

9 years Vol. X Issue II

36 Whole Pict in Packed Pages!

[illegible]

! Kenneth Knott '82:

Person ~ Alls

CREDITS

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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.W.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! *See*



Alison, you should write more often.
Love, Paul. PS Say high to Wendy
for me.
Hello to all I know, esp: Quasi,
Keith, Monica, Lee, Collins, and
all the fellow old farts. I'm
still kicking. My energy charge
comes from CRESS, Dead Kennedy's,
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, RKK

To the mas'es 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 UNK Lisa 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 515 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 LYNCA 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 NAI W do not call
let's stay in touch.

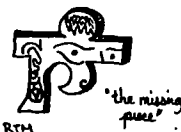


Erin- Hang in there baby, you're
too wonderful to let things get
you down. Love 'ya, Austin

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 cru-
ising 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 McPheerson???

Summit 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.

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 S1st!

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. @Q

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

G-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 S "

U.O.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! Damn
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 comfortable. 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 - whether 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 harassed 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 I. 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 friend's house for the night/weekend, or to a conference



HOW TO MAKE AN UNDER- GROUND 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.

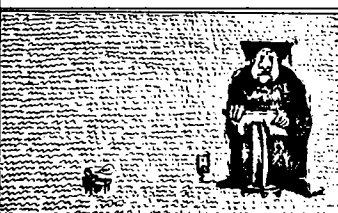
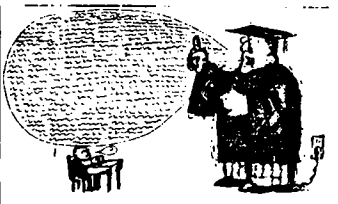
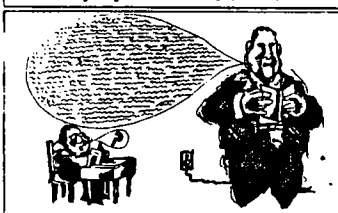
A mimeograph machine uses stencils that can be drawn and typed on. Electric typewriters work the best as they produce more even printing. Drawing on stencils is difficult and takes practice. A rough explanation of how a mimeo works is this: a stencil is typed or drawn on and then fixed to the ink pad 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 enforced 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 markoff

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...". I 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 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 Updike

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 Updike, 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 ?

if....

1) You are taking an evening stroll and your eyes focus on what seems to be a person ready to jump off of 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?

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.

Is For Environmental Movement Just Talk?

LET'S GET EVERYONE INVOLVED

By URSULA 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 help 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)

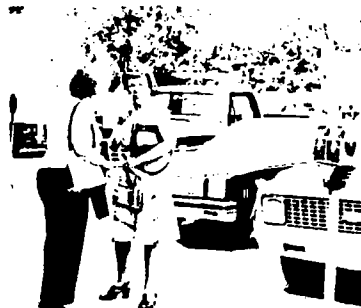
I believe that ignorance is a disease we can help to cure - with a great deal of dedication. The need is not for us to re-educate ourselves on the importance of our issues, - we already know! The need is for real effort to be made in giving the word to all those people who need to know it. This cannot 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 on 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 things 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

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...whattnayn 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 farfetched 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 my 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 tough 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 ambling 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 able 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 your 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:

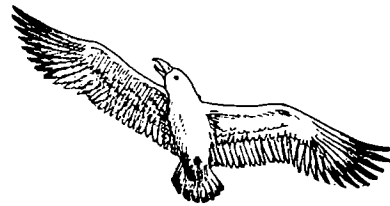
Renaissance
Box 468
Hesperia, CA 92345
Send SASE for catalog

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 a lot 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 Wastefield 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

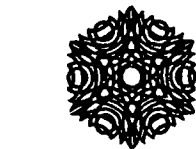
To whom it may concern- I left my black chauffeur's hat at the Princeton Conference in May. The hat had a red star pin on it with an armadillo on the star. If someone found it I would appreciate its return. You can even keep the hat, but I want the pin back very much.

Tom Rier
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!!!

I love you! love you! love you! love you and... I love me too. Phil Taco Rodgers, Dir. of Denominational Communications.
Phil you are loved! smilebe happy



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



Ate 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 chided 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 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.

Finally he said: "So you work for this organization because you love peace and you think humans can be peaceful instead of warlike. Also, you don't understand why humans fight so much."

"Yes," I said emphatically, feeling even in the face of this man's stare, the passion arise in me. "It just doesn't seem necessary."

"But what you say is bullshit. You know why humans have to fight, and it is the same reason you have to work so hard: because you are driven to it." Then he smiled. "As I am still driven enough to talk with you this way."

"Now wait a minute," I said, and I was angry. "As far as why people fight, you're entitled to any opinion you please, but I think it's rather arrogant to assume that you know better than I do why I do something." I was getting somewhat fed up with this man and I was thinking of moving on, but it's not like me to quit easily. And besides, every dollar...

"Are you tired?" the man asked. I was, but I could feel the great energy still in me with half the day still to come, and many more people to canvass.

"Not much," I said. "But don't you use a lot of energy to canvass during the day? Can you relax only after quitting for the night?"

I was about to nod yes, thinking of how hard I worked canvassing, but then I realized the truth, and smiled at him. I wasn't about to let this man talk me into a corner.

"No," I said, "I work really hard, but I love my work. It's when I'm working that I'm most peaceful, just cruisin'."

He nodded. "And when you get home you're kind of antsy, can't wait for the next day."

"Right," I said. Maybe he understood now.

"Then you agree with me, you are driven to canvass."

"But..." I started to exclaim, but then I saw his reasoning. A person who could relax, or feel that rightness, basically only when working, had to be driven. And I was driven. Where others could sit back and watch killing and conflict go on around the world, I could not. Something inside would not let me just sit. I had to try to change it. "Yes," I said, "I am driven by my love of peace."

"Yes, you love it so much that you give yourself no rest during the day, and no



peace at night, waiting for the next day." "Wait!" The man was deliberately confusing the issue. "When I say I love peace and am working toward it I mean world peace. If you're talking about emotional peace, that's a whole different bag. But for me the global question is predominant."

"Okay," the man said. "Global peace. You mean a state where nations are not fighting each other, not killing people."

"Right."

"But also, I suppose, where different factions of the same nation are not fighting, killing each other?"

"Of course. It is all one nation, this Earth."

The man nodded. "But another point: people getting killed is not the only bad that comes out of wars, right? People often lose limbs, or senses, or their homes are blasted and they must live life on the road as refugees. Their sons are killed and they are in grief. All these things happen in war, and each one is so detestable that were it the only bad thing brought about by war, still war would be

a thing to work wholeheartedly against."

I thought about it. "Yes, of course." "But all of these griefs I have listed: death, loss of sight or limb, or of loved ones, these may befall all those not engaged in war, and if they did, would be equally detestable, right?"

"Yes," I said, "but it is war which brings so much of this about."

"Quite true, but the common evil among all these griefs is not war, then, but the loss of human potential, no? Dead, or minus an organ, or in grief, in each of these states a person is less than he or she could have been, and it is this reduction of human potential and livelihood, regardless of its cause, that so angers you, am I not correct?" you are, in the end, working for a condition in which the benefit is that it allows personal peace, a state in which people are not shot at or deprived of home or family, so that they may grow to their greatest potential, if they choose."

"Yes."

"So you work for personal peace, without personal peace."

I looked down. I was disturbed by what he said, and angry, but there seemed something still wrong with his point of view.

As I was tossing thoughts about in my head, I noticed someone stop in front of us.

I looked up: it was a street dealer. "Y'all be needin' to clear the head? I got some fine pot, gold."

I shook my head. "No, I don't think we'll..."

"Please leave us," my friend said. His voice was so firm that I wondered how I could ever have thought him an easy mark, but as the disgruntled pusher moved off I realized what was wrong with what this man had been saying.

I nodded after the pusher. "Dope'll give you a little peace, eh? 'Course it's a lot harder to work for anything when you're stoned, but no inner conflict, right?"

The man stared at me. "I assume what you mean," he said, "is that it takes some conflict, some drive, for a person to work hard for something. If you were at peace inside, you would be no different from the seeming majority of people, who sit around and do nothing to try to help humankind."

"Exactly," I said, and half smiled.

"Do you work for the people?"

The man chuckled, perhaps sadly. "I do what I can. But let us look at your idea. A person at peace would be content to be with him or herself, and so wouldn't have the drive to work hard to solve the world's problems, is this what you mean?"

"Pretty much."

"But perhaps a peaceful person, though not driven to help, might choose to; perhaps it is inner conflict which not only drives some people to work hard for humankind, but also deadens others to the cries for help about them. Be that as it may, let us look at hardworking people. They have some necessary conflict, some drive within themselves, enough to be discontented. In other words, they have some need to solve problems in the world about them. You have this need, no?"

"Yes," I said, it was a need I cherished as a better one than that of some people -- to look away, to deaden themselves with T.V. or pessimism.

"A person with a need, though, looks to that need. For instance, if you are hungry, you will do what is necessary to feed yourself, forsaking other desires, even forsaking beliefs you hold. A father with a hungry baby may take a temporary job as a servant even though he believes it below human dignity to do such work, or he may steal food even though he normally believes in property rights. So a person driven by need is not to be trusted to act in the way he or she usually believes."

"Of course, but people have many needs, and we balance them in priority."

"Are you hungry?" the man asked.

With a start I remembered my postponed lunch. I was very hungry. I also had to go to the bathroom. Sealing and rubbing my stomach, I nodded.

"You know what priorities a driven person has then," he said, and we laughed.

I knew I wouldn't eat or piss until we had finished this talk, even though I now had little hope of a contribution from this man.

"It takes but little effort then to see that a driven person, though perhaps the hardest working, can also be the most

dangerous to his or her cause. Examples of this can be found in many places. You yourself have a respect for human life and the right to self-direction and fulfillment, or you wouldn't do the work you do."

"Yes," I agreed, rather wary at this point.

"Yet in your work you interrupt peoples' lives and try to change their wills, in order to further this cause."

I thought he was right. We canvassers speak of 'encouraging', and 'opening' people, but we are into manipulation, no doubt, those of us who bring in much money anyway.

"Yes," I said. "So what might you not do?" he asked, and his gaze was its most piercing.

"I would never kill another person," I said.

The man nodded. "I'm glad," he said. I pondered our conversation. What it seemed to come down to was this: I was driven, and I would never give up working hard for peace. I had to accept myself, and how I worked, yet always watch to see if my passion might bleed over into vio-



lence or ill judgement.

After a while I said: "What do you do, out of your peace?"

He shook his head with a grin, as if to say "I am not all peaceful yet."

"Just a little," he said.

I was going to press him for a specific answer but then I realized something. Though I worked so hard, I too, did just a little. On my best day I could never bring in a billionth of what was spent by governments on the machineries of war. Our organization, that had grown so greatly in its first two years, could easily be swallowed up by some bureau of some division or some department at the Pentagon. Across the globe people died. None of this could be reason to stop working. For even if my best efforts, at the most worthwhile job, did only the most infinitesimal good, still I was true to myself. I could say: "I am one of those who works for peace; not one of those whose actions, inactions, or inabilities constitute the inertia of our deadly system."

I was thinking about this when the man said: "Yes, I do a little. I have a vision too."

I looked over at him. I saw that he had the strength to work very hard, though he was not driven.

"I have found a method of moving toward inner peace. It is one that I, and others, can show people. This I sometimes do. My vision is that if enough people worked and developed this peace, and informed others of its possibilities, a pyramid of peace might develop to make conflict unnecessary. Unless of course," and he broke into a grin, "we were invaded from outer space."

I laughed. I had heard these kind of words before, from some of my more looney competitors in the canvassing business. Still this man and his ideas seemed different. I wondered about this method of inner peace; but my orientation was still the same. Perhaps now clearer. I would work against war, so that maybe in peace people would have the time to know themselves. It seemed doubtful.

"Well," I said, "there seems little hope either way."

The man nodded, then grinned. "Still, you'll do what you must, and I'll do what I can."



A PEACEKEEPER'S VIEW of THE MARCH AND RALLY JUNE 12

By JOHN BURYIAK

This will be a peacekeeper's view of what happened at the Disarmament rally on June 12, 1982. The rally was planned months in advance. Stickers and posters began appearing about one month before the rally was to take place on Central Park's Great Lawn. I, like almost 2,000 other people, took Peacekeeper training, which was simply three hours of logistics, triads, role playing (acting out situations that we were likely to encounter). The training was conducted in a really open atmosphere, almost like an LRV meeting. I left with a good feeling in my heart, knowing some new people.

Two weeks later, the night before the rally, I was so nervous that I couldn't remember half the things I was taught. I got my sleeping bag and the first aid kit I had prepared ready, then I tried to sleep (I lay awake until almost 2:00am before exhaustion lulled me to sleep). I woke up late, strapped the bag and first aid kit to my back and ran to First Avenue. The bus came quickly but could only go to 42nd Street so I had to walk from there. I finally reached the place where I was to get my Peacekeeper T-shirt, but there were none left. They gave me an armband and a choice of positions, wished me luck, and sent Rob (California LRV'er) and me on our way. We entered a crowd of people so large it boggled the mind, even without drugs. We walked all over before finding our spot. Then we waited. At 10:00 balloons were released signalling the start of the march. Though only half a block from the starting point, it took a half-hour for us to get moving. A Japanese man gave both Rob and I an Anti-Nuke button, FREE. No kidding, free.

People had shown up days in advance, but were not allowed to sleep on the Great Lawn. In addition to Peacekeepers, there were 5,000 police officers, at least 100 medical personnel and (for some reason) several firemen at the rally. The rally ended at 7:10pm, ten minutes after it was scheduled to.

Park officials were quoted as saying that the lawn was "spotless" and "It's cleaner than my son's room." Other comments concerned how peaceful the entire crowd was, worry about nuclear war, showing other people they care about the world. "I'm scared," was another commonly heard statement. Some popular signs and slogans were: "You can't hug your kids with nuclear arms," "Mushrooms belong on pizza, not in the clouds," "I want to be grown up, not blown up," "Bread not bombs," and, of course, "No Nukes!!" There were no arrests all day.

When we finally reached the Great Lawn, there were at least 150,000 people there already. We found a clear piece of ground and claimed it for our own. As far as peacekeeping duty goes, there was almost nothing to do. A man fainted fifty feet away from me, but some medics reached him before I could. During the whole day, only seventy-six people had to be treated for injuries, mostly blisters and exhaustion. Eighteen of them had to be hospitalized. Lost children numbered about fifty and all were returned before the end of the day. The last marchers passed the United Nations four and a half hours after the march started and didn't reach the park until 5:00pm.



On Monday, June 14, however, organized civil disobedience on front of the embassies of the five nations (China, France, Russia, United Kingdom, United States) who currently produce nuclear arms saw 1,691 people arrested for the cause of nuclear disarmament.

It was reported that there were between 750,000 and 1,250,000 people there. It was kinda' hard to count, but somehow they did. From my point of view, and everyone I spoke with, it was the biggest and best rally anyone had ever seen. I hope that the "important" people listen to all of us "common" people, and take apart all of their big toys, and try to feed the people of this world.

ON CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE june 14 By STEPHANIE BACON

I had gone to the standard non-violence training for participation in the Civil Disobedience for disarmament that occurred on June 14, but I was particularly non-plussed by the attitude of our trainer, so I did not join the affinity group that was formed out of our training session. An affinity group, the body of ten to twenty people with whom one participates in the civil disobedience action, was essential to my involvement, so I joined an affinity group of Unitarian Universalists. I missed a train connection and the arrest of my affinity group that morning.

After surveying the situation at the Chinese mission, I gritted my teeth and climbed under a police barricade, and was promptly informed that I was not to do so.

"Are you trying to get arrested or something?" one asked. I nodded. They tried to direct me to a place or person that might be appropriate, but they were unable to help, as they were not equipped for individual arrests. I then proceeded to blockade the Chinese mission singlehandedly for six hours during which I wrote the following:

6/14/82

A comic scenario indeed; they just won't arrest me alone. I missed my affinity group, missed the police buses, and now I sit here

alone, single handedly blockading the Chinese mission. Hopefully more people are coming at 12:00, and I can be arrested with them. It's about 11:30 now.

A police officer walked up to me and said: "I think they'll take you down pretty soon." "Yeah," I said, "I'm waiting for some more people. I heard more people are coming at 12:00."

"Alright, so you wait for them at 12:00. What's your name, huh?"

"Stephanie."

"Alright, so you wait for them at 12:00, and they'll take you down then. Meanwhile, why don't you go sit on the sidewalk, wait for them there, you know, be like a lady until they come. I mean, nobody knows why you're there; you're not making any point. I mean, use your head, Steph."

I said, "Thanks for your help, but I think I'd prefer to stay here."

"Okay," he said, and walked away.

People went on by; some told me to hang in and one woman asked me if I wanted something to eat or drink. A man in a suit with a briefcase stopped to talk and see what would happen and a derelict came by and recited, at great length, his life and times

to the assembled police and me.

There were, in fact, 3,000 policemen assigned to guard the five nuclear missions that were to be blockaded. Two other missions were being blockaded at the same time in an unrelated protest by the yippies.

I could believe that there are 200-400 police here. There are also two city buses, waiting to be taken to central booking when they are full of arrested demonstrators. About twenty police horses are in trailers on the block, and all the police are in riot gear, including helmets and billy clubs. I am the only sedentary civilian in the vicinity. I don't know what they were expecting, but they are well covered at the Chinese mission.

A girl arrives and sits down next to me; she's just come from the United Nations, where they sent her up here. There's been a fire at Grand Central Station; all phone links and alarm systems are out, she tells me. Things must be chaotic there; she tells me that people are being arrested by busloads and each wave that is arrested is replaced by a new wave.

New York keeps on moving. Three or four people have photographed us; the derelict does impressions of Julia Child. A group of kids walks by; I ask them if they're going to get arrested. They just laugh at me. Most people just walk by.

An oriental man walks by the police line and says, "God Bless America" in a thick accent. More people from the U.N. are coming by, but they're support people, not looking to be arrested. The girl from the U.N. made a phone call to the Civil Disobedience Campaign Headquarters, and they told her that the next group released would be sent here.

The arrests that occurred consisted of people being bussed down to central booking, where they were issued summonses and then released. When the summonses come up in court, they will probably be dismissed; any reasonable fines levied could not equal the costs of processing 1,600 sets of charges.

I decided my time there was up, as I had (damn my human limitations) other work to do. I left the blockading in the capable hands of the girl from the U.N. and an offshoot of the psychedelic subculture who had joined us five minutes earlier.



JUNE 12 DISARMAMENT RALLY

By STEPHANIE BACON

The New York City subways were alive with an inordinate number of people by dawn of June 12. Most of them were police and civilian peacekeepers, and all knew the tension that enveloped the city. That sunrise, which I greeted through the window of an elevated IRT train, was the prelude to the monumental disarmament rally.

At the handshell in Central Park, at about 7:00am, we received our packets and T-shirts if we could demonstrate that we had taken peacekeeper training. Most of us had some kind of identification card from our training session. After receiving my packet and shirt, I hustled down to the U.N., where I was assigned to a holding block on 51st Street. Those of us on 51st Street had little to do for the first part of the morning, except for sending large groups of demonstrators away from 3rd Avenue, the motor route, onto 2nd Avenue, which was blocked off for foot traffic. Hundreds of people filed past us down to the U.N., including fifty people from my school, a red pick-up truck full of IRTers, and countless groups, schools and associations.



WE

By about 10:00 we were needed as an overflow block; all those people who could not get near the U.N. were organized into overflow blocks on either side of 2nd Avenue from 51st St. to 56th St. The march went in three columns; one up Central Park West, one up 2nd Ave., and one up 5th Ave. I led the column up 2nd Ave. with about fifteen other peacekeepers.

WERE

Leading the march was a unique and gratifying experience; people hanging out windows and signs in stores voiced support all along our march route, and everywhere we looked we were. The going was long and slow, but the mood could only have been called triumphant when we merged with other columns at the southern end of the park. Thirty blocks later we reached the Great Lawn, where the rally was being held. I have no trouble believing that a million people were there.



THERE



I was called on to exercise my training in a rather unpleasant capacity: preserving the sanctity of a police barricade that many people wished to cross. Generally, however, the prevalent mood was cooperative and orderly, if slightly giddy at the magnitude of what had transpired.



"The beauty of our position is that if they should happen to be right, they won't be around to say, 'I told you so.'"



DEFINING RELATIONSHIPS

by BOUG WEBB

Most of our relationships and their accompanying commitments are defined through a social process that utilizes both verbal and non-verbal communication. This social process usually consists of vocalizing interests and experiences, exchanging information, and giving limited feedback. Throughout this process, one's relationships are defined by one's concepts of what a relationship is supposed to be, and their perception of what the other individual(s) involved expect of them. This process may be sufficient for defining casual relationships, but if the relationship involves any degree of emotional vulnerability - as a sexual relationship does - this process leaves too much to presumption.

Ironically, in the formation of many sexual relationships there is even less verbal communication than there is with casual relationships. This lack of verbal communication leaves one to rely on non-verbal communication that is often ambiguous in the initial stages of a relationship. In a period where transcendence and change are a norm, both in our personal lives and in our social and moral structures, we must find a more communicative method of defining our relationships. Our relationships are less predetermined than they were in the past by set social standards. We can no longer rely upon pre-conceptions and false expectations. We must clarify our relationships in terms of our own needs and within the needs of the individuals with whom we relate. This article is concerned with developing the communications necessary for this task.

SELF EVALUATION

What do I think? What do I feel? What do I want? These are three key questions in opening communication. Before we can let someone else know our thoughts, feelings and desires, we must know them. A process of self-evaluation, therefore, becomes a central factor in open communication.

Spend some time with yourself. What expectations do you think other people have of you in your relationships? Have these expectations been clearly expressed, or are they assumed? What expectations do you have of others? Are your expectations realistic? What roles do you play in your relationships? Are roles shared and exchanged? Are responsibilities and commitments shared? Are your relationships defined in such a way that they serve you, or do you serve the definitions?



If you find that your relationships lack mutual fulfillment and growth, you may want to redefine them:

What do I think? Based on realistic expectations, what is an optimal relationship for me? In what ways can commitments and responsibilities be shared? How can communication and understanding be maximized?

What do I feel? Does my concept of an optimal relationship recognize my feelings? What fears do I have in committing myself emotionally? How should my feelings of insecurity and jealousy be dealt with? When do I feel good about my relationships?

What do I want? How can my relationships best facilitate my growth and fulfillment -- emotionally, intellectually, and physically?

OPEN COMMUNICATION

Dr. Sidney Jourard writes in *The Transparent Self*, "Full disclosure of the self to at least one other significant human being appears to be one means by which a person discovers not only the breadth and depth of his(her) needs and feelings, but also the nature of his(her) own self-affirmed values." Thusly, open communication can not only be a method of reaching greater understanding within our relationships, it can also help us better understand ourselves.

Open communication utilizes honesty in disclosing our thoughts, feelings, needs, and desires. Of course we have probably all thought at one time that honesty can hurt and may not always be desirable in a relationship. The "honesty that hurts", however, is often not honesty at all, but exaggeration and mis-communication. Even when honesty hurts, it will probably be less painful than the emotional catastrophes that can result from the lack of it.

In their book *Open Marriage*, Nena O'Neill and George O'Neill, outline five principles for effective communication that are designed to increase understanding and minimize destructiveness: Understanding the Context, Timing, Clarity, Open Listening, and Feedback.

UNDERSTANDING THE CONTEXT

Be conscious of the context with in which you communicate. When you call someone a "dipshit" after they have just stepped on your foot, they may take offense, but "dipshit" could be a term of endearment when used in another context.

TIMING

Timing is related to context. It is based on the concept that understanding can be enhanced by communicating with an awareness of another's mood. I'm sure we have all used timing in a negative way to manipulate our parents, among others. In open communication, timing can be used by communicating with another when they are most receptive. If your lover has just had a heated argument with a friend, it may not be the best time to talk about the great day you had. You should be careful in your relationships, not to use timing manipulatively, but rather to promote open and honest communication.

CLARITY

This principle incorporates a technique of "saying what you see and telling what you feel without criticizing the other." Say what you mean. Don't let your discussions get lost in ambiguity. Say what your perceptions are and how you feel about them. If you criticize, though, you're likely to end up with an argument that just makes communication more difficult.

OPEN LISTENING

How many times have you sat with someone saying what you wanted to say and not listening to a word the other person said? In open listening you open yourself up to really hear what the other person is saying. If you're not in a position to do that when there is something to be discussed, then you can express your unwillingness to listen at that point. If you're going to develop good communication, however, you have to really listen when you say you're going to.

FEEDBACK

Feedback is a two part process of the listener acknowledging or interpreting what has been said and the speaker affirming that acknowledgment. It is useful in promoting greater understanding in our communication. Through feedback the person speaking can know whether their statement was heard and understood; and through the speaker's affirmation, the listener knows that they have understood the statement. By using this method we can help one another communicate fully and honestly.



In opening communication, it is important to disclose your thoughts and feelings at a rate that is comfortable for you. Go at your own pace. If there is something that is difficult for you to talk about, indicate that. The support and time necessary for you to say it can then be given. You may want to start opening communications by disclosing positive feelings or little things you like about the other person.

SPEAKING OF SEX...

In most relationships there is very little verbal communication about sex. Love-making can be greatly enhanced by saying what feels good, what you like, and whether you feel like making love in the first place. Explore your partners body. What do their orgasms feel like? How does their body work? What arouses them? What are their sexual fantasies? What are their own unique sexual characteristics? Talk about your sexuality. It can not only increase your enjoyment of sex, it can be fun in and of itself.

The method of birth control used in a heterosexual relationship should be taken as a mutual responsibility. If you are a male, ASK YOUR PARTNER what kind of birth control she is using and be prepared to provide one if necessary. If you are a female, have a method of birth control and tell your partner what it is (you may raise his consciousness some). There is no reason why a person can't carry foam and condoms with them if nothing else. Even if you don't need them, a friend might. Carrying a contraceptive isn't presumptuous, it's just realistic. If you are using a diaphragm or foam and condoms, you can integrate them into foreplay instead of making them into a "necessary inconvenience."

A CONTINUING PROCESS

Defining our relationships through open communication and understanding requires a mutual continuing effort. Don't expect it to come easily. A good relationship usually involves hard work in communications, taking risks, and developing trust. But if you are willing to commit yourself to it, you will find many rewards throughout the process.

ESCALATING EXPECTATIONS

15

The collective personality of the Women's Alliance is vastly more obnoxious than any of its members. One wants to begin with a stark statement, but I can almost hear, behind the snickers, "but is that really fair?" I can only vouch for its truthfulness, not its fairness. This is not, however, going to be a bitter piece. I'm not one of those old curmudgeon janitors who begrudges the congregation every crumb, butt and minor vandalism.

The vaunted liberalism of the Unitarians does not extend to paying a janitor a living wage. Now that is fair, but recounting the exculpatory gesture it gave rise to may not be. I'm sitting there, being interviewed for the job by three people, and after about a half hour, one of them says, "Are you independently wealthy?" The answer is no. "Then how do you propose to live on what we propose to pay you?" This is a tough question, as he knew it would be. I am not sure how I got past it because I still haven't figured it out. The situation worked itself out by my getting a part time job in addition to janitorial and the Unitarians being extremely liberal about allowing me to adjust my schedule to do both.

The whole interview was tough. "What do you believe is the purpose of the educational system?" Answer: To keep children out of the job market. "What is the meaning of life?" I apparently had a satisfactory answer to that under the pressure of the moment, but I've forgotten it. The whole thing lasted almost an hour and, much later, one of the interrogators admitted that they had no intention of hiring me but thought it would be fun to talk to me anyway because I had an interesting resume.

"Are you mechanically inclined?" This was an unintentionally difficult question. I'm so spectacularly unmechanical that I have never been able to lie about it convincingly. I just sat there without answering at all, hoping they'd take that for modesty, waiting for the next question. "Do you see dirt?" I mean, do you see dirt?" No problem. I see dirt. I really see dirt. I even implied (untruthfully) by my intonation that I very strongly disapproved of dirt. This seemed to satisfy. They finally asked if I minded working for a woman. I said that I did not and I don't. The beauty of this question was not that I had the right answer on my lips and in my heart, but that it smelled of pay dirt. It suggested that I was in the running. It meant that I might, after all, have a chance to earn a living by working for a woman and wouldn't have to start knocking women down, kicking their ribs in and running off with their purses.



My boss is a good person. She lets me drink coffee in her air-conditioned office on days when it's the only comfortable place for miles. She's had me over for Christmas dinner. She's fun to talk with. But we have a fundamental difference of opinion on the meaning of the meaning of being on the staff of a Unitarian Church. It may stem from her being a Unitarian and my not being one. She feels we should all try to anticipate the needs and whims of the congregation and act on the basis of that anticipation in such a way that no member of the church will ever have a just cause for complaint about anything. This isn't merely a ploy to get me to work. I'll get to that in a minute. This is a sincere conviction about the nature of the task itself.

To my mind, and I've argued this with her unsuccessfully, this philosophy is not only mistaken but cruel. Further, anyone who has had any slight association with Unitarians should recognize its cruelty. If they couldn't complain, and complain with some justice, Unitarians would die. How else can one explain the history of the Church? Unitarians have been kicked out of every other conceivable religion from time immemorial for their love of complaining. Some knowledgeable person told me that eighty percent of all Unitarians alive today have left other religions that refused to amend themselves to suit the complaints of the soon-to-be Unitarians. Beyond the historical argument, we have some of the really great living complainers in our own congregation, in the flesh and indisputable. One in particular could earn a living by giving lessons in how to rampage. Who knows, given the current trends in psychotherapy, primal scream may lead to rage and rage evolve to rampage. She may be in business yet. After a particularly virulent week of rampage, early in my career as janitor, this woman stopped in mid-tirade, focused a mean gleam look at me and asked, "Do you still like us?" I told her, with fully intended cruelty, that I did. She's never been the same.

The ploy that my boss uses to get me to work is annoying enough to cause me to scan the Sunday want ads about once every other month. The maddening thing about it is that I know she thinks it's a friendly, warm, helpful, encouraging approach. It is none of those things. It consists of finding some Larger Principle behind the need to remove every minor bit of dirt.

Perhaps I should first explain that, having four large buildings to clean that are regularly used by groups who have difficulty getting anyone else to rent them space, there is always dirt available for anyone who cares to find it. The rampage woman above once brought me a handful of dirt she found behind a door and showed it to me without comment. I finally said "That's dirt you've got there," and she went away.

Back to Larger Principles. The boss comes at just the wrong moment and finds me replacing one piece of furniture that covered a dirty spot on the floor with another piece that will cover it equally well. She says, "Now Lee, don't you think, as janitor, that you should vacuum that spot before covering it again?"

"No. I think, as janitor, that nobody would have known the difference if you hadn't wandered in at the wrong time. I think, as janitor, that vacuuming this spot before I cover it again is a total waste of time and effort. But, since you're here and see it and it apparently displeases you, I think, as janitor, that I'd better clean it up." That's not exactly what I said, but I hope that I managed to convey the superfluosity of her appeal to the Larger Principle of my professional appraisal of the situation and, implicitly, to my professional pride, identity, integrity, etc.

So it's never a simple "Mop this or sweep that or dust the other," but always an appeal to Order or Loyalty or some supposed common ground on which our philosophies converge and invest the menial with Meaning as

we march forward together to a brighter day when all Right Thinking people, and so forth. The fact is that we have very different senses of what order is and what dirt is and even what reasonableness is. I do most of the things I do simply because I know that she wants them done. Period. No philosophy. No Larger Principles. No Meaning. So why not drop all that?



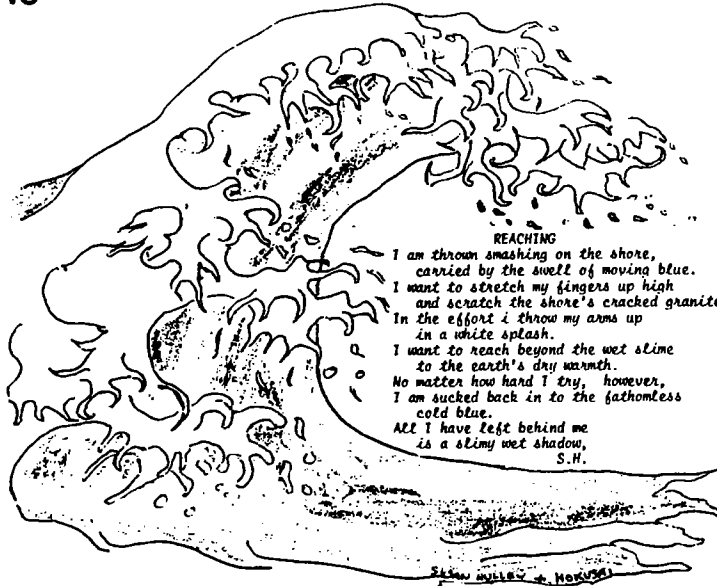
Our minister is a beautifully educated man who reads books he doesn't have to read, writes books he doesn't have to write, appreciates modern poetry, and converses amusingly. He also maintains as much social distance as possible between himself and everyone who's not a member of his immediate family. His being the only minister I've ever known, his distancing thing has led me to wonder if it's a necessary protection of the profession. At any rate, it keeps him from being smothered by this congregation without keeping him from being lots of laughs, especially at staff lunches when the staff of four and a guest or two spend about two hours twice a month drinking nearly half a gallon of wine and discussing everything from the trash I've neglected to remove from the parking lot to world literature and the history of the women's movement. In a denomination that prides itself on liberal ministers, our minister has, from my point of view, established his liberalism beyond a shadow of a doubt. He has publicly said that he doesn't think any minister should have the right to veto any speaker from speaking from his church's pulpit. It's easy to be liberal with somebody else's territory. I've got to respect a liberalism with what has traditionally been one's own sacred preserve. I could quibble with his illiberal assumption that everyone aspires to speak the middle-class dialect, which assumption occasionally inspires him to "correct" my low-class grammar, but that would be petty indeed.

Our congregation is old and well educated. I occasionally argue that the Unitarian prejudice against selling the religion to the great unwashed at home and abroad results in a de facto elitism. I never heard of the Unitarians before I went to work for them. I've had members of this congregation confide that they're more comfortable dealing with me because I'm college educated (their previous janitors had not been). In my unkind moods I sometimes suggest that there's something paradoxical about a liberal faith with such an elite membership.

The extreme age of the congregation is another interesting point. It's caused at least in part by a clubby feeling of the staff and some members who feel that it's nice to know everybody's eccentricities, be able to predict their behavior, and, in gen-

MORE...

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REACHING

I am thrown smashing on the shore,
 carried by the swell of moving blue.
 I want to stretch my fingers up high
 and scratch the shore's cracked granite back.
 In the effort I throw my arms up
 in a white splash.
 I want to reach beyond the wet slime
 to the earth's dry warmth.
 No matter how hard I try, however,
 I am sucked back in to the fathomless
 cold blue.
 All I have left behind me
 is a slimy wet shadow,
 S.H.

A LOVE LETTER TO AN ISLAND

Star my special island
 let me roam the halls of
 your main house,
 Sit in your lobby,
 Think in your chapel.

Staring of your cliffs,
 Seeing your beauty beyond
 your subtle face.

Star I love you ...

And if I die, before I
 kiss your lands again,
 With my tears of joy:

Let my spirit be free to
 drift where it may among
 your shores.

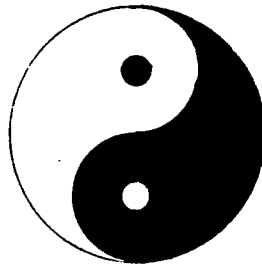
Star, you warm my thoughts
 and haunt my mind...
 ...Star

by years passing

for this moment, we rest on gossamer wings,
 gliding fragile, a whimsical thing,
 floating in the open air... only an ethereal trace
 strobing the tip of night's face.
 soft by wind currents never sleeping,
 joining thoughts, keeping
 close by years passing us.
 wait and hover in time with me,
 never age and never leave,
 giving shape to all our memories,
 dancing in the stream, dancing!
 touching hands as current may,
 cheating the cycle of days
 by years passing us.

-10/81
 -ryb mc.
 -dedicated to try

POETRY



I am a part of you. *
 You are a part of me.
 I feel some of what you feel.
 You feel some of what I feel.
 We share things.
 Our suns rise and fall.
 Parts of our lives die and live,
 Are born and reborn.
 Renaissances of good things,
 Kindle our souls.
 May the sunrise of your soul
 Embrace the sky...
 And may the part of each other
 We share exist with love.
 Love, Julie the Angel

satyrday

friday night we were an explosion
 in guess how many ways.
 we woke up the next hot morning
 still astounding in display.
 sharing sundry breakfast things:
 fruits and cheeses, wine and breads.
 we set sail on the river hama sutra;
 oh, you do this something in my head.

we twist like cells in reverse-division,
 we tumble in so many ways.
 we tender ourselves like delicate candies;
 kisses sweet on satyrday.

take me as is your inbling,
 i'll have as is my need.
 you lay down like a field at foot,
 and i'll lay down the seed,
 we'll revel in a timeless solstice;
 celebration of the celebrating,
 come, swim in some stronger feeling-
 an overdosing undertaking.

we melt like sugar in water-rythms,
 we mold like some lusty deity's clay,
 we are the edges, turned-up in smile,
 on the visage of this satyrday.

-7/82
 -ryb mc.

BEYOND ME

Would you like me to sing your praises,
you whose beauty takes me,
whose every effort is grace epitomized?
(point, dear, and
lift your leg - like so
flex - ah, muscles.)

Could I even do you justice,
You shining so, that stars
wish to call you their own,
hoping to match creation
with Creator?

With your essence encircling me
as your dark hair did,
(one moment...in dreamsweat)
I can almost feel your purpose.

You enchant me
And I am left but a whisp of spirit.
-Rebecca Kovar-
(for Janet)



The stars are matter
We're matter
But it doesn't matter
-Don Van Vliet -

INFINITE WISDOM

And in the end
I find myself wandering
Through a maze of wonderful colors,
All shades I see.
I find life and love,
and enter into the realm
of the wisdom called infinity.
The state of being
Is ever present,
And past
And future,
And will rule forever.
Even after "The End"
For time never ends
And it never began.
And so it is with being.
There will always be,
For it always was.
There is no end...
-Chris Wise-



Reflections...
look into the mirror
just a passing glance
but what did you see?
was it you or was it me?
look into the mirror
closer this time
to what is real
to what you feel
look into the mirror
deep in your eyes
as far as you can go
as close as you can come
and...the mirror shatters

-Janet Rosado

Shimmered frosted lights and a cooled
spray cast upon faces
holding hands in pockets
of each other
You, hoping for something
that never was the
way you wish it was.

So I touch your lips--
with mine,
(Ice, slip falling, catching-
holding each other from
slipping falling on Ice
out of each other's reach)

And each moment we touch
we become (... ..) and
(more sure of how we feel and
(less sure of how to show it?)
more of one another than before we met)

Each other...
a curve widens on your cheeks
and breaths

into a smile
Under an arch we reach into ourselves
and find each other, smiling
and so touch
and begin... ..

-Rob W. Campbell-

THE POET'S JAM

They all picked flowers and they
all sang songs
and they all weaned their children
and fed them rice,
all in a days' time upon the footsteps
of the Poet's Jam.
Followers and followings pick the roses
of conformity and fatten them in jars
then place them upon their window sills
as the cars forever roll on by.
The courtyard is overflowing with gatherings
and crowds, monks are clothed in purple
the humble belittle the proud.
Would be thinkers and out of work
tinkers they do fix the
clocks of time as women decorate
this crown of thorns with roses
of love and joy.
And they all picked flowers and they
all sang songs and they all
weaned their children and fed them
rice all in a days' time upon
the footsteps of the Poet's Jam.
Mother of sixteen

There is a virgin in San Francisco
Mother of sixteen bloated belly life within
giving peace some sunshine
Your young legs are spread so wide (praise)
As your labor thrust grants sweet birth
Overhead Gospel Ship coming in
servant clothes enter from the sky.
And we all picked flowers and we all
sang songs and we all
weaned our children and fed them
rice all in a days' time upon the
footsteps of the Poet's Jam.
"Fools encompass me, gamble for my clothes"
The women hid in carriages and the
men all worked the streets as
The Virgin's Son was tried by law
and beaten, beaten beat
They thrust the crown upon his head
the sun fell down like rain
The men all hid in carriages of
women scared in vain.
Oh, and they all picked flowers
they all sang songs and they all
weaned their children and fed them
rice all in a days' time
upon the footsteps of the Poet's Jam.

-David Allen Roskos-





Bob Toren produces the best and most interesting artwork we at *People Soup* have seen all year. Although he is not an LRY member, he saw fit to send us a portfolio, and we would like to pass some of it on to you.

- The Editors



JUST FIFTEEN

I would love to run my hands through your golden hair and
ruffle it. Hair as thick as mine.
Maybe touch your knee, feel the warmth of your leg,
But then I can't, can I?
Your youthfulness intensifies your beauty
Like lemon tea
Giving you that astonishing look of innocence,
And so does the radiant splendor
of your golden blonde curls which captivate.
Your beauty transcends any heavenly angel.
Oh, how I want to touch you, to caress you, to embrace you
my spine tingles with excitement when I think of you
But alas, you are forbidden fruit.
I merely observe you and your glamour.
-Arthur Hicks-

CYCLE

Her body was sleek and black.
When I straddled her I felt
that familiar
hum between my legs
And, Baby, she rode like an
animal.

White-lining it in the dark
my hands doing their dirty work,
moving her faster.
The sweat issued from my pores.
This was excitement at its fullest.

Grinding gears until
she roared with power
I'm in command atop this baby,
and I love it.

The wind in my hair
The people watching as I
juggle her controls,
Straddling my machine,
I'm God.

...And the exhaust floods
from her hole.
-Alegn-

Seeker and the Sage

"You cannot teach a man anything.
You can only help him to learn it for
himself"

Galileo

"Interesting", thought the sage,
but he said, "What exactly is it you
want to know?"
"Wisdom of course!"

by
jim bumgardner

Deep in the twisted caverns and
cliffs of the Himalayas there was a ledge.
During the winter months it was covered
by layers of ice and snow and was impos-
sible to reach, but when this coat was
shed, the ledge was occupied by a sage.

A curious sort this sage; no one
knew exactly where he hid during the cold
season. In fact, no one knew where he
had come from at all. But during the sum-
mer he was always there giving wisdom to
any who dared to reach his ledge.

A month's journey from this ledge
there was a school, and since many roads
led to this school, many people came to
gain the knowledge that was given there.

A teacher at the school was taking
an early morning walk when he found a
young babe on his doorstep. He took the
infant inside and fed him goat's milk
from the school's herd. The infant grew
to be a young boy and became part of the
school, learning what he could, and always
seeking more knowledge.

But there came a time when the boy
grew weary with learning. He decided to
find this sage he had heard tales about
so he could discover true wisdom. One
foggy night with no moon in the sky, he
left.

Many days this young man traveled.
He scaled three mountain ranges and swam
two polluted rivers. Neighboring farmers
saw his need and fed him till he grew
proud and sure that his quest would not
fail.

And so the day came when the sage
found this youth struggling up the cliff
to reach his ledge. His body was bruised
and his fine clothing was fine no more.

Tired from climbing and weary from
searching, the boy reached the ledge and
collapsed on the ground. The sage hurried
to the boy with a gourd of water and
helped him to a sitting position. The
boy drank deeply and finally gasped,
"Teach me!"



"Aha! I see...But what is wisdom?"
At this point the boy drew up and
spoke to the mystic as if the man were a
child, "Listen Grandfather--I have come
here after a long journey. I have scaled
three mountain ranges and I have swum
two polluted rivers. I have left school
to be fed by farmers, just so I could
hear your wisdom. And what do you do?
You ask questions! Is it not obvious
enough? I will spell it out for you:
W-I-S-D-O-M. Wisdom. Why do you ask
such silly questions?"

"Hmmm" the sage pondered, "Why not?"
"Because I want to learn, of course!"
"Go back to your school...ask ques-
tions-they will teach you."

"But I need WISDOM!" (At this point
the boy was getting rather flustered.)
"Then tell me something, the sage re-
plied, "What is the difference between wis-
dom and intelligence?"

"Intelligence is what I got at school
and wisdom is what I'll get here."

"Maybe, but not from me. I could
teach you, for a year and a day, all the
things that have been passed from master to
seeker to me. But you must learn wisdom
for yourself, through experience!"

"Okay, fine. Teach me experience then,"
retorted the boy.

"I teach you this: Go back to your vil-
lage and live as I do," the sage indicated
the ledge, the cave, his rags and his cal-
loused feet, "in becoming tuned in to your-
environment, you will finally understand
the true difference between wisdom and
intelligence."

The boy listened and believed the sage.
He proceeded to climb back down the cliffs
and follow the advice of the old man.

The sage pondered the situation and
stared into his watergourd, looking at the
reflection of his deeply lined face. "You
know what that boy's going to discover?",
he said to himself, "He who lives like a
sage in the middle of a village gets
arrested pretty damn quick!"

THE

part I: prelude to enough chaos to fill
an infinity;
(or: God gets cute)

everything was created by god. evolutionists, don't argue. creationists don't gloat--you're both equally correct and stupid. everything was created as a joke between Him and Him. (divine schizo). the idea ran thus; make something logical, natural, and impeccable. then remove a few parts. the humor is easy to imagine. it's like stealing the brakepins off of a wheelchair. (knowing how popular disapproval is, God decided on copping the 5th amendment. hence, we have this today)

HISTORY

part II: God creates man.
(or: grist for the mill)

modern theories trace man's ancestry to either: a lump of clay; a benign alien race (most likely librarians or possibly the person who invented "smiley faces") or lastly (the evo's bid) bonzo's great-great-great-great grandsire. needless to say, any civilization capable of the range between the fine arts and the new jersey turnpike is not to be trusted with a burnt-out match.



part III: early civilization, the bartering system, and the first raw deal.

fully aware of the diverse dangers of prehistory (from being eaten, beaten, shat on or forgotten about in history books (that is, whenever man got around to writing, some are still waiting for him to think). So everybody got together in villages, to share a communal sense of paranoia, or to give other villages something to be paranoid about. hence the next chapter.

EVER

part IV: man discovers war
(or: how to do unto others,
and then split town.)

question: when faced with the presence of an inanimate object like a rock, stick, or sundry rodent, what does one do? obvious answer: you inflict it's presence (at high-velocity, preferably) at your neighbor. today it's the same, only worse. can you imagine a 10,000 megarock weapon? thermonuclear stick? only the heat-seeking wallabee occurs to me. one of these days man (in his inestimable manner of putting a list-price on every list) will see that two parties blowing the chittlins out of each other and what it is they are fighting over, is alot like doing the kama sutra top-ten for chastity.

RYTHING

part V: the invention and utilization of
sex thru knowledge and plastic/leather/
wire accessories.

censored. censored. censored. active adult.
censored. censored. censored. mayonnaise. censored.
censored. censored. censored. habitual itch. censored.
censored. censored. local chapter of the SPCA and
local media. censored. censored. censored. jail
term of 25 years to life. censored. censored.
censored. loved every minute. censored. censored.
censored. sin so red. censored. 11 months in full
bodycast. censored. censored. god bless america.
censored. censored. vanilla.

part VI: nothing.
(or: you guessed it...nothing.)

part VII: THE END

you guessed it. sometime, sooner or later, this all will cease to be. (even the grateful dead?!?!?!! yes--EVEN the grateful dead!) at this point you can be sure of a few things (and these are...) ONE: god gave up on a joke tasteless from the start; TWO: 10¢, 15¢, and even two-for-one coupons will be useless; and THREE: your's truly will be enjoying the great send-off completely off-center. thank you, and 'til the big foof-in-the-sky.....

By RYK MCINTYRE



ONE NATION. INVISIBLE

by jennifer brett

There is a nation of sovereign people struggling for independence and recognition in a land that was theirs from before the time of the Greek empire, but which was taken away from them 200 years ago by a culture of peoples who feared them because they couldn't understand them. That culture: the group of misplaced Europeans with the misnomer of "Americans". The struggling people: the true Americans, the American Indian. Using all forms of genocide and repression without guilt, the U.S. government has nearly destroyed the culture, heritage, and history of an amazing people who lived with, loved, and learned from the land instead of purging and changing it to fulfill greedy wants as we do now.

When the Europeans first began to explore this continent, they found a beautiful land inhabited by a simple people. They saw that there was room for more people, so they began to settle the land most suitable for their needs, disregarding the fact that the Indians might have need for that same land. The Indians tried to stop this invasion of their space in any way possible. When they signed treaties, they did so believing they were sacred nation-to-nation promises and not just flimsy pieces of paper. The U.S. government could have honored all the treaties in effect when the Constitution was ratified and still have a larger country than any of its European "mothers". But this was the time of the great expansionistic and imperialistic race and the U.S. was not going to be left behind. The white people

were laughing at the Indians for their ignorance of "etiquette", while taking away the Indians' land, food, and children out of ignorance of what they could teach. And now we have to foot the bill.

When the "white men" first began to practice genocide, they were simple and direct. They would kill the enemy, in this case the Indian, in the most convenient manner. But then they began to think up new games. They began destroying the food supply and forcing the Indians to march to places alien to them on lands that were considered uninhabitable. Now there are no more "trails of tears" and the buffalo are protected, but the government has begun to use newer, more socially acceptable methods of getting rid of the Indians. 25% of Indian women of childbearing age have been sterilized, most against their will and without their knowledge. (It was once common practice to sterilize poor and minority women upon their entrance to a hospital for any reason. Although this is still done, it is not as common.) Indian children are taken from their families and placed in white homes, religious schools, and other institutions where they are forced to give up their "Indian-ness". (The Social Welfare Department has complete control over who is and is not fit to raise children and if they feel that the forced poverty of Indian homes makes them unsuitable, they have the authority to take the children away and place them in a "better environment".) All Indians are repressed legally, and many are political prisoners in jails under false pretenses (below is an example of some of the petitions being used to get these people out of the jails. It can still be used, so if you feel you want to help, copy it, sign it, and send it to the address on the bottom.). The best example of legal repression is the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA). The BIA has supreme control over all Indian lands, governmental systems, educational sys-

tems, health services, and basically, control over their lives. The BIA is supposed to look after the welfare of the Indians and make sure they are not cheated from what is rightly theirs. Here are some examples of how they have done that:

(1) They have leased reservation lands to large corporations for strip-mining, petroleum extraction, grazing, lumberings, and the acquisition of other resources;

(2) They have forced the Indians to change their system of government;

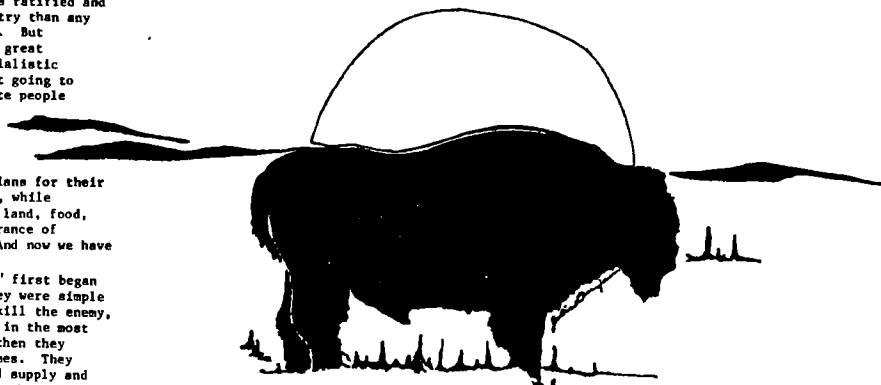
(3) They lease land to white people until the land has more whites than Indians living on it and the government can proclaim that the land should belong to the whites.

So why don't the Indians do anything about these atrocities? They cannot go to the U.S. courts because they consider themselves a sovereign state and not subject to the laws here, nor to the Constitution. The courts seem to be biased against them anyway. Ever since Wounded Knee, the Pine Ridge reservation has been continually occupied by the FBI. 100 Indians

The government's attitude toward the Indian struggle, emphasized by Wounded Knee, is not inconsistent with past events. Look at Vietnam, Chile, the Kent State incident, and the struggle in Puerto Rico. Our government is repressive of internal conflicts for sovereignty. It uses military and non-military forces (like the CIA) to protect the status quo, and more importantly, its power structure all over the globe. If you want to do something about tyranny, you can begin by helping the Indians. Sign the petition below, then write the American Solidarity Committee or me (addresses below) for more information. Then tell other people about what's happening. The more people who know, the more people who care, the better we can put democracy to work and stop the government's ever-increasing control over our lives.

PETITION

TO: Attorney General Griffin Bell
U.S. Department of Justice
Washington, D.C. 20530



have suffered violent deaths there since then, but the U.S. citizens have never heard about them because the press is silent. But when 2 FBI men were found dead, a manhunt was called for, complete with helicopters, automatic machine guns and the National Guard. (It is for these deaths Leonard Peltier was sentenced to two consecutive life sentences, and he

Why should the U.S. government try to destroy the Indians and take away their land? Well, here are three reasons that might have something to do with it: 90% of the uranium, 30% of the coal, and 30% of the U.S. supply of petroleum in on Indian land. Beginning to make sense now? We want the resources to make bombs, heat our homes, and pollute the air. It was said somewhere in one of my history books that the basis of all war was land and resources. If so, this is nothing new. The fight against the Indians is just an imperialistic war to preserve a standard of living. was innocent.) Now the U.S. government is trying to take away what the Indians do have through legislation, and they are not even represented in Congress (since they are a separate nation). Remember what the Revolution was all about? Whatever happened to the ideal?

We, the Undersigned, strongly urge that you:

- 1) fully investigate the misconduct of the FBI and its special agents in the case of Leonard Peltier. Court transcripts from Peltier's trial prove that the FBI is guilty of obstructing justice by manufacturing evidence and intimidating and coercing witnesses into making false and incriminating statements;
- 2) move for a mistrial in Peltier's conviction on charges of killing two FBI officers. Peltier was denied the right to a fair trial because the jury was not allowed to hear the defense evidence of FBI misconduct and coercion of witnesses;
- 3) stop the treaty violation, persecution and disruption of Native Americans in the pursuit of their traditional and cultural life.

NAME ADDRESS ZIP PHONE

Return to:

LEONARD PELTIER DEFENSE COMMITTEE
P.O. Box 1326
Lompac, CA 93436
(805) 733-2117

Jennifer Brett
36 N. Hillside Place
Ridgewood, NJ 07450

Religions & Cults by Bob Rowell

The name of the game, in religions and cults, is power. Power over thought, power over beliefs, power over behavior, power over sexuality, power over life-style, and ultimately, power over peoples' lives.

Religions and cults come in a variety of appearances and extremes, but on the whole, you get the same deal from any one of them. The content of the religion or cult in question is less significant than the very idea of religiously following any holy person, book, or belief.

The tragedy in Guyana, where more than 900 people died (most of them from suicide), is certainly an extreme and insane incident among religions, but not a surprising one. It is no more insane than all of the Christian wars, throughout the centuries, or the burning of "uppity" women labelled "witches". It is no more shocking than the "saved" man who stabbed a gay person to death, because "Jesus told me to". (Many believers of sorts hear THE VOICE from out of the sky. This is supposed to be something that happens when they submit or join one of the groups who participate in this form of dramatic play. They probably "hear" something within themselves that is, in fact, their own inner thoughts. Unless they are leaving a bar, or party, avoid taking the person seriously.)

Any religious leader could have done what Jim Jones has done. If the Pope called for a worldwide suicide ritual, and gave a well-worded explanation, I would expect tens of thousands (minimum) to go along with it. The entire spectrum of religions and cults has representatives who have that kind of power over peoples' minds. Reverend Sun Myung Moon, Werner Erhardt, Ruth Carter Stapleton, Billy Graham, Guru Maharaj-Ji, and maybe even Anita Bryant herself, could succeed in convincing their true believers into self-elimination. The shocking thing about Jones is not that he was able to do it, but that he did it.

The obvious response from those who are part of one religion or another is that theirs is different. To a point, they are correct. Each has its own level of commitment. Cults such as Jones' "Peoples' Temple" are the most extreme.

But people who follow any leader, church, or book, generally evolve their thinking and behavior around their version of the same game. Jim Jones, and others like him, are not usually seen as being wrong for being religious leaders, but for being the WRONG leaders. (In other words, they are competitors.)

But any leader is a wrong leader. Even in the name of something beautiful. Any religion or cult will, of course, speak of beauty, love, togetherness, and a brighter future. All of them will profess to be spiritually oriented, with the most humane standards and values. However, true spirituality and sisterly/brotherly love are a completely different concept from religion. No matter how charitable a church or group is, they are still playing the control game. The ideas from the leader or book are still the key to everything in their believers' lives.

A significant and often unseen factor in the control of all the various believers is political power. Although the separation of church and state is guaranteed in the U.S. Constitution, they are about as separate as Siamese twins. Sun Myung Moon has been linked to the South Korean government through his ties with the Korean CIA (which is an extension of the American CIA), as well as the 5 major corporations he owns there. The Pope has been for centuries a major role in political power in Italy. Religious leaders in America seem to have almost as much power in government as the almighty corporations themselves. Jim Jones even had his share of political friends. He was admitted into Guyana in the first place after receiving written recommendations from Rosalyn Carter, Walter Mondale, Hubert Humphrey, and several U.S. Congressmen

in 1977 (although the Congressmen would probably deny the credibility of these reports, if it were to become a big issue).

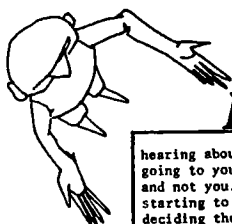
It isn't hard to understand how religious leaders and political leaders work so well together. Both are powerful and have appealing public relations.

No matter how politically motivated a holy person is, you will still hear this person talk about injustices and the tyrants, as they condemn (only in words) the very systems they are a part of.

Even a religious or cult leader who is honestly and absolutely independent and sincerely believing in his game would be incompetent. Nobody is competent to lead anybody spiritually, except each person's own self. The sooner people begin to understand this, the sooner religious wars, religious tyranny and repression, and tragedies like Guyana will disappear.

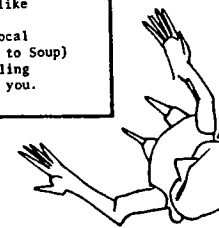
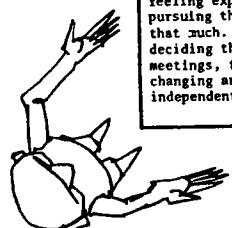
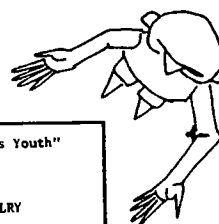
You have just as much spiritual insight within yourself as anybody else. Everybody's consciousness contains the ultimate in beauty, love, and humane feelings. It is a question of getting in touch with it, and seeing yourself that deeply. After all the garbage programmed into us, throughout childhood and since, this is no easy task. But when somebody steps in to do it for you, or to "help you" feel it, and/or produces the "holy book" or other illusions, then you are getting ripped off. And besides getting your "words of wisdom", you are also getting the fairy tales and authoritarian oppression that accompany them.

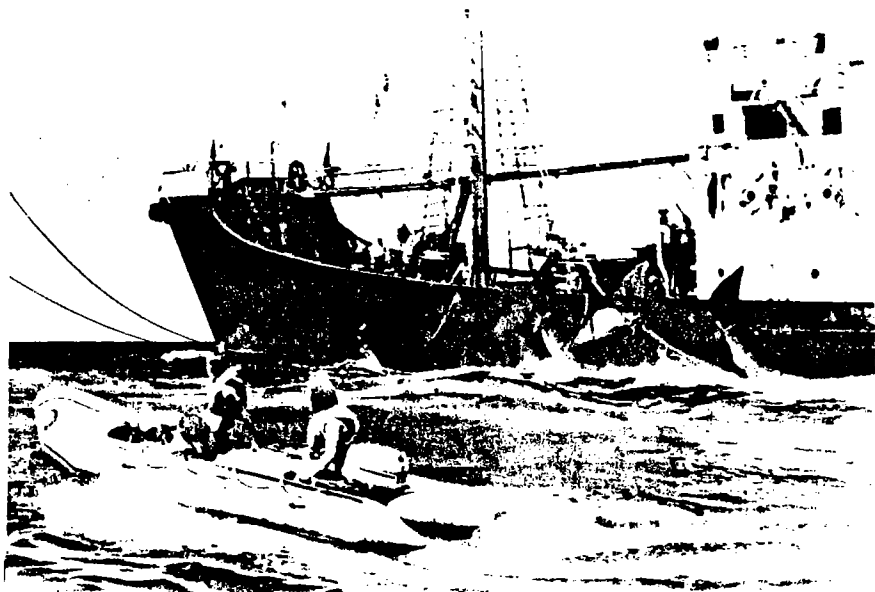
I urge everyone to avoid involvement with any religion or cult, including the lesser extreme types. You are your own best spiritual guide, or guru. Figure out your own philosophy, and what's right for you, on your own - it's all within you anyway. And beware of people who hear voices from out of the sky, even though they haven't taken any hallucinogenic drugs.



LRY WAS...

hearing about it, seeing a button, having someone tell you about "Liberal Religious Youth" going to your first conference, being scared because everyone is hugging everyone and not you.
starting to hug people yourself and, happily, getting hugged back.
deciding there is a definite need or want of changes in your life and feeling that LRY can provide the change.
learning through workshops about real social action that is important to you.
staying up till early morning hours, listening to tales and guitars or giving a massage to an unknown back.
getting depressed at dreary conference breakfasts; thinking that people ignore you.
leading your first workshop and having it flop.
leading your first workshop and having it go fantastically.
smoking dope outside of someone else's church, then pleading with people not to smoke dope at your conference.
finding that you can begin to learn hundreds of names and faces.
summer camps
crying in your friends' arms.
despairing at peoples' insensitivity and then screwing someone you don't really know, on a lonely conference night.
running for an office at boards, and having to make a speech
sometimes winning.
meeting all the well-known LRYers, only to find out they're normal people.
realizing at your fortieth conference that "the oldies" are slowly not showing up anymore and feeling tired.
blissfully advising new LRYers how to run conferences and elections.
feeling experience enough in LRY to write an article (poem, graphic, story) for People Soup.
pursuing the idea that perhaps it's hypocritical to hug someone you don't really like that much.
deciding that LRY has given you all it can, yet occasionally coming to your old local meetings, to see how the new people are doing. (and, of course, still subscribing to Soup)
changing and learning and loving even after you're out of the LRY mainstream, feeling independent enough from conferences to go out and practice the things they taught you.





Greenpeace crew members confronting Russian whalers. In the background are three dead sperm whales tied to killer boat.
Photo by William Mosgrove

"Rainbow people" represent every race, every species, every living creature. They are the patriots of the entire earth. Stimulating practical, intelligent, non-violent actions towards achieving a green peace on earth for all. These are the Greenpeace Foundation people. This can be you.

Greenpeace shares a Quaker philosophy called "bearing witness". This is the concept of viewing an injustice and accepting the responsibility for being aware of that injustice. One may choose to intervene, or to standby, but may not turn away in ignorance. It is up to one's own conscience. Greenpeace bears witness to atrocities against life by subverting and presenting them to the world through direct, non-violent, dramatic actions. Obstructing a wrong without condemning the guilty party is the only way Greenpeace sees as being efficient and correct. The greatest strength of living is life itself, and the commitment to protect all other lives.

Greenpeace follows the revolutionary, spiritual, and scientific path to the roots of ecology. These roots signify the tremendous beauty in understanding and appreciating all of life.

With this philosophy, Greenpeace believes we must feel for all life --the whales, the seals, the forests, the seas, as we feel for ourselves. Ecology teaches us that humans are not the center of life on this planet, rather, the whole earth is a part of our "body".

Being dedicated to the responsibility of protecting our fragile world, Greenpeace volunteers have committed themselves to put their bodies on the line anywhere in the world for these beliefs. The original Greenpeace people started this in 1970 with the first established Greenpeace Foundation in Vancouver, British Columbia. They gave a better focus on public concerns such as nuclear tests being conducted underground in Alaska. "We've had our people in some very flaky situations. It's a small miracle that no one has gotten killed," says Bob Hunter, Chairman of Greenpeace. Over the years, Greenpeace volunteers have sailed to the French nuclear testing zone in the South Pacific, to be harassed and eventually rammed by a French military vessel. They have inspired the New Zealand government to supervise renewed nuclear tests, and have been beaten savagely by French Commandoes, causing Dave "Taggart, owner/skipper to lose vision in one eye. Around 1975, Greenpeace started directing more attention and energy towards ending the slaughter of the declining population of great whales throughout the world. This new interest led

GREENPEACE

by Cheryl Markoff

them 11,000 miles and 84 days away from Vancouver on an excursion to the Soviet Whaling fleet operating off the coast of California. This caused the International Whaling Commission meeting in Tokyo this past December to pledge that as a "gesture towards pressure from conservationists," the Soviet Union would "dismantle" one of its whaling fleets. Sixty miles off of the CA coast, Greenpeace volunteers placed themselves in two-person rubber boats called Zodiacs, powered with outboard motors (motors similar to those used in small motor boats) between Soviet killer-ships and their victims, the whales. This human-shield technique, which saved eight whales in the Pacific last summer, prevented one Greenpeace crew with having to narrowly escape being hit by an explosive-tipped harpoon. It hit the whale who's life they were trying to save, and they were splattered with the dying creature's blood and bits of intestine. Another crew also escaped an explosive-tipped harpoon while protecting a fleeing sperm whale. The Greenpeace Zodiacs began to fly American flags; perhaps this new practice has saved their lives, due to the other countries not wanting "bad press". "International accidents" are not smiled upon. For the fourth year, Greenpeace has tracked down whalers (killer ships and vessels) confronting their murderous actions. Greenpeace's goal of publicizing social concerns and obtaining zero-quota for killing whales led them into a Soviet Whaler to hand out t-shirts, and talk with the crew.

In 1977, at least half of the seal pups born, were killed. Protesting these killings and the given reasons, Greenpeace has put out fact sheets and distributed these to the people of New Foundland. They stated the large and horrendous differences between killing seals for food, and killing seals for fashion. The seal pelts are used, as with whales, for fashion, cosmetics, soap, pet food, wax, toys (even toy seal pups!), and other things that have very reasonable alternatives. Greenpeace also points out that tax payers of these places pay for this "slaughter house on ice", as late-Congressman Leo J. Ryan said after accompanying Greenpeace on an expedition in March of 1978.

Greenpeace wants citizens to realize that approximately 14% of all pups killed do not die instantaneously after being

maliciously clubbed and illegally gaffed (by means of fish hooks) at 3 weeks of age. Other non-violent actions include an attempt at spraying the seal furs with an organic green dye, so as to make them worthless, but when the Canadian government heard of this, a law was created to prohibit this type of action. They have also pitched tents on the breeding ground islands, ready to frighten the seals into the water at the approach of the hunters. Greenpeace pressured Soviet Whalers into breaking a 30 year tradition of sailing within 700 miles of the American west coast.



ABORTION RIGHTS

The 1973 Supreme Court decision to legalize abortion is in danger of being overturned by anti-abortionist forces. Their endeavors have been energetic and widespread, and there is a very real possibility of their success.

Catholic forces have organized a plan of action against legal abortion, and efforts have been made in Congress to bring about a Constitutional amendment prohibiting abortion. Attempts by the anti-abortionist to publicize their cause have included the slogan "Right to Life," and a great deal of sensationalism through photographs. Because of these efforts the danger exists of a possible amendment to the Supreme Court decision.

Obviously, supporters of abortion rights are not presently energetically supporting their cause, as they have already won the battle. Public opinion polls show that most Americans support legal abortions. Perhaps this means that the endeavors of the anti-abortionists, however energetic, are not necessarily very effective in changing public opinion, but as long as the possibility exists of an amendment, the potential danger of anti-abortionist activities should be counteracted by action on the side of supporters of legal abortion.

The concern of the anti-abortion people was brought about through the legalization of abortion by the Supreme Court in 1973. Restrictive laws in 31 states were voided and revision was required in 15 states. The ruling established abortion in the first trimester of a fetus' development as legal without exceptions. Concern for the health of the woman, however, was the cause of certain regulations laid down regarding abortion in the second trimester. Abortion in the third trimester of development was prohibited except as a necessary means of saving the life of the mother.

The main objection to abortion is a moral one. Catholics in particular feel that abortion is morally wrong. According to Archbishop Joseph C. Bernadin, president of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops, "...the Judeo-Christian principles on which this nation is established are clearly opposed to abortion..." Obviously, his views as a Catholic conflict with what has been established by the Supreme Court as constitutional. The concern of the Catholics is heightened by the fact that what has been legalized is simply abortion upon demand. Perhaps if the ruling had limited abortion to the cases of rape or danger to the mother, they would not find it so objectionable. However, the ruling establishes abortion as legal, and therefore conflicts with the views of Catholics and others.

The result of the action being taken by anti-abortionists is the possibility of the eventual prohibition of abortion. This would mean that the death rate would go up because of illegal abortions, and that the number of unwanted children would increase. The anti-abortionists argue that a fetus is a human life and should be given the right to live. This argument is based on consideration of the fetus alone. What should also be considered are the rights of the pregnant woman. Her opportunities for a successful future could be considerably lessened by the requirements of time and money accompanying the birth of a child. Besides, if the child is unwanted, the life it is being given the right to could be one of neglect and/or abuse. Furthermore, making abortions illegal is not going to keep them from occurring, and the conditions under which they occur illegally are often primitive and dangerous, sometimes even resulting in death.

While rich women would be able to afford safe abortions, the poor would often be forced to resort to self-induced or otherwise unsafe abortions. Because of these factors, the prohibition of abortion would be harmful, both to individuals and to society. Besides that, it would be a violation of a woman's right to freedom of choice. While it is obviously more desirable that women have adequate protection against pregnancy than that they have abortions, as long as some women are faced with unwanted children, it is best that they have a safe, effective, and legal means of relieving themselves and the child of possible suffering.

One solution to the whole situation would be, through federal action perhaps, to organize a scientific program through which an ideal



form of birth control could be developed. With technology as advanced as ours, we should be able to come up with something as effective and convenient as the pill, and yet lacking in its harmful side effects. This ideal method of birth control if inexpensive and easily available, could practically eliminate the need for abortions. Only in cases of rape or the question of the mother's survival would necessitate abortion.

By eliminating the need for abortions we would eliminate the problems of its opponents. Abortion would no longer be an issue. However, this solution is rather idealistic because of the problem of time. Who knows how long it

would take to develop an ideal form of birth control and put it into widespread distribution. By the time this would have been carried out, the anti-abortionists could have already won their battle. All the same, the idea seems worth striving for, and it would be an excellent way of solving the question of abortion.

A more immediate solution would be to initiate some action on the side of the pro-abortionists. It is more important for supporters of abortion to make the public aware of their side of the issue. First, a little conscious raising would be in store, to make those supporting abortion aware of the problem. Then a plan of action publicizing the cause of legal abortion could be put into effect. This could be done through editorials, lectures, and support of our opposition to politicians according to their stance on the issue.

The assumption here is that if more people are aware of the supportive view, there naturally will be more people holding that view. As long as the only side getting publicity is the side of the opposition, then people don't have much of a choice when it comes to developing an opinion. Of course, it's impossible to tell how effective such a campaign would be, but it probably would be effective enough to ensure the safety of legal abortion. This solution would counteract the efforts of the anti-abortionists and lessen the chances of their bringing about an amendment to the constitution. It would create a clear opposition to the ideas of the anti-abortionists. It would affect the amount of power that they could have in congress. It would increase the number of people supporting abortion, and what's more, it would encourage supporters of abortion rights to make their viewpoint known.

This kind of action is necessary to prevent the power of the anti-abortionists from growing. This solution certainly will not check the activities of the anti-abortionists, but it will prevent them from gaining enough power to overturn the Supreme Court's ruling.

GREENPEACE cont.

In March of 1978, late-Congressman Lao J. Ryan (D-CA) and James Jeffords (R-VT) accompanied an expedition to the March hunt in New Foundland. Also attending were Attorney Peter Ballem, whom was arrested for conspiracy after getting permits to attend to the hunt, and Dr. Patrick Moore, also arrested for trying to protect a baby harp seal by placing himself between the hunter and the seal pup. Ballem was acquitted and Moore was charged with a \$200 fine. Another arrest came out of this excursion when late-Ryan was speaking with a hunter who bragged of killing many seals that day. This was a mistake on the hunters part, as it was a Sunday. Hunting seals is strictly prohibited on Sundays, no matter what. This was taken to court and is pending trial in New Foundland. If the case goes to trial before March 10, 1979 (opening of hunting season)

it could possibly keep two sealing vessels away from New Foundland for two years. Unfortunately, it is doubtful that this case will be tried before then.

In the summer of 1978, Greenpeace London launched a massive whaling campaign against a whaling fleet in the North Atlantic and to protest nuclear power plants in Europe. Plans are being made now to launch the ship "RAINBOW WARRIOR" from the London dock, where it is resting after its past expeditions. Greenpeace is researching possible alternatives for persons that would be jobless if all sealing and whaling were to be discontinued. These results will be released as they are found.

Greenpeace has vowed to continue action until all slaughter is stopped.

Everyone can get involved with Greenpeace in one way or another. They are a non-profit, primarily volunteer organization. For survival, they depend upon contributions



JUST CAUSE

If you are who you say you are, then where is your justification for the real substance that you perceive you are created of. For if it is not true that the perception is true then would it not be correct to assume that the truth is hiding its face from you for if one is indifferent to the facts at hand then would it not be true that you are deluding yourself of reality? Now if one were to take their own essence in hand and decide that this essence is a true fixation then would it not be correct that one is not themselves but in true fact they are a presence of their own reality only perceivable to a non-entity on a plane greater than this? So in conclusion I conclude to you that you are not what you perceive yourself to be but that you are what is programmed to be and therefore you are deluding yourself seriously.

Thank You,
Fred Jacobson



"I'm going to be ninety in two weeks. Of course, you're living through the best years of your life right now, though you don't know it. I didn't know it either, when I was your age. I graduated high school in 1908. I was living in the Nabor house just then. My mother died the year I was seventeen; it was cancer, a real tragedy. They didn't treat it the way they do now. I went to business college in Manchester... Hesser I believe it's called now. "Well, I was just raking up the pebbles that the snow plow left on my lawn last winter.

THINGS OF LITTLE IMPORTANCE

By BOYD MATTERS

"Fourteen dollars and thirty-seven cents." Something had to be wrong--the last time I checked the balance I still had over twelve hundred dollars left, and since had certainly not written checks for more than a month's rent! How I hate money matters--there are such better things to occupy one's time! But I do have debts to pay, and was therefore obliged to pursue the matter of what the bank had done with the missing thousand dollars.

"Follow me," snapped the teller, who obviously had better things to do than trace petty banking errors. He grudgingly led me through the rear door toward the vault. Grey walls and cramped passageways gave way to plush red carpeting and airy space. We walked in silence past the hundreds of comfortable red velvet covered seats and up the wide aisle. The white gold-crested roof, dozens of feet overhead, arched gracefully down to the stage, which was hidden by a drawn red curtain. Intricate scrollwork adorned the pillars supporting the stage.

It was quite an old theater, actually, and reeked of an era when gracious people in formal clothing enjoyed evenings of dramatic play and organ music improvised to silent film. Though long forgotten, the theater was surprisingly well preserved, as if that night people would again fill its seats.

The teller led me into a narrow passageway and up a flight of spiraling stairs, and finally into a projectionist's booth, where we ducked into an inconspicuous crawlway, the location of which the teller insisted that I keep secret. The crawlway came to an abrupt end, and I could see where another spiraling staircase used to go up to who-knows-where, before it had been mostly sealed off.

The teller opened a hidden panel in the wall of the crawlway, again forbidding me ever to release its location, and carefully withdrew two plain grey file boxes, which he quickly flipped through.

"Yup. Fourteen dollars and thirty-seven cents." I sighed in resignation and wondered how I would pay my utility bills.



that older woman's seduction

a corner-of-the-eye approach;
"i want you, but let's be graceful..."
lingering washes, fingers and throat.
you get a thrill and i get a faceful
at the banquet we set;
dishes of all you could teach.
you pressed your breast to me,
and i remained within reach.

-7/82
-nyk mc.

Tiger With A Tank



26 SPIRITUALITY... as a way of life

What is spirituality? Is it those fleeting moments of peace felt when you're out taking a walk in the forest alone? Is spirituality that contentment in the NOW just after a chant during a worship service? Is it awareness or sensitivity, or is it the satisfaction that comes after creating something beautiful- be it a poem, a song or a drawing? Is spirituality the absorption of doing your favorite thing and being wholehearted? What is it really? Is it love?

Is spirituality something tangible that you can experience? Is it only to be felt in fleeting moments, or could it become a living reality in our hearts?

Spirituality, whatever it may be, has always inspired a search within my heart. I have for years been trying to find it's true meaning and solidify that meaning within me to make it a substantial part of my life. One of my first experiences with spirituality was in late 1973 when I became an LRYer.

LRY was special to me with the freeness, the awareness, the sensitivity, the acceptance, and the fun. The people were more open, and together we experimented with honest sharing, allowing each other to be ourselves. We had worship services and other group awareness activities. I was an active member of the SUNCO federation. But then after a few years it seemed that something was missing for me. Some of my favorite people were going away to college while the rest of us were struggling to get new LRYers and then became swamped by them. The programs were becoming a monotonous experience for me and I began going only so that I could be with my friends. We had dreams of an LRY commune or school where we could all live and be together- like a conference that never ends. But the dream seemed too far fetched and unrealistic. I questioned: is there another step after LRY? What do I do when I graduate? How may I continue to grow, to learn about people, and to come to know and understand myself?

Now you are all familiar with gurus, aren't you? During that period of my life I had contact with many of them. There were the swami-shaved old ones from India that sat on a throne and bopped you on the head with peacock feathers. There were the young ones from America that talked alot. And there were all kinds of other gurus, some elaborate, some simple, that had a variety of approaches and teachings. None of them, however, made much of an impression upon me or my life; I felt, however, that they represented something good, something spiritual, and I continued to have contact with any that chanced to come through town.

The outcome was I packed my bags and followed him- based on the joy and love in my heart I had decided that he was my Guru. Ever since then I've wanted to share with all of you what it's like to live at an ashram. An ashram is a place where people live together under the guidance of a Master to practice a more spiritual way of life.



Amber Ward

Are you familiar with the stories of Krishna? He is described as a young, dark skinned lad with long, wavy black hair. He plays a flute and they call him "The Lord of Love" because he was so enchanting, playful, loving and accepting of all whom he met. Well, to make a long story short, what happened was I met my Guru- Yogi Amrit Desai- whom we call Gurudev. He reminds me of Krishna.

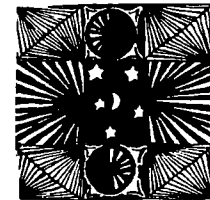
I live at Kripalu Yoga Retreat. It is the ashram of Yogi Amrit Desai, nestled in the blue mountains of Pennsylvania. On 260 acres with a lake, an Olympic-sized swimming pool, and seventeen separate buildings, about 100 men, women, and children live together. We are here because we know that there is something more to life than the superficial, selfish worldly approach. We strive for contentment, for happiness, for self-acceptance, and love. Together we work on ourselves, being honest with each other as to where we're at and where we're "coming from". We own our feelings and recognize our mistakes. We try to work in such a way that harmony and love prevail.

Each morning at 4:30 we join together for jogging, breathing (Pranayama), postures (Maha Yoga), and chanting. During the day we each have our jobs to do. We call it "seva" or service. Some of us hold jobs out in the community, while others stay home; working perhaps in the kitchen, office, household, maintenance, construction, electricity and plumbing, program planning, family life coordination, childcare, accounting, purchasing, audio, transcribing, and many other departments. We keep quite busy. (I'm the only one that still goes out to high school) Then evening finds us gathered together for "Satsanga" where we chant, dance, sing, share and listen to the teachings of our Guru. Often, at Satsanga someone will share a song they wrote on the guitar, or sometimes a group (usually a particular department) will put on skits. Sometimes we will see a movie, and sometimes we will simply dance all night.

Life is also fun for us and not taken too seriously. As well as the service and group disciplines, there is the joy of playing as a family together. Yesterday I got a note in my mail box- The Sadhaks (disciples that have

been here 2-4 years) were gathering together. "Do you ever feel that you don't get much 'pull' around here? Come to the dining room at 6:30 for a taffy pulling fun."

So at 6:30 I came to the main building. Joyous chanting came floating down the stairs to me. I was so drawn by the music that I went bounding up the stairs three at a time to get to the dining room. Two white plastic mats, 2 feet wide and 20 feet long were laid out in the room. About 30 people were there. Aniruddha, from Florida was playing his banjo and Harihar who used to be an actor and does fantastic pantomimes, was playing his guitar. Hira, who works in the garden was playing a harmonica and Gopinath was playing a recorder. Dipika, who works in our spiritual shop was playing a wash board. Two sisters were playing tamborines and everyone was singing and laughing. Many were dancing and two were waltzing across the room. Vitthal, who works in the woodshop was contemplatively playing with his toes. A few were sitting and sing-



ing, but thinking more about the taffy being cooked in the kitchen. The taffy finally made it up and was placed in large trays on the mats. That was a sight to see. People all over the room (even more showed up at this point) pulling the sticky, gooey taffy. Here and there two people pulled it between them...

We are actively trying to improve ourselves, to find that "centered" place inside from which true fulfillment flows. To be moderate in all things is the basis of all our observances. The most touching aspect of the life here though, is the love. It is very often that someone stops doing their work to comfort someone that is feeling down, or that someone sets aside their own selfish desires to help out someone else. It is hard to describe the selfless love found here, it is very beautiful. Through the love here I've come to realize that all I really want is love and acceptance.

I realize the truth in Gurudev's words: "To receive divine bliss, you must remember one thing: accept yourself as you are. The greatest pain is to expect what you are not. With a balanced mind and objective awareness realize what you are and then be what you are. Do not try to be what someone else is. Be what you are, accept yourself, do not fight. That's where your spiritual growth will begin."

So, we play, work, meditate, dance, sing, love, learn and grow together in harmony. It is very fulfilling and has made spirituality a way of life for me.



"That's a good idea."
"Well thank you, I thought so."
"We'll sign it: We Love You, Marc and Lorene"

The candle was a beautiful dark pink. Lorene took out an old pen from her desk drawer and started writing on the side of the candle.

"There," she said, "it's done." Marc looked at it for a moment. He started to laugh a little bit.

"You forgot the 'you'."
"So I did," she replied. "And there's no room to write it, either. So I'll read; We Love, Marc and Lorene. We'll just explain it to 'em. It will still make a fun house warming gift."

Jerry an David had just moved into an apartment about twenty minutes away. The house warming party was that night, and Lorene had taken it upon herself to get a house warming gift - but something that could be used and appreciated. It was going to be the second time she'd seen Jerry since they'd ended their relationship four months earlier. She was very happy that they had stayed friends, and that Jerry and Marc showed no hostility towards each other. They hadn't let it affect their friendship, which was good. Marc and Jerry's friendship had been long and close, and although they had drifted for a short while, Lorene's relationship with Marc made little difference.

"We love, Marc and Lorene?" David said. Jerry laughed when he saw it.

"Well," Lorene giggled, "we meant to add on 'you,' on the end. It's the thought that counts. Anyway, we love you guys. Happy house warming."

"Let's light it," someone else said. The flame burned brightly all through the party and into the next day. Jerry did not think about it the next evening when he was in the house alone, doing a witchcraft ritual. Everything in the ritual went wrong. His charcoal was misplaced, and his candle burned out right in the middle of the ritual. He was in the middle of the sentence when the phone rang.

"Let love never grow..." he had meant to finish it with, "old, may it always be free and warm." It was a general ritual directed at his friends, and good hearted acquaintances. But, when the phone rang, he never finished it. The phone was on its thirteenth ring when he finished his quick closing to it. As he strolled out of his room towards the telephone, he didn't notice how brightly Marc and Lorene's candle flame was burning.

That night, he took the candle into his room and let it burn overnight. He liked the shade of pink the flame made when it burned in the wax.

by Prince

The candle burned for a week and a half, never waning. It burned bright and strong, but towards the end of its life, Marc and Lorene found their relationship suddenly sputtering.

Terry bolted upright in bed about fifteen minutes before it went out. Twenty minutes away...

"My fault? You've been acting weird lately, girl. I've had it with your crap this past few days!"

Silence - The candle flame burned lower. "I've been acting weird?" (The flame started to jump.) "You...I don't know you anymore!"

Silence. (The candle flame burned lower) Ten minutes passed; Jerry was totally fascinated by the flame although he did not know why.

"Fine. That's it. I don't want any more of it either." (The flame jumped)

"Fine! You want it over?"

"You got it!"

"Goodbye!"

"Goodbye!" (The flame went dead)

Jerry tried in vain to re-light it, but for some reason it refused to burn. It spooked him, so he threw the stump out.

Marc and Lorene stared at each other. They both knew it would be impossible to re-kindle the spark. He walked towards the door, and out into the air. It smelled funny to him.

"Like wax," he thought, "It smells like wax."

Guidelines for Small Groups to RAISE CONSCIOUSNESS About Living in the NUCLEAR AGE

Carol S. Wolman, M.D., and
Vivian Gold, Ph.D.
Adapted by the LRY Exec. Comm.

These guidelines are designed to help people lead and participate in a semi-structured small group experience which will enable them to get in touch with the personal meaning of living in this historical time and place. They are written by two women who are working with the Mobilization For Survival and the California Campaign to Abolish Nuclear Weapons. The consciousness-raising format is borrowed from the women's movement, where it helped many women become aware of their feelings about their situation as women. We all need to become more aware of how profoundly our emotions, our experiences, and our choices of how to live are influenced by the presence of nuclear weapons.

Analysis of our situation in the nuclear age

We are all hostages--everyone is personally oppressed by the existence of nuclear weapons. Civilization as we know it may end abruptly at any time. This is a new reality, becoming steadily more likely. Is nuclear war inevitable?

Everyone's life choices are profoundly affected, usually unconsciously, by nuclear weapons. The likelihood of immortality through one's descendants or the endurance of one's work is very small, and so people opt for short term goals.

It is hard to stay conscious of this reality without becoming paralyzed, so people erect all sorts of defenses to keep it out of awareness. They run from their terror in lots of ways: shutting out the subject, shutting out the future, jumping into activity, hating the Russians, thinking that our nuclear weapons are peaceful, fantasizing about surviving war, spacing out with drugs, TV, commodities. American culture reinforces the tendency to avoid thinking about nuclear weapons.

Very few people discuss these problems. We are profoundly isolated within our terror and despair, with hardly any way to comfort each other and unite against nuclear weapons.

We have some sources of hope. People are able to accept limits on war and the use of weapons, to understand that we must respect the earth and affirm life. We live in a democracy in which the people supposedly rule, and therefore we should be able to get rid of all nuclear weapons.

Sharing fears and concerns with other people can lead to a release of creative energy. We can build a network of aware people.

Goals of Consciousness Raising

- 1) To increase each individual's awareness of the effect of nuclear weapons on her/his feelings, attitudes, and life choices.
- 2) To help people break out of their isolation and despair, and to realize that this is a common threat that we all face.
- 3) To overcome hopelessness and passivity, and mobilize anger, creativity, and action.
- 4) To help people situate themselves historically, geographically, and culturally with regard to nuclear weapons.
- 5) To give people a sense of belonging to a network of concerned people.
- 6) To help people feel more comfortable and confident in discussing their anxieties and activities re nuclear weapons with others in their daily lives.
- 7) To enable people to share their sources of inner hope, faith, and strength.

Ground Rules

- 1) Each group should have a leader with experience in facilitating discussions.

- 2) Each group should be small--12 maximum. Membership should be determined at the beginning; it should be as diverse as possible.

- 3) Time should be specified at the outset, and there should be enough so that each member has a total time of at least 10 minutes to speak. For instance, a group of 12 people should last at least two hours.

- 4) A group can meet for a single session, e.g., at a teach-in, or it can be ongoing, e.g., 5-10 sessions as a support group or as a follow-up to teach-ins or demonstrations. For ongoing groups, members should commit themselves to the entire series of sessions.

- 5) Consensus decision making is the best way to handle these groups as it makes everyone feel better about it.

- 6) Confidentiality should be discussed in the beginning, and the group should decide if it wants the discussion to be confidential.

- 7) Everyone should participate and people should give undivided attention to the speaker. Confrontations or arguments should be discouraged. This will both encourage members to speak freely, and prevent the group's energy from being diverted into fruitless argument.

- 8) Everyone should understand that the topic of nuclear weapons is very anxiety provoking, that participating in this group may be upsetting, and that anxiety can be a positive, energizing force if it is shared with others.

Leadership

- 1) The leader's job is to facilitate discussion, not teach or lecture.

- 2) The leader is asking for the trust of members--trust that their self-disclosure and participation in this group will not be used to manipulate them in any way, trust that their anxiety will not be exploited. Therefore, the leader should not serve as a resource person for political work, not push a particular line. Members need a chance to examine their feelings without being pressured.

- 3) If some group members want to educate themselves more about nuclear weapons, or want to become politically active, the leader should be prepared to refer them to easily available resources.

- 4) If possible, the leader should have participated in at least one consciousness raising group, so as to have an idea of what to expect.

- 5) Make sure everyone participates and no one dominates.

- 6) Keep the group aware of time, and limit people's speeches if necessary.

- 7) Keep the group on the topic.

- 8) Help the group select questions it wants to address.

- 9) Be prepared to be self-disclosing and to participate in responding to questions.

- 10) Make comments about the group's emotional tone, if very obvious, e.g., depression, anger, hilarity.

- 11) Ask the group for feedback and suggestions for improvement of the format at the end.

Procedure for Group

- 1) Introductions--name, age, political experience, and affiliation (if appropriate).

- 2) Go over the ground rules -- it might help to distribute copies of these guidelines.

- 3) Throw out a question from the list, make sure everyone gives a personal response. People can go around the group, or just speak when they feel ready.

- 4) Have general discussion, then repeat with another question, as long as there is time.

- 5) Close with a discussion of what was learned, and an evaluation of the group experience.

QUESTIONS FOR GROUP DISCUSSION--Stars indicate those especially recommended for short term groups.

- *1. How long do you expect human life as we now know it to survive?
2. Do you think the danger of nuclear war is going down, up, or is unchanged?
3. What do you expect the world would be like after a nuclear war?
4. What are your earliest memories of nuclear weapons? What is the history of your awareness?
5. Have you ever had fantasies, dreams, or nightmares about nuclear weapons?
- *6. How have your personal life choices been affected by the existence of nuclear weapons, including choices about children, work, and where you put your energy?
7. How do you feel about nuclear weapons--terrified, protected, angry, desperate, paralyzed, hopeful, cynical, etc.? How do you cope with your feelings?
8. How do nuclear weapons fit in with your religious beliefs? political beliefs?
9. How well informed are you about nuclear weapons compared with other areas of public affairs? If there is a discrepancy, how do you explain it?
10. What do you remember about the Cuban missile crisis?
- *11. If you are active in working against nuclear weapons, how do you feel about people who are not? If not, how do you feel about people who are?
12. Whom do you think benefits from the existence of nuclear weapons?
13. What do you think about nuclear reactors?
14. Do you believe that you need to understand science or political science to take a position on nuclear weapons?
15. Do you trust the political, military, scientific, and business leaders who are in control of decisions about nuclear weapons?
16. Do you believe that you can influence these decisions?
17. Do your age, sex, ethnic background, or social class influence the way you think about nuclear weapons?
18. What special relation, if any, do we as citizens have to nuclear weapons?
19. Does our culture help you to either be aware of or to forget about nuclear weapons?
20. Are you aware of any ways in which you personally participate in the existence of nuclear weapons--e.g., via taxes or your job?
21. Do you think that the world is qualitatively different since nuclear weapons were invented? If so, how?
22. How does living in the nuclear age change human consciousness?
- *23. Have you ever, before today, discussed your personal thoughts and feelings about nuclear weapons with others? If not, why not?
24. Have you talked to your youth group, friends, family, co-workers or teachers about nuclear weapons?
25. Are you worried that you'll be labeled in some way (e.g., communist, crazy, spoilsport, coward) if you talk about nuclear weapons?
26. What would you need in the way of support from others to help you speak up more?
- *27. What gives you hope, strength, courage?
28. What have you done that has been successful in changing something for the better?
29. What do you do to affirm life? Does it either increase or decrease the chances of nuclear destruction?
30. What can you do to help abolish nuclear weapons?
- *31. What did you learn today?
- *32. How do you feel about this consciousness raising format? Do you have any ideas for improving it?
- *33. Would you like to participate in another, or longer term, group like this?

28

YOUNG RELIGIOUS UNITARIAN UNIVERSALISTS

WHAT WE
HAVE DONE

We Celebrate! The two Common Ground Youth Assemblies have been sister and brother, joining together to complete a common task. We are finished, and we have just begun.

The youth and adult delegates of Common Ground have accomplishments to be proud of, and we celebrate them with you. We are proud of:

- the courage, foresight, and spirit of compromise among three successive Executive Committees of Liberal Religious Youth;
- The commitment and talent of our planning committees and staff;
- the consensus process we demonstrated at Common Ground 1981, which helped us understand we had to move beyond LRY into something new;
- our hard-learned skills at parliamentary decision-making, and our commitment to an inclusive and open process;
- raising the consciousness of the UUA and its leadership bodies in regard to the desire youth have for meaningful involvement;
- forming the UUA Youth PAC (Political Action Committee) to work towards electing young people to denominational offices;
- our name, Young Religious Unitarian Universalists, which will grow with us and become our own;
- our structure, consisting of a Council meeting annually to represent District youth and adults, and a Steering Committee, elected from the Council, meeting quarterly (see diagram below), all of which will be presented to the UUA Board in October, 1982;
- our staff, consisting of two youth and one adult;
- our connections with the UUA Board and the Religious Education Advisory Committee as partners in our new directions;



Dedicating and naming the Y.R.U.U. are: (R-L) The Rev. Gordon McKee-man, Nicole Marie Voight ("the Common Ground Baby"), Beth Cox (YAC chair, "attending physician")

Wayne Arnason (UUA staff, "the mother"), Leslie Stanton, Rebecca Kovar, Phil Rogers (LRY, "the Father").



A COVENANT WITH YOUNG RELIGIOUS UNITARIAN UNIVERSALISTS

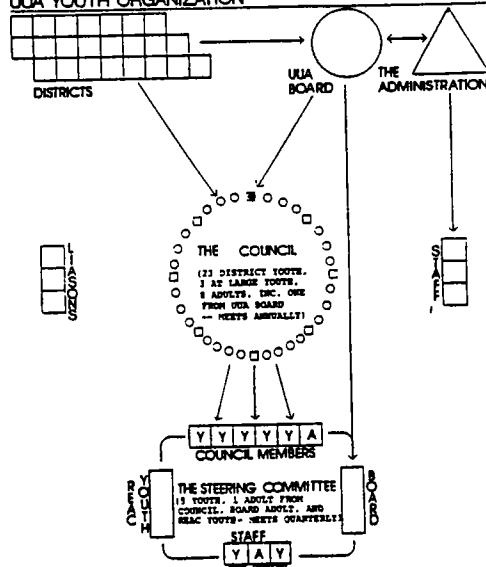
WE WELCOME THIS CHILD INTO THE HISTORY OF UNITARIAN UNIVERSALISM; AND WE PROMISE AND ENGAGE THAT WE WILL GIVE HER OUR GUARDIAN LOVE AND CARE. WE COVENANT WITH YOU THAT, SO FAR AS IN US LIES, WE WILL STRIVE TO WALK WITH YOU IN THE BONDS

OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP. WE WILL STRIVE TO AID YOU IN ALL YOUR ENDEAVORS TOWARD A HIGHER LIFE, IN THE SPIRIT OF OUR FAITH WHICH TELLS US THAT "LOVE NEVER FAILETH." WE PROMISE NEVER TO CLOSE OUR HEARTS AGAINST YOU

- our Districts, for the support they have shown for our delegations, and the desire of our District leadership to help us "bring the vision home;"
- our UUA Board and Administration, for believing in us, funding us, fighting with us, being teachers and learners with us;

- ourselves, for believing that we could do it, trusting that our differences in culture and subculture, in age and politics, could not stop us from finding the Common Ground we knew was there.

COMMON GROUND COMING OF AGE

YOUNG RELIGIOUS UNITARIAN UNIVERSALISTS
MODEL OF THE PROPOSED
UUA YOUTH ORGANIZATIONWHAT
NOW?

Subject to UUA Board approval in October 1982, we expect to fill:

2 YOUTH STAFF POSITIONS, STARTING JANUARY 15, 1983. ONE ENDS AUGUST 31, 1983; THE OTHER, DECEMBER 31, 1983.

STIPEND: \$7,000 per year, room and board to be paid therefrom. Assistance will be provided in finding living quarters -- a particularly nice and inexpensive option is the Beacon Hill Friends House, a communal living situation operated in the Quaker mode.

RESPONSIBILITIES: Work with the Unitarian Universalist Association Consultant on Youth Programs to carry out the administration of the Young Religious Unitarian Universalists, with duties to include but not limited to publishing a youth newspaper, traveling to District and local youth organizations as outreach, planning, and administering conferences and other youth gatherings, participating in meetings of and carrying out the recommendations of the YRUU Steering Committee and Youth Council, and managing the Continental YRUU office.

WHAT YOU
CAN DO

Common Ground: Coming of Age, and the UUA Board's consideration of the structure which they have approved, represents a final step in one process, and a first step in another. Districts and local societies have been involved in the Common Ground process insofar as their members have read the information the UUA has sent out, and insofar as they have participated in electing or serving as delegates to the two youth assemblies. With the establishment of Y.R.U.U., the focus turns away from the continental structure to the Districts and local societies.

Some Districts have already responded to the Common Ground directions by holding their own District Assembly, with representative delegations voting on structures which consolidate District youth programs under one single umbrella council. Other Districts which function with an LRY-style District youth organization and a District Youth Adult Committee are happy with their experiences using a "twin" structure, and will stay with it.

Some Districts and local youth groups will be adopting the name of our continental structure, Young Religious Unitarian Universalists, immediately. Districts and groups with a strong and stable LRY tradition will probably continue to use that name for the time being. The commitment we have to a new name is less important than the commitment we have to revitalizing District and local youth programming for the full spectrum of our 12-22 year old youth.

Here is what you can do to express and build that commitment:

- LEARN more about the status of your local and District youth program, and keep in touch with new developments.
- OFFER SUPPORT, including moral, physical, and financial support for the youth advisors and youth leaders working on all levels.
- ATTEND workshops, conferences, and training events that your District sponsors for intergenerational communication.
- VOLUNTEER to serve as a youth advisor, or as a driver, staff person, or helper at youth events.

QUALIFICATIONS: Must be between 12 and 22 at the time work begins. Must have administrative/office skills, freedom to live in the Boston area and to travel, and leadership and communication skills.

APPLICATION PROCESS: Immediately contact for application materials:

Wayne Arnason
UUA Consultant on Youth Programs
25 Beacon St.
Boston, MA 02108

or telephone Wayne at 617-742-2100 ext. 349 weekdays, working hours.

DEADLINE: Completed applications must be in Boston at the above address by SEPTEMBER 15, 1982.

A NEW SONG

By DAVID B. PARKE

The birth last month of a new continental youth organization, Young Religious Unitarian Universalists, the successor to Liberal Religious Youth, prompts a glance backward at previous structures of organized youth activity, and a glance forward at the steps each of us can take to bring the vision home.

The first continental youth organization in either domination was the Young People's Christian Union of the Universalist Church, formed in 1889. A Unitarian group, the Young People's Religious Union, followed in 1896.

From the outset the YPCU and the YPRU were seedgrounds of denominational leadership: laity, educators, and ministers. Among the Unitarians John Haynes Holmes served as YPRU president in 1901-03, and Frederick May Eliot 1916-18. Both went on to large careers, Holmes as minister of the Community Church of New York, Eliot as president of the American Unitarian Association. Among the Universalists Ellsworth Reamon was president of YPCU 1923-26 and Dorothy Tilden Spoerl 1929-30. Reamon was later president of the Universalist Church of America, Spoerl a successor of Sophia Fahs as Children's Editor. The young Dana McLean Greeley, destined to be the first president of the UUA, earned his wings as YPRU president 1931-33.

With the coming of World War II, the release of new energies led in 1941 to the transformation of YPCU into the Universalist Youth Fellowship and of YPRU into American Unitarian Youth. The tradition of older young people, many in their late twenties and early thirties, gave way before an upper age limit of 25 in American Unitarian Youth as the locus of creative activity and leadership development shifted to high school and college age groups. New England's dominance fell before such new activist leaders as Dick Kuch of Chicago, Charles Eddis of Toronto, and Leon Hopper of Seattle. The rise of commercial air travel greatly increased the mobility of youth leaders and facilitated the development of regional, continental, and overseas conferences and workcamps. The emergence of women to a larger role in policy was signalled in the presidencies of Ann Postma of UUF and Betty Green of AUY. The creation of Liberal Religious youth as a unified organization in the early 1950s under the leadership of Clara Weiss Mayo and others was a notable harbinger of the Unitarian Universalist merger.

Speaking personally, I recall my own debut on the continental scene at Ferry Beach, Maine, in the summer of 1944. Having been elected continental treasurer of AUY at the age of 15 as a youth delegate from Buffalo, and being charged with preparing travel reimbursements for AUY Council members I had to ask Steve Fritchman, AUY executive director, how to write a check. In 1945, a young black woman, Mildred Saunders, was employed as AUY secretary in Boston. Thirty-seven years later, Milly Saunders Vickers holds the longest tenure of any staff member at UUA headquarters.

A recent study of these developments is Wayne B. Arnason's book, Follow the Glean: A History of the Liberal Religious Movements (Boston: Skinner House/UUA, 1980), available at \$3.50 from the UUA Sales Distribution Center, 25 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02108.

Is there a constant theme through the years? Yes, there is. It is the gift of solidarity. Through the Unitarians, Universalists, and now UU youth movements, young men and women of varied backgrounds and talents have forged a religious community that is vibrant, intimate and empowering. The spirit of the Isle of Shoals off Portsmouth, NH has drawn young people for more than a century towards a new vision of faith. Icelandic young people from Manitoba, Hispanic young people from the southeast and southwest, and the offspring of Boston Brahmins have linked arms to sing the songs of faith, most recently the LRY hymn, *We Would Be One*, to the tune of Finlandia. Humanist young people have worshiped alongside theists and agnostics at Rowe Camp in the Berkshires, at Topanga Canyon in California, at Lake Geneva in Wisconsin. UU young people travelling to England and Czechoslovakia and India's Khasi Hills have wrestled from the grasp of time a vision of union that knows no human boundaries.

In late June I attended for a day the Common Ground Youth Assembly, the second in as many summers, which produced the plan for a new youth organization. I followed the ebb and flow of action on a new constitution, struggled inwardly over parliamentary points, and took the measure of the decision-makers. The community of young people is a living organism, eager and discerning and self-possessed. The delegates had a sense of history: they knew

they were shaping the future. They also had a sense of style: YRUU is more than an acronym; "Why are you you?" is the fundamental question of human existence.

What now, you ask? Recognizing that the plan for YRUU awaits the scrutiny of the UUA board of trustees and will not finally be implemented until January 1983, I propose three specific actions.

Young people 12 to 22 years of age may contact the leaders of their local UU societies to organize local chapters of YRUU. A full report on the new organization will be mailed to all UU societies in September.

Adults may invite junior high, high school and post-high school (college age) young people into dialogue -- in local societies and at district meetings -- on the goals and missions of religious liberalism. Such dialogue will advance the continental inquiry already under way on Purposes and Principles, coordinated by the UUA Bylaw Revision Committee under the leadership of Rev. Walter Royal Jones of Fort Collins, Co.

Societies may act to implement the following proposal: "RESOLVED: that the 1982 Common Ground Coming of Age Youth Assembly recommends that Unitarian Universalist societies affirm an age requirement of 12 years for full membership and voting privileges." It is of interest that in Jewish custom boys and girls cross the threshold of adulthood and accept religious obligations at the age of 13. By including young people in corporate membership and decision making in local congregations our denomination can make a profound statement to organized religion, to American society, and to emerging international order. The decision is ours to make. (A phased reduction from present minimum age levels to 16 or 14 to 12 is a variant procedure UU societies may want to consider)

It is a pleasure to welcome Young Religious Unitarian Universalists, as individuals and as fledgling religious institution, to a special place in the ongoing stream of Unitarian Universalist history.

I say more. If we, members of the UUA, honoring local traditions and cherishing the right to dissent, can by these and other measures embrace our young people in mutual respect and covenantal power, not only the young people but all of us will be able years and decades hence to link arms singing, and raise the sacred fire, and whisper to our children's children: We were there.

THE TORCH IS PASSED

By DAVID B. PARKE

The new organization, to be named Young Religious Unitarian Universalists, or YRUU, is the successor to Liberal Religious Youth. LRY was established in 1954 as a successor to two separate denominational bodies, the Universalist Youth Fellowship and American Unitarian Youth.

The Youth Assembly was the latest step in a process initiated by UUA President Eugene Pickett and the LRY executive committee in 1979 to bring young UUs into closer relationship with local churches and fellowships and with the UUA. Dr. Pickett attended the Common Ground Youth Assembly. The age range in the new youth organization is 12 to 22 years.

The plan will be submitted to the UUA board of trustees for approval at its October meeting. A full report on the new organization will be mailed to all UU societies in early fall.

A total of 188 youth and 41 adult delegates attended the Youth Assembly. All 23 UUA districts were represented. Included in these totals are the at-large representatives of the UU Ministers Association, Liberal Religious Education Directors Association, the UUA board, UUA, UUSC, and LRY.



A ratio of three young people to one adult in policy positions is provided for the organizational plan of YRUU. Under the proposed bylaws, the governing body is to be a youth council consisting of 26 youth representatives, one from each district plus three at-large age representative youth, and eight adults appointed by the UUA board. As proposed, seven of the eight adults will be appointed from a panel of nominees submitted by the Steering Committee of YRUU. One is to be a member of the UUA board selected by the board. The Youth Council is to meet at least once each year.

A Steering Committee composed of eight youth and three adults is charged under the plan with implementing the priorities and programs set by the Youth Council. It will meet three or four times each year.

An Annual Conference is to be held each summer.

Day to day management is vested, under the plan, in the UUA Consultant on Youth Programs and in two youth staff who will serve for one year each on a staggered basis in an "associate relationship" with the Consultant. The long-standing separation of administrative functions between UUA and LRY is rectified in the plan, which provides for integrated youth adult management of the new organization within the policy structures of the UUA denominational headquarters.

The establishment of district organizations of youth, coinciding with UUA districts, is a significant feature of the new plan. Such organizations are self-governing within the larger structures of the YRUU and the UUA.

A UUA Youth Adult Committee had guided the development of proposals for the new youth organization. Its chairperson is Beth Cox of Gaithersburg, MD. The UUA Consultant on Youth Programs is the Rev. Wayne Arnason.

MORE ON COMMON GROUND AND YRUU ON PAGE 35!!!



The material on pages 28 and 29 is reprinted from the Unitarian Universalist World (August 15, 1982) by permission



The Last Will and Testament of Liberal Religious Youth

We the undersigned, being the last Board of Directors of Liberal Religious Youth, and also being of sound mind and body, do hereby leave the following assets of Liberal Religious Youth to Young Religious Unitarian Universalists



The many hours of love, dedication, planning, and typing that I and many others have put into bringing locals together and opening communications on the continental level.

Wintergreen lifesavers- which show phosphorous sparks when crunched in the dark. The freedom of expression and belief that has previously been fostered by the uniqueness and diversity of our liberal youth group.

The recognition and wariness of the hypocrisy within our denomination and the world around us.

The inalienable right to play ultimate frisbee.

Faith that youth in general can and will take responsibilities for their own bodies and emotions and will act with respect and discretion on the wishes of the community of youth.

The realization and education of the many forms of zen philosophy.

The LRY cheer...

Star Island, Isle of Shoals, New Hampshire where the annual youth conference is to remain LRY because we are liberal religious, and youth. And where the sunset lasts for two hours.

I give Ronald Reagan's jock strap.

I give many coffeepots with continuous coffee supplies.

I leave all forms of pagan worship: ho-ling at the moon, group ohms, and singing by starlight.

I leave all the miscellaneous papers and letters in the LRY files.

I leave warm fuzzies, frisbees, foofing, Joe Taco, Suzy Creamcheese, bad puns, the retardos, and love.

I leave love, respect for one another, a shoulder to cry on, dedicated advisors, and a dash of cosmic to hold it all together.

I leave from LRY the respect for an organization that for six years of my life has been the most important part of my life and which has taught me new love and respect which I may not have ever learned.

I leave my leather jacket and the life that was saved when I took this job. And yes, the love I have been given, I give to you.

I leave the happiness and clarity of mind and spirit that engulfs me when I am surrounded by the love and strivings for honesty that are the spirit of LRY. I also leave the members of the Taco family, including Joe Taco, Suzy Creamcheese, Kimba LePunque Taco, and the countless members of the executive Committee who have served in the Halls of LRY since times faded in the memories and legends of this, the last of many, many generations who have been enfolded in the warm atmosphere, a love created both by tradition and by radical change.

We leave the people who I have worked with, played with, cried with, laughed with. The people I have come in contact with in LRY will be in the new youth group to continue to be as wonderful as always.

The U.U. youth I have met who are not affiliated with LRY, they too are great people, and so I am optimistic for the future of the combined groups.

I leave a non-political Continental Youth Conference because we have received so much love and feelings of unity. We have met annually for almost 30 years and have benefitted from this experience.

I leave a newspaper through which we have had the opportunity to both be informed by youth and as youth express our own opinions. We had a voice of our own.

I leave, while we also keep, being we are all part of the new youth group, so, we share with the new youth group the love we have experienced and shared with each other throughout the years.



Is Your Local Group *REALLY* as Bad as It Seems?

These are discussion guidelines for local groups that are "falling apart". If your local is suffering from this illusion, set aside three meetings for discussion, using these guidelines. Be sure that someone takes notes on the problems and solutions that come up in the discussion.

When you have finished, the dynamics of the local will seem much clearer. Hopefully the members of your local will feel better to have some of the ideas that were stifling the flow, out in the open. Try having a brainstorming session to come up with solutions and most important, be positive with your ideas.

MEETING ONE: How can we think of ourselves as a group until we look at ourselves as individuals?

Question One: What are the ages of people in this group?

Do varying ages make a difference in the smooth flowing of the group?

What are the needs of the older people in the group? the younger people?

Do varying needs cause conflict within the group?

If so, what are these conflicts and how can they be solved?

Question Two: How many males and how many females are in the group?

Does this ratio affect the way the group functions as a whole?

Does this ratio affect the attitudes of the members toward each other?

Are there any topics of common interest that are not discussed comfortably within the group?

Does the female-male ratio have anything to do with this?

Is there any way to solve this problem if it exists? Maybe segregated consciousness raising groups?

Question Three: Do some individuals seem to talk a lot but not say anything of importance to the group?

How subjective is this opinion?

If this is so, could it be that these people have a need for attention that is not being met?

How can this need be met?

Question Four: How do people relate to each other?

Trusting?—how much do members trust each other?

Do some people get picked on?

Are others the subject of everyone's attention?

Are there times when some people feel like they can't talk because other people won't let them?

When are these times? Why does this happen?

What role does humor play in your conversations?

Are there things sometimes said "jokingly" when they are real feelings?



Question Five: What areas of interest keep recurring?

Do some want all "social" activities and others want more "serious" ones?

Is there a lot of interest in social actions?

In the case of conflicts of interest, are they solved with one party feeling down-trodden?

If so, why does this happen?

How do you think it can be solved?

Question Six: How important is the business of the group?

Is there a balance of "fun" and "business" during the meetings?

How much organization is necessary?

Do a few people take on all the responsibility for everyone?

If so, why does this happen?

How can everyone derive value from business in meetings?

MEETING TWO: What does our group mean to us?

Question One: Why are we members of LRY?

What makes LRY so special?

What makes this local group different from any other church youth group?

Question Two: What does "youth autonomy" mean?

What role do adults play in our local?

Why do they play this role?

Who are the "leaders" in this local?

Why are these people leaders?

Question Three: Is there a conflict between the people who have been in LRY for awhile and those who are new?

If so, what is this conflict?

How can it be resolved?

MEETING THREE:

What is our involvement outside of this group?

Question One: How many people in the group are Unitarian Universalists?

What is the ratio of non-UU's to present UU's?

Does this ratio cause problems?

If so, what kind of problems?

Question Two: How involved does this local group want to be in a church or fellowship?

Is it important to be affiliated with a church or fellowship?

Why or why not?

Does this group wish to have any contact with the church or fellowship other than using its building?

Why or why not?

Does this group want to do programs for and with the church or fellowship? (like intergenerational programs, youth Sundays, etc.)

Question Three: How involved is this group in the federation?

How many people go to conferences?

Is there a distinct group of conference goers?

Is there a lot of focus on conferences and not so much on local group activities?

Why does this happen?

Do you want to change this?

How do you think it can be changed?

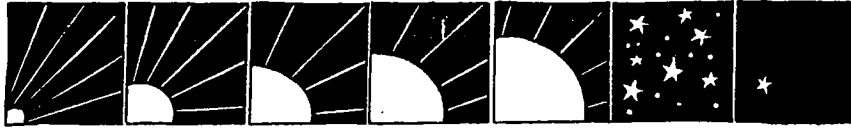
Question Four: What is the interest in Continental LRY?

Who are the interested people and why?

In what ways does the Continental LRY organization serve this local group?

How important is it to this local to help raise money for Continental LRY?





A MENAGERIE OF "QUICKIES"

Below are listed several activities that can be used to generate data about the internal dynamics of your group. You may want to discuss what happened after each exercise.

1. Lineup. Participants are instructed to position themselves in order of their influence in the group. The person at the head of the line is most influential. The task may be carried out nonverbally. Other traits besides influence (supportiveness, risk-taking, verbosity) can be used.

2. Rating Leadership. Within a strict time limit, participants develop a rating scale on dimensions of leadership and then rate each other.

3. Choosing a Family. Each participant chooses a family from among the other group members and explains the reasons for his/her choices.

4. Ambiguity. An unstructured situation is set up by directions such as the following: "During the next thirty minutes the task of the group is to decide how it wants to spend its time."

5. Similarities. Participants develop a list of all possible pairs of group members and rank-order them on similarity.

6. Kelly's Triangle. Participants develop a list of all possible triads in the group. Within each triad, two persons are to be designated similar to each other and different from the third.

7. Role Reversal. The facilitator introduces a controversial subject, such as drugs at conferences or the women's movement. Each participant briefly expresses her/his own position. Then the group discusses the subject, with each person arguing the point of view opposite to his/her own expressed position.

8. Subgrouping. The group is divided into two or more subgroups on the basis of predominant characteristics. Criteria could include sex, age, degree of participation, or political persuasion. Subgroups discuss their differences.

9. Untitled. The group devises a game to be played with a ball. Members make up the rules and play the game.

10. Group Efficiency. Individuals write statements they believe to be characteristic of an efficient group. These are posted and rank-ordered by consensus. The group can then study its own functioning with this list as an evaluation tool.



Below are listed several activities that can be useful in heightening one's sensory awareness.

1. Exploring Your Space. Lie on the floor, eyes closed. With your hands explore the space you occupy. Stretch and contract your space.

2. Pounding. Beat vigorously on a pillow or cushion. Focus on all of the feelings elicited.

3. Yelling. Yell as loudly as you can any of the following: your name, the name of a significant person, how you are feeling, taboo words, numbers, nonsense syllables, or primitive sounds. Explore your physiological and psychological responses.

4. Opening an Egg. Without talking, explore an egg. Try to break it by squeezing on it. While paying attention to your own feelings, think of all the symbolism connected with an egg. Then open the egg in any way you feel appropriate and explore the contents. Alternative: Use an orange. Then eat the orange, focusing on its taste and textures.

5. Pressure Points. Mentally check over your entire body and locate all of the pressure points (your bottom, your shoes, your bra strap, your belt, etc.).

6. Washing Hands. "Wash" your or someone else's hands with sand, salt, snow, or an ice cube. Pay attention to all the feelings you experience.

7. Sense Census. Lie down, eyes closed. A. Feel your space, the floor, your body (externally and internally).

B. With eyes still closed, hear as much as you can right now.

C. Stand up, eyes closed. Mill about the room and smell as many smells as you can.

D. Sit down, eyes still closed, and taste a slice of lemon, lick salt from your palm, eat a carrot stick, or suck on a stick of peppermint candy.

E. Without turning your head, open your eyes and see as much as you can. Concentrate on how your peripheral vision operates.

F. Stand up and mill around, eyes open, being aware of as many of your senses as possible.

Below are listed several nonverbal exercises that can be used in creating trust.

1. Pushing and Shoving. Partners lock fingers, with arms extended over their heads. They push against each other, trying to drive each other to the wall.

2. Progression. Partners sit facing each other, sharing their feelings about each other verbally. After two or three minutes, they sit back-to-back and continue sharing verbally. After an additional two or three minutes they sit face-to-face again and communicate without using words.

3. Tug-of-war. Partners imagine a line between them on the floor and have a tug-of-war with an imaginary rope. One partner is to be pulled across the line.

4. Finding a Distance. Partners locate themselves at a distance from each other and encounter each other nonverbally. They experiment until they find the most comfortable distance.

5. Eye Contact Chain. Participants form two lines, facing each other about a yard apart. They hold hands, and the persons at the two ends hold hands. This forms a chain similar to a bicycle chain. Without talking, each participant establishes eye contact with the person opposite her/him. When the group is ready, everyone takes one step to the right. Eye contact is established with the next person. The group continues until members return to their original positions.

6. Milling. Participants mill about the room aimlessly, eyes closed, encountering each other without using words. Variations: Open eyes (do not shake hands); or, close eyes and locate partner.

7. Group Grope. Participants lie on their stomachs in a circle on the floor as far from the center of the room as possible, heads toward the center. With their eyes closed, they slowly crawl into the center, forming a pile.

8. Pass-the-Object. Any object—such as a pen, a book, or an ashtray—is passed from member to member in a circle. Participants may do anything they wish with the object.

9. Hand-Talk. Participants pair off and move apart; members of each pair face each other. The facilitator announces that each member of a pair should take turns attempting nonverbally to communicate to his partner the feelings named by the facilitator, such as frustration, tension, joy, friendliness, anger, hate, elation, and ecstasy. Each feeling is mentioned separately, with about a minute for both partners' expression.

10. Eye-Contact-Circle. The group stands in a circle, and one member goes clockwise around the circle, establishing eye contact and communication nonverbally with each other member; then he/she returns to her/his place. Next the member on his/her left goes around the circle, and so on, until all members have contacted all others.

11. Sandwich. Participants stand in a line, all facing in the same direction, and each person locks her/his arms around the person in front of him/her. They lie down together, still holding on, and slide across the floor by alternately moving their legs and shoulders in unison. The group attempts to stand without breaking the chain.

12. Draped Milling. Participants drape themselves with bedsheets and mill around the room, encountering each other nonverbally. Pairs may be formed to communicate their feelings verbally and then nonverbally during the experience.

13. Imaginary Object. Participants form circles of eight to twelve members eight to twelve members each. The facilitator announces that he/she is going to place an imaginary spherical object on the floor in the center of each group. Someone is to pick up the object, make something out of it, and pass it on. The sequence is repeated, with an imaginary cubic object.

14. Meadow Walk. In a large, cleared room, participants are asked to line themselves against one wall. The facilitator announces that the space in front of them is a meadow in springtime. They are to explore it individually and to return to the wall. Then they do the same thing in pairs, quartets, octets, and finally all together.

quickies continued ↗

15. Sticks and Stones. Dowel rods and golfball-sized stones (or anything else for that matter) are placed in the center of the group, and members are told to use them, without talking, in any way appropriate to convey their reactions to each other.

16. Body Talk. Group members take turns trying to express various emotions with their bodies. The facilitator hands a participant a slip of paper indicating both the name of a feeling and the part of the body which he/she should use to express that emotion. Other participants try to guess the feeling expressed. (examples: fright, anger, sexual attraction, boredom)



Below are several activities designed to help people more fully learn about, understand, and communicate with each other through mutual self disclosure. Be sure to allow enough time for each activity.

1. The Road of Life. Participants are given sheets of newsprint and felt-tipped markers. Each places a dot on the paper to represent her/his birth. Without lifting the marker from the paper, she/he portrays a series of critical incidents in his/her life.

2. Advertisements. Using collage material participants create brochures advertising themselves.

3. Coat of Arms. Participants create coats of arms to represent themselves.

4. Comic Strip. Participants are given paper and pencils and asked to draw lines to divide the paper into about twelve equal-sized sections. In each section they are to depict a significant event in which they were involved. (These may be limited to events within the group's life.)

5. Silhouettes. The facilitator forms dyads. Participants take turns drawing full-sized silhouettes of their partners on large sheets of paper. These drawings are posted and identified. Participants then add features that they associate with the person.

6. The Group and I. This experience may be worthwhile for a local group to do at the end of each meeting for a while, or for a conference to do at the end of each day. At the end of the first meeting of a group, the facilitator passes out newsprint and felt-tipped markers. Participants divide these papers into as many sections as there will be group sessions and post them. Each participant graphically portrays on her/his sheet his/her relationship with the group after each session.

7. Collaboration. Dyads are given one sheet of paper and one felt-tipped marker. Without talking, they collaborate on creating a drawing.

8. Group Collage. Given collage materials the group creates a collage representing itself.

9. Mural. A conference can create a huge mural representing itself.

10. Pocketbook Probe. Without making anyone have everyone who feels comfortable with it examine each others pocketbooks, wallets, check books, etc.

11. Room Design. Participants are asked to close their eyes and to take about three to five minutes silently to design a room for themselves. They are encouraged to try to remember as much detail as possible. Members share their designs with the group and discuss their selections.

12. Opposite Behavior. Participants are asked to experience the reverse of their feelings and to express themselves verbally and nonverbally.

13. Role Trading. Two group members are asked to trade roles and to "be" each other for a few minutes during the group meeting, as an attempt to enhance empathy.

14. New Names. Participants assume new identities for the duration of the group's life. These new names may be chosen at the first meeting from suggestions based on first impressions.

15. Pair Descriptions. Members pair off and then write, independently and individually, free-association descriptions of themselves and their partners. They share these with each other to check perceptions and develop commitment.

16. Active Listening. To enhance interpersonal understanding, one participant makes a declarative statement. The receiving member acknowledges the message in the following way: "You feel (somehow) about (something)." The sender simply answers yes or no. Then the receiver may make a statement which is to be acknowledged by the first sender. They continue until they are satisfied they understand each other.

Sensorium by Deby Barges and PS{RY

Imagine this: you're in a warm room with 8, 14, or 20 people, some chairs and pillows and low light, with soft music in the background. Someone blindfolds you, walks you to a chair, sits you down and starts stroking and massaging your face. At the same time, four other people start washing, stroking, and massaging your hands and feet, and rubbing strange things against your arms and legs (where clothing permits, or over clothing). A beautiful scent is held in front of your nose, and a moment later a bite of food is dropped into your mouth. This goes on for a long, timeless period, then your feet are dried, your sleeves rolled down, and you're stood or picked up, and given a long group hug, then laid down and unblindfolded while people are once again stroking you. You open your eyes, but maybe by then they're gone, so you find someone's foot or hand or face that is not being tended to, and you go and stroke it, brush your hair against it, breath on it, and rub oil on it until that person is picked up, or drop fruit into someone's mouth, or hold a scent in front of a blindfolded person's nose, and maybe get the whole group around that person. You're at a sensorium.

Just to clarify a little, a sensorium is an L.R.V. (or other) group activity, done by a mellow-feeling bunch of people, a sort of warm-fuzzy session where we take turns experiencing our senses and friends without sight. It's aim is to stimulate and relax, and it is one of the most enjoyable things I have ever experienced, or have ever been so overjoyed as to make happen. My total aim in writing this is pleasure: please try it and get pleasure out of it. The rest of this article will be on how you can make your own sensorium happen.

First of all, when: have a sensorium whenever you and a group of people (with appropriate supplies, when possible) are together and feel calm and caring. One of the last two nights of a 4 or 5 day conference, or the last night of a mini-conference, or you can have a local meeting where people get together for the purpose of having a sensorium- however, you should plan it to start 1 or 2 hours after everyone arrives, and have a short calming event, like tea-drinking, before the sensorium, to set the mood.

As for number: 8 people make a full single group, less if the music or sound situation takes little effort, but no less than 6 (one person is being "done"). 14 people form two groups (whose members change as they wish), and 20 form three. These are good basic figures to work from. While it's best to plan for more people than you expect, don't stretch people to make an extra group. Use your time wisely- 15 to 20 minutes is average (per person). Use this formula: number of people divided by number of groups, times number of minutes per person, plus twenty or thirty minutes for explanation and clean up, equals the time you'll need.

For a sensorium one needs certain basic supplies, any some of which are not necessary, but will add to the sensorium if you can find them. The supplies are:

I. Things to eat (cut them into bite size pieces: apples, oranges, bananas, tomatoes, cake or bread- nothing that takes too much chewing, or that will drip, squirt, or taste bad.

II. Things to smell: oils, herbs, perfumes, teas, incense, fruit, candles- avoid scents that are too faint or nose-blasting.

III. Pleasant sounds: recorded music, bells, gongs, splashing water (especially if it's pouring on someone's feet!), instruments that you play yourselves. Keep it pleasant and quiet and calm, for music makes moods (maybe put on a faster beat for cleanup).

IV. Feelies: soft cloth (including blindfolds), fuzzy and smooth and rough things, soaps, oils, powders, warm water (with a container or three for feet in water, and maybe a pitcher).

On top of that, use what inspires you, whatever you have on hand that you feel would be enjoyed. Remember that some people have allergies. There are three other important things:

V. Where and with what: you need a room or area that stays warm, chairs, pillows, beds, or other things to work on, and a supplies area near all of the groups.

VI. Someone to explain the sensorium & to keep it in order and on time, making sure everyone gets done, making sure that the sounds are on and running, and to stimulate the use of the supplies (especially I. and II.).

VII. Someone or group to clean up and return the supplies.

Of course, you need people, too. And for those people not blindfolded, ambience, in the way of peaceful surroundings or decor, and low light can be pleasant. Of the items mentioned above, I. to V. can be readied ahead of time, and I. to V. and VII. can be done by a group of people, but VI. needs a leader and basic organizer for the helpers in other parts. If you want a sensorium be ready to be that leader. It's not hard, if you have friendly help, and it's very rewarding- it runs on its own momentum. And it sets a peaceful feeling inside everyone who does it.

If you have any feedback, or need more info, PLEASE write to: Bethina Huffine, 1005 Vanderbilt, Claremont, CA. 91711.



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Preparing for Massage

So you are about to give someone a massage...or at least you ought to be. Where do you start? With yourself. Giving a massage should be an enriching experience for both people (or more in group massage). If you care enough to give a massage, care enough to do it right. Taking some time to prepare yourself properly will make it both easier and more rewarding.

Some of the preparation will hopefully become a regular part of your life and, as such, will not require much conscious effort on the part of either party.

The first step in preparing to give a massage is attitude. You do not do massage, you give and receive it. Massage is more than just manipulation of the musculature of the physical body. Massage includes the interaction of energies which, with practice, may be experienced without actual physical contact. These energies should mingle and flow, enriching both people involved. This leads us to emotional preparation.

You must be at peace with yourself emotionally. It is hard to make someone feel good if you are not at peace with yourself. The last thing anyone needs is an angry masseur or a sad masseur.

Although many of the things discussed here can be applied to group massage, I am writing with a one-to-one situation in mind.

All emotions are important to one extent or another. I tend to classify most as either positive or negative. Positive emotions will work with massage. Negative emotions will not. Deal with your emotions before you interact with theirs. Emotional preparation is closely related to awareness of your energy flow.

Learn to feel the energy that permeates your body in several layers within and surrounding your physical body. This is your aura. Your aura is your mandala. Every aura is both unique and changeable. Physical or emotional problems or blockages are visible in the aura.

To learn to feel this energy you must first be able to feel yourself breathing. As you breathe you should feel the energy flowing in your center. Your center is usually located between your heart and loins. Most often it is found a little below the navel, about two fingers width (mine is a little lower). You will feel the energy entering there and spreading throughout your whole essence as you inhale and exhale.



Spend some time with your hands. Look at them. With them held out in front of you and relaxed, concentrate on each part of them. Are you aware of the surface of the skin between the fingers? Can you feel the wrinkles on the back of your knuckles? How about the point where the nails attach to the fingers? That about the palms, see how alive and sensitive they are? And the backs of your hands? If you concentrate on just one hand and then compare it with the other one, you might be in for a surprise. Allow your hands to fully explore each other, first one at a time, then together. Then hold them a few inches apart and feel the energy between them as you breathe. Breathe through your hands. Help your hands to become sensitive and aware. Your hands are marvelous. Love them.

When you touch another person your hands should be like the branches of a tree in the air, its leaves giving and receiving at the same time, creating a flow. Breathing, living.

Spend some time with your feet. Are they allowing the energy from the hands and center to ground properly? Try to develop the same feeling in your feet that you have in your hands.

ESCALATING EXPECTATIONS

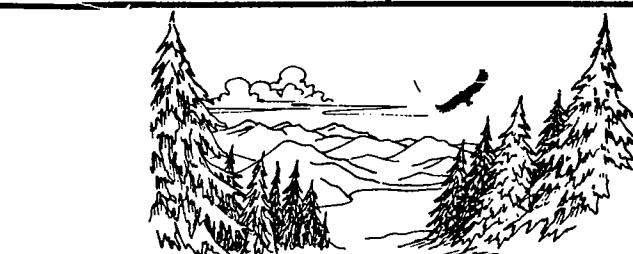
eral, be pretty free from unpleasant surprises. Some interesting things might happen with an influx of younger people. We'll never know for sure.

The congregation's extreme political liberalism is more than balanced off by its social conservatism. Several members are reportedly bothered by my wearing a baseball cap inside the church. Some have complained that the minister drives a "disreputable car." One can still raise some eyebrows with mildly dirty words. One can still hear an occasional reference made to "colored people." Based mostly on what I've read by Unitarian ministers, I'd guess that the liberalism of the clergy far exceeds that of the membership.

The religion itself seems to be one of the few (perhaps the only) in which large numbers of hard-core intellectuals are perfectly comfortable. With their focus on various social service gestures, I sometimes wonder if the members are aware of the very real social service the church provides in terms of an opportunity for sociability for individuals who, because of age and/or irascibility, are largely ignored by their families and the greater society. If I had to say what the church is primarily about based on my observations of one congregation, I'd say it's about sociability for socially marginal persons. I'd have to quickly add that there are several secondary functions who's aim may be greater than the primary one.

Working for the Unitarian's is decidedly preferable to the risky kinds of nickel-and-dime crimes I'd have to commit to support myself. There's also the advantage that it leaves me some energy for other endeavors. The central problem of being their janitor is one of escalating expectations. Within the first six months I worked for the church, I'd established myself as a "gem" and "the best janitor we've ever had." In those months I had literally hours with nothing to do. I simply didn't know enough about the job to keep busy, yet they were praising me for "fixing and cleaning things that nobody had fixed or cleaned before." Now, after a year and six months, doing at least twice as much work because I know what

people want and how to organize it, I get more complaints than ever. People who were grateful to have the floor swept occasionally are now (seriously) calling for "more spit and polish." It's a dilemma with no escape. The more one does, the more one causes to be expected, the more one disappoints. All I can hope to do is bear it gracefully, with love, patience, humility, heavy on the humility.



Get comfortable. Believe me, it is hard to give a massage when you are in a physically uncomfortable position. Have a nice stretch and relax.

Position yourself at the person's head and center yourself. Without physically touching, allow your auras to make contact. Spend as much time as necessary there. You will know when it is time to touch. After making aural contact, it may be good to place the hands one to three inches above some of the stronger energy points. Seven of these may be found at the genitals, the center, the solar plexus, the heart center (middle of the chest), the

FEDS

BARNEY - We had a bunch of successful conferences last spring. We had a significant number of youth at our district annual meeting and we were given three workshop slots. Our Common Ground delegates are planning two "inclusions." The purpose of these, as the name implies, is to get all people in our district involved in the upcoming decisions which are to be made within our district. The first sleepover will be the 7th and 8th of August and will be an information type conference, getting to know each other and everyone's opinions. It will be fun. The second sleepover will be in the early fall. Actual decisions will be made there.

SLUUD - Toronto is having a fall conference September 24 through 26. It is the first one in five years. So GO!!! For more information write to: Janet Childerhose, 14 Paultiel Dr. Willowdale, Ontario M2M 3P5 CANADA

Has it occurred to you that there are very few feds ups and downs? Why? The new youth group is going to be largely based on districts. Your real source of information will be the contacts from your district. Soooo... either go to your RE director and find out who is on your district YAC (if you have one), or get in touch with one of the people listed here. They are the last federation liasons that we know of.

UPS AND

NABASCO: Kathy Deslauries 18 Fourth Ave Woonsocket, RI 02895

DVF: Anne Gardiner 531 Westview St. Philadelphia, PA 19119

LSO: Jeff Brooks Rt. 2 John Sevier Hwy. Knoxville, TN 37920

SUNCO: Aurolyn Luykx 18-0104 Rawlings U. of Florida Gainesville, FL 32612

PRARIE STAR: Andrea Dawson 5804 Charlotte Kansas City, MO 64110

DOWNS

SAM: Jamie Bowers 1528 Trail Ridge Rd. Charlottesville, VA 22903

GWUDNPH: Kate Titus 162 N. Adams St. Manchester, NH 03104

CRVF: Rebecca Harris Boston Hill Rd. Andover, CT 06232

PSLRY: Bekah James 1848 Hackett Ave. Long Beach, CA 90815

BARNEY: Cassie Lentchner Laketown Rd. Long Valley, NJ 07853

STAR KING: Nancy Bjork 10 Bridge Rd. Kentfield, CA 94904

center of the neck, the forehead, and the top of the head. These may vary slightly from person to person. Also, before starting you may wish to spend some time at the hands and feet to awaken them and open them to the flow.

Now really touch someone!

I hope to touch upon all the aspects of massage and more in the future.

Let the energy blossom inside you and flow. Love yourself. Shalom. Michael

by MICHAEL MAGRATH



New Paper

The Steering Committee of Young Religious Unitarian Universalists, the Continental Youth Adult committee, and the office of Youth Programs would like to hear your feelings about a continental communications link between the Unitarian Universalist young people. Budget priorities will be discussed in early autumn, and your input about our communications link will influence the direction in which way we go.

What would you like to see included in the new publication? Please take some time to fill out this questionnaire and to add your own comments. It would be extremely helpful to us if we could receive your response prior to the first meeting of the YRUU Steering Committee. (That is, before September 30, 1982 please.)

1. Should the paper be published separately, or mailed out as a supplement to the UU WORLD?
 Separate ☐ Supplement ☐
 Comment _____

2. How often should such a publication come out?
 Monthly ☐ Quarterly ☐ Twice a year ☐
 Comment _____

3. Below is a list of possible services and goals a new youth publication might undertake. Place a priority number before each one, to indicate which you think would be most important for the publication to focus on. #1 indicates highest priority, #8 indicates least priority.

- ☐ To act as a forum for letters, opinions, poetry, ideas from youth and adults related to youth programming.
 - ☐ To act as a literary journal for articles, poetry, fiction, or music written by UU young people.
 - ☐ To print regular local program ideas and prompts.
 - ☐ To print articles of interest to youth advisors.
 - ☐ To provide space for messages, humor and "classified" communication between young people across the UUA, as a vehicle for building up group identity.
 - ☐ To provide a forum for youth in the denomination to express their views on political and institutional issues within the UUA.
 - ☐ To publicize UUA and district sponsored youth events, programs and conferences.
 - ☐ To report on events within the UUA of interest to youth.
5. Do you have any general ideas or comments about how we should proceed towards a new UUA youth publication?

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GETTING THE FEEL OF COMMON GROUND

I and many others arrived at the conference with a great deal of apprehension and skepticism toward the new youth organization we were to create. Through the course of the week, that apprehension changed to an overwhelming feeling of hope for, and eagerness to begin the implementation of our new organization. That change came about with some pain, but the pain was shared by all delegates, and was dealt with through the concerned, cooperative spirit that played such a major role in the Common Ground experience.

--Mark Halsted
 Traverse City, MI

Common Ground was a once-in-a-lifetime experience, one which I will never forget.

Never have I found a group with such a capacity to care. Sometimes we used each other--manipulated (just like real politicians), and yet we still care! We're human!

If someone were to ask me what the most important factor was for making this dream come true, I would answer, "the care...."

--David Levine
 Dallas, TX

As a teacher who has slowly come to appreciate the value of autonomous learning experiences and the difficulty adults have with dealing with these, I have been very concerned over the last several years at the possible loss of the youth self-direction that has been at the heart of LRY.

Although I can still quibble over a very few points, there is one thing that has become very clear to me: the new organization for Y.R.U.U. is very, very good.

Although the UUA Board is indeed the final power, the structures of the Youth Council and Steering Committee should provide the creative impetus for the program, and each of these is three-fourths youth. Further, the presence of a UUA Board member on these bodies insures the flow of communications so often missing in the past. Finally, closer affiliation with the denomination should open up a great many resources for program material and clerical support previously unavailable.

--Vonnice Hicks
 Winston-Salem, NC

The acronym of Youth Religious Unitarian Universalists -- Why Are You You? -- is an appropriate one for us. I think we are always questioning ourselves. We are always growing and changing; trying to discover new things about ourselves and the world. That is part of what it means to be a liberal religious youth, a Unitarian Universalist youth, or a young religious Unitarian Universalist.

--Laila Ibrahim
 Whittier, CA

First thing I did when I got home was clean my room. I mean I really went through all my closets and got rid of stuff I've been keeping for years. Funny, different things are important to me now...

--Jane Park
 Tiburon, CA



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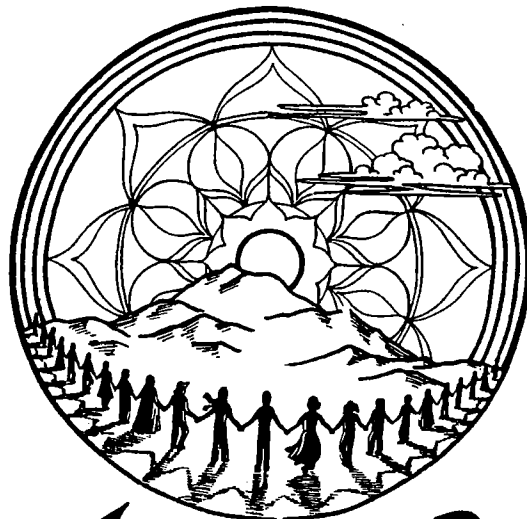
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