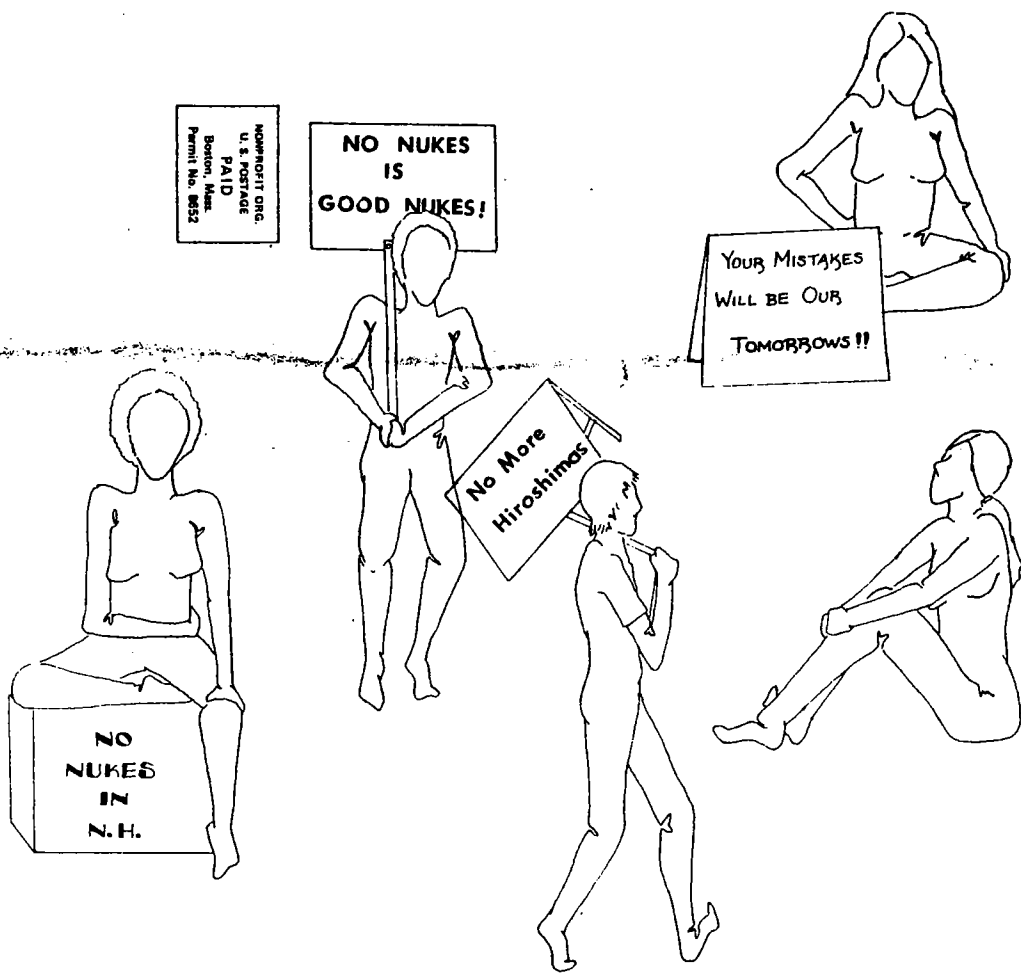


Liberal Religious Youth
25 Beacon St.
Boston, Mass. 02108

Cream of People Soup



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SOCIAL ACTIONS ISSUE !!!

WITH SPECIAL PROGRAM SUPPLEMENT

PERSONALS

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 Andy Hanson Editor
 Paul Pignas Editor
 Doug Webb Editor
 Wendy O'Donnell Editor
 John Papp Editor

Art Credits:
 Liberation News Service/Wendy O'Donnell/ Bob Toren/Jane Jencks/Matt Sokolchuff/Mary Jean Education/Billy Kates/Carol/Junga/Wendy Vogt/Mark Hennessy/Berndt's Mark Papp.

Your contributions for this paper are welcome! It is made possible through your articles, both spiritual and physical. Any contributions of news items, short stories, poems, editorials or artwork are welcome and will be considered. News can be returned. Drawings or other artwork must be in black ink, and photos must be in black and white. We cannot pay for contributions; the oil budget just couldn't stand the pain.

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To all the dear people at Rockford Conference: Diane, Sara, Ilane, Karen Matt, Chris, Greg, Liz, Brian, Bob (it is a cumplot), Jim, Mick, the Desperatos at Flgin truck stop... oh so many, many more... Thanks for being there. I love you ever so much -Val. P.S. Please write. V. Jencks, 4506 Cornell, Downers Grove, IL 60515

Sorry Leigh, I was in CA and didn't see you but I need your telephone # Dan Smith, P.O.Box 3832, Columbus AFB, MS 39701

Ray-Why do you want me to write you? Liz.

Meg Fourt, wherever you are I hope you're filled with warm fuzzies and light! I think of you. Love Gary S. in CA.

JOHN ROSFTT-I thought of you today-Rita (as in Grateful Dead concert).

To all those concerned-I just graduated from Ft. Wayne to Pittsburgh. My address for the next 10 weeks or so (May 31-Aug 10) will be: 4769 Wallingford St., Pgh, PA 15213, keep those letters coming, folks. Chris (oops! tele #: 412-687-0373) T.

ALABAMA!-Miss your kisses. Please come back east for conf or a visit. Love, Lyn & Rita c/o 17 Greenwood Lane, Valhalla, NY 10595

Emily-Why do I get the idea that you're angry with me? Nina

Richard Hotz, Hello, I'm abounding in warm fuzziness for you. Love, Lyn Oswald

Peter from Arkansas-I love ya and miss ya--I'm graduating and love it! all things must pass, Carol from Houston.

Anyone looking for Bob Toren/ Joy Redscarfe, Please write or call: 328 '8' 45th St., Oakland CA, 94609 415-654-3791. I am alive and going to school--still Atheist--still happy --Wheeeee!!!

No-d, Kathy S., Becky, Jr., Jen, and countless others. I've been thinkin about you muchly lately. Much love, Love



AIN'T HE CUTE?

To all my buddies who I haven't seen for months, to all the people I've met and loved, to all the people who have helped me and helped eachother-remember: The place to be happy is here. The time to be happy is now. The way to be happy, is to make others so. I love you, Julie C. Yancey

Kevin Bell please tell me where you are. Love Laura

Dear LRVers: MDA Cherry Hill will be dying on June 6th (Happy Birthday, Lid!). By the time you read this it will probably be too late to visit us or come to our end-of-the-world party (June 3-5). Its been swell, mostly. We can be contacted by mail through friends or parents. We'll be living in several different places come Sept. See you at Continentals? Love, Ben Alexander, Laura Arnow, John Atadan, John BebeCenter, Chris Blaisdell, Glenn Cooper, Bob Davis, Mona Dayton, Jane Doyle, Erica Goldenberg, Terry Herron, Donnie Richardson, Val Stapel

Jack (Karen) from Ithica G.A.: Where are you in Arizona? I love you Limpy.

Pam-bird: spread your wings and fly to this town by the lake. The flute fills my room with the song that your eyes sing... I wish you were here to dance to it with me.

I've been stagnant too long. Anyone wishing to put a ripple in this shallow dingy pond I'm in, throw in a rock by sending me letters, please do, before I drown. Send any letters to Sue Magath, Institute of Living (substitute for living) box 100, Hartford, Conn. 06106 I love you.

THE DUNCE wishes to thank everyone who made Harrisburg Conf. so wonderful (Angel in particular). Tomcall (or any other kind of mail) will be accepted at: 908 Pickett La., Newark Delaware, 19711. I will try to answer all I can. Don the Dunce.

HEY TIM FOWLER--I know your pain. I need your address and new number to ease it. Write to me, I want your contact. Leigh Taylor, P.O.Box 690, Larkspur, CA 94939

Roy Creek or Say Velt, Send us your address. We have mail for you! Lid, 1261 Mass Ave #3, Arlington MA 02174

To my dearest friends, the Summit local: I love you and miss you and I can't wait to be with you. Take care keep warm. May the LBIP send a cool breeze your way. I love you. Sue

Amy, We never resolved anything! NM

Carol and Ginny in Houston: I'm coming to see you!! Will you be there? I can hardly wait. I love you both. Write me. Dizzy Lizzy.

YASI from Tulsa- Where are you? You haven't written since MAR. '76 Nina

Cathy, I know you're trying and I love you. Lucky

WHERE IS THE WOMBAT?!!????????????? Folks, This is a very serious matter and people are concerned. It involves our dear friend who has disappeared from the conference scene. And I alone know why. YES, it is the WOMBAT! Many people have written & shown concern in this communique over this dear little creature. So, I felt obligated to let you know that it's safe. But you can still wonder where it is. From bus to back pack to uncounted trunks it has finally found its home. GODARFUL STILL REIGHS. signed A.B.C.D.E.F....

Furry Friends- Wendell has moved a gain. All but the proper authorities can contact him c/o Whitcomb D. Nirvana, 15 Elton Rd., Newark, DE 19711

Sweet Susan Stephen-liked your article lots. When you choose your real family I want to be at least a first cousin. Love from a distance as usual/always, Bill C.

MEMO: Hi Nina, Joy, Beth, Jill, Alan, Jason, Tasha, Ben, Ann, Carol, Allison, Robin, George, Alice, Warren, and everybody else in Miami. Love ya, see ya at U.U.S.I. Allen.

WANTED: Drummer/Boston Area, for rock improvisation and any other kind of music. Contact Seth Deitch, 2208 Pearl St. Somerville, MA 02145



To "The Kid" from Little Rock, I'm glad you came to Rally. I miss you.

Kimlin- thanks for writing; it's encouraging to hear someone digs my articles. I hope you, and others, do write for People Soup about your pretest experience at Seabrook. Right on! -- Liv.

Steve H.--Where were you? Please write more often. Miss you! Love Vikki

I live here in Ottawa again now, basically (but I'll be out west for the summer) and like always, can be reached indirectly through my folks-- 35 Cromhill St., Ottawa, K1J 7K5 Ont, Canada. Bill Cameron

Dearest R.F. in L.K.- I'm sorry for everything except loving--it's not easy being uncertain all the time--didn't mean to drop things this way--I'll spend some time finding me--i goofed this time--with love and memories B.H.C.

No-D, You still owe me a letter, but I love you anyway. Give my love to Thom (you know, the guy who writes 20 page letters to total strangers!). Miss ya lots, Ellen.

Is anyone out there living in the Philadelphia area? If so, please write or call--quick. I'm getting lonely here with only normal people to talk to. Lyn Oswald, 141 Thomas pen, 3700 Spruce St., Phila, PA 19174 (215) 382-8310

Eric--zzzzzzzzzz; hee hee hee hee; loops! (what a turn-on!) love always Ellen P.S. support your local conehead police

Eric, Greetings! Whyncha write? Do ya still have the blues or did my jokes kill ya? Thinkin bout you. Thank for the personal. Much love and warm fuzzies. Love, P.S. Will arrive at Star Isle avec mes amis- Jen, Kim, Dusty at 6:00 "keep the faith".

Dearest Jenny, Mod Squad lives on & on...! Been turned on by any strangers in the Public Gardens lately?(wasn't his name Richard?) Watch out for conehead cops that lurk behind stone walls in fields. I love you muchly, Ellen.

Reed, I hope your air mattress pops, I don't love you anymore, Emma Rubenstein.

To those interested: I have dropped out of Bard COL. and am living at: 65 S. Fenel RD., Lima, PA 1903 I am also thinking about moving to New England (maybe) and traveling this spring. Any suggestions about either? Love Daniel Dole

Greg, In all the hustle I didn't get your address. Please write: Love Taylor, 7 Old Farm Rd., Bedford, NH 03102

Karen Chadwick-you're Beautiful, thoughtful, intelligent, loving, sexy, graceful, brave, quick, strong and wonderful. I love you. Your not-so-secret admirer, Kimlin

I'm looking for the lost PSIRY angel last seen wearing a white paper halo and smiling. Does anyone know where Marilyn is? (if you read this I love you, Marilyn) B.H.C.

I lost a tan felt hat at Bridgewater conf. (New year's Eve weekend) if anyone found it, please send it to me. The owner (a third party) is getting very impatient. Thanks: Lyn Oswald, 17 Greenwood Lane, Valhalla, N.Y. 10595

I just read about how somebody held a birthday party for Frodo and Bilbo awhile back. Yes, I know it sounds like taking off on somebody else's ideas, as a matter of fact, it is. But who wants to help me plan a conference for the weekend of Sept. 16-18? Since their birthday is the 14th it would be more of a belated birthday party. If anybody wants to help, reply to: Cheryl Gilman, Normandy Heights Road, Convent Station, NJ 07961 May the hair on your toes never grow less! C/C

Reff- Don't be mad. Please. Roscoe

Mark- Why do you go away and leave me alone? My tears could fill a lake. It digs a well inside me. Here's to you, my rambling hov. Carol

Cathy Carney- I miss you. I hear you're doing great. GREAT! I'm growing and feeling mostly good. Hope I can see you this summer. Kimlin

Hermes- I was beneath the twisting oak. Where were you?

To all concerned: This is a note of apology. I'm not always the bitch I was at the MAC. It was one of those times that hit us all. Love

DARRI-beautiful gypsy woman, i see your face before me, hear your voice in my dreams. On cold days, lonely nights--always, remember that I love you. Wherever you are I am with you. I reach out, touching you across time and distance. The star in your eye shines through darkness... I feel your presence.

Kathi, My car keys? Please? Mommy

John Rosett: I would like to see you sometime. I wrote but never got an answer. I often wonder how you are doing. Write or call- Jananice Coburn 1369 Phoenixville Pa., West Chester, PA 19380 phone: 696-1864

Carol: I like your graphics (esp. the butterflies). I'll be going to the Rainbow Festival in Taos, and would like to stop to visit you. Are there any SEAFOM conferences in July? Come to Continental! (You too, Clay!) See you there if not sooner. Love, Glenn

If you were at the CRP rally in Little Rock- Thank for not breaking any rules. It made everyone's life a little easier.

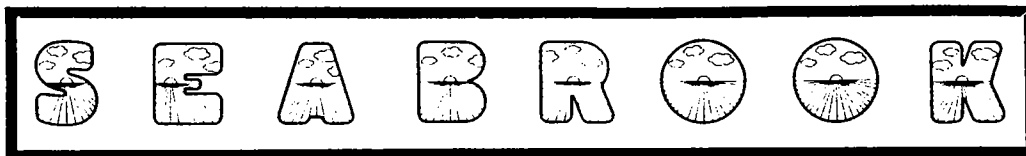
Hi Kathy, I miss you and love you! I wrote you a sweet letter, but never dropped it in your mailbox. Write me please!! Marc. 31 Homestead Dr., Yardley, PA P.S. I'm going to Star Island. See you there.

LOST: One Deb Peterson, Contact Seth Deitch, 2208 Pearl St., Somerville, MA 02145

Kathy, Eric, No-D, Jennifer S., Geoff, and Jennifer N.: My thoughts are always with you. Love.



You know you're really out of LRY when...you never see your name in the Personals anymore.



INSIDE: By Doug Webb

I first heard of plans for the occupation of the Seabrook, N.H., nuclear power plant site from the occupation's instigators, the New Hampshire based Clamshell Alliance. The Clamshell Alliance is a group originally organized to protect ocean life around the Seabrook plant. They broadened their goals to include the defeat of both nuclear power in general and the still to be constructed Seabrook plant in particular.

Weeks before the occupation, an array of stickers, leaflets, and other Clamshell organizing efforts were evident throughout Boston and in other areas around New England. Bits and pieces of news coverage were popping up in various parts of the country, mostly through alternative publications. Clamshell organizers worked more and more intensively as the time grew near - attending planning sessions, publicizing the coming occupation, running non-violence training, and doing other assorted tasks necessary to pull off such a massive act of civil disobedience.

Soon after hearing of the occupation and making a few passing comments to people about how maybe LRY should be involved, I left Boston to do field work for LRY, intermixed with some personal visits. Seabrook fell into the background, but kept surfacing in my mind now and then. When I returned to Boston two weeks later, I sat down at my desk to find the few pieces of Seabrook literature I had collected staring me in the face with a demanding glare. Then I knew LRY should be involved.

The occupation was to be divided into "affinity groups", which were to serve as support groups of (about) 15 to 20 people. I

felt that LRY could form one or two affinity groups of its own. So with one week left before the occupation, the wheels were set in motion. Clamshell was contacted; LRYers and ex-LRYers were phoned and information on the occupation and nuclear energy in general was gathered. In the course of two days, about ten people firmly committed themselves to forming an LRY affinity group, and an equal number of people said they were interested. We scheduled ourselves for the required Clamshell non-violence training seminar held at 6:00pm the next evening. We ended up with about ten LRY types at the seminar, with five others to be trained the next night or at Seabrook. The session was intensive. What had been billed as a three hour training seminar turned into six hours. There was no time for our affinity group, Pomgranates Plus, to meet at later date, as had been done with groups in previous training sessions. All the preparations for food, outside support, medical supplies, and shelter had to be planned here, along with the role-playing and discussions which constituted the non-violence training.

One of the role-plays was a mock occupation in which we were divided into occupiers, police, agitators and Public Service Company officials. I played the part of the Public Service Company (PSC) president, a role which I fell into rather naturally with my bureaucratic tendencies. It was fun looking at the situation from the PSC's standpoint, but I could not help breaking the role. A few people went into hysterics when I shouted, "That's my son!" as Andy was dragged off in the staged arrests. We finally left

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10)
the training session at midnight with both excitement and apprehension, looking toward the following Saturday.

MARCH ON!

We marched a little more than three miles to the access road with occasional rest stops while we waited for people at the end of the line to catch up. Along the way we saw policemen who would give us warnings about staying on the side of the road and reminding our traffic directors that they had no authority to hold up traffic.

When the front of the march reached the access road, the word was passed down to stop and rest for awhile. Our affinity group was down the line about four blocks from the access road, so we couldn't see what was happening. As the time passed, we all grew very anxious; "What's happening up there?" Thoughts of police encounters and the concerns expressed to us by the townspeople about possible violence flashed through my head. Finally the word was passed down to move toward the site.

I was elated by the cheers and clapping of support people and sympathizers as we passed the guard house which marked the access road's entrance. From that point on, we walked in loose order, breaking from the two-by-two formation and covering about half the road. People stopped from time to time, pulling food and water from their packs or just resting their legs. After walking for about half a mile, the large, dusty parking lot which was to become the "Town of Freebrook" came into view. At this point, the

OUTSIDE: By Andrew Hansen

Bon jour. The following is not a newsstory, and perhaps you will even find it uninformative, though I certainly hope not. It is simply a subjective account of the time I spent with the Clamshell Alliance in Seabrook, New Hampshire, as a support person (non-occupying shit-worker and outside resource person) for my affinity group, Pomgranates Plus.

The Tacos first heard of the proposed occupation several weeks before it took place from a group of energetic leafletters. Because talk of social actions hits many of us right in the ol' guilt response (whatever did happen to the LRY social consciousness of the late 60's?), we figured it would be a good idea to take part in the occupation and represent, to some extent, the organization. The leaflets said that non-violence training was required before anyone would be permitted to occupy, so we presented ourselves at the MIT student union on the Wednesday prior to the occupation for an orientation.

About 150 persons were seated in a semi-circle before three Clamshell representatives. We began the evening by singing some of the "movement" songs (The Clams Go Marching One By One, etc.) written for the occasion. As the evening rolled on (from 6 PM to midnight) we discussed the layout of the site and surrounding areas and the short and longterm implications of arrest, and learned some court history regarding Clamshell. We also role-played situations likely to be encountered in dyads and as a total group. Later we formed a base for an affinity group with some of the LRYers present and talked about fears, expectations, and more practical matters such as who would be the medic, and who would be the support person (me). After the session was over and we made our fare-the-wells, Doug

Webb, Wendy Vogl and I went back to the Taco apartment to collect our belongings, assemble a medical kit and otherwise prepare for the departure to Seabrook, NH early Thursday morning (although it turned out to be Thursday evening). Although most people were not going to the site area until 24-36 hours later, we were hoping to get press passes from the Powers That Be, thus gaining further access than your average occupier. These press passes never materialized, but they also provided next to no special pull to those who received them.

Anyway, there we were, Doug, Andy and Wendy, standing in the middle of Route 1 where the Greyhound let us off and wondering what was so special about Seabrook. Doug decides we all need a drink to think better, so we head for Skip's Pub, hoping to imbibe and ask directions to what had been erroneously designated by Clamshell as Newton Campground. No one there was quite sure where we should go to get to Newton, but the directions we did get were consistently contradictory. Crossing ourselves and murmuring "no nukes", we headed for the Seabrook Cottages Motel. Who could say no to three wholesome, involved youth who needed beds for the night? Well, the motel proprietors took several good stabs in that direction, but God is on Our Side (?), so we settled into Cottage 7, trailed by dire warnings regarding noise, drugs, and so forth. Chewing on pizza (excellent) and soda (standard), we watched some TV and went to sleep.

At 10AM Friday morning we were politely ejected from our quarters, so we went to Dunkin Donuts for breakfast. This was our first real contact with Seabrook citizens, and because of the size of the town I expected coldness, if not hostility. I was surprised to find, in conversation with the wait-

ress and various Donut fans, that the people of Seabrook are largely warm and helpful. It seems that the town is fairly split on the nuke issue, so many people were either supportive or at least unopposed to the principles of what we were trying to do. But one point that almost every Seabrooker agreed on was this: Nuke or no nuke, they didn't want to be disturbed. Many were fearful of violence (not necessarily initiated by the Clams) and others simply didn't want Seabrook to become even more of a focal point for public interest.

Before the nuke site was established, the town population stood at 800; these were people who had formed a tight, inward community of basically the same families which has remained stable for five generations. The employment created by the nuke and the ensuing stimulation of the commercial economy (theatres, supermarkets, et cetera) caused the population to rise to 8,000. Understandably, Seabrook now fears more of the same.

But I digress. We left Dunkin Donuts and went to the Clamshell Alliance information trailer and hitched a ride out to the Newton Campgrounds with an older and wiser Clam. The distance exceeded all estimates, so we gave some thanks that we hadn't tried to walk. Laziness' always pays off.

The people at Newton could be divided into two groups: those who looked efficient and those who looked lost. The choice for us was obvious, so we sat down under a tree and honed up on our nuclear power information. Later, after we had improvised a serviceable, if unimpressive, tent, we met up with Kevin Bell, another member of ol' Pomgranates Plus. Things were actually starting to come together! The rest of the evening was uneventful, save preliminary meetings of spokes, support people, and the decision making body (DMB). (CONTINUED ON PAGE 11)

BIOFEEDBACK

To People Soup;

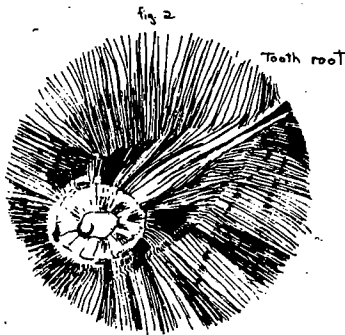
Consider this letter a warning. I don't know if you know this out there or not, but you have in your midst "Anita Bryants". Somehow or other tight-collared and closed-minded people found their way into our liberal religion. These "adults" would like to pour People Soup down the drain.

It seems you published articles on sex, homosexuality and contraception to be exact. These "adults" find this horrible. In their Victorian and shuttered minds you could be responsible for the corruption of youth!

I am a young adult (19) no longer affiliated with LRY. I say the "adults" are in fact the horrible ones. I know as a young high school student I would have benefited from articles such as these. What better place to learn of these things? Unenlightened parents have banned sex from schools. The information that you printed is not readily available to high school students.

Would your would-be censors rather your readers remain ignorant and therefore susceptible to misinformation and in the case of birth control; mistakes?

Be Warned!
Sincerely,
Ms. Ada Wolven



People Soup;

You may have gotten a letter from me already, if not it should get there soon. I had only glanced at one issue when I wrote it. In fact, it was written because I was angry at the idea that Unitarian-Universalists would even think of banning someones right to free speech.

After I wrote the letter and mailed it, I read two back issues completely. They were fantastic! If the quality of today's People Soup matches those two issues, then don't you dare allow censorship.

I find it hard to believe that you even exist. I have never before read a publication designed for and by young persons that was so informative and down to earth. People Soup has managed to create a beautiful collage of ideas, pictures, and most important, people.

What hit me about People Soup was the realization that all over the country there are people like me. Coming, as I do, from conservative Orange County, this is indeed a pleasant surprise. I wish I would have known of you when I was younger, but better now than never.

You have made yourselves a new friend. I plan to argue in your defense this coming July. Any comments or information would be appreciated. Write to: Ada Wolven

3353 Aida Lane
Anaheim, CA 92804

(Gee, our fan! The pressure from adults hasn't been too bad concerning the Sexuality issue of the Soup. Most of the protests are centered around whether we are trying to compete with About Your Sexuality (AYS), a packet put out by the UUA. Although one RE director requested 50 copies to support AYS. Thanks for the support--an editor) (P.S. Where are you arguing in our defense? I didn't even know that we were on trial! Did we tread on a pornography law? Write and tell. Please!-ed.)

This letter has been written in reply to "Yours in Christ, Linda", in the April, 1977 issue (Vol. IV, Issue 4) of People Soup.

Dear Linda,

Let me say first off that I respect your beliefs and opinions very much, although they don't exactly agree with mine. I believe that people should be able to express their feeling freely, but that they should also be open to discussion on the subject(s). I would like to open your mind to another side of religious beliefs. This is one of the things that makes Unitarian-Universalism what it is: Freedom. Freedom to say, think, do and believe in what you feel most comfortable with.

Although I belong to a U-U Church, I consider myself Agnostic, not "Unitarian". I don't feel the existence of a "God", as many people term this alleged "spirit" or "Creator" of the Universe. I believe in myself as a strong, competent, well-functioning member of the human race. I believe that I can accomplish anything I want to; on my own, not with the help of a divine master.

Unitarian-Universalism doesn't tell people to take whatever their minister tells them as absolutely literal and "Divine Rule". They make suggestions as to what might be taken as right or wrong, ways to live a happier life in harmony with your fellow man, etc. That's what I like about it; I can express myself freely without a hassle. I don't like to depend on anyone for anything; I am an independent person, capable of making my own decisions.

I do believe in the existence of Jesus Christ, in his time. I consider him a philosopher who brought many new good ideas to the world (remember, in his time, Christ was also a "radical"), but I don't think that he was the "son of God".

As to your comments of "Jesus Christ Superstar", and "Godspell", I disagree completely. I think that Christ was portrayed as very strong, kind, and gentle--not weak and confused, as you said. I think that he was fully aware of what was happening and going to happen to him, and he was willing to die to prove his points (if you see the world as "sinful", does that mean that you consider yourself one of the "few good people"?). I do agree with you on your statement that we are all sisters and brothers, logically, because according to Darwin's theory of evolution, all living matter was created from one single cell in the beginning. Whether you believe in the theory of evolution or in the story of Adam and Eve, we were all created from one in the first place, which relates all of us to each other.

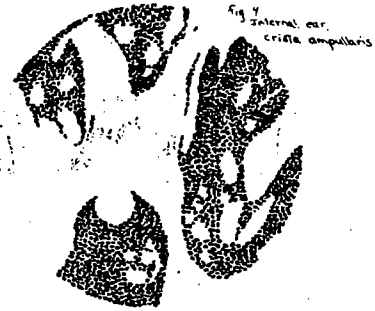
I think that the Bible is a good source of knowledge, if you look at it as history, with some exaggeration and change through the years that it's been around (first passed by word of mouth for hundreds of years, and then written down, and translated into thousands of languages), and not just as the literal and divine word of God. Many lessons can be learned about life and human nature from the Bible, if you take the stories with a grain of salt, and possibly see them like fables, teaching people to be good to each other and not be constantly fighting.

Life on Earth is very brief compared to eternity, but that is only your physical body's life. Our souls will live forever--"recycling", if you will. If you make mistakes in one life, you can try to correct them in your next life.

People are as snowflakes, I think--no two exactly alike, physically or otherwise. Nothing living on this earth is exactly like another of its species. Nature is slowly improving small but important factors in every new offspring. Perhaps, someday, everything will have reached "Perfection" (if we don't destroy this earth first), with no faults or defects.

The astronauts that you mentioned believe in God, perhaps, because they felt an "inspiration". Maybe we would all feel the same way if we could see things from their point of view. But that is what they believe in, and I am not condemning them for it.

As for spending eternity in darkness or in the light of God, I expressed my disagree-



ment with you earlier in this letter on the subject of reincarnation. An acquaintance of mine is certain that I will burn in hell for proclaiming myself an agnostic to him. He can't understand why I don't believe exactly the same as he does, and he is condemning me for doing so. In my opinion, that is society going back to the days of the Puritans, who fled from England so that they could follow their own religious beliefs, and then turned around and persecuted anyone who disagreed with them.

Perhaps God and Satan are people's explanations of "good and bad", much like the "Yang and Yin" of oriental cultures. It doesn't matter what people believe in, as long as we can all learn to work together to clean up the world, stop fighting, and try to conserve the few natural resources that we have left.

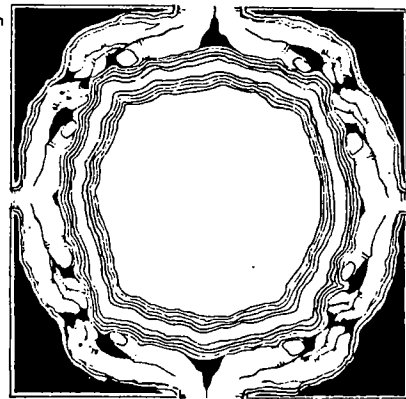
In my opinion, LRY is doing basically the same things mentioned in your letter, but is taking a different way of doing and saying them. One of my favourite quotes (I don't know who the author is), which seems to express this last thought extremely well, is "I took the road less travelled by and that has made all the difference".

I hope I haven't offended you, Linda, (or anyone else, for that matter) and I thank you for letting me have my say.

Have a good life,

ellen gould

(ed. note: the quote is taken from Robert Frost's "The Road Not Taken".)



Hi. This is filler. It is to fill up empty space, because there isn't enough copy to fill it. Make sense? Here is a poem I just made up: Roses are red/Violets are blue/Layout is gross/And so are you. (Sorry, Paul...)

Dear Carol,

I read your letter about the "Moonies" in the last People Soup. Here is another side of the story...

First off, I believe I know your sister. Didn't she help do a Micon Conf. in Colorado many years ago? If she did, then I'd like to say that I liked her and felt good around her.

I came very close to joining the Creative Community Project (better known as "the Moonies") a few years ago. Todd Litman and I were temporarily sharing an apartment in San Francisco. One day, Todd told me that he was walking around Berkeley when someone walked up to him and started rapping about this and that and before he knew it, this person had asked Todd over for dinner. "Any night would be fine, just come around 6:30" the person told Todd. So, a few days later, Todd and I hitched over to Berkeley. When we made it to the house, which is by the Berkeley campus, I was very impressed. It was a huge house, quite nice and I later found out that over 20 "moonies" lived there. The dinner was good and the people there were almost too nice and friendly. After dinner there were classes and slides that centered around their ideas and "Boonville". They told us that every weekend, the people at the house, and those at many other houses like this one, and anyone else who wanted to, go up to Boonville where you can, "Have the weekend of your life."

Well, it ended up that Todd and I joined their caravan via bus to Boonville that weekend. When we got there, everyone was split into "family groups". These groups consisted of about 4 "moonies" and 4 outsiders. At first, the groups went off to different places where we just talked and listened to our family members talk about how this movement changed their lives and about how happy and content they feel now. Then the groups would get together for lectures. These lectures were mainly about how most people are selfish and that this is the main reason why people ~~fight and are unhappy. The solution to put~~ all your energy into caring and loving one another and forgetting about your own desires.

That's how it was at Boonville all that day and the next. You could never be by yourself. There was always someone next to you, holding your hand and "caring" about you. It was so intense I never had any time to just go off and think to myself about all this! Their thinking was that if you wanted to be by yourself here, and not be totally involved in what was going on, then this place wasn't for you and you might as well leave. They said that to really experience the total effect of this weekend, you had to follow (to the minute) their schedule.

I really couldn't get into all this selfless involvement. I managed to talk a little with Todd and he said he couldn't either.

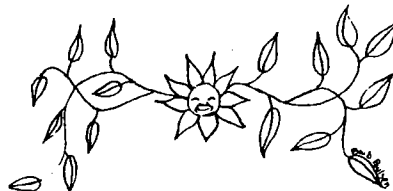
The next morning, I woke up early and was determined to go off by myself and just be with myself. I had spent the night sleeping in a borrowed sleeping bag in a large open-aid building, which was once a big chicken coop, with about 100 other men. The women slept in a large mobile home. As I got up, someone asked me where I was going. "To the bathroom" I said. He tried to discourage me and asked if I could wait till everyone else woke up but I said I couldn't wait. He said ok and I left. I left Boonville and walked down the road into a little hick town (I forgot the name). Just being by myself felt sooo good and after awhile, I felt I was ready to return to Boonville and finish this weekend experience. When I got back, everyone was already in their groups and someone from my group found me. She took me aside and told me how my uncaring had broken the hearts of everyone in my family group. She said that unless I was willing to open myself up to others and care, I should leave now.

I felt kind of guilty when she said this and so I decided, what the hell, I'll really open myself up to them. I knew this whole thing would be over in a few more hours.

The next few hours were like magic. I started really feeling for others and caring. For the first time, I "knew" that totally caring and giving to others was a really good thing. It also felt really good.

When it was nearing time to leave, people from my family pleaded with me to stay at Boonville for a week. They told me that alot of people stayed during the week to run the farm. They said that I could learn so much and really grow by staying a week. I knew how much I had grown and learned in those few short hours that day so I decided to stay that week.

During that whole week, there was always someone at my side holding my hand or just being there. There were quite a few times when I wanted to be alone but I decided that I would try and ignore these feelings so I could really get into this week. We did alot of group work and group games during that week. The lectures we had started to get heavily into the "Moomie philosophy". This philosophy had alot to do with Biblical statements and the second coming of Christ. It gets pretty complex so I won't try to put it on paper but what these lectures were pointing to was this: that the "moonies" as a movement would bring all the religions of the earth together into one religion--their religion!



At the end of the week, I had two very strong feelings. One was to stay there another two weeks. They had asked me to stay so that I could understand their ideas better and to know God better. One part of me said, "yea, hou gotta stay here, no matter what else you're feeling. If you leave now, you'll be giving into your ego and you'll be running away from the very place that could enlighten you". The "moonies" had also told me that this was where it was at. They said that I wouldn't be able to find real happiness anywhere else. If I left here, they said, I would be blowing my chance at fulfillment. But another part of me was saying, "no, Gary, you gotta leave this place and fast!" And this was true. The more I was staying here at Boonville, the less I was thinking of myself as an individual. I was finding it harder and harder to say no to their ideas. This whole place was taking me over!

I'm quite glad that the second part of me was stronger. I finally decided that I would refuse to stay at Boonville any longer, no matter what they said, and they said plenty! One said that it was the devil that made me want to leave and that if I left, I would be thrown into darkness. Others said that I had to stay a little longer so that I could truly understand God's will for me.

Finally, when it was time to go, they told me that the bus going back to Berkeley was full and I couldn't get on. Well, this was too much. I jumped on the bus just as it was leaving and found an empty seat in the back. I then collapsed into the seat and thanked God that I was leaving this place. You wouldn't believe how good it felt to be with "me" again! I had almost lost myself back there at Boonville.

Carol, I just want to add that everybody sees things a little differently and what could be someone's delight could be another's horror. I shared with you and all you other LRYers out there my feelings and my way of perceiving this "moonie" experience. Your sister obviously perceived it in a different way. I also feel that everyone has their very own path toward self fulfillment and truth. I saw some very good things in the "moonie" movement but other things turned me off.

I wish you good sweet things along your path and may the pure light within you guide you all the way home.

Gary Sawyer
1909 Lanai Dr.
Costa Mesa, CA 92626

Dear Andy:

This letter is in regard to the latest issue of Cream of People Soup. I appreciate the fact that it was a theme issue, with similar issues to follow based on other topics. However, to my mind, it was a poor choice of theme. I could conceive of the material it contained perhaps being appropriate for a college age group, but NO WAY do I see it appropriate for a group that covers a range, as our high school group does, of 9th - 12th graders. If anyone wonders why the Phoenix federation has returned to ashes, the "cartoon" of the lighter side of an LRY conference holds all the answers. I do not know of a single RE director in Michigan who wants to take any responsibility for endorsing those kinds of experiences for their high schoolers, and we are not a prudish bunch.

Our current high school group is flourishing. It does not call itself LRY, nor does it intend to. But if the current copy of Cream of People Soup were to be sent to the homes of our young people, and thought to be endorsed by our church, we would have to start all over again to restore our credibility as a responsible group.

I do not believe in sweeping sex under the rug. "About Your Sexuality" is a regular part of our curriculum. I am fully aware of the important role sex plays in the lives of young people. I believe in the free press, but I also believe in common sense, good taste, and some savvy as far as sensitivity to institutional problems are concerned.

For the record, no high schooler involved with our church at the present time is affiliated with LRY. I would appreciate your checking your mailing list to be sure that Cream of People Soup is not going to homes of former LRYers who are no longer subscribers. That one such a family in our church is still on the mailing list is a grave mistake as far as their continued support of the Association is concerned.

Sincerely,
Jean Mehlenbacher
Director of Religious Education

Dear Soup,

Just finished reading most of the issue of Cream of People Soup dealing with sexuality. I found myself reacting with ambivalence to "Off Dr. Bieber". The author said it himself that "Bieber is too good a target", although some of his reasons for saying it were irrelevant. After all, Bieber's views and attitudes are not widely shared among professionals dealing with sexual variance. I am afraid he (Gary A.) is beating a horse that is 90% dead. It must be at least 3-4 years ago that the Amer. Psychiatric Assoc. took homosexuality out of their official nomenclature as a psychiatric "disease". True, it was not without heated controversy and it was long overdue but neither was it without some degree of political courage. I am certain the general public regards such a move as completely contrary to conventional wisdom. J. Wolpe, who is the elder statesman of behavior modification, has renounced the use of aversion therapy for the "treatment" of homosexual behavior. I am not denying that there is a good bit of substance to the things Alinder is saying in terms of social injustice. However, there are a large number of people in the so-called helping professions who have worked for a more humane approach to the problems and with fair success.

G. J. Webb, MSM

