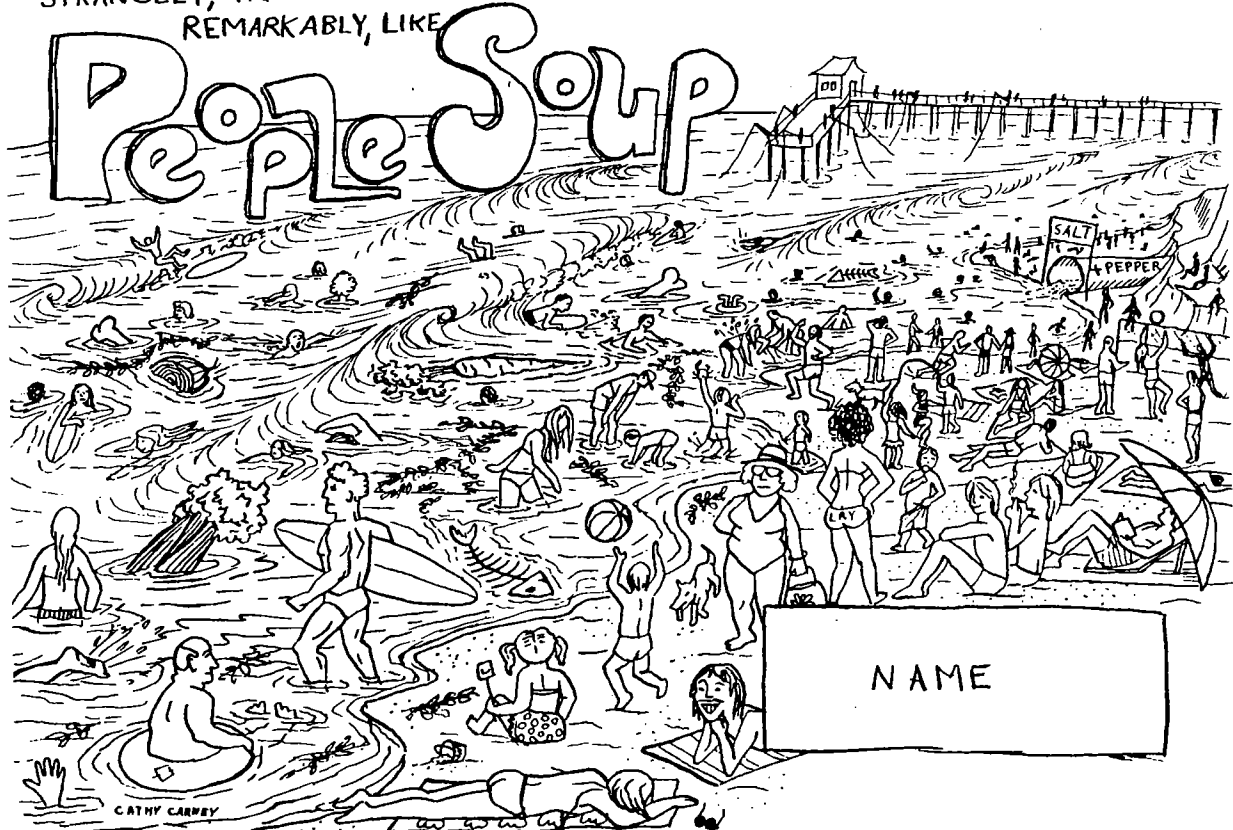


ONE DAY ON A CALIFORNIA BEACH, I NOTICED THE WATER LOOKED STRANGELY, IN FACT REMARKABLY, LIKE



GAY RAP

During my most active years in LRY, I learned that people of the same sex were not prohibited from showing affection to one another, within the LRY society. I guess I picked up on the feeling that everyone is really ambisexual (I guess bisexual is a more comfortable word), and that anyone who withdrew from same-sex hugging or hand-holding was considered uptight. At that time my Gay awareness was very low, and I was overwhelmed with the task of dealing with my fears of sexually approaching the "opposite" sex that I didn't even consider that the person who might become both friend and lover could have a body as familiar as my own.

I am going to admit it, and you are allowed to nod in sad agreement from your private seat: as "liberal" as I thought myself, as able to deal with such strange things as drug consumption and advisors using obscene language, I would not have been able to deal with the discovery that one (or more) of the couples in the Saturday night 'Soft Room' was composed of two persons of the same sex. The only time homosexuality was brought up was when a young man joined the group as a representative of Gay Liberation. The token Gay person was the only such person I remember. Even the extremely effeminate males were not called Faggots or judged to be Gay--it supposedly made no difference to anyone. But if they or any less stereotypical persons really were Gay, I don't think they would have found enough support within LRY to chance actually 'coming out'.

That was 3 years ago. I want to hear from Gay LRYers across the continent---what are the vibes now? what happens when homosexuality in Sex-Roles workshops? HOW CAN WE MAKE LRY A PLACE WHERE PEOPLE CAN EXPRESS THEIR LOVE AND/OR SEXUALITY WITHOUT PRESURE TO CONFORM, PREFORM, OR REFORM?

If you want a letter printed, say so, with or without your name. I can send personal replies (including info on Gay groups, politics, health care, etc) c/o your local group or somebody else so I don't even have to know who you are. It might sound silly to make such a big deal about identities, but the people who have power over us (parents, employers, friends) may do a complete turn-around if they find out that their colleague is Gay or curious.

I am sort of a delegate from the UUA Gay Caucus, and my energies are directed toward helping the caucus to provide for the needs of young Gay people of the UUA community, because we need each other's support. I will be continuing this column in People Soup, and I WANT YOU TO WRITE TO ME: anyone who has a comment or question to share.

The important thing is for persons to understand and share ideas about this unfortunately suppressed factor. I hope that this column will stimulate serious thinking, and with the help of my peers we can begin to deal with the needs of a possibly ignored part of our important LRY community.

.....This is a part of our lives--so let's learn from each other so we can begin to educate those in power who don't understand.

Take Care,
Patches

reader, to formulate your own opinion of this man, Phelps.

He was born Andrew James Phelps on January 22, 1947. At an early age he exhibited an extensive interest in criminal science, using all his savings to obtain the "tricks of the trade" when still a mere child. He was recognized as an exceptional scholar in third grade, when his teachers discovered him translating Shakespeare into Chaucer's English at the age of nine. He was judged mentally incompetent at the age of thirteen and in ninth grade he was institutionalized. This in itself is not unusual. Many otherwise brilliant people have been shut off from the mainstream of society because they couldn't relate to their educations. I know I have.

but I feel differently. For you see, I am one of the fortunate ones. I have worked for, with, in spite of, and because of Phelps. He has proven himself both as a worthy adversary and a respectful friend. And at the same time, he has filled me with respect and enveloped me with hatred. For, you see, Phelps is not a happy man.

Phelps was incarcerated at a mental institution in Fall's Church, Va. in 1967, at the age of twenty. He immediately set forth to lead a sane and simple existence, and follow his chosen path, that of a criminologist.

Continued on pg. 2.



This may or may not be a photograph of the elusive Phelps. As a master of disguise, Phelps comes up with "works" all the time, outside just Sacramento, in 1971.

Many people have seen different sides of Phelps. Some see him as a dangerous and threatening entity, hell-bent on his own destruction and that of the civilization as a whole. Some, those closer to him, feel he is the repleat enigma, devoid of guilt, full of devousness, and in general, a calculating and callous man-thing, disinterested in the welfare of anyone but himself.

Perhaps I should use this space as a sort of history of the things which have made Phelps what he is today. This will help you, the

Ever since the dissemination of information on Andrew James Phelps started, I have felt a burning need within my psyche to help stem the tide of spurious lies, and propaganda which have been "making the rounds", so to speak.

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Lara Stahl
Bev Treumann
Stephen R. Wilcox

Your contributions for this newspaper are welcomed. It is made possible through your energies, both spiritual and physical. Any contributions of news items, short stories, poems, editorials, or artwork are welcome and will be considered. None can be returned. Drawings or other artwork must be in black ink, and it is considerably easier for us to use black and white photos than colour. No matter which you choose, they will be printed in b&w. We cannot, unfortunately, pay for contributions. The old budget jers wouldn't stand the pain.

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(a great way to advertise a conf.)



But all was not to be peaches and cream for the hounded and persecuted Phelps. He was turned down for innumerable jobs in his chosen field simply because he had been incarcerated in a mental institution. And as he found rejection at every turn, his overlaid mind began, inexorably, to snap. He, eventually, turned to illicit means in order to find shelter and sustenance. And it was shortly thereafter that Phelps' life was changed for all time.

In desperation, Phelps turned to the U.S. government for help. There he found, much to his surprise, acceptance, friendship, and true respect. His parents, who had been rather underprivileged mentally, were long since dead and gone, and Phelps started to regain some shreds of self-confidence. For you see, Phelps had his first job.

The government liked Phelps, and he the government. He applied for, and won, a job as a secret agent of the Central Intelligence Agency. While this may seem cliché, he was very much involved in his work, and always completed his assignments well ahead of schedule.

Phelps did not spend his years in the institution unwisely. He used the facilities at his disposal to further his awareness of his favorite subjects, and this education paid off handsomely when he went to the government to apply for work. He was hired on as a clerk in the criminology

To Elliot Kolner,

personals

Sometimes referred to as "The Nylon Pies"

Dear Elliot,

Are you alive or dead? Please respond in any case. I'd love to hear from you. drop by

Rachael Stark
50 Ashford St
Alhston, Mass
02134

John D.L. Rosett-- I miss you. Where can I write you? Love from your wife. Layni Martin, 1503 Montclair st. Arlington, Tx. 76015.

Steve Marona-- people soup keeps getting back the issues it sends you. Steve/ or anyone who knows his correct address please contact people soup.

Nashville Way-Station LRYers finding themselves either passing through or going to Nashville are offered a place to stay-in the beautiful Uncle Steve's house. Featuring air conditionings, a real mattress (unless someone beats you to it), and FREE conversation. 1/2 mile from the Unitarian Church and within five miles of most local LRYers. Guaranteed on night's lodging. All this is absolutely free (no credit cards please). No food is offered do to the amazing low price. Call 615-385-0073 for reservations.

Write to me! at my college address
Even Dresel
Carleton College
Northfield
Minnesota 55057
or visit my room 315 Davis. Or phone (507) 645-4431 ext 308

Beth Miller-- from Illinois. Sorry I didn't get to say good-bye to you in Maine. Will send some fed info soon Love, Wayne from Maine.



To Beth Miller from Illinois: Sorry I didn't get to say good-bye in Maine. I will send some fed info soon
Love Wayne from Maine

JLD...Phelps and I love you beyond mere words, and hope you're recovering from your recent bout with the blues. See you sooner than you think. Steve says hello, etcetera.

P.G.C. from Plainfield: Dirty pool never got anyone anywhere. Only in odd months are no trump non-poisonous. Watchit. Love SRW.

B.E. from New New York. Put her in neutral at stoplights, and don't ride the clutch. Yours in friendly admiration, Raggedy A.

X.O. Phoenix: Get in touch, eat pie or die. Love, S.R.

Kelly Z- I'm thinking of you. Love, Maury.

Sheldon Sands in Cleaveland Heights--I'd like to hear from you-or even see you. Love Rachell Chinitz in San Diego.

Bill C.-if you write me a letter I'll write you a letter-D.

IF ANYONE knows the where abouts of Timmer and Michelle please tell me. D. Knight.

L.R.-when will I see you. D.K.

Richie L. from NFF...fact or fiction? Only the Purple Hawks know for sure.

To all our friends on shore

Dear everyone, Morning Dew Associates has finally found a luxurious home in Madison suburbia. Our new address is 843 Barbra St. Sun Prarie, Misc. 53590. (608) 837-3560. Take 90 and 94 to hwy 151.

7 miles down 151 then right down Business 151 (Main St.) to Columbus. Turn left and go to Clara St., turn rt. then left on to Barbra. OR-take 151 to Columbus, turn left, take the first left (Laura) then right on Barbra.

So be sure to cruise by sometime. We'll be having our Halloween Extravaganza around CMF Fall conference, but you're welcome anytime. We should have enough accommodations to keep going indefinitely.

We love you madly-
Morning Dew Associates (Madison)

Kevin Bell
Ken Dermota
John and Jim Marring

Written by S.R. Wilcox.

department of the federal government, and quickly rose through the hierarchy of that section until he reached his goal in 1970, as a district inspector, a post he held for three months.

Phelps was, for the first time, secure. There came a time, however, when his small, cozy and secular life was plunged into the very depths of despair and degradation. Phelps, being a normal and feeling human being, fell in love. A young and intensely intelligent fellow worker in the department caught Phelps' eye, and he hers. And now, Phelps felt, for the first time, that most beautiful and intense emotion love. Things went smoothly, in general terms. But Phelps was, let's be frank, a little unsure of his social graces, and so there were times when things were awkward. It has already been stated here that Phelps was intensely intelligent, and he was certainly no insensitive, so these rocky periods in his life were quickly paved over.

Unfortunately, one of the most obvious human traits is insecurity. Maria, who by this time was engaged to marry Phelps, went out one evening with some of the other people from her department, and they all overindulged. Getting drunk acts as a method of tension release, and also tends to remove people's inhibitions. Maria was young, and possibly frightened by the prospects of our society's concept of marriage, and so, decided to confide her fears in one of her fellow workers, a man named Duane Thisbee, a 50-year old divorced Episcopalian, and member of the Lion's club. And,

as so often happens, Duane was a co-worker with Phelps. Duane provided a sympathetic ear. And then, a sympathetic mattress, after the transit system closed down for the night. Maria was drunk and afraid, and Thisbee old and scared, and they drowned their common sorrows in the desperate joys of their bodies. As the popular song goes, "There's got to be a morning after", and sure enough, there was. After a bitter realization of what she had done, Maria left Thisbee a note, went to work, left a note in the Woman's washroom, and went home, where the poor, unhappy and madly-in-love girl chased three hundred secondals with a half-quart of rubbing alcohol.

Some suicides are engineered in such a manner that they may be found before the accomplish their last act, and it would appear that this was one of them. But unfortunately, the note in the washroom was not found until it was too late, and so Maria, Phelps' first and last love, perished.

These things are never neat, and Phelps was one of the first to find out about his betrothed one's death. The unfortunate Phelps, for whom bad had followed worse most of his life, was utterly crushed by the death, which he interpreted as one of atonement. Perhaps he was right, and then, perhaps, his feeling of responsibility was caused by a mammoth ego loss, but whichever the case, Phelps went around the bend. Thisbee, realizing his own implication in Maria's death, followed the human instinct of self-preservation, and left town as soon as possible. Which was, in fact, right away.
To be continued next issue....



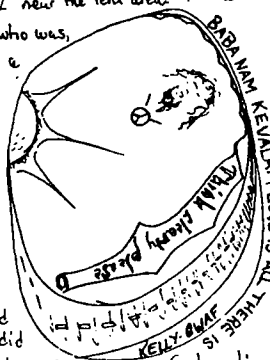


And please,
Remember to watch
the sun and the stars-

Kim

YOGA AT CONTINENTAL

- Dick and I had decided to do some yoga together aside from the regular seven AM workshop. We walked across camp from the registration office to the unused pavilions III and IV near the tent area. At the ping pong pavillion we met a man who was, by chance, rounding up some people for a yoga workshop. He was Tommy.
- The Yoga workshop in the mornings with Sunday was not too successful, Dick and I had both agreed that we would rather do it by ourselves than in that workshop. Besides not getting off, Sunday's yoga session was quite a bit too early for a conference.
- Tommy's workshops were at four in the afternoon, which was a pretty good time. After some deep breathing we did a relaxation exercise that sent me into the deepest state of relaxation I've been in in a long while. I slowly regained my senses to the sound of the rest of the group discussing the rush of relaxation. The next day we did more exercises and meditated while then did some chanting that mellowed me for the rest of the evening. Tommy's workshop kept me relaxed and spiritual for days.
- At the talent show Friday night, Tommy read some of his poetry and I liked it so here it is.



All is fun

A box turtle lay her eggs
in the dirt soft and cold.
The birdies chase in the tree tops
Suddenly the sun pokes through the sky,
causing the leaves to laugh.
Two squirrels catch a bubble of smiles
brought by the wind.
They ate them and became electric
Floating past the sun they fell into
heaven,
Where all is nothing but beauty.
Beauty is a great sculpture.
Or a potter's perfect pot,
made by not so perfect hands.
It is a weeping willow tree
in motion by a creek.
The roughness of the north Atlantic
the smoothness of a winter snowfall.
Beauty is living in Eden
where peace is the only quest
and love is no man's mystery.

The wind is still as death

A lizard lay on a rock
But the wind is still as death
A branch falls from a tree
and stirs a little dust.
The lizard moves and stops.
The wind is still as death.
The wind is still as death.

As the days go on I feel like a lazy man

I feel like a lazy man
I sit - I sleep - I eat
As the days go on, I feel like a dying man
I sleep - I eat
As the days go on, I feel like a dead man
I sleep as the days go on

The Honey Bee

The honey bee has no time to be
Although he has a thousand eyes
He has no time to see
He must work work and not stop
He must make honey
Not just for him
Him and his queen
And every human being
Perhaps if he would slow down and make
just some for him
He would have time to see
And may be time to be
More of what he is.

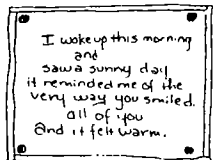
You'll not see me work hard all day

NO WAY

I must have time to sing and play

Trees

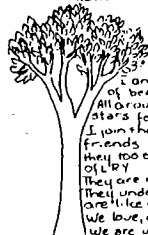
They sit closely together
in the forest
After a morning stretch
toward the sun,
They meditate.



I'd like to extend my thanks to Tricky Dick Nixon for the excellent timing of his resignation. August eighth, Ah what a day - the middle of a Continental Conference.

Through the day, the major topic of conversation was - what will HE say? Answers were offered from one and all. A credulous Michigan'er knew he would "take the plunge," while a cynical New Jerseyman was quite sure that another affirmation of his innocence was impending.

Out looks from all over the continent were extended. Some embraced the general views of their region of the country, while some expressed their own crazy ideas. Finally, the time came...



I am centered in a world of beauty, love and peace. All around me reaches the stars for growth. I join them for they are my friends they too share the myriad moods of life. They are my people they understand because they are like me. We love, we cry, we enjoy. We are united as one, but free. Seeking out emotions and feelings, we are close finding misplaced dreams and goals we are united. I love and I am loved. We take time to smell the flowers and touch the soft raindrops. We are alive. We are LRY!

Love - Kim Trippamith



Tommy Falkowski

Excerpts from Continental Conference Book 1974

- when I left for Continental Conference, I expected some-thing great. I thought: wow, it's finally going to a conference with people who aren't hung up on all the social aspects of life, ie. sex, nudity, being a leader, etc. Well, I found a lot of people who were actual like they weren't hung up on those problems.

Then a... well, what do you say about a conference? All these people are my brothers and sisters. How can you express the amount of love flowing? I feel happy, sad, lonely, loved, loving, concerned... Oh how can I say it! So much. So much is going on...

- Sue (Detroit)



I shall NEVER forget that moment, and I'm SURE NO ONE ELSE will FOR ME it was extra special because I was with people from Michigan, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Tennessee, New York and Alberta. What better way to see the President's resignation than with LRY'ers from all across the continent? All of us brought up differently, in different areas, united through LRY, and our interest in history; all of us waiting, hoping, wondering... huddling around the radio. We listened intently and soberly... and then...

REJOICE!!

Once more; Thank you, Milwaukee, for the wonderful experience and the memories you have given me and all of us at Continental Conference, you finally did something right.

Marion Blum DVF

MONDAY AND THE CRISIS

ONE MONDAY NOT TOO LONG AGO, THE INHABITANTS OF AN INNOCENT AND QUIET PASTYTERIAN CAMP FOUND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED BY A LARGE GROUP OF PEOPLE, MOSTLY YOUNG AND CORAUP. THEY LOOKED AND SMELLED STRANGE AND UNCONTROLLABLE. THIS SUSPICION WAS CONFIRMED WHEN SEVERAL OF THESE PEOPLE TOOK OFF THEIR CLOTHES. THE CAMP CARETAKER, BALD, SHINI, CLEAN MR. GRIMES, DID WHAT HE HAD TO; HE CALLED THE POLICE. AN EMERGENCY MEETING WAS CALLED. THE POLICE, WE WERE INFORMED, HAD PUT THE CAMP ON A TWENTY-FOUR HOUR PATROL. A RESIDENT OF THE STATE TOLD US THAT THEY MIGHT BEING IN DOGS TRAINED TO SNIFF OUT DOPE. THE GROUP ACCESSED FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES. MANY PEOPLE DASHED TO THE BATHROOMS.

PEOPLE THEN REUNIONED EACH OTHER IN THE LODGE. IT WAS DECIDED TO SETUP A CONFERENCE AFFAIRS COMMITTEE, OR CAC, FOR THE PURPOSES OF SELF-POLICING. A FEW PEOPLE FELT VERY RELATIVE ABOUT THIS, VOICING FEARS THAT THE CAC MEMBERS WOULD BE OVERZEALOUS IN THEIR ACTIONS. THEIR FEARS WERE RELATIVELY UNFOUNDED, AS THE CAC DID NOT GET IT TOGETHER ENOUGH TO MEET FOR TWO DAYS. DURING THE BUSINESS MEETINGS OVER THE CRISIS, SEVERAL GOOD THINGS WERE SAID. WHEN THE TYPICAL LRY PARANOID OVER THE POLICE, AND THE CAMP OFFICIALS SHOWED UP, PEOPLE REMINDED THE CAMPERS OF THE COMMON HUMANITY BETWEEN US AND THEM. MANY PEOPLE VOICED THEIR HOPES THAT WE COULD SUCCEED IN ESTABLISHING A TRUSTING COMMUNITY OF LRYERS. THERE WAS ALSO A LOT OF Frustration ABOUT THE REDUNDANCY AND NOISE AT THE TWO MEETINGS. SOMEONE POINTED OUT THAT THIS SORT OF THING WAS INEVITABLE TO A DEGREE AS A BY-PRODUCT OF THE TRULY PRODUCTIVE THINGS THAT WERE GOING ON. AS THE WEEK WENT ON, THE DRAMAS GOT QUIETER AND THE Frustration WAS REDUCED. THE RESULTS OF THE CRISIS WERE, IN MY OPINION, POSITIVE RATHER THAN NEGATIVE. THE CONFERENCE HAD LESS DOPE AND MORE BREAKING BECAUSE OF IT AND THERE WAS AN INCREASED ATTITUDE OF RESPONSIBILITY TOWARDS THE CONFERENCE COMMUNITY.

SUNSAN F

Continental Conference '74

photos by Matthew Easton

SO THIS IS CONTINENTAL '74
 FAR OUT...
 ALL I CAN SAY IS IT HAS BEEN
 THE HAPPIEST WEEK I HAVE EVER
 SUFFERED THROUGH,
 LAUGHED THROUGH,
 SUNG THROUGH,
 BEEN WIRED OUT THROUGH,
 OR LIVED THROUGH
 I LOVED IT
 THANK YOU EACH AND
 EVERY ONE OF YOU

THANK YOU
DAVID INNES

A DAY IN THE LIFE

Upon arrival at Continental Conference everyone being around the Registration Building talking to old friends and meeting new ones. Then it was time for cabin picking. I was drawn to cabin "I" because most of my friends were there, and I heard some good music coming from a cassette player. So the Cabin One-ers assembled. Immediately the drab camp cabin was redecorated. The bunks were moved around and stacked in a different arrangement. A carpet was improvised from a tarp and twin couches were made from mattresses. A coffee table was made from a guitar case and two bricks. Because of the extravagant decor, posters were tacked up what I named the cabin "La Maison de la Boudoir" or "Morrison's Hotel".

The first night a Hot Seat question game took place and we found out a little more about each other: "Bullshit" or "I Doubt". It was a common household word around cabin one. While playing this card game you're either laughing too hard for words or bullshitting other players loudly.

Most of us stayed very clean in Cabin "I". Crazy foam fights were a common occurrence and usually ended up in the showers.

Cabin "I" (alias Maison de la Boudoir or Morrison's Hotel) was a great place to be. We all got it together - Northerners, Southerners, Easterners and Westerners.

- meg Ragan



going out to Nebraska,
 to sleep with buffalo women,
 and god coming around the corner
 to kiss me goodnight,
 Their breast and rounded toes
 comforting my soul,
 but you're the only one
 who sits sleepless at night
 waiting for your baby
 that's only imagined in a
 dream,
 buffalo women with eyes of
 tortured god
 in Nebraska.

-Doug Wurtz



On Silk Screening

Silk Screening is an interesting and useful hobby to pick up. A personal touch can be added to those old T-shirts. You can also make your own posters.

There are several techniques used in silk screening. To make a simple design, a stencil can be cut out of paper and placed on the screen. Then the dye is squeezed across the stencil. A print is made. Another method is to draw the design onto the screen with wax. Then apply water based glue. It sticks everywhere except where the wax is. The wax is then removed and the dye is pulled. This is called wax resist.

Photo silkscreen is a technique where stencils are made from film negatives. Incredible detail can be achieved by utilizing this method.

Jeff Battershall, from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, taught the silkscreen workshop at Continental this year. He learned how to do it about three years ago at an art camp.

- meg Ragan

Conformity in LRY

During Continental Conference I've come to the realization about LRY, we're about the most homogenous group imaginable. The community reacted almost unanimously in the same ways to several incidents such as the resignation and the Monday night Crisis. We dress the same way and talk the same way, it's easy to pick an LRY'er out of a crowd. In normal society we aren't quite acceptable; in LRY we have created an accepting environment for ourselves.

Although many of us are damn good game players, LRY has its own games and meets. There is a ritual for meeting people, for getting into a sexual involvement with them, for saying goodbye at

seed
 opening
 becoming life
 sprouting - growing
 branching out to universal being
 and reaching back into
 its old age and
 beginning to
 seed
 -doug wurtz



someday
 I'll find this place forever
 and I will stay
 with the woodsmoke
 and the sunshine
 and the crisp green wind
 someday
 I'll walk into this place
 forever and never
 wonder when I have
 to leave, and
 I will stay with the
 translucent leaves,
 and the laughter
 of the bright
 haired sun
 children and
 the guitar music
 floating on the
 wind....



someday
 I'll remember
 not to forget
 how happy I will be
 someday.

- sunsan

A couch
 soft, warm, and caring
 is soothing
 and comforting
 to me

your fingertips
 like warm raindrops
 wash away my depression
 My touch in return -
 Thank you.
 - meg Ragan

Alternative Vocations

JOE VOLK FROM THE AMERICAN FRIENDS SERVICE COMMITTEE LED A WORKSHOP ON ALTERNATIVE VOCATIONS. ABOUT TWENTY-FIVE INTERESTED PEOPLE ASSEMBLED IN THE LOBBY WEDNESDAY MORNING, AUGUST 7. THE WORKSHOP BEGAN WITH A MOMENT OF SILENCE... IN A SUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO BECOME AWARE OF A GAME WAS PLAYED IN WHICH EACH PERSON TOLD WHOM HE HAD COME TO THE WORKSHOP.

THE WORKSHOP BROUGHT OUT THE FACT THAT SOME PEOPLE FELT A CONFLICT BETWEEN WHAT THEY THOUGHT THEY HAD TO DO AND WHAT THEY WANTED TO DO. FOR EXAMPLE, PEOPLE THOUGHT THAT BY GOING TO SCHOOL, OR DOING WORK THEY DID NOT ENJOY, THEY WERE BUYING THEIR FREE TIME. A MAJOR QUESTION WAS, "WHAT CAN I DO THAT IS GRATIFYING FOR ME?"

OCCUPATIONS MENTIONED INCLUDED THE ARTS AND TECHNICAL FIELDS. PEOPLE AGREED THAT THEY WOULD RATHER HAVE A JOB IN WHICH THEY ARE THEIR OWN BOSS. ALSO PREFERRED, WOULD BE A TYPE OF WORK SERVING PEOPLE, RATHER THAN THE MASTERS OF SOCIETY.

Think Twice

look into eyes for just so long
 until the guilty come along;
 Just look until you're met
 and then the skin and fringe
 descend
 and your sight resets again
 Think twice, blink quick
 look away to stones in walls

And it's all so funny
 'cause I love the way she
 looks
 and I just want to be swal-
 lowed in speaking eyes
 and shelves of unread,
 priceless books.
 Think twice, blink quick
 and look away to boards in
 floors

That's why you're in this room
 instead
 with two small windows rain-
 ing
 and a pillow for your head
 beside no friend, complaining
 you can't stand to meet the
 filling basins
 filled with jugs for your own
 use
 Soak your eyes in crystal juice,
 cleanse all away the cold abuse
 Think twice, blink quick
 and look away at printed points

I cannot find my only mirror,
 vacant and unkept,
 somewhere locked in careless
 cupboard
 with madly swinging cupboard doors
 and smoothly slipping dresser
 drawers, unhandled,
 Smiling at floors.

- Dick Schwass

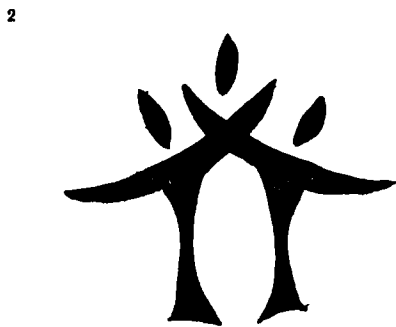
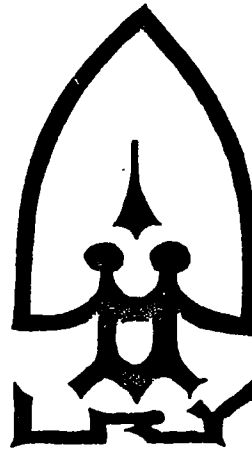
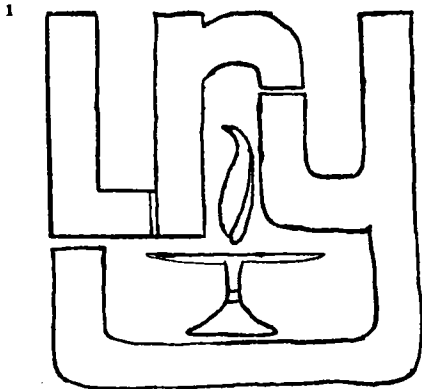


AN LRY SYMBOL? Pg5

Contrary to popular beliefs the official LRY symbol has not yet been chosen. After a lengthy discussion the Board decided to narrow the possibilities down to the three symbols that you see on this page and give you the final say on what symbol you want. You also can decide not to have any symbol as the official LRY symbol.

So, the final decision is down to you.

Fill out the ballot and send it to:
LRY Symbol 25 Beacon Street, Boston,
Mass. 02108. Deadline for casting your
ballot is October 20, 1974.



Will it be:

<input type="checkbox"/>	Symbol 1
<input type="checkbox"/>	Symbol 2
<input type="checkbox"/>	Symbol 3
<input type="checkbox"/>	No Symbol

Cut along dotted line.

Diversity Has No Symbol

I was present at a bit of organized chaos called the LRY Board meeting. One agenda item was the choosing of an LRY symbol. According to the discussion, the major reason for acquiring an official LRY symbol is that it will unite us. This I doubt as there was more controversy on this issue than on many apparently more complex arguments.

It seems to me that an official symbol is against the very concept of liberal religion (two thirds of LRY's name). Liberal religion means that you think about what you believe in. Official religious symbols throughout the ages have been used specifically against thought, i.e., in the middle ages you did not think about the teachings of Jesus, you were just willing to "die for the cross." You left the thinking to the church.

LRY is my religion, read religion to mean "way of life." I do not want my way of life to be represented

by a symbol that can be misinterpreted, or worse, used to replace the thought and spiritual effort that has gone into each individual LRYer's search for meaning. I would really like to think that LRY is beyond the point that it needs something like an official symbol.

In the past year I have seen a lot of really good symbols made up by locals and federations that are much more valid than a Continental symbol would be. I can look at these symbols, see the letters L, R, and Y beneath, above or around them and know that this is what LRY is to the people who use that symbol. It is not necessarily what LRY is for me but I can appreciate in the extreme that this is what LRY is for them. I think that LRY symbols should be just like LRY; ever changing, ever growing, and always being created anew.

-Alan Trachtenberg

DETROIT CATHOLIC PAPER FIRES GAY COLUMNIST

DETROIT (LNS)--A columnist for the Michigan Catholic, the Detroit archdiocesan weekly newspaper, was fired recently when he was quoted in another newspaper as the local president of Dignity, a national organization of Roman Catholic gays.

Brian McNaught has filed a complaint with the city's Human Relations Commission in protest of the firing. Detroit's city charter, which went into effect earlier this year, states that no person can be "denied enjoyment of civil or political rights or be discriminated against in the exercise thereof because of race, color creed, national origin, age, handicap, sex or sexual orientation."

Margaret Cronyn, editor of the paper, said that McNaught's column was dropped along with others because of space problems and because his writing was "detrimental" to the paper. The paper has been reduced from 10 to 8 pages but McNaught maintains that the previous editor, who is now on leave of absence, had known of his homosexuality and had said that his column would be continued and others dropped.

McNaught had previously come under fire for a column in the June 20 Michigan Catholic in which he said that homosexuality was no more abnormal than being left-handed, but did not say that he was gay. On July 6, the Detroit News quoted him as Dignity chapter president. Two days later his column was dropped from the paper.

The provision in Detroit's city charter prohibiting discrimination on the basis of "sexual orientation" was not given publicity until shortly before the charter became effective. The Catholic Church locally did not fight the provision. In other parts of the country, however, the church has come out in full force. In New York City, for instance, a powerful, last minute campaign by Catholic church officials helped greatly to defeat a similar clause in that city's charter.

LEGISLATING MORALITY GETS EXPENSIVE

WASHINGTON (LNS)--A Washington Superior Court Judge has estimated that it takes \$18,000 to arrest one prostitute or gay man for soliciting. This figure includes police training, court procedures, and the cost of maintaining a vice squad.

Free Symbols

There are a number of reasons why L.R.Y. should not have an official symbol. To see this one must look at the role of official symbols in society and at people's reactions to these symbols.

Symbols are used to focus people's attention on energy. "Rally round the flag" is a phrase which expresses this. But when energy is focused on a symbol, this energy is not necessarily being focused on what the symbol represents. The ideas behind the symbol are often relegated to the subconscious. The symbol then supercedes the idea it stands for. This is not a direct result of the use of symbols, but of their repeated use. Symbols, when repeated, do not provoke thought by people; they are used instead of thought.

An official L.R.Y. symbol would be more or less permanent and in frequent use. Thus, it would have all these

problems. If, however, there was no official symbol, people could use whatever symbol represented their idea of L.R.Y. at the time. The symbols could change easily and freely as L.R.Y. changes. If a symbol became meaningless or came to have had meaning to some people, it would just be replaced by some other one. The use of several symbols over a period of time or at the same time would be far less likely to become meaningless or obsolete. A symbol could be changed of its symbolic meaning (like the flame of knowledge in the chalice) become different from the real meaning of the symbol (what the group is and does).

Free Symbols for Free Religion!
Vote No

to All Proposed L.R.Y. Symbols!!

-Even Drese!

