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A Canuck and a Yankee In Uncle Gerry's Court by Mack Truck

Please do not adjust your newspaper. The collection of pointless anecdotes you are about to read is true. Only the facts have been changed. This, gentle American readers, is your country, as witnessed in the summer of 1975 by a pair of blue Canadian eyes, and another pair which for complex reasons variously claims a grubstake either in Cornish, N.H. or Windsor, Vt.

June 30: 50 hot, hot miles south of Minnie-ha-ha. Dropped off here by a dairy-farringo-conga-playing-radio-expert, Korean war veteran and part tire bouncer. I zipped into a Shell station in an attempt to pick up a rap, which would have cost me three quarters in the machine if I had wanted it that much. The gas stations of America (and Canada, to be honest) are tightening their rubber hoses. In the office the owner is bitching to the employees about a bad cheque.

Meanwhile, back in the restaurant parking lot, a station wagon (doubtless Dad's) with three college age males in it has wrapped itself quite handily around a lamppost. The guys run around wringing their hands for a couple of minutes, as if there's a baby trapped in the back or something, but no, that's not it. One of them finally gets it together to open the back door (the tailgate being obviously inoperable) and pull out a cooler which is plainly filled with you-know-what (starts with B, and ends with R, isn't a Bar but often can be obtained at one) then runs off and hides it, scant moments before a state trooper arrives. We finish our coffee and leave by the far door from where all this is going on. We saw it all, between the two of us, but why get involved?

Later that afternoon, as the fortyish Lutheran who picked us up is explaining how religiously tolerant he is—"why, I have friends who are Seventh Day Adventists, and one who's a Mormon, and some Jehovah's Witnesses...Unitarian? What Bible do you

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use?", we pass a building bearing the inscription: "Truth, Inc. (A subsidiary of the Avatonna Tool Co.)" Gee. And all those people have been looking for Truth all this time. Oughta organize some pilgrimages—make a bundle!

Still later, idle ruminations. Is it possible that the line "The sun is getting high" in the Grateful Dead's "Cumberland Blues" is a subtle pun along the lines of "The Pope smokes dope"? Acid punnery—so subtle, in fact, that nobody could possibly even recognize it as such, except through blind chance. But speaking of juxtaposition, or something very much like it, I think, just outside Austin, Minnesota, a few miles north of the Iowa state line, the sun is getting low. Not that low—it's been sort of misty all day, so that aforementioned heavenly body may disappear entirely even before it gets within a couple degrees of the horizon. So now it's Officially Evening, and time to relax and not care whether we get picked up or not. So what.

July 1: South Dakota. 91 degrees F. in the sun...or 96, 98 or 100 in the shade. Depends what thermometer you look at. There is one in every shop window in White Lake, seemingly as a boast, or maybe an enticement to enter one of the dozen or so air-conditioned bars in the hundred-yard-long stretch of Main Drag. (For us, it works, needless to say).

Farther along, and across the wide Missouri Valley, where there's some hilly green country which soon sinks back into plain old yellow prairie, the engine is overheating, and despite two 6-packs of cold Schlitz, so are we. A hot hard wind blows constantly across the highway, such that if the lone grass didn't anchor everything down there'd be a permanent storm of sand and grime.

South Dakota tries hard, with multi tourists traps, to thwart everyone's natural

inclination to floor the gas pedal and drive blarily through without stopping for more than gas, coffee and cheeseburgers. Most of the main attractions seem to be cowboys 'n' Indians. Makes sense, when you put it in somewhat oversimplified historical perspective. Back in the 1800's this was obviously a completely god-forsaken land, with no redeeming qualities whatsoever. So the U.S. government, in an uncommonly thrifty move, gave it to the Indians. Of course, the Indians would have preferred to stay where they were, but you can't stop progress. However, shortly thereafter the government discovered that all the worthless land they had gotten rid of so handily had a pile of gold underneath it. With an embarrassed smile, Uncle Sam started to kill Indians erect historical monuments, real western frontier towns, and Gold Rush Motor Hotels.

Less than a hundred miles away from here the FBI, with the aid of helicopters and armored troop carriers, is scouring the Pine Ridge Reservation using tactics that they'd never use to search an area inhabited by white Americans. Killing, killing... I don't think that even Art Buchwald can write anything funny, even blackly funny, about this whole deal. So don't expect me to be able to.

Nobody that lives in South Dakota ever goes any closer to I-90 than the adjacent fields. Halfway through the state, I still don't know what S. Dakota license plates look like, much less the protective coloration adopted by South Dakota state troopers. The traffic on I-90 is nothing but camper pickups, station wagons loaded with kids and pulline trailers, van, and motor homes.

A word about motor homes. They are always, always, always driven by a sixty-year-old man with a thin lipped scowl. His wife, hair piled on her head, sits beside him. They never, never, never stop to pick up hitchhikers. Enough about motor homes-cont.pg.3

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Cover - Ricardo Levins

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- Jennifer Shaw
- Lara Steil
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- Carlotta Woolcock

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 color. No matter which you choose, they will be printed in black and white. We cannot pay for contributions, the ol' budget just wouldn't stand the pain. Address all correspondence to: People Soup, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass 02108. Advertising rates: Personals that are not for personal financial gain are free. PAGE FRACTIONS: LIST OTHER 1/6..... \$5 \$7.50 1/3..... \$8 \$15.00 1/2..... \$15 \$25.00 Full page..... \$35 \$50.00

B.C.
Still Waiting...
S.F.

Kevin Bell, Cathy Carney, Ellen P. and other west coast people, I may come visit you soon, OK? Kim Miller

"That which is not suffered through to the end will recur." This ad (or a something like it) has appeared in the personals section of the Boston Phoenix for God knows how long. All those interested in seeing this ad suffer through its end please contact: Suffering c/o LRY 25 Beacon Street Boston, MA 02108



To- B. in Ferris, from R. in Boston: ouyevoli

To Liz Ferry: I feel it is important that no one know who I am. I feel that it will make a difference in how people relate to me as a person, and to the Letter to the Editor. The Author of Luzy Greanchese

If anybody knows Ian Barter's address (he sorta looks like David Bronberg) pleez send it to Mary Joan c/o People Soup.



B.C. and R.F., Evergreen: We hope you drown in your rain on the West Coast! the East Coast

Vickie... robbed any banks lately

This issue... is our first, our first, and it is our first, not the second, but the first, and, of course, not the last. In case you've forgotten, let us remind you, it is the first, the first, the first we've ever done. Don't you think?

WARREN: You are cherished at least twice as much as you'll ever think. Keep thinking and watch what happens. NOZZLEFFER

Carol P., Friends of murder miss you and wants to hear from you! Please write to me. R.T.

DVF has a brand new never before seen local. It's in Reading Pa. Anyone running a conference or anything in the vicinity, please send registrations to: Jill Hubbell Box 277 Wernersville, Pa. 19565

Here is my new address, callers are welcome. Eetsy Cohen 224 Webster-Richard Hill U. Mass Amherst 01002 413-546-7086 Call before you come.

Jack Lofton: You are good people. Let's keep in touch; I don't want to lose a pal like you. And "nee" to the lot of yer. Billy

To S.V.B. Dear Virginia, I miss you hugely. Let's get together and talk. Pierre

To- B.H., J.H., J.H., D.P., D.L., and K.C.: Hi from R.H. in B.H.

Rubber Duckie! Where are you? Randy wants you back! He's got plenty of Tinker Toys, Raspberry Candy Sticks and Computer print outs for you to play with! Also Randy is STILL playing your song! Wasser Vogel ist Schmutzig Ferkerein. Cum and see my spiral ceiling! Sir Clifton James Witherfield P.O. Box 1 Oswego, Ill. 60543

Chris Young - you look like Jesus in your drawing. Look for a letter in Manitou Springs. See ya when you come home! Much Love... The Control Skit 20

David Innes! Knock-Knock, who's there? Come in.. Alright.. CRASH! NO! Open the door stupid. Sorry. Shut up.

Friday night jokes can be quite hilarious, but all night long? Groan! See ya soon, Mary & Linda

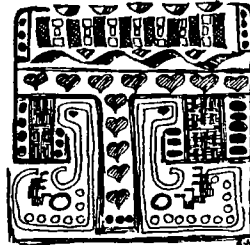
Dona F. Thank you my friend for sharing with me your love & your warmth I'm grateful you see.... Love Gratchen

For whatever difference it may make, my new address is: Sandy Rosenberg 1302 Sleeper Hall Boston University Boston, Ma. 02115 P.S. I'm lonely (hint, hint)

PERSONALS

Mark in Milwaukee, where are you? Send me the window of your eye, Oh Ranger... Susan in I.C.D.

To the Charlottesville Va. local: please write to me and tell me what God is doing... Ricie Taeuber



I have established myself in one place and plan to stay for awhile. I'm not really in a position to have guests for awhile, so write me sometime and I'll write back. Joim Rosett #38 Beekman Ave. No. Tarrytown, N.Y. 10591

Lanie where are you? You're not in the directory.

Becky Seattie 14 Monterey Pl. Yonkers, N.Y. 10710

Scott, Its twelve, and Cinderella is left dressed in rags. The glass slipper still fits and I want to wear it. J.S.

To Lanny, Missed you at FU 2 and Cont. Conf.. Please write and tell me about Phillip.

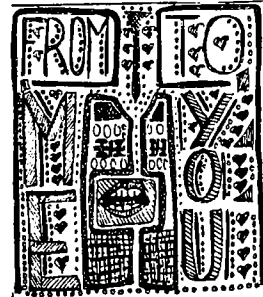
Love, the house breaker G.W.

To Lou, Are you in the Rockies really? Thanks for the follow up on my BIO-BACK. It was good to see you at Joe's place. Love, Me from your first conf. P.S. Who kissed who first?

WANTED: articulate, creative and responsible people to write articles for small newspaper with circulation of 5,000. See page 8.

Cathy, where are you? Let's get together and seduce a drunken hobbit in the woods. Or at least write. Susan, 6550 Burdett Dr. Atlanta Ga. 30328

Kathy, the dip it girl from camp New Hope, I can't write you a letter but I miss you, where were you this year at Continental. Please write me. Richard Taeuber at 25 Beacon St



Dear Beverly, Whaddaya theenk? PS



Night again, and we're perched on a "Scenic Outlook--No Camping" at the edge of the Badlands. The night scenery is mostly if not entirely stars, and occasional headlights from the freeway below us. It's a very fine night--I get the impression that this is typical of the day/night interaction around here. The harshness of the afternoon has mellowed and cooled like a bitterly hot cup of coffee after you add the cream and sugar.

It's time to sleep, and tonight we know it's not going to rain.

Morning, July 2
It didn't rain.

We were awakened by chattering tourists. They came and went rapidly; zipped off the highway, strolled up to the top of the knoll, weren't as vastly impressed as they expected to be, and trotted back to the car. Some drove through the parking lot and back on the road without even stopping.

From here we can see, to the south, land that must be the Pine Ridge Reservation. The view from here is hardly clearer than the Minneapolis Tribune's account of last week's killing of one Indian and two FBI agents, the reservation appears to be about as desolate and valueless as you'd expect it to be. But the sky is perfect and cloudless.

The South Dakota Badlands: scenic piles of dried mud, sparsely decorated with dashed out colors. It's a wonder that tourists have not carried them all away, one crumbly handful at a time.

July 3, passing through Deadwood, home of the Old Style Saloon, where William Hickock got his--we're riding in the crowded back of a Willy's Jeep driven by a crazy mustachioed Greek cowboy and his Duddy. The images are flying thick and fast at this point.

West of the Badlands all male heads seem to have sprouted ten-gallon hats. We're just a few miles from the Wyoming border (S. Dakota has gone on for a long time), and more and more people are warning us to watch out for cowboys. "Tis said that they don't take to freaks much" I guess cowboys and hippies trespass on each others' romantic fantasies... ~~Too bad--I like ten-gallon hats.~~

Later That Same Day-- The best way to see Wyoming is from the back of a pickup, late in the afternoon when the skies ain't been cloudy all day. A case of cold beer in the box with you is not a necessity, but it helps. Sundance, W. Overment, E. Movement, Gillette--we aren't wasting time on any of these places. No more of these vague invisible 'geographic center of the U.S.', of the world, of the known universe claims--here we are West if anything.

The only place we stopped in Wyoming was a good-natured truck stop, where they advertised free coffee for truckers and lo and behold if they didn't give us three cups each.

A Curious Red, White and Blue Incident

4th of July--After a bad night in which we got good and fucking wet in a vacant No Trespassing lot owned by the Great West Sugar Co. in Billings, Montana, we head up the road before sunrise. Ten miles along is Laurel, a small town where we hope to find an open coffee shop, and a place to dry our soggy feet.

Practically the first sign of life we see, walking towards downtown, is a pickup truck quietly crawling through all the parking lots as a couple of guys standing in the back of it sling up American flags in the handy holders that are already waiting for this day. The second sign we see is a State Trooper car sitting by a cub while a craggy faced cop is opening a gate across the street which reads "Road Closed". He surprises us by greeting us with the promise of a free breakfast just around the corner-- "Just tell 'em you are a tourist."

A Jaycee wearing a pin-bespeckled yellow vest and holding a rifle for sentimental value is accosting motorists with "Mornin' you folks had your breakfast yet?-- pull right up, then!"

As it turns out, the hotcakes and sausages are not free for tourists, (at least not our kind), but they're not expensive either. We load our plates and enter a scene from a Euell Gibbons commercial for Grape-Nuts Flakes. A lot of Western Middle Americans are sitting at long benches in the city park, completely ignoring us and saying

stuff to each other like: "howdy, George. Well, how d'you like this retirement business?" "Well, it still feels like I'm on vacation for two-three weeks." "Oughtta send you out with Cody driving truck, hyeh, hyeh, hyeh!"

Well, we don't make many friends, namely none, but it's something we will be able to talk about, anyway. A strange thing that happens early in the morning is always doubly strange.

Leave a few days unspoken of and skip to July 6. A stinking hot mid-morning in eastern Washington, and the heat ripples over the highway like a lost river. Turquoise '63 Ford Comet sits on the shoulder of the interstate, and we squat beside it, trying to stay in the disappearing shade.

Twelve hours earlier, we were cruising along in the dark with Chuck and Pearl, 24 and 19, married, who'd gone to Idaho to buy some fireworks and Coor's for the weekend, and were now returning to Seattle. Seventy miles out of Spokane we heard a puffed "chunk", the generator and oil lights went on, and the motor stopped turning the drive-shaft. Transmission was blown. Nothing for it, but to wait for help--wait all night, as it turned out. In the morning, a Smokey (one of those fellows wearing Smokey-the-bear hats, driving the car with the red light on top, of the sort that are seen all over the United States) sees us and gives Chuck a ride to the nearest phone, so he can call his brother B.J. to come and tow us to Seattle.

Stereotyped character of the day: a lone cowpoke sitting on a fence overlooking

a yardful of ancient cars, whose own two-tone station wagon fitted right in with the permanent residents of this infinite parking lot. Talked through his cigarette, which always had an inch-long ash on the end: "mumble mumble mumble mumble var-mints mumble mumble gol dang."

...We're once again in the back of a pickup, this time with the old Comet sitting snugly behind us as if it has an invisible driver with a penchant for ridiculous tailgating. We're only about 40 miles from Seattle now, incredible though it may seem. ~~Passing through horse mountains--funny how I could have neglected to mention all them mountains until now.~~

Soundtrack songs for this trip: John Prine's "Paradise", the Dead's "U.S. Blues".

Cloud hung mountains; if you haven't seen them, it's no use writing about them.

Washington tries to appeal to peoples' nobler instincts by putting up signs that say: "Be a Good Citizen--Don't Litter", while Montana takes a bawser approach: "No Littering, \$250 Fine"

The sun has just set on Tacoma, and on the opposite horizon, Mt. Rainier, a ponderous blue phantom with a white cap, is fading into the background. And gone.

Pass over some more days, and some more miles, to x-cutting Albany, Oregon. We're right across the highway from the Albany Flight Centre, where there's a grimy but genuine USAF F-55 or something mounted on a post. Lots of little Cessnas putting up and down, and there are lots of 'Mercedes' on the road.

The scenes are flitting by fast now. The last reel speeds up. "It's 49 thirsty miles to the coast."--sign on a Dairy Queen. Florence, Oregon--we are now separated from the ocean only by a few gas stations, motels and trees.

July 14, 3:30 p.m. We have reached the Pacific and the guy was right: it is too cold the swim in. This ocean is all right but I'd trade it for a truck stop any day of the month. What I am really desirous of is a good cheeseburger and a cup of coffee. I've come thousands of miles to this place and... (it is time for an ending. Please choose either a, b, or c.

(a) The three rooms rose against a background pattern of stars that no one had ever seen on Earth. The eelors of Heymutt had, it seemed, powers beyond human kind. They had put us on another planet. (The Science Fiction Ending)

(b) We picked up our guitars and trudged towards the highway. (The Continued-in-next-Issue Ending)

(c) I said "the hell with it. I'm going back to Canada." (The Sensible Ending)

(d) Suddenly a truck loaded with tinber went out of control and hit us. (The End)

People Soup For Free!

Beginning this year, all persons on our mailing list will receive People Soup for free. Since its birth, People Soup has proven to be the most effective method of communication in the LRY structure. Another method, aimed at the adult societies, is the all-church mailing. In the past, executive committees compiled two all-church mailings each year. These mailings seem to have occupied more time and effort than the executive committees had. Last year's committee found themselves particularly frustrated when the budget made it necessary for them to crank 108,000 pages by hand on a mimeo machine.

Knowing the ease and efficiency of newsprint, they thought that it would be more practical to incorporate the all-church mailings into People Soup. The Board of Trustees agreed and passed a proposal at the summer meeting in Ann Arbor, Michigan. Twice a year, the newspaper will come out in a similar format as the Cream of People Soup, August issue. These twenty four page productions will include the packets and other materials that were once in the all-church mailing.

Some changes and additions will be made in People Soup's content. If you have any suggestions please write.

Social Actions News

Please note on your calendars the dates of November 22 and 23. The UUGC is urging a nationwide twenty four-hour fast commencing after breakfast on November 22 and ending on Sunday, November 23, with a community meal in church after the Sunday service. They are asking ministers and others responsible for the worship service to use this Sunday before Thanksgiving to discuss the unique role that the U.S. plays in creating and eventually resolving the world food crisis and to observe this day of solidarity with poor people throughout the world.

It was proposed that the UUGC (Unitarian Universalist Gay Caucus) constitution and by-laws be amended where necessary to state that membership would be open to any individual regardless of age. Taken from Gay World, August issue.

Want To Get Involved In Social Actions?



Workforce magazine is perhaps the best clearing house and resource for alternative activities of every nature. It is published by vocations for Social Change and we distribute it. As well as the regular magazine, twice a year, USC produces a resource guide that includes over two hundred listing listings of social change organizations throughout the US and Canada, and job listings. Single copies of Work Force and the Resource Guide are free to you. Just send in three 10 cent stamps to: LRY, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, MA 02108

For Your Information...

We have just switched our checking account to a new bank and they have not gotten to know us very well yet. Because of this, we have had trouble cashing checks made out of People Soup, Continental Conference, etcetera, so please, in the future make all checks payable to Liberal Religious Youth. Thanks.



S-1, Reform or Repression?

S-1 stands for U.S. Senate Bill Number 1, officially titled "The Criminal Justice Reform Act of 1975". If passed S-1 would take the Federal Criminal Laws and put them into a neat, clear order BUT... it would also add some new laws which we consider to be extremely oppressive.

Some of the major pieces of legislation included in the bill are:

1. **Rioting** (sec. 1831)- This bill would make the participation in a riot a misdemeanor and a felony if you lead, give encouragement or instructions to people who are participating. The latter carries a \$100,000 fine and three years in jail.

2. **Wiretapping** (sec. 3101)- This part of the bill would expand the conditions under which the government can use wiretaps for surveillance. It also allows for 40 hour wiretaps without court approval.

3. **Government Personnel Responsibility** (sec. 541-544)- This section would insulate public officials and those acting at their direction from the prohibitions of the criminal law.

an other words the statutes would effectively divorce personal responsibility from official action.

There are also stricter laws concerning espionage, falsifying information, trafficking of classified information (which is not illegal right now), immunity and contempt of court.

At this point the bill is in a standing sub-committee on Judicial reform. The bill may be drastically revised but it is hard to predict exactly what will happen.

Here are some things you can do to get more information on S-1:

Write to the LRY office and request a copy of **Work Force** magazine, it carries an in depth article on S-1.

Write to Political Affairs Reprints, 23 West 26th Street, New York, N.Y., 10010. Request a copy of their pamphlet "Senate Bill 1: A Legislative Chamber of Horrors", by John Apt. It's very good and only 15c.

Read the next issue of **People Soup**, it will carry a more extensive article on the bill.

MOST IMPORTANTLY- Write to your senator requesting a copy of the bill. You can do this by writing The Hon. _____ c/o Senate Office Building, Washington, DC.

written by *Wendy O'Donnell*
Richard Viscardi



Graphic by Michael Hotlev/AFS



Mr. faggot

To the best of my knowledge, I have just done a first. On June 2nd I clixaxed a year of basically ignoring everything; a rale should be by bringing Alan Trachtenburg to my high school senior prom. (this may be a little more interesting if you take into account that I, too am male.)

Being gay in high school was truly an interesting experience. The year started off with me standing up for myself against a daily shower of insults. The greasy individuals would greet me with "Faggot!" and my general reply would be "Mr. Faggot to you!" But soon everybody was calling me Mr. Faggotland, I had to change my reply: "Say, that's really clever. Did you think that up all by yourself or do you have a paid staff of comedy writers hidden under your bed? Say would you mind coming up with something new? Faggot is so cliché."

"Wanna make something of it?" (this remark is usually accompanied by a wink and a licking of the lips that never failed to bring a disgusted groan.)

"You know, you're begining to bore me."

"Are you trying to insult me? 'Cause if you are, you're going about it all wrong. Look, what are you doing this afternoon? I can give you a crash course in things that will insult me."

"You hetero!"

and finally - "So?"

Well, anyway, June 2nd rolled around and I leaped on me before I new it. Alan, my date, is a rather liberated male who bears a striking resemblance to a Teddy Bear with a dirty mind. He picked me up at my place at around 7:00 and we drove to the Montville Plaza in Stoneham, Ma., and unfortunately arrived a teeny bit late. This did not help my nerves any because most of the tables were full. After encountering some difficulty in our search for a table where we would be welcome. We were finally seated at a table with a couple of my friends.

All this time people were turning around to see if those rumors were true, and the most prominent reaction seemed to be surprise over the fact that I really had had the guts to do it. We were greeted by mostly smiling faces and friendly hellos. There were a few names thrown at us, mostly by the greasy individuals, but nothing we couldn't handle. I was leaving the men's room (yes, dear readers, even gays go to the bathroom) and I had a conversation that ran something like this:

Greasy Individual: "You faggot!"
Me: "Yes, that's right. Very observant of you."

GI: "Why don't you blow me?"

Me: "Your place or mine?"

GI: (after a sarcastic laugh), "Oh, no you're not queer."

Me: "Oh, but I am."

GI: "I know!"

Me: "Well, if you know it and I know it, why bother to bring it up?"

and with that I returned to the dance floor. On the whole, it was a fun evening.

Most of the people didn't give a damn. People were very friendly, and alot of people thought anyone who hassled us was stupid. (One complaint was that it wasn't traditional) I even danced with one girl's rale date! I feel like I did some good for the gay movement in Bedford. But what the hell! I had a good time and so did Alan. And I think that was the main purpose of the prom.

Love,

Horizon

HELP EAGLE BAY!



On May 13, 1974 a group of concerned Native Americans, primarily Mohawk, reclaimed a tract of land near Eagle Bay, New York. This land being rightfully Iroquois Confederacy land through the 1724 Caughnawaga Treaty with the U.S. Government is only a portion of the 12 million acres of territory turned over to the Confederacy at that time. "Title" to the land was later taken by the state through various means.

The people who have reclaimed this land renamed it "GANIENKIH" which means Land of the Flint. They have cited their moral and legal rights to this land and have returned to live quietly in accordance to their traditions and customs. Their intent is to become an agrarian community - self sufficient, living in harmony with the land. They are struggling to retain their way of life -- language, religion, dance, song and all that is part of their culture. These people wish to show that separate cultures can live side by side if both are willing to accept the right of each culture to live in its own way. Respect of all peoples and cultures is one of the main teachings of the Native American peoples.

Recently vigilante attacks and sniper shootings have turned this quiet encampment into a state of emergency. Also the State of New York has begun proceedings to evict the Native American people from this area. State troopers who are veterans of Attica are in the area. Lawyers of the Iroquois Confederacy of which the Mohawk are part, answered that the matter is one for negotiations between the Six Nations and the United States and that it is not a practice for one nation to summon another into its local, state or federal courts.

Many more people however, have arrived at the Camp than expected. There are now representatives of over 40 tribes from the North American continent. Most of these people have left reservations and homes behind, coming with few belongings therefore, a hard time lies ahead. Food, building materials, medical supplies, blankets, and sleeping bags are desperately needed so the community can make it.

Cash contributions are desperately needed so that supplies can be trucked, leaflets printed and publicity assured. There has been a serious news blackout relating to the existing conditions and threat of eviction GANIENKIH.

For more information, contributions: Vernon Perkins, Michael Mag-la-Que, Lou Gilson Eagle Bay - Ganienkeh Camp Project 306 West 117 St. New York, New York 10026

All other regions may get in touch with local Native American organizations. Please send cash contributions to Project address in New York City. All checks must specify Eagle Bay Ganienkeh Camp Project.

HOW ABOUT IT!

The Continental Office of L.R.Y. is compiling a mailing list of L.R.Y.ERS, throughout the United States and Canada.

What we need from you is your NAME, address and Birthdate.

How About it?
send to:
LRY
25 Beacon St.
Boston, MA 02108

