

# CREAM & CREAM PEOPLE SOUP!

Published by Liberal Religious Youth Inc. 1962

Vol. X Issue II

@GAIN ALL THE YOUNG RELIGIOUS LIBERALS YOU CAN GET FREE!!!  
 @INSTANT KARMA-ADD BELIEFS!  
 @PEACE, LOVE, COMMUNITY, WARM FUZZIES!  
 @OPEN MINDS, OPEN HEARS, @STIR E-MOTIONS!!!  
 @INCORPORATE @EXIST FOR 26 YEARS AS THE ONLY YOUTH RUN ORGANIZATION IN THE COUNTRY!  
 @PUBLISH 17 LIBERAL VIEWS FOR LAST NINE YEARS IN SOME THING THAT IS NOT A NAME-LESS NEWS-PAPER!  
 @RESTRICTIVE ORGANIC GROUP!  
 @FIND COMMON GROUND, BABY!  
 @ASK "WHY ARE YOU?"  
 @COMPILE THE BEST STUFF FROM THE OLD PUBLICATION!  
 @CREATE FINAL ISSUE OF THE ORIGINAL GROUP'S PUBLICATION!!!  
 @SERVES EVERYONE WITH PLENTY OF LEFT-OVER!!!

@PEOPLE SOUP YET!

# Person ~ Alls

## CREDITS

PEOPLE SOUP Volume X Issue II  
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To everyone I have ever met through  
LRY. It's almost the end now, but  
let's call this only the beginning  
of our friendships. Love, Paul  
M.M.M. Redeem this coupon for one  
hour of free massage. Michael  
Austin - Thanks. I'm glad that we  
have become friends. Good luck in  
all you do and keep in touch!



Alison, you should write more often.  
Love, Paul. PS Say high to Wendy  
for me.  
Hello to all I know, esp: Quazi,  
Keith, Monica, Lee, Collins, and  
all the fellow old farts. I'm  
still kicking. My energy charge  
comes from CRUSS, Dead Kennedys,  
DOA, and many other good anarchist  
punk bands. Make cucumber salad  
out of the states! (Swiss youth,  
1980) Love, Bob

Dave- When you wrote me my first  
personal I had truly found LRY.  
Now it only seems proper for me  
to say farewell here. Love, J.A.  
To Colin and Alicia: I never sent  
my congratulations. I hope it is  
not too late to say that I love  
you both and wish you luck in all  
you do. Colin, I'm glad you are  
finally happy. Love, RRK

To the masses of LRYers that know  
Tinker or have heard of and about  
her...Yes, I'm still alive. At the  
moment I am studying fashion design  
in Sacramento, CA. I will be on the  
road in search of my home place once  
again this summer so there's no tel-  
ling where I may turn up. (per usual)  
If you want to keep in touch with  
me through the years my base commu-  
nication center is: Tinker c/o Ma &  
Pa 6652 San Haroldo Way, Buena Park  
CA 90620 Any mail or such will  
be relayed unto me. I'm hoping to  
go to Con-Con '82 but will see. I  
miss all you nifty folks who are so  
full of love and aren't afraid to  
show it.

Dear Star- Thank you for a beau-  
tiful sunrise on June 26, and for  
a beautiful week. Love you, Henry  
Istvan Peirce

To Huss- Git out of the middle of  
nowhere U.S.A. and come visit sce-  
nic Wastefield! Love, Kneith

Doug: (You are my inspiration, tee  
hee) "I love living with lesbians,  
especially when they're male." Love,  
Gidget  
Everybody- Thank you for helping  
us find our spirits' home! We  
both love you even if we are cra-  
zy. Keith/Kneith Knost  
Kevin- Thanks for meddling in my  
affairs at CA. Now my life is a  
mess, I'm all confused, and it's  
all your fault. My DWK list had  
faulty information, Fred blew  
another one. But anyway, maybe  
I'll see you soon. Could we meet  
halfway, maybe in KC (tee-hee)?  
Your alter-ego.

To my wild and crazy brother Jeff-  
Sooo, you want to come to Boston  
next year and have a swinging time.  
Well, your crazy brother Dave will  
see what he can do about that. Hey,  
like Boston is almost as swinging  
as Prague.

Words of wisdom from Leslie and  
Linda: Don't get a boyfriend,  
get a teddy bear; they're more emo-  
tionally stable.

Norin- If I haven't written to  
you by now I'm sorry. I'm a rotten  
letter writer but I love you  
anyway. Sarah

Good luck Prince, only nine days  
left.

Brian H.- Come visit me at Cha-  
teau Ronuverta du Nord. Michael  
to all of you--especially becca,  
dave, bruce, ryk, phil, paul, leslie,  
cheryl, and chris--thank you for  
making me feel at home and giving  
me so much love--I'll miss you--  
forever your lady, Janet

To Si5 Central Ave- May love, bad  
puns, and music always keep your  
house running. Love, L.S. & L.L.L.  
Margret Leahy- You have one of the  
most beautiful smiles I have ever  
seen. M.M.

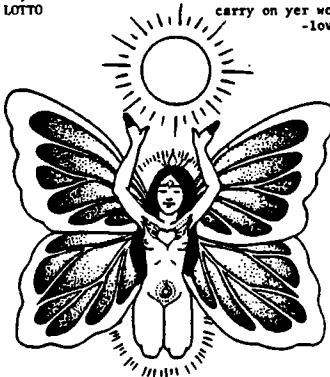
Kneth Knost: YAY YES!  
Love Ryk

A- I didn't sleep with you. Se-  
parate dreams from reality. Y.R.G.F.  
Hey, 5C2 roomie- Thanks for giving  
me two of the best weeks of my life.  
I'll never forget you, and hope  
that bigger things come of this.  
Yer roomie.

Cheryl- Thanks for being there!  
Julie Ann  
Becca, Dave, Bruce, Ryk & Chris,  
Good luck with your project. Have  
fun in Puberty. I'll be sure to  
come up and visit you all. Take  
care, Leslie

Svea- Buena suerte y mucho ca-  
rino. Miguel  
BAT-ALL-FRIEND, I LOVE YOU!!!!!!  
LINDA LYNDA LOTTO

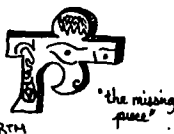
To the justful female population  
of LRY I know I'm a sex god but  
at least I'm humble and I'm not  
easy. Kneith Nii! We do not  
want to be easy!



Erin- Hang in there baby, you're  
too wonderful to let things get  
you down. Love 'ya, Austin  
David, these hard times we face  
will only be a strengthening point.  
I love you, but we're both human  
and tend to be fallible. Keep that  
child in you, but let yourself  
grow, too. You are a very special  
kind of person and I'm glad I can  
call you my friend. Love, me.

I want to thank you for 4 1/2 years  
of space for growth. Always an  
LRYer, Doug

WANTED: a beautiful patroness with  
sense of the sublime. 30-45 yrs/with  
grey-tinged long hair. For sincere young  
poet with need for love and personal  
guidance. reply to: ryk/197 lowell st./  
peabody, ma/01960



Vicious Dykes take notice- It's  
just not as fun as it used to be.  
Vicious love, Sarah

m'lady, you are so wonderful--  
I love you!!!!!!

to everybody else: i've loved you  
i do now. i will even after -Ryk

Neill- Can't wait to do some crui-  
sing with you. Austin

Well, I guess there's no one who's  
hopeless out there.

Brother Jon H., Why don't you  
write, you good for nothing in-  
tellectual?! I keep waiting.  
I still think you'd make a great  
politician. I love you, A sister  
you once knew well.

FOR RENT OR SALE: One pair of tits.  
Good condition; 1964. Reasonable  
rates. Interested? Contact Janet.

Has anybody seen Bob McPhearsen???

Sumait Local, old and new:  
Thank you for the light.  
Thank you for the options.  
Thank you for the awareness.  
Thank you for the energy.  
Love, thoughts, and hope, Michael

Notice- John Foord gives (and re-  
ceives) great hugs.

This is for Julie C. The first  
time I noticed you, you said: "Aw  
shucks, we won't be able to have  
our affair." That was a month ago  
today! Are you still sorry we did  
not have our fling then and we're  
having it now? I Love You (hand on  
the forehead) Alot.  
to God and God-guy-  
carry on yer work and carry on!  
-love ryk

To the Ellitist group: See you at  
G.A. next year- maybe over at Con-  
Con. Your a beautiful person Carol  
I'll miss you. Good luck in the  
kitchens Mary, and keep on dancing.

Hi Arshaviri! Love, Kate and Lucille

To my beautiful lady Sarah, I love you very, very much. Phil

Thank- How 'bout them Red Sox?!

Thank- How 'bout them Red Sox?!

Spring finds Paul and Ursula in New  
Hampshire celebrating one year of  
calling each other home. We have  
been on the road helping people con-  
serve water - too busy for confer-  
ences, alas - but we still love you  
and we're planning a summer adventure  
See you somewhere. Yes Kommander,  
it's still a honeymoon.... Yes,  
everybody there is life and love  
after LRY! Peace and sunrises.  
Thanks Sist!

D.F.W.- I love you, and hope that  
things do work out. I'm glad Kevin  
did meddle in your affairs. Have  
you run into any Japanese tourists  
lately? Love, L.T.S.

Sandy- Gee Toto, I don't think  
we're in Kansas any more!

Jay- I LOVE YOU!!! What more can  
I say?

Karen- Love is a beautiful thing.  
Let the beauty shine on. Austin  
to the whole f\*cking world:  
Ryk will cease as an entity as of  
June 30th, 1991. -thank you-

S.D.W.- I am glad you are here  
(Really!!!) Michael

We here of the Soup staff, would  
like to thank all the wonderful  
folks who helped make this final  
issue possible and bearable. The  
all-nighters club is hereby closing.  
Look for the NEW! youth newspaper  
and tell 'em what you want. Love,  
your People Soup people.

To a very special person- you're  
not as bad off as you allow your-  
self to think. angelique and I  
know it. @2

HELP! HELP! HELP! HELP! I'm a lonely  
LRY T-shirt and I don't have any-  
one to wear me. For only \$5.99,  
you can buy a home for me on your  
back. See ad on last page. Thanks.

Those of you who write to me must  
love my correspondence patterns  
by now! You can continue the phe-  
nomenon by writing to:  
Bob Rosell  
1011 Abington Rd.  
Cherry Hill, NJ  
08034

ryk: do what you know is best for  
your art, we all have our own  
dreams for power, and control is  
done just as easily from the back  
of the room as the front, ask any-  
one who saw me at Common Ground.  
(hee, hee, hee) Becca

To the staff and editors of People  
Soup: past and present. Thanks.

Lyn Wientraub- This a long over  
due apology. I really am sorry.  
Michael Magrath  
6-15- Don't forget your snowshoes  
next year. It's my turn. I want  
Frosted Flakes for breakfast.  
G-16

Mikey- You've grown to be a very  
special person! Love, Julie Ann  
Tacos (the last) you've given me  
peace. love B.

U.D.L.- Never in the first place!  
Kneith

Norin- just something I've been  
wanting to tell you, I think you  
are beautiful. I love you. - PHIL

Paul where have you been all my  
life? Your great! You've got class,  
Sexy legs, and Brains too! I'll  
never forget 4th of July '82! Dam  
good fireworks. I'd share a tent  
with you anytime. I love you- Julie  
Phil- I enjoy arguing & getting ston-  
ed with you- you make me laugh.....  
Stay high on love and life- Love Julie

## AN OMISSION

We here at People Soup wish to apolo-  
gize for omitting the byline in the article,  
What is Our Mission Anyway, in the Church is-  
sue. (December 1981) The article was written  
by Rev. Jan V. Knost and his son Keith.

# So Ya' Want To Run Away . . . . .

By MELANIE TOWER

This article is for those of you who have attended too many late night coffee houses and sat around half the night afterwards listening to all the old men and women tell road stories, both tall and true, and been inspired to try and live a few of those stories yourself; or those of you who are actually in an unhealthy situation and have a legit reason for wanting to sample life on your own; or for those of you who for some reason or another simply feel you'd be better off on your own than where you're at. It is a sort of "how-to" article, though I will lecture and digress whenever I feel it might benefit you. I feel qualified to lecture, for I spent two and a half years on the road without dying in the gutter, selling my body or getting caught. Soooo . . .

Ya' want to run away? Great. Get out there and see the country, stay out as late as you want, bring your ol' lady around without having to leave the bedroom door open, listen to Blondie with the volume above three and a half decibels. Great. I won't lecture here, but in the course of this article I hope to make it painfully clear that:

- 1) To take full responsibility for one's own life is not easy even with the aid and blessing of family and friends - without it, and with the law against you, it's harder than juggling swords.
- 2) There are parents everywhere in the world - landlords, bosses, cops, and the rest of the law abiding and pious citizenry, each and all out to control your behaviour, and many with the power to do so. Life is not a holiday; high school is a holiday.

Nonetheless, if you are a reasonably intelligent, resourceful, adaptive individual and willing to bust your proverbial butt a little, you can probably make the trip comfortably. Before you begin, however, there are a whole lot of things you have to do.

First, ask yourself if you're willing to go a long way from your hometown, break contact ENTIRELY with EVERYBODY there (with few exceptions), work a full time job that you may buy groceries and be responsible for your own actions. If not, stay home where you belong, because you won't make it.

The next thing you have to do is decide where you are going to go. To just hit the road with no well-considered plans and no advance preparation is a really fine way to get yourself into a whole lot of hot water. So, you want to have a destination in mind that is at least a hundred miles from your hometown where you know either a few self-supporting souls willing to give you temporary crash, or where you can easily arrange for yourself some sort of lodging and employment. Good bets are big cities. I live in Chicago, and if you can't find a job here, you're just plain too damned lazy to work. In a big city, however, a place to stay is a little more difficult; it really helps to know someone.

Other possibilities are backwoods fruit-picker's towns, where, in season, you can get a job picking fruit and either pitch a tent or stay in an employee cabin until you've saved enough to get yourself a better gig; racetracks, where, if you know a little about horses, you can get work as a groom or hot-walker and free rent in a bunkhouse as well; riverboats; communes, and large state and national parks - though these all require a willingness to reliably perform hard physical labor for low wages. So, check your list of connections, choose a destination, and start figuring what sort of work you can find when you get there.

Why, you may wonder, do I place all this emphasis on work? I mean, hell, I just want to run away and I thought I might set up as a street musician/custom leatherworker/other self-employed cosmic sort of thing. Wonderful. If you can find a place where the rent is free or the next thing to it and you don't mind abject poverty, don't worry about it. I, however, being no more than upper-lower-class, have always found it necessary to have full time employment to maintain even my decidedly low-buck sort of lifestyle. I ain't wearing any minks, but I do have a taste for a warm place to sleep, indoor plumbing an occasional six-pack or pint and a new pair of jock socks every once in awhile. . . . not to mention this awful addiction I've had most of my life to

that nasty "food" stuff. Just to clear aside any delusions you may have about how cheaply you can live, one of the appendices contains a sample budget. Yup, kid, ya' gotta work, 'cause unless you support your own ass you're not free - wether it's your parents, your boyfriend or the state paying your bills - and freedom is what running away is all about.

So, now you've decided that you are going to stay with Mad Marcus and crazy Kate in San Francisco, and they think they can get you a job, and the folks don't know they exist - or whatever. Now you've got to figure out how you are going to get there. If you have some money, your best bet is Amtrak; quick comfortable and no questions asked. A little cheaper is Greyhound; slow, decidedly UNcomfortable, certain to lose your luggage, but it will get you there. DON'T fly - airport officials have remarkable memories, and they ask an awful lot of questions before you get your ticket. DON'T drive your own car, if you have one. They're the easiest things in the world to track down. Sell it and buy another one when you get there under your new name. If you don't have any money, you'll have to hitchhike. This is also covered in an appendix. Now, pick a mode of transport, pack your bags and . . . .



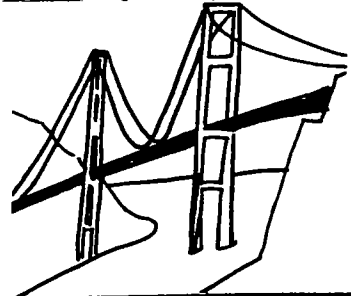
**COVER YOUR TRACKS!** This is the key to the whole business. If you run away and get caught, you'll be right back where you started only with a whole lot of schoolwork to make up, possible legal repercussions, and endless guilt-trips from mom and dad who've "worried about you so, and how could you PUT us through all that, etc., etc., ad nauseum". To keep from getting caught, you MUST: 1. Go at LEAST a hundred miles from home, preferably into another state. 2. Go somewhere your parents aren't likely to look; preferably to stay with someone they've never heard of in a city they don't know you're familiar with. 3. NOT tell ANYBODY your parents might be able to get in touch with where you're going. This means your best friend, your sweetheart, your siblings, your drinking buddies - NOBODY your parents have ever met should have the foggiest notion where you are. I hear you kicking and screaming, but I will explain the absolute necessity of this shortly. 4. Remove all evidence that has even the remotest chance of leading your folks to you - this means phone numbers, address books, mail with return addresses on the envelopes, the list of your friends' numbers they probably have somewhere; absolutely everything that has a name, address or phone number on it, regardless of whose. (mailing lists, People Soup personals, party invitations. . .) 5. Give yourself as much leeway as possible between the time you leave and the time the people actually realize you are gone.

Okay, you say, this all sounds pretty heavy. Okay, it is, but so is getting caught. This article is not being written for those people who just want a little holiday; the object is to enable you to begin your adult life ahead of schedule and keep living it until you're 18 and free to come out of the closet. In another appendix, there are tips on corresponding with the folks at home without revealing your location, but for now we're assuming you aren't going to at all. You see, the people you're closest to are close because they like you and like to have you around. For the most part, they wouldn't squeal just to get you back, but they have been known to

and you never know who's gonna. If they REALLY care, they will be pleased enough that you stay in touch indirectly and won't insist on knowing where you are. Then, those people who don't think they'd say anything might change their minds if harrassed long enough and persistently enough by the police, your parents, and anyone else who might want you back. If your parents are typical, the minute you're gone, they will change from the reasonable, level-headed human beings they usually are into raving monomaniacs with one purpose - to GET YOU HOME and out of the hands of the pimps, addicts and other unsavory types roaming the streets. This will make for a lot of hassle for anyone your parents can get hold of - so save your friends the hassle, and 1. Make sure the folks CAN'T get a hold of them and 2. Be sure that even if they do, they won't find any leads because there won't be any.

Okay. Now you've made all your plans. There are several things you will need when you arrive at your new home; clothing suited for the kind of employment you hope to find, toothbrush and other personal items, contraceptives if you are female and plan to be sexually active (these are important - I first left home with only fourteen pills left, and found that in my new location it took nearly a month to get into the local clinic . . . don't let this happen to you.), a little cash to see you through to your first payday, and, most importantly, ADULT I.D. You absolutely MUST HAVE a good set of papers "proving" that you are an adult with a name that won't match the police report of your disappearance. You will need ID not only to buy beer, but to cash a check, start a bank account, buy/drive a car, get a library card, have a phone installed, and almost always, to get a job, to vote, sign a lease, pay a bill - in short to do almost anything these days, they want to see your ID. Before you leave, the minimum you ought to have is a birth certificate. With this, once you reach your new location, (if you can't manage it discreetly before you leave) you can get a Social Security card. With these, you can get a voter registration (with your address on it), which together will get you bank cards, a driver's license, Student ID (enroll in a course at the local community college), union cards, credit cards, etc. - all the paper that establishes you as a legitimate human being in society's eyes. The more paper you have, the better off you are. But how do I get all this stuff? That, friends, is also briefly in an appendix. Let me stress once more how absolutely NECESSARY it is that you have ID - without it you are almost sure to be caught eventually; even if you lead a straight, quiet, respectable life, sooner or later everyone has some sort of run in with the police, and the first thing they ask for is ID. If you haven't got it, you are on your way back to your folks' house - and even if you never see a cop, without it you will find it nearly impossible to function as an adult. Thus, your first priority, once you are certain you are leaving, is to jolly well GET SOME!

So now your bags are packed, you know where you're going and have made arrangements to get there safely and discreetly, your birth certificate and whatever other papers you've acquired are tucked safely into your luggage or wallet, you've got a little money and a good book to read on the way, and you're ready to leave. Your head is full of wonderful plans touched perhaps with a bit of melancholy at leaving all the familiar people, routines and places of your hometown and maybe a little heady rush of fear. Now the object is to give yourself as much of a lead as possible and get to your destination without being caught. So, you tell the folks Monday that you won't be coming home from school Friday because you are going to stay at thus-and-such a friends house for the night/weekend, or to a conference



# HOW TO MAKE AN UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER



Youth Liberation is a collective of people working for young people's and students rights. The following article is a condensation of a 33 page pamphlet called "How to Start a High School Underground Newspaper" by Cory Greenberg and the Youth Liberation staff.

It's not easy to piece together a history of the high school underground newspaper. Many papers existed for only a short time and disappeared without a trace. Others, that were around for years, did not keep records and now exist only in people's memories. Still, it's generally agreed on that high school underground papers first appeared in the early 1960's, soon after the advent of adult alternative community papers. By 1965, big cities on both coasts had alternative papers in their high schools. The political issues that prompted the formation of the alternative papers in the larger community also influenced the high school papers: the civil rights struggles, the Vietnam war, and Biafra. Also important to the school papers were issues like dress codes, freedom of expression, administration authority, racism and sexism in the classroom. New developments in printing techniques, (electro-stencilling and photo-offset) made it easier and cheaper to produce a newspaper around this time. By 1968, there were thousands of high school underground papers across the continent. In 1970, an estimated 4.5 million high school, junior high and elementary school students read underground school papers. Around 1971, the movement started on a decline. Many of the immediate changes that students demanded had been granted, dress and hair codes had been abolished, open campus and alternative schools established, censorship of students had been relaxed, etc.

The high school underground newspaper movement was, and still is, a multi-faceted one. Alternative papers in neighboring schools sometimes didn't even know of each others' existence. The issues considered important to the papers varied greatly, depending on what was happening in the school and surrounding community. Some papers belonged to groups like CHIPS (Cooperative High School Independent Press Service) which helped editors of high school papers exchange info and publications with each other. CHIPS is still around today (see the Youth Liberation address at beginning of this article). But the number of papers that belonged to CHIPS and similar groups were a minority. There are still underground papers thriving in high schools all over the continent, and in some places the movement is experiencing a come back, as school administrators forget the lessons of the sixties and begin instituting more repressive policies.

The key to running a successful underground paper is experimentation, adapting methods and suggestions to fit your own particular situation. Just because a tactic works in Atlanta doesn't mean it will have the same effect else where. The size of your paper staff depends on the length of the paper, how often it comes out, and how many copies you produce and distribute. It's often good to start out with a small group of people and expand as you become more experienced. The problem of staff turnover is particularly relevant in a high school community. It is the responsibility of the older staff members to train a younger person to do their job before they graduate. More underground papers have folded because seniors graduated and took with them all the knowledge and experience, than for any other reason. Experience is too precious a resource to keep, pass it on.

The structure of the staff can be a hierarchy, an open collective, or something in between. In a hierarchy, someone, usually the editor, has the final say on what goes in the paper, sets the deadlines, appoints assistant editors, and has veto power over the whole paper. In a collective, all the major decisions are made by the group, and the editor, if there is one, acts as coordinator. S/he makes sure details get taken care of and that all deadlines are met. (The editor of People Soup acts as coordinator and all major decisions are made by the whole exec. committee.) When people are involved in the decision making process they feel more a part of the group and their involvement and dedication will be higher. This is a good point to remember when working with any group, including LRY locals.

Ditto, mimeograph, and photo-offset are the three main ways that underground papers are produced. Ditto is the easiest and cheapest, but the quality and quantity are not as good as with other methods. 500 is about the maximum number of copies that can be produced from a ditto master. Ditto machines can be found in almost any library or school. Ditto ink comes in five colors but purple is most often used because it's the most readable. A special, very smooth paper is needed for ditto printing. Ditto sheets sometimes turn students off on sight, since ditto is what most

class handouts are. The use of different colors and some good graphics can solve the problem.

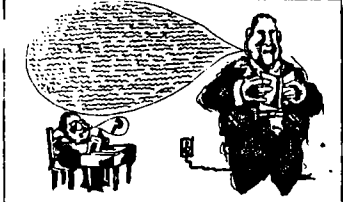
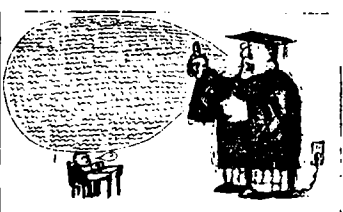
A mimeograph machine uses stencils that can be drawn and typed on. Electric typewriters work the best as they produce more even printing. Drawing on stencils is difficult and takes practice. A rough explanation of how a mimeo works is this: a stencil is typed or drawn on and then fixed to the ink pad on the machine, the pad rolls over the sheets of paper and the ink is forced out through the cuts in the stencil and onto the paper. Voila- printing. Sixteen or twenty weight is the best for most mimeo work. Stencils are fairly cheap and you can produce up to 7,000 copies from just one. We've gotten up to 6,700 copies off one before. Another way to make stencils is with an electro-stencil machine. This is an easier method, the machine makes the cuts on the stencil, but it's also more expensive.

Photo-offset, or lithography, produces a cleaner, clearer copy and so naturally, costs more. It does save you a bit of hassle. The most important factor in offset printing is the printer's price, which can vary considerably. After you've found a printer, discuss the paper with her/him. Some important things to bring up are: what sheet size you want, how many pages, how many copies, how long it will take, do they want it camera ready, how much it costs to screen photos or reduce graphics, and how much advance notice do they want.

School policies towards underground papers vary a lot. Some policies are legal; most are illegal, or forced illegally, or both. The First Amendment in the United States Bill of Rights (I'm sorry we have no info on Canadian rights, can someone provide this info?) guarantees all citizens, even high school students, the right to freedom of expression. It's still illegal to yell "theatre" at a crowded fire, but in 1969, the U.S. Supreme Court said, in Tinker vs. Des Moines, that students do not "shed their constitutional rights to freedom of speech or expression at the schoolhouse gate." The case concerned students who were forbidden to wear black armbands to school in protest of the Vietnam War. The Supreme Court said, "There are only three permissible reasons for administration censorship of student publications. One is if the expression would cause material interference or disruption of school activities. The other two are if the expression is legally obscene or legally defamatory. In all cases, the burden of proof has been placed upon the school administration. Also, when rules do exist about distribution of underground or regular school publications, the Court said that they must be published pre-existing rules and they must be constitutional.

The underground, or free press plays a an important part in student and young people's liberation. It has the potential to play the same role that America's free press is supposed to play in the larger society, that of a watch dog, to insure that justice prevails. Many LRYers in the sixties were a part of the underground movement. Educational institutions have not changed that much in ten years; many young people are still trapped in schools that have lost all meaning and relevance to them. If you care, if you want to spend your high school years doing something real, you can have an effect on your school. Contact LRY or Youth Liberation.

-Susan Buis



# RAPE

By JENNIFER BRETT

I was originally going to write this paper on how many women are raped and then don't do anything about it because of humiliation or because they know the courts make it very hard to prove anything. But when I started to talk to people I know in LRY about it, two things came into light: first, that quite a number of us had been raped by people outside of LRY; and second, that even more of us have been raped within LRY, but have not thought of it as such. It seems that someone will, say, be giving someone else a massage, and that massage will get more and more intense until suddenly the person receiving the massage will find him/herself in a sexual situation. The person giving the massage. The person giving the massage simply assumed that when the other person said s/he would love a massage, they meant they would like to go to bed with him/her. (How "massage" equals "sex" is something I still don't understand.) One of two things usually happens next: either the one receiving the massage will excuse him/herself from the situation (possibly by falling asleep - the ultimate putdown.), or s/he will give in to the peer-pressure and the LRY stigma and let it ride. When I've asked these people why, they usually reply that they felt miserable in the situation, but they would have felt like a real ass if they said no.



Another type of rape that occurs in LRY is when a former lover thinks everything is still "peaches and cream". Sometimes h/she will begin stripping his/her former partner without even considering that anything new might have come up. The situation gets really bad when the one was sleeping by him/herself and still cares for the first.

So what is it that makes this type of rape so permissible? Is it something to do with LRY? Or does it have to do with society as a whole? I think it is some of both. The "sexual revolution" has changed the way society looks at sex. I, myself, used to think I had to have a good sexual experience to prove I loved somebody. And I've found others who think that way. But LRY's community spirit, the giving and wanting and needing and finding have amplified this attitude. When some people say they want a massage, they do



mean they want to go to bed with you. It is one of those handy LRY come-ons. (You know, like "I forgot to bring my sleeping bag, can I share yours?") I think it's about time we understand that rape has become a part of LRY, and an accepted part as well. And it's also time we do something about it. I don't have any quick solutions. Maybe if people began to talk to each other about what they think instead of telling tall stories about irrelevant things, many of the problems we have might evaporate.

*lry?*  
**Inflation?!**

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## You've Come A Long Way Crazy-Baby

By SAM KLEIN

Craziness is a choice we must make. Either we can choose to be "sane" and breathe polluted air, escalate our military budget to afford the luxury of a "first strike capability," and allow politicians to run what they tell us is "our" government.....or we can choose to be "crazy."

I, myself, choose craziness. Being crazy makes more sense to me than going sane. Sometimes I even wake up in the middle of the night in a cold sweat that I might be going sane. These nightmares of paying taxes to build nuclear power plants, drinking fluoridated tap water, and being patriotic toward T.V. commercials have got to stop - before I find my mind!

Years ago, I remember seeing commercials of sane women who dreamed they went jogging in their Maidenform bras. Today, those same women have gone crazy, and burned those bras. I used to be crazy about Miss America and pastel-colored cigarettes of women. Today, I am simply wild about madwomen who let their hair grow wild and long, who boycott make-up because of all the sane scientists who sadistically test cosmetics on laboratory animals, and especially admire women who dance nude at Rainbow Gatherings, letting their spirituality hang loose, to ward off sanity from contaminating the next generation.

It's easier for women to be crazy than men; therefore, men should look toward women



as their gurus. Women are less afraid to touch, to hug, to kiss one another's insanity than men are. I like to hang out with a lot of crazy Sufis who give lots of eye contact and lots of hugging without fearing that they will come out sane from all the spinning they do. Allah protects whirling dervishes from the scourge of sanity.

"Blessed are those who make peace, love, and insanity possible, for without these children and seekers of God, both war and sanity become inevitable."

There is a peace organization calling themselves SANE, but everybody thinks they're crazy. If those who admire the ideals of Martin Luther King Jr., Ghandi, and John Lennon are crazy, then I guess craziness is a worthwhile ambition.

Almost anyone who has ever done anything worthwhile throughout recorded history has been called crazy in their own lifetime, before later generations validated their flair for genius.

Next time you sit at your breakfast table reading Mother Earth News, eating your yogurt and wheat germ, feeling guilty about feeling smug in all your insane glory -- just think about that bird on television creaming "Coo-Coo for Coco-Puffs," and breathe easier for it... you've come a long way, crazy-baby!

# Have You Ever Considered Suicide?

*cheryl markhoff*

It is not uncommon for a person to think about and consider suicide. Unfortunately, it is also not uncommon for a person to attempt suicide.

Suicide is a very real thing. It happens every day. Youth between the ages of six and eleven have been committing suicide more and more. The suicide in this age range usually occurs after a family death, separation, or argument.

It is estimated that approximately 5000 people from the ages of 14 to 24 commit suicide every year and it is suspected that 5 people attempt suicide to every one that completes the suicide.

There is no accurate way to find the correct number of suicides and attempted suicides. This is because 1) Many attempts never come to the knowledge of "officials" 2) Many suicides are written off as accidents because of the embarrassment for families of suicide victims, and 3) Many true accidents (ie, car accidents etc.) are hypothesized to be suicides by way of deep rooted death wishes.

Suicide is the number two killer of young people today. Accidents are number one, if in fact the accidents are truly accidents and not suicide carried out in a less harsh way. (ie, committing suicide is seen as an angry, frustrating way to die compared to a car wreck.)

Statistics show that male victims will outnumber females by three to one in suicide deaths, but that more females will attempt it. These again, are only REPORTED figures. Who knows what really happens?

We've all heard that suicide is not a laughing matter. We've all heard that no suicide threat should be taken lightly...but, when suicide becomes a real thought within us and to our friends...it seems so different and distant, and can easily be frustrating, angering, and taken lightly.

Many times I have heard, "Life sucks. I wish I were dead...". How seriously should this be taken? I

find myself correcting the individuals I hear this from by saying that life really doesn't suck, it just has its hard times for each of us. I continue on to share my beliefs that each of these hard times will eventually turn good and even educational for us and others. I don't usually carry my concern much farther, yet I often wonder...should I? How?

I reflect on my own past and very easily remember my own suicidal attempts and tendencies. I used to be very suicidal in my earlier teens. If it had not been for a couple of special people who didn't take my pleas lightly, and who didn't listen to me as I demanded they leave me alone...I would be dead today. I would never have lived to find out that I am a good, worthwhile person. I would never have lived to discover the beauty of life. I would not have experienced the tremendous growth, love and fun that I have. I wouldn't have known any of it was possible. I have grown, I have changed, I have enjoyed, I have become happier, I have lost and cried, but I have been better able to handle it.

I AM GLAD I AM ALIVE!!!

There are numerous agencies across the nation. There are hot lines, drop-in centers and counselors working around the clock to help you, your family, and your friends with feelings of depression and despair. Call the operator and ask, s/he will know how to contact a local agency.

If you ever feel like committing suicide, or someone you know does, TAKE IT SERIOUSLY! Each one of us are good, worthwhile people...whether we recognize that now or not. Each of us are capable of extraordinary things. It will take a lot of encouragement and loving support to help ourselves and others through hard times.

Every person is a counselor in undefined terms. Every person has a responsibility for others.

**DON'T BE AFRAID TO ASK FOR HELP!  
DON'T BE AFRAID TO DISCUSS THE TABOO OF SUICIDE WITH OTHERS.**

Suicide is a real thing.

## binding myself up

Liza Urdike

Sometimes I realize I am conforming. It throbs inside me, capturing my individuality, losing it and bringing out the worst of my resentment.

When I conform, it is usually because I am scared to be different, I am uncomfortable or in a new environment. These are the times my self hatred starts to grow. It is this intense feeling to follow others, to be passive, and to be a close-to-unlikeable-person. It's a feeling of being trapped within myself.

I am walking in an alley and I have six inches on each side. The alley is straight, the walls are tall on each side. There is not much room to move or grow. There is no one. Besides feeling isolated, I apply strong pressure to myself to change. "Be creative, be unique. No one will ever like you if you are a copy-cat." The pressure I put on myself to be a socialite, brings out self hatred. "Change you idiot!", "Adapt, be comfortable!" So far nothing has come of that approach.

Many times I get stuck in that long straight alley, the small, worthless, close to unlikeable person, role. I have broken it in new situations. Before I needed someone to say "Hey you seem special." and save me from my isolation. Support from others, my self-consciousness is lifted. Slowly I can show myself.

I have just begun breaking my own walls, but I still need to be reminded from others, while I am freeing myself, that I Liza Urdike, am a terrific person.



### THE PRICE OF CREATIVITY



Stephen Woodbridge

Conforming is making yourself blend, fitting yourself into the majority, being average. Often the reason for conforming is fear of alienation. Popularity, style and fear of rejection all enforce conformity.

Students are dependent on their classmates' acceptance. There is strong pressure to conform to standards of behavior, opinion, dress, financial and social status. Conforming has it's benefits: friends, parties, feeling comfortable in school, and help with schoolwork. Many non-conformist students are alienated and ostracized. Some withdraw, become cynical or pessimistic about themselves and the world. Some quit school, others live with the feeling of failure, sticking it out for the diploma. Creativity and individuality have a price to pay in junior and senior high school.

People earn, borrow, steal, and dream of money which will help them gain status. Folks who have money often buy items to represent their ability to purchase mink coats, "Cadillacs", diamonds, big homes, etc. when something becomes "un-stylish" it is disregarded and wasted. Society dictates what we buy and when we dispose of it.

In a country where individuality is supposedly encouraged, there certainly is a need to conform. By conforming we lose part of the beauty of democracy. Apathy and conformity block out views and ideas which make for a strong and valuable nation.

## THERE ARE ALTERNATIVES TO SUICIDE

### what would you do ?

Think of situations you or a friend have been involved in with suicide. How did you or your friend feel at the time? Afterward? How about now? Do you think you or your friend should have acted differently? Has this affected your life at all? How?

Just what are some of the reasons that make people want to commit suicide? Make a list (either in your local group or on your own) of possibilities. Take this list and for each reason stated, think of a counter reason. For example:

REASON	COUNTER REASON
family hassles	--- can move out when 18
failed math	--- can work on math skills
no friends	--- go on vacation to meet others

Think of things that you can do to help another person with these problems (reasons). For example:

REASON	HELP TO OFFER
family hassles	--- listen to attentively help person clarify his/her feelings
failed math	--- tutor in this subject find another subject he/she is good in and encourage this
no friends	--- befriend, invite out, make something for her/him

You will find that LISTENING can be one of your best gifts, especially to someone in need. Many "suicidal people" feel misunderstood, unloved and unlistened to.

- if....
- 1) You are taking an evening stroll and your eyes focus on what seems to be a person ready to jump off a bridge. As you move closer, the person screams out "Stop or I'll jump!"...
  - 2) You get an unusual call from a friend who confesses to have just swallowed a bottle of barbituates. When you suggest that you can call the poison control or police, your friend becomes frantic and demands that you do no such thing...
  - 3) A friend comes up to you in school and swears you to secrecy, stating that s/he'll be committing suicide within the next week. S/he'll be doing it by hanging or slashing her/his wrists. The knife and/or rope are in her/his locker...
- Should you go to your friends' parents? Your parents? A school counselor? A teacher? The police? Call a hotline? Take action yourself? Tell some other friends?
- Would you feel as if you were betraying your friends if you solicited help and support from someone else? What is more "important"; to preserve a life or a friendship?

Is For Environmental Movement Just Talk?

# LET'S GET EVERYONE INVOLVED

By ORSULA SHEA

There is a growing movement in our country - a group of people who appreciate our world and want to help preserve its wonderful resources. I love these people for caring, and for sharing my own beliefs. But are we having the effect we should? Is the energy we put out manifesting itself in the form of change or reform?

In the past year, I have been working for a water conservation organization called New Resource Group (NRG) based in Milford, New Hampshire. My job is to stand places where people go, between two working showers and a working toilet and talk to passers-by about water conservation in the home, and sell them water saving kits. One of my goals is that when they walk away with a kit, they also leave with a greater understanding of their own impact on their environment, and how they can effect it. Even if they only bought the kit to save money, they are automatically saving 40,000 gallons of water a year! (average figure) I feel that my personal efforts are being rewarded by a real effect on our ecology. The people I talk to are mostly average folks - home owning, TV watching, trying to make ends meet, not very concerned with our environment. They can have a sense of involvement now, and make a difference, have a positive experience with conservation, because the people in NRG have taken time and energy to teach and cause this effect.

The sad thing I've witnessed concerning most of our brothers and sisters in the movement, is that most of the group takes action by gathering together in some obscure place, exchange pamphlets and T-shirts and fantasize about how things should be; grumble about the way things are. Now, this is not to say that there are no other groups out there making an impact - there are! Greenpeace, many anti-nuclear groups and many other organizations are really helping to enlighten and reform. Even for the great percentage of the movement who think and talk but don't really act, the very caring and understanding they possess is worth praise. But I believe that much more would actually get accomplished if we would take a deep breath and try to spread our



knowledge amongst the "square" masses - folks who most need enlightenment. (They're actually very sweet people who won't bite your heads off)

I believe that ignorance is a disease we can help to cure - with a great deal of dedication. The need is not for us to re-educate ourselves on the importance of our issues, - we already know! The need is for real effort to be made in giving the word to all those people who need to know it. This cannot be accomplished with angry demonstrations - for they only make people hate and fear us. (This is one issue we can really get together on! We all live on the same planet. It doesn't have to be "Us vs. Them")

What it's going to take is for those of us who do understand to put in a suit of compassion, and even tweed if necessary, and take time to teach. Yes, this can be trying, painful, frustrating sometimes, but this race's problems are such that no solution will be easy. The key is that we need our energies directed towards effect, action, change among everybody. Only when the majority of people

experience the caring and understanding that we do, will we come close to any kind of solution.

One more point that I would like to bring up is that we environmentalists must look at our own behavior as effecting the environment too. It's too easy for me to spend a day telling people that they need to save water, then to flush a tiny spider down the toilet along with five clean gallons. I also see this "double think" in others like me. Recently, I spent a day at an environmental conference at Tufts University and experienced one of my lowest days in selling water saving kits. I heard people who are on Wetlands Committees and Coalitions for lakes and ponds tell me that they are too attached to their shower massagers (12 gallons per minute) to use a low flow showerhead (2 gallons per minute) and save water themselves! How can we set an example for others who are supposed to change if we do not change ourselves?

Conservation begins at home, and it does not have to mean sacrifice! So let's direct our loving energy really doing some good. Let's get everybody involved in the environmental movement.



## MAKING YOGURT . . .

In the Privacy of Your Own Home

Making yogurt is one of the best things to do on a Sunday afternoon that I know of. Most of the ingredients can be found in your kitchen. You'll need:

- 1) 1 quart milk
- 2) 1 Tbsp. of yogurt starter
- 3) 1 container for the yogurt
- 4) An incubator

Let me explain each item individually. MILK: The best kind to use is pasteurized and/or homogenized. If you plan to use the low-fat kind, check the label thoroughly to make certain that a thickening agent hasn't been added. If cornstarch, chemical emulsifiers, or tapioca have been added, the yogurt culture won't develop properly.

YOGURT STARTER: This is plain, unflavored yogurt. It can be purchased commercially or obtained from a friend, if you know one who has already made yogurt. The starter may need to be refreshed after you have made a few batches with it. If the yogurt begins to look runny, just boost it with a bit of fresh starter.

CONTAINERS: Wide mouth jars work the best. If you can't find one with a lid, use aluminum foil and seal it tightly with rubber bands. Freezing jars, earthenware bowls, crockery, and casserole dishes will also work.

INCUBATORS: These can be purchased commercially, but what fun is that? Here are some ideas for home grown ones. Polystyrene ice bucket or picnic hamper: The bucket is best for small amounts. They are both cheap, but extremely hard to find in Chicago during February. Electric heating pad: This is by far the best to ask parents for. The reaction I got to, "Mom, where's the heating pad? I'm going to make yogurt in it." was tremendous! Once you have the heating pad in hand, turn it on to the lowest setting and put it in the bottom of an insulated bag. Wrap up the jars of yogurt in a comforter or feather pillow - feathers are natural insulation - and put them in the bag.

### Making The Yogurt

To make a quart of the stuff, measure 1 quart of milk into a saucepan. Cook over medium heat, cover the pan, and gradually bring it to a simmer. This should take about 20 minutes. After it has simmered, remove it from the heat and pour into your yogurt container. Allow it to cool for 7 minutes. (No more, no less.) Now it is time to add the starter. Only one tablespoon per quart, remember! Stir the culture, always making sure not to leave any globs in the bottom of the jar. Put the lids on the jars and place them in your carefully prepared incubators. (If you use the polystyrene bucket or picnic hamper, pour enough warm water in the bottom to reach the shoulders of the jars.) Then go splash in the puddles for a few hours. When you get back, tilt the jars slightly. If the milk is still runny,

put it back in the incubator. If it has thickened even slightly, put the yogurt in the refrigerator, wiping the jars off first. While it is in the frig, it will thicken up some more. Go pursue the thing which delights you most for 24 hours. When you come back, the yogurt will be ready to eat.

### Some suggestions:

DO NOT let the yogurt heat over 115 F. If you do, all of the yogurt germs will be killed and you will be left with a mess. DO NOT stir the watery stuff on the top of the finished yogurt back into the yogurt. This stuff is whey. Gently scrape it off the top and feed it to a younger sibling who doesn't know any better (tee hee). Flavor the stuff if you don't like it plain! Berries, compotes, cinnamon, honey, molasses and all sorts of delicious thing can be added. Use your imagination! FINALLY, save a bit of your yogurt for next time. Who knows? Maybe you'll want to try this again!

P.S. The book I learned to make yogurt from is Beatrice Trum Hunter's Favorite Natural Foods. It really is a fantastic book and will tell you how to conjure up things like sourdough bread, sprouts and much more. I keep taking it out of the library, so I have no idea how much it would cost. If you have any questions about this article, that book will tell you anything and everything.

Mary Beth Heine

8

# SO YA' WANT TO RUN AWAY

or someplace, so they won't expect you home at the usual time. Instead of leaving for school, though, you leave for parts unknown - thus it will be at least twelve hours before they realize anything is amiss. This is just one idea - anything that will give you at least half a day's headway - even more is better - will do. The other consideration is how to get out with your luggage without it seeming odd that you're taking all your worldly possessions to school. I can't help with this; as I mentioned earlier, you must be resourceful. Once you're gone, though, GO; run like hell; get as far as possible from home as quickly as you can manage it.

Here, a few tips on travel. If you are taking the bus or the train, DON'T buy a ticket direct to your destination; these things can be traced. Instead, buy one to the nearest large city, change your clothes in the station john (or better, lay over with someone you know there, if you judge it safe to do so), then stroll up to the window with a smile and request a ticket to your destination. Don't look frightened or suspicious; be relaxed and pleasant, and on the off-chance that anyone should question you, answer calmly with a story about vacationing with friends in Cleveland (or wherever), produce your ID, and laugh if they should suggest you're a runaway. Use your new name on luggage checks and the like, and don't carry anything with your real name on it in evidence - stow all that stuff safely in the very bottom of your bags.

If you are hitchhiking, read very carefully the appendix pertaining thereto. Beyond that, take some sort of public transportation to far enough out of town that no one you know is likely to see you thumbing - perhaps to the nearest big city, where you can catch a cab or bus or something to the interstate you want. If you are harassed (and you will be), be pleasant, patient, and do as you are told, at least until the cop is out of sight.

AND HERE YOU ARE! Since I don't know exactly what situation you've decided to get yourself into, I can't tell you exactly how to proceed on your arrival. I can say, though, that until you have at least pieces of legal, state-issued ID, you should be as inconspicuous as possible, do nothing even remotely illegal if you can avoid it, and get a job as soon as you can manage it. Learn the local laws well; familiarize yourself with the city; find out where and how you get a driver's license and the like; learn the public transport system (if there is one); read the local papers. Come up with a good story to match your ID, and STICK TO IT; I, for instance, was really M. from Wisconsin, fourteen years old, high school dropout, etc.; but according to my ID I was L. from Chicago, recent high school graduate, tired of northern winters and out to make my fortune, so to speak, in the south. I knew Chicago well enough that if I had to discuss my life there with my new acquaintances or co-workers who'd been there, I could easily pull it off -

"What part of the city did you live in?"  
"Oh, up on the north side near Armitage and North; my mother had a flat there."

"What high school did you go to?...have you ever been to...I've heard that...whattaya think of...etc.?"

"Oh, this that and the other," all convincingly enough that even someone who had been there would believe me to be an ex-resident.

You've gotta have a good story, and who ever you're staying with, if they know who you really are, to go along with it, and you have got to be able to tell a convincing lie. You cannot be careless; make up whatever the hell fantastic and far-fetched story you want about who you are and where you come from, but if you say you're a Jew from Cleveland and you look like a Dane and it's January and you have a good tan and you're not even sure what the main street in Cleveland is called, you ain't gonna pull it off. SOMEBODY is gonna figure you for a Dane from California and start wondering...Also; don't claim to be an experienced painter, for instance, if you don't own any clothing with paint stains that you can wear to the job. Don't claim to be a mechanic of the like if you've got soft lily-white hands with no scars. THINK! You can be whatever you like, but do it right.

And now, a few tips on finding employment when you're a high school dropout with no work experience and no references. First,



take stock of your skills; can you type, fix a car, cook a meal, handle a horse, lift two hundred pounds, drive a truck, paint a house, install a roof, build a cabinet, refinish a floor, design and sew a dress, operate a punch press or a ditto machine or printing press??? What do you like to do? Nearly any skill can be turned into a job. Once you know what you can do, the next step is to get up EARLY, buy a paper and get some interviews lined up. At your interview, invent some kind of experience that can't be checked - you were, for instance, a cook at a restaurant (that never existed, of course), that closed when the owner died and it was sold...or you worked three summers with your uncle the roofer... or whatever. Come on to your interviewer confidently, dress the part, inquire about salaries and benefits, act almost as though you already have the job. And keep trying - you may even have to take some doodley-squat minimum-wage slave labor type of thing for six months or so to learn your trade, but once you have learned it, try for something better. Look into trade apprenticeships; take night courses that will get you a better position in your field; keep your eyes and ears open and learn everything you can. Once you have your job, ALWAYS be on time and DON'T call in sick unless you are sick unto death, and do your job as well as you are able even if you hate it - keep in mind that you may need a reference in the future.

Once you are safely situated, you may begin discreet contacts with the folks back home - see the appendix. And DO let your folks know once in awhile that you're alive, employed and doing well - they really DO care, they really WILL worry themselves to death, and they will think better of you for it. Other than that, I can only wish you luck, hope that this article will save you some hard times and bad situations, and make 'ya' apologies to parents whose offspring decide to put all this to practical use - and here an aside to parents. I am not encouraging anyone to run away; but teenagers will do this, and I have written this article with the object in mind of dispelling any illusions they may have about it being one happy holiday. It may, in fact, even keep a few at home. Those who heed it, however, are much less likely to come to a bad end than those who simply board a bus to New York or something equally silly. I spent 2 1/2 years as a runaway, hitchhiked nearly 40,000 miles, and never once got pregnant, arrested; never sold my body or starved; learned several useful trades and countless valuable lessons, and am now a chef in my favorite city (my chosen profession, after having sampled many) with a pleasant apartment, a promotion on the way, a level of contentment never achieved by most people and a great deal of wonderful memories. I don't regret a minute of it.

So, guys, chase the wind, but if you're not willing to work hard, deal with alot of loneliness and adjust to alot of changes, stick it out a few more years. Following is all the information I promised.

## APPENDIX I - A Sample One-Month Budget

This is my actual budget for the month of May; I will be making more money before long and won't be so strapped, but as you will see, even with a reasonably good job it's rough to get by even as well as you're accustomed to at home. Ask your parents what it costs THEM to maintain their lifestyle sometime.

GROSS INCOME:	\$680.00
-	\$162.49 in various taxes
	\$517.51
-	\$ 14.00 in union dues and health insurance payments
	\$503.51
-	\$ 40.00 for monthly CTA pass to get me to work, around town, etc.
	\$463.51
-	\$ 90.00 for rent (heat incl.)
	\$373.51
-	\$ 10.00 my share of gas & electric
	\$363.51
-	\$ 7.00 phone before long distance
	\$356.51
-	6.00 monthly clinic & contraceptive expenses
	\$350.51
-	\$100.00 payments on debts
	\$250.51
-	\$100.00 average monthly food, detergent & laundry costs
	\$150.00
-	\$ 35.00 average cost of cigarette addiction
	\$115.51

When figured this way, after necessary life expenses I am left with a little less than thirty bucks a week for beer, eating out, clothing, entertainment, magazines and other reading material, postage stamps, paper, car expenses (should I get another one soon), things for the apartment, gifts for friends, long distance calls, trips out of town, shoe repair, dry cleaning, band-aids, staples, records, camera film, playing cards, poker games, shoelaces, candles, education...well, you get the idea. I live cheaply; I live with three people in a three bedroom apartment, get my birth control at a cheap clinic. I get at least fifty bucks worth out of my CTA pass. I don't have a car or make stereo payments or wear expensive clothes or eat steaks (I eat, as a matter of fact, at least five meals a week at work); in short, it would be difficult to live a helluva lot more cheaply than I do and stay healthy. Comprenez vous?




## APPENDIX II - Hitchhiking

Hitchhiking is a grand way to travel, if the weather is nice, you're in no major hurry, and you take a few simple precautions. The great majority of long-distance travel I've done has been by this means, and I still go on a week-end jaunt out-of-town this way.

The law prohibits hitchhiking on interstate highways; New Jersey laws prohibit hitchhiking, as do many local laws about the country, and thus, as a runaway, there are more than usual precautions to take to avoid being busted. The first is to have at least two pieces of adult ID - this way, even if you're harassed, they'll merely run you through the computer and write you a warning ticket before letting you on your way. The second is to have at least ten bucks on you so they can't get you for vagrancy - this is standard, as are all that follow. Don't have anything illegal on your person or in your backpack - this means drugs, weapons, fireworks and alcohol if you are going through states that have a drinking age above the age you claim to be. Do have a backpack (to lug suitcase up and down on-ramps is a real pisser), and don't take more than







you can comfortably carry. Also have a sleeping bag, rain gear, perhaps a pup tent, and whatever you need to keep from smilling like a goat in case you have to spend more than 16 hours on the road. If you are female, don't wear anything that could be considered even remotely "provocative" - a good standard outfit is baggy jeans, loose men's shirt over T-shirt, over bra, hiking boots or other practical footwear, no make-up, no fancy hairdos, no jewelry, and either no nail polish, or clear stuff. The tougher and less attractive you look, the less likely you are to be bothered.

As to method - try to stay on the on-ramps behind the signs that tell you to stay off the highway; if, however, you are out in east bumfuck nowhere and there hasn't been a car down the ramp for three hours, walk up the highway and stand on the shoulder. A sign with a destination on it can be a help, though I've found that they're no a particularly big one. Another really good way to get there with a minimum of hassle is to get to a truck stop, find some trucker in the lot who's just sitting and ask to use his CB radio. Then just holler for a ride and see what you come up with. If you are female, tell the guy before you get into his truck that you don't put out; most of them don't care, and I've never had a trucker try to force me into anything, but I have been put out in a few nasty snowstorms because I didn't make my position clear before I got in. So do. Don't accept rides (4-wheeled or 18) from a vehicle containing more than two (or if you're really paranoid, one) person, with these exceptions - hippies, families, young wealthy-looking college guys, and women. All of the above categories are quite consistently harmless - and since even one guy can be dangerous, don't accept rides from anyone who immediately gives you the creeps, and carry a can of mace, both men and women. A squirtgun full of amonia can also be quite effective, and will also ward off nasty dogs on remote on-ramps and other unfriendly beasties.

Other than that, always be nice to officers of the law, don't give them a hassle and cooperate with them completely. Don't tell anyone you're riding with that you're a runaway. Make up some other cover story. If you're offered food or money, use your judgement as to whether or not to accept. If you're offered a place to sleep for the night, decline gracefully and keep going; you can always snooze while you ride or find a place to pitch your bedroll. Carry munchies and maybe a pocket electronic game to ward off hunger and boredom; and be patient. You may wait six hours, but you will ALWAYS get a ride. Don't ever leave your pack, even for a minute - it is all you have and you don't want to lose it. If you follow these guidelines, you ought to have a safe and reasonably pleasant journey. One more thing - don't ever disagree with a ride on religion or politics.

#### APPENDIX III: How to communicate with the folks back home without revealing your location

I could hear your cries when I asserted that you must not tell your friends where you're going. "But they're my FRIENDS! They won't tell anyone where I am, and I just CAN'T give them up!" You don't have to give them up. To correspond with folks at home without giving them so much as a postmark to go on is a little involved, but it can be done.

The first method is to use the national run-away hotline. They call themselves "Peace of Mind", and you can reach them at: 800-972-6004. They will relay messages to the folks back home and keep your whereabouts confidential. This is a good way to let the folks know you are okay. Other methods are to set up a mail relay - arrange to have a friend with whom your parents are not acquainted who lives at least a hundred miles, preferably several thousand, from you, receive your mail to the folks and re-mail it from their town so that the postmark on your letters gives the recipients no clue as to your location. Put your pre-stamped and addressed letter to home in an envelope which is then mailed to relay to save them postage. If you think it is safe, you could give the trusted friends the relay's address so they could reply; but choose carefully. Post office boxes are also quite handy; if you live in a big city, you might be safe to rent one at the main post office, but if you don't and want to minimize your risk, rent one in a town a few hours drive away - and always use your new identity when renting one.

A few tips - use a pseudonym in all you correspondence with friends; not your real name and not the one on your new IDs - perhaps a name from mythology or something common like John/Jane Smith. Have them send their letters to you under this name, and use it on your return addresses. As always, BE CAREFUL in your choice of correspondents, and don't tell them where you are.

#### APPENDIX IV - Where to Get Them Papers

The first item you will need is a blank birth certificate to fill in with your new name and vital statistics. The last time I checked, these were available from the following enterprises:

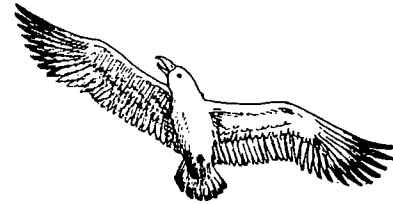
Renaissance  
Box 468  
Heaperia, CA 92345  
Send SASE for catalog

Eden Press  
Box 8410-HC  
Fountain Valley, CA 92708  
Send \$1.00 for catalog

Renaissance has the most convincing birth certificate. Eden Press has lots of other useful paper as well as a book entitled The New Paper Trip, quite a valuable aid in going underground. You might also want to order a fake ID from Eden or:

Photo ID  
Box 393-HT  
Bala, PA 19004  
Send 25¢ for details

The fake ID can be some help toward getting a real one. When you get the birth certificate, fill it in with all the required information. Don't be any older than 20 - the Social Security Administration tends to ask alot of difficult questions when anyone older than that applies for a SS number, and once you've got the thing filled out your next step is to go to a Social Security office and get a number. With a BC, SS#, and fake ID, you can then proceed to go to various government offices and get more paper. Other helpful items are Student IDs, which can be had by enrolling in a course at any two-bit college




and don't usually require other ID to be had. You don't even have to take the course you sign up for; just get your ID and drop it. Try to enroll in a place where the Student ID has a picture and birthdate. If you can get your hands on some blank business letterhead and envelopes, type yourself a letter of recommendation on one and send it to yourself when you get your new address. This will serve, though not as ID, at least as supporting paper, a help in getting a job and as some sort of proof of address if it is required for some other kind of necessary ID. Open a bank account under your new name; if they don't give you a bank ID, you'll at least have a bank book, and you can get yourself one of those money machine cards to add to the pile of garbage in your wallet. Library cards aren't difficult to get; voter's registrations often require very little ID, if any, and more often than not provide you with another card. Join the Y. Lay your hands on EVERY piece of paper you can that looks vaguely official, keep it in your wallet and use it to get more. Remember; without the paper, you aren't anybody; in the eyes of the government, the banks where you'll need to cash your paychecks, the business that will give you paychecks, etc., etc., etc.

So, try the addresses I've given you, check the classified in Rolling Stone, High Times, and underground publications, choose a name and birthdate and PAPER UP!

In closing, I wish you all success, and hope that if you choose to make practical use of this article you won't regret it, but will, like me, find that leaving the nest early will merely give you an edge on your contemporaries that you'll never lose. This article only stressed the most important things - you will have to think and act every step of the way. Good Luck!

## PERSONALS cont...



Cat- I miss Bagal and you. Thanks for putting up with my A-frame hugs. I still have your signature on my pillow and sleep with you every night.


From your passionately frigid friend Amy

To Wastfield Manor (alias the now-pow-pow, or Doug's house)- Thanks for a nice visit. Love to you all, Austin

Sally- Watermelon on Fridays? I'll guess the answer if you tell me. But don't let Charly know!!

Kristan- Kneate Knot! We are together "soles"! I love you, Big Brother Keith

To Dawn: I'll love you forever, so you'd better write! Paul



Dear Mom and Dad (hey baby), All's well with me. I enjoyed the time we spent together in Boston after Star with my siblings and uncle Larry. Are you going to Con-Con? I miss you, babes. Your loving daughter, Gidget

To whom it may concern- I left my black chauffeur's hat at the Princeton Conference in May. The hat had a red star pin on it with an armadillo on the star. If someone found it I would appreciate its return. You can even keep the hat, but I want the pin back very much.

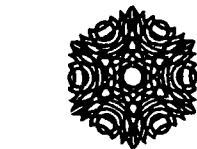
Tom Bier  
Intervale Rd.  
Wilton, NH 03086

As the colours fall from the skys. greetings. Visitors are welcomed always. Call (617) 254-6249 ahead. Brian, Bill, Dave get in touch please. Warm fozzles and love as always...Julie the Angel 5 Linden St. Allston (Boston), MA 02134. Letters welcome

The U.D.L.- We're harder to get rid of than scabies! Hank, co-president

To whom it may concern: I love you. I'm not going to try and name everybody, 'cause I know I'll miss someone. So, will all the people in my life stand up when you read this? Thank you. Yahoo!!!

Iloveyouloveyouloveyouloveyou and...I love me too. Phil Taco Rodgers, Dir. of Denominational Communications.  
Phil you are loved! smile&be happy



'Stephanie- We've had some complaints from upstairs about the noise. Hope you can keep it down. Love you, Hank



Aste Titus- Just wait 'til next year. Part 3 will be the hardest act to follow! I love you, Keith



# WHAT GOD?

By S.J. HULLEY

Talking about God is something I rarely do. It is as if religion were a topic to be avoided. Still, I do not like to take other people's beliefs for granted without ever knowing about them. Hence, while attending the Star Island conference I took the opportunity to learn more about other people's beliefs.

Jerry Falwell's audacious generalization that Unitarian Universalists do not believe in God prompted me into investigation. I began asking people corny questions like:

"Do you believe in God?" and "What is your concept of God?"

I was surprised to find that rather than shying away from these questions, most people were more than willing to enlighten me. While some people said they had no concept of God and didn't care and others had a concept of God but didn't believe in it, the majority of the UUs I spoke with had a concept of God in which they believed. Here are some of their ideas.

Note: One of the problems I encountered when referring to God was trying to find an appropriate pronoun. Is God a "he", "she", or "it"? The favorite choice was "it" since it suits God's more abstract nature. I shall avoid using a pronoun for God since I personally do not know of a satisfying one. Most people agree that God should be spelled with a capital "G", although some have said that if God is capitalized then all words should be capitalized.



### WHAT/WHO IS GOD?

- I don't know; I hate putting it into words; you can't be sure.
- Spirit, i.e. the essence of life
- a personification of a greater force-the greatest force in the universe
- the life flow - DNA
- life is God, God is life
- the collective energy, the universal life energy
- a power source that anyone can call upon
- everything is God, God is everything.
- God is totality.
- God is existence, God is nonexistence.
- the "wholesaler"
- the creative process: the source of all that is

# Dialogue on Peace

Skot Davis

I was going to sit down and eat my lunch but I saw a man sitting a few benches down. He looked like a good prospect so I picked up my pack and walked down to him.

He was a strange looking man, and I thought him a good prospect because his face was not hard. As I approached, he didn't really look like an easy touch, and I hesitated before reaching his bench. When I stopped, he looked toward me, with apparently no need to avert his eyes. He stared at me with a look that implied that he'd been crying.

This whole thing was annoying because when you are canvassing you must have the upper hand in energy to get the person to contribute. I hid myself and stepped forward, sitting next to him on the bench.

Reaching into my pack for a pamphlet I said, "Hi. I'm working with an international peace organization to try to put an end to world conflict..." I couldn't find the damn pamphlet. "Always put them in the front flap," I tell myself, but I never do.

"What do you want?" the man asked. I love a hard canvass, so as soon as he said this I was ready to work, even though he sounded like he just wanted to avoid a waste of time.

I finally found the pamphlet and held it out to him. "We're conducting a campaign to raise money for world peace," I began.

"The fight for peace," he said. I nodded and began to go on but I caught the irony in his words. I was annoyed. "We work hard," I said, holding the pamphlet at my stomach. This was a good man, I sensed, and I should be able to show him the need for giving his money.

His head was turned away though, and he looked like he was almost ready to stand up and walk off.

"Leaving?" I said. "Not afraid of a discussion are you?" I didn't want to sound like a little kid giving a challenge, but every dollar is important.

He turned back smoothly, looking annoyed, but then he laughed, folded his arms, and said, "Am I challenged to combat by the worker for peace? I'm still young enough to be interested."

I smiled and thought maybe we were getting somewhere.

I brought my left leg up on the bench beneath me and faced the man, who sat relaxedly forward, turning his head toward me when we spoke.

"What's your name?" he asked me, turning his now alive, though almost expressionless face toward me.

I told my name and he told me his. The conversation we had was strange, and I hope I set it down here faithfully, though I was angry or confused through much of it, and that may blur attempts at truth.

I was relaxing my mind, looking for the correct angle to take when he said: "Why do you work so hard for this organization?"

I was going to ask him how he thought he knew I worked so hard, but then I guessed that he was asking why I worked for them at all. "I work for them because I love peace and because I have a dream about it, I guess." I love to tell of my dream, and it sometimes sells people too, but this man's stare as I spoke grew somewhat disconcerting. "I always wondered when I was a little kid why people fought, but everyone just shrugged and said, 'It's just one of those things; you'll understand when you grow up.'" Here his gaze grew even more disconcerting, but I fought off the urge to falter and went on. "But I still have yet to discover why people find conflict necessary. I don't think it is. I think that nations, and people, could be more peaceful, and treat each other with more respect." Here I did stop, and it was with the feeling, as his eyes fixed mine, that my words were shallow and meaningless. But I did feel that way, and I still do.



- someone/something that is there when you need help
- an explanation of the unexplainable
- a fairytale - a legend - a figment of the collective imagination
- a guiding force within you that you need to find and explore
- a clockmaker just sitting watching things tick
- a presence or consciousness in the mind
- something abstract which every human being has - love and fellowship
- humanity's greatest values and ideals (every person is a little god-like.)
- a distinct personality, "the supreme being"
- the creator of the universe, "the way" to salvation and spiritual growth
- a light in all of us and put together that is God
- something which is in all of us: the idea of God is in all of us, just as the need to find out why is in all of us.

### WHAT IS OUR RELATIONSHIP WITH GOD? WHAT DOES GOD HAVE TO DO WITH THIS WORLD?

- I don't know God; I have never met God.
- Man's goal in life is to meet his maker.
- As soon as you can answer all questions and explain everything, then you meet "the maker."
- You will find yourself equal to God when you are able to understand the reasons for existence.
- You will always remain separate from God.
- God is not someone you have to bow down to.
- If it is possible to know God in this life, God would have been revealed to everyone.
- God grows in us.
- God is as important as you want him to be.
- God listens only when he chooses to.
- Praying to God doesn't feel right; it feels like begging.
- God doesn't answer back to prayers.
- God helps you with exams.
- The way you worship is not important as long as you open your heart to God who is waiting for you to say hello.
- It is not because of God, but because of people that I try to be a better person.
- You can depend on God; as people depend on God, God depends on people.
- Is a person's death the responsibility of society or of God?

-God is hurt by what people do to each other. (eg. rape, kill, pillage and burn the babies)

-People are fearful of God.

-God lets people make mistakes so that they will learn from them.

-Since the human viewpoint is so limited, our perception of life is perverted and we see things as being either good or evil. Since God perceives the totality of life he is detached from value judgements. God as an ideal is the intellect's perception of God.

-If you find God, you lose yourself, but you can come back and bring the peace that you have found with you. You have participated in God with love and courage.

The Buddhist criminal is kept in a monastery where the calm loving way of life takes away aggression. When they have found God they have found inner peace. They no longer feel like disturbing their place in the order of society.

-God is there to help you.

-God takes part in your destiny. I've had a lot of close encounters flirting with death and somehow I seem to be able to come out unscathed.

-Being religious means trying to be a better person, i.e. being ethical.

-Book of James, New Testament: "Show me your faith apart from your works, and by my works I'll show you my faith."

-One form of ethics is that of human creativeness. In our relationship with the natural order, we must not destroy the physical and human ecology.

-I don't worship God, I worship life.

-If we were created in God's likeness, and God was indifferent, why caring a human ideal?

-God is not sitting up in a cloud in Heaven.

-If you balance your mind on all wavelengths of energy, you and God feel one and the same and it's hard to tell who is in control.

-We are here as a medium which propagates DNA.

Hearing these remarks, it is obvious that Unitarian Universalists do believe in God, just different perceptions of what that one word means. We can believe without being blind. We can share faith without it having to be a uniform faith. And we can challenge and question without giving up what we do believe.

