

NAMELESS

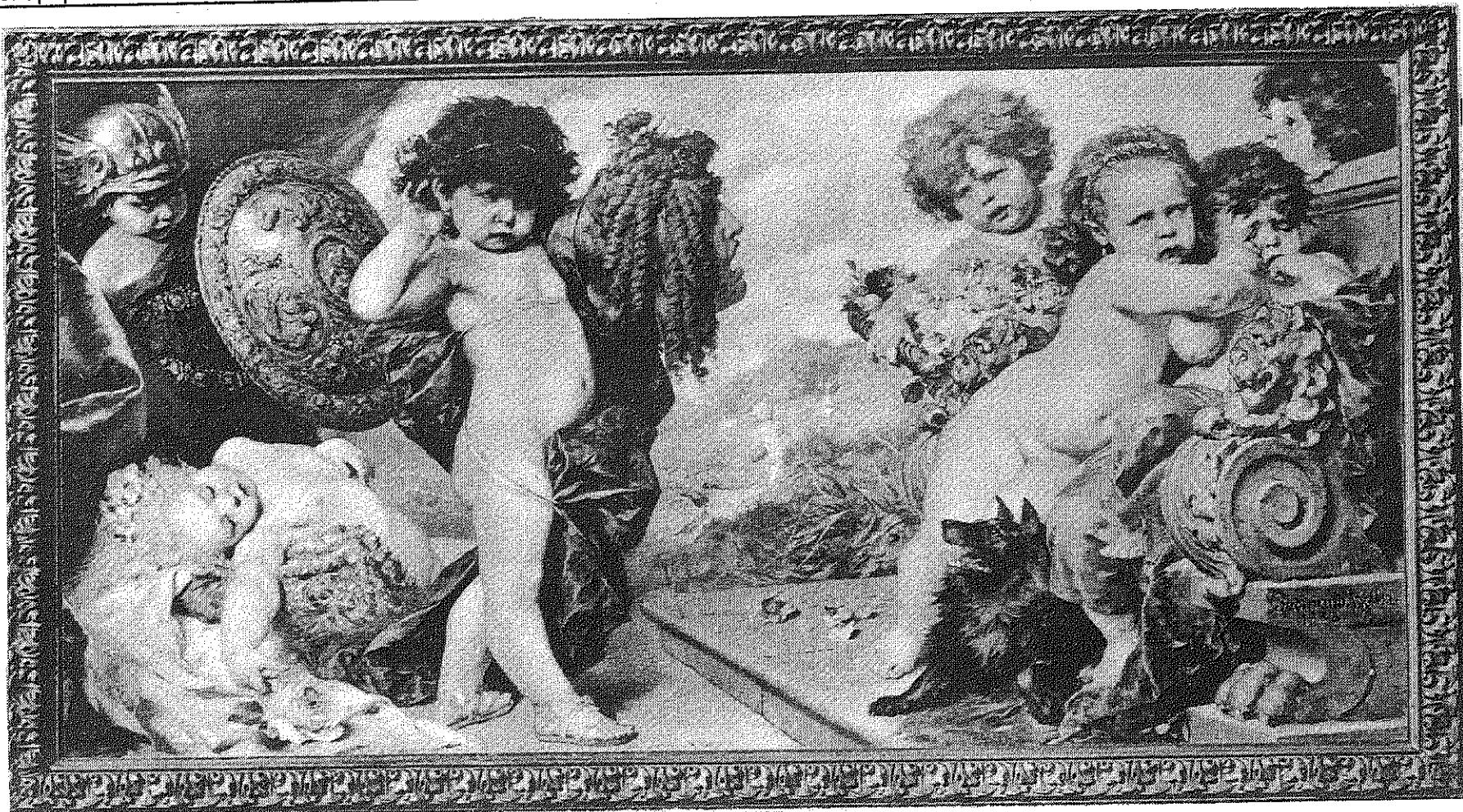
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NEWSPRINT



photo by Kurt Mendelsohn



Ignorance: when you don't know something and somebody finds out...

Peak years of mental activity must be between the years of four and seventeen; at four, he has all the questions...at seventeen, all the answers

You're only young once; after that it takes another excuse...

You can make more friends in two months by becoming interested in other people than you can make in two years of trying to get other people interested in you...

Our military technicians are not always right on target, but they do come up with a lot of near missiles...

It's funny how Americans who want to travel to the moon are afraid to sit in the front row at church...

While we all think we are getting too much government -- just think what it would be like if we got all the government we are paying for...

By the term generation, we mean all the people who were born at approximately the same time, wear approximately the same clothes, and do exactly the same stupid things...

And now, a few dumb quotes left over from the NERC meetings.....

"NERC may be compared to a great soap opera -- where we are all invited to tune in again tomorrow for the next exciting episode -- if any..."

"Trouble is usually produced by those who cannot produce anything else..."

"Those who complain about the way the ball bounces are usually the ones who dropped it..."

"There are three kinds of people in the world: the few who make things happen, the many who watch things happen, and the big majority who have no idea what happened..."

and finally,

Remember that people will judge you by your actions, not your intentions. You may have a heart of gold, but then so does a hard-boiled egg...

Collected by George F. Gowen III

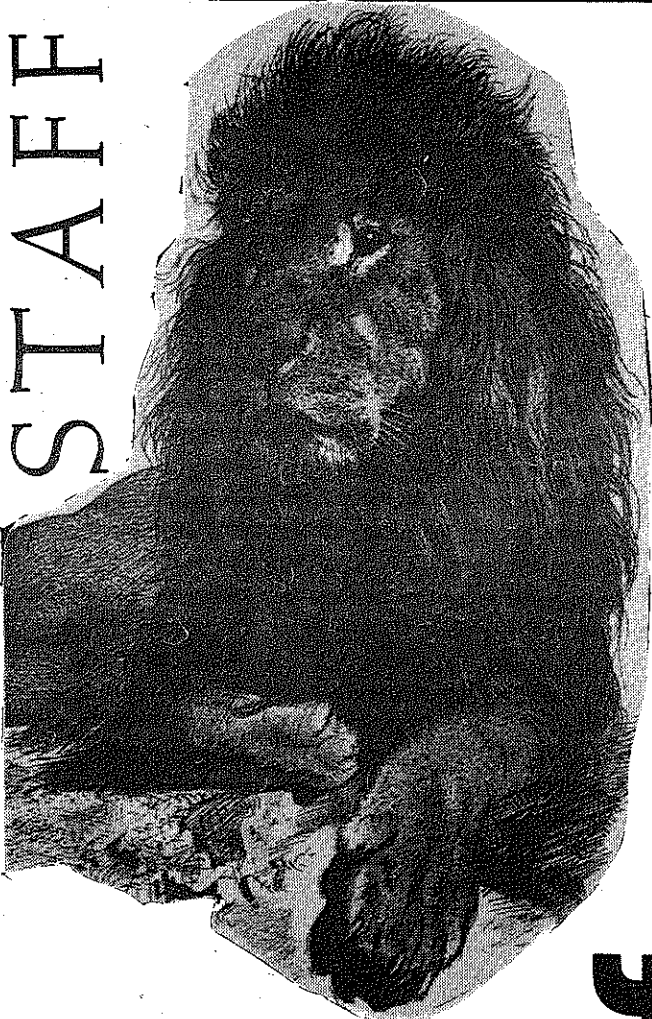


THE NEWSPAPER WITHOUT A NAME II

Newspaper Policy:

1. Photographs- For one roll of 35mm negatives sent to Boston, we pay \$2.00 and return film within one week. Also, \$2.00 paid when one of your photos is used. All photos will be credited.
2. Articles- About youth-adult relations, LRY experiences, issues in the denomination, essay on SR, opinions, etc. For articles of 750 words or more we pay \$10.00.
3. Artwork- Artwork cannot be returned. If used, \$5.00 and credits.
4. All mail to Newspaper must be addressed as follows:
LRY Newspaper
25 Beacon Street
Boston, Mass. 02108
5. Subscriptions- Are \$5.00 for 20 issues. Paper published semi-monthly until next August. No publication during August and September.
6. Sales- Cost per issue 35¢. Bulk Orders:
25 copies - \$5.00
50 copies - \$9.00
75 copies - \$13.00
100 copies - \$17.00
7. Advertising- After first issue we will accept ads from Unitarian Universalist concerns (ie Starr King theological school, Beacon Press, Respond, etc.). Also a brief personals column will be started a \$1.00 for five lines.

STAFF



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STAFF

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PHOTOS

Cover, "The Lion" - Kurt Mendelsohn
Page 5, the LRY office team, l. to r.: Friedman,
Ross Quinn, Bob Salisbury, and Debbie Men-
delsohn - GHS II
Page 9, picture by George Vosseller

CREDITS

THE NEWSPAPER WITHOUT A NAME
Alice Loftin

LETTERS

to the editor

Dear People of Nameless Paper:

Here's 5 bucks from a 70 year young LRYer. Blessings on thee.
You speak my piece. I'm at the farthest end of the grapevine in
a small, backward, backwoods town trying to shock other old fog-
gies out of evistation before its too late to save our idenity
as a liberal Unitarian Universalist church.

I think your paper has possibilities and must be circulated to
and accepted by parents and all concerned in Uni-Uni practice
and structure.

Francis H. Washburn II, Hubbardston, Mass.

Gentlemen:

I wonder how many potential subscribers you've already lost
because of your spelling mistakes.

Language is too precious a communications too to do that to
it. C'mon, get a good proofreader. \$5.00 is enclosed (that's
faith for you!)

P.W. Williamson, Ipswich, Mass.

editor's note - We are trying to improve our typing, along
with the general look of the paper. However, perhaps if a few
more subscriptions came in we could afford the luxury of a paid
proofreader, and a justified right hand column. We shall try
to improve though, and thanks for the valuable criticism.

Dear Greg,

My article on LRY in the South is in the process of being
pulled together. Right now I'm doing a little research on the
subject which is an indication of just how out of touch we are
down here. I think it will be along the same lines as Wayne
Arnason's column (ed. note - see the 2nd issue for Wayne's art-
icle on Canadiental). I am pushing subscriptions like mad and
I hope it is not for naught. At any rate I do hope that sub-
scriptions are coming in from SAM (Southern Appalachian Mountain
Federation).

In reading the last issue, I guess I could come up with some
criticism. However, I am so pleased with it that I shall try
to confine my comments to positive workable suggestions. First,
the quality of the articles was superb. I guess that's one of the
reasons for my procrastination on my article. It would take
a million years for me to write something as good as Cohen's
thing. The front page was too much for words, I think that it
in itself will probably sell a few subscriptions. One of the
"picky" things, however. If the LRY Newspaper is to become "a
respected journal of liberal religious thought", it seems you
might try to clean up the appearance of the copy. Currently,
it looks like the run of the mill underground paper. It needs
to have a really "professional" look about it.

I really think your editorial will help the old sales pitch
for subscriptions. I share your hopes and ideals for the ven-
ture LRY is now undertaking.

keeping the faith,
peter hunt
President of SAM

Well now its 1:30 in the morning and I sit in my kitchen eating
eggs and toast and sipping tea while listening to the radio, on
and on into the night.
The television generation may be reached but then what do you have?
A few more grand inquisitors and a few less lackeys on the other
side of the fence, and a few more on this side but its really all
the same thing ying yang like everything is a big circle its like
you go to the Fillmore see and for three dollars they have a big
vat of free apples there so you take two or three and go sit down
on the floor and start eating and it tastes good and all and you
are having a good time and presto you have an apple core and what
do you do with it well that's your problem buddy you have to sit
in your own mess and that in a nutshell is life - you eat and you
shit so you eat some more like a big orgy except some don't get
much to eat and some have sterilized rest rooms so they don't have
to see the shit 'cause someone else set up this big plumbing thing
which cleans things out ok right but it has to come out somewhere
and whoever set up that plumbing didn't really do too hot of a job
so that when you walk outside at night you can hardly see the stars
and all over the place people are yelling for that nice colored
boy in a white sanforized shirt to come around with garbage pail and
and pick up this apple core and people are starting to throw these
cores around and somebody stole my watch so blow a whistle and
14,000 national guardsmen come wailing in with their nightsticks
and all the people with sterilized toilets are off taking a shit
and the rest get hit on the head.

Doug Wilson
Advisor, Berkeley Fellowship
LRY

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR!



Dear Sirs:

I saw your first issue and I realized that your paper has the potential to become a first-class paper or a disposal for whatever garbage happens to be sitting around the LRY office. I stand with your readers in wishing it to be the former. The readers should realize that it is their paper and that they should contribute to it. I hope that it improves with time. However, I feel that it is necessary to warn you of the dangers of bureaucracy: never invest so much in the paper, or try to maintain it for its own sake, that you cannot abandon it. LRY needs money, and the paper is only one part of the LRY program. You should constantly evaluate the newspaper and other LRY programs, and if time and money would accomplish more in a different program, the new program should be instituted at the expense of the old one. In other words, if the time and effort spent on the paper could be better invested somewhere else, the paper should be abandoned.

Sincerely,
John B. Scott
Cedar Lane LRY
Bethesda, Maryland

Dear Management, Editors, and What-not;

Being away at school here in Mass. has temporarily rooted me from my home LRY, but I am valiantly trying to re-root at the LRY here in Springfield. It is a good LRY with much potential, but it needs a gluing-together force. I think, hope, and emphatically desire that your newspaper can do it. I am trying to get either as many personal subscriptions as possible, or better yet, a group subscription. Wish me luck!

LRY means a great deal to me as it does to hundreds of other kids. It's the one reason I am putting up with the inane conditions I am under at this girls' boarding school. It keeps me alive. Your paper is the joining of many fantastic minds and people, and I would love to taste of its sweetness.

Peace,
Sharon Dawson

Hey Guys:

We sold the newspaper in our church and the adults gobbled them up. However, they commented on two things: one, the price -- they figure it costs too much for such a small paper, and two, they wonder if it really is a paper for them too. Most of the articles are LRY oriented and the over-thirty bunch have trouble understanding. I realize your position and how difficult it is, but GOOD LUCK!

Love,
Moo Maw

Dear LRY Editor:

In my body I am 70 years of age; but in my spirit I am willing to challenge anyone of 45 to 50. So I aspire to be accepted as one of the gang.

I should like to get back to #1. I am writing with #2 before me. Can I help it, that with all the brotherly love, I feel compelled to offer some criticisms?

It disturbs me to see a picture on page 2 upside down. It makes me unhappy to find some articles printed 90 degrees sideways, like on pages 3, 8, 11, 13, 16. I do not appreciate the collage on page 10.

There are several grammatical errors (or printers' devils) which could be eliminated by scissor, re-writing of one line and the glue-pot before offset printing.

I am very much attracted by the ad on page 16. Because I do consider myself a "promethean". With me, an Ethical Culturist, that should not be strange. But how does "Prometheus" jibe with the Sunday services at any Unitarian church? Prometheus, like I, had the advantage of the agnostics and of the atheists to deny that there is only ONE GOD. The gods on high Olymp were to us both sadistic beasts, who in creating the Universe, have built suffering into it. Carnivores eat other carnivores and herbivores. Insects sting and some bees die as a result of using their defense mechanism. What is a good warning mechanism, pain, is hellish suffering for the weaker of the fighting species. Of course, MAN is the top beast

of them all. No animal can drop atom bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki, killing and making to suffer millions. Prometheus had to steal the fire of enlightenment from the cruel gods, and he had to suffer becoming chained to a rock with the birds perpetually pecking at his liver (another cruelty and injustice of the creator-gods).

Why is an Athene or Venus Goddess of love? Bodily, sexual love only (Eros). The much higher love (agapay) is to me exemplified in Prometheus. Jesus, the great teacher of agape-love, of human Brotherhood, also had to die on account of his very far advanced teaching. The gods of Olymp, the one called JEHOVAH, should be in HELL, not Lucifer, the bringer of endless satiation of our senses.

Another injustice of JEHOVAH: Adam and Eve denied the apple, which would bring COGNITION (Knowledge is a poor translation). She, and through her all mankind, becoming vulnerable to death? Hail Eve, the picker of the apple (Apple of my eye)!

If Unitarians would spit on JEHOVAH and elevate Jesus to become the GOD of LOVE, I should understand. But add here some esoteric wisdom: Ulfila was teaching in the third century in Southern Russia to a people who knew only the second and third person. "Herman has a toothache," would they say about themselves like a three or four Year old Child. Ulfila had to give them the "first person". So he chose the letters "I" from IESSE, or Jesus, "CH" from CHRISTOS to form the German "ICH", the French "JE", and the English "I", knowledge or cognizance of the higher SELF. GOD INCARNATE IN EVERY MAN! HAIL PROMETHEUS, HAIL EVE! TO HELL WITH JEHOVAH!

Best Greetings,
Everest Corbin
909 Geary Street
San Francisco 94109

Dear Greg,

I was sitting in my sociology class today, feeling very much the college student, wearing my "Vote Sandi for Representative" pin, and my conservative plaid jumper, and my perfectly sprayed hair, and my neat little heels, when a strange, female student announced an SRL meeting at my church. After falling out of my chair, I checked it out (to the disapproving looks of my prof), and found out she was an enthusiastic Unitarian.

I talked to her briefly after class, and as we parted she handed me a newspaper and said, "Perhaps you'd be interested in this."

Interested in it! I nearly had a fit! There was Tim, Gorde, Mimi, Continental, you, Dick, Ken, Burt, John, Alan.....on to happiness.

I found myself in the group picture of Continental. But I was there in love in all the pages. I retouched all the people I had been so close to and had wondered about constantly since our parting. And I thank you.

The paper made me wish that I had long hair so that I could let it down and run hand in hand with my loves through fields of flowers -- once again. So I decided I would touch them the only way I could -- through this letter.

Thank you Greg and all the friends of my summer and my life.

Sandi Whidden

P.S. Now I am again the college student, doing my finite math problems. I feel like Clark Kent. Thank God I no longer wonder which one is the real me.

Dear Staff for LRY Newspaper:

Last night at our LRY meeting we distributed the Newspaper Without a Name II. I didn't look at the paper until I had gotten home that night.

Man! Was I ever surprised! That paper was really groovey. The poems and that story about the girl was outasite! This is something LRY has needed for a long time. I'm glad to see we've finally gotten it.

Thanks again -
Lorinda A. Walker
Oregon City LRY

Dear Mr. Editor Sir:

As I have sat around the office here at 25 Beacon St. it has come to my attention that alot of what goes into the newspaper is rather inside. Seemingly, the only people who are able to comprehend the "Newspaper Without a Name" are those who are extremely knowledgeable about what is going on here in Boston. But cease you worry Mr. Editor for this is no fault of yours.

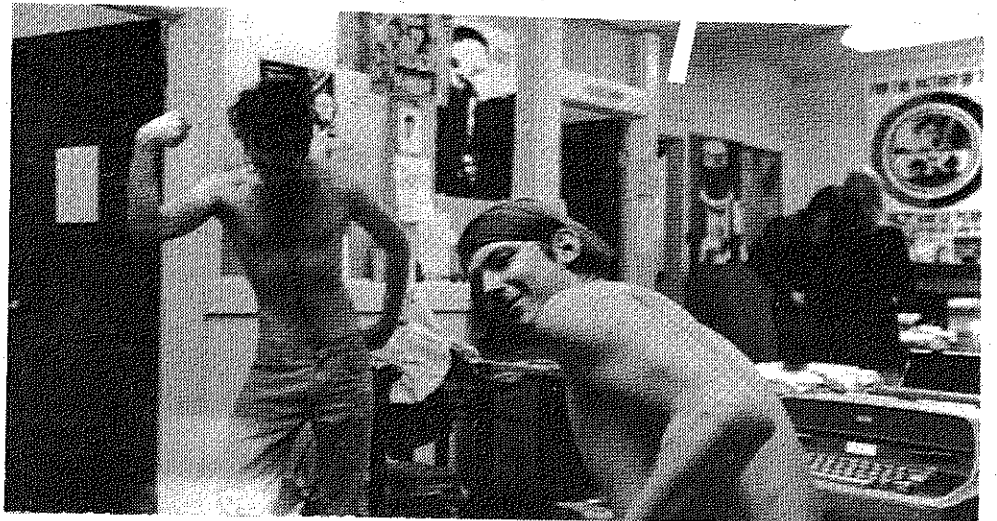
There have been quite a few pleas to send in contributions and this letter in effect is another one. Please, everyone out there within the circulation area,

send in your past, present, and future literary masterpieces to this office, and maybe if we all pray very hard, the newspaper can cease to be merely beautiful and become, wonder of wonders, understandable.

With much love,
Robbie Isaacs
Chicago

Dear All, (especially those who decided to pen a letter to us)

Thank you for expressing your feeling, concerns, and criticisms to us, the staff of your newspaper. By all means keep the lines of communication flowing. your editors



CANADIENTAL

WAYNE ARNASON

Do your schtick, baby. A rather garbled slogan that means a lot to about three hundred people who gathered in Toronto, Canada, over the weekend of Canadian Turkey Day.

(The reason Canada has its Turkey Day in October is that all the turkeys have frozen to death and been buried in snow by the end of November.) Anyway, three hundred people ventured into the remotest regions of southern Ontario for those three days, and found Peter Pan Park, beautiful weather, and probably one of the greatest conferences any of them had ever been to.

"Schtick" started to happen four months or so ago, when a group of people from Vanguard LRY in Toronto started planning the Eastern Canadian Federation's Fall Conference. They wanted to get away from the more traditional theme structure of the conference and try something new. While tumbling through a Yiddish dictionary, they happened upon this obscure word "schtick", meaning piece or part, and it gradually got ahold of their collective heads. What developed was a new context for the word "schtick" and a new phrase to describe a new kind of conference: an experiment in process. I'd like to quote Vanguard's explanation of this phrase from the registration form of the Toronto Conference:

"More and more, Vanguard LRY has become aware that the worth of a conference is not in its intellectual aspect - the discussion of relevant topics in structured workshops. This feeling was first apparent in a desire to get away from conventional conference timetable. Later, it was expressed as a plan for a conference with no theme in the ordinary sense. Only recently have we been able to articulate what we had sensed. The great value of a conference is in the process of dealing, inside and outside of workshops, with other LRYers as people. We are therefore designing our fall conference to emphasize the process rather than the structure. LRY is inevitably a part of a member's personal growth. Through creative activities and a positive sharing, we become aware our ourselves and those around us. We are able to interact totally with other people. These qualities build the sense of community of a conference. And it is these we mean when we speak of process."

And so, the process happened. There were some fifteen or twenty different workshops, on topics ranging from guitar techniques and art, to W.C. Fields and the Revolution. People came and created new workshops - one of the highlights was Jon Borwein's apathy workshop which no one attended. There was always something happening, and most of the time there was something for everyone. This is quite an accomplishment for a con-

ference of that size. And if your particular "schtick" wasn't available for the moment, the whole of Toronto was theirs to freak out at will.

Ahhh, but we must not forget Peter Pan Park, which was perhaps the most beautiful workshop of all. Here was this gorgeous little island of grass (pardon me, lawn) across the street from the church. A small open space with a few trees, an odd bench, and a statue of Peter Pan playing his pipes, bearing the inscription, "Dedicated to the Spirit of Children at Play". Now, if that isn't LRY's "schtick", I just don't know what is. Peter Pan Park was just the place to go and play games, talk, have a workshop, or just relax and take in some of that radiant Canadian sunshine, unhampered by excessive smog. A good trip, altogether. The local radio station was even publicizing the "happening in Peter Pan Park". The members of Toronto's Finest were even good about the whole thing. The only hassle was when, in a burst of good will, we decided to dress up Peter Pan. They seemed a bit concerned about that, but otherwise they just cruised around and we waved at them. As the final touch to the systematic mind blowing of the conference and conferees, we had our banquet in Casa Loma, which is a large castle built in the heart of Toronto. Only in Canada.... Anyway, Casa Loma is now used as a tourist trap, and Vanguard was able to rent it for the banquet hall.

I think the Toronto Conference was a big step in LRY's New Directions. We don't where we are going, but we sure are going to get there fast. Perhaps the most significant thing I learned was that "SCHTICK" works! Three hundred people can come together and share something of themselves in just a few days, in an atmosphere of freedom, love, and creativity. Essential to the success of the conference was the excellent organization job done by the conference committee. ECFers are such a great group of people. I'd like to see them contribute a lot more to the rest of LRY by contributing to the packets and other Continental publications.

The one important question that arose in my mind as I was waiting for a flight home was, "where do we go from here?" LRY can never stand still, and "SCHTICK" conferences are only one more growing step. We want Continental Conference this year to be a giant step toward the growing process, not just a review of the conferences people have been having all year. An individual's "schtick" is also constantly changing, and LRY must change with it. Where is this LRY "schtick" going to take us next? What can we do with the beautiful "process" we discovered at ECF's Toronto Conference.

WE WOULD BE ONE...

PART * THE * SECOND

KEN
FRIEDMAN

There is more to LRY than the educational aspect. LRY is able to fulfill psychological and emotional needs as well. LRY serves as a place to grow, to recognize one's self, to recognize and learn to work with others.

The opening quote of this section may confuse the reader, but it has a definite place in the context of this essay. LRY is a place where people can learn to make their habits serve them.

Dr. Robert Linder, noted psychologist and author, devotes an entire book, Prescription for Rebellion, to pointing out valid reasons why modern man must rebel against society's doctrine of adjustment. He asserts that it is this fallacious dogma which destroys the individual at the very roots of his being, his self-hood, taking with it his powers of self-determination and creativity.

Possibly LRY's greatest emotional value lies in the fact that it fosters, encourages, often demands rebellion and free thought. While this is sometimes carried to an extreme, as frequently witnessed by the many LRY'ers who play the role of the total rebel for some time, it is nonetheless good, if such a thing as 'good' exists in the world at all, a philosophical problem in itself.

Albert Camus, the brilliant French philosopher, author and journalist, says in his book length essay on "Man in Revolt", The Rebel:

"What is a rebel? A man who says no, but whose refusal does not imply a renunciation. He is also a man who says yes, from the moment he makes his first gesture of rebellion."

This is in effect an affirmation of self, of one's own identity. This yes says, in effect, "I am a man. I exist as a free individual."

This yes is the Unitarian-Universalist's "Free Mind Creed." This yes is at the base of the "I-Thou Relationship" of modern Judaism. This yes is the cry of freedom for enslaved mankind.

Most important of all, it is the individual coming to terms with himself, beginning to accept, identify, create and seek. This affirmation of self must take place before the spirit can grow to be more than an empty shell, if the mind is to become more than a trough for the out-pourings of others. With this affirmation of self comes the first step in the process of maturation-- and the indelible first step of an individual toward taking his place as a creative and participating member of human society and culture.

LRY is an organization which asks of every member, "Who are you?" It asks a self-hood often unrealized before joining, and while LRY alone cannot bring about the maturation of the individual, it says, "We recognize you."

Then, in the same process, LRY asks the member to give of himself to the whole, to the other individuals involved. In accepting the self, the individual is asked to accept others, working with them and for them as well.

Dr. Alex Carrel, surgeon, scientist, Nobel Prize winner, says in his work, Man, The Unknown, that,

"... it appears that the environment which science and technology have succeeded in developing for man does not suit him, because it has been constructed at random, without regard for his true self."

Implicit in this rebellion is a question of human environment which may someday bring about a civilization and environment created of men-- and for men, with regard to that true self of which man is made.

It is this rebellion -- spiritual, mental, emotional, which is an inherent value of LRY.

As we noted before, LRY cannot alone produce this completed being. LRY merely gives the fresh-planted seeds of a young soul a place to grow, flourish, and begin to bear fruit.

This quest for freedom and individuality has been the subject of philosophical and artistic speculation for ages. The quest for freedom has been held to be mankind's highest goal-- and his greatest glory.

Perhaps the art most dedicated to this quest is the dramatic form of tragedy. In this sense we find much in the tragic form and the LRY experience that is related.

Thus we turn to Eugene O'Neill, for his offering from the point of view of a dramatist, where he says,

"...we are all more or less slaves of convention or of discipline, or of a rigid formula of some sort...man has lost his old harmony with nature, the harmony he used to have as an animal, and which he has not yet acquired in a spiritual way. Thus, not being able to find it on earth or in heaven, he's in the middle, trying to make peace, taking the 'woist punches from bot' of 'em."

The subject here is the one that always was and always will be the one subject of drama, and that is man, and his struggle with his own fate."

LRY has often appeared to me much related to the tragic art form, for both must, in order to fulfill their assigned purposes, bring about in the individual a catharsis and a change.

In this catharsis, this vast upheaval of hitherto unshaken foundations which account for the frequent emotional disturbances of LRY'ers-- many of whom come to LRY already sick from an unhealthy society. This upheaval is, essentially, a good thing, and often the mask of total rebellion adopted by the LRY'er is merely a safe role from which to participate in and watch the rather frightening and painful process.

Arthur Miller, in his essay Tragedy and the Common Man, has some statements relevant to this catharsis.

"...the underlying struggle is that of the individual trying to gain his 'rightful' position in his society, ...the consequence of a man's total compulsion to evaluate himself justly.

...there are among us today, as there has always been, those who act against the scheme of things that degrades and in the process of that action everything that we have accepted out of fear, insensitivity, or ignorance is shaken before us and examined, and from this total onslaught by an individual against the seemingly stable cosmos surrounding us-- from this total examination of the 'unchangeable' environment-- comes the terror and fear that is classically associated with tragedy. (or, the emotional trauma that is often associated with the LRY experience, ed.)

More important, from this total questioning of what has been previously unquestioned, we learn.

The tragic right is a condition of life, a condition in which the human personality is able to flower and realize itself. The wrong is the condition which suppresses men, perverts the flowing out of his love and creative instinct. Tragedy enlightens-- and it must, in that it points the heroic finger at the enemy of man's freedom. The thrust for freedom is the quality in tragedy that exalts. The revolutionary questioning of the stable environment is what terrifies.

...if it is true to say that in essence the tragic hero is intent upon claiming his whole due as a personality, and if this struggle must be total and without reservation, then it automatically demonstrates the indestructable will of man to achieve his humanity."

While the relationship between LRY and the tragic theory is too deep to analyze in this essay, it can be seen that the elements of revolutionary questioning and total commitment provide trauma common to both, as well as a mutual quest for freedom, selfhood-- the very rights of man.

Many parents are worried at that occur in "their LRYers." Rightly so, for this change begins the ultimate process by which their children are no longer their children, but free individuals in the world.

Indeed, these changes are the first foundations of the adults who must lead tomorrow's world. While LRY cannot take children-- selfish, ego-centered, insensitive, fright-

ened, and unrelated to others, and turn them overnight, or even over the period of their LRY experience into adults-- mature, responsible, thoughtful-- it at least begins the process.

There are many adults today who are still children because they have never been allowed to recognize the self that must come before concern for others. LRY is a place where this self is allowed to grow, and in so doing, prepare the individual for a socially responsible place in the world.

* * *

PART * THE * THIRD

"Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting;
The soul that rises within us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come."
-- William Wordsworth

While the first two parts of this essay were perhaps a justification of LRY to non-LRYers, as well as an analysis of LRY for the LRYers themselves, this third part is of perhaps essential importance to those who belong to LRY, particularly those members who are new.

Just as problems taking place in LRY prompted the writing of this essay, so people with a vision-- a vision shown to me when I had just joined LRY, and which I hope to give to those who come after-- have already set about curing those problems.

LRY, the organization, the growing experience, is often faced with crises and problems, particularly so because of the different structure and goals of LRY. As often as it has fallen into holes, it has been pulled out. The problems created, and the solutions which followed, both came from people-- people who belong to LRY.

What, then, can be said about LRY to the LRYers? Why do those people continue to work for LRY, despite these problems and the personal emotional shock that comes with them?

It seems that there are some people who have a vision, a vision expressed best by the LRY hymn. To them, this hymn has meaning-- it is a call to duty, a valediction for the future that can be.

Rev. Sam Wright, first Executive Director of the present day Liberal Religious Youth, wrote the words of the hymn to the tune of Sibelius' Finlandia. Those words bear repeating here:

"We would be one, as now we join in singing
Our hymn of youth, to pledge ourselves anew
To that high cause of greater understanding
Of who we are, and what in us is true.
We would be one, in living for each other,
To show mankind a new community.

We would be one, in building for tomorrow
A greater world than we have known today.
We would be one, in searching for that meaning
Which binds our hearts, and points un on our way.

As one we pledge ourselves to greater service,
With love and justice strive to make men free."

This is LRY, this is the LRY idealism.

LRYers are idealists, people who believe in a goal and are willing to work for it. In the middle of the troubles that prompted this essay, Ellen Samson, Vice-President of Pacific Southwest LRY, and at that time, Acting President, wrote to me, saying,

"... if LRY can rationalize away idealism, I am not an LRYer."

The majority of LRYers feel this way. If our youth-run experiment is to fail, rather than to resign ourselves to the fate of another mediocre

organization to be added to the many such organizations in this sick society, we would rather go "standing up, and kicking like hell."

For all the problems we must encounter, we have something to conquer them for. This ideal of ours, this great end in Mr. Channing's religious instruction, this LRY of Sam Wright's hymn.

The LRY Statement of Purpose notes that "LRY is formed to help individual young people grow in:

Dealing creatively and imaginatively with religion as the most exalted quality and spirit of living.

Nurturing the distinctively liberal tradition in religion: freedom and responsibility of belief, the free and questioning mind, the use of reason and the scientific method in religion, and respect for the individual integrity and dignity of every man.

Achieving a responsible and durable personal faith through personal and group experiences of learning, service, and worship.

Understanding and practicing the privileges and responsibilities of the democratic spirit and method.

Becoming creative and realistic contributors to the achievement of a just, peaceful, and united world community."

This is the LRY purpose, our goal, and we feel it is a clear and a worthy view.

LRY entails many efforts in the pursuit of this goal. It means hard work in a literal sweat and tears sense. And it means the joy of accomplishment.

Dag Hammarskjöld once said, "Life demands from you only the strength you possess. Only one feat is possible-- not to have run away."

This is a prevalent feeling in LRY. It calls for responsibility, pain, perseverance. But always, at the end of a project, one can look back saying, "This is LRY. I helped. With my hands, my mind, my heart-- I worked, and gave of myself. It was good."

A closing thought comes from a poem by Deanna Carey, published in the PSLRY Literary Review of 1965. It reads:

"Let's fly, compadre,
In a car with guts
That runs on love and fairy dust.

To the always YES vistas
Of Lawrence and Jack
Move ... right now ... go fast.

America, compadre
In a car with guts,
That runs on love and fairy dust."



LRY, to LRYers, is that car. The car with guts, that runs on the love of caring and working, and the fairy dust of idealism.

This essay, if having proven the point that LRY is defensible and justifiable, asks for one thing. If the LRY, our LRY is something we can affirm, then we must do so.

LRYers provide the fuel for that car, moving on to the YES vistas-- if not the 'always YES' vistas envisioned by those who cannot accept reality, YES vistas nonetheless.

This car has stalled many times by the road, but there are people to get it started again. People who, putting it in the terms of one LRYer, "do give a damn." People who represent Camus' rebel, the creative self, the tragic hero, the student of experiential learning, people who are many things-- but all LRYers.

In this last section, perhaps the clear discerning tone of of the essayist has given way to a more emotional outlook. I must apologize for that, but it's because LRY means something to me, too.

And if LRY means something to us, looking to our heritage and a historic tradition which has been given to us, for example-- looking to our hearts for faith, we must be the people who steer that "car with guts." We must be the people who "do give a damn."

THE CONCLUSION ■



NOWIRIS
(INTERNAL TIME)



MY OTHERS:

I'VE WANTED TO DO THIS FOR A LONG TIME. THIS IS NOW, ME AND THE TRANQUILIZERS GIVE ME THE GUTS, I FORGET ABOUT CLEAR THINKING. I AM AN LRYER, I AM, I AM, I AM. YES, AND OH GOD I HOPE I EXIST, TOO. YES, AND DO YOU KNOW ME? I KNOW OF SOME....I CANNOT LOOK PAST YOUR SHADOWS WITHOUT CRYING A LITTLE....

YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL, YES I SEE YOU, AROUND, ON PAPER, LAUGHING IN THE PAST, LRY, AS IT TOUCHES ME, IS BEAUTIFUL. BUT, YOU DO YOU TOUCH ME, NO, DON'T. BUT WHAT AM I, AND YOU, THAT WE CAN'T BE? OH GOD, AND PLEASE NOT ON PINK PAPER.

MY FIRST RALLY. A TALL BOY, WITH A GAS-STATION-ATTENDANT'S JACKET SLOUCHES NEAR-BY. VERY UN-COOL. LOOKS LIKE SOME HILL-BILLY WHO LOST HIS WAY.....WONDER WHY HE'S HERE. HIS HAIR'S AWFULLY SHORT. HE TALKS, MARK WHISPERS, "PRESIDENT OF CONTINENTAL LRY".....SOUNDS BIG AND NEBULOUS--HE'S ONE OF US??? SURE KNOWS HOW TO RUN A MEETING, THOUGH. LATER WE SIT ON THE GRASS, AND HE TALKS OF WHAT DIDN'T HAPPEN....

ANOTHER GIRL THERE...SHE ACTUALLY SITS ON THE PLATFORM WITH THE OFFICERS. HER NAME IS MARY CAMPBELL. I WONDER HOW ANYBODY CAN BECOME THAT IMPORTANT. SHE WHISPERS ALOT.

-

GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

I HAVE LEARNED TO BE AFRAID. I MET A BOY WHO LAUGHED WITH ME UNTIL I COULD CRY. HE STAYED WITH MARK. THEY STAYED WITH ME. WE SKIPPED A BANQUET, I COOKED SUPPER, THEN WE ALL WASHED OUR HAIR.

CONTINENTAL.

A GIRL WHO THREW A VERY SICK BOY OUT OF BED THE FIRST NIGHT. SHE SPENT TWO WEEKS TRYING TO DO IT AGAIN.

A QUICK GIRL WITH DARK HAIR, WHO HID HER BODY AND HER MIND.

IN THE GIRLS JOHN, AFTER BOTs, SOMEONE I TRIED TO TOUCH, FOR I KNEW SHE WOULD GROW CLOSER. I WANTED TO UNDERSTAND BEFORE I HAD TO. SHE HAD BEAUTIFUL HAIR, AND A LONG SCARF, AND HAD MADE IT THROUGH THE MEETING.

A BOY NAMED PETER, WHOSE EYES UNDERSTOOD, EVEN WHEN HIS MIND DIDN'T.

AN ADVISOR, THE FIRST TO TELL ME I WAS SANE.

SOMEBODY BEAUTIFUL FROM CHICAGO.

GEORGE.-----AND ANN.

OH GOD, ARE YOU....I ONLY RUN INTO YOUR BODIES AND YOU LOSE YOUR MIND, FOR WHAT. I'M DROWNDING, REALLY. TO MOST I'M NOT. OH GOD, FORGET IT, THEN, BUT DON'T TORTURE ME WITH YOUR DREAMS OF PAPER. BE AS A LIVING THING. NOT BEAUTY IN DEPENDANT CLAUSES. IF YOU CAN BE REAL, OK. BUT YOUR FANTACYS ARE HELL

CAROLEI
2753 GIBSON DRIVE
ROCKY RIVER, OHIO

AYLIA?, AYR *Carolei*

Lydia

My father helps me to recall her face:
sudden eyes over an anxious smile,
dull hairs crossing traces in her brow.
To recall her manner
is to envision (from fading grounds)
the purity of nervous brotherhood
with hardship and reward alike.

Lydia -- her guitar
and its coffin case that she made herself.
Once a week in a tiny sunlit room
she would share with me
her simple music and loveliness;
channels of her friend loneliness.

One day when I was eleven,
I went to see Lydia and her large cat Sam,
shying through her sunless neighborhood,
frightened as I climbed smelly stairs
to reach her home.
Entering, I was eased
by the lines of her careful cherubs and grapevines
that mingled Lydia's mind for graphic
with the cracks on her walls.

As we sang our songs,
smudgy and cold little children came
and scratched at her door
teasing the welcome they knew would include them
as long as Lydia stayed.

The little children scattered in to sing loudly
and to picture suns and trees and fields and other stories
with her paints and pastels
and to measure the threat of Lydia's strange, clean visitor.
They gave all their creations to Lydia.
Later I left casual and happy.

Since then no exchange -- where has she taken?
Lydia, I was too young to project,
Too young to notice
that I loved you.
Lydia, will I ever again weave through
to your fleeting mind?
Lydia, will I see you?

-- Debbie Mendelsohn
11/8/68



*You touch
you touch my
hand
my face
my heart
soft
gentle
sometimes strong
and firm
the warmth and feel
of your hand
drives the cold
from my life
don't touch me
unless you mean it.*

by David Mendelsohn

dear people,

out of all the people in my life that i have ever touched, i
have touched you the deepest - out of all the people in my
life that have touched me, you are the ones that have touched
me the deepest.

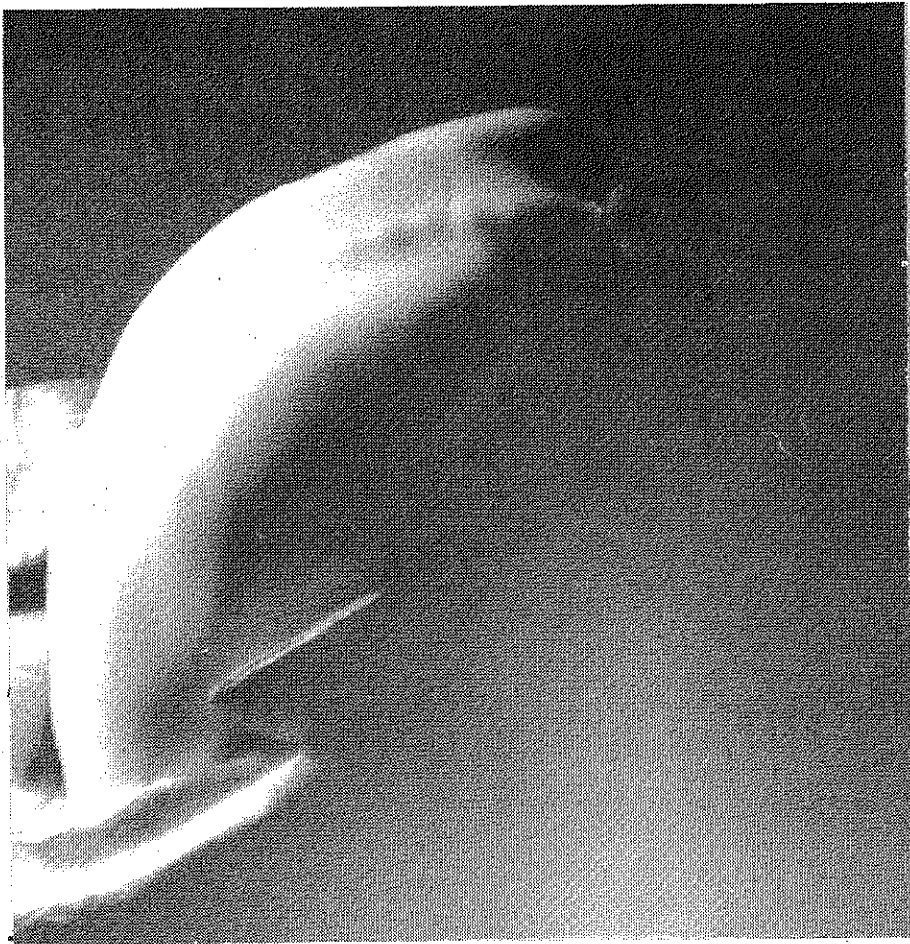
it's strange how well we know each other. i realize how
sensitive we are to each other, how intense we are together.
i realize that the love doesn't die, the relationship changes,
but the love remains as strong and powerful as it always has
been and will be.

everything good that has happened, had happened with you. i
realize how much a part of each other we are, how much a part
of each other's dreams and hopes and understandings we are.

it is so beautiful to reach out and touch you today, to have
you touch me, to share our love, we have together taken down
the walls that stand between people. to be together in the
building of our dreams.

and it seems wrong that we should be apart from each other
when we are so much a part of each other. it seems out of
place that we should know each other so well and yet be afraid
of each other..... and when you have broken the unspoken words
of life and found its love, take this ring and place it next
to knowledge. for it is the center, the axis on which all
life rotates and knows the bliss of certainty and the fear of
movement into certainty - keep this fear between us: the bliss
of knowing the fear of movement, for it is the fear which keeps
man moving towards his dreams. it is this fear which binds us
together in the building of our dreams, and it is this fear
which is our religion.

this is the essence of LRY. this is also the long awaited
start of a revolution of feelings in LRY. something that has
taken much work and pain to come about. it is as frail and
breakable as a crystal Christmas ornament, it is as clear and
shiny as the ornament for we can see ourselves in it and with
it. with it we must be careful, for it is only a human love
we share - a love whose crystalness is chipped and cracked,
whose imperfections sometimes totally distract us and cause
us almost unforgiveable things to each other. let us be care-
ful with the things we share, we are still friends.



SR



git 'em, guv'nah!

Last night I went to the Wallace Rally in New York City: I wanted to be an eye witness of the demonstration, and I wanted to express my dissatisfaction with Wallace.

I recall watching the Chicago demonstrations and seeing pictures of the events of the riots: a certain amount of horror does hit you. However, actually witnessing the Wallace riot which was much less violent, I came completely unglued.

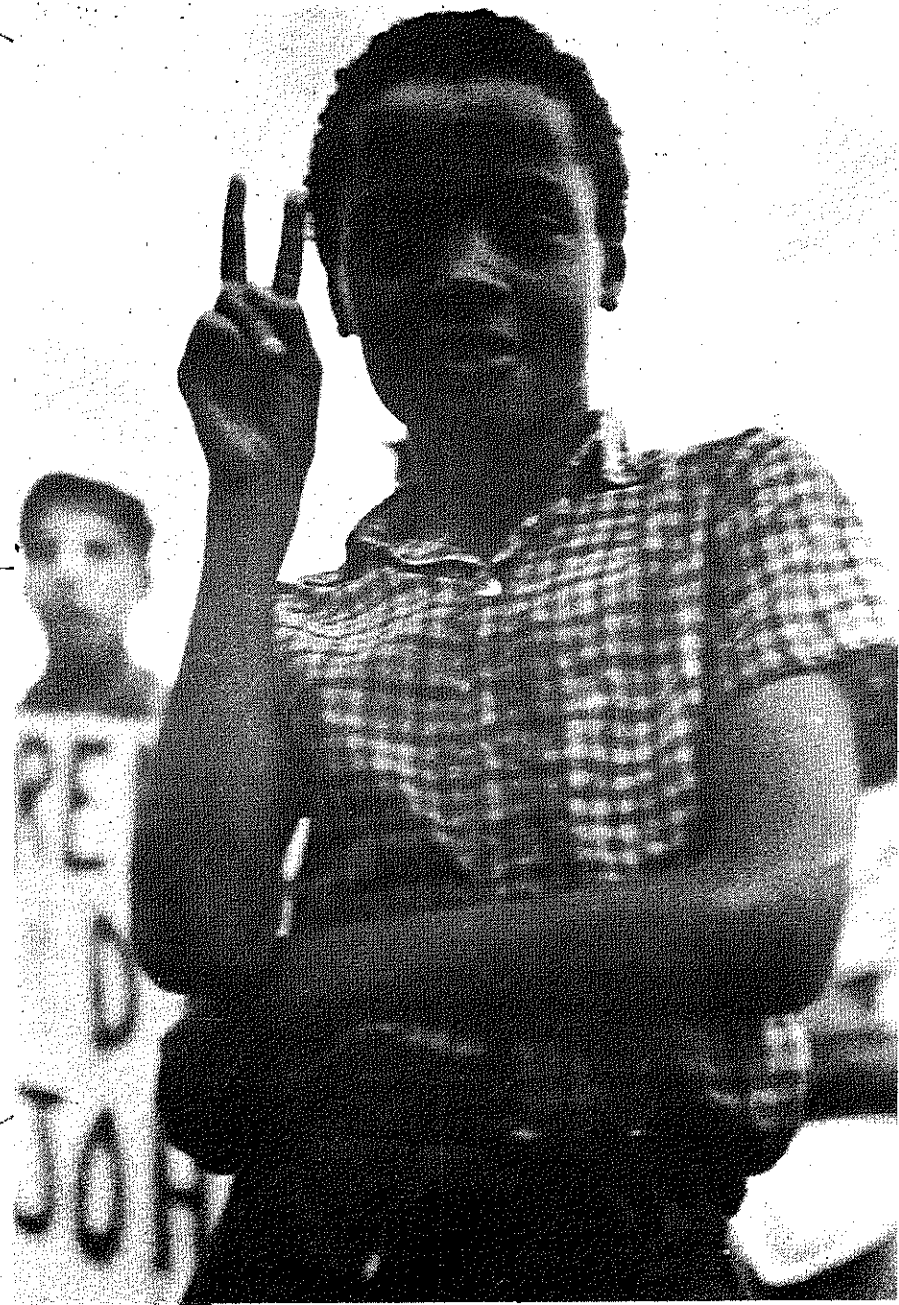
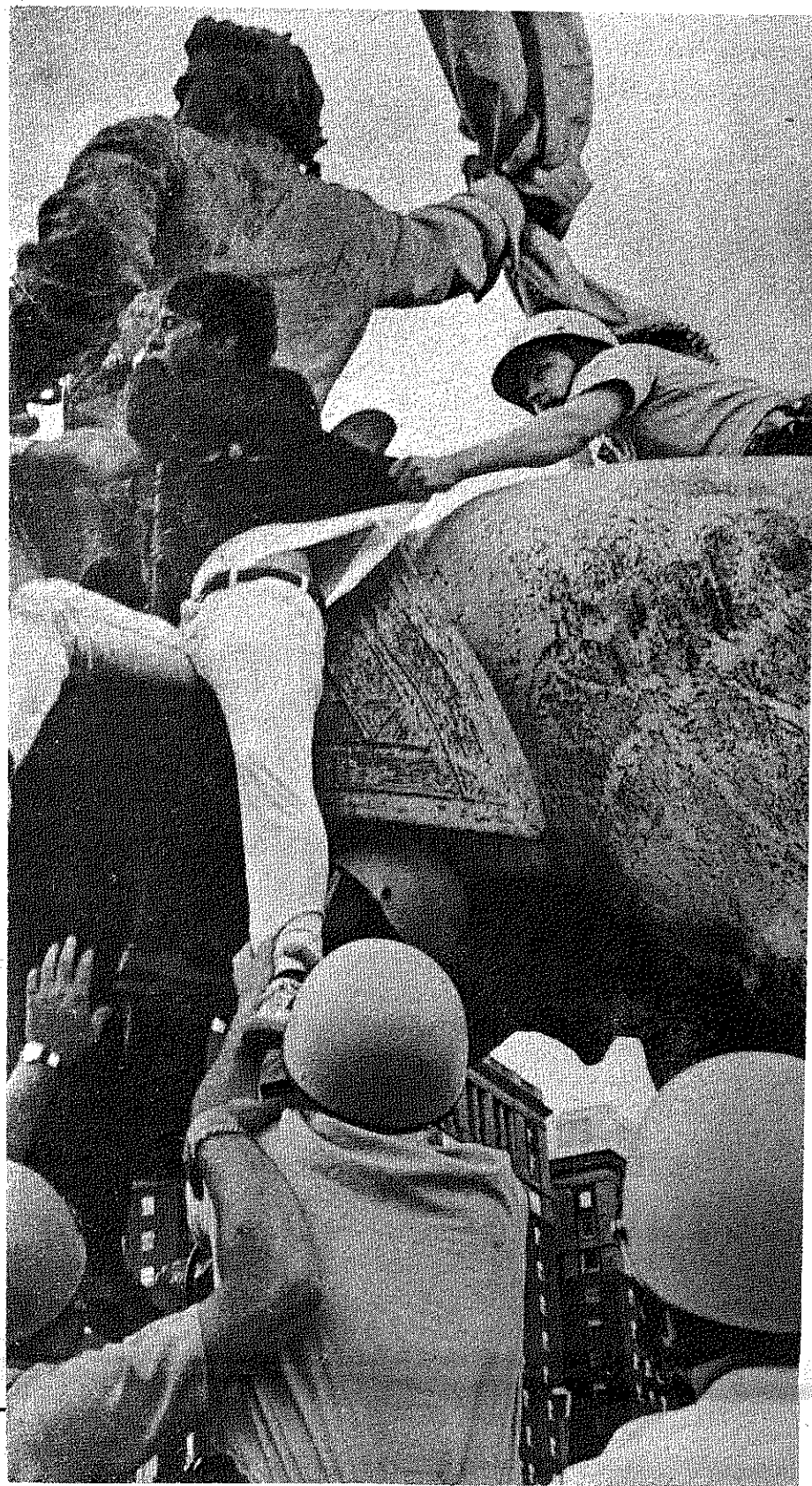
Many people feel that describing the things that happened is not necessary; I feel it is essential to constantly remind people of the kind of government they are supporting.

Trying to be objective I will go on; I arrived at the demonstration around 8:00 P. M. You could feel the heated air; people outraged at the disgrace to the city that Wallace is. In the beginning the police force was both few and inadequate-- at one point the police became a little aggressive, and the crowd, realizing they had the upper hand, completely encircled the police and then began to close in. The police broke out and radioed for more reinforcements. Secure in their added numbers, the police felt safer to react to the crowd's jeers. The police became more and more aggressive, as did the crowd. The city brought in mounted police-- the crowd was visibly shocked. Police began to ride into the crowd. Fleeing in fear of the oncoming horses, the crowd trampled some of their own people. The riot became much more intense. The crowd's jeers became louder and more spiteful: "Remember Chicago"-- "The Streets are for the People"-- "Free Huey-- Jail Wallace". The police became very much more aggressive following individual demonstrators, and violently worked them over. The crowds reacted, breaking some windows. The police reacted also, continuing assaults on more individuals, and by again riding into the crowds.

Of course, no one side was completely to blame. The police were, for the most part when their emotions did not take hold of them, only following orders. The demonstrators did react and were aggressive at times. However, it became clear that the direction of their hatred was more toward the political, social, and economic injustices of today's government. I am by no means saying we are all to blame, but I am saying that this riot, like many others in our time, are the results of these injustices. The Wallace demonstration became a reflection of these injustices because of the many violent events which occurred there. I further feel that these demonstrations are warnings to the American people to correct those injustices.

Believe it or not, I am going to bring LRY into this article. Having lost some of the emotion from the Wallace demonstration, I began to think how this tied into my role in LRY. Of course, I began to think again of the Social Action areas of the organization. My feeling now is much like my feeling before, except that it is more intensified. Because of the rapid changes and many injustices of our form of government, I feel it is essential for LRY to maintain an active role in the world. This is only part of the picture. You see, the organization can involve itself in many areas and be called active, but there is still plenty of room for the individual to cop-out. Every one of you has to get off his can and follow up that activism on his own level. The last two conferences I attended (one of them, of course, was my own fed's) had the regular fed meetings. At both the atmosphere bordered on apathy. At my own, at least half of the conference wasn't interested enough to come. Because of my liberal morals, and because of my radical politics, I cannot allow this to happen in any organization or group which I am in. I back up my feelings by saying, simply, that if this sort of thing continues, I will resign as the Metropolitan Area Federation President.

*In The True Religious
Liberal Spirit
Burt Allen*



FIRST UNITARIAN CHURCH
PIERREPONT STREET AND MONROE PLACE
BROOKLYN HEIGHTS, NEW YORK

DONALD W. MCKINNEY
DUKE T. GRAY
MINISTERS

OFFICE
50 MONROE PLACE
BROOKLYN, N. Y. 11201
TELEPHONE: MAIN 4-5466

Dear Friends,

During the past weeks, as you know, the Church has carefully considered the use of our church as a place of symbolic sanctuary for young men resisting the draft and participation in the war in Vietnam. The practical as well as the moral implications of this basically new kind of religious confrontation have been studied in a series of discussion groups, were brought before the congregation in a special Sunday Service, and further explored in the Undercroft after the Service. Every effort has been made to encourage the full expression of every point of view and to examine all the issues involved. The Board of Trustees did not wish to act until there was such opportunity for membership examination of this proposed congregational action.

While there are members who oppose such action, it has become very clear that there is widespread support in the church among those who participated in the Discussion group (over 50 members) and at the Sunday Service and meeting that followed. It has been stressed that in such a move much more is involved than just taking a vote. Active support by a significant portion of the church family would be the essential requirement. That such a willingness exists already among a considerable portion of the membership was evident in the response on Sunday, October 20th.

The Board of Trustees at its meeting October 24th voted, therefore, to make our church available as a place of "symbolic sanctuary." This decision was made in the context of moral concern over the Vietnam War, and in recognition of these young men's right of dissent and free expression of belief. A working committee has been established to clearly define the guidelines and conditions under which the decision can be implemented. A report will be made to the congregation at a Special Meeting, Sunday, November 10th, at 11:45 a.m.

In order that everyone in the church may make his or her individual response known, we enclose with this letter a card on which you are asked to record your agreement or disagreement with the action taken, and to express your willingness to participate in whatever way you can. In an area as controversial as this it is obvious we are not all in agreement. It is important that those who do not approve be able to register their objections, and to do so in the knowledge that their position will be respected.

It is equally necessary, however, that the church be able to move, as a community, in a way that the majority of its active members consider extremely important. Both the Board of Trustees and the Minister feel strongly their responsibility to the institution we serve. We have a trust and responsibility to preserve a church that has been a significant part of the life of Brooklyn for 135 years. By offering symbolic sanctuary we take definite risks, but we are preparing to do so in as careful and responsible a manner as possible.

If you have been unable to take part in any of the discussions, or to read the material available ("The Church as Sanctuary," at the Booktable or Church Office, 75¢) and have questions, please speak to the minister or any member of the Board of Trustees. Let us hear from each of you on the enclosed card!

Sincerely,

Charles G. King, Jr.
President, Board of Trustees

Donald W. McKinney
Minister

a letter on

Simpson

NOVEMBER 14—NEXT DRAFT CARD TURN-IN

Lots of talk about the sanctuary idea these days, so we thought we could provide you with the Uni-Uni resolution of the 1968 General Assembly which met this past May in Cleveland, Ohio.

A news note - The Resistance will sponsor its fourth draft card turn-in on November 14, 1968. Over 3000 draft cards were presented to federal authorities after the first three turn-ins. Gotta organize...

RIGHT OF DISSENT

BE IT RESOLVED: That the 1968 General Assembly of the Unitarian Universalist Association:

1. Reaffirms its call for the abolition of the House Committee on Un-American Activities and all similar inquisitorial committees.
2. Calls upon Congress to resist legislation which could repress the moral and constitutional rights of citizens to petition.
3. Calls upon the Congress and Administration to refrain from equating dissent to war with the lack of patriotism.
4. Encourages its members to act according to their consciences with respect to the draft. We recognize and respect the religious conviction that impels all forms of non-violent resistance whether by destruction or return of draft cards, or refusal of induction, or other acts of non-violent resistance to the machinery of war. Inasmuch as some of our churches have recently acted in support of young men of conviction and the U.U.A. Board of Trustees has offered help to Michael Ferber, Unitarian-Universalist and member of the Resistance, we, therefore, urge all our congregations to assist in the following ways:

- a. by offering symbolic sanctuary at time of arrest;
- b. by offering church facilities for services of resistance in the tradition of the one held at Arlington Street Church

on October 16, 1967;

- c. by establishing a ministry to resisters by men trained in draft and prison counseling;
 - d. by assisting in the provision of legal aid to men who in conscience resist the draft;
 - e. by encouraging the conducting local efforts in schools, churches, and other community organizations to inform young men who have attained, or who will be attaining, draft age of their rights under the provisions of the Selective Service Act, consequences for disobedience, and procedures for foreign residence;
 - f. Canadian congregations to offer all possible assistance to programs for members of the Resistance seeking draft evasion in Canada.
5. Recognizes that conscience is the essential ground of dissent and therefore acknowledges that the draft itself is a violation of the conscience of many who find that for them it constitutes involuntary servitude in violation of the Bill of Rights, discriminates against the poor and the black, or otherwise conflicts with the claim of conscience and consequently calls upon Congress to reform the Selective Service System in accordance with the resolution of the 1967 General Assembly.

(Adopted by a greater than two-thirds majority vote.)

Jumpin' Jack

FLASHES a SUNDAY MORNING shake-up.



You have read in the papers, or heard on TV and radio, that the issue of insurance on this building has taken a sympathetic turn. I am hopeful that our insurance problem may be solved, and in a way that will help more people to understand the relationship of this church to youth -- their unrest, their ferment, their rebellion, their various ways of life.

If the mission of this church were directed only to the sedate and settled, we would have no insurance problem, and we would have very few young people. If you believe that the church is for the young as well as for the middle aged and elderly, then you have to be ready to enter into a relationship with the young as they are. I don't mean that you have to like everything about the young as they are, but that you have to try to be bigger than your gut likes and dislikes. It is always easier to stand back and judge than it is to get close and involved.

Young people run across a great spectrum -- from the scrubbed to the unwashed, from the strong and healthy to the troubled and unhealthy, from the uptights to the cools, from the dropouts and freakouts to the deeply engaged, from the grimly serious to the creative ribald.

One of my favorite scenes of the past week was George Wallace encountering an organized silent treatment in Fargo, North Dakota. Most of his audience at an outdoor rally in front of Fargo's civic center consisted of students from nearby Concordia College, who had organized themselves with great care to stand mute and expressionless throughout the Wallace talk. His usual applause -- getting lines fell like lead balloons. Wallace without hecklers and rebel yells; Wallace the butt of this kind of ironic humor, is a remarkably insignificant figure.

I know that some of you were traumatized by what happened on and to the Boston Common this past summer, to say nothing of the front steps of Arlington Street Church. From an aesthetic point of view, it was awful. Boston hasn't been so thoroughly shaken since Thoreau's Transcendentalists, the hippies of 130 years ago, took to reading poetry in the Common clad in baggy trousers, smocks, flowing ties, and broad brimmed hats.

Seriously, I know that it was pretty bad. Certainly no second Flowering of New England. But the summer binge is over. We survived it. Most of the kids are back in school or headed for a warmer climate. Who knows what another summer will bring? Maybe the rally the Harvard Lampoon has planned for the Common on October 31st is a harbinger, a forteller, of a much lighter youth touch in the immediate future. God knows we could stand a few more laughs.

The Lampoon will sponsor a protest pageant against the growing popularity of birth control pills.

Members of the Lampoon staff plus students from Harvard and Radcliffe dressed in clerical robes and mini-habits, will roll a 6-foot model of a birth control pill from Harvard Square over the Charles River to the Common, where it will be detonated as a symbol of the population explosion.

During a solemn ceremony, girls will be urged to come forward and turn in their birth control pills, then the pageant will conclude with a ritual release of birds and bees, after which the Lampooners will fan out to "trick or treat for motherhood."

I regret that they did not ask to use permission of the Arlington Street Church, the way the Resistance did. Many of our severest critics might then be urging us please to bring back the Resistance.

There's one thing we older folk are in general agreement about -- that today's youth are different. This, of course, is only partly true. Much of what we see in today's students and nonstudents is basically familiar. Still, there is something about today's world that seems to give the young a special restlessness, an increased impatience with the "hypocrisies" of their elders, and yet an open gentleness and searching honesty more intense than that of youth in the past.

Whatever is special in the mood and style of today's American youth is dramatized in the New Left and the hippies. Both groups are spontaneous creations of the young; both strongly reject the Organized System; both are seeking alternatives to the institutions of middle-class life. But radicals and hippies are also different from each other in significant ways. The hippie wants as little contact as possible with a society he considers irredeemable, preferring to rivet his attention on interior change, expansion of consciousness and the creation of new tribal communities. The radical wants as much confrontation with society as possible, in order to revolutionize and redeem it.

Both movements together make up but a tiny fraction of American youth as a whole. Neither is truly representative of its generation, yet, separately and together, they project forces and feelings which are commonly felt by the young, and they help to generate a mood and style which are felt and expressed to some degree by most of the young.

What I want to do is examine three aspects of this mood and style. The more we understand, the less will we be subject to exaggerated idealization of the young, or exaggerated condemnation; the more we may be able to appreciate that there is a message for all ages in much of what moves the young.

This is the first generation to grow up with modern parents -- the Spock generation. Anyone who thinks that's bad, better think again. Spock is brickbatted for urging permissiveness, but the brickbattering comes from people who never read his books. Spock's point was never an anything-goes permissiveness. Spock never advocated indulgence. What he did try to do was to encourage parents to replace Thou shalt nots, with Thou shalt -- to take the rigidity out of child-rearing routines and replace it with understanding of a child's true needs and nature -- to make discipline and control adaptable to the character of a child.

That some parents misread this, and groomed their children to be arrogant tyrants, is undeniable. But that is not Spock's fault. Most parents did not misread. They understood Spock correctly -- that their children would grow up as more human, human beings, if all through childhood they were encouraged to be well disposed toward their fellow beings, and to live by their ideals.

These children took it seriously. They grew up thinking of life as a process, and not as a program or an ideology. They grew up thinking of things as unfinished, developing, open, and unpredictable. They grew up being more concerned with the way, or a style, of doing things, than with rigid goals or fixed patterns of behavior.

And that, incidentally, was the great appeal of John Kennedy, our first post-modern President. He was ahead of his time. He emphasized style, approach, and process, rather than ideology, program, and posture. McCarthy and Rockefeller have some of the same flair. Robert Kennedy had it too. But we are going to put in four years of Humphrey, Wallace, or Nixon, regardless, because the institutional machinery of our political system is still struggling to learn what century it is. It is conceivable that any of these three, as President, might enter the post-modern era. I certainly hope so, and I do not close my mind to the possibility.

But the more important point is that a great many of us, once we get past the long hair, and all the rest of the "offensive" paraphernalia of modern youth, are as anxious as they are to develop more personal and psychological openness, more fluidity, more feeling for the unfinishedness of life, less shutting of doors, less burning of bridges, more feeling for simple and direct acts of love and communication.

The tactics some of the young have adopted for promoting this cause are certainly offensive to me -- counterproductive is the present jargon, I believe. On the other hand, when I think of how creepy adult world strikes them, I fall

(Continued on next page)

into the profoundest confusion about who is counterproductive about what. I won't ply you with the obviously warped psyches of American adults who are outraged about the young who heckle at the garbage shoveled out by presidential candidates, but who go to bed a night without a qualm over the young Americans who are ordered to shoot up the old men, women, and children of a Vietnamese village suspected of harboring a Viet Cong. Let's take something much less demonic, like -- who is responsible for killing the vote for eighteen-year olds? Right now -- today -- America's eighteen-year olds are much better educated than America's forty-five year olds. When the Gallup Poll asked: "What are the first ten amendments to the Constitution called," 67% of the eighteen to twenty-year olds knew, compared with 33% of their elders. We permit eighteen-year olds to marry, to have children, to take on serious family obligations. We employ them, and give them responsible jobs. We draft them, and send them off to kill and be killed. But we won't let them vote. Politicians love to get on the stump and promise, if elected, to give them the vote. Then, these same politicians turn right around, when elected, and let a bill die without a fight. It is we, the adults -- liberal and conservative alike -- who are responsible for killing the vote for eighteen-year olds.

What do you suppose these young people think when they read that the overwhelming majority of those over thirty approved of the way Mayor Daley and the Chicago Police handled events at the Democratic Convention? Or that the University of Massachusetts in Boston, which was specifically established to be an inner city institution, is to be banished to Boston Harbor. Why? Who is responsible for this? Certainly not the students, who want to be part of the inner city, and feel betrayed.

No wonder so many of these young people see themselves, not as part of the society as a whole, but as part of a special generation, awakened to the unbelievable hypocrisies and moral weaknesses of the established adult order.

But this is the reactive side of the youth generation -- the side that embarrasses and offends us. The positive side of it -- the highly personalistic style of relationship, the creation of intimate, loving, open, trusting, sharing relationships with one another, the intense desire to expose elements of hostility, pride, and self-centeredness; to diminish manipulation, control and domination; to deal honestly with the "hangups" that make intimacy, love and magnanimity difficult -- all of this, we adults dig and desire and thirst for, no less, really, than the young. May we learn to desire and thirst for it together.

Let me turn now to another special aspect of the youth explosion. It is their quest for inclusiveness. Put aside for a moment, their rejection of older generations. Rightly or wrongly, they hold us responsible for that -- that we have rejected them by letting ourselves get hung up on secondary issues like length of hair, experimentation with pot and psychedelic drugs rather than with alcohol, swallowing goldfish, etc.

The emphasis with this generation of young people is to include within their personalities and within their movements every opposite, every possibility, and every person, no matter how superficially alien. Psychologically, inclusiveness involves an effort to be open to every aspect of one's feelings, impulses, and fantasies; synthesize and integrate rather than repress or reject any part of one's personality or potential. In terms of human relationships, it means a capacity for involvement with, identification with, communication with those who are superficially strange, alien, or even repulsive.

Friday night, I came to our Damaged Angel Coffee House,

which Tom and Angela Noel manage, on a completely voluntary basis. During the evening, a drifter came in. He was fourth-fifths drunk, unkempt, a non-belonger to straight society that practices its inebriation in comfortable social settings. Now the first impulse of our society is to take such a derelict by the arm and walk him firmly to the nearest exit. Tom, who is a little older than the generation that I am talking about, but who was ahead of it in sensitivity, approached this drifter as a person, not as a pariah. They talked. Tom asked him how he happened to drop in. Sure, he wanted a free load of food. Tom knew that without asking. But why Arlington Street Church? Well, the man told him. He was just passing through Boston on his way from who knows where to who knows where. But he dropped in just because he had heard that Arlington Street Church was one place a person could speak his mind, even if he was a drifter.

What Tom Noel knows, and what this younger generation knows, is that with the superficial alien, the emphasis is on superficial, not alien; that no one human, whether drifter, drunk, criminal, Vietnamese peasant, lesbian or homosexual, illiterate, deprived or deformed, is alien.

Some of our young people -- so galvanized are they to prove their point -- overlook the college president, the parent, the political candidate, etc., as being non-alien also. And that is their hangup. But the reality that I am trying to drive home is that the basic impulse of our young: to de-emphasize where a person comes from, or what color he is, or who his forbearers were, or how much money and prestige he has; to accent instead what kind of a relationship is possible with him -- this is a yearning of many of us, whatever our age, which we feel stirring within.

There is much more that I could speak of, but time permits me only a final theme. Our young are in the grip of a great spiritual upsurge. They have grave reservations about many of the technological aspects of the contemporary world, its depersonalization, commercialism, careerism, bureaucratization, bigness, stratification, and hierarchy. They are not anti-scientific, or anti-rationalistic, but they are alarmed and angry about the pressures to give up simplicity, naturalness and personhood. They are willing to give technology its place, but they stubbornly, even defiantly, resist the contamination of life as a whole with the values of technological organization, production and consumption.

Along with man's irrepressible desire to control his environment, they are determined to celebrate their great and vital capacity to surrender to others in compassion, love and obligation, to live dangling over seventy thousand fathoms of the unknown, to respect what exceeds capacity for comprehension or control, to acknowledge what is incomprehensible and indomitable; in brief, to live in a sacred spring of life as well as in a secular one, to live in that something more that is man's eternal, exhaustless spiritual frontier.

Breathes there a soul, so middle-aged, so elderly, so narrow, so cramped, so settled, so stodgy, so traditional, that he does not sense a fellow-feeling of excitement and anticipation with this aspect of the youth scene? Of course, there are such souls! But they are few compared with those of us who hunger and thirst, whatever our age, for something more than technology to sustain us in our anxiety, loneliness, withdrawal, identity confusion, and hope.

So, there is, in my judgement, a far broader basis for an alliance, across the generational chasms, of inner deprivation and outer aspirations, than is usually recognized or acknowledged. Can we create formulations and forms to bring our incomplete lives -- young, middle-aged, and older -- into some kind of common cause? I believe that the possibility of this parousia is the justification -- possibly the greatest justification -- of this church's existence.

10-13-68

--Jack Mendelsohn
Arlington Street Church



if you've heard a good sermon
lately - lay a copy on us

RAPPING



About a year ago, I entered LRY, almost totally ignorant of every aspect of the organization (I had been a dormant Unitarian at the age of seven in Arizona, but that is a whole other thing), but willing, in my own humble way, to join and learn and work. One year later, a little older, and a lot wiser, I was afforded the dubious (?) distinction of hearing George F. Gowen III speak at Middleborough about Continental Conference, and also giving a substantial pitch for the paper he and Greg Sweigert had put together. Naturally, I was curious. Then, at a later fed meeting, I was fortunate enough to pick up a copy of the "Newspaper Without A Name II", and I resolved to attempt to utilize this worthy publication in airing several of my various hang-ups.

First, I'd like to say, at the extreme risk of sounding trite, that LRY has changed my life: for the general public's information, mainly because I am, at the moment, an educatee of, undoubtedly, the crummiest high school in the U. S., where the few phony relationships I have are those of superficiality or misinterpretation; what I am TRYING to say is that I have few, if any, friends, and many enemies, all of whom are hung up on status, football games, when-am-I-going-to-get-my-class-ring?, and other assorted impedimenta of the whole high school thing.

Then-- BANG!, by chance, a local acquaintance (who has since been fortunate to escape the high school) took me by the hair and dragged me into the open portals of LRY. What I found there was not-- like wow!, an instant atmosphere of total security, a loving circle of warm/understanding/beautiful people and a MIRACULOUS AWAKENING! No, it was tough at first; it was slow, and I was quite shy, and needed, mainly, time to adjust... But during the ensuing Sundays, there crept up on us a kind of interdependence, an indescribable feeling of GROUP and not of SELF...so much...anymore. And so, subsequently, there came something into my miserable existence besides sitting in a smoke filled room and sulking or scratching or weeping to my Judy Collins records.

But, of course, as is true of every other thing on this lovely planet, there were flaws-- kind of important ones, I felt, in my own naivety.

Foremost, I found to my vast and unending disappointment (I must have been pretty damn simple-minded) that LRY is not everybody's bag. Namely, I tried to introduce LRY to someone just as my friend had brought LRY to me. And it just didn't work. The girl came to three meetings, did not attempt to understand it or communicate with it, or participate in it at all, and then quit. Lost: a shallow, rather paltry friendship. Gained: a new perspective of LRY that just wasn't there (i. e., as she later bitterly informed me, civic projects, tutoring Negro slum kids, distributing revolutionary pamphlets-- something to that effect). At the time I was kind of bothered by it, this defection of hers, but I dismissed her as stupid and screwed up; however, a little later, I took the time out from my stagnant leisure to analyse her point of view, and came up with the following:

Point One) If you are looking for Civic Improvement Programs or militant-type organizations, there are activist groups of that order: CANE and SNCC, to name a couple.

Point Two) What you probably will find in LRY are people who are trying to find out more about themselves and others and WE and YOU and US, and who are trying, in a secondary way, to improve and relate to each other, and to THEM. (Adults, of course.)

Point Three) In LRY, you are essentially in the process of making a transition from a Kid's World into an Adult's World, which is quite a little bit of hassle, and you are taking responsibility and showing you can handle it, and I think as LRY'ers we are doing a damn good job.

Well, I don't know exactly what I sought to prove by writing this. I think basically I was attempting to tell my expatriate friend something.

Something.

Peace.

Margi

People -

This discourse is intended to present some of me viewpoints on some issues. I may have gone over the deep end and become mildly(?)sarcastic, but the points raised should pertain to all local LRY groups and their relationships with their respective churches.

What do you think communication really means? Why do you fight for a decent relationship with the adults in your church, sponsoring intergenerational workshops and other projects(farces)? My conception of the main goal that usually results is getting those hard-hearted adults to be enlightened by the intelligent (not constructive, but intelligent) criticism of the younger generation (and LRYers tend to categorize themselves as the best part of that generation). Oh sure, you say it in alot of philosophical hot air about them "listening to us" and "rights and privileges" and "we're people and should be heard". Well, for heaven's sake, have you ever minutely considered the possibility of listening to them for once? Have you ever pondered the notion that they might have something impossibly valuable to contribute? Have you ever looked close and discovered that they aren't so stupid and mean after all?

Sometimes I get the idea (along with a lot of other kids) that the "nice" adults are the ones that treat you like a grown-up and let you run your life the way you want to. In other words, the ones on your side who don't put forth any barriers. Personally, I don't happen to share that belief, except in my brief, emotional tirades against the world. I think by playing that role, those adults tend to deny you challenges that would help you grow and learn and that you'd only face later in life anyway, for the world isn't geared toward making it easier for any one person anyway. I believe they are doing me a personal injustice by, in fact, denying me a greater freedom I could gain within myself, as anyone who believes in the Prophet will agree.

"You shall be free indeed when your days are not without a care nor your nights without a want and a grief,

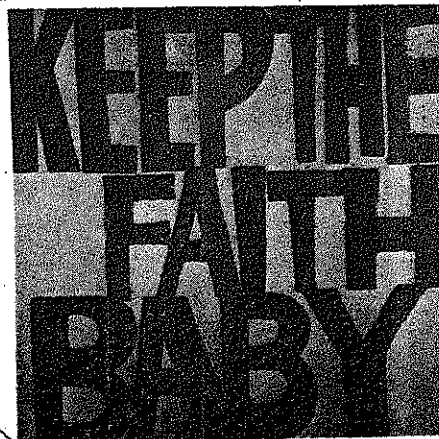
But when rather when these things girdle your life and yet you rise above them naked and unbound."

All this is straying from my original point, I know, but actually it comes under it. What I'd like to see is the realization that communication (the glorified goal) is a two-way street and that the local groups especially should go half-way toward listening as well as airing your gripes toward them. At this moment, the adult world isn't really too awfully thrilled about LRY, for a number of slips we've made in the past, and what LRYers don't seem to realize is that they can build up and some of our elders have exceptional memories for little things that we seem to forget happened ten years ago. But if we let them talk (yell, scream, whatever) it out with us and really strive to establish a solid rapport with them, I think it'll be a lot more beneficial for both groups in the long run. LRY has a fantastic amount of potential and we can really accomplish alot, so if we get over this hurdling block, we'll go a lot further. It's a means to an end, an end I think all LRYers want to achieve. Communication wasn't, isn't, and never will be an end in itself -- but to utilize this means one needs a good conception of all the philosophies and theories and ideals we try to live by.

In peace,

Barbara Uhlig

Wellesley, Massachusetts



Audio-Visual

local group PROGRAM

This page of the Newspaper could probably fall under local group program, or just plain helping out a friend sort of a thing. Lots of people inquire at the LRY Office from time to time as to potential programmatic aids in the area of Social Responsibility. Get films we exclaim, where they retort. So, we thought it might be a good idea to publish a list of SR-type films, and their source for all those conference managers needing such help. Here goes:

The following is a list of films produced and distributed by The Newsreel for the transmission of certain parts of the human situation.

East Coast Office: The Newsreel
 Box 302
 Canal Street Station
 New York, New York 10013

West Coast Office: The Newsreel
 450 Alabama Street
 San Francisco, California 94110

NEWSREEL #1: "Chomsky-Resist". Built around an interview with Noam Chomsky, principle organizer of Resist. Includes a draft refusal demonstration, and material about the indictments against Spock, Coffin, Ferber, Goodman, and Raskin. 7 minutes

NEWSREEL #2: "No Game". A powerful essay on the October 21st demonstration at the Pentagon. 17 minutes

NEWSREEL #5: "Garbage Demonstration". Up Against the Wall Motherfucker. Their first demonstration involved taking garbage to Lincoln Center and depositing it there. The film focuses on this demonstration, taking it as the group's first organizing attempt; and indirectly, as the group's first attempt to define itself. 12 minutes

NEWSREEL #7: "The Boston Draft Resistance Group". This film describes the effective daily work being done by this group in communities and a local draft boards. 18 minutes

NEWSREEL #8: "Resist-Resistance". This film gives a general outline of the kinds of work being done in the Boston-Cambridge area by National Resist and the New England Resistance. 10 minutes

NEWSREEL #9: "Riot-Control Weapons". A visual presentation of some of the new weapons that the police are using in present riot conditions around the country. 6 minutes

NEWSREEL #12: "Chicago". A meeting of the "Movement" in late March 1968 to discuss demonstrations against the Democratic Party Convention in late August 1968. A look at Convention Hall, the South Side, and the West Side of Chicago. 15 minutes

NEWSREEL #14: "The Columbia Revolt". A complete story of the events of May 1968 at Columbia University. 50 minutes

NEWSREEL #17: "Chicago Convention Challenge". How the "Movement" activists worked during the Counter-Demonstration at the National Democratic Convention in Chicago, 1968. 15 minutes

NEWSREEL #18: "San Francisco State Sit-In". Critical account of last Spring's student take-over of the administration building at San Francisco State College. 22 minutes

NEWSREEL #19: "Off the Pig". Dialogue between Black Panthers Huey P. Newton and Eldridge Cleaver with illustrative pictures of Panthers and why they put the power structure up-tight. 15 minutes

NEWSREEL #20: "Berkeley Rebellion". A detailed account of the two days of rioting in Berkeley over the issue of "the streets belong to the people" and the decision of City Council to close off Telegraph Avenue for the 4th of July. 15 minutes

NEWSREEL #21: "The Streets Belong to the People". Another battle between Haight Street people and the S.F. Tactical Squad - Soundtrack of contemporary rock. 5 minutes

Films distributed by The Newsreel:

NEWSREEL #102: "The Accusation". A compilation of news footage and stills of American atrocities in Vietnam presented in evidence at the Bertrand Russell International War Crimes Tribunal in Stockholm. English narration. B&W, 16mm 20 minutes

NEWSREEL #104: "The Threatening Sky". A sober, well documented assessment of the bombings of North Vietnam. The destruction of civilian areas, crops, factories, etc. The reactions and defense measures taken by the population. Introduction by Bertrand Russell. B&W 16mm 40 minutes

NEWSREEL #112: "Vietnam, Land of Fire". Filmed in both North and South Vietnam; scenes of the American invasion and attack on the civilian population. Shows use of napalm, gas, and toxic chemicals. Bombings of schools and leprosoria. French, with English script provided with cues (3 pages). B&W 16mm 25 minutes

NEWSREEL #201: "Mexican Rebellion". A short account of initial stages of the Mexican student rebellion of last summer. Compiled from stills and film clips. This is the only account presently available in the United States. 20 minutes

NEWSREEL #203: "The Land Is Rich". A film by Harvey Richards that traces the development of the Delano grape strike and documents the efforts of the workers to organize. 40 minutes (Prices on request)

it's all over now, Baby Bob

Well, Debby, what can we say as a fitting conclusion to this issue?? Nothing more than the truth, that's for sure. We're currently in the process of broadening the appeal of The Newspaper Without A Name II, hoping to attract more adult readers with more and longer quality articles. This is not to say that we are also in the process of de-emphasizing the LRY aspect, but we do feel there is not only room, but necessity for both. I guess we'd better mention the various reasons for the extreme lateness of this issue. It's not that we're lazy, but just that we did a considerable amount of soul-searching in looking for the new direction the newspaper had to go. Until a belated meeting of the minds with GHS II and the other staff freak-os, we could not come up with the copy to fit the new direction-- simply because collectively we had no idea of what it would be. As so often happens, this new outlook broke the jam and the down mood, and the newspaper once again came together.

Soo, we ask your forgiveness and forbearance, and hope you keep the subscriptions coming in at the fine rate they have been so far. You really will get a full year of The LRY Newspaper Without A Name II.

-- Ross Quinn

.....'twill do, Ross, 'twill do. -- Debbie

and my dear friends:

don't forget that you can advertise thru us.

-- D.M.

So we sat here tonight doing a thing that should have graced your hands a lot sooner, but was the victim of happenstance and hassle. Tomorrow we rush down to the printer and heave a sigh of relief mingled with a burst of pride. Hope you can really get into our & your effort in these fore-going pages. Money is our hassle tantamount. Subscriptions, how many times can we say it before its too late. Time again to put a newspaper, a staff, a dream to bed. GHSII

YOU COULD PRETEND we don't exist... **BUT.**

You would be missing out on the most profitable LRY experience of your life.

Bay Shore Federation offers the most unlimited scope of activities ever conceived.

HOW?

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WHEN
YOU THINK
OF EXCITEMENT,
THINK

BAY SHORE FEDERATION

"The Glow in
Southeastern Massachusetts"

Boy, the things I gotta do! I'm supposed to be drawing little artsy pictures, and now I have to write this thing about getting subscriptions.

I guess there are about 20,000 LRYers across the country; now that's not exact or anything, BUT that's a goodly number, I mean it's a lot of kids. Add to that a couple thousand advisors, ministers, RE people. Now this is not to say that we have millions or even billions of people floating around tearing their hair out for a subscription to the LRY newspaper, but it adds up you know.

So.....we got all you people, now what do we do with you? First of all, we ask you to make sure that there's a table set up at your Fed meeting selling or giving out the newspaper and also pushing for new subscriptions. But maybe your next Fed meeting isn't for a long time or something, so then we ask you to push your local group to get a lot of subscriptions, then you can sell them at your local meetings and make a little bread too! If you are really dedicated you can sell the newspaper to the over-thirty crowd at their coffee hour. Most of all, though, we would love to see your own personal subscription. Do it now!!!
-- Love, Sals

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