

# PEOPLE SOUP



## Two Ways Of A One-Way Mirror

*Heffe, I am an American fighting man. I serve in the forces which guard our country and our way of life. I am prepared to give my life in their defense.*

**BULL!**

What I write is what I have seen in the short time I have been here. This is my opinion and mine alone. I hope this will give you better insight to what the world calls the United States Army. Enjoy!

Much Love Always,  
PVI Klemens Van "Doc" Schmidt

*Fort Belvoir, Virginia, home of the engineer. I still wonder why I am here.*

*Three thousand miles detached from home and only a set of camouflage uniforms to show for it all. What happens here, on the inside? I really don't understand; I just leave here.*

*It started as a half-cooked idea: see what the real army is like and kill some time. I was the one to sign on the dotted line, no one else. So here I am, inside, looking out.*

*Very quickly you learn there are but a few things that make up this army of ours, a world of its own with time, beer, hopes and confusion to the maximum.*

"Wake up!"

Oh, God. Why do something as stupid as that?

"Come on people. Get your lazy asses out of bed."

Just one more minute, sergeant, one more minute.

The world spins in a clockwise motion, but my mind was not, that fine winter morning. The wall locker was a massive blur of gray, a menacing reminder of the day to come. Now, if only I could find my keys.

What I did then could scarcely be called walking. It was more in the line of stumbling and a low-crawl. The floor, as if a battle field, lay covered with the bodies of platoons after platoons of empty beer cans.

I tried my best, but they kept dying off, one by one in the heat of battle that lasted late into the night.

I tried to stand up, only to find the floor rushing up ever so quickly towards my face. Pain, the sound of knees cracking. The constant pounding of artillery shells in my head. What a way to spend a Saturday morning!

*In the beginning, there was the recruiter, a smooth talker who could sell contraceptives to a nun. Where they find these people, I will never know.*

From California to Fort Dix, New Jersey, described to me as being within nukeing distance of Princeton. I was the only one to leave the Oakland A.F.E.E.S. (Armed Forces Entrance and Examination Station) that week for Fort Dix and the idea of the east coast was hard to hang with at first. Later, I would have very little time to worry about it, much less anything else.

Many stories are told of Basic Training. Stories can only start to explain what happens in one of those places. When I went through, it was eight weeks long. Recent survivors tell me it is now twelve weeks long.

1:00am, jet lag from a long flight, and a person as green as myself reported in for duty. We were both full of expectations, fears, and pure nightmares of the weeks to come.

The C.Q. (charge of quarters) and the M.F.I.C. (mother f...ker in charge) could care less. We were just more paperwork for them.

All too soon, we were dropped off at a Reception Station for inprocessing, never told a thing. Just wait here: it will happen to you soon enough.

Four days. Twenty different multi-color forms (in triplicate) and 75 pounds of gear later, we were assigned to a company for training.

Within the company, we were divided into platoons of fifty people and given a D.I. (Drill Instructor). The man thinks he is God.

Non-Profit Org.  
U.S. Postage  
PAID  
Boston, MA  
Permit No. 0632

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25 Beacon St.  
Boston, Massachusetts 02108  
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2 People Soup Volume X, Issue 1  
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Due to financial cuts, personals are now c50 per four lines. We will print no personals without payment.



### LANCE W CHRISTIAN

Maya, Pretz, Ralph, Evan, and Jorin- Sorry I missed post pig-day celebration. I love you all, even if Prov. is a jinx!!  
The lost little New Yorker

Miss Jolly Anonymous of the New York Coffee House- It's good getting along with you again-Tons of love always-Prince

Mel, m'lady, I still think you are crazy and I hope it gets you in the end. I love you, as always. Someday you may find cold hands on your stomach for the 'good old days.' Thank you for all your help. Enjoy!

Hey Gorgeous (uh...Vandy) Seems to me you owe me. A visit will be sufficient. Love Austin  
Rosina- You will always be beautiful and special to me. I love you, Robin. XOXOXO

Free tickets Amy? Ahh, New York! I Love you! Prince

Becky & Julie- Thanks for the supportand letters. Catch ya later! Love, Van

Sam & Scott- what ever became of the dim lights on the highways of Kansas? Have fun in Boulder. Keep in touch. Love, Doc

Heh, heh, heh, Miss Prissy, heh,heh,heh. Love Austin  
P.S. Write me at 18 Keith Ave Brockton, MA, 02401

Allison and Wendy- How's life in S. Ill?? I hope you both have a wonderful summer!  
Paul Taco

Dear NH/VT- There's so many of you to write personals to but so little space to write them! So until we meet again. Peace! Paul

Lost!! Lost!! Lost!! Lost!!  
About two years ago, I lost a personally autographed picture of Bo Derek. For two years now I haven't been able to sleep at night. If any one finds it or has it please send it to me!  
Box 10 c/o LRY. Thank you.  
Very loney!

Andrea ( alias Charlie James Stevens )- It was great being up there. ( no pun intended ) Thanks, I'd love to do it again. ( And I think you and Kate are neat too. )  
Peace-Neill

DVF that isn't: I knew you guys didn't know how to run things, but you could have given it a TRY.  
A Sorry Old One.

Hey Donny R.- You may be stoned in the wrong house, yeah, but can ya walk funny?

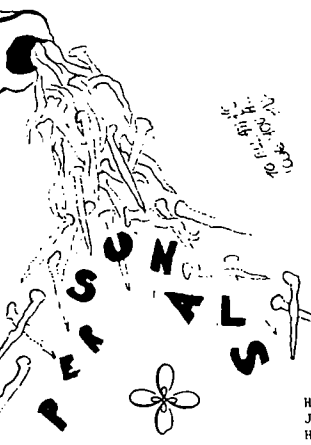
Everyone!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!  
Please buy LRY T-shirts and buttons, this is part of what keeps this paper going! Paul

We're looking for a 5'5" female, between the ages of 18-21, with blonde hair, likes to play pinball, party, and dance to the Ramones. If you fit this description, write Hopeless, c/o LRY  
Dyed hair does not count.

Leslie- I see you didn't make the Taco Family Portrait! Missed you. Have a good time and hurry up and get back to California!

David- Check this issue. Love you too! Leslie

Becca: People out here still talk about the Becca chile too, I wonder why?? Love, Bekah



I have half a mind for sale and am still looking for the other half. For inquiries, please write Van Schmidt  
2049 Junction Ave  
El Cerrito, CA, 94530

Gretchen- So the T-shirts finally got out! Its about time! You still owe us. Us at the office

Lauri Roth, where are you? please write. I don't have your address or phone number. Miss you, Bekah

STATE FROM ME!  
LOVE, DAN

Amy- Our room smells funny! Tequila and menage-a-trois? I love ya, roomie! XO Robin

Claude- I love you. ( I really do! )

Jamie- Thanks for being you. Be happy and stay out of the rain!  
Peace, Claudia

Do you point as I point? Do you point as I point? Who am I pointing at? Are you in cahoots?

Hi everyone in Starr King and the Sacto local! Sorry I haven't written, but life in Beantown is a bit hectic. Don't forget to write and fill me in on all the gossip. Tacos get lonely too!! Hugs and kisses to Lenore, Bunny, Claire, Tinker, Lisa, Cecilia, Sean, Shawn, Amy, Gareth, Curt, Kurt, Nathan, Lynn, Lynne, Debbie, Mary, Hillevi, Gil, Katy, Kathy, Peter (both), RJ, Lori, Lia, Dante, Kevin, Chris, Ari, Lyndon, Dave, Terry, Sue, David, Marcy, Damon, Sara, and Nora.  
Love, Leslie

Leigh: So I am your past. Screw you too, baby.

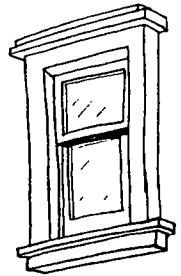
A perSonable  
frum ryk  
if i can say hello.....  
.....hello.....



Kathy W.- Thank you for accepting me and trying to understand me, in spite of everything. As always, I love you! Robin

Neill-you're right, it is a nice way to start the day!  
Jeff Edmonds- Hey big brother, incest is best! I love you, Robin

For all of you who can't keep track of me-my new address is Janet Rosado  
62 Hill St. Apt. #7  
Woburn, MA 01801



ceum bill ceum ago tortibus in aie dementibus demis truce si vat sinem cous an dux

Hey Keith, Claudia I, Jett, and John- "Not the Golden Flying D--k!" H:-

Becca, Phil, and Paul- My roomies, co-workers, and comrades. I love you. Thank you for making me feel so at home. The other one

Austin- To put it simply, thank you for helping me get my shit together. I've been straight for three months for the first time in five years. My head is clear and I can finally see where I'm going. The party's over and life has begun. Thank you for being a friend. Love and Peace, Neill



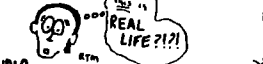
Dawn- How about this personal! Anyway, this will probably be the last personal you will get before you fly away into the sunset, so when you are feeling down and it costs too much to call me, think of all the good times we have had together!  
Love, Paul

Prince, Help!! Where are you? We don't want to lose contact, you are the only person of the royal family we know. Love Tommy and Bekah

Lisa F.- How's life in the "Big Apple"? Don't forget you're still got friends up here. Call us sometime! Love, the Tacos



To everyone who never wrote back and never sent an article or even dropped a line to tell me why so I could get someone else to do it: Thanks a whole fucking hell of alot the ed.



CLAUDIA JOHNSON: THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR COMING TO SEE ME AT SCHOOL. IT REALLY MEANT ALOT TO ME. DID YOU HAVE FUN (WH) SMILING? CALL ME!! PLEASE!!  
To my love.  
One so alive, so vibrant, so loving: To leave before your time is up, no, it is not right.  
Please stay and fly with me.  
You, whose light shines and fills my world.  
I love you.

Phil  
Valerie B. Harph- Yes, I live in Ca. Formerly of Northridge Ca, and now writing to you via LRY from Concord, Ca. We at Starr King Fed are having a Tri-Fed conference, and that includes you. Don't miss it, Aug23-28. So what if it's the same week as Con-Con. Love ya, David L. Bragen  
P.S. May there be warm fuzzies in your clothes-hamper.

Kathy Deslauries- I'll thank you forever for the chalice. Now I'm complete. ( And yes...it is just like Knott's ) Take care and hang on...I will write back some day!  
Love, Neill

Keith-You're such a f--k bunny. Why do you have to be so goddam pretty? Who can resist?  
The Female LRY population ->

Melanie & Max- Hey phriques, stay cool and don't forget to right! Bunches of love, David Louis Bragen

The U.D.L.- We're going to wipe out weekend hippies in your life time. Hank, Co. Pres

Claudia- Hi! Have you heard that Rachel stringbean did? It was Bizarrr and with Ronald Reagan too!! Love, Bekah

Hi Hillevi, from Erika  
To all of Jim's Soda Shop junkies-yeah you!! You know who you are. We MISS you all! Its been to long! Come on Texas, Memphis isn't that far! 'Til next we meet, SWUUC you!!  
With lots of love,  
and lots of fun, Laura and the OKC LRY

P.S. Hey Columbus, OH, are you still there? We never quite found anyone else who could compare!! Bish, bish forever!! We love you-let's get together, OK? Call us collect: (405)-691-1327. The cutest little piece of fuzz you ever did see is still in our hearts.

Dear Chas- Between Ziggy, SW, and People Soup, I think we will get there. See ya in Paradise,  
Love, Dorothy Hammill

Dear LRY'ers- If you would like to receive GRUST, Starr King's newsletter, send your address (and maybe even your name) to: Gil Brown  
1415 Piedra  
Walnut Creek, CA, 94596

Robin - Hi kiddo!! Love ya lots, Bekah

Max- If you ever read this, I'll know your'e there! Do me a favor and try to stay away from your favorite addiction! Hint "16" say high to G-town. L.S.D. jr

Sahra McC.- How are you? I'm fine after being on the road for way too long! One of these fine days, by the time you read this, I'll come and visit, I owe you one. You know who

HAPPYHAPPYHAPPYHAPPYHAPPY!!!

David, I love you, always. Think and I will understand for we are linked. Forever Your Lady



Have you ever made a psychological center of a favorite page? The world may never know!

# THE UN COLLEGE LIFE

PAUL VATL

It all started about 3 1/2 years ago when I went out into the working world armed only with the ambition to work and make a living for myself.

At the age of sixteen, I dropped out of high school and went out to earn a living. All I was thinking was that someone out there had to be willing to hire me.

My first job was selling flowers. On the weekends I got up at about 3:00am, wrapped as many flowers as possible, then ate breakfast and headed for my corner out in the suburbs. This went on for about two months, with my average earning being \$100 a weekend and \$450 on Mother's Day.

My next job was working in a theatre as an usher. I worked thirty hours a week at minimum wage. At the time, that brought my earnings to \$90 a week, which is hardly enough to live on after paying rent, bills, food expenses and transportation. After painting the entire foyer of the theatre and getting paid \$30 I decided it was time to get out of the business.

I tried framing shops next. The hours were better and so was the pay. Unfortunately, after a few months I started coming to work a little late once in awhile, then more often, then quite often. I found out the hard way that you can't expect an employer to keep accepting excuses forever. I was fired.

Being fired is a really shocking experience. It really makes you think about what you have to do to prevent it from happening again. When you get fired, it's hard to admit that it is your own fault. You want to place the blame on your employer, but in the end you find that you just have to try harder the next time around.

After three different frame shops, the latter two which I did not like for various reasons, I was ready to give it up.

I spent three months salvaging an abandoned hotel four blocks from where I was living, taking the antique furnishings and selling them. When I started running out of things to sell, I decided it was time to find another job.

This time, I was lucky. I found a job I really liked. I was paid to run around Chicago delivering messages and assorted items back and forth between businesses there. The job had a basic pay rate plus commission, which

meant that the harder I worked, the more I earned. I was having some problems making ends meet so I got a roommate to help take the edge off expenses. That was a mistake!

My roommate paid the rent for two months then kicked me out of my apartment. Since his name was on the receipts, the police could do nothing. I couldn't afford a lawyer and the building was being sold in a few months.

So there I was. I had a job I liked but no place to live. That's where having parents came in handy. The same parents I had put through years of wondering what I was doing and whether I was eating right, etc. The same parents whose last knowledge of my work was when I was teaching bicycle repair at a local college. To this day they still can't believe that someone without a high school diploma could teach college.

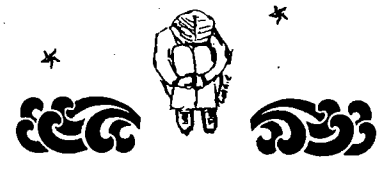
I moved in with my parents and started anew. I was eighteen and my parents no longer had any legal responsibility for me. My life choices were basically up to me now.

I decided to try restaurant work. Actually, that was the only kind of work available at the time. After two months I was able to save enough to rent an apartment and buy a car. I finally had a job I liked; they liked me and gave me hours I could handle.

When the weather got better, I started painting houses on the side. My employers noticed my interest in working with my hands and changed my job description from part time bus boy/waiter, to maintenance for the grounds. I had the choice to work as many hours as I wanted. It worked out well. When I didn't have houses to paint, I would work longer hours.

In the span of two years, I worked ten different jobs and lived in five different places. All this "on the job experience" taught me that it was time to settle down a little bit.

I learned a few things in those two years. I found out what you have to do to survive in the working world, how to deal with the people with whom you work and what amount of responsibility you have to take upon yourself in order to be self supporting. I also gained the feeling of security that is generated from having the same job for awhile.



One drawback to being on your own is that you find that all your friends with whom you spent the years growing up are no longer there. You find that you have to make new friends, and unless you go to college or work in the same town, your chances of seeing them are not very great. If you stay in the same town as your high school, you might see them when they come home on weekends.

There are an awful lot of feelings that go along with seeing old friends and talking about old times and finding out what they're doing. Cutting that tie and accepting that you are no longer a member of the once great Gestalt is a hard thing to do, but it is necessary in order for you to move on with your life. Right now, I'm sitting in the lobby of a college dorm in Madison, Wisconsin.

I've spent the last few days observing college life and seeing old friends. I run in to lots of people I grew up with and find out what they plan to do with their lives. Part of me wants to be here with people my own age; the other half wants to be doing what I'm able to do now, which is sit back and take an unbiased look at all of this.

I know now that my decision not to go to college was right for me, at least for the time being. Maybe the next time the issue of going to college comes around my decision will be different.

The transition between the end of high school and going out on your own is not easy. Whether you choose to go to college or work for a living, it will be a learning experience. So when the time comes for you to make the decision, THINK about what you want from life and go for it! Out there is a world waiting for you and your future to become part of it.

## OH, REALLY?

MICHAEL DAVIS



It was late in the afternoon, and it was extremely cold. My jacket was not that warm and Boston in the middle of January was not the place to be without proper attire.

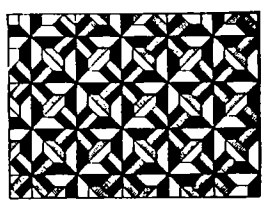
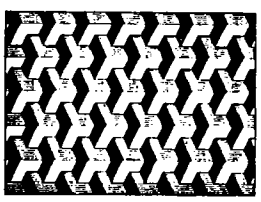
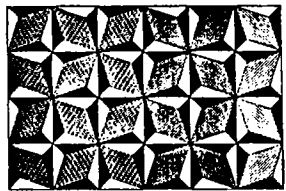
I was waiting for the MBTA out in the middle of Commonwealth Avenue. Ah, finally. I put my token in the box as I stepped into the train. That token was extremely expensive to me at that moment. I was not working and was planning to move back to New York within a week. I looked at all the faces on the train as I usually did, but this time I thought of something in a new way. Like the older gentleman sitting about four seats away from me. How expensive was that same token to him? It was the same 75c but what was it to him? I tried to put myself in his place. I could see him looking at the train from a different angle, and he was thinking not of the cold, but of the amount of work that was not checking out right with the figures he had calculated.

I noticed a young woman sitting next to an affectionate young man. She too was looking at the train from a different angle and could have been thinking about how her boy

friend there was starting to get on her nerves and how she was going to break up with him.

We were all looking at the same things, yet how different we saw them! It then occurred to me that for every person sitting on the blasted subway, it was a totally different subway to each and every single one of them. Some looked at it for maybe the first time, some, not even noticing it because they had ridden it so much.

That evening led me to thinking about something. What is reality? Yes, that question has been asked before, many times. The truth of the matter is that I really believe that reality is simply what you perceive it to be. "Be realistic" is a popular phrase, but how realistic can one be outside of his or her own perception? Face it, there is no all seeing eye, looking at things in an objective manner. There can't be - everyone sees life slightly differently. And everyone's perception is as real as it can possibly ever get. That's it. For anyone who says that this statement is cosmic or "far-out" - I'm not trying to be that way - the only thing I am being is realistic.



# 4 WANTED FOR HIRE:

JAMES HODGES

So, you have to find a job. None of us want to spend long hours slaving behind a stove or sweeping floors, but eventually, we have to go to work. The major reason is money. How else are you going to afford that new stereo?

If you go to college, it is much easier to get a job, but I'm going to address the problem of finding unskilled labor (restaurant, delivery, cashier, that sort of stuff). The most important thing is appearance. If you are applying for your first job or have little experience, appearance is about all an employer has to judge you by. When you go in, always ask for the manager as he or she is the only one who does the hiring. If there is a help wanted sign in the window, you can just ask for an application, then ask for the manager. You should always wear your dress clothes, you know, the stuff that mom buys for you in Spring that does nothing but hang in your closet. That purple tie-dyed T-shirt from the last conference just won't cut it. Dress in appropriate clothes for appropriate jobs. If you are applying for an outdoor or landscaping job, a good pair of jeans and a flannel shirt are fine. If you are applying for a position in a high class restaurant, a coat and tie or long dress may be necessary.

Make sure that your hair is clean and well combed. For guys, this does not necessarily mean that you have to cut your hair, but it can surely help. You'll get alot more "Can you start now?"s than "Don't call us, we'll call you."s.

Another important thing is speech. Avoid cliché expressions, such as, "Lookin' for any help?", "Need workers?" or "Hiring?". Phrases like "Are you accepting applications?" or "Are there any job opportunities at this time?" are more effective. Always speak clearly and loudly. Be prepared to tell of past experiences or training that qualify you for the job. Know when you can and cannot work. Try to be available for flexible hours. Have a phone where you can be contacted. YOU can always go back to the same place later and see if a job is open.

Timing can be very important. Sometimes an employer will not look at applications in the file, but instead will hire the first person who walks in the door. Always apply alone; never bring friends along. It just doesn't look good to an employer.

After you get a few jobs or have some kind of skill, like typing or cooking, you can try a job agency. Job agencies can be found in the phone book under employment opportunities. They will interview you, get a list of your skills, and locate a job for you. Some jobs are temporary but these jobs can help you get experience. In the end, it is all up to you.

GOOD LUCK!



If you find this creature, box it up and mail to Cleveland Q

As of August 1, 1982 the Selective Service preppies Act will go into effect. Congress, seeing preppies were a dwindling American, voted this bill into action.

You will be required to go to your local Post Office, and surrender your name, address and, social security number. Numbers will be chosen from these at random, when chosen you are required to serve a two week tour of duty at the closest library, college campus, or so on. Preppie haircut with polo shirt (collarator included) are required. Remember. Join the few. The Proud. The Preppies

## two ways of a one way mirror. (cont.)

You will hate, fear and loathe the man, but in the end, come as close as can be to loving that man. Listen to him, he is ex-11B (infantry) What he teaches you could save you in later life.

The first few weeks we went through was more bull and headgames than you can imagine. -Take the gear off, ten minutes of class. Breaktime.

-Rush to put it back on. Hope for seven minutes; expect five; get three. (That is how it goes.)

-Take the gear off. Rush back in for class. (raining all the time) -Ten more minutes of class, then back out.

"If you are not out of this building, all 200 of you maggots (Military Apprentice Getting Great Organizational Training), in fifteen seconds, in an orderly fashion, you are wrong."

"Stop dragging your asses people. This is no vacation."

"You are soldiers; act like you have a purpose in life." (If I did, would I be here?)

"You little people are pissing me off." This went on for three hours at a time, for three weeks.

All through basic, you live in close contact with fifty others, twenty-five hours a day. The D.I. had us pair off with a buddy, someone to watch out for who will watch out for you. If you are wrong, so is he.

The relationship with your buddy is the closest thing one can get to marriage. Given time, you will know what he thinks, eats, when and where he shits, all about his family and his home town. You and he are the same person.

This is a good idea, the pairing off. Sometimes you are too tired or sick to do much of anything like shining boots or cleaning your area, so he will help out and do it for you. You would do the same for him. It just is.

Hell and highwater. Just him, you and two M16-A-1 rifles.

This worked out fine for four weeks. Then he was recycled (set back) with the flu. He was sent to another company, gone for good. No buddy and the duty and responsibility of two people. I was watching both sides of the coin at one time.

If Basic or regular army teaches you anything, it is tolerance. More bull flies in such a short time and you are sure that every bit of it is aimed at you.

You quickly learn that there is no such thing as fantasy in the army.

With Basic, it is either give in or give up. There is no other way. You can't beat the system. Nothing is new to them; they have seen it all and more.

The mind just snaps, echoing in the now voided brain. Everyone at one time or another during basic will sit down and cry. If not on the outside, then on the inside. The pressure is too much. You cry and then you find yourself truly free.

At the time when the mind goes, those who have already "broken" will always lend the hand and support that is needed. It is no longer sets of two, but the platoon has become one great big amoeba. You then have a wish, or need, to learn. You will survive this place.

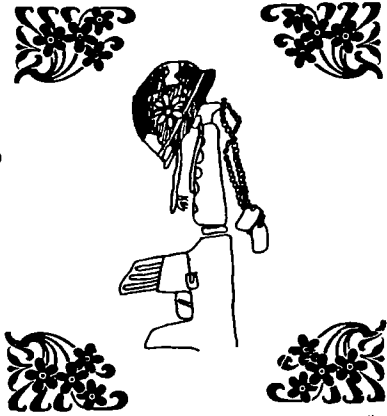
The head trips that the D.I. plays on you are thrown back into his face. It does not phase you a bit, and the D.I. lets up a bit. He now knows he has what he wants, soldiers. He has gained the advantage and your real fight begins.

Habit and reaction take over. He yells "Hit the dirt!" and you will never remember falling, but you will taste the dirt in your mouth. There is nothing else to be had, for that is all there is.

The fight to find yourself begins. Not search, but fight. Not the outer image, the shell, but what makes the person within. You no longer have burdens while you are there. No fear of life or death exists (to a point) and at last you have the foundation for a stronger soul.

The fight is with the D.I. and yourself, with yourself as the prize.

My main fight was with the weapon, the M16-A-1 rifle. Death.



"Private Schmidt reports as ordered, sir." "At ease, private. It says in your jacket that you are a combat engineer." "Yes, sir. 820th C.E. battalion, sir." "Good. There is a vargame today in Georgia and they asked for a demo to fill a slot." "Yes, sir." "Get chow at 0530 then supply at 0550. Good luck and have fun." "Yes sir."

The last thing in the world I needed, wargames. Give a thousand gun-happy, reservists, national guardsmen, and regular army personal weapons and the permission to use any deserted swampland around, all that will become is pure chaos.

After some time I made it to the chow hall, my head still pounding ferociously, the smell of food overpowering. The urge to pass out was even greater. As I passed through the doors, all that could be seen was line after line of green pickle suits. Herded like cattle, waiting for slaughter like pigs.

I decided to play it safe and chickened out with eggs and milk. Somehow they found a way to screw that one up also.

I looked down at the plate; the yellow yokes of two over-easy eggs seemed like they were two bloodshot eyes staring back at me. No matter where I pushed the plate on the table, their gaze followed me.

Before the smell and noise became too much, I gulped down the milk and abandoned the eggs to some lesser faith.

It is places like this that can quite easily turn one into a vegetarian.

A snug web belt around my waist and a tight strap of the weapon on my back is the most secure feeling I have ever felt. But in times of war, being a combat engineer, I would be on the front. Not so secure, no?

You would swear never to shoot or kill, but when you find bullets flying very closely overhead, your life becomes very important.

Without your fire cover, your buddy's life isn't worth scrap when he rushes forward.

It is just that the rifle freaked me out when they handed it to me that first time. What in the world do you people want me to do with this piece of garbage? Eat it?

At the range, the targets are no longer circles or black boxes. Instead, little green (what else?) silhouettes of people. At first sight, it is very hard to hang with.

A 5.56mm bullet will enter the body, making a hole the size of a dime. Leaving that same body, the hole will hold a grapefruit comfortably. I almost found out about grapefruits while trying to calm down a scared guard at a walk mount at 2:00am with a loaded M-16 pointed at my chest. It is very hard.

First shoot at 100 meters or less, then work outward. One clean hit only takes three seconds. The distance will work up to 400 meters, never really seeing what or who you hit. A little movement and the reflexes will do the rest.

What is worse (if worse can be) is the M-36 hand grenade. Anything within a five meter circle is no more. Fifteen meters further, not much better off.

# FOLLOW



(...cont.)

In case of war,  
I get the front.  
Better me than you,  
But I really don't know  
what I would do.  
I just can't say.

If the chow hall was bad, the supply depot surpassed it by far. Four white walls, a narrowing hallway, finally leads down to a little caged window. And another line of green.

Not a word was being said by a soul there. Heat built up in the room from the ever growing line of bodies. No sounds, only the echoes of heartbeats as the walls slowly moved in towards me. The click of heels as the line progressed. One by one, the gear was distributed. Finding myself at the head of the line, I was handed a pile of forms and a military black ink pen.

Form after form, my mind slowly flowed forth from the tip of the pen. The plastic, my bones. The paper, my skin. The ink, my blood. And the words, my soul.

The list of forms and numbers, cross reference numbers to others still. The print attacked from all sides, rushing up to my face with infinite speed, grace and tact. Slowly, I was consumed by a wave of paper.

After the last signature on the last form, came the supplies.

Can openers, ammo pouches, helmet liners, shoe laces. Any and everything I would need for the oncoming battle was there. I was armed to the teeth and loathing every minute of it.

\*\*\*\*\*  
The biggest problem of today's army is the same as my father's or his father's army, alcohol. Any color, size, or shape of bottle will do, as long as it has a proof. Age is no matter on base. Old enough to die, old enough to drink. This post alone has six different places at which to buy booze. One is only 150 meters from the barracks. Frunk in public does not exist on post. All the M.P.'s so is return you back to the barracks.

Drink during lunch, on the way back from duty, all the way until midnight. (one needs at least four hours sleep to maintain.)

The time, place and situation really don't matter. If the soldier wants to drink, he will. It will soon turn into a \$50 - \$100 a week habit. And that's only the week days.

Drugs are next on the list. In the woods around any post, six out of ten trees or bushes will have a stash in it.

Marijuana is not taken lightly by the Army. Dogs are run quite often through the barracks, and getting caught with even as little as a seed is a quick ticket out.

The only way to beat the dogs is pills. You name them, they have them.

Any pain, in any way, the medics will pass pills on as long as you need them. The Army gives, and the people pass them on. Taken with beer, the average soldier will soon forget.

Abuse to remember, to pass time, abuse to escape. Everyone has their own reasons and are on their own trips.

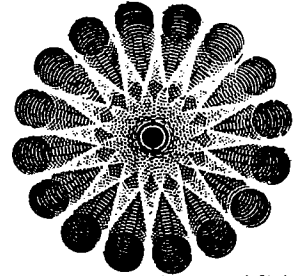
\*\*\*\*\*  
After a very bumpy jeep ride, I arrived at the chopper pad.

The helicopters lay side by side, blades spinning and the blast pushing me back as I fought to get closer.

Suddenly I froze, hypnotized by the egg-beater like sounds striking me across the face. Blades turned forward in a backward motion, just inches off the ground.

Someone waved to me and I rushed to get in. Within seconds we were airborne, except for my stomach, which still lay on the ground below. At this time, it was an even bet as to which was spinning faster, the rotor blades or my head.

Twenty one choppers, all in a tight formation, with ours at the point. We were off to wherever. Why not?  
\*\*\*\*\*



When in the military, there is a definite boundary between being on the inside and outside. There is respect from the older folks, understanding by the vets, and fear and hatred (same thing) by the youth.

The outside no longer exists. No one bothers to read the paper or watch T.V. The fear of the reality that we could possibly face is just there and is no longer a real part of our lives.

What has happened in the past nine months? We really don't know.

The towns around post like our easy money, that's about all. Police know we are quick targets for D.W.I.s, among other things. Locals usually wish we were someplace else.

On the inside, it's a world of its own. Those who are here will help us to no end. They are mostly the wives of service members and understand. Most things are either free or low cost on base. It is almost like a mix between a dictatorship and a commune.

When people say they hate the military, it's not really hate, but fear. How can they hate what they do not know or understand?

A hate of what happens during war, a fear that it might be them or anyone else on either side of the action. I wish people could see the difference between their fears and hate.

It's not that the military is bad in itself. We act only on what the current government dictates. We can do very little on our own; we're like puppets on strings.

The government misuses the military at times. It is all politics, nothing more, nothing less.

There is slack from the government, slack from the civilians. And we are in the middle of it all.

There are those in the army for the fight, the hard-core rangers. They are the ones I can't understand. I don't think I ever will.  
\*\*\*\*\*

A gentle nudge woke me from my sleep. Somewhere along the trip I had dozed off.

Both hatches were wide open and a sergeant was passing out cardboard boxes of K-rations and beer. Any and everything you have ever wanted from a can, and all of it fifteen years old. Peaches, cake, candy, turkey, and much more. Three boxes of K-rat will keep a soldier on the front alive. Better yet if the enemy eats them.

As I finally woke, I recognized a song by the Doors coming from a tape deck behind me. We sat with our feet hanging over the side of the door in the cool breeze, drinking beer and eating K-rats. Slowly watching the cans as they fell to the ground, we knew all the time that that could be us, by accident or design.

Fights are not uncommon. Living in a forty man bay, divided into four man sections, the only walls being lockers, tension grows quickly.

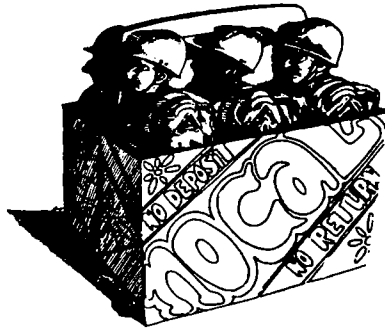
Privacy is rare, but highly appreciated. You find it where and when you can. Thoughts of home, counting the days until leave, transfer or end of duty.

With so much time on my hands, I just shine my boots and try to find myself on the tip of a wet wax rag.

Bullshit and headtrips from hard-core sergeants are expected. You search deep within for extra energy. Every morning you say it is the last, no more. But you always seem to make it through the next day.

Letting loose of home, friends and possessions. All I own fits into a duffle bag. Letters are always worth their weight in gold.

I accept what I am and have only started to find myself in this strange world in which I find myself.  
\*\*\*\*\*



This is what we had all been waiting for. The squad leader finally told us what our mission was.

Our squad and one other were to land at the LZ (landing zone) three to five minutes before the main group (which had dropped back beyond sight now), create a sound and stable perimeter around the LZ and hold it.

What did the LZ look like? We had no idea. It could be friendly or enemy control by the time we got there. We had to wait and see.

A large burst of rounds went off next to me and I almost went airborne out the hatch. The sergeant had started passing out blank ammo and people were testing their weapons out the hatches into the trees below.

Then the door gunner with the .50 caliber machine guns cut loose. No one could hear a thing from then on.

I found myself with my finger on the trigger, emptying 20 round clips into the trigger overhead, aiming for the clouds, watching the paper walls being chopped to shreds.

Now all we waited for was the five minute warning and the smoke to mark the LZ.

There are always those who pass out, but sleep is salvation. Waking, the horror. Eight to ten hours sleep a blessing. Sleep is an escape from it all, a chance to dream of other lives, things, people or places.

Waking up just minutes before the LZ turns on the lights to start the new duty, it is 4:15am. Laying awake in bed, the fear and loathing for the passing of each second is terrible.

Before I go to sleep each night I ask myself why? All I can come up with are excuses, no real reason. It's a feeling that is hard to put on paper. My day will come when it does.  
\*\*\*\*\*

Then it came. Five minutes, the pilot told us. Now only the sound of the blades and the rushing wind could be heard.

As if in one mad Christmas time rush, we all started to check our gear and grab the full ammo clips that lay around.

It was not long till the pilot spotted the purple smoke that marked the LZ. The .50 calcs opened up on the tree line around the clearing to soften up our landing.

The choppers were down for no more than 30 seconds before we were out of them.

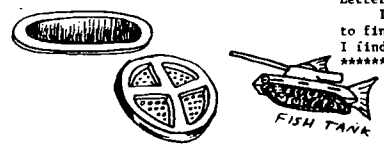
We rushed for cover in the trees and were met by heavy enemy cover. The sergeant radioed to the main strike force to delay until the outcome of this soon to be massacre.

Then off went the loudest sound I have ever heard in my life. It scared the living daylight out of me. Something went off very close to the left of me.

I lay there, trying to regain my hearing when the referee declared us dead, ending our part in the war games.

The noise? A dummy M-36 hand grenade, three feet from my head. It was only a game, luckily.

All it took was three easy minutes. Now I have seen on faith what could have been. Sometimes I just don't know. Funny thing, this Army. Nothing more, nothing less.



## POETRY



Six months later it still hurts.  
 When a man comes to me a new space opens,  
 and will not be filled with bitterness or  
 indifference.  
 It's a palpable sore spot each time our  
 eyes meet, or pretend not to,  
 remembering "he was once inside me,  
 flesh against my flesh. I shook and howled  
 before him, 'revealed'".  
 My lust is casual, multi-faceted, rises  
 easily. My heart, or soul, or whatever  
 you name the wild animal that lives inside -  
 she is not so casual.  
 When my legs open, my guts open too,  
 I cannot help it.  
 Even the sharing of sin-heavy bourbon  
 is sacred to me.

When will the revolution catch up with me?  
 When will I learn that sex is no religion,  
 opiate though it may be?  
 My body has modern hungers.  
 Why not my heart modern resiliency?



## HAIKU

Summertime two souls  
 and then fall, winter and spring  
 summer one lost soul

## A Short Essay on Matchbooks, Money &amp; Life

you go to get a beer and fade into the smokey  
 notes of a jukebox playing...  
 you seem to be taking so long--  
 where did...ah, here you come  
 (a friend's earrings delay, you say)

fade into a short essay -- life story of  
 a matchbook cover from outside the reality of  
 1977 Kent (I don't know where)  
 I didn't hear the story  
 but it must have been a very important matchbook  
 in its own little corner of the world

pity the displaced matchbook;  
 I think I should (I must, I will),  
 symbolic refuge from bombed out Warsaw  
 boarding the train to...  
 or some other such "it only lives in books  
 or the drunken rambling words of an old man  
 who can't even sit on his barstool without falling off"

run-mental honky-tonk --  
 open the door onto a rainswept street  
 and the old man is washed down the gutter,  
 flowing out of reality... "poor drunken fool", I laugh  
 and go back inside to the woman at the next table  
 getting her feet massaged (gave me five dollars for bail)

shine on harvest moon,  
 you poor old drunken fool,  
 shine on...

-Rick Terrass



I saw the crows  
 dark souls in an oblique, mutable  
 late summer sky  
 now shielded by  
 the vertical seas of verdant flashing  
 the tufts of trees chiming  
 green - stop, red - go!  
 or  
 spring lightened,  
 oval winds twisting  
 over snow studded fields,  
 flowing above them,  
 black specks in a cumulus scum  
 issuing from a dark well  
 pitched northwardly.

They had laid down their husks  
 and laughed  
 traveling.  
 Hearts sold  
 to the yellowing sun,  
 to the hidden stars  
 twinkling in their red irises  
 they hear no voice,  
 but in their labored sighs  
 rocks a faint  
 cradle song.

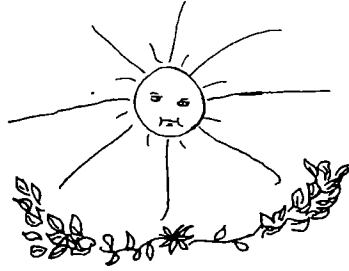
-Judie White



## Untitled

Flung over the back of a chair like a corpse  
 are my  
 blue jeans.  
 Too faded to look new  
 not faded enough to be old  
 my blue jeans.  
 Familiar,  
 I know everything about them -  
 Just how this seam falls,  
 where the fly sticks.  
 BUT -  
 These are my blue jeans,  
 and they are oh so ordinary  
 and so terribly special  
 (and different)  
 Just like anyone I've ever known.

# More Poetry



## mirror wrestling

he meditates each evening by candle-light,  
a dance so richly translucent it hypnotizes.  
he laughs in an inner way as the tune grows  
from the sternum breathes on which he relies.

shallow shades, conspiring a corner,  
turn swarthy-the air tastes sour in his breast.  
in this mirror-wrestling, self is the focus;  
conduction and survival are the test.

a grappling of forms-both the holy and  
delectable-  
the cure seems twice and twice the curse.  
if he beats himself who is the victor?  
if he is beaten who has it worse?

he duels himself/he duels himself;  
where does it end?  
arms grasp arms grasp arms grasp arms;  
where does it end?  
one self see-saws the other down, then up again;  
it doesn't end.....

-3/82  
-ryh m.

## Friends Now For Lisa

Remembering the many  
times we made love  
I think it will be nice  
to be  
your friend.

Phil Rodgers



the lake  
had a layer of ice  
crackling over it  
when the sun rose this morning  
my dog and i  
went down  
to test the ice  
with a nose  
a mittened hand  
paws and boots broke through

we travel more in winter  
slipping  
across water  
frozen  
by the power of  
north winds  
calmed by snow  
crunch of boots and  
cries of geese  
give us space to  
roam

-stacy-

The breeze, the breeze,  
I love the breeze.  
It's nice to feel the breeze.  
-Darcie Jennet Polzien-  
page 71



Tales of long forgotten tears  
echo past your deafened ears  
things of the past not quite there  
nor here, so where?  
I had a friend once she told me  
"You have alot of love you can't be  
Lonely  
Now she's dead and gone  
left me only looking for what I once knew  
was it you??"

For I knew you I watch your long brown hair  
swing and sway to songs I've  
Never sung to you...  
why don't you know me??  
Touch my hand and maybe...  
we'll begin to know each other  
For what we are.....  
ourselves

-Rob W. Campbell  
= for mornings star

## Inspiration For David

And you will find me  
in the strangest places,  
unlooked for, hiding  
behind a bush or stately tree.  
I am waiting for you.

In darkest night we shall  
walk through fields  
overgrown with weeds and passing fancy,  
pausing on the edge  
to watch the wind entangle,  
as we are.

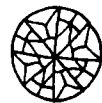
Hold lightly my hand  
that I might traverse easily  
this unknown road  
and not be led against true intuition,  
for my way is that of emotion.

And we shall go with dreams,  
more wonderful than starblind.  
We shall be noticed;  
you will be loved  
for such is your way, not denied.

In day shadows we will  
fade into moments of the banal,  
only to arise shining  
under magic that is of our  
Creation.

We shall make the mundane awesome,  
we shall cause the mobs to sing.  
Riding the crest of infinite waves,  
we almost seem to fly.  
We are the chosen few  
who must create the dreams  
for those who are destined to die.

Rebecca R. Kovar



# THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

CASANDRA LENTCHNER

Moving into the real world, huh? What is the real world? Is it life after we are finished with high school? College? Is the real world working to support ourselves? Moved out of our parents' homes? (Is the real world life out of LRY?) Does the real world mean existing as a contributing member of the society in which we live?

The next question is, once we are in the real world, what do we do? What is the general purpose? What is the purpose of life in the "real world"?

I would venture to say that most people's answer to the purpose of life would be the pursuit of happiness. Not many people walk around saying, "I want to be miserable." Most have a goal in life that is, ultimately, to enjoy. People plan their lives in order to achieve the greatest possible satisfaction. That goal is subdivided into many smaller goals. Each person sets up goals that, upon achievement, will result in happiness and life advances.

People go to school to get a better job and to learn for more personal satisfaction, and this will bring happiness. People work to fulfill themselves, to earn more money, to buy the things they want and need, and this will bring happiness. People buy a house, a car, a new TV, and this will bring happiness. We get involved in relationships, marriage, have children, and this, too, will bring us happiness. Our whole culture is geared toward achieving happiness.

Our scientific technologists spend their days inventing means of relieving the bothersome routines of daily life. Dishwashers, microwaves, computers, all are supposed to aid in the pursuit of happiness. Medical science is fighting disease, to conquer health problems and further the ability to gain happiness.

Still, each time an advance is made or a material possession is gained, the happiness is not lasting. A new goal is set and that one will bring happiness.

What then is happiness? Is it a momentary satisfaction? Is it the gain total of previous achievements? No, it can't be, because new goals are constantly set. Is it a feeling within you? No one feels happy all the time. Is it just a lack of sadness? That is good old Webster's definition. The ultimate goal, then, must be to achieve complete happiness all the time, twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, never feeling sad. Is this possible? It is for some, but what do we have then? If we are happy all the time, how do we know we are happy? Can happiness exist without sorrow? What then, are we working towards? Our culture is spending all its time working to achieve happiness, but if we eliminate all sorrow and have only happiness, can we feel it? That is like looking at a single spot on the wall and asking whether it is up or down. If we have nothing to compare it to, it is neither. It is just a single spot. If we had happiness all the time, would we know we were happy? We would feel nothing out of the ordinary. We would get no satisfaction and have nothing to work for.

We must learn to work for contentment from within, to find a balance with which we are satisfied. We must learn to experience life for what it is and not make of it what it is not.

If we accepted life for what it is, we would not be thrown into depression by the ups and downs. Searching for utopia can only increase the disappointments. Either we will find it and won't find it satisfying, or we will be constantly disappointed by the lack of perfection. Find the right combination for us, individually, and live with it. Our goal can't be ultimate happiness, perfection or utopia, because that leaves us nowhere, feeling nothing.

Welcome to the Real World.



HAIR TODAY, GODS TOMORROW...

WHERE HAVE ALL THE HIPPIES GONE ...?



## FEDS UPS & DOWNS

**FSLRY-**  
Just had two weekend conferences, one in San Diego, and one in Solpueda. They both went really well, with a good attendance. Conferences in the planning are: Phoenix-March 19-21, Easter Camp-April 3-9 at DeBennville Pines, Long Beach-April 30-May 2, and a Youth Adult Conference May 7-9. Board members for the 1982-83 Board will be elected at Easter Camp.

For more info contact Bekah James  
1348 Hackett Ave, Long Beach, CA 90815

**La Conard-**  
Had a Board meeting Feb. 19 and re-elected officers. A conference is being planned for Memorial Day weekend in May. A new youth oriented creative arts magazine is being put together by Boulder LRY. It is going to be called *Noisler*.

For more info contact Eric Johnson  
7229 S. Cook Cir., Littleton, CO, 80122

**Starr King-**  
Had an LDC in January, and a weekend conference in March. Conferences in planning are: San Mateo-May 1-3, Sacramento-May 28-30, Mendocino LRY Camp June 27-July 3, and a Tri-Fed Aug. 22-28.

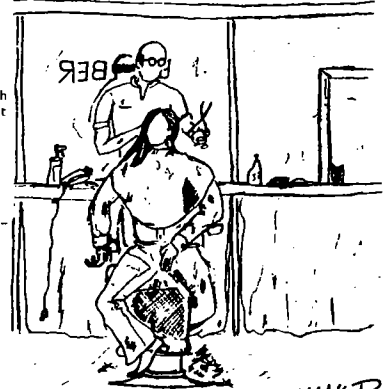
For more info contact Debbie Goldberg  
2415 Prospect, Berkeley, CA, 94704

**NH/VT-**  
A conference is being planned for April 23-25 in Laconia, and three fundraisers are also being set up. Delegates for CG2 will be elected. There will also be a carnival in May.

For more info contact Claudia Center  
19 Kanne Rd., Amherst, NH, 03031

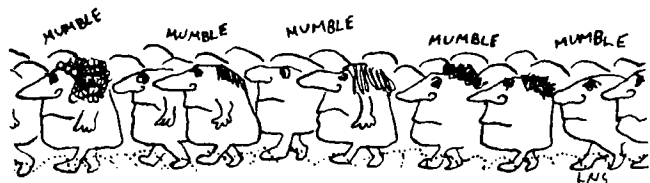
**Nabasco-**  
Struggling to stay alive. Nothing is planned until the CB takes over. There has been a large decrease in members, and the treasurer from two years ago ran off with the money and hasn't been found. The contact is Kathy DesLauries  
139 2nd Ave, Woonsocket, RI, 01895.

**Barney**  
Has moved it's boundaries to include Princeton and the rest of New Jersey. The Village conference was a success, as was the Village Coffee House. Morristown is having a conference April 11-13. Lincroft is planning a Coffee House, and some of the locals have had exchanges. Other conferences being planned are Princeton, and a YAC post-Common Ground conference. Delegates to CG2 will be chosen there.



HAK P.

**Sunco-**  
Will be having a Walkathon to raise money, and is planning to buy a school bus to use for conferences, SUSSI, G.A., and Common Ground 2. A conference in Tampa is being planned for April 2-5 in Tampa.  
For more info contact Andrew Diamond  
5416 Harbor Rd., Bradenton, FL, 33529





# Growing Radical in America:

In just over one month I will be 26 years old. On the surface that may not seem to be a particularly profound statement, but after 26 years I am still not married -- nor am I likely to be in the foreseeable future -- I never finished school, and I don't have a career in the traditional sense. In short, I have rejected the values that my peers were brought up to believe in, and in doing so, I have abandoned what little security I would have found by conforming.

What I do have is the belief that what I am doing is right, regardless of what other people say. Usually this is enough. Still, at other times I have doubts about where my life is going, about whether the sacrifice is too great, and whether there is even an outside chance of achieving my political goals.

When other people have raised these doubts in the form of questions directed at me, I have always found it easy to rationalize. I point out that no one ever said that it was going to be easy, least of all me, and I point out that just because many of my goals will never be accomplished in my lifetime does not make them any less worthy of my time and effort. Which is all fine and well and which is usually enough to get me labeled as an idealist, fanatic, or terrorist, depending on the questioner's point of view.

It is not more difficult, however, to rationalize my way out of self-doubt. My life has become so intertwined with "The Cause" that it is easy to forget that I am a person, at times, and that as a person I have doubts and fears which can, and sometimes do lead to depression. The only course I have found which leads me out of these doubts or depression requires a conscious decision on my part to continue my isolation from my peers. It is not an easy decision to make and when faced with making it I have often found myself envying those who can take the easy way out and live the rest of their life in blissful ignorance or apathy. I just can't bring myself to renouncing everything that I believe in. This is what some people whose name escapes me called, "the noble curse of having the strength of your convictions".

While I wasn't always a radical, the security of sharing the herd mentality of my contemporaries went out the window at an early age. No one event made me a non-conformist, however, my parent's divorce was probably the turning point. It was then, at age 13, that I first ran away from home and it was during that brush with the "real world" that I first made the conscious decision not to conform. Up until that point I could have gone either way.

My non-conformity began to blossom during junior high school where I spent the better part of a year writing poetry entirely with classic Freudian dream symbols so that beneath their surface meaning was an obscene poem for those who knew the key. I began to hold daily readings of them before school and started to develop my reputation. One day, on a whim, I organized a cafeteria boycott simply because I was bored with the food and there was nothing better to do. The boycott's success was largely due to other people's frustration rather than anything I did, but it was that incident which spread my reputation for being "one of them" to the school administration.

My non-conformity reached full flower during high school, just as my feelings of isolation started becoming severe enough to lead to occasional depression. At that point, four of us had built a publishing empire which was responsible for putting out five daily underground newspapers in my school. Although the quality of our papers was largely mediocre, they provided an outlet for frustrations which the school administration chose largely to ignore. Our joint publishing venture began to show signs of crumbling during the last few months as I began to turn increasingly to politics, a turn which the others did not share, and it died quietly at the end of its second semester when two of the other three members graduated. After another half-semester of school, I dropped out and left home. To celebrate my new-found freedom, I embarked on a three month binge of hedonistic abandon which ended abruptly with my arrest and subsequent involuntary enlistment in the Navy.

The Navy takes immature kids and makes men out of them, or so they say. In reality, what they're trying to do is take whoever they can get and turn them into machines. With many others, however, they fail. For those people, the Navy is often the single most radicalizing experience of their life.

The promise of "real Navy" was the key to survival. It permitted us to think that boot camp was just a cruel charade and that if we only gave in and conformed we could escape in just a little while longer. Just in case the "real Navy" wasn't enough, however, there was the threat of being sent back to boot camp to start all over. The lifers did their best to insure that there was no room for doubting the Navy's willingness to make us endure this slow torture for the rest of our enlistments if necessary.

The slow process of politicalization which had begun during high school took off and became the major influence in my life while I was in the Navy. Although thinking the unthinkable was frowned upon by the Navy, among those of us involved in pushing the button, it was common. We were, by and large, the people with above average intelligence who the Navy tries hard to get and keep, and when it came to anti-submarine warfare we were among the best. Despite our proficiency, however, several of us had openly questioned whether we would push the button if the order ever came. For some reason which the Navy could not understand, we refused to approach the prospect of sinking real submarines with real people on board with the same zeal we had in attacking computer generated targets in the simulator or during war games. For most, the politicalization stopped there, with their direct involvement. For me, however, it was just the beginning. The Navy brought me face to face with political reality.

In the months that my ship was home-ported out of Athens, Greece, I saw first-hand the political and economic reality of the Greek people living under a military junta which was propped up by the United States. For the Greeks, rights were something to dream about secretly for fear of getting caught. I saw the seeds which led to massive anti-American riots and the stark differences between the Greece which tourists see and what the Greek people lived through.

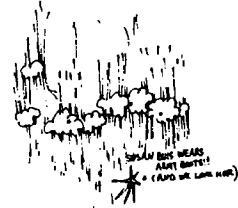
Most of my time in Italy was spent in Naples. My memories of Naples are ones of abject poverty punctuated with unrepaired damage from World War II and barbed wire topped walls which were covered with socialist graffiti. Meanwhile, the streets were filled with hordes of marchers organized by the Catholic Church who were protesting efforts to liberalize Italy's divorce and birth control laws.



The most profound of my memories, however, are of Spain during the reign of Francisco Franco and the fascists. In Spain I found poverty comparable to that of Naples coupled with members of the national police force carrying loaded submachine guns at the ready on nearly every street of Rota. There were frequent, apparently random, stop and searches on the streets and I witnessed many threats and near shootings -- particularly of beggars -- by the police. I also heard of unreported shootings and of political disappearances.

## A Non-Conformist Comes of Age

RICK TERPASS



The combination of what I had seen in the Mediterranean with the preparations for possible intervention in the mid-east which I had seen gave vivid life to what I had read in books by many socialists and anarchist writers. While I don't agree with everything those writers had said, I could see many worldwide U.S. military alerts, my radical political feelings took on a sense of urgency which they still retain to a large degree.



Once I saw the connections I finally decided that I had to act on what I had known all along -- namely, that I didn't belong in the Navy. During the next several months I set out on a course of action which I hoped would lead to an administrative discharge from the Navy. In the process I enlisted the aid of several civilian and military psychologists who agreed with me that I would be better off outside of the Navy. The military psychologists added that the Navy might well be better off without me organizing the troops from within. Unfortunately, the captain of my ship did not agree and shortly before we were to be deployed to South America for several months, I was forced to take an unauthorized absence to get a transfer. I turned myself in at the Naval Support Activity in Philadelphia and thirty days later, after slightly over three years in the Navy, I received an honorable discharge on the grounds of incompatibility.

I had entered the Navy as a political neophyte and while, at the time of my discharge I was still a neophyte, I was firmly committed to radical politics. During the ensuing six years my politics have been my purpose in life, with everything else taking a back seat. In that time, I have been actively involved in organizing around a wide range of issues. Far from being a helter skelter approach to radical politics, however, I see these issues as being interrelated parts of a unified cause -- a cause to which I remain committed.

# 10 NEW TACO



Hello. My name is Leslie Stanton, and I'm your new Director of Extensions and Assemblies. I love LRY, coffee, sunny days, chocolate, strange music, purple and green, crazy people, full moons, the ocean, and Boston. I hate violence, cruelty, city snow, green peppers, and Fred the Basset. When I'm not in the office I can usually be found hanging out at Taco Villa with my friends and roomates or wandering around Boston acting like a tourist. I am from Sacramento, CA, and I've been in LRY for about six years. I hope to do all I can for LRY in the next six months. If you're ever in Beantown, drop by and say hello!

Love,

*Leslie*

## Next Issue...

The next issue of People Soup will also be the last. Are you surprised? It will be a Cream of People Soup made up of the best of old issues and any new contributions YOU care to send me. Comment on what YOU want from the new youth organization, newspaper, etc. will be gladly accepted. This is your last chance to get something of yours published in this unique, creative, influential, esteemed rag. Please send articles, poetry, Bit-feedback letters, etc. Make the last issue of People Soup the best ever; make it YOURS.

Also, if you have a particular favorite article that you saw in any issue of People Soup, write us about it because the last issue will include those articles we feel have had the most impact and value.

THE DEADLINE FOR THE LAST ISSUE OF SOUP EVER IS: JUNE 15, 1982. This means that we can get it out to you before the LRY office closes in September. Your support and contributions have been greatly appreciated. Please help us go out with style. Thank you.



## YOUTH CAUCUS

Youth Caucus is an organization of Unitarian Universalist youth interested in working within the denomination to voice their needs and concerns.

Starting at the 1974 General Assembly in New York City, UU youth who were attending the General Assembly decided to form their own caucus. Youth Caucus has evolved into a fairly strong, well organized group of people who are generally listened to and respected by the constituency.

Youth Caucus is urging societies to recognize youth interested by considering them for delegate status. Youth are a significant section of our denomination and should be allowed to represent themselves. The request includes that those societies that usually support their delegates financially also fund youth delegates. Youth are less able to afford the expense of the assembly than the majority of the members of the denomination. It is a responsibility of the denomination to make its General Assembly a truly representative body. Youth Caucus will fund as many youth delegates as possible.

See the February 15 UU World for GA information and schedules. Youth Caucus meetings are set for:

- Tuesday 7:00 - 8:30
- Wednesday 9:30 - 11:00
- Thursday 4:00 - 5:30
- Friday 4:00 - 5:30

Programs and speakers to help youth and adults in their interactions and enjoyment of the GA will be provided.

Youth Caucus is also sponsoring the Speak-easy, an alcohol-free coffee house environment with entertainment nightly.

Youth Caucus participants will be housed together in cheaper-than-average accommodations on campus at Bowdoin. Depending on the number of participants, this may mean a shared dorm room, or it might mean a cot in a gymnasium. All housing is sexually segregated.

Cost for housing and meals for GA week will be approximately \$132.00, but may be slightly higher depending on the accommodations you prefer.

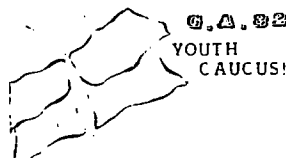
### Costs for General Assembly 1982

<u>Fees for accredited delegates</u>	
Youth registration fee (ages 13-19)	\$35.00
Travel fund	\$30.00

<u>Fees for all non-delegates</u>	
Youth registration fee	\$35.00
One day youth registration fee	\$15.00

<u>Delegates and non-delegates</u>	
Surcharge for registrations post-marked after May 15	\$20.00

Housing and registration for youth at GA is through the General Assembly office. General Assembly registration fees must be paid to the UUA's General Assembly office. Registration forms are available from the General Assembly office, 25 Beacon St., Boston, MA, 02108. Registering for GA is a pre-requisite for all Youth Caucus accommodations.



*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

# EDITORIAL

## BE SERIOUS!

I recently received a xeroxed copy of two letters and the Personals page of the Reflections issue (July '81). Circled on the page were two personals. One was the cheer commonly heard this summer, rapekillpillagendburn-eatbabies. The other, the title of a song by Lee Beckerman and Kathryn Price, was: Cute Little Girls Deserve To Die.

The first letter, with personals enclosed, was from Mary Brown, chair of the Board of Trustees of the Los Gatos, California Unitarian Fellowship. She, and the Board, felt that "in any context, the items...are not appropriate to a UU publication." She stated that so many Unitarian Universalists are working for peace, the abolishment of child porn, etc. The letter was addressed to Dr. O. Eugene Pickett, the president of the UUA and asked for an explanation.

"None of us are without a sense of humor, but these things are just not funny!" Ms. Brown says in closing.  
In response, Dr. Pickett informed her that People Soup is a publication of LRY, an independent organization, and so does not fall under their control. He went on to say that if it did, those personals would never have been allowed. He explained that the entire approach to youth programming was going to change "to encourage better communication between young people and adults." In closing, he says that he is sure that this kind of thing "will soon be a thing of the past." He is correct. With the re-organization, many of the controversial things brought up in People Soup over the years will no longer be allowed.

The note on the back of this little packet was addressed to me and read:  
"Becca Kovar, F.Y.I. - Church people actually read Soup!"

I am glad to hear it, but it does cause some conflict for me. First of all, I would like to state that at the time of publication, I had nothing to do with People Soup, save for the contribution of some poetry. Had the author of the note checked, he would have noticed that Kathryn Price was still in office at that time. I am not saying that I would not have printed the personals mentioned, merely that I did not.

Secondly, if church people do read Soup, why is it that we at LRY office rarely get feedback? Ms. Brown did not address her complaint to me or my predecessor, but rather to an adult, someone she obviously thought more responsible or capable of dealing with this problem. I did not even get a copy until after Dr. Pickett had responded. This shows little inclination to open communication lines between youth and adults.

People Soup is a publication for and by the youth who receive it. It is my duty to print the material I feel is valuable and/or informative. There is a great deal of humor included in most issues. The Personal page, however, is not usually censored or edited, if you will, unless there is obvious obscenity or slander. These little notes are meant to help people get in touch with one another and to provide an outlet for creative release. Not everyone is a poet. The Personals page is not meant to be taken seriously, save by those to whom there is a serious message.

It has always been difficult for youth to convince adults to take them seriously, because adults have been around longer and have accumulated more experiences. It is understandable that they look at youth with a doubting eye, for that is how they were looked upon. When they finally "move into the real world," they gain more respect and so are taken more seriously. Even invited to cocktail parties.

There was little or no response to the articles in the Social Actions issue of Soup (April '81), in which many articles concerning the threats of the present and various ways of dealing with the problems often encountered by youth. Why was this manifestation of good overlooked, while something as trivial as a two line note caused so much upset?

Yes, the cheer is awful, if taken seriously. That is the key. I am relatively sure that the person who made up the cheer has never raped, killed, pillaged, burned, or eaten babies! Nor, I think, would he. Like most UU youth, he has a firm commitment to peace and justice. The cheer has a

good rhythm and is often preferred over those that are made up of slenderous or otherwise undesirable words. He was certainly not serious about it!

Why is it that our work for the good of youth and UU's in general is ignored? People Soup has a long history of providing useful information and unusual alternatives to uncomfortable situations. We have been used as a tool for education and as a creative outlet for many youth. We provide a service to young writers who have trouble getting published elsewhere. Some of our material has been used to unite a group or start important discussion within local groups. Most of all, it is an entertaining paper that we can feel is ours.

I hope that the re-organization of youth programming can continue to provide these services. With the end of LRY's incorporation, goes one of the few youth-run youth groups. People Soup has done a great deal of good in the nine years of circulation. I can only hope that the new group can do the same. I am willing to help to that end. I feel that the youth newspaper is one of the most important factors in keeping up communication across the continent and throughout the world. I would hate to see it discredited by one small, frivolous comment.

The future of the youth group depends, in part, on the adults and youth attempting to understand each other. To do this, they must address each other directly and expect to disagree sometimes. Without it there will be no "common ground".

Recently I received a letter from my friend Nora. In it she described her feelings about a Nuclear Disarmament workshop that was held at a Starr King LRY conference.

"The night I got home from the conference I had a nightmare. I dreamed I was standing outside a store talking with some friends, and I looked up in the sky and saw a small, metallic ball coming towards me. I knew as soon as I saw it that it was a nuclear bomb. It fell, struck the roof above me, bounced off, and landed at my feet. It didn't explode. I ran, knowing it would do no good. As I ran down the street, the viewpoint of the dream changed; I had been seeing it through my own eyes. Now I was watching as though I was a detached observer. Just as that happened, the bomb exploded. I arched my back with the impact, as though someone had shot me in the back, and then went back to the original viewpoint as I hit the ground. As soon as I fell, everything went black. I didn't awaken right away. For 2 or 3 seconds the blackness persisted. When I awoke, it took a couple of minutes to sink in. I was in shock. Then I began to scream. My parents couldn't get me to stop crying for half an hour. They tried to tell me it was only a dream, but how could I be sure? How can I be certain that I will live my whole life span without dying in one of Reagan's "limited" nuclear wars?"



All my life I always wanted to see an end to all the wars between nations, and that is still true today. It seems to me that a draft registration plan in the United States would help to discourage other nations from starting a war against the United States.  
Raymond W. Clark



## BIO-FEEDBACK MONITOR SYSTEM

These letters appeared in the February issue of GORP, NH/VT's newsletter. I think they are relevant to the subject at hand. ed.

How could you?!? How could you publish (and thus encourage and perpetuate) a cheer(?) using such words as "rape, kill, pillage, and burn...?" I am a confirmed pacifist. Violence is NEVER an appropriate response for anger. I especially object to the word rape. Since the FBI statistics indicate that one out of every three women will be raped (and that's an increase since 1970, when it was one out of four). As woman, I am only too familiar with violence. Women and children are the traditional victims. Millions of victims are battered by the men they love, thousands are raped. Thousands of children are sexually abused. Some woman is raped every three minutes and some woman is battered every eighteen seconds. Maybe if you had to deal with the victims, you would be a little more sensitive to the issues. If you could see the fear and the bruises...  
Michele

A friend of mine, Hank Pierce, wrote the LRY cheer that was printed in the last issue of GORP. The cheer includes the line, "we're gonna rape, kill, pillage, and burn." The phrase seems funny to Hank, myself and dozens of other LRYers because of the satire of the line. To us, it is obvious that raping, and killing are wrong. Hence, the cheer encouraging them seems funny. To some people, however, this fact is not so obvious. When considered in this light, the flippant cheer is based on a dangerous assumption that everyone has as much respect for others as LRYers do. We must cherish this respect, but never take it for granted.  
Claudia Center



Although the above mentioned cheer may seem humorous, I agreed that it should not be used. It may not be meant to harm, but it is harmful. It is making a joke of a very serious and terrible issue, and we should not encourage this. It is no better than ethnic jokes or any other form of discrimination and degradation. If the rhythm of the cheer is so well liked, then maybe we should change to words that will show concern for other human beings, and help to make the world better.  
Kate Titus

Several months ago, Jeff Kahn, also known as Cass, sent in this cheer as a substitute:  
We're gonna plant, hoe, seed and sow  
Gonnaplantthoesseedandsow, plant flowers!  
Much thanks.



A Message from Canadian LRYers Everywhere  
We are tired of sending requests to Boston for People Soup and having them ignored, unanswered, or worse still, burned unopened. We won't tolerate this any longer.  
May it be known that failure to receive our copies of People Soup within the next month will result in a declaration of war upon the staff of People Soup on which we shall descend from our land of ice and snow by dogsled to blow you to pieces.  
YOU HAVE BEEN WARNED

# GUIDELINES FOR SURVIVAL

## Cat Carney & Gree Decker

As I was growing up, I was fortunate enough to have an older sister. Some of you may wonder at this statement, since you find your siblings to be a curse upon your life. Well, I must agree, it wasn't always fun, but all things considered my sister made my life alot easier. She was the one who braved the stormy waters of educating my parents on how to raise teen agers so that, years later I would sail into peaceful weather. She introduced me to LRY (thank God) and she was the first to cut the apron strings to home, showing me it was possible, and offering support to ease my transition.

Today, I learned that LRY is about to be cut off from UUA funding, and I am reminded of my sister. You know, LRY has a big sister just like I did. SRL (Senior Religious Liberals) was born of the UUA in the 1950's, about the same time as LRY. Together they flourished under the wing of the UUA and grew to share similar ideas, values and methods. As LRY's college age counterpart, SRLers were and largely are ex-LRYers that feel the experiences we shared together are just too good to leave behind.

Four years ago, SRL dissolved its corporate structure, gave back its share of the endowment fund and is still alive today independent of the UUA. I'd like to offer you the same help my sister offered me when I went out into the world. The changes you are going through seem to be similar to ours. Perhaps my experiences and impressions will be helpful to you.

SRL went through many changes in the 70's. Searching for the ultimate SRL experience involved alot of talk about "The Land". For years, the dream was to use the endowment fund to buy land and create a permanent home and conference center for all SRLers. But the real concrete details never quite got worked out. Being such a diverse group, some wanted rural, some wanted urban. Some wanted west, others east. Some wanted socialism, others capitalism. And so the dream went on unrealized. SRL even shut down for a year just to let things cool off. Once we changed

our name and reorganized our whole by-laws to be a network of social actions communities but that didn't work out either.

Then, at our 1978 Continental Conference we saw a course to unify us. We must celebrate our diversity! To agree on the land dream was apparently impossible. Maintaining the legal corporation and official business was burning us out. We saw that there was one thing thing we could all agree on. We enjoyed each other and we wanted to continue meeting each year. So we immediately cut away all the dross of our organization, gave back the endowment fund and kept only those facets of SRL that furthered our new goals.

Since that fateful decision, we have had three summer gatherings, each one successfully bearing the seed of the next. In recent years, COG has blossomed on the east coast and our group is focusing more on the western regions. Both our groups are nothing more than old LRYers. Perhaps a new wave of ex-LRYers can join us.

As the last group to move from LRY to SRL, we looked inward and saw what we wanted to be a support group for each other's varied lifestyles and to meet once a year to celebrate and reaffirm our growth. We also realized that our dreams must be tempered by the realities of less vacation time and no more parental financing of our conferences. So we arrived at an economical structure that could still fulfill our needs. There are three essential components that now keep our organization alive.

**The Mailing List**- this is the life blood of our group. We put a lot of attention on keeping the list updated every year and it is available to all. We clean out dead addresses so we're not throwing away our publicity.

**The Seed Fund**- We kept \$500 of the endowment fund to pay for food, publicity, site, etc. We set a price for the conference that will replenish the stash for the next year's gathering. A good guideline is to never use the seed fund for personal expenses. Always keep it in a bank account.

**The Conference Committee**- Every year, some of us volunteer (no elections) to put together next year's experience. The entire group usually discusses which area they would like the committee to find a site in. The seed fund is passed on from committee to committee.

So that is the foundation of what keeps SRL running smoothly. There are some aspects of our gatherings that were developed to save money and be further self-empowered, such as running the conferences ourselves rather than paying resource people and experts to come teach us, we focus more on what we can teach each other. We attempt to have frequent whole group meetings so that most decisions can be made by consensus, including scheduling, theme, workshops, etc. Also, we pay for the site with our labor. We all work three or four hours a day on projects that will benefit the owners of the land we use. We try to be on farms or land owned by people who share our values. We bring tents and camp out to cut back costs to only food and publicity. This method has worked out well, not only making gatherings more affordable, but also giving us a greater sense of connection with the land and its year round residents.

From the experiences we've had in SRL, I would recommend that before LRY disperses out of its present form, you make an all out effort to build the basic foundation of a self-structured group. Compile an up-to-date mailing list of active LRYers from recent federation and continental gatherings. Start a money making drive to raise \$500 or more as a seed fund. Appoint a committee to organize your next agreed upon conference. Once you've got those basics to keep the ball rolling you can build on from there.

I sincerely hope you all have fun through this transition and that, perhaps, the two waves of ex-LRYers can see ourselves as one group, meeting, playing and working together to better realize our dreams. Let there be much communication and support among us!

Walk in peace,  
Gree



Be a tent  
We need tents  
Get involved  
Volved is a nice place for a tent to be



**Intentional Communities**

**SRL CONTINENTAL GATHERING**

**June 18<sup>th</sup> - 28<sup>th</sup>**

at Cerro Gordo community  
in Cottage Grove, Oregon

\$20 to \$40 sliding scale

For info, write SRL, P.O.Box 11244  
Eugene, OR 97440.

