

# NAMELESS

35 cents

VOL. 1, NO. 5

## NEWSPRINT



Cover, "Reach Out"  
by Bob Salisbury.



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- 2.....please read issue #4 first, then the GHS II editorial, for a quick look at the Newspaper's financial condition. Greg also does a bit of rapping on important happening at 25 Beacon St. which concern youth, as well as his first bit of editorializing.
- 3.....New Notes offer a unique contest for all our readers who are deft at uncovering FBI agents in Unitarian churches. page 3 also begins 2½ glorious pages of your letters.
- 6.....Ken Friedman returns with a special meaning to those who know him intimately. He makes his peace, and sets his critics out to pasture. All graphics are by Ken also.
- 8.....this is what we hoped the Newspaper would get into. we apologize for the cramped layout. this section's first article is by Women's Federation Director, Connie Burgess, which sparked replies by Ross Quinn and Burt Cohen when first printed in the Bridge.
- 10.....a contributing reason for holding the mailing on the fourth issue was the possible thought loss in regard to Norman Friedman article. It really deserves one's full attention.
- 13.....we have reprinted a UUA pamphlet which has just come out. we thought it would not only be very useful, but interest people in seeking help on their draft problems from UUSC's draft counsellor, Tony Lob.
- 15.....many thought we would not have enough material to put out an issue of the Nameless Newsprint every two weeks. it hasn't played out that way, for in this issue we do not even have room for Canadential or Aesthetic Appeal. You will see them re-appearing in our next effort.
- 16.....this is the page, do your thing as a New Year's present to LRY.

# NAMELESS NEWSPRINT

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## EDITORIAL

It is with great excitement that we bring you issues 4 & 5 via first class mail. We have still not found any solutions to our financial quandary, however, we hoped by speeding your paper to you, coupled with your verbal blasts to Nameless non-subscribers, would serve to bring the subscription response up to the level we desire it to maintain; thus defray the cost of this mailing. Initially we feared orders for the paper might fall off after the 1st, but we still think a bevy of benefits await the new subscriber. We assure him, that in addition to any back issues we send him, he will also receive a full year's supply of LRY Newspapers until the next new year. So please: solicit, sway, influence, and point people to a cause you have deemed worthy of support.

Continuing with this "state of ship" address, we shall be printing again January 6th. Our printing schjule is beginning to find a liveable two-week pattern, and we ask that any advertisements or letters to the editor be to our offices no later than Jan 4th. A few comments have been feeding back about the slow delivery of the Nameless by the postman, sometimes taking as long as three weeks. All the comfort I can allot by saying our finances only permit a lowly third class effort, until this splurge of course. Terms for advertising: \$20 a quarter page, \$40 a half page, etc.

Beating our way back to the financial situation, we found a startling increase in the number of adult subscriptions, say for the "professionals" in the Association. Again the laymen show us the encouragement, as the ministers and professional R.E. Directors lag behind. One would expect the professionals to have the greatest amount of interest, in the youth scene, one of the most spirited assets of the denomination. An idea for a UUA Now ad for the Newspaper read like this: if you're not subscribing to the Nameless Newsprint, don't come crying to us when General Assembly rolls around. I imagine 100 or more LRY delegates to the annual meetings is enough to shock anyone who hasn't been reading about it. Why not inquire as to your ministers subscription policies; see your nearest LRY recruiter.

Time to get off the Newspaper's problems. Somewhere in the next or following issue will be featured responses by the UUA Presidential candidates to LRY President, Larry Ladd's pointed questions concerning youth and their relationship to the denomination. If LRY delegates are going to be making a wise choice for the next president of the Association; time is nigh to be informed on their platform and personal stance on the issues. In speaking with Larry this week, we both concluded that the Newspaper should be taking a broader role in the dimension of LRY communication, due to its inexpensive and quick print advantages. Very possibly, with the OK of the LRY Executive Committee at their meeting Dec. 26th to Jan 1st in Chicago, the Newspaper will become LRY's chief communication outlet. The bi-monthly packet will be drastically abbreviated, and the Promethean very possibly dumped - both's functions assumed to a large extent by the Nameless Newsprint. Inasmuch as packet printing costs are high, with mailing expenses incredible; and the Promethean's losing LRY bread every year - the phasing out of these luxuries would save LRY some headaches (a packet coordinator's time, standstills at the LRY office at the time of nailing) as well as the UUA Department of Communication a lot of money. We hope they put it to good use (no more films about youth please). So local group presidents, it is about time to get that subscription in.

Another item: the Youth Front. Although this program to a large extent is still under wraps, all signs indicate that it will cause quite a stir in "ye olde denomination" this year. We should have the news of who the youth candidate for the UUA Board of Trustees will be, by our next issue. Some very good news though, which shows that LRY has been doing some good things in terms of getting into the Association's activities: Larry Ladd has been nominated to serve on the UUA'S Commission on Appraisal, Patty Johns, an LRY Executive Committee member two years past, has been nominated for the Program Committee and, for the biggest news of all, the UUA Board of Trustees has elected to its membership, Mike McKinley of Starr King Theological School to finish out a board spot which was vacated by a resignation. At the Board's last meeting, there was a strong desire to explore the age requirement for Board membership to see if it could not be lowered to eighteen. Since Massachusetts law was not clear on the matter, an assignment was given to UUA's legal counsel Frank Fredrick to find out if the Board could introduce an amendment to lower the age requirement, which is not cemented at 21. So, stay tuned into the Youth Front, through the Nameless.

Please respond to these issues of the paper quickly - keep plugging for subscriptions, and watch the next issue for the major actions taken by the LRY Executive Committee. Until we meet again.

Keep the Faith

Greg Sweigert

# NEWS NOTES:

Of worthy note from the UUA Now: ELKHART, IND. - An undercover FBI agent was discovered recently in the Unitarian-Universalist Fellowship. The agent, Norman Berkshire, had been a member of the church about four years, according to the Reverend Forrest Whitman. He had infiltrated several groups in the area, looking for Communists.

In addition to participating in the Fellowship, he also attended meetings of the local McCarthy organization and took part in services at the South Bend Unitarian Church. He reported a number of people he said were Communists, including a member of the South Bend Church, but was apparently unable to find any subversives in the Elkhart Fellowship.

Berkshire finally got tired of spying, according to Whitman, admitted he was an agent and quit the church. The Federal Bureau of Investigation commended him for his work in a letter which was published in a local paper, the Elkhart Truth.

Except for an unsuccessful effort to get the Board of Trustees to pass a resolution permitting Communist speakers to use church facilities, Berkshire reportedly caused little trouble within the congregation. "He seemed like a fairly ordinary guy," Whitman says.

"I'm not concerned about anything that has happened internally," the minister says. "We can handle being investigated. In fact, most of the people just laughed it off."

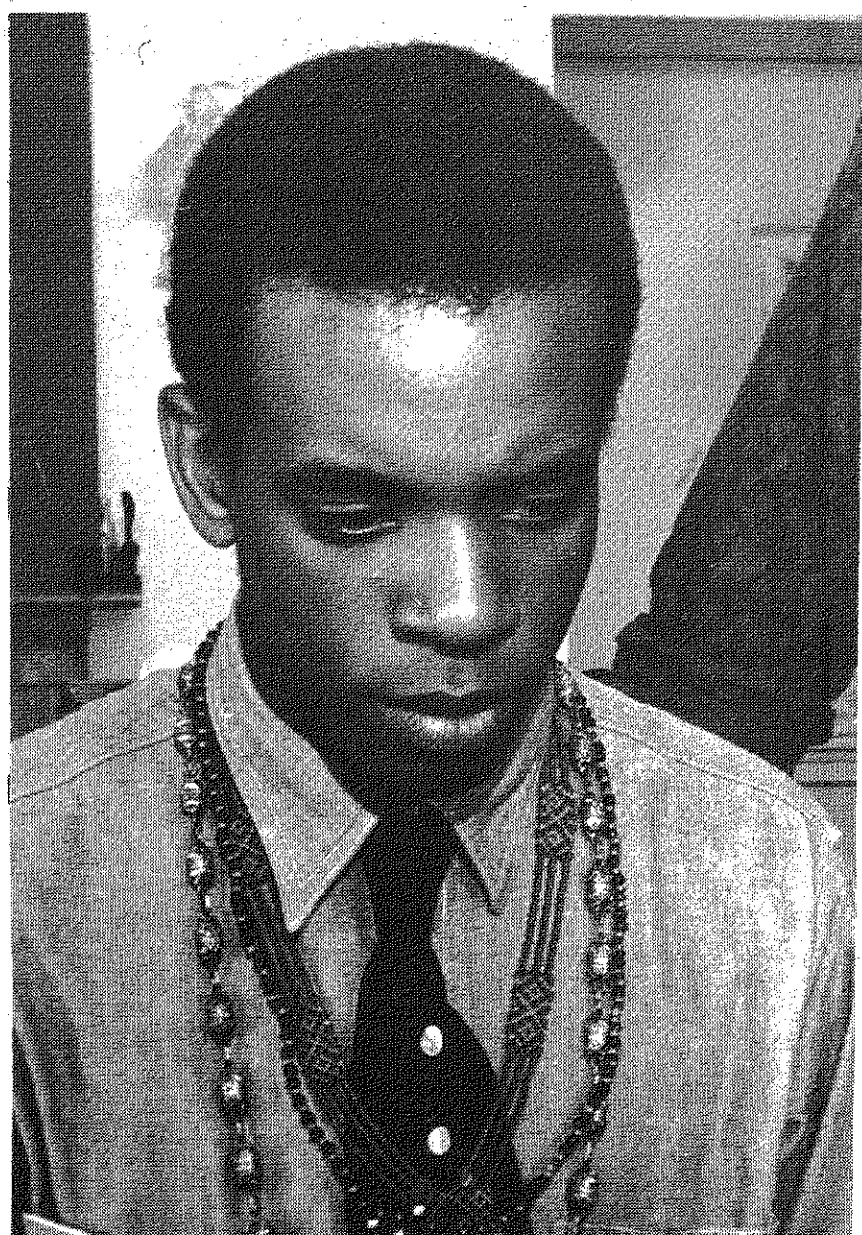
But Agent Berkshire also gave an interview to a paper in nearby Goshen, in which he charged that the entire Unitarian Universalist denomination was infiltrated by Communists. "We can't laugh that off," Whitman says, and tells why.

Berkshire, a fourth grade teacher, was paid by the FBI for meetings attended. Some members of the organizations he called Communist report suffering economically from his wholesale indictments.

"That's where the rub is with this guy, not with anything he did internally to the fellowship. It's kind of hard to estimate how much we were hurt by this thing. I tend to take it less seriously than a lot of people in the congregation - maybe because they're doctors and lawyers and whatnot and this hurts them. It really does."

Ed. Note. In a recently initiated Save the Newspaper Fund Drive, which consisted of all the people who were in the LRY Office on that particular day sitting down and writing a letter to their minister friends soliciting their, as well as their churches, subscription to the Nameless Newsprint, the Honorable Robbie Isaacs, Contributing Editor to the Newspaper just happened to be penning a letter to this same Reverend Whitman who is known as "Woody". Whew. Today, we received this, "Dear Robbie, Please enter one subscription to the Nameless Newsprint on behalf of my PRESENT friendly FBI agent. (I'll let him read the copy, after I get done.) Other subscriptions will be forthcoming. WOODY" So, the Newspaper announces the "Find Your Friendly FBI Agent Contest". All you have to do to enter is detect an FBI agent in your very own church or fellowship, write an expose about his activities to your local "Elkhart Truth", a copy to the Nameless please, and we will award a free subscription to your minister, your LRY Advisor, your local groom, as well as the FBI agent himself. Now let's get out there and start working, those Friendly, Fine, Free-Minded, Federal Fellows need the Nameless Newsprint, perhaps even as much as you or I.

Also, another item of note, concerning the LRY Record. Mike Smeltzer, 310 East John Street, Champaign, Illinois 61820, producer of the musical melee, informs us that he still has copies of the LRY Record for sale. They have been priced to sell at four bucks a throw. Mike has been absorbing the financial loss personally, so the selling of these records would put him in the black with the profits, approx. \$125.00, going to Continental LRY. Doesn't look like LRY endeavors are financial salvations, well, at least the effort is honest.



Letter to Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_ (in issue number 4)

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

Having considered your letter in the fourth issue which was addressed to our own Larry Ladd, I would like to take this opportunity to add my two cents. I assure you, that we LRYers are not "getting on your case". But I must state that I do not hold all of your views.

First I would like to comment on your statement about those conferees who attend conferences solely to "exploit sex & drugs". I do not and cannot imagine that there is an exploitation of sex or drugs on the part of LRYers. Having attended a fair share of conferences, I have witnessed incidents of "coupling up". I don't mean to say incidents, rather I believe for a boy and girl to meet and get to know one another at LRY functions in not unhealthy. Perhaps if we spend a lot more time exploring each other as persons, we shall have a lot less of the hang-ups, fears and guilt that have caused the latest rash of divorces; true also in the Unitarian church. On the question of the "talk of drugs", I would like to interject the notion that perhaps talking, that is to say, true open and honest discussion, about this problem might lessen not only fear and speculation about drugs and their effects, as well as the situation of LRYers using drugs. So far I have found nothing unhealthy or detrimental in those observation of your daughter.

Secondly, let us examine the "too much inactivity; too much emphasis on being 'in' without knowing what 'in' is," clauses. If one is making reference to the amount of free-time or something else having to do with the planning of these conferences, I would point out that this situation varies with every conferences, depending upon the discession of the conference planners. If this is becoming an unpopular trend, I would suggest that your daughter participate in the democratic process of altering a bad course. If 'in' means that warm refuge of sensitive friends, this product is yielded to the individual who is willing to become involved with people. A process of human interaction, rarely happening overnight.

As to an unsuccessful worship service, per your letter. Well, to me, worship is a very personal experience. I have a friend, who when visiting the Chicago Art Institute found 6 out of 10 art works to be meaningless for him. I assess a worship service in terms of the communicative process. Did the words spoken reach me? Can I implement my interpretation of the message? Etc. But what I do not understand; be it over my head or dreadfully below it, I do not find as merely meaningless.

I am afraid however, that I cannot deny the bitter truth of your last statement. It is a hard fact, and common to the laws of nature, that the extroverts do dominate the introverts. There is no dodging this. All we can hope to be is aware of it when it happens, and try to correct it. When the shy personalities dominate they shall lose their definition, and our world would have been altered greatly.

LLL (stands for Lovable Larry Ladd) has made mention of your concern for the LRY-adult relationship. I must agree with Larry in his reply and say that I have made many of the same observations. But I must question what is meant by "supervision by adults". I too am greatly in favor of your involvement, (strongly welcome and encourage it, to be more explicit) but I would no sooner have adults supervise LRY than have LRY supervise adults. One is just as bad as the other. Please understand.

Before I close I would like to thank you for your candor. (I think there are many others who feel your uneasiness, as I know many who share my views also). I would also like to say hello to: your daughters, the Bay Area Groups, Michindoh, the Chicago Art Institute, alla my friends, and to my Mom & Dad. See, we aren't so bad.

Truly Sincerely, Marsh Agobert, Director LRY

Dear Nameless Newsprint Staff and LRY Top Brass:

Your paper is a joy! - rich, poignant, honest, communicative, in every way the counts - not just what you are doing, but what you are feeling. We parents need and appreciate that kind of "rapping".

Maybe we too will get by with a little such help from you - our friends!

P.S. Enclosed is my check for three subscriptions.

Congratulations  
Long Life and Keep the Faith  
Mrs. H. C. Hoornstra

dear people -

when i get the next lry newspaper, i hope i don't see the same old - your paper's great, - it would be better if, - listen to what happened to me.

now i'll try to explain that. i'm sure that it's great for the editors to get letters or encouragement or criticism, but must this stuff be printed? no one wants to read this same garbage over and over - how great the paper could be. readers are coping out by writing a simple letter instead of putting a little more effort into something more meaningful.

yes, i too write about my own experiences. but an experience involving just a few people and the feelings involved or evolved should be kept between these people. these feelings are seldom transmitted through paper (there was only one in the last paper that i thought was effective.). the gist of this is that i wish both the contributions and editors would be a little more considerate or the readers.

NOW - what i want of the paper... keep up the art, quotes, poems, conference ideas, and the experiences relevant and meaningful to lry as a whole or individuals. but also, has anyone read any good books lately that they would recommend? (ed note - see GFG's review of Commonsense Sex, on page 9) what good things have happened in your local? do you have a question you want answered? have you solved any hassles in your local group? what's your opinion on \_\_\_\_\_? do you know how to share?

so don't be a hypocrite and write a letter (like this one) saying what's there or what isn't. it's the same as advocating activism in social action and sitting back on you ass. lryers can learn problems fast, but often they take no action on their resolution. (ed. note we have heard many people say how good the Newspaper is, but we still await their individual subscription)

before you send your next thing to 25, ask yourself why - for what? maybe you'll be like me and never send another thing in again, or maybe you'll work diligently to make it better the next time...

un lryer désillusionnée de GWAF

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR!



Dear Everybody,

I'm very impressed (whatever that means) with the Nameless Newsprint. It makes me happy to see people who care enough to put their time and energy into a venture like this.

Ideally, this nameless communication could bring LRYers closer together, and bring us as a whole religious movement, closer.

You have all the enthusiasm and encouragement I can give you. (It won't help put out the next issue, but it might make you feel good.)

Here is to better understanding among us, and throughout the world. Peace.

Karen Johnson

P.S. I don't mind the typing errors at all.

(ed note - Dear Karen, thank you for the Christmas card, and hasten to return the feelings expressed. One of the most beautiful moments in running a Newspaper, or gifts everlasting - is to hear the expression and affirmation of caring. A way of saying that your encouragement did help us to put out an issue. KTF GHS II)

## S R

In response to Larry Ladd's response to Burt Cohen's 3rd issue article on Social Responsibility.

Dear Larry,

I received your letter, and just wanted to thank-you. It's nice to know that someone is really reading those articles I toss in. I would like to reply to your letter.

Having been in LRY for approximately two years now, I have observed a great variety of people. In that time along with LRY influence, I have undergone a tremendous amount of personal change, as I am sure every LRY has. Having related with LRYers some time now, I look for a common denominator. What do these people have in common. Well, for one thing, they are all struggling through a period in their lives, growing mentally, physically, and as you put it "hung-up on ourselves". There is another common experience in LRY, which by no means is unique to it. It is a concern for people, within LRY and without. It is this concern for individuals and for all of humanity which sparked my article, not really the Wallace demonstration.

You see, I am not touching political activism, I am talking about social activism. Things that there are not questions about supporting. Things that one must affirm is there is to be any sort of religious liberalism.

One great area is the fighting of poverty and misery, here and abroad. Relief funds, poverty drives, Ghetto relief, poverty area after-school education-programs, draft education, Black history classes, volunteer welfare work, ghetto hospital work, and fund raising programs for all of these. This does not even mention the amount of printing and publicity that LRY could support. I could go on and on for more than a page, listing things that a true religious liberal cannot question with regard to supporting. These things are fundamental in my mind with "trying to achieve some sort of durable personal identity and to relate it to those around us". These two points are the basis for religious liberalism, and I feel that we the leaders are failing in our jobs by not giving both sides of the coin.

You say it is an unwillingness to go beyond ourselves; I say it is a lack of understanding our liberal obligations. I cannot believe that LRY's chief function is to throw together T groups and say, "go relate." I admit that learning to relate and grow within is very important, but this cannot be the core of LRY.

I feel that LRY should take another look at itself. T groups are 'in' just as much as are social responsibility tasks we haven't been performing. As for social action



and the political concerns, I feel that LRY has an important role also. It is the very one you pointed out. Social Awareness! The article I wrote was mainly on social action. In this area I believe, LRY have been copping out, because rarely to they perform any service even outside LRY.

I hope that this very wordy description of some of my thoughts:cycles has not confused you too much. I think we are very close in many of our thoughts.

In Peace, Freedom and Love  
Burt Cohen, President Metro. Area Fed.

(ed. note - Dear Burt, Since we are all struggling in finding our personal religion, by testing the rationality of various thoughts in our own computing systems, try this. If you can get to it, buy a copy of Chadwick's biography of William Ellery Channing. Read carefully the section devoted to Channing and the Abolishinists. You would make a really convincing William Lloyd Garrison. GHS II)

Writers of the Nameless Newsprint:

a couple of "letters to the editor" in no. 3 have got me all stirred. I can't speak for anyone else, but the misspelling in the paper is something I love about it. It sets an atmosphere of informality which I think is great. In fact, that is one of the reasons I did subscribe.

And the the side-ways pix - I love'em. The collages and the weird little men are all tremenjus! Please don't change. All these things are communication, not necessarily the "professional look". Isn't it? The Nameless Newsprint was the best techniques to communicate with young people, and it holds attention like an E.E. Cummings poem. I really think changing the informal layouts would be a bad mistake. If anybody agrees with this, I'm sure they would write in too. Thanks for letting me air my criticism of the criticisms.

Luv,  
Diane Lathrop

Dear Sir,

Issue number one of the Newspaper Without A Name II was brought to my attention by a person acquainted with my long time interest in reasearch in group dynamics. He wondered what my reaction would be to the article by Tim Cahn on Sensitivity Training.

Since you were not even sure at the time of publication whether the newspaper would receive enough subscriptions to keep going, a detailed "letter to the editor" hardly seems worth the effort.

Sensitivity Training is considerable older than the lead sentence in Tim Cahn's article would lead the reader to believe. Research and skill development in the field began at university centers and dates back at least twenty five years. The Quakers say they have been using aspects of it for three hundred.

Although the author repeatedly mentions the need for Sensitivity Training to be led by an experienced leader, the second half of the article tends to counteract the point by the list of techniques (which need to be selected and used with some care.) The hasty reader could be left with the impression that they are games LRYers are being advised to play.

Would-be trainers become common as enthusiasm about the potential of these methods grows.

Young intelligent people who have much to contribute to the future of society need to experience the widening dimensions that Sensitivity Training can offer. Since they are intelligent, they should also be aware of the careful professional discipline demanded of those who would become qualified trainers.

Sincerely Yours

Mary Lou Skinner  
Education Officer  
U.S. Public Health Service  
Dept Health, Educ. & Welfare

# BEWARE OF LIC

\* Lame and Impotent Conclusions..

LIC kills and cripples more Federations every year than all other Fed troubles combined.

A quiet little war has broken out in Bay Shore Fed.

A war on LIC... Won't you join us?

Bay Shore Federation is distinct.

Always restless, searching...

You bring the mortar...we've got the bricks...

Sturdy walls of programs...

Helping to make the dreams of LRY a reality.

Ordered but not tightly structured...

Realize your highest goals, your dreams...

Everyone should have a Fed like Bay Shore...GREAT!

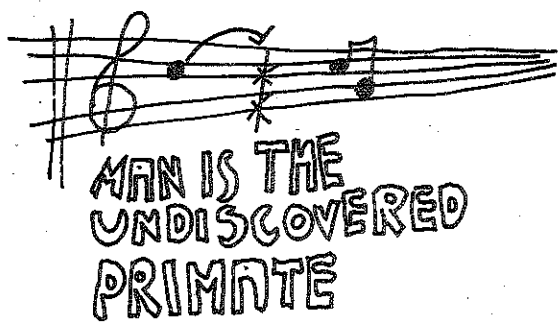
GLOWING  
In The  
Wind...

## BAY SHORE FEDERATION

Paid Advertisement



(ed. note - Dear Mrs. Skinner, A very heartfelt thank you for your interest and insight. Just before printing the 1st issue we considered the possible misuse of ST techniques which we in a sense would help make occur. However we decided, a basic familiarity with ST, not intended for would-be trainers would be very helpful in informing LRY on a subject they have taken a great deal of interest in. Perhaps our emphasis was not made clear enough regarding the need for professionally skilled "trainers". It is perfectly true that misuse of the skills can be a very common and serious mistake. In fact, many LRYers look upon ST with tinted-opinions, having been the victims of an improperly trained and "guided" ST session. Your insight is well noted, thank you again for your letter. GHS II



# WATER PLACE

A BRIEF EXCERPT FROM  
"DESPERATE EAGLES."



Courage? It is nothing more than an act of desperation: the facing of situations in spite of fear. Courage is a land of hopes, but of few hopes, and anxious ones: to die the eagles' death, to stand alone without flinching in time of stress, to be open to feeling and compassion when feeling and compassion are the most difficult modes of being, to dream while knowing defeat, to love when unloved... this is the essential courage possible to modern man.

It is said that one can only approach the sensibilities of spirit through a concrete mythics: the analytic tools are available perhaps to understand the spirit to some slight degree, to work with it therapeutically to a slightly greater degree, but the pure spirit can only be approached in the purely spiritual terms regarded as myth. These forms, poetry, drama, fiction, parable, art, music, dance, and others, have at their core the access of having touched somehow the primal sentiments, sentiments which are common.

Perhaps this seems a strange beginning to you, for a work that might be considered fictional. The fact of the matter is that today, it is hard to write fiction that has not isolated an element of truth: the only literatures that have survive to become the so-called classics have in them that element of truth. This series of accounts is a true one. It is only modified by a sort of cowardice: the fear of being so raw, so honest, that it would pain the writer to share almost too much of himself with the reader, that it would pain him again and again to read the words of his feeling. All one can hope for is as much honesty as is humanly possible of human beings: more is sometimes impossible. It is true, however, that less honesty than possible is ridiculous. From there, the point of crucial conflict of honesties, from the immediate anxiety of the writer, let us begin.

Driving through the California night, up the Coast, to the Water Place. We never learned the name given the Water Place... it is somewhat hidden off a small country highway, it has no signs, no one has ventured to name it. It is a series of hot sulphur springs, a series of concrete baths set on the side of a little mountain, fed by whatever natural forces contrive to cause and maintain such a spring.

Jason sits next to me in the Station Wagon. The Station Wagon is long and blue, a smooth-rider, much different than my old Volkswagen Bus that now sits forlorn in a repair shop. Jason speaks every now and then, between the times that we watch oncoming headlights hug far and rolling stretches of roadway. Every now and then, I speak. There is no dialogue... dialogue is unimportant to us. The Being Together of our journey is important to us.

Jason asks how I feel. I recount my journeys, travels and adventures since the last Together we shared. My desperations and alonenesses. He mutters an appreciation, says that often he feels abandoned by the world, forgotten by his friends in it who sometimes seem to care little: who don't care enough even to send a scribbled greeting. We both know that our friends are there when we are there with them... that perhaps somewhere else they laugh in the days of merriment and perform adventures, but that they are also abandoned, that they also drown in the greatest ocean.

We turn the radio on for a minute. It is static. The radio stations are all out of range as I swing the car off the main road. The smoothie glides away, pulling out strong and hard, moving into the distance of the country

road.

The road is good, trees beside it are reminders of the Now. A mountain sky is dark and blue-blackish... not corroded by the man-made milkiness of sky above great cities. Tonight, the sky stands cloudy and behind the clouds, a rough moon, silver and metallic that turns the clouds to cheese, to churning and opaque projections that are nothing so much as cloud-like: forming their imperfect metaphors.

Miles down the road Jason asks, "Is it really there?"

"Yes," I reply, "further on."

"Sometimes I wonder," says Jase, "if things really are there when I'm not."

"A universal question," I muse, "and perhaps they are not. Perhaps they are only defined by our presences, by our use of them. Perhaps they do not exist objectively when we are not there, but it is true that they do not exist for us."

I am awed by my precise language, the controlled and sometimes delicate images and thoughts throbbing in me. The slightly alien tones of the words which come from my lips, crystalline now, and then ruptured by the touch of my dauntless irony, the irony that is sometimes my only momentary escape from the tension of the grating relationship that defines life. The grating relationship? Here is a definition for you:

You sit now reading these lines. They lack something, they always lack something. You have something that they lack, and as they strike you, you either notice the lack of fill it subconsciously. When you fill it the words feel full. When you do not, they seem empty. There is a contemplative discussion going on between you - now, reader, observer, wonderer, enquirer - and me - author, story, pages before you, speaker for another Now, for a reality not yours - ; in this discussion, as in music, the dynamics of the intervals between us define our tentative relationship. This relationship is an important one: I almost cannot write without thinking about it, and if I must think about it, I can and must share it with you.

Do you perceive it? Do you feel the somewhat unique situation of being addressed, as much as I feel the uniqueness of addressing you? Is it a tentative and uncertain feeling? Is there something of the rough edge of a rock to it, the mossy side of a tree? Is it, perhaps, that rather than merely watching, you are both involved in these words and watching your involvement that seems different from your usual mode of perception? This is how I perceive: caught up in a Zen basketball game of "Who is the dribbler and who is the dribbled?" This fleeting awareness that is both as remote and as immediate as the possibility of my own death is the dynamic tension which I describe as the "grating relationship." The grating, the sensation and the awareness of sensation, is for me what makes living and perception possible. But it is sometimes a high price to pay, and sometimes I wish to escape... thus occasional momentary ironies and sarcasms are mine, a mild and humorous cynicism that comes to me sometimes when I need it, sometimes when I should be more brave.

Come now, you've had your definition of the grating. Come back with me now to the mountain road, to the California Eucalyptus evening, to the low-steady roar of the engine, to the pull and tug of Old Long Smoothie the Station Wagon, to Jason who sits awaiting you in the front right hand seat, back to me as I drive.

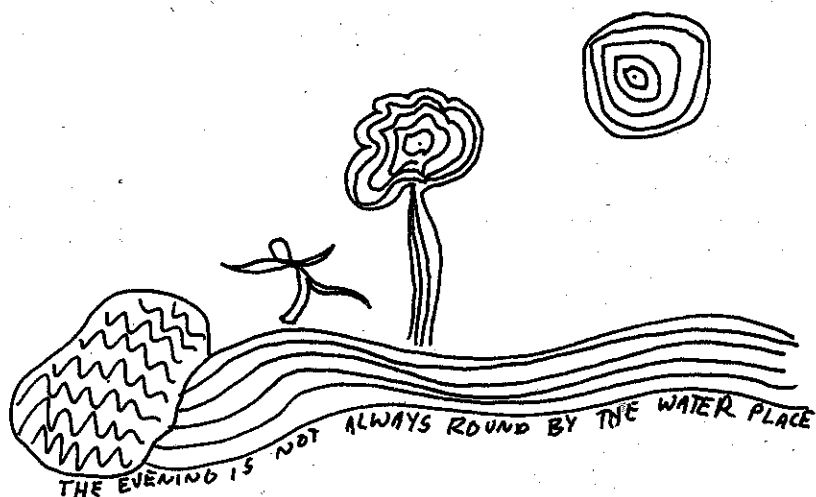
We have gone up the road quite a way now. Between sightings of the scenery, my mind passed thoughts through the sieve of perception, much as the musings on grating relationships that you and I just shared. Suddenly, five cars roar out of the distance, approaching us, Jason laughs at them.

"It must be a funeral or a party," he says.

"Un-yah," I answer back, the traditional nasal affirmative of the New England farmer, as the cars flash by us.

A lone car rushes out of the darkness ten seconds later. Jason laughs much louder saying, "Here's a fellow who hung around for a couple of extra laughs."

We rolled into the night, passing over bridges, skirting detours, avoiding trees and prairie creatures that skittered across the road. The present moment of the rushing car - the times described here in a present tense - came and went with the musings of the mind, some present, some past.



Finally, the Water Place appeared. We stopped the car to find three young men standing outside our door, smoking cigarettes in the dry land posted with No Smoking signs. After pointing out to them that it is possible to be liberated, but that there are some rules that might just make living a little better for all ('Only you can prevent forest fires') we moved into the Water Place.

The Water Place is a good place. It is a series of hot springs set in the side of a small mountain. We enter, crawling under a locked gate, moving slowly in the darkness up the hill. To the left, there are a dirty set of half-broken shacks, to the right barren cement slabs that might once have been foundations. There is an old trailer by the gate.

Then, we pass an empty place, where nothing stands to be seen but trees and the rough path. In the distance, water ripples, water flows, water soothes the ear. Moving upward, you can find a set of three little pools, oblong like large bathtubs, in concrete with sandy bottoms. Further up, a large pool, hotter than anyone I know can tolerate. Much further, a bushy place surrounding the upper pool, a large, warm mellow pool with mushy-muddy silt on the bottom.

A few people stand around, I shed my clothes, jumping in, warmed immediately... or is that the memory of another dip? I see that the pool is empty in my mind, that the sky is foggy, that I am lost in a warm world where nothing is known other than the limits of my body. Soon, forgetful, I rise, to find that the pool is full, that I am warm, and can hang my nose over the edge to breath the fern-smelling air. Jason stands by the side, unwilling to enter. The immediacy fades and the moment is past again.

A few people and I bathed in the pool for perhaps ten minutes. I left to try the smaller pools. The first was hot, the second hotter, the third incredible. I tried the first, I was lost in the heat, the readjusting of my body to it when Jason came down from the upper pool. He dipped his hand for a while as we talked. Then he decided to get in. I remember seeing a star shoot from the murky sky. An omen... of what? I remember the last time that happened, a time of beauty. I remember a man who told me, "You've got to believe in omens." The memories are clear in me now, and they came to me then again as Jason oozed his way into the water.

Memories leave... words depart... again the body speaks and listens with a language of its own, quiet things, muscles that loosen at long last. For some time, I lay in the water lost, until it betook me to emerge, to travel up the mountain.

If you've been in a hot pool on a cold mountain, you've known the sensation of lifting yourself from the water, where the chill and the altitude make you giddy. I was giddy.

I stumbled up the hillside like a drunkard, naked in the moonlight. I wandered, barefoot, over the top of the hill, a flat and level surface. I must have been there for some time... lost again in memory and primal feelings, listening to shrub-creatures scutter in the dark. Meditations that were immense and so personal that it is beyond me to reveal them.

Jason came up the mountain after awhile. We went down to the big pool again, where I jumped in, after it hit me that the air had grown much colder. It seemed unusual to me then when I noticed that I had gone up the mountainside barefoot... I never go barefoot. I must have been oblivious to more than I realized.

I rose finally from the pool, dripping, and groping for my clothes. They felt soggy, but I felt good. We left, crawling under the fence, and drove in silence back to the Southern cities.

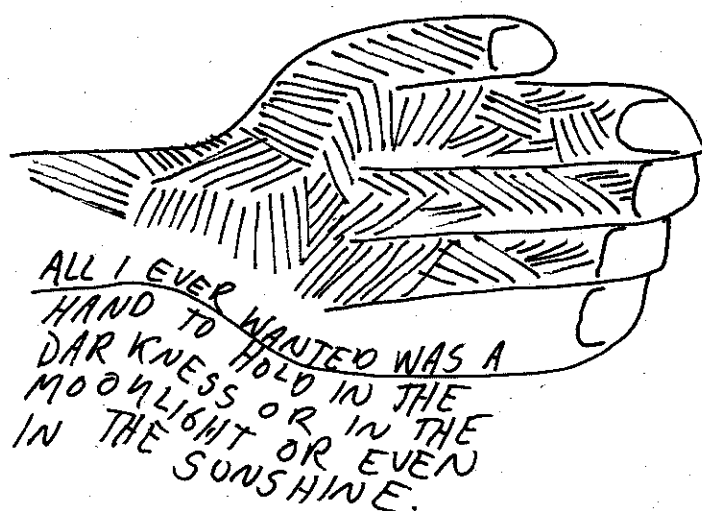
On the way back, in the quiet of the ever-black, I fell into thought: wonderings of how and why I live. Memories: The first time I went to the Water Place with a friend. Driving up the Coast toward Newport Beach, we saw four hitch-hikers. We picked them up... they told us about the wonderful hot spring but thirty minutes drive away. Musings of adventure and joy came to us, followed by the yes of, "let's do it." I was intrigued by the fact that I easily removed my clothes to bathe... I have often been very anxious about being in a body, scared and offended by naked flesh. My friend was happy and warm... she was silvery in the moonlight. Lovely, and I was not afraid of her or myself. Later, we drove to sleep in a trailer near Balboa Island.

The second time I went to the Water Place, I was alone. There was no one to be seen. In the chill of the evening and in the whisper of the wind, I was afraid, unable to decide whether or not I would be safe going in. I had come from San Francisco, and had passed through several hells on my way. It was an act of great courage to move into the Water Place that night. Again and again, I am reminded of the need for courage in the face of terror. That night was good, as have been the nights since.

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I have never been really sure of my own urge to writing, to communication, to sharing myself. I used to be loud and omnipresent, now I am shy and withdrawn... I fear that my previous confidence, my ability were all compensations for a set of fears that I had not learned to live with. I live with them now. Somehow, in a quieter way, it seems therefore all the more important to write, to write these words now and to have them seen and heard. I cannot say whether or not they possess literary value, that's a judgement for critics: I can say that they feel somehow graceful, albeit an awkward grace, as I write the them.

It is related somehow to the concept of dread, to the concept of death. It is an awful effort, staying alive in this world. I have not yet learned how to dance freely through it. These kinds of questions are basic to faith, to religion, to survival: but this kind is not a parable that is more or less religious than you wish it to be.

Value is attached by persons to the functions of their lives. My body said to me that the Water Place was good, and so it was. My self often felt that touching and meetings - words that mean a lot to me these days - were good, and in spite of risk, they were. In the life of anxiety, the courage to face them is all that we can ask. Perhaps there is nothing better than that in the world.





# CONTINENTAL CONF.

SANTA FE-- 1968

More than three hundred people,  
worlds apart-- drawn together.

By what?

Horned Toads and wild flowers?

Blazing sunsets and unscarred land?

Partly.

The urge to leave the cities,  
the family, the hassles-- the routine?

Partly.

The dancing and singing, laughing and crying;  
talking and eating and sleeping together?

Yes. This and more.

Seeing the sameness through the difference,  
By living and loving and growing.

--Joe Copeland

Freshman, University of New Mexico.

And I was there as one of the adult leaders of a conference for 320 LRY members from all over the continent. I came to learn, listen, to try to understand, to accept, to love, to discover, to do my thing (my shtick), with the hope that in turn I would be accepted, and that a closer relationship would be established between the (Women's) Federation and our high school age liberal religious youth.

The first 24 hours, starting Saturday night, seemed like days, and were the most uncomfortable hours I can remember. I felt like "a nothing." My awareness of me, my confidence in me, did not sustain the aloneness of those first hours in our "cell," as each group of fifteen was called. I had been told that it was to be a completely unstructured conference, and I was just to be there, in the cell, being myself, but I questioned "me" in this group of teenagers. I stayed with them, offering a very few suggestions which weren't heard.

I was with some of our cell in a deliberately stalled elevator for two hours as we tried some of the "encounter" exercises which were suggested by our members and talked about ourselves. One of the boys greeted me at breakfast the next morning with, "Wasn't that the greatest last night?" All at once I felt a part of our cell. I came to care, feel understanding, sympathy, love, and respect for those LRYers-- but with real misgivings about their conference.

In the LRY Conference material I had received in advance of Santa Fe, it was stated by the LRYers themselves: "We create at our conferences for a very short while an adult world. We are creating a world in which we can become 'more adult' in accepting our responsibility, a world much better than the world of facade and pretension that we see so much of in the adult world and in our high school world... Despite the greater risk to adult peace of mind involved in offering this relative freedom, it is this opportunity to explore and rehearse adult responsibility with their own creative invention that makes LRY unique and meaningful for them."

What happened in that adult world where they set out to explore and rehearse adult responsibility? The adult world created by our youth at Santa Fe gave me pause. First, they rejected almost completely the rules established by St. John's College which had been accepted by the LRY Conference planners as a condition for their use of the very new campus and its facilities. The College was equipped for 200 young people, and was extended to accommodate 280, yet 320 registered. New mattresses were separated from box springs and placed on the floor for the overflow to use for brief hours of sleep-- usually in the morning, for the marathon all-night session was the "in" thing. Mattresses were dragged to meeting rooms for comfortable reclining during cell meetings.



## DIALOGUE



The LRYers went barefoot in the decorative lily pool, though the college had said that wading in the pool was verboten. The picturesque campus was littered with cigarette butts, paper cups, and other trash. The authorities found the electronic equipment and records in the music room had been ruined. Finally the day came when the LRY was told by the college administration that they had to clean up the campus and be out by noon. The conference became an assembly of very subdued young people, who did a fast and efficient job of picking up and straightening out, along with raising money to replace the ruined equipment. After that St. John's authorities relinquished and allowed us to finish the week.

As much as my housekeeping instincts and rights of property might be offended by these infractions, it was the process and content of the conference that depressed me most. In my opinion anyway, these bright, caring, creative, articulate, talented and beautiful UU young people never came close to their potential. Their special restlessness and impatience with our "middle class hypocrisy," their search for love and personhood, their resistance to adult direction, caused us to spend the whole week in unstructured dialogue or attempting T-group "Encounter" games in confrontations without the continuing supervision and help of professional psychologists which I believe such exercises require. And I let it happen because my role had never been spelled out with the youth, and they obviously didn't expect or want my leadership.

I was particularly haunted by the status of the "chicks" at the Conference. Most of them in my group had little or nothing to say, and once more it was a man's world, with the boys setting the directions. Some of the girls at the conference had sad and lonely expressions, but for that matter, so did some of the boys.

There also were high moments, of course. A sudden time of communication and feeling within our group. The warm feeling I felt our group. All conference worship services at midnight were creative and moving. The warm feeling I felt toward these young people when they turned to me as one of their "group". My sense of humor, which I leaned on heavily when one young man at the end of the week said to me, "Man, I bet you learned a lot this week!"

I came to feel a great deal of empathy for these LRYers. It came to me that we have presented them with a terribly uncertain-- even terrifying-- future, in this world of war, racism, and material goals. On the other hand, I wonder if the non-conformist dissenting society most of them consider themselves members of isn't in fact another community of conformists. Why do they use so frequently four-letter words that turn off (or on) many people in our world? Their noisy loud music that one researcher has said is actually deafening-- is it a form of escapism by blocking out the world?

Can we overcome our hang-ups on the four letter words and music? Let's not be shocked because they seem to be rejecting the rules of life that some of us started to question in the 1930's and '40's. Do we honestly expect them to obey the rules that they often see us ignore?

The noisy, disturbed, thoughtful youthful you  
The noisy, disturbed, thoughtful young people  
in a changing society want, I think, new rules and laws that have a part in forming; rules and laws that are relevant to the new data, be it birth control, automation, outer space, inner city, race, war, poverty, peace, pollution. The realities.



We need to join them in setting new patterns that apply to all of us in the light of these realities. Let us encourage not revolution, but evolution, evaluating the past in the light of the present, become freshly familiar with our history and tradition, daring to reject old values that have lost their relevance but also daring to reject old values which we, young and old, agree bring meaning and significance to the new and shattering situations we face today.

LRyers will have to earn their leadership roles in our churches and in society. Here and now they will learn skills and insights to hold positions of responsibility. We'll encourage them to take advantage of what is available in professional help and modern techniques of leadership, if they want it. They will learn from each other and they may learn from us.

We, who talk of woman power, can help our bright, promising young people move toward maturity and leadership by encouraging serious dialogue, spelling out with them common rules based on common needs, recognizing the responsibilities that go with freedom and Unitarian Universalism.

I am with LRY. I hope Federation members will encourage UU young people to form LRY groups and urge them to participate in their "Fed" meetings and their "Continental." I hope women will concern themselves with helping to find the skilled, even professional leadership LRYers need for their local groups.

Alfred Kazin, in the September 1968 *Vogue*, says that only our youth are poor enough and irresponsible enough to look life straight in the face and see the anxiety and bad conscience that weigh down so many of the "successful" in our society. Although I have some negative feelings about Santa Fe, this message came through from many of our youth: "Nothing matters as much as checking the moral deterioration of our society. Without brotherhood, nothing from here on out matters."

I recently recently received a copy of the Women Federation's paper, the Bridge, with Connie Burgess' article realting her week with LRY at Continental in Santa Fe. After reading the article I felt really turned off. I feel the conference was presented rather negatively. Mrs. Burgess mentions the breakage of some equipment, the wading in the pool, and littering. I'm not trying to defend this, there are negligent people in all communities. For every person, however, who dropped a cigarette there were four to pick it up, and for every person who dragged a mattress to another dorm there were four to bring it back and clean every dorm from top to bottom. And how about all the people who worked in the kitchen every meal. (Who pays \$50 for a conference to clean dishes?) Maybe that's because LRYers aren't capitalists at heart.

Mrs. Burgess seems distraught at our open rejection of the rules set down by the college. True, the committee did accept them, but part of being an "adult" is questioning why. The community at Santa Fe asked why we couldn't go bare foot or wade in the pool. The community, in our opinion, was under no obligation to accept arbitrary rules. We proved we felt no obligation by rejecting these arbitrary rules.

Mrs. Burgess then discusses our need for psychologists at our T and sensitivity groups. This I question also. In LRY we are a community, and every community gets together and relates, whether it be at parties, church retreats, or T groups. What makes a T group need the supervision of a psychologist more than any other group? The inevitable answer will be that youth is more unstable. My answer is that all adults need psychiatrists, because they have achieved "stability" in this sick sick world.

One thing which particularly disturbed me was Mrs. Burgess' reference to the girls at Continental. She states that girls didn't have an active role in her cell. This may have been true of her cell, but it was not at all characteristic of the conference as a whole. Possibly, Mrs. Burgess, being an executive director of the Women's Federation, may be particularly interested in female self-identity, but LRY, being part of another generation, doesn't have that hang-up of the adult world. In my opinion both sexes have equal roles in our organization.

Mrs. Burgess tells us that some boys and girls had sad expressions at the conference. The significance of this eludes me. It can't possibly mean that we create sadness and loneliness; possibly Mrs. Burgess is inferring we need shrinks... In that case, you'd better get psychiatrists for the five million riders of the New York subways, because you just can't find a smiling face on a train in the city.

If I simply ended my article here it would have no significance, because there would be no constructiveness to my criticism. Mrs. Burgess' article is not that bad, and I even enjoyed much of it. However the problem lies in something both generations often forget to do. We all forget to question why. Too many of us accept things too easily. Blind following is one of the most terrifying results of this lack of questioning: dictatorship and conservative America are also the results of following blindly. I feel that the youth of today are more advanced than their predecessors because of their greater ability to question why and to judge the validity of the answers. Mrs. Burgess' article in many ways forgets to question why and in other areas doesn't wait for the answers. If she did, maybe we in LRY would not have to spend so much time with the adults and youth who will base opinions of LRY on her article.

If we in LRY can continue to ask questions, if we can continue to find answers and directions, and if we can continue to judge relevance to each individual then we will be maintaining our most vital function. Our society needs a revolution, and that "question" will be a part of it.

In Peace, Freedom, and Change, burt cohen

I've just read Mrs. Burgess' article for the tenth time. I feel there are certain mis-conceptions involved in her reactions to the conference which resulted in what I feel is a well explained but confused and poorly ordered sense of values at the LRY Continental.

Joe Copeland's thoughts, which preface Mrs. Burgess' article, express something of an idea all Uni-Uni's and LRYers hold close - the fact that diverse people can come together and share their human uniqueness with each other. The fact that individuals can become a community. This was the promise of Santa Fe, what each of us had come there to do and find - without exception.

Then, WHAM, a cell, a group of 15 hostile teenagers, (I am fairly certain they were, I remember my own questioning looks and wondering upon first seeing Connie among us). Then antagonism, then drift, leaderless, really... Bad feelings: alone and betrayed. In all likelihood, these feelings were not limited to Mrs. Burgess. I just can't picture the rest of the cell being pleased either, as it appeared to be a dreary scene all around.

A seemingly quick reconciliation, and the cell became one. However, I had the feeling from her article that the reconciliation was not really complete, that there where a whole lot of unresolved hurts floating around, a kind of negative hangover left for the morning after. It is visible in the pre-eminence of the negative views of the conference, when overwhelm the positive ones. The point is, judgements color observations, and Mrs. Burgess' observations of the conference were really overwhelmingly negative. It seems obvious she feels the conference never reached its goal.

While my own particular cell had a much different, and more positive experience, I too agree that Santa Fe did not live up to its ideals. And I was hurt by this - I was among those intimately involved in its planning. Santa Fe's faults can be laid directly to our lack of foresight, though much of what fouled was beyond our control.

True, 320 registered, when the conference was planned for 225. But registration, handled by a Canadian LRYer, was completely fouled up by the Canadian postal strike. Many had sent in registrations which were never received. Far more thusly, showed up than was anticipated. The planning committee had no choice really, for we did not justify arbitrarily sending any LRYer back to New York, Boston, or New Orleans. Also, I feel an error was made in discontinuing the regional registration system. But plans are plans, and once made and the publicity is sent out, there was no way to alter them without unduly messing up the LRYers who did follow the instructions.

True, sleeping accommodations were cramped at best. But where do you put people when you are in that kind of a bind? True, the campus was littered. But was it not cleaned cleaned spotless in a massive community effort? As for rule breaking, my memory does not serve me well; but the only one mentioned - wading in the lily pool, was really on a small scale, and in any case, not very serious.

continued on page 15.

# POLITICS: THE PARADOX OF DEATH.

III  
Means and Ends



Except back to the original principle of our institutions, the principle whose integrity we have a continuing responsibility for maintaining. The founding fathers considered it right and natural for a dissatisfied people to change their government. The state was made for man and not man for the state. But now we are in the position of all revolutionaries who have succeeded too well: our rebellion has put us in the saddle, but we don't want anybody to rebel against us. This is what happened to the Puritans, is it not? But did we fight for power or principle? Have we become so content with what we have made of the idea of the founding fathers, that we are afraid of the very sort of change that brought it into being and that is built as a matter of principle into its very structure?

Theirs was a new sort of idea for an institution, one which was to have a very simple purpose-- to allow each man freedom to live and pursue happiness in his own way-- and which could be changed when it no longer served this purpose. The goal must be a very general one, and should allow for individual interpretation, and the means, however functional, must be regarded simply as means, no more. Not service to society, or nation, or state, or country, or government. But certain "unalienable" -- notice the absoluteness of this-- unalienable "Rights"-- "among these,"-- notice the openendedness of that 'among'-- are "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness." This is not as innocuous as it sounds, and we should be careful about teaching it to our schoolchildren until we have decided that we really mean it. Because if we don't, they might, and then we'll be in trouble.

The "Pursuit of Happiness" is not so innocuous a goal as it seems, nor do we need to worry our heads over what these men of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment could have meant by it. Whether they had a naive faith in the inherent goodness and reasonableness of mankind-- these questions are not to the point. Especially, it seems to me, if men are not happy and good and reasonable should they be allowed to conduct their affairs in freedom. What guarantee have we that any tyrant will be any better at it than the rest? In freedom, at least, we will be able to minimize the stupidity and cruelty which any one of us may seek to impose on the others; we will be able to spread the harm-- not the responsibility-- around, instead of concentrating it where it can do the most harm. Men must be free to decide how to conduct their own affairs no matter how miserable, bad, and unreasonable they may be, simply because these are their affairs, and nobody else's. Who is to decide whether they are worthy? Someone who is not a man but a god?

The founding fathers, then, meant that they did not want to tell us how to live, how to be happy, but rather that we should be free to pursue the matter and find out for ourselves. Otherwise, why should we have any need for "Liberty" at all? Not because we deserve it, or have earned it, but rather because living our lives is our business and nobody else's. It is not given to us-- there is no one to give it to us except God, and He has not given any one of us more than the rest-- it is our natural right. Such a goal is, in effect, a negative goal as far as institutions are concerned: they are to keep out of our way as long as our pursuit of happiness does not hinder others in their pursuit of theirs.

And institutions are clearly said to be means, not ends in themselves. The thirteen colonies, in subscribing unanimously to those words written by Jefferson, knew not only that the life of an institution could be killed by lip-service devotion, but also that it could, like some strange and suicidal insect, poison itself by the very form set up to preserve it. The means can, and do, thwart the end they were established to achieve. This happens, as Matthew Arnold was saying a hundred years ago, when means get to be taken as ends, when our need for clear and specific goals fulfills its lust by cleaving to clear and specific means instead.

But the Declaration explicitly says otherwise, only we

have forgotten what the words signify: "That whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the Right of the People to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new Government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their Safety and Happiness." Alter or abolish!-- this is genuine radicalism, for it regards the means naturally, indifferently, as having their only justification in whether or not they serve their end. Today we need not even go this far, for we need only to restore rather than abolish these particular principles and forms. But our fearful love of freedom has paradoxically enslaved us to the instruments of its attainment, and we are hugging the slogans of liberty without the substance.

As we pursue power and security in the name of virtue, our ideals have become convenient camouflage, hiding us from ourselves, when they were originally meant to encourage us to find ourselves. But the founding fathers had no idea, nor did we, that the Industrial Revolution, which was being born at just about the same time as our nation, would ask us to behave in ways directly opposed to their ideals, would subordinate these ideals to another and different set of principles and forms. The school Assembly is a training-ground for the assembly line; the air-raid drill is a model for classroom drill. Our real values are industrial and commercial values, and we are pursuing not Happiness but profit. Passivity, docility, punctuality, and conformity are the virtues required by our economy and not the vitality, inventiveness, spontaneity, and individuality envisioned by the Declaration of Independence.

At this rate it would be better if we did not teach our children anything at all than to intimidate, indoctrinate, and brainwash them so. Instead of becoming free, as we had planned, we have become chained once again to our old fear of life, to a self-motivating and self-justifying machine which provides us with strictly limited and ritualized ways of achieving a clear and specific goal-- production and consumption. But Profit, as everyone knows and no one will admit, is not Happiness; it is a means, and not an end, and there is neither joy nor love in our work. Our ideals, our religion, our law, and our morality have adapted themselves to our industrial and commercial needs, and all our official wise men are devoting their lessons to teaching us that it is really all right.

But it is not all right, and no amount of Madison-Avenue rhetoric can make it all right. The trouble is that our whole society is an extension of Madison Avenue, which is in itself an extension of the factory, the corporation, and the business. As these are our own extensions of our own fear of life, our fear of emptiness, of lacking a purpose altogether. Do not complain that our political campaigns have begun to look like advertising campaigns, and that our generals have discovered the joys of Public Relations. It is only logical that this has happened, and our schools, colleges, and universities are next. It's all the same: the shame and humiliation, the wear and tear of the human spirit, the dedication to petty means for reaching petty ends, all are killing us. There are no nightmares in Kafka's novels; it's all quite literal and real. Everyone knows what he is doing, but no one knows why. And we are spilling the precious substance of our lives down these chromium-plated drains, the sanitary look of which conceal the fact that they all lead to the same sewer-- the cesspool of our ignorance of ourselves and our fear of life.

Everywhere we see means being taken as ends rather than as simply means. Can anyone doubt that the official forms we have established for the preservation of love have hastened its death? The chaste beauty of marriage is make-up which cosmetically conceals the whore of the middle class, selling her body for worldly goods. Can anyone doubt that



democracy is in real danger of smothering the individual altogether? The velvet glove of freedom conceals the mailed fist of conformity. Can anyone doubt that our schools inhibit the inventiveness and mental growth they were designed to encourage? They brandish the sword of truth, but it is made of cardboard. Can anyone doubt that the family, which is supposed to give the child warmth and security, more often sends him to the analyst's couch than bravely into life? The parent professes to discipline the child in the name of love, but this is merely to conceal his own defensiveness and insecurity in the face of youth. And can anyone doubt that religion does more to foster hate and bigotry than brotherhood and love? Renegade priests are still being chastised today for ministering to negroes.

Anarchy could never be as harmful as is the organized destructiveness of society. A high degree of coordination and much knowledge is necessary to infect the hearts of men with propaganda and their bodies with radioactive particles. The police do more to cause crime than to prevent it. Remove the ban on drugs, and it will no longer benefit a large criminal class to find new customers. Remove the despair of the young addict's futile life, and he will no longer need a fix. The manufacturers are freer to poison us than we are to make love, and the government, which is making us run an arms race and fight a confused and tragic war, must step benevolently in on occasion to prevent them from killing us outright with insecticides, additives, air and river pollution, fatal drugs, cigarettes, and commercials.

The law does more to impede the honest citizen than to protect him. If ignorance of the law is no excuse, let the law be made intelligible: there are far too many of them on the books, and since they all can't possibly be applied, it is up to the whim of the local magistrate and police when to invoke which obscure clause. Too much is forbidden, and the point where society tries to keep our pursuit of Happiness from interfering with the similar pursuit of others has long since been passed. Society is no longer concerned with protecting others against our aggressiveness; it is concerned with protecting itself, and more importantly, with protecting what it considers to be the proper values, whether they apply to our public or our private lives.

Western history has been a constant battle between the Priest and the Prophet. There are those who fight to preserve the letter of the law, to keep up the rituals, to conserve the traditions, to establish the means; and there are those who struggle to preserve the spirit of the law, to keep the rituals subordinate, to preserve the life of the present, to establish man as an end in himself. No

priest can vote himself out of a job or consider changing the rules; he has a vested interest in orthodoxy. But the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath. The rabbinic principle of "putting a fence around the law," of adding restrictions to the original prohibition in order to make doubly sure it is not violated, results in the futility of the modern Jew wondering whether turning electric lights on and off breaks the rule against working on the Sabbath. The message of the Sabbath is joy and peace, but the orthodox Jew cannot drive his car out into the country for a picnic, because igniting a car motor can be interpreted as "lighting a fire" and hence as constituting "work." The Puritans, in spite of their reaction against the priests and rituals, were no better, nor were the English Victorians and their dreary Sundays.

No government gives us our rights; its job is rather to protect those which nature has given us, and it can only abridge them when we use them to deny the same rights to others. "To secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." These rights, you see, precede the formation of the government, and it is a means to the end of securing them; we do not wait upon the government's consent, but it rather waits upon ours. We need to be loyal, not to the government, but to the idea of a free nation it was designed to serve. Institutions are normally neutral, and their forms are to be continually experimented with. As we must learn to trust one another, so too we learn to trust in a variety of means. Society must find a way of arranging for its own growth.

Make no mistake: this is not anarchism. To criticize one form of government is not the same as criticizing the idea of government; nor is to criticize the way an idea is applied the same as criticizing the idea itself. I think, as I hope I have made clear, that the idea of our government is not only a good one-- it is a brilliant one, the only one worth trying. Nor do I think that a complex society such as ours can dispense with administering and regulating: let the instruments of our material and political welfare flourish. Trade, defense, property, and so on, must all be provided for. And this social contract should be mutual, for we must be willing to help preserve the society which helps to preserve us. Furthermore, we must be anxious that all within this society receive the same benefits as we do.

But let the instruments remain instrumental; let them not flourish at the expense of the ends they were designed to serve; let them not make of the state a busybody; let them not subordinate the individual to the society; let them not mistake administering for governing. Let a society which professes to be open, remain open. It is not our government which is wrong, nor our institutions, but rather what we have made of them; or at least it is not their goals which are wrong, but rather the means we have chosen to reach them with.

Certainly freedom is not free, and we have to pay a price for it. But that price is not submergence in the group, but rather the control of our impulse to tell other people how to live. Certainly we must give up some of our freedom in order to become members of any social contract, but the only freedom we must give up is the freedom to push other people around. And what we get in return for this self-denial is society's protection against other people pushing us around. Nor can society take that freedom from us and then use it to push us around, unless it finds us pushing others around. That is all. We should be jealous of our freedom, giving up as little as possible, resisting the authority of society in order constantly to protect it. The rabbis should have been more concerned with putting a fence around the individual's right to live than around the law. Society must be kept within bounds as much as the individual. That is what the Due Process clause in the Constitution means.

That is almost all, I should have said, for morality is not merely negative, and it consists in more than simply not harming others. Or rather, harming others may result as much from what we don't do as from what we do do. The other freedom we must give up is our freedom to ignore our share in helping others who need and deserve our aid.

We must not surrender our freedom, however, in exchange for protection against life. To make a virtue out of necessity when it is not necessary is no virtue. That society which is based on the assumption of perpetual emergency is a totalitarian society, for expediency then becomes the justification for placing means ahead of ends. We must not follow means to an end that we have not evalu-



ated in the light of conscience. And there is only one end worthy of our devotion-- to let people live and grow in their own way-- and there are a variety of means for pursuing this end, no one of which is good for all people, or for the same person at all times. This is the only absolute principle of life there is; only this is fixed, and all the rest must be flexible. When will we realize that flags and nations as bad masters as well as poor servants, that if we surrender conscience for the sake of protection they promise to give us against the threat of other flags and nations, we must also surrender our freedom? And why should we be more pleased to give up our freedom to our own country than to someone else's? If we are fighting an ideological war against totalitarianism, then we must fight it at home as well as abroad.

The only right way to live is to live experimentally, keeping things open, and that is the chief benefit science can give us, to teach us how to follow truth in our lives and not just in the laboratories. But we must not vote our scientists into office, for as men they are no better than we are, and sometimes they are a good deal worse-- especially when they use their work, as they often do, as another escape from life. What we must do is become scientists ourselves, following a rational principle voluntarily, and being ready to discard it when the data require it. To attempt the possible in terms of what is, is the only true beginning of wisdom; if we did this, I think we would find that the possible is better and more fruitful than we imagine, better even than our dreams of the impossible. Science as the enemy of dogma, superstition, and prejudice is what I mean-- or, in other words, reason. Reason, not in the sense of making all of life fit into abstract categories, for that is hardly reasonable, nor is it even logical. But reason in the sense of testing our assumptions about man and nature against the facts. For our values spring willy-nilly from our assumptions, and we might just as well find out what they are, and whether they are true or not instead of accepting them on the basis of habit or someone else's authority.

This would mean that we could calmly accept the fact that no idea is necessarily natural, or inevitable, or correct simply because we like it, we are used to it, or it is favored by our society and tradition. In most cases, when men insist on hanging onto their ideas no matter what, it is because they fear change rather than love truth. Or perhaps because they prefer partial truths to the risk of having none at all. But the life of reason would help us realize that any closed system of values, no matter how good, leaves a lot out, in terms of the full range of life's possibilities; that other men, in other times and places, have thought and still think otherwise. There may be one Truth, or there may be many truths, but even if there is only one, it must have many sides and can only be partially known by any human view. No man or group of men can possibly know it all. Therefore, a life which allows freedom for growth and exploration is good, and one which does not is bad.

There are many ways of establishing such freedom: no one way is sacred. Only freedom is sacred. The Declaration

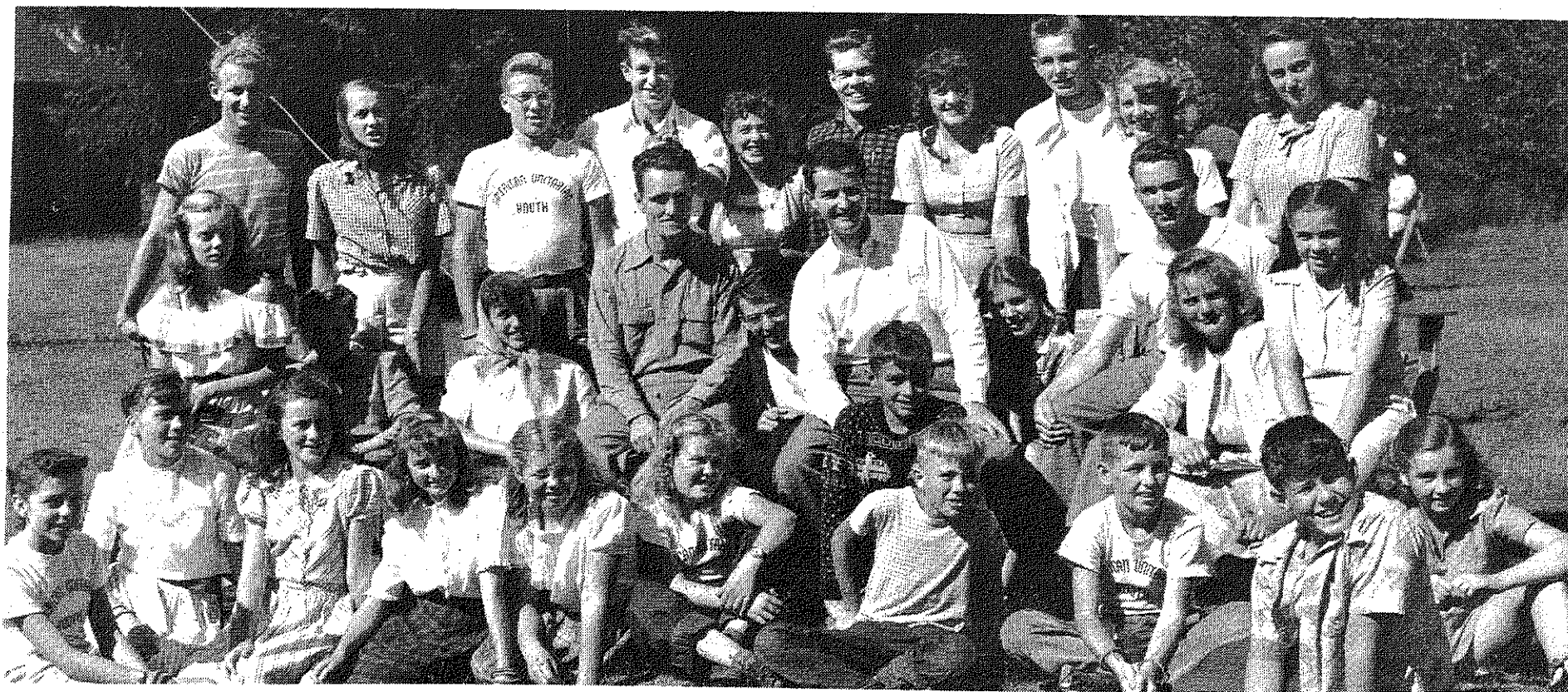
of Independence says as much. We need a modicum of security in order to live, but we don't need as much as we think we do. And we must try to realize that to try for more than we need makes us less, rather than more secure. There are three or more old saws we could take more seriously: "consider the lilies of the field," "the evil unto the day is sufficient thereof," and "cast your bread upon the waters." We need food, clothing, and shelter; we need to find some sensible way of raising our children; we need to pay taxes; and we need some sort of restriction against the interference of one person into the life of others. But we should find ways of doing these things without becoming devoted to them. We need worthier objects for our devotion than Nation, Church, Family, and School. Let us, say, rather hold life and love sacred, and be devoted to growth rather than to this institution or that. Let us raise our sights. The means we develop to suit one situation are not necessarily good for another, and we must be aware of turning them into moral values and hanging on to them for dear life. Doing so can only result in the terrible spectacle of priests blessing warships, and generals calling upon God and our Way of Life to give them victory in battle. To make a virtue out of necessity is no virtue.

Nor would this mean, once we have traced our ideas back to their sources and found their basis, that we must become disillusioned in them, cynical questioners and no more. Being reasonable is not tantamount to adopting a non-committal, relativistic attitude, as if to say one way of living is as good-- or bad-- as another. One way of living is not as good as another, but the principle we use to decide which is which must be an open, rather than a closed one.

There are many partial truths embedded in the very institutions we need to question. We ought rather to be selective, discriminating. We should choose our values rather than merely be given them. Erich Fromm has said that we are free to the extent we can become aware of, and get in a position to manipulate, the hidden wires which move us from behind the scenes. Certainly we are driven by obscure forces, but that is no reason why they have to remain obscure or why we must continue to submit to them. Our search for knowledge should be a search for those wires-- a search more heroic than any space probe-- not so that we can manipulate others, but rather so that we can free ourselves.

Man's over-abundant mind may be the chief source of his misery, but the answer is surely not to forget it. Let us profit from our dreams and fulfill ourselves-- not as the leopard (or the rat in the laboratory), but rather as human beings, creatures who are capable of a wide variety of behavioral patterns, and who can choose freely among them. History, sociology, and anthropology all present us with a broad and exciting spectrum of possibilities, and we can regard other cultures as more or less successful, more or less complete, experiments for us to learn from and to build on. Our art and philosophy can tell us what men have imagined, desired, and looked for, and our science can tell us how to fashion our tools. If we can turn our excess energies toward life rather than away from it, we may be saved.

\* \* \* \*





UNITARIAN

UNIVERSALIST

CONSCIENTIOUS

OBJECTION?

A Unitarian Universalist facing the military draft wonders-- as might any American young man-- what alternatives are open to him. His concern, however, will be a special one in certain regards. He may be unsure whether he may "live his faith" once he is inducted into the armed forces. He may fear that his religious concerns-- the search for truth in life and life according to such truth-- may be denied him. He may be equally uncertain whether his religious concerns fall within those grounds which can exempt members of other faiths from combatant military service or from military service altogether.

The purpose of this pamphlet is to set forth briefly just what these alternatives are for the Unitarian Universalist of draft age.

"The religious tradition of conscientious objection held by Unitarian Universalists is continuing to make itself felt today. With religious men and women everywhere, we have taught Sunday by Sunday an unequivocal commitment to the brotherhood of man. To take another person's life under any circumstances is a grave matter. Although tens of thousands of our members have served in the armed forces honorably, even gallantly, for many of us our belief in the 'supreme worth of every human being' can only mean that our Unitarian Universalist religion is translated into an objection by conscience to military service.

"Ralph Waldo Emerson, one of our early ministers, enunciated clearly our commitment to trust in our own conscience as the ideal guide for our behavior. Our religious teachers, ministers and laymen alike --from Thomas Jefferson to William Ellery Channing to Adlai Stevenson-- have urged us to honor always the primacy of conscience over any external authority which we believe to be immoral. Today countless Unitarian Universalist ministers and laymen are equally committed to this ideal. Thus it is natural that some of our young men must regard military duty as a violation of their deepest commitment. And if for some reason their draft boards do not recognize them as having legal C. O. status, they are answerable primarily to their own consciences still. The Unitarian Universalist Association must support them in their moral stand and religious conviction."

--Dana McLean Greeley, President,  
Unitarian Universalist Association.

The Draft

Congress has established the Selective Service System as an expedient way to provide military manpower. A person can meet his obligation under the draft law by two years active duty in the Armed forces, or by taking part in one of the several reserve programs. Many persons join the Armed Forces because they believe that a strong armed force is necessary to maintain the peace until the causes of war are removed. They choose the combatant position. Few who take this position feel that killing and destruction which are a part of war are good, or right, but they do feel that in the present circumstances military force is the only way in which to preserve justice and maintain peace. War may be wrong, they say, but it would be irresponsible to fail to resist aggressive governments by every available means. In short, they feel that war is the "lesser evil."

## War Resistance from Within

Some young men, strongly opposed to war, will enter the armed services nonetheless, hoping to continue their opposition to war. Armies have never been known for their encouragement of the unhindered quest for truth, including open dissent to policies directly affecting their operation. In this, the U. S. armed forces present no exception. Still, a few Americans are entering the armed forces today, either voluntarily or through conscription, with the intention of continuing activities which challenge traditional military authority. Some have distributed anti-war literature; others in or out of have participated in peace vigils and other demonstrations. The First Amendments rights of free expression have, however, never been clarified for those within the military. Some conscripts have been dishonorably discharged; others have been court-martialled. Organizing within the military is, at best, still a precarious business.

It is possible to obtain an honorable discharge from the armed forces, based on conscientious objection, or to be reassigned to non-combatant duty. The discharge is discretionary with the military service concerned and it is not granted to those who held a conscientious objection but did not claim it before induction, or who were denied C. O. status before induction. Religious training and belief and sincerity in which convictions are held are criteria for military discharge and reassignment. C. O. discharges are rare. There is one serious deterrent in that, under the law, the C. O. discharged from the service loses all Veteran's Administration benefits, except government insurance.

## I-A-O and I-O

The Selective Service action of 1967 provides for two classifications for conscientious objectors: I-A-O for those available for noncombatant duty and I-O for those available for civilian alternative service. The first accept service in the military. The second refuse participation in the armed forces in any capacity whatsoever.

## Non-Combatant Service

Many individuals accept the necessity of military force, but have conscientious scruples against taking another man's life. They are willing to enter the armed forces, but primarily to relieve the suffering of the wounded. They are usually trained for medical service. They may be assigned to other duties, such as working in an office or playing in the military band, but they do no work involving the use of weapons.

## Civilian Alternative Service

While the Selective Service Act provides for the substitution of two years of civilian alternative work for those whose religious principles forbid all participation in military activity, many Unitarian Universalists often wonder whether their undogmatic beliefs fall within the law and whether they can so convince their draft boards. Since the U. S. Supreme Court ruling in favor of Dan Seeger's agnostic position in March, 1965, Selective Service has come to rely in granting C. O. classification on more positive indicators if sincerity-- e.g., longevity and outward manifestations of belief in action-- than on professed religious fervor. Nowhere in the law is there now any requirement of membership in any traditional religious denomination or of belief in a Supreme Being. Still, certain draft boards tend to mislead registrants into believing that these two items are requirements. Many Unitarian Universalists with a wide range of religious beliefs have been and are being granted C. O. status.

Since September, 1968, Selective Service announced it will no longer ask questions regarding belief in a Supreme Being.\* An applicant for C. O. status must still prove that his objection to "participation in war in any form" is based on his "religious training and belief." This is a reversion to World War II criteria. Principal questions now asked include: 1-- Describe the nature of your belief which is the basis of your claim and state why you consider it to be based on religious training and belief; and 2-- Explain how, when, and from whom or what source you received the religious training and belief which is the basis of your claim.

### Careful Counseling

In this day of enhanced interest in the draft and its alternatives, there is much erroneous information, often circulated by persons with good intention, but with scant knowledge of the law and administrative procedures. There are, however, in most cities, competent, experienced counsellors if you need help. Start early, before you are pressed for time. The law assumes you are familiar with draft requirements and procedures. Do not take anything for granted. Use counsellors, whose services are free to all who apply. Your local Unitarian Universalist minister may not be an experienced counsellor, but if you are in need of C. O. advice, he can probably help you find one nearby. Or you can write or visit the best sources of this information: Central Committee for Conscientious Objectors, 2016 Walnut St, Philadelphia, Penn., 19102, with an office in San Francisco at 437 Market St, 94105; American Friends Service Committee, 160 N. 15th St., Philadelphia, Penn., 19102, or any of the AFSC offices in 22 cities; or the National Service Board of Religious Objectors, Washington Bldg., 15th and New York Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. 20005.

### Denominational

In 1961 the Board of Trustees of the Unitarian Universalist Association established a Registry of Conscientious Objectors to provide for the acceptance and recording of voluntary statements of objection to participation in war by members of Unitarian Universalist churches or fellowships. Such statements are made available, upon request, to proper governmental authorities. Young men of any age who desire to strengthen their present or future position with their draft boards may assemble a personal statement of the reasons for their conscientious objection to war together with a note from an official of their local Unitarian Universalist Church or fellowship validating their membership. These materials should be sent directly to the C. O. Registry, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02108.

The Unitarian Universalist Association, as did its predecessor denominations, has issued statements in support of Unitarian Universalists who have taken the C. O. position. These statements are often useful to young men in writing personal statements and also in presenting a case to their draft boards. A C. O. Packet containing these statements, but also other materials including a manual for conscientious objectors, may be obtained for \$1.50 postpaid from the Unitarian Universalist Association, 25 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02108.

### C.O. Alternative Service

Persons who obtain I-O classification shall, according to law, perform an equal period of civilian service "contributing to the maintenance of the national health, safety, or interest." Many of these men in alternative service are attendants in hospitals; others are employed by governmental or other social welfare agencies in the U. S. A few serve overseas. C. O.'s who perform this type of service are able often to make a significant contribution to their country while fulfilling the requirements of the draft law.

The Unitarian Universalist Service Committee (UUSC) has a placement program for Unitarian Universalists and those of other religious persuasions. Write directly to the C. O. Placement Coordinator, UUSC, 78 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02108.

### Non-Cooperation and Resistance

"The 1968 General Assembly of the Unitarian Universalist Association... encourages its members to act according to their own consciences with respect to the draft. We recognize and respect the religious conviction that impels all forms of non-violent resistance, whether by destruction or return of draft cards, or refusal of induction, or other acts of non-violent resistance to the machinery of war..."-- May 29, 1968.

There is still another group of persons who feel that they cannot comply with the draft law at all. They are non-cooperators. Some object because cooperation with the draft law, even as C. O.'s, would constitute

participation in the military system. Others deny the right of the government to make choices for the individual. They refuse to accept either civilian or military assignment. Still others are non-cooperators because they cannot obtain a C. O. classification, perhaps because they are selective C. O.'s, and oppose only specific wars. Non-cooperators sever their ties with the draft System in many ways, from burning their draft cards to fleeing the country.

There is no exemption in the Selective Service Act for non-cooperators. They face indictment and, if convicted, a maximum penalty of \$10,000 fine and/or five years in prison, although often sentences are less than the maximum. Non-cooperators are willing to serve years in prison or exile to point up the evils of Selective Service and the war system. Young men who would like more information on non-cooperation may write directly to: Fellowship of the Reconciliation, Nyack, New York 10960; War Resisters League, 5 Beekman St., New York, New York 10038; and Resist, 763 Mass. Avenue, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.

"Central to the democratic tradition of the United States is the Inalienable right and unalterable duty of each citizen to obey the voice of conscience.

"Liberal religion has traditionally recognized the right of its members to liberty of individual thought and conscience in all matters.

"There have been in our Unitarian Universalist denomination, and its predecessors, individuals compelled by conscience to abstain from participation in war and its preparation.

"The American Unitarian Association and the Universalist Church of America have repeatedly affirmed their support to those members who have taken the position of conscientious objection to military service.

The government of the United States for two decades has officially recognized the right of conscientious objectors not to participate in war and has provided several forms of alternative service.

"Therefore the Board of Trustees of the Unitarian Universalist Association reaffirms its tradition and the position of its predecessor associations and recognizes the right of its members to refuse to bear arms.

"The Association further supports the right of conscientious objectors to choose among several alternatives, and believes that individuals should be supported in the exercise of their moral choice publicly to refuse to register for Selective Service or publicly to refuse classifications which are contrary to their consciences.

"The Association calls upon its ministers and other denominational leaders to give counsel and aid to persons considering conscientious objection.

"The Association rejoices at the widening legal interpretations in the United States of 'religious training and belief' and urges all young men committed to conscientious objection to apply for exemption however liberal their theological convictions.

"The Association calls upon all its members, especially those in local churches and fellowships, to maintain the bonds of love and fellowship with those who, because of conscience, refuse to participate in war."  
--Board of Trustees, Unitarian Universalist Association, October, 1965.

\*This change was made after the Washington Office of the UUA and other groups made strong representations to Selective Service that old Form 150 was outdated by action of Congress in June, 1967, when in renewal of the Selective Service Law, it deleted reference to the Supreme Being requirement.

The development of this pamphlet, and its distribution was sponsored by Liberal Religious Youth, Student Religious Liberals, and the Division of Social Responsibility. It is available for 20¢ each or \$15.00 per hundred from:

Distribution  
Unitarian Universalist Association  
25 Beacon St.  
Boston, Mass. 02108



Many individuals I know had a rough time with the conference. Out of 320 people, there are bound to be some problems. Unfortunately, in any large gathering, these problems are often accenuated by not knowing the vast majority of people. This was anticipated and led to the cell structure, which was to provide a base group of fairly close, self-supportative friends. These cells, were not planned to be merely unstructured dialogue for a week. Rather they were to be jumping off places, designed to disband, to koin with other cells, or stay together, as each cell desired. That Mrs. Burgess' cell, as well as a few others, stayed in what seems to be a rut for a week is something to be blamed on each group - not the conference or its planning as a whole.

Other problems were unavoidable as well. No one condones the ruining of hi-fi equipment and records. This, however, was almost certainly the handiwork of one careless or vandalistic person. The blame for that cannot be laid on the doorstep of the entire conference. It is a good measure of the intentions of the conference, however, when the fact that everyone chipped in to pay for damage they had no part of is taken into account.

The lack of psychologists was due to just one factor-- money. The conference, which is supposed to make money, lost it as it was. Paying even one for all the conference would have been difficult, but one for each cell was clearly out of the question. An, I think, unnecessary, in that most advisors and staff people there had had extensive experience with these techniques in very similiar circumstances. These games can become dangerous if done by the inexperienced, but this was not the situation at Santa Fe. The use of the encounter games is merely to create circumstances where real situations and feelings between people occur, where these things are shared and analyzed, so that the persons involved may become close. In this context, the games are only a means, not an end. They are good to use, but not good to become totally submerged in. Again, if that happened, it was the fault of the group involved-- not the conference.

What I am trying to get across is that there were problems, but that depending on the observer's viewpoint, the perception of how and what they were changes drastically. I, along with many other people at Santa Fe, were not particularly bothered by the points Mrs. Burgess brings out. I was, however, bothered by other things she left out. The point is, because I feel pretty good about these points she has brought up, she feels I feel pretty good about Santa Fe having lived up to its ideals. Again, this is not true. Mrs. Burgess, it seems to me, has taken what we created as being as being equivalent to what we dream, thinking that what we had created is what is what we would always want to have in our "adult community."

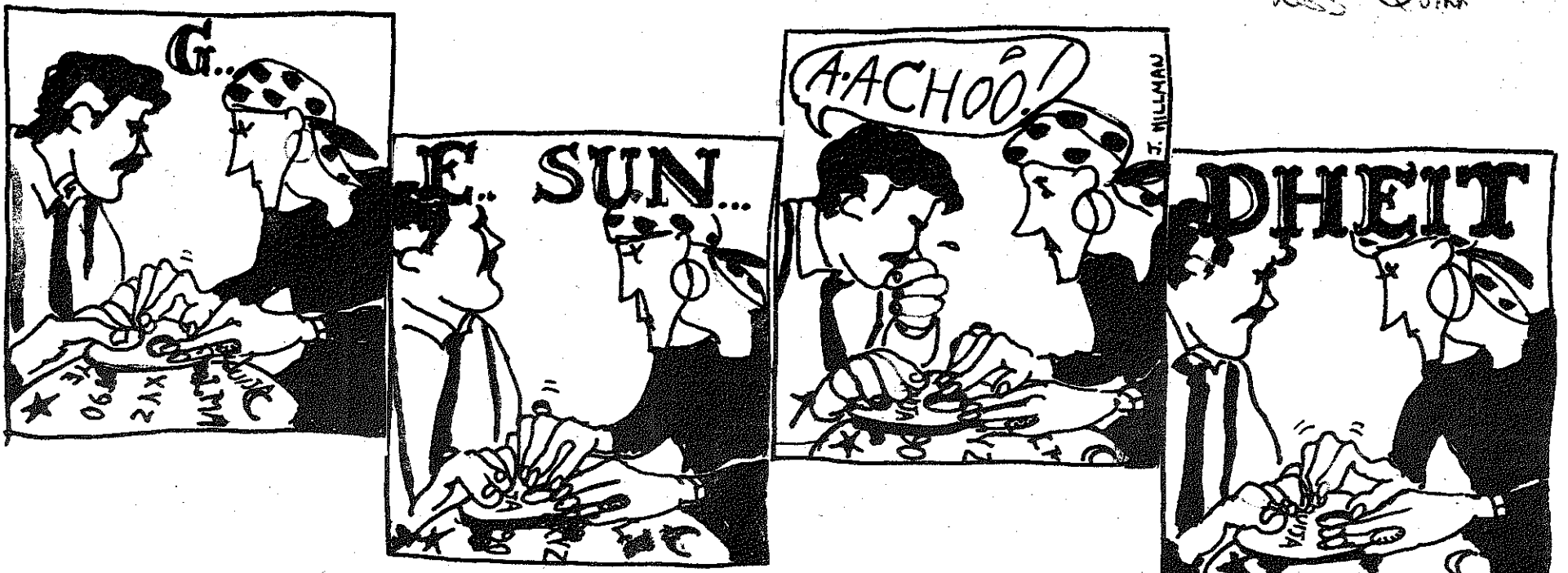
It is this conclusion, I feel, that has prompted her article, and also the factor that colored it as negatively as it is. Again, I feel this conclusion is wrong. Santa Fe, as far as I know, was never thought of as a "completely unstructured conference," just as few of us would really desire a completely unstructured adult society.

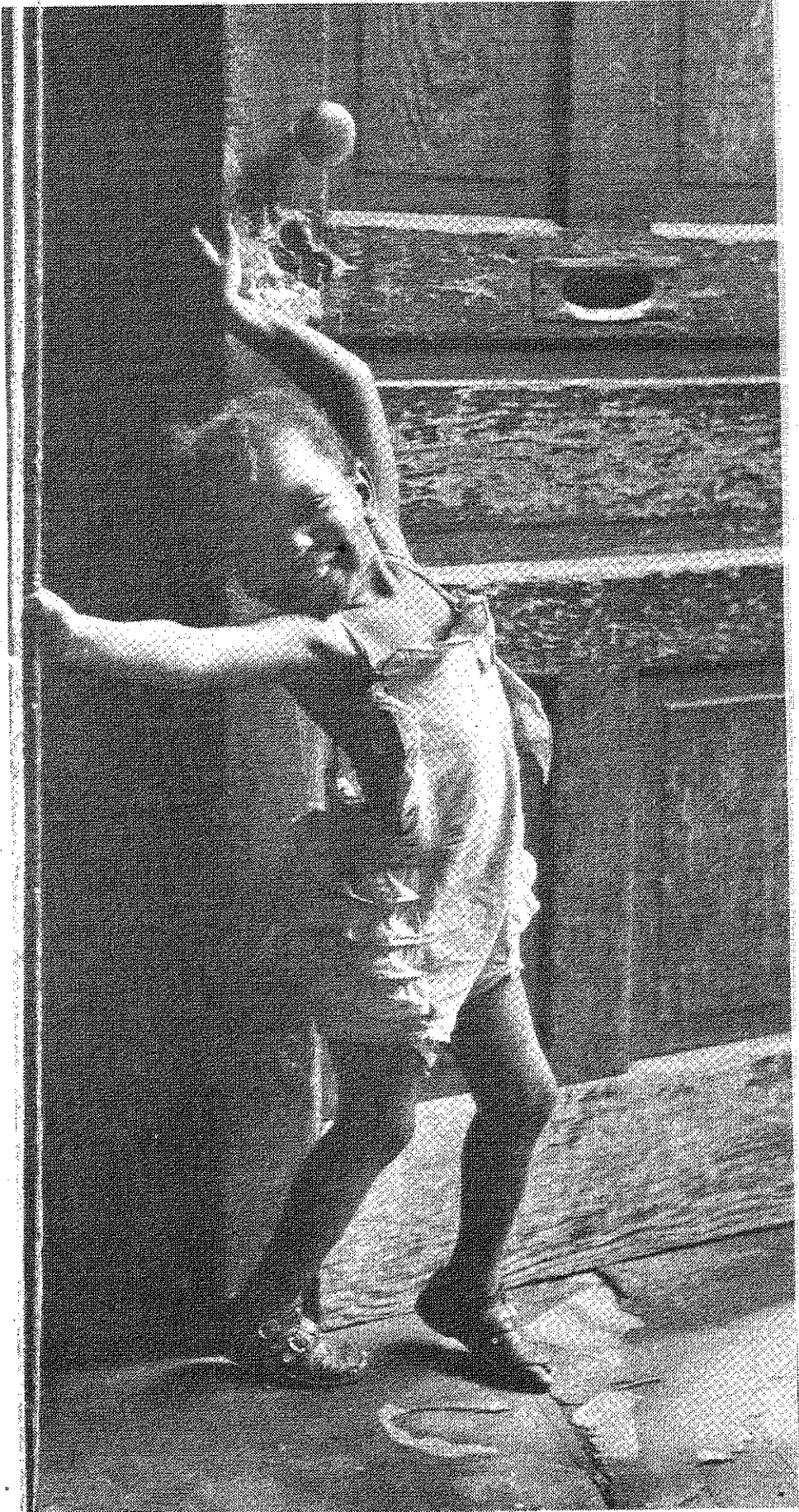
Santa Fe was, rather, an experiment, an exploration. It was not the different ways, for every person there. And it is always necessary to remember that real learning always comes from both.

As for the role of the "chicks" at the conference, well, Mrs. Burgess just had the facts wrong. It was definitely not purely a man's world. The person ultimately responsible for Santa Fe-- the Conference Co-ordinator-- was Carla Rippey, of Omaha. The "chicks" in our particular cell were definitely not passive acquiescours to any directions set by us guys, nor were they particularly melancholy or sad all the time. In fact, in my case, I fell in love with one-- we both were, and still are, very happy.

Perhaps Mrs. Burgess would have realized these things, and have felt better about that conference, if she had been working regularly with groups of LRYers at the local or federation level. As it is with LRYers becoming involved with local churches, adults also "will have to earn their leadership roles" in LRY. Even if it did sound funny at the time, I too bet and hope Mrs. Burgess "learned a lot this week!" For if she did, she is a lot more ready to assume that leadership role than before. And she, as well as a lot more adults in general, is greatly needed.

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