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## A Canuck and a Yankee In Uncle Gerry's Court by Mack Truck

Please do not adjust your newspaper. The collection of pointless anecdotes you are about to read is true. Only the facts have been changed. This, gentle American readers, is your country, as witnessed in the summer of 1975 by a pair of blue Canay-tun eyes, and another pair which for complex reasons variously claims a grubstake either in Cornish, N.H. or Windsor, Vt.

June 30: 50 hot, hot miles south of Minnie-ha-ha. Dropped off here by a dairy-farring-conga-playing-radio-expert, Korean war veteran and part tire bouncer. I zipped into a Shell station in an attempt to pick up a rap, which would have cost me three quarters in the machine if I had wanted it that much. The gas stations of America (and Canada, to be honest) are tightening their rubber hoses. In the office the owner is bitching to the employees about a bad cheque.

Meanwhile, back in the restaurant parking lot, a station wagon (doubtless Dad's) with three college age males in it has wrapped itself quite handily around a lampost. The guys run around wringing their hands for a couple of minutes, as if there's a baby trapped in the back or something, but no, that's not it. One of them finally gets it together to open the back door (the tailgate being obviously inoperable) and pull out a cooler which is plainly filled with you-know-what (starts with B, and ends with R, isn't a Bar but often can be obtained at one) then runs off and hides it, scant moments before a state trooper arrives. We finish our coffee and leave by the far door from where all this is going on. We saw it all, between the two of us, but why get involved?

Later that afternoon, as the fortyish Lutheran who picked us up is explaining how religiously tolerant he is—"why, I have friends who are Seventh Day Adventists, and one who's a Mormon, and some Jehovah's Witnesses...Unitarian? What Bible do you

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use?", we pass a building bearing the inscription: "Truth, Inc. (A subsidiary of the Avatonna Tool Co.)" Gee. And all those people have been looking for Truth all this time. Oughta organize some pilgrimages—make a bundle!

Still later, idle ruminations. Is it possible that the line "The sun is getting high" in the Grateful Dead's "Cumberland Blues" is a subtle pun along the lines of "The Pope smokes dope"? Acid punnery—so subtle, in fact, that nobody could possibly even recognize it as such, except through blind chance. But speaking of juxtaposition, or something very much like it, I think, just outside Austin, Minnesota, a few miles north of the Iowa state line, the sun is getting low. Not that low—it's been sort of misty all day, so that aforementioned heavenly body may disappear entirely even before it gets within a couple degrees of the horizon. So now it's Officially Evening, and time to relax and not care whether we get picked up or not. So what.

July 1: South Dakota. 91 degrees F. in the sun...or 96, 98 or 100 in the shade. Depends what thermometer you look at. There is one in every shop window in White Lake, seemingly as a boast, or maybe an enticement to enter one of the dozen or so air-conditioned bars in the hundred-yard-long stretch of Main Drag. (For us, it works, needless to say).

Farther along, and across the wide Missouri Valley, where there's some hilly green country which soon sinks back into plain old yellow prairie, the engine is overheating, and despite two 6-packs of cold Schlitz, so are we. A hot hard wind blows constantly across the highway, such that if the lone grass didn't anchor everything down there'd be a permanent storm of sand and grime.

South Dakota tries hard, with multi tourists traps, to thwart everyone's natural

inclination to floor the gas pedal and drive blarily through without stopping for more than gas, coffee and cheeseburgers. Most of the main attractions seem to be cowboys 'n' Indians. Makes sense, when you put it in somewhat oversimplified historical perspective. Back in the 1800's this was obviously a completely god-forsaken land, with no redeeming qualities whatsoever. So the U.S. government, in an uncommonly thrifty move, gave it to the Indians. Of course, the Indians would have preferred to stay where they were, but you can't stop progress. However, shortly thereafter the government discovered that all the worthless land they had gotten rid of so handily had a pile of gold underneath it. With an embarrassed smile, Uncle Sam started to kill Indians erect historical monuments, real western frontier towns, and Gold Rush Motor Hotels.

Less than a hundred miles away from here the FBI, with the aid of helicopters and armored troop carriers, is scouring the Pine Ridge Reservation using tactics that they'd never use to search an area inhabited by white Americans. Killing, killing... I don't think that even Art Buchwald can write anything funny, even blackly funny, about this whole deal. So don't expect me to be able to.

Nobody that lives in South Dakota ever goes any closer to I-90 than the adjacent fields. Halfway through the state, I still don't know what S. Dakota license plates look like, much less the protective coloration adopted by South Dakota state troopers. The traffic on I-90 is nothing but camper pickups, stationwagons loaded with kids and pulline trailers, van, and motor homes.

A word about motor homes. They are always, always, always driven by a sixty-year-old man with a thin lipped scowl. His wife, hair piled on her head, sits beside him. They never, never, never stop to pick up hitchhikers. Enough about motor homes-cont.pg.3

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Cover - Ricardo Levins

Staff for this Issue:

- Cathy Carney
- Retta Hendricks
- David Knight
- Lara Steil
- Wendy J'Donnell
- Sandy Rosenberg
- Lynn Rubinstein
- Jennifer Shaw
- Lara Steil
- Richard Taeuber
- Carlotta Woolcock

Your contributions for this newspaper are welcomed. It is made possible through your energies, both spiritual and physical. Any contributions of news items, short stories, poems, editorials or artwork are welcome and will be considered. None can be returned. Drawings or other artwork must be in black ink, and it is considerably easier for us to use black and white photos than color. No matter which you choose, they will be printed in black and white. We cannot pay for contributions, the ol' budget just wouldn't stand the pain.

Address all correspondence to: People Soup, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass 02108. Advertising rates: Personals that are not for personal financial gain are free. PAGE FRACTIONS: 1/2 \$5, 1/3 \$3, 1/4 \$2, 1/5 \$1.50, 1/6 \$1, 1/8 \$0.75, 1/10 \$0.50, 1/12 \$0.40, 1/15 \$0.30, 1/20 \$0.20, 1/25 \$0.15, 1/30 \$0.10, 1/40 \$0.07, 1/50 \$0.05, 1/60 \$0.04, 1/75 \$0.03, 1/100 \$0.02.

B.C. Still Waiting... S.F.

Kevin Bell, Cathy Carney, Ellen P. and other west coast people, I may come visit you soon, OK? Kim Miller

"That which is not suffered through to the end will recur." This ad (or a something like it) has appeared in the personals section of the Boston Phoenix for God knows how long. All those interested in seeing this ad suffer through its end please contact: Suffering c/o LRY 25 Beacon Street Boston, MA 02108



To- B. in Ferris, from R. in Boston: ouyevoli

To Liz Ferry: I feel it is important that no one know who I am... that it will make a difference in how people relate to me as a person, and to the Letter to the Editor. The Author of Luzy Greanchese

If anybody knows Ian Barter's address (he sorta looks like David Bronberg) pleez send it to Mary Joan c/o People Soup.



B.C. and R.F., Evergreen: We hope you drown in your rain on the West Coast! the East Coast

Vickie... robbed any banks lately

This issue... is our first, our first, and it is our first, not the second, but the first, and, of course, not the last. In case you've forgotten, let us remind you, it is the first, the first, the first we've ever done. Don't you think?

WARREN: You are cherished at least twice as much as you'll ever think. Keep thinking and watch what happens. NOZZLEFFER

Carol P., Friends of murder miss you and wants to hear from you! Please write to me. R.T.

DVF has a brand new never before seen local. It's in Reading Pa. Anyone running a conference or anything in the vicinity, please send registrations to: Jill Hubbell Box 277 Wernersville, Pa. 19565

Here is my new address, callers are welcome. Eetsy Cohen 224 Webster-Richard Hill U. Mass Amherst 01002 413-546-7086 Call before you come.

Jack Lofton: You are good people. Let's keep in touch; I don't want to lose a pal like you. And "nee" to the lot of yer. Billy

To S.V.B. Dear Virginia, I miss you hugely. Let's get together and talk. Pierre

To- B.H., J.H., J.H., D.P., D.L., and K.C.: Hi from R.H. in B.H.

Rubber Duckie! Where are you? Randy wants you back! He's got plenty of Tinker Toys, Raspberry Candy Sticks and Computer print outs for you to play with! Also Randy is STILL playing your song! Wasser Vogel ist Schmutzig Ferkerein. Cum and see my spiral ceiling! Sir Clifton James Witherfield P.O. Box 1 Oswego, Ill. 60543

Chris Young - you look like Jesus in your drawing. Look for a letter in Manitou Springs. See ya when you come home! Much Love... The Control Skit 20

David Innes! Knock-Knock, who's there? Come in.. Alright.. CRASH! NO! Open the door stupid. Sorry. Shut up.

Friday night jokes can be quite hilarious, but all night long? Groan! See ya soon, Mary & Linda

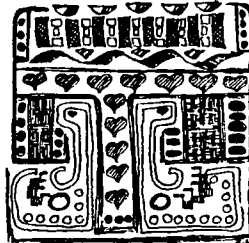
Dona F. Thank you my friend for sharing with me your love & your warmth I'm grateful you see.... Love Gratchen

For whatever difference it may make, my new address is: Sandy Rosenberg 1302 Sleeper Hall Boston University Boston, Ma. 02115 P.S. I'm lonely (hint, hint)

# PERSONALS

Mark in Milwaukee, where are you? Send me the window of your eye, Oh Ranger... Susan in I.C.D.

To the Charlottesville Va. local: please write to me and tell me what God is doing... Ricie Taeuber



I have established myself in one place and plan to stay for awhile. I'm not really in a position to have guests for awhile, so write me sometime and I'll write back. Joan Rosett #38 Beekman Ave. No. Tarrytown, N.Y. 10591

Lanie where are you? You're not in the directory.

Becky Seattie 14 Monterey Pl. Yonkers, N.Y. 10710

Scott, its twelve, and Cinderella is left dressed in rags. The glass slipper still fits and I want to wear it. J.S.

To Lanny, Missed you at FU 2 and Cont. Conf.. Please write and tell me about Phillip.

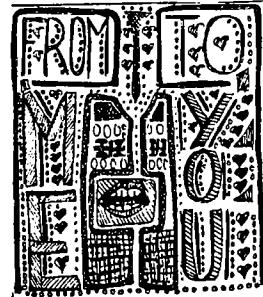
Love, the house breaker G.W.

To Lou, Are you in the Rockies really? Thanks for the follow up on my BIO-BACK. It was good to see you at Joe's place. Love, Me from your first conf. P.S. Who kissed who first?

WANTED: articulate, creative and responsible people to write articles for small newspaper with circulation of 5,000. See page 8.

Cathy, where are you? Let's get together and seduce a drunken hobbit in the woods. Or at least write. Susan, 6550 Burdett Dr. Atlanta Ga. 30328

Kathy, the dip it girl from camp New Hope, I can't write you a letter but I miss you, where were you this year at Continental. Please write me. Richard Taeuber at 25 Beacon St



Dear Beverly, Whaddaya theenk? PS

G.L.- formerly of O.V.F. Whiskey sours aren't as good as singapore slings, but both are starting to look good. When will rendezvous be practical? Write me and fill me in. Not Warped



Night again, and we're perched on a "Scenic Outlook--No Camping" at the edge of the Badlands. The night scenery is mostly if not entirely stars, and occasional headlights from the freeway below us. It's a very fine night--I get the impression that this is typical of the day/night interaction around here. The harshness of the afternoon has mellowed and cooled like a bitterly hot cup of coffee after you add the cream and sugar.

It's time to sleep, and tonight we know it's not going to rain.

Morning, July 2  
It didn't rain.

We were awakened by chattering tourists. They came and went rapidly; zipped off the highway, strolled up to the top of the knoll, weren't as vastly impressed as they expected to be, and trotted back to the car. Some drove through the parking lot and back on the road without even stopping.

From here we can see, to the south, land that must be the Pine Ridge Reservation. The view from here is hardly clearer than the Minneapolis Tribune's account of last week's killing of one Indian and two FBI agents, the reservation appears to be about as desolate and valueless as you'd expect it to be. But the sky is perfect and cloudless.

The South Dakota Badlands: scenic piles of dried mud, sparsely decorated with dashed out colors. It's a wonder that tourists have not carried them all away, one crumbly handful at a time.

July 3, passing through Deadwood, home of the Old Style Saloon, where William Hickock got his--we're riding in the crowded back of a Willy's Jeep driven by a crazy mustachioed Greek cowboy and his Duddy. The images are flying thick and fast at this point.

West of the Badlands all male heads seem to have sprouted ten-gallon hats. We're just a few miles from the Wyoming border (S. Dakota has gone on for a long time), and more and more people are warning us to watch out for cowboys. "Tis said that they don't take to freaks much" I guess cowboys and hippies trespass on each others' romantic fantasies... Too bad--I like ten-gallon hats.

Later That Same Day--The best way to see Wyoming is from the back of a pickup, late in the afternoon when the skies ain't been cloudy all day. A case of cold beer in the box with you is not a necessity, but it helps. Sundance, W. Overment, E. Movement, Gillette--we aren't wasting time on any of these places. No more of these vague invisible 'geographic center of the U.S.', of the world, of the known universe claims--here we are West if anything.

The only place we stopped in Wyoming was a good-natured truck stop, where they advertised free coffee for truckers and lo and behold if they didn't give us three cups each.

#### A Curious Red, White and Blue Incident

4th of July--After a bad night in which we got good and fucking wet in a vacant No Trespassing lot owned by the Great West Sugar Co. in Billings, Montana, we head up the road before sunrise. Ten miles along is Laurel, a small town where we hope to find an open coffee shop, and a place to dry our soggy feet.

Practically the first sign of life we see, walking towards downtown, is a pickup truck quietly crawling through all the parking lots as a couple of guys standing in the back of it sling up American flags in the handy holders that are already waiting for this day. The second sign we see is a State Trooper car sitting by a cub while a craggy faced cop is opening a gate across the street which reads "Road Closed". He surprises us by greeting us with the promise of a free breakfast just around the corner--"Just tell 'em you are a tourist."

A Jaycee wearing a pin-bespeckled yellow vest and holding a rifle for sentimental value is accosting motorists with "Mornin' you folks had your breakfast yet?-- pull right up, then!"

As it turns out, the hotcakes and sausages are not free for tourists, (at least not our kind), but they're not expensive either. We load our plates and enter a scene from a Euell Gibbons commercial for Grape-Nuts Flakes. A lot of Western Middle Americans are sitting at long benches in the city park, completely ignoring us and saying

stuff to each other like: "howdy, George. Well, how d'you like this retirement business?" "Well, it still feels like I'm on vacation for two-three weeks." "Oughtta send you out with Cody driving truck, hyeh, hyeh, hyeh!"

Well, we don't make many friends, namely none, but it's something we will be able to talk about, anyway. A strange thing that happens early in the morning is always doubly strange.

Leave a few days unspoken of and skip to July 6. A stinking hot mid-morning in eastern Washington, and the heat ripples over the highway like a lost river. Turquoise '63 Ford Comet sits on the shoulder of the interstate, and we squat beside it, trying to stay in the disappearing shade.

Twelve hours earlier, we were cruising along in the dark with Chuck and Pearl, 24 and 19, married, who'd gone to Idaho to buy some fireworks and Coor's for the weekend, and were now returning to Seattle. Seventy miles out of Spokane we heard a puffed "chunk", the generator and oil lights went on, and the motor stopped turning the drive-shaft. Transmission was blown. Nothing for it, but to wait for help--wait all night, as it turned out. In the morning, a Smokey (one of those fellows wearing Smokey-the-bear hats, driving the car with the red light on top, of the sort that are seen all over the United States) sees us and gives Chuck a ride to the nearest phone, so he can call his brother B.J. to come and tow us to Seattle.

Stereotyped character of the day: a lone cowpoke sitting on a fence overlooking

a yardful of ancient cars, whose own two-tone station wagon fitted right in with the permanent residents of this infinite parking lot. Talked through his cigarette, which always had an inch-long ash on the end: "mumble mumble mumble mumble var-mints mumble mumble gol dang."

...We're once again in the back of a pickup, this time with the old Comet sitting snugly behind us as if it has an invisible driver with a penchant for ridiculous tailgating. We're only about 40 miles from Seattle now, incredible though it may seem. Passing through horse mountains--funny how I could have neglected to mention all them mountains until now.

Soundtrack songs for this trip: John Prine's "Paradise", the Dead's "U.S. Blues". Cloud hung mountains; if you haven't seen them, it's no use writing about them.

Washington tries to appeal to peoples' nobler instincts by putting up signs that say: "Be a Good Citizen--Don't Litter", while Montana takes a bawser approach: "No Littering, \$250 Fine"

The sun has just set on Tacoma, and on the opposite horizon, Mt. Rainier, a ponderous blue phantom with a white cap, is fading into the background. And gone.

Pass over some more days, and some more miles, to x-cutting Albany, Oregon. We're right across the highway from the Albany Flight Centre, where there's a grimy but genuine USAF F-55 or something mounted on a post. Lots of little Cessnas putting up and down, and there are lots of 'mercedes' on the road.

The scenes are flitting by fast now. The last reel speeds up. "It's 49 thirsty miles to the coast."--sign on a Dairy Queen. Florence, Oregon--we are now separated from the ocean only by a few gas stations, motels and trees.

July 14, 3:30 p.m. We have reached the Pacific and the guy was right: it is too cold the swim in. This ocean is all right but I'd trade it for a truck stop any day of the month. What I am really desirous of is a good cheeseburger and a cup of coffee. I've come thousands of miles to this place and... (it is time for an ending. Please choose either a, b, or c.

(a) The three rooms rose against a background pattern of stars that no one had ever seen on Earth. The eelors of Heymutt had, it seemed, powers beyond human kind. They had put us on another planet. (The Science Fiction Ending)

(b) We picked up our guitars and trudged towards the highway. (The Continued-in-next-Issue Ending)

(c) I said "the hell with it. I'm going back to Canada." (The Sensible Ending)

(d) Suddenly a truck loaded with timber went out of control and hit us. (The End)

## People Soup For Free!

Beginning this year, all persons on our mailing list will receive **People Soup** for free. Since its birth, **People Soup** has proven to be the most effective method of communication in the LRY structure. Another method, aimed at the adult societies, is the all-church mailing. In the past, executive committees compiled two all-church mailings each year. These mailings seem to have occupied more time and effort than the executive committees had. Last year's committee found themselves particularly frustrated when the budget made it necessary for them to crank 108,000 pages by hand on a mimeo machine.

Knowing the ease and efficiency of newsprint, they thought that it would be more practical to incorporate the all-church mailings into **People Soup**. The Board of Trustees agreed and passed a proposal at the summer meeting in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Twice a year, the newspaper will come out in a similar format as the **Cream of People Soup**, August issue. These twenty four page productions will include the packets and other materials that were once in the all-church mailing.

Some changes and additions will be made in **People Soup's** content. If you have any suggestions please write.

## Social Actions News

Please note on your calendars the dates of November 22 and 23. The UUGC is urging a nationwide twenty four-hour fast concerning after breakfast on November 22 and ending on Sunday, November 23, with a community meal in church after the Sunday service. They are asking ministers and others responsible for the worship service to use this Sunday before Thanksgiving to discuss the unique role that the U.S. plays in creating and eventually resolving the world food crisis and to observe this day of solidarity with poor people throughout the world.

It was proposed that the UUGC (Unitarian Universalist Gay Caucus) constitution and by-laws be amended where necessary to state that membership would be open to any individual regardless of age. Taken from **Gay World**, August issue.

## Want To Get Involved In Social Actions?



**Workforce** magazine is perhaps the best clearing house and resource for alternative activities of every nature. It is published by vocations for Social Change and we distribute it. As well as the regular magazine, twice a year, USC produces a resource guide that includes over two hundred listing listings of social change organizations throughout the US and Canada, and job listings. Single copies of **Work Force** and the Resource Guide are free to you. Just send in three 10 cent stamps to: LRY, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, MA 02108

## For Your Information...

We have just switched our checking account to a new bank and they have not gotten to know us very well yet. Because of this, we have had trouble cashing checks made out of **People Soup**, Continental Conference, etcetera, so please, in the future make all checks payable to Liberal Religious Youth. Thanks.



# S-1, Reform or Repression?

S-1 stands for U.S. Senate Bill Number 1, officially titled "The Criminal Justice Reform Act of 1975". If passed S-1 would take the Federal Criminal Laws and put them into a neat, clear order BUT... it would also add some new laws which we consider to be extremely oppressive.

Some of the major pieces of legislation included in the bill are:

1. **Rioting** (sec. 1831)- This bill would make the participation in a riot a misdemeanor and a felony if you lead, give encouragement or instructions to people who are participating. The latter carries a \$100,000 fine and three years in jail.

2. **Wiretapping** (sec. 3101)- This part of the bill would expand the conditions under which the government can use wiretaps for surveillance. It also allows for 40 hour wiretaps without court approval.

3. **Government Personnel Responsibility** (sec. 541-544)- This section would insulate public officials and those acting in their direction from the prohibitions of the criminal law.

an other words the statutes would effectively divorce personal responsibility from official action.

There are also stricter laws concerning espionage, falsifying information, trafficking of classified information (which is not illegal right now), immunity and contempt of court.

At this point the bill is in a standing sub-committee on Judicial reform. The bill may be drastically revised but it is hard to predict exactly what will happen.

Here are some things you can do to get more information on S-1:

Write to the LRY office and request a copy of **Work Force** magazine, it carries an in depth article on S-1.

Write to Political Affairs Reprints, 23 West 26th Street, New York, N.Y., 10010. Request a copy of their pamphlet "Senate Bill 1: A Legislative Chamber of Horrors", by John Apt. It's very good and only 15c.

Read the next issue of **People Soup**, it will carry a more extensive article on the bill.

**MOST IMPORTANTLY-** Write to your senator requesting a copy of the bill. You can do this by writing The Hon. \_\_\_\_\_ c/o Senate Office Building, Washington, DC.

written by *Wendy O'Donnell*  
*Richard Viscardi*



Graphic by Michael Hotlev/AFS



## Mr. faggot

To the best of my knowledge, I have just done a first. On June 2nd I clixaxed a year of basically ignoring everything; a rale should be by bringing Alan Trachtenburg to my high school senior prom. (this may be a little more interesting if you take into account that I, too am male.)

Being gay in high school was truly an interesting experience. The year started off with me standing up for myself against a daily shower of insults. The greasy individuals would greet me with "Faggot!" and my general reply would be "Mr. Faggot to you!" But soon everybody was calling me Mr. Faggotland, I had to change my reply: "Say, that's really clever. Did you think that up all by yourself or do you have a paid staff of comedy writers hidden under your bed? Say would you mind coming up with something new? Faggot is so cliché."

"Wanna make something of it?" (this remark is usually accompanied by a wink and a licking of the lips that never failed to bring a disgusted groan.)

"You know, you're begining to bore me."

"Are you trying to insult me? 'Cause if you are, you're going about it all wrong. Look, what are you doing this afternoon? I can give you a crash course in things that will insult me."

"You hetero!"

and finally - "So?"

Well, anyway, June 2nd rolled around and leaped on me before I new it. Alan, my date, is a rather liberated male who bears a striking resemblance to a Teddy Bear with a dirty mind. He picked me up at my place at around 7:00 and we drove to the Montville Plaza in Stoneham, Ma., and unfortunately arrived a teeny bit late. This did not help my nerves any because most of the tables were full. After encountering some difficulty in our search for a table where we would be welcome. We were finally seated at a table with a couple of my friends.

All this time people were turning around to see if those rumors were true, and the most prominent reaction seemed to be surprise over the fact that I really had had the guts to do it. We were greeted by mostly smiling faces and friendly hellos. There were a few names thrown at us, mostly by the greasy individuals, but nothing we couldn't handle. I was leaving the men's room (yes, dear readers, even gays go to the bathroom) and I had a conversation that ran something like this:

Greasy Individual: "You faggot!"  
Me: "Yes, that's right. Very observant of you."

GI: "Why don't you blow me?"

Me: "Your place or mine?"

GI: (after a sarcastic laugh), "Oh, no you're not queer."

Me: "Oh, but I am."

GI: "I know!"

Me: "Well, if you know it and I know it, why bother to bring it up?"

and with that I returned to the dance floor. On the whole, it was a fun evening.

Most of the people didn't give a damn. People were very friendly, and alot of people thought anyone who hassled us was stupid. (One complaint was that it wasn't traditional) I even danced with one girl's rale date! I feel like I did some good for the gay movement in Bedford. But what the hell! I had a good time and so did Alan. And I think that was the main purpose of the prom.

Love,

*Horizon*

# HELP EAGLE BAY!



On May 13, 1974 a group of concerned Native Americans, primarily Mohawk, reclaimed a tract of land near Eagle Bay, New York. This land being rightfully Iroquois Confederacy land through the 1724 Caughnawaga Treaty with the U.S. Government is only a portion of the 12 million acres of territory turned over to the Confederacy at that time. "Title" to the land was later taken by the state through various means.

The people who have reclaimed this land renamed it "GANIENKIH" which means Land of the Flint. They have cited their moral and legal rights to this land and have returned to live quietly in accordance to their traditions and customs. Their intent is to become an agrarian community - self sufficient, living in harmony with the land. They are struggling to retain their way of life -- language, religion, dance, song and all that is part of their culture. These people wish to show that separate cultures can live side by side if both are willing to accept the right of each culture to live in its own way. Respect of all peoples and cultures is one of the main teachings of the Native American peoples.

Recently vigilante attacks and sniper shootings have turned this quiet encampment into a state of emergency. Also the State of New York has begun proceedings to evict the Native American people from this area. State troopers who are veterans of Attica are in the area. Lawyers of the Iroquois Confederacy of which the Mohawk are part, answered that the matter is one for negotiations between the Six Nations and the United States and that it is not a practice for one nation to summon another into its local, state or federal courts.

Many more people however, have arrived at the Camp than expected. There are now representatives of over 40 tribes from the North American continent. Most of these people have left reservations and homes behind, coming with few belongings therefore, a hard time lies ahead. Food, building materials, medical supplies, blankets, and sleeping bags are desperately needed so the community can make it.

Cash contributions are desperately needed so that supplies can be trucked, leaflets printed and publicity assured. There has been a serious news blackout relating to the existing conditions and threat of eviction GANIENKIH.

For more information, contributions: Vernon Perkins, Michael Mag-la-Que, Lou Gilson Eagle Bay - Ganienkeh Camp Project 306 West 117 St. New York, New York 10026

All other regions may get in touch with local Native American organizations. Please send cash contributions to Project address in New York City. All checks must specify Eagle Bay Ganienkeh Camp Project.

## HOW ABOUT IT!

The Continental Office of L.R.Y. is compiling a mailing list of L.R.Y.ERS, throughout the United States and Canada.

What we need from you is your NAME, address and Birthdate.

How About it? send to:  
LRY  
25 Beacon St.  
Boston, MA 02108

Friends: October 1975

Wow! Your latest issue of CREAM OF PEOPLE SOUP made such an impression on me that I a) read it thoroughly the first time I picked it up, b) vowed to write you a letter, and c) was proud that I have been a supporter of LRY all these years with their ups and downs between GA/LRY, churches/LRY, parents/LRY, etc. I am sure you can document from the youth side all the hassles I can document from the "establishment" side.

I was advisor to HICON this summer, and returning from that exciting and warm experience to the articles on smoking dope which said beautifully what I try to say and often fall into the "well, she's an ADULT!" trap was great. There's a time and a place for everything (well, almost) and an LRY conference has never seemed to me the right time nor place for dope. How nice to find my view supported. The highs which I carried from HICON came from people and the openness of our caring for each other; I am grateful that those did not get mixed up with the chemical highs which often block the sharing relationships.

I also echo Joan Goodwin's message on the Youth Caucus at G.A.; she said it well. Thanks for being a part of the denomination I grew up in, work for, and love. To be a real religious movement we need each other young and old and not so young and not so old.

Sincerely,  
Betty Pingel Denver, Co.

I believe that marijuana is a beautiful thing. The only thing is, it litters up your lungs when you smoke it. It also tends to put toys in your attic- if you know what I mean. There is a little thing printed on the back of papers- "After all, it's only a weed that turns to a flower in your mind" (T. Denton). That's all it really is. Only one person has ever died of consumption of pot- he injected it and a bunch of other crap with a needle into his bloodstream.

Sure I smoke alone. Rarely, but I do it. I like to go far, far away from people and get really blown away and ponder... Really get inside my own head for awhile. Haven't you ever felt like you could really use a nice, relaxing break from mankind? You ought to try it sometime. I really think you'll like it.

Smoking is also a very sociable behavior. It gets people together- loosens them up- gives them a common bond. There's nothing nicer than a bunch of freaks and nothing worse than a bunch of drunks. I'm all for smoking at conferences, I'm against drinking at conferences; since drinking parties tend to get rowdy. The only problem with dope is the State Laws make a rule necessary or you'll give an invitation to the cops. All you really need is discretion.

Remember that.

Eve Holberg Canton, NY

In Laster I attended the Toronto conference in Toronto, of all places. I am sorry to say that the conference was poorly planned or planned just well enough to gain a profit of which there was a considerable amount. So I am considering this fact in this article. I was one of the warthogs leftover at the conference after everybody else had gone except the conference planners. I seated myself in an empty room. One by one the conference planning committee straggled in to that particular room, tired and weary-eyed from the conference. Suddenly one of them came in and announced that they had made a \$80 profit. The committee immediately started making plans for a huge party. Apparently they were successful in their goal. It's a funny thing however that I always had the impression that a LRY conference was not set up to make money and if by chance it did make money all of the money would go into the fed's treasury. Maybe ECF has different standards than me. I am sure now that ECF realizes that charging 10 dollars for a 3 day conference is a bit high price to pay. I am sure that the conference could have done fine by charging just three dollars less. After the last ECF conference, I don't think that I will be attending their conference Thanksgiving weekend in Ottawa. However don't base your decision on my reasons for not going to the conference, if you're willing to pay the price of a now rumored 13 dollars for an unguaranteed conference all I can say is have fun!

Much Love,  
Chas Hol  
1836 Dell Rose  
Pontiac, MI.

Dear People Soup,

I received your latest edition yesterday, and I want to tell you that there isn't much I've read in the past year that I've enjoyed more. However, there's one thing in the paper that I think should be clarified. On page 10, under the title "Still Cleaning Your Own Act?--Do it where it Counts" you state the fact that "we only get 10% of the calories and protein that we feed cattle" and that the land could be turned to better use. But the truth of the matter is that there isn't much else you can do with it. After spending a month on my uncle's farm in Tennessee, I am beginning to be annoyed at claims such as those. Sure you say that sometime there will be mass starvation, and that every acre of land should be turned to food production, that is vegetables and the like, but do you realize that 80% of all cattle are raised on grasslands where it would be impossible to grow anything else? The way most cattlemen operate is to keep the cattle out grazing for all of their lives, and then they pen up the cattle for 3 or 4 weeks and feed them nothing but corn. And the corn is almost always a breed which is so tough that humans couldn't eat it unless we had steel-reinforced teeth- and even then, it would take an hour to chew it all up. It is this corn feeding that gives the cows you eat all the fat they have. Now the other 20% of the cattle, I can't say much for. They are probably raised in areas where you have plenty of grain to spare. The government pays farmers not to use land, so there won't be any big surpluses, and therefore, the farmers sometimes will plant small areas of unused land just for the purpose of feeding livestock. Incidentally, most of the corn fed to cattle and other livestock is put through a chopper, which totally grinds up the corn, the plant and any weeds which happen to be around.



I feel that during the restless week that we had over a year ago, we punished the wrong people. And we still are punishing the wrong people. During that week, farmers shot hundreds of head of cattle because they were getting too little money for their and couldn't do anything with them (I.E. get a cent of profit). Farmers have to take a loss on almost every other head of cattle they raise. My uncle bought a cow for about \$225 two years ago. He brought it up. When it came time to sell it, he only got \$83.00 for it. That cow had at least 500 pounds of hamburger on her. That could be made into 2,000 McDonald's quarter-pounder hamburgers! It is the middle-men who want the cattle fat, you know. It would be cheaper and easier if the farmer skipped the cattle-fattening stage-- the last 3 or 4 weeks. There would be less fat on the beasts, fat which does no good at all to us, and the meat would have a slightly different (and in my opinion better) taste.

The best thing that possibly could happen would be a farmer-to-consumer chain of stores, where the farmers can sell meats they had butchered to the people like us for what they're really worth. This could eliminate any overproduction, it could help stop wrecking our bodies, and it would make everybody happier--there would be more land for vegetable production, I'm sure. Maybe the government will get concerned over the lack of the use of the land after that and pay farmers to raise things again so they can send the surpluses overseas. That could happen anyway. You see what I'm getting at, since people could control what they buy easier they will have to buy less of it.

But that is only half of the problem, you realize the other half is getting the food to the people who need it most. Right now, we could ease most of the hunger in Africa and other parts of the world. But how could we bring the food to the people who need it? A massive airlift, well maybe. But there isn't much of any way to get the food to any sort of airport. And then your aircraft would have to go through the various countries' governments. That a hassle that would be. You remember about the time we did give food to the governments of the underdeveloped nations with the understanding that they would help distribute it to the people? And what happened? Those governments ignored the people and sold the food to buy arms!



You can't rightfully say what you did in the last issue of the soup, because your sources of information appear to be the views of ignorance. I'm not trying to insult you or your paper, or your sources of information, because your views are also the views of just about everyone who lives in the city and doesn't hear from the farm. If you recall when you had biology, you had in ecology the food cycle--with the primary consumers, who eat the producers that are on the bottom, and then the secondary consumers on top of the primary consumers. Well, that is what we've got here. We have the producers, under orders from the primary consumers, or buyers, mainly the large food corporations who dictate to the farmers what will be grown. Then you have the federal government dictating how it will be grown. The primary consumers pass the food on to us, the secondary consumers. Since the primary consumers dictate what the farmers will produce, they also dictate what we will eat. We can say "Let's not eat meat because it takes grain away which should be going to the mouths of the hungry people" but all that will do is make the farmers in this country go hungry. It will not help the people who are really starving either, because the Federal government is playing politics. It is a fact that if every acre of U.S. land was put to work, we probably could feed ourselves and the rest of the world--as it is the rest of the world would be hard put to survive if we went out of the business here--but the government wouldn't permit either eventuality. --Sorry, but that's the way it really is.

Sincerely yours,  
Christopher Bacon, New York

Ed. note. The inclusion of words such as cattlemen & middle-men should not be construed as approval of sexist terms on the part of the soup staff. We do not feel it is our prerogative to edit personal letters.

# BIOFEEDBACK MONITOR SYSTEM

October 1975

# CONTINENTAL

The theme of this conference is "Boomerang-Planting the Seeds of Social Change". This week we want to focus positive energy into living the LRY experience within our society and reaping the benefits of social change.

What are we going to do? How are we going to do it? Where are we going to do it? And with whom are we going to do it?

I hope that we will take the LRY experience beyond this LRY conference. That we can utilize the skills we learn in LRY - communicating, supporting, sharing, loving - to add to a new awareness to the society we will return to.

"Let a thousand flowers blossom!"

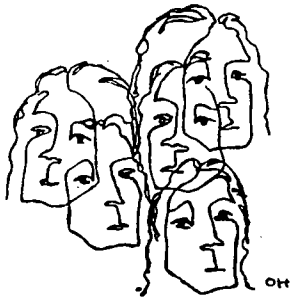
In the Continental Conference Journal there is a mailing list of all who were at Continental. The final four pages couldn't be run off, so a promise was made to send them out.

The originals and stencils were unexplainably lost in transporting them to Boston from Circle Pines. Please understand that we are as unhappy as you are, and that we have searched with dedication.

Never the less you can expect their arrival. Fortunately, the names of everyone are included in the first pages. So...we will go, name by name, through our LRY files and compile a new list. Be patient though.

I never promised you a rose garden. But you've got one, life. The beauty and perfume are obvious while the thorns are hidden. You can stand to the side and merely observe and smell, or risk the thorns and become a part of it. If you accept the fact that you may occasionally get scratched, you will be able to get close enough to really see & enjoy be. That's worth a few scratches isn't it? Of course if you're allergic....

*Chau Bishop  
Pacific Junction, Iowa*



### Bored Stiff

Laying beside you in bed  
Wondering what's in your head  
It feels so wrong to let this game go on  
It's clear that i'm not turned on

CHORUS

I want to talk, at least to try  
When sex is a bore, it's a lie  
I can't say yes unless i can say no  
Not free to stay till Free to go

CHORUS

I think that i'm pissed at you  
I resent most sex we do  
I always start the process and keep it roving on  
It's just not fair, i want go on

CHORUS plus: and i won't go on

CHORUS

- i'm not looking to blame  
- but i don't like the game  
- there's some rules that i'm  
wanting to change

*liv  
Berkeley, California*

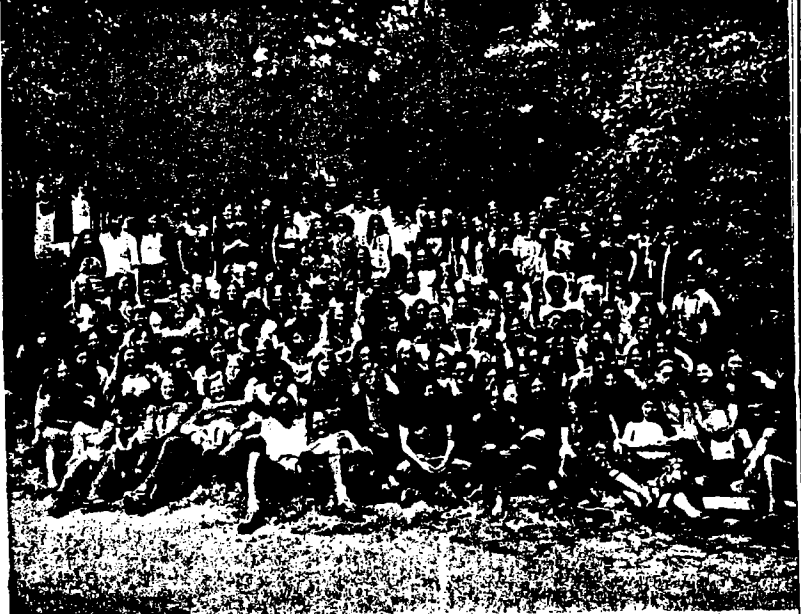
Looking to the west, people quickly spotted the radio tower, a row of red lights to the sky. And then one night, the top set was white, the result of a daring guerilla assault. In a way, it was appropriate—a monument against the usual, a beacon over the earth.

*Kevin Bell  
Rollands, California*

**Continental  
Conference  
Journals  
Still  
Available**



Send your name, address and \$0'  
to:  
LRY  
25 Beaton St  
Boston, Mass 02109



## A COMMUNITY OF PEOPLE

### lazy day love discovery #9

sunshine  
bluesky  
smiling day  
floating here  
next to you  
on a magic carpet  
of green meadow grass speculating  
as to

why  
candy cotton white puffs  
are so

anxious  
to race for the ends of the earth and  
suddenly

i know  
oh my god you're so  
under my skin  
and so i roll over and  
sit up and  
want to kiss and hold you and  
tell you

exactly what's going on inside me but  
i know you'll just

wrinkle your nose  
and  
smile that smile

tell me that i'm crazy  
so i just  
lay back  
and

who knows?  
maybe you're right.

*lilly*

What is community in relation to an LRY conference? I've often pondered that question at this Continental. Community happens only when people work to make it. It really bothers me when people sit back and bitch that there can't possibly be a good community feeling at Continental, because there are too many people and cliches. I'm especially bothered when I find myself doing it. At the beginning of this conference, I expected the community to fall together in my lap. When it didn't, well, I was prepared to leave. When I realized, community is something you have to work at to achieve. Sure, you'll never know all the people at a Continental as well as you'd like to. But if you make yourself part of the conference, going to the workshops, taking part in the activities, and really making an effort to learn about someone that you don't know, you will find community.

Two of my nearest and dearest friends left this conference because they couldn't find community. They felt, that having paid forty five dollars, community should have been handed to them on a silver platter. After they left, I decided I would really try to get some thing from this conference. I found that it is not hard to find community if you are working for it. I found it after making the effort.

I'd like to say, that before you put down a conference because you feel a lack of community, ask yourself this, "Did I really try to achieve community?"

*Bartolo Dukes  
Pittsfield, MA*

# CONFERENCE

I don't want to be a Cold Cut Blues

"Then you get hard you use your will like a sword  
And I let you cut me into tiny bits of protest  
For I know how it feels to be filled with fire  
And want to quench it with mouth or with cunt.

It becomes your will and you the slave  
To the politics of madness  
But as much as I want not to hurt you  
I also want to sleep.

I hate to fall back on my rights  
Like pulling rank, it escapes being human  
But the only other choice that I see  
Is to be a cut of meat.

I don't want to be a cold cut blues  
I don't want to be a cold cut blues - /iv

A large group  
sharing thoughts  
which had not been allowed  
growing closer  
not feeling that resident loneliness  
that we had grown so accustomed to  
murmbling words of new form  
at three a.m.  
in awe  
at our own existence

Kelly Godeck  
Reckon, Md

My friends - /iv  
Sometimes I feel like a turtle  
Sometimes I feel two feet high  
I know if I should feel lonely  
My friends will stay by my side

And when they stay they stay they stay  
And when they stay they stay they stay

Sometimes I feel like an eggshell  
Sometimes I wish I could fly

Sometimes I feel like an eggshell  
Sometimes I won't even try  
I know if I should feel empty  
My friends will stay by my side

And when they stay they stay they stay  
And when they stay they stay they stay

Sometimes I feel like a dodo  
Sometimes I wish I could fly  
If my feet stay on the mountain  
My friends will stay by my side

And when they stay they stay they stay  
And when they stay they stay they stay

I don't have much I can offer  
My pockets filled just with pride  
If you should ever be needing  
My friends, I'll stay by your side

And when I say I'll stay I'll stay I'll stay  
And when I say I'll stay I'll stay I'll stay  
And when I say I'll stay I'll stay I'll stay  
And when I say I'll stay I'll stay I'll stay



## reflections

by Kim Miller  
Lawrence, Kansas

On this Monday, the 25th of August, 1975  
Summer.....ending

Lying on my back on this picnic table,  
watching the sky: the sun setting, the colorful cloud designs, the first evening stars. Birds and squirrels searching for nuts and berries among the trees and foliage. Summer's bugs and frogs singing another evening hello.

Jet streaming by overhead; filled with busy people  
Start to work tomorrow.  
Enrollment for college in the morning at 9:00.  
Get the baggage, lost the claim checks.  
Catch a taxi, city traffic  
rush, rush, rush.

And I, here, lying on my back, listening to nature's symphonic concert for this evening.  
I open my eyes and find myself at Circle Pines for another week: time to focus my energy on cooking...life into life, energy into energy.

Through my tears of sadness and joy, I gaze out over the camp. My senses tune in on the vibrations. The overwhelming number of people that came and touched a part of so many other's lives; the growth and expansion. The hum and buzz of their energy can still be heard zipping among the trees and grasses. Yet now, a calmness settles in and it is time for a rest. The camp, its people and its surroundings, release a sigh...

Picking up the camp brings on many thoughts and memories. Gathering wet-sandy, abandoned clothes, sheets, towels, and shoes. Collecting soggy trash and an amazing number of corncobs and marshmallows. Remains from the week before.

An evening walk down the pine forest road. The tall pines magnificently strong, and at the same time they create an uneasy mysterious feeling inside me...my mind drifts. And up through there, my tent once stood on that bed of pine needles. Recalling rainy nights of trying to sleep in a very damp down bar... but having another warm body to snuggle up to.

Looking out over the Junior field, my eyes find a wet ashy pit. The laughter and singing, and the warmth and love of many beautiful people dances in my head. The heat of the once blazing bonfire rushes through my veins. The moods and feelings that were generated here still flow in and around me. Ahh...Then I wake from my evening dreaming and realize that those people are now many miles away. Feeling hollow and empty...searching further and further and finding fulfillment and joy.

I went down to the basement today to get some napkins for dinner. I dug into the box and memories flooded my head. I used to dig in that box three times a day to set food lines for hundreds of hungry waiting people.

"Please move away from the tables so that the food can be brought through."  
"Hey, don't start yet. (god damn, god damn)"  
"Suit, the dipper fell down in the juice again. What? Reach in and get it?"  
"Man, get out of the way!"

"O.K., I'll say it once more: the barrel on the right is for paper. The barrel on the left is for organic. Pig's don't eat plastic forks!"

"Group 23, please stay for clean up." It's hard to communicate with 300 hungry waiting L.R.Y.ers. I didn't like shouting those things. I don't enjoy yelling at people I love. Yet it was all part of the experience and lesson I was to have. I took the napkins upstairs, a tear in my eye, went in the kitchen and remarked to Beverly (the other cook): "God, Bev can you believe it was only the other day that all those people were here? Seems like such longer."

And I sit now, wondering, "Did it all really happen?" I look down at my burnt foot, laughing to myself and saying: "Sure did!"

#### #### #### ####  
This expression, I wrote during LRY week, but it didn't get into the Year Book:  
Working for the enrichment of myself  
my inner being.  
To learn, to experience, to understand  
and grow.  
The exploration of my fruits,  
Of just how far I can go,  
With my energies  
With my tolerances  
With my abilities  
To bend and still flow,  
Here at continental conference,  
Living among all of you,  
Who have been my sisters and brothers  
for these past few days.  
This journey has been pleasant.  
This exploration has been very fine for  
my growth.  
Thank-you all.

October 1975

# SUMMER BOREDS

The 1975 Annual LRY Board of Trustees met in Ann Arbor, Michigan from August 9th-16th.

The board meetings were different in many ways from past years, energy was high and commitment was strong. The business meetings were long, yet not long enough to tax the patience of the board members, and dissention about motions was minimal. In the evenings workshops were held on newspaper layout, the budget, worship, and training for cell group leaders at continental conference.

Because boards were held before continental this year, there was a greater opportunity to pass on the skills and knowledge that the board members gained, to individual LRY'ers from around the continent. It was also possible to explain the decisions that were made at boards on a first-hand basis. Another advantage was that it gave the newly elected executive committee a chance to meet with alot of LRY'ers and to get ideas and suggestions from them, concerning the direction of Continental LRY for the coming year. Probably the proposal that affects you most directly are the ones concerning People's Soup and Writers in the field.



The Clearinghouse structure approved by the 1974 board meeting was reviewed. It was felt by the people on this year's clearinghouse committee that the structure was unworkable, so the 1975 board re-structured the committee. There is now a clearinghouse committee made up of a co-ordinator, David Knight, 1 board member, Cathy Carney, and an ex-officio from the executive committee, Carlotta Woolcock. The committee will publish a newsletter at least four times a year, and a catalogue twice a year. The catalogue will aid individuals in finding other people with similar interests through the listing of personal descriptions. As well, the catalogue will include project proposals forms to aide members in communicating their ideas.

The subject of regional committee meetings as a substitute for winter boards was another idea which was re-evaluated this summer. It was decided that Winter board meetings should be reinstated this year and take place in the central mid-west area of the U.S.. The meetings will start on the evening of December 26th and run through the morning of the 31st. Unfortunately these dates coincide with many federation conferences, but it is the only time when people all over the continent have vacation from school.

The location of the next two Continental Conferences was discussed for quite a long time. It was finally decided that the 1976 conference will be held in the western part of the Continent excluding southern California, the 1977 conference will be held in the northeast. These decisions were made on the basis that these are two areas which have not had a continental function for a number of years.

There was also a lengthy discussion on the subject of dues. The general consensus was that dues are a necessary part of running an effective organization and that individuals, locals, and federations should be expected to contribute something financially for the benefits and services which they receive from a continental-wide organization. It was finally decided that federations which wish to affiliate will be required to pay \$50 a year, locals, (who are not affiliated with a federation) \$15, and individuals who are not members of any federation or local, \$1 per year.

People Soup will have three permanent writers this year. This development in response to the following factors: The newspaper is the single largest project of the Boston office. Many people have expressed an interest in decentralizing some of the work from the Boston office. It is important for LRY'ers to gain perspectives from people throughout the continent. And it is necessary to have persons who can be depended on to produce a certain amount of written work.

At the LRY Board of Trustees meeting a proposal was passed which created and defined these new positions. The 75-76 executive committee will appoint three people to be responsible for writing articles, programs, LRY news, and other materials for People Soup. The executive committee will develop contracts with the writers in the field regarding the type and amount of work to be written. The three writers will receive ten dollars, each month, in exchange for their work.

When the decisions are made these factors will be considered. 1) The quality of the material sent to us. 2) The individual's involvement with LRY. 3) The area of the country that the applicant lives in. People who are interested should respond immediately, so that these positions can be filled. Send us an article to judge your writing by. Some of the applications will be included in the second issue of People Soup. If possible, please type your applications. Suggested areas- social actions column, worships, programs, creative writing (no poetry). Please include this information with your application. 1) Your name, address, phone no. and birthdate. 2) What type of articles would you be interested in writing? 3) How many words a month would you write? 4) Explain your reasons for wanting this position.

Another important change which the board voted was to redefine the duties of each continental executive person. Four new directorships were proposed and accepted. The Director of Programmatic Development, Carlotta Woolcock, is responsible for developing programs for federations and local groups, fund-raising, and social actions ideas. The Director of Publications, Jennifer Shaw, co-ordinates the total production of People's Soup, gathering articles and graphics, working with the writers in the field and supervising lay-out. In short, a managing editor. The Director of Extension and Leadership Development, Richard Taeuber, is a really fancy name for continental fieldtripper. This director will travel to two regions each year, so that every region is visited at least once every three years. This year Richard

will be visiting SHARC (SEAFOR), LSD, SUNCO, SMU) and BETTY BOOP (SAN HEIT, RUF, TOAKM, WVF). The last position is the Director of Business Affairs, Lynn Rubinstein, who is responsible for the finances, mailing lists, planning board meetings and the lending library.

The idea for the lending library was first thought of at the '74 board meetings, but the directive was too vague to carry out. This year's proposal is to buy Beacon Press books and other hard to acquire materials for use by local groups. These materials will be accompanied by suggestions for programming use, as well, multi-media packets on themes such as listening skills or sexuality, will be compiled for use by local groups as a multi-week program.

Another proposal which was specifically designed for local group and federation programming is the program for cultural and racial exchange.

Exactly how many people in your local are not of white european descent? How many are not middle class? If you can truthfully answer "more than 40%" to each of those questions, then you may not want to continue reading this. But for those of you who are basically white middle class you should read this carefully.

At the 1975 LRY Board of Trustees meeting a proposal to devise a program that would enable LRY'ers and people of other races and cultures to gain some exposure to each other was passed. The way this will work is that a federation will design a program for their local groups to use to facilitate this goal, and submit their requests for funds to the Continental LRY office by Dec. 1. The different programs will be reviewed and decided upon by the LRY Board of Trustees at the winter meeting.

What you can do is this: Check out various youth groups in your area and see if you can arrange some joint programs. The YMCA -YWCA and non-UU churches are a good place to start. Once you begin getting together with other groups locally perhaps invite them to your next federation conference. Since money is available specifically for programs of this nature, you could do some very exciting things: speakers, on various issues, fixing up an old parking lot, coffee-house, or anything else. Working on a project with a bunch of people is one of the best ways to get to know each other!

Once your local has an idea or it is started with the project bring your plans before the next federatopn meeting and ask that it be proposed to the LRY Board of Trustees for funding. Remember, the deadline for applications to be sent to the continental office is December 1, 1975, so you must begin work very soon.



This year's board meeting hopefully has set a trend for the future. Communication between the board and the executive committee has been improving steadily and in turn this provides for better communication between individual LRY'ers and "continental". The board and the executive committee are always open to suggestions. Because winter boards will be happening this year it will be easier to implement suggestions which come in during the middle of the year. The potential exists for a varied and broad continental program this year! So, get involved and communicate your ideas.

Written By  
Lynn Rubinstein  
Jennifer Shaw  
Carlotta Woolcock



# recollections...



We wish to extend our thanks to you for giving us the opportunity to live and work in Boston- for LRY last year. Although the experience hasn't been at all times pleasant it has probably been the most exciting and growing experience we've ever had

We would like to share with you some of our reflections of the past year.

Jorking on the executive committee has been..

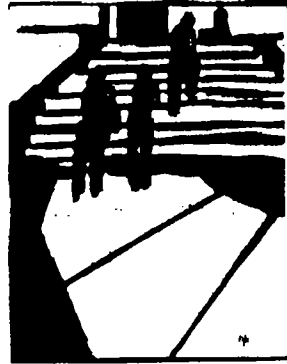
- \* walking into the kitchen, turning on the light, and waiting for the cockroaches to SCATTER!!!
- \* washing last night's dishes with Lara.
- \* hitchhiking from Cleveland to Boston enough times to know every service center between Buffalo and Boston.
- \* Traveling alone for two months. Always new sights new people, and new adventures. loving it!
- \* Living and staying in Boston, never being by myself after five months of travel alone in Mexico, a very different place than LRY.
- \* People, people and more people coming from everywhere- never staying long enough but too often staying too long.
- \* playing bridge and drinking beer with Steven Wilcox.
- \* smoking marijuana around the kitchen table
- \* 10:30 sitting at my desk, pen in hand, a blank piece of paper in front of me that remains blank all day - frustration.
- \* People soup coming back from the printer ecstasy.
- \* Playing poker with the UUA janitors.
- \* Igo battles with Beverly
- \* Quibbling with David, trying to decide how to decide.
- \* Learning to identify with women feeling excited to see women together.
- \* answering 15 letters a day.
- \* reading on the subway
- \* talking with Lara on the trolley, watching quiet faces and when I felt like spending 15c more, reading the newspaper
- \* always feeling pressured by time but exercising almost daily, trying to treat my body well, beginning to develop a diet that is not only healthy, but part of politics
- \* learning to get up early enough to get to work by 10:30
- \* almost feeling jealous of Lara's plants.
- \* learning how to cry
- \* drinking, boogying, trucking.
- \* tasting bisexuality

- \* walking through the Boston commons over and over and over again.
- \* seeing Bev turn on to coffee.
- \* staying up all night colating, layingout, running the mimeo, typing-- really getting into it, really living
- \* going to the international house of pancakes at 2 in the morning for cheeze blintzes
- \* too often feeling lonely, and alienated from the people around me.
- \* falling in love with Lara and Bev.
- \* eating submarine sandwiches and watching squirrels on the Boston commons.
- \* experiencing UUA shit
- \* experiencing UUA beauty
- \* 5000 names, a handful of acquaintances: a few friends.
- \* sitting down Wednesday at noon and trying to totally open up to each other.
- \* often being male in a mostly female household.
- \* realizing the quantity of change I've experienced because of David and Lara, loving change, loving discovery, loving David and Lara.
- \* knowing that there are two people who know almost everything about you, from the most obvious fact to the most intimate. Being able to say I love you Beverly and David.
- \* a mind blowing experience.

Yours truly and with love,

Lara  
Bev  
and David

The 1974-75 Executive Committee



## GUESS WHAT

Program?

## Program!

The Box is a cardboard or wooden box that contains all sorts of "goodies" like little toys, old clothes, candies, etc. It is a program for a local group or for a conference, with some modifications. The Box was designed in 1956 and has been revised several times since.

Possible Ingredients:

- |               |                     |
|---------------|---------------------|
| valentines    | beads               |
| money         | paints              |
| finger paints | old clothes         |
| toilet paper  | jacks               |
| silly putty   | sugar cubes         |
| pens          | nuts                |
| pencils       | ribbons             |
| paper         | scissors            |
| dolls         | old magazines       |
| crayons       | rubber bands        |
| glitter       | comic books         |
| stars         | yoyos               |
| glue          | tooth picks         |
| frisbees      | cake                |
| puppets       | candy bars          |
| balls         | assorted chocolates |
| baby food     | crepe paper         |
| feathers      | macaroni            |
| jelly beans   | fizzies             |
| nail polish   | jump ropes          |
| eye makeup    |                     |

your father's galoshes  
your mother's army boots

These ingredients may or may not be returned. Make a decision before the group leaves with them.

Step 1. Gather everyone together. Have them get comfortable, preferably sitting in a circle. The ideal number for this is eight to twenty five people, but more or less will work fine.

Step 2. Bring out the Box. To create an air of mystery and excitement, it is important that no one know that this program is going to happen or what is in the Box. The Box should be closed, so that no one can see what is inside.

Step 3. Leave. As the planner, you will be the only person who knows what the Box is. It is important that you leave with the least amount of clues as to what is going on. Make up an excuse for leaving abruptly. You could notice your watch as you are bringing it out and say, "I have to leave, so please start without me." DO NOT ANSWER ANY QUESTIONS. One of the main purposes of this process is for the group to use its imagination with the Box and what is inside of it.

Step 4. Stay out. You should not go back into the room until after the Box has been opened and the ingredients distributed among the group's members.

### FINANCIAL REPORT SEPTEMBER 1, 1974-JULY 31, 1975

#### BALANCE OF ACCOUNT

Budgeted \$5,515.46  
Unbudgeted \$178.49  
TOTAL \$5,693.95

#### BALANCE OF BUDGET

	Budgeted	Spent	Balance
Salary	\$3,120.00	\$2,507.00	\$ 612.31
Rent	\$2,700.00	\$2,662.00	\$ 38.00
Household - Utilities	\$ 420.00	\$ 415.00	\$ 4.11
Mail	\$2,000.00	\$ 835.40	\$1,165.00
Office	\$ 600.00	\$1,842.95	\$1,242.95
Printing	\$1,700.00	\$1,084.20	\$ 615.80
Phone	\$2,280.00	\$1,684.31	\$ 595.69
General Assembly	\$1,000.00	\$1,438.23	-\$ 438.23
Field Trip	\$2,300.00	\$1,066.90	\$1,233.10
Winter Regionals	\$ 800.00	\$1,251.06	-\$ 451.05
Programs	\$1,830.00	\$1,263.00	\$ 570.00
Trans to Meetings	\$ 200.00	\$ 250.24	-\$ 50.24
Food	\$1,800.00	\$1,484.45	\$ 315.55
Clearinghouse	\$1,000.00	\$ 347.65	\$ 652.35
Lending Library	\$ 250.00	\$ 3.57	\$ 246.35
Summer BOTS	\$1,700.00	\$ 50.00	\$1,650.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$23,700.00</b>	<b>\$18,184.54</b>	<b>\$ 5,515.46</b>

### BUDGET FOR THE 1975-76 FISCAL YEAR

Salary	\$3,360.00
Rent	\$2,664.00
Household - Utilities	\$ 330.00
Food	\$1,520.00
General Office	\$1,500.00
Mail	\$1,000.00
People Soup Printing	\$2,000.00
Phone	\$1,680.00
Lending Library	\$ 300.00
Programs	\$1,080.00
Field Tipping	\$2,200.00
General Assembly	\$1,000.00
Writer's Salaries	\$ 360.00
Outgoing Exec. Salary	\$ 300.00
Winter Boards	\$1,000.00
Summer Boards	\$2,000.00
Affiliation & Subs.	\$ 200.00
Youth Caucus	\$ 650.00
Clearinghouse	\$ 150.00
<b>TOTAL</b>	<b>\$22,900.00</b>

Every year continental LRY receives a large sum of money from the UUA and LRY federations to run their programs. Usually this sum is between 20 and 25 thousand dollars. A sizeable amount! We (the executive committee) feel that you should take a look at the financial report and budget on the left, after all the money is supposed to serve your needs. If you have any questions, comments or complaints they can be addressed to the LRY office.

Incidentally the financial report for last year was put together before money was spent on LRY summer boards, continental conference and Crear of People Soup.

