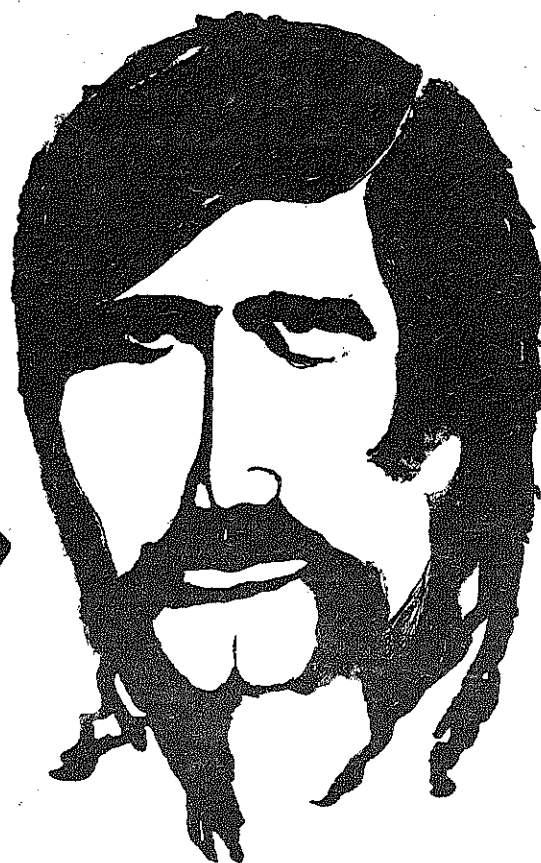
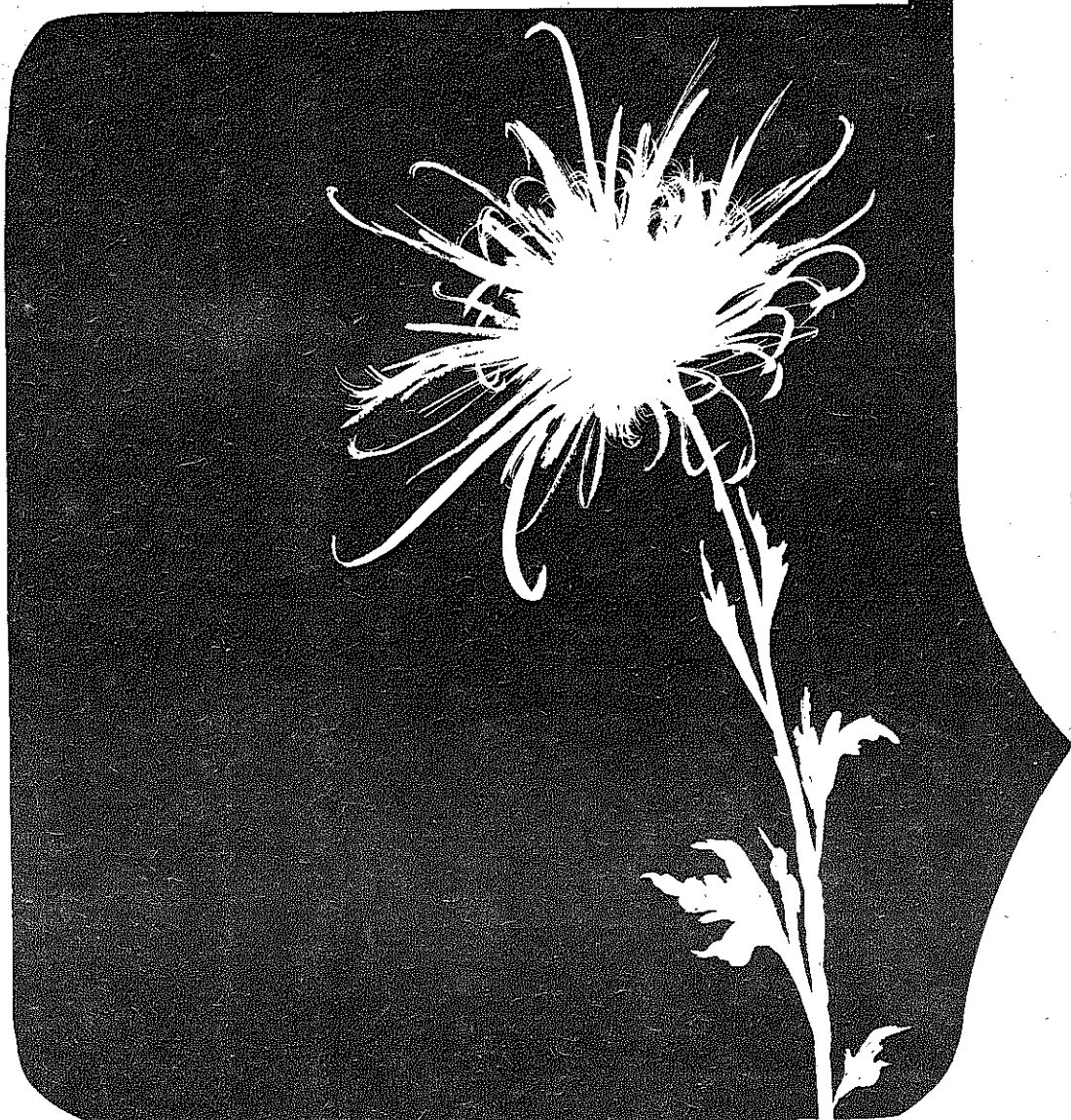
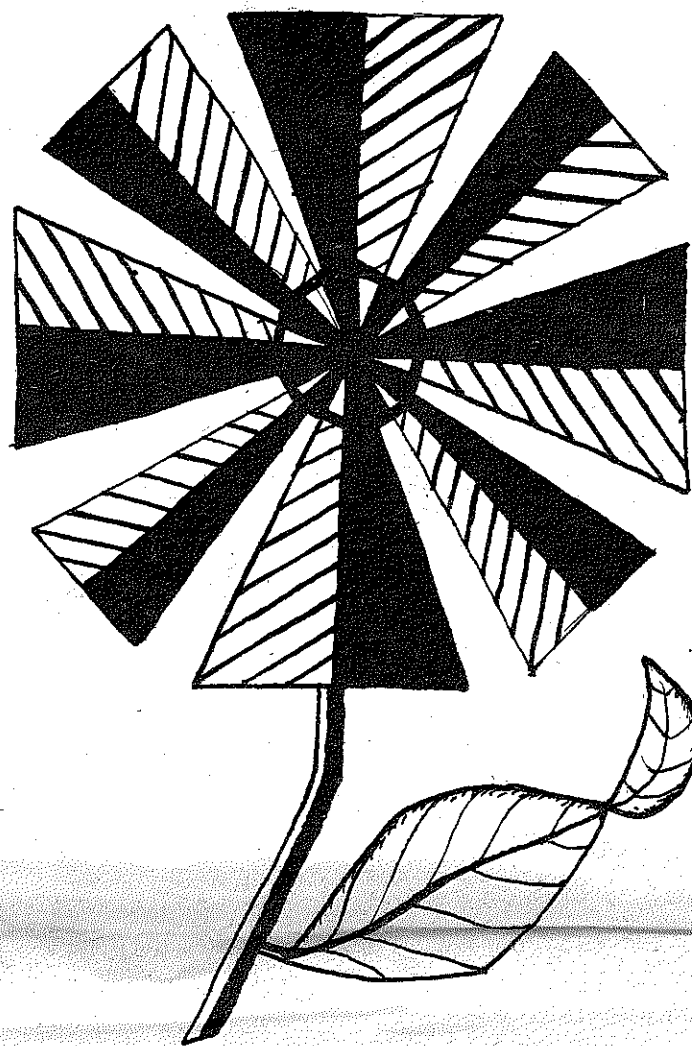
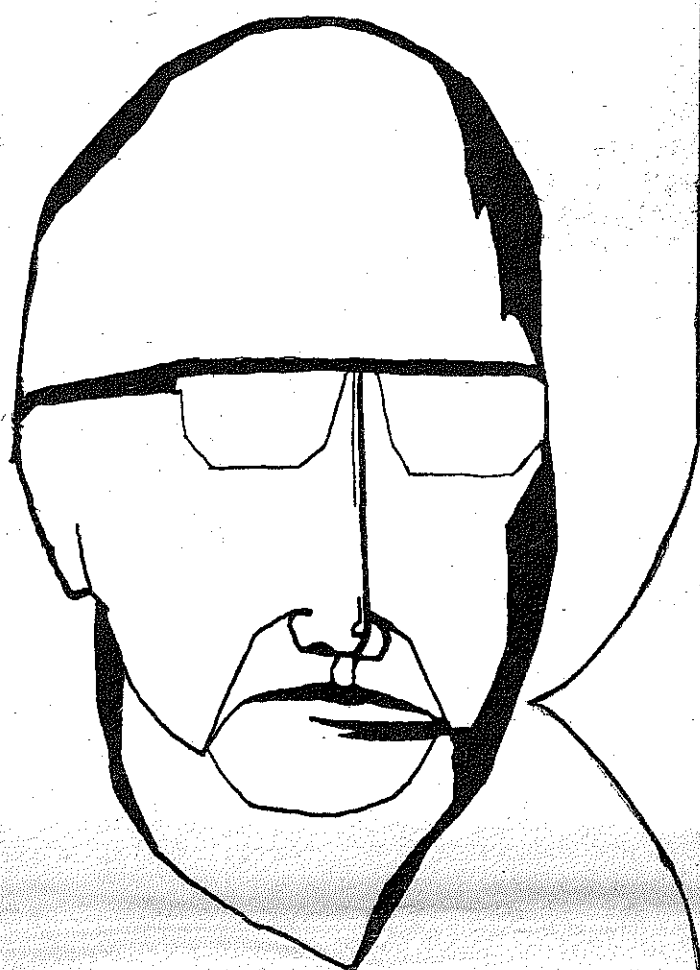


# NAMELESS

35 cents

VOL. 1, NO. 4

## NEWSPRINT



Cover by  
Bob Salisbury

- SAY, GANG, LOOK WHAT'S IN THIS ISSUE!!*
- On Page
- 2..... Issue #4 leads off with this interesting, and an editorial statement of thoughts of general concern, by the inimitable Greg Sweigert.
- 3..... This page starts the general letters section. Of particular interest is the correspondence between Larry Ladd and Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_, and the thoughtful letters by Karen and Robbie Isaacs on page 4.
- 5..... Nameless Newsprint's indomitable Canadian correspondent Wayne Arnason comes through again with Canadiantial. Ollie Eskimo...??
- 6..... Larry Ladd, LRY Continental president, strikes again with this excellent article emphasizing the necessity of youth for the denomination. Joined on #
- 7..... by Simpson, who emphasizes Ladd's thoughts with a serious proposal to enlarge youth involvement in the UUA through the 1969 General Assembly.
- 8..... Here starts our long feature article by Norman Friedman, who, in addition to his lengthy academic credits, is a really groovey guy! His essay, POLITICS: THE PARADOX OF DEATH, (which appears for the first time anywhere in Nameless Newsprint) contains rare insight and wisdom-- read it carefully.
- 12..... Social responsibility contains a thorough explanation of BAC, BUUC, etc., and their progress in making our denomination relevant to blacks.
- 14..... Aesthetic Appeal has things by Anne Arnold and yours truly, among others.
- 15..... LRY is viewed here by Gorde Macfarlane, both in the past and future, as only Menlo can.

We all feel this is definitely by far the best issue of the Nameless Newsprint we've done. There are not, as before, blank spaces that must be filled with some material improvised at the last minute-- Everything in this issue is carefully written, and well worth reading. In doing so, we hope you will take as much pleasure and insight from it as we have in putting together this fourth issue.

-- Ross Quinn

# NAMELESS NEWSPRINT

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## EDITORIAL COMMENT: FINANCES

Again, my thoughts of writing a real editorial comment are overridden by the state of the Newspaper's finances. The staff of the Nameless Newsprint has embarked on a commercial venture; an experiment not under the umbrella of UUA or LRY funding. An independent journal, hassled by the looming thought of failure, which is impaled on this editor's mind. How difficult it is to work with an organization that fails constantly, on all levels, and has the resources to rebound. Without an underwriting, failure in the generating stages of the LRY Newspaper foreshadows another journalistic fatality. Failure is a luxury, we cannot afford.

Our experiment of bringing a new medium of communication to our denomination will be, and is being, closely watched. All forms of youth activity this year will receive a tremendous amount of study and analysis. We have boldly stated that we are going to become involved in the UUA - from the running of a youth candidate for the Board of Trustees, to an LRYer serving on a pulpit committee. And this means reshaping our movement in a favor for sharing our gifts with our adult counterparts, as well as embracing their gifts to us.

An ongoing journal is part of this sharing process, secondary to the one-to-one interaction of youth and adults at every level of our Association. We desire to involve all ages in a laboratory of learning: improvising what knowledge and experience is ours in a human reaction with the attitudes and experiences of others. Perhaps this Newspaper can be our catalyst. Currently we fear that the Newspaper may not last long enough to become a significant participant in this process.

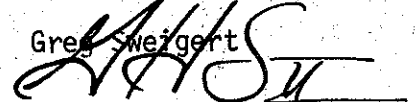
Our religious association is a unique community. It is a fragment of the larger society, bound together in the quest for rational religion and the recognition of the dignity of man. Our community reaches to secure the widest range of attitude and thought of men owning a free mind. We engage life in the hope of understanding it better, and apply that understanding to self and societal improvement. Our faith is invested in man-- his goodness-- and the occasional triumph of his actions of goodwill. Our commitment to these ideals, orients our very style of life around the 'process' of religious liberalism.

I guess the Newspaper, in my estimation, is a part of the communication process, which lubricates our Association; and enriches our lives. It certainly has been enriching for the staff of the Newspaper-- for we have had the opportunity to create something actual from the abstract hope of the original concept of the LRY Newspaper. Let us not short change the support and encouragement given to us by the present subscribers to the paper. With out this assistance, our efforts would have been silenced long ago. But still our financial condition festers, holding us back.

It is recognizing the obvious to say the Newspaper desperately needs more subscriptions. As the number of new subscriptions begins to dwindle, so we turn to another hope for income. We appeal to all church and fellowship bookstores to participate with us in the distribution of the LRY Newspaper. All they need do is drop us a line saying they would like to receive X number of copies of the Nameless Newsprint; and we will send them the paper, billing them later. We also encourage local LRY groups to illuminate the way by showing that Nameless Newsprint can be sold, and then turning the task over to their church bookstore. We fear many people still haven't heard of the LRY Newspaper, so storm up to the book rack next Sunday, and ask them to order 25 copies or so.

We need this effort now. We must have a stabilizing factor in our income, at least for the sake of our bookkeeper's sanity. Arise! Help stamp out financial responsibility editorials.

Greg Sweigert



# CONCERNS

Carl Voelkner

DEAR GENERATION GAP

YOU HAVE JUST MADE ME FURIOUS ENOUGH TO SIT RIGHT DOWN AND WRITE YOU OUT A CHECK WHICH I SHOULD HAVE DONE ON RECEIVING THE FIRST ISSUE OF YOUR WONDERFUL EXPERIMENT. NO ONE WISHES TO BE REMINDED OF HIS SHORT COMINGS, AND THIS IS EXACTLY WHAT YOU DID. I KNOW YOU CAN'T CASH A GOOD INTENTION, SO HERE IS A REAL CHECK.

MY ONLY ADVICE TO YOU IS NOT TO TAKE ANY ADVICE FROM THE LOST GENERATION OF THE TWENTIES.

LOTS OF LUCK  
NELSON H JAEGER

\* \* \* \* \*

Dear Greg,

I wrote you recently to congratulate you on the Nameless Newsprint. You are doing a great job.

It was not until after I wrote you that several people called to my attention the article by Doug Wilson, advisor to the Berkeley Fellowship LRY. I will say that I am not sure what the purpose of that particular article was; and I don't think the language was either nice or necessary.

I still say congratulations, however. The publication is excellent; and we like very much what you are doing and the spirit with which you are doing it.

Faithfully yours,

Dana McLean Greeley

(Respecting the privacy of this personal correspondence with Larry Ladd, references which could reveal the identities involved have been eliminated. --Ed.)

\* \*

Dear Larry:

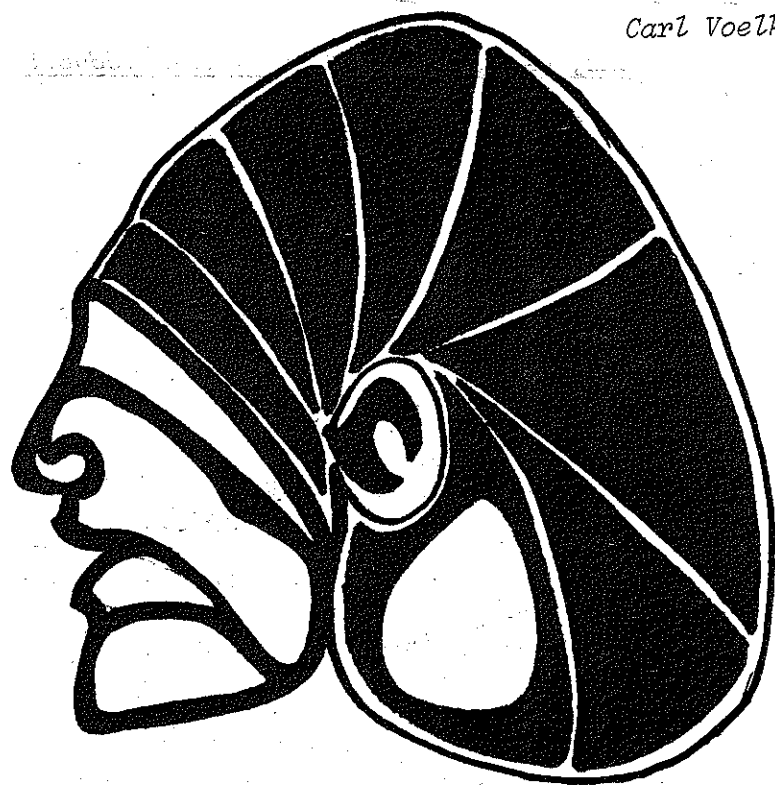
As president of the LRY I thought you might be interested in my daughter's reaction to the Fall conference, and some of my thoughts on the subject.

She's a sophomore, 15, and came home from the conference disturbed and disillusioned. It was her second conference, and her last, she says. Her complaints: too much coupling up of the conferees; too much talk of drugs; too much sex; too much inactivity; too much emphasis on being "in" without knowing what "in" is; worship which had no meaning; hardly any fun; domination of the group by extroverts with very little consideration for the quiet, shy kids.

Some of these complaints, I realize, can't be avoided. But most of them I feel are justifiable and inexcusable. If LRY is going to continue to grow and be a strong organization, it seems we should attract someone to these conferences other than the youngsters who are there only to satisfy their desire to be different or to exploit sex and drugs or to be "far out." It's true that the child with problems, the egotistical, self-centered kid has to have a place in society, a place to express himself, to perhaps learn or change or adjust, but must this be at LRY conferences, and must he be allowed to push aside the many youngsters who have no big problems, who enjoy school, who would like normal relations with their peers? These latter types of people, I feel, are being turned away from LRY. If they are members, they're allowed to work on committees, or to work in the kitchen, but seem to have no voice in policy making.

What's wrong with games, laughter, music, supervision by adults, discussions with teenagers about things other than the sordid and seamy side of life?

I feel that her older sisters contributed a great deal to LRY, and there's no reason why she and her younger sister haven't got a lot to offer also. But Larry, I discouraged and didn't allow her to get involved in committees of LRY because I have been feeling for the last couple of years that LRY is not the liberal religious movement it claims to be, but that there is an unhealthy undercurrent force that is dominating the organization.



With your limited time I doubt that there is much you can do, but I think there must be adult leaders somewhere that would probably be interested in my views, and if you know of someone, you can pass on my letter. I wouldn't want the chairman of this conference to think I don't realize how much work and effort was undoubtedly put into this conference by various people. But I wonder if young people don't need more adults, not to take over, but to constructively criticize them. And if there aren't interested adults to help, then I see a decline in the future of the organization.

I think you've done a noble job being President of LRY, Larry, and there are hundreds of kids like you that have worked hard and done many wonderful and exciting things in the past. Good luck in the future.

Sincerely,  
Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_

Dear Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_

I thank you for your letter. I wish that more people would be as open and honest as you have been with me.

True, LRY is often a refuge for the "far out," although knowing many of them as I do, I would not classify them as being self-centered or unhealthy. Most are warm, sensitive people who are struggling, in a very difficult period, to come to grips with themselves. The weird behavior and sloppy attire is only the outward indication of the deep inner turmoil taking place. That turmoil is a natural part of adolescence, and I sometimes envy their openness in expressing it, rather than repressing it and waiting for it to emerge in some ugly form later in life. LRY is the natural place for them to be, since our purpose is to help with the resolution of that inner turmoil.

LRY is one place where we can grapple with anything that we consider significant. Thus such "sordid and seamy" topics as drugs and sex are not taboo. Sex is a natural part of life, and drugs are a very harsh reality in youth culture today; their nature and implications must be dealt with.

But I agree with you that LRY must be more than this. It must be a place where we can share the joys as well as pain. It must avoid exclusiveness and sloppy programming. I believe that much of the leadership in LRY is recognizing this also.

I am hurt that she has not found LRY to be the same warm place that her older sisters had. If she is willing to risk herself a bit, to speak up, I believe that LRYers in her fed will listen. And she will find that there are more people than she thinks who will agree with her. She is much more like them than different from them. I certainly discovered that during my first years in LRY, for my initial reaction was similar to hers. LRY is a more open community than it sometimes seems.

next page

I share with you the feeling that there will be a decline in LRY if we cannot find more interested adults to help. Participation by responsible adults enhances our programs tremendously. But there are so few adults who are both able and willing to become involved.

Adult supervision, however, is not the answer; it negates our whole Unitarian-Universalist philosophy of religious education. Youth leadership is a valuable, indeed vital, part of the magnificence of LRY.

I hope she will not give up LRY. It could be the most important growth experience of her high school life. Her family has been too much a part of LRY to let it end now.

Sincerely,  
Larry Ladd

# # # # #

This is a letter addressed specifically to all the adult readers of the Newspaper who do not think they understand youth.

Tonight I was sitting with my uncle, watching Dragnet on TV. I mentioned that I disliked the show; that it was unrealistic and damaging to youth-adult relations. He asked me why.

"Every month or so, to keep up the ratings, this show has to have something about 'hippies', or drugs, or 'juvenile delinquents'. About two years ago, they had a program about 'acid heads'-- a typical mixed-up teenager who was found in a vacant lot with his face painted red and blue, spouting off the usual clichés about dirty cops, love and peace, etc.; the typical stern cop who says 'Come with us, Son,' and the typical weepie-eyed mother from Shaker Heights (or Beverly Hills, or Wellesley Hills, take your pick...) who says 'Where did I go wrong?' when she comes to the police station to bail out her dear little son." I was watching the show at that time with a few other LRYers, one of whom had just been busted for acid-- we laughed at how un-authentically the whole thing was produced... how trite.

But it bothers me now-- it bothers me because it, and other programs like it, are probably a big cause of the "generation gap." I wonder if the sponsors of that show realize what they are doing to the youth of America. I told all this to my uncle.

My uncle failed to understand this. I guess he thinks it improves the situation. "How do you deal with the problem?" he asks.

You deal with it by understanding it-- not by slapping the kid's parents with a fine and sending the kid off to some reform school. If parents could just sit down and say to their kids, "How are you? What's on your mind? What are you thinking? Are you happy? Can we talk?" If only they could...

"In my day," he said at the risk of sounding 'straight', "we had a simple way to deal with that problem-- we were told 'No.' And we obeyed."

Yes, they obeyed. A generation raised on fear and guilt. A generation of people like my mother, who must see their psychiatrist every week and live on tranquilizers. The results are different, but their cause is the same.

My mother is my uncle's sister. They were, as they will both tell you, raised on fear and guilt. They are not exactly proud of this, but in my uncle's case, he knows of no other alternative. (My mother believes differently-- she raised me without guilt-- and it was not easy for her, but it is probably why I am able to write this letter.)

My uncle is 50-ish, unmarried, co-owner of an insurance company: in every way a stoic, conservative, middle-aged person, raised with Puritan ethics and old Yankee values. He does not understand youth, and he never will. In his more angry moments, if prodded on the subject, he will complain about "the nigger down in the ghetto who lives off my pay check." I overheard him tell my mother today about a bad insurance risk he had encountered last week-- a 20 year old artist. I love my uncle, because he has helped my mother through trying times, and because he loves me.

But I will never understand him, no more than he will ever understand me. Many times he has made me cry, because in speaking with him about current problems, I have failed to see how he can be so business-like, so aloof, so indifferent towards others because they may have different aspirations than he... the Black militant, the liberal "new left" politician, the "campus radical," or the "LRYer who was just busted for acid" are completely foreign to him.

My uncle is not happy-- he has told me that-- but I don't think he knows why. Perhaps I don't know why either. You, our parents, our elders, the "older generation", are not the only ones who have problems with communication. Perhaps we can work together from this common bond.

Peace  
(and I mean that)  
Karen

\* \* \* \* \*

A Word to the Consolidated "Do Your Thing'ers" of LRY

There is a great trend these days in LRY away from structure and towards spontaneous experience. Beware, non-structure can become as structured as the structure which it is a reaction to. Both extremes are dangerous to the group, and the happy medium is very hard to find. Take, for example, my local group at First Unitarian Church in Chicago. I find myself, as president, in this position. I am caught between two seemingly un-uniteable factions. On one hand are the "do your thing'ers" who went through the "Geneva Experience" and "The Continental Experience." This group, for the most part, refuses to take any responsibility. They say it is the "group's" problem. By saying this, they in effect set themselves apart from the group. On the other side are the kids who want a planned, structured program, and a leader.

What is needed, much as I hate to say it, is compromise. There must be some way to please both factions without dividing the group irreparably. I have not yet figured out how to do it. I am inclined to say that, at least in my group, the "do your thing'ers" should do theirs some other time rather than during the weekly meeting. If they find it impossible to participate in planned program, they should, at least, have the courtesy not to disrupt the group from which they have set themselves apart.

Remember

Groups must have the opportunity to "do their thing" also. So be very careful, Oh beautiful do your thing'ers, not to screw your group with your thing.

With much love,  
Robbie Isaacs

PS: If any of you out there have any suggestions on what to do about this preplexing, pedantic problem of pulchritude, please send them in to this sterling publication.

\* \* \* \* \*

NWANI,

Please provide us with a subscription to what promises to be a much needed publication.

With Tricky Dick in the White House, more papers may be going underground. We will provide you with some of the thinking of our young people in a few weeks.

Thank you.  
Ron Javella, R. E. Director

\* \* \* \* \*

My friends,

You are right... Well, actually, I shouldn't give you that much credit; I don't really know if there are 20,000 LRYers around. I just know about 100, more or less. Anyway, (since I don't want to cut up my copy of the paper) here is an imitation of the subscription blank...

Oh, incidentally, (although I'd like to believe it) I realize I'm not important enough to deserve a letter from you extremely busy people for an answer, but perhaps you can think of a way to let me know.

Thanks,

Mark H. Miller I

\* \* \* \* \*

# ESKIMO WAYNE ARNASON OLIVE

We had our first snowfall yesterday. Appropriately enough, it was election day in the States. We're both in for a long, cold winter.

The Canadian reaction to the election of Richard Nixon was mixed. Most Canadians had stayed up into the late hours of the morning along with the rest of the continent, waiting for the results. The American elections receive just about as much attention in Canada as our own elections do. When Americans run 60% of your economy, it's nice to know who's going to be managing the show.

Back in January, the American political scene seemed surprisingly dull for an election year--it seemed that Johnson would be a shoe-in. Richard Nixon was a joke. There was some hope Bobby Kennedy might step in and take the nomination, because Canadians were generally unsympathetic with the Johnson administration. This was due, largely, to its Viet-Nam policy. It is not a popular war here. There are a far greater number of people who oppose the war on legal and moral grounds than in the U. S., and even those who do support the original intent of the U. S. involvement there agree that some colossal tactical blunders have been made.

The new image that John F. Kennedy brought to politics seems to be popular here, as shown by the election of our new Prime Minister, Pierre Elliot Trudeau, by a good majority. Bobby Kennedy was well liked by many Canadians for his dovish views, as well as for his seemingly more liberal approach to the problems of race and poverty. In a visit to Canada the summer before his death, he alienated quite a few people by making the remark that the hottest place in hell was reserved for he who remained neutral, an obvious reference to our position (or non-position) on Viet-Nam. The Canadian government agreed with him in a negative way, for we finally came out for a bombing halt, despite the possibilities of some economic wrist-slapping from Washington.

Eugene McCarthy took quite a while to catch on in Canada, because nobody was really sure where he stood. I personally found it hard to believe that he was the only 'radical' candidate of any consequence. You have to consider the political in Canada to understand this reaction. On the political spectrum here, McCarthy would probably sit a little to the left of Prime Minister Trudeau, who is the leader of what is considered the middle-of-the-road party. We have an entire political party which is quite a bit left of McCarthy, and which usually polls about 25% of the popular vote federally. This is, of course, the New Democratic Party, which most Canadian LRYers tend to support.

I doubt that there was anyone in Canada who was genuinely sorry to see Johnson drop out of the race. We watched the primaries with interest, although we gave up on trying to figure out what they were for. (The American political system is a complete mystery to most sober Canadians.) Bobby Kennedy's assassination was just as much of a shock here, and there was a general feeling of relief that we were north of the border. George Wallace scared the hell out of us, just by the fact he could run and get 15% of the American public to vote for him. I dropped in on Wallace headquarters in San Francisco this summer, pretending to be a budding young Fascist. They were quite thrilled about the prospects of setting up a branch office in Canada. I don't know if it ever occurred to them that Canadians don't vote in American elections.

Chicago was the last straw for a lot of people. Riots are an almost unheard of thing in Canada but then so are the obvious police state tactics of Mayor Daley. The manner in which the convention was run shocked us, especially when we considered that our political parties had recently adopted the American style of political convention. The rest of the campaign was just generally disgusting. Canadians are used to having some kind of clear-cut choice between the more conservative and radical lines. Our attitude toward Humphrey, Nixon, and Wallace, thus, was, "Are you kidding?" We watched Nixon make The Speech over and over again. We watched Wallace screaming out from behind his bullet-proof podium. And we watched Humphrey smile and wave, saying "Everything's going to be fine."

Canadian sentiment ended up being largely with Humphrey, as the lesser of three catastrophies, and now that Nixon is in, we're taking a wait-and-see attitude. But I'm scared. The United States is in its worst crisis since the Civil War, and 57% of the people voted for a do-nothing government of Nixon or Wallace. I personally can't see the country coming through the next four years unscathed. Nixon's attitude seems to be, "Let's close our eyes and hope it goes away." For the first time -yesterday- there was violence on the campus of the University I attend. Two opposite factions skirmished during a demonstration against Dow Chemical recruiters on campus. Canada is about 30 years behind the United States in sociological development. We still have a bit of breathing room, but with the high degree of control over our economy being exercised by America, and with the tremendous repercussions of American instability all over the world, we can't help being sucked down the American drain. Even Trudeau recognizes that.

Sure, I'm scared. I just hope that 1972 won't be too late.

## PERSONALS

Need ride to California. Call Dave Lathram, ex GWAF, now Boston University, Myles Standish Hall. Phone (617) 353-6342. Please...

PSLRY's inimitable Ross Quinn resides now in cold Boston. Write c/o SRL, 25 Beacon St., Boston 02108.

Anyone knowing the where-abouts of me please contact Hardy Mums at University at Random, Spuzum, British Columbia.

Anyone knowing the where-abouts of Menlo please contact Hardy Mums at University of Random, Spuzum, British Columbia, CANADA.

TO PLACE YOUR PERSONAL, SEND \$1.00 per 25 words (\$1.00 minium) to Business Manager, LRY Newspaper, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02108.

# # # # #



# Required Reading

"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 men have known today."  
--LRY Hymn

LARRY

LADD

To us, liberal religion is no abstraction: it is a precious way of life to which we are passionately committed. Around liberal religion we have formed a deeply religious fellowship, a community of seekers. The Bartletts defined the fundamentals of such a community as

--providing spiritual identity  
-- incarnating that identity in companionship  
-- focusing on the total personal needs of the members."  
--Moment of Truth

We are a community of people who have found fellowship that meets our religious needs, and can provide channels for our personal commitments. That fellowship can also serve as a haven for consolation and rearmament against a harsh outside world.

But above all else we are seeking: seeking more passionate involvement and communication with each other, seeking a durable personal identity, seeking to discover ways of participating effectively in the society we have inherited, seeking and always seeking. As one LRYer put it, "LRY nurtures a process which should last always, because there is so much to learn and so little time to learn it in."

That process should and must "last always." That is why we want to maintain our connection with the liberal church. Liberal religion has touched us deeply in the past, and we hope that it will continue to be of value throughout our lives. Our common purpose transcends the generation gap: good youth-adult relations exist not when we sit on opposite sides of a negotiating table, but only when we celebrate common values and dreams. Together, youth and adults, we can seek to expand our capacity to love, to share experiences, our joys and sorrows, hopes and dreams, doubts and failures.

The question sometimes arises among adults, "Why don't the young people come to church any more?" The answer is simple: the church is a relic.

As the times have changed, the church has failed to keep up. It has failed to live up to the values it espouses and taught us in Sunday school. It is failing as a vehicle of viable religious experience. Adults go through the Sunday morning ritual, send their kids to Sunday school, and make their annual pledge. Seldom is there any feeling of real commitment to each other or to social change. The religious fellowship that exists in LRY seems absent. The church is not a community of seekers. It is an institution more concerned with maintaining itself and protecting its status than it is with changing to meet human needs. As an established part of the status-quo, too often is it complacent about the present, and fearing of the future. The church is a prison whose walls are built of tradition, with gates sealed by apathy and hypocrisy.

No wonder we are disillusioned and go elsewhere to meet our need for personal sharing and commitment!

In recent years, and especially at the 1968 General Assembly of the Unitarian-Universalist Association at Cleveland, trends are appearing within the church that promise hope for an otherwise stale institution. Appraisal of the church by some leaders has led them to say exactly what we have been saying for years and years. At that assembly, the denomination has taken the first big step away from being an institution and toward becoming a true community. By decentralizing denominational authority and supporting draft dissent and black empowerment, the church has let in a breath of fresh air. The old church is crumbling and a more noble one is being built.

To us, the '68 General Assembly was a ray of light in an institution of darkness. We came back from Cleveland with the hope and the determination that the church can and will become important in our lives. We came home with a new dedication to help in the transformation.

But beyond our sense of common purpose, how can youth make a contribution to the liberal religious movement? Do we have something to say?

We answer with an enthusiastic YES!!

We are the spokesman for tomorrow. The Bible says that "your young men shall see visions... and dream dreams." Our vision for what liberal religion can be is our primary contribution to the movement. Within LRY many potentialities have been explored that the church has ignored. Feelings about fellowship among us must be related to the church, so that we can begin to warm those cold pews.

We are calling for a reawakening of our full humanity: religion does not start from the neck up, it involves total involvement of one's whole self in life.

We are calling for a resurrection of man's ability to change and grow no matter what his chronological age.

We seek escape from hardened forms. We are seldom impressed by "the way it has always been done." We are radical, in the classic definition of the term: root questions are being asked, the deepest foundations are called upon to justify their continued existence. We can be as the child who blurted out: "The emperor has no clothes!"

Our focus is on change and freedom, rather than stability and order.

Without us, the UUA will die. It will die not only for lack of vision, but for lack of numbers as well. Unitarian-Universalism can no longer expect to expand its membership through converts from other faiths. Potential Uni-Uni's are staying more and more within their own churches because of the promise of liberalization taking place there. If we, the youth, leave the movement this time, the church's population will wither away. We are the only hope if the UUA is to keep its membership chart impressive.

With an eye to the future we can, together, build a movement that lives up to our platitudes.

A few years ago LRY brandished its saber of "youth autonomy" at the denomination. We were proud of our independence, but too often youth and adults used it as an excuse to avoid talking to each other. Then dialogue began through youth-adult committees and inter-generation workshops, but once again we used these as excuses, and sometimes roadblocks, to avoid deep involvement with each other.

Those days are over. When LRY launched its W. C. Fields program in 1967, its purpose was to deeply commit youth to full participation in the movement. The program is continuing stronger than ever. We will no longer share our despair about the church only among ourselves, but we will speak loudly for a revitalized church.

How does the W. C. Fields program channel our commitment to change? First, we are working dilligently at the local level (through bake sales, etc.) to raise money for the UUA Annual Fund. The promises of the 1968 General Assembly can only be fulfilled if the annual fund reaches its goal. Second, we are becoming active participants in the decision-making processes of the denomination. That means that youth will serve as members of church boards and committees, as delegates to district meetings, and the General Assembly. It means that we will run a youth candidate for the UUA Board of Trustees. In short, W. C. Fields is the translation of our vision into action.

We must, we will, help chart the future we will soon control.



"Sail forth! Steer for the deep waters only!  
Reckless, O soul, exploring, I with thee, and thou with me;  
For we are bound where the mariner has not yet dared to go,  
And we will risk the ship, ourselves, and all."

--Walt Whitman

## JUST A FRONT

### Youth Front Manifesto

- To unify the talents in leadership among the denomination's youth
- To enlighten adults as to the "new relationship" of youth involvement in liberal religion
- To maintain a political basis, of religious foundation, for assisting youth in their responsibilities of involvement in our Unitarian Universalist movement
- To provide youth an oppertunity to help shape the political, social, and religious directions of their religion, in a quest for personal and institutional relevancy
- To help re-establish Unitarian-Universalism in the vangaurd of the vital social and moral transfiguration of our society.

Since you are probably wondering where this radical manifesto of florid embellishments has sprung from, I shall put your mind at ease, if not asleep. A couple of visionary youth types gathered to rap on the role of youth in our denomination in its present condition, and its potential possibilities. The topic of role description could fill a thousand coffee hour conversations, and probably does when a Youth Sunday happens by. However, I do think the atmosphere of the rap which formulated this manifesto was quite a bit more intense than the coffee cup compliments like, "Those nice youngsters, putting on a service." Now coffee is all well and fine (remember that prospective Unitarian minister-- think coffee, not tea...) but, please, not all over our freshly mimioographed 'order of service'

What the manifesto proposes, I guess, are some radically different relations for LRY and SRL, as well as the denomination. In speaking of unifying the leadership talents of the denomination's youth, we certainly are not trying to revive a combined high school - college organization, but rather to create an extension of LRY and SRL which would realize solutions to the critical lack of youth attitude, involvement, and oppertunity within the denomination. Perhaps this group's relationship to the larger denomination would be extremely similiar to that of the Black Affairs Council. Being able to offer critical viewpoints, and encourage continuation of existing positive ones. While operating in distinct autonomy from the Association, it would work to swell youth involvement by revealing participatory oppertunities in the workings of our religious community.

Still the word has not reached the entire movement. Youth not only wants to, but is becoming very active in liberal religion. Surprisingly, notes of firm adult resistance have been sounded. Points of irresponsibility, immaturity, poor judgement, inexperience, and emotionalism have been cited against this youth cause. Pray tell, how does one develop the characteristics these adversaries hold so high, (for which I am still not sure I would want to sacrifice my youth) without being entrusted with responsibility? Responsibility which forces the cultivation of judgement, maturity, and cool analysis? These criticisms sound like an excuse for a high school government teacher I once had, who bellowed of the virtues of youth involvement in politics, --just the traditional parties, of course-- until his students demonstrated against the war right on the ole school grounds. He whereupon literally freaked out, with Communist conspiracies, American flags, and Veterans of Foreign Wars' Honor Gaurds flying pell-mell out of his mouth. Here I shall add another point to their list-- we often fly off on tangents. But aren't they fun? So, with youth destined to be the inheritors of the liberal church, the time has come to produce some enlightenment in adult circles about youth assuming all its responsibilities as religious liberals.

What is the most effective means of bringing about change in this denomination? As much as we would normally shy away from it, if the situation were not so desperate, youth needs a political base for change, which a Youth Front can provide. Think what influence for change youth could wield at, say, a General Assembly (like how about Boston in 1969?) if youth was organized with a professional let's-get-down-to-where-it's-at attitude, mellowed by the spirit of LRY and the intellectual development of SRL. My God, it's a blessed Trinity (send that one over to the Congregationalists). Thus, this political base and religious foundation would certainly assist in the opening up of new doors for youth; and be another educational process for the denomination set in the pattern of the Black Affairs Council. Who knows, we might even get bold enough to ask for some money, payable in chas or subway tokens.

It is a fact that the crescendo of youth interest in the liberal religious movement is peaking. Whether or not the adult community can embrace the voices of youth, the outcome will be scored in the annals of our church. Whether or not youth can respond whole-heartedly in a vivid display of religious motivation will be written right beside it. One conclusion is certain: if the youth are willing to invest more of themselves in their denomination, a much more vigorous religion for the entire Unitarian-Universalist movement can be the only result. If adults and youth can overcome their misgivings together, our denomination would truely be "coming of age." The rudimentary essentials are honesty and trust, coupled with something of everlasting quality: faith in another person. Faith can move mountains, it has been said, but what better use could it be put to, than moving people?

So, Keep The Faith, Baby

Simpson

# POLITICS

## THE PARADOX OF DEATH

Doctor Norman Friedman, currently Professor of English, Queens College of the City University of New York, received his AB magna cum laude from Harvard (1948) and his doctorate, Harvard (1952). His teaching experience spans from a Harvard Teaching Fellow in Humanities under Professors John Finley, Vladimir Nabokov, and Thornton Wilder, to Lecturer, University of Nantes, France. His area of specialization is literary criticism and theory, and Victorian and modern literature. His books include: E.E. Cummings: The Art of His Poetry, Poetry: An Introduction to its Form and Art, E.E. Cummings: The Growth of a Writer, and Logic, Rhetoric and Style. Somehow he has also found time to make 45 addresses, have 42 poems published in literatures such as Perspective, Antioch Review, The Nation, Chicago Choice, etc., have 39 essays on poetry, literary criticism, and theory published, and 9 reviews published in such journals as Modern Philosophy, American Literature, College English, Northwest Review, and Chicago Review. We welcome Dr. Friedman to the columns of the Nameless Newsprint with great enthusiasm.

### I Mind and Reality

Man's mind reacts to experience more abundantly than reality requires. This is what chiefly distinguishes him from, say, a leopard-- the one with his anxiety and clumsiness, the other with his efficiency and beauty. Man's mind is like an engine that develops more power than is needed to pull the load, like an automobile motor whose clutch disengages at 60 miles an hour. Unlike the leopard, he is not satisfied just to live: he must be constantly telling himself and others why, and how. Even when his energies are exhausted in the effort of mere survival, he nevertheless dreams of gods and demons, telling his fables to whoever will listen-- the turning of the earth, or the unyielding heavens. To live is not enough, for his gods and demons hover about him, rewarding or punishing him for having preemptorily summoned them thus, from the vastly deep, helping or hindering his heart and hands as he gropes from cradle to grave. There is so much to do and so little time in which to do it.

But there is no need to recall the bitter briefness of man's days, which was a shocking discovery to Thomas Wolfe (among others), for man is already sufficiently aware of it. In fact, he is more than sufficiently aware of it, and that is what I wish to think about. Whoever or whatever made him must have been very subtle indeed to have endowed him with such desire, and at the same time to have deprived him of the means of fulfilling it. I have often wondered about the sundry viruses with which we are afflicted from time to time: is it, as it seems to be, that if they succeed in invading the host they must die, having killed the very source of nutriment they were in search of? What happens to them if and when the host dies? We are all parasites, starving to death by killing what we live on. No one is ever what he wanted to be; no one can ever be as good as he thinks he is; no one can ever, no matter how hard he tries and how much he succeeds, become what he thinks he is capable of being. The mind will always be ahead of itself, and we are like a man trying to move his lips in a nightmare, trying to run under water. Our unwillingness to squander time is a good thing, but there can be too much of a good thing.

Because we can dream, we know this mortal life is unsatisfactory; and because we can dream, this little knowledge is a needle, to adapt a phrase from W. D. Snodgrass, in our hearts. Any graveyard, with its heavy and costly stones, engraved with the eternal cliches, "Beloved Wife and Mother," can serve as the fitting effect and symbol of our anxiety to hinder the moment in its swift passing. These ugly statues bear expensive witness to our craving to buy

the past and the future by denying the present. Our affluence is not that luxurious that we can afford to deprive our children of what it costs to bury our parents. Life is unsatisfactory to us, but no bargain can be struck with necessity. Life is now, and it is change, but we love it so much that we are willing to destroy it in order to keep it, for when we get something good, our pleasure is spoiled by our fear of losing it. So much so that, if a good thing comes along without a guarantee of permanence, we would rather not have it at all than run the risk of losing it, Tennyson and his trumped-up bravery about how it is "better to have loved and lost than to have never loved at all" notwithstanding. Want it to last, we organize our lives around the effort to preserve it.

But this holding action kills the very thing man would preserve, and the fruit turns to ashes in his mouth: love becomes possession and pleasure becomes lust. Much like some maniac that Poe or Browning or Faulkner might have imagined, he is a lover who poisons or strangles his beloved in order not to lose her. But what satisfaction can there be in trying to make love to a dead woman, however permanently he may possess her? I have read that at least fifty per cent of American wives are sexually frigid. Overdoing a good thing ruins it. The evil that man does, to reverse Milton's formula, comes out of the good he desires. No one ever does anything wrong without telling himself that it is somehow right. Man's purpose is to make life more meaningful, more answerable to his own desires, but he cannot seem to get it through his intelligent but thick head that he cannot do this by refusing to accept it on its own terms, by trying to make it into something else.

Man's purpose until recently was to get through life in such a way as to merit the approval of the heavens, and clearly, since the heavens are so far superior to the earth, this sub-lunary life was seen as unworthy of his best efforts, and death was explained away as a mere interlude between a bad world and a good one. This purpose gone-- for it is a mistake to see an increased attendance at churches as a religious revival, and the ecumenical spirit is impelling the churches themselves to become more involved in secular problems-- and his concern focused on the earth, he still thinks to conquer death by his affluence and his science. If only he can freeze enough foods and hold on to his job long enough; if only he can buy enough insurance and build enough defensive armaments; if only he can get his children through college and himself through retirement (join the Army at 18 and retire at 38)-- then he can relax and enjoy life, secure in the knowledge that now is forever.

His purpose is to live, but it asks him to surrender life in the process. For now is not forever, and life will not be held. Like a snowflake, life melts in his hands as he grasps it, and no degree of laboratory conditions can preserve its beauty for him. It is in the nature of snowflakes to fall, as it is of rose petals and oak leaves, and the color pictures in Life magazine (so ironically named!) of the beauties of Nature are about as engaging as the wax fruit on the dining tables of so many bourgeois apartments.

Although he loves it more than ever, life is still just as unpleasing to man in the secular twentieth century as it was to his forefathers in the religious past, and his plans call for as much confinement of the present for the sake of the past and the future as theirs. He is still a god-driven creature, even though his gods have come down to earth. Now that he has more time to worry and less to worry about-- so many of already have that security which man in the past struggled for so desperately-- now that he is becoming free of brute necessity, he needs to change gears, and cannot. With his need for security gone, he is still scrabbling for more. To go at high speeds in the first or second gear will burn the motor out.

Let him try to make life answer his desires, but let

him try to desire the right things. The last frontier is not interstellar space, but himself. The astronaut finds great if impermanent satisfaction in concerning himself about means; the ends are not in his area of specialization. But now that man does not have enough to do, let him not simply become busier than ever. He always had more energy than he needed to survive, but what is he going to do now with the great and growing surplus? To plow it back into the corporation, as he is now doing, can only make matters worse: the increased security he is working for will leave him with even more life left over to burn, and that much less tinder to ignite it with. He is riding a crazy inflationary spiral, and the outlets he seeks for his energies only leave him with more energy than before.

A high standard of living means only that he is at last free to confront himself: let him look, at last, within. A few have always done this, and more have been doing it lately--but the job is barely begun. If he is ever going to learn how to shape his life without killing it, he must first come to understand what it is within himself that prevents it. Only then will he be able, finding his way among the wreckage of old ideas, to come upon a knowledge of what he has within which will allow him to grow.

As it is now, we alternate between a compulsive busyness here and a distracted search for amusement there. We have been so anxious to fix a meaning upon life that we have forced it, and so neither our work nor our play makes any sense. Let us not complain that life has too little meaning; the problem is that it has too much, and of the wrong kind. Everything we do has purpose, only our purposes defeat life itself. We work for results rather than for the sake of the work, and the results are always the same in the ever-receding future. Since our days are numbered, we become impatient lest we die before achieving our results. Directing ourselves thus constantly forward, we bind ourselves to the morality of discipline, which makes it seem right that we should deny our other fulfillments for the sake of this. We are told that to grow up means to surrender alternatives, to narrow our circles of choice, but what we are not told is that to grow up in this way is to stop growing. So we stop living in the effort to control life and make it yield the desired rewards. But the problem of life will not be solved by Finding a Purpose; it will be solved, rather, by forgetting about purposes.

Our work-energy is drained off into commerce and industry, and our dream-energy into sports, television and the movies. And when our constant restlessness becomes too burdensome to bear, we find momentary relief in hobbies, home-improvement, and conviviality (which is not at all the same thing as friendship and love). When our anxiety becomes intense enough, we can be persuaded to fight-- or to stand by while our government fights-- wars, for at least this keeps us busy while at the same time providing us with a purpose. The issue is the old and comfortable one of survival, and we are happy, at least, pulling shoulder to shoulder with each other in a common cause.

But let us not congratulate ourselves too soon on this emergency morality; to be brothers only when disaster threatens or strikes is not a certain sign of our nobility. So relieved are we of the burden of ourselves, that we can consent to the slaughter of millions on both sides as being, somehow, necessary. But it is the distinctive feature of modern war that it can have no purpose, for no one can gain anything by it. What will the Communists do with the empires they are ostensibly building up? The Western powers have just discovered that such possessions are more trouble than they're worth. The only purpose of war is to postpone, by means of flags and uniforms and slogans, of all the excited busyness of production and mobilization, the required job of coming to know ourselves.

\* \* \* \*

*Barbarossa*

## II

### Individual and Society

We will not be able to contain much longer what is burning within, and the forms of our culture have not been adequate to express it. Let us talk of institutions and the way we have become them, and how we have consented unknowingly to our own gradual dying-- for indeed that is the way they survive, the good ones as well as the not so good ones.

How is it that institutions, which so often thwart us and the life we have within us, have gained our consent to dominate us? An institution carries on values and functions beyond the life of the individual, and so he must subordinate his will to the will of the institution. Agreed. But when an individual agrees to combine his personal will with the corporate will, he does so because the institution represents certain principles which he assents to. He must, therefore, keep his discretion, for the institution itself must be kept heading in its own true direction by the will of its members: when it violates its original value and function, it is the responsibility of its members to oppose it and bring it back on course. Subordinating the will is not the same as surrendering responsibility, then, and yet we have confused the two. Man more often than not makes institutions, not to lend the force of numbers and time to the furthering of a principle, but rather to fix life and fight change, to serve his over-active mind in its desire to hold on to life, in its fear of death, and in its fear of itself, of knowing itself, and of being responsible for making its own decisions.

We should have known this all along, for the wisdom to counteract it has been handy for centuries: Know Thyself may be a cliché of the schoolmasters, but we still haven't learned how to do it. It is hard to look within, for then we would have to decide for ourselves not only how to follow our goals, but also what they should be. We are anxious to get started, and so are willing to delegate our authority for the sake of efficiency. Institutions relieve us of the burden of being ourselves; they fix our purposes for us, and then show us how to achieve them. In this way we can escape from ourselves. But corporate responsibility means individual irresponsibility: we can keep busy without thinking, secure in the comfort of having it done for us. That's why we have allowed technology to grow into such a monster-- we have been kept busy without thinking. That's why our lives are smothered by bureaucracies: delegating authority spreads it too thin; sharing it makes it too diffuse.

We, who are badgered by janitors all our lives, have become janitors ourselves: "Don't ask me-- I don't make the rules-- All I know is what I'm told-- If I make an exception for you, I'll have to make an exception for everybody." When an individual has no more discretion than his superiors will grant him, he knows he can't be trusted, and so he ceases to trust himself. He humiliates us because he has been humiliated himself. When the individual has no discretion, on one can have it. Nothing important can ever be decided by a committee, nor should it supplant any individual's power of choice. Each must do it for himself-- and not just install a tile floor in his basement. Man can bring himself to do in a group what he would seldom permit himself to do as an individual: humiliate others, torture them, and even slaughter them, because the responsibility, in being shared, belongs to no one in particular.

The trial by the Western powers of Nazi war criminals rests on the assumption of individual responsibility, but are we willing to apply the same standard to ourselves? A few protesters against the war in Viet-Nam, and the "tribunal" set up by Russell and Satre, in invoking the Nuremberg principle, are certainly trying to keep the question open. They may be fools, fellow-travelers, or communists, but can only a government invoke the responsibility of individual conscience? How do we treat our own conscientious objectors, our deserters, our pacifists,

our dissenters? If we can condemn and execute Germans for following orders, for loving their country, for being good citizens, are we willing to do the same for Americans? If we say that Germans should have refused to follow a bad government, are we willing to allow ourselves the same privilege? Our own Declaration of Independence says we should, of course, but I wonder how many of us agree with this inflammatory document? Or the state of Israel, which found Eichmann responsible for war crimes, and yet exercises political censorship over its own journalists.

We are in an impossible situation here, a moral dilemma which we are unwilling to face squarely: we cannot condemn Germans for not following their individual consciences if we are unwilling to allow our citizens to follow theirs. We cannot act on principle only when it's convenient, only when it's the other guy who's violating it. Our justice requires, in short, nothing less than the complete surrender of our idea of patriotism, of loyalty to a nation, of devotion to a state. I think this would be a splendid thing, and would save mankind from the mass destruction which now threatens us. But I doubt whether the judges at Nuremburg were thinking in these terms, even though they spoke of "crimes against humanity". It doesn't matter whether our state is a good one or a bad one, or whether we think it is a good one or a bad one-- once we have admitted the principle of individual responsibility, we can never again demand unswerving devotion to the state as a matter of principle.

We have run with the hare and hunted with the hounds at Nuremburg. Who will judge the judges? And why didn't they track down and condemn the many Allied atrocities? Is it because our own atrocities are good atrocities, because they were committed against the other side and on a relatively small and disorganized scale? Or because they were done in the service of a good government? It's a contradiction in terms to talk of reforming institutions without first examining the immoral basis upon which they rest: morality rests on responsibility, and institutions without individual responsibility are immoral.

Why do we surrender our consciences to institutions? In distrusting life, we distrust the life within us, and in distrusting the life within us, we distrust one another. We don't trust one another because we don't trust ourselves, and we don't trust ourselves because no one else has ever trusted us-- neither our parents, nor our teachers, not the police. Where too much mind caused man to reduce nature to static paradises in the service of his fear of change, here too little imagination causes him to reduce people to objects in the service of his fear of freedom. In politics is rooted the failure of the human imagination, which is merely another word for the conscience of the individual.

It is the imagination, then, as Shelly said, which is the source of morality: "The great secret of morals is love; or a going out of our nature, and an identification of ourselves with the beautiful which exists in thought, action, or person, not our own. A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is the imagination." Does this not come down to those other schoolmasterish cliches, which so few schoolmasters are capable of following-- Love Thy Neighbor As Thyself, and Do Unto Others As You Would Have Them Do Unto You? And are we not just as far from realizing these as we are from the others? A man using his imagination cannot act irresponsibly toward others in the name of some collectivity. As we must learn to trust life, so too must we learn to trust one another.

If you take the "love thy neighbor" injunction literally, Freud was right in questioning it. He said that not everyone deserved his love, and that he would be cheating those he actually did love by trying to love everybody, cheapening the coin by flooding the market with deflated currency. But I don't think that's what it means. I think it means we must give the other person credit for being human, at least potentially, that we give ourselves and want him to give us. If we cut him, will he not

bleed? Kant's Categorical Imperative is almost the same thing, but we must beware lest we misapply this as well, by taking it too literally. Someone else may not want us to do unto him as we would have him do unto us. We may want a democratic form of government, but he may not want it. What we must "do" unto him is grant him the same privilege of choice we grant ourselves: not this or that action, but rather his freedom to act in his own way. We must imagine, hard as it is to believe, that he is a person too, and that he is at least as capable as we are of acting with good will, intelligence, and integrity.

Do not point to the obviously unhappy experience of mankind as a refutation of this argument: certainly people are mean nasty, trivial, banal, stupid, dishonest, and so on. Have I not had my heart broken as often as you? And by those who love me as well as by those who do not? This does not necessarily imply, however, that they need more restraints to keep them even as human as they are; it might equally imply that they'd be less small around the heart if they had grown up in a world which could trust them from the beginning. Somebody has got to start.

But first each of us must set his own house in order, asking: how many people have I injured, out of my own self-hatred, my own narrowness of heart, my own fear of life, my own need to control? The way we are now, we are just as capable as the Germans were of allowing millions to be sent to the gas chambers. All we have to do is stop thinking of others as being as human as we are. It's easy; anybody can do it; we do it all the time-- to our children, to our homosexuals, to our minorities. We humiliate them, we often torture them, and sometimes we even slaughter them. I have read recently about a psychologist who actually set up an experiment to find out how cruel Americans can be to their fellow man, whether we are just as capable as an Eichmann of following orders to the point of torturing others. He concluded that we are just as bound to the morality-- or immorality-- of authority as the Germans, just as willing to hurt others if we are told, as anyone else. And he wondered how we could resolve the dilemma of following authority without becoming irresponsible as individuals in the bargain. As well he might.

The ordinary German or Russian, I am sure, consents to Hitler or Stalin not because he wants to be enslaved, but rather because he hopes someone else will be enslaved in his place-- someone else whom he fails to imagine vividly-- and so he will be left alone. He consents to the secret police not because he wants to live in fear of the midnight knock at his door, but rather because he hopes the door will be his neighbor's.

And so it is with most of us. We are always persuading ourselves that with us it will be different, that if we render unto Caesar's what is Caesar's, he will leave us alone. That is how experience is ignored, and history forgotten. What we forget is that we are not free unless our neighbor is also free, hoping instead that the tyrant will give us bread for a few salutes and go about his business. That tyranny is the tyrant's business, and that tyranny is a fickle master, is not in the forefront of our consciousness. What we do know is that our master has promised security in return for loyalty, and loyalty is the cheapest thing we have to give. All we want is to stay alive, and to stop living in order to do so is the easiest thing in the world. But if no one wanted what the tyrant can give, he would have a closet full of empty uniforms. He would not be able to recruit a single policeman to begin pushing the rest of us around. He can't do it all by himself-- we outnumber him.

When will we realize, then, that the very thing we fear most, the very fear that prompts our surrender to the tyrant, is exactly the thing he gives us? It never pays off; he doesn't deliver the goods. All our yearnings for safety costs nothing less than ourselves, the very selves we were afraid of losing in the first place. At the very least, we will be able to stay alive at the cost of not being ourselves, for he wants nothing less than to tell us what to be and how to live. And surely this is not

living; it is merely to stay alive. And for what? Are we so afraid of the danger of deciding for ourselves what to be and how to live, so afraid of the possibility that we might fall and die, that we would rather fall and die in advance to avoid the risk?

I fear that we are, and that we fear being responsible for ourselves more than we fear the tyrant. More than we fear getting killed. But shouldn't we fear giving up life more than we fear getting killed? At the very worst, you see, if we would rather give up life than run the risk of getting killed, we may be the ones he chooses to send next to some concentration camp. And this is why we did not resist him in the beginning. He has cheated us; he has cheated all of us. Should we not choose the paradox of life -- to accept the risk of death in order to be truly alive? Not because we are heroes, for we are not very brave, but rather because with the paradox of death-- giving up life in order to stay merely alive -- we most certainly can never win, whereas with the paradox of life we at least have a chance. Prudence rather than fearlessness, then, dictates the choice. Are we such fools that we cannot choose in our own self-interest?

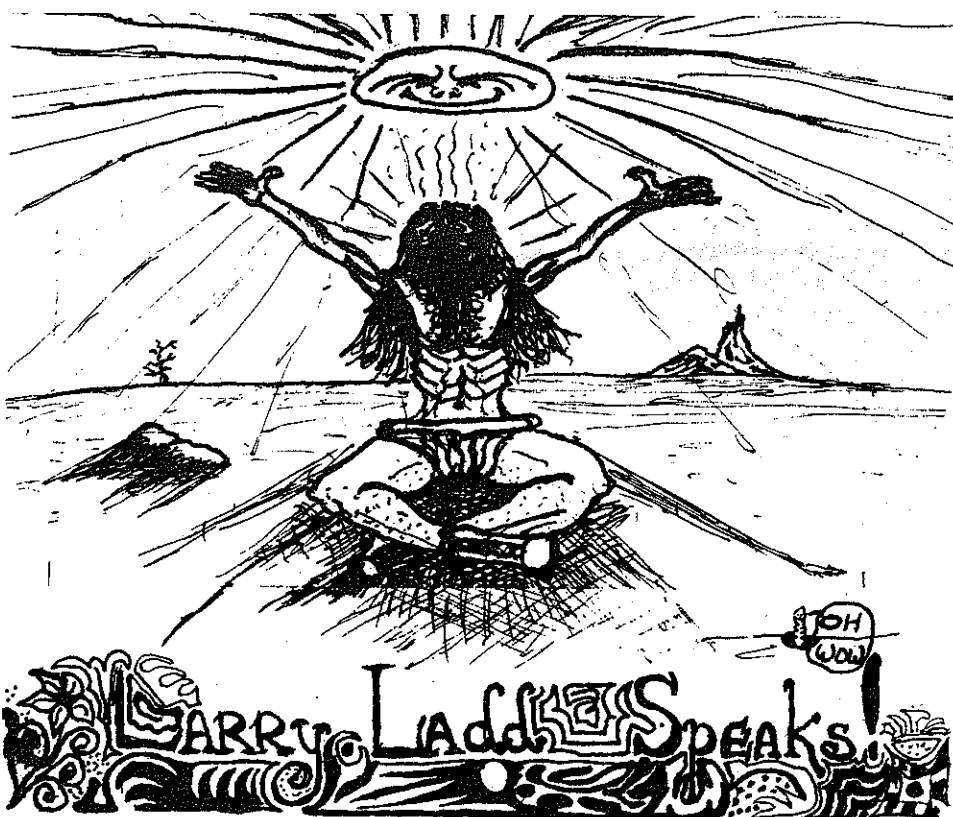
Let us not think that we are much different here in the United States. The "ideological" battle between Democracy and Communism, between two different "ways of life", is no such thing; it is only given the name by our respective leaders in order to command our loyalty. Even Communism knows that the secret police are less effective than persuasion; that is why it depends so heavily upon propaganda. Willing

consent is safer even for the tyrant than enforced obedience. And the present "softening" of the regime in Russia only serves to accentuate the point: it has succeeded so well that it can afford a little dissent here and there, but let that dissent begin to get at anything basic, and it will be squelched as before.

In the United States we have no tyrant or secret police, and so the whole job must be done by persuasion. Political liberty is not tantamount to personal freedom; to be able to vote and to better our standard of living is not all there is to freedom; Democrat or Republican, rich or poor, black or white, we are all bound to the same regimented industrial society and to its rigid moral code. I sometimes wonder what the Negro expects his children to find in our schools and jobs once they get inside. Another kind of Uncle Tomism-- the white kind-- it seems to me. Having solved the problem of political tyranny, we have yet to solve the problem of the social tyranny we have put in its place, what Mill called the 'tyranny of the majority.' And that is in some respects worse, for then we are bound to become less clear about the distinction between what is really ourselves and what is not. If we want to resist the tyrant, we at least can know who he is; but if we want to resist the tyranny of the majority, we can't even find the enemy within, for we have been persuaded, and there's no place else to look.

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This is the end of the second part of Norman Friedman's essay, POLITICS: THE PARADOX OF DEATH. The third, and concluding part, will be published exclusively in the next issue of The LRY Newspaper.



Mr. Burt Cohen  
98- 25 64th Rd.  
Rego Park, N. Y. 11374

Carl Voelkner

Dear Burt:

I read with great interest your article on social responsibility that appeared in the LRY newspaper. I would like to respond to it.

Ever since I can remember, activist LRYers have been disgruntled by LRY's lack of enthusiasm for social action. In the last issue you articulated well this feeling.

I believe that most teenagers, and especially LRYers, cannot be mobilized to demonstrate commitment to any issue directed at society at large. Right now, for the most part, such issues don't seem to concern us. Society appears as a huge omnipotent instrument of the anonymous powerbrokers, and we are the tiny and impotent. We have a feeling of hopelessness about effecting great change in our society, although we have many dreams about what should be done. We have much to grumble about, so we just grumble. For years attempts have been made to arouse us to action, but for the most part they have failed.

At this time in our lives, we are much too hung-up on ourselves. We are struggling to cope with our newly transformed bodies, with our newly discovered emotions. We are trying to achieve some sort of durable personal identity and to relate it to those around us. We seem too busy with ourselves to be worried about the world! In contrast with our high school years, when we get to college most of us do feel ready to confront the world, which partially explains the intense political activism on the campus.

Recognizing this unwillingness to go beyond ourselves, what can LRY do?

In 1964 Barry Goldwater pointed out that we can change society by changing the hearts of men. The real answer to social problems lies within us. No amount of confrontation and disruption will create the basic change for the better; that change will come only when the world is populated by loving men. No SDS member is qualified to challenge the hate in other men until he has confronted the hate within himself. This, I believe, should be the primary social action task of LRY. Only when a man has become able to understand and deal with himself is he ready to deal with the ills of society.

OK, that's fine, you say, but what does it mean in terms of practical application? First, it means placing emphasis on the development of self-understanding through discussion, T groups, or whatever.

Second, it means providing the information needed to form opinions on social issues-- especially information that is not often available in the local newspaper. Third, it means providing group support for individual decisions of conscience (LRY support for draft resisters, for example).

I fervently wish that LRYers would be ready to go beyond themselves, but experience has proven they are not. The program that I have outlined here, however, should be of immense value, given the conditions that exist today.

In the spirit of dialogue, I am  
Faithfully Yours,

Larry Ladd.

Carl Voelkner

# SR

BLACK EMPOWERMENT IN THE U. U. A.  
--A PROGRESS REPORT

What Happened at Cleveland? What has happened since Cleveland?

Unitarian-Universalists need to know the answers to these questions. It is the purpose of these paragraphs to provide such answers.

## DECISION AT CLEVELAND

On May 26, 1968 in Cleveland, the seventh General Assembly of the Unitarian-Universalist Association voted to recognize a Black Affairs Council whose purpose was to suggest and implement "programs to improve the conditions of black Unitarian-Universalists and black people in America."

After six hours of discussion and debate, the delegates cast 836 ballots in favor of the proposal and 327 against, a proportion of 72% to 28%, or almost three-to-one.

With recognition, the delegates voted the Black Affairs Council be funded in the amount of \$250,000 per year for four years-- a total of \$1 million.

In voting to recognize and fund the Black Affairs Council (BAC), the General Assembly defeated an alternative proposal submitted by the Board of Trustees which would have divided denominational funds between BAC and another program agency, BAWA (Black and White Action).

## THE MAJOR GROUPS

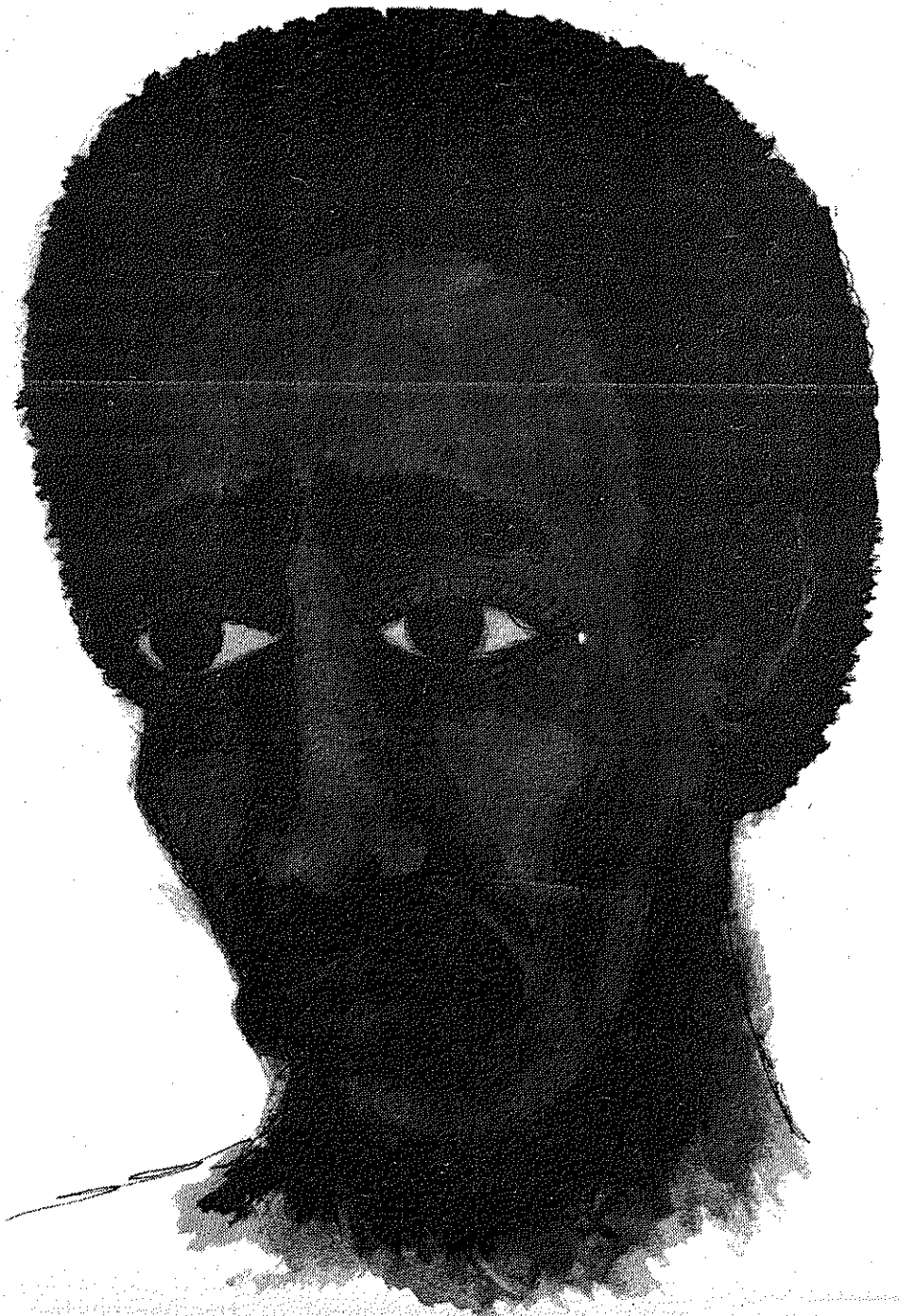
The controversy over black empowerment led to the creation of a number of new power centers in the denomination. The most important are BUUC, BAC, FULLBAC, and BAWA.

BUUC is the Black Unitarian-Universalist Caucus, formed in New York City in October 1967. The Caucus functions through metropolitan units (local caucuses) and a continental office in Boston. Its members are black Unitarian-Universalists who hold membership in Unitarian-Universalist churches and fellowships. It was BUUC which created the Black Affairs Council in February 1968, having previously and unsuccessfully petitioned the Board of Trustees of the UUA for funding. The failure of BUUC's efforts through the Board resulted in the proposal to the General Assembly. The chairman of BUUC is Hayward Henry of Brookline, Mass.

BAC is the Black Affairs Council, formed in February 1966 in Chicago. It has nine members, six black and three white, elected by the Black Unitarian-Universalist Caucus. It is the first agency within the UUA to have a black majority. While its administrative functions are decentralized among its members, it maintains a headquarters in Philadelphia. Dr. James Clark of Berkeley, Calif. is its chairman.

FULLBAC is a white support group for the Black Affairs Council. It was established April 4, 1968 in Philadelphia as an independent, continent-wide agency to advance the cause of black empowerment at the Cleveland General Assembly and beyond. "Our goal," said the original FULLBAC prospectus, "is the full realization of the genius of our black members, known and to be known. As a movement we live in them, and fall or rise in their failure or success." In concert with the Black Caucus, FULLBAC mobilized delegate opinion at Cleveland looking toward a favorable vote on the recognition and funding of BAC. Donald W. McKinney of Brooklyn and David B. Parke of Philadelphia are its co-chairmen.

BAWA was created in late April, 1968 in New York as a program agency for blacks and whites working for racial justice on an integrated basis. Originating from the Community Church of New York, the largest fully integrated in the UUA, BAWA sought to defeat the proposal for a Black Affairs Council at Cleveland, maintaining it violated the denomination's long standing commitment to racial integration. Its co-chairmen are Glover Barnes, M. D. of Buffalo and Max D. Gaebler of Madison, Wisc.



## IMPLEMENTING THE DECISION

Legally the vote of the General Assembly did not decide the issue of recognition and funding of BAC. According to the by-laws of the UUA, the Board of Trustees, and not the General Assembly, is charged with passing on applications for affiliate membership. In addition, it is the Board that possesses fiduciary responsibility for the funds and assets of the Association. The decision at Cleveland was therefore technically a recommendation to the Board of Trustees that only the Board could implement.

At its June 1968 meeting the Board:

1. Voted to admit the Black Affairs Council as an affiliate member. In doing so it amended its own rules governing affiliate members to include groups "whose past exclusion from the larger society warrants organizing around a 'special interest' of race or color, in order to insure their fuller participation in the total society."
2. In keeping with the vote of the General Assembly, appropriated the sum of \$250,000 to the Black Affairs Council, three-fifths of which, or \$150,000, was paid on July first, the balance payable in equal monthly installments beginning July first. Inasmuch as the UUA budget is adopted on a yearly basis, the Board did not commit itself beyond 1969. The vote of the General Assembly was for the four year period at \$250,000 per year.
3. Admitted BAWA as an affiliate member without funding.

## THE BLACK AFFAIRS COUNCIL

The Council met in May 1968 at Cleveland, in June in New York City, in July in Washington, and in September in Denver. Among its first tasks were the election of officers, the establishment of administrative procedures, and agreement on criteria for projects to be funded. Dr. James Clark was elected chairman, Dr. Jack Mendelsohn vice chairman, Richard Traylor secretary, and Benjamin Scott treasurer. The Council unanimously agreed to "minimize administrative expenditures," hopefully keeping these to a level not exceeding 10% of budget.

To insure the principle of black self-determination, which the General Assembly endorsed, the Council designated local black caucuses as initiating and screening committees ("field staff") for program proposals, in the conviction that it is the black Unitarian-Universalists who will be most familiar with the needs of the black community. To expedite this process, the Council voted to fund the Black Unitarian-Universalist Caucus.

Among the "funding guidelines" adopted by the council were the following:

The program must not be divisive to the overall unifying efforts of the black community.

The program should co-operate with the UUA in a constructive and enabling way...

Programs should relate where possible to programs in the black community, or be complimentary to such programs; should not be the type of program which would be funded by governmental agencies or traditional agencies for funding.

The program should be conducive to the development of black leadership, particularly in self-determined, decision making roles.

Programs funded to date by the Black Affairs Council include the following:

Young Afro-Americans (Philadelphia)-- Ex-gang members in the black community have received a revolving capital fund for the purpose of initiating small businesses. The program, incorporated as Ghetto Enterprises, Inc., presently includes a filling station, a supermarket, and a restaurant. Profits are to be returned to the revolving fund for creation of other co-operatively owned black businesses. The Atlantic-Richfield Refining Company has indicated its interest in participating in this program.

Soul Generation, Inc. (Syracuse)-- A group of black high school students have been funded for the purpose of organizing artistic and literary programs. Original plays, leadership workshops, and a study trip to Africa for 15 of their number are some of the activities the group has already undertaken. According to their proposal, "We have hopes of cutting down the apathy and disorganization which characterize the ghetto and black population of our city."

Community control of schools (Boston and Cincinnati)-- A parent group in the Gibson School of the Dorchester section of Boston has been funded in an effort "to free the children from an oppressive atmosphere and to create a place where children can learn from those who love them." A similar grant has been made to parents of the Avondale Neighborhood School in Cincinnati. There, non-professional mothers and fathers work side by side with professional teachers in creating "a new, charged learning situation for the youngsters of that area."

Black Labor Union (San Francisco)-- in the face of the systematic exclusion of black people from labor unions the Council has funded an effort by black people in the Bay Area to organize black workers. The union will make possible collective bargaining, the enforcement of fair employment practices, and the upgrading of income and economic power among the black workers.

Political Education (Newark)-- Several hundred young people are involved in an experiment in political education in Newark. The purpose and methods of existing political parties are being studied, and new forms of black political involvement explored. Although the Council was first to fund this program, other groups including the Inter-Religious Foundation for Community Organization and the Episcopal Church have recently contributed.

In addition, the Council has funded "Change" Magazine in the San Francisco Bay Area, commissioned the production of three public affairs television "spots" dealing with white racism, and created mechanisms for securing funds from other sources for the many worthy groups whose proposals were not funded by BAC itself. Additional program proposals are under consideration.

The chairman of BAC, Dr. James Clark, has written that the Council "has tremendous potential, thanks largely to its unique way of being funded which accents black self-determination... The exciting challenge to BAC is to meaningfully realize its potential and thereby significantly contribute toward making the church relevant in the area of race relations."

#### OTHER GROUPS

BUUC-- From an initial group of 30 in October 1967, the Black Unitarian-Universalist Caucus has developed into a movement of approximately 900 members in 15 local caucuses

across the continent. As indicated, the area caucuses, in addition to fulfilling local tasks, are serving as "field staff" of the Black Affairs Council in recommending programs for funding. At the base of local activity is an effort to get "middle class" Black Unitarian-Universalists to re-identify with the ghetto and its concerns. On a national level, BUUC seeks (1) to increase the participation of black Unitarian-Universalists in the total denominational life through culture, history, etc., (2) to provide a vehicle for the denominational empowerment of blacks, (3) to inform the denomination of the political, social, economic, and educational status of black Americans, (4) to facilitate the work of BAC in the self-determination, unity and empowerment of black Americans, (5) and to initiate and augment liaison between various denominational black caucuses, and in doing so reflect a new kind of reality-based ecumenism. BUUC is attempting to involve the black caucuses in other denominations in support of a Black Peoples Lobby in Washington, for the purposes of developing consensus, distributing information, and establishing strategy in response to the black community. Future plans include a second national conference of Black Unitarian-Universalists in San Francisco in February, participation of Black Unitarian-Universalists in the 1969 General Assembly in Boston, and a major effort to support the UUA Annual Fund in co-operation with FULLBAC. (In October 1968 a task force was formed for the purpose of consultation in raising the Annual Fund. Convened by Dr. Greeley, UUA president, the task force includes representatives of BAC, BUUC, and FULLBAC, in addition to the UUA itself.) The mailing address of BUUC is 110 Arlington St., Boston, Mass. 02116.

FULLBAC is organized as a membership group concerned to (1) support and interpret the programs of the Black Affairs Council, (2) co-operate with BAC, BUUC, and the UUA in raising the Annual Fund, and (3) develop philosophy and strategies for addressing the problem of white racism. Because of the prior need to pool information and to coordinate action programs in the area of racism, a conference announced for October was not held. In its place an interdenominational working conference of groups dealing with racism was convened in New York in October, the results of which will be utilized and publicized by FULLBAC. FULLBAC, like BUUC, is organized in local chapters of which ten are now active. At least two chapters-- in Boston and San Francisco-- have announced regional conferences on white racism. Present emphasis in FULLBAC includes: involvement of young people in all levels of organization, co-operation with local black caucuses in cultural events and fund raising, and the use of sensitivity training as a means of dealing with white racism. Membership is now 1,300. The mailing address is FULLBAC, 50 Monroe Place, Brooklyn, New York 11201.

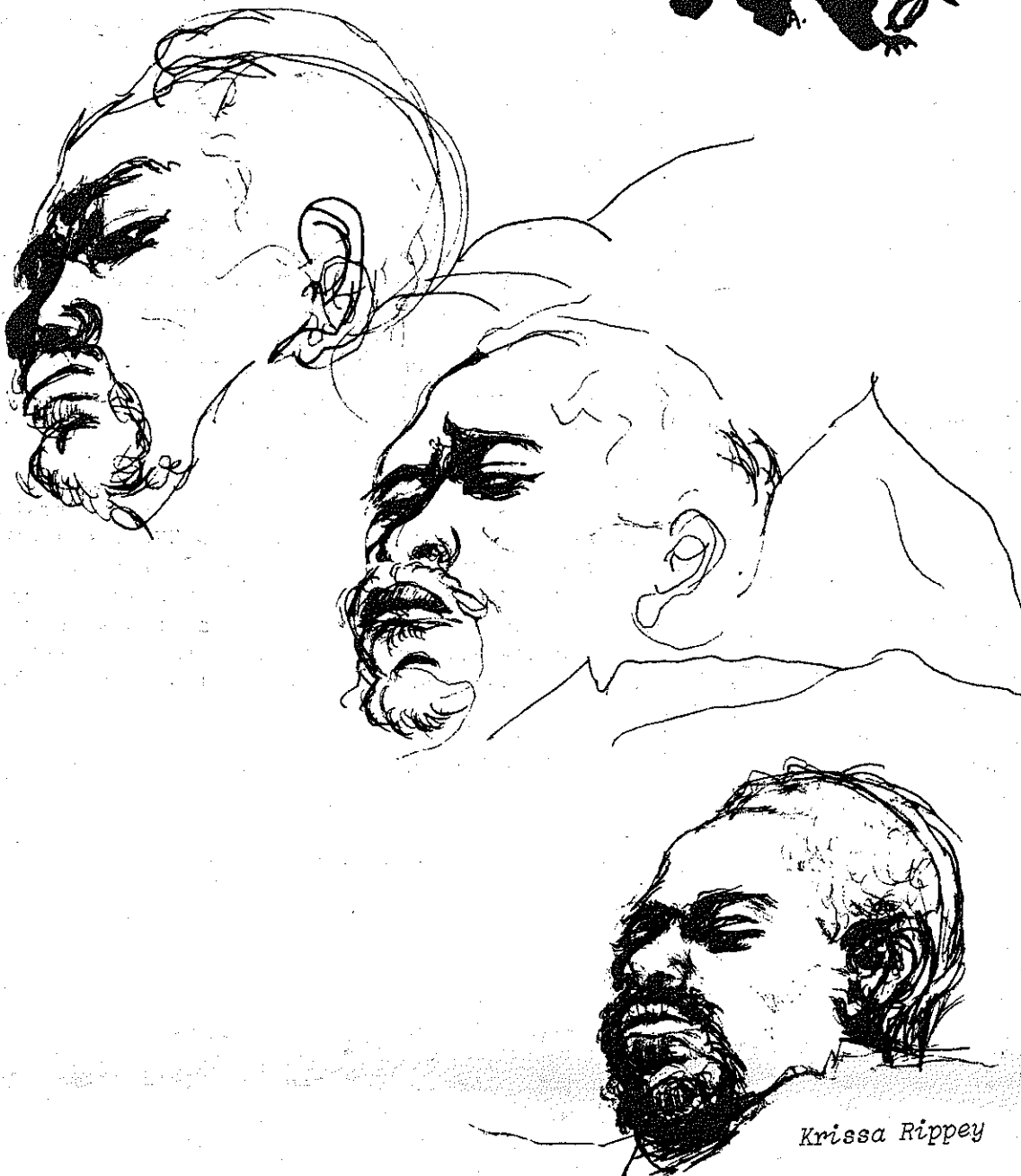
BAWA, convinced that "the ultimate goal of integration is best furthered by integration action now," has embarked on a program of membership recruitment and community action. The original proposal for Black and White Action called for (1) inter-racial teams to assist churches and fellowships in recruiting black members, (2) programs to integrate suburban housing, (3) recruitment of black people for the Unitarian-Universalist ministry and religious education leadership, with fellowships at theological schools and financial assistance where required between graduation and settlement in churches, (4) research into the hiring practices and investment policies of corporations with which Unitarian-Universalists societies do business, and (5) development of study units on black history and culture in Unitarian-Universalist church schools and the wider community. Preferring not to encourage the formation of chapters, BAWA urges its members to work through their local churches and fellowships. Present emphasis includes: an inventory of successful action projects, assistance to non-profit groups seeking to sponsor housing facilities for moderate income families and the elderly, and a membership meeting at the 1969 General Assembly. The mailing address of BAWA is 40 East 35th St., New York, New York 10016.

Prepared by David B. Parke in consultation with Mason F. McGinness and Richard L. Taylor.

\* \* \* \* \*

David Parke, a former President of AUJ, American Unitarian Youth, is now minister of the Germantown, Pennsylvania church.

Qhe to - you still got a burnt  
out light, or am I blind?



Krissa Rippey

Like I saw a wide open rat once  
in a path behind the barn.  
Man I was entranced... able  
brave to wait and watch a rat.  
No I don't know what it's like.

Hell pain and fiery burning because of  
nighttime yelling when I was little.  
Lonely crying for my dead brother  
Christ that's real... but not like  
he was more than one.  
No I don't know what it's like.

Listen I got clean walls in my house  
and a cellar with food filled cans.  
But that's not enough for me cause  
I need more plastic furniture... to  
satisfy company.  
No I don't know what it's like.

I got a Parasonic Multiplex Stereo beside me  
to sing me into forgetting that  
I don't know what it's like.  
And a well-deep family history  
so I can identify— small minded  
white environment... maybe.  
No I don't know what it's like.

Hearing the emptiness echo on my street,  
when the garbage man visits.  
Cleaning away all my old clothes  
and toys.. you got my things now  
ain't you privileged to be a discard.  
No I don't know what it's like.

Horrid murder-laughter, you laugh so intense  
a courage art or a death wail?  
Kicking loose the filth,  
slip in scum... slide backwards  
to the bottom of the gutter slum.  
No I don't know what it's like.

Christ where's my strength-- are you  
still hanging there waiting?  
Damned sorry, but I'm blind--  
you too neighbor? Hey give  
me your hand and come dark walking.  
No I don't know what it's like.

Anne Arnold  
11/18/68

You know, I just thought of something I hadn't in a long time. My friend. And me. And a mutual sort of thing. Hitchhiking.

I remember 2 summers ago, now, that god awful desert of total silence, except she was there too, and we had to laugh, smile, appear gay and happy so the poor travelers would look kindly maybe on us (Look--no rapists, us 2) and laugh their car doors open at us. So we sat and kicked dirt and sand and desert dust and walked to the edge of Winnemucca, tiring our thumbs all that way to match our sleeping-bag-and-suit-case laden arms.

The whole world was new then. The first ever train howled by fast power throbbing and scary-huge. That very first dirty gas station, the first dirtier old man cop, (did ya get some last night-- she kicks the ground, I hated-- Tell me if ya did-- chomp on cigar-- hey son, I'll put ya in jail & cut yur hair if ya don't have yur draft card--- showing it to him-- O.K., son, but get outta town. Can't hitchhike here.) the first really wondering if you're gonna make it, that first sun baked thirst. And just to keep on, to go & go some more, & maybe sometime later, a million years later, arrive.

That big, beautiful '56 Buik, rounding the corner under the railroad trestle, hours after some broken down grizzled old farmer in his broken down grizzled old pick-up, who would've taken us maybe 15 miles to his broken down grizzled old desert-sage cattle spread. Buik slowing. Looking. STOPPING! Smiling back, opening doors and trunk to our running after them, making theirs ours for those few thousand miles to Chicago. We lying down together in the back seat, swooshing, talking, looking, observing, pun & joking all of us along those broken white lines leading us click click to the sun and cloud shrouded endlessly horizon receding.

Over those hills and mountains. To the flat lands. The world's first and foremost flat lands. Desert. Salt. Great. So flat it curved, as the Earth. So desert it wholly mirages, pointing the far mountains like a knife back into its guts, its bowles. Leaving them floating as sandstone icebergs. Brown, hot. Dead as last year's grass. And the road, out of a hilly kind of lookout, plunges down into its very heart. Straight. Flat. Boring. They're sleepy, I drive. The first time the Buik responds to my commands, my feet. Roll, Roll, fly farther and farther, cause Salt Lake City is there, where we're goin. Somewhere. On and On. Straight, impossibly straight. Flat and 85 MPH. Those railroad tracks-- they're really coming together! Relativity does work!! Time and distance stretch and shrink, meld into one, endlessly rolling, fleeing the desert.

That slight turn and small hill meant only 95 miles to Salt Lake. We saw it then. Shimmering in the distance-- real water! The ultimate total and complete defiance of that harsh dusty sand reality. It broke the spell. An hour and a half later burgers and shakes in Morman town.

And my friend (last week) said he "went through there on acid." Casually.

I love him. How could it be otherwise?? His smile hides the suffering. His mirthful laugh fills my heart, makes my mind this young-- and innocent again.

--Ross Quinn, for Larry

# man in motion

## "SHARING STONES WITH RINGS"

Have you ever lived off the street?... Walked alone inside the rain?... Huddled in the darkness of doorways that never open and watched the faces move on past you?

Have you ever lived off the streets?... Not my street, yours-- I don't remember you; Charles St., Boston, Haight St., San Francisco, York St., Toronto, University Ave., Berkeley... "23rd St." leads to Heaven, but if you walk its sidewalks alone you'll never get there.

And watching those faces pass by... eyes that lift wide for recognition but close again with nothingness, hands that reach from pockets but return empty...

And your pockets filled with stones to share... so many stones... you wander the shores of a city metropolis searching for children to skip them with... dreams wrapped in crystal cloth... losing their magic because you can't find someone to unfold them for.

Have you walked alone down those endless streets looking for people to skip your gifts too, unwrap your dreams too? ... Have you watched their faces and reached because there was a gentleness... you heard a voice, a word spoken, you looked up but there was no one there, then you turned and there was a face that looked familiar... and you screamed inside but it didn't answer because it was your reflection in a store window.

Man, have you walked down Patchen's "23rd St."... turning the corners of your lifetime, hoping that around one of them would be Heaven... hoping one would hold a thousand children, all with their pockets bulging with stones to share... hoping... but always turning and finding another doorway locked, another place where you thought you heard words but there was no one around to speak them.

If you have, then you know... Lonliness, (lonliness with capital 'L') that finds you in hidden doorways, that peers at you through store windows and then chases you down sidewalks..... that waits for you to turn those corners.

Lonliness...

I remember when I used to feel it... a lot of the time... then I got mixed up in some organization called Liberal Religious Youth... that was seven years ago... I still feel it (we all do) but not as much anymore. Sometimes I find myself walking senselessly alone down one of those streets, then I awake... think a little about where things are at... then run to the nearest shore where stones are being shared, voices heard... children's laughter. Sometimes I visualize people joining in circles... faces that are familiar... two of those hands mine, touching the warmth of something in common... these people might call themselves LRYers.

Liberal Religious Youth... When I think about what I might have done if I hadn't happened to... you know ... make the connections... I think of all the stones I might have buried in my back yard, high above the ocean because I hadn't found anyone to share them with. Well I don't even begin to remember what corner it all started around-- I just feel my hands, my body and my mind... and they're warm from the circles I've lived from within.

But the seasons die and new ones are born... the circles turn and hands are always leaving for other circles... spaces for others to come and share. The circles turn to the music of their newer sounds, and the spirits of those who have come and gone dance within them..... Circles turning... seasons changing... people moving on, taking

FLASH!  
MARC MID-  
WINTER POS-  
PONENT. TOO  
MANY STILL  
in  
IN SCHOOL,  
STAFF NOT  
SET, COST  
TOO HIGH.  
NOW SET AT  
LATE FEB...  
--MARC EXEC  
COMMITTEE.

memories with them. Remembering the warmth, and the ways they've grown.

Now I'm looking back at LRY... Where is LRY at now?... I feel it's grown through strength and learning... I feel a whole historical background of both joy and pain from which it has grown... I feel a "newer understanding"... I see LRY growing from a child to an adult... slowly... aging as it pulls the things it's learned together, and I watch it bending lower to gather its changes and make its commitments ... And it's beautiful, but I'm worried... and when I reach back I remember... I remember who was behind that corner... I remember the faces and the stones that were shared... I'm worried, and my worries are filled with confusion.

I want LRY to lift gently from the ground... taking its commitments with it... stand up and straighten... stretch itself to the sky and take a deep, healthy breath of where things are at with all the hands that make the circles.

Now before we are all chocked to death by abstracts, let me explain. Liberal Religious Youth now grows closer to the UUA... in becoming one... in a "newer understanding" ... and it's beautiful. It is time for LRY to be part of the changes... to be a part of the growth. It is a time for LRY to find a basis in the Church... to understand and be understood. But within LRY and SRL there are many who don't feel close to the Unitarian Church... don't share the commitments. Some of these people are not Unitarians, but rather come from other religions; some have grown up in Unitarian Sunday schools, then drifted away; and some are struggling in understanding what a religion can be... it is for us.

"Liberal Religious Youth"... all these people have one thing in common... we need each other... we need to feel the warmth of other hands... no, not just the warmth, but more so the feeling that there are things to share, a place to go together.... a place to grow together.

"A friend and I have grown very close through the years,  
emptying many pockets of stones to each other,  
sharing stones with rings, and special dreams wrapped in crystal cloth...  
now we are older... our feet a little firmer to the ground  
we find the circles that seem to make our lives are different  
and it is getting harder to share them.  
But our love is strong and the need to share is great  
To have each other we must find new circles... open our lives and search for things in common.  
... places to grow together."

Liberal Religious Youth has got to keep its oneness... its fellowship... the larger circle that speaks of "we would be one." The larger circle from the smaller ones grows. A place with commitments, but more so a place away from our commitments (I said "our" commitments because we all have them... they're just different at times.).

LRY has been a place of diversity... reaching to the streets and pulling some people away from "Lonliness" back to where words are spoken, and where when you turn you'll find someone that wants to share them. LRYers have come from so many different streets... so many hidden doorways... and look at them... reach back and look at the roads they've travelled... so many different roads ... and where those roads have taken them.

LRY has been an ocean, and for years we've stood on its shores and shared our stones... skipping them through each other's lives. And the stones we've shared have been of different shapes... some have felt good to hold in our hands, others haven't, but we've been able to share them all.

And I'd hate to wake up some day and find that some of the people that were a part of LRY, or could have been a part, were washed away because they didn't have the right things to share, or the right commitments... or the same roads to travel.

I want to see that larger circle wheeling... spinning through its music.

And the shores of LRY always lined with children-- wandering, gathering, and filling their pockets with stones to share.

menlo macfarlane / dec. 4th

FINANCIAL CONCERN...

The LRY Newspaper is an expensive venture. It costs about 250.00 to print each issue. Mailing costs run to about another 30.00 per issue, and to work full time as I now do I must be paid-- about 20.00 per week. All this adds up to over \$350.00 per issue, counting all the miscellaneous expenditures for graphics material, payment for articles, typewriter rental, etc., etc., etc.

Take a look. To raise this \$350.00 per issue means that every issue we must have at least fifty new subscriptions, and also a few bulk orders. So far we have just barely made it-- we are about \$25.00 in the black. BUT, the rate of new subscriptions has reduced disasterously in the past three weeks-- from 8-10 per day to our present piddling 3 or 4. AT THIS RATE WE CANNOT CONTINUE TO MAKE IT!! There is simply not enough money for LRY or anyone else to support the Newspaper on their regular budget.

What all this means, then, is that there must be an unflagging, continuing effort on the part of everyone who cares about the Newspaper to get new subscriptions, bulk orders, and advertisements.

ANOTHER CONCERN...

The LRY Newspaper is a communications medium. People read it to find out what other people are thinking, doing, trying, and feeling. To make the Newspaper effective, then, it is necessary for you to write all that stuff down and send it to us. For what you're doing, write for the LRY Schejule, and send it to the LRY Newspaper. For what you're thinking or trying, write an article for the LRY Newspaper. For any feelings or commentary you have, write the LRY Newspaper a letter about it. If you hear, or put on yourself, a good worship service, send a copy to Ye Old Denomination, c/o LRY Newspaper. If you've bought a new record, ar read a new book, write the LRY Newspaper a review of it.

This is what the LRY Newspaper is for, and it can only be as relevant to you as your communication with it enables it to be. We can be only as close to each other as our communication. Bridge the gap. Use the LRY Newspaper thoughtfully-- and often.

In The Faith,  
Ross Quinn *yr circ. mgr.*

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