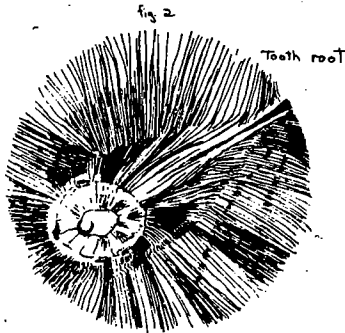
Consider this letter a warning. I don't know if you know this out there or not, but you have in your midst "Anita Bryants". Somehow or other tight-collared and closed-minded people found their way into our liberal religion. These "adults" would like to pour People Soup down the drain.

It seems you published articles on sex, homosexuality and contraception to be exact. These "adults" find this horrible. In their Victorian and shuttered minds you could be responsible for the corruption of youth!

I am a young adult (19) no longer affiliated with LRY. I say the "adults" are in fact the horrible ones. I know as a young high school student I would have benefited from articles such as these. What better place to learn of these things? Unenlightened parents have banned sex from schools. The information that you printed is not readily available to high school students.

Would your would-be censors rather your readers remain ignorant and therefore susceptible to misinformation and in the case of birth control; mistakes?

Be Warned!  
Sincerely,  
Ms. Ada Wolven



People Soup;

You may have gotten a letter from me already, if not it should get there soon. I had only glanced at one issue when I wrote it. In fact, it was written because I was angry at the idea that Unitarian-Universalists would even think of banning someones right to free speech.

After I wrote the letter and mailed it, I read two back issues completely. They were fantastic! If the quality of today's People Soup matches those two issues, then don't you dare allow censorship.

I find it hard to believe that you even exist. I have never before read a publication designed for and by young persons that was so informative and down to earth. People Soup has managed to create a beautiful collage of ideas, pictures, and most important, people.

What hit me about People Soup was the realization that all over the country there are people like me. Coming, as I do, from conservative Orange County, this is indeed a pleasant surprise. I wish I would have known of you when I was younger, but better now than never.

You have made yourselves a new friend. I plan to argue in your defense this coming July. Any comments or information would be appreciated. Write to: Ada Wolven

3353 Aida Lane  
Anaheim, CA 92804

(Gee, our fan! The pressure from adults hasn't been too bad concerning the Sexuality issue of the Soup. Most of the protests are centered around whether we are trying to compete with About Your Sexuality (AYS), a packet put out by the UUA. Although one RE director requested 50 copies to support AYS. Thanks for the support--an editor) (P.S. Where are you arguing in our defense? I didn't even know that we were on trial! Did we tread on a pornography law? Write and tell. Please!-ed.)

This letter has been written in reply to "Yours in Christ, Linda", in the April, 1977 issue (Vol. IV, Issue 4) of People Soup.

Dear Linda,

Let me say first off that I respect your beliefs and opinions very much, although they don't exactly agree with mine. I believe that people should be able to express their feeling freely, but that they should also be open to discussion on the subject(s). I would like to open your mind to another side of religious beliefs. This is one of the things that makes Unitarian-Universalism what it is: Freedom. Freedom to say, think, do and believe in what you feel most comfortable with.

Although I belong to a U-U Church, I consider myself Agnostic, not "Unitarian". I don't feel the existence of a "God", as many people term this alleged "spirit" or "Creator" of the Universe. I believe in myself as a strong, competent, well-functioning member of the human race. I believe that I can accomplish anything I want to; on my own, not with the help of a divine master.

Unitarian-Universalism doesn't tell people to take whatever their minister tells them as absolutely literal and "Divine Rule". They make suggestions as to what might be taken as right or wrong, ways to live a happier life in harmony with your fellow man, etc. That's what I like about it; I can express myself freely without a hassle. I don't like to depend on anyone for anything; I am an independent person, capable of making my own decisions.

I do believe in the existence of Jesus Christ, in his time. I consider him a philosopher who brought many new good ideas to the world (remember, in his time, Christ was also a "radical"), but I don't think that he was the "son of God".

As to your comments of "Jesus Christ Superstar", and "Godspell", I disagree completely. I think that Christ was portrayed as very strong, kind, and gentle--not weak and confused, as you said. I think that he was fully aware of what was happening and going to happen to him, and he was willing to die to prove his points (if you see the world as "sinful", does that mean that you consider yourself one of the "few good people"?). I do agree with you on your statement that we are all sisters and brothers, logically, because according to Darwin's theory of evolution, all living matter was created from one single cell in the beginning. Whether you believe in the theory of evolution or in the story of Adam and Eve, we were all created from one in the first place, which relates all of us to each other.

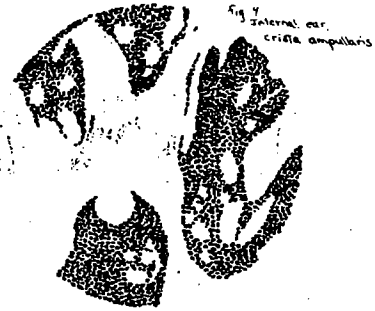
I think that the Bible is a good source of knowledge, if you look at it as history, with some exaggeration and change through the years that its been around (first passed by word of mouth for hundreds of years, and then written down, and translated into thousands of languages), and not just as the literal and divine word of God. Many lessons can be learned about life and human nature from the Bible, if you take the stories with a grain of salt, and possibly see them like fables, teaching people to be good to each other and not be constantly fighting.

Life on Earth is very brief compared to eternity, but that is only your physical body's life. Our souls will live forever--"recycling", if you will. If you make mistakes in one life, you can try to correct them in your next life.

People are as snowflakes, I think--no two exactly alike, physically or otherwise. Nothing living on this earth is exactly like another of its species. Nature is slowly improving small but important factors in every new offspring. Perhaps, someday, everything will have reached "Perfection" (if we don't destroy this earth first), with no faults or defects.

The astronauts that you mentioned believe in God, perhaps, because they felt an "inspiration". Maybe we would all feel the same way if we could see things from their point of view. But that is what they believe in, and I am not condemning them for it.

As for spending eternity in darkness or in the light of God, I expressed my disagree-



ment with you earlier in this letter on the subject of reincarnation. An acquaintance of mine is certain that I will burn in hell for proclaiming myself an agnostic to him. He can't understand why I don't believe exactly the same as he does, and he is condemning me for doing so. In my opinion, that is society going back to the days of the Puritans, who fled from England so that they could follow their own religious beliefs, and then turned around and persecuted anyone who disagreed with them.

Perhaps God and Satan are people's explanations of "good and bad", much like the "Yang and Yin" of oriental cultures. It doesn't matter what people believe in, as long as we can all learn to work together to clean up the world, stop fighting, and try to conserve the few natural resources that we have left.

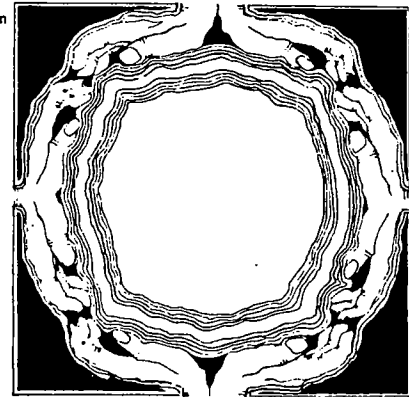
In my opinion, LRY is doing basically the same things mentioned in your letter, but is taking a different way of doing and saying them. One of my favourite quotes (I don't know who the author is), which seems to express this last thought extremely well, is "I took the road less travelled by and that has made all the difference".

I hope I haven't offended you, Linda, (or anyone else, for that matter) and I thank you for letting me have my say.

Have a good life,

ellen gould

(ed. note: the quote is taken from Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken".)



Hi. This is filler. It is to fill up empty space, because there isn't enough copy to fill it. Make sense? Here is a poem I just made up: Roses are red/Violets are blue/Layout is gross/And so are you. (Sorry, Paul...)

Dear Carol,

I read your letter about the "Moonies" in the last People Soup. Here is another side of the story...

First off, I believe I know your sister. Didn't she help do a Micon Conf. in Colorado many years ago? If she did, then I'd like to say that I liked her and felt good around her.

I came very close to joining the Creative Community Project (better known as "the Moonies") a few years ago. Todd Litman and I were temporarily sharing an apartment in San Francisco. One day, Todd told me that he was walking around Berkeley when someone walked up to him and started rapping about this and that and before he knew it, this person had asked Todd over for dinner. "Any night would be fine, just come around 6:30" the person told Todd. So, a few days later, Todd and I hitched over to Berkeley. When we made it to the house, which is by the Berkeley campus, I was very impressed. It was a huge house, quite nice and I later found out that over 20 "moonies" lived there. The dinner was good and the people there were almost too nice and friendly. After dinner there were classes and slides that centered around their ideas and "Boonville". They told us that every weekend, the people at the house, and those at many other houses like this one, and anyone else who wanted to, go up to Boonville where you can, "Have the weekend of your life."

Well, it ended up that Todd and I joined their caravan via bus to Boonville that weekend. When we got there, everyone was split into "family groups". These groups consisted of about 4 "moonies" and 4 outsiders. At first, the groups went off to different places where we just talked and listened to our family members talk about how this movement changed their lives and about how happy and content they feel now. Then the groups would get together for lectures. These lectures were mainly about how most people are selfish and that this is the main reason why people ~~fight and are unhappy~~. The solution to put all your energy into caring and loving one another and forgetting about your own desires.

That's how it was at Boonville all that day and the next. You could never be by yourself. There was always someone next to you, holding your hand and "caring" about you. It was so intense I never had any time to just go off and think to myself about all this! Their thinking was that if you wanted to be by yourself here, and not be totally involved in what was going on, then this place wasn't for you and you might as well leave. They said that to really experience the total effect of this weekend, you had to follow (to the minute) their schedule.

I really couldn't get into all this selfless involvement. I managed to talk a little with Todd and he said he couldn't either.

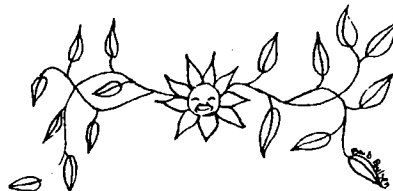
The next morning, I woke up early and was determined to go off by myself and just be with myself. I had spent the night sleeping in a borrowed sleeping bag in a large open-aid building, which was once a big chicken coop, with about 100 other men. The women slept in a large mobile home. As I got up, someone asked me where I was going. "To the bathroom" I said. He tried to discourage me and asked if I could wait till everyone else woke up but I said I couldn't wait. He said ok and I left. I left Boonville and walked down the road into a little hick town (I forgot the name). Just being by myself felt sooo good and after awhile, I felt I was ready to return to Boonville and finish this weekend experience. When I got back, everyone was already in their groups and someone from my group found me. She took me aside and told me how my uncaring had broken the hearts of everyone in my family group. She said that unless I was willing to open myself up to others and care, I should leave now.

I felt kind of guilty when she said this and so I decided, what the hell, I'll really open myself up to them. I knew this whole thing would be over in a few more hours.

The next few hours were like magic. I started really feeling for others and caring. For the first time, I "knew" that totally caring and giving to others was a really good thing. It also felt really good.

When it was nearing time to leave, people from my family pleaded with me to stay at Boonville for a week. They told me that alot of people stayed during the week to run the farm. They said that I could learn so much and really grow by staying a week. I knew how much I had grown and learned in those few short hours that day so I decided to stay that week.

During that whole week, there was always someone at my side holding my hand or just being there. There were quite a few times when I wanted to be alone but I decided that I would try and ignore these feelings so I could really get into this week. We did alot of group work and group games during that week. The lectures we had started to get heavily into the "Moomie philosophy". This philosophy had alot to do with Biblical statements and the second coming of Christ. It gets pretty complex so I won't try to put it on paper but what these lectures were pointing to was this: that the "moonies" as a movement would bring all the religions of the earth together into one religion--their religion!



At the end of the week, I had two very strong feelings. One was to stay there another two weeks. They had asked me to stay so that I could understand their ideas better and to know God better. One part of me said, "yea, hou gotta stay here, no matter what else you're feeling. If you leave now, you'll be giving into your ego and you'll be running away from the very place that could enlighten you". The "moonies" had also told me that this was where it was at. They said that I wouldn't be able to find real happiness anywhere else. If I left here, they said, I would be blowing my chance at fulfillment. But another part of me was saying, "no, Gary, you gotta leave this place and fast!" And this was true. The more I was staying here at Boonville, the less I was thinking of myself as an individual. I was finding it harder and harder to say no to their ideas. This whole place was taking me over!

I'm quite glad that the second part of me was stronger. I finally decided that I would refuse to stay at Boonville any longer, no matter what they said, and they said plenty! One said that it was the devil that made me want to leave and that if I left, I would be thrown into darkness. Others said that I had to stay a little longer so that I could truly understand God's will for me.

Finally, when it was time to go, they told me that the bus going back to Berkeley was full and I couldn't get on. Well, this was too much. I jumped on the bus just as it was leaving and found an empty seat in the back. I then collapsed into the seat and thanked God that I was leaving this place. You wouldn't believe how good it felt to be with "me" again! I had almost lost myself back there at Boonville.

Carol, I just want to add that everybody sees things a little differently and what could be someone's delight could be another's horror. I shared with you and all you other LRYers out there my feelings and my way of perceiving this "moonie" experience. Your sister obviously perceived it in a different way. I also feel that everyone has their very own path toward self fulfillment and truth. I saw some very good things in the "moonie" movement but other things turned me off.

I wish you good sweet things along your path and may the pure light within you guide you all the way home.

Gary Sawyer  
1909 Lanai Dr.  
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

Dear Andy:

This letter is in regard to the latest issue of Cream of People Soup. I appreciate the fact that it was a theme issue, with similar issues to follow based on other topics. However, to my mind, it was a poor choice of theme. I could conceive of the material it contained perhaps being appropriate for a college age group, but NO WAY do I see it appropriate for a group that covers a range, as our high school group does, of 9th - 12th graders. If anyone wonders why the Phoenix federation has returned to ashes, the "cartoon" of the lighter side of an LRY conference holds all the answers. I do not know of a single RE director in Michigan who wants to take any responsibility for endorsing those kinds of experiences for their high schoolers, and we are not a prudish bunch.

Our current high school group is flourishing. It does not call itself LRY, nor does it intend to. But if the current copy of Cream of People Soup were to be sent to the homes of our young people, and thought to be endorsed by our church, we would have to start all over again to restore our credibility as a responsible group.

I do not believe in sweeping sex under the rug. "About Your Sexuality" is a regular part of our curriculum. I am fully aware of the important role sex plays in the lives of young people. I believe in the free press, but I also believe in common sense, good taste, and some savvy as far as sensitivity to institutional problems are concerned.

For the record, no high schooler involved with our church at the present time is affiliated with LRY. I would appreciate your checking your mailing list to be sure that Cream of People Soup is not going to homes of former LRYers who are no longer subscribers. That one such a family in our church is still on the mailing list is a grave mistake as far as their continued support of the Association is concerned.

Sincerely,  
Jean Mehlenbacher  
Director of Religious Education

Dear Soup,

Just finished reading most of the issue of Cream of People Soup dealing with sexuality. I found myself reacting with ambivalence to "Off Dr. Bieber". The author said it himself that "Bieber is too good a target", although some of his reasons for saying it were irrelevant. After all, Bieber's views and attitudes are not widely shared among professionals dealing with sexual variance. I am afraid he (Gary A.) is beating a horse that is 90% dead. It must be at least 3-4 years ago that the Amer. Psychiatric Assoc. took homosexuality out of their official nomenclature as a psychiatric "disease". True, it was not without heated controversy and it was long overdue but neither was it without some degree of political courage. I am certain the general public regards such a move as completely contrary to conventional wisdom. J. Wolpe, who is the elder statesman of behavior modification, has renounced the use of aversion therapy for the "treatment" of homosexual behavior. I am not denying that there is a good bit of substance to the things Alinder is saying in terms of social injustice. However, there are a large number of people in the so-called helping professions who have worked for a more humane approach to the problems and with fair success.

G. J. Webb, MSM



# BIG FEED - BACK

I would like to comment on the relations between Unitarian Universalist Districts and LRY federations (OK, so I'm lousy at starting letters...). Well, since Oct. 1976 I've been trotting to OVUUD meetings in my own vain way of trying to do something for LRY before I leave it (however, my main reason originally was to try to get money for OPIC). I would say that in general, UU Districts are interested in knowing what's going on with LRY, and are receptive to what someone talking about LRY has to say. OVF had been out of contact with OVUUD for god knows (if he/she/it's been watching lately) how long...and here I am, sitting in front of these adults... alone... (well, not quite alone--thanks Beth).

The purpose of this letter is to tell anyone who feels the urge how to approach a UU District board. First of all, try to do it in a setting where you will have the opportunity to talk to the board members individually before you have to face all of them (District fall conferences are best for this). It is much easier to talk in front of a group of people when 2/3 of them are already smiling at you and supporting you. If your District or individuals on the board have been somewhat antagonistic towards LRY, be prepared for questions such as: "Does LRY do anything but party?" (translated) or "What is the purpose of conferences?" (you try answering that) or "Shouldn't more emphasis be placed on local groups than on conferences?" After sufficiently fielding these questions, you try to make what little your fed is doing sound like something. Don't try getting money for a LRY camp that hasn't been affiliated with a UU Church or organization in its whole 15 year existence unless you can really talk.

I would like to add here that the UU District boards are just about as disorganized as LRY boards are (yes, really)...so don't feel overly-awed...you're just looking at a lot of middle-aged LRYers.

If you take on this colossal effort, what will you get out of it? The decrease in tension is always nice. Also, the board members know of non-LRY affiliated UU high school church groups which you may never have known existed. You can build up your fed by persuading these groups to join LRY (and their churches may now permit their youth groups to affiliate with LRY). In addition, UU Districts have funds for special projects, that often go unspent because of lack of ideas. So if your fed has a lofty idea that you need money to pull off, and if it is at least half-way practical, you have a good chance of getting financial help from them. Finally, you meet some pretty nice people.

And if things start going poorly, just explain to them what a foof is. You'll do much better if they think LRYers are a bunch of crazy kids rather than sex-crazed pot-heads...good luck to anyone who tries the traumatic field of youth-adult communications and I hope this letter helped.

Chris Tetzloff

P.S. If you wish to express admiration for my bravery, come to OPIC personally to demonstrate it.

## Personal Growth versus Political action by Heather MacLeod

My friend Richard isn't registered to vote. "I believe in the politics of breathing," he tells me. He makes himself mellow and centered by breathing, and that is his contribution to the well-being of the world. My friend Brooke is the opposite of Richard. She works for a Marxist organization for only room and board and works constantly. She has almost no time for friends or personal pleasure. Her life is dedicated to the cause.

This conflict between personal growth and social growth creates a big split. My friends involved with personal growth attend Gestalt groups and encounter groups, past-life regressions, yoga classes and sexuality workshops. My political friends work for the UFW, Hayden, Asian American Studies, Committee Against Racism, and ecology issues. The overlap between these groups is small, and that bums me out, because each point of view has something to offer.

The personal Growth idea is that we contribute to the world by individually becoming the best we can. If I am honest and caring in my everyday relationships, I am improving the world by influencing the people I come in contact with everyday. If I am cooperative rather than competitive, then I show by example the advantages of cooperativism over competition. This idea is valid, and it has limits. Much of the power and influence on our lives is not from individuals and people we see on the street, it is from corporations, computers, and impersonal bureaucracies. Try telling an unemployed person, or a child from the slums, that the way to solve their problems is to meditate. They all think you're nuts, and rightly so.

The political action outlook focuses more on the outside world than subjective experience. Instead of looking inside of him/herself and changing him/herself, the politically oriented person finds problems in the system to solve. Political people work on concrete, specific changes, from eliminating discriminatory laws and policies, to establishing cooperatives, to electing the President of their choice.

Neither the political action or the personal growth is adequate alone. Either one of them without the other is empty and achieves little of value. To have personal growth without political change is to have an ego-centered, self-involved middle class spending their money on yoga lessons while our less fortunate brothers and sisters are starving in rat-infested slums. What good is self-awareness if the nuclear power plant next door is leaking plutonium and giving you cancer? A raised consciousness alone is meaningless. That consciousness must be manifested in the form of tangible political action if it is to have any effect on the world. Political action alone is also self-defeating. The highest ideals in the world are doomed to failure if the people implemen-



ting them are authoritarian and unresponsive to human needs for love and support. Working for human rights on a political level is hypocrisy if your personal relationships are sexist or otherwise inhumane. A food coop can become just like Safeway if the people involved focus on efficiency to the exclusion of human needs.

We need both personal growth and political action. In LRY there is an imbalance on the side of personal growth. As mostly middle class kids, we are self-indulgent, and we sometimes forget to think about anything outside of our own little world of massage and marijuana. So what do you do? Get involved. Work for the political candidate or issue of your choice. Just because you're not old enough to vote doesn't mean you can't influence the way other people vote. Walk door-to-door -- it's the best self-assertiveness training I ever got. Find a political group you support and work with them. There's always work to be done; from addressing and stuffing envelopes to making posters and speeches. Whenever you see injustice, don't just stand there, fight it! If your school is screwing you over, get some people together and find out how to change the rules, then change them. Write up a petition and circulate it. Get media coverage.

And for a small everyday political action, write letters. If you see a television show or ad that you don't like for some reason, write the company and tell them that. Some letters I've written in the last few years are: a letter to Breck telling them that the "Breck Girl" isn't a girl, she's a woman; a letter to Gillette telling them that their Good News razor is ecologically un-

sound; a letter to my congressperson about nuclear power and one supporting nude beaches; a letter to the editor of our newspaper about a sexist article they printed; a letter to a company that was wasting cardboard by over packaging their product.

Also write letters of praise. Positive reinforcement works better than negative, and it's more fun to write friendly letters anyway. But most of all, make yourself heard. Living democracy takes time and energy, but it's worth it. The best thing about a real democracy is that you matter.



A Film Review of "Harlan County, U.S.A."  
(winner of Academy Award for Best Documentary 1977)

They say in Harlan County  
There are no neutrals there  
You'll either be a union man  
Or a thug for J.H. Blair

Which side are you on?  
Which side are you on?

-Florence Reese 1931

Mining towns have often been the scenes of sharp struggle between employees and employers. Perhaps that's because of the extremely oppressive conditions found in these towns, such as the housing without plumbing and expensive stores provided by the mining company, and unsafe and unhealthy (black lung) working conditions in the mines. When miners try to unionize to make their demands, they are often not recognized and their resulting picket lines are met with "scabs", "thugs", and police. Eventually there is bloodshed. It took a brave, committed woman like Barbara Kopple to come to one such mining town in Harlan County, Kentucky, and document on film these people's struggle.

After some initial suspicion, the miner families took her into their homes and meetings for 3 years, got used to her filming, and she was able to put together a completely unscripted documentary, filmed as the events were happening.

The film brings out through newsreels some of the history of the United Mine Workers; such as the murder of the grassroots candidate for union president and the arrest of the incumbent for the crime. We see the town's decision to strike, and the arrival of the company hired thugs with pistols in their back pockets and eventually submachine guns. We see the role of the local and federal government in helping the mining company, for instance by police escorting the scabs through the picket line in the name of "keeping the roads open" while not doing anything about the thugs. We see how the government rules that the union may only have 6 strikers on the picket line at a time, which of course could never win a strike, and how the women of the town, more militant than the men, keep the strike going by chasing the thugs away and joining the picket line.

The film is underscored with songs written by the miner families themselves, including the well known "Which Side are You On?", written during the bloody Union struggles of the 1930s. The filmmaker, Kopple, does not try to go beyond the consciousness of the families and miners, or advocate a solution to their problems. She sums up their own ideas, their own concerns, their own struggles, and offers it to us to learn from.

Why did Duke Power Company not recognize the union, spur such violence, and deny the miners better working and living conditions? I think the reason is that the mining company is in business for one reason alone, to make "profit", and it is not in the owners' economic interest to pay health benefits, spend money on improving safety, etc. One miner told how in a mining disaster the company representative saved the mules before the men who were trapped in the mine; the representative explained "we can always hire another man. Gotta buy that mule." It sounds horrible, but doesn't he have a point? The interests of employers are often opposed to the interests of employees.

No matter what conclusions you come to, this is a good film to think about. These are real people, old, young, and middleaged, fighting to improve their lives; these are not actors and actresses. These were real screams in the night and real shots. And, as the film suggests, though the movie is over, the struggle is still going on.

-Lw

# Should Food Co-ops Be Political?

by Heather MacLeod

From the beginning, Co-operatives have had a policy of political neutrality. When the Rochdale weavers organized the first consumer's co-operative in 1848, they realized the need for many people of different backgrounds and different values to work together. In order to include as many people as possible in the co-op movement they established class, political and religious neutrality as one of the ten basic co-operative principles. Now, 129 years later, the question of political neutrality is coming to debate again in many consumer co-ops around the country.

Some people say that the co-op has no business siding with one political faction over another, since the only purpose of the food co-op is to provide food at bargain prices. Within limits this argument is reasonable. It would probably be in the best interest of a food co-op (or any group that depends upon unified community support) not to take sides in partisan politics. A food co-op that supported Democratic candidates for office would lose its Republican members, thus weakening the co-op. But there is more to politics than electoral politics, and just because co-ops should stay out of certain kinds of politics does not mean that co-operatives should abstain from dealing with all political issues.

The word "politics" has undergone a broadening of meaning lately. According to the American Heritage Dictionary, "politics" is: "The art or science of political government. The policies or affairs of a government." "Political" means: "Of or pertaining to government or politics." In the last ten years the meaning of the word "politics" has changed from the dictionary definition to include many actions not directly connected with government, elections, or political parties. Topics as varied as housework, cosmetics, medicine and diet are discussed in terms of their political implications.

The new definition of politics concerns itself with power. By recognizing that the government is only one of many agencies of power in our complex society. This new definition also takes into account other institutions and relationships that have power in our lives. Thus, women who don't shave their legs are engaging in a political act, for they are refusing to support a part of the capitalist system (the razor and shaving cream industry), they are saving their time for more fulfilling activities than shaving, and they are taking more power over their self-image by asserting (against the strong objections of Madison Avenue) that they are acceptable as they are. It is in this sense of the word "political" that I support the political involvement of co-operatives. Moreover, I believe that in this sense of the word, co-operatives have no choice but to take positions on political issues.

There are many day-to-day political issues that concern food. The questions of supporting the UFW boycott of grapes and lettuce, buying ecologically damaging products such as aerosol sprays, buying from small farmers even if their prices are higher than large agribusiness farms, and actively avoiding traditional sex roles in the management of the store, are only a few of the political issues that concern a food co-op. The aforementioned concerns cannot be avoided. Decisions must be made on these questions. Either the food co-op supports the UFW boycott, or it supports agribusiness and the Teamsters Union; either it boycotts aerosol sprays or it contributes to the breakdown of the ozone layer; either it supports small farmers, or it contributes to their demise; either it fights sexism or it promotes sexism.

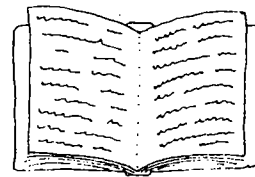
One characteristic of a government or a social system is that it is self-perpetuating. It automatically keeps on going the same way it always has gone unless drastic changes are made. The social, economic and political system of the US has always been based upon corporate capitalism, competition, alienation, racism and sexism. These phenomena continue as long as they go unchallenged. Members of a food co-op have the choice to actively change the system, thus taking power and responsibility over their lives and environment, or to support the existing system. Even if they wish to be neutral, they cannot be. By abdicating their power to the system they are supporting the system.

Neutrality is, in this case, a myth. There is no neutrality in the politics of everyday living, just as there is no such thing as inaction. Standing still is a form of action, and refusing to decide is a decision. Only the dead can be truly neutral. The rest of us have to choose between actively working for what we believe in, or passively supporting the continuance of the existing power structure. As Eldridge Cleaver said, "If you're not a part of the solution you're a part of the problem."

The mere existence of a food co-operative is political, providing an alternative to competition, extreme individualism, and capitalism. Those who advocate political neutrality for co-operatives should recognize this, and should recognize their power to support or change the power system of this country. Pleading neutrality is an attempt to deny that power and the responsibility that goes with the power and as such is a cop-out. There is no middle ground in the politics of everyday living, and neutrality is a falsehood.



## Book Review



**THE GAY LIBERATION BOOK** by Len Richmond  
Ramparts Press and Gary Nogeura  
208 pp.

Many studies, novels and anthologies regarding homosexuality have been published in the last 10 years, but none are as meaningful and relevant as the GAY LIBERATION BOOK. Although it is essentially devoid of statistics, spectrums, trend charts and the like, it holds a new dimension of first-person humanness and authenticity often scarce in other gay literature.

It is in a format of three sections: Gay Oppression, Gay Liberation, and Beyond Gay Liberation, each section containing 11-14 articles. While some of the articles are of a clearly political nature, such as "London Gay Liberation Front Manifesto" and "Bisexual Politics", many others are in a more personal vein, discussing experiences about being gay in high school, attending a national convention of the American Psychiatric Association (see PS Vol. IV, number 3), being homosexual in a third world country, working as a prostitute and dealing with the "armed clergy". Formats range from letters to political declarations to a mini-play. Much of it is light reading, and one need not be a devoted politico to appreciate it.

A special bonus is the inclusion of many poignant photographs and illustrations.

The Gay Liberation Book is for anyone. Because of the diversity of its content, one is bound to disagree with something, but even so, this kind of reading can only be a growth experience. Because it is such a joyful and powerful book, I would recommend it especially to anyone who is in the process of coming to terms with their sexuality. Richmond and Nogeura's caring and skill in compiling this anthology is consistently evident and, though the book was published in 1973, lives on.

- Andy Hansen

**ECOTOPIA** by Ernest Callenbach  
167 pp  
\$2.75 from Banyan Tree Books (1975)  
\$1.95 from Bantam Books (1977)

For decades, writers have been obsessed with visions of a future that is tyrannical, brutish and doomed. Ecotopia projects a future that could work - ecologically, humanly, politically. It embeds, in concrete, detailed form, a new biology-oriented philosophy that has been evolving in recent years, especially on the West Coast.

Ecotopia is not science fiction but politics fiction. Despite its scientific sophistication, it makes no far-out assumptions about exotic technology or changes in human nature. Ecotopia only asks the reader to imagine that, in certain lucky circumstances, a part of the United States breaks away, takes charge of its own biological destiny, and invents a survival-oriented "stable-state" way of living which uses technology instead of being used by it...

We are in the year 1999. Ecotopia, comprising what used to be Northern California, Oregon, and Washington, declared its independence in 1980. Since then it has been isolated, Chinese fashion, from the rest of the country. Finally an official visitor from New York is admitted -- Will Weston, an investigative reporter, who goes to Ecotopia partly at the secret urging of the U.S. president. Like a modern Gulliver, Neston is sometimes horrified, sometimes impressed despite himself, and sometimes touched by the strange practices he encounters -- which include ritual war games, collective ownership and operation of farms and factories, and an attention to trees and reforestation which borders on tree worship. Weston's initial skepticism weakens as he becomes involved with an unneringly liberated woman of Ecotopia. His confusion of values deepens, and reaches a startling crisis at a beautiful hot springs resort near San Francisco...

Ecotopia is likely to be the underground classic of a generation. It nurses a concept which is beautiful and within our reach. It is not to be missed.



# ALL ABOARD! ~ TWILLY

OR  
"Got Them Erie-Lackawanna Blues Again..."

It's getting to be warm, many people are going to get out on the road. Here's some information that may provide some fun and adventure. This mess is what I learned about hopping freight trains in the last couple years...

## WHAT TO TAKE

When deciding what to take freight-hopping, you should try to prepare for unexpected situations. Also realize that the moment you enter a freight yard you will be covered with a funk that you can't shed until you leave. Freighters are sometimes cold, always noisy and always dirty. Rugged clothing and equipment is recommended. Packs with frames should be left at home. If you're on the rails you aren't going to be carrying loads too far. Besides, all the slinging around your pack will take will break the welds in the frame. An army surplus pack or ammo sack is good. Coveralls are also good to bring, since there really is no way to stay clean without them. A sleeping pad is good on the floors, as they are none too soft. If you find yourself without one, look for a boxcar that has been hauling paper. There will be loads of cardboard and wrapper that you can fashion a bed out of. Also, the paper serves as insulation in cold weather. Work gloves are a necessity - there are countless ways to wreck your hands.

And of course, there are the luxury items - flashlight, map (geodetic survey maps covering about 250 miles each are good), canteen, grasshopper stove. If you make a cover for your sleeping bag, it will help also. Very important: Bring clothes warmer than usual. The wind chill from a 40 mph breeze is considerable.

## HOW TO DO IT:

Generally, I hide my pack in some bushes and go into the yard to look for a brakeman. These are the people who build the trains. They're usually about a dozen strong or more in a yard. They carry walkie-talkies and lights at night. They're very easy to recognize.

Once you find a brakeman, ask him if there is a train called for in your direction. If there is, he will show you where it is. Most freighters are run on a schedule, just like passenger trains, so even if there hasn't been one called, the brakeman may know when a train will be. Once you find where the train is, look for a suitable car. Don't choose cars which have hauled fertilizer. It will come out of the seams when the car is in motion and can be dangerous. The closer a car is to the caboose the less likely it is to be

dropped off. Usually there are code words or numbers in chalk on the side of each car telling its destination. A brakeman could tell you the code for your stop. Hydro-cushion boxcars are good because the ride is smoother. Try to pick a car with two open doors as one may close (it's never happened to me, but that's the rumor), and also you get to see twice as much. Piggybacks (flatcars with trailers on them) are no good. Hopper cars should NEVER be used, as the gates are very likely to open while the train is in motion. If you're stuck with a train with no boxcars, flatcars with low sides can be used, but you're gambling on the weather. Sometimes, especially in Canada, you'll see grain cars which have a hole at either end of the car. This is for access for painting and if you explore them you'll find plenty of room inside. Bring something to sit on, though, as metal floors rob your heat very quickly. In Canada, I've ridden in the last engine in a string, and the engineers knew and would come back every so often to chew the fat. Hmmm...

## FREIGHT YARD OPERATIONS:

(Underlined terms are useful freight jargon)

Each yard has inbound tracks, an inbound yard, and a building area, as well as sleeper tracks (storage), an outbound yard and outbound tracks. You will be looking primarily for the outbound yard.

To get it going, a train is first called. That means the tower will give instructions to the yard crew to pull cars to the hump. The hump is a hill where they tow cars up one side and roll them down the other, electronically switching them onto different tracks. The cars are let go singly or in strings, and roll free. This is how a train is built. The crew then takes these strings of cars out of the building yard to the outbound tracks, usually coupling several strings together to form a train. The tracks are numbered in each yard - it's helpful to ask about the numbering system. After they build the train, they add a caboose and tie it off. Tying off is when the brakeman walks down the length of the train connecting brake lines. Tying off, to me, is a signal as to what stage of departure the train is in. Usually trains don't move for about 1 - 6 hours after they're tied off.

After a train is tied off, the crew runs a brake test by attaching an air hose to the lead car and seeing what the pressure reads in the caboose. About five minutes to an hour before the train leaves, they will attach a mess of locomotives (referred to as units) and then they take off. In some

yards they use loudspeakers instead of radios so that once you find the track #ing system you can camp out by a squawker until the train leaves.

## STUFF: Do's and Don'ts

Don't try jumping off a moving train that's going over walking speed. There is no safe method. Last summer, Kevin Bell and I tried it. He broke his shoulder and I got a concussion in the sticks of Alberta. Don't try getting on a train moving faster than a jog. If you must, run alongside the car you want, sling your pack in first then haul yourself in by grabbing the door track and the side of the door. Don't throw your pack in the door out of reach, because in case you don't make it, you'll want your pack back. NEVER EVER stand on the jaws between cars, even if the train is at a dead stop, even if there is no engine. The train could move, an engine could impact, they could add more cars on, all of which might cost you your foot.

Be very careful at night. Strings of boxcars without engines move almost silently, and because of the shadows, you may be deceived. I make it a practice never to walk along tracks when I can walk between them. I generally stay out of sight of the towers; if there are any yard police, this is where they'll see you from. Sometimes the yard police (bulls) ride about in trucks. They never walk.

Brakemen are always helpful. I've never been run out of a yard by them. Many times they would go out of their way to help. We've sat in their shacks drinking coffee, and they've walked long distances to find out information for us. I've run into yard bulls, too, but usually they say "It's a criminal offense..." then help you find your train. I have heard of some folks getting run off from several yards in the Northeast, and in midwestern Canada.

## WHERE:

Knoxville south on the Louisville and Northern (LGN) to Wayeross, GA, switch to Southern and on to Miami is nice. New Orleans east on Southern is great because you go through the bayous. The nicest place I've ever been through is east through British Columbia on the Canadian Pacific. I tend to avoid the industrial Northeast. Hopping is slower than driving - you average about 40 mph. The scenery is fantastic always. The people have always been great. Don't get scared of this great way to travel because of the bullshit rumors. The first time I hopped a train, I acted like a secret agent, skulking around until I could get into a car unseen. Now we just walk up to folks and tell them exactly what we have in mind. Also, if you're going for speed, hitch days and hop/sleep at night. I hope you'll try it cause America needs more bums. (Pardon me, hoboes.)

# buttons!

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# the shuttleworth address

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The following is an address that was delivered by John Shuttleworth, editor of *The Mother Earth News*, to a class at the Alternative Energy and Agriculture program at Goddard College in Plainfield, Vermont on Wednesday, July 2, 1975.

Although I am as guilty as anyone of promoting solar collectors, windplants, and methane generators, I do have grave doubts about the environmental movement's present "white man's eco-technology" approach to solving the world's current problems. . . problems which are largely with us because of earlier white man "solutions" to the world's problems. "Solutions" such as the Industrial Revolution . . . which—if we're honest—we must admit that our plastic-and-aluminum solar collectors, copper-wound windplants, and stainless-steel methane generators are part of rather than an alternative to.

Perhaps, then, it's time for us to at least question our prevailing low affair with "white man eco-technology" by looking back at what might—for want of a better term—be called "primitive eco-technology". And as we conduct this comparison, I ask you to remember—as Bill Coperthwaite, of the Yurt Foundation recently pointed out to me—that the definition of "primitive" is not really "inferior"; as we now usually think, "primitive" derives from "primus" and means "first" or "prime".

Now that's very important to keep in mind. Because it seems to me that, in general—and I want this to be known from now on as Shuttleworth's Law of Something or Other—that, in general, the first and the most basic discoveries and developments in any field are the best. They use the least amount of the most readily available resources, they require the minimum energy input for their manufacture, they last the longest, they work without only a few percentage points of optimum efficiency with minimum care and maintenance, they're recycled the easiest when their useful life is over, and they leave little or no pollution behind when they're gone.

Glass, for instance, is better in all important ways than plastic for containers, windows, lab work, solar collectors, and all the other common uses to which it is put. Glass is made by a relatively low-energy process—at least compared to its "replacement", plastic—and, unlike plastics, which are produced from dwindling petrochemical stocks or increasingly dear foodstuffs, glass is made from silica sand . . . which is one of the most plentiful mineral resources we have.

Glass can be made more shatterproof than plastic. More heat resistant. It doesn't scratch the way plastic does. Unlike the exotic plastic films now being touted for solar collectors, it doesn't age in the sun. It doesn't impart flavor and cancer-causing agents to foods when it's used for storage. And so on.

Another example: No matter what Bucky Fuller says about building houses like airplanes and using aluminum and geodesics for the construction of a minimum-weight dwelling, I still think that basic stone . . . or wood . . . or, most basic of all, earth . . . is awfully hard to beat when it comes to choosing the building material for a house.

Earth is available everywhere you'd really care to live. You don't have to use energy to ship it to your construction site . . . it's already there. You can fabricate an earthen dwelling with only the simplest tools and technology . . . and that home will be naturally warm during the winter and naturally air conditioned in the summer. A properly constructed dirt building will, with minimum care, last hundreds of years almost anywhere on the planet's surface. . . not just in the arid regions, as we usually think.

Unlike an aluminum or plastic dome—or even the more conventional dry-walled, ferry-built frame boxes in which most of us now live—an earthen building deadens sound. Correctly used, earth is windproof, waterproof, and absolutely fireproof. It doesn't give off toxic vapors the way "modern" construction materials do. It feels satisfyingly solid. It doesn't wear out.

In short, a home built of earth does exactly what it's supposed to do. It satisfies human wants, needs, and desires at minimum cost and with minimum trouble. It works. . . and works supremely well.

Yet a third example: Many of us—and this includes the folks at *THE MOTHER EARTH NEWS*—are currently trying to develop "new and better" solar collectors. And we talk about and experiment with and get turned on by flat-plate collectors and vertical-plate flat-plate collectors and parabolic collectors and front surface mirrors for reflectors for collectors and all kinds of other "new and better" solar collectors.

Yet I would like to suggest that the best solar collectors of all—the absolutely most efficient solar converters—have been around for hundreds of thousands of years. We call them trees and vegetation. And they build themselves automatically. They feed us. They shade us. They regulate our micro-climates and play a most important part in regulating the macro-climate. They constantly purify the air. They absorb sound and act as pollution buffers. Shelter and nourish most of the insects, animals, and birds in the world. Warm us in such forms as peat and wood.

Their reeds, thatch, and lumber house us. They supply us with bows and arrows, rifle stocks, axe handles, rope, and other weapons and tools. Their sap cloth, cotton, linen, etc., clothe us. Their wood and fabric make our sleds, buggies, wagons, automobiles, and airplanes. They are by definition—since we have adapted to them over thousands of years—absolutely non-polluting and completely recyclable. And, once they've served their useful purpose, they do that recycling all by themselves with no help from us.

We are, in other words, very egocentric animals if we grandly think that we are—in any way and by any stretch of the imagination—going to devise any kind of solar energy collection or conversion system that even remotely approaches the total efficiency of vegetation. Our mechanical gadgets may well concentrate more of the sun's warmth into a given area than, say, trees or grass will. But they won't construct themselves automatically in the first place . . . or purify the air . . . or act as noise and pollution buffers . . . or clothe us . . . or repair themselves when they're damaged . . . or recycle themselves automatically when their useful life is over . . . or do any one of a thousand other things that vegetation does for us every day.

Well, the message—at least to me—is clear: "Don't just do something, white man . . . stand there." It's far easier, you know, to tinker with some external machinery than it is to delve within ourselves and make meaningful changes in the way we view the world.

Perhaps, though, if we'd just open our eyes . . . if we'd humbly accept—as Daw Brower, founder of Friends of the Earth, says—that everything we really need is already here and we don't have to "improve" on anything . . . maybe then we'd find that a lot of our "problems" would solve themselves. Or would never have descended on us in the first place.

We wouldn't, for instance, have aerosol cans destroying the ionosphere. Or automobile exhaust eating away at our lungs. Or DDT and other chlorinated hydrocarbons creating cancers in our bodies. Or the so-called "Green Revolution" destroying the world's plant genetic pool. Or cities built for machines instead of people. Or any one of thousands of other "marvels of modern science" with which we're now "blessed".

It is fair to say that—in my mind, at least—"progress" is truly our most important problem. Even to the extent that I have grave reservations about the "progress" of the very eco-technology that you and I are here today to promote.

I believe, then, that probably the single most important thing we eco-freaks can do is to always—first and foremost—evaluate every new development, every new "breakthrough", every new solar collector design, every new windplant, every new aquaculture system we devise against the natural systems they're designed to replace or improve. And we must passionately ask ourselves whether or not our "new" and "breakthrough" designs really do improve or replace the natural systems.

And, if we're truthful, I think that, not in 50% of the cases, or 70%, or 85%, or 92% . . . but virtually 100% of the time our honest answer will have to be "no".

I suggest, in other words, that our Brave New Eco-Movement is, so far at least, probably no real eco-movement at all. We are still much too preoccupied with taking our machines out into the woods, instead of making a place for the forest in our hearts. We are too intent on finding ways to run our electric toothbrushes and our powered hand saws and our stereo sets on solar or wind energy when, maybe, what we should be doing is remodeling our internal makeup so that we don't need electric toothbrushes . . . or powered hand saws . . . or even stereo sets at all.

We cast ourselves out of The Garden thousands of years ago and we daily continue to lock the door behind us.

Until we begin to appreciate the incredible beauty and rightness of nature and start fitting ourselves into the naturally occurring scheme of things, in short, instead of constantly trying to bend nature to our irrational, greedy, people-centered desires . . . I don't think we'll have done much that is worthy of the self-proclaimed labels "environmentalists", "ecologists", or even "alternative lifestyle" that we so proudly stick on our chests.

As Pogo quite aptly said, "We have met the enemy and he is, indeed, us." When that first inventive cave man struck the first flint-and-stone spark he lit a long, slow fuse which will eventually set off the final thermonuclear holocaust which is destined to destroy this planet. That's just the kind of animal we are and, so far, you and I have done nothing to change our destiny.

Or, to put it another way by paraphrasing a good old saw, "That government is best which governs least." The only really good technology is no technology at all.

For, in the larger sense, our technology—even the "white man eco-technology" with which we're now bravely trying to right all mankind's wrongs to the planet—is, in reality, only taxation without representation imposed by an elitist species upon the rest of the natural world. I'm convinced we've got to change that if the planet is to endure.

## MAKING YOGURT . . .

in the Privacy of Your Own Home

Making yogurt is one of the best things to do on a Sunday afternoon that I know of. Most of the ingredients can be found in your kitchen. You'll need:

- 1) 1 quart milk
- 2) 1 Tbsp. of yogurt starter
- 3) 1 container for the yogurt
- 4) An incubator

Let me explain each item individually. MILK: The best kind to use is pasteurized and/or homogenized. If you plan to use the low-fat kind, check the label thoroughly to make certain that a thickening agent hasn't been added. If cornstarch, chemical emulsifiers, or tapioca have been added, the yogurt culture won't develop properly.

YOGURT STARTER: This is plain, unflavored yogurt. It can be purchased commercially or obtained from a friend, if you know one who has already made yogurt. The starter may need to be refreshed after you have made a few batches with it. If the yogurt begins to look runny, just boost it with a bit of fresh starter.

CONTAINERS: Wide mouth jars work the best. If you can't find one with a lid, use aluminum foil and seal it tightly with rubber bands. Freezing jars, earthenware bowls, crockery, and casserole dishes will also work.

INCUBATORS: These can be purchased commercially, but what fun is that? Here are some ideas for home grown ones. Polystyrene ice bucket or picnic hamper: The bucket is best for small amounts. They are both cheap, but extremely hard to find in Chicago during February. Electric heating pad: This is by far the best to ask parents for. The reaction I got to, "Mom, where's the heating pad? I'm going to make yogurt in it." was tremendous! Once you have the heating pad in hand, turn it on to the lowest setting and put it in the bottom of an insulated bag. Wrap up the jars of yogurt in a comforter or feather pillow - feathers are natural insulation - and put them in the bag.

### Making The Yogurt

To make a quart of the stuff, measure 1 quart of milk into a saucepan. Cook over medium heat, cover the pan, and gradually bring it to a simmer. This should take about 20 minutes. After it has simmered, remove it from the heat and pour into your yogurt container. Allow it to cool for 7 minutes. (No more, no less.) Now it is time to add the starter. Only one tablespoon per quart, remember! Stir the culture, always making sure not to leave any globs in the bottom of the jar. Put the lids on the jars and place them in your carefully prepared incubators. (If you use the polystyrene bucket or picnic hamper, pour enough warm water in the bottom to reach the shoulders of the jars.) Then go splash in the puddles for a few hours. When you get back, tilt the jars slightly. If the milk is still runny,

put it back in the incubator. If it has thickened even slightly, put the yogurt in the refrigerator, wiping the jars off first. While it is in the frig, it will thicken up some more. Go pursue the thing which delights you most for 24 hours. When you come back, the yogurt will be ready to eat.

### Some suggestions:

DO NOT let the yogurt heat over 115 F. If you do, all of the yogurt germs will be killed and you will be left with a mess. DO NOT stir the watery stuff on the top of the finished yogurt back into the yogurt. This stuff is whey. Gently scrape it off the top and feed it to a younger sibling who doesn't know any better (tee hee). Flavor the stuff if you don't like it plain! Berries, compotes, cinnamon, honey, molasses and all sorts of delicious things can be added. Use your imagination! FINALLY, save a bit of your yogurt for next time. Who knows? Maybe you'll want to try this again!

P.S. The book I learned to make yogurt from is Beatrice Trum Hunter's *Favorite Natural Foods*. It really is a fantastic book and will tell you how to conjure up things like sourdough bread, sprouts and much more. I keep taking it out of the library, so I have no idea how much it would cost. If you have any questions about this article, that book will tell you anything and everything.

Mary Beth Heine

# RALPH NADER:

# The Man In The Class Action Suit

Ralph Nader, ten years in public service, is still the great enigma of American politics. He has built an empire of citizen-action groups that has a major impact in areas ranging from tax reform to nuclear energy.

But Nader himself is a mysterious figure who only materializes every so often to testify before a congressional committee or chat on a TV talk show. No one is quite sure of his motives or who he really is or why he's so damn dedicated. He still guards his private life with a passion that verges on paranoia. He lives somewhere in Washington and close associates say he sometimes dates women, but Nader doesn't like to talk about that sort of stuff. Although his various groups have offices all over Washington, Nader does not have a desk of his own, he doesn't even have a briefcase ("Ralph's briefcase is in his head" an associate says.)

Prior to this interview, Nader had only sat still for a handfull of in-depth sessions with the press. ("The only way Playboy got me was to trap me in a hotel room during a blizzard," he says.) I managed to trap him twice in midwinter and once last spring at his Center for the Study of Responsive Law in downtown Washington. All three times Nader started off slowly, cautiously, formally, but grew more informal and excited as we progressed. At age 41 he still looked quite boyish; very tall and thin, his clothes profoundly unstylish; his dark hair short, with a few flecks of gray.

I had heard somewhere that Nader didn't like to talk in generalities about politics but preferred to stick to the specifics of whatever issues were on his mind at the time. He surprised me almost immediately, though, by his willingness to speculate, theorize and even fantasize about his vision of utopia. Most of our time together, in fact, was spent in a discussion of Nader's long range goals.

(R: Rolling Stone, N: Nader)

R: You've been in Washington for ten years now. Has there been any process? Have things changed?

N: I think people have become more aware now. You don't have to convince them that oil companies are gluttonous gougers any more. Ten years ago you would have. You don't have to convince people that the government isn't protecting as it should, that the government is corrupt. So, I think it's time to go on to the next stage, to ask more fundamental questions.

R: What about your own philosophy- has that changed in any way?

N: My philosophy hasn't changed. But I remember when we were students we liked to talk about world problems, about cosmic issues- we were generalists. Then I realized you have to be more concrete if you want to reach people- I went from the general to the specific. Which is why the automobile issue is so important. See, you start with unsafe automobiles, fake bumpers, pollution, lemons, high insurance. . . and then people begin to understand that someone actually produces these things, and its General Motors! And then, people become more interested in the structure of the corporation itself.

R: Does that mean you're entering a new stage of your career?

N: It isn't new in terms of what I do each day. But it is time to start looking for some basic structural changes in the society.

R: What kind of basic structural changes are you talking about?

N: Consumers don't control any economic institutions- with the exception of a few co-operatives, like food co-ops- and yet there is no reason why consumers can't control their own insurance companies, their own banks, their own food stores- for starters.

R: How far would you go? Would consumers control General Motors or the companies you'd break GM up into?

N: Well, the best economic system, I think, is one where its broken down into as small parts as are economically possible, and those parts are run by the constituency for whom they were supposed to operate, and where, if anything happens that is harmful or corrupt the victims have no one to blame but themselves.

For example, there can be a large supermarket co-operative that sells things exactly the way Safeway does. But, if its a true co-operative, and the people can run the management, can vote them out, then they have no one to blame but themselves if they're not satisfied. Its a little more difficult to develop with manufacturing operations, but the beauty of at least a retail co-operative system is that it develops enormous bargaining power and can influence the marketing and processing sectors.

R: But what about the manufacturing sector? Wouldn't you reorganize that too?

N: Now, the manufacturing sector could be organized in one of two ways. You could divide the economy into two areas; retail and manufacturing. And the workers should run the manufacturing, and the consumers should run the retail. And that is a nice sort of countervailing power. Another way would be to have the retail organizations- the consumer co-operatives- own the manufacturers. But that raises the problem of hierarchy; more and more remoteness from the consumers down at the market level.

R: How is that different from the classic left definitions of socialism or Marxism- how do you see yourself in terms of those definitions?

N: The theory of socialism is that the government would own the means of production, and since the government represents the working people, the working people would basically run the society. The big flaw in that theory is one word- it's called bureaucracy- and there never was sufficient recognition of the fact that if the government becomes a bureaucracy with its own momentum and ability to be secretive, heady, corrupt, introverted, then the society is basically trading one master for another.

Whichever way you opt for in re-organizing the society, you have to follow one principle of responsive power. Power has to be insecure to be responsive. It's got to have something to lose. And the definition of perfect tyranny is an institution that really has nothing to lose. And that's the problem with a government bureaucracy- it has nothing lose.

R: What about the newer Marxist nations- a decentralized socialism with participatory democracy- isn't that what you're essentially talking about?

N: Well, instead of participatory democracy, it's best to talk about initiative democracy. Participatory democracy is too passive. Initiative democracy involves a positive act by people. It involves people- lower income people owning property and helping to make the policies that are supposed to be to their benefit.

R: The most popular argument against decentralized manufacturing and receiving systems is that it would be inefficient. That you need the huge structure you now have- like General Motors, Safeway - To get the goods out to the people at the lowest cost.

N: That old argument of inefficiency has been very seriously discredited for several reasons. First of all, it's more

generally appreciated that efficiency includes social costs. A car, for example, can be produced efficiently, but if it's dangerous and if it pollutes and it causes people to have cancer or break bones, then it is a very inefficient automobile.

Secondly, monopolistic corporate practices and industrial collusion produce the inefficiencies of waste and technical stagnation.

Thirdly, there's the intangible of happiness. There is serious cost, for example, to powerlessness- feeling that you can't have an impact, you can't have your grievances taken care of. The definition of economic efficiency- which once was monopolized by the corporate world- is now being severely challenged not only by scholars but also by a growing perception on the part of millions of people. There's a lot more people focusing on quality and not just on quantity.

R: Are you saying that it's impossible for one of these big corporations to be efficient?

N: It's quite clear that bigness is a severe detriment because of bigness. You tend to get more stagnation, less competition, more bureaucracy, and when you become big enough and you start to fall apart because of your own inefficiency, the government bails you out because you're too big to fail. If you get big enough you don't go bankrupt, you go to Washington... and Washington welcomes you with open arms.

If the Bank of America were ready to collapse, the government would come in with billions to save them. But if we had 20 banks in place of the Bank of America, then any one of them could fail without the same kind of severe consequences. It's been shown again and again that the small firm is the creative firm in this country- both in terms of new inventions and new services. Xerox didn't come from a giant company. The telephone didn't come from a giant company. In other words, the same kind of bureaucratic stodginess and stagnation that we take for granted in big government agencies also operates in big industries.

R: And so small units are better not only in human terms but also because they're more efficient?



By Joe Klein. From ROLLING STONE, Issue #200, November 20, © 1977 By Straight Arrow Publishers Inc. All Rights Reserved. Reprinted by Permission.

N: No question about it. I think in the next decade we're going to rediscover smallness. We're going to rediscover it in technology--already there re movements around the world calling for an appropriate smaller-scale technology which is more responsive to self-control and local control. And I think we're going to see it in the movement toward recognizing that the best place to live, in the United States, is a small town. For a thousand reasons. You see it everywhere. You see it in motels: There's a direct correlation between the size and filth of motels. The highest price motels--say, right near LaGuardia Airport--are the filthiest, the most impersonal, the most tawdry. But the same chain, down in Greenville, South Carolina, or Lubbock, Texas, is better: The rooms are better and the price is 50% cheaper.

Now when you've got communications and transportation--particularly communications--you can make up for some of the disadvantages of a small town. If you had a cable TV pipe in the Metropolitan Opera, that takes away a lot of the disadvantages of a small town, say, for those who like cultural events.

If people get back to the earth, they can grow their own gardens, they can listen to the birds, they can feel the wind across their cheek they can watch the sun come up. And within a five- or six-block perimeter, they find they have their stores, their schools. They have their parks, they have their libraries--that, to me, is a critical environment, for small children growing up...compared to a big city where all of these things are miles away.

And that's why, if you make an analysis of leadership in this country, you'll see that a vast proportion of leaders come from small towns.

R: My Personal taste runs toward old-fashioned urban neighborhoods, real neighborhoods...

N: Well, that's an attempt to create a small town within a big town. But still that's not sufficient. You get stores like the little boy from Harlem who takes a two-week trip to the country in one of those summer programs and he sees several acres planted with vegetables. And he sort of recoils and says, "Are they gonna use that food in all that dirt?" He didn't know what soil was. To him, it was dirt, filth, off the street. And that's a very deep symptom of the rupture between the human being and nature, a calculation we can't perhaps run through a computer yet, but I think we're beginning to appreciate in terms of what's lost.

R: You said that, about the computer, with a certain amount of disdain. Do you see computers as a symbol of sorts?

N: Yes. For example, it's clear that if you want to figure out who should be admitted to a university, a qualitative assessment is important. And yet, the convenience of a machine-scored admissions test is such that now, instead of just playing a partial role, it's playing the total role. Law school graduates are moving to the point where they will soon have bar exams with only machine answered questions--no more essays, no more judgement, no more imagination. So what I'm saying is that the administrative convenience of the computer gives it a range that it's not qualified to responsibly measure. And with that range goes a form of concentration of power, greater impersonality, less attention to the individual and centralization generally.

R: A lot of people listening to this would think: Jesus, what a Luddite! Smashing the computers, smashing the big cities...

N: Well, that's obviously a burlesque of what I meant to convey. Because what I meant was that a machine must serve human beings... And there are times when we're not ready for certain machines. There are times when we're being abused by certain machines. And there are times when we have to get back to basic human precepts of happiness and ask ourselves whether we're really happy with certain kinds of technology....

R: Two-part question. Do you think people are willing to get back to those kinds of things without being forced, and secondly, is the energy situation going to force them back whether they like it or not?

N: I think both. First of all, the more stress we're under for gluttonous use of technology, like automobiles that go 14 miles per gallon, the more we'll look for alternatives or for more efficient use of existing technology, like automobiles that go 30 miles per gallon. But secondly, there's going to be a major revolt against technology. It really began, perhaps, with the revolt against the SSF (supersonic transport plane that was stopped in Congress several years ago, after a huge lobbying effort by environmentalists). No longer is technology going to be automatically equated with progress because its adverse effects are being better publicized....and also because of the incubation period that's now transpiring--20 or 30 years for cancer to show up or the ozone level to be impaired. I mean, we now can trace the effect of birth control pills or cigarettes, and over the last 50 years the bells have begun to toll a little more insistently toward reevaluating certain technologies we've taken for granted.

The National Cancer Institute estimates that 80% of all cancers are environmentally caused. Already the estimate is 100,000 workers dying from work-related diseases each year, and that's just the tip of the iceberg in terms of discovering the whole range of the problem.

R: Is it possible that we've already destroyed ourselves without knowing it?

N: Well, a very strong argument can be made that man is making himself physiologically obsolete. Basically, people come equipped with the ability to detect certain dangers--smells, sight, hearing, taste, thresholds of pain. Man is geared up to avoid fire. Fire burns. Man says "Ouch," then runs away or puts it out. But now, human beings are producing fires that burn over a long period of time; they don't burn immediately and we're not set up for it. We have to develop systems--legal, medical, democratic--to detect these dangers before it's too late for a lot of people.

R: What are some of the more ominous threats?

N: Asbestos is one. Professor (Irving) Selikoff (of Mt. Sinai School of Medicine in New York), who's a specialist in this, predicts an asbestos disease epidemic over the next 20 years.

R: I've heard that you lobbied very hard against the Rockefeller nomination, that you're pretty upset with his being vice president because of his concentration of wealth and power--which, I assume, is the reason that you lobbied against him-- can he be a citizen with that same concentration of wealth and power?

N: Well, that amount of power could not be accumulated in a consumer controlled economy. It just could not be accumulated. Where would he accumulate it? That kind of power is accumulated by pyramiding ownership of massive amounts of capital, through the ability to monopolize markets and avoid taxation over the years.

R: What's the effect of that kind of power in the vice presidency?

N: The only difference it makes is if he becomes president.

R: And if he became president?

N: Then it would make a major difference. He would complete the process of merging big business and big government. So that the taxpayer essentially becomes the guarantor of business behavior whether it's corrupt, inefficient, or efficient.. That's symbolized by his establishing the New York State Power Authority, which some of the right-wingers thought was the onset of socialism but which was basically a bailout system, as we have now seen, for Con Edison or any other utility that wants to sell its lemon plants--nuclear or otherwise--to the power authority because it doesn't want to run them. And that's what Rockefeller would extend in Washington.

Overseas, he would simply accelerate the trends that we've seen in the last 30 years: more corporate interference backed by Washington, more multinational control throughout the world and an inherently corrupt rapprochement with socialistic governments. What Rockefeller understands, and understood early, is that you have to have a massive arms system, for economic and imperialistic reasons. But you can also make deals with the big socialist trading combines, who like to deal with the bigs. The big Soviet electric power companies don't like to deal with the small electric companies in the United States; they like to deal with GE or Westinghouse. And he understands that and he would build those kinds of bridges which basically don't help people in either country.

R: Is there any country you can think of where there's progress toward the kind of society you'd like to see? What about China?

N: China is a paradox as far as we're concerned. A lot of people say that millions of Chinese are living today only because of their system; that they have much better health care than India because of their system; that they're not starving like India or Bangladesh because of their system; that they have enormous literacy compared to Southeast Asia because of their system; that they have little corruption in the sense of material acquisition, compared to South Vietnam or the Philippines because of their system.

On the other hand, most of us wouldn't like to live in that society because it doesn't allow for some kinds of eccentricities, or much self-defined freedom of expression, or self-defined initiative... But there are lessons to be learned. China probably understands bureaucracy better than any other country in the world. The Chinese believe that bureaucrats have to get out of their offices and live with the people that they are supposed to serve. If someone asked me the best way to make bureaucracy more responsive in the United States, it would be to make the bureaucrats live in the areas they're dealing with: The Bureau of Mines people should spend three weeks in the mines so they'd feel the dampness, the darkness, the dust, the cold; the people at Health, Education and Welfare should spend time in the ghetto schools--days at a time, not just tours. Now that's the principle that the Chinese have applied....

But you see, compared to China we can't get anything done. China eradicates VD; we can't even stop it from increasing. Is it because we don't have the communications system, the technology, the laws? They have much more serious communication and transportation obstacles than we do--they don't have a telephone system with a unit in every house. But we don't have the coordinated determination of marshaling the massive numbers of people in a common cause.

R: But they are still in their first generation of leadership, and historically it's been shown that you can sustain fanaticism for maybe a generation but after that it begins to fall apart.

continue to p. 18



POETRY, POETRY.....



Haikus by Michi Nakagama

As the sun retreats among majestic mountains darkness finds its way.

Red, gold, russet brown softly softly to the ground are the fall leaves.

I am the sun I could have burned up the earth but I'd rather just shine my gentle rays and light the world.

I am a pencil I could have been devoured by a pencil sharpener but I'd rather be someone's instrument of expression.



TRIANGLE 1975

an expansive pond centers the conference grounds surrounding is a wooded shoreline hidden between the trees are open shelters drafty and cold in a pouring rain! down yonder in the end reigns tent city a gathering of multi-colored and shaped tents closing in on a roaring fire, handcrafted by Marc Roche. On the hill sits the lodge, warm, intimate. there we fill our ravenous bellies.

sentiments of love permeate the air atmospheric vibrations ring out in mirth lovers cling in touching embraces try to stop time four days will pass in smiles and friendly hugs all beautiful people gathered for an outrageous conference.

meet a love, love your love and leave your love honor to the privileged few those who meet and give like me and you many meet little stay, lucky us, HURRAH! triangle, love and laughter, touching and giving arrives each year with anticipation joy to those who trek there love you all!

by Karole Goldreyer

Rejoice by Carole Stewart

Rejoice Happiness has come All is done Lay your head upon my breast Sleep, sleep in peace and rest. Hear the birds singing On the oaken porch Hear the bells ringing In the distant church Joy has come; love withstood the test Sleep, sleep in peace and rest.



To N.S.F.

in the beginning we are one we are the one singing in a circle holding hands electricity i can't let go not yet - i love you

disjointed apathetic but angry so what's it like to be Social Actions Director of a dying local? dammit something here is so real so beautiful and alive still questioning is this LR or middle america in drag? - i love you

back rubs in the attic - wow, a party rug! - and many strong arms warm bodies hold me gentle comfort i still cry - i love you

in a room with a blue rug and many windows he dances with joy and sorrow intermingled alone an eagle twice as free can you still feel me there? - i love you.

Aah h h h h h h h h! Fall Land-Thud! Cry Sigh Pain Lay Relax Movement Tension Look up Arise! Get up Pain But Arisen --Whitebird

God appeared to soldiers on the battlefield one day. And spoke He in tremendous voice, "Why do ye others slay?"

"You do not know these men, your brothers. There is no need to die." And then a soldier shot at God and fell Him from the sky.

Daniel Powers Fort Wayne, IN





# MENTAL ILLNESS

by ERIC ELLERSON

Just recently I had a most enlightening experience of working as an aide at the Waterbury State Mental Hospital in Vermont.

That "mentally ill" or "insane" people are an oppressed minority is not a view generally held by the public. First of all, the psychiatric community likes to think of itself and its institutions in terms of the myth that both are places where emotionally disturbed or mentally ill people go to receive "treatment", are hopefully "cured", and then are able to return to a "normal", healthy, active life. Nothing could be further from the truth.

On my first day of work, as I walked to my first ward, I wondered what to expect. How "crazy" were these people? Little did I expect that I would leave thinking half the patients there were more "sane" than most of the staff.

One of the first things I noticed was that the Staff's general attitude toward the patient was condescending. (There were, of course, some exceptions and I met some very compassionate and understanding staff members. They were the exception, however, not the rule.) Most of the staff wore name tags (\$1.00 each) so as not to be confused with the patients. For some reason, probably my long hair and slovenly appearance, I was almost always mistaken for a patient, but this did not bother me at all. (In fact, it had its advantages. One day when a friend of mine and I were trying to smoke a joint in the maze of tunnels below the hospital a janitor interrupted us. My friend was a patient and had little to worry about, but not wanting to lose my job I quickly decided upon the best course of action. Rolling my eyes upward, I blurted out a stream of nonsense (Zippy the pinhead). Realizing that he was dealing with a couple of 'crazies' he merely shooed us out of the room we were in without further inquiry. It was also a great deal of fun to walk around the tunnels making strange faces at visitors and talking inane to non-existent entities which usually produced a small reaction in the visitors as they tried to maintain their composure, thinking such things were commonplace. Before I digress any further let me get back to my original point. As I was eating breakfast one morning with some of the staff, all middle-aged women, my new coordinator entered. She was a fat, red-haired woman and after eyeing the scene before her she exclaimed, "Are we letting THEM eat in here?". Her gaze was fixed on me. I looked up at her, smiled and continued to eat before one of the other women explained who I was. Unfortunately, this attitude toward the patients was the prevalent one throughout the hospital.

The patients there have very few rights and involuntary patients have almost none. Once a patient is labelled under a certain heading of "mental condition", he loses almost all of her civil liberties. They were rarely treated with the dignity and respect due any person and were often treated like children (which should also tell us something about the way we treat younger people).

Isolation was a technique for handling very violent patients. Or at least I thought so, until I observed the seclusion room being used as a form of punishment to control behaviour. "You can come out when you're good."

While working on a "severely disturbed" ward, I noticed one retarded patient with about the mentality of a three year old, who would pound on the windows of the nursing station to get someone's attention whenever he was hungry. He would then be handcuffed for several hours (this was usually a daily procedure). If any patient ever made even a minor disturbance they would quickly shove a couple of Valiums down his throat.

I only worked one week on the maximum security ward, but it was interesting to note that every "patient" there was on at least one or two different drugs, and usually more. This seemed surprising since over half of them were there on court order because they had no bail or for "observation", and were perfectly sane. I met one person there named Gary who had come about two years ago on a court order for trying to rip off a stereo. He was 21, had long hair, moustache and beard and had an interest in psychedelic drugs. He was diagnosed by a psychiatrist as a schizophrenic (a 295.7 according to the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual which catalogues all mental disorders), and his two year incarceration was because of the diagnosis, not the attempted burglary!

Working on the geriatrics ward for men was even more depressing. These men were generally placed here for the rest of their lives, some having been there for more than seventy years. Some of them were only minimally senile. The metal chains of days gone by have been replaced with chemical chains. Almost every man on the ward was on at least five or six drugs to keep them sedated and help to control their bodily functions (which they couldn't do themselves because they were sedated). Mellaril was one of the favorites. I don't believe there was a man there who wasn't on it. Its major purpose (actually a side effect) as far as the staff was concerned is to reduce the sexual drive. It is quite effective after years of prolonged use. Bathing the men, I noticed that in many cases their cocks were so shriveled up that the most gorgeous harem in the world would not have gotten a rise out of them. All the men who were seated in chairs were strapped in with a single cloth tie. "So they won't fall out", I was told. I accepted this with blind faith until a week later when I saw Ol' Calvin, "who couldn't walk", walking around the ward. He couldn't walk because he was usually strapped to his chair every morning.

There is, incidentally, an organization whose purpose it is to inspect and critically comment on the conditions in mental hospitals. I saw a notice printed by them, from their last inspection, on bulletin boards throughout the hospital. It stated that the mops in the hospital were not washed out properly and gave instructions on how to do so.

The problem at institutions such as this is the basic underlying assumptions of psychiatry and mental illness. Most of the problems are summed up quite well in Dr. Thomas Szasz's book, The Myth of Mental Illness. He points out the following facts:

1. "Whereas diseases of the body can be seen, touched and removed, diseases of the mind can not."
2. "The body is a thing, the mind is not."
3. "Mental illness is a metaphor, not a fact."
4. "An MD degree confers on the recipient no special gift for dealing with the personal and social problems and spiritual suffering that beset mankind."
5. "Human beings are free and responsible for their own actions."
6. "Institutional psychiatry, by punishing those who show alternative modes of perception, is a direct descendant of the Inquisition."

The problem with psychiatry and the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual is that it not only catalogues disorders, it creates them! When an official diagnosis is made it is acted upon as the gospel truth. A 183.7 is a 183.7 and is treated accordingly regardless of what the patient feels.

"The prime purpose of psychiatric treatment is to authenticate the subject as "patient", the psychiatrist as "doctor" and the intervention as a form of "treatment" ". Thomas Szasz

The underlying assumption here is that the mind is like the body and mental illness, no doubt, is caused by some chemical disorder. This disorder can be corrected by cutting up, electrically shocking, or drugging the brain. Although many, many thousands of lobotomies have been performed, turning human beings into vegetable like robots, the psychiatric community has finally admitted they are not a valid form of treatment. True, the subjects are no longer able to be depressed, but they are also unable to be happy or think in a comprehensive manner.

Today the treatment most preferred (aside from bombarding the patient with multitudes of drugs) is Electro-convulsive therapy. While general hospitals treat convulsions as manifestations indicating that something is wrong, at mental hospitals, doctors and nurses spend their time inducing convulsions with large insulin doses or, more commonly, electricity. 10 volts to the testicles is called torture. 180 volts to the head is called treatment !?!

"The Shock Shop, Mr. McMurphy, is jargon for the ECT machine. Electro Shock Therapy. A device that might be said to do the work of the sleeping pill, the electric chair, and the torture rack. It's a clever little procedure, simple, quick, nearly painless it happens so fast, but no one wants another one. Ever."

-Ken Kesey, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest

ECT is usually given in a series, anywhere from 8-50 or more. "Psychotics" and "schizophrenics" have no choice as to whether or not they will receive ECT. Because of their "mental illness" it is assumed that they are not in the position to rationally make the decision. The doctor makes it for them, and almost always in favor of ECT.

"I think I should go to the extreme of always explaining to a patient if he is going to get electroshock, why he is going to get it and what it is going to be like and so forth and so on. But as far as getting permission from the patient is concerned, this is not necessary."

-Manfred Guttmacher, MD, in testimony before the Senate Subcommittee on Constitutional Rights (of the Mentally III)

ECT has been known to destroy brain tissue and cause severe amnesia. In 1960, Leonard Frank quit his job and began to do a lot of reading. He had long hair, a beard, and became a vegetarian. He was 30 years old. His father, noting this odd behaviour, had him committed against his will. Here is a part of his chart:

The patient: a young man, recently unemployed  
Symptoms: bizarre behaviour (his beard), and strange eating habits  
Diagnosis: schizophrenic reaction, paranoid  
Treatment: 50 sessions insulin shock, 35 ECT

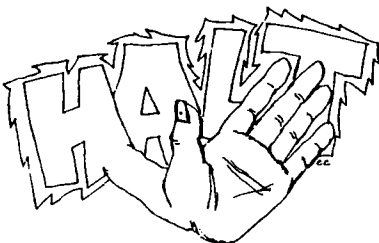
Leonard Frank is now the head of an organization trying to outlaw ECT. He can not remember over two years of his life. Here is another example:

The Patient: a young mother of two  
Symptoms: excess energy, inability to sleep or relax well

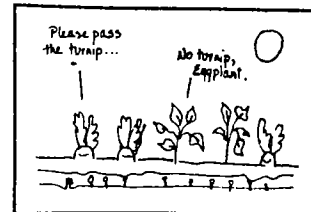
Diagnosis: post-partum depression  
Treatment: 5 or 6 shocks of 150 volts of electricity through the head

Her memory is now riddled with gaps. Society's attitudes toward people who have received ECT was summed up fairly well in the Tom Eagleton affair, years back. ECT has a relatively high mortality and morbidity rate, also.

cont'd on p.21



This article is the editorial opinion of the author, and does not necessarily reflect the opinions of People Soup or it's staff.



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# A Christmas Memory

by Bob Wylie

Most "mentally ill" people are quite capable of speaking for themselves. I met Bob Wylie while I was working at Waterbury hospital. He was a voluntary patient when I met him. Another patient had asked him why he was in. He replied, "So I can read, write and have my drugs" (downers were his favorite). He is a personable, witty and erudite man. The following article he wrote in 1970 and it was later published in Radical Therapist.

BuzzBuzzBuzzBuzzBuzzBuzzBuzzBuzz  
BuzzBuzzBuzzBuzzBuzzBuzzBuzzBuzz  
BuzzBuzzBuzzBuzzBuzzBuzzBuzzBuzz  
"Medications- Six O'Clocks -"

"Boy's meds."  
"Please Collette, it's men's med's."  
"Men's meds."

Twenty men and boys lined up along-side the nursing station's plexiglass side. I knew what everybody got by heart. Mickey 600 Thorazine, Nick 400 Thorazine, Ricky 2 milligrams of Prolixin, Anthony, Tofranil. Medication was given out four times a day: 9, 12, 6, 9. Everyone lined up like sheep when the buzzer sounded. Pavlov would have been real proud. Everyone took medication because they were told to- if you refused, a couple of aides would get you in the seclusion room, take your pants down, and a nurse would give you a shot in the hip. If you went through that routine too often you would get shipped to Rockland State one morning. That was the ultimate threat at this small state hospital - getting shipped to Rockland. Rockland was hated by everyone who had ever been there. Nancy said the only thing that was right about it was the fact that the food was so bad she had lost 40 pounds. James complained about the "queers" and bedbugs. It was said that you had to get up before the sun at Rockland and mop the floors - that's what everybody said.

The nurses station on the girl's side was like the boy's, too clean. Both were air conditioned. In the summertime, the nurses, particularly the day nurses, would sit in there all cool, drink coffee, smile at the patients and roll their chairs around the floor. The casters, those little wheels, made no noise. You could not hear anything. I spent days just watching lips. The nurses station was where the pills were kept, row upon row of pills - ups, downs, turnarounds; you name it, they had it. That nurses station always had the light on except if the ward coordinator had a hangover or was in a bad mood; then she would just turn off the light and sit with her head in her hand. She was nice, Shirley was human. How she managed to stay in a good mood most of the time was a miracle. She ran the ward, in fact. Everyone knew it. Marilyn, the head nurse thought she did. The Hungarian born doctor who was chief of the ward thought he did.

At night, contrasting with the dark hall, the nurses station stood out like Times Square. Yeah, life circulated around that nurses station for we actually got to believe that life was to be found there - there in all those bottles - all those pills - beautiful colors: pink, yellow, Robins' egg blue - Thorazine, Mellaril, Valium, Librium, Tofranil, Prolixin, Elavil, Equanil, Phenobarb, Seconal, Nembutal, Sodium Amytal, Tuinal, Doriden, Noludar, Chloral Hydrate, Placidyl - yeah, that's the drug that explains it. Placidyl - yeah Placidyl. If everything was placid everything was cool. The coolest attendant Jackson, used to walk around and say "Tighten up! tighten up - I got some 24's in my back pocket." A 24 was a restriction so you had to stay in one section of the ward for 24 hours cut off from people. All Jackson had in his back pocket was an Afro comb, Soul On Ice, and funny green tobacco which he called poo-poo. He did not give many 24's, but others did. A boy running up and down the hall was liable to get 24 or even 48, and one day was so full of life he even got 72 - Placidyl.

One sure way to get in trouble was physical contacts. No one was supposed to touch no one - the hospital was afraid people would go too far - someone might get pregnant, and besides it did not look good for people to be holding hands or to have their arms around each other - no affection - "tighten up" - pills. High Sigmund Look at Mental Hospital America 1971. Love and you get punished - you better believe it. And what happens when you can't touch and love? Well, you hate, withdraw into a fog or kill yourself.

So it's Christmas again. The State has provided a plastic fireproof Xmas tree and some colored balls. The tree is bent. Now Christmas is emotional - I mean sad - since you were ten Bing Crosby has been grinding into your head about a white Christmas and Perry Como's been going on about there's no place like home for the holidays. It's so sad it's pathetic. You don't cry because you're not home for the holidays or because you're not out in the white. You forget. You cut your heart out - stuff it in your socks and try to forget. That's the only way to survive. If you go around thinking - or worse, singing - you get all worked up and try to hug somebody, start crying and end up with a 24 or the seclusion room.

The night staff in now. The 4 to 12 shift. All the patients - all 57 wait for the night staff all day. For some reason they are more human. They talk to you, not at you. They tell stories and are generally groovy. Collette even went to Woodstock for one day for the festival. That's wild, all those people dropping acid, swimming nude and loving one another. Shit, if Woodstock had been held at our hospital - let's just pretend our hospital was the biggest hospital ever - well, if what had happened up there had happened at the hospital, they would need 2001 seclusion rooms and they would have given enough Thorazine to make old Smith, Kline, and French, who make that poison, so happy that they probably would go out and make a new drug - maybe two new drugs. Hot damn - I mean we are in the loony factory inside - locked doors, got to get permission to get on the God damn elevator, mind dulled from overdoses of scrabble, monopoly and idiot jig-saw puzzles. I mean we're in here, but look at Woodstock or Hair. If the Hungarian doctor who runs this place ever saw people acting like they do in Hair - why, he would drop dead in his orthopedic shoes. But then that would be horrible; he would not be able to drive his Lincoln Continental with the low license plate, 900 and something. But it's Christmas. As far as the patients are concerned it could be the Fourth of July. Everybody is in a fog - switched off. Well the nurses tell everybody they want all the patients together in the day room. That's strange - what's wrong? - immediately the rumors fly. We're having a special meeting - someone has O.D.'d. Oh shit, two people have already decided to check themselves out in six months - another one today Memorial Day - I mean labor day - I mean Christmas. Well we are all gathered in the day room. I'm wearing my Christmas tie sent to me by my cousin from Colorado. I'm real patriotic; white face gaudy red and blue tie. All the faces are white, we don't want to hear about another death.

It's real quiet. Collette-who-went-to-Woodstock-for-one-day comes in with a shopping bag. She's followed by Joanna, who is carrying two shopping bags and Jackson brings up the rear carrying one. Jackson is smiling something fierce, and his Afro looks like a million. They walk over to the plastic tree and start to empty out the bags - everybody just sits. Nobody moves.

"All right come and get your presents." Everybody just sits. "Really, come get your presents." Patients filtered over to look under the Christmas tree. The tree seemed taller. I found my gift, a cigarette pipe, sealing wax, and a bronze stamp for stamping the wax on the back of envelopes. It had been wrapped in colored paper, with a bow, and a card that said my name, Merry Christmas, and some nice things about me. I felt sad - even with all the pills in me I felt alive - sad, but alive. The head nurse was not there - the Hungarian was not there - people began to cry, laugh and hug one another just like Woodstock, just like Hair. Fifty-seven, yes 57 personalized gifts. Holy f..... Toledo.

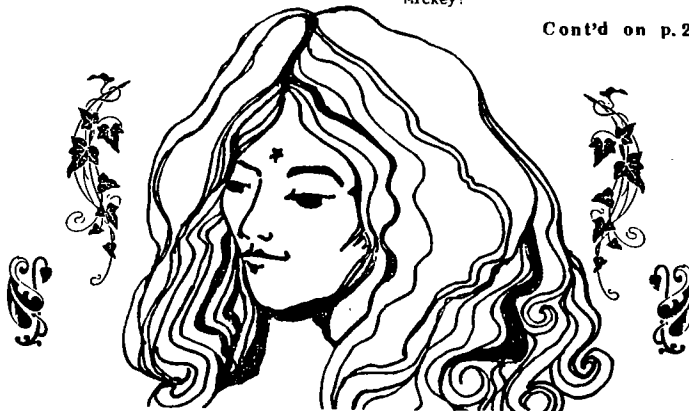
Well the joint went wild - the crazies had been liberated. People sang, people danced. I went to a dark corner with Penny and kissed her on the lips and held her so tight I thought her head would pop off. We stood there and kissed and held each other for I don't know how long, just breaking hospital rules and feeling alive. No one got a 24 that night. If Con Edison could have harnessed the power from the smiles that night, they would never have to fear another black-out. I got my sleeping pills that night, reeling from my Christmas binge. I hid them under my tongue. I went to my cubicle in the dorm, took the pills out of my mouth, walked over to the window-the-jump-proof psychiatric window- pushed it open, and dropped the pills out into the night. I went over to Mickey's bed and sat down. "You want a Salem?" he asked. "Yep". Silence - I lit up - more silence - "Mickey, listen, do you-would you please turn on the radio, I want to hear Christmas carols." Mickey switched on his big brown Zenith and the dial smiled out a lot of light.

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"BOY'S MEDS"

F... it was Marilyn.  
"NINE O'CLOCK MEDICATIONS"  
F...F...F... Marilyn.  
She was mad, real mad. Her smile was mechanical and opened automatically as she poured water in each patient's medicine cup. Oh C....

"How are we today?"  
"Fine."  
"That's good, did you have a Merry Christmas?"  
"Yeah."  
I walked away.  
"How are we today, Jonathan?...How are we today, Stephen?...How are we today, Mickey?"

Cont'd on p.21





# Sensorium

by Deby Barges And PSERY

Imagine this: you're in a room with 8, 14, or 20 people, some chairs and pillows and low light, with soft music in the background. Someone blindfolds you, walks you to a chair, sits you down and starts stroking and massaging your face. At the same time, four other people start washing, stroking, and massaging your hands and feet, and rubbing strange things against your arms and legs (where clothing permits, or over clothing). A beautiful scent is held in front of your nose, and a moment later a bite of food is dropped into your mouth. This goes on for a long, timeless period, then your feet are dried, your sleeves rolled down, and you're stood or picked up, and given a long group hug, then laid down and unblindfolded while people are once again stroking you. You open your eyes, but maybe by then they're gone, so you find someone's foot or hand or face that is not being tended to, and you go and stroke it, brush your hair against it, breath on it, and rub oil on it until that person is picked up, or drop fruit into someone's mouth, or hold a scent in front of a blindfolded person's nose, and maybe get the whole group around that person. You're at a sensorium.

Just to clarify a little, a sensorium is an L.R.Y. (or other) group activity, done by a mellow-feeling bunch of people, a sort of warm-fuzzy session where we take turns experiencing our senses and friends without sight. It's aim is to stimulate and relax, and it is one of the most enjoyable things I have ever experienced, or have ever been so overjoyed as to make happen. My total aim in writing this is pleasure: please try it and get pleasure out of it. The rest of this article will be on how you can make your own sensorium happen.

First of all, when: have a sensorium whenever you and a group of people (with appropriate supplies, when possible) are together and feel calm and caring. One of the last two nights of a 4 or 5 day conference, or the last night of a mini-conference, or you can have a local meeting where people get together for the purpose of having a sensorium- however, you should plan it to start 1 or 2 hours after everyone arrives, and have a short calming event, like tea-drinking, before the sensorium, to set the mood.

As for number: 8 people make a full single group, less if the music or sound situation takes little effort, but no less than 6 (one person is being "done"). 14 people form two groups (whose members change as they wish), and 20 form three. These are good basic figures to work from. While it's best to plan for more people than you expect, don't stretch people to make an extra group. Use your time wisely- 15 to 20 minutes is average (per person). Use this formula: number of people divided by number of groups, times number of minutes per person, plus twenty or thirty minutes for explanation and clean up, equals the time you'll need.

For a sensorium one needs certain basic supplies, any some of which are not necessary, but will add to the sensorium if you can find them. The supplies are:

I. Things to eat (cut them into bite size pieces: apples, oranges, bananas, tomatoes, cake or bread- nothing that takes too much chewing, or that will drip, squirt, or taste bad.

II. Things to smell: oils, herbs, perfumes, teas, incense, fruit, candles- avoid scents that are too faint or nose-blasting.

III. Pleasant sounds: recorded music, bells, gongs, splashing water (especially if it's pouring on someone's feet!), instruments that you play yourselves. Keep it pleasant and quiet and calm, for music makes moods (maybe put on a faster beat for cleanup).

IV. Feelies: soft cloth (including blindfolds), fuzzy and smooth and rough things, soaps, oils, powders, warm water (with a container or three for feet in water, and maybe a pitcher).

On top of that, use what inspires you, whatever you have on hand that you feel would be enjoyed. Remember that some people have allergies. There are three other important things:

V. Where and with what: you need a room or area that stays warm, chairs, pillows, beds, or other things to work on, and a supplies area near all of the groups.

VI. Someone to explain the sensorium to keep it in order and on time, making sure everyone gets done, making sure that the sounds are on and running, and to stimulate the use of the supplies (especially I. and II.).

VII. Someone or group to clean up and return the supplies.

Of course, you need people, too. And for those people not blindfolded, ambience, in the way of peaceful surroundings or decor, and low light can be pleasant. Of the items mentioned above, I. to V. can be readied ahead of time, and I. to V. and VII. can be done by a group of people, but VI. needs a leader and basic organizer for the helpers in other parts. If you want a sensorium be ready to be that leader. It's not hard, if you have friendly help, and it's very rewarding- it runs on its own momentum. And it sets a peaceful feeling inside everyone who does it.

If you have any feedback, or need more info, PLEASE write to: Bethina Huffine, 1005 Vanderbilt, Claremont, CA. 91711.



## FRED'S UPS AND DOWNS

If your Federation is not represented, then no one bothered to send anything in.

**Bay Shore**-A day rally in March. New exc. comm. was elected and is requesting interested persons to contact: Lisa Bithell, 675 W. Chestnut St., Brockton, Ma., 02401.

**Cent. Mass.**-Had a conference in Gardner, May 7-8, but almost nobody showed up. Had fun anyways. Could not vote on merger with CVF.

**DVF**-Had a successful leadership training weekend April 1-3, in Harrisburg, Pa. Nothing else was sent in.

**ECE**-Lry week at Unicamp, Aug. 28-Sept. 2, \$65. Thanksgiving conference at Montreal church, contact Georges Dodds, 5141 Trafalgar Heights, Mont. Quebec, H5V 1H2. Oct. 9-12.

**MAF**-Has a new exc. comm. that is planning a day rally in September.

**MVF**-We have the right to remain silent...

**North Star**-The new executive committee had their first meeting. It was very smooth. Our newspaper should and will be out before Sept. 15. Fall conference is scheduled for the first week of Oct. Hopefully will be held at a camp. A new mailing list is in the works. Boy, is our shit together!

**OVF**-Godarful-decided to merge at Godarful spring conference in April. There will be a merger conference in June. Elections will be held there too.

**Phoenix**-Having some attendance problems. All sorts of problems. Would LRYers in Michigan please get in touch with Karin Swanson @ 14732 Huff, Livonia, MI 48154 (313) 4641121, and let her know you're alive so maybe something can get organized? Primo!

**PSERY**-Held mini-conference in West LA. Sept 6-9, Summer LRY DeBonniville camp. for info call Norm Randall (714) 545-3820.

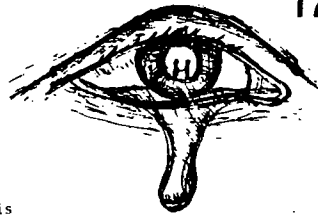
**Sahili**-By direct order of counsel, the Directorate of Sahili Federation, in the absence of constitutional restraints has assumed control. This action has been taken to counter the weaknesses of the previously democratic organization.

**Starr King**-Ratified the new constitution and elected the new board at the Easter conference in San Jose.

**TOAK tm**-Is alive and well. Recently published a newsletter and is planning a conference for this summer.



# FORCE FIELD ANALYSIS



## INDIVIDUAL PROBLEM SOLVING

**Goals:** To study dimensions of problems and to devise strategies for solving them through diagrams and analysis. To experience the consultative role.

**Group Size:** is an unlimited number of triads.

**Time Required:** is approximately two and one half hours.

**Materials:** copies of the force field analysis inventory for everyone participating. Pencils.

**Physical Setting:** a room large enough so that triads may carry on a discussion without distracting other triads. A writing surface for each person is desirable.

### Process:

1. The facilitator distributes a Force Field Analysis Inventory and a pencil to each person.
2. The facilitator announces that participants have thirty minutes to complete parts I and II of the inventory.
3. When everyone has finished parts I and II of the inventory, the facilitator introduces part three by reading the following paragraph:  
"In planning specific changes to deal with a problem, one should be aware that increasing the driving forces to change the status quo also produces increased tension. One should also be aware that whatever change in status quo has been accomplished will be lost if the driving force is reduced. A change in the status quo can be best accomplished by reducing the strengths of the restricting forces while maintaining the force of the drive. If the driving forces are not maintained, the tension will be reduced without any change in the status quo."
4. The facilitator directs participants to work for about 10 minutes on part three. They may not complete the task in the allotted time but, the next step does not require its completion.
5. Participants are instructed to select two other people with whom they feel comfortable in working on their problems. These triads are seated so that they do not distract each other.
6. Three rounds of consultation are begun. In three thirty minute periods, each member of the triad, in turn plays the role of a consultant, then a client, and then a process observer. In each period, twenty minutes should be allotted for consultation and ten minutes for feedback.
7. A discussion on the experience should be held when it is over.

Variations are easily made so that this activity can be used in private, in dyads, or in groups. This would be effective for brainstorming within a group on a particular problem.



### FORCE FIELD ANALYSIS INVENTORY

#### Part I: Problem Specification

Think about a problem that is significant in your "back-home" situations. Respond to each item as fully as necessary for another participant to understand the problem.

1. I understand the problem specifically to be that...
2. The following people with whom I must deal are involved in the problem:  
Their roles in this problem are...  
They relate to me in the following manner:
3. I consider these other factors to be relevant to the problem:
4. I would choose the following aspect of the problem to be changed if it were in my power to do so (choose only one aspect):

#### Part II: Problem Analysis

5. If I consider the present status of the problem as a temporary balance of opposing forces, the following would be on my list of forces driving toward change: (Fill in the spaces to the right of the letters. Leave spaces to the left blank.)

a.	_____
b.	_____
c.	_____
d.	_____
e.	_____
f.	_____
g.	_____
h.	_____

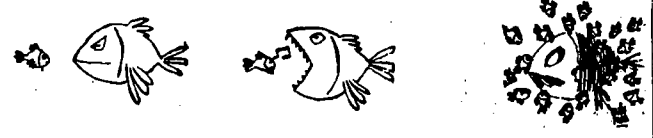
6. The following would be on my list of forces restricting change:

a.	_____
b.	_____
c.	_____
d.	_____
e.	_____
f.	_____
g.	_____
h.	_____

7. In the spaces the left of the letters in item 5, rate the driving forces from 1 to 5.

1. It has almost nothing to do with the drive toward change in the problem.
2. It has relatively little to do with the drive toward change in the problem.
3. It is of moderate importance in the drive toward change in the problem.
4. It is an important factor in the drive toward change in the problem.
5. It is a major factor in the drive toward change in the problem.

8. In the spaces to the left of the letters in item 6, rate the forces restricting change, using the number scale in item 7.



9. In the following chart, diagram the forces driving toward change and restricting change that you rated in items 7 and 8: First write several key words to identify each of the forces driving toward change (a through h), then repeat the process for forces restricting change. Then draw an arrow from the corresponding degree of force to the status quo line. For example, if you considered the first on your list of forces (letter a) in item 5 to be rated a 3, draw your arrow from the 3 line in the "a" column indicating drive up to the status quo line.

		Restricting forces								
5	a	b	c	d	e	f	g	h		
4										
3										
2										
1										
Status Quo										
1										
2										
3										
4										
5										
		driving forces								

#### Part III: Change Strategy

10. Select two or more restricting forces from your diagram and then outline a strategy for reducing their potency.
11. Apply the following goal-setting criteria (the SPIRO model) to your change strategy:
  - S-Specificity: Exactly what are you trying to accomplish?
  - P-Performance: What behavior is implied?
  - I-Involvement: Who is going to do it?
  - R-Realism: Can it be done?
  - O-Observability: Can others see the behavior?

continued from p.11

N: Yes. The question is: Has China developed sustaining groups to carry it out beyond the first generation? I don't think they have. That's the penalty for an authoritarian system- that it doesn't develop self-thinking, self-initiative, self-governing. What's working in China's favor is that they're going to be facing adversity for a long time.

R: Do you think this country is corrupt in a Roman-orgy sense?

N: Well, there are certain dimensions of it that are. For example, I think we're gluttonous in terms of our consumption and that People are killing themselves by overeating...or eating the wrong food urged upon them by the food industry.

R: What about personal morals: the breakdown of marriage and the nuclear family... the increasing acceptance of homosexuality. Do you think that the more affluent the society has become, the more people have been able to experiment with their personal lives?

N: Yes, that's probably a function of communications too. That is, the facts spread faster when seen on television or read about in the newspapers and magazines.

R: And what does that mean for the kind of society that you'd like to see? Do you think it's a bad thing when people can indulge themselves any way they want? Do you think there should be a strict moral code?

N: No, I think the two can live side by side.

R: Can you give me an instance where it's ever happened?

N: Well, there's never really been an instance of effective self-government on any broad scale, over time, in the history of the world. However, if you say Scandinavia comes closer, they certainly haven't participated in puritanism in terms of their personal lives.

The basic issue is: How much time does it take to make power just? It might not take all that much time. I mean, if people develop a level of self-government, they won't have to spend all that much time asserting your right to free speech, because years ago the Bill of Rights was passed. There are cause celebres and things like that but it isn't a struggle every time. And once it's been established, once power has been made just, it won't have to be an all-consuming process... but it would require steady attention.

R: What would the average day be like in that kind of utopia?



N: Well, I've always thought professional athletes owe a great debt to society. Because they're living the life that many other people would live if they could. So if you ask what would life be in a paradise, a democracy. Well, a lot of people would spend their time in a hobby, in music or playing tennis, or writing or hiking...I think there is now a level of wealth and technology in our society where people shouldn't have to spend more than 20 hours a week in the economy, if distributive and ownership justice prevailed.

R: But if the economy were set up the way you want it to be-more "inefficient" in the traditional sense yet more aware of human values-wouldn't people have to work longer? I mean, it would take team of four workers much longer to assemble a car than it would take an assembly line. So how could you say they'd be working less?

N: Well, they'd be working less because they'd be more in control of their wants. Take the petrochemical industry. There was a fellow the other day who said the petrochemical industry could never be made safe, so it should be abolished. Much of what it does is produce trivia, by and large, plastic containers and so forth. People could decide that they didn't need to get food in plastic containers every time they went to the market and so the petrochemical plant wouldn't be operating anymore.

The immediate question is: What do you do with all the people who'd be put out of work? Unless we have an answer to that, then industry will be justified simply on the grounds of employment, even though it may jeopardize the future of society, contaminate the environment or get us into wars. I think people should spend a greater portion of their time in their consumer role to raise their standard of living by a wiser use of their consumer dollar. Notice the difference in roles here. Most economic theory is focused on the producing side of the economy. There's been very little on the consumer side - even though, as Adam Smith said, the end of all production is consumption.

Basically, you gave to have a very dramatic shift in the time we apply to the consumption side so we can develop the skills and knowledge that will make the production side more rational. You ask a worker how much time do you spend earning enough money to buy a new car? He'll say something like 700 hours. Then you ask: How much time do you spend learning how to buy a new car? Nothing. No time at all.

R: Do you mean that some people would just become professional consumers, subsidized by the government?



N: No, I mean people would spend more time to become astute consumers. After all, what do people go to work for? Most go to work primarily to consume. Some people would be given jobs by the government, though, to develop expertise as consumers, so they can lend that expertise to others.

R: For example?

N: For example, they would walk a family through a supermarket and show them where the best buys are.

R: You mean, that in a used car lot there would be a salesman and your very own consumer advocate?

N: Sure. You'd just dial a number and call the professional consumer and say, "Look, I'm going down to buy a car and I really don't know how - would you walk me through?" Or, "I'm going to buy this house." And then along would come this professional consumer who'd say, "Hey, you don't have this title insurance...and you've got a right to choose your own lawyer, you don't have to use the bank's lawyer; you don't have to take the six percent realty fee, you can bargain with them..." And so on.

R: Would this service be free, government subsidized?

N: Sure.

R: Because there've been times when I would have paid for something like that.

N: The government encourages promotion of the sale of products all the time. Much of what the Commerce Department does - at a budget of \$1.1 billion each year - is help sell corporate products here and abroad. And what about all the agricultural subsidies? What I'm saying is, if you're going to help producers, why not help the consumer too? It would cost much less.

R: How do you get to the point where there's a public debate on these sorts of things? What has to happen to get people to start talking about changing the basic system?

N: Well, the most important change is one of attitude on the part of people who are looking for leaders.

R: Maybe the most appropriate kind of leadership is the kind that gives power out.

N: That's well put. The function of genuine leadership is to produce more leaders, to produce opportunities for local initiative, to produce information which will help people help themselves.

The most important question that can be asked about any society at any time is, how much effort do citizens spend exercising their civic responsibility. Now, in a total dictatorship the answer is usually none, because even if people wanted to, they couldn't. But in a theoretical democracy, when the answer is less than ten hours a year, on the average, then that tells us something about the way power operates in this society. There's only so much power: If it's not used by many people, it'll be used by a few people.

R: One group of people that's attempted to become active over the last decade is students. The conventional wisdom is that students are less active now but I've heard you disagree with that in the past. If we're right, if students are still active and concerned, why are so many people saying they aren't? Do you think these are certain interests that want to put across the image that there's no student movement?

N: Yes; Not the least of which are many college administrators, boards of trustees and even some faculty. They know student movements tend to be contagious. Also, if people don't see students rioting, demonstrating, sitting in, then there's no student movement. They don't see an intellectual or advocacy movement among students as worthy of being called a student movement. The struggle now, though, is clearly going to be: Who's going to govern the universities? All over the country there are boards of trustees and regents riddled with conflicts of material interest, where they have interests in the banking industry or construction and are utilizing their position to enrich their industries or ward off criticism of their industries by making sure that unruly professors or controversial research just don't go on at universities. And the students, I think, are beginning to see that they are being educated in a highly authoritarian environment, run by the corporate interests.

R: Do you find it ironic that the FBI, with its massive counter-intelligence programs, is one of the few other organizations to take the student movement as seriously as you over the past five years

N: I think the FBI recognizes that movements to change society start with the young and they often start with the young who are privileged enough to have time to think.



# DIRECTIONS

## EXCEEDINGLY SIMPLE DIRECTIONS!!!

All right, boys and girls, I know this looks easy, but Paul thought I ought to do a little explaining anyway. So here's what you do: Cut along all solid black lines. When you have all those groovy little pages cut out, put them in numerical order and put one or two staples along the center line of the center page. Presto! One Dyadic Encounter booklet sitting in your pudgy little paws, just waiting to help fulfill all your wildest interpersonal dreams... Enjoy!

Goal: to explore knowing and trusting another person through mutual self-disclosure and risk-taking. For any number of paired participants. A minimum of one hour is needed and ideally that should be open ended. (One booklet per person. Participants face one another and read. Open discussion at end is optional.)

1) Read silently. Do not look ahead in this booklet!  
A theme that is frequently voiced when persons are brought together for the first time is, "I'd like to get to know you, but I don't know how." This statement is expressed in encounter groups and emerges in marriage and other dyadic relationships. Getting to know another person involves a learnable set of skills and attitudes.

2

The Dyadic Encounter was taken from "Structured Experiences for Human Relations" Volume 1. University Associates 7596 Eads Ave. LaJolla, Calif., 92037. This said that booklets can be obtained on these sorts of topics for the nominal cost of printing and handling, whatever that may be. Many thanks to Gary A. Decker from Moline, Ill., for turning us on to this packet and asking us to bring it to your attention. Copies may be obtained from LRY for the cost of printing and mailing - 25¢. We hope you found this encounter valuable and would like to hear your thoughts on it.

23

3) This dyadic encounter is designed to facilitate getting to know another person on a fairly intimate level. The discussion items are open-ended statements and can be completed at whatever level of self-disclosure the participants wish.

The following ground rules should govern experience:

4

49) Express how you are feeling toward your partner without using words. You may want to touch. Afterwards, tell what you intended to communicate. Also, explore how this communication felt.

50) the thing I like about you best is...

51) You are...

52) What I think you need to know is...

21

5) My name is ...

6) The reason I'm here is ...

7) Right now I'm feeling ...

6

43) I believe in...

44) I am most ashamed of...

45) Right now I am most reluctant to discuss...

19

9) When I think about the future, I see myself...

The second speaker reports, in his/her own words what the first speaker has just said. The first speaker must be satisfied that s/he has been heard accurately.

The second speaker then completes the item in two or three sentences. The first speaker then paraphrases what the second speaker has just said, to the satisfaction of the second speaker.

10) Share what you may have learned about yourself as a listener with your partner. The two of you may find yourselves saying to each other "What I hear you saying is..." to keep a check on the accuracy of your listening and understanding.

8

36) The emotion I find most difficult to control is...

37) My most frequent daydream is about...

38) My weakest point is...

39) I love...

17

10

15) Social Norms make me feel...  
16) In ambiguous, unstructured situations I...  
Listening check: "What I hear you saying is..."  
17) I am happiest when...

fold

15

31) In a group I usually get most involved when...  
Listening check: "What I hear you saying is..."  
32) To me taking orders from another person...  
33) I am rebellious when...

12

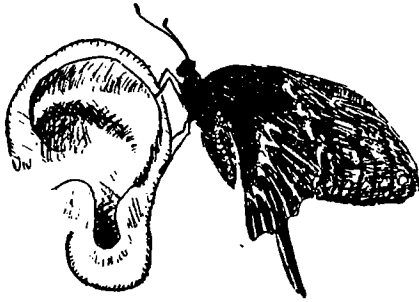
21) When I am rejected I usually...  
22) To me belonging is...  
23) A forceful leader makes me feel...  
24) Breaking rules that seem arbitrary makes me feel...

fold

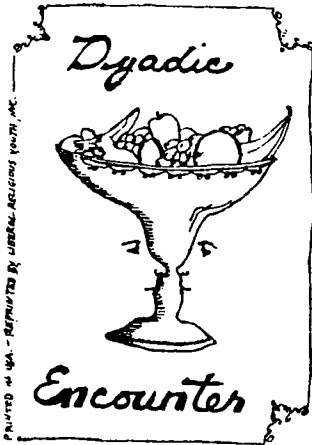
13

25) I like to be just a follower when...  
26) The thing that turns me off most is...  
27) I feel most affectionate when...

20



Liberal Religious Youth  
25 Beacon St  
Boston, Mass. 02108



- 11) When I am in a new group I...
- 12) When I enter a room full of people I usually feel...
- 13) In groups I feel most comfortable when the leader...
- 14) When I am feeling anxious about a new situation I usually...

9

- 53) Right now I am responding to...
- 54) I want you to...
- 55) Time permitting, you might wish to continue this encounter through topics of your own choosing. Several possibilities are: money, religion, politics, race, marriage, the future, and the two of you.

The basic dimensions of encountering another person are self disclosure, self-awareness, and non-possessive caring.

2) Risk-taking, trust, acceptance, and feedback.  
In an understanding, non-evaluative atmosphere, one confides significant data about oneself to another who reciprocates with similar risk-taking disclosure. This "stretching" results in a greater feeling of trust, understanding, acceptance, and the relationship becomes closer, allowing more significant self-disclosure and greater risk-taking. As the two continue to share their experience authentically, they come to know and trust each other in ways that may enable them to be highly responsive to each other.

3

- 34) In a working meeting, having an agenda...
- 35) Check up: Have a two or three minute discussion about this experience so far. Keep eye contact as much as possible and try to cover the following points:  
How well are you listening?  
How open and honest have you been?  
How eager are you to continue this interchange?  
Do you feel that you are getting to know each other?

16

- 46) Interracial dating and/or marriage makes me feel...
- 47) Pre-marital or extra-marital sex makes me feel...
- 48) Right now this experience is making me feel...

4) All the data discussed should be kept strictly confidential. Don't look ahead in this booklet. Each partner responds to each statement before continuing. The statements are to be completed in the order in which they appear. Don't skip items. You may decline to answer any question asked by your partner. Stop the exercise when either partner is becoming obviously uncomfortable or anxious. Either partner can stop the exchange.  
Look up. If your partner has finished reading, turn the page and begin.

5

- 18) The thing that turns me on the most is...
- 19) Right now I'm feeling...  
Look in your partner's eyes as you respond to this item.
- 20) The thing that concerns me the most about joining groups is...

11

20

- 28) Establish eye contact and hold your partner's hands while you respond to this item. Toward you right now, I feel...
- 29) When I am alone I usually...
- 30) In crowds I...

14

- 40) I feel jealous about...
- 41) Right now I'm feeling...
- 42) I am afraid of...

18

8) One of the most important skills in getting to know another person is listening. In order to get a check on your ability to understand what your partner is communicating, the two of you should go through the following steps one at a time. Decide which of you is to speak first in this unit.

The first speaker is to complete the following item in two or three sentences:

7

cont'd from p.14

"They strap your hands to your sides...a rubber tooth guard is shoved in your mouth...two cold steel plates are put to your temples and the doctor turns on the juice...After my treatment, given to me because I punched an attendant, I couldn't even remember what my mother looked like and one patient couldn't remember the names of his kids... I lost my treasured memory and much of my mental ability....And every doctor who applies it knows it harms.... and no matter what he tells you and what propaganda he spreads, he won't take them himself or give them to any of his family."

-Cyril Kolocotronis  
The doctors, who have never had ECT, but administer it, seem to have another opinion.

"The treatment is not painful and or otherwise unpleasant."

-Lothar B. Kalinowsky,MD  
"Today ECT is relatively harmless treatment not significantly more distasteful than having a tooth filled with novacaine"

-David Elkin,MD  
So who's right? The patients who have undergone the treatment and come out with less memory and mental functioning ability, or the doctors who administer the shocks.

Are psychiatrists really interested in healing "sick minds" or are they preserving a status quo of consciousness and reality. The status quo is the illusory "I" which perceives the "external world" out there and goes about correcting it. This is due to the dualistic way of thinking we have become enmeshed in. The subject-object dichotomy. R.D. Laing has a theory that psychosis is the mind/body's own way of giving itself therapy.

"And what is a genuine lunatic? He a man who prefers to go mad, in the social sense of the word, rather than forfeit a certain higher idea of human honor. That's how society strangled all those it wanted to get rid of, or wanted to protect itself from, and put them away in asylum, because they refused to be accomplices to a kind of lofty swill. For a lunatic is a man that society does not wish to hear, but want to prevent from uttering certain unbearable truths."

-Antonin Artaud  
If this is true, then is a lunatic a person perhaps closer to realizing the nature of reality than the average person? If not true then who is it that is "insane"? What sanity is there in massive technological societies that spend over half of their resources on building large metal projectiles armed with nuclear warheads to shoot at each other (knowing full well that to do so is suicide). Is it surprising that in such a world people go mad? Is their madness an attempt to transcend the illusory ego?

"The individual therefore experiences himself as something in, but not truly of, a universe which cares nothing for him, and in which he is a very impermanent fluke. Buddhism - in common with Vedanta and Yoga in India and with Taoism in China - considers this sensation of separate identity an hallucination."

-Alan Watts  
This illusion can be useful, but must be realized for what it truly is - an hallucination. Not something to cling to, but something to be transcended. Look around you. Listen. Smell. Touch. Taste. Right here and right now. Open your doors of perception and realize the truth. It's right in front of your nose.

"All is Mind"  
-Zen Master

cont'd from p.6

Hi there,  
I was at a conference last month in Rockford, IL that I think you should hear about, and maybe help me decide what I can do, or if I can do anything. While I was there, I got sick, very sick. Doctors are totally against my beliefs and I made sure people knew that and the advisors told me that if I didn't go with them to the hospital that they would pick me up and carry me there. So I went with them and when I got there (since I was there totally against my will), I wouldn't tell anything about myself and they couldn't do anything. So at 3:00am, the advisors threw me out in the streets when I'm sick and was having a hard time standing up 50 miles from where I was staying and I didn't know where the fuck I was. I knew I was in Rockford, but that didn't tell me much since I've been in COLORADO all my life and it was the first time in my life I've been that far east. I see that as being thrown out of a LRY conference for my beliefs and I don't think that's right and I see that as going against what LRY is about

Kuwan  
(no address given)



CONT'D FROM P. 15

Christmas was over. Marilyn had found out about Christmas night.

It was against the rules for staff to give patients gifts - the head resident on Christmas Eve had signed 57 order sheets to the effect that no one was to get a gift. Well the gifts were given. Within a month Collette had quit and so had Joanna, and Jackson took a job on the eight floor. The Hungarian doctor has his orthopedic shoes and his big Lincoln Continental with the low license plate 900 and something. Marilyn is still fat, still saying "we" - I'm told she has a dog now, and what do I have?

I, one of those 57. I got the best Christmas memory of my life.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah!

Robert Wylie

CONT'D FROM P. 3

Decision Making Body (DMB) held an impromptu discussion on whether or not the parking lot was under a special court injunction increasing any criminal charges to include contempt of court. (The original injunction, resulting from the second occupation, included the entire site area, but it had been amended the day before the march at the request of both Clam lawyers and the State.) The area now under injunction included only fenced off areas, but we were unsure about the parking lot, which was not fenced in. After getting no information from the PSC - employed "rent-a-cop"s who were standing around, the DMB decided we would march onto the parking lot, come what may.

All was not harmonious in the town of Freebrook, however; there was much unhappiness about the seeming inaction. Some people wanted to block the access road so that the police cars, frequently driving back and forth, could not pass. Others wanted to crash the fence and move onto the actual site. There was much talk about "acting" while we still had our numbers. I was getting very uneasy about talk of action which seemed to me to be deliberately antagonistic to the police. I was there to fight the seaboard nuclear plant and the Public Service Commission, not the police.

For the next few hours, there was cheering and singing as groups arrived from the southern and eastern routes. Video crews and reporters were interviewing and filming everywhere. Once the last groups had arrived at the site, a spontaneous singing session started at the east end of the parking lot. Circles within circles formed an ocean of people surrounding several press persons, cameras in hand. As the rowdiness and dancing died down, a voice somewhere in the middle of the group started to sing:

Love, love, love, love,  
People, we were made for love,  
Love each other as thyself  
For we all are one.

Hundreds of people started singing and swaying in unison to that simple sweet song for what felt like an eternity. The energy was intense. We had made it; we were home.

The remainder of the day was filled with meetings for affinity groups, Spokespersons (Spokes) and the DMB. There were concerns about agitators or overzealous sympathizers coming in and provoking a confrontation. The situation at the entrance to the site had become so lax that townspeople and spectators were walking in and out freely. We had made the police aware of our ground rules, and felt it important to uphold those rules to keep good faith. One of our ground rules, no movement after dark, could not possibly be enforced if non-Clams continued to move in and out freely. We had divided the encampment according to the "staging areas" where we had assembled for our march. One such group, the "North Friendlies", volunteered to stand watch along the access road during the night. The police, partially at our request, established a blockade on the access road with occupiers standing watch on the inside and police on the outside. With nightfall upon us and our watchpeople in place, with campstove-cooked meals in our stomachs, the Town of Freebrook went to sleep.

MAY DAY

I grudgingly woke around 9AM to a cool, crisp morning with the sun glaring in my eyes. A moment of disorientation...I remembered where I was and started to feel anxious. The Spokes group and the DMB were already meeting. I got up, ate a quick breakfast, and went to the DMB meeting. When I got there, they were discussing an incident

of the night before. Apparently, a pro-Clam New Hampshire state legislator had walked up the access road the night before and informed us that the Governor was initiating arrests that day. This information was held for future reference, pending something more definitive.

So the DMB, which was suppose to disband when we reached the site, went about the business of establishing a town. They decided on a name, drafted regulations for low flying aircraft (there were helicopters flying over us constantly), and decided to have a map of the city made.

There was one point of dissatisfaction that I did agree with. All the decisions made by the DMB were unilateral because the DMB was usually meeting at the same time as the Spokes. Consequently, the DMB would make a decision on an issue without any input from the Spokes Groups, who did not have time to report their decisions. The situation was getting out of hand. Finally, things started coming to a head: the Spokes Groups were talking about viable non-governmental structures; it looked like the DMB would disband. At that point, arrests became imminent. Governor Thompson and the head of the state police, Col. Paul Doyon, had met with our emissaries and told them that we had a half hour to decide whether to leave or to go to jail. We weren't leaving.

Shortly after 3:00pm we heard a voice over a bullhorn coming from inside the chain-linked fence. I couldn't quite catch the words, but I knew that it was the warning preceding our arrests. The DMB reaffirmed our stance on bail solidarity and extended it to the press also. Bail solidarity had been explained to everyone in the non-violence training sessions as a tactic employed in the second occupation. Since it is expensive for the State to house, feed and guard that many people, they would probably want to free the majority of us as soon as possible. So people were asked not to be released on "personal recognizance" (pr) unless everyone was. This way, second and third time occupiers, out-of-staters and press could not be discriminated against.

It was discovered that the police had brought horses (used for riot control), and carrots were passed out as a joke to ease some of the ensuing tension. School buses drove onto the parking lot and the first arrest was made at 3:45. It took almost forty-

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Five minutes for the police to fill one bus. They were finger-printing and photographing on the site. This was obviously going to be a long process

It was 8:30pm before they got to me. After sitting in the same spot for five hours, I was singing "Please arrest me, put me in jail". I was told twice that I was under arrest and to go and sit down again. Finally, on the third time around, I was actually loaded onto a truck. By this time they were using troop transport trucks and had stopped hooking people on the scene.

We were driven to the National Guard Armory at Portsmouth, New Hampshire and told we would be processed soon. "Soon" turned out to be fifteen hours, twelve of which I spent in the truck with nineteen other occupiers. That marked about the worst night of my life. People were getting edgy and paranoid from lack of sleep. The tension was relieved a little with a rousing Seabrook High School cheer from a neighboring truck sometime during the night: S-E, S-E-A, B-R, B-R, O-O-K, Seabrook, Seabrook, 'til I die! Aya, bubba, aya!

Everyone in my truck was booked a little after noon on Monday. We were then arraigned, offered release on personal recognizance, and given the opportunity to refuse, which we did. After a few minutes' wait on the lawn outside the armory, we were loaded onto a bus and driven off to some unknown destination.

JAIL

Our destination, as it turned out, was the Concord, NH Armory. My bus load was the first to arrive. After about half an hour another bus arrived, beginning a series of warm reunions. I waited in anticipation for someone from Pomagranates Plus to come through the large doors of the Armory gymnasium. Several hours passed, and I realized it was hopeless, so I joined a new affinity group comprised of the people I was arrested with.

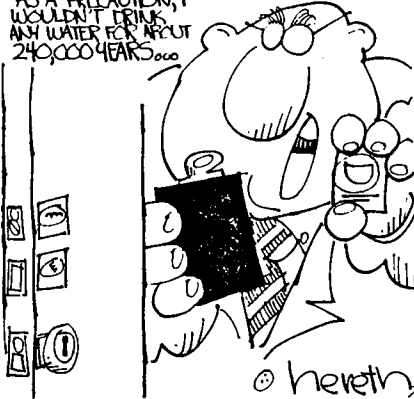
Shortly after we arrived at the Armory someone wrote on the blackboard at one end of the gym: "CONFERENCE ON NUCLEAR ENERGY". This set the tone for the next day as people organized workshops, set up a reading table, and posted a list of books on nuclear energy.

Our arrests by no means finished the work we were doing. Besides workshops, task forces were established to handle outside support, the press, para-legal work, and communications with the police and National Guard. A table was opened for contributions of food for those people who couldn't deal with the "Big Mac Attack" brought in from the local McDonald's. After some negotiations with the National Guard, the food situation was considerably improved, the Guard taking on the food preparations themselves.

Late the first night, a Clamshell lawyer came in to give us the legal rundown of what was happening, and to get individual permission from us to have him represent us in court. The plan was to present a petition to Superior Court for the release of all out-of-state residents on personal recognizance. If this went through, a petition to release all in-state residents would surely go through also, and we would all be out of the slammer. Some people had reservations because the court could not grant the petition for second and third time occupiers, thus destroying the bail solidarity. It was pointed out by our lawyer that we had no clear right to stay in jail, and would have to run the risk of having the court pick and choose who they would release if we were going to try for a mass pr ruling. After about two hours of discussion, and with some dissatisfaction, all but the few who were exercising "total non-cooperation" went along with the plan.

Communications started to break down in the Armory. The petition was to be presented in Superior Court sometime during the second day in the Armory. That same day, someone from the press task force met with a United Press International (UPI) representative.

HELLO, I'M INSPECTOR FIDLY FROM THE HEALTH DEPARTMENT... IT SEEMS THERE'S BEEN A SMALL LEAK OF SOME RADIOACTIVE WASTE - NOTHING TO BE ALARMED ABOUT, BUT JUST AS A PRECAUTION, I WOULDN'T DRINK ANY WATER FOR ABOUT 240,000 YEARS...



Contact was made with "Core Support" almost hourly. No information was being passed down on these things! We were running into the same problem we had during the occupation: everyone was so busy doing their thing in their own little power positions that little was communicated.

The second evening we were finally pushed into some unified action. Our liaisons to the State Police called a meeting of Spokes to announce several restrictions that had been made by the troopers in charge of the Armory. We were to be given only two short recreation periods a day, we had to put all but a few personal belongings in storage, have lights out at ten, and be segregated by sex. These restrictions went over like brick balloons. They were seen as a tactic to create disunity and get us to bail out. All of the Spokes (including myself) went back to their affinity groups with the cheery news. Most of the people in my affinity group decided to cooperate with the orders, but some wanted to go limp. (Going limp was part of the non-cooperation stance that some people were taking with the police. It entailed complete relaxation so that the police would have to drag you anywhere they wanted you to be).

Once all the groups had reached an understanding, we had another Spokes meeting. We adopted a structure for this meeting whereby every affinity group sat behind their Spoke and anyone wishing to be heard would be recognized through their Spoke. What a mess. We got into several fairly peripheral arguments until one of the State Troopers gave us fifteen minutes before he would start implementing the restrictions. At that point we started a ridiculous discussion on what "we" were going to do. It was rather obvious that some of the group would cooperate and some would not, and all that was needed was the recognition of that fact. Although this meeting did pull us together to some extent, it also left a lot of bad feelings about the group process which were never totally resolved.

After the meeting we stashed our packs in a storage room. The next day, however, things returned to much the state they had been in previously. It seemed that the State Police's bark was worse than its bite.

It came down through the grapevine on the third evening that our petition had been denied in Superior Court and would be presented in the New Hampshire Supreme Court the next day. I started making preparations to bail out. The whole scene seemed to have lost it's energy. We heard very little of press coverage on the outside and I was no longer sure what I was doing in jail. I had come to try and stop the plant at Seabrook and had agreed, as a tactic of convenience, to the bail solidarity. Staying in jail was taking too much of my energy and I wanted to go back to Boston. I decided that if the Supreme Court did not grant our petition, I would bail out.

The next day, I was really out of it. After trying unsuccessfully to get in touch with Andy, I called Boston to have my bail wired up to Concord. I spent most of the day wishing that I was out or feeling guilty about leaving. Finally that night, the word came through that the petition had been turned down and I waited to have my name called for release. My name was eventually called and I said goodbye to everyone in my affinity group. I had gotten very close to them and was sad to be leaving.

but glad to be getting out. I knew I would get a round of applause when I went out the door, as we had been doing for everyone who bailed out. But those people who were staying needed more support than I, so as I walked out the door, I left everyone with a cry of "See you in Freebrook!"

I WAS OUT! It felt so good to see the trees and stand on the grass. I waited a bit while some of the others were bailed out, then we all jumped into the back of a pick-up truck and headed for Hampton Falls. The sun was setting as we made our way along the back roads of New Hampshire, and it was so beautiful to feel the freeness, the openness, to have the night air blowing across my face. I started thinking of the words from On The Road by Jack Kerouac: "I don't know where, but we gotta keep going til we get there." Seabrook was a start. I don't know where it will go, but we must keep moving til we get there. I have the feeling that if we ever reach that place, we'll find a lot more than we expected.

from p3

At 3:30 Saturday morning I climbed out of bed with about thirty other sleepy over-achievers and headed for the Marigold Ballroom (where the Clams would meet before the march) to pound stakes, paint signs, cordon off areas and set up tables in preparation for the march organization. Between 9-11AM, all the Pomagranates Plus (P+) appeared and we tried, between running errands, attending meetings and so forth, to get together and talk about who was doing what when, who would march with whom (The Clams go marching two by two!), and to basically muster a little more cohesiveness as a group. But time was short and soon the lineup was to begin. How all those people could come together, organize in an essentially hassle-free manner, and then march off by two's to the nuke site without a hitch is beyond me. A mixture of good luck and good planning, I suppose... or maybe God really is on Our Side.

SO. My group was gone, after many warm kisses and hugs and last minute instructions. I sat down for a bit and contemplated my feelings. I felt a little drained, but mostly happy and excited and proud and worried for my group. Then I experienced a sharp stab of pain as I remembered the tube of Swedish Tanning Secret in my coat pocket. I had brought it especially for my group, and I had guilty fantasies of them reappearing like so many burnt marshmallows.

A bit later, the remaining support people met and figured out what needed to be done. To begin with, there were 50-100 cars left at the Marigold parking area which needed to be guarded against pro-nuke zealots or whoever might want to bash them apart. David Rosenberg, support coordinator and a real peach, asked for volunteers for "Marigold" and I said I would do it. I had no idea how much of my remaining time would be spent at Marigold, but the weather was nice and it seemed quite peaceful, if a little boring. Another man volunteered to stay with me, so we sat and talked, and after a bit the police arrived. They were offended because they felt they had been circumvented by Clamshell in the arrangements with Chris Peters (anti-nuke owner of the Marigold) for the set-up area. First they came in with a bullhorn and told us to "please leave. This is not a campground." We were not camping, so that didn't work. Later they cited us for parking without a permit and threatened to tow cars, but it was Chris Peters' property, and he had a permit, so we were safe there also. Finally, the police chief "let us off" with a lecture and we had no more legal difficulties. I stayed until about 7PM that night, then went to Hampton Falls campground for dinner and sleep.

On the morning of Sunday, May 1, I arose, ate some breakfast and went to a peacekeeper training session (peacekeepers watch the gate at the nuke site, recording persons entering and leaving and trying to dissuade persons who have had no non-violence training from entering). We did some role-playing and discussed feelings on the options presented in handling a gate-crasher or well-meaning person who simply wanted to do their part.

At about 1PM we headed for the site. Some of us immediately relieved peacekeepers on duty and others hung back until needed. Many people had gathered around the gate, and spirits were high. Bigger was that arrests would start that afternoon, and everyone was waiting expectantly, singing Clam songs (Clams





have beautiful voices) and talking. At 2:30 the school buses began to roll in, disappearing into the apex of the long access road. The singing increased and spirits soared as the first busloads of Clams rolled out and off to various penal facilities. After several hours and many busloads, the initial excitement died down and my group of peacekeepers went back to Hampton Falls Campground.

I ate dinner and wandered around reading my book most of the evening and at 10PM I signed up for the 1-4AM shift at Marigold. As I was getting ready for a few hours sleep before my automotive vigil, a woman appeared asking for some assistance with a drug crisis at another campground. Apparently someone had suggested she ask the people from a specific affinity group to help and they had bluntly refused. So I said I would go, resigned from the 1-4 shift, and took off. As I was riding with this woman to the house where they had taken the guy with the "drug problem", she explained that they had found some rosehips on him but were not sure what it was he had taken. One woman was staying with him now, as well as a Clam doctor. We arrived and I met Rick (the drug person). According to the doctor, there were three possibilities: sunstroke, lack of a prescribed medication or the ingestion of some non-prescribed drug. As I spent time with him, I formed a personal conviction that he was tripping strongly on some hallucinogen. In any case, we took him to the emergency ward of a nearby hospital, took care of him while he was being checked out, and left. I returned to Hampton Falls at 3AM and went to bed.



Getting up at 7 for the 8AM shift at Marigold, I ran into fellow p+ Kimlin McDaniel, who had been released immediately because she was under the age of consent. After lots of hugs and chatter, we decided that she should accompany me to Marigold so we could fill each other in on what happened to us. I was to spend the next 24 hours at Marigold, reading or staring at cars or, when she was there, talking with Kimlin. This was a basically boring and uneventful period, but there were a few highlights:  
1) I returned to Hampton Falls at 1PM on an errand and found my pack missing, without a trace, which caused me to become more than a little neurotic for the rest of the day.  
2) I was told later in the evening that my pack had been found (incorrect) and felt much better, and  
3) I spent several hours alone at Marigold after nightfall being very unnerved by the quiet and the shadows.  
(I got the pack back several weeks later.) Later that night, Kimlin arrived, and we went to sleep.

At 11:30 Tuesday morning, Kimlin and I hit a McDonald's and went to the Seabrook Bank to arrange a money-wire from the LRY account at 1st National Bank of Boston to cover bail for our group. The president of the bank was extremely kind to us, unwashed and disheveled as we were and gave us an empty desk and a telephone whereupon we spent 45 minutes arranging a transaction on all sides for 1st National of Boston to wire \$1600.00 through the Federal Reserve Bank to the Seabrook Bank. Later that day, Kimlin drove me to the Trailways ticket office (Colt's News Store) in Hampton, kissed me goodbye, and left me to await the bus for Ross town. Kimlin would take over the job of support person for our group, and I knew she would work her tail off...I went back to Boston to do the same.

# and Kimlin McDaniel

I wandered around for awhile after Andy left. I went over and over again the lists of the people in each armory until I had located the very last pomegranate. I wrote notes to all in our group giving support and information--there was very little of the latter because core support who was, amongst other things, supposed to disseminate information, just wasn't doing it enough of the time.

I spent alot of time waiting for rides to the pay phone--(to give messages from the "detainees" (arrested, unreleased occupiers) of our group to Andy to take care of them in Boston) and to the Seabrook Bank. I collected the money after Paul wired it and opened nine (9) \$100 bank accounts to use for bail for our group. The reason for using the bank books rather than cash to post bail was to keep the state from earning the interest. That night the state ordered all bail commissioners to refuse bank books and accept only cash for bail for occupiers. Great. Back again to the Seabrook Bank to close the accounts and get cash.

I was lost. Running around, going to meetings, hanging out in the info center; trying to hook in somehow and do some work. Much of the work needing to get done didn't because the few people who knew what to do got so exhausted that they didn't or wouldn't explain it to the bewildered masses of people willing to help, including me. I got diarrhea and a runny nose cold and was miserable.

Personal and Group Support were absent. While there was an over abundance of male/female relationships, there was very little women's community or support, which I really missed. Support City failed to make a commitment to discussing our politics and growth so we often got lost in the everyday shitwork and drawn away from the issue which had brought us together: NO NUKES. A women's caucus and a Re-evaluation counselor's group both made several attempts to start, but never made it because we "didn't have time" for small group support and commitment.

On the positive side, a rest, relaxation and recuperation center was set up. The RRR gave space and time for people to take naps, get or give massages, receive attention and a crying tent, which made the New York Times.

I met alot of ex-LRYers, and it felt really good to see us working for change. Also many of the minors chose not to go home but to stay and work as support people. Many people extending themselves.

But I needed a break. I was fuzzy-headed and consistently upset, lonely and dirty and... exhausted I decided to go back to Boston for a day.

Joseph bailed out on Thursday. It was wonderful to see him. He gave me lots of much-needed appreciation and support for the support I had been doing. He agreed to do support until I came back up.

Driving into Boston, I asked myself WHY do I live in the city, in Somerville? The city felt dirty and ugly and frantic. Hampton Falls had gotten me addicted to clean air, open space, and a sense of purpose. I showered, washed my clothes and slept. I saw Andy and my parents and got some of the love and support I needed. My cold cleared up and the fog over my mind fled. ta-da!

I came back Friday night to find that we had to leave Hampton Falls by noon the next day and that we were going to be setting up camp in Newton, about 8 miles away.

Saturday morning, in my wanderings around looking for something to do, I at last found my niche, which I was to stay with till the end. I worked on arranging bail for Somersworth Armory. This job involved waking up in the morning and waiting to borrow a car or get a ride up to the Portsmouth (Clamshell) office, where we figured out who wanted to be bailed, shuffled money around, got Western Union money and rode off to our respective armories. At the armories, we dealt with the Nat'l Guard (who were mostly friendly, but hesitant and tense at first), talked to detained people, bailed anyone out who needed it and drove back to Newton. A regular 9-5 job, often boring and always tedious. After 3 days I began to consider changing jobs--it was a shock to realize how conventional I had gotten.

Meanwhile, the structures that had been taken on were extremely hierarchical, and several of the leaders angered me because of their domineering control in meetings. Process-working on how we do things as well as what we are doing, was virtually ignored.

Most of the "co-ordinators" of projects were, as the stereotyping goes, acting out being overworked, frazzled and cranky. I think that collective working situations would have cut this short and been much less alienating. The government had a tight clique that was hard for newcomers interested in helping to get into.

The Newton campsite was beautiful--forests and a geodesic dome--but it had its shortcomings. There was no field or space for central meeting and our indoor space for the info center was about 1/10th what it had been at Hampton Falls. So the information blockage at core support was increased by the confusion of the move and the lack of adequate space. It was very frustrating.

Monday began the next 3 days of rain, rain, rain. Rachel bailed out and I rejoiced. We spent Monday and Tuesday nights at different local people's houses, who had offered warm beds and showers to all clam supporters.

There were incredible swings in emotion, but I had found strengths I didn't know I had. I learned, after being separated from the affinity group and then from Andy, that I can stand on my own two feet. I can support myself and grow alone. I discovered alot of intelligence and PERSISTENSE in me. And overall, for most people, we realized that we are EMPOWERED--that we can change the world, step by step of course. We can struggle, our struggle is worth the effort it takes. A sign from the Manchester Armory:

If not now, when?  
If not you, who?  
If not here, where?  
Seize the moment!

Through realizing my power, a groups power, I now know that I can not hide from what is going on. I want to live in a sane and healthy world and it's not going to fall in my lap. I have to struggle, we have to struggle. The nagging pessimism and blatant cynicism I used to feel have effectively been smashed. They occasionally come up again, as do all habits/obsessions but now I know it and I fight them. Because I am powerful, we are powerful.

Friday, May 13th and 13 days from where we started, everyone was tried and found guilty in kangaroo courts; everyone appealed and was released on PR as opposed to the previous \$500 bail--an agreement worked out between the state and Clamshell.

Gradually we re-met at Smith's field, the property of some Clam supporters. It was a beautiful day. I felt sad knowing that this phase was coming to an end and that I would be leaving. But I was overjoyed--we had won--we brought the issue of nuclear power into many people's lives and we realized our empowerment.

We danced and sang for a long time that night. And then I went to sleep. In the morning I cried. All the beauty and clearness of Smith's Field, all the loving and brilliance of the people I had met and seen all the power, strength, excitement and faith I realized contradicted so strongly my old ways. Re-birth, again and again,  
we can.

Some other things I'd like to say:  
Read up! and share your information and experiences with your local group, your school, your family (even them), your town, and People Soup.

We need to always think about what we are doing and how we are doing it. Next time (and there will be another) I want to work harder on making fair, non-alienating and thoughtful work structures. I feel we fell into traditional, uncreative approaches...I also want to make sure that group support for both ideas and feelings happens. Think about what our ideas and fantasies are and how we can get to them.

I'd like to encourage people to share their fears and upsets about working for social change. We've all been made to feel powerless in this society ("You can't fight City Hall", "S/he's just a dreamer, never will get anywhere", "Dropout") and until we can face our feelings, and go through them we cannot move. We are empowered - getting in touch with this is bound to be threatening and scary - so let's support each other and ourselves, knowing we can get there.

Think. Think. Think. Share your thinking. We all know so much, we all have so much to learn.

One last word: The difference between doing and not doing is Doing.

Love and Power,  
Kimlin



# Day In Court by wendy vogl

I went to Seabrook with the knowledge that I might be arrested, but when it happened it was a shock. The whole procedure of booking, arraignment and trial was a learning experience and gave me quite a different opinion of the judicial system.

I was arrested at 9:30 PM on May 1st. Or anyway, that is when I was put on the bus and taken off the site. Arrests began at 3:30 PM and we were sitting facing the sun set. Of course, everyone got sunburnt faces. The police were selective in their arrests, taking the men first.

After half of our group was arrested, we decided to ask a cop to arrest us as a group. The first officer that we approached told us to sit down, that they would get to us. So we asked another NH State to arrest us together and he said, "Sure", and we got our stuff and got in line. We hoisted our packs and waited, but the officer disappeared and we were told to sit down. Finally, an officer came up to us and told us we were under arrest. We went with him to stand in line but the buses were full and we had to wait for the next load.

Once we were loaded on the bus, we went to the Portsmouth, NH, Armory for booking and arraignment. I was booked at approximately 4:30 AM, after waiting on the bus for six hours. Booking, for those of you who have never experienced it, starts with being informed again that you are under arrest and, in this case, having your picture taken with your arresting officer. In my case, as in many, I did not see my arresting officer until I was at Portsmouth. After pictures, I was escorted in the company of an officer, down a line to a desk where I was asked for my name, address, age and Social Security number, along with a few other questions which I do not remember. I was finger-printed, which gives you a bad case of black fingers for a while, and was asked to sign a card with all the information I had given previously. While I was in line, I talked to the officers, who had been on duty since 8AM the 1st, and would not leave until well after noon on the 2nd.

Because of being put on different buses and because of the order in which we were booked, Kevin Bell and I were the only two "Pomagrantes" left together. We were called in groups of 15-20 to be arraigned. We spoke for a few minutes to a lawyer, Manny Krasner, who was working with Clamshell. After we were led into a small room with a desk in front, a couch and lots of folding chairs, a clerk came in saying, "All rise", and we did. Then, as a very tired man in a judges robe came in and sat down at the desk, we all sat down. The judge read off the charge (criminal trespass) and all our names. He asked each of us for our plea. Most of us answered Not Guilty, along with a few creative pleas for the earth and life, which the judge construed as also Not Guilty. Our trial date was set for 9AM, July 28, and bail was set at \$100. We all refused bail, and were escorted to a waiting bus and taken to the Armory.

This is an article on Court and not on jail, so I will skip about 2 1/2 months and come to the middle of July. I received a letter from the Clerk of Court from Hampton District Court informing me that my court date was changed to the 4th of August. I had been living in Dayton, Ohio, and Pittsburgh during the summer, so I took the train to Boston. On the morning of the 4th, I rose quite early to hitch up to Hampton, NH, and was fortunate to get good rides. Most of the people who picked me up were interested in Seabrook, so I rapped to them about it.

I was a little late arriving at court, and was worried that session had already begun, but it hadn't. Everyone was still filling out forms when I reached the Court-house, which doubled as a fire station.

First I went to the Clerk Of Court, and she asked me if: A - I had a lawyer; B - was indigent; and C - I wanted the Court to hear me as my own representative. I hadn't decided what to do yet, so I went to speak to Manny Krasner who was there as counsel. I couldn't

afford to pay him, so he suggested that I ask for a Court-appointed lawyer, which would be him anyway since he was the only lawyer present.

So I filled out an indigency form and gave it back to the clerk. I and two others were then called in to the judge's chambers, a small office in the back of the courtroom, along with Manny.

Judge Gray looked at us and asked Manny if he would represent us, which he agreed to do. They both signed some forms and we went back out into the courtroom. The courtroom was full of familiar faces, since everyone had been in the Manchester Armory. I was the only Pomagranate present since Kevin had stuck it out until the end and had taken part in the mass trials when everyone still in the armourys got out.

The Clerk asked us all to rise and the Judge walked in, explaining a few things to the people who were operating pro sat (representing themselves). These people, he pointed out, were waiving only their right to a lawyer, and only at that trial. Then he said he was taking the cases as they were piled in front of him. The first case called was "Wendy Vogl". I nearly jumped out of my seat. I really didn't want to go first! The prosecutor then spoke up, saying that they were dropping charges on my case and three others. One of the three was not present in the courtroom, so they reneged and upheld charges. Manny said the probable reason for the dropping of charges was the absence of my arresting officer, who was on vacation at the time. We of the dropped charges inquired about two weeks.

The next case was called and Judge Gray warned that he would only listen to arguments about the ownership of the land in question once. He also said that the Pro Sat people could cross examine also if they wished to do so. The first witness the State called was a lawyer for the Public Service Company (PSC) and corporate lawyer for Properties, Inc., which is a subsidiary for PSC and whose purpose is to buy up land the PSC intends to build on. It was established that PSC did indeed own the land in question by use of a certified map of land ownership, and was also ascertained that there was no litigation pending on the deeds.

The certified map did show, however, that not all of the land in question was owned by PSC. Also in the area was a railroad right-of-way owned by the Boston and Maine Railroad, thus raising the question of specifically where each individual was arrested.

The witness then testified that he personally had authorized the State of New Hampshire to arrest the Clams occupying the Seabrook site.

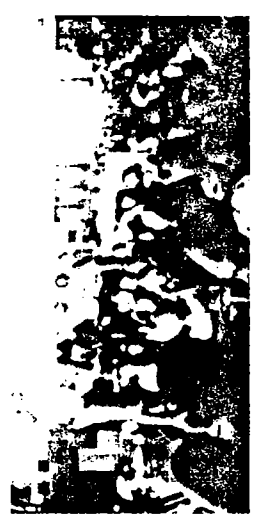
After the testimony of the police officer, the judge called a short recess and a plea bargain was worked out, the terms being that the State would reduce the charge to a simple violation (like a traffic violation) of trespass with a \$50 fine if people would plead guilty or Nolo Contendere. There would be no appeal if the deal was accepted and no criminal record. Credit worth \$5 per day would be given toward the fine for each day served in jail.

After this was announced, we had a one-hour break for lunch where the offer was discussed and pondered. When Court resumed at 1PM, the judge asked each defendant if they would accept. Seventeen people accepted the deal with twenty pleading Nolo Contendere and three pleading guilty. All were found guilty. Their charges were changed and most of the seventeen left, with a few staying to watch the proceedings. One of the remaining eight cases was thrown out because the arrest time recorded on the police info sheet was impossibly incongruous with the time when the defendant was arrested.

The rest of the cases were heard; all were found guilty and permitted to appeal, then were released on \$100 personal recognizance, meaning that they didn't have to pay anything to leave, but if they didn't appear for their trial, they would owe the State of New Hampshire a set amount, in this case \$100.

Court was adjourned for the day and we all went to Friendly's for ice cream before the drive home.

On the way back, we drove past the Seabrook site and Marigold Ballroom - events had gone full circle ending at the beginning. For me there is no external record showing that I went to Seabrook except this article and my journal, but internally it will always be there. I'm glad that I had the strength to follow my beliefs, to do something about them.



JAIL



Arrest

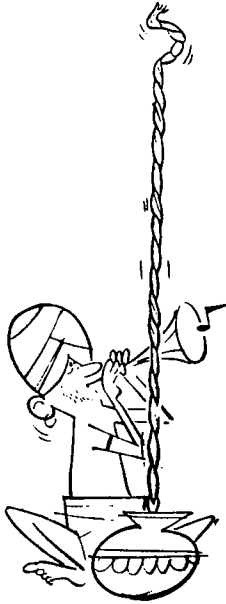


Freebrook



Freebrook - Population: 1800

ALL SEABROOK PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY W. VOGL



*Continued from page 18*

R: Let's take a specific group of people- any group-how do you get them to take control of their lives, to become involved in their community instead of sitting home and watching TV or whatever?

N: You have to do three things. You have to show them what the consequences are if they don't- there is unemployment, depression, pollution, a terrible life for their children, rotten school systems, crime and so forth. Second, you've got to provide them with an opportunity to develop their strategies and technique, and that means grass roots, civic groups. And thirdly, it's got to be made interesting and fun. For example, professional sports attract massive amounts of time from the American people, compared to the amount of time they spend on improving their school systems.

That's the preliminary problem. If someone were to ask me what's the biggest problem in dealing with the District of Columbia government, I'd

say it's the fact that 90% of the people in the District of Columbia don't want to be bothered. They don't want to go away from their television sets when they have leisure time.

R: Aren't you fighting human nature, though?

N: Yeah, that's the true fight. Everybody is grappling with that. That's the greatest problem in history-how do you get people to become serious about deciding things for themselves, instead of letting other people decide things for them?

But I think we have a chance for getting that kind of change because the situation in this country is getting worse. Even without a major depression now, you're seeing churning and tumult among the people-and we haven't even been marginally deprived, in the aggregate, compared to what it could really be like. And it will get worse.

R: Do you mean that there's a major depression coming?

N: It won't be the depression of the Thirties, but what's coming is the following: so distorted an economic system that the apparent solutions produce all the wrong effects. It's basically a kind of economic suicide where in order to get out of stagnation and unemployment, we're producing the kinds of things that will create more problems in future years. Look at our surface transportation system: You can safely say that it's heading toward suicide, it's grinding to a halt in terms of congestion; it's ruining land planning; it's polluting the air enormously, it's depleting energy and other resources; and, in return, what are we getting for it?

R: It also seems to be killing itself economically.

N: See, here's another example of the trouble we're in. Until a few years ago, an eight-million car year was pretty good for Detroit. In the last few years up till 1974, it expanded to about 12 million and the whole infrastructure supporting the car industry has expanded. Now when it goes back to an eight-million car year, the economy is tossed into a tailspin. And so there's the choice: Should we try to salvage the auto industry or redirect the resources to other industries and service outlets? The immediate response is to salvage the industry, get it back up to 12, 14, 16 million cars a year...and what does that do? It exacerbates all the problems along the line, from taking too long to get to work, to suburban sprawl, to pollution, to casualties on the highways, insurance problems, anti-mass transit consequences and so forth. So, our economy is hurtling along self-destructive paths and if tries to deceive itself into thinking that it is bailing itself out of one economic crisis after another.

R: How are people reacting to that? Are they getting angry or are they turning more assiduously toward their TV sets?

N: Well, there's an argument that people become more conservative during times of economic crisis, that they aren't willing to experiment because they perceive their job as the most important thing in their life. The other view, though, is that if people had control of their communications system and the facts could get out, they would respond in a completely different way.

But when all they're told is that the automobile industry is in difficult straits because of pollution and safety controls and they're not told anything about the gross corruption and mismanagement that led the auto industry to its current situation, then it's not surprising that they won't ask: What can we do to restructure or change the auto industry?

I ask myself: Suppose we had three hours of network time every week, where would the citizens movement be? It would be 100 times more effective.

R: The history of things like that is that you'd probably wind up getting your three hours opposite the Super Bowl.

N: Even so, you'd still have a relatively massive audience.

R: What would you do with the time? Let's take specifics: You are going to deal with two or three issues- agribusiness, the energy crisis...You pick the third area.

N: We'll say insurance.

R: Okay, how do you deal with those issues on a TV show? Let's start with food.

N: Well, you start by showing a hot dog. Then you show people eating hot dogs, a hot dog stand. Then you go all the way back to the beef cattle, okay? You show the whole beef processing thing in reality-the filth, the hormones, the antibiotics they have to pump the cattle with because they are shivering. They don't move on the range anymore; they're in these big feed lots. And you show the amount of fat that goes into a hot dog and the water and the color dyes.

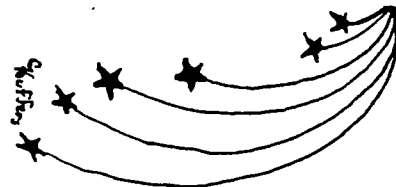
Then you show how taste can easily be manipulated. You show putrid meat, the you show the next stage-after it's been colored. Then the next stage-nice pink. Then the next stage-all seasoned with chemicals. Then you move it into just a delicious hot dog with mustard.

And you show the effect of the carcinogens in the meat. You show advanced cases of cancer. Bladder cancer, for example.

R: You mean you actually show them what a bladder looks like when it's...

N: Sure.

R: You'd show victims.



N: Sure, I mean, that's what carcinogenic cells look like. And then you show why this is done. It's basically done for the immediate commercial convenience of the processors. It's these things you can do with television that you can't do with the written word.

R: Would there be a punch line? Would you show people what they can do to change it?

N: The basic punch line is this. You ask: What can you do about this right now? And the answer is nothing. At this moment in time, you don't know how to do anything about it. So then you start. You know, the first thing you've got to do is decide you want to spend some time. You can't be a great bridge player just by reading a book. You've got to play bridge. You want to play citizen action? Fine! Here's what you can do: If you want to spend just five hours a month, here's what you can do. If you want to spend 30 hours a month, here's what you can do. See, very basic stuff.

Start on the local level. Did you ever go down to the supermarket and say: "We're five families and we've been patronizing your store for ten years, and we spend an average of \$14,000 a year, total, and we'd like to have a meeting with you some evening after your store is closed." So you sit down and have a meeting with the manager and say "We think you should have monthly meetings with you customers so they can air their grievances and ask you questions. You're a food expert, you should know exactly what you're selling. And we'll present you with a petition of 500 families who live in the area who want the meeting too." The you start asking questions: "Why do you sell this? Why don't you sell that?" And it begins to focus some bargaining power on the part of the buyer.

R: Has that been done anywhere?

N: No. But you see how relatively easy it is. Here's another you could do. You have shopping centers all over the country now, some of them patronized by 15-20,000 families. Huge, okay? So suppose you organize the families so that each threw in \$5 a year...and develop a fund of \$100,000. And they set up an office in the shopping center-a grievance and complaint bureau, with an economist and a lawyer and a publicist. Any time you'd have a complaint about shoddy merchandise or price gouging or lack of courtesy, they'd be right on the premises, ready to help you.

R: That sounds like the professional consumer idea.



N: That's right. It's also part of the overall desire that more and more of society's time and energy be spent backing the consumer side of the economy, not just the producers.

R: It sounds like your TV show would involve a lot of "advocacy journalism" and that's pretty tough to do on television because of the so called fairness doctrine. Do you think that broadcasters should have the same kind of First Amendment rights as newspapers-complete freedom of speech?

N: Yes, the first amendment should apply to TV-and to all the consumers. That is, there should be a constitutionally recognized right of access by the people because basically the mass media are a monopoly. They're using our airwaves, and it's nonsense to say that for the few bucks a year that they pay in license fees that they can determine what goes over those airwaves. So I would apply the first amendment in both the passive and progressive sense: Don't stifle the right to say what the person wants to say, but don't allow the broadcasters to block access on the part of the citizens who want to have access.

R: Back to our TV show. The energy crisis-I should say the "quote energy crisis"- how would you dramatize that?

N: You could start by saying, "The experts are saying we are in an energy crisis and an energy shortage. They say we're running out of oil and gas." Then you show that this is all nonsense. Energy is where you want to find it. For example, one-third of the annual tree growth in the United States would supply all our energy if we knew how to convert efficiently into methanol, wood alcohol. Corn husks, green leaves, diseased or dying trees, 150 million tons of manure, plants- all these can be converted into energy. And you show solar and wind, and you ask. If all this is energy, why aren't we getting it? Because the energy corporations only like a certain kind of energy: the kind they can control the supply and distribution of. Which is why solar energy doesn't qualify, the sun can go directly to your home, bypassing your friends at utility and power company. See? (laughs)

I mean, they're not really interested in corn husks or manure because these are accessible to anybody. You could have lots of small companies and decentralize them, but oil wells offshore? I mean, why do oil companies love offshore oil? Because they don't have any competition from independent producers who aren't big enough to buy the rigs. And the same is true with nuclear power. If a big utility like Con Edison had a \$20 gizmo that could produce electricity for all of New York City- and say they got a ten percent return on a \$20 investment - you think Con Edison would be interested? Of course it wouldn't be interested. They like nuclear power because it gives them a tremendous capital base on which to get more money from the consumer.

R: How would you dramatize the difference between the president's energy policy and the Democrats' in congress?

N: I'd show someone pulling into a gas station, and they ring up 54¢ a gallon or 60¢- that's the Democrat's program. Then you show someone pulling into the same gas station and they ring up 75¢ a gallon- that's Ford's program. And you go right down the line from that.

R: How would you explain why the president wants to do that?

N: Well, you can do that too graphically; you have to do it verbally. It's basically that Ford is doing what the oil companies want-a higher price ceiling on the oil coming into this company, so they can raise their domestic oil prices. Second, the higher the price to the consumer, even if part of it is a tax, the more the consumer gets accustomed to the high price. And when the tax come off, the oil companies can move in just the way the auto companies moved in a few years ago when the \$200 auto excise tax came off. And people won't resist because they'll just be paying the same price as always. Third, the value of resources in the ground go up. That's why the oil companies love what the OPEC cartel did-basically it tripled the value of their oil in Texas in the United States.

R: So what do we show viewers as a positive alternative? What can they do?

N: Well, first you show them they can produce their own power. If we could ever get the hobbyists of America to start building windmills and solar energy collectors out of leath kits-it would be enormous! There is a man in Washington who has a solar collector system on his roof and he claims in 1972 his gas bill was under \$5. So while it might not do the whole job, whatever it does is all to the good.

R: It is a more difficult field though, to give people things they can do immediately -aside from building their own solar energy panels-than food was, isn't it?

N: Yes, because food is a daily type of thing. You can reject your local supermarket, exert immediate pressure on it. But what's the alternative to the automobile except walking? Of course, you could say: Here's one solution to the energy crisis-and then show people walking.

R: Okay, your choice for the TV show insurance.

N: First you show a doorbell ringing, at night, and the people in the house open the door...it's Metropolitan Life Insurance! And the salesman is here to try to sell them some insurance. They sit down and listen to his spiel and then the householder starts asking him questions. How do your prices compare with your hundred competitors? Well, the first thing they'll find is that he hasn't got that information, which arouses suspicion. He can't even get that information...or he won't get it. And you have to let people know that there are tremendous price differences for the same kind of coverage from company to company.

All right. Then the householder says to the insurance salesman "What is it that you want me to sign?" So he says "Here is our policy," and out comes this thing with microscopic print. So the householder says "Would you mind if I read this over the next few days and then you come back?" And the salesman tries to dissuade him but finally says okay. Two days later the doorbell rings again and the householder says, "Well, I've found your policy quite appropriate in some respects but in other respects I've decided to amend it and I've changed some words and some figures here and there. And I'd like you to agree to my changes and then I'll sign the contract.

Now what does this bring across? The fact that it is almost unheard of, I mean, people start laughing. Whoever thought of amending insurance? You take it or leave it. So it shows that insurance is really a one-sided thing. You get it across to people that they have no bargaining power. Prudential could ring the doorbell the next day and it would be the same thing. And you show people that they are paying millions of dollars in higher prices than they need to.

R: What do you get people to do?

N: You show them that if they were part of a consumer economy-and belonged to food co-ops, housing co-ops, health co-ops, insurance co-ops-they'd be able to maximize their dollars and also their health and safety.

R: Well, very practical, how do we get to the point where that kind of cooperative is possible in this country?

N: All right. This is what we're going to try to encourage Congress to enact this session: a consumer cooperative financing bank. It's a bank that is modeled after the farmer cooperative banks that were set up in the Thirties.

See, the farmers were in very bad shape then. They couldn't get credit from banks as individuals. So they joined together in cooperatives in order to improve their buying and marketing power, and they got Congress to enact a law establishing banks for the cooperatives-a bank which would lend them money, short or long term. And in return the farm cooperatives bought into the bank, until the government owned

less and less- and in 1968 the cooperatives had total ownership. Why not a similar structure to finance consumer co-ops?

R: What about the producing side of the economy? What kind of immediate steps can people take to get basic structural changes there?

N: Well, one of the first steps would be for Congress to enact a new system of federally chartered large corporations. One reason why that is important is that it would provide the first thorough public debate on the structure of corporations in the history of this country. It will be a chance to rewrite our constitution for corporations. Corporations are a creation of the state, you should always remember, and the charter is what the state gives the corporation in return for certain obligations.

For example, under existing law, corporation don't have to disclose very much information about their inner workings.

For example, there are currently very mild sanctions for officials who behave illegally or against public interest.

For example, there is no bill of rights for employees. If an engineer speaks up against General Motors for making unsafe cars, shouldn't that person be given due process if GM decides to fire him?

For example, there's no attention paid now to the silent violent impacts some corporations have on their communities, like pollution.

Above all, the charter must make the corporation vulnerable. It must structure banks, for example, in such a way that depositors have an opportunity to throw out the management for good cause.

R: The problem-the immediate problem-with both the consumer cooperative bank and federal chartering of corporations is getting it through Congress. How are you going to get "those" kinds of things though "this" kind of Congress?



N: We are dealing with a shift from non-perceived to perceived crises. For example, a few years ago you couldn't have gotten two votes in Congress to set up a federal oil and gas corporation. But last December, 22 senators sponsored that bill and they could've gotten another ten to sign on. Why? Because they perceived the crisis in the energy situation. How do you get the ball rolling on other nonperceived crises? The only way—in addition to expecting people to respond more forcefully when crises and catastrophes occur—is to begin to build the momentum for citizen action.

R: In more general terms though, do you think Congress is the best place to go if you want to bring about basic changes in society?

N: Potentially, yes. One reason is that, of the other three branches of government, Congress is really closest to the people. I mean, they really have job insecurity. The major problem now, though, is that we basically have minority rule because it takes a two-thirds vote to overrule the presidential vote. And I think the founding fathers made a mistake when they thought that the power of Congress was going to be overwhelming and the presidency was going to be weak. With veto power, the presidency can be extremely strong. Right now it doesn't look like the country can do very much with a totally opposed president.

R: And that's what you think we have?

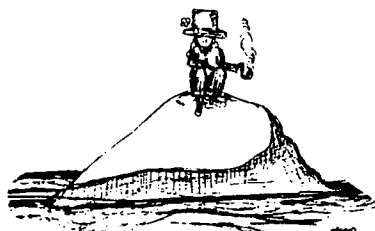
N: That's what we have. That's why Congress's bargaining power is so low with Ford, because he really doesn't want to do anything! Except maybe to pass these giveaway to business bills. He doesn't want a civil rights bill, he doesn't want a jobs bill, he doesn't want a real housing bill, he doesn't want a tax reform bill... And the problem is again that the RNC's not leadership in the House and Senate. The curse of any governmental body is to be led by nice but weak leaders. The niceness insures their tenure and weakness insures their do-nothingness.

R: What about using the judiciary as a means for basic changes? You've brought a number of successful lawsuits that have forced the government to respond...

N: The judiciary is the citadel for the minority view. They don't count votes in court. They count rights. And also when it works well, it works because the courts are insulated from the usual manipulative power plays that operate in the executive and legislative branches of government. I mean you don't give a federal judge a campaign contribution. They are appointed for life. You don't wine and dine them, you can't offer them jobs after they leave court... The reason it hasn't worked as well as it might is because most judges are taken from the upper economic classes. Many are former corporate lawyers.

R: How would you change it?

N: Well, that's one of the toughest questions of all. Because if you elect them, you end up with the situation in New York, where the judges are beholden to campaign contributions... I would frankly prefer the election of judges, but for long periods of time to insulate them from the tyrannical majority. I'd also permit cumulative voting; in other words I'd have a slate of 10 judges and you could put all your ten votes on one



judge, so that the minority could elect some judges. And I'd get money, campaign contributions, completely out of it.

R: Getting back to the Congress, you tried to exert some direct citizen pressure several years ago with your Congress Project. Your people wrote reports on each member of Congress. Were you satisfied with the results?

N: Well, I'm never satisfied with any results.

R: Never?

N: No, never. But it did do a lot of good things. It had substantial behavioral effect on members of Congress. They now know that even though they controlled the communications systems of their constituencies—through newsletters, taped broadcasts and the fact that the press didn't have the time or interest to chronicle their activities—they knew what they did was going to be chronicled by our Congress Project and distributed back home.

R: But your projects weren't really very tough on a lot of members.

N: That's because a decision was made at the outset not to make value judgements, that we shouldn't say "Now we conclude that Congressman Jones should be defeated."

R: Why'd you decide that?

N: First, we'd need more time and resources. It would be easy to make those sort of decisions about many congressmen, but for many others it wouldn't. Also, it would be considered partisan, because inevitably one party would come out better than the other.

R: Well, why not become partisan? Isn't voting your ultimate act as a professional citizen?

N: There are two reasons for that. First, if you're going to become partisan, you've really got to do it effectively. If you are going to try to defeat someone, you've really got to try to defeat someone, otherwise it is a celebrity thing. I'm for so and so, you should vote for so and so. It doesn't mean anything, it cheapens the currency.

The second reason is that our groups operate under tax-exempt restrictions which prevent engaging in any partisan political activity.

R: If you could do it, would you be associated with it?

N: Well, I don't know about my being associated with it. But I think there should be a group in the country that systematically searches out candidates who are going to take strong people stands and gives them advice, and helps them get elected.

R: So why not do it?

N: Because that's not the most important thing right now.

R: But isn't the president of the United States the ultimate public citizen, the ultimate consumer advocate?

N: No. The president is the agent of the people and if they are not organized in their consumer, taxpayer or citizen roles, change of any significance is unlikely to come from the top. To break the concentrations of power, which is what such a candidate would have to strive to do, the need for a very articulate and organized citizenry is even greater. But the whole citizen action area doesn't attract anywhere near as much support or funds as the political area.

R: But what about using the political area as a way of publicizing citizen action, as a way of attracting support and funds?

N: That's one way. A more lasting way, though, is to have citizen activity direct the political process.

Let me give you an example I had a meeting with Governor (Michael) Dukakis (of Massachusetts) and we were talking about the utilities—like most places there's a great uproar among utilities customers in Massachusetts. We discussed a number of reform proposals: good appointments to the state public utilities commission, a consumer council to represent the people's interests and finally a checkoff system on each utility bill where each consumer could make a \$1 or \$2 contribution to a statewide consumer-action group.

One of his aides favored the consumer-council idea but Dukakis said, "You don't understand. This consumer council is only good as long as I'm governor. But once you establish a residential utility consumer-action group (RUCAG), well, that's permanent." The next governor could be very pro-big business but it would be impossible for him or her to uproot the RUCAG. It would be an independent political and economic force in the state. Not only would the group have a full-time staff, but it would have a communications link to 300-400,000 voters. And so it would be politically impossible to stop it.

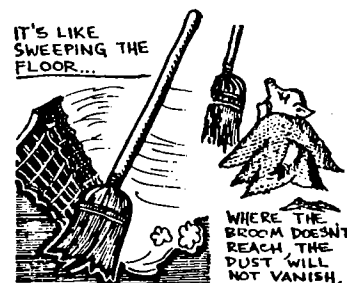
R: And if someone like Dukakis can establish that kind of group while he's governor, doesn't that make running for office worthwhile?

N: Yes, but he couldn't establish it by state law in a hundred years unless he had the utilities consumers organized. They need to be organized to push the law establishing the checkoff system on utilities bills through the state legislature. It's the chicken and egg—and I think it's more important to get the people organized first.

You know, you look at Tennessee. In one decade they've got (Estes) Kefauver and (Albert) Gore as senators; the next decade they've got (William) Brock and (Howard) Baker. What an incredible transformation! The same constituency electing completely different kinds of senators. What that means is that there's no consistent expression of public will, that it's very transient and manipulable by politicians. If Kefauver and Gore had done then homework, if they'd started building up basic citizen forces instead of just winning elections, a guy like Brock wouldn't have had a chance in 50 years of defeating Gore.

Do you really think that a country that elected Richard Nixon is now going to elect people who are actually going to change things? With communications systems run as they are? It's not in the cards. Which is why we're trying to get something more permanent under way.

R: There still is a hell of a lot of power in the presidency though. Especially if it's used negatively, as you say Ford is using it. Now, we've been through why you wouldn't want to get involved in it but someone's going to have to get involved. What kind of person would you like to see as president? How would you like to see a presidential campaign run?



N: Those are long answers. One attribute a president must have is the ability to get down to the most basic levels. If, for example, you have to make a decision on occupational health and safety, you go out to the factories and see what they're really like. If you want to have bureaucratic reform, spend a few days in the next month just walking through the agencies asking questions, so that you're not just told what the superiors in those agencies want you to hear.

It's important to open up the White House. It's very elitist. The White House is best symbolized by the masses of tourists waiting outside for hours to get a peek inside for a second and by the glittering aristocracy that gets invited to White House dinners. The president spends a lot of time in useless ceremony. Instead of patting a few children on the head and taking a few pictures, the president should spend, say, 30 minutes with a citizens group, hearing them out, hearing their grievances. When was the last time the president entertained citizen activists from all over the country?

The president also has to do more independent thinking. The day shouldn't be filled up with...activities. There's got to be time for a person to sit alone with no phones ringing, and think,

R: Apparently, he has that time. If you read what Butterfield said about Nixon, he had time to figure out the details of what was going to be served for dinner and what the White House police should wear.

N: Yes, and a president who's an example. Like today, Ford is spending like crazy in the White House and he's asking everybody else for austerity. I think what Jerry Brown is doing in California is very good. You cut out the mansion, cut out the jets... but it isn't enough just to do that.

A presidential campaign, for example, should be a massively seized opportunity for citizen action. If you believe in consumer cooperatives as a national policy, then go around the country and help form consumer cooperatives. Don't go around the country saying, "My fellow Americans, I promise to do the following." You've got massive access to the media; you're going to be spending \$50-\$100 million. You're going to be involving up to 200,000 volunteers and active citizens. Start setting them up. Student groups, neighborhood groups, grass roots organizations--so even if you lose, you've accomplished something.

R: You say you're not interested in doing that, at least in a presidential campaign. How do you deal with all these Nader for President groups that keep popping up and the stories about you as a presidential possibility?

N: I don't deal with them at all. I don't see that many groups forming. I certainly don't hear from them.

R: I just realized something. I don't think either one of us has mentioned the word Watergate once in this entire discussion.

N: I almost did.

R: When?

N: When we were talking about people no longer having to be persuaded that government is corrupt.

R: Is there anything to be said about Watergate? Is there anything left?

N: Yes, and it's this: The lessons of Watergate are being forgotten with a rapidity only exceeded by Halley's comet.

R: For example?

N: For example, the Ervin-Weicker package of reforms, including the establishment of a permanent special prosecutor, is about 30th on the Senate's list of priorities. And Senator Weicker feels that if they don't get it this session, they're never going to get it. Here we are, not that long after Nixon resigned, and we've already lost that thrust. In short, Watergate can happen again. There's no structural change, no new sanctions, no assertions of congressional authority, no new investigative arm of Congress--nothing!

R: What about Nixon: Was he an aberration or just a product of the system?

N: He was simply the final expression of the pus and he built on what prior presidents had laid the groundwork for. The abuse of power, breaking and entering, excessive and illegal power of the FBI and CIA, secrecy, dirty tricks in campaigns--all this preceded Nixon. He just built these patterns into a White House-run system of greater and more frequent criminality.

R: If the accumulation of presidential power hasn't abated at all, how far can it go? What about the possibility of a fascist takeover?

N: Well, we now have a remarkably orchestrated merger of corporate and government power. The major executives of corporate America are pushing for more government subsidy and involvement and tax privileges; the shuttle between government and industry personnel is much greater than at any other time: high-level oil executives going into government for a few years and then back into industry. And these are the interlocking forces which history tells us--are the basis for any fascist eruption.

R: Do you think about that at all?

N: I am concerned that we're moving toward more and more concentration of power, and whether or not that's called fascism is irrelevant--the reality is what we've got to be concerned about.

But perhaps the problem is that it isn't called fascism, even though it's moving in that direction. People think, "Oh, it couldn't be fascism here," because they think of it in terms of Nazi style or Brazilian style, but they all have a different style. And this would be fascism American style. That's what worries me.



## FREE

It begins with people coming together, out of desperation, out of hope, out of new dreams and new ideas, out of anything. It begins with people who wish to learn, wish to do it together, wish to do it with love, and for honest, vital and human reasons. It begins with you, the innovators, the idea-makers, the dream realizers.

It begins because learning is necessary, because it's human and natural, like eating or sleeping. It begins when we understand that many public and traditional schools are neither human, nor natural; that they are crushing us, hurting us, and using us.

It begins...

As it grows and unfolds, you will see your particular path better than we can here. But to help you with the initial energizing, we provide some suggestions.

1. Invite any of your friends interested in open education to attend an LRY meeting where: You sit down and discuss the form you would like your school to take. Try to avoid harping on the ailments of your past school experiences, but do examine them.

2. Assuming that you are not sufficiently empowered or motivated to create a full-time school, decide upon several subject areas that you would like to explore.

## SCHOOL

3. Brainstorm to find the necessary resource people for these classes. Some suggestions:

- UU congregation
- your minister
- hip teachers from your school
- university professors
- parents
- Campus Free College Program Advisor

Contact these people and invite them to a second meeting, at which time you might want to include your parents. You might not.

4. Get to know each other. Discuss the relationship between staff and students, and use of the democratic process in the decision making process. Discuss the schedule for classes, and fees, if necessary. Discuss a valid method of self- and staff-evaluation. What will be learned. Discuss the purpose and goals of creating your own school.

5. Explore the possibilities for obtaining whatever office equipment and materials may be necessary; for use of public and private facilities as classrooms.

6. Outline together (staff and students) the courses of study: texts, fieldwork, etc.



## REPORT

7. Publicize your existence to the larger community. While new people may or may not become a part of you LRY family; their presence and input will be valuable to both your learning experience and to theirs.

### ON DEVELOPMENT OF A FULL-TIME ALTERNATIVE EDUCATION EXPERIENCE

If this happens, you will probably be more prepared to deal with it at that time, than we are now.

Some suggestions: Find an attorney to help iron out legal problems. Obtain information and aid from free schools already in existence.

Write to LRY, 25 Beacon St. for a list of other resources, books, films, publications, schools, etc.

# PROGRAM PACKET

A Packet of LRY Programs  
Consisting of games,  
guided fantasies, and  
inspirational experiences  
for hours and hours of fun  
and learning for your local LRY  
group. (Great for Conference too!)

Some examples of what's in the packet  
are: The Animal Game  
Hand Cream Orny  
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**59  
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I HAD TO DO IT.. IT WAS...

# A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE

**ONE DAY AT WORK I WAS LEAVING THROUGH THE LATEST COPY OF MY FAVORITE PAPER WHEN AN INTERESTING ITEM CAUGHT MY ROVING EYE BALLS...**

**HMM... I WONDER IF THEY'D PRINT SOME OF MY DRAWINGS... I KNOW THEY'RE NOT VERY GOOD BUT IF THE WORD THEY COULD DO WOULD BE TO SEND THEM BACK AND I COULD SEND THEM MY, THEN THEY WOULDN'T PRINT THEM FOR CERTAIN!**

**BUT THAT WASN'T PROBLEM AND MY DRAWING TABLE BEGAN TO GET COVERED ON IT...**

**HEY!! WHAT'S THIS? SUCH A FANTASTIC PAPER TO BE SENT TO BE PRINTED!**

**OH... BUT LIKE YOU KNOW MAN...**

**THEN I GOT THE NEXT ISSUE...**

**VIEW, THE SOAP'S KIND OF THIN THIS MONTH...**

**OH FOR I SHOULD HAVE SENT IN SOME SOAP!**

**THIS TIME I HADN'T LEFT TONS OF EMPTY SOAPS FILLED MY NIGHTS...**

**TOMORROW FIRST THING I'LL DRAW SOMETHING FOR THE SOAP.**

**BUT I ACCIDENTALLY CLOSED MY MIND AND TIED UP MY DRAWING HANDS UNTIL ONE DAY...**

**OH... THE LATEST SOAP!**

**HEY! WHAT'S THIS? ALL OF THE IMAGES ARE BLANK! WHAT'S THE DEAL?**

**NO SEEM THIS MONTH DUE TO LACK OF INGREDIENTS I CAN'T DRAW PEOPLE... DO YOU WANT TO SEE A GOOD THING DIE?**

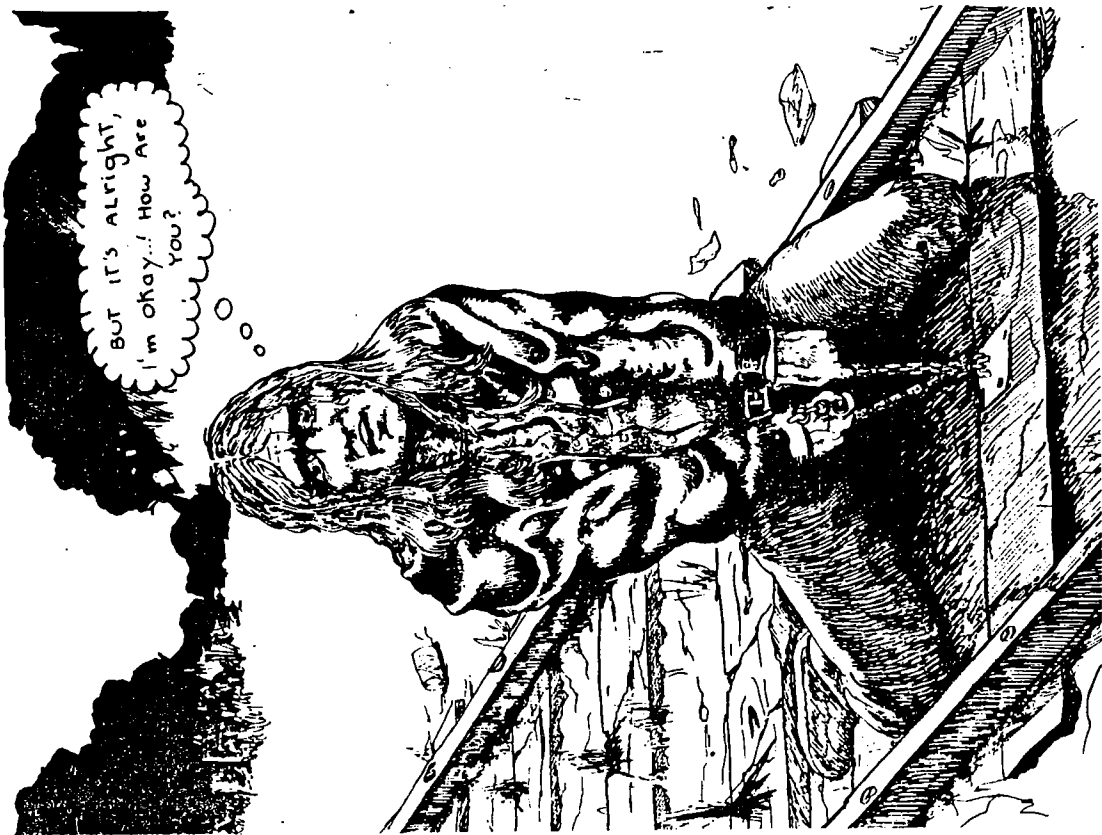
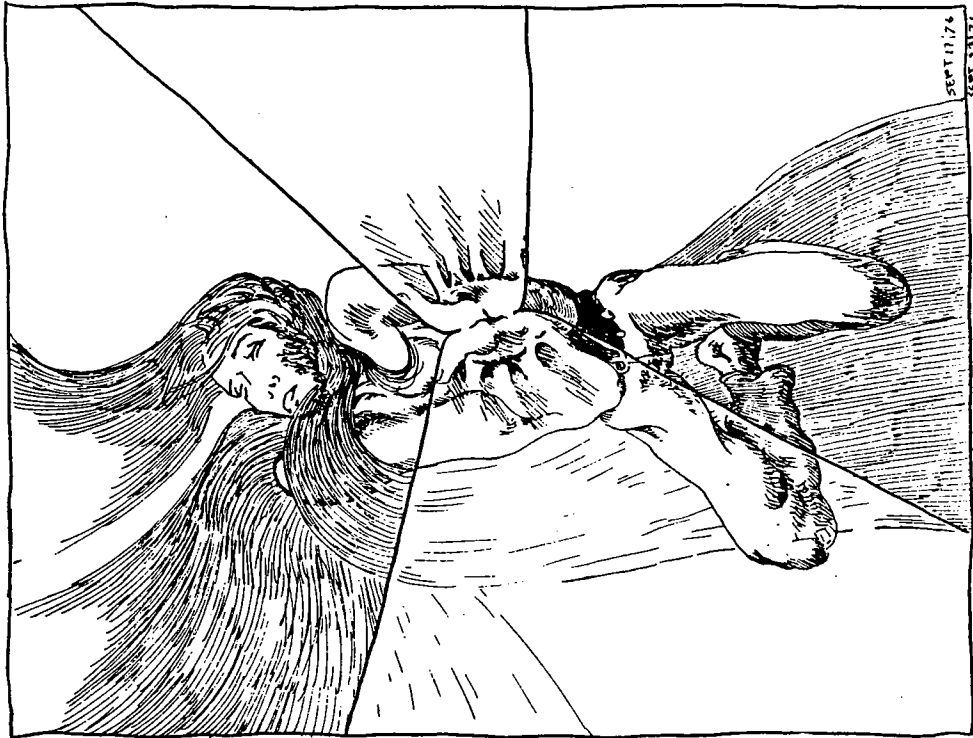
**WELL... THEN AND THERE, A BELL IN MY HEART WENT "RING" AND THE NEXT THING I KNEW I WAS DRAWING FEVERISHLY.**

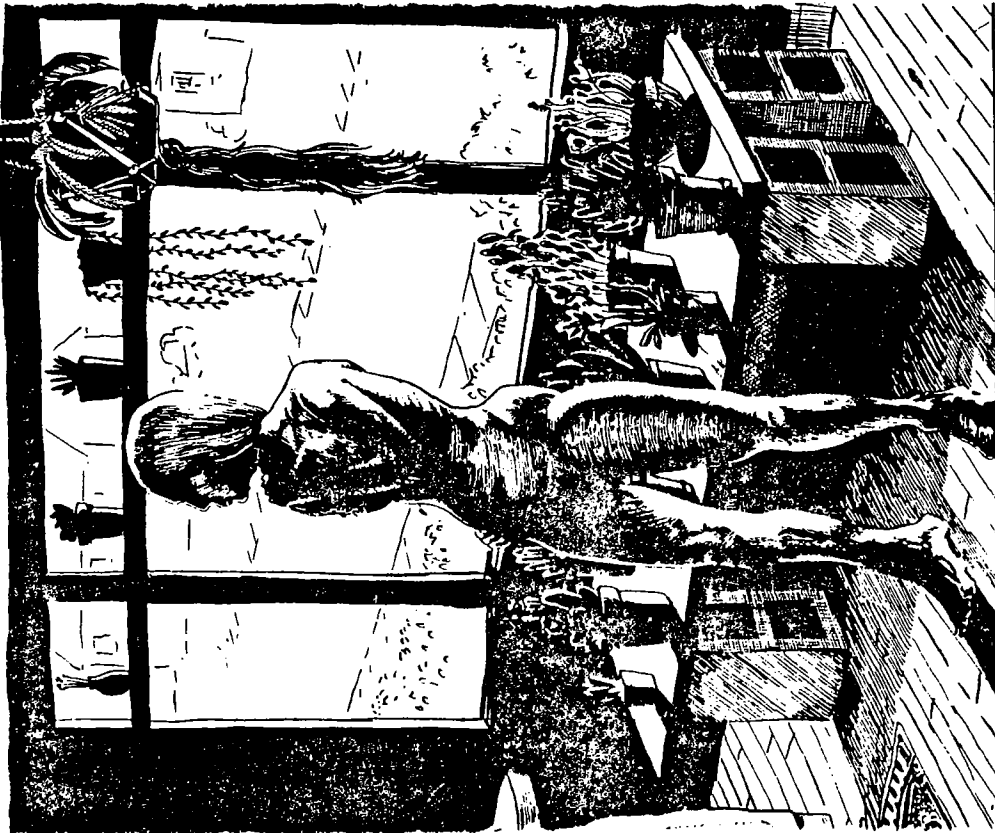
**YEAH! THAT'S IT!**

**HEY! THEY PRINTED SOME OF MY DRAWINGS... FAR OUT!**

**NOW ISN'T THAT AN INTERESTING STORY? DOESN'T IT JUST MAKE YOU FEEL BETTER TO BE WRITING OR DRAWING SOMETHING FOR THE SOAP? AFTER ALL, THE SOAP IS YOUR PAPER ITS JUST A MOUTH PIECE FOR YOUR IDEAS AND IDEAS... IF YOU DON'T HAVE THE MOTIVATION TO SEND IN YOUR OWN... BUT, BUT, BUT... THE PEOPLE WHO ARE DOING IT NOW WILL GET TIED UP JUST SEARCHING THEIR SOULS FOR IDEAS AND SENDING OUT SOAP TO A SILENT MASS OF PEOPLE... YOU'VE GOT A VOICE WHY DON'T YOU USE IT? IF EVERY TYPING WHO REALLY WOULD SEND US SOMETHING... ANYTHING... THE SOAP PEOPLE WOULD BE ABLE TO RELIEVE A FEELING OF LONGING SOME BECAUSE THEY'D HAVE THE INGREDIENTS... REMEMBER... SEND US SOMETHING... PLEASE...**



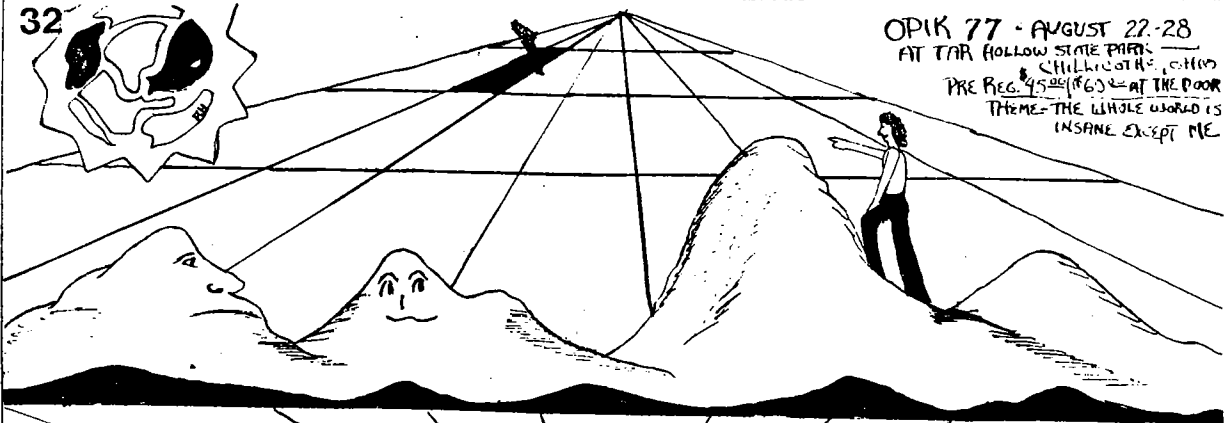




Bob Toren produces the best and most interesting artwork we at People Soup have seen all year. Although he is not an LRY member, he saw fit to send us a portfolio, and we would like to pass some of it on to you.

- The Editors

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OPIK 77 - AUGUST 22-28  
 AT TAR HOLLOW STATE PARK  
 CHILLICOTHE, OHIO  
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 THEME - THE WHOLE WORLD IS  
 INSANE EXCEPT ME

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 PEOPLE  
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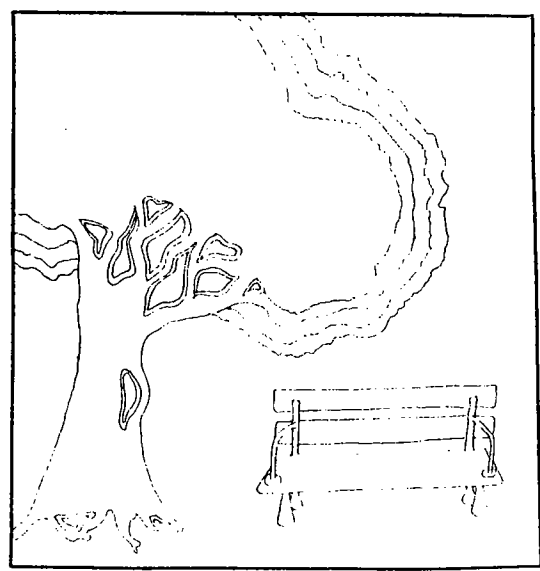
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