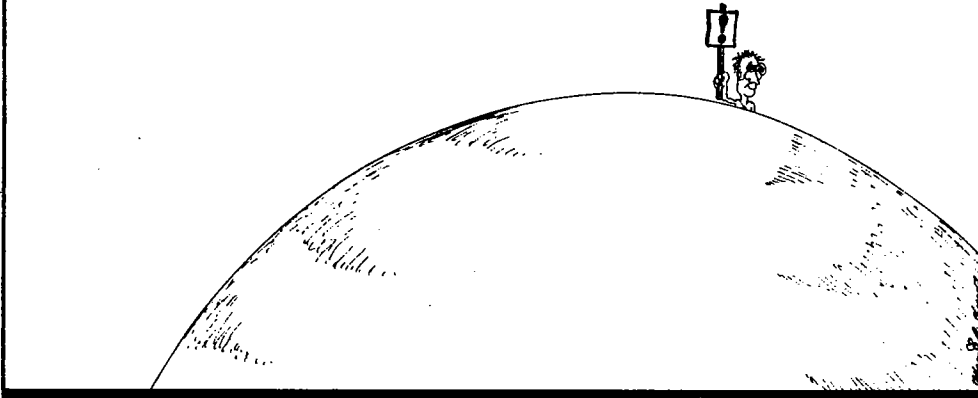


People Soup

social actions



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Obstructing the Sidewalk

(The Adventures of 3 Draft Protesters) By Fred Peck

"Okay, get out of the car. Let's see some identification."

This was the beginning of our first dialogue with the San Diego Police.

Friday, August first, 1980--it was a beautiful, warm day in southern California. The sun made us wish that there were no problems in the world, and that there was nothing more important to do than sit on the beach and melt into the sand. This day was to be different.

It was the last day of Selective Service registration. The three of us, Mitch, Ahura, and myself, had come up with the plan of dedicating the whole day to informing the public of the dangers of registering for a draft.

We were in Mitch's convertible, which we had covered with leaflets and signs and had labeled "The Anti-Draft Mobile". We were representing San Diego Students for Peace (primarily consisting of students from the University of California and San Diego State University)--the most active anti-draft group in the area.

This was the last day of our two week campaign to get people to consider the alternatives to the other two week campaign that was going on. On the first Friday we had staged an act of civil disobedience by blocking the entrance to the downtown San Diego Post Office. This had attracted considerable attention without violence or threat of arrest. In contrast, on the second Friday, our plan was to have a demonstration/celebration in honor of the end of registration and the low compliance rates in San Diego County (compliance rates were between forty and sixty percent). On this last Friday we were planning to travel through the downtown area and the low income sections of the city; leafletting about the draft and militarism and also advertising our celebration. After being almost ignored in the previous demonstration, the last thing we expected was police harassment.

We first saw the flashing lights downtown at sixth and Broadway. This brings me back to my introduction...Two police cars pulled us over and we were confronted by officers Parga and Borojquez. As Mitch was told he was guilty of eight simultaneous violations, Ahura was recording badge numbers and the dialogue which followed. I made the best of an ideal situation. I had a pile of leaflets and was surrounded by a curious crowd. I passed out papers, discussing and arguing until I was out of the literature I was carrying. Then I was able to listen in on the rest of the conversation between Mitch and the two policemen.

Apparently Mitch was guilty of horrendous crimes such as "Excessive use of the horn; Harboring unlawfully riding passengers; Having a partially concealed license plate" and "driving without a left rear view mirror" among other things. Needless to say, Mitch was a bit skeptical of these accusations, and hinted that the officer might be selectively enforcing the law because he didn't particularly like what we were doing. Mitch was asked to give his address, which happened to be a box number. The officer asked what his real address was. Mitch told him that that was his only address. He was then accused of being a contortionist! Through the infinite justice of the U.S. law enforcement system, we got off the hook with a ticket for three violations, because the officers couldn't find the other five in their book.

We paused to get a snapshot of our two new friends, and then headed for a gas station. We refueled, made renovations (including revealing the rest of the front license plate and securing the rear view mirror) and set out again.

CONT. ON P.3

Liberal Religious Youth
25 Beacon Street
Boston, MA 02108
(617) 742-2105 x370

Non-Profit Organization
US Postage Paid
Boston, MA
Permit No. 8652

E. Immen
1450 Mendocino
Jackson, MS.
39211



PROTESTERS cont.

We had a discussion over the phone with the lawyers we were working in conjunction with (The National Lawyers Guild—a national association centered in Boston. They have a Military Law Panel, which is committed to advising citizens on the ins and outs of law concerning the military. Members of the Military Law Panel, working in San Diego, had been advising us with respect to blockading post offices, as well as leafletting, discussing, and arguing within them). The charges sounded pretty silly to them too, and they just advised us to be cautious.

So we went cautiously about our business. We took a drive out to a poor black section of the city where we had found leafletting to be rewarding earlier in the week. After about a ten minute drive we were surprised to see more flashing lights (in the newly installed rear view mirror). One of the violations they had been unable to find was the one concerning "unlawful riding". Our lawyer had never heard of this charge either. So we continued to sit on the back seats on top of the seat backs, so we could look out above the convertible. Apparently, this officer thought it was a violation. Actually, we saw him coming and sat down before he was near, but the lights came on again anyway.

The officer had us get out of the car again. Mitch dealt with the police. Ahura took down badges, names, and the dialogue. I proceeded to distribute the leaflets I had left. To our wonder, officer Borroquez (our new friend) showed up within minutes. The situation heated up; words were exchanged. I crossed the street to call our lawyers.

Mitch refused to sign the ticket until they showed him the violations that he was being accused of (driving with the knowledge of having an unlawful rider, and driving with an obstructed view).

As I relayed the sequence of events to our lawyer, I saw Mitch forced against the police car and then shoved inside. Soon Ahura was next to me with steam coming from her ears. She said that he was under arrest and they hadn't told what the charges were, or read him his rights. Our lawyer said "Be calm. They are just a couple of uninformed street cops who don't understand that the force probably doesn't want to make an issue of the anti-draft movement. Tell Mitch to cooperate and they will probably release him."

I ran across the street and tried to talk to Mitch through the police car window. I was told to get away. Mitch told me to get a picture. As I took a shot of him in the car, officer Borroquez told me that he was going to confiscate my camera and film and that he had the right to do so under the civil disobedience act.

This sounded pretty ridiculous to me, but I quickly concealed the camera in the car to avoid losing my film. I then asked the officers what the charges were against Mitch. They replied "There are none." Well, I was a bit curious as to why he was a free man but was locked up in a police car. I was soon informed that he was being detained "for fear of inciting a riot."

Well, there we were, three white kids surrounded by blacks in one of the poorest and most dangerous sections of San Diego. Somehow I could not see the danger that the three of us were imposing on this crowd.

Mitch got ahold of the ticket, signed it and was finally released. In this time we had not only drawn quite a crowd of the locals, but had half of the San Diego Police Force staring at us. There were eight squad cars, including the chief of police, a paddy wagon, and several motorcycles. As the police walked to their cars, Officer Borroquez walked straight up to Ahura, looked her straight in the eye, and said "Get out of the way. You are obstructing the sidewalk!" She held her ground and he walked around, but by this time we were a bit tired of the whole scene.

The chief of police was in front of us, so we decided his route was as good as any, and began to follow him downtown. Before we knew it the paddy wagon was right on our bumper. We smiled and flashed him the peace sign. He smiled and flashed us another sign—more flashing lights!

We pulled over and watched the chief of police stop and back up to us, bumper to bumper. He wanted to be sure we weren't going anywhere. The driver of the paddy wagon was also interested in our identification and said we were driving with an obstructed view (the sign reading "Anti-Draft Mobile" on the passenger side was taped to the window halfway up). Instead of arguing we corrected it immediately by

rolling the window down a few inches. We asked him how it looked. In his infinite generosity the officer said that it was acceptable, after inspecting it closely. Actually, he was relatively pleasant, and even directed traffic to let us out of the "squeeze" that the chief of police had put us in.

From there we proceeded to our lawyers office and gave him the story. He told us not to worry about the tickets. The court would probably drop out all but the most realistic charge. We were disappointed to hear that there was little chance of pressing charges for false arrest. Apparently the police do not have to tell you what the charges are or read you your rights. However, it would be hard to prove that Mitch had been officially arrested, because, in our lawyers words, "they had not been dumb enough to handcuff him."

A glimpse of the clock told us it was four o'clock. The demonstration/celebration was starting, and they needed our supplies and posters. We rushed over, and as we passed by the crowd gathered in front of the post office we stopped briefly to shout excerpts of the afternoons ordeal. We told them they would get the whole story as soon as we parked the car.

We were feeling a bit worn out from it all, but we were glad to be back in a familiar area where we had leafletted during the past few weeks and had sat-in the week before. As we parked the car, however, we were almost amused to see two policemen sprinting towards us. They weren't quite as amused to see us. They demanded our identification once again. Mitch, who was probably a bit more tired from everything than we were, cooperated...but reluctantly. I handed the pad and pencil this time, as Ahura took the supplies across to the rally.

Officer Wright was busy with Mitch's ticket for another mysteriously unknown



violation, while Officer Carlson strolled over to get a description of the "Anti-Draft Mobile" I was happy to accompany him, and I tried to explain our predicament. I told him that we were very tired after a long afternoon (as I'm sure he was aware) and expressed my amazement at the fact that no matter how many violations we were guilty of and then corrected, the hand of justice always found something else to pin on us. Of course, I expressed this to him a bit more eloquently and was encouraged to see that he seemed receptive. That is, until he began writing me a ticket!

I was beyond a need for explanation and quietly cooperated, expecting to voice myself later in court. Mitch, on the other hand, reacted differently; when he saw my I.D. in my hand he asked me why I had it out. I told him that I was also receiving a ticket. That was it! Mitch started yelling, "YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO HIM! YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME! HE HASN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG! I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING WRONG! YOU HAVE TO JUSTIFY YOUR CHARGES!" As you can imagine, this attracted a bit of attention; particularly that of the people at the rally who had not been aware of our predicament. They were busy setting up and had not investigated our tardiness.

Our photographer and another lawyer from The National Lawyers Guild were there instantly. Reporters from the San Diego Union, the Tribune, and T.V. cameras from the two major news stations were there shortly.

Officer Carlson said quickly, "Arrest the guy." Mitch was shoved into a police car, but with a little more difficulty this time. At this point, Ahura, who had been across the street and unaware of the developments, showed up as Mitch yelled from inside the car, "Ahura, they're doing it



again." She was told to show identification. She stated, truthfully, "I'm sorry, but I don't have any here." She was then told to identify herself. She replied, "I will identify myself, but please tell me what the charges are."

Officer Wright, who was inside the car with Mitch, had been talking on the radio and then he shouted "Arrest the girl."

Well, here we go again! I saw the handcuffs come out. At the same time, I felt sorry for Ahura, but I could hear the lawyer saying, "if the police were dumb enough to handcuff someone, they would be in trouble..."

Mitch's angry frustration was expressed by a few sharp blows to the screen in front of him. The police took him out and threw Ahura in. The lawyer at the scene got in the car to counsel her, as she showed the handcuffs to our photographer, who was taking pictures through the window.

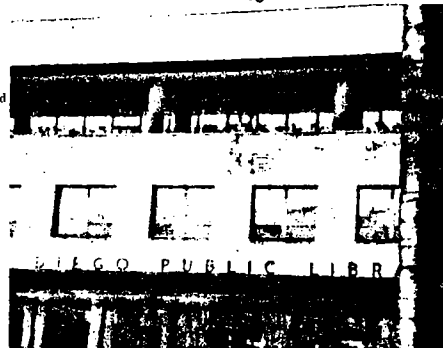
Mitch calmed down as he watched the completion of his ticket. Ahura was speaking to the lawyer and said that she was willing to be taken in if that is what the police had in mind. After some time and conversation over the radio, the police asked her her name again. She told them, and was permitted to leave, meaning that the only possible cause for her arrest was the "crime" of failing to identify herself, which she hadn't been given the chance to do in the first place.

The crowds subsided and the demonstration went on without much difficulty. The only other incidents were when our photographer was inside the post office and was about to snap a shot of an official-looking gentleman. This gentleman's manners were not as smart as his dress, as he said something to the effect of, "Take my picture, punk, and I'll break your skull open!" Our cameraman rushed outside and returned with the lawyer, only to find that the man had vanished and his aide refused to identify himself or comment on the incident. The entire scene was also being filmed from the balcony of the library across the street. Our photographer also ventured up there to get a shot of the mysterious men in dark shades. He was told not to enter because there were federal agents present.

It had been interesting, and in a way, flattering, to see the concern of the federal agents over us. My interest turned to concern the first time I tried to use my phone. I got a dial tone until I tried to dial. And then the phone went dead.

After a heated call to Bell maintenance from the nearest pay phone, it was back in order. Mitch did not have such luck. His phone was definitely bugged. No one could get through on the first try and there were clickings and background noises regularly during conversations. So we would offer salutations to whoever the third party was.

CONT. P6





Opposition to War Registration, or the Draft

Obstructing a Government Function by Fraud

Obstructing a Government Function by Physical Interference

Demonstrating to Influence a Judicial Proceeding

Obstructing a Proceeding by Disorderly
Conduct

Conspiracy and Attempt



Anti-Nuclear Activities

Freedom of the Press

Protecting News Sources

National Defense or Classified Information

cont. on p.6



blurbs and blabs...

GWAF (Greater Washington Area Federation):

FOOF!!!! anyone???

SUNCO (Florida and such):

There will be a conference on or around Memorial Day. The location of said conference is as yet unknown. I am told that it is taking place because they just realized that it states in their bylaws that they must... SUNCO has also come up with an interesting fundraising idea: Delegate positions to Common Ground will be auctioned off to the highest bidders. ..proceeds shall go (or should go--ed.) to Continental LRY.

More stuff on SUNCO: A conference will be held in Miami on Nov. 28, 29, 30.

Andrew says, "SUNCO is alive and well
we (beep) wish to (boop) communicate
(buzz) with the (bang) Neroids."

MVF/NSF (roughly the greater Midwest, excluding the CMF and Ohio)
Nothing is happening here! If you want to resurrect the Fed. with someone else who is interested, contact:

Colin MacDougal
2220 Pleasant Ave. So.
Minneapolis, MN 55404

Starr-King (N. California, Hawaii, Nevada):

Starr-King says they are doing pretty well. They had a successful winter conference, and the district pre-assembly went incredibly well also. The spring conference will take place April 14-18 and they are hoping for a good turn out. Starr-King is also trying to set up some college age groups. Several brand new locals are developing... The federation board says "our position on Common Ground is liberal. What happens, so that we can, have no expectations, so that we can make the most of it."

(editors note: ♫ Only four people care enough to send in their fed's reports?! C'mon folks can't you do better than that? Or are you waiting for me to get really obnoxious about it? No I have to scream and rant to get you to do what you (always-so-wholeheartedly) promise to do when you get elected to your positions?! It's easy to see who really cares.

"Thanks!" to Janet, Andrew, Hillevi, and Colin...and to the rest of you.
 "0#5Zc6*&c5Z/c6cZ#5#Zc5Z#05cZc6!!!!!!")

WHO ARE THOSE PEOPLE?

OR: "i bet they're going to put their coffee cups on our faces"

Name: Kathryn. (aka: Scrrranng-oh.
Changeling. Hey You. Mouse.
Creepy little girl etc...)
Number: Nine.
Birth: Yes.
Hite: Also.
Wait: Never!
Eyes: Bluuuuue...
Hair: Tangled (usually)
Color: Black (purple)
State: of mind.
Birthplace: The Midwest...and not Ohio.

Comments: "....."
Coffee: "yes of course, i bless you"
remarked the High Priestess.
Hobbies: U.F.O.s...PaperRaping.
Drama. Kidnapping people and
talking to them alone for hours.
Flying about the room in strange
bursts of sound and movement.
Darkrooms. Watching my mail-
box (hint hint). Zips and Zaps.
Loves: Love. enigmas. creativity.
people. sunny days. creative
people. rainy days. extreme
emotional outbursts and sonic
contortions. "IT" Getting
Letters...

Hates: Icky things. Closed-minded
and boring people. Trying to
define myself.

Favorite Quotations: "All the world's
a stage" "black is for poets."
"What's all this then?!"
"Innocence is relative" "Nobody
loves you...when you're down and
out...everybody loves you when
you're six feet in the ground."
"Reality approaches on the
Horizon" "I'm not drunk, I'm
only moving" "Instant Karma's
gonna get you..." "Turn and
face the strange--changes"
"...just because she sneaks
about herself in the third per-
son, that doesn't mean she's
schizoid!" "yes you are"
"Go to sleep, you're delicious."
Credits: 1.Shakespeare 2.patrl smith
3.Harry "Snapper" Organs 4.me
5.John Lennon 6.Mike Dybas
7.Amy Shapiro 8.John (of course)
9. David Bowie 10.me 11.me
12. Julie Farman, Amy Shapiro, Keith
Knost
Dedicates Her First Book to: Dr. Winston
O'Boogie, and to the future...

(For Tradition).
Sign Here X

(note--if and when questioned about the
contents of this questionnaire, I will
immediately deny ever having anything
whatsoever to do with this--ed.)

This blank
(well, almost)
space is dedicated
to all of you who
dooble all the time
yet did not
send me any
graphics...

This
one
too!

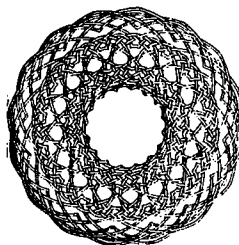


"Tacos On The Porch" (or: This is the LRV
Executive Committee hanging out before the
Grateful Dead concert) from left to right:
Amy Shapiro, Director of Finance and Assem-
blies; Kathryn Price, Director of Publi-
cations; Nancy Warshaw, Director of Denom-
inational Communications; Lisa Feldstein,
Director of Extension, Leadership, and
Program Development.

HEY!!!

read this

Are you an aspiring writer?
Are you an aspiring person
who draws?
Are you an artist in any or
all sense(s) of the word?
PEOPLE SOUP wants you!!!
Do you have an opinion that
you want voiced in any
medium(s)?
Have you taken some fun photos
(LRV or other such stuff)???
contributions wholeheartedly
accepted at:
PEOPLE SOUP
c/o LRV
25 Beacon St.
Boston MA 02108
want ideas? want feedback?
want to gab? give me a call
at 617-742-2105 ext.370
at any and all weird hours of
the day and ask for Kathryn
love and hope
for yummy soups
--Kathryn Price
Director of
Publications



Story with a Moral a M_d Lib

Hi People!
I'm one of the newer 1 of
noun
2, having earned this privi-
lege when I acquired the impressive (to me,
anyway) title of Director of 3.
noun
4 and 5 noun 6.
Prior to mv 7 noun to Boston I
was a/an 8 resident of New York
adj.
City (lifelong being 9 years). I have
been known to get 10 number, especially for
adj.
24 // public transportation, but
time measure
other than that I have 12 rather
ver, p.t.
well.

When I'm not working, yelling at
Kimba, or talking to Nan, I 13 verb
letters, 14 15 and pretend
verb noun
I can play 16. I enjoy 17 verb + ing
grocery shopping, and Pink Floyd, not to
mention Edward Gorey. My 18 movie
adj.
is "Harold and Maude", and when I have 19 noun
to a TV I watch "M*A*S*H", my addiction to
which is well documented.

For the 6-8 of you who are 20 adj.
21, you may be 22 to
verb + ing adj.
23 that my name is Lisa Feldstein.
verb
(You see, 24 is rewarded.)
noun

letter closing
Lisa

1. residents 2. Taco Villa 3. Extension
4. Leadership 5. Program 6. Development
7. pilgrimage 8. lifelong 9. homesick
10. hour 11. translated 12. bake
13. bread 14. guitar 15. cooking 16. favorite
17. access 18. still 19. reading 20. interested
21. verb 22. patience 23. Meow 24. ?

Sample Signature: (For Handwriting

Analysis)X Lisa

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD....

Read The

UU WORLD

To keep up on the
happenings in our
UU denomination

If your home doesn't
receive the WORLD,
write: UU WORLD,
25 Beacon Street
Boston, MA 02108
A one year subscription
is only \$2.00



PROBLEM: you're too alone..... SOLUTION: THE ADOLESCENT SURVIVAL BIBLE

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PROTESTERS cont.

There are many things that this incident brought to my attention...but the strongest point is that such matters are terribly unpredictable. First of all, one is taking a great risk whenever one is confronted by the police, particularly in a large city. As our lawyers warned us, the police rarely know the law well. Although you may know more about the law, they are still in power. If an officer decides that you are impeding him, even by asking the time of day, you can be found guilty and face the same serious charges as resisting arrest.

What's more, the sequence of events that day caught us totally off guard. To prepare for the sit-in the week before, we had planned for a month; including consulting lawyers, research into neutralizing chemical deterrents (such as Mace), mapping the grounds, role playing, non-violence training, designating press representatives and legal observers, raising bail money, etc...and Nothing Happened! The police had stood there and watched us. We were told that the six inch wide access to the most distant door kept it legal. Reporters asked the police

to justify their inactivity, and they said that they had been told by federal agents to keep things quiet. That afternoon, I had said to my house-mate, in partial jest, "If you get an urgent call about five o'clock, you will know where to find me." This day, a week later, she had said "Be careful." I replied, "Don't worry, today we are just going to have fun!" How far from the truth I was.

As things stood, we had been stopped four times, and had received five tickets for a total of eight violations. The final three tickets involved charges of "unlawful riding" for Ahura and myself. This charge was totally unjustified. The third ticket, for Mitch, was for driving with an obstructed view. The officers said that the passenger windows, which had just been O.K.ed by the paddy wagon driver, were now considered a violation. The ticket, however, was for an obstructed windshield, not side windows. The windshield had been unobstructed.

In addition, the three tickets which were written at the same place, were very inconsistent. On the three tickets we had two different locations of violation, two different makes of car, and two different times of violation.

The trial, originally scheduled for August 26, 1980 was postponed five times due to legal proceedings and finally took place on February 25, 1981. I was represented by our lawyer in absentia. Since neither Mitch nor Ahura had been taken down to the station, we didn't have sufficient grounds for false arrest. As well as hoping to defeat all the traffic charges, our goal was to gain access to police records. We wanted to find out whether the police had been looking for something to key on during the last day of registration, or if our harassment was circumstantial. After half a year we did get eleven of the sixteen motions of discovery that we had requested, but the others were denied by the district attorney. We also requested the film that was shot from the library balcony; we were told that it did not involve the San Diego police department, and was out of their hands.

We did not have enough evidence to draw any conclusions, and a very conservative judge dropped most of the charges but upheld the charges of driving without a rear view mirror and with an obscured license plate. So ends my story, but the cause goes on.

formed judgements about foreign policy (Sec. 1121-24). Sentences/Fines: up to ten years--\$10,000.

Obscene Material

S. 1722 cements into statutory law the controversial Miller decision of the U.S. supreme Court. The Court's definition of "contemporary community standards" has been narrowed to mean the "local community" standard. Thus, the viewpoint of one "local" community could force prosecution of a national publication and dictate the artistic standards for the nation! (Sec. 1842). Sentences/Fines: up to two years--\$250,000 for individuals, \$1,000,000 for the publisher.

Information Regarding Governmental Wrongdoing

Public servants who "blow the whistle" on official corruption or government wrongdoing, and investigative journalists who receive such information, could be charged with the broadened crime of "Revealing Private Information Submitted for a Government Purpose" (Sec. 1525). Sentences/Fines: one year--\$25,000.

Labor's Right to Organize and Strike

Extortion

In 1973, the Supreme Court's *Enmons* decision invalidated Atty. Gen'l. John Mitchell's prosecutions of trade unions for extortion. S. 1722 overturns that decision by removing the word "wrongful" from the definition of Extortion. This expands federal jurisdiction over labor disputes and could allow the FBI to investigate labor activities in case any union actions surrounding the dispute could be viewed as "extortionate". While an amendment passed in the Senate Judiciary Committee offers more protection to unions than previous code bills, S. 1722 continues to present greater threats to labor organizing than current law. (Sec. 1722). Sentences/Fines: up to ten years--\$250,000 for individuals, \$1,000,000 for the union.

The Anti-Riot Act

S. 1722 reenacts the infamous "Rape Brown Act" of 1968, sponsored by Sen. Strom Thurmond and passed by Congress after the ghetto uprisings which followed the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr. While increasing the size of a "riot" from three persons to ten, S. 1722 leaves intact provisions which were used to prosecute peace activists, Viet Nam war veterans, and Native Americans. Special provisions enacted in 1968 to prevent prosecutions in labor disputes have been deleted from S. 1722 by Kennedy and Thurmond. S. 1722 further expands the law by making it applicable to people "engaged" in a riot, even if they didn't know that the rally, meeting, or demonstration in which they participated was considered a "riot" by law enforcement officers (Sec. 1831-34). Sentences/Fines: up to two years, \$250,000.

S.1722 cont.

Sentencing

S. 1722 sets high maximum penalties and fines (up to \$1,000,000 for organizations), eliminates parole, severely limits good-time early release, and requires mandatory minimum sentences in certain cases. It creates a "determinate" sentencing system, by establishing a U.S. Sentencing Commission to develop sentencing guidelines for federal judges to follow. This takes discretion over sentencing away from judges and gives it to prosecutors, who may charge persons with crimes on the basis of the sentence recommended by the Commission. Despite the present high rate of incarceration and prison overcrowding, S. 1722 does not encourage alternatives to prison, and, according to a 1978 House Criminal Justice Subcommittee study, could result in a significant (sixty two to ninety two percent) increase in the federal prison population.

Criminal Justice Procedures

Wiretapping

S. 1722 reaffirms the 1968 law which permits wiretapping to investigate certain crimes. As does current law, S. 1722 requires telephone companies and landlords to cooperate "forthwith" and "unobtrusively" with government wiretappers and provides for compensation for such cooperation (Sec. 3101-3109).

Immunity

S. 1722 continues the present practice of forcing witnesses to testify before a grand jury, court, or Congressional committee, even when those witnesses have claimed their Fifth Amendment right against self-incrimination. It allows the government to imprison witnesses who refuse to exchange their Fifth Amendment right to remain silent for this "grant" of partial immunity from prosecution (Sec. 3111-3115).

Illegal Evidence

S. 1722 incorporates present laws designed to make "voluntary" confessions admissible even if obtained by secret police interrogation in the absence of counsel and warnings prescribed by the *Miranda* case. It also makes admissible eyewitness testimony regardless of prior police irregularities in suggesting identification (Sec. 3713-3714).

Government Right to Appeal Sentences

S. 1722 allows the government a new right to appeal some sentences to a higher court. Defendants may abandon their right to appeal their convictions in the face of government threats to raise their sentences through appeal. A similar though narrower provision in current law has been found unconstitutional by a U.S. Court of Appeals (Sec. 3725).

Making a False Statement

S. 1722 codifies the most repressive interpretation of current law relating to false statements by making it a crime to make a false oral statement to a law enforcement officer. Criminalizing false oral statements without an oath or the presence of a lawyer invites abuse by government agents (Sec. 1343). Sentences/Fines: up to two years--\$250,000.

Preventative Detention

S. 1722 gives judges broad new discretion to deny bail and to imprison persons accused of any crime before they have been tried. A judge may place conditions on persons, including a condition of incarceration, and may imprison those who violate any condition without any trial or finding of guilt. This undermines a fundamental principle of our system of justice: that a person is innocent until proven guilty (Sec. 3502).

Death Penalty

Immediately after the Senate Judiciary Committee approved S. 1722, it approved a bill to reinstitute a federal death penalty (S. 114). It is expected that S. 114 will either be offered as an amendment to S. 1722 or be considered by the Senate immediately after the Senate votes on the Code. S. 114 provides a death penalty for certain federal crimes including treason, espionage (even in peace-time and where no death occurs) and murder, and for kidnapping, hijacking, and certain explosives offenses when a death takes place.

S. 1722 used to be called S. 1. The name is continually being changed. Check with your Senators office for the latest version of this... (001\$266*2\$1).....(ed)

Much thanks to
Tim Gates for the
compilation of
this information.



No, I'm not here to register, I need some stamps for these...resist the draft...letters!

What Can Your Money Buy?

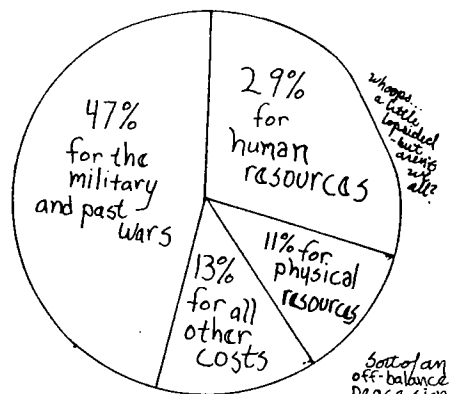
For The Military

Two Trident Submarines (fourteen are planned)	\$3.42 billion
Eight Lance tactical surface to-surface missiles (eight are planned)	\$1.01 billion
615 Phoenix air-to-air missiles (2,952 planned)	\$323.5 million
Twenty two F-15 fighter aircraft (729 planned)	\$382.58 million

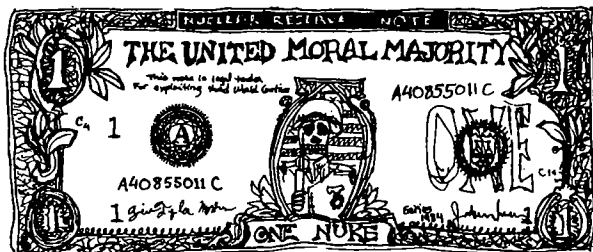
For The People

Total federal funds appropriated for elementary and secondary education.	
Total federal funds appropriated for alcohol, drug abuse, and mental health (\$942.5 million)	
Operation of the National Park System (\$323.1 million)	
Total federal funds appropriated for solar energy (\$373.58 million)	

(editors note--These are FY 1980 figures...figure in inflation, then add the present administration, stir in some "ron...old ray-gun" philosophy, and I think you'll get the picture.)



Fiscal Year
1981 Budget



It will be a great day when our schools have all the money they need and the air force has to hold a bake sale to buy a bomber.

-wilpt-

SO YOU'RE A WAR OBJECTOR

CONT. ON P.9

Filing a card with the CCCO (The Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors) is not the same as registering for the draft. It doesn't make you a conscientious objector with Selective Service--YOU have to prove it to them. It's just one piece of evidence you can use later to convince a draft board you are sincere and consistent in your beliefs. Having this card on file, like writing "I am a conscientious objector" on your registration card at the Post Office, is one way to prove your beliefs date back to an early point. The card will be kept in a confidential file, and no one outside CCCO can see it without your permission.

Young people now register for the draft the year they turn eighteen, but won't be called for induction into the military until the year they turn twenty. Unless their lottery number comes up, they won't get an induction order. No claims will be accepted from anyone before their orders are issued. If an order is issued, they will have a chance to make a claim as a war objector. At that point, they will have less than ten days to file a claim, and establishing a history of objection will be both crucial and nearly impossible unless they have prepared for it.

HOW TO MAKE A CLAIM

--Keep a copy of everything you get from Selective Service in the mail. Also, copy all of your correspondence to them, and send it certified mail, return receipt requested.

--Talk to others about your beliefs: friends, neighbors, family members, teachers and religious and social leaders you respect. They may be willing to write supporting letters for you later to back up your sincerity.

--Read about the conscientious objector position. CCCO carries some basic booklets that will help you think out your beliefs and write a first draft of your CO claim:

Are You a Conscientious Objector? (defines position) .25

Conscientious Objection and You (talks about the questions you may be asked to answer for a CO claim) .50

To Study War No More (a useful list of books and films on war and conscience) .75

"a friction to stop the machine": Resisting War in the 1980s (ideas about different ways people can resist militarism) .50

Words of Conscience (National Inter-religious Service Board for Conscientious Objectors) (listing of official religious organizations' positions on conscientious objection) \$2.00

--Write down your own beliefs about war and the military. Don't worry about being perfect, just try to figure out what you believe and why it makes you an objector. You could do it like an essay, making an outline first. Or pretend it's a letter to a good friend you haven't seen in a while, explaining your position. Try talking it out with someone first if the writing seems too hard: work on it a part at a time if that's easier. If you really have trouble writing it, try to say it into a tape recorder when you're alone. Your ideas are probably still not well formed, but don't let that keep you from putting them down. If nothing else works, use the questions in CCCO's "Conscientious Objection and You" as a guide. Don't worry about whether you are a "selective objector" or whether your beliefs are like anyone else's: just get it on paper. Later, you may want to write it out in letters to family or friends, newspapers or maybe even a letter to an editor of a local or school newspaper. Be sure to keep copies.

--Start a file of evidence and documentation. Make lists of books, films, friends and organizations who have helped form these beliefs. Teachers and ministers may have been important too. Keep a diary of experiences, thoughts, arguments and questions you have had about objection to war. For further ideas, send for a copy of "Documenting Your CO claim," .10 from CCCO.

--Get advice on making your claim from a draft counselor or religious leader. CCCO has a national list of counselors ready to help anyone facing the draft. They know how the laws work, what your rights are, and the best way to make a claim. They can also tell you about other options you may have besides CO--medical, hardship, resistance--and what they mean. If you qualify for other options, you will need to be getting evidence together now to make those claims, too. The new regulations may require you to claim all possible deferments at once. For the name of a counselor near you, call CCCO or send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to COUNSELING, P.O. Box 15796, Philadelphia, PA 19103. Take the

A Song...

O.K. kiddies!!! It's sing-a-long time!! YAY!!! This is a fun little ditty that was performed at the last Hartford Conference Coffee-House. It was performed by a motly bunch of LRVers holding up signs and singing different parts etc...I do not remember if any one person is to be given credit, and there is no author listed on this scrawled bit of paper sitting before me. If you wish to be credited with this (o mysterious person of forgotten name) (or persons) contact me. AHEN (to be followed by the sound of a directors baton striking the music stand: "ranaranran" AHEN (again) here we go...

(sung to the tune of "The Twelve Days of Christmas")

In the new fiscal budget
Ronnie gave to us
twelve nukes a-leaking
eleven cents for health care
ten neutron bombs
nine cities burning
eight children starving
seven soldiers shooting
six trident subs
five hydrogen bombs
four BI bombers
three MX missiles
two token women
and a corporate ideology...

In the new world order
the people gave to themselves
Alternative energy
more funds for health care
no neutron bombs
no cities burning
no children starving
no soldiers shooting
no trident subs
no hydrogen bombs
no BI bombers
no MX missiles
no patriarchy
and a peaceful human family...

biofeedback monitor system

Social Action With a Snickers Bar (?)

Sound kinky? It is.

This bizarre behavior was first reported to us while hitchhiking through Lakewood Ohio in 1973 by a conscientious LRYer who said she observed the unspeakable act occur on her livingroom floor. The incident had such a traumatic effect on her emotional stability that she is unable to even look at a Snickers Bar to this day.

At first, we ignored the social implications of this foul act, thinking it was an isolated incident. LRYers, we reasoned, were too well educated and too intelligent to fall for such perversions. We were wrong.

Each day brought new reports to us and soon it became apparent that the phenomena was not limited to Snickers Bars, but that its practitioners had gone on to violate the sanctity of a host of others. The Hershey's Kiss took on a new meaning to this growing underground.

By the beginning of 1974, the craze had risen to epidemic proportions in northern Ohio and western Pennsylvania and rocked the very foundations of GODARFUL LRY. Not since the infamous GODARFUL spaghetti orgies had perverse behavior spread at such an alarming rate. Lives and careers were ruined, reputations destroyed, and families broken.

For seven years the dedicated few LRYers from this era not afflicted with this candy-coated curse have been fighting to stop its spread and to help victims reclaim their devastated lives. It has become apparent however, that the phenomena is spreading. Shops specializing in pornographic candy are spreading throughout the country. This is not just a ghetto problem—it even strikes the "breakfast in bed" set.

We need your help to restore decency to the beleaguered candy bar. Be alert for the signs and be prepared to act—before it's too late. Together, we can lick this problem.

--The Committee to
Stamp Out Chocolate
Perversion

*What about "OPIK On Tour"? --ed.

As a former "Little Red YoYo" from LSD federation, I'm interested in finding out how LRY has evolved from the many threats to its existence that it was facing two years ago when LSD fed. and the Birmingham local broke up and the Huntsville local got disowned by its parent church; also the SCOYP report dealt a pretty discouraging blow.

In the midst of all that turmoil I lost contact with LRY and LRYers. I got older and one of my greatest disappointments of my teenage years became the fact that my teenage years ended without me ever attending a single Con-Con.

I still remember LRY with fondness, even though my name became "mud" and I got a reputation as a narc from an incident at Temporarily Frogless in Tennessee in 1976. That was the Annual Winter Tri Fed conference held by LSD, SAM, and SUNOCO. The trouble was that at the beginning of the conference a majority of the conferees agreed that there would be no illegal drugs or alcohol, and that anyone found with such substances would be asked to flush it or be sent home. What I didn't understand was that those rules simply meant "be discreet: don't get caught by the state park rangers."

The rules had been proposed for the benefit of the UUA board of directors, who required that these be the rules of every conference. They could require this of an "autonomous" organization (such as LRY) because they were the primary source of

funding for LRY. In other words: "You don't make these rules--no money."

I guess that I'm not now, but at the time I was astonished by the number of LRYers who could live comfortably with proposing and passing NO DRUG rules that they never intended to follow. I'm quite curious to know how that discrepancy is dealt with now. I dealt with it myself quite naively at Temporarily Frogless. A friend of mine casually remarked that he had some pot. When I challenged him, he refused to dispose of it; so I sought out the chairman of the conference committee to help me with my dilemma. I had a real dilemma when I found him. I didn't know him very well, but when I found the conference chairman he was filling a nipe: He intended to smoke it with some of his friends who were there at the time. He handed me the nipe in a friendly gesture. I dumped it out

and insisted that he flush the rest of the bag...near chaos ensued. Eventually he conceded and flushed it.

The absurdity of the whole mess is that for the rest of the conference I managed to ignore all of the other infractions, even obvious ones, of the same rule. I even forgot about the stash my friend had. I said nothing at all about the rule during the New Years Eve party, during which most of the people were either stoned, tripping, barbed-out, drunk, or some combination of the above.

The reason I had no qualms about the NO DRUGS rule, and voted for it, is that I never had in my life regularly smoked pot or drunk alcohol. I've tried it from time



to time, sometimes from curiosity, sometimes from despair of loneliness...hoping I wouldn't be nearly so lonely. After all, everyone else was stoned or drunk and seemed to be having fun. But I found that I never could think very clearly drunk or stoned and I like being able to think clearly.

I feel a little guilty for being less caring and too apathetic to get more involved in LRY's crisis times than I did. I wish this letter could make up for all the letters I never wrote while I was still a member.

--William Crutcher
Birmingham, Ala.

On A Lower Minimum Wage For Youth

by Loretta J. Williams
Director of Social Responsibility,
UUA

The Reagan administration is moving forward with proposals for a youth subminimum wage which, it is claimed, will open up more jobs for greater numbers of young people. I would be interested in hearing views from across the continent on what's been dubbed the "MacDonald's Hustle," connoting the fact that fast food emporia will benefit greatly from such legislation.

UUA Section on Social Responsibility staffers Robert Alpern, Kathleen Hallman, Robert Wheatly and myself, work with religious professionals from other denominations and organizations on issues of social justice, one of which being increased unemployment. How would you advise us to speak to the issue?

SO
I
ATE
IT...
RAW



I am personally opposed to the proposed legislation. It purports to solve unemployment problems by allowing private firms to offer entry-level jobs below the minimum wage. That can only reinforce the present pattern of marginal, serial employment. Entry-level jobs will generate entry-level jobs, leading to horizontal movement, subminimum wage, rather than vertical movement on the pay scale. Do you agree?

As a UUA staffer, I seek to represent the viewpoints of a broad spectrum of Unitarian Universalists. How should we speak to this issue? Please write!



(You can write to
Loretta c/o the UUA
25 Beacon St.
Boston MA 02108)

Do YOU know this
Person? (Hint: it's
NOT Loretta...)

Ode to Marshvegas High School:
A Criticism
by Michelle Walter

Four years--the time span that usually constitutes high school. In four years I did not grow spiritually, physically, or emotionally through this brick walled, grey floored institution. I experienced the same growing pains as most teenagers, although probably with more intensity. My high school education has not taught me responsibility. With eleven more weeks to go, I still seldom do my homework.

Let us return to the subject of growing pains. My growing and learning to face the world has not been a part of high school, try as I may to draw connections.

I tried to conform for a while. When one is a promising, bright, college bound student the administration tries to make you be a promising, bright, college bound student. Until this promising, bright, college bound student suddenly realizes that there's more to life than what is being stacked up into their heads.

Try explaining Nirvana to my principal; with his upright stature, and blown dry haircut; born and raised in a respectable town by respectable people. Respect--a good way to acquire it: become a principal, but make sure that you're no ones pal. He must form his high school into a school full of promising, bright, college bound students. Maybe he never met a promising, bright art student, or a promising bright human being. I wonder if he ever looked his wife straight in the eyes and saw more than brown?

I am proud to have survived this drag without quitting. I sure wish that I had spent thirty-six months of my life in an atmosphere where learning was fun. Life begins now...and it would surely be an injustice if I must discover things that I could have found out twenty-eight months ago.

My initial reaction to high school is this: "I CAN'T STAND BEING DEGRADED THE WAY THAT I AM BEING DEGRADED. I AM A PERSON. I HAVE RIGHTS. I CAN DO ANYTHING."



Are all "liberals" supposed to feel the same about certain issues?

Personally, I do not know if I could ever undergo an abortion. The thought of killing something that was growing inside of me...the thought disturbs me. But at the same time, the thought of putting my body through the strain of pregnancy, only to bear an unwanted child who would either be half-heartedly raised, or grow up never knowing who her/his real parents are...this thought also disturbs me. I honestly do not know what I would decide to do if I found myself in this situation; this situation that many women find themselves in.

On one side of my brain, my "Right to Life" friends scream about how "A life is a life, from the moment of conception..." and on the other side, other opinions question and debate: "You clip your toenails, don't you?--So what's the big difference?" --While I stand in the middle, confused as all hell.

So now the government wants to pass an amendment declaring abortion illegal. Making abortion illegal will not save millions of tiny, little lives inasmuch as it will endanger the lives of countless women who choose not to undergo nine months of pregnancy. Women had abortions before they were legal, and they will continue to undergo unsafe, illegal abortions if illegal is the only way that it can be done.

Yet at the same time I frown on those people who regard abortion as just another form of contraception.

The topic of abortion is a very personal one. The decision of whether to have, or not to have, an unplanned child is one that must be decided by the individual(s) involved; not declared to be right or wrong by the government. Especially when our government is one made up of people, most of whom will never understand just what pregnancy means to a woman, because these people are men.

Because of the people who believe in abortion, and because of the people who are unsure--like me, but most of all because of every person's right to the freedom of choice; I say "do not litter our constitution with 'DON'T's...we demand control of our own minds and bodies, leave abortion legal and a matter of individual choice."

-O.S.A.

MORE BIOFEEDBACK



Stan Strakowski/LNS



bulbul@D LNS

Dear Editor,

This is in response to two things:
(1) The extreme emotional garbage the SS registration issue has caused and,
(2) the plea for more input...

Firstly, the SS Reg. is much too tied up in emotion, as well as misinformation. The Soviet Union is a threat to America--absolutely true! The Soviet Union needs some enemy (that's us!) to keep their people from thinking about the stupidity/tyranny of their own leadership. Anything will actually do, but an enemy is the easiest (the Space Race eventually became too expensive, and the large number of "stints" resulted in no real progress).

Another reason for the threat of the Soviet Union--they feel very threatened. They lost INCREDIBLE numbers of people in WWII, and they don't want that to happen again. They are also encircled by the USA and allies. They are threatened by China. They have no warm-water ports, and the ports they do have can be blockaded very easily. It is, I admit, stupid of us to bolster our armament when they feel threatened by us, but then we are threatened by them too. They are very aggressive about the spread of "Communism", and we see them as trespassing on our own property...

Now, more on the Draft... It helps the USA look tougher, but it will not help very much. What the army needs is more long-term people. Draftees would not help this very much, and would use up lots of trained officers and money. Training people is fantastically expensive. I think that a pilot costs MILLIONS of dollars!

So what's wrong with a S.S. registration? It improves the look of America at minimal cost, there won't be a draft until one is needed (like a real war), and they help the army get more people by making high-schoolers think of the army as a possible organization to join.

Sincerely,
Peter Smith
Princeton NJ

(editors note--opinions expressed in this publication do not necessarily express the views of The LRY Executive Committee, LRY as an organization, or those of the UUA.)

C.O. CONT.

evidence and your written statements to the counselor, who will help you prepare a good claim. Don't try to make your claim without help, and don't rely on what you hear from friends and family, or newspaper and radio. The new draft won't work like the old one, so get the facts from someone who is up to date. Counselors are not connected to the government or the military, so you can trust them. Once you get a final version of your statement done, you may want to have it notarized.

--Don't join organizations until you are sure they are not tied to the military, since this may ruin your CO claim later. Even high school and college ROTC membership, summer reserve programs, Young Marines, and similar organizations may threaten your chances. If you are told by a school official that you must join, see a counselor at once.

Stay away from military recruiters as well. Do not check the box on the registration card offering to send your name and phone to recruiters. Cross this line off and write "no" next to it.

--If your objection to war has led you to think about not registering in the first place, be sure to talk to a counselor about the decision. There is a risk of federal charges and jail terms if you are discovered. Know the facts, then decide what to do. If you feel lonely or need support in this decision, there are groups who can help. Send to CCCC for a list of organizations who support resisters. Whether you register or not, you can support those who refuse to register by helping get signatures for our petition, "Hands off America's Youth: They Have a Right to Say No." .05 from CCCC.

--The Selective Service System may try to search computer files for those who don't register.--drivers licenses, school records, Social Security numbers, and tax forms. Congress would have to approve first. Many young people--over 300,000--

refused to put Social Security numbers on their registration cards since it would be used to locate others who didn't sign up. The case is in Federal court (Wolman vs. U.S.), and every draft-age male is part of the "class action" suit. If you already gave them your number, you can ask to have it removed. Write Selective Service System, 600 E St., NW, Washington, DC 20435. If you want to refuse at registration, the clerk must take the card anyway. To protect yourself, write Selective Service at the above address and tell them, "I am a plaintiff in the class action suit, Wolman vs. U.S., and am withholding my Social Security number until the suit is decided on appeal."
--Be prepared to send in a completed statement of your CO beliefs, supporting letters, and other evidence if you are called during the year you turn twenty. To get supporting letters that are well written, see the memo, "Letters of Support for COs" (NISBCO) .05 from CCCC.

what can i do?

Inform yourself and others about the draft and militarism. You can order and distribute CCCC literature--just send for our free literature list. A CCCC field-worker can come into your area to speak in a public forum, appear on local media, or conduct a training session for counselors. For details on arrangements contact John Judge or Bill Galvin at CCCC's Philadelphia office. You might also want to set up a talk about the draft at your home, school, workplace or group meetings. A local speaker might be best for this--Vietnam veteran, draft resister, anti-military activist, etc...Letters to the editor make a difference if they are printed, and it's easy to call into a talk show with these ideas--just be prepared to defend them.

Another place you make a difference is in the market. You are an important part of the radio audience, and they care

about what you think. Get some friends together to write, call or petition your favorite rock station about carrying military recruiting ads. Tell them to make a real tribute to John Lennon--"Give Peace a Chance"--and take the military ads off the air. If they won't go that far, demand equal time for another message from your point of view.

Take direct action yourself against the draft. Build or take part in a demonstration, even if it's just a small one. Do something that will catch press attention. Build a local event like a "Teach-In" or a "Rock Against the Draft".

Organize Support for resisters and petition drives to back them up. Oppose legislation that will make anti-draft activity illegal--like Senate Bill 1722, the revision of the federal criminal code, or the new draft bills in Congress. Keep up with current developments by getting on organization mailing lists. CCCC can supply a list of peace and social action groups.

We are greatly encouraged by the tens of thousands who have already signed up (with us, as war objectors). We have sent out over 4 million cards already. We are seeing the largest opposition to registration and the draft in our history as an organization since 1948. Even at the height of Vietnam resistance the numbers were not as large. You are part of it, and you are not alone. Don't be afraid to speak out about the right to say no. Most people know that there is such a thing as a bad war and a right to say no to it. They are swayed by television and their own fears at times into backing up the military. But we can sway them as well. Hardly anyone lives in a way that is not affected directly now by militarism--through the threat of a draft and another war, the constant peril of nuclear weapons, the personal experience of military life,

cont.on p. 15

Aquarian Research Foundation

LEARN FERTILITY AWARENESS

The Natural Birth Control Book details safe, proven methods of preventing conception without chemicals or devices. Simple instructions are given for understanding how female body secretions indicate fertile times.

Temperature and cosmic methods of knowing fertile and infertile periods are also described, and much more.

The book also tells of existing societies and individuals that use mental control of conception with proven effectiveness. A chapter on fertile time togetherness also discusses a natural method for men.

Send \$5. for your copy. Money back if not satisfied. The Natural Birth Control Book is recommended by the Feminist Health Works of New York City.



AQUARIAN RESEARCH NEWSLETTER

The Aquarian Research Foundation was started in 1969 to find both spiritual and scientific answers to the problems of our time.

After a while, we discovered that all we need to solve the world's problems is a whole new age where everybody loves one another. We take a wholistic view of health for our bodies and for the world.

We don't yet know answers to many problems but find that by following the insights we have, we are led to further insights and the hope that we can end the arms race, pollution, and nuclear madness by working for a whole new age of love.

We are continually trying to find new ways to do this and we publish our findings in the Aquarian Research Foundation Newsletter once a month. Subscriptions are \$12. a year by first class mail or any donation you can afford by bulk mail. Sample copies are free if you send a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Donations to Aquarian Research are appreciated and tax deductible.

ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLE COMMUNITY DIRECTORY

Alternative lifestyle communities are far more successful today than they were in the 60's but the really good ones rarely get any publicity in the commercial press. Can you guess the reason?

About three hundred such communities, both urban and rural are listed in the Guide to Intentional Communities published in 1978. We have a limited number of these still available for \$2 plus 60¢ for book post or \$1. first class mail.

We also have much more information on some alternative groups (including our own) that is not published so widely. It is possible for people seriously interested in finding the right community for themselves, or in starting a group of their own, to come and work with us for a time to learn about such lifestyles and groups.

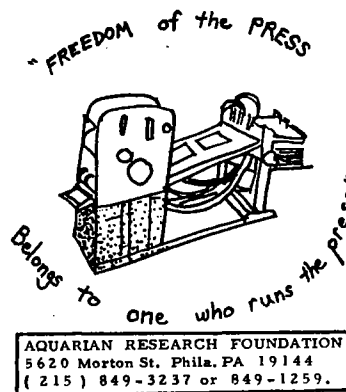
LEARN PRINTING AND WORK FOR SOCIAL CHANGE ALSO.

Aquarian Research Foundation has room for apprentices to learn offset printing while printing for the peace and safe energy movements.

We supply room and board in return for a three month (minimum) commitment. Hard workers are desirable, though we don't use whips. Credits toward schooling are possible. We donate all printing labor to movement groups, thus saving large sums for penniless organizations and good causes.

Training is movement oriented, preparing you to set up and run an offset print shop for a movement group at minimum cost. Layout, camera work and care of equipment are included.

Our living situation is communal and not fancy. Donations toward food and costs are acceptable but dedication to the work is most important. Call before coming.



Draft the DEAD; they are experienced. rev. 11:18

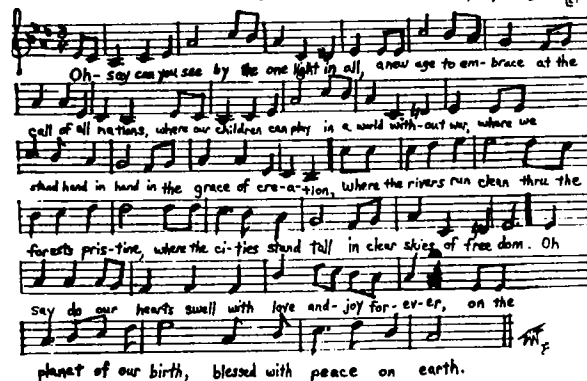
THE ABOVE WILL SOON BE AVAILABLE in the form of bumper stickers. We will probably be selling them for \$1.00 apiece or 35¢ each for purchasers of ten or more.

"OH SAY CAN YOU SEE by the one light in all..." resulted from our search for a songwriter who could transform our national anthem to a song of peace instead of violence. Stephen Fiske is a new age musician who has published his own album, "Seeds of Peace". His address is 635 Calif. Ave., Venice, CA 90291.

A tape cassette (with words, music) of the new anthem is available from A. R. F. for any reasonable donation. We seek additional verses from other songwriters.

The Rainbow Planets Anthem

words by Stephen Langfellow Fiske





some questions:

What's new with Common Ground?

Who are the delegates from your district?

What has been happening in other districts?

some answers:

Plans for the Continental Youth Assembly (August 10-15 at Carlton College in Northfield, Minnesota) are moving along swiftly. Half of the UUA districts have already had their pre-assemblies and have chosen their delegates to Common Ground. Listed below are descriptions of these district Youth Assemblies.

North East District:

The N.E. District held the first Pre-Assembly, February 13-15, at the Unitarian Church in Sanford, Maine. Participation in all activities was enthusiastic, and at the same time the conference was calm and relaxed. A number of youth at the pre-assembly planned and performed the Sunday morning church service.

Massachusetts Bay District:

The MBD Pre-Assembly began on Friday, February 20, at the Bedford UU church. During the day on Saturday, meetings were held at the Concord church: moving to the Lexington First Parish for the evening, and ending Sunday at the Lexington-Follen Church. For the first time in MBD, the LRY and non-LRY youth groups were brought together for a well-organized conference. The delegates elected reflected a fair representation of the ratio of LRY to non-LRY youth, and adult attendees. Representatives from Continental UUA and LRY were Wayne Aranson (Consultant on Youth Programs) and Nan Warshaw (LRY Executive Committee Member).

Thomas Jefferson District:

The TJD Youth Assembly in Charlotte, North Carolina, was held from March 27-29. The theme of the conference was "Bridges". The attendees represented a large number of societies from the four states within the district. Continental LRY was represented by Nan Warshaw. Both the youth and adults at the conference were enthusiastic and well informed on Common Ground. The delegate elections went smoothly.

Connecticut Valley District:

CVDS Pre-Assembly, which was extremely well-programmed, was held in Springfield Mass., on March Seventh. Although only five societies were represented, the delegate selection process went fairly well. Lisa Feldstein attended as the representative from Continental LRY. The district was

very aware of the reasons for Common Ground and there was a balance between LRY and non-LRY youth who attended.

Pacific Central:

PCD and Starr King Fed of LRY held their district youth assembly at the First Unitarian Church in Berkeley in mid-February. Attendance was excellent, workshops were varied, and feelings were warm and enthusiastic. The conference shared the morning service with the First Church congregation. Delegates are being chosen by the District YAC (Youth/Adult Committee).

Pacific Southwest:

The PSWD is receiving applications for delegate positions, and the choices will be made by a YAC Nominating Committee. The delegates and anyone else interested will then meet for a District Youth Assembly to be "charged". PSWD offers matching grants to delegates supported by their local churches.

Southwest:

SWUUC held a successful youth assembly with fifty-seven participants at the Southwest District Annual Meeting, April 4-6. A full slate of delegates from churches of all sizes was elected. The

Common Ground Update

district has voted to subsidize the full \$100 registration cost for their entire delegation.

Joseph Priestly

The JPD Youth Adult seminar was held March 29-30 at Main Line Church in Devon, Pennsylvania. Over fifty youth and forty adults attended. The focus was mainly on district and local needs. A District Board nominating Committee is selecting the JPD delegation from applications, and the District is committed to raise funds to support its delegation.

Metro New York:

Will select its delegation at the District Annual Meeting May 16. An advance seminar on Common Ground was held April 18 at the Universalist Church of New York. Metro will support the registration fees of its delegation.

Prairie Star:

Prairie Star has had the largest and most representative youth assembly. One hundred fifty junior and senior high youth and adults came to Des Moines for a weekend conference on "What It Means to be a UU", featuring UUA Vice President Bill Schulz and Wayne Aranson. Half the delegation was elected at this conference with especially spirited elections for the delegates from Iowa and Minnesota.

St. Lawrence:

Elects their delegation at the Annual Meeting April 24-25. Other districts not mentioned are having their youth assemblies or selection processes in late April or May.

The Veatch Foundation Board of the North Shore Unitarian Society voted a grant of \$15,000 in support of the Common Ground Travel Fund. This means that delegates will receive approximately five dollars per one hundred mile zone travelled. Some estimated payouts are: for MBD delegates \$55.00 each, MRY delegates \$50.00 each, S. Florida \$70.00, and S. California \$75.00 each.

Across the continent, district Youth Assemblies are building enthusiasm for a new beginning—Common Ground. All delegates will be contacted as soon as any new information is made available. For further information contact:

Wayne Aranson
25 Beacon St.
Boston, MA 02108
617-742-2100 ext. 349

Big Brother Is Watching

by Richard Terrass

"It doesn't matter whether you're paranoid or whether they really are watching you—the effect is the same either way."

—comment from a friend

In a report entitled *Nuclear Power and Political Surveillance*, the Center for National Security Studies (a project of the ACLU) concluded that infiltration by police agents has put a damper on the anti-nuclear movement. The conclusion came as no surprise to many activists, however, many others have claimed that paranoia is a bigger problem than infiltration, which they felt was extremely limited and isolated if it existed at all. As a result of the disagreement there is, among the different groups and individuals, a widely varying level of security consciousness. Where once all actions were planned in the open, there has been a growing tendency towards small-scale secretly planned independent actions within the framework of larger actions, such as the May 24th, 1980 Occupation/Blockade of Seabrook.

The recent discovery of a paid undercover agent for the New Hampshire State Police within the Newburyport (MA) Clamshell Alliance has confronted even the most skeptical activists with the unequivocal reality of police infiltration and surveillance. Even though the discovery was not surprising, it is unsettling and we are left wondering who else within our groups continues in a similar role. What is not known



J. EDGAR HAWKES!

is the extent of infiltration and surveillance of the anti-nuclear movement, however, it is becoming apparent that it is more widespread than many of us had previously thought.

Political surveillance and the use of informers and agent provocateurs are not recent developments. They have long been favorite tools of the federal, state, and local governments in dealing with organized movements for social change. Nor has their use been limited to the government; private companies have used them to combat unionization since the beginning of the industrial revolution, frequently with the blessing and co-operation of the government. So-called public utilities are no exception and have created or hired private police forces to maintain the status quo and protect their interests.

The most highly publicized cases of the use of surveillance and infiltration against domestic groups were COINTELPRO and CHAOS. COINTELPRO was a FBI program to infiltrate and discredit the Civil Rights and anti-war movements. In the several years of its existence, files were compiled on thousands of people. CHAOS was a CIA program to uncover links between the anti-war movement and foreign governments. No links were ever found and both programs were discontinued once their existence became publicly known.

In the uproar over COINTELPRO and CHAOS, Congress placed restrictions on domestic intelligence gathering by the FBI and CIA. Many people seem to feel that these restrictions put an end to such government spying. This is not the case. In addition, moves are underway in Congress which would lift the restrictions placed on the FBI and CIA in the wake of COINTELPRO and CHAOS.

Last winter, a participant in the October 6th, 1979 attempt to occupy Seabrook made a basic Freedom of Information Act (FOIA) request to FBI Headquarters in Washington, DC covering both the Clamshell Alliance and the Abalone Alliance. The request directed the FBI to release information contained only within their main files at FBI Headquarters. To date, the information released by the FBI has generally reflected the superficiality of both the request and the FBI's search of its files.

Because of the random compilation of information contained in the file on Clamshell Alliance, it appears that the FBI makes little or no distinction between various groups and their activities either on the basis of their names or geographic locations. This does not mean to say that the FBI doesn't maintain separate files on each group, coalition, alliance, activity, and certain individuals. They do. The trick is knowing what to ask for and where since the FBI does not usually supply any information that was not specifically asked for.

The information released by the FBI also revealed that several other

cont. on p. 15



POETRY and other dreams

For the Women in Hiding

she waits.
 she wonders and
 occasionally cries. she
 gets paranoid for 'her' self/sisters/society
 of multicoloured sacrilegious liberalKonservative rulingCLASS
 doctorueben'styleMACHOall-you-need-is-one-good-fuckLaypeople
 of neuclear familiymansociety...

she looks.
 she thinks.
 she is: YOU
 me
 and --Her!!(OmyGAWD!"We always thought she was NORMAL!")
 They dread her existence as a lifestyle
 h
 e
 EvilDyke("no-man-will-ever-have-
 her. She is "KastratingBi(u)tch.")
 som of her best friends (are men),
 quietly slink/dwindle awayupon discovery of
 accidental affiliation w/a label of this
 introspectivembryonic undercurrent of

Women .
 L/ne
 separating her
 geniess/insanity
 intellect//diseasedkriminal
 Skull of foamingoverflowTHOUGHTS
 The discovery...
 gathering from out of the depths of alone-togetherness at earlyage
 ;an omniscient
 buried/underentity breed of deviant from the
 mentalelectric fence ground in deepspsychs creating and
 responsible for lives of

DogeatsDog and throws-up
 2 Caddies in Tupperware clean suburban castle-driveaway.
 refugee from moneykilling- cardiac arrested executives praising businessmen
 condemning artistworld. Politricking drool from their chins.

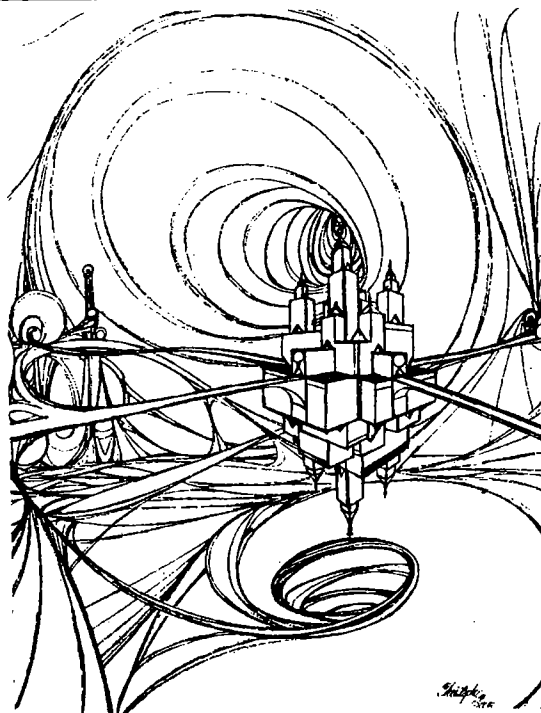
One fine mourning-afternoon, she arises feeling unknowingly akin to Lillith,
 rays of lavender sunlight burning. Like hydrochloric acid they rip open her
 soul. exposed, Ripping down cement doors of the human backstage. Left
 emotionally
 naked
 overexposure to ignorant masses, foundations on rancid gelatin mythconceptions.
 Infinitely undeterminable weight of hammering curiosity/
 Internalquestions
 "WHAT*WHO AM I?" silent but ulcerating screams from an awakened amazon.
 Alice in Heteroland. METEROLAND. Propganda makes it so. DO NOT VARY.
 ingrained programming
 courtesy of The Patriarchy.
 Whiterabbit carries 45's to shool down 'Lex'...finds acceptance in the
 Sapphic-Ti-Grace-Jill-Kate modern-day Lesbos in a polluted Aegean Sea.Does
 this touch you at all? Insideneath? Only an attempt to get equal time and
 undiscriminatory recognition for my sisters, who read/hear LESBIAN.
 and identify. And
 read/hear "Gay" and know it means Greek/Roman theatreactors (ancientsexistmales).
 AND NOT Women loving Women.
 Because anything thats Always been happening Everywhere is Not Abnormal.

--J.E.R.

NEWSPAPER CAR RIDES

Going home -
 I used to think I was a princess,
 riding high in the back seat,
 and the reflection of the trees
 used to call me to the water,
 solitary shadows, reaching out
 for something they cannot receive.
 I used to cry for butterflies
 that lay dying in the dust,
 thinking they were myself.
 fragile and alone against the future.
 I used to dance at waterfalls,
 mincing ever closer to the edge
 just to catch their beauty
 and hold it in my hand,
 standing naked in the sun
 after sandbaths and thistles.
 I used to love a man,
 touching his soft skin to a thrill,
 a word -
 a moment -
 in which he pulled me close,
 warming my smile,
 a kiss - so deep and...
 and yet...
 there still remains a taste
 a need to believe...
 I was a princess in finery
 with Unicorn dovry and fiery dreams,
 dancing for no one's pleasure but mine,
 footfalls echoing through no one's halls,
 holding butterflies on the tip of my nose
 till they flew away -
 to die - out of my sight.

--Becca Kovar



His friends were spindly and fat
 And fragile. The earth was flat
 And dusty. The sky was stucco.
 They ran 8-legged races
 In the summer. And traces
 Of web stuck to the fall's yellow

Leaves. Until a broom stiff straw,
 Like a tawny woodpecker claw,
 Swept the friends and the webs away
 In a dust pan. All alone
 He scuttled through an overgrown
 World of blue moss and grav

Skies and multiple suns. And
 Hung at last on a grand
 Web of glass that was cold and slick,
 Sometimes blue and sometimes pink
 Or black. The moon made it blink.
 Through it, he saw brown sticks

But no leaves. (It was winter.
 The frost left its splinters
 On the spider's window.
 Each night the boy lay on his bed,
 Looked at the ceiling, read,
 And played on his yellow

Guitar.) It was silver sound,
 Moon music, spun around
 The walls. He loved to hear it play.
 His legs tickled the glass and tried
 To play the frost outside,
 To join the song. Slippery gray

Sounds. No use. He needed strings
 to match the whisperings
 Of the silver spinner. (The cob-
 Web was quietly embossed
 Tracing patterns of the frost
 That the boy never saw. His job

Kept him out late. His feet cracked
 The frozen mud and grass, his back
 To the moon, on his way home.)
 The strings were fine and sticky spun.
 That night they were almost done.
 Ready to serenade the chrome

Stars. They would sing his love
 For the silver boy. (His gloves
 Shoved deep in his pocket lining.)
 The icy crunching voices said,
 "He's coming now. Be ready
 Now, to share his shining

Music." 8 legs were poised when
 (He found the door was locked again.
 He'd have to climb in. Gloves on sill.
 The boy pushed up the window bar.
 He felt a cobweb brush his arm
 And shook it off like a winter chill.

Leslie Katz

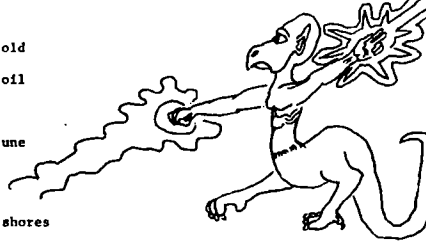
MORE POETRY and such...

stories told before certain resounding pediments
life instead lived its way through varied layers stacked of insidious
sediments, bound on scroll like parchment, buried beneath the marble
sculpted stone.
delectious dragons consumed with lust reversed their tales for the age old
dust.
sinister saviours sprang from the wetted soil sown seeds and eyes of toil
dream broken last testaments spawned bleary blackened tenaments in
dreary lined bastions of hope

scrolled lovers like parchment sandpaper rasped to death the cricket tune
born of fear and pain
a heavenly body collided in vain with evil
good dyed her hair purple and walked the streets selling favours

the crab like fawn of disease played pipes for ancient maidens on the shores
of poison lake.
come to me my love though your eyes be red with paint your lips purple
and your face a plaster mask.
let me drink your wine though it black and slimy as oil
screw eyed wanderer raped the kings daughter, a duke he became
held up the soil with a plow, and killed, though it gave all willingly.

--David Minor



Unborn Child. let me allay your primitive fears
I will not harm you. I will not let you be torn
from me in pieces, bleeding
As was your brother.
Forgive, and allow me the fact that I'm human
And made the mistake of listening to other humans.
Unborn child, my baby, you are the fruit of my love
Embodiment of all human good vibes, though soon to be defiled
I love you my child.
I will keep you warm within me and protect you.
Waiting anxiously for the day you are to arrive so that I
may embrace you and hold you to my breast.
You are my child. float tranquilly in me.

--Cyndi Joseph

"Yes, they're honelessly
intertwined.
He's taken-
You can't have him.
There's no hone
For you
Anymore.
Idealism
Goes hand in hand
With hypocrisy.
In my dreams
I see two people
Falling into bed
And romance
As easily as the people
In reality
Fall into
The endless nit
Of society.

JANA
9/14/78



dancers on the beach
we viewed dawn's fragile skyworks
slip from under night's hold
we scrambled out the wreckage of last nite
all the loving, the coveting and the stone
to put erratic dance-steps down the beach
fluctuating--you were always inches removed from reach
was it one of us that blew the whistle so loudly?
tearing the fabric that bound us in the folds
of the vague notion we somehow suit each other
(though we lied as we denied we were cold)
now after the last wave,
last dance,
last leg cramps
the beach is open barren it's silence is damp
no longer love's sure harlequins run
out of sync, out of reach
now empty clothes curl, snaking down empty beach

--ryk mcIntyre

The Air-Conditioner Syndrome

Heat.

Sweat in your eyes hot.
In the land of blistering heat the Air-Conditioner is unplugged
by a clown with a brown paper bag over his head.
He's got tears in his eyes and a knife in his chest.
Yes, tears in his eyes.
There's nothing to live for,
except the next electric bill.

I need someone to hold me up when I feel like falling.
That's all the time.
Hit the ground and go right through.
Beyond are the wheeling birds that circle,
waiting for death.
Everywhere I turn my head I see clowns who can't stop crying.
Splashing drops of rain.

Rain that brings death.
Not quiet or proud death; but screaming death.
Eyes bulge and bodies green and bloated, shriek in sobs of fear.
There's no escape in that neat little pill that takes away reality,
because there isn't any left.

No, O my most beloved, the only refuge is suicide. A cool release.
Every day they pile higher and higher.
Mountains of twisted death; reaching for the sky.

If you thought they've been carelessly digging subway stations
under graveyards, you should see this. If you can.
So many walking corpses waiting in line for a ride to oblivion.
You don't even have to worry about fare increases. This is free,
courtesy of our national leaders.
Right now all the sabre-rattlers
are using them to spare their children.
The only consolation is that we won.
Tomorrow the wind will whisper down an empty street.
For another thousand years
the shiny, weirdly shining rain
will wash and scrub at the dirt without anyone to see.
The heated truth is only lessened by that Air-Conditioner. We won.
It's a cool breeze to know that they died
five minutes before we did.

All those tall buildings,
monuments toward our drive to touch the sky, are empty.
Only the escalators turn on and on and on.
Tombs that will mean nothing to whatever comes next.
It'll take another hundred-thousand years
for the smooches that crawl out of the ocean,
to build toward a dream.
maybe, they'll make it.
choking on dust, possibly our Adam and Eve crawled out of a bomb shelter.
To build a race that ran full speed into futility.
But at least in the ashes of this burning hot memory
There's the breeze that refreshes so caressingly. We won.

Then after a sigh of relief,
the vomit erupts from a tortured soul
and flash-blinded eyes turn upward before they close.

If I could get off my back I'd kill.
Tear and gouge and rip with my teeth.
I'm looking for someone to give blood.
I want to wash myself in the life of what I loved.
In anger and aching frustration I can see that there's no-one
left to die, except me.
My makeup is starting to run.
The painted smile is the first to drip away.

The hungry birds are starting to inch closer now.
In this burning hot, glaring desert the Air-Conditioner is on.
Until now, just a clown with tears in my eyes,
I pull the plug.
A brown paper bag over my head because I know I act for everyone.
A knife in my chest
to save myself from the hot death that kills all the memories of what we were.
The only thing I can think of,
Is that I hope no-one who comes after me
ever has to pay an electric bill
like this one again.

--John Anzul

paranoia

I walk hurriedly down the dimly lit street. The sound of my footsteps follows me. hauntingly. I listen to their repercussions bouncing through my brain one two one two one two I hope it's only one two one two hope it's only one two my two (feet) one two... I sneak a glance over my shoulder, whew, I'm not being followed quick stare straight ahead one two one two... my hands are shoved deep into my pockets. My hair is tucked up inside my hat. My hand clutches my keys... one two one two only two more blocks one two one two three four PARANOIA one two three four I'm being followed!!! sweaty palm gripping keys tighter. tennis shoe'd feet are striking the pavement more frequently onetwoonetwo three four. I steal a caution-forbidden glance over my shoulder --it's another WOMAN. I sigh with relief but she looks frightened as I slow down. Shapeless clothes hide the shame of my feminine body. No makeup adorns my face. She looks frightened...omigod...I've tried so hard not to look like a woman alone on the street at night that for a moment she was scared. for a moment she thought I might be male.

In order to protect myself I've spread the fear to another of my kind. (I've) spread the fear. THE FEAR. the fear that follows women faceless in the dark as we hurry home alone. the fear that rings in the hollow footsteps of possible assailants. the fear of the unseen rapist lurking in that shadow...THERE.

I've seen how the attitude towards a woman is different if she is seen walking with another man...how the possible assailant will hesitate...how the thought may cross his mind that he now must fight this other man in order to overpower and claim the woman. Overpower. Claim. Such words... as if we were talking about possessions, or toys...and not human beings. Think about this scene. It happens all the time in much more subtle (and some not so subtle) ways. Think about social situations. Parties...bars...classrooms...football fields. Wherever the women are expected to make themselves as attractive as possible...while the men compete for their attention.

We are told from our earliest years that we are weak(er). That it is our job to make ourselves attractive, at all costs, in order to attract...a man. a "breadwinner" a "protector". In some societies, women have been raised to believe that "catching" a husband is their only goal in life.



Feminine Robots--Fembots. They look alike. The industries that make them look that way want you to look like that too. They will spend massive amounts of money to convince you of this too. They will try to convince you that you are ugly unless you become one of them. They will profit off of all your insecurities...for every "problem", every "imperfection" that you have that makes you unique...they have a "solution".



"You have weird legs and a crooked nose? That's all right. All the models on television had problems like yours until they Clairoled themselves blondes. You've tried every kind of makeup, three hairdos, low heels, high heels, miniskirts, maxiskirts, pants, loose shirts, tight sweaters, and you still don't look like a movie actress? Try again. Go on trying until you die trying. Men don't have to be beautiful, but you do!"

"How dare you be ugly? You are a woman, an object, you exist to please the eye..."

But who is it that is defining this word, attractive? What price, beauty?

Take a walk down the street...past a newsstand; pause and look. Look at the faces on the magazines. They all look alike. Black-rimmed eyes, Red mouths...same face, same body; open one of the magazines. LOOK --here it tells you that THAT (turn back to the cover--O.K. look back to the inside) is "beautiful", we all want to be beautiful... Here! it tells me how to be beautiful...I buy this. and this. and buy buy BUY.

Allright...I am now beautiful. I observe my face in the mirror. Mascaraed eyes (don't touch!) shiny-sticky painted lips. PAINstakinglyplucked eyebrows. Powdered skin (powder-clogged pores crying to breathe). Do not touch my beautiful face. (I am aloof and distant) do not touch or it will all smear away and I will be ugly again. Here, feel my leg, there is no more hair, OUCH! watch out for the nicks and cuts...that one on my knee is a bit of a gash...but aren't I beautiful?! Well?!? aren't I?...

Media Rape 3

You tried to put me in bondage. corset-clothes that fit so tight painted skin that never felt the sunlight maimed my feet

with stiletto heels so I could totter unsteadily while you chased me in swift pursuit

You clutched my head told my mind what I was supposed to be model image painted corpse woman everyone's supposed to look like me.

murdersome media hold me so tight telling me I'm the only one tell us we're yours tonight

You show me my face on the TV screen You tell me my place in society in the centerfold of your magazine you use my body

My Video Love you tell me --what chemicals I should use on my hair

Video Love you tell me --what metal to scrapec over my skin

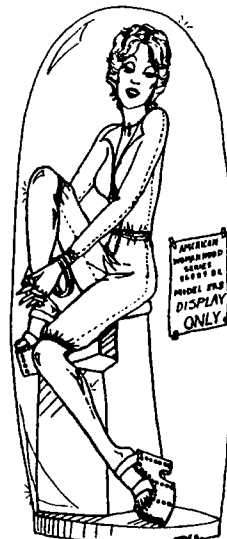
Video Love you tell me --the shape my body is supposed to be --what way to rim my hairs out everyone's supposed to look like me.

"The essence of male chauvinism is not the practical, economical services that women supply. It is the psychological superiority. This kind of negative definition of self, rather than positive definition based on one's own achievements and development, has of course chained the victim and the oppressor both. But by far the most brutalized is the victim.

An analogy is racism, where the white racist compensates his feelings of unworthiness by creating an image of the black man (it is primarily a male struggle) as being biologically inferior to him. Because of his power in a white male power structure, the white man can socially enforce this mythical division.

To the extent that men try to rationalize and justify male superiority through physical differentiation, masculinity may be symbolized by being the most muscular, the most hairy, the deepest voice, and the biggest penis. Women, on the other hand, are approved of (i.e., called feminine) if they are weak, petite, shave their legs, have high soft voices, and no penis.

You may become a beautiful stereotype, this image comes with the guarantee that people will find you attractive, after all, isn't this what we've been told is attractive? Isn't this what we've been told is feminine?



The deeply stressed differences between the sexes...the role-playing, the mystery, all this leading to misunderstanding: and suspicion, and in some cases fear and resentment.

There even exists among some the idea that rape is merely a sexual act (easy to see from a male's point of view) and not the violent, physically and emotionally scarring crime that it is.

I am not female. If female means that I am supposed to be a slave. or a plaything... object of your desire to worship to paint to rape to leave lying ravaged object of your desire beg me bleed me force me to take you inside me. then leave me to mold humans growing images of your vile form. I am male. If male means I have the right to be unattached. to wander and choose

my companions my work my role in society by my own free will and not be told just where it is that I fit in.

I am male if male means that I have the right to be strong.

cont. on p.17

C.O. CONT.

the militarization of social services and institutions, or the cutbacks in the quality of civilian life and social aid necessary to feed the Pentagon machine. These problems are a "foot in the door" to most homes to raise the other issues of militarism so obvious to us--the loss of life and liberty that a draft represents, the destruction of conscience and sensibility a war brings on the huge military we maintain (well beyond what is needed for "defense"), the brutality and stupidity that war represents when used to "solve" international problems, the loss of humanity that is part of "basic training" in the military, the use of a draft to carry out wars like Vietnam, the unassessed heritage of the last war in terms of the Vietnamese people and our own veterans, the real reasons our "voluntary military" is losing its volunteers in such large numbers, and the hopelessness of trying to imagine a future as long as nuclear destruction hangs over our heads.

There must be another way. There is. We start with the individual. After the press, the pulpits, and the Pentagon have said "yes" to a war, there is a bottom line of the pyramid that can and will say "NO." The draftee, the potential recruit, the GI who will not follow the orders, carry the weapons, push the buttons, and pull the triggers. Veterans who will speak out about the hidden reality of war. War objectors, each in their own way. People like you.

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SO YOU'RE A WAR OBJECTOR
Published by

CCCO
An Agency for
Military and Draft
Counseling
2208 South St.
Philadelphia, PA 19146
215-545-4626

some other peace organizations

- ACLU American Civil Liberties Union
22 E 40th St.
New York NY 10016
- WRL War Resisters League
339 Lafayette St.
New York NY 10012 (212) 228-0450
- FOR Fellowship of Reconciliation
Box 271 Nyack NY 10960
(914) 358-4601
- AFSC American Friends Service Committee
1501 Cherry St.
Philadelphia, PA 19102
- UUSC Unitarian Universalist Service Committee
78 Beacon St.
Boston MA 02108
- UUPF Unitarian Universalist Peace Fellowship
Box 485 Oak Ridge TN 37830
- CALC Clergy and Laity Concerned
198 Broadway
New York NY 10038 (212) 964-6730
- NISBCO National Interreligious Service Board for Conscientious Objectors
550 Washington Bldg.
Wash. DC 20005 (202) 393-4868
- WPTF World Peace Tax Fund
2111 Florida Ave. NW
Wash. DC 20008 (202) 483-3751
- WCRP World Conference on Religion and Peace
777 United Nations Plaza
New York NY 10017
- AI Amnesty International
3618 Sacramento St.
San Francisco CA 94118
- AHA American Humanist Association
7 Harvard Dr.
Amherst NY 14226 (716) 839-5080

You might also want to contact anti-nuclear groups like:

- Mobilization For Survival
Clamshell Alliance
--Check your local listings, most major cities have branches of these organizations, as well as local anti-draft organizations, these are often called ARD (such as CARD--for Chicago Against Registration and the Draft)

Big Brother cont.



federal agencies are keeping tabs on the anti-nuclear movement. The following agencies may or may not have files on each anti-nuclear group, however, they do maintain files on at least the Clamshell Alliance.

FBI Headquarters
FBI Field Offices
FBI Regional Agencies
Secret Service
US Marshall Service
Nuclear Regulatory Commission
Dept of Energy/Energy Research and Development Administration
Deputy Attorney General, Emergency Programs Center (US)
Asst. Attorney General (US), Civil Rights Division and Criminal Division (Internal Security Section and General Crimes Section)
Dept of Treasury, Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms
Dept of the Air Force
Dept of the Army
Defense Intelligence Agency
Naval Investigative Service
US Coast Guard

The major result of the FOIA information released by the FBI has been an effort to have several anti-nuclear groups file organizational FOIA requests in an attempt to find out how much the government knows and how widespread the problem is. Since the meetings and activities of the anti-nuclear movement are, by and large, open to the public there is little or nothing that can be done to prevent infiltration or surveillance in the future or to uncover those agents already in place. In the meantime, various groups and individuals have been searching for some magical combination of structure (or lack of structure) and security consciousness which will effectively combat infiltration.

(Copies of the report Nuclear Power and Political Surveillance are available for \$4.50 from the Center for National Security Studies at 122 Maryland Ave. NE, Washington, DC 20002)

IMPORTANT ISSUES OF HAZARDOUS WASTES

by Margie Augustine

Hazardous wastes are substances which can cause harm to living things. These wastes may be caustic (capable of destroying animal tissue), flammable, acute, explosive, or radioactive. Recently, citizens have expressed concern about the hazards of nuclear energy. The public has clamored in uproar in response to dangerous circumstances such as the Love Canal disaster. Chemical contamination has become a regular item in newspapers.

What are the important issues to consider in dealing with hazardous wastes? We may begin to answer that question with another question: Why are chemical contaminants produced? They are produced either as byproducts of manufacturing processes or as products themselves. Hereafter in this article both of these kinds of products shall be described as hazardous causing products, or HCP's. Sometimes HCP's are made because there are no safer alternatives to an item for which there is a demand. Often, however, the reason an HCP is made is that its production is more profitable than making a less harmful material. Furthermore, once a company has been making HCP's for a while, often the costs of converting to alternative production are way above what the company can afford to invest. So we may say they are stuck manufacturing HCP's. It is also possible that certain such conversions would force unemployment on the laborers either because they're not trained for the new jobs and employers don't want to finance new training programs or because making the newer product creates fewer jobs.

What other factors need be examined when thinking about chemical contamination in the environment? Like before, we continue to answer with a question: Why do

individual consumers create such a large demand for HCP's? Because the Industrial Revolution brought widespread mechanization, the easy access to technological equipment brought competition among manufacturers, who turned to new ideas and inventions for their profits. For reasons too extensive to mention here, many people, mostly members of "Western Society", developed their lifestyles around HCP's. The public is now dependent on HCP's.

In some cases, people learned to rely on an HCP before its hazardous properties were discovered. If no safer alternatives to this HCP were known once dependence on it was established and once its toxic characteristics were recognized, chances are that consumers grew to accept the HCP as a blessing despite its somewhat nasty traits.

Western Society has developed amongst plentiful resources. For this reason, wastefulness has been passed down the ancestral ladder without the foresight that abundance has its limits. Our overconsumption multiplies our reliance on HCP's.

Some of us try to decrease our dependence on HCP's. Others rationalize their continued reliance by maintaining such attitudes as, "what the heck, everyone dies sooner or later, you might as well have a good time now", or "those toxins are a sacrifice we'll have to make if we want to get some joy out of life".

CONT. ON P.20



NOT AGAIN!?

PACIFICATION IN EL SALVADOR -THE VIETNAM MODEL

While land reform programs have the reputation of being progressive attempts at a basic restructuring of a country's economic system, in fact, the term land reform has often been invoked by a given oligarchy, dictatorship or foreign power to reinforce the existing power structure. This is particularly true when the ruling regime feels itself threatened by popular organizations which are mobilizing a dissatisfied peasantry. When such popular movements turn into guerrilla warfare against the ruling regime, a program of reforms is often a necessary technique employed to guarantee its continued control of the state and, repression and violence against the popular groups and the peasantry in general is an additional requirement.

This is essentially the scenario that has been followed by the United States in a number of primarily agrarian countries around the world where it felt its interests threatened: Vietnam, the Philippines and now El Salvador. The history of land reform and "rural pacification" in Vietnam provides some key insights into the present U.S. strategy in El Salvador. Conceptually, according to Robert Komer, the first head of the pacification program in Vietnam before he was succeeded by former CIA director William Colby, the program has two goals:

- (1) sustained protection of the rural population from the insurgents, which also helps to deny the insurgency of its rural popular base; and,
- (2) generating rural support for the Saigon regime via programs meeting rural needs and cementing the rural areas politically and administratively to the center.

In the Vietnam case, the "protection of the rural population" was carried out by the code-named Phoenix program under which some 30,000 Vietnamese peasants were killed for being alleged Viet Cong guerrillas or their sympathizers. The "generating rural support" aspect of the program was carried out through a proposed land reform called "Land-to-the-Tiller."² A key aspect of the whole process of rural pacification is the combination of civil and military operations under one unified management. The military counterinsurgency and the civilian land reform were part and parcel of a united strategy aimed at defeating the enemy.

known conduit for CIA funds.⁶ Prosterman also receives funds through the Land Council, a private, New York-based organization. In a 1972 article on Foreign Policy, Prosterman proudly refers to the Vietnamese land reform as "probably the most ambitious and progressive non-Communist land reform of the twentieth century."⁷ Now, in 1980, Prosterman terms the El Salvador land reform, "the most complete agrarian reform in the history of Latin America."⁸ Such hyperbole during the Vietnam period covered up the enormous proportions of the U.S. counter-insurgency program that cost 30,000 lives. Today in El Salvador, it is having exactly the same effect.

Finally, let us consider the relationship between the land reform program and the military and para-military counter-insurgency strategy. The U.S. government has carefully tried to separate the two in the public mind by saying that the Salvadorean junta should be supported because of its sincere desire to carry out reforms which are thwarted by extremist violence caused by the left and the right. In a letter to the N.Y. Times, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs William C. Bowdler stated, "The current military/civilian junta in El Salvador is attempting to carry out fundamental socioeconomic reforms in the face of the violent opposition from the extreme left and the extreme right."⁹ Thus, the reasoning follows: massive economic assistance and limited military assistance are needed to increase the "professionalism" of the armed forces.

John Bushnell, Bowdler's deputy, paints a somewhat different, more accurate assessment of U.S. manipulations in El Salvador in his testimony on March 25 before the House Subcommittee on Foreign Operations. He states:

I would like to stress that contrary to widespread misperception, our security assistance proposals are neither unrelated nor contradictory to our support for reform in El Salvador. Land redistribution would not be possible were it not for the protection and security provided by the Salvadorean military for the new owners and the civilian technicians and managers helping them.

If the comparison between Vietnam and El Salvador seems far-fetched, consider the following: First, the name of the El Salvador program is also Land-to-the-Tiller. Second, one of the key advisors in the Vietnamese land reform, a Dr. Roy Prosterman, is now the chief advisor to the El Salvador junta. Third, the U.S. has brought the land reform program under the control of the armed forces in El Salvador to facilitate more effective counterinsurgency activity. Fourth, and most importantly, the land reform program is, as it was in Vietnam, a means of dismantling and undermining support of the popular organizations and not a means of basically restructuring land and power to benefit the peasantry. The land reform in El Salvador is the civil component of a united civilian-military strategy to defeat the popular and revolutionary forces and prop-up the current pro-U.S. government third junta.

Let us explore these points one by one. The name, Land-to-the-Tiller, is self-explanatory: it is an effective mechanism for contracting the peasant to the program and has been invoked in U.S. imposed programs from the time of the Allied occupation of Japan after World War Two to the present day. Ironically, the term was first coined by Lenin during the Bolshevik revolution in Russia and gained him the support of the peasantry.³

The Prosterman connection to Vietnam, the Philippines, and El Salvador is similarly instructive. Prosterman, a law professor at the University of Washington, drafted a 1966 land reform law in South Vietnam and was also intimately linked to the agrarian reform in the Philippines.⁴ Interestingly, in the Philippines as in El Salvador, the day the agrarian reform law was decreed, martial law was also invoked. Prosterman claims that, "If the reforms are successfully carried out here (i.e., in El Salvador), the armed leftist onslaught will be effectively eliminated by the end of 1980."⁵ Whether it will via the land reform or the violence of the military and para-military forces that the government expects to eliminate the left, Prosterman did not say.

Part of Prosterman's expenses for his work in El Salvador are being paid for by the American Institute for Free Labor (AIFLD), a This statement corresponds directly to Robert Komer's description of the first goal of the rural pacification program implemented in Vietnam, i.e., sustained protection for the rural population.

Bearing in mind that U.S. military assistance is now flowing into El Salvador, consider the type of "protection and security" being provided by the Salvadorean military in its implementation of the land reform presently underway:

A technician with the governments Institute for Agrarian Reform (ISTA) tells this story: The troops came and told the workers the land was theirs now. They could elect their own leaders and run the coops. The peasants couldn't believe their ears, but they held elections that very night. The next morning the troops came back and I watched as they shot every one of the elected leaders.¹⁰

Similarly, in late June of this year, the following event was reported by the Washington Post:

A squad of more than twenty men in National Guard uniforms with complete battle dress and an armored car drove to a government agricultural cooperative with a list of cooperative leaders considered to be subversive. Twelve of the leaders--the local directors who are supposed to carry out government-related reforms--were killed and the 160 families living there fled in terror.¹¹

CONT. ON P.20

PROFILE



Tongpool Prathoomchai is known affectionately around the office as "Freddy Chow Mein" because we can't decide how to pronounce his name. Technically he is not an LRYer. In fact, he's nine years old; he lives in Thailand, and has never even heard of LRY. I am his sponsor through the Christian Childrens Fund. If I can't stop world hunger on my own then I'll help one child have a better life.

Tongpool is the youngest son of a poor couple who have three other children. His parents own a tiny paddy. As a result of infertile soil and unreliable weather, their annual harvest is low in both quality and quantity. The income they gain from selling the portion left from the families consumption is very meagre. His parents are unable to find other sources of earnings due to the fact that they are both illiterate. Therefore, affording the childrens' education is impossible for them.

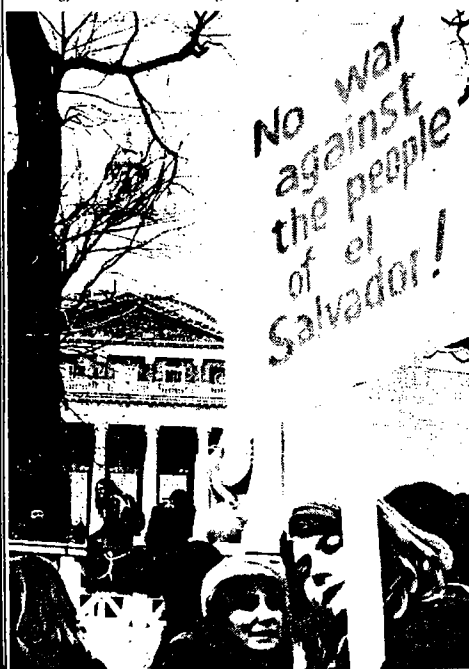
Tongpool is in the primary level in school. He enjoys studying the Thai language, drawing, and football. His health is average and he is a Buddhist like the rest of his family.

Tongpool and I exchange letters and I send him fifteen dollars a month so he can stay in school and learn how to improve the quality of life for his family and country. It is a very personal way in which I can help someone who is less fortunate than I have been. There are many children all over the world who are waiting for sponsors to help them. If you would like to be a sponsor write to:

The Christian Childrens Fund
P.O. Box 26511
Richmond, Virginia 23261

It's easy to believe in helping children who are overcome by poverty but to act on these beliefs demonstrates a personal commitment to your convictions.

--Ann Shanlin

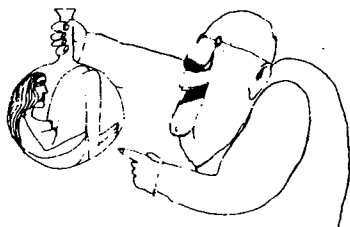


STILL KINDA PARANOID...

I am female and proud
 proud to have the strength
 the inner strength
 yet still hold
 the sensitivity
 that few males will ever know...

your rough and awkward male hands
 have not felt time
 in the way we have.
 You are only just beginning to learn
 that there is no need
 for you to prove yourself to me
 this is not a battlefield.
 Sometimes I have to stop
 them
 because what you think feels good
 to me is hard and forceful.
 let us show you
 how to be soft
 and loving...
 and it is good to cry sometimes...
 and sorrow is not a thing that only
 females express. that only females feel

I am not male
 if that means
 that I am supposed to be hard
 and violent and competitive
 and insecure
 Whoever told you that you should be
 insensitive to beauty
 and fragility
 and sorrow
 and love? S



QUESTIONS FOR YOUNG MEN

6

14. Is your mother an oppressed woman?
15. What kind of chores have you had to do around the house? Did you wash dishes and clean? Did you mow the lawn and take out the garbage? What kind of chores do the girls know how to perform?
16. Did you have more freedom than girls your age?
17. What did you do to earn money? Did you babysit? Have a paper route?
18. Did boys and girls play baseball together when you were in high school? Were gym classes co-ed?
19. How many girls took auto shop? How many guys took typing or home economics?
20. How do classes react to "ugly" women teachers? What does "ugly" mean? (what about "ugly" men?)
21. How many famous women can you name, not counting movie stars and the wives of famous men?
22. Who was Sojourner Truth? Susan B. Anthony? Clara Barton? Margaret Sanger?
23. Did you have a sex education class? Did you talk about homosexuality? Masturbation? The clitoris? Lesbians?
24. Do you ever hug or kiss your male friends?
25. Do you ever worry that your penis is too small? Would it make a difference if it were smaller than the penises of your friends? Who do you allow to see you naked?
26. Does your school provide birth control information?
27. What would you do if your girlfriend needed an abortion?
28. Have you ever heard of a "loose woman"? Is that name a compliment? Have you ever heard of a "loose man"?
29. Is it important to you to go out with a lot of different women? Are the guys who do admired? Why?
30. Do girls ever ask you out? Would you like it if they did? Why or why not? Who pays on dates?
31. Are you hung-up about being or not being a "virgin"?
32. Who gets aroused faster sexually, boys or girls? Who told you that?
33. Do you like your body?
34. Do you ever stare at women or make sexual remarks to strangers on the street? Do women ever do this to you?
35. Would you want to be judged on the basis of the length of your penis or how much hair you have on your chest? If a woman walked up to you on the street, grabbed your penis and said, "How are you today, baby," would you be flattered?
36. If you were in a dangerous situation with your girlfriend would you rather defend her or have her defend herself? Could you defend her? Could she defend herself?
37. Do you know any teenyboppers, bitches, foxy ladies? Do you know any bachelor girls or old maids? Are these names compliments?
38. Do you feel obliged to make sexual advances toward a girl you go out with? Do girls ever "let you" do things to them? Why? Do you ever let girls do things to you sexually?
39. Do girls touch you casually? Do they touch you? What does it mean when a girl touches you? Does the principal of your school ever put his arm around your shoulders? What does this mean?
40. Did you ever get into a fight with another guy who you really weren't mad at? Who proved what?
41. Isn't it a pain to try to be John Wayne or Mick Jagger or your uncle or Muhammed Ali or super-stud? Wouldn't you rather just be yourself?

We make her paint her face and dance
 If she won't be a slave, we say that she don't love us
 If she's real, we say she's trying to be a man
 While putting her down we pretend that she's above us
 Woman is the nigger of the world...yes she is
 If you don't believe me, take a look at the one
 you're with



...EVER NOTICE WHEN THE ECONOMY
 TIGHTENS... SO DO THE DRESSES!

We insult her every day on T.V.
 And wonder why she has no guts or confidence
 When she's young we kill her will to be free
 While telling her not to be so smart we nut her down
 for being so dumb

Woman is the nigger of the world
 Think about it...do something about it

—John Lennon and Yoko Ono
 copyright © 1972 Ono Music

1. Girls Are Equal Too, The Women's Movement for Teenagers, copyright © 1973 by Dale Carlson, published by Atheneum/Aladdin
2. "On the Temptation to be a Beautiful Object" from Sex Roles and Female Oppression (a collection of articles) —Dana Denmore, published by New England Free Press
3. "Media Rape" copyright © 1980 Shantichansons
4. The Myth of the Vaginal Orgasm, by Anne Koedt, copyright © 1970 published by New England Free Press
5. "I am not female..." copyright © 1980 Shantichansons
6. "Questions for Young Men" (I could not find the author of this...it was on a leaflet in a file of women's rights publications. If you know who wrote it I would appreciate knowing, and I hope it's O.K. that I used it...ed)

Credits, Quotes, And recommended reading...

Special thanks to Michele, Amy, and Laurie for being there and helping me struggle past my anger long enough to try and be a little less neurotic, and a little more coherent. —Kathryn

"As any change must begin somewhere, it is the single individual who will experience it and carry it through. The change must indeed begin with an individual; it might be any one of us. No-body can afford to look round and wait for somebody else to do what he is loathe to do himself."

Carl J. Jung
 "Man & His Symbols"



Song Of The Sea

by Richard Terrass

Seventy-five per cent of the Earth's surface is covered by water—most of this in the oceans and seas. It was in the seas that life began, and all life is linked to the seas. If the seas should die it would be the signal for the end of all life on the Earth.

Earth is the only planet we know of where life exists...because it is the rarest of phenomena, a "water planet"—a dynamic world water machine powered by the sun and moon, that provided the cradle where life began.

—Jacques-Yves Cousteau

Over two billion children and adults (half the world's population) do not have safe drinking water. Ten million of these people die of cholera, typhoid, dysentery, hepatitis, and other diseases carried in their drinking water every year. Instead of trying to assure a safe drinking water supply for these people, however, we pour millions of tons of poisons into our seas each month.

Many people seem to take the attitude that "they're only fish" or seem to feel that the oceans are so big they could never become polluted. The oceans, however, can, and have, become polluted and all life is interconnected.

When a species becomes extinct they are gone forever and with them is gone not only a part of the legacy of life on Earth, but an irreplaceable part of the world's genetic pool. Extinction is not a distant possibility but a very real threat for several species during the next few years. The Blue Whale, the largest mammal on the Earth, has had so many of its number killed by whalers that scientists fear that there is no hope for their survival.

Remember when the endless bounty of the sea was going to feed the world? The "endless bounty" is, because of the actions of the human race, a myth. The amount of life in the sea is dwindling rapidly and the annual fishing tonnage is going steadily down despite more fishing vessels, better equipment, and improved fishing techniques. Much of what is caught may soon be unfit for human consumption if we continue to pollute the seas.

OF WHALES AND DOLPHINS...

Many stories have been told by survivors of shipwrecks and other people who have been swimming in the ocean of finding themselves starting to founder only to be saved by a gentle nudge to the surface by a dolphin. Even for those who are not in danger of drowning, swimming in the ocean is frequently made more enjoyable by the friendly fun and games of playful dolphins. Scientists have attributed these rescues to both their playfulness and instinct.

When a dolphin mother gives birth, her baby is expelled underwater. The first act following birth is critical: to lift the freshly born youngster up to the surface for its first breath. So powerful is this motherly instinct, that other struggling animals have been pushed to the surface instinctively by female dolphins.

—Jacques-Yves Cousteau

The Cetacea (dolphins, porpoises, and the toothed whales) are the only animals on the Earth with larger and more complex brains than humans. There is a possibility that they are even more intelligent than us according to many researchers. While attempts are being made to learn to communicate with the Cetacea, the attempts are being hampered by the fact that not only do we live in two different environments, but that we are killing them off in cold blood.

In the past 50 years 2 million whales have been killed, driving one species after another to the brink of extinction. The right whale, the bowhead, the blue, and the humpback are now all depleted to less than 10% of their original population and show little if any sign of recovery despite the presence of international protection for more than a decade. (since 1935 for the right and the bowhead and since 1966 for the blue and the humpback).

Russia and Japan account for more than 85% of the annual kill and seem intent on depleting the other species of whales to the level of the blue. The population of the sperm whales has nearly been cut in half but this figure is misleading since it covers up a 75% reduction in the number of males. The reason for the disproportionate number of males being killed is that they are typically much larger than the female sperm whale. In addition, the sperm whale is polygamous and the overhunting of harem-masters has had a profound impact on the sperm whales' genetic pool resulting in a 50% decrease in average weight in the last 40 years. At the same time whalers are taking increasing numbers of immature whales before they have had a chance to mate.

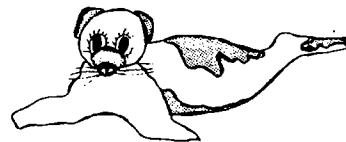
Recently my boat *Calypso* visited the Antarctic, and in every bay we saw piles of whale bones from the enormous kills of the 40s and 50s when whales were all but wiped out.

—Jacques-Yves Cousteau

The two most heavily hunted species of whales are the sperm and the minke, accounting for more than 40% of the total kill each. The minke is the smallest of the "rorqual" whales, with a maximum length of 30 feet. Until recently its larger cousins were more profitable prey for the whalers, but as their numbers were depleted it became increasingly more profitable to hunt minke.

While Russia and Japan belong to the International Whaling Commission and are theoretically bound to minimal regulations, both Russian and Japanese violations of these regulations are well documented. There are also several whaling nations which do not belong to the I.W.C. such as Peru, Chile, South Korea, and Spain which account for at least 3,500 kills on top of the totals amassed by the I.W.C. nations. Most of the non I.W.C. hunt is supported either directly or indirectly by Japan which owns the largest whaling operation in Peru and which imports most of the rest of the non I.W.C. kill.

What will happen when the number of minke whales becomes depleted to the point where it is no longer profitable to hunt them? If tradition in the whaling industry holds true, then the hunt will be directed against the still smaller cetaceans—the dolphins and the porpoises which are being drowned by the tens of thousands already as a result of new more efficient nets used in tuna fishing.



THE BABY HARP SEAL HUNT

As early as 1534, Jacques Cartier documented the "taking" of harp seals off the coast of Newfoundland by Labrador Indians who subsisted on seal meat, used seal oil for fuel, used the furs for clothing, and built canoes out of the tough hides. Commercial sealers began arriving in the area in the late 18th century, heralding the rise of sealing as a major winter occupation in Newfoundland.

The highly mechanized sailing fleet that began operating in the 1940s is largely responsible for the massive exploitation of the infant harp seals whose white fur is used for decorative purposes such as boot trim, glove linings, and unbelievably, toy baby harp seals.

An annual hunt kills over 100,000 newborn (harp seal) pups and yearlings for their fur that is of such poor commercial quality that it is used only for stuffed toys and similar trinkets.

—Jacques-Yves Cousteau

Since 1900, an estimated 17½ million seals have been killed. The population is now around one tenth of its original level. No one is certain exactly how many harp seal pups are born each year, but even based on the most optimistic Canadian government figures, more than half of all the pups are brutally killed by sealers clubs in front of their nursing mothers.



1 Some Whaling Facts, GREENPEACE (New England)

Resources:

GREENPEACE
The Cousteau Society
The Fund For Animals



BOREDZZ....



JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT
IT WAS SAFE TO GO BACK
TO G.A....

is for anyone attending
General Assembly as a delegate or a non-
delegate ages 12 through 20. We will be
meeting daily to discuss upcoming resolu-
tions, plan a service of worship, and much
more! Scholarships are available. For
more info: Youth Caucus, 25 Beacon St.,
Boston, Ma. 02108 or call (617) 742-2105
ext. 370.

youth caucus

A collection of LRYers from across the nation attended the LRY Winter Board of Directors Meeting in Princeton, New Jersey, on December 26th through January first. The Board meeting was composed of continental liasons from each federation, advisors, and the LRY Executive, Judiciary, and Continental Conference Committees. Many interested observers also attended. The weeks' schedule was filled with business discussions and reports which all lead up to a climactic celebration as the meetings were adjourned to celebrate the incoming New Year.

There were two new members elected to the LRY executive committee. Lisa Feldstein replaced Nina Martin (who resigned in October) as the Director of Extension, Leadership and Program Development. Kathryn Price is the newly elected Director of Publications replacing Julianne Farman who left office in the end of January.

There was a great deal of business accomplished during the meetings. Throughout the week the Continental Conference planning committee met daily and made much progress as well as eating cheesecake together. The Judiciary committee busied themselves by handling affiliations, determining voting status, and proposing and passing various changes in the by-laws. The board passed resolutions to computerize the People Soup mailing list and to sell the General Electric stock.

Wayne Arnason, the UUA consultant on Youth Programming spent a day discussing the upcoming Youth Assembly, "Common Ground", with the Board of Directors.

As the week continued, the puns got worse and worse. We relieved the tension by invading the "Sunny Corner Farms" down the block dressed up on the costume of the day (peanuts, nerds, punks, dust bunnies, and "be someone else"). The board displayed their talents at the coffee house. Some performed musical numbers, others recited poetry, and some performed acts that evade description... Finally everyone welcomed in the New Year at various parties in the local Princeton area.

The Annual (summer) Board of Directors meeting will be held somewhere in the midwest August sixteenth through the twenty third. Interested observers are welcome to attend the meetings. Contact the Continental office if you are interested in attending or helping on the staff.

It's not nice to
laugh at the Confused



Continental Conference '81 August 2-9

The theme for this years conference is regeneration. There will be workshops on the history of UU Youth groups, dealing with roles in our society, tie dying, batiking, and more.

About the camp:
It's camp Dericotte in Cuivre River State Park in Troy, MO. A map will be sent to you. The park covers more than 6,000 acres of forest, lake, and open field with miles of hiking trails.

Registration:
\$75.00 all paid before July 15th.
\$85.00, \$20.00 paid for registration and \$65.00 at the door.
\$95.00 all paid at the door.

Rules:
No illegal drugs
No alcohol
No firearms
No overt sex

Anyone violating the rules will be removed from the conference. This is your warning.

What To Bring:
A sleeping bag, swimsuit, smiles, warm weather clothes, musical instruments, clothes for batiking, tie dying and silkscreening.

If you are interested in leading a workshop, or another program, contact Christine Chichester.

Registrar
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(415) 964-8328

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(415) 929-8867

Worship
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Oak Park, IL 60302
(312) 383-3781

Program Contact-Camp Liason
Christine Chichester
409 Maplewood Dr.
Colorado Springs, CO 80907
(303) 598-6638

PRE-REGISTRATION FORM

Send registration fee in check form only made payable to:

LRY Continental Conference
Send completed form and check to:
Hillevi Wyman
841 Tulane Ct.
Mountain View, CA 94040
(415) 964-8328

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____ Phone () _____
List of any medical conditions or medication presently taking: _____

What won't you eat: fish, fowl, pork, red meat, dairy products, etc... _____

Are you going to Youth Assembly? _____
If so, would you be willing to carpool? _____
Driving? _____ Riding? _____

I hereby grant my permission for my son/daughter to receive emergency medical care in the event of illness or injury.

I _____ fully understand that if I break any rules of the camp that I will be asked to leave within 12 hours. This applies mainly to the use of any illegal drugs, bringing firearms to the camp, and alcohol use.

Signature of participant _____



El Salvador

These are but two examples of the massive campaign by government security forces and para-military groups such as ORDEN to wipe out any popular organizations--such as cooperatives--and kill and terrorize the peasantry into complete submission. Numerous reports have also reported that government troops are burning crops and peasant homes before evacuating entire areas of all civilians and then coming in with helicopter gunships to "eliminate" all remaining persons in homes of destroying any guerilla forces.¹² This scorched-earth practice was one of the most common procedures of the Phoenix program in Vietnam.

In showing the parallels between rural pacification in Vietnam and the present U.S. policy towards El Salvador, one must recognize the implications of such a charge. The Phoenix Operation in Vietnam remains as one of the tragic legacies of U.S. involvement in Southeast Asia. The testimony of a former U.S. Army intelligence operative K. Barton Osborn, who participated in Phoenix operations in Vietnam provides just one example of the effects of such counterinsurgency:

Mr. Reid: Mr. Osborn, one more question. Prior to your departure from Vietnam, were there anything representing accurate reports as to where the Vietcong detainees or insurgents are being held?

Mr. Osborn: No; as I said before, I never knew in the course of all these operations any detainee to live through his interrogation. They all died.

Mr. Reid: They all died?

Mr. Osborn: They all died. There was never any reasonable establishment of the fact that any one of those individuals was, in fact, cooperating with the Vietcong, but they all died, and the majority were either tortured to death or things like thrown from helicopters.¹³

In El Salvador today, a wave of terror reigns that can only be compared to Vietnam in its brutality and intensity. Torture by government forces is widespread; bodies are found dismembered and de-capitated; murder and abduction of peasants in the countryside is pervasive.¹⁴ As Archbishop Romero wrote to President Carter shortly before his assassination,

(U.S. military assistance) instead of promoting greater justice and peace in El Salvador, will without doubt sharpen the injustice and repression against the organizations of the people who repeatedly have been struggling to gain respect for their most fundamental human rights.¹⁵

Thus reform and oppression in El Salvador are two complementary parts of a single U.S. strategy to defeat the popular and revolutionary forces and to retain U.S. control over that country through a present

ruling junta. Reform and repression are not, as the Carter (or Reagan) administration(s) would have us believe, two opposing forces, one to be supported and the other lamented. Rather, they are both essential parts of a single design for El Salvador.

--name withheld by request

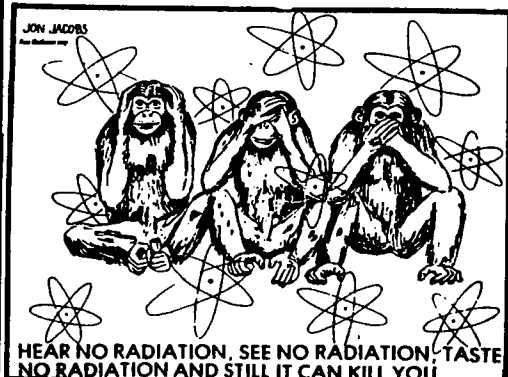
- 1 Komer, Robert W., "Impact of Pacification on Insurgency in South Vietnam" reprinted Government Operations Subcommittee Hearings July 15-August 2, 1971, p. 282.
- 2 Colby, William, Testimony before House Subcommittee of the Committee on Government Operations, July 19, 1971, p. 178.
- 3 Walinsky, Louis, The Collected Papers of Wolf Ladjinsky, Oxford University Press, p. 3.
- 4 Interpress Service, "El Salvador: Land Reform as a Counter-Insurgency Programme like the the CIA's Phoenix Operation in Vietnam," July 25, 1980.
- 5 El Salvador Gazette, May 5, 1980.
- 6 NACLA, July-August 1980, p. 18.
- 7 Prosterman, Roy, Foreign Policy, Spring 1972, citing N.Y. Times editorial, April 9, 1970.
- 8 Prosterman, Roy and Temple, Mary, "Agrarian Reform in El Salvador in AFL-CIO Bulletin, July, 1980.
- 9 N.Y. Times, April 29, 1980.
- 10 NACLA, July-August 1980, p. 17, referring to NACLA interview with an ISTA technician on June 2, 1980.
- 11 Washington Post, July 1, 1980
- 12 Helvarg, David, "Violence Mars Reform Program," in: These Times, p. 10.
- 13 Testimony, Hearings before a Subcommittee of the House Committee on Government Operations, July 15-August 2, 1971, p. 357.
- 14 Amnesty International, Letter to Secretary of State Edmund Muskie, June 24, 1980.
- 15 Letter to President Jimmy Carter, February, 1980.

WASTES cont.

The last question we'll ask in an attempt to understand important aspects of chemical contamination is this: Why can't we just dispose of the wastes safely? Probably it is quite obvious that we simply do not yet know how to safely dispose of certain kinds of hazardous contaminants (take plutonium, for example). The problems of disposal are not just a matter of scientific inquiry, however. Even if the technology for the disposal of a hazardous waste has been developed to a very safe standard, who's to pay for the dumping? It is certainly not within the interest of the manufacturers of the HCP to pay. Companies would rather invest in new equipment or worker benefits than to pay for a cleaner environment: If the government provides tax incentives to those companies that responsibly dispose of their toxic wastes, that still does not provide safety for the workers, nor does it insure a clean environment for humans, plants, and animals.

A healthy environment can only come about when there is an agreement amongst all citizens to live a pollution-free lifestyle. Since companies play the major role in deciding what products go on the market and since nonpolluting lifestyles (at least in this stage) are not profitable, it is evident that a step towards a clean environment would be to stop the system in which private companies control decisions that the public would be making.

I strongly believe that living beings have a right to and a need for a world which is largely unspoiled. I also feel that the degree of purity ought to be decided by the people. Of course, coming to an absolute consensus is not plausible, but citizens should participate much more than we do in that decision making process.



MISCELLANEOUS



does milk really grow in cartons?
by Lisa Feldstein



In 1844, in the village of Rochdale, England, a group of 28 weavers collected their skills and their ambitions, agreeing to share the burdens and rewards of a self-supporting economic colony.

Thus the first co-op was born. It is still in operation today. As the idea was accepted and grew, various kinds of co-ops grew up, and today co-ops serve virtually every human need imaginable, from day-care to housing to food. Here, I am going to focus on food co-ops.

Essentially, a co-op is a buy-ing club. A person joins and works there, and in return, can purchase food at substantial savings over grocery store prices. The reason members save so much is that they do the work involved in running the co-op, so there is no payroll. (The exception to this is a large co-op, where a paid manager or book-keeper may be necessary for flow and conti-nuity.)

The execution of this basic idea can happen in many ways and forms. Co-ops can be as simple as a few families meeting in someones living room once a month to buy pasta and dried fruits in bulk, or they can resemble a large super-market in size, variety of foods, and number of shoppers.

Many co-ops work on a pre-order system where a person writes out their order and then, assuming enough people order that item to buy it in bulk, it is purchased, broken down into the orders, and the buver picks it up. Many other co-ops are store-front, where the buver shops in a store-like setting.

Co-ops also vary greatly in what they carry. I know of one co-on which only makes and sells nut butters, others which sell only fruits and vegetables, and still others which specialize in natural foods. The one I am currently a member of sells everything from mi-so to marshmallows and toothpaste to meat. Since a co-op belongs to

its members, they decide what is and isn't sold.

Co-ops are also social meeting places. People meet while working together, and since they have the co-on in common there is a feeling of comradeship. It is not uncommon for one's co-op to become the center of one's social life.

Since every member of a co-op owns the co-on, every member is technically an equal, with equal say in the running of the co-on. However, as in any other organization or institution, there are many people who don't attend planning meetings, and the leaders end up doing much of the work. (i.e. running committees, etc.)

"Food for People, not for Profit"
This sentence is, in a nutshell, the reason for co-ops. Of course not everyone who joins a co-on joins with this slogan running through their head, in fact, many who have been in a co-op for years have never even considered this slogan. There is nothing wrong with this, but these people probably don't understand the reasons why the food is so cheap. Sure, they know that they have to nut in hours, but they probably don't know that much of the produce, say is from small local farms. This support of small local producers, of decentralization, is a vital part of co-on philosophy. Co-ops are often involved in community activities, providing such services as teaching English as a second language, or perhaps sponsoring a showing of a political film.

As the co-on movement has grown, its organization has improved: There are now co-op federations all over the country and they are becoming stronger and more unified. A federation is set up by area and very often has as a center base of operation a distribution warehouse. Any co-op in a given federation can join, provided that they pay the membership dues and put in the required number of work hours at the warehouse - it, too, is a co-on. These warehouses are a focal point for the federations, as well as a place that a co-op can order things from in quantities smaller than those most distributors will deliver. Federation board meetings are often held at the warehouses, too.

Federation boards are a fairly new

wandering words

Love will sustain me in the end
When this road she starts to bend
Take this load right off my back
and go there on your way
I'll give you blessing
and a pinch of salt
a map could only confuse you

I said myself--so many days
let me count the ways
But peanut butter wisdom
is the aura that prevails
from the wind blowing to my left
nonsense flows about myself

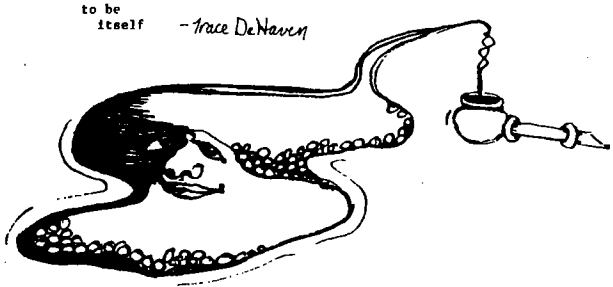
often
I feel the ancient calling urge
to see and be with all
coming down
from the attics of my mind
where the words flow in patterns;
shapeless, nameless, timeless thoughts
flowing from the deepest source
to the farthest universe

I held what I could
and let
the rest
go its own way
like a stream, never ending
growing at every turn
learning
to be
itself

-Trace De Haven

The sea of Feelings
Flows within me,
Seething
As one wave
Overtakes the next
With never-ending
Monotony.
The fear
Rides in,
Black and stealthy
As the night,
And chasing it
The passion
Red and sweet,
With soft lines
And fluffy pillows,
Flung violently out by
Guilt,
Anxiety,
Depression,
The neverending
Monotony
As orderless as
These scribbled lines.

JANA



concept. They are still being formed in many places, but those that are in existence are proving that good structure and communication really make things move quickly. The boards are in close contact with one another and often help federations without good structure to become stronger.

Another function of the federations and their boards is that of conference planning. I attended a co-op conference this past fall that was jointly sponsored by the New England Federation of Co-ops (NEFCO) and Hudson Valley Federation (HVF). This weekend conference was well organized, informative, fun and well programmed. There was a definite feeling of community, and by the end of the weekend I felt very close to my fellow conferees. This conference was one of the best experiences of my life.

Where do we go from here?
I have shared very briefly some of my thoughts and understandings of co-ons, but this is really very basic. If you are interested in what I have said and want to learn more, or possibly even want to look into starting your own co-on, there are several good books available on the subject. Among them are:

- Ronco, William Food Co-ops. Boston: Beacon Press, 1974
- Stern, Gloria How to Start Your Own Food Co-op: A Guide to Wholesale Buying. N.Y.: Walker & Company, 1974
- Vellela, Tony Food Co-ops for Small Groups. N.Y.: Workman Publishing Co., 1975
- The Co-on Handbook Collective The Food Co-on Handbook. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1975



-Out of the Corner of My Eye

-I Can See It Clearly

By John Anzul

I fell asleep the night of the day after yesterday. Some time after the sun sank. There were no survivors. Yes I mean right now. I dreamed I was driving this old fashioned car. On a dirt road. Potholes and it's rattle, rattle clang. Almost hit a dam jogger. An old lady in a dark blue business suit. With gold buttons. As I passed she yelled to me to turn down that dam stereo. The music throbs in your head thrum, thrum, thrum. But I couldn't hear. All I could see in the mirror was a great black mouth with oh so many white teeth moving. Those teeth moved like neon lights. Around and around in circles till it made you dizzy. A neon sign that said coke, it's the real thing. And then Fuck You in alternating colors. While I was watching in the side view mirror and bouncing in the seat I crashed: rattle, rattle bang into the ocean. Nude girls laid out on the beach, getting a tan. There's no sun out tonight but stars give you white lines too. I'm getting hard. Not my cock you pervert: my attitude. I can't cry for the fallen sun anymore. I crawled out of the car dripping sand from my mouth and ears. They threw me in jail then. They say I killed a man in the desert. But that wasn't me. It was Jim Morrison. OH Jimmy where are you when we need you? After 2001 light years (light that is), they let me out and everything looks the same. I tried to call my mother with a phony credit card number. The operator said "That number's been disconnected." I don't like phone booths. I smashed this one, even though it offered to give me my money back. Then I laid down in the gutter, in the glass, and cried and cried, and then I died. Then I went and got good and drunk. The piano player knew all the latest tunes. It only cost a dollar. All night long I asked for songs he didn't know. In the mens room I carved "Hendrix Lived" on the wall. A guy wanted to sell me acid and I said "drugs are just a parking meter." So he gave me a kiss, then he beat me up and left me in the gutter. Someone spit on me, the crowd on the sidewalk screamed. With my eyes closed I heard applause and colored lights. When I opened my mind again I was on a stage pretending to play an electric harmonica. I stuck my finger in the amplifier just like Mr. electric rainbows, but I didn't cum. My clothes started to fill with cigarette smoke till I floated away still singing flat. I had time to think before I landed in the mountains, but I didn't. I began to imagine (first time) that if only I could find a cave, I could go in, and get sealed in, and do yoga, and murmur. Then I could get enlightened and meet up with the suner-star, "A" number one, Rainbow, fireworks, fanfare great Buddha himself. Crawled inside a likely looking cave. And there: there in the back of the cave, in-between two rocks, in living color, the all american kid from just over the next hill, nowhere, U.S.A. saw the hugest, grossest, ugliest snake-like monster. All purple and black and mauve. With fluorescent green scales. Puss oozing from every pore. Great, hairy eyeballs hanging from its head...A huge slobbering mouth and a most horrible odor. I went right up and hugged it close. Now it follows me everywhere. I've named it ego. I recognized what I'd seen in the mirror for years. I don't have the guts to kill it, and I can't seem to chase it away. I think that while it's there I'll never wake up again. By the way, have you pinched yourself lately?



The Story of LADLE RAT ROTTEN HUT...

Wants pawn term dare worsted ladle gull hoe lift wetter murder inner ladle cordage honor itch offer lodge, dock florist. Disk ladle gull orphan worry putty ladle rat cluck wetter ladle rat hut, end fur disk rasin pimple colder Ladle Rat Rotten Hut.

Wan moaning, Ladle Rat Rotten Hut's murder colder inset. "Ladle Rat Rotten Hut, heresay ladle basking winsome burden barter an shirker cockles. Tick disc ladle basking tudor cordage offer groin-murder, hoe lifts honor udder site offer florist. Dun daily-dolly inner florist! Dun stopper laundry rote! Dun stopper peck floors! An yonder nor sorghum-stenches, dun stopper torque vet strainers!"

"Hoe-ake, murder!", crater ladle gull, an tickle ladle basking an stuttered off.

Honor rote tudor cordage offer groin-murder, Ladle Rat Rotten Hut mitten anomalous woof. "Wall, wall, wall!", setter wicket woof, "Evanescent Ladle Rat Rotten Hut! Whirrs are putty ladle gull goring wetter ladle basking?"

"Armour goring tumor groin-murder's. Grammar's seeking bet. Armour ticking arason burden barter an shirker cockles."

"O hoe! Heiffer gnats woke!" Butter taught tomb shelf, "Oil tucker shirt-court tudor cordage offer groin-murder. Oil ketsup wetter letter, an den, o bore!"

Soda wicket woof tucker shirt-court, an whinny retched a cordage offer groin murder, picked inner windrow, an sore debtor pore oil warming worat loin inner bet. Inner flesh, disk abdominal woof lipped inner windrow, paunched honor pore oil warming, an garbled erupt. Den disk ratchet aminol not honor groin-murder's nut-cup an gnat-gun, any curdled ope inner bet.

Inner ladle wall, Ladle Rat Rotten Hut a raft otter cordage an ran-

cor dough-ball.

"Comb-ink, sweat-hard!", setter wicket woof, disgracing is verse.

Ladle Rat Rotten Hut entity bet-rum an stud buyer groin-murder's bet.

"O grammar!", setter ladle gull.

"Water bag icer gut! A nervous sausage bag ice!"

"Battered lucky chew whiff, sweat-hard", setter wicket woof, weather wicket small honors phase.

"O grammar!", crater ladle gull, "Water bag noise! A nervous sausage anomalous prognosis!"

"Battered small yer whiff, doling", setter wicket woof, ants mouse worse waddling.

"O grammar!", crater ladle gull historically, "Water bag mouser gut! A nervous sausage bag mouse!"

Daze worry unforger-nut ladle gull's lest worts. Oil offer sodden, caking offer carvers an sprinkling otter bet, disk blost- Thursday woof lipped on pore Ladle Rat Rotten Hut, any garbled erupt.

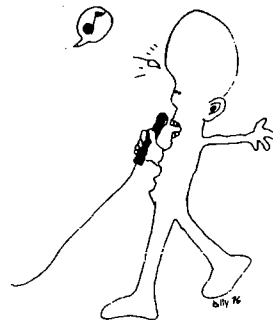
MURAL: Yonder nor sorghum-stenches sure ladle gulls stopper torque vet strainers.

JANA of the VALLEY

This is a story sent in by Jana of the Valley. It was originally written by H.L. Chace, a French Professor, to show the importance of proper intonation when speaking in a foreign language. It has also been used by speech therapists for children who have speech impediments...try reading it aloud at your next natv. (It's especially good for Coffee Cultists who try to speak too fast.)



Can you do this?



1981 Summer Camp and Conference Calendar

WHAT?

WHEN?!!

For More
INFORMATION

General Assembly
(Youth Caucus)
Philadelphia

June 12-18

Nan Marshaw
c/o LRY
25 Beacon Street
Boston MA 02108
(617) 742-2105 ext. 370

Youth Camp--The Mountain
Highlands Camp and Conference
Center
Highlands North Carolina

June 14-27

Mo and Larry Wheeler
(Sep.-May) 1120 Gunnison Ct.
Clarkson GA 30021
(404) 299-2677
(June-Aug. and weekends)
Star Route, Box 40-A
Highlands, NC 28741
(704) 526- 5838

Star Island LRY week
New Hampshire (Portsmouth)

June 20-26

Keith Knost
186 Ashland Rd.
Summit N.J. 07901
(201) 273-6202

UniStar UU Camp (Youth Week)
(entering grades 10-12)
St. Paul Minnesota

June 20-27

Lynda Olson
2526 Upton Ave. So.
Minneapolis MN 55405
(612) 377-9890

Pacific Central Camp
LRY and UU Youth week
Santa Cruz California

June 21-27

Dave Sonnikson
4024 Trinity Drive
Santa Rosa CA 95405
(707) 544-3609

June

Lake Geneva Summer Assembly
(Sr. High program)

July 5-9

Annette Y. Redman
2910 Edgehill Drive
Alexandria, VA 22302
(703) 683-3938

Rowe Camp
Senior High Session I
Senior High Session II
Rowe, Mass.

July 5-18
July 19-Aug 1

Elizabeth Shellv
14 1/2 Elm St.
Milford N.H. 03055

IRF Conference
Holland

July 18-25

Bert Comanjen
Sweelinck 52
6815 BJ Arnhem Netherlands

July

LRY Continental Conference
Camp Derricott Missouri

August 2-9

Hillevi Wman
841 Tulane Ct.
Mountain View, CA 94040
(415) 964-8328

Ballou Camp (grades 10-12)
Unirondack UU camp
Lowville, New York

I--August 9-15
II--August 15-21

Sally Carman
32 Utica Street
Clinton, NY 13323
(315) 853-5459

Common Ground-Youth Assembly
Carleton College Missouri
****DELEGATES ONLY*****

August 10-15

Wayne Arnason
25 Beacon Street
Boston MA 02108
(617) 742-2100 ext. 349

LRY Board Meetings

August 16-23

Amy Shapiro
c/o LRY
25 Beacon Street
Boston MA 02108
(617) 742-2105 ext. 370

Ferry Beach Park
Youth Camp for ages 15-18
Saco Maine

Aug. 29-Sep15

John P. Taylor
5 Morris Ave
Saco, ME 04072
(207) 282- 4489

Unicamp of Ontario
UU Youth Week

Aug. 30-Sep. 6

Leslie Lazorka
268 Aberdeen Avenue
Hamilton, Ontario
Canada L8P 2R3
(416) 527-8441

August