

SYNAPSE



Synapse - from the Greek sunapsis - a point of contact where energy and information is exchanged.
 Synapse - a publication of Young Religious Unitarian Universalists

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Prsnls

Attention U.D.L. you are a bunch of later-tots, the Fifty First is a mighty Dragon that sleeps in splendor and will arise with ferocity as soon as it gets the munchies.

- Col. Brian O. (ret.)

Spills, trash and Dung -
We put on a damn good performance! Man are we good! See you in the hot tub.

- Cosmic

To all my frequent/inrequent correspondants. I am regrettably giving up my charming postal code "POT 2V0" and my new address is Anna Demetrakopoulos, 7090 West "N" Avenue, Kalamazoo, MI, 49009. (616) 375-9335.

S.A.P.-Has the cosmic artichoke relived last Tuesday yet? - Me.

Liz, Margie & Kent - ENERGY!!
- Love and Circles, Sharon

Ken G. -
Having fun at the big C? I want that sweatshirt!! The bear says "Hi"!! Don't forget I still love you,
Cynical (female hound)

Trey,
Hope you see this, you row very well!! Help!! I've been **robbed**!! I can't wait 'till the next conference, W.S. was **Great**!! Let's drive around "topless" in the snow sometime. (Brrrr!!)
Love, Gary S.

To everyone from Boone: This year we will let Jed put the grapefruit in the soap. Love Anna

Sheri - We all love you in Canada so take the time to get to know us again.

Amy: Fly like an EAGLYT

Vice pres, UDL,
Conan, remember me, the other long hair. Cut mine off by myself. write me you mf Farad'n

Joanne M
kisskisskisskissie kiss
love your love yep yep
the eagle flies on Friday,
your yankee



Hey puppy - I've mastered my gears wanna go for a ride?

Diane - you've a talent the world is waiting for - Take it all the way. I love you, Lisa S.

Dave - I miss you: you're too far away. You'll have to come back to go sledding with me before Spring!

Beth - you really should have slapped him! Write to me - I miss you! Macalester is too far away! Laura

Paul, my twin: I haven't heard from you in ages! Write to me.
Laura

I have decided to give up (temporarily) on the U.S., and to make a go of it elsewhere. For those of you who wish to communicate with me during my self imposed exile, I can be reached at: Lisa Feldstein, c/o E.P. Menon, International Sarvidaya Center, Vallabhniketan, Kumara Park East, Bangalore 60001, INDIA

Scenic Overlook residents:
You folks are just too goovy for words! I mean you are all just so peachy! In other words, I love all of you vevy, vevy much.
- The silly one in Amherst

Hey Guardian Angel! I don't think I would have made it without you. I love you with Grand Marnier, without reserve, and even on long bus rides. Please let's not lose touch, OK?

To Mitch:
Chaos is our way, is it not. It is a sign of sensitivity.
Love ya Linda

Hey Gates and John,
"Budda, Budda, Budda, Budda OK Buck"
Good luck Gl. Chuck.

I miss you and love you, Stephanie
Hank

I love ARF
Prince

Janei, Hello from the great NorthEast. Miss you muchly and love you bunches. GAot to GAo now. GAosh, Love E

Are you a college student interested in corresponding with a Hungarian IRFer? (International Religious Fellowship) If so write Szabolcs Felhos at 4800 Vasarosnameny, Kolcsey UT: 11 Hungary.

Kneith, Prince, and New Jersey. Do you spell Mucky Muck with one Muck or two??
The Star Spangled Polack.

To Boulder, Greeley, and Denver, you should all get more realistic names. How about Bob, Barb and Babs?
Love and Stuff, ECK

Opposed to Nuclear weapons and power? Interested in writing someone of like mind in Italy? Write: Aldo Toscano, Via Luigi Pirandello 21, 95128 Catania ITALIA. (Also likes Stevie Wonder and Manhattan Transfer. In early 20's at University).

Lisa - Many hugs. I love you. Patrick

Condolences are offered to the family of "C. Overt" who passed from this world on the first of January 1984. Well liked and fondly remembered by many within the youth movement, "Overt's" spirit will live on in the hearts of many.

To the world: The star spangled Polack has arrived. you will never be the same. ECK

Hey Doris! Thanks for everything. Much love Wayne/Colin/Mara

"Half the reason kids screw up is 'cause they're expected to..."
- Wisdom at 4 a.m.

We will come back! We will come back! Star Island 1984

Dear Eric: You don't know what you're in for! Sheri.

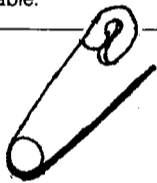
J.S. I love you. RN

David, Laurel, and all the Old Gang: I'm happy on the "Plaza" - 201 Brush Creek, #310, Kansas City, MO 64112. Love to you all. Gretchen Jones

I have returned! Write me: Colin Bird, 14881 Oakwood, Pierrefonds, Quebec, H9H 1Y1. I miss you all...

Speaking of Colin:
What do you get when you make love to a Bird?
--Chirpees!
There's more! It's a canarial disease.
One more time! It's untweetable.

Rumor has it that Kneith and Claudia are GETTING MARRIED! Rumor also had it that she looks great with her shirt ON!



Q: How do you catch a unique Bird?
A: U nique up behind him.
Q: How do you catch a tame Bird?
A: The tame way.

To the U.D.L.,
America has no future, so stay strong while you can. This culture will fall soon enough. What a blood Wasteland.
-Vacant state of North Dakota
P.S. Hey Poof and Flower... Why???????

E.J. I'm still confused, but that's me!
To my L.A. weekend friends-when we gonna go parking again? Eric cheers to notes on dorms-glad you found us, glad I met you... Warm Fuzzies to all, A.N.

Hartford
Thank you so much-the conference renewed me.
All of you are thoroughly appreciated.
Peace, Mara

OK everyone. I want you to write "I love Synapse" and "I love YRUU" 100 times until you mean it. I love Synapse, I love YRUU, I love Synapse, I love YRUU....
Love, Mara

Colin:
I shall miss you.
Love Linda

Steve and Chris:
Moonlit nights and beaches belong to eternal children
I love you guys,
Linda Lotto



ICE BREAKERS



Monica Kreiner of the University Club, a post-high YRUU group in London, Ontario, Canada contributes a potpourri of "icebreaker" program ideas that they have used to enable their group to get to know each other and build some group trust:

WHO AM I?

Requires sheets of paper at least 8 1/2 x 11" or bigger, some string, magic markers, crayons, and other art materials. As people arrive and gather for the group meeting, invite each one to describe themselves as fully as possible on the paper using words, pictures, graphs, whatever comes to mind; then each person puts their description around their necks like a bib. Everyone circulates silently looking at other people's self-descriptions. After a few minutes, everyone gathers in a circle and discusses the experience—what they saw, who and what impressed them, compliments or questions that they have about other people.

MAD HATTER'S TEA PARTY

In *Alice in Wonderland*, the Mad Hatter held a Tea Party for the March Hare and the Dormouse (who slept through most of it). When they dirtied their dishes, instead of cleaning up they simply rotated along the table to a clean setting. This program also has a rotation scheme: Form inner/outer circles. Have everyone be sitting in such a way that they are facing a partner. If there is an odd person out, create a "Teapot" space in the circle for that person to be the Dormouse. There are a list of questions that can be posted on the wall, handed out on printed sheets, or read aloud by someone. Each partner asks the other the first question on the list, and each listens to their reply. Take no more than two minutes of time for both partners to take their turn answering the question. After two minutes, the inner circle stays put and the outer circle moves over one place to the left. A new person rotates into the Teapot space on the outer circle and becomes the Dormouse for that round. The Dormouse has the option to sleep through that round, or be an observer on any other couple's question and answer. Make it clear that it is OK to pass on any question. Here is a list of questions:

1. Ten years from now I see myself as _____
2. When I meet someone I like, I _____
3. When I meet someone I dislike, I _____
4. What do you feel the most ashamed of in your past?
5. What is the most serious lie you ever told?
6. Have you ever had a mystical experience?
7. What do you regard as your chief personality fault?
8. What turns you off the fastest?
9. What turns you on the most?
10. How important is money to you?

11. What emotions do you find most difficult to control?
12. What are you most reluctant to discuss now?
13. What is the subject of your most frequent daydreams?
14. How are you feeling about me?
15. How are you feeling about this game?

Feel free to pick and choose from the list of questions or to think of others on your own. Allow time at the end for people to offer comments about the whole experience.

BLIND GUESS

This activity involves touching. Describe it to people and make sure they are willing to do it before going ahead. Everyone stands in a circle with their eyes shut or blindfolded. One person is "It." "It" stands in the center of circle and spins around a few times to get disoriented. Then he/she finds one of the people in the circle and using touch as a guide tries to describe that person to the rest of the circle. Everyone tries to guess who that person is. The people immediately beside the person chosen will likely hear "It" find that person, so "It" should draw the person they find into the center of the circle before beginning their description. No fair for the persons immediately nearby to guess on the basis of location in the circle.

(SYNAPSE invites local and district YRUU leaders and groups to send us program ideas that have worked for them. We try to run a local group program idea in every issue.)

EDITORIAL POLICY

Articles appearing in SYNAPSE are chosen for their social, spiritual, intellectual, practical or aesthetic value. They may express opinions and/or values that are not necessarily those of the editors or of some of our readers, and dissenting opinion will be given fair exposure in subsequent issues. We recognize the need to keep from offending the sensibilities of the wide variety of our readers and also a need to respect the integrity of our contributors. Where these values conflict we will err on the side of accurate representation.

Henceforth there shall be a limit of two personals per person per issue. All personals must be accompanied with a return address in case for any reason the editors find it impossible to run the personal.

Advertising rates are \$4.00/column inch for UUA related groups and \$8.00/column inch for others. For UUA related groups, rates for larger blocks are:

Quarter page \$60.00
Half page \$110.00
Full page \$200.00

For groups other than UU related organizations the rates are double those for UU groups.
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Biofeedback

The "Biofeedback" section of *Synapse* #3 contained a pair of letters from Tym Simpson and Colin Bird regarding the social and political contrasts/conflicts between Y.R.U.U. and L.R.Y. (our predecessor organization). A variety of responses came back from you—enough to compel us to print a selection of some of them in this issue. — THE EDITORS

Dear Colin and Tym:

To Tym—you made me mad—not at you, but at life. It's been a long time since I've been mad at the injustices of which we are all a part. Lately I've just felt small, alone and helpless. You made me mad again—thanks, I needed that!

I feel sort of . . . oh, I don't know—"motherly" love towards YRUU. I helped create it and I'm still part of that process. Yet I still felt threatened by the "Common Ground Baby" too, for about a year.

LR Y was old and worn, it needed something new and fresh to rouse its sleeping temples. That is hard to accept.

I wouldn't admit it to myself but the reason I couldn't find my "special feeling" is because of my unfair vengeance for LRY's death. Wary of new faces and fresh ideas. Didn't I see it? Didn't I understand? To achieve that special feeling that LRY gave to me I must first pass it on to them.

So to the both of you—to all of us—let's leave behind that anger and confusion and take with us (and give) that special feeling that has shown us strength, change and love.

I feel that we have finally reawoken that feeling—

Much love and song
to you all,
Lisa Shoemaker
Hendersonville, NC

An open letter to Tym Simpson and anyone else who wants to read:

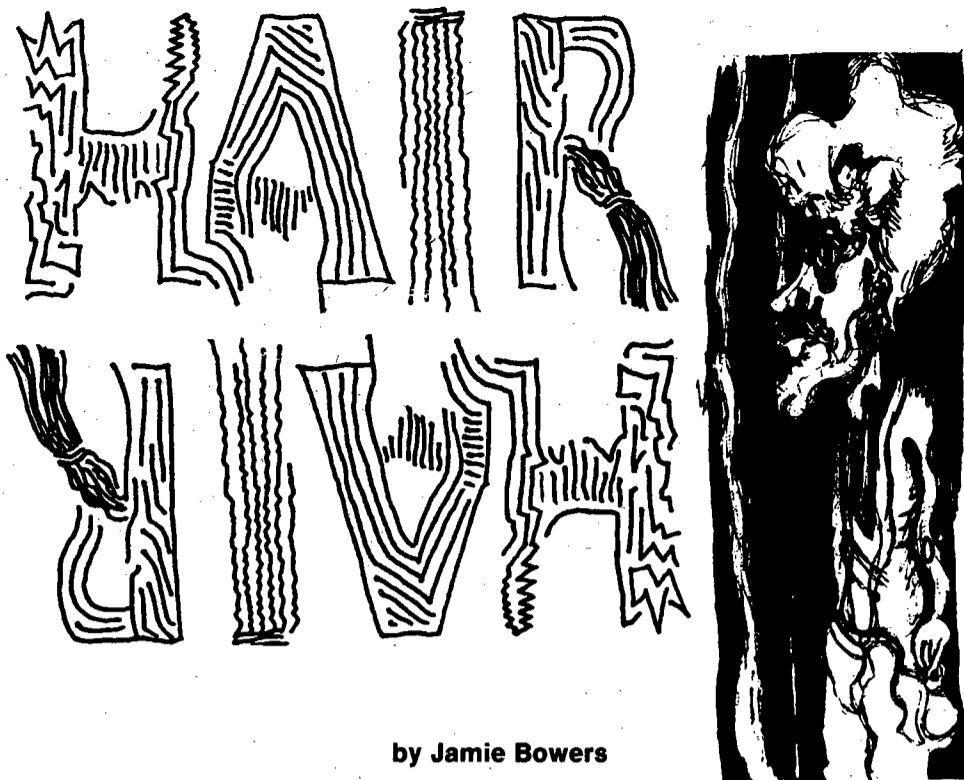
The world is changing, folks! LRY served a very important role at a very critical time. Now we are moving towards another critical time (if we aren't there already), and I think that we have to get together again. LRY was one way to do that, but it's not the only way. YRUU could be a great thing, too. Give it a chance.

I don't mean to be angry; I'm trying to understand. *Synapse* isn't People Soup. It wasn't meant to be that. But instead of complaining about the present situation, how about trying to work to change it?

Check out the L in LRY. One definition is, "Tolerant of others' ideas and behavior; broad-minded." So you call yourself a liberal and in the same letter, you call our ideas and articles "pseudo-liberal hip cow dung." When I started getting involved, we were in the process of changing. I've heard so many great things about the caring and loving fellowship of the old LRY. Don't destroy that, Tym. We've got a lot to learn, so don't criticize us, teach us.

Maybe I'm not in touch with the LRY spirit because I like *Synapse*, and maybe you're not in touch with it because you call the youth staff "bums." Then maybe that doesn't really matter. Possibly we can learn from each other and grow together. Possibly if we all be what we are, and no one will give us shit, they will accept us for what we are. Wasn't that the whole idea in the first place?

In the spirit,
Beth Olson
Prairie Star Youth



by Jamie Bowers

NOTE: This is a true account of an actual conversation (it occurred October 20, 1983 at approximately 12:45 p.m.), reconstructed as accurately as possible some 20 minutes later.

SCENE: An Old LRYer at college has decided to call some old LRY friends from his dorm room, and three mug books (Common Ground '82, LRY Con Con '82, YRUU Con Con '83) are lying on the top bunk. His roommate walks in. The roommate is average height, muscular, and his hair is black near-crew-cut. According to numerous girls on campus he looks just like Richard Gere in "An Officer and a Gentleman." He keeps a picture of Ronald Reagan on his desk. He walks over to the bed and sees the mug books. The LRYer is standing by the phone.

ROOMMATE: What are these?

LR Yer: They're from the Unitarians. They're like, mailing lists.

ROOMMATE: This is unbelievable; these are the ugliest people I've ever seen.

LR Yer: Well, they're not very good pictures.

ROOMMATE: I've never seen so many beards. Look at this! (The UUA answers the LRYer's call, and he gets the home number of his friend, who works there.)

ROOMMATE: Do they have one of these for each college?

LR Yer: No, no, they're from different—uh—gatherings. (The LRYer's friend answers. They talk briefly. He hangs up.)

ROOMMATE: Are these current? Is this, like, now?

LR Yer: Yeah, yeah. This one is, uh, '82.

ROOMMATE: '82! These people look 20 years out of date. Look at these beards. Look at this hair!

LR Yer: (laughing) Yeah, they are sort of . . .

ROOMMATE: (reading) 'The Spirit of LRY'—Oh, my God . . . So what's LRY? It's with —?

LR Yer: It's from the Unitarians.

ROOMMATE: Uh-huh. What's it stand for?

LR Yer: Liberal Religious Youth.

ROOMMATE: (laughing) Oh, God.

(The LRYer calls another friend. No answer.)

ROOMMATE: So what are these? Like, summer things?

LR Yer: Well, these week-long ones are in the summer. There are shorter, weekend ones all the time; they're more local.

ROOMMATE: Uh-huh. So, what, you were thinking about going to one of these?

LR Yer: (laughing) Thinking about? I've been going to them for the past four years. I'm in all of these.

ROOMMATE: Oh, really? I didn't see you.

LR Yer: Look. They're alphabetical. (He looks at them some more.)

ROOMMATE: Where were those?

LR Yer: Well, this one was in Massachusetts, and that one was in Southern California, and the other one was in Maine.

ROOMMATE: And you went to this in Southern California?

LR Yer: Yeah.

ROOMMATE: Oh wow . . . What's "ConCon"?

LR Yer: Continental Conference.

ROOMMATE: And what's "YRUU"?

LR Yer: Well, they just had a big reorganization and the name changed to YRUU. It's an awful name; I hate it—it stands for Young Religious Unitarian Universalists. The full name of the denomination is Unitarian Universalist. It's an awful name; I hate the name.

ROOMMATE: There's no beards. These people are so much different looking. There's no beards in here.

LR Yer: (laughing) Yeah.

To anyone who's interested:

Pseudo-liberals are a very easy thing to be—it's about as far left as you can go without threatening others and your own ideas. I feel they're people who either haven't been exposed or aren't willing to expose themselves to real truths of what the U.S. is doing to people at home and in the rest of the world. People who don't realize the extent to which they think what those in power want them to think. So what's the solution? Education.

I agree with Tym that apathy and bewilderment are what permits the U.S. to do what it does, but you can't condemn people for not understanding all sides to all issues. People don't get angry over what they don't understand. The women's movement was dangerously weakened by the same kind of split that's happening with LRY/YRUU. Understand that people are people and everyone needs to be pushed or push themselves to deal with the anti-people forces in our society, our world, and ourselves. There's no point in screaming at someone if they don't know what you're talking about. First explain why you are angry, what you've been fortunate enough to find out about, then tell others about it and find out more. There will always be those who refuse to listen, but usually find amazement, then anger, then despair and finally commitment to a fight to save our world.

With great love for both Tym and Colin and a hope for a strong future for LRY/YRUU.

Teri Bacon

Dear Friends,

I grew up in LRY. I learned so much from my experience, and formed long distance relationships that, although long distance still, are as close and strong as they ever were. In LRY I found the closeness and affection that I didn't have at home or school.

I truly hope "your" organization has all these important elements, and I'm sure it does. To quote Desiderata, " . . . Be yourself. Especially do not feign affection. Neither be cynical about love; for in the face of all aridity and disenchantment, it is as perennial as the grass."

To close this love letter to you all I would tell you of the mailgram I received at the end of Common Ground II. It said, "Congratulations, you're a godparent." That meant a lot to me. Now, I ask, please take care of the "Baby" and nurture your dreams and visions. They're not as improbable as they may seem.

Much love and gratitude,
Gretchen Jones
79-80 Exec. Committee

Dear Synapse,

I thought I'd clear some things up and give a different perspective on YRUU. First of all, the UDL are a bunch of dishwashers from Samoa—if you told us that LRY was dead, we would say, "No kidding!" In fact, I myself proposed the name YRUU at Common Ground II. I felt that LRY was getting too restrictive, and it was hard for other youth to get involved. At first, YRUU was a large unmanageable wall ready to fall on anyone who wasn't the so-called "Generic UU Youth." However, I feel that it is settling in, and all can and hopefully will fit in.

Please remember, duct tape keeps the world together.

Hank Pierce
Co-owner of the U.D.L.



Editorials

Youth/Adult Working Relationships: YRUU Week on Star Island

by Michael Davis

On July 1, 1983, an event occurred on the dock at Portsmouth, New Hampshire that has radically altered the course of events dealing with Star Island YRUU week. Federal agents busted a youth on the dock with sizeable amounts of drugs and an arrest was made. This person is not a member of YRUU, but was a known acquaintance of a conferee who was attending YRUU week on Star. On August 15, 1983, I received a call from Jean Cochrane, President of the Star Island Board informing me that the board had passed a motion stating that "the YRUU conference for 1984 will be cancelled as a consequence of serious allegations involving participants in the 1983 conference, unless the 1984 Planning Committee shall present to the Star Island Corp. Board, in writing, by October 31, 1983, a plan of reorganization for the 1984 conference acceptable to the board."

My first thought was, "What? No 1984 conference?" I found out very quickly that this woman was very supportive. Jean made it quite clear that this was going to be *quite* difficult. I questioned, "You mean to say that the drug bust incident had this monumental effect on the conference?" She answered, "No." I found out, in fact, this incident was metaphorically "the straw that broke the camel's back."

I was informed that there were several areas that needed restructuring. According to board requests there needs to be clearer understanding that the time spent on Star Island is granted on a "revocable permit" and that people who are not considerate enough to follow island guidelines must leave. In addition, apologies would have to be made to the Pelicans (island staff) and the Whittakers (the folks who run the ferry out to the island). Eleven other issues would have to be addressed in writing. Among these were strengthening the roles of advisors, finding year to year leadership continuity, creating an age range for the conference, getting more complete registration forms, informing conferees of rules beforehand, clarifying the statement, "In return for what you get at the island you must accept the limitations of the island setting," finding communication between the Star Island Board and the youth, recognizing the presence of the Natural History Conference (a conference which shares the island with us), and taking on mutual responsibilities for having the week go smoothly.

Jean assured me of her cooperation and assistance. I got off the phone that night very rattled, yet feeling that I knew I had a resource up there in Boston on the board. With great effort and speed the Save Our Star (S.O.S.) Committee was formed consisting of Jac ten Hove, Kate Titus, Keith Knost, Eric Kaminetzky, and myself. Very soon thereafter, the SOS mailing was created. We asked people to send postcards into the Star Island Board about their feelings regarding the motion to cancel the 1984 conference. The response was very good. We had made a start, and this was only the beginning.

At Summer's End conference, a very long meeting was held to answer what we wanted to do in regard to the points that were stated. It became apparent that what the board wanted was not going to be detrimental to our conference. In fact, it was a very useful list of criteria. It also became very apparent that there were points about the way Star Island was run that could

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by Kate Titus

In theory, UUs believe in a youth-run YRUU movement where teens control their own program. We view children as capable beings who should be nurtured not molded. We view parents as guides who encourage their children to act freely and responsibly while allowing them to choose their own paths. We even believe that children should be allowed to make mistakes.

In a draft of a UU statement of purpose now being discussed by the UUA, we claim to promote "the supreme worth and dignity of every human being," "equality and justice in human relations," and "the use of democratic processes." I think our understanding of the word "human" should be broad enough to include youth.

However, somewhere between ideology and action, there is a transformation. UU adults do not always act on their UU principles. Within the YRUU movement it suddenly becomes difficult for adults to give guidance without also giving direction. Youth are not allowed to make their own decisions and certainly not their own mistakes, for adults continually override youth in the decision-making process. And when work must be done there is little cooperation, for adults are not comfortable acting as equals and subordinates to youth. Despite UU values, adults have difficulty in relating to youth as decision-makers.

Recently, the Star Island Board of Directors considered canceling the annual Star/YRUU conference. Fortunately, this step was avoided. However, despite good intentions, the youth conference leaders and the adult board members did have some difficulty cooperating on this matter. The usual pattern of uneasy youth/adult working relations was repeated again within the UU youth movement. Why is it that youth and adults have such trouble working with each other? Why is it that time and time again, there is conflict between different generations? It is evident that the primary problem in YRUU today is friction between youth and adults.

The Star Island situation is a good example. When the Star Island board found that it had some problems with the YRUU conference, it did not approach the youth leaders in order to work out a solution. Instead the board discussed the problem on its own and handed out an ultimatum to the youth, much like a parent would do to a child. Furthermore, the board chose to contact the UUA youth consultant (adult) before informing the conference leaders of the situation. As is often the case, the adults chose to act as an authority. They contacted adult representatives from the youth movement because they found it hard to work with youth as decision-makers. Of course, I will emphasize that the Star Island board has every right to demand changes from those who make use of the island. And I do believe that they had good intentions. The board members seemed genuinely concerned and, being wonderful people, they eventually managed to overcome youth/adult barriers. However, I cannot conceive of the board relating to an adult-run conference in quite the same manner that it originally related to YRUU week.

There are countless examples of UU inability to consider youth as decision-makers. I have seen adults who refuse to work with youth leaders and instead search for the adults "in charge." I have seen adults who continually threaten to go to a higher authority (adult) unless the youth

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Unitarian Universalist Religion and Disarmament

This UU-UN Youth Seminar was on Disarmament, a prominent Unitarian Universalist concern. But why is it a concern? How does the purpose of this conference link in with the beliefs of Unitarian Universalism? The answers may vary, but there is one major link.

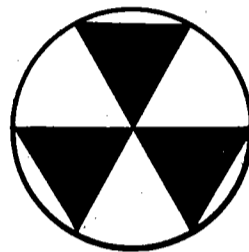
To properly understand the link one must understand the purpose of this 4th Annual Youth Conference on Disarmament. Twenty-five youth came to New York from all over the US and Canada to learn, teach, and discover how to spread their knowledge on the subject of Disarmament, and specifically on the dismantling of all nuclear weaponry throughout the world. Our hope is that disarmament can remove the threat of a final holocaust, a nuclear war that would end in the extinction of the human race.

Two beliefs are the basis of the Unitarian Universalist religion and the disarmament movement: a belief in

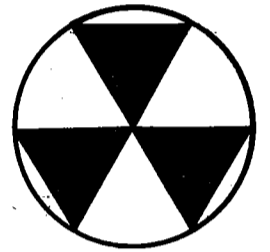
inherent and basic human rights, and a belief in the power of love. The arms race and nuclear arms undermine these two beliefs, for the threat of a final holocaust and the spending of tax dollars on implements of death and mass destruction and not for the promotion of life, do not go hand in hand with either love or human rights. In spending money on war, not social service, our government and others are contributing to world fear and hatred, and to a lower level of health and life throughout this world. There is the conflict with Unitarian Universalist religion.

This conference has tightened the bond between disarmament activists who are Unitarian Universalists and their youth. Those who attended the conference are helping to tighten that bond throughout their community and our world. Perhaps someday the traditional Winter Holiday saying "Peace on Earth" shall not be a wish but a reality. That is what we are working towards.

Joanne Victoria Rumsey
Bellevue, Washington



**FOURTH ANNUAL
UNITARIAN UNIVERSALIST
YOUTH CONFERENCE ON
DISARMAMENT AT THE
UNITED NATIONS
November 10-13, 1983
New York City**



CONFERENCE STATEMENT

Concerned about the nuclear proliferation, we, the conferees of the Unitarian Universalist - United Nations conference on disarmament have come together from across the United States and Canada. We reaffirm our rights, as youth, to take a political and moral stand on this issue and to work for the betterment of our world.

We condemn both the testing and buildup of nuclear arms occurring throughout the world. We believe this proliferation is detrimental to the psychological well-being of humankind and we abhor the continual threat of destruction. In view of an increasing worldwide economic instability, we declare that the arms race is ill affordable and crowds out basic social needs.

Recognizing the international tensions arising from this arms race, we call for an end to the international communication breakdown. Above all, we condemn nuclear war for its toxic effects on pre-war, war-time, and post-war peoples; we demand an end to this murderous threat to humanity and to our Earth.

We believe that nuclear war is no longer simply a political matter; society is threatened and its members must take a stand. Sergei Batrovina of the USSR succinctly states, "The fate of the world depends on whether each person understands that a peaceful future requires having the right to struggle for peace."

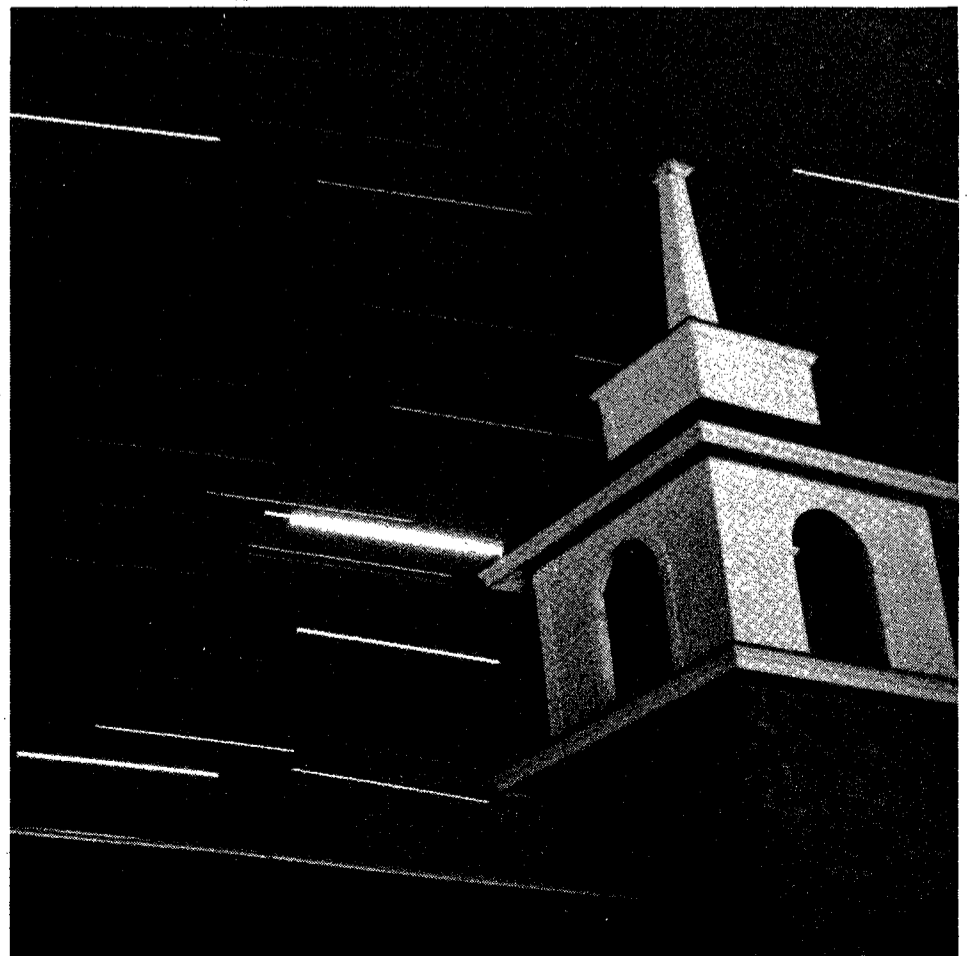
Recognizing a growing social and political awareness, we support those worldwide movements for peace and those governments who have taken a pledge against first-use of nuclear weaponry. Conscious of a need to start seeing other people as human allies working together for peace, we promote international communication, friendship, and understanding.

The conferees of the Unitarian Universalist United Nations 1983 Youth Conference on Disarmament stand united against nuclear armament proliferation and behind all movements for peace. We echo the words of John Kennedy of the USA, "If we can, in every land and office, look beyond our own shores and ambitions, then surely the age will dawn in which the strong are just, the weak secure, and the peace preserved."

November 13, 1983

The Fourth Annual UU Youth Conference on Disarmament at the U.N. was sponsored by the Unitarian Universalist - United Nations Office and Young Religious Unitarian Universalists. The twenty-five conferees, aged 15-17, will return to their home congregations in three Canadian provinces and 16 U.S. states to lead worship services, present reports, conduct workshops, and work with community peace groups.

—Photo by Jac Ten Hove



CONFERENCE RAP

One of the best indicators of the energy within our youth movement is the number and variety of conference events occurring around the continent. Conferences are an opportunity to build and to learn more about yourself and the world around you. They offer a support network for local groups and individual participants. The love and caring that can be found at conferences has helped many of us weather trying times in our lives.

Conferences, also known as retreats or rallies, vary in size, length and theme. They can include as little as 20 people or more than 200. They can last a day, a weekend, a week or more. For all their differences they do have a common thread; they bring people together in an attempt to build

a caring, accepting community. Conferences are taking place virtually every weekend in some part of the continent. If you need a spiritual lift, some positive energy, check out what is going on in your district or on the continental level. The people listed below are district contacts who have an idea of what is going on in their district and at continental. Contact your district's council member for information; that's what they're there for.

In addition to conferences the summer season brings with it a whole host of UU camps especially designed for youth. For information on youth activities at UU camps check the bulletin board of your local church.

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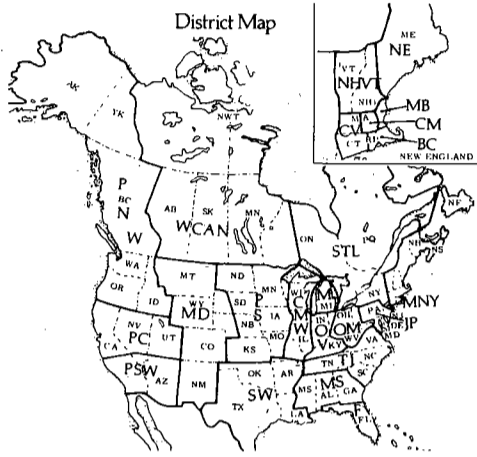
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Dear Synapse Editor,

Despite one reader's comparison of your paper to boiled carrots, I think it is the best thing since the invention of potato chips. However, I do have one beef to make: No Page Numbers! How come Issue III has no page numbers?

Now this may seem a rather fuddy-duddy, tea-grown-cold complaint. However, if you list things as appearing on certain pages, and have items like "Cont. on page 11, col. 2," then I believe you really ought to have page numbers. Not having them is like a boiled egg without salt, a cake without frosting.

It would not be that hard to put them in. You could simply start with a "1" on the first page, and then go on from there. Yours for fewer lima beans

and more chocolate chips,
*Rev. John Marsh
Los Angeles, CA*



Hi, my name is Eric Kaminetzky and I am the new Youth Staff Intern!

Though you are reading this in '84 and I am in Boston, this blurb was written in '83 and I am really in Boulder.

So
Let's play Dichotomy

Bstn: "I have settled into my position nicely. Wayne and Mara and Colin and Kevin and gosh, just everybody has been such a big help."

Bldr: "If I don't get through this Lit. final, I am going to lose my mind!"

Bstn: "Writing my first piece for Synapse is such a thrill!"

Bldr: "Gawd! This is the first impression 7500 people are going to carry into the eons. Better make this good."

... but seriously, folks. I've worked and played in LRY/YRUU for a long time, and right now I have created nothing but more time to move YRUU forward. Many thanks to everyone for the vote of confidence. I have big plans for Synapse... heh, heh, heh, and Continental as a whole. I could say something trite like "Watch Me GO!" but I would run the risk that some of you would do just that! We cannot do this alone, and I, for one, WON'T. I had this guy come up to me in Boulder with an idea for Synapse. He said, "Do you think I could do an article on the Tao of the Chicago Cubs?"

The Year in Review

On January 1, 1983, Young Religious Unitarian Universalists succeeded LRY as the official youth organization of the UUA. As such it has been a year of many firsts: the first YRUU Continental Conference, the first regularly elected Youth Council and Steering Committee, the first year of integration with the UUA. There has been much looking forward; yet, as appropriate for such a year, there has also been much looking back.

At General Assembly in Vancouver the theme of the youth worship was honoring our past. This theme was oft repeated throughout the year as those of us who were undergoing the transition sought to articulate what our experience with LRY had been and what we wished to see preserved from that time. Change is a scary thing and the anxiety it creates must be recognized and dealt with for change to be a success. In YRUU we have sought to deal with that anxiety through our worship and a recognition of the ties that link us to our past. The process is certainly not over.

For some people YRUU's establishment created high expectations for something new and different, something more welcoming and accepting of their values than they felt had been the case previously. YRUU has sought to foster this new feeling of inclusiveness. It has attempted to reach out to people that were used to feeling excluded. This process too is certainly not over.

In a very real sense YRUU has been on trial throughout 1983—and the jury is still out. Will it be able to maintain that feeling of community and independence that was so central to LRY? Will it really be able to include those who had felt alienated by the LRY community? How well equipped is YRUU to deal with these tensions? Only 1984 will tell us. At times during 1983 it felt as if everyone was holding their breath, withholding judgment. I don't think that will be the case in the year to come.

YRUU is currently in a standoff with

the UUA Board over certain provisions in the youth organization by-laws. Will this be resolved diplomatically or will it degenerate into an all out confrontation? (A scary question as we move into the new year.) Will behavioral concerns in certain districts be resolved adequately, or will this too end up causing frustration and hurt on all sides?

The framework for dealing with such age-old problems as behavioral issues and lines of authority have changed drastically over the last year. No longer is the youth organization the voice for one perspective on these issues. As YRUU has opened up to accept a greater variety of perspectives it has internalized many of the conflicts which the youth movement previously conceptualized as us against them. Therein lies the tension that threatens YRUU as it moves into 1984 and yet maintaining that tension is crucial for the continued success of YRUU as an inclusive movement.

As long as the various and sometimes opposing viewpoints on youth concerns feel that YRUU is an adequate vehicle in which to have their views expressed and acted upon, YRUU may be termed a success. If we are really committed to having an inclusive youth movement we are going to have to learn to tolerate and accept, if not agree, with other perspectives on youth programming and leadership. A practice we did not uphold very well in the last years of LRY.

Going into 1984 I am cautiously optimistic that YRUU is strong enough to withstand a variety of viewpoints within its structure; that regional and personal differences will be respected without alienation of any particular perspective. At the same time I am aware that if all the widely varying viewpoints concerned with youth programs are going to feel a sense of ownership of YRUU, we are all going to have to be more tolerant of each other than we have been in the past.

Colin Bird

'How to' Section

HOW TO KILL AN ENTERPRISE

1. Do not go to meetings.
2. If you do go, arrive late.
3. Criticize the work of the members and organizers.
4. Get mad if you are not a member of a committee, but if you are, make no suggestions.
5. If the chairperson asks your opinion on a subject, say you have none. After the meeting say you have learned nothing, or tell everyone what should've happened.
6. Don't do what has to be done yourself, but when members roll up their sleeves and do their best, complain that the group is run by a bunch of ego-trippers.
7. Pay your dues as late as possible.
8. Never think of introducing new members.
9. Complain that the newsletter never has anything in it that interests you, but never offer to write an article, make a suggestion or find a writer.
10. And if the enterprise dies, say you saw it coming ages ago.

HOW TO MAKE YOURSELF MISERABLE

1. Forget the good things in life and concentrate on the bad.
2. Put an excessive value on money.
3. Think that you are indispensable to your job, your community, and your friends.
4. Think that you are overburdened with work and that people tend to take advantage of you.
5. Think that you are exceptional and entitled to special privileges.
6. Think that you can control your nervous system by sheer will power.
7. Forget the feelings and rights of others.
8. Cultivate a consistently pessimistic outlook on life.
9. Never overlook a slight nor forget a grudge.
10. And don't forget to feel sorry for yourself.

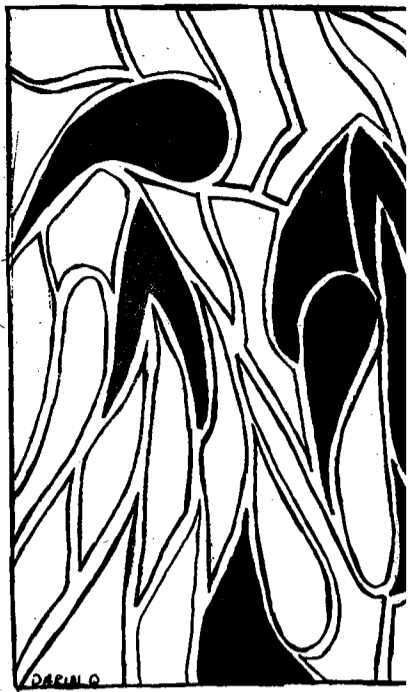
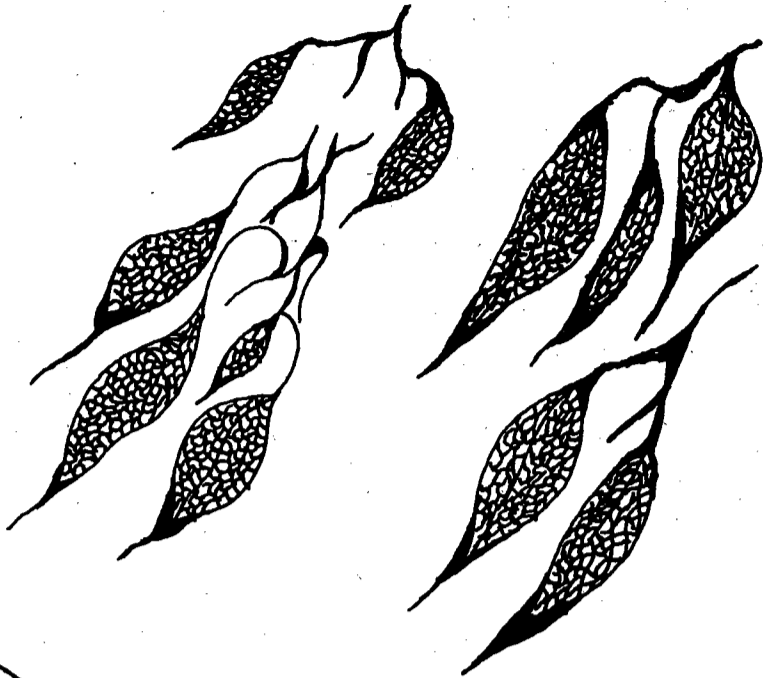
—Taken from the University of Wisconsin, Stevens Point Gay People's Union Newsletter.

OLEANDER LOVES

A curve, a series of bars bearing glyphs, the chair you cradle at midnight. Fire sprinkling, black hill sound blanket and voiceless. South Dakota crinkling sheets of paper. The sky shaped giant rooster stalking downward. Skin of your face becoming fragile, flutter of hand, of skirt, faint exhale. Shoulder at angles, bared to moon waning. I brush you, peat moss thunders like buffalo. Pulled to standing, dandelion greens take wing, before flightless as lakes. Closer, I tease and scamper piano keys, your teeth, releasing mixed lydian scale upward drifting as if a ship sprouted sails. The chair collapses under weight of our rain-storm mouths. In gleaming, what has been your skin is radio on linen, gates of Kiev, and open, locks, black wall of water silver rushing down my face, out to spruce trees. The floor opens, the ceiling opens, the fire opens. In sapwood crackle, gladiators lose wealth, taste of cashew. Oleander, oleander bring me home.



CREAT

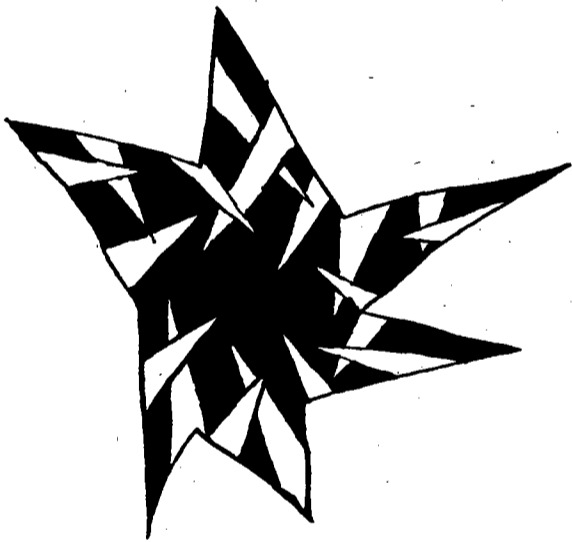


TIGERTRAP

I never realized before the hole in your wholeness until I FELL.

Mitchell Clute

through the soft leaves, branches of your smiles and generosity and sitting, so quiet, in the bottom of the pit, I saw you laugh, not realizing that leaves no longer covered the hole in the wholeness of your smile. . . . and trust fell out of my pocket and sank into the mud.



Teri

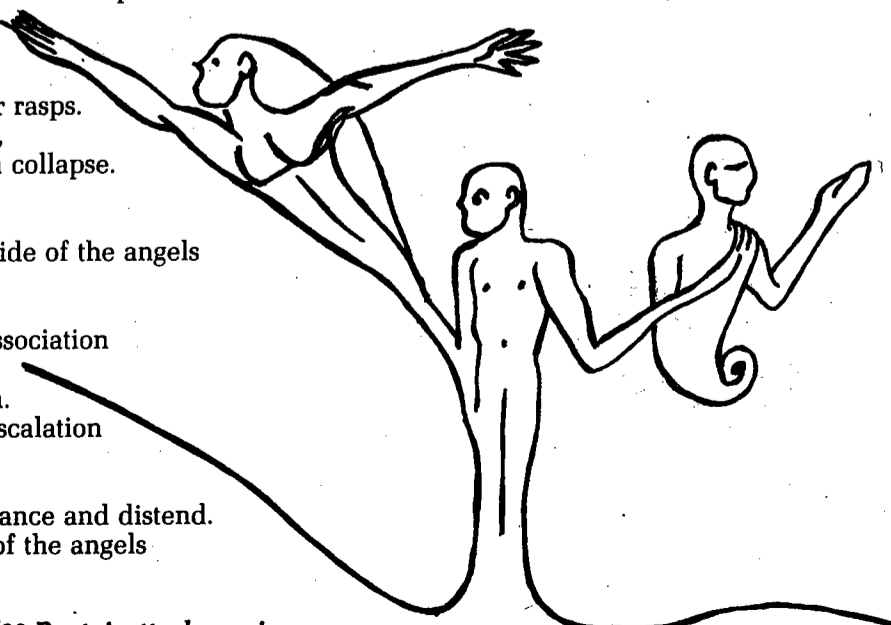


on the side of the angels

demons all wear divine, comic faces around their message's moribund. from between their cheeks of dedicated metal a threat is gauntlet-thrown, tightly-bound. "c'mon boy!," they hiss, "we'll spear you thru your holy head!" isn't it nice to be on the side of the angels now that devils got infra-red?

now i move silent. now i move wanting to be met by others; made complete. but the fragile airs overspill, overwhelming and oversweet. lord, they have me spinning, a thousand bullets sound their rasps. it hurts! my wings are riddled, my flight hurtles earthward in collapse. over the horizon my blood, into undead hands, is fed. and isn't it nice to be on the side of the angels now that devils got infra-red?

devils hunt by night; eat by association my purity is poisoned; venom drips into sweet cream. voided—i find no escape in escalation nor assured fate. for it seems i am too much spinning, a thousand horrid visions advance and distend. isn't it nice to be on the side of the angels now that devils got infra-red?



©3/83 Poet-A attack music
Ryk McIntyre

AN
by Capri

Let me introduce you to Anna. Let me describe her all at once, not a bit at a time or only partially—like a party introduction. (Anna did not like parties at all.) Better than anyone else did, I knew Anna. I stayed at her house when my parents, both journalists, went on assignment each month.

Anna was thin as a dancer, and as graceful. Her body, stretching long and slender, had a sort of power. She inspired not pity or awe, but curiosity. It was as though her core, her spirit, reached out and wound around anyone near her. I know that I was not the only person who wanted to understand Anna and felt that it would be impossible.

During weekends and summers, she liked to wear baggy pants with patches of calico and gingham. Into them she tucked oversized men's shirts in pastel blue, orange, and lavender. Sometimes she let her caramel hair, which looked as though it ought to be braided with daisies or blown in the sun, bounce against her sharply defined shoulder blades. She was a summer breeze.

However, in school Anna wore neat cotton print dresses and flat embroidered Chinese shoes. She combed her lovely shining hair back into a tight bun. I'm not sure why.

Anna's smooth skin, transparent as watercolor, blended her regular straight nose with her delicate cheeks. Her oval eyes, plain brownish hazel, projected silence—when I saw her eyes, I knew that sound was just an affectation. She was always either observing or contemplating seriously and profoundly. I really never knew her. Yet we were friends.

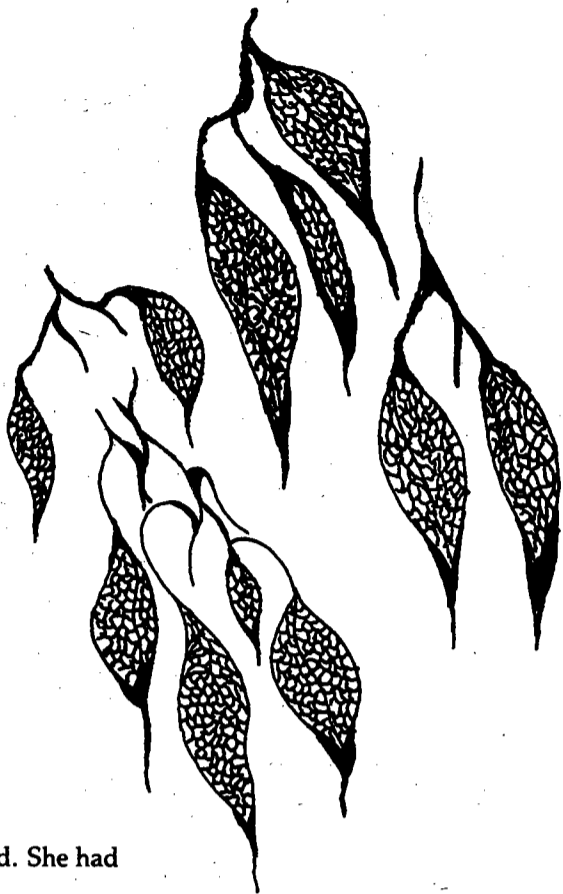
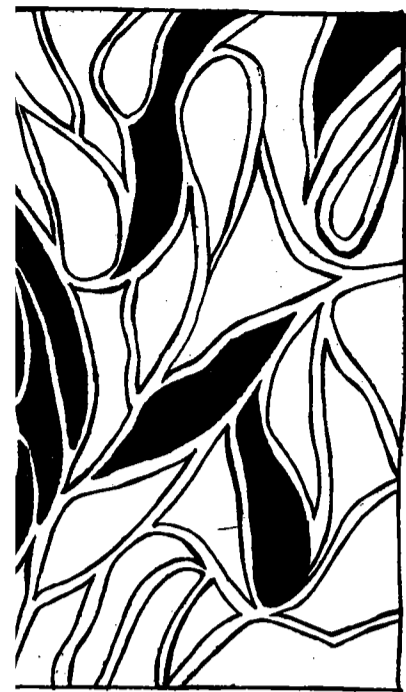
Often Anna took walks during pounding rainstorms. She would be out for hours and her mother, a frail, nervous woman, would send me to search for Anna. I found her once standing in the middle of a muddy softball field just behind second base with her arms raised to the sky and her head tipped back so her stringy wet locks trailed down her arched back. The lightning flashed miles behind her, silhouetting her lean angular figure for an instant.

As I drew nearer, I thought there were tears cutting down her icy cheekbones, but they were merely the rain streams running from the tiny pools formed in the hollows of her closed eyes.

Anna! I shouted and was shocked by how unusually loud my voice seemed. She lowered her iris-shaped hands to her breast, then turned her frail head back to the grass. I walked slowly to her. Had I awakened her from a dream? By calling had I imprisoned her ectoplasm suddenly into her corporal self?

Anna's skin was stained with salt and

I V I Y Y



tip-toe thru life

stop this vicious emotional process
before i know myself to death.
do i look like i bleed from the eyes?
—i taste blood in every second breath.
and what's the blood for? benediction?
i curse the mirror when my strength is low
and i'm still unaccustomed to life's newest flavor
as it sweeps thru me. i'm still so hollow . . .

what is this wind that chills the peace i need?
it comes full of haunting fugues. impossible moments
are shuffled in the tarot; the cards painted black
and the message confused . . .
everything is suspect—from deity to dirt;
everything in my heart is subject to search.

so stop this vicious day-into-day
before weeks accumulate in a similar design
to that of a gimmicked roulette-wheel
when you know the imminent price.
and what's the cost of benediction?
and what's the outcome if i try to shatter
the mirror of its hold within me,
where memories creep and everything matters?

what is this challenge that shakes the darkness?
i wake up out of myself. amazing moments
are shuffled in the tarot; the cards vital
in every sentient breath . . .
everything is suspended on the gambling-line;
i will no longer tip-toe my way thru life.

© 12/83 Poet-A ttack Music
Ryk McIntyre

NA
Young

her eyes were webbed with red. She had
been crying.

"Why?" I tried to look into her.

It was no use. Anna was not thinking
of my presence.

"Anna!"

She raised her drenched face to meet
mine. I spoke again. "Your mother was
worried. She sent me . . . Are you all
right?"

"Yes," her voice echoed, exhausted.
"Sorry . . ." She lowered her eyes
again. We started home across the field
and squeezed through the broken place
in the chain link fence.

"What are you thinking of?" I was
whispering, despite the storm's in-
tensity.

Anna smiled. "Of what am I think-
ing?" She corrected me playfully, not
wanting to answer. "Of my love, of the
sky, of life, and of games . . . of
people . . ."

"Which people?"

"Dead people . . . and mainly, living
people who are dead; and dead people
who are living."

"I don't understand."

"Neither do I. All I know is that the
sky is alive, singing to me. So, I listen."

"Oh . . ."

Anna grinned and began hop-skiing
home. In my sloshing leaky snow boots,
I jogged by her side.

Anna said the sky was singing to her.

But that was only once. Of the many
times I was sent to find Anna in the rain,
she usually returned before I gave up
and splashed back to the house.

After fourteen or fifteen excursions
out into the torrents during her ninth
grade year, Anna was put on restriction.
This rule saved Anna's Mom, overly
neurotic anyway, from needless worry.
Not me, though.

Anna would lie on the picnic table on
the far edge of the yard and let the drops
bolt down against her accepting body. I
expected her to die of pneumonia or
flunk out of school for neglecting to
study, but she did neither.

That was an important thing: Anna
and school. I don't know if she liked
school, although I believe she did not,
except for ceramics. Her grades were B's
mostly. She never studied. When she
heard something once, she knew it. She
could have earned A's with no trouble,
but as I have pointed out, she saved her
thinking time for more profound topics.

Anna never spoke to me except when
she was forced to, during oral reports
and declamations. She was not social. I
got the feeling that the other kids never
said anything that interested her; in fact,
I bet no one ever *thought* something
which interested Anna . . . not even in
church.

continued on pg. 11

NO VEHICLE MAY DELIVER

So many joys
pass undetected.

Those which are recognized often
are beyond our experience,
and no vehicle may deliver us
to them.

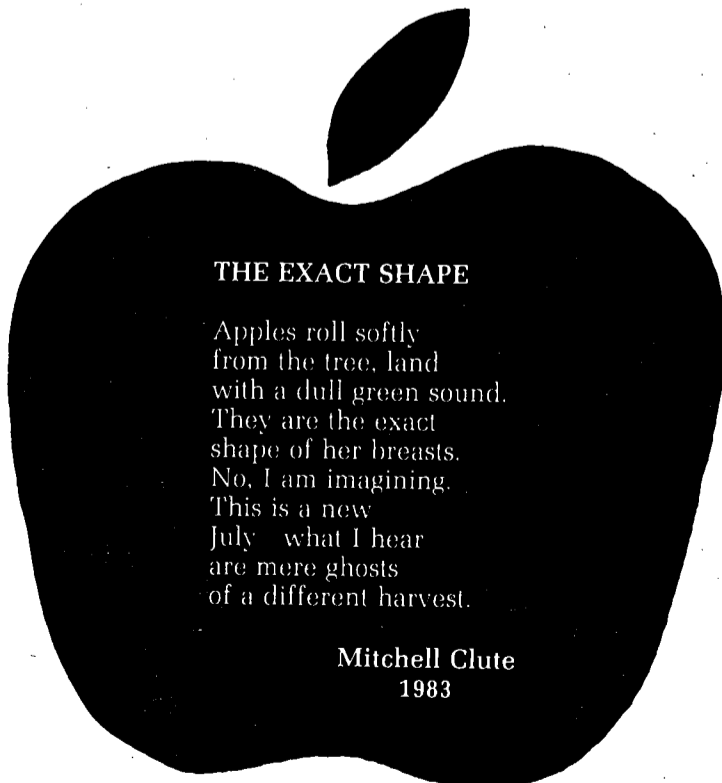
All the while,
through rose petal blooming and the falling
of leaves,
we slide edgewise into our deaths.

Mitchell Clute
1983



PROPHECY

Milk of Mary's breast
Lays my Heart to rest
Milk of Virgin Mary
Fills my cup.
The Visionary Ballerina
enters onto the frontlawn grassy
fields of the President's mansion.
Green fleshed people naked
wander hypnotized across the
Mechanical Nation
Nipples pink have grown upon
the palms of their hands
Their hair is blond golden
and their teeth are corals from
the sea
They encompass you
And they encompass me
Wandering acrost the Nation
Fairies sing the songs of William Blake
As old poets strike New lyres
Dust rising from under their fingernails
Puss the color of rainbows tearing
from their eyes
Children surrounding them about them
All filled with Heavenly Desire
Before the Mansion is set afire
And its grass swallowed up in mire
And Hades' trumpets blow blow blow
And Beelzebub from Hellish caverns comes
To take the President down the Styx
And grant him Truth through Pain.
But he's much too old ever to learn
But fire to him a Youth will turn
And his eyes will glow infra-orange
at age 30



THE EXACT SHAPE

Apples roll softly
from the tree, land
with a dull green sound.
They are the exact
shape of her breasts.
No, I am imagining.
This is a new
July what I hear
are mere ghosts
of a different harvest.

Mitchell Clute
1983

David Roskos
March 1983



YRUU Advisor Creates Poster Campaign

Adapted from an article by Janet Jensen.

"Susie Martins, international television personality," is one of the 10 most admired women in Nigeria. The glamorous "Susie" stars in a 60-second soap commercial that has been running on television there for the past seven years and graces countless billboards, magazine ads and soap wrappers.

But the New York actress who plays Susie Martins—real life Marcia McBroom (DRE and YRUU advisor at the Community Church of New York)—has a lot on her mind besides soap. She has found a way to translate her prestige into a poster campaign to improve the health of African children.

"The commercial created this whole Susie Martins mystique that captivated the attention of millions of women," explained McBroom. "I wondered how I could utilize this success to make a statement."

She came up with the idea of starring in a UNICEF poster to promote breastfeeding, one of four, low-cost "people's" health actions that can potentially save the lives of 20,000 children a day. In spite of the overwhelming benefits of breastfeeding, it is on the decline in some developing countries among women who perceive formula feeding as a modern scientific convenience.

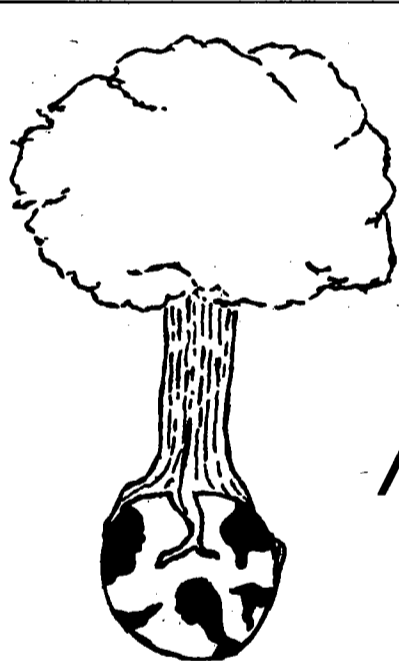
McBroom's idea was to lend a touch of Madison Avenue savvy to the campaign to promote breastfeeding, and the UNICEF field

office in Nigeria was delighted. "I wanted to show an elegant, successful woman breastfeeding in a luxurious apartment, to show that breastfeeding is also for the modern woman," says McBroom. Underneath a photograph of her nursing are McBroom's lines: "My baby deserves the best, so I breastfeed longer. Breastfed babies are stronger, healthier and happier. Remember, breast is best."—Susie Martins.

In March, McBroom will travel to Nigeria—as Susie Martins—to launch the poster campaign and to act as a UNICEF ambassador of goodwill. It's a role she loves. She has been an active volunteer for the U.S. Committee for UNICEF since her childhood. "I loved the idea that my pennies and nickels could really help other children." And she has introduced trick-or-treating for UNICEF to the Unitarian Universalist Sunday School she directs.

She also loves the idea of networking with women around the world. "Women have a certain gestalt—it's such a basic, basic thing to want the best for your baby." Currently McBroom is working on an essay on women's consciousness in the modern world and a graduate degree in religious education.

Marcia has been a frequent workshop leader and advisor at Metro New York District YRUU conferences, and was a staff member at the 1982 LRY Continental Conference.



ACTION IDEAS

The Fourth Annual UU Youth Conference on Disarmament at the UN took place in New York City November 10-13, 1983. Twenty-five youth came from across Canada and the USA to share concerns and learn more about the arms race.

Following breakfast of bagels and cheese, Jim Olsen, executive director of the UU-UN Office, had the participants discuss how they viewed others' awareness towards the nuclear arms race.

"People don't want to face it," said Laura Rundell from Adrian, MI. "My friends read the papers but they don't want to see the movies. They don't want to get really involved," added someone else.

John Buryiak from New York told the conferees about his youth group's involvement in the issue and that the subject of the arms race was addressed in their Youth Sunday.

Another youth mentioned school friends: "(They) don't seem to care, or don't understand."

That prompted Tony Donatelli from Mendon, MA to tell about his friends at home who know the power of the nuclear arsenal, but who treat it as a joke.

There were other similar comments expressing lack of concern about the subject. Jim summed up the "common theme" as, "You folks want to do something, but your friends don't share the same view." The group agreed.

"What do you need?" Jim asked. The answers! "We need hope, results, examples of success, stories would help, ways of opening their minds, shock factors, facts, ways to get through blanket statements, myth breakers, graphics..."

In discussing the use of shock factors some of the youth cautioned this practice, "You don't want to scare people away from the topic."

Elizabeth Russell from Rochester, N.Y. summarized the discussion by saying, "You want to open their minds."

This article deals with "opening minds." Here are actions that the youth and staff at the conference discussed throughout the three days.

As Cornelia Dunn Clark, Assistant Director of the UU-UN Office, was showing a necklace of paper cranes, Jami Lynn Beck from Kalamazoo, MI told the story of the peace cranes in her city. Following a tornado that shook the city badly, knocking down

trees and creating rubble, a Peace Rally was held in the City Park. The speaker told how following a nuclear blast the affected area could look like the park, if not worse.

A town in Japan heard about the rally and sent 1,000 "Peace Cranes" to Kalamazoo. Jami's congregation sent back paper cranes which they had folded—as a symbol of hope and peace.

Informing yourself is a good idea. Jim pointed out the fact that there are no experts on the topic of nuclear war and so you should not be intimidated by the amount of information available.

There are numerous peace-related organizations in both Canada and the USA. To get a directory giving detailed descriptions of programs, publications and membership information for about 200 Canadian groups, write:

Lynne Martin
Peace Unearth
c/o The Mennonite
Central Committee
1483 Pembina Hwy.

Winnipeg, Manitoba R3T 2C7
For the United States, the conferees were given a list of over 50 organizations. Jim said that if you were to get on the mailing list of one group, you would receive plenty of information:

Coalition for a New Military
and Foreign Policy
120 Maryland Ave. NE
Washington, D.C.
U.S.A. 20002

A few suggestions for reading about disarmament were also provided. Here is a list:

1. *Fate of the Earth* by Jonathan Schell. This book became a strong influence in promoting the nuclear freeze in Congress.
2. *Canada and the Nuclear Arms Race*, edited by Ernie Regehr and Simon Rosenblum, published by James Lorimer and Company, Toronto 1983. This book provides

an indepth look at nuclear proliferation from a Canadian perspective, and Canada's involvement in it.

3. *Nuclear Witness: Insiders Speak Out*, by Leslie J. Freeman, published by W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1981. Vivid interviews of nuclear workers and scientists tell their stories, that nuclear energy is not safe, not clean, and not cheap.
4. *The Hundredth Monkey*, by Ken Keyes, Jr., published by Vision Books, St. Mary, Kentucky, USA 41163. There is no copyright so that you may "reproduce it in whole or part, to distribute it with or without charge in as many languages as possible, to as many people as possible." Cartons containing 40 books will be shipped throughout the world for \$50.00 for surface mail or \$90.00 for air mail. This book gives you hope and direction.
5. *World Military and Social Expenditures 1983*, available from World Priorities, Box 25140, Washington, D.C. USA 20007. This is a detailed publication packed with statistics and information on 142 countries.

Besides reading, films are suggested as an educating tool. Two titles are: "Bombs Can Make the Rainbows Break" and "If You Love This Planet."

One play about the arms race was mentioned. It is available from Janine Penfield, 18849 W. Valley Drive, Fairview Park, OH USA 44126. The title is *Alice in Blunderland*.

Once you have gathered the facts, figures and understanding of the nuclear proliferation situation, the next step is to present them to the community.

Jim gave an idea for a "shocker." Have a pail and a package of BBs. Ask your audience to close their

continued on pg. 10

July 30, 1983

Dear Mr. Johnson:

I have just finished reading your letter in the second issue of Synaspe and feel that I should respond. You made some valid points concerning the fairness of our justice and legal system here in the U.S.A. but there are two sides to the examples you presented in your letter. I'd like to explain some of them to you.

What would have happened if the man possessing 1.2 grams of marijuana had smoked it and then gotten behind the wheel of a car? Thousands of casualties occur each year due to drivers under the effects of drugs (alcohol included). As far as the man passing worthless checks at Safeway—he is, in effect, stealing from that store. I'm sure that a chain of stores like that can stand the loss, but what if it had been a struggling Mom & Pop store? That man could have caused the closing of a family business and stifled the owner's dreams of a thriving store of their own. I realize that our judicial system makes no provisions for dealing with the circumstances of certain situations, but that is no reason to scrap the whole thing. That would do more harm than good.

I also realize that being exposed to our "corrections system" can be a bad experience for anyone and I'm sure that accounts for much of the cynicism in your letter. However, I don't think you should judge justice so harshly on the few isolated events which you've heard about. I agree that the New Mexican man and woman you mentioned in your letter should not have gotten off so easily. The reason for that could depend on the judge, the lawyer and the circumstances of the case.

I definitely disagree with the statement that it is better that 99 guilty men go free than one innocent man be jailed. Do you really believe that 99 mass murderers should go free instead of an innocent man being jailed for stealing

continued on pg. 10



Like imprisonment, alternatives to locking people up in America are not simple solutions to crime. Instead, they are generally used to expand the net of repressive social control while not reducing the numbers of people locked up. Some can cost more than imprisonment, at least in the short term. And for a variety of reasons, the establishment of alternative programs or procedures has thus far not been followed by a sharp reduction in the crime rate.

But these serious limitations must not keep those concerned about justice from vigorously advocating the full implementation of alternatives to imprisonment as part of reducing our over-reliance on the prison and jail and as a means of controlling crime.

We do know that locking up people at a rate of about 298 prisoners per 100,000 "free" citizens is just too excessive. The United States imprisons more people per capita than any industrialized nation in the world except South Africa and the U.S.S.R. We also know that America arrests, convicts and imprisons mostly poor people and disproportionately Blacks, Latinos and Native Americans, even though crimes are committed by people of all socio-economic levels and of all races.

The National Moratorium on Prison Construction of the Unitarian Universalist Service Committee (UUSC) advocates a halt to building more prisons and jails. We are also working toward the full implementation of alternatives to

imprisonment as a better approach to the problem of crime. These alternatives can be seen as both long-term and short-term. In the long term, alternatives to imprisonment involve social, political, and economic changes which would result in a just society. In the short term, they involve a variety of programmatic and procedural changes in the criminal (in)justice system which reduce the numbers of people locked up. As we work toward a just society, there are many programs and procedures that can be implemented right now.

Here are some of the criteria which we believe are essential for any degree of success.

ALTERNATIVES TO IMPRISONMENT SHOULD

1. be the least restrictive and coercive, consistent with public safety;
2. be designed for people already in prisons and jails, or, those most likely to receive prison or jail sentences;
3. seek to reconcile the victim, the community, and the convicted person;
4. involve laypersons (particularly crime victims and prisoners or ex-prisoners) in the design and implementation of the program, wherever possible;
5. have a positive, clear, achievable goal;
6. allow for multiple options;
7. not promise to cure crime, end recidivism, or rehabilitate people.

Alternatives to Imprisonment: A Thoughtful Approach to Crime and Punishment, published by the Unitarian Universalist Service Committee, 78 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02108, reprinted by permission

continued on pg. 10



The problem is not with homosexuality. The problem is with homophobia. Homophobia is defined as "fear, dislike, or hatred of gay males and lesbians and the discrimination against gay males and lesbians." For too long gay people have been forced to bear the weight of societal stereotypes, pressures and fears. Homophobia affects all of us, whether we are gay, lesbian, or straight. If we choose to treat some portion of the population differently, derisively, or unjustly it will affect ourselves and our circle of society.

In its most immediate sense homophobia directly oppresses at least one tenth of the population. It is estimated that at least one person in ten considers themselves to be gay. Asking why this homosexuality develops is based on the assumption that homosexuality is an "abnormality" with a specific cause or causes. Most gay males and lesbians discover their preference in a rigidly heterosexual environment and come from many different backgrounds and experiences. There is no common denominator present to indicate that certain events or experiences influenced a child's development towards either hetero- or homosexuality. There is no typical gay person in reality—any more than blacks, whites, men, or women can be given a typical identity.

The effects of homophobia reach even further. Homophobic name-calling not only wounds those who identify themselves, publicly or privately, as gay or lesbian, but is also the ultimate tool used in reinforcing rigid sex-roles, thus limiting the options for both males and females. Names like "sissy," "tomboy," "fag," and "lezzie," can only serve to limit and inhibit our freedom of expression and development, rather than help positively define ourselves. When the majority chooses to identify some minority as "deviant, difficult, inferior, or just plain wrong" any identification with that minority can be held overhead as pressure to conform. And we don't need conformity.

Homosexuality and homophobia cannot afford to be private issues. They cannot afford to be of only personal concern for two reasons. First, until gay males and lesbians are recognized fairly and equally, without fear, the issue of homophobia is one society must deal with so that all its members are counted as members. Audre Lorde, the woman who wrote the opening quotation, puts the second reason quite simply: "there can be no hierarchy of oppressions." The fear of falling under someone else's definition of "right" affects everyone. In the past, working class, black, and women's issues have been

"I simply do not believe that any aspect of myself can possibly profit from the oppression of any other part of my identity."

Audre Lorde

identified as areas of oppression. Audre Lorde draws them together to point out that all of us are touched by all of them in some way and we are in no position to say "yes" to some and "no" to others.

Admittedly we are dealing with an emotionally charged issue and one which challenges deeply rooted societal values. Homosexuality and homophobia for many are still uncomfortable and even angry issues. We do not need to deny the validity of these feelings in order to confront the injustice inherent in them. People can progress, they can learn, they can come to challenge and restate the values which they hold. And they need to eliminate homophobia. *The Interracial Books for Children Bulletin* (from which much of this article is adapted) ended with this call to action: "Until non-gay people defend the rights and humanity of gay people and learn to shrug off homophobic labels, these labels will continue to oppress and inhibit everyone."

by Mara Lyn



August 5, 1983

Dear Monica,

It was surely a pleasure to receive your letter. It is certainly nice to know that someone read what I wrote.

Let's discuss the issues you advanced.

You mention a "what if" in your rebuttal of my position that a man should not be incarcerated for the victimless crime of possessing 1.2 grams of marijuana. You present "what if" he got behind the wheel of a car. He didn't. He was arrested in the front yard of his home.

Fortunately, the criminal justice system does not deal in "what ifs." Criminal justice is supposed to be an empirical system. One is supposed to be judged on something he did or didn't do, not something he is expected or predicted to do.

As to the man convicted of passing worthless checks at a Safeway, let me restate some pertinent facts.

He passed six checks totaling slightly less than \$350. The approximate amount of each check was \$60, not a lot of groceries in today's economy. He passed these checks over a period of eight weeks. He was out of work. He had a wife and two children. In short, he was feeding his family.

Please don't think I condone passing worthless checks.

What I am propounding is that this poor man was sentenced to 18 years for his crime. I am not aware of his family's situation but I assume it is now desperate. Add to that, it will cost the state approximately \$32,000 a year to house him in prison. There must be a better way.

Restitution and probation were certainly avenues open to the court at his sentencing.

In the Constitution, we are all guaranteed to be free from cruel and unusual punishments. Eighteen years in prison for a non-violent crime that involved a total theft of \$350 would appear on its face to be excessive, and, therefore, cruel and unusual.

The Constitution was written to protect you, but in doing so, it also

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

For both gays and non-gays these books will provide a wealth of information, comfort, revelation, and enjoyment. They are all excellent reading and the first three are especially appropriate for youth. Check local libraries and book stores for them.

One Teenager in Ten (\$3.95) Alyson Publications, 1983. Writings by gay and lesbian youth.

Reflections of a Rock Lobster (\$4.95) Alyson Publications 1982. By Aaron Fricke on his experiences growing up gay.

Young, Gay, and Proud! (\$2.95) Alyson Publications 1980. Edited by Sasha Alyson on sexuality and many gay issues confronting gay teenagers.

The Color Purple, Alice Walker (\$5.95) Washington Square Press 1982. Winner of the Pulitzer Prize, this book is stunning fiction.

Choices, Nancy Toder (\$6.00) Persephone Press 1980. A novel about lesbian love.

Alyson Publications, Inc.
PO Box 2783, Dept. B-26
Boston, MA 02108

Dear Reilly from pg. 9

a TV? That is definitely a gross exaggeration of what would happen in our society if we did things your way. However, since that same society rarely differentiates between the types of people accused of crimes I would rather have the security of knowing that those 99 criminals, many of whom are neurotic or psychotic, are behind bars. I believe that this would be the better situation for everyone.

I hope changes can be made in our correctional system so that it does a little more "correcting" and people such as yourself are not quite so bitter after the experience.

Monica Denhey
LaPorte, IN 46350

Dear Monica from pg. 9

protects others. Under the Constitution, the very best and the very worst are considered equal before the law.

You mention that because "our judicial system makes no provisions for dealing with the circumstances of certain situations, that is no reason to scrap the whole thing." I have re-read my letter to Julie-Ann and can find no mention that I suggest scrapping the whole thing.

When the criminal justice system adheres to the tenets of the Constitution, it works fine. When failure occurs, the usual cause is a lack of constitutionality.

As to the gross exaggeration that 99 mass murderers might somehow be released while someone unjustly accused of stealing a TV might be jailed, I believe you missed my point.

In our country, each and every one of us is assumed "innocent until proven guilty." If you are accused of a crime, you are guaranteed your day in court. It is not your duty to prove your innocence, it is the duty of the accuser to prove that you are guilty.

In closing, let me give you some facts collected by the United States Department of Justice.

Contrary to your opinion, prisons are not filled with psychotics and neurotics. In a recent survey, the Department of Justice concluded that 80% of the people in prisons throughout the United States present no danger to society whatsoever.

Prisons that work, that rehabilitate, tend to be those that are community oriented. The prisoner works in the community, is allowed regular visits with his wife and family, and receives educational and psychological assistance.

The average prisoner is 22 years old, convicted of a non-violent crime, is a first time offender, is educationally and financially deprived, and has two chances out of three to return to prison a second time.

The issue we must address is the return to prison a second time.

Obviously, prisons don't rehabilitate. In fact, they are Universities of Crime. The convicted offender is warehoused for a period of time then released back to his same problems. No education, no job. No money, back to crime. The one trade he knows.

As to the bitterness you detected in my letter, I am convicted of a crime I didn't commit. That does not mean I haven't diligently worked to make this a positive experience. I have. And, I am continuing to fight in the court for my exoneration. I have faith that no matter how poorly the criminal justice system works that the truth finally will win out.

Also, I might add that you consider the old saying, "But, for the grace of God, there go I."

Sincerely,
Reilly Johnson

Titus from pg. 4

follow their direction. And recently the UUA board did not accept two Youth Council decisions as if this youth legislative body were simply a token for youth-led governing.

Now I do not mean to label adults as the enemies of YRUU. These adults are friends, parents, and fellow Unitarian Universalists. I believe that these adults are trying to do what's best for the youth. However, I feel that they must begin to let the youth decide for themselves what is best. They must begin to act on their UU ideals and become advisors rather than parental authorities. And most importantly, they must begin to work with youth as decision makers, as equals, and as partners. For youth, like all free people, will take control of their own lives, with or without permission. We youth would like to keep a bond with the adults and continue the UU tradition.

Davis from pg. 4

most certainly be improved. The people present came up with good responses and we sent them off promptly to Jean. Jean, at this point, had created a subcommittee consisting of people from the Star Island Board. The subcommittee and the SOS committee met in September to discuss objectives. The SOS' interaction with the subcommittee made it increasingly clear that there was no "us" and "them." There was only "us." Shoalers is the term we use for people who love the island. Shoalers, working together towards a common goal.

The SOS committee's big weekend came up in October. The weekend was drawn out on paper and from Friday night until Sunday morning, after extensive meetings, almost getting my face charbroiled by throwing a match into a stove full of natural gas, and work that brought us all to a point of utter and complete exhaustion, the restructuring was almost complete.



Action Ideas from pg. 8

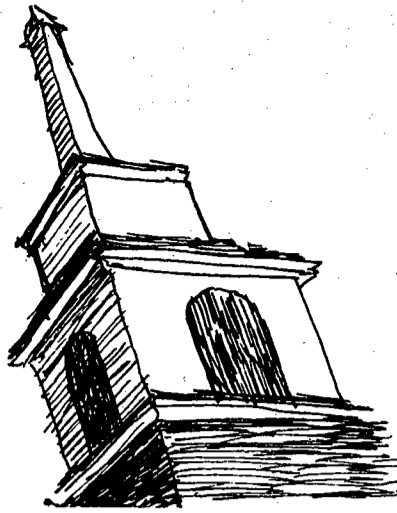
eyes. Drop one BB in the pail. Tell your listeners that is the sound of the Hiroshima bomb. Now, slowly pour in the rest of the BBs. Tell your listeners that is the sound of the nuclear bombs that the world now has.

The idea here is to relate numbers and facts to everyday experiences. This is so that the ideas could be comprehended and have a stronger "shock" impact.

During our conference discussion with Sergei Skvortsov, the soft-spoken Soviet citizen, the idea of pairing cities was brought up. This could also work with schools or other institutes: one from North America pairs with one from the USSR. In this way, understanding of the cultures could be exchanged, rather than only the exchange of government propaganda.

Bob Alpern from the UUA Washington Office presented a talk on "Working for Disarmament: Changing Government Policy." He stressed the importance of writing government members to let them know your stand. Short, to the point, handwritten letters have an influence.

"Get people to vote!" was another strong statement. Register to vote and make sure others do, too. Vote for the politician who will promote peace. Go "bird dogging candidates." Be present at forums/public speeches and ask the politician how s/he stands on the disarmament/freeze issue.



(Frankly, I found one of the toughest things we survived was Hank [President of the U.D.L.] on Friday night as we were trying to get to sleep.)

The following week, Keith and I put on the finishing touches. What we came up with was a statement of purpose and working guidelines. Age range 15-21, conference size 112-115 (including staff), a seven day conference with a minimum of four adult advisor/week long workshop leaders, a conference planning committee with clearly defined roles for each member, a more complete layout of the registration form with clear presentation and explanation of all rules and regulations, and a decision to encourage increased awareness of the Natural History Conference.

I want to say, that in my opinion, one of the most important things that happened during this process of reorganization was the transformation that occurred in the way that the youth and the adults viewed each other. Jean Cochrane changed from "one of those adults" to a person whom I can truthfully say I respect and love. The subcommittee members, although harsh at times, were very helpful. We were all shoalers, working for a better conference for the benefit of all. It is my opinion that the adults on the UUA Board could stand to take a better look at what has occurred here. Look and see if it is possible to create a

space for cooperation between youth and adults. I'm not saying that youth are angelic in cooperation. I am saying that cooperation and understanding must be a two-way street. I'd also like to stress that I became a Unitarian Universalist on my own accord almost seven years ago because the denomination claims three basic principles—Freedom, Reason and Tolerance. It is my intention to assist in seeing that these principles stay as *working parts* of this incredibly wonderful denomination, *not just words*.

I would like to finish by graciously acknowledging the people of this process who were clear in their commitment to creating a space for YRUU week on Star Island. Star Island YRUU week 1984 is happening.

Warmly and
respectfully yours,
Michael 'Prince' Davis

NEXT ISSUE:

SEXUALITY:
SEXUAL
ACTIVITY
OR INTEREST,
ESPECIALLY
WHEN EXCESSIVE.

WEBSTERS 1965

Have things changed? Can a better definition be found? What does being male, being female mean to us?

Wanna Contribute? Call or write the Youth Office, 25 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02108 (617) 742-2100 ext. 246



Deadline
for
Submissions:
APRIL 1

Don't be nervous. Tell people, "I'm afraid. I don't know all the facts, but I know enough to think we should do something." Be informative and educational. Provide personal impressions.

Toward your closing, ask people to do a specific activity. Set something up before you leave, such as a future meeting, so that your ideas will become action.

5. Create a discussion group. Use a book as the central idea and discuss what you've read.
6. Get involved in peace courses: e.g., Riverside Church (N.Y. City) Disarmament Course (approx. \$15.00). Curriculums exist for every age group. Push to have them used in your church and school.
7. Do a worship service on the topic.
8. Invite speakers and get debates going in your community.
9. Write letters!! Have pencils and paper on a table after an activity for people to write government officials.

The UN International Year of Youth is 1985. For more information on how to become involved, write the UU-UN Office, 777 UN Plaza, New York, NY, USA 10017. They can inform you about some of the issues of that year: working with the Tree Planting Project, dealing with the problems of street youth, working towards a World Youth Assembly, and various peace projects for youth.

While you are being activists for peace, don't forget 1986: The International Year of PEACE!

Augene Nanning
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada



continued from pg. 6-7

Once Anna told me that she would rather watch Casper the Ghost cartoons than spend Sunday at catechism or Sunday at Mass. I am not sure exactly what she meant, but I do know that she hated T.V. Just the same, I'm positive that Anna got into heaven. There was something so special, so magical about her.

Yes, she's in heaven now. That's why I'm writing this. I want everyone to know that Anna was a saint, even though she did commit suicide. At least, I think she did.

She did it on a stormy Saturday. We had just eaten lunch, pineapple rings and chicken soup with stars. Her mom talked the entire time about the importance of believing in yourself—I think she was trying to convince herself. Anna and I agreed with her from the beginning. Anna was intense, nodding and saying, "Yep, Mom" and, "Especially when you're on the extreme ends of your cycle, right? When life is really tough, or absolutely fantastic." She knew the spiel by heart. "Oh yes, those dreadful anxiety attacks." She knew just what to say in order to keep her mother gabbing on and on.

After we ate, I brought my geometry book in and began to do some proofs that were assigned. While her mother was in mid-sentence, Anna excused herself. The abruptness was quite unlike her, yet she did not appear upset. I heard the hall closet creak open and the squeak of her rubber raincoat and boots as she put them on. On the way outside, Anna cut through the kitchen where I sat perched upon a stool with my work. She shone in her yellow, yellow coat with huge snap pockets and her clear purple boots.

"Bye," Anna sung lightly. "Love you both." She popped out the back door. I figured she had merely gone to the far corner of the acreage, but after two hours, when Anna had not returned, her mother was milling about frantically. She rubbed her fingers into her palms until her skin reddened. From time to time she would jump up and call from the doorway.

"Annaaaaa! Annaaa! Annaaaaaa!"

The raindrops began to pound the roof, echoing and resounding against the shingles. Thunder blasted the wooden house. I, too, became worried.

"Want me to go look for her?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, darling, would you?" her voice trembled.

"Yeah." I closed my book and slid down to the linoleum from the stool, then hustled to the closet to get my grey coat.

"Oh, my darling is all right, I know. She always is." She turned to me. "Please take my umbrella, sweetheart."

"Yes, ma'am. Try not to worry, if you can help it." I closed the door behind me.

The sky was a constant explosion of electricity. Raindrops pelted from every direction as I searched the property.

Anna must have gone to the softball field, I figured, so I started in that direction. The wind tore at my sides, raising sprays of muddy water from the raging gutter. I battled to keep hold of the umbrella as the elements struggled to rip it from my grasping hands. Tired of the effort, I lowered the umbrella.

It was not so far to the field, only five and a half blocks, but they seemed miles. I longed to see Anna's bright figure and return to the calm of her house.

Groping along the wire fence, I reached the opening. It had not been bent upward to allow passage. "Maybe she fixed it after she went through," I thought, then bent up the section of the fence and squeezed through.

"Anna!" I called, and my yell dissolved, lost in the fury of the storm. "Annaaaaa! . . . Answer me!"

I began to hope she was already safe back home and I had merely missed her. So I left through the hole in the fence. As I did, I spotted the headlights of a grey blur of a car nearing me through the curtain of water. I waved both arms frantically. The driver pulled to the edge of the submerged street, splashing me.



I hurried around the hood of the Plymouth to the driver's window. My soggy boots were useless against the gutter torrent. The grey, pale lady within the car was Marietta Black, Anna's across-the-street neighbor. She cracked her window just enough to get a clear view of me.

"Betsy?" her withered voice creaked. "What are you doing out in this weather? Let me take you back."

"No, thank you though!" I yelled over a new crackle of thunder. "I'm looking for Anna! Have you seen her?"

"Why, yes, dear. At least it looked like her yellow coat."

"Where?"

"Right down by the sea, near the jetty."

"Please, how long ago was that?"

"Oh, not more than five or six minutes ago, dear!"

"What?" The wind was howling even more wildly now.

"Five minutes ago, dear!"

"Thank you very much, Mrs. Black!" I started to leave.

"Are you going there directly, Betsy?"

"Yes, ma'am." I stopped.

"Well, you get in this car, and I'll take you."

"I'm too wet! It's only a mile! Thanks anyway."

"No, you come right around and get in!"

"Thank you, Mrs. Black!" I felt relieved to have another person nearby. Much more than usual, the churning and wailing in the sky scared me.

Mrs. Black drove slowly, maybe twenty miles per hour, because of the waterfall of rain. The drainage system had overflowed; water gushed onto the street from manholes, forcing us to stay in the middle of the road.

No other cars were out. "Why were you driving in this weather?" I asked Mrs. Black in order to break her silence and cure my anxiety.

"Just felt like it, dear," she answered in a final sort of way, warning me not to interrupt her concentration.

We had reached the beach after what seemed like thirty years. The rain eased just enough for me to see the black water

fully two hundred yards from the parking lot. The end of the jetty was lost in the mix of mist and clouds and thundering rain. I jumped out from the security of the car.

"Wait, Betsy!" screeched Mrs. Black, "I can't let you go on the beach. You have to stay in a protected area."

"I can't!" I would not let her keep me from Anna after having brought me this far. "Anna could be out on the rocks!"

"Well, you don't know for certain, and it's not worth risking your life for what you don't know."

"But I have to!" A great flash of white lit the beach, but my eyes were not quick enough to search. "Anna!" I strained my lungs in vain as the thunder slammed down. "I have to go." I left before Mrs. Black could speak again.

Over the pitted sand towards the jetty I ran as fast as I could. My boots yanked at my legs with each stride. Just ahead, something lay on the beach. I reached it—Anna's purple rubbers sitting neatly next to each other.

"Anna!" In the fighting wind, I had traveled only a fifth of the way to the jetty.

Lightning broke open the sky, singeing the grey clouds. My eyes scanned quickly this time. In that instant I caught sight of a figure in a yellow coat bending at the end of the rocks with her hands in the water. What she was doing I could not tell.

I staggered, completely out of breath, but I kept on, running and stumbling with strength I did not know I possessed. "Anna! Anna! Anna!" I tasted salty tears mixed with the raindrops.

Seeing more clearly, I came within fifty yards of the jetty. My shouts were whispers compared to the continuously scolding thunder.

My legs carried me thoughtlessly; my mind struggled to see Anna's every move. She stood erect at the highest point on the rock pier, her temple. In her raised hands was the red goblet that she'd finished in ceramics class only a week earlier.

"Anna! Anna!" I cried, then wheezed, again crushed by a blast from the sky.

The rain beat down relentlessly. I knew that it must be increasing in torment, or was I exhausted? Both were true, but Anna stood as though unaffected by the gusts.

She began to lower the goblet, as though to taste its brine of fate, but before it reached her lips she flung it smashing upon the rocks before her.

Once more, she raised her arms, shaking them as if pleading or cursing. I yelled for her to stop—to come away from the danger of the unprotected jetty; she could not hear me. For a second I wondered if I were dreaming, if I would suddenly awaken.

My boot contacted the first stone of the jetty and I began scrambling out the hundred feet to Anna. My limbs moved so slowly; each boulder took an eternity to cross.

I felt my ankle shift in its socket as my foot slipped into a hole beside a slick stone. "Annaaaa!" I moaned, howling as the wind did, with all my life.

Anna wrung her hands at the heavens, who screamed shrilly back at her begging body. A great platinum branch of electricity cut through the rain, splitting the clouds and collapsing Anna's figure into a heap.

I never heard the thunder. I lay only twenty feet from where Anna had stood execrating the gods. The bolt that crumpled her corporal self stole the inner part of me that I never knew. I felt like a ghost. My entire body, even my ankle, was numbed by shock.

I struggled to Anna's side, but what could I have done? her lovely, magical body was only a shriveled mass of melted yellow coat and singed flesh. The rain fell, the lightning flashed, but I heard nothing.

As in a dream I saw Anna in a daisy dress dancing on paths of sunbeams to the heavens. In the crisp, blue air, she sang, not words, more than music . . . prayers.

With a start, I awoke to the deafening blast of thunder and pulsing pain in my right ankle. My lungs churned with spasmodic sobs, but I could not cry. My tears would not surface.

Slowly, carefully, I made my way back to the beach under the constant splatter of raindrops. Mrs. Black met me on the road. She held Anna's purple waterproof boots in one hand; the other was clenched around a piece of notepaper. I uncrumpled it revealing this poem:

Tears—dripping down between my ribs
Acid stones—squishing guts
Black seeds of lies, lies
Never surface
But burn the roots
Wither the plant
Poison the flower
A toxic water—yet splendor.

I turned it over and read:

Love is a belief.
Love not with words.
Believe not with words.

And

To those who seek inspiration:
Do not pity a martyr.
Life is divine.

I closed my eyes against a sudden vertigo and shoved the note into my coat pocket. What could Anna's words have meant?

"Betsy." Mrs. Black encircled my swaying body with her trembling arms. "Let's go call . . ."

My knees gave way. I sank to a sobbing, wailing mass—writhing and crying salt tears of despair.

That was almost a year ago. I still don't understand what Anna meant—by her life, her cryptic sayings, or the crumpled last words. Least of all do I understand the impact she had on my life and thoughts. I remember her comment when I told her I didn't understand: "Neither do I. All I know is that the sky is alive, singing to me." So, I'm listening.



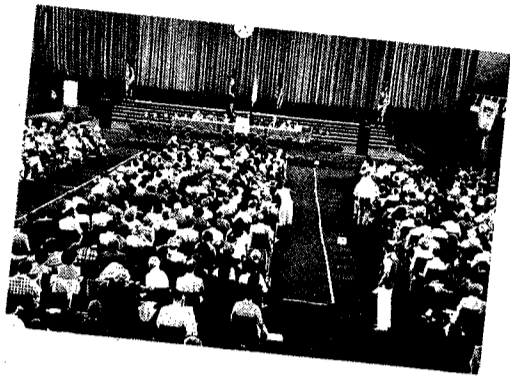
YOUTH CAUCUS

GA 1984: Being Human in an Age of Technology

Youth Caucus is the opportunity to voice the views of youth at the General Assembly. Ask your church if you can be a delegate and—or receive funding for GA.

Youth Caucus will fund travel or registration costs for as many youth as possible through the Youth Caucus Scholarship Fund. The fund has received a grant of \$1,000 from the Unitarian Sunday School Society; their contribution is greatly appreciated. Further contributions to the fund are welcomed as the number of young people who are able to attend is influenced by the amount in the scholarship fund.

IF YOU WISH TO ATTEND YOUTH CAUCUS, NEED FINANCIAL HELP, AND/OR HAVE ANY QUESTIONS PLEASE CONTACT: Youth Caucus/Youth Office c/o Eric Kaminetzky, 25 Beacon St., Boston, MA 02108

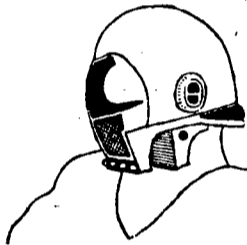


Costs for the 1984 General Assembly

Registration for youth delegates	\$35.00
Travel Fund	\$35.00
Processing Fee	\$5.00
Registration for non-delegates	\$35.00
One day youth registration fee	\$15.00
Room and Board	approx \$100.00
Surcharge for registrations postmarked after May 15	\$20.00

(Registering for GA is prerequisite for all Youth Caucus accommodations)

Housing and Registration for youth at GA is through the General Assembly Office. All registration fees must be paid to this office. Registration forms are available from the: General Assembly Office, 25 Beacon St., Boston MA 02108



DEMOCRACY

A state of society characterized by formal equality of rights and privileges

AGEISM

Prejudice or discrimination against a particular age group

MANY UU SOCIETIES DO NOT ALLOW MEMBERSHIP UNDER THE AGE OF 18

Are you allowed to join your church or fellowship?

Before April 3rd, your society will be voting, via the Parish Poll, to include on the 1984 General Assembly Final Agenda a resolution to affirm the inclusion of youth in the membership of UU Societies.

Contact the YRUU Office for more information.

SUPPORT THE AGE OF MEMBERSHIP RESOLUTION ON THE 1984 PARISH POLL.

UU NATIONAL WORKSHOP ON SOCIAL JUSTICE

Peace/Justice

Action-Education

Location: The Howard Inn, Washington DC
Dates: Sunday, April 8 to Wednesday, April 11

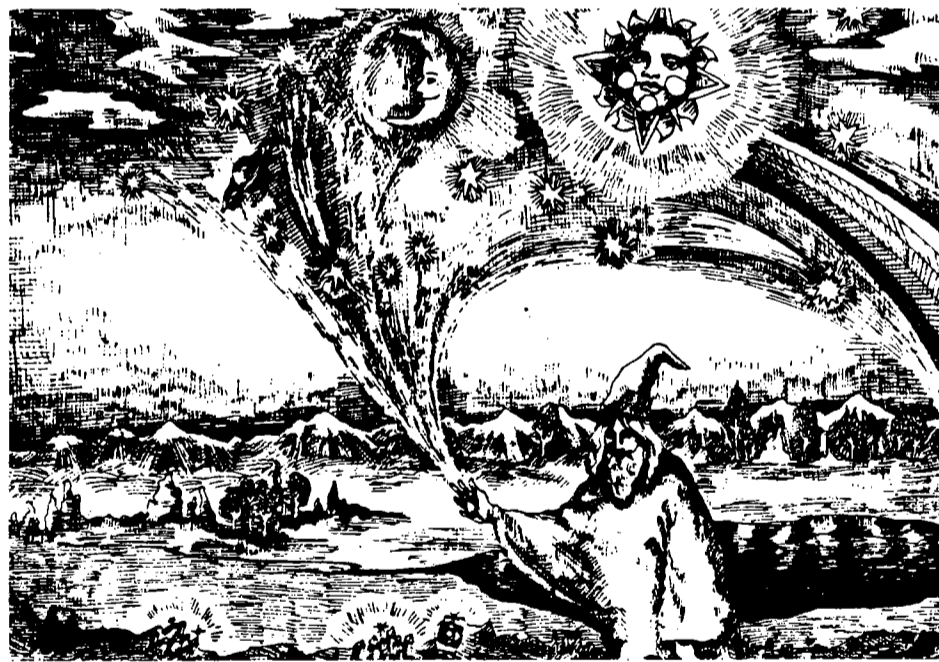
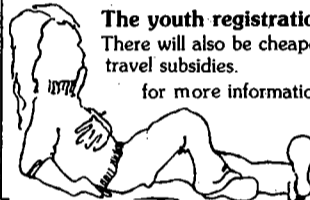
This year's conference, in addition to bringing together the UUA Education Section and the National Workshop Local Planning Committee, will have an additional focus on youth.

The workshops, events, and speakers will give youth a chance to become empowered, able to act on their beliefs and values in order to make a difference. Some workshops include the Arms Race, Central America, Militarism, Economic Justice, Apartheid, Women's Issues, and the draft registration. Other workshops will stress how to use information and awareness gained back at home. Wayne Arnason will present resources available for youthwork in Social Action. Conferees will also be able to lobby their representatives on Capitol Hill after seeing a "how to" panel on lobbying and hearing a senator speak.

The youth registration fee is half the regular fee, only \$45.

There will also be cheaper-than-usual housing provided. And youth will be able to receive travel subsidies.

for more information contact: Mara Schoeny, c/o The Youth Office, 25 Beacon St. Boston, MA 02108 (617) 742-2100 ext. 246



River Deep Mountain High

August 19-24
1984 YRUU Continental Conference

\$140 Pre-registered
\$ 50 deposit by July 15

meditation, watergames, poetry, hiking, dreamwork, music, Auction, dance, oreo eating, Coffeeshouse, macrame, God, god, batik, D&D, flora & fauna, naptime, freetime, peace and action, sexuality, worship, art art art, photography, people, games, friendship, draft and registration, arms race, canoeing, face painting, community, pottery, creativity, salami, fantasy, introspection, campfires, singing, playing...

These are just a few of the workshop and programming ideas for the 1984 Con Con: "River Deep, Mountain High." This year we will gather from across the continent on The Mountain for personal introspection as well as appreciation of community and nature. Throughout the week, together and alone, we will explore our inner selves and our relations to the world. The conference will be a mixture of tradition and innovation, of familiar rituals and new discoveries. Through play and thought, through games and worship, through ourselves and nature, we will build this year's community experience.

For adults and youth interested in youth group leadership roles the Youthwork Training Seminar will be offered. We urge advisors and other interested adults to come to Con Con and participate in this week-long workshop.

If you are interested in knowing more about "River Deep, Mountain High" or in receiving the YRUU Con Con registration form, you may contact either the Mountain or the Youth Office. Both addresses are listed below. You must have this form in order to register for Continental Conference. This form contains details of programs, staff, behavior guidelines and medical release forms.

The Mountain
841 Highway 106
Highlands, NC 28741
(704) 526-5838

The Youth Office - Con Con
25 Beacon St.
Boston, MA 02108
(617) 742-2100



UNIRONDACK FOR TEENS 1984

CHANNING CAMP

Grades 7, 8, 9
Session I: July 22-28
Session II: July 28-August 3

BALLOU CAMP

Grades 10, 11, 12
Session I: August 12-18
Session II: August 18-24

POST BALLOU WEEKEND: June 22-25

JOIN OUR CAMPFIRE CIRCLE OF FRIENDS

Unirondack is a member of

CU₂C₂



For brochure with full 1984 schedule, write: UNIRONDACK, 220 South Winton Road, Rochester, NY 14610 or call Sally Carman (716) 473-3301