

CREAM & CREAM PEOPLE SOUP!

Published by Liberal Religious Youth Inc. 1962

Vol. X Issue II

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

@PEOPLE SOUP YET!

Person ~ Alls

CREDITS

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



Alison, you should write more often.
Love, Paul. PS Say high to Wendy
for me.

Hello to all I know, esp: Quazi,
Keith, Monica, Lee, Collins, and
all the fellow old farts. I'm
still kicking. My energy charge
comes from CRESS, Dead Kennedys,
DOA, and many other good anarchist
punk bands. Make cucumber salad
out of the states! (Swiss youth,
1980) Love, Bob

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

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

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

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

Doug: (You are my inspiration, tee
hee) "I love living with lesbians,
especially when they're male." Love,
Gidget

Everybody- Thank you for helping
us find our spirits' home! We
both love you even if we are cra-
zy. Keith/Kneith Knost

Kevin- Thanks for meddling in my
affairs at CA. Now my life is a
mess, I'm all confused, and it's
all your fault. My DWK list had
faulty information, Fred blew
another one. But anyway, maybe
I'll see you soon. Could we meet
halfway, maybe in KC (tee-hee)?
Your alter-ego.

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

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

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

Good luck Prince, only nine days
left.

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

To Si5 Central Ave- May love, bad
puns, and music always keep your
house running. Love, L.S. & L.L.L.

Margret Leahy- You have one of the
most beautiful smiles I have ever
seen. M.M.

Kneth Knost: YAY YES!
Love Ryk

A- I didn't sleep with you. Se-
parate dreams from reality. Y.R.G.F.

Hey, 5C2 roomie- Thanks for giving
me two of the best weeks of my life.
I'll never forget you, and hope
that bigger things come of this.
Yer roomie.

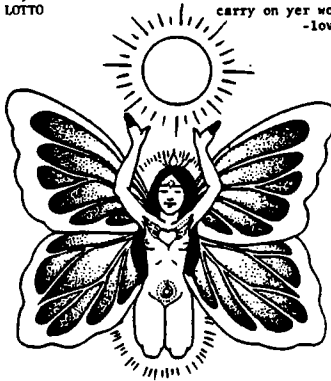
Cheryl- Thanks for being there!
Julie Ann

Becca, Dave, Bruce, Ryk & Chris,
Good luck with your project. Have
fun in Puberty. I'll be sure to
come up and visit you all. Take
care, Leslie

Svea- Buena suerte y mucho ca-
rino. Miguel

BAT-ALL-FRIEND, I LOVE YOU!!!!!!
LINDA LYNDA LOTTO

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

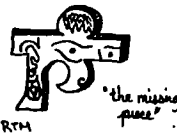


Erin- Hang in there baby, you're
too wonderful to let things get
you down. Love 'ya, Austin

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Has anybody seen Bob McPhearsen???

Sumait Local, old and new:
Thank you for the light.

Thank you for the options.
Thank you for the awareness.
Thank you for the energy.

Love, thoughts, and hope, Michael

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

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

to God and God-guy-
carry on yer work and carry on!
-love ryk

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

Hi Arshaviri! Love, Kate and Lucille

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

Thank- How 'bout them Red Sox?!

Thank- How 'bout them Red Sox?!

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Those of you who write to me must
love my correspondence patterns
by now! You can continue the phe-
nomenon by writing to:

Bob Rosell
1011 Abington Rd.
Cherry Hill, NJ
08034

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

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

Lyn Wienraub- This a long over
due apology. I really am sorry.
Michael Magrath

6-15- Don't forget your snowshoes
next year. It's my turn. I want
Frosted Flakes for breakfast.
G-16

Mikey- You've grown to be a very
special person! Love, Julie Ann

Tacos (the last) you've given me
peace. love B.

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

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

Paul where have you been all my
life? Your great! You've got class,
Sexy legs, and Brains too! I'll
never forget 4th of July '82! Dam
good fireworks. I'd share a tent
with you anytime. I love you-Julie

Phil-I enjoy arguing & getting ston-
ed with you-you make me laugh.....
Stay high on love and life-Love Julie

AN OMISSION

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

So Ya' Want To Run Away

By MELANIE TOWER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



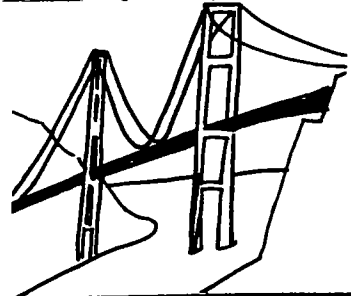
COVER YOUR TRACKS! This is the key to the whole business. If you run away and get caught, you'll be right back where you started only with a whole lot of schoolwork to make up, possible legal repercussions, and endless guilt-trips from mom and dad who've "worried about you so, and how could you PUT us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

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

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

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

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



HOW TO MAKE AN UNDERGROUND NEWSPAPER



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

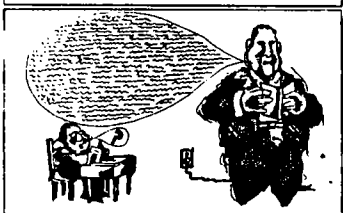
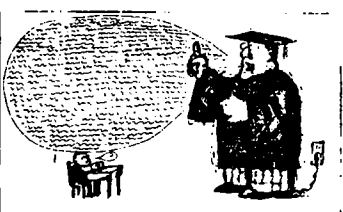
A mimeograph machine uses stencils that can be drawn and typed on. Electric typewriters work the best as they produce more even printing. Drawing on stencils is difficult and takes practice. A rough explanation of how a mimeo works is this: a stencil is typed or drawn on and then fixed to the ink pad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

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

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

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

-Susan Buis



RAPE

By JENNIFER BRETT

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



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

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



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

lry?
Inflation?!

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You've Come A Long Way Crazy-Baby

By SAM KLEIN

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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