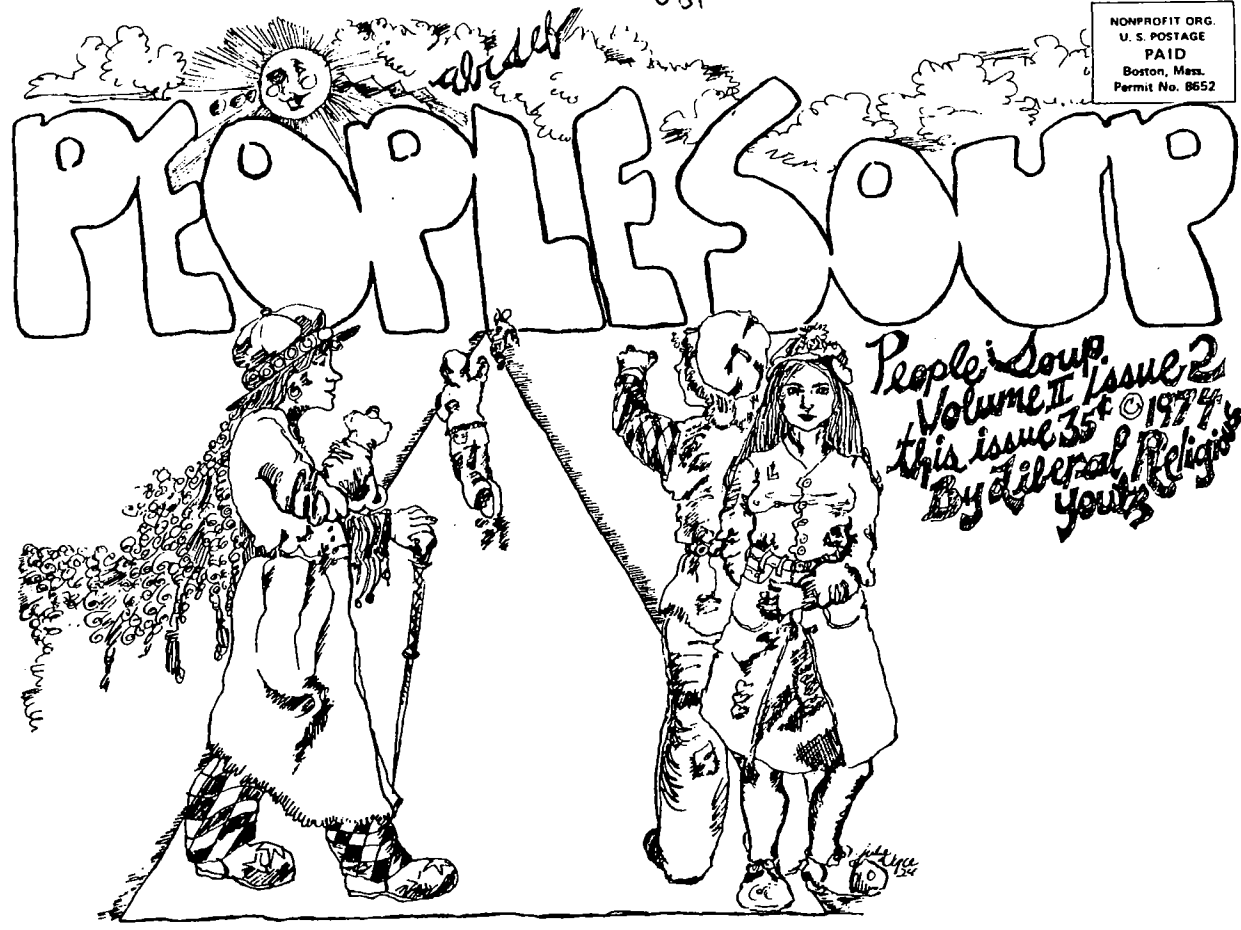


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# Its The AMERIKANADIAN Way

The Canadian government and the famed RCMP (or "Mounties", as they are affectionately known) dissipated some hopeful illusions Monday, Sept. 30, when they conclusively demonstrated their lack of respect for the native peoples of this continent by, respectively, insult and brutal violence.

The Native Peoples's Caravan, a large group of angry Indians who are dead serious in their demands for sweeping changes in the treatment and administration of Indians in Canada, arrived in Ottawa Sept. 29 after publicizing their cause in a several-week-long cross country trek from Vancouver. The Caravan has been organized by the Ojibway Warriors Society, the Northern Ontario regional organization, which, says OWS leader Louis Cameron, "is the same movement as the American Indian Movement across the continent". OWS/AIM is seeking to renew Indians' pride in themselves and in their spiritual and cultural values, by re-introducing the lifestyles of their ancestors and staging confrontations- not premeditated violence, but confrontations with the authorities that are agents of their oppression. The Indians have occupied a large, and until recently, unused building on Victoria Island in the Ottawa River, less than a mile from Parliament Hill, and are not planning to leave until their far-reaching demands are met.

Monday, they staged a demonstration on Parliament Hill. Upon arrival there, they found that a barricade had been erected to keep them from getting too close to the Centre Block of the House of Parliament, inside of which Canada's 30th Parliament was just opening. For approximately two hours the Indians and their supporters remained orderly. In that entire time none of the persons whom they had asked to meet with deigned to come out and speak with them. Finally, they charged the barricade, which was manned by regularly-equipped RCMP officers. A civil liberties observer interviewed on TV that evening reported that the action of the crowd was really just pushing the barricade (though much of the media made it sound as if the Indians were making an unprovoked attack on the RCMP, rather than on the barricade which was, in part, composed of the RCMP). Suddenly, between 50 and 80 members of the RCMP riot squad appeared from where they had been wait-

ing behind a building, equipped with helmets, plexiglass shields, clubs and tear gas, and attacked the demonstrators, the majority of whom were completely unarmed. Using considerable force, to put it mildly, they drove the approximately 300 Indians and supporters off the Hill and gave them a heavily armed escort back to Victoria Island. At least seven demonstrators were taken to the hospital, one of whom stayed there with a fractured skull. Seventeen were arrested and seven were charged with either obstruction or assault of a police officer. Twelve RCMP officers were slightly injured; all were examined in the hospital and released.

Back in the building on Victoria Island, the atmosphere tense with anger, there seemed to be a general feeling that the violence on the Hill that day was not going to be the last, or the worst, of the struggle. Most hopes for a peaceful settlement were gone. In the main assembly room a press conference was held, which eventually gave way to a musical lament for Cindy Anderson, the girl with fractured skull. Chanting and dancing, centred around the traditional skin drum, went on, intermittently, late into the night. This was perhaps the most graphic demonstration of the positive effects OWS/AIM has had on the Indians. Until recently, these old arts were dying out because of lack of interest on the part of the young people (at least so, the Canadian National Film Board would have you believe). Now they have a new sense of Indian identity and are getting real satisfaction out of the old ways. Watching them, one senses an extremely deep feeling of community. The singing reminds one somewhat of blues, in that it is very much an expression of emotion.

The reaction from politicians was not at all reassuring to anyone interested in maintaining (or manifesting, rather) peace and dignity of all peoples. Indian Affairs minister Judd Buchanan, when invited to meet with the Indians on Victoria Island, stated that he was "very upset" by the "performance" on the Hill the preceding day, and he certainly was not referring to the conduct of the RCMP. His secretary, on his behalf and acting on his orders, declined the invitation and offered to

receive one or two representatives of the Indians in his office, a proposal which was, understandably, highly unsatisfactory to them. The Indians are guided by a central committee which customarily meets in the middle of the assembly hall where anyone who cares to can listen.

One of the less earthshaking demands of the Native People's Caravan is for the removal of Judd Buchanan from his post.

Prime Minister Trudeau insisted that his government would not be "intimidated by violence", while Solicitor-General Warren Allmand supported police action, though an investigation has been called into claims that the riot squad used excessive force.

Almost two months have passed since the occupation began, and while the politicians' response hasn't exactly been favourable, it's clear that the Indians' actions have started a few rusty bureaucratic wheels slowly turning. As a direct result of the situation, much attention is being turned to the native people and the public is recognizing how little improvement there has been through all the years of "working within the (white man's) system". Prime Minister Trudeau and several cabinet ministers refuse to recognize the Indians involved in the riot and occupation as speaking for the majority of Canadian Indians, and on these grounds have declined to negotiate any demands. Instead, they met this week with the president and other members of the National Indian Brotherhood, who they consider legitimate representatives. They discussed housing, unemployment (95% of Northern Ontario Indians are unemployed), alcoholism and the frequently criticized administration of the Department of Indian Affairs. They've planned to meet again in February, but the still angry people on Victoria Island are not encouraged. They've heard plenty of talk and they're tired of it. Now they're making a stand. One of the slogans on the walls of the building says: "I'd rather die on my feet than live on my knees". A lot of the Indians are seriously willing to give their lives for the struggle and if the Canadian (and American) governments and the Indian movement hold their courses, it looks like they might very well have their chance.

(cont'd on next page)





## NOTE FROM the EDITORS

In the last issue we ran two articles which caused considerable controversy and protest. One of these was the front page article entitled "Gay Rap", and the other was the article on the Bridgeman summer camp, by Joy Marshal.

The issue of concern in the first instance was the inclusion of the article in the paper at all, and especially its placement on the front page. Right now the gay rights problem is receiving a considerable amount of coverage in all facets of the news media, and we are not excluded. Homosexuality is something which affects all areas of society. Our society is LRY, and some LRYers are gay. It is, therefore, our responsibility to provide for those people in our paper by making a difficult situation a little easier for all those concerned. The UU World has seen fit to give cover space to articles concerning gay people, and we feel it our prerogative, and indeed our responsibility, to help focus attention on the situation as it exists in LRY. In this way, we hope to make it possible for those who are either gay, or in question in LRY, to have a constructive interchange without fear of reprisal.

The article on the Bridgeman camp conference used an Anglo-Saxonism which some people found offensive. While it isn't our intention to use language irresponsibly, we felt, as did the writer, that to use the word to lend a certain amount of emphasis was legitimate. We do not make a policy of trying to alienate our readership, but neither do we wish to subject ourselves to arbitrary censorship.

We are sincerely sorry if we did, in fact, alienate any of our reading audience, but the greatest volume of response to the issue was positive. We will do our best to refrain from using patently offensive language, but we are not prepared to make any concrete policy.

Dear Anybody:

This is the third time I've tried to write this ridiculous letter. All I want to say is that I love LRY and People Soup. I'm crazy so if this doesn't make sense don't worry. Anyhow, I want to share this with you because to me it exemplifies LRY's purpose.

"LOVE YOU"

There is a much greater motivation than simply my spoken words.

For me, love is to commit myself freely and without reservation.

I am sincerely interested in your happiness and well being. Whatever your needs are, I will try to fulfill them and I will bind in my values depending on the importance of your needs.

If you are lonely and need me, I will be there.

If in that loneliness you need to talk, I will listen.

If you need to listen, I will talk.

If you need the strength of human touch, I will touch you.

If you need to be held, I will hold you.

I will lie naked in the body with you, if that be your need.

If you need the fulfillment of the flesh, I will give you that, but only through my love.

Walter Rinder and me

Thanks for listening.

I love you

Kisses and white roses,

J.J. Flash

CMF Chicagototts Local

Dear (fill-in-the-blank):

Hi! My name is Linda. The purpose of this letter mainly is to locate you and pinpoint your whereabouts. (So far all I have on that is "somewhere".) Since we don't know each other, I will introduce myself, and tell you a bit about me.

I'm an LRY junkie, more or less, and am always looking for new ways to feed my habit. This includes developing into a full-time crazy. This can be a lot of fun, if you happen to have explored the possibilities.

So you still don't know what all this means? Well, I'm searching for the Holy Grail. If that's who you are, then you already know what I'm talking about, and what to do. If you're not, at least I tried... I'll be looking for cryptic messages from outer space in the personals section.



## ideas

To anyone who it may concern...

I am very interested in the Continental traveling circus. I feel this could be an excellent way to unite and develop LRY in all areas.

For the past two years the Traveling Circus proposal has failed for lack of substance to support it.

For the next year I am free, and hope to be able to help create the substance needed to make the traveling circus a reality.

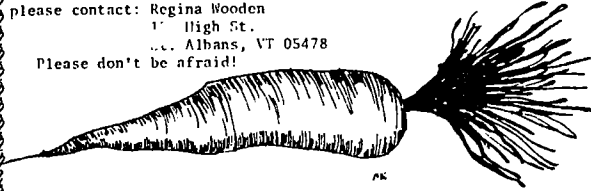
I need and want anyone interested to write. If I get enough response the entire program can be arranged through the mail (by far the cheapest and easiest way of communicating across the country).

The establishment of a traveling circus would mean new groups new stability, and new awareness of an old LRY. Interested people please contact: Regina Wooden

11 High St.

Albans, VT 05478

Please don't be afraid!



\*\*\*ALTERNATIVE EDUCATION PACKET\*\*\*

We are planning a packet on Alternative Education for publication in the early summer of 1975. We want to include information on the establishment of Alternative high schools, notes on existing Alternative schools, putting a course catalogue, writing and publishing an underground newspaper, and any other subject material deemed important by our readership and the LRY community. (That's you)

This project is ambitious, but it is something which we are very much committed to. The way in which it can be most effective is if as many LRYers as possible help to compile the necessary information. We need to know about any free or semi-free schools which LRYers are presently attending, or have attended in the past...in short, any information of any sort which could prove valuable to someone just starting out.

If you would like to assist with this project, or are interested in the Alternative education in general, please write a letter, outlining your experience or field of interest, to:

Alternative Education Project

c/o Stephen R. Wilcox

LRY

25 Beacon St.

Boston, MA 02108

ON AFFILIATION . . .

Well, I am sitting here in the kitchenette of 25 Beacon St., it's 4:30 in the morning and Stephen R. and myself have just returned from an intriguing (sic) week-end in Washington D.C. Fun, fun, fun... yes, anyway; sitting in front of me, glaring up from the table is page 11 of the latest soup, complete with the Fed. Ups and Downs. Looking through them I find that 14 out of 33 feds. haven't yet affiliated. Mmmmm. . . . (etc.)

People, I am really scared shitless, because I see a split here that has the potential to destroy the unity of something very, very important to me, namely you! (us) - would you believe LRY?

I think a lot of the reasons for federations not affiliating has to do with the \$50.00, per fed., dues.

Well, folks, I for one, (I da!), am for affiliating and for the \$50.00 a year dues that the board has asked for and here's my basic reason why.

The Unitarian Universalist Association distributes the money it has by way of a list of priorities (they've got a little list *uh*) that they use. This year we were high enough on the priority list to be given about \$25,000. At any moment (well, almost) we could fall from the list of priorities and the money in any coming year might be cut in half or something. What I am saying, people, is that for assurance of our own survival we must become more self-sufficient. And what we must have to exist as the group we are now is unity, unity that should, can, and always has come from continental LRY.

Now! a word or two to those people at continental. When I was at NIRO Boards I had the opportunity to talk with two of you about why the \$50.00 per fed was necessary. Granted, part of what you said was along the lines of self-sufficiency but my interpretation of what you were basically saying (and excuse me if I am wrong) was that "Because we are all basically capitalists and money means a whole lot to us, if we put money into continental it will mean a lot more to us and we will pay more attention to it."

Well, with that logic you might outbid I.T.B.T. but I see no place for it in LRY. What means the most to me and would be the most valuable thing I could give LRY, I have been giving for a good while now, and that is love, devotion and a large chunk of my life. You are debasing what LRY means to me, and I hope to everybody, when you bring its worth down to dollars and cents.

This is beginning to sound like a nasty letter so let me say I really like you people and this isn't meant as a personal cut or anything.

Well, I guess that's it, except that I hope LRY can stay unified and find a lot of strength through unity, and I love you all passionately!

mucho love,

John G. Prebe-Center III

# BIOFEEDBACK MONITOR SYSTEM

Dear People,

This summer I happened to get hold of some LRY materials for the first time in a decade. They moved me. In fact, they moved me to the point of writing this letter.

I was the first president of LRY as a strictly high school organization. I had a bit to do with the development, so long ago, of the concept of program packets.

Let me share a few things. First, I thought the quality of your printed materials was excellent. By and large both the content and the format were first rate. Be proud of your work. Second, I was doubly impressed that you are able to do such good work given the conditions you are operating under. If I understand your letter to the General Assembly, your budget is smaller than it was when I was president, and you have 11 years of high inflation to absorb. What you wrote about the relations of LRY and the adult denomination really distressed me; I haven't really assimilated it all yet, much less arrived at the point of having any suggestions.

I am enclosing some money for a copy of the packet about "the new community". My travels in the last years have taken me into a nuclear family, through a collective (which operated as an extended family), through feminism and a support group (which uses both verbal and non-verbal modes of contact, and which does feminist outreach as our means of outreach), and into a feminist print collective. I am gardening and otherwise working on the problem of relating to the earth and learning to feed myself. And currently I am teaching medieval Irish at U. Mass., Amherst. Perhaps sometime I might be of use in some way as a resource at a weekend conference or a summer camp.

Continue the struggle.

Maria Fleming Tymoczko

Dear SOUP People;

I wonder why, I'm sure we'll never part, we will parrr-t. Doo doo doo doo doo. Bop-a-doo-waidie. Is that enough? Did I stump the band?  
yours, Dion DiMucci

Dear Soup etc.,

I'd like to thank all the people who gave me feedback on my article last issue. One really constructive thing came out of it. Craig Sieben of Evanston wrote to me and I wrote back, etc, and we decided that it would be a really good idea to start a letter-writing fraternity of LRYers. This way, people from opposite sides of the continent could get to know more about LRY different areas; but more important, they'd get to know real, live, people. This would increase the awareness of people and I think it could be very beneficial if people participate in it.

Craig Sieben and I have not yet worked out the details, but first we'd probably have to compile a list of interested persons. We would then mail it out to people. They could pick names off this list and write to someone they didn't know. If you are interested, send your name, address and phone number to Craig or myself (if you'd like to financially support this venture, send in addition a 10¢ stamp; if we get 1000 responses, I'll go broke). Our addresses are:

Wayne Forester	and/or	Craig Sieben
15 Prince St.		811 Gaffield Place
Attleboro, Mass 02703		Evanston, Ill. 60201

Wayne, Craig and other potential correspondants!!

There's an LRYer in Alaska who's written to us with similar ideas! His address is: Yeric / 1521 G. St. / Anchorage, Alaska 99501.

## DEPARTMENT OF REDUNDANCY DEPARTMENT

Dear writers,

Please inspect the letters you send us before you send them please.

Inspect for overused and exhausted words words. When editing, we don't want to carry articles and letters with words that are repeated three, four and eight times through out the articles and letters you send in. Please save us time and use a thesaurus, please.

And furthermore, please don't repeat yourself; be brief and say things with brevity and it will save us a lot of time. Don't say the same words a lot too many; or, in other words, don't use too many of the same or similar words. We would, in short request, as it were, that you attempt to employ a minimum of, shall we say, words, when you write to express your ideas. To express your ideas, ideas. That is, be careful.

to be very careful about the words you use. In the words of the poets, and is or although, as it were, was. But WHATEVER, please be careful not to use the wrong or improper words, I suppose. --And last of all, please don't shut the door twice. --The Editors--



Dear People Soup.

Here I sit in bed with mono (by the way, I'd be interested in knowing how many people who went to Continental got mono afterwards--I know of two) and today I got my People Soup. It's really nice to be reminded of all the nifty people I met this summer--I haven't forgotten them--I hope they won't forget me--Continental was a wild experience for me; it kind of freaked me out. I had never seen that many LRYers together at once and the prospects excited me. But after a while, I noticed that the people I was getting to know were all people I had met before, with very few exceptions, in my own federation. To tell the truth I was surprised that people weren't warmer and friendlier. It seemed to me that a lot of people had walls up around themselves. I don't know--perhaps it was just me....But I'm NOT DISCOURAGED. I plan (hope) to be back next year--things will be better, I'm sure.

RAZZ  
MA & Sigh  
TAZZ

Victoria Gilbert CMF  
1012 Glenview  
Wauwatosa, Wis.  
53213

Dear SOUP People:

There was a time when I had the answer. However, I think I lost it at Continental Conference. If you find it, could you return it to me, c/o the newspaper? And incidentally, that Dion dude in the other column's pretty weird.  
Yours Sincerely, The Duke Of Earl

## OUR ERROR

Last issue we announced, with some fanfare, that we had moved. The result was, understandably, a flood of mail to our home. If you want to write us a letter, please address it to us at the office. The address? LRY, 25 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02108. Thanks.



Dear Persons,

I am a firm believer in love, and feel that only love can conquer hate, or for that matter just about anything. Love is apparently one of the stronger bonds in LRY, and so many times I have heard on the long road home from a conference, "Why does it have to end? Why do I have to leave my people whom I love?" My thoughts are that it does not have to end. Why does society divide our efforts and love? Only so that society might conquer us. Society says that you have to make it the way it lays out the rules. Well, I say you do not! Sound like a politician huh? Well, what I am trying to say is that I am going to set up a cooperative household somewhere, anywhere, so that I can be with my people. The world is an expanding cosmos, and as separate entities we are forced to conform to an insensitive society. This house would be located close to a good school, appropriate to our needs, and close to available work.

I was sitting at a concert in Baltimore's civic center tripping with two close friends, and I realized that if it had not been for my friends I would not have enjoyed the concert. I doubt that I would have even stayed there long. Living with my people I would have strength enough to be able to stand any barrier that society could throw at me, i.e. school work etc. I am sure that this is true for many other people also.

I do not want to lose what I have as a Leftover Raspberry Yogurter. In my eyes, that is not being immature or anything like that. LRY means too much to me. How can you explain to someone the feeling that you get when there are eighty people in a room and it is just after a Sunday worship service at a conference? People are kissing and crying with the people they love, twenty-five per cent of whom they do not know. There are balloons flying in the air, being kept up there by the force of all the love generated on the floor below. I have yet to find a way.

Where I am now, physically speaking, I am not with my people and I am lost mentally. I know of quite a number of people who are in the same predicament. If you are one of these people, or you know someone like this who would not be reading this, write to me, or have them write to me, even if it is just for some interaction.

I am doing this because I see too many of my brothers and sisters displaced in society; I feel that we should band our efforts together. If you have any interest at all write or call me as soon as possible, for if you are interested in school you will need to apply early enough to get accepted. I would also appreciate any information that might help me in my venture. Peace.

"I get by with a little help from my friends."

P.S. My love to  
Morning Dew. Miss and  
love ya, Ken; write to  
me, huh?

All my love to all my people;

The Alpha King  
Ritch Turner

Phone no. (301) 532-6657

To all Soupers; Next issue of People Soup will carry articles about the clearing house; think about what you'd like to see the clearing house become and send related articles soon!



My Dear Soup,

Ah, memories. The sweet shining face gleaming at us from all corners. I have been given a mammoth pile of fairly old-to-ancient LRY paraphernalia. My goodness, we have gone through changes. Does anyone remember when the LRY publication, The Messiah, came out, when Larry Brown was president of LRY? When, in 1970, an LRYer could buy sterling silver LRY pins, with the old LRY symbol? or LRY decals, for 15¢ each? Does anyone have any of those goodies? How about the Stewed Rhubarb conference, Continental '69, at Camp Seabeck, Washington? How about the 'open letter' to LRYers, written on Jan 28, 1969, by Larry Ladd, president of LRY? And the LRY W.C. Fields Fund Drive in Feb. of 1969, to raise \$12000? ahch. Does anyone remember the old LRY newspaper, "Nameless Newsprint", of Nov. 1969, featuring columns like 'Tippy Teen, LRY's very own insane genius and professional pervert'? How about the article about 'Nixon's crime prevention program'? ahch ahch. Well we all make mistakes, some larger than others...anyway. It's an impressive pile of publications. It inspires me to try even harder to write, compile and publish a MAF newsletter--with people to help me, and Soup to sustain, how can I lose? Ah, memories. The sweet shining face gleaming...

Maddie Keeve

Friends, Romans, countrypeople, lend me your eye,

As I was reading People Soup issue 1 for the second or third time just a few minutes ago, I re-read the "Gay-Rap" column and it upset me all over again. The fact that LRY is almost completely composed of white, middle class, hippie, Unitarian (whether or not you consider yourself any one or more of the above) kids--teenagers--youth, etc. is really crippling. I know that as a bisexual LRYer who fits all of the above categories, I'm really afraid to admit my sexuality to most of my LRY comrades. I guess that it's hip to be bisexual in many circles (at least in California), but most LRYers are afraid of things that hit home. I don't feel that LRYers, in general, are ready to accept the fact that almost everybody has gay feelings at one time or another. The only reason that I'm signing my name to this now is that I hope that I'll get some response. I haven't met all the LRYers in the world, so most of my statements are very general, it's just what I've seen. I really feel that most of us are hypocritical in our attitudes if not our actions; we are allowed to hug and kiss people of our own sex but not to make love--I think that that is like eating only vegetables and protein when what you crave is an ice-cream cone and a piece of cake, and that's a pretty unhealthy way to treat yourself!

I hope you can make some sense out of this mess, and let me know what you're thinking/feeling about what I just said.

Love to you,

Emilie Blattman  
1809 Delaware  
Berkeley, calif.  
94763

Dearest People from Continental '74 (esp those from Cabin #2)

I just wanted to tell you that I really love ya lots!! Con. Con. was, for the most part, GREAT!! Pushing aside the fact that I got blood poisoning and just about everybody got a cold, strep throat, mono, and/or other goodies, I had a really nice time. I met a lot of really nice people and learned a lot. I even picked up a southern accent!

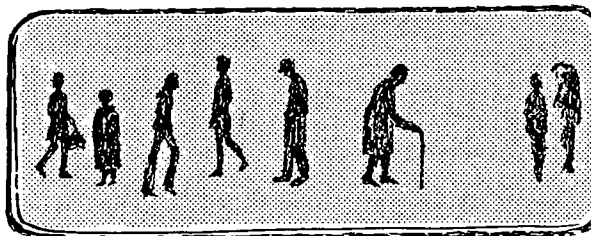
I hope I can see you all sometime again!

Hello to Rebecca from Detroit!

Love ya SO MUCH!

Stasha M.

P.S. To the two people I loaned my gold earrings to: Please send them back soon; I miss them. My address is: 255 Rich Road / Park Forest, Illinois 60466. North Carolina is wonderful!



Hello,

I'd like to express my feelings about being gay and how it relates to LRY.

In LRY being able to touch is very important. I've never really thought of it as related to being gay. Many people who aren't aware of my views will call me "cruel" when I'm seen hugging or kissing a good friend of the same sex.

I'm not gay. I think if a friend of mine, who was gay, wanted to go to bed with me I wouldn't know how to respond and I would feel very uncomfortable.

Having people who are uptight about gayness all my life makes it slightly difficult for me to fully accept people who are gay, on an emotional level. I can honestly say I believe that there is nothing wrong with being gay. But if I walked in on two friends of the same sex making love I would be totally freaked out. After that I would feel unsure of myself whenever I was around them.

I'd like to see some of the groups working with young, gay people also work with people like myself to get rid of these types of feelings. I'm certain I'm not the only person who feels this way.

Thanks a lot,  
Penny Waters

# PATCHES

Patches,

As a gay LRYer, I would like to say that it isn't as fun as most people would think. Sure, I'm accepted, but I'm also frustrated and I feel alone a lot of the time, even though I'm surrounded with people I love. I have desires which are never fulfilled, and there's nothing that can be done. I know of two other gay LRYers, but they're just friends. -- I assume there are others around the country in the same shoes as I. I suggest uniting them in some manner, shape or form. This could be accomplished by publishing something resembling People Soup which has mainly names and addresses of people who would like to correspond with other gay LRYers.



People who want to find others who are supportive to the Gay community and are LRYers too, can write to me and I'll give you the names of others in your area, but please remember to respect that person's privacy.

Patches,

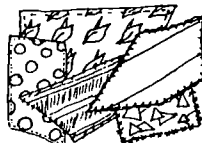
I am seventeen years old; I had a lover last year and spent seven months in the gay world of Boston, and I have a genuine contempt for it. I hate its values, its vanity, its lack of caring for strangers, and other such non-LRY traits. I broke up with (my lover) when I realized I was not being myself and neither was anybody else I knew. A few weeks later I went to my first conference and now I consider myself incredibly happy. But one thing that is truly bogus is my constantly developing crushes on guys who are straight. It's so frustrating.



What does the Gay community provide that LRY can't? Why are people willing to become involved with a culture which doesn't provide for many of their needs; specifically the need to share life and its celebration with people of their own age?

Dear Patches,

I and all of my gay colleagues are tired of the cruising and bar scene. I am seventeen but have been an almost regular attendee of our local gay bar. The people I meet are not very good examples of liberated gay people. Most of them are a lot older than I am and I would like the opportunity to meet with young gay people.



In most cities, the main place for people to socialize and feel free to initiate homosexual relationships is the bar scene. These have the personality of a Speak-Easy and are subject to public harassment. There are also neighborhoods that are known to have a lot of Gay people, providing a community for those who feel alone. These places solve a

big problem for gay people. The assumption that everyone is heterosexual has been removed, so persons are able to hold their lovers' hand or talk with a stranger without having to pretend to be other than Gay. Some people are more private than others, but everyone wants to be free from harassment should s/he wish to say or do something relating to being Gay. -In a random society, such as at a job or a dance, it is assumed that everyone is non-Gay. You could say "Well, just try reaching out to people until you find the right person"; but rejection is frightening when the Gay person is repeatedly punished for being aggressive and begins to expect to be rejected. This is what makes for the stereotype neurotic Gay person; and the backlash of sexist role-playing; and the withdrawal into a separatist community. One problem with this community, as with any restricted group, is that the person can either act out his/her social needs among people who may have nothing in common except oppression, or else s/he can reject them and be alone.

That which LRY can do is on a personal level. Each person must learn to be honest with his/her own feelings, they must be able to trust the community to treat them as peers. No one should be involved in a relationship which doesn't deal honestly with real needs; but when one says NO to a heterosexual or homosexual relationship, s/he should not feel guilty and especially should not reject the friendship and respect for the person who expressed the interest. LRY is a community of people working and sharing together on many levels. When Gay people feel that they are part of the trust, not tolerance of the community, individuals will feel free to choose the most fulfilling relationships for themselves.

I hope to hear from more people  
I haven't gotten response from females  
yet.

take care,  
Patches.

# INTRODUCING...

Three new columns for People Soup. Starting this issue and continuing ever after, each People Soup will contain one extra good program, one extra good worship service, and a "how-to" social actions column. So if you, your local or your fed does a program, worship service, or social actions program you'd like to share, please feel free to share it with us. Here's your chance for your LRY local to receive the recognition due you.

## social action



One of the most popular methods of bringing about social change is the petition. Petitioning is a reasonably simple, if seldom totally effective, lobbying procedure. It can be initiated by anyone, and if you are willing to put forth a little energy, the results can be highly gratifying.

This, then, is a short primer on the care and feeding, if you will, of the modern petition. One thing to remember, even before we start, is that a petition can only be as effective as you make it.

1. **Format:** A petition, basically, consists of a certain number of elements. First among them is the **preamble**. This should be familiar to you if you have ever covered the Constitution of the United States in Civics class. Writing a petition is like writing anything else. First, you state the point you are trying to put across. For instance: "We the undersigned are of the opinion that the government of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts should take it upon themselves to pass meaningful legislation to eliminate sexual bias from the language used by the Commonwealth in its advertising for State positions". This is only an example, mind you.

It is important, as it is with any sort of interpersonal communication, that you not word the petition in such a way that it will tend to alienate the persons who are supposed to act on its context. That is to say, you use the formal address of the addressee, do not use personal attacks to try to influence that person's judgement, or be overly harsh. It may seem a cop-out, but nowhere is there a law which states that an individual is required to respond to a petition. You don't want to defeat your own purpose, do you? The petition must be worded in such a way that those required to read it don't automatically fling it into the nearest trash bucket. It is possible to imply intense dissatisfaction without resorting to personality judgements or obscenity. O.K. so far?

The next part is the signatures. Obviously, the more signatures you have on your petition, the better it will come off in the eyes of the people you are trying to influence. For example, if you want a smoking lounge at your school, and every single student at that school signs a petition, the administration is going to be hard-pressed to disregard the message. The first rule of thumb, then, is the more signatures, the better.

Now comes the hard part, as should seem obvious. Someone has to go out into the world and distribute the petition. To get total strangers to lend their support to someone else's concept requires no small amount of salespersonship, and sunny demeanor. The person who stands on the street corner has to be well aware of the cause that the petition represents, and be able to answer questions of all varieties. You also may be required to submit not only signatures, but also a handwritten or typed legible list of the signer's names, addresses, and telephone numbers, depending, I suppose, upon the state or province in which you live.

2. **Disposition:** So imagine that you've gotten this far, you've written twenty copies of the petition yourself, or however many you think you'll need to cause the change you suggest. The next step is seeing to it that the person (s) for whom it is intended receive it in its finished form. To do that, you have to find out what the address of the intended recipient is. If you want to make, for instance, the Governor of your state aware of your work, you must address it to his office.

It can be difficult to find the addresses you need sometimes. The easiest way to uncover someone's address is by phoning them and asking. The tack works best when dealing with government. You have to be careful to avoid the natural impulse to send a particularly vehement petition to someone's residence, as they can have you arrested for harassment.

One thing that I should probably mention is that, as far as I'm aware, it is required in some states that the instigator of a petition must place their name on any final copies during both circulation and final delivery. That's one thing I can't tell you for sure. There are lots of things you can do to make your petition more effective - tell the newspapers in your town, use the media any way you can. (For this sort of thing, one MUST be fairly eloquent, of course) Advertise the cause, and information, and have someone there to answer. If possible, leave copies of the petition in local stores where they can be available. This works especially well in civic-oriented concerns. When you present your petition to anyone, be as polite as you can, and even more so when dealing with unsympathetic people.

Finally, don't get your hopes up too high, as thousands of petitions are distributed every day. Yours may have to hit a particularly responsive chord in the person for whom it is intended if it is to be totally effective. No matter WHO you're dealing with, though, remember that any well set forth petition with a certain number of signatures will be at least considered... now that Nixon's no longer president...

Have fun, and continue the struggle...

program?

# PROGRAM!

Poverty Dinner

This program was done successfully by the Kansas City local. The purpose is to raise money for underdeveloped countries and also raise the consciousness of your local LRY group and members of your church. What you do is hold a dinner for the members of your church and charge about \$5.00 to the attendees. When everyone sits down they are asked to turn over their plates. About one third of the people will find an X written underneath which means they will receive a tasty, filling dish of say, turkey or ham. The other two thirds (who find an O on their plate) will get a meal typical in palatability and quantity of the the normal daily meal of someone in India or an other underdeveloped country. When the Kansas City LRY did it the O's received rice, water and chapati (a pancake shaped unleavened bread cooked on a griddle) a meal common in northern India. After the meal there could be a lecture on the situation in the two thirds of our world which is starving and how individuals can help by cutting down thier own food intake. Most likely a Unicef representative in your area can help you out with this program.

## WORSHIP SERVICE

This is a reading written by (in order of parts) Barbbra Judy, Emmy Dennis, Barchie Dennis, and Wendy Judy; to be read with feeling, to be read with feeling...

### Part I

So you go to your first conference. You've already been to a few local meetings, mostly because your best friend dragged you there by the nose. Whether you enjoy your first conference or not, there are a few things which are sure to happen to you. The first thing you notice is that everyone is hugging everyone. Girls are hugging girls, girls are hugging guys, guys are hugging guys...guys are kissing guys. If you are like many people, you will never have kissed anyone under fifty years of age, and so, these demonstrations may cause a little...mild suprise.

After a trying evening with a lot of weirdo freaks, your trusted friend who brought you there decides that you can go to sleep. So you hit the room that says "Girls Dorm" on the door. Much to your amazement, you find that while it is the girl's dorm, it is also the boy's dorm. After turning this fact over in your mind a while, you settle down to sleep with the wall on one side, and your not-so-trusted friend on the other, protecting you from the vagaries of a promiscuous world.

At breakfast you discover green eggs and blue milk, and at eleven in the morning, you go stargazing. Weird happenings keep building up until Saturday night, when, it seems to you, all hell breaks loose.

Following a typically strange and health foodish dinner, a band begins to arrive and set up their equipment. When they have finished playing their first number, you have learned two things. One, they are loud, and two, they are horrible. Once the band has finished, and the ringing in your ears has stopped somewhat, you realise that someone is calling together something called a "worship service". It sounds suspicious, but after all you have been through already, you feel brave enough to give anything a whirl.

You find that the worship service is where you say what you feel - to everyone. You begin to sense the closeness in the group, and want to be a part of it. You want to belong in the group.

### Part II

You find you belong and this is where you really want to be. These are your type of people. You finally fit and people accept you for what you are. You don't think these people and what they say or do are that strange, like it was in the beginning. After going to conferences you get extended cases of the post-conference blues. They seem to last for weeks on end. The Sunday night when you get home you could swear you are going to die. You probably miss those crazy people so much that you end up crying. The typical case of the blues. What can you do? Monday - time for school.

First period is a Biology lecture. You are really down, and your head is in another world a million miles away from here. You're at that conference in Tallahassee yesterday. God, it seems like weeks ago. At your desk you try and figure out how long it will be till the next conference. Oh shit, two fuckin' months. I'll never last. You talk to friends about the conference but they can't possibly understand...frustration. You talk to someone in your local. You find you're not the only one going through this. As the days wear on you start getting disillusioned with school and the people in it. These people are such fake people. All they care about is how you dress, who you date, what clubs you're in - status. Who cares about status? You start to feel disillusionment with your family and society. They can't seem to understand LRY and you. You have been acting differently since you started going to LRY conferences. You freak out people in school by doing weird things, like not shaving your legs or dropping out of social clubs you were once into. You want to just be with LRYers because they are the real people in the world. Loving and caring people. You start thinking about your individuality, your sexual identity, and the mores and ethics you want to live by. You begin to question the morals and priorities of the people you know. Friends at school are just that - school friends, and nothing more. You find more and more that you have to get out of that screwed-up prison called school. So you totally throw yourself into LRY, because these are your true friends. Your life becomes LRY. Conferences become a lifestyle. Conferences

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# Lara Stahl

Well, I guess I'll start with the obvious things about me. I am 18 years old, 5'6" tall, average weight with brown hair. You will usually find me wearing clothes that feel good, like flannel shirts and sweaters. The only distinctive feature of my physical appearance is my nose, it is extremely visible.

AS of right now my favorite material things are bagels, pizza, plants, and pets. Developing and strengthening relationships with new and old acquaintances, communicating on an honest level, without the games and jive that I can so easily fall into, and formulating my philosophies and values, along with making my everyday life reflect these ideas, are extremely important to me now. (I have a feeling that this is probably a life-long task.)

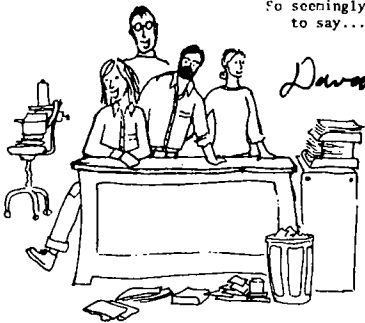
You might be asking, how did she come to be here in Boston? Well, I moved back to Kansas City in eighth grade and found that Jr. High was not going to make it in terms of any kind of social life. I found myself attending the U-U church and very active in LRY. The climax of that year was the 1973 LRY continental conference. This is where I first thought about running for continental.

Last year again, was spent working on LRY, but with a different emphasis. I always had in mind how the things I was doing would be applicable on a continental level. Probably the most rewarding thing that I was involved in last year was an Adult conference that our LRY group gave to the church. This conference inspired me and I discovered a possible direction that LRY has not followed seriously. With the ambitions of developing youth adult relations as well as opening lanes of communication between youth and the UUA, I ran for this office, Director of Finance and Assemblies.

Well, here I am and I am extremely excited about what the year has to offer. My hopes for making this year reach as many people as possible in a meaningful way, are running away with me. If at least some of my dreams come true this year I will feel extremely fulfilled.

What a year it is going to be!

*Lara Stahl*



# David Knight

Hi, I'm Dave Knight and I'm supposed to describe myself or something. Well I'm 18, male, Unitarian, Canadian and I mumble for 3 hours after I get up in the morning. I like to play bridge and drink beer, listen to our stereo and take walks in the country. I also like to hitchhike. I don't eat olives, go sight-seeing, go to bed before 12:00 PM, or write articles about myself.

So... having dispensed with the basics perhaps a little history is in order. From March 71 to September 73 I was on the executive committee of my federation. During this time I gained much experience in LRY organizational shitwork and stuff but found myself somewhat lacking in the area of real understanding about myself and how I related to other people. It was then that I went to my first LRY Continental Conference (the one in California) and got turned on to continental and its new direction; the New Community. When I got back to Ontario I got together with 4 other LRY types and started a New Community experiment at Unicamp (a Unitarian camp in Ont.) There I learned much about myself, re-evaluated my life styles, and gained my independence. The experience was, at the very least, the most dynamic and enlightening thing to enter into my life. After the experience ended in May, I made up my mind to do this continental thing. So here I am.

I'm the Director of Development, a title which is, at best, an ambiguous one. To, in explanation, I would define my work this year as a) trying to create good communications/relations between continental, and federations, individuals and local groups; b) trying to develop programs that will encourage more honest and open relationships between LRYers; and c) trying to create a continental LRY office that can truly be an effective tool of LRYers.

Those three things are a brief reflection of where my energies are with regard to this job. I won't, however, go further in describing all my thoughts and what needs doing because the topic of LRY is one I prefer to expound upon a more personal level. In other words, I see communication from this office working most effectively if I was to hear from you, individually or collectively, and to respond to that.

So seemingly run out of things to say... much love

*David Knight*

# Stephen R. Wilcox

Hello, it's me. Stephen Ross Wilcox, that is, director of Peace and Social Concerns for the coming year at Continental LRY.

To dispense with the trivia, I'm 6'1", weigh 185 pounds dripping wet, have rather short brown hair and modest sideburns. I play a limited variety of musical instruments, my first love being the guitar, and I sing in a robust baritone. I enjoy the company of most anyone. In addition, I am fascinated by all sorts of toys, play a passable (excuse the unintentional pun) game of bridge, and love working on, racing, looking at and talking about automobiles.

I have been in LRY for more years than I care to talk about, and have centered my activity around my local federations, ECF (I am from Toronto), NEF, Phoenix and Mohawk. I was vice-president of Everest Local in Scarborough, Ont. (Large Deal). I have always been active in my local, as well as my federation, and can say with pride that I come from the world's greatest fed.

I chose to seek election to this position for a number of reasons. Firstly, I am immensely interested in alternative education, which is a field in which I have had extensive experience. I was a student for grades 11-13 at Project S.E.F.D. in Toronto, the first alternative high school in Canada, and only the second in North America, after the Parkway Project in Philadelphia. At S.E.F.D. I centered my work in the human arts, specializing in Theatre and Sociology.

I have been involved in Social Actions organizations of many different persuasions. I am interested in Women's rights organizations, having belonged to men for Women, a men's C.R. group, and my other personal concerns include civil liberties, the rights of the aged and of the young, and socio-economic reform, to name a few. I have entered into correspondence (limited, so far) with the Southern Poverty Law Center, and hope to pursue this as the year goes on. The SPLC provides legal aid for persons who are not aware of their rights as a result of educational or cultural handicaps.

I am finding this position to be nothing short of awe-inspiring. The work we do here in Boston is intriguing, to say the least, and there seems no end to the interesting and vital projects which can be instituted. While at times I am stymied by the spectacle of the city itself and, more immediately, the scope of my job, I am becoming more at ease as time goes on.

I find myself, for the first time, truly happy in my work. While there are certain social pressures which can become rather oppressive, these are generally easy to sublimate, and the growth processes which are involved as a part of the larger situation are positive, to be sure, and definitely exciting.

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# Beverly K. Treumann

I'm Beverly Treumann, the Fourth member of the executive committee. I joined the gang here a couple of weeks late. I was appointed, not elected, to the Directorship of Communications and Publications.

I first discovered LRY in the summer of 1970. Grand new revelations hit me that week and I was in a swoon with LRY-mania. It was a year before I really shrugged that initial idealism. Since then, I have come to love LRY with my eyes open, as well as my heart, recognizing that though LRY has made all the difference in my life, there does not exist a paragon of hip virtue and uninhibited freedom; that there is much we need to learn about where personal freedom ends and when it becomes a violation of another's space. After two full years of camps and conference planning and federation executive committees, I decided I had something to offer LRY, and in 1973, I ran for this same office.

Losing taught me a lot; and not a bit of it do I regret learning. Disappointed, but with gained insight and the new warm support of friends I would never have made, I returned to my family and home. In the past year I have waitress six months in a Jewish restaurant, studied for a college quarter, traveled alone for five months (four of them in Mexico), began to learn a second language, taught English in a Mexican school and discovered SRL, and through all of it, I have learned to work with, live with and love a wide variety of people outside our own LRY community.

After this year-long series of shorter commitments, all of them varying extremely in their elements of environment, I have now made the commitment to work one job for one year. I have quickly adjusted to staying in one city, seeing little but an office and an apartment, but since I have never had the opportunity to restrict myself completely to one group or "kind" of people, I have now recognized how seriously dependent I am on variety; on a full circle society with babies and aged, ignorance and intellect, and all the cultural differences that keep me fascinated with all there is yet to be learned about them.

This year, I am living and working 24 hours a day with the same four people. The past year has taught me to be comfortable and content in different places and with different peoples, but only as long as I was rather free to move when I needed to. Now I am taking away that option and I must consider my relationships, not only for today and tomorrow, but for the months to come. I must establish three such relationships; with bonds of understanding that must aid to bear the upsets as well as nurture the good times. Sometimes it hurts to realize how much I have yet to learn about dyadic relationships, but usually, new understandings splash in my face, renovating my tired desires to become a perceptive, caring person.

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# I Married A Teenage Youth Group From Inner Space

by Bill Cameron



Last summer I found myself, for want of just about anything you can think of, hitch-hiking through the North Country Fair. One imaginary day on the outskirts of a non-existent town, I spied a tall skinny dude with outrageous hair who seemed to be trying to do the same thing I was trying to do; i.e. vis-a-vis, get out of there. As per the code of the Road, I sauntered up to him to pass the time of day. (Unfortunately he tried to pass it to me at the same time and we both fumbled miserably. Joe Namath, fear us not.) When I got within unamplified-loud-speaking-distance, he inquired "You're Bill Cameron?"

Needless to say, I flipped out just a little bit.

"Where do I know you from? Are you from Ottawa? Did you go to Gloucester? Have you ever had anything to do with LRY? Did you ever work at an organic dog-food stand in Nova Scotia?"

"Not quite. I did have a job at a reiterated fish-food bar in Newfoundland."

"Oh? Why did you leave?"

"Whole place got chopped right down to the foundations by a hungry and impatient school of uneducated dogfish."

"Hard luck. Once again I say: where do I know you from, and visa-versa?"

"First things first. As Chairperson of the Reality Committee, I was sent here to give you this." He handed me a large envelope, marked: "Do not open until October 31" with a strange walrus-shaped seal on the back. The return address read:

ELLERY

Plenty Fine Bacon is to Eat

Lost In

Massachusetts oh-oh-oh-oh

"Are you in LRY?" I demanded once again.

"Not quite. You wouldn't know."

As you may well imagine, this was becoming entirely too much for me to deal with. Showing my true escapist colours (psychedelic yellow) I reached through a secret rip into the lining of my jacket and brought out a pipe and a piece of hash about the size of my thumb. I crumbled about half of it into the bowl, scraped a fire-proof match against the wind and lit it up. I was hoping to awe him with my display of dope-smoking proficiency, and if that didn't break through his defenses & crack his façade, I was reasonably sure that twenty-five or thirty tokes of Paraguayanese would leave him a little less totally in control of the situation.

I handed my strange companion the pipe and he took a healthy hit. Instantly his complexion went to a light blue-grey. This did strike me as odd, but my own mental processes were, at this point, humming like a hive full of insane bumblebees and I was quite prepared to ascribe it to the narcotic, "altered perception", grade-seven-drug-addict-film-type-effect, grammar-is-irrelevant-when-you're-that-stoned. (shon) When he took his second toke the colour became more pronounced.

"You're turning grey!" I told him. He nodded.

After five more tokes he actually seemed to start becoming translucent.

Five more. There was nobody there for me to hand the pipe to. Six hours later, coming down, I wondered a bit.

Bored though I was by the humdrum ordinariness of the entire affair, I did manage to remember to open the envelope on Hallowe'en. Upon reading the contents I was briefly baffled but before too long I divined and also figured out the news behind the news.

It appears that there's this disorganization that is a shadowy sort of neo-LRY (those among you who are DC devotees might derive a certain grotesque pleasure out of calling it Bizarro-LRY), which is, uh, sort of like LRY but different (but the same) (except it's different.) In the envelope I found several documents from the neo-LRY Sideboard of Trustees, and I noticed that one of them looked very vaguely familiar. I present it to you thusly:

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It has also come to my attention that the life of an LRY Continental exec. is not all wine and roses, for sure. Living, eating, breathing and sleeping LRY for a year is, beyond doubt, taxing and certainly very hard work. However, I rejoice in my task because nowhere in a social setting have I felt so much as if my work and play was truly and completely relevant to my lifestyle, and never have I had the chance to work with as many diverse people as it is my responsibility to now.

I am very proud to be here, and have nothing but positive feeling for this organization. I am also hopeful for my own social and spiritual growth, and I should like to offer my sincere best wishes to all of you involved in LRY next year.

So very much Love

*Stephen Road Wilcox*

More generally, but equally important; I am a born and raised Unitarian from Fargo, North Dakota; I'm the youngest in a family of five, the daughter of two parents I love dearly, a sister to two brothers, and a sister to Women. My family ties are good strong ones and I miss all four of them. In the past couple of years I have spent a lot of time, daily, discussing and sharing perceptions with my parents. They have helped me to move wisely in the things that I choose; asking the questions that cause me to stop and think more carefully; and supporting, even while they feared to see me go. My feelings about my Sisterhood will take another article sometime. As subtly and gradually as it has come (is coming) to me; it has still been the single most empowering force in my life.

I'm grateful to be here and

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## REFLEXIVE COMMITTED REPORT ON DIRECTORVESSELS

Resolved that the ELLERY 1977/77 Reflexive Committee shall consist of:

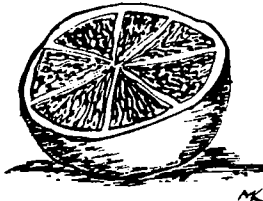
2. A Director of Embellishment. The Director of Embellishment shall seek through exaggeration, out-and-out falsehood, sanctification, realignment, obsequiousness, hyperbolic, subterfuge, reinstatement, precipitation, edification, and the use of entirely out-of-context words that it doesn't even know the meaning of much less understand, to distort, stretch, ridicule and defame the truth, wherever it may be found and trampled on.

5. A Deflector of Geese and Hotel Taverns. The Deflector of Geese and Hotel Taverns shall deflect all geese and other organic flying creatures that approach the official ELLERY Airport, when and if said airport is ever constructed, or restructured. When not occupied by the latter duties, the DoGaff shall conduct thorough and rigorous examinations of all hotel taverns within a day's flight by Trans-Love Airways, of its residence (with the marked exception of the Queens' Hotel in Barrie, Ont.). It shall deliver a semi-verbal report, from a horizontal position, on the general attributes of each hotel tavern thusly inspected.

1. A Reflector of Uncanny Resemblance. The Reflector of Uncanny Resemblance shall, by dress and general physical characteristics, look exactly like every other ELLERYer, and shall thus become completely anonymous, and will not be able to be found to carry out the rest of its duties, of which there are none, anyway.

3. An Expecter of Remuneration & Public Application. The Expecter of Remuneration and Public Application shall do nothing free-gratis. The HoKaPA shall, when remunerated in advance in cash, apply to, for and of everything it deems applicable, in public, naturally.

Destructively Remitted  
Uphrowing Reflexive Committee



Worship Column cont. from pg. 6

are a way of learning that you really enjoy.

### Part III

You knew they were getting older, and possibly disenchanting with LRY, but you didn't expect them to leave. They'd been talking about college, or Colorado, or some other distant place, but you really didn't think they wouldn't be around any more. All the people you've always hung around with at conferences, and considered to be the "Old LRYers" have gone on to the rest of their lives. The sudden absence of friends makes you feel nostalgic, and you begin to look around at places you've been and things you've done, and it all becomes a part of the past. The present faces you, and you and you come to the conclusion that you've Grown Out of LRY. You notice new faces around you, and it reminds you of your first conference. So you talk to David about it, because you know he'll remember it. And you're unfair to the people who haven't experienced the things you refer to. You become less and less involved with your local. Then you end up at Tri-Fed, and you see all those good old Southerners, and realize LRY still is down inside you. You become aware of the tradition that needs to be carried on. The tradition of being there to listen or talk, and maybe become a very close friend to someone special. Or being hurt and being able to cope with the situation. Being beautiful and meaningful, and then fucking off of course. Or being torn apart in a wink game. But just as long as a place like this exists, you know you carried off the tradition. It is your turn to lead the group and get together some sort of 'interesting' program. It is time to assume responsibility and demonstrate the LRY spirit.

### Part IV

The final stage...the circle is complete. This is perhaps the hardest to talk about...for me anyhow. I don't think you're ever sure when you've reached it.

You begin to fully understand all that LRY has done to make you the individual you are. You want to see LRY grow and endure as an exciting growing experience. You do what you can to ensure that people who come after you will have the chance to experience all the joy and pain that LRY has to offer. You want to leave a little part of yourself behind...

You are pushed farther and farther along in this process we call growing. You really seem helpless to stop it. You begin making new plans for yourself. Sometimes it's hard, you know... letting go. But there's nothing we can do but accept it.

But as more and more new, hopeful faces crowd into late Friday night orientations, you are refreshed. You know that the LRY experience still has something very positive to offer. People still lack that something which LRY can provide. You are filled with excitement at all the potential energy present, and most of all hope... Hope for the people around you, the world, and yourself.





I wrote this article not because I am closely involved with the Dallas Civil Liberties Union, and loosely so with the First Unitarian Church of Dallas, but because I, as a private citizen, am outraged at what the occurrence of this incident portends.

Because of my constant association with the DCLU over the past 6 years, my telephone has been tapped, my mail (both personal and CLU-related) has been tampered with, and if a DPS file does not exist on my family, I am sure there are several on my close friends and associates. Some of you have probably had the same experience. I fervently hope that those who haven't experienced such scrutiny as this never discover what it's like, but we all must realize one important fact-- THIS IS AMERICA, FOLKS, AND IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU!

### A Modern Morality Play

(in which all things are not as they appear to be)

#### CAST:

Captain Robert Pomeroy- pilot, Continental Airlines, opponent of nuclear power plant, private citizen.

The First Unitarian Church of Dallas

David Dimick- Texas Dept. of Public Safety agent, private citizen.

Col. Wilson E. Speir- director, Texas Dept. of Public Safety, private citizen.

....and a cast of thousands, including you and I- private citizens.

#### SCENE 1

Dec. 2, 1973. The Social Actions Fair, First Unitarian Church of Dallas. Here the Church hosted such "subversive" organizations as the United Farmworkers of America, the American Civil Liberties Union, the Dallas Public Library, and the Dallas Police Dept., so that the general public could become acquainted with some public-oriented organizations.

#### SCENE 2

Jan. 14, 1974. Capt. Robert Pomeroy addressed an open hearing of the Dallas City Council to speak against the proposed construction of a nuclear power plant at Glen Rose, Texas.

#### SCENE 3

March 10, 1974. Capt. Pomeroy participated in a discussion of nuclear power plants at the Dallas Unitarian Church. The objective of the discussion (which included those both for and against nuclear plants,) was to

inform the congregation and the community so that individuals could better participate in the public hearings being conducted by the Atomic Energy Commission.

#### SCENE 4

Late July, 1974. A report on the actions of Capt. Pomeroy became widely publicized. This report was a Texas Dept. of Public Safety Intelligence Report, the work of David A. Dimick, Agent 2449 of the Intelligence Service of the DPS. The sources of the report were cited as "Confidential Informants DD-17 and DD-19," and their identities were not further revealed. Also mentioned in the report was the Social Actions Fair at the church "where all major subversive groups in the North Texas area set up information booths." The Church itself was referred to thusly: "The Unitarian Church has in the past been the sponsor of such radical left groups as the Dallas Peace Committee, the United Farm Workers, Gay Liberation..."

#### SCENE 5

Col. Wilson E. Speir, director of the DPS, made a statement saying that he held no responsibility for the actions of DPS agents or for their investigations.

#### SCENE 6

Sept. 20, 1974. The president of the Dallas Civil Liberties Union, H.J. Albach, announced that the DCLU will file a \$20,000 damage suit on behalf of Capt. Pomeroy and Carl Brannin, a Unitarian Church member who was also named in the DPS report. The suit, filed against Col. Speir and David Dimick, seeks damages for false and misleading statements made in the report. However, according to Albach, the monetary damages are not the most important part of the suit. The suit seeks to permanently restrain the DPS from maintaining further files on non-criminal activities by private persons, and to have the DPS release such presently-existing files and court-supervised construction of DPS guidelines that would prevent any further files from being compiled.

What is at stake here for us, as private citizens? Is it that our tax monies are being spent for such grossly inaccurate reporting as this DPS file? Is it the damage done to private persons, and organizations by the inaccuracies and purely subjective labels in such reports? Surely these are important, but the significant issue is this: Some of the agencies set up by the government which is elected by the people, for the people, are using police surveillance on institutions and private citizens alike, which are openly participating in and maintaining the democratic process. And, by doing such, these agencies are quite possibly violating the rights and freedoms provided by this same democratic process.

## Adam Auster's Affiliation Article

It's been a long time since individual LRY-ers have been expected to all lend a hand to keep LRY breathing. True, there's nothing new about the idea of group participation in LRY, but usually anything except local group meetings and conferences is considered to be somehow "extra". Most LRYers don't volunteer to put extra energy into LRY, and this may be a mistake, because LRY's life blood is the caring--and commitment--of the people in it.

The annual LRY affiliation was at one time considered unimportant and was sometimes ignored completely. Now that affiliation has been re-instituted, a number of questions have been raised. What is this affiliation? What does it do for me? I've been an LRYer for years... what difference is this going to make? In fact, why should I bother?

The actual mechanics of affiliation are pretty simple. Federations affiliate each year by sending in mailing list information, dues and a statement of sympathy with the purposes of LRY. All members of the fed automatically become members of LRY when this happens. Local groups that aren't already affiliated through a federation can join LRY directly, and individuals who aren't members through a local or a fed can also join individually. But that doesn't answer any questions about why we should bother with it in the first place. LRY's been doing alright without affiliation in the last couple of years--or has it?

We ought to ask ourselves, is this worth it? If my fed affiliates with LRY, will I and the other people in my fed get anything in return? In other words, what does LRY do that I should commit myself this way?

This question is as hard to deal with as "What is LRY?" but it deserves an answer. In order to answer it, we need to accept the idea that the whole of LRY is made up of two separate-but-equal levels, an "outer level, including all the conferences, newsletters, meetings and shitwork which is what you see when you look at LRY, and an "inner" LRY which is what you feel when you get into LRY. The outer level is what makes the inner level possible--you couldn't have a good conference without good planning--and the inner level is what makes the outer level worthwhile (a conference with no spirit would be pointless).

Some of the outer aspects of LRY come in the shape of projects of the LRY Board, or executive committee. People Soup is a project like that, and so are LRY packets, continental conferences, clearinghouse-type projects, etc. Another outer thing about LRY is its new tax-exempt status, which comes from the fact that when we all hang together we can get the government to recognize us as a corporation. The benefits (as yet unresearched) of this alone might make affiliation "worth it" to feds simply because the member federations would be able to save more money each year on food, phone and transportation than they would have to spend on dues. Other parts of the outer LRY include conferences, which come from fed and local planning committees and local group activities, to mention but a few. However (and this is important) all of these things need our support, and more specifically our affiliation, in order to continue.

To put it another way, the feds, the locals and all the conferences might not exist in a few years if we don't help each other out. The regional, fed and finally the local group activities are just as dependent on everybody's affiliation as People Soup--or programs, packets, and other projects of the LRY Board--are.

How is this possible? How can the support of people in Ontario possibly help (much less be vital to) a local group in Texas? It is easy to see the relationship between public support and something like People Soup--P.S. needs subscribers and contributors in order to stay alive. The relationship between that same support and the existence of a federation is not nearly as direct and not nearly as obvious--but it is just as strong, and because the relationship is not obvious we should pay particular attention to it.

To Be Continued.

## Adult Themes : Youth Realities

By *Alexa Stave*

Who decides the priorities of the UUA? Where does the real power lie, with the Board, the General Assembly or with the administration? These are just a few of the questions that I was asking myself during the UUA Board meetings on October 11, 12, and 13.

At each Board meeting there is a subject that the Board spends a few hours on in general discussion. This year's topic was responsibility and accountability of the UUA Board which asked 3 basic questions. 1) Where is the perceived and the real locus or loci of power in the UUA. 2) Responsibility, accountability and leadership of the Board at General Assembly. 3) Responsibility, accountability and leadership of the administration at the General Assembly. I was taking notes during the entire discussion, but unfortunately it wasn't much work. Nothing of great import was said. There were no solid suggestions on how to make the Board become more accountable, they didn't even decide if it should be more accountable. I, personally, was very disappointed with the Board and the way they so eloquently avoided the issue. The discussion ended with a decision to save it until the next time.

I could get into my personal feelings on who runs the UUA and how I think that it should be changed; but since what I am looking for is feed-back, I am going to ask you to tell me what your perception of the power structure of the UUA is and maybe we could give this to the Board to show them how the youth are thinking.

LRY is run democratically and the executive committee is responsible to its Board for what it does, by carrying out Board directives and keeping up communications. Why should we expect the UUA to be any different?

cont. from last page

to have the opportunity to give to LRY through the most effective media in our organization. I look forward to expanding and growing with all our publications, the packets and handbooks and People Soup; to learning to express ideas through graphics and design as well as the written word; to aiding the New Community to find its place in LRY; to opening our community to adults; and to opening ourselves to a greater range of human relationships and inter-actions. All my energy,

*Beverly*



To Your Plants

Everytime I come in here
you plants
keep giggling and make me laugh
How d'you expect me to
get anything done
with all that Racket going on

--LJR

There is a force and a power
which more and more enters into my life
and more and more I am a rock
falling through the water
leaving ripples behind
and more and more I am the ocean
deep, calm, and still
while the surfaces rock with storm.

Make an issue of it
a loud noise is what
I want to hear
the sound of dissension
the cry of conflict
It seems to me
the strongest thing
that I can do
is to assert my importance
and affirm yours too.

Cemented to a rock,
one observes the smaller pieces.

A minute waterfall-
tumbling, tumbling.
Smashing the pane of water
below.

And I, like the water-
falling, falling,
into a bigger whole.

And observing the smaller pieces.

Ellen Bruce

I see the neighborhood basketball gang
on the courts, hot august nights
and sometimes they sing
and always they laugh
I wonder if many of them
will have escaped the courts
into the afternoon of their lives-
I know they will not laugh
except in irony
or sing except in grief

I sat in the rain and waited
face tilted upward with
palms uplifted. Just sat and
breathed the sky and listened
while the cattails rosehipped
and trees spoke the
wisdom of nature.
I could understand them
for they spoke in the
language of the universe.
I was the only one there
to hear. I sat there long
after the rain sojourned, long
after the plants ceased
whispering secrets to me, and
waited. For the wind called to
me--linging my damp hair
back impatiently, as if to
draw my thought from a drop-
let of rain I watched as it
quivered on my palm. Then
the wind awakened my interest..
and it settled to a gentle
lull. I sat, I sensed an urgency
as to what it wished to tell
me, so I sat and waited and
waited and waited more still..
then softly even more softly
than the most timid lullabye,
the wind spoke these words to
me, "child you are but one
and there are many. But this,
my child, I have chosen to
reveal to you. Life is as
a fleeting glance, yet in that
touch we feel a thousand textures.
Life is as a single sentence,
yet it is only as complex as we
compel it to be. Keep this
knowledge. Retain it well,
child". Then the wind van-
ished and not a breeze stirred,
yet I still sat in the sodden
grass for a time.. Wondering,
I just sat
and wondered.

Reena Shimp



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TO KNOW  
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## Record Review - Warren Senders

Richard Betts "Highway Call"

Dicky Betts is Dicky no more, if we are to believe the new solo LP he has recently put out on Capricorn Records. He has temporarily removed himself from the Allman Brothers, and recorded an album that reflects a return to his roots, in the form of an entire album not unlike the Allman's "Blue Sky." This album reflects the same easy, mellow, country-Blues form.

I doubt if an album of this sort could ever be a great album--it's too lazy and mellow to be great in the sense that the Allman's live album was great. It's just a fine album to put on when you're feeling relaxed and Macon, Georgia type mellowed out.

The first side has four songs, all of which are countrified explorations of the same song type we first saw with "Blue Sky," which was, in addition to being a new departure for the Allman's, a fine song in its own right. Side one is the logical extension of that song. However, the actual songs are not especially memorable. Dicky's voice is nice, of the proper range and caliber for this type of singing, and his guitar playing is always tasteful and inventive.

Side two features two instrumentals, one of which, the aptly titled "Hand Picked," is mostly a solo vehicle for Betts' guitar and the stunning fiddle of Vassar Clements, who seems to have his finger in every musical pie worth mentioning (judging from the raft of other people's albums he's been heard on lately). Clements plays with a bittersweet tone that is a superb counterpart for the clean lines of Betts' guitar, and they both get their solos on this number, which is a good fourteen minutes long. The other piece, Clements' show-piece "Kissimnee Kid" is such mellow country-rock it'll make your skin crawl, especially the first guitar solo, which is extraordinarily beautiful. The tune is a real joy to hear. There are times when I would like to hear the guitar a bit more--Dicky may be falling into the same trap Clapton is in: being so unobtrusive and tasteful as not to be noticed.

But, well, who am I to find fault? I'd like it more if he'd get rowdy once in a while, but meanwhile, this record will at least keep us cool. Capricorn doesn't seem able to make a bad record, and the return of Dicky Betts to his roots is, if not one of the more momentous occasions we've seen, at least an occasion for quiet rejoicing.

## Book Review - Bill Cameron

"Of Mice and Men"  
"The Grapes of Wrath"

John Steinbeck

Steinbeck's classic novels of working-class poverty and rootlessness during the thirties are not what you'd call current best-sellers. But the renewed attention being given to the plight of migrant farmworkers, coupled with the widespread fears that today's "economic slump" is going to graduate to a full-fledged depression before you can say "literary achievement", make these books considerably more relevant than they may have been ten years ago. But in any time, Steinbeck's tremendous and sympathetic understanding of human nature and his mastery of the craft of writing make these books worth reading.

The two books provide a great contrast in technique. "Grapes of Wrath" is a genuine epic--the long, richly detailed story of a family of Arkansas sharecroppers, their expulsion from their farm, trek to the Promised Land of California and their bitter struggles for mere survival once they get there. There's a good chunk of unabashed philosophizing thrown in too. "Of Mice and Men", on the other hand, is a tale stripped down to the gleaming bones. It's the type of book you read in a single sitting, and then maybe read again the next week. The two central characters in the book, feeble-minded Lenny and his protector George, are a couple of drifting farmworkers who can never stay at one job long enough to get ahead because of Lenny's tendency to get into trouble.

The themes running through both books are the sort of thing you and I can relate to, though largely in a different context; people's desire for independence and control of their own destinies, (in this case, through owning land) and the things that stand in the way of this goal. If you're a human being, subject to these desires and frustrations "The Grapes of Wrath" & "Of Mice and Men" can move you as much as anything you've ever read.