

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!

Such Love Always,
PVI Klemens Van "Doc" Schmidt

Fort Belvoir, Virginia, home of the en-
sineer. 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 platoon after platoon 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 'nng 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.

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Liberal Religious Youth Inc.
25 Beacon St.
Boston, Massachusetts 02108
(617) 742-2105

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Staff for this issue:

Rebecca R. Kovar, Editor
Leslie Stanton/Phil Rodgers
Van Schmidt/ryk mcintyre
Janet Rosado/Neill Osgood
Austin Smith/Paul Vail

Photography:

James Bohem/Tom Bier/Leslie Stanton

Art credits:

ryk mcintyre/Leigh Bailey/Leslie Stanton/Lance Christian/Van Schmidt
Brian Oelberg/Doug Hewitt/Cat Carney

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 get-
ting 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 al-
ways. 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 beau-
tiful and special to me. I love
you, Robin, XXXXXX

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 lone!y

Andrea (alias Charlie James Ste-
vens)- 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 pin-
ball, party, and dance to the
Ramones. If you fit this descrip-
tion, 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 won-
der why?? Love, Bekeh

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 fi-
nally 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

SHINE FROM ME!
LOVE, DEB

Amy- Our room smells funny! Te-
quila 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 point-
ing at? Are you in cahoots?

Hi everyone in Starr King and the
Sacto local! Sorry I haven't writ-
ten, but life in Beantown is a
it 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

from ryk

if i can say hello....

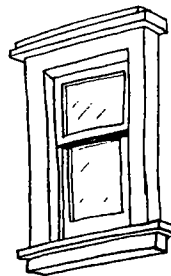
.....hello.....



Kathy W.- Thank you for accep-
ting 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 Mill St. Apt. #7
Woburn, MA 01801



ceum bill ceum ago
tortibus in aro
dementibus demis trucs
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 some-
time! 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!!
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. Harp- 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 in-
cludes 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



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.

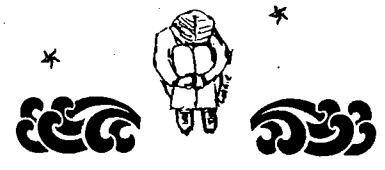
I moved in with my parents and started anew. I was eighteen and my parents no longer had any legal responsibility for me. My life choices were basically up to me now.

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 Gehstalt 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.

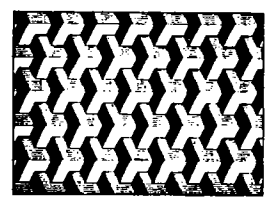
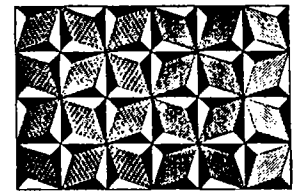
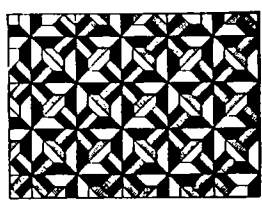
I was waiting for the MBTA out in the middle of Commonwealth Avenue. Ah, finally. I put my token in the box as I stepped into the train. That token was extremely expensive to me at that moment. I was not working and was planning to move back to New York within a week. I looked at all the faces on the 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 at 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 (alligator 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.

Bell 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 vanguard 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, ungames. Give a thousand gun-happy, reservists, national guardsmen, and regular army personnel 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

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 & 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 refugee 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.

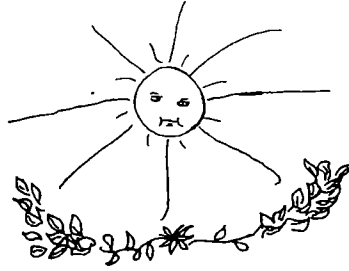
-Judie White



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
-rjh 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-
(age 7)

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 our 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

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 morningstar



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 Concord-
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 *Noigler*.

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 Ranne Rd., Amherst, NH, 03031

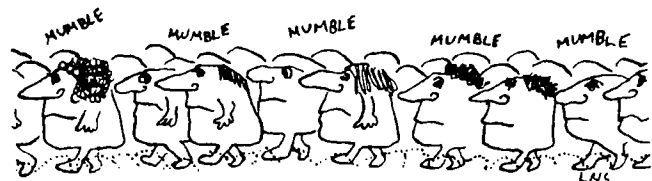
Nabasco-
Struggling to stay alive. Nothing is planned until the CBG takes over. There has been a large decrease in members, and the treasurer from two years ago ran off with the money and hasn't been found. The contact is Kathy DesLauries
139 2nd Ave, Woonsocket, RI, 01895.

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 person 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.

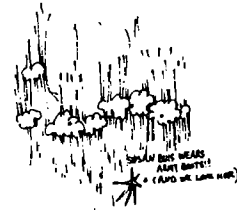
Most of my time in Italy was spent in Naples. My memories of Naples are ones of abject poverty punctuated with unrepaired damage from World War II and barbed wire topped walls which were covered with socialist graffiti. Meanwhile, the streets were filled with hordes of marchers organized by the Catholic 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 connections. After being involved in two 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 roommates 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, Bio-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.

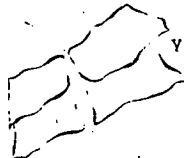
Costs for General Assembly 1982

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

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

Delegates and non-delegates
Surcharge for registrations postmarked 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.



U.A.S.2
YOUTH CAUCUS!

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-eat babies. 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:

"Decca 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 Personals 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 slanderous 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 women, 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 women are raped every three minutes and some women are 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... Michee

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
Gonna plant the seed and sow, 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!

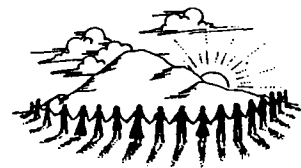
Walk in peace,
Gree



Be a text
We need texts
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On Becoming A Parent

The following are excerpts from a letter I received from Colin Holloway and Alicia Bright. They have given me permission to use them as an article.

The fact that I haven't written in quite awhile since I said I would explains much of what parenthood is like - BUSY! Aside from that, it is most certainly the most spiritually fulfilling, mind expanding, growing, wonderful, beautiful and most of all loving experience of my life. To hell with recreational drugs, hallucinogens, etc. When Alicia was lying on the mats at home, smiling in labor (I have never seen such beauty), working harder and more joyously than I have ever seen anyone before...well, it was the most psychedelic experience of my life! And it was nothing more than ourselves and Alicia bringing forth our child.

When Akita's face came out there was a feeling of intense beginnings of climax. Then his whole body came out all healthy, covered with vernix (a natural coating which aids in fighting bacteria) Alicia, Peter and myself "caught" the baby. Akita has always been very healthy.

A lover will be as a mirror and will teach you much about yourself. A child will do this to an even greater degree. A new baby is the dearest mirror: they only ask for what they desperately need. A baby brings lovers together and makes them a family. The family learns to ask things in the way the child does. Akita has taught me more about peace and freedom and all the other moralities I have pursued in the past in about two months than all my wanderings in demonstrations and the movement.

For me it is amazing to look at my lover (my family) and say "I want to stay with you when your hair is white and our children are grown" and what's more amazing we're probably going to do it.

FAMILY as I am experiencing it now is the strongest and most sustaining thing in life. The Aspen as a tree family sits on disturbed soil until the ponderosa can once again bring its family back. The family of the buffalo gave way to the family of the people so that BOTH could grow and stay strong. As a family dolphins have pushed fishing fleets (after killing thousands of the cetaceans) back to the harbor. It is a remarkably strong thing.

Akita is very much another human being with a distinguished personality. His name fits very well; he spends most of his time in fascination with what is around him. He will look straight into your eyes and grin such an amazing grin that you glow and sputter and giggle as much as he does. I am so honored to be given the chance to grow and learn with this amazing individual.

Parenting has tapped an immense amount of energy in me. From the time of Akita's conception, my strength grew in leaps and bounds. The birthing was a series of waves of power surging through me culminating in the emergence of a tiny body that was our son.

He's twice as big as that now and I continue to tap reserves of energy I never thought I had. In a day I'll have done three loads of laundry, figured out how to pay the pediatrician, put in three or four hours working around the camp where we live, and spent maybe four or five hours nursing Akita and trying to get our room into a semblance of order. Every night we go to bed completely exhausted around 8:30 (any thoughts of letter writing absorbed into the fog). But waking up to Akita's fussing around dawn, we realize that he is sleeping through the nights now, and after I've fed him he grins and giggles. The energy with which he greets the mornings gives us the energy to do it again and better. It's the happiest work I've ever undertaken! So life goes on, Akita grows out of his clothes and my friends can't understand why I don't write. 'Scuse me - gotta feed a kid!



Akita Mani Yo

Joined Alicia Bright and Colin Holloway as family. Our child was birthed at home in the snow-covered San Geronio Mountains on January seven, nineteen hundred and eighty-two, assisted by two wonderful midwives and a very special friend, Pete Nortman. Our birthing was a joyful and intense experience.

After one short holler Akita settled down to his mother's breast to open his eyes, gazing at his new world, thus befitting the Lakota meaning of his name—

Observe Everything As You Walk.

At two-fourteen a.m. he was very healthy weighing in the vicinity of seven pounds.

He brings joyful assistance to his parents who live and work at De Benneville Pines, Angelus Oaks, California 92305.



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thirty-five years of negotiations by nat. governments have failed to achieve even a beginning to a gradual, balanced, disarmament process. People have lost confidence that governments can or will stop the arms race and proceed to disarmament on their own, but feel powerless as individuals to influence the course of events. The idea of a consultative (not binding) world vote would give a voice to the people of all N A T I O N S .

DO YOU SUPPORT THE GOAL OF "GENERAL DISARMAMENT" AND MANDATE YOUR GOVERNMENT TO NEGOTIATE AND IMPLEMENT, WITH OTHER GOVERNMENTS, THE BALANCED STEPS THAT WOULD LEAD TO THE EARLIEST POSSIBLE ACHIEVEMENT OF THIS GOAL?

☐ YES

☐ NO

A recent Gallup pole showed that the majority of people in the U.S. and Can. would vote yes.

For more information on disarmament or how to get this ballot in your next local election please contact us.

Pursuing A Dream:

LRY And Community

Deep in the LRY collective unconscious, there lies imbedded a vague longing, an image of living in harmony with the earth, with others and self. Surrounded by friends and family - a collective farm? A self-sufficient Ecological urban house?

I never met an LRYer who didn't share that dream. We're all looking for the lost tribe - like an archetypal psychic imprint as in "Close Encounters." It started growing in my mind in junior high when I read Stranger In A Strange Land. I remember feeling, "Well, I'm here, where is everybody else?" Finding LRY, going to my first conference, was like finding everybody else. At last, I'd found some other misfits of normal society - my people, people I could hug...real people.

LRY was an important step in my life process that led me to choose community as an alternative lifestyle. Living and working together in groups requires a special way of thinking, using attitudes and skills not normally learned in our society.

Empowerment vs. Blind Obedience to Authority - LRY was unique because the youth actually ran it, thus giving teenagers the rare experience of working collectively with peers. That doesn't happen often in a world where life is usually directed by parents, teachers and bosses. It was an incredible opportunity to develop a sense of my own personal creative power... That feeling of "Yes, I can make a difference, I can effect change."

I always wondered how we could expect people who grew up in authoritarian systems (i.e. public school and typical nuclear families) could suddenly know how to function in a democracy like the US government is supposed to be. What usually happens is that since people lack any skills for being creatively self directed, they usually continue in the pattern of following directions from a higher authority. Bosses and politicians become surrogate parents. Real democracy, which requires active participation of all the people, becomes a farce when no one has a chance to develop awareness of personal power.

It strikes me as hypocritical and shortsighted that the UUA with its poster "Who are you to change the world?" is now cutting all funding to LRY. LRY is the one youth-run youth program I've ever heard of, and is the most likely training ground possible for producing empowered, self-confident adults. I hope that all future UUA youth programs are specifically designed to be youth led and youth centered, with adults respectfully in the background.

An important requirement for believing in your own power is to be supported by others who agree with your beliefs. It's mostly impossible to stand alone against the system - it's a big world. But as we gather together in groups such as LRY, we learn to trust, encourage and support each other, and all our individual energies combine into waves that can ripple out to effect a lot of change.

"United we stand, divided we fall." is an old truth.

Cooperation and Interdependence - LRY was my first experience with committee consciousness. It's a lot different to sit-down with a group of equals and make a decision that you all agree with, than to take orders from a parent/teacher/boss. I had to learn to cooperate - to listen well, give effective feedback, put out ideas without fear or aggression, and compromise.

Cooperation is an attitude - it's being able to see yourself and others as valuable, equal parts of a working whole. It is understanding that group mind is like a body, it is interdependent, specialized and coordinated. Each part should be encouraged to put in its own unique, valuable contribution if the whole is to function fully. Planetary ecology is the same way.

Our culture emphasizes fragmentation and separation. "Everyone for themselves." Compete and win. Gather as much money and possessions as possible for ourselves, guard it carefully from strangers. We're all aware of the harm this consciousness does in terms of planetary ecology, and our own mental health. It shows no awareness of the interdependence of all life systems. As if the brain decided it wanted all the blood for itself, and who cares about the rest of the body?

Nuclear Families - Emotional Isolation - Collective living/working is an important step in breaking the habit of thinking in fragments. The typical nuclear family structure is one reflection of the isolation pattern.

The idea of two people plus kids living alone in their own house with their own washer and dryer, car, bathroom, can opener, TV, etc. is unhealthy for the people and the planet. Everybody lives behind doors of their own castle, trying to get ahead of the people around them - it's such a defensive, negative state of mind. In fact, nuclear families are a fairly new social pattern since the industrial revolution. They replaced the larger extended families where all the aunts, cousins, grandparents and in-laws lived together or nearby. People had that tribal common-unity with their



relatives or neighbors in small towns.

The isolation of living in nuclear families has a profound emotional effect. For example - when you grow up with only one male parent figure, you only have one role model for what men are like, how to act like a man, or how to relate to men. That one man has tremendous influence on shaping your future relationships and your personality. You are very likely to model yourself after him in thought, word and deed, whether you like it or not.

Another effect is the pattern of "couplism", or being dependent on one other person for all your emotional/mental/physical needs, excluding everybody else. We are encouraged by society to search for, and expect to find, that one Prince (Princess) Charming who will meet our every need. That soul-mate who will fill us completely, so we can live happily ever after. Personally I have found that Mr. Charming is a nasty myth, and looking for him ruined a good many relationships of mine.

It's a frightening and uncomfortable feeling to have all your needs dependent on one person, whether they are parent or lover. Having only one mother, one source of nourishment on which you are dependent for your life, makes for a very stressful relationship with lots of power plays and struggles to control each other. This is repeated in most love relationships.

LRY helped break up these emotional patterns for me by showing me I could love more than one person, not only sequentially, but simultaneously. I learned to be flexible in my relationships. By having many different ways of relating as a friend and lover to different people, I could more realistically expect to fill my needs living communally with others as an extension of this lesson.

The Larger Dream - Advantages of Community
An intentional community is just what it says - it is when a group of people choose to live together consciously for specific reasons. This is as opposed to situations like towns, neighborhoods, dormitories, where people just happen to be there at the same time. Intentional communities can be households or a large village like the Farm in Tennessee.

Living intentionally in a community is a political act and an important way of healing the separation and isolation that affects us individually and collectively as a society. Families are always the root of society. The shape of families shapes society. Learning to live and work harmoniously with others is a necessary skill if we are to live on this

planet much longer. There's a lot of us here and resources and space are dwindling as time goes on. The ability to cooperate as a part of a whole is necessary in order to create effective, decentralized systems such as self-sufficient farms, local governments, social action groups, work collectives, etc., as well as healthy personal relationships. All of these are necessary of real world change.

The advantages of living collectively are many. (Working collectively is a different subject that I won't discuss here.) It makes life easier in some ways - mainly lightening the physical chores necessary to stay alive. Many collective houses share tasks like cooking, shopping, cleaning, dishes, etc. which frees up a lot of time and energy for other activities. No one needs to be stuck in the housewife role of doing all the life-maintenance tasks for everyone else. There's also the obvious economic advantage of sharing rent and utilities expenses. I guess landlords and utility companies aren't usually thrilled by the idea. Communal groups are often discouraged and harassed to the point of refusing to rent to anyone but nuclear families, and laws prohibiting three or more unrelated adults from living in the same house.

People may choose to live communally, rather than collectively. This implies deeper involvements with each other such as sharing the responsibilities of raising children, job and income sharing, and commitments to spend time together and work out any interpersonal conflicts.

Any kind of group living situation requires a lot of flexibility and willingness to grow and change. All the intense emotional interactions can be stressful and demanding. People are mirrors for each other, and living with a lot of mirrors around means you have to look at yourself. Group living teaches a philosophical and emotional openness, as well as learning your limits and how to take your own space if you need it. To hard core "group addicts" like myself, any interpersonal problem can be welcomed as a great opportunity to grow and learn to love myself and others better.

One great benefit in being part of a close circle of friends is that there are many shoulders to cry on, bodies to hug, and minds to bounce ideas off of. Having others to lean on and give love to takes the pressure off partner relationships in many ways. It makes more room for allowing freedom and real love as the needy emotional demands are distributed and diffused. My partner, Gree, and I recently had a baby girl, Harmony. In our group situation I am able to let others care for her when I need to sleep, exercise, or whatever, so that I never need to feel resentful or burdened by her presence. I'm continually grateful for these friends who help keep me from becoming a typical harassed, exhausted mother.



Continued from page 14. . .

SRL and Community: I was fortunate enough to be able to grow out of LPV happily, into a lifestyle that evolved out of the basic things I learned there. I saw some people fall out of LRV, like falling out of a nest. They felt lost and confused about where to go next, and how to preserve that feeling of belonging and togetherness. We had long workshops on how to bring LRV home with you. The solution for me was to bring the LRVers home!

The essence of LRV is the people, and if being with them for isolated weekends was good, then living with them could only be better. That was my thinking, and it proved true. Once I remember having a fear about how intense it would be to live with all my best friends and lovers, all in the same house! But then I realized—that's how it should be, to be living together with the people who I love most in the world—what a joy! When I moved from my parents house I moved into a house full of crazy LRVers, and I've been living with the joys and pains of collectives ever since.

As my group of LRV friends grew older and became SRL, the young adult counterpart, I noticed our cooperation skills developed. As we matured, our conferences became smoother and more effortless. Less people forgot/refused to clean up and more people participated in meetings and committees and took responsibility for leading workshops and events. Like LRV, only with a little more practice.

I'm still involved with SRL, and this year our West coast conference is in my hometown. The theme, "Building Intentional Community" is what prompted me to write this article. SRL conferences are places where we can put our theories into practice, by living and working together for 10 days. They are special and important to me because of our focus on process. We see how the means create the ends, how the way something is done creates the results. So we focus on equality and cooperation by planning and running the whole event ourselves using committees and shared rotating leadership. We teach and entertain each other instead of hiring well known experts to lead us. We've begun a tradition of trading collective labor for the use of our sites, thus cutting our costs.

To me, the whole LPV/SRL experience is intimately connected with my vision of community. It was my first taste of the tribe, the common-unity, and my basic training in self responsibility, empowerment, compromise, and cooperation. I am interested in keeping contact with the UUA-type young people via yearly conferences, because I think it's important and enriching to share ourselves. Even if I personally don't build a community with people I meet through LRV, it's still a dream we share together. It can only benefit us to keep our hands, head, and hearts together.

I invite you all to join us in June!
Much love, in the spirit, Cat

Resources:

"Communities" magazine: A journal of cooperative living. Box 426, Louisa, VA 23093 \$2 per issue, \$7.50 per year.

Ecotopia, a book about a utopian future.
A Guide to Cooperative Alternatives, same address as "Communities", \$6.70 post paid.
Building Social Change Communities, \$2.80 plus 70c postage to Movement for a New Society 4722 Baltimore ave, Philadelphia, PA 19143



HAVING TAKEN THE ROAD LESS TRAVELLED

And what can I possibly say to those of you still churning through the biochemical/academic madness of highschool? I never could relate to organized education, and this "real world" sometimes makes less sense to me. I don't feel qualified to offer advice, since I've been somewhat of a scofflaw for over a year now. Never the less, I feel compelled to say something to those of you who have not yet crossed 18 into "adulthood".

If you think you've got everything figured out, beware of false estimations.

Take your time, no matter what anybody tells you. You don't have to know what you want with your life now. But don't close your eyes to any possibilities.

Keep your eyes and ears open and aware (but not paranoid!).

Give yourself room to change. This is really important. When I try to tell 16-17 year olds that they will change in ways they have yet to comprehend, I am met with blank faces. Change is absolutely essential.

Now, I personally do not suggest putting off "real life" as long as I have, but I don't like the idea of kids who have been in school for twelve years trotting off to college, which may or may not have enough variety of experience. The more varied your experiences, the more open you are to new ideas, the more you take time to read OMNI Magazine, the more prepared you will be for life. (note—Life may or may not bear resemblance to college, I've heard more than one person say they learned more from the social scene at school than academically)

One last thing: Life is never fair, so if you have a hang-up about that, you'd better take a good look at yourself.

So what? I hear you saying, I've heard all this before, why should I read this? Well, I answer, my years from 13-20 were very painful at times, and maybe I can relieve some of that. Maybe I can cultivate a few of you to seek things out for yourselves—dream! Also, it seems to me that all the things I've experienced; from total ambivalence towards living to feelings of a oneness with All... These things were all necessary to arrive where I am now, and to prepare. Don't be afraid of experiencing anything, even apparent insanity has valuable lessons. But by the same token it is unwise to get stuck in the same mode for too long.



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From I-90 west: Take exit 1 just
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What won't you eat? _____
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SUMMER CAMPS & CONFERENCES CALENDAR 1982

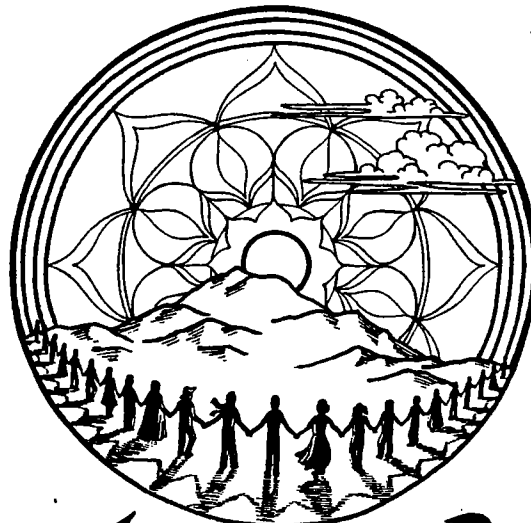
	WHERE:	WHEN:	THEME:	COST:	REGISTRAR:	DEADLINE:
June	Star Island	6/19 - 6/25	LRV Week	Wayne Newman Jr. 16 Putnam Rd. Bedford, MA 01730	\$20.00* \$116.00**	May 15
	Mendicino Woodlands	6/27 - 7/3	Youth Camp	Jeff Voeller 3309 Croy Way Sacto, CA 95820	\$	
	Youth Assembly Bowdoin College Maine	6/28 - 7/3	Coming of Age	Wayne Arnason UUA 25 Beacon St. Boston, MA 02108	\$150.00	May 15
	Youth Caucus General Assembly Same as above	6/20 - 6/26	Coming of Age	Phil Rodgers LRV 25 Beacon St. Boston, MA 02108	\$35.00	May 15
	The Mountain Highlands Camp conference Cntr.	6/13 - 6/26	Senior High	Mo and Larry Wheeler THE MOUNTAIN Star Route, Box 40-A Highlands, NC 28741	\$80.00 \$220.00	
	The Mountain	6/27 - 7/10	Work & Adventure	Same as above	\$35.00 \$220.00	
	The Mountain	6/27 - 8/21	The Ascenders	Same as above	\$80.00 \$420.00	April 15
	The Mountain	6/27 - 7/3	Adventure		\$35.00 \$100.00	
July	Rowe Camp Kings Hwy Rd Rowe, MA 01367	7/11 - 7/17 7/18 - 7/31 7/11 - 7/31	Senior High I Senior High II Senior High I & II	Rowe Camp Inc. Elizabeth Shelley 145 Elm St. Milford, NH 03055	\$160.00 \$315.00 \$460.00	May 15
August	Unicamp Honeywood, Ont Canada L0N1H0	8/27 - 8/29 8/29 - 9/3	LRV Weekend LRV Week	Unicamp Of Ontario c/o L.M.S.I. One West Ave. S, No. 202 Hamilton, Ontario L8N 2R9	\$40.00 \$100.00	June 20
	Continental Conference Camp Kingsmont West Stockbridge Massachusetts	8/21 - 8/28	Pathways: Independent Approaches to a Group Future	James Bohem 1271 Thomas Rd. Wayne, PA 19087	\$110.00	

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