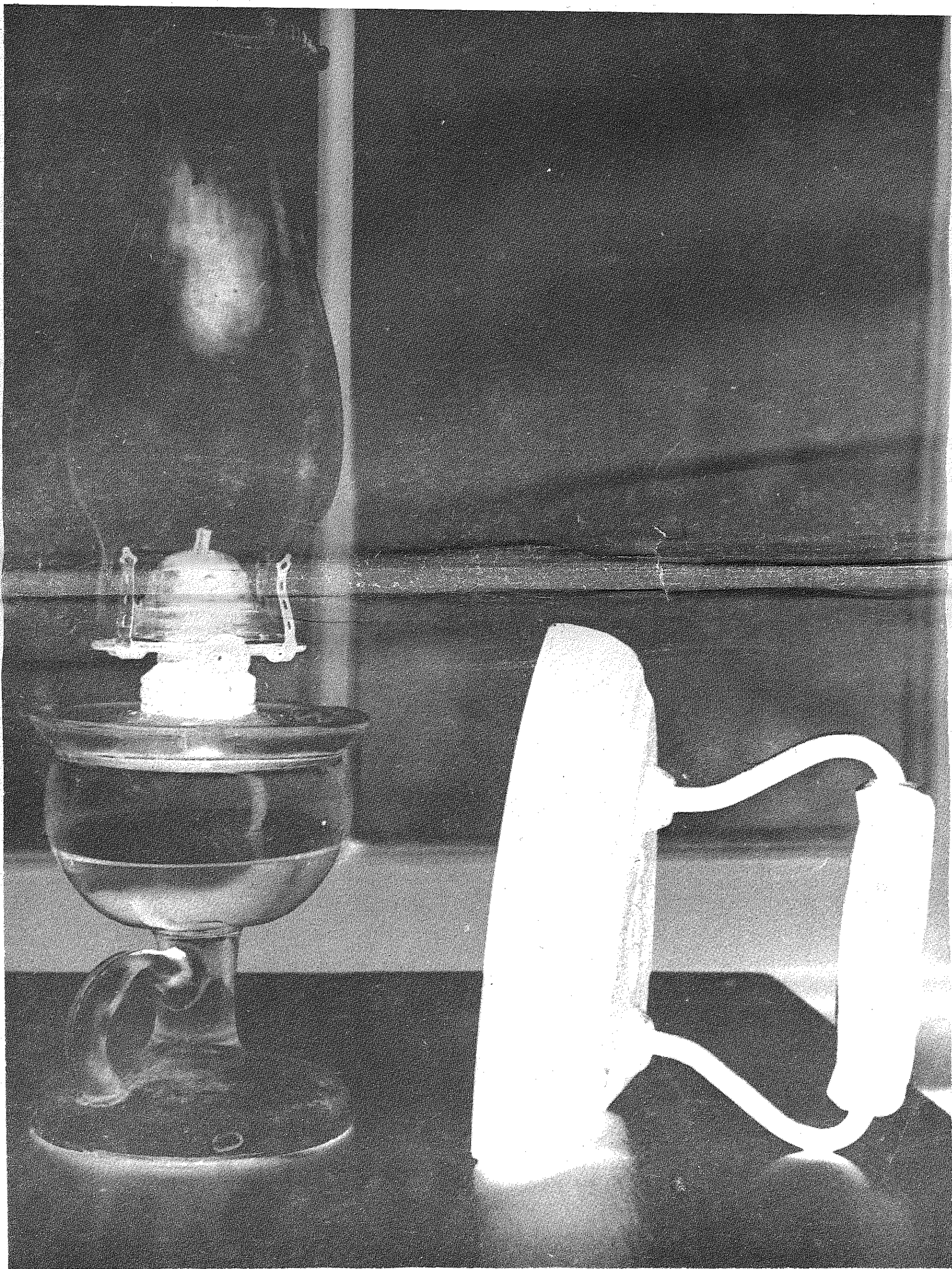


# NAMELESS NEWSPRINT

VOL. 1, NO. 7&8

75¢



SPEAK TO ME OF  
COMMITMENT??

# EDITORIAL

## CONTENTS:

Pages 2 & 3 - The editorial, includes some touching words on LRY commitment, a special note to articles contained here in this newsprint, and vital information on the upcoming General Assembly.

Pages 4 & 5 - Dr Homer Jack interviews a Czechoslovakian Unitarian youth in a treat for Nameless Newsprint faithfuls.

Pages 6 - 9 - Photos from the UUA Division of Education and Program's new Decision Making kit.

Pages 10 - 14 - The ministry of W.C. Fields, explained to us by Charles Slap, hopefully serves as a supplement to those who wonder what the W.C. Fields Program really isn't about.

Pages 14 & 15 - More responses to Connie Burgess carry this affair to what we hope is a well-deserved end.

Pages 16 & 17 - Our centerfold boasts the words and photos of the man-most-likely-to-be the next Unitarian Universalist martyr -- Michael Ferber.

Pages 18 - 22 - In this tightly worded section we find all sorts of items of interest to the typical average LRYer on the street. After a kick-off article on "The Advisor's Bag", by Wayne Arnason, we return to Wilmington for a summation of events and a special accolade for the Wilmington local. Following this story are the most recent returns on W.C. Fields, news of note concerning high school reform and LRY's past in it, a re-cap of LRY's NomCom report, and letters and brief articles.

Pages 23 - 29 - One need only read column one on page 23 to find out the design of this part of Nameless. We hope you take the time to complete the entire section -- it does have some very interesting reading.

Pages 30 & 31 - A new feature of NN; hope our eyes hold out long enough for us to recommend various literary offerings to quench your thirst for knowledge. We also invite our readers to write reviews and become world-reknowned through the Nameless.

Page 32 & Cover - please tell us if you dig this idea of running semi-poster prints.

cover and back photos by Kurt Mendelsohn

Since our last edition, many strange events have grazed the lives of those seedy but dauntless few who manage to produce this journal. We have all been kicked around by life and by each other; things are finally deciding to settle with our heads again -- maybe we can keep some semblance of stability throughout this combined issue.

Why is it issues 7 & 8? Our readership deserves some reparation for our failure to get our wills together sooner to put out an earlier issue. We will save money in both mailing and printing costs, not mentioning the elimination of an entire "stuff the envelopes" session. Perhaps it is best not to attempt to swallow this product in its entirety -- a little at a time and all that. We have been criticized because past issues of Nameless have been heavy-weights on words, -- miles of reading material. So we have tried in this issue to break up those frightening columns and offer a bit more aesthetically appealing pages of newsprint.

Again a strongly worded plea regarding the survival of this communication's endeavor. If you dig what this journal is doing, order some copies to sell to adults, or even give to your friends at high school. Better yet, sit tight, flagellate the adults for not being committed to what they profess, make a dramatic speech at an LRY Federation meeting about how much you love LRY, sock the incantation of alienation to a teacher, and then bask in your own indifference and uninvolved while this newspaper whimpers to a slow death. Maybe LRY doesn't deserve a newspaper until it goes from showing merely that it can produce one, to showing that it can support one. I invite all to take a good look at LRY commitment and puke.

## NAMELESS NEWSPRINT

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Managing Editor: Ross Quinn

Art Editor: Robert Salisbury

Associate Art Editor: Janice Hillman

Graphic Consultant: Kenneth Friedman

Contributing Editors: Wayne Arnason, Tim Cahn, Burt Cohen, Paul Collier, David Fields, Kenneth Friedman, Kathy Gilles, Tom Hobbs, Peter Hunt, Robbie Isaacs, Lisa Lundelius, and Carla Musik.

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### SUBSCRIPTION CORRESPONDENCE:

Managing Editor - Nameless Newsprint  
25 Beacon Street  
Boston, Massachusetts 02108

### EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE:

Editors - Nameless Newsprint  
25 Beacon Street  
Boston, Massachusetts 02108

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Yeah, tear that once warm love out of your gut; feel that hope and faith in others come slushing out; taste that empty feeling over your memories; and grind that tear into your face. Your senses have been invalidated by what seems now to be more of a hoax than a dream. Talk to me of commitment; then ram the rhetoric and listen to the silence of yourself. But might my rage have no object, save for a demon of my destitute imagination? Is LRY innocent in an age where communication, if passed on by 1st party recipients (and maybe this whole thing is directed at them), has put an end to innocence? The innocent are guilty! Guilty in Wilmington, guilty in the federation exec., guilty at an overly casual local group meeting; guilty of silence, indifference, and lies. It is too late to be complacent even in our own existences. Can we even claim to be the hope of the denomination, when we struggle to discover hope in ourselves? A challenge -- to straighten our own heads before we proclaim to have the solutions for others; to reject firmly those things which transgress our nature, beliefs, and conscience; to find in ourselves, what keeping the faith is all about. If you're tired of challenges, you are too old for liberal religious youth.

The GHS II recommended reading list for this issue, especially if this editorial is having any effect upon you, the photo-poetry piece, Page 6, which should evoke some emotion. Note, please look very closely at each one of the pictures -- I mean really study them! Michael Ferber's article, Page 16, which gets into a whole trip about rhetoric and linguistics in modern society. Mike promises to write an open letter to LRY in the near future. Wayne Arnason's article, Page 18, on The Adult in LRY should bolster a little confidence in adults who are having rough times with the "advisor's bag". Excellent reading for an entire local group if they are really interested in the advisor's perspective of, and his problems with, them. The interaction of adults and youth article, Page 23, which draws responses to Larry Ladd's rap in issue #4 from two UUA presidential candidates -- Deanne Starr and Victor Jokel. The article concludes with a little giftie I offer to all of the UUA presidential candidates, it is part of a symposium printed in our brother radical journal Respond, of the Uni-Uni Laymen's League. As to the scenario I paint -- especially to our adult counterparts, and especially, especially to the UUA presidential hopefuls -- don't be so foolish as to say, "it can't happen here".

A new feature of the Nameless will be its Book Review page, kicked off in this issue on Page 30.

We hope our readers will take this section very seriously by endeavoring to supplement their knowledge of the Black rebellion, attitudinal and institutional forms of racism, repercussions of the "law and order" issue, and attempts at educational reform. The books chosen for review will be exceptionally useful in acquiring a more complete understanding of the circumstances which fester into the headlines in the media. A thoughtful study of these vital reading supplements, will undoubtedly contribute much to the release of LRYers from the high school "garden of ignorance".

Plans for a most unbelievably unprecedented youth involved General Assembly steam roll on. Housing has been arranged at several Boston churches and speakers for Youth Caucus meetings are being secured. Time is high for solicited indication of which LRYers are to come to Boston as delegates and alternates from local churches. All LRYers who have attained delegate credentials are hereby requested to notify: Miss Debbie Mendelsohn, LRY office, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108. Unless these names reach Debbie as soon as possible, housing arrangements may be mangled. Even in the cases of youth delegates who will be staying at the Statler Hilton as part of their local church delegation, we would most heartily appreciate knowing of your plans to attend the Assembly. For those who cannot become delegates, but who are still interested in attending the Assembly as observers -- opportunities for volunteer shifts in the LRY Communications Center are starkly open. Persons will be needed for typing, mimeograph machine operating, long-distance running, sign making, and collating, stuffing, and stapling.

A special call is extended to LRY photographers to tote their cameras to Boston and participate in the "1st Annual Expose General Assembly Contest". Photo-freaks will caucus in the morning, shoot all day at their own various assignments, come to the LRY Communications Center to exchange exposed film for fresh rolls, and return to night photo action. Their film meanwhile, will be processed and printed at the LRY Darkroom, which by the way has been secured. Prints will be sold the next morning to all persons interested, at the LRY Booth at reasonable prices. Sales should cover the cost of film, chemicals, and paper for the entire effort. Thus, LRY demonstrates to the UUA what "instant communications media" is all about. Therefore photographers, please contact Robert Salisbury, c/o LRY Office, if you plan to make the G.A. scene.

Respond, or you might be left behind.

GHS II

# Prague, CZECHOSLO

by Dr. Homer Jack

# VAKIA:

Dr. Homer A. Jack visited Prague, Czechoslovakia, late in February. He was asked by the editors of the Nameless Newsprint to interview a young Czech Unitarian. Dr. Jack was able to do so, with the help of the Unitarian church in Prague. For obvious reasons it was decided not to publish the name of the girl interviewed. Certain facts were also changed so she could not be otherwise identified.

This was Dr. Jack's second visit to Czechoslovakia since the occupation of the country by the Soviet Union in August of 1968. Dr. Jack is Director of the Division of Social Responsibility of the Unitarian Universalist Association. He was recently elected Secretary-General of the World Conference on Religion and Peace to be held in Kyoto, Japan, in September of 1970.

\* \* \*

I met Marie at the Unitaria -- the Unitarian House in Prague -- at 6:00 p.m. after a midweek church meeting. She is a striking girl, talkative (in fair English), and pretty. She wore some eye shadow, little make-up, and a maxi-mini-skirt. We left the church building (which was made possible by funds loaned by the American Unitarian Association in the mid-1930's) which is located in the Old City, and crossed the Vltava River on the centuries-old Charles Bridge. She took me to the Vikarka, an ancient restaurant within the confines of Hrad Castle, overlooking the river on a high hill. We walked up many steps (slushy in February). The mist was romantic, but prevented us from seeing much of the city, except for the outline of a few church spires far below. At the top we entered the gates past two young guards (Czech, not Russian), went to the left of the old, gothic, St. Vitrus Cathedral, and soon reached the restaurant. (Franz Kafka, the author, lived on a little street nearby.) After ordering a typical Czech meal, I began the conversation:

Jack: Where and when were you born?

Marie: Here in Prague in July, 1950. I'm almost 19 years old.

J: And where did you learn your English?

M: Oh, I studied it for the last three years in high school. I know Russian better, of course, having studied it for many years. However, I had the opportunity to practice English a great deal last summer during three months in England and Ireland.

J: So you were not in Czechoslovakia for the beginning of the Soviet occupation?

M: Unfortunately not.

J: What were your emotions on first hearing of the occupation?

M: I heard it, while in London, at six o'clock in the morning. I could not believe the news. It was terrible. When I left Prague in June there was freedom and Dubcek. There was a new spirit. I and others were happy. Now this happened. I could not think of anything else. In London, I heard no news from my family. I was afraid for them. I wanted to return at once.

J: How did you manage to hear from Prague?

M: I wrote, but my mother received the letter three weeks afterwards. I put in a telephone call the day of the occupation, but all the lines were occupied. It was in September, ten days after the occupation, before I was able to talk to my mother and father. [She is a laboratory technician; he is a lawyer.]

J: How did it feel to regain contact with your family?

M: Wonderful. My mother said that I could stay in England if I preferred, even though I am only a child. She didn't want me to return because of the family. I could have stayed and begun my university work there, but I didn't know then if I could return to Czechoslovakia after a year. In any case, I could not stay abroad while my country was in this terrible situation.

J: How did you like England?

M: I was surprised how full the stores were. I could buy anything -- if I had the money of course -- and without queues.

J: So you returned to Prague late in September and immediately began your university career. What are you studying?

M: I have decided to be an engineer. I like mathematics and drawing. Every woman in our society needs a career -- besides being a wife and mother. And so for the next five years I will study engineering. We have two semesters, beginning in October and February, with examinations in the summer. Tuition is free, although we must pay for our books. If my grades are good, I get a small stipend each month. I live at home.

J: Don't pretty girls like you get married and never finish university?

M: I promised my mother I would finish university first, but who knows? Some girls do get married before twenty; others wait until 22 or 23. It is hard to be married and go to university at the same time because there is still a terrible shortage of flats here in Prague. Many newlyweds must wait five to ten years for a flat or house and they must live with their parents until they can obtain one.

J: Why this housing shortage in a planned society?

M: There is a shortage of workers, a shortage of materials, a shortage of funds for housing, and a shortage of managerial skills. Until recently politicians inexperienced with housing were in charge.

J: Since you are critical of some of the fruits of socialism, what do you think of America?

M: For us, the United States is still a fairy-tale country, but we know what America is doing in Vietnam and with Negroes. You have the highest level of technology, but we know that that does not bring you spiritual happiness. You have plenty of autos and houses; but you are still not completely happy. The soul must live as well as the body.

J: And what about American youth?

M: American youth should be thankful for living in a free country. We Czechs have fought for freedom long and without success, yet it seems to us so dear and so necessary for a real and happy life. Americans must be thankful they are living in this freedom. A few of our students have the great courage to give up their lives in this horrible way [immolation] for this freedom.

J: Since you seem to like America, have you read many American or English authors?

M: A few in Czech translation, especially Mark Twain, Steinbeck, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and of course Agatha Christie.

J: What are your tastes in music?

# an interview with a unitarian youth

M: I like pop, but also symphonic music. I play piano and like to go to concerts to hear Mozart and Beethoven. My best record is Tchaikovsky's B Minor. I like to go to organ concerts and listen to Bach. With symphonic music one can hear one's heart and, while hearing, one can concentrate. I like the music of the Beatles, but I don't like their personal lives. I prefer melodic pop, not the noisy kind. I also like all kinds of dancing.

J: What about sports?

M: I am on our university's women's basketball team as I was in high school. I swim and ski. For the past several years I have taken what is called: artistic gymnastics.

J: Besides concerts and sports, what other recreation do you have -- boy friends?

M: I have been in love once or twice, but not for long. Our girls marry their boy friends and do not go from one boy to another. Our girls are perhaps more moral than some in other societies. Yet our grandmothers were more moral than our mothers, and our mothers are more moral than we are. If we develop a serious friendship with a boy, we marry him.

J: I see that you are not smoking?

M: I do some, but not at home. I know nobody who smokes marijuana. Many of the boys at the university have moderately long hair, but they get bad marks if it is too long. Since August, however, the people appreciate the long-hairs for their courage and their defiance of the Russians.

J: Did you participate in the student strike in November?

M: Of course, we all did. It lasted for a week. We had a manifesto warning the government not to yield further to the Russians. Many students slept in the university during the strike, but I live nearby and went home every night. The strike was a glorious affair.

J: How do you feel about socialism?

M: We want socialism, even if we would have free choice for another system. We like, however, that kind of socialism begun by Alexander Dubcek: 'socialism with a human face.' We in Czechoslovakia need humanity and humanism after the bad years full of injustice, cruelty, and lies. With the human face, we include not only politics, but all forms of ethical life.

J: How do you feel about the present leaders in Czechoslovakia?

M: We like Dubcek. He has acted like a kind, good, and clever leader. We believe he has not changed since August, but he has been forced to speak partly in a manner different from his real feelings.

J: What about the immolation of Jan Palach?

M: His act in January affected us deeply. It was a shock that a university student would have so much courage and such a great love for his country that he would sacrifice his life. His act made us love our country still more. I did not go to his funeral, but I watched it on television.

J: And what about the latest immolation only three days ago?

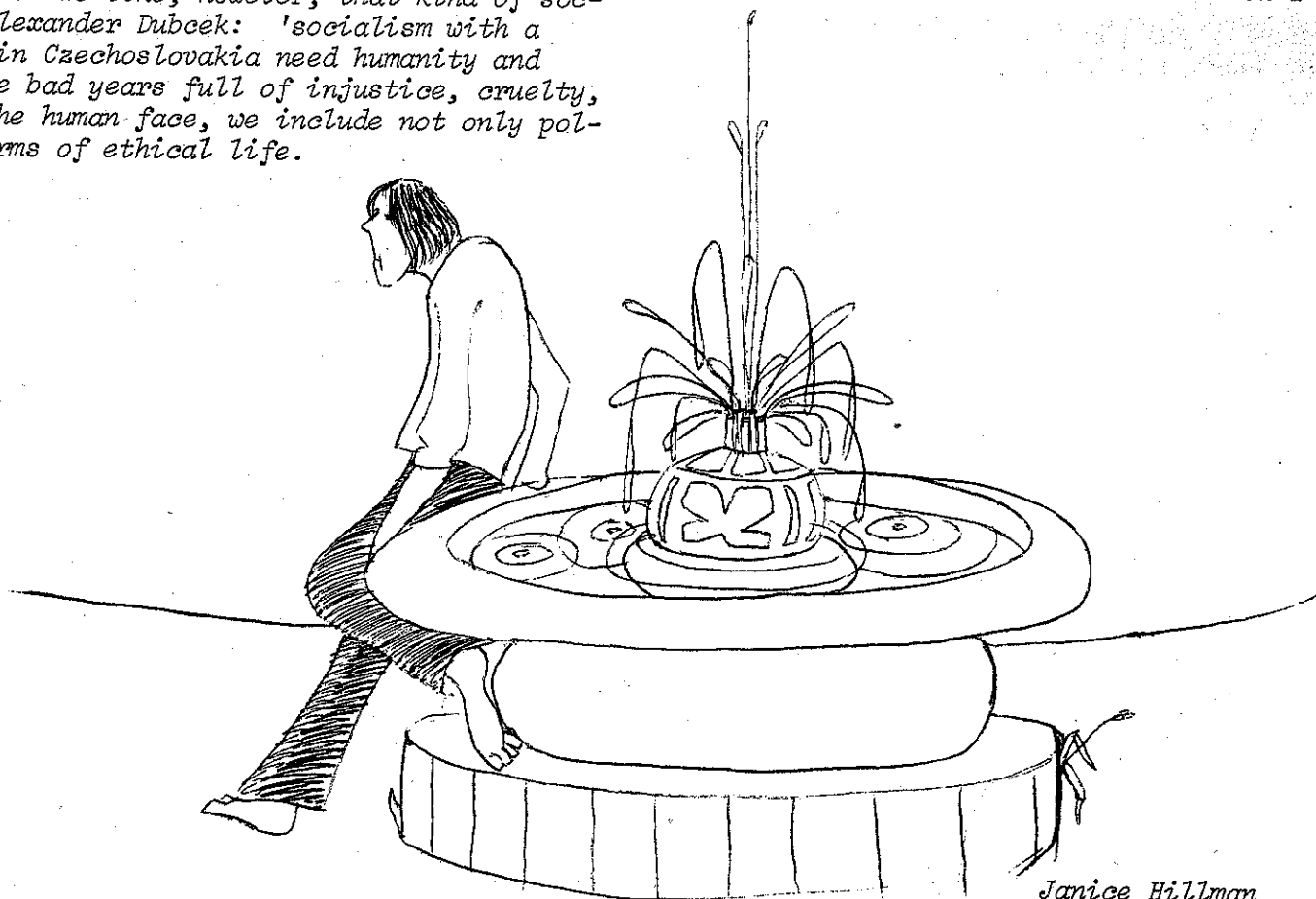
M: Yes, we had a meeting about it only this afternoon. A letter was read which he sent to the university. It was in the same spirit as Palach.

J: To change the subject, how long have you been a Unitarian?

M: For five or six years. My grandparents joined the church and my mother and I gradually participated. I belong to the youth group. Occasionally in the group we do yogi exercises. Once our family entertained a Unitarian boy from England. I visited him last summer. Indeed, the family I worked for in England was also Unitarian.

J: Dr. Dana Greeley, President of the American Unitarian Universalists, and I went to Lany this noon to pay our respects to the Masaryks and put a bouquet of tulips on the family plot. Mrs. Masaryk was, as perhaps you know, a Unitarian from Brooklyn. What do you think of the Masaryks?

M: I scarcely knew who they were. When I went to primary school and high school -- in the 1960's -- they were not mentioned. History was rewritten. Only since Dubcek, since the January (1968) spring, did we learn about Thomas Masaryk. His books were once again available and his role in founding our Republic was circulated through newspaper articles. Then I knew. . . .





Courtesy Howe Epstein SDS Photo

A couple of years ago  
 I played Saturdays in The Ghetto

little piece of sunshine program  
 headed by a fat, hookernose private school latin teacher

Nervous, goodwillingly I showed (ineptly)  
 little black children  
 how to use brushes and paints

don't you know I felt wrong saying  
 "That's you? How come it's white?"  
 do you know?

And I carried little black girls on my back  
 for chickenfighting at recess

and you know I was afraid  
 afraid of those pigeon-sized little black boys  
 when they started scrabbling around my knees

During class they'd sing Motown  
 and they liked to hear me sing along

and Damned if the latin teacher  
 didn't have them crooning  
 about some aunt rhody

But when those little black girls took to me...

Oh God when they took to me  
 brushing my hair stroking my face  
 "If only I had A Skin  
 like yours..."  
 Oh My Good God  
 I had to run

But I ran back home.

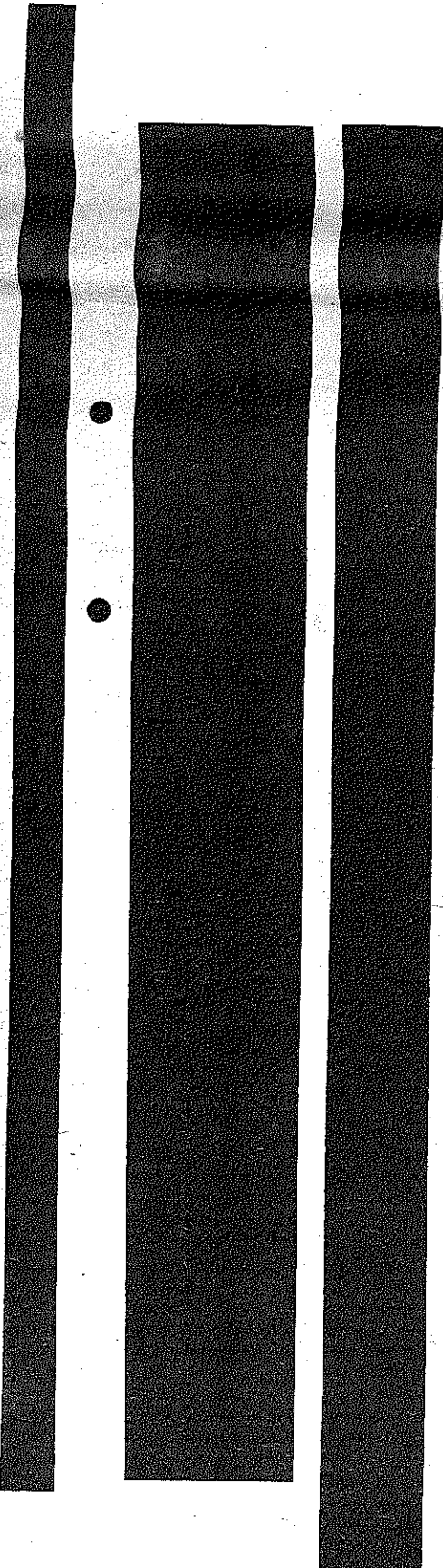
-- D. Mendelsohn



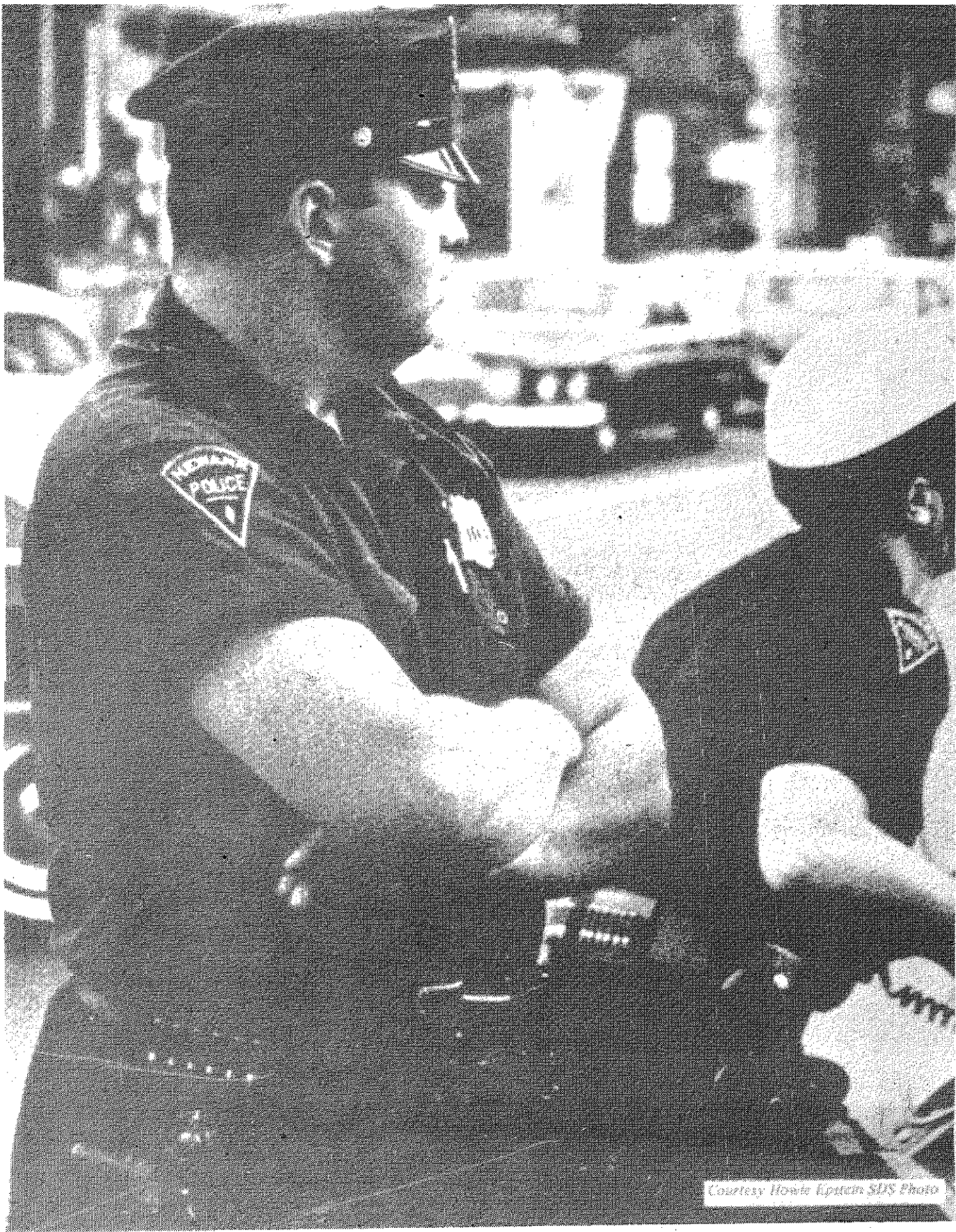
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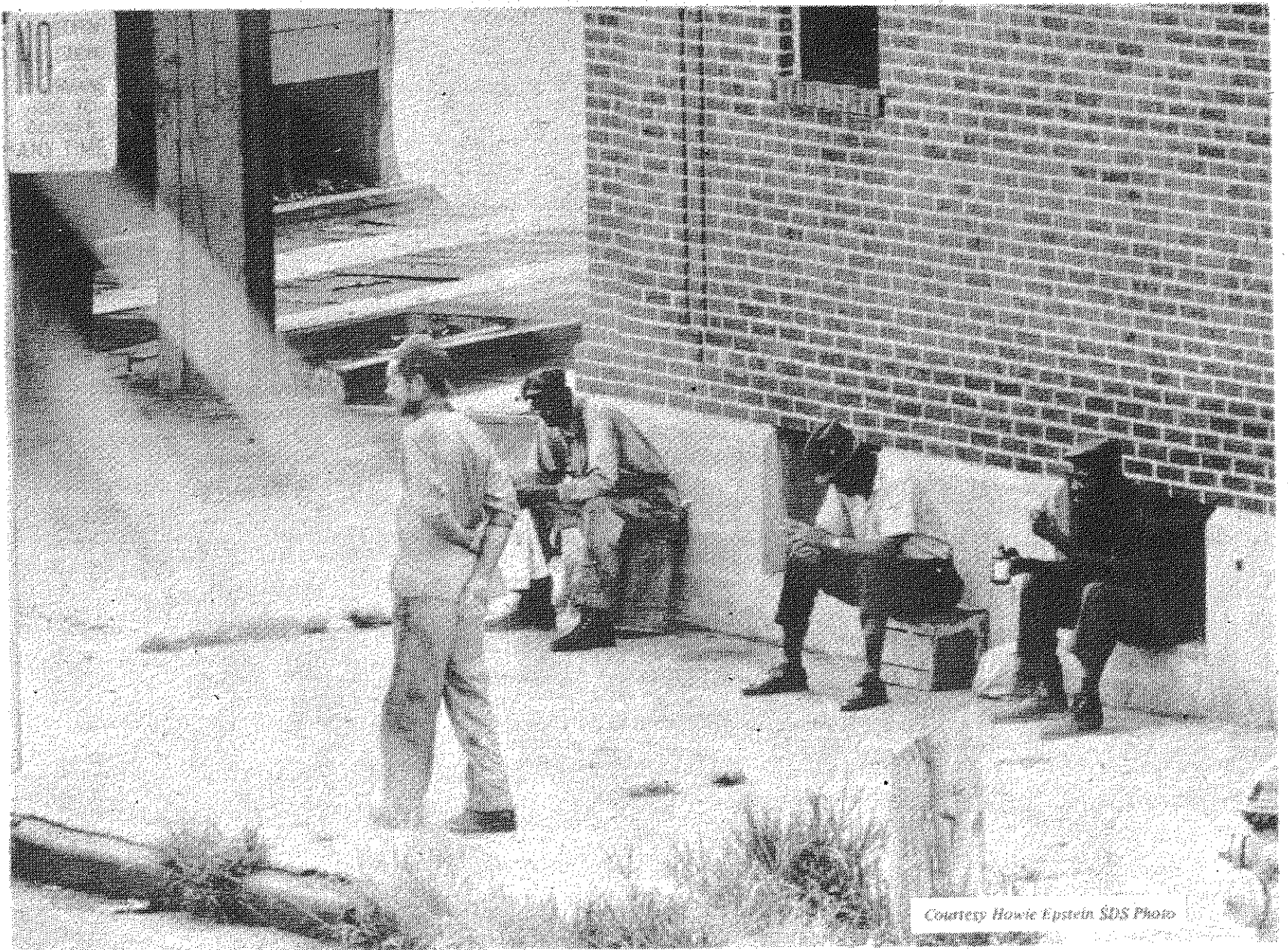
Courtesy Howie Epstein SDS Photo



Courtesy Howie Epstein SDS Photo



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Courtesy Howie Epstein SDS Photo

well?

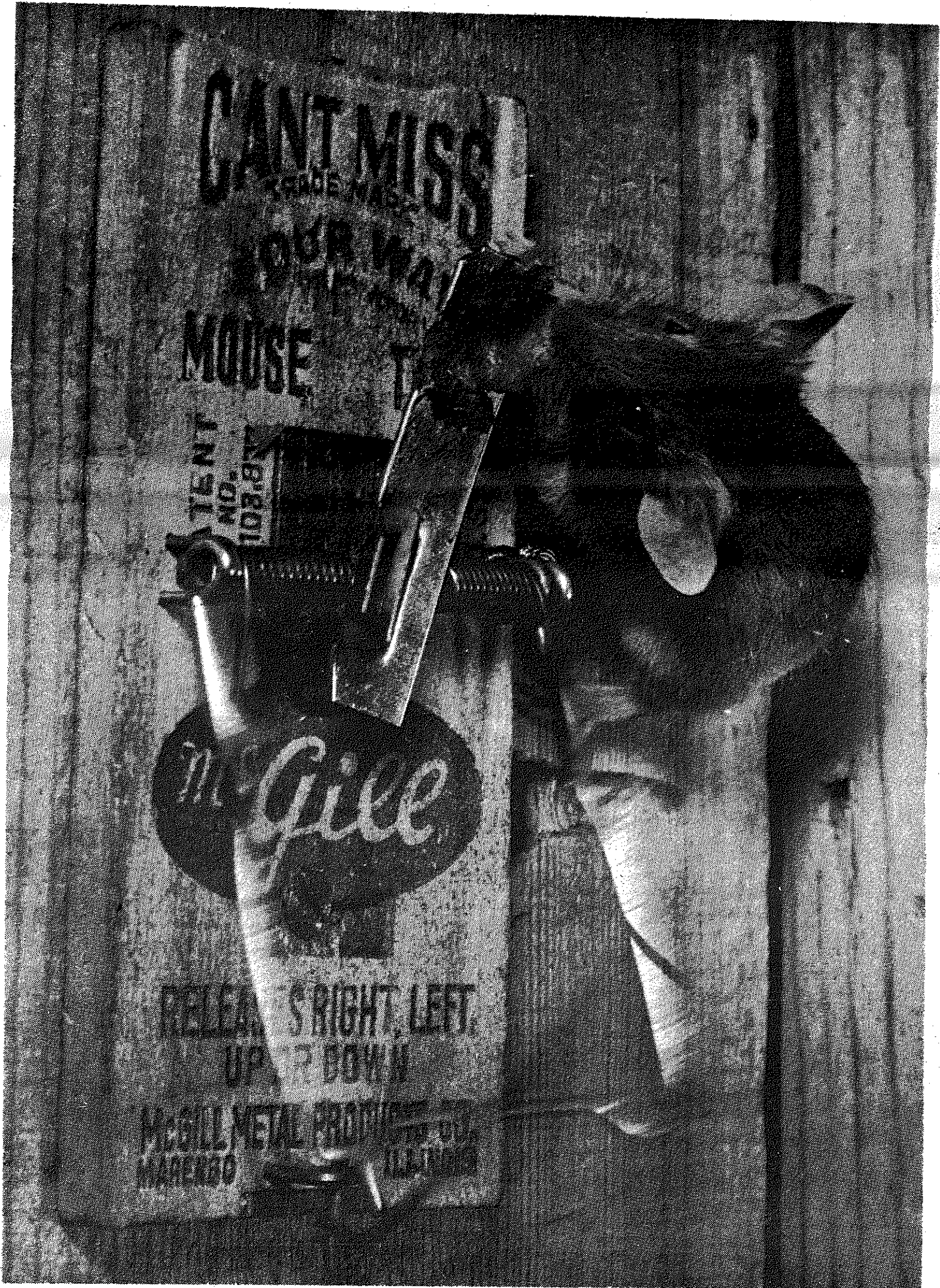


photo from San Francisco State College Open Process

# THE MINISTRY OF W.C. FIELDS

by Charles Slap

The "ministry" of W.C. Fields is a specialized ministry. From 1915, when Fields appeared in his first motion picture, "Pool Sharks", to the latest film revival, he has served as counselor and friend to the titular heads of American households. Perhaps even more effectively than the church, Fields has expurgated guilt and anxiety from the psyche of the American male.

Fields was a social reformer in a weird sort of way, although he would have gagged at the thought. His entire career was an assault on the American way of life. His conception of the American home was horrifying, and he did everything in his considerable power to expose its sniveling sentimentalities, its smug pieties, and its internecine warfare. Consequently, his movie role was forever that of "...the stoic husband persecuted by his ad-der-tongued wife and pushy mother-in-law, saddled with a sappy daughter (in love with the town moron) and a nasty son who plagued him with idiotic riddles."<sup>1</sup> Women, children, and animals, continually conspired against him. Fields, however, neither needed nor asked for pity. He struck back, creating an identity that was even more hostile than the objects of his hatreds. Fields' total warfare against everything that society commands us to hold sacred, from elderly ladies to cooing babies, has made him an idol of the American male.

Fields' films admittedly do not appeal to a mass audience. It is only the movie houses in the university towns and the "art" theaters in the major cities that can successfully stage a Fields revival. The reason seems to be that Fields' style demands close attention to details and a high degree of intelligence. Fields, moreover, is obviously a man's comedian. Wallace Markfield, on the basis of personal poll, reports that women regard him as "physically repugnant, a dirty old man, faintly sinister, and with justice, a mortal enemy to their kind."

We will consider Fields' work in the light of Freud's theory of laughter. As the Freudian approach satisfactorily explains much of his shattering impact, its use here will, I believe, deepen our insight into, and our appreciation of, the art and genius of W.C. Fields.

For the purposes of this paper, the terms "wit", "the comic", and "humor", will be used in the technical Freudian sense. As we distinguish these three terms, and provide examples from Fields' films, it should be remembered that our central purpose is not to simplify Fields' art, but to appreciate its complexity. Most Fieldsian episodes combine all three laughter-producing mechanisms.

Perhaps the most significant distinction between Fields and other comics is his willingness to approach the thin line between disguised aggression and outright aggression. As aggression is a prime characteristic of wit, it is to Fields as a wit that we first turn.

## Wit

Wit is a thinly disguised form of aggression, it is the weapon of civilized man.

Aggressive wit gives us a new way of admitting dangerous aggression to our consciousness -- but it has to be done in a cleverly disguised form. The first person, the one who perceives the joke, the person, the one who makes the joke or perceives the idea, attacks the second person, the butt of the joke... In order to test whether the work of disguising the aggressive tendency was successful, the first person has to tell the witticism to a third person. The one who has conceived the joke cannot himself laugh, because he is too close to the original aggression and the feeling of guilt about it. The



third person, to whom the witticism is told, is only a listener and judges only the disguise of the underlying aggression. The third person becomes guilty only insofar as he is a witness of the aggression but not a participant. He is safely removed from guilt. When the third person, to whom the joke is told, reacts with laughter, the first person, who had originally conceived the witticism, may join him in the laughter of relief: the disguise has succeeded. Hostile jokes lift repressions and open up otherwise inaccessible sources of pleasure.<sup>2</sup>

Fields wit enables us to release our own aggressive feelings. But as it is Fields, not the audience, that is getting out the aggression, we can experience the release without guilt. Let us sample a little Freudian hostility.

In "The Fatal Glass of Beer", which Fields wrote, Mr. Snavely (Fields) is sitting down to soup with his wife in a snow-besieged cabin in Alaska. There is a knock at the door. Chester, his son who has gone bad in the big city, is back from prison. Fields rushes to meet his boy. In his haste, his foot gets caught in a wooden bucket which clatters around after him. "The reunion is tearful, snow from Fields' bowed head falling into the soup to join its other unspeakable ingredients. Oversome with emotion, Chester says that he has come home to stay, and what he wants to do first is crawl into his own little bed and sleep like a baby.

"Why not lie down and get some rest first?" Fields suggests helpfully.

"The good-nights turn into a three-way barrage of endearments and advice on how to get a good night's sleep. 'Good-night, son, and don't forget to open your window... 'I won't, ma, and don't forget to open your window, and you open your window too, pa...' The triangular conversation, with everyone speaking at once, reaches a crescendo and is brought to a halt only by the slamming of Chester's door."<sup>3</sup>

In this episode, we find a special kind of wit, the caricature. The meaningless sentimentality that is often found in family life is ridiculed by distortion. The episode ends when Chester, wearing only his night-shirt, is thrown out of the cabin into the blizzard. To prove his reformation, he had told his "loving parents" how he took the "tainted money I got from them bonds, and threw it in the river...."

In "The Pharmacist", Fields is returning from an errand. He notes that "two old-timers who have been playing checkers since early morning are still pondering over the next move. Fields studies the board, knowingly warns against several moves, and finally nods his silent approval. Of course, the unfortunate recipient of his advice makes the move and is cleaned out in one fell swoop."<sup>4</sup> In this film, Fields gets involved in a heated argument with his daughter. She finally bursts into tears, sobbing, "You don't love me anymore!" Fields thereupon takes a swing at her while retorting, "Certainly I love you!" His wife tries to calm him as he growls, "She can't tell me I don't love her!"

The wit is also an expert at one-liners and Fields is no exception. In an argument at a bar, the injured party tells Fields, "You're drunk!" "You're crazy!" replies Fields. "You're drunk!" says the injured party. "All right," says Fields, "but tomorrow morning I'll be sober and you'll still be crazy."

In "The Oldfashioned Way" he meets Cleopatra Pepperday, an aging and frustrated singer. Fields observes that she is "dressed like a well-kept grave."

Due to the fact that the widowed Mrs. Pepperday is very rich, The Great McGonigle (Fields) decides to play up to her and even tolerates her tiny brat, the gurgling Baby LeRoy. The following episode is a classic in Fields' very genuine hostility toward babies:

Though reacting with embarrassment and horror when the infant affectionately greets him as "Dada," Fields retains his savoir-faire even when the little fellow dunks his watch in the molasses, where it sinks like a rock in quicksand. Retrieving the sticky timepiece with a pained, "The minute hand won't be a bit of use," he reassures the baby's clucking mother that he is not in the least annoyed.

"How could you possibly hurt a watch by dipping it in molasses?" he purrs. "It just makes me love the little nipper all the more!" LeRoy's aggressive behavior continues, however, accompanied by deprecating smiles from his mother, who makes no attempts to curb her offspring but merely remarks, "I don't know why he's behaving like this; you should see him when he's alone."

"Yes," Fields replies with a barely suppressed snarl, "I'd like to catch him when he's alone." But when Baby LeRoy overplays his hand by spattering Fields with potato salad, his temper nears the breaking point. "Brat!" he thunders, then spells out the word for the benefit of the little tyke.

The meal finishes, and the diners depart. LeRoy is left alone with Fields, and the danger of his position is clear even to him. His face takes on an innocent air, and he crawls on all fours out of the room, helped by Fields, who -- making sure that nobody is looking -- delivers a hearty kick to the youngster's backside.<sup>5</sup>

In these episodes our own repressed aggressions are activated. If these aggressive thoughts are successfully disguised, "the aggression passes the censor, escapes further repression, and may be consciously enjoyed. The sudden release of anger no longer needed for repression is laughed off."<sup>6</sup>

The disguise allows us to enjoy our aggression without guilt. At the same time, however, we must remain aware of the hostile intent. "This means that the listener must be able to perceive the disguised aggressive tendency and must be stimulated by it, but must also be simultaneously protected against any kind of guilt feeling."<sup>7</sup> Wit is found in the precarious balance between disguise and revelation. If a witticism misfires, if the disguise slips, the reaction may be embarrassment or disgust, instead of laughter. As we have noted, Fields dares more than any other comic to approach the revelation side of the balance.

### The Comic

The comic must be distinguished from wit. "In the comic situation the victim is usually deprived of authority and dignity. This gives the onlooker a feeling of superiority.... Pleasure in the comic arises from a more or less conscious comparison between the onlooker's perfection and the other person's obvious imperfection."<sup>8</sup>

Fields' comic roles are all directed to a deflation of authority. In "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," Larson E. Whipsnade (Fields), circus impresario, takes on high society. The rich and snooty Bel Goodies are giving an engagement party at their mansion in honor of the impending marriage of their son to Fields' daughter. Fields soon has "the upper-crust crumbling." He ambles around the party loudly remarking, "Lots of necks washed here tonight." To his parasitic son, Phineas, he remarks, "All of the creme-de-la-creme is here tonight....they have no-lesse oblige....we have acrobats."

Mrs. Bell Goodie tries to quiet him down by asking him what's keeping his daughter. "She's gone to a barber shop for a facial...she may be some time...there were eight or nine men ahead of her." Fields then proceeds to tell a disgusting anecdote about snakes. At the first mention of the word "snake" Mrs. Bel Goodie screams and faints. The other guests fail in their attempts to explain to Fields that Mrs. Bel Goodie has a dangerous allergy to even the mention of snakes and he continues on with his story. At every mention of the word "snake" the now prostrate Mrs. Bel Goodie screams and faints again. The rambling and senseless story ends with the snake somehow saving Fields' life: "the little beggar stuck his tail out of the window and rattled for a constable."

In order to change the subject from an off-color story about a drummer, a society matron asks him, "How is your ping-pong?" With a look that says he regards her question as an obscene impertinence he replies scathingly, "Fine, how's yours?" A wild, no-holds-barred, no quarter given, ping pong match follows. This scene probably represented Field's views on the respect due proper society.

When Fields himself is playing the role of an authority figure, he is the one deflated. In "The Bank Dick" Egbert Souse (Fields), the new bank detective, is taking no chances with potential robbers. He sneaks up on a mother and her small son, who is wearing a cowboy hat and a toy gun. Fields grabs the child and proceeds to throttle him. When the child is finally released, he retaliates by making fun of Field's nose. But the boy's mother scolds him for making fun of the misfortunes of others and adds, "Wouldn't you like to have a large nose like that, all full of nickels?"

In Field's films, there is either no father present in the screen family, or Fields himself plays the role of father. And it is often as the father figure that he permits himself to be the most ridiculous. In this connection, we must account for his use of a cane, an umbrella, a billiard cue, or a golf club in practically all of his screen appearances. The Freudian implications are obvious. "The symbol of the ridiculed penis returns to the contemporary scene in the walking stick as used by Charlie Chaplin, W.C. Fields, and Bobby Clark. Chaplin preferred the twirling cane -- which has some life and function left. W.C. Fields... was a master... at expressing the impotence of the father in a symbolic way without making his children -- the audience -- feel guilty or sorry. On the contrary, he made them love him and laugh at and with him."<sup>9</sup> In a routine he continually repeated with little variation, Fields attempts to put his hat on his head and unknowingly hangs it on his cane instead. He then starts looking for his hat. We find this scene in "Sally of the Sawdust" and other pictures. "Can anything be more hilarious and ridiculous to the anxious child, or to the frightened child in our unconscious, than to see a father who does not even know the difference between a part of his body, symbolized by the hat, and the outside world?"<sup>10</sup>

In "Pool Sharks" Fields does battle with "a stubborn stalk of asparagus which obstinately refuses to enter his open and receptive mouth and insists on poking him in the eye instead."<sup>11</sup> In the pool game itself, Fields' first shot "splits the triangle of billiard balls, which form themselves into a regimented straight line and then resume their original triangle."<sup>12</sup> In another sequence, the billiard cue is made of rubber and will not maintain its strength, but continually bends at the decisive moment. A variation of this routine occurs in "The Golf Specialist." The caddy hands Fields a rubber golf club which immediately bends out of shape. "'Wrong club,' murmurs Fields. 'Try this putting niblick,' suggests the caddy, offering a new club. Fields is fascinated by the sound of the phrase, repeats the words 'putting niblick' several times to get the feel of them, and then explains to his lady companion: 'The little fellow obviously doesn't understand the nomenclature of the game.' Fields seems to be having trouble getting his game started. His hat falls off repeatedly; one club wraps itself around his neck like a corkscrew and is rejected -- 'The shaft is warped...'"<sup>13</sup>

In these scenes we are laughing at "the castrated, depreciated, confused, and silly father," but such laughter is allowable "only when the depreciation is skillfully disguised and avoids imminent guilt reaction."<sup>14</sup>

### Humor

In addition to the almost undisguised aggressiveness in the comic and wit of Fields' art, we also find a unique style of humor. In humor, some unpleasant emotion, such as pity or sorrow, is initiated by the victim's plight. It is then discovered that the victim does not need our pity; his attitude does not justify our sorrow. The emotional energy saved us is expressed in laughter. "Humor originates when painful emotions are stimulated and an attempt at suppression is initiated but proves to be unnecessary."<sup>15</sup> In the humorous situation, the victim expresses an inner strength that triumphs over the empirical situation. Grotjahn cites as an example of such strength in the midst of misery the statement of Oscar Wilde upon his being sent to prison. When Wilde was kept standing handcuffed in the pouring rain, he indignantly protested: "If this is how Her Majesty treats her prisoners, she does not deserve to have any." Humor permits us to acknowledge failure or disgrace without being destroyed by it. Humor can be an act of forgiveness, of ourselves, by ourselves.

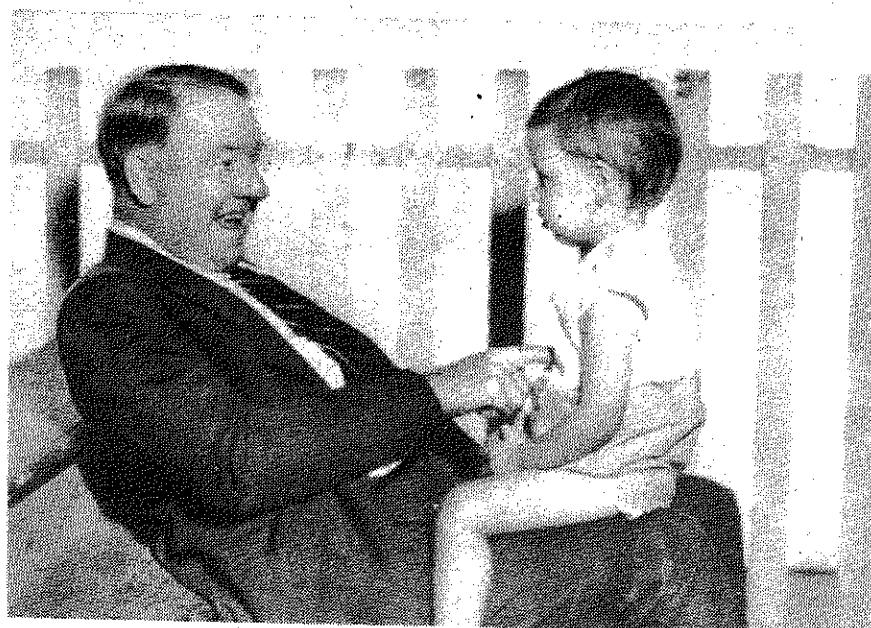
Humor is not resigned; humor is a triumphant joy and represents the victory of the pleasure principle. The ego, usually forced to submit to or modify the pleasure-seeking drives to the demands of reality, resolutely turns away from reality and enjoys uninhibited narcissism, this triumph over reality, this victory of the seemingly invulnerable ego, gives a feeling of strength. Laughter may occur, but usually a smile suffices.

In the humorous attitude, the superego relates itself to the ego like a good parent to a child: lenient, understanding, forgiving, kind. Wit utilizes infantile pleasure in order to release aggressive tendencies; in humor, the saving of emotion reactivates a joyful narcissistic state during which the superego treats the ego with kindness and not with the usual sternness. Many years after Freud's paper, Edmund Bergler showed convincingly that the superego is forced to this kind attitude in order to avoid a complete break with the ego.<sup>16</sup>

In Fieldsian humor, our hero is unperturbed by his tormentors. Neither the police nor falling boulders can defeat him. A scene in "The Golf Specialist" is strikingly similar in impact to the story of Wilde's imprisonment. Effington Bellweather (Fields), who is wanted by the sheriff, is teaching a young blonde how to hold a golf club. Fields is just going into his swing when the sheriff moves in. Fields' club hits the sheriff's rifle which fires, bringing down a goose. Undaunted, Fields continues with his instructions to the young lady demonstrating that the secret of good golf is keeping the wrists close together. The sheriff takes advantage of the opportunity and snaps on the handcuffs. Fields is led away, ignoring both the sheriff and the handcuffs, repeating over and over that one essential rule, "Keep the wrists close together..."

In "Never Give a Sucker an Even Break," Fields has just descended Mount Hemoglobin, the hideaway of the eccentric and rich Mrs. Hemoglobin, when he is hit squarely on the top of the head with a huge rock that has fallen from the top of the mountain. "Are you hurt?" inquires his niece. "No," replies Fields, keeping his temper and sarcasm admirable under control, "how could a rock falling ten thousand feet possibly hurt anyone?"

In "The Pharmacist" we see another example of Fields' stoicism. A belligerent-looking male customer comes in who is unsure of what he wants. As the customer critically walks around the store, Fields walks with him, pointing out interesting items such as literature entitled "Mother India", "The Sex Life of the Polyp", and "The Rover Boys." The customer is not interested. After several other suggestions, including "Cake a la Mode," Fields asks, "How about a postage stamp?" The customer agrees, "Yeah, gimme a stamp. One of the purple ones." As there are no purple stamps on stock, Fields amiably offers to paint one. The customer finally decides on a three-cent stamp, purple or not. Fields begins to tear a stamp off the sheet, but the customer growls, "No, not one of those dirty stamps. Give me a clean one!" Fields, still cheerful,



takes a scissors and cuts a circle through the sheet, removing the stamp in the middle and destroying the rest. "Shall we send it?" inquires Fields. "The customer is willing to carry it provided it is wrapped and placed in a large paper bag. Unfortunately he doesn't have the three cents in cash, and offers a hundred-dollar bill. Fields, of course, can't change it, and suggests that the gentleman pay next time. As the customer is leaving with his package, Fields suddenly calls him back, recalling that they are giving away a free souvenir with each purchase that day. From under the counter he produces an enormous vase which the customer accepts rather grudgingly and departs."<sup>17</sup>

When Fields is doing battle with belligerent babies, however, his humor takes on a more aggressive quality. In "The Barber Shop," Fields leaves his store to greet Mrs. Broadbottom, who is walking her baby. Seeing the baby with a loose diaper pin, Fields is all paternal concern. "Let me get that, little Woolly Britches," he coos soothingly, "A thing like that could kill you!" As he bends over to retrieve the loose pin, the baby belts his undefended head with a full bottle of milk. Stalking away, rubbing his injured head, he sees to it that the over-sized pin, its sharp point deliberately and murderously exposed, is left where the baby's eagerly exploring fingers will find it quickly."<sup>18</sup>

Freud summarizes the three laughter-producing mechanisms as follows: "It has seemed to us that the pleasure of wit originates from an economy of expenditure in inhibition, of the comic from an economy of expenditure in thought, and of humor from an economy of expenditure in feeling."

### The Search for the Historical Fields

I have postponed our search for the historical Fields until now in order to avoid the temptation of analyzing the man instead of his work. Fields' ministry is his films.

William Claude Dukinfield was born in Philadelphia on April 9, 1879. He changed his name to W.C. Fields for professional reasons. His father was a London cockney whose family emigrated to America in the 1870's. His mother, Kate Felton, was a native of Philadelphia. The family was poor and Fields, the oldest child, attended school only when he was not assisting his father, a fruit and vegetable peddler. Young Fields did not get on well with his father. At the age of eleven, after an unusually severe beating, Fields ran away from home. The next few years were spent trying to survive. At the age of fourteen, Fields landed a job as a juggler in an amusement park. A reason for Fields' hostility to children, and animals, and the image of the family, may be found in this disastrous childhood. The love of a family, the friendship of other children, and the companionship of a pet were all denied him.

By the age of twenty, Fields was on Vaudeville tours to Europe. In 1915, he was signed for "The Ziegfield Follies," and he made his first movie appearance in the short comedy "Pool Sharks".

Fields' marriage to Harriet Hughes ended in estrangement. They had one son. After the separation, Fields apparently had no further romantic interests. "Fields' approach to women was to regard most of them as enemies and busybodies; his attitude toward sex was to ignore it."<sup>19</sup> The only film where Fields takes sex seriously is "My Little Chickadee." But even there, his fake marriage to Mae West was never consummated.

Fields was notorious for his dislikes and prejudices. Quite remarkable was his hatred for birds in general, and for one large white swan in particular. Taylor describes Fields' relations with the bird:

It was not uncommon for Fields to be bullied by animals other than dogs. His trouble with a swan, later on in Hollywood, was notorious. He rented a large establishment on Toluca Lake, a body of water inhabited by a peevish, noisy, outsized white swan, which took an instant dislike to Fields. Mary Brian, Bing Crosby, and Richard Arlen, movie people who had houses on the lake, have recalled many interesting sights of the comedian fitted out for combat. For several days after he moved in, the swan would catch him near the shore and chase him back to his house. Then Fields got a cane with a curved handle and took to hiding in the reeds near the water. He would produce noises that he fancied were recognizable as authentic swan talk, and when the bird came in to investigate, he'd rush out and try to get the cane around its neck.

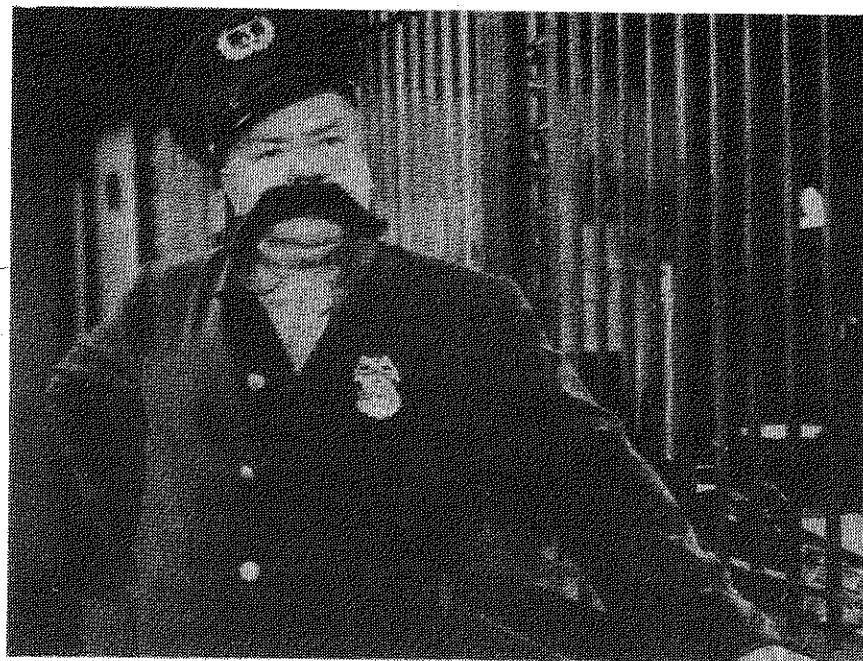
"Mr. Fields was sure enough scared of that swan," felt one of his former servants. "Almost every time they met, he wound up runnin'."

After three or four futile brushes with the cane, he decided on heavier ordnance, and he switched to a golf club, selecting a number-four iron. The bird showed considerable respect for the iron, and Fields went on the offensive. He bought a canoe and chased the swan all over the lake every day. But no matter how he paddled, the bird managed to stay out in front. It was hot work and Fields, on one occasion, lay back to rest and get his strength up. He dozed off, and the swan circled round, like Nelson at Trafalgar, and fell on him from the rear.

The comedian returned home in a homicidal humor. He stormed around the house trying to enlist sympathy for his cause. "The goddamned bird broke all the rules of civilized warfare," he kept saying. He got a revolver and loaded it up, but one of the household talked him into sticking to the golf club.

Like his dislike of birds, his other prejudices were equally indiscriminate. His dislikes included bankers, policemen, foreigners, Chinese, and Negroes. Many of these prejudices, however, were apparently superficial. "He is known to have been generous with his own Negro staff, and on at least one occasion when they were spoken to disparagingly by a visiting friend of his, the friend was ordered out of the house."<sup>20</sup> In "The Gold Specialist" some of Fields' prejudices may be seen in the list of heinous crimes for which Mr. Bellweather was sought by the police. The misdemeanors included "eating spaghetti in public, posing as the Prince of Wales, and revealing the facts of life to an Indian."<sup>21</sup>

Fields had a prodigious capacity for gin. His daily consumption averaged two quarts, starting with two double martinis before breakfast. Fields however was never drunk and would not tolerate drunks in his presence. Liquor kept his nerves quiet and helped his work. "His timing was better when he was drinking," thought Mark Sennet. Fields knew that his drinking was a crutch. His secretary once asked him, "If you had your life to do over, what would you like to change, Mr. Fields?" After some thought, he replied: "You know. I'd like to see how I would have made out without liquor."



Fields' attitude toward life was symbolized by his voice. Wallace Markfield described that voice: "It seemed to arise out of immense lethargy, the lethargy of a man too far gone to bother spitting out a few hairs or ashes. At best it was nasal, at worst it was nasty, and invariably it was monotonous, absolutely drained of every state and emotion Fields considered extraneous -- pity, respect, goodwill, benevolence, trust, tenderness. This voice an ancient heathen idol might have used against a missionary."<sup>22</sup> It is ironic that death came to Fields on Christmas Day, 1946. Christmas was a day he particularly hated, perhaps because it represented all those emotions that were never expended in the child, William Claude Dunkinfield.

We see the tragedy of Fields' personal life in Grot-jahn's description of witty men. He notes "how sick at heart most of them are underneath their witty defenses. They are hostile, lonely, often unloving and unloved; they feel near to tears and suffering; often they avoid disaster only by drinking, which leads to new complications. They repeat the tragedy of the little boy who feels unloved, becomes defensive and hostile, erotizes his language, and becomes impudent. The life stories of many great clowns give a wealth of clinical evidence of a truly tragic development. It is not funny to be funny."

Fields was hardly unique in having an imperfect childhood and a troubled maturity. As Professor Haroutunian likes to remind his students, "To be comfortable is to be dead."

What suffering does to a man, or, what a man does with his suffering, is a crucial question of existence. Many lives are consumed in a search for the anesthesia against misery. But on occasion, if the heat is hot enough, if the pressure is high enough, if the fuel is of the right quality; the hell-fire does not consume -- instead there comes forth a diamond. Many geniuses, including W.C. Fields, have come out of such a forge. Out of the ashes of their personal lives have emerged gifts for mankind. Fields' art is such a gift.

Fields' battles against the women, the children, and the pets of this world, against all that is or should be tender or sweet, serve us as we try to be tender, to love without guilt, to live without anxiety. His ministry was to help us in the never-ending task of knowing ourselves and accepting ourselves.

Wallace Markfield relates the legendary tale of Fields' deathbed scene. "Fields suddenly rears up and calls his cronies to his side. Clearly something is on his mind. 'You know,' he whispers, 'I've ... been ... thinking about ... those poor little ... newsies out ... there. Peddling their ... papers in the cold ... and rain ... sole support of ... their mothers. I ... want ... to do something for them.'"

He is answered, "Wonderful, that's wonderful, Bill." Then Fields lapses into silence. "Bill ... Bill?" He rears up again and says, "On second thought ... fuck 'em!"



Fields in "Six of a Kind"

footnote references and author's biography on next page



photo by Debbie Mendelsohn

**"What?  
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connie  
bur-  
gess?"**



Fields continued...

Our author, Charles Slap, was born in New York City, taking his B.A. at New York University. He recieved his Bachelor of Law at Columbia Law School, and has since set a course for the ministry. Thus far, his ministerial training has given by Harvard Divinity School and Meadville Theological School; the later which he is currently attending with hopes of graduation the June. Mr. Slap is also serving as part-time minister to the West Lafayette, Indiana Fellowship.

"The Ministry of W.C. Fields" -- credits

<sup>1</sup>Wallace Markfield, "The Dark Geography of W.C. Fields," New York Times Magazine, April 24, 1966, p.114

<sup>2</sup>Martin Grotjahn, Beyond Laughter (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co., Inc., 1957), p. 11

<sup>3</sup>William K. Everson, The Art of W.C. Fields (Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., 1967), p. 88

<sup>4</sup>Ibid., p. 90

<sup>13</sup>Ibid., p. 55

<sup>5</sup>Ibid., p. 119

<sup>14</sup>Grotjahn, p. 93

<sup>6</sup>Grotjahn, p. 13

<sup>15</sup>Ibid., p. 18

<sup>7</sup>Ibid., p. 16

<sup>16</sup>Ibid., pp. 20-21

<sup>8</sup>Ibid., p. 17

<sup>17</sup>Everson, p. 92

<sup>9</sup>Ibid., p. 93

<sup>18</sup>Ibid.

<sup>10</sup>Ibid., p. 93

<sup>19</sup>Ibid., p. 7

<sup>11</sup>Everson, p. 20

<sup>20</sup>Ibid., p. 5

<sup>12</sup>Ibid., p. 20

<sup>21</sup>Ibid., p. 57

Dear Nameless:

I was quite interested in Connie Burgess' article about Continental Conference and the replies to it by Ross Quinn and Burt Cohen. The reason for my special interest is that Connie was the adult staff in the same cell in which I was on youth staff. Bill de Vries was also assigned to our cell, but he had so much hassle with the treasury situation that it turned out Connie and I were left most of the time to do the cell thing together. As a result, we began to get inside each other a little bit as we interacted in cell meetings, staff meetings, and personal conversations.

The UUWF sent me ten copies of the Bridge in which Connie's article was featured, so I had a chance to react to it myself before reading the counter-articles by Ross and Burt. Frankly, I was more turned off by the counter-articles, especially Burt's, than by Connie's original impressions. Let's take a look at exactly what she was criticizing:

1. Rejection of conference rules agreed to by the college and the PlanCom, especially those regarding cleanliness of the site.
2. A lack of psychologists and other trained people in the T-groups.
3. Loneliness and alienation among many people at the conference, especially among the "chicks".

These are points that get me uptight too. The only one I would question as to being a problem at all is the point she raises about girls being passive participants in LRY. Thinking back to our cell, I can see where Connie would get this impression, and how it would stick in her mind, considering her position as UUWF Director. However, I would be more inclined to say that passive participation in a conference like that as well as alienation, is a phenomenon that is not confined to one sex. It is a hell of a problem to cope with when you have a conference of that size, too, and its one we're considering on the PlanCom for this year's conference. The other two problems in question are quite real and quite serious. Burt's answer to the question of rules disturbed me greatly. The point here is that the Board of Trustees elects a Planning Committee to plan and manage Continental Conference in all its aspects -- from rules to worship. It is the responsibility of this Committee to ask why about all the rules. And is the answers aren't adequate, it is the Committee's responsibility to hassle them. However, if the rules are reasonable and have a good purpose behind them, they are accepted by the Committee and presented to the conferees. This is what the Committee is for.

When I came to Santa Fe, I took it for granted that the rules had been discussed adequately and that there were good reasons behind all the rules that we were presented with. I thought Burt's statement that the community was under no obligation to accept arbitrary rules to be irresponsible and immature. You place the responsibility of accepting or rejecting rules on the Planning Committee, and as such they are not arbitrary. They are mutually acceptable.

The problem of inadequately trained staff at conferences is one that cannot be avoided. Ross is quite right in saying that the problem is money. If the lack of trained staff is unavoidable, then the real question here is whether we should attempt to try T-groups and similar encounter groups. Speaking for myself, I felt quite uncomfortable in trying these situations in my cell, and the results we got showed why. The reason we did go into them was because we couldn't come up with an alternative course for the group to take. The whole cell situation was uptight. We were dropped into our cells the first night with very little time or help to get us oriented to the situation we were going to face. As I remember, I screwed up that first meeting quite nicely by bulldozing my way into a dominant position and ignoring Connie's suggestions.

The reason I'm turned off by the letters of reply is that I think we should be accepting these criticisms that Connie raises as real problems, and should be thinking about solving them, rather than jumping forward on the defensive with a weak string of arguments and excuses. I think Ross took a more rational approach to the criticisms, and has a good point in saying that the world we created at Santa Fe was not the world we aspire to create. This is possibly where Connie misunderstood the conference the most. However, I prefer to look to the two-thirds of the article in which she states the brotherhood and love she found at Continental, and what she feels both of us, LRY and the UUWF, can do about it. The message that Connie took back from Continental, the message that without brotherhood, nothing matters, is one that many of us also took back, and is what we should be thinking about, making come true, instead of defending the places we have fallen short in the past.

"With love and justice strive  
to make men free"

Wayne Arnason  
President, SAM Newt Federation

Dear LRY Members:

Yesterday I read Connie Burgess' report in the winter issue of The Bridge describing her week with the LRY at your conference in Santa Fe. I was shocked and angered at what I read.

It was stated in the pre-conference material, that at their conferences LRYers want to create their own adult world in which they can show their adulthood in accepting their own responsibilities, a world much better than the one in which they are living and learning. It seems to me that you succeeded only in creating the worst of the world in which you find yourselves. By littering the campus, breaking rules, showing utter disregard for the surroundings which had been created with such effort and care by St. John's students and faculty, by destroying expensive equipment, you showed yourselves to be about on the level of the most ignorant, truly deprived members of society. Where was that sense of responsibility which you planned to develop and demonstrate?

Of all young people in our society today, you are the ones from whom the most is expected and hoped for -- you are the ones for whom people in our churches have the greatest concern and for whom they will try to provide opportunities such as the ones you say you seek. When you receive such privileges as the ones extended to you by St. John's, they are given with the trust that you will show your adulthood and responsibility by using them with care and with appreciation. And what happens?

Truly, I feel disappointed and ashamed that youth from Unitarian Universalist backgrounds and churches could show themselves so wanting in the ability to distinguish false values from true ones. Yes, even in today's society, with its hypocrisy and obsolete rules, there are still some true values, most of which, apparently, you are still too young and too immature to have



photo by Sweigert

discovered. Perhaps the search for the true values, proven through the ages, would be a helpful pursuit for LRY.

Although you probably will not believe this, progress towards the changes which are so much needed in our society today will be much faster and easier if you do not needlessly alienate the adults through whom these changes must be effected. Happenings like the one at St. John's really turn us off. They leave us with no respect for you as individuals and little sympathy for you in your efforts to grow up in this admittedly complex and messed-up world. The end goals of your endeavors in LRY are admired and respected by us all, but the means you are employing are practically guaranteed not to achieve them, if this conference at St. John's is typical.

Margaret Bach  
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear George and Greg:

I gather from reading Vol. 1, No. 5, that Mrs. Burgess created quite a stir in LRY circles with her article on the Santa Fe Conference published in The Bridge. I thought her article was actually sympathetic to LRY. In their eagerness to prove her observations about the conference wrong, both Burt Cohen and Ross Quinn seem to have missed the main message of the article, that we adults should do something now to facilitate the creation of the kind of community that dedicated LRYers are hoping to build.

As an adult, now well into my eighth decade, may I exercise that part of being an adult, which, in Burt Cohen's words, is "questioning why"?

1. If a community through its representatives voluntarily agrees to certain terms for the use of certain facilities, are not all members of the community bound to carry out the terms of the agreement entered into on their behalf, regardless of how foolish, or stupid, or irrelevant, or arbitrary these terms may appear to individual members of the community?
2. What makes the answers to questions valid? Their agreement with one's desires at a particular time? Their relationship to the welfare of a community? A community as seen by whom and in what context?
3. What is it that divides young people and adults into two opposite and almost warring camps, if it isn't the almost universal tendency to react with hostility to what is deemed to be criticism from the other side? When will we learn to accept each other's point of view as valid from where each sits, and then press on to some constructive joint action?

I'm about as full of questions as a porcupine is of quills; so I must be very adult; but answers elude me most of the time.

Well, here's to your continuation as a very stimulating newspaper.

Sincerely,  
Harold Panabaker  
Executive Secretary,  
Western Canada Unitarian  
District

# FERBER

raps

Michael Ferber, convicted of conspiracy to violate the draft regulations with Dr. Benjamin Spock and Yale Chaplin the Rev. William Sloane Coffin Jr., joins the Nameless distinguished contributors less list of distinguished contributors with a speech delivered to Emerson College students and faculty last November. Michael's words will delight any serious student of linguistics harboring himself in the Unitarian church, as his training in the art of rhetoric was developed as president of Niagara Frontier Federation of LRY some years back and nurtured throughout his committed years in our religious association.

I'd like to speak to both sides of the generation gap. The committee who discussed who should speak today thought at first they would have a speaker on the generation gap, and then Charlie said, "Well, why don't we invite someone who helped to widen it." But I'd like, if that's what I've done, to close it a bit, or to try at least to find what it is and some of the things that have caused this strange action and rebellion that is going on in my generation.

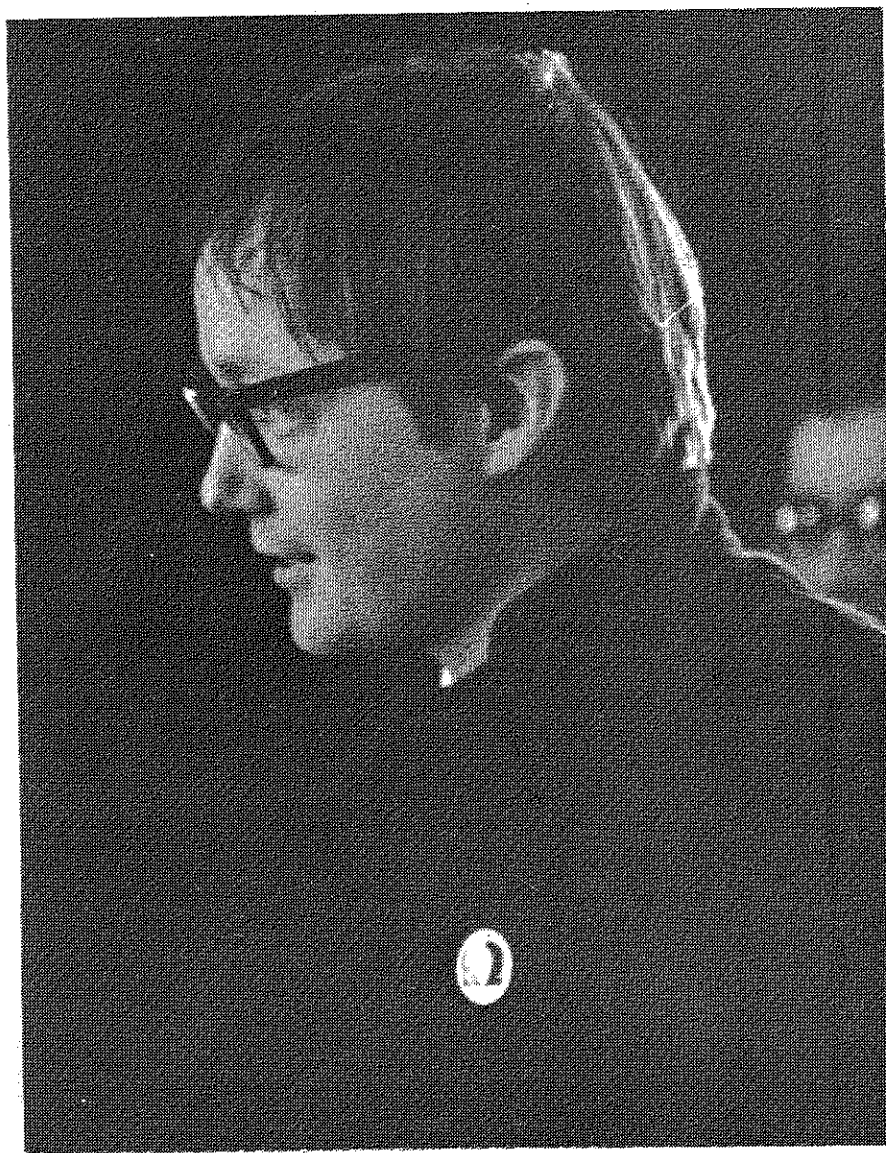
One of the big problems that I think occurs in every family where there is something like an adolescent rebellion going on, is the problem of how to talk. There is certainly a new language, or something even less than a language -- a sub-language full of mutterings, shrugs of the shoulders, and various strange styles, and gestures -- that seems partly borrowed from Hippies, partly from the Black culture in America, partly from the Beats of a generation ago, not even a generation ago, that has completely baffled all the people. It was just getting started when I was susceptible to it and I haven't really mastered it myself and I find it sometimes baffling. It seems, if not articulate, completely unreasonable. It doesn't make sense. To try to talk with your son about his responsibilities and purposes in life and the need for getting certain things done on time so he can get other things done and not ruin his life before he's old enough to make decisions about it and understand them, is very often now practically impossible because he doesn't respond to the kind of language you're used to using. His own language, a mixture of grunts, strange slang, and obscenity, very often seems to be the only thing he responds to in an immediate visceral way. It seems to me that that kind of jargon, that language, arises partly as a general social reaction, partly a reaction to the psychological problem in any family; an adolescent rebellion is going to occur in some form in probably every family, in every person, and the jargon that grows up is a little Thebes Cant or a lower class jargon that has been popular throughout history.

But I think we can also look at it in a very useful way, as a reaction against the language that we adults use -- that the public, printed, established, formal, political, legal, etc., machinery uses. I think it can be argued very strongly that that kind of language is in part already bankrupt. I'd like to single out four different strands of it. It is particularly prevalent today with television and radio. It was always possible that one could be immune from it except on weekends when one heard speeches in the park a couple of generations ago. Now you can hear it all the time. And I think our generation is different in some respects, in one at least, that they have heard this kind of language day in and day out from what they call the establishment.

One of those strands is political oratory. This is certainly a good time to mention that. I think probably the most brilliant piece of rhetoric I've heard was Hubert Humphrey's acceptance speech at the convention in Chicago. I really hope you all heard that. It is not something you can remember very well. It is not really quite there -- it's nothing you can quite grab hold of. It's a little bit like Redi Whip. It comes squirting out endlessly. It fills you up and there's no nourishment. And he was able to come back on both sides of every single issue. And it's a real art, I mean there are very few people in the world who can do that. He probably had a team of speech writers but they were brilliant. He was able to somehow say something about everything in every side of every issue that had come up during that week and during the preceding campaign.

Basically, what that kind of speech is, to use a much more honest sort of language, is lying. It's not prevarication, it's not equivocation, it's not misleading, it's lying. If we don't call it lying, we're lying to ourselves. But we hear that all the time. Richard Nixon is equally capable of it. And for the next four years or eight years we're going to hear that every time there's a press conference, every time he makes a speech. We must somehow keep in our minds that it is not usually the truth. If there's any truth in there at all, it's very hard to separate out from the gunk it comes in. It's a kind of totalitarian prose, finally, because it manages to cover up everything. It reduces everything to the same level. It manages to assert everything it wants and so finally nothing. And that is an ultimate destruction of the language.

Another source of course is commercialization, the superlatives we hear all the time....We can no longer get a small size of any toothpaste. The smallest they sell is medium. The medium size is large. The large size is family. The very large size is giant economy, and so on. Everything has shifted to the extreme left or right of the language, so it's no longer possible, except by a strange feat of understatement, to say anything really serious. It's like the technique of a stage whisper for deep emotion. We now almost have the reverse and come out on the other side of the spectrum of extremes to convey what we mean. I suspect that one of the things that made Senator McCarthy so successful, so popular, even among people who disagree with his politics (it is now clear that many people who supported Wallace supported McCarthy) voted for him or supported him because he was very frank. He had a kind of easy, off-hand, low-key style. You felt that when he used a strong word he really meant it. He was not always frank, but he was frank often enough so you could feel that he was a genuine human being and that he really meant a great deal of what he said. I know people who are hawks on the war but who voted for him because he was a human being. I think we'll find on the far right and the far left, Wallace people, right wing labor people, who hate Blacks, Jews, and Hippies; we'll find much in common with them when we attack the problem of what is meaningful, what is an authentic way of speaking and of standing up for something.



A third source of this is the military-technical jargon which is probably right now the most dangerous. We no longer speak of dropping bombs on people; but of escalation. We no longer speak of sending half a million troops into a country that didn't invite us; we speak of an intervention. When we destroy an entire village, we pacify it. And a young man, twenty years old, who doesn't know quite what he's doing, but got drafted, sent to Vietnam, hit by a grenade thrown by a member of the National Liberation Front, has his intestines blown out and dies -- he's a casualty. He's not a human being. We are able somehow to deal in numbers, statistics, and Latinate phrases that no longer have any thump of reality. There's no longer any imaginative image that rises when you use the word pacification or casualty. It seems to me that though that may sound very rational, it's not at all. And the people who react against this and hold up posters of napalm babies are, in a way, being more reasonable because they're saying that that little word "casualty" is really a napalm baby, and that's just calling things by their right names.

To call things by their right names is to be reasonable and rational, but it doesn't always seem so. At times it seems impolite. At times the most rational thing to do might be to swear; to shout "fuck you". That may be the most reasonable thing to do under certain circumstances. But it never seems like it because it's not proper; it's not polite; it somehow breaks the veneer of reason that seems to be everywhere. It's served to us like Redi Whip.

A third strand, which for students is perhaps the most daily prevalent, at least if we manage to avoid the newspapers, is academic jargon, and certain academic techniques. And we've all had struggles about this. Those of us who have taken sociology will wonder where the people went about the third week of the course. We end up not talking about people who have problems and how they get together to solve them, the meaning in their lives and what they believe and why they behave a certain way. We talk about groups. We talk about interaction rituals and other Latinate and Hellenistic phrases that finally, when we read enough of it, has the same deadening quality as political oratory... Somehow we're supposed to stay so detached when we analyze societies, legal structures, mores, and so on, that we're not supposed to see A) that what we analyze may have any practical use and B) that there are assumptions in our own minds because we are ourselves members of society that governs the way we think... All this has a way, I think, of destroying our sense of what's real; it has a way of making us kid ourselves, of drying up our emotions and our imagination, and leads to a pretty extreme reaction. In an attempt to be more authentic in our speech we sometimes do strange, shocking things. We do things to shock our parents, our teachers, and the police, our government. In the last couple of years we've succeeded. We've burned draft cards. Now, we call that a form of symbolic speech. And it is. It's a miserable piece of paper, but so frightening is that form of symbolic speech, because that's authentic; that's speaking with something very important; that's making very clear where you stand, and that's taking a risk. So frightening is that kind of speech that the Supreme Court and Congress have agreed that that's a crime punishable by five years -- to burn a miserable piece of paper. If you burn your passport or your driver's license you pay a small fee to get a new one. Burn your draft card and you can be nailed, and many people have been.

We have turned to civil disobedience of various sorts in order to redress grievances because no one listens when we talk the ordinary way, because the ordinary way of talking is a way of anesthetizing listening, and this truth has come home to us. We have free speech in America, more or less. The fifth amendment is still reasonably alive. And I do not agree with my friends on the left who sometimes say there are no freedoms of speech left. There are plenty... While protest was mounting, while the polls were showing half the people deeply opposed to the war and almost half urging immediate withdrawal, the government was escalating because it was enabled through its structures which are all protected by certain forms of rhetoric and the way the press responds to the rhetoric, was able to keep itself removed from this protest, was able to keep it channeled around that very few people outside a few privileged communities were able to really know what was going on. To react against this may put you in either of two directions which may finally be the same one.



photo by Debbie Mendelsohn

It has led a lot of people to be frankly irrational and these are people I worry about. They're people who have become Hippies in a full time sense who are on drugs almost daily, who have decided that only such an oriental cult will keep them at peace or at one with themselves, and whose minds really are in danger. There are very small numbers of these people, you'll find. Most of these people who look like Hippies are not! It's possible to take a kind of Hippie vacation which is very good for you -- to be completely irrational apparently for a few months, but continue to think and to be aware of yourself and grow and talk it over with other people, and, in a way, return, not return to that mode of life you rebel against, but to return to something perhaps higher, perhaps a higher kind of innocence, perhaps a better integration of your experience. A lot of people can pass through this with great value. A number of people, and the number may be growing slightly, have turned to a permanent form of irrationality because it has seemed to them so hatefully obvious, the bankruptcy of all reason.

Now, their mistake is to think that what is bankrupt is reason. What is bankrupt is this veneer of reason... I would suggest that a true man or woman of reason is one who is not afraid to question everything. This means that nothing is a sacred cow, not even the one that Abe Fortas has been urging on us lately -- Law, in particular Constitutional Law and the Supreme Court. When the founding fathers started this country they used their brains, they sat around and thought... Now we are told that law should never be questioned, that though you may occasionally disobey a law that appears to you to be unjust, as Blacks did and Northern Whites did in the South, trespassing laws and so on. When the Supreme Court has ruled on it, then that's it. Then you must behave, you must gratefully accept your punishment, as Martin Luther King did, smiling, just before he was killed. Fortas would argue that the law really is the supreme, unassailable system, and he argues that finally, because America is so set up, that all social change can occur, given the proper Channels. With a certain vigorous protest and an occasional demonstration and a sit-in or two before an unjust law, and sure enough, things will give. I'm sorry to say that that is not the way America has ever worked. That's not the way it was founded, that's not the way it has gone through all the social movements through the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. It's certainly not the way slavery was abolished.

And I'm afraid that's not the way it's going to work this time. Violent or not, a great number of laws are going to have to be broken very carefully and very seriously. Now this is my position. You may disagree with it. Both of us can be men of reason and still disagree over that but if one rules out at the start any attempts to examine whether or not a law can be broken or several laws, if you rule out any questioning of the legal system, you're not using your brain, you're cutting yourself off from a perfectly legitimate field of inquiry, and so you're not being authentic... ●

# the advisor's bag

## THE ADULT IN LRY

or "What's that old guy doing here?"

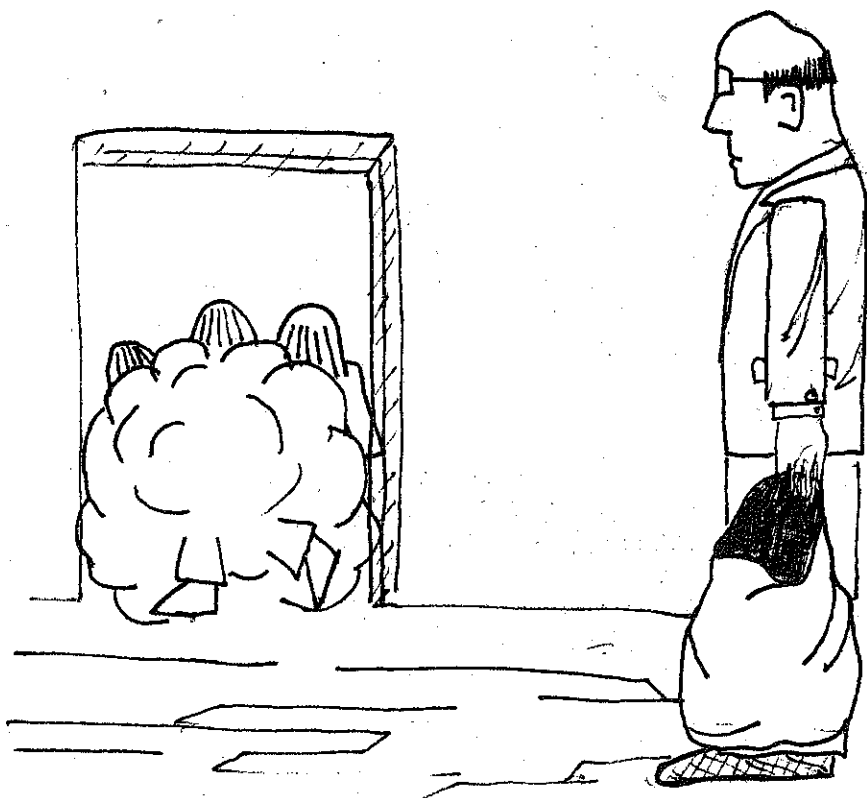
Liberal Religious Youth is an organization composed of and run by young people. This is one of the most important factors involved in making the LRY experience what it is. In the past, the right of self-determination which we exercise was considered a very vital feature in the picture LRY presented of itself, to the extent that it was expanded into a full-blown doctrine of "Youth Autonomy". "Youth Autonomy" tended to bring about a separation -- a generation gap, if you will -- between the established Unitarian Universalist church and its younger offspring organization. There was a suspicious atmosphere surrounding the dealings that LRYers on the local group, Federation, and Continental levels, had to have with their adult counterparts. Each thought the one was out to screw the other in some way; the adults saw the LRYers as trying to use them and their church as a stamp of legitimacy on their activities, and the LRYers had visions of the adults taking over and manipulating their groups.

Obviously this put the adults advisors on all levels of LRY in a strange position. The role of the advisor was very vague, and varied with whomever you happened to be talking with. The adult church saw him as an insurance policy on the kids not doing anything out of line, and the kids saw him as the adult on their side, their defender from the church. In the past couple of years, LRY has passed beyond its adolescent policy of youth autonomy into a more mature and realistic attitude toward the adult church. However, the problem of the role of the advisor, and of adults in general, in relation to LRY and to the church still remains.

I have found a great many differences among various local groups in their conceptions of what an advisor should do or be. Indeed, a few groups don't have advisors at all, and prefer to go along without one. Among the majority that have advisors, though, there are at least five different ideas that I've heard about what an advisor is. For some groups, he is merely a liscence that makes the group legal. The church is happier if you have an advisor, and they don't pry so much into what you're doing, so why not? This really amounts to no role at all (except that of a rubber stamp), for the advisor isn't considered a part of the group at all. Another version of this is that the advisor is supposed to be the group chaperone. He's there to see that the group doesn't get into any trouble, or do anything which might cause trouble. Again, this type of advisor is usually one who has been imposed on the group by the church, and is not really considered a part of the group. A third concept of the role of the advisor is that of a leader. Here, it is the advisor who plans the program, and in effect directs the group. This may sometimes be necessary in new or very weak groups, but it strikes me as being just as undesirable as either of the first two roles.

A much better concept, in my opinion, is the advisor as resource person, and this seems to be the attitude adopted in most groups. In this case, the advisor is there if you need to consult him in any problem -- program, church relations, finances, etc. The advisor is part of the group, but he gives help when it is asked for, and is careful not to provide too much direction. In addition to this, you will often find him assuming the fifth of the roles I have seen: that of a counselor to the Executive Committee or similar body of leadership. You will find this a lot more on the Federation level than on the local level, because the Federation Executive is more cut off from the people it is serving, and thus becomes a more tightly knit group. In a group such as this, there can be tensions as well as problems; and the advisor often becomes a personal or a group counsellor for the Executive members. This has been a very general summary, and does not include one other possible role which I personally feel best about, and will deal with that later.

How does it feel to be an adult operating in such a nebulous position in a high school group. The feelings of adults who have encountered and worked with LRYers are very important to consider here. Connie Burgess, Director of the Women's Federation, wrote an article



in The Bridge recently, in which she described her first encounter with an LRY Continental Conference saying: "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 a 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."

This is an experience a lot of advisors have to face up to when they first encounter LRY. I'm sometimes amazed that they stay at all. But they do. And the odd ones, like crazy Dick Kossow, are crazed enough to want to be Executive Director of LRY. Dick wrote about his feelings after one year as Executive Director in a letter printed in last June's LRY packet.

"I am 32; a good age I must say. But LRY has become my life as it tends to do, and most of my waking and working hours are spent with you - people about half my age. During this year I have grokked you and learned much from you. My tastes, insights, and values have changed much by adding the perspectives of LRYers to my own experience. But I am not an LRYer and I am not a kid. And I have needs for human contact and relationships with people with broader and deeper experience than you are capable of having had at this point. But you often stand between me and other adults; both in plain physical available times and because my LRY-type attitude toward kids is intolerable and threatening toward many of my peer group. 'How are you handling LRY these days, Dick old boy?' 'Well I'm not really handling it, you know, I'm really trying to understand all that's going on within it, so maybe I can help explain it to you. I'm trying to be helpful and supportive to the leadership in running the organization. I do try to throw suggestions in from time to time; but they are rejected as often as not.' Because I really believe that you LRYers are just as capable of responsibility and irresponsibility as I am. I believe LRY is a good place to grow. I believe in the process and I refuse, usually, to manipulate it or circumvent it. Damned if you're going to get me to make your decisions for you. I'll be as free and open with you as I am capable of, and I will freely throw out my own ideas, feelings, thoughts, and dreams. But only so long as you treat them no differently from those of an LRYer. As soon as they are given extra weight because I am an adult or because I am an advisor, I quit. Because then you are abdicating your role in this precious process called LRY."

I think Dick has hit the root of the problem in this paragraph. An advisor is not an LRYer and he is not a kid. His needs are different. He may be thought of as just another LRYer by the group as time goes by, but this in itself creates personal problems. I have gone through conferences where the adults present have been thought of as very much a part of the group, but they have felt unhappy and out of the conference situation

(continued next page, 1st column)

because neither themselves nor the conferees were making an effort to bridge the gap that existed between them as people. In placing the advisor on their own level, the LRYers felt satisfied that their hang-ups about relating to this adult had been solved. Their "duty" fulfilled, they ignored him the rest of the conference.

I mentioned earlier that I thought there was a sixth possible role the advisor could play. This isn't really a role at all, however. It's a simple reality, involving who the advisor is as a person, and what he has to contribute to the group. I see the advisor above all as another human being -- a person with hang-ups, fears, loves, hopes, and eccentricities just like anyone else. He's not a rubber stamp, nor is he an instant problem-solver. He is an individual, and like any other member of the group, he has an individual point of view. You must realize that because the advisor is an adult, his is a very

must realize that because the advisor is an adult, his is a very unique point of view. He can provide insights and information that nobody else in the group can, and it is in this that his uniqueness lies. However, this uniqueness does not mean that the advisor's opinions and ideas are to be considered above and beyond anybody else's. If we did this, we would be, as Dick says, "abdicationing our role in the precious process called LRY". The advisor as a member of the Executive Committee has special jobs and special talents just as all the other Executive members do, but no job or talent that places him on another level entirely from the rest of the committee.

This is how I see the role of the advisor in LRY today. I feel that we can both gain the greatest fulfillments out of the LRY process if we treat each other as special individuals, with individual needs, wants, and feelings.

-- WAYNE ARNASON  
President,  
SAM Newt Federation

## H.S. REFORM

Unitarian Universalism has a philosophy of education that is both lofty and practical. That philosophy was stated best by William Ellery Channing when he said that, "the greatest end is not to stamp our minds upon the young, but to stir up their own. Not to force an outward regularity, but to touch inward springs." Such a concept of education produces our ultimate goal: individuals who are truly free. That concept is raped every day in the American, my experiences do not extend north to Canada, high school. The high school which claims to develop free and responsible citizens; but how can it instill freedom and responsibility in its students if it denies us both?

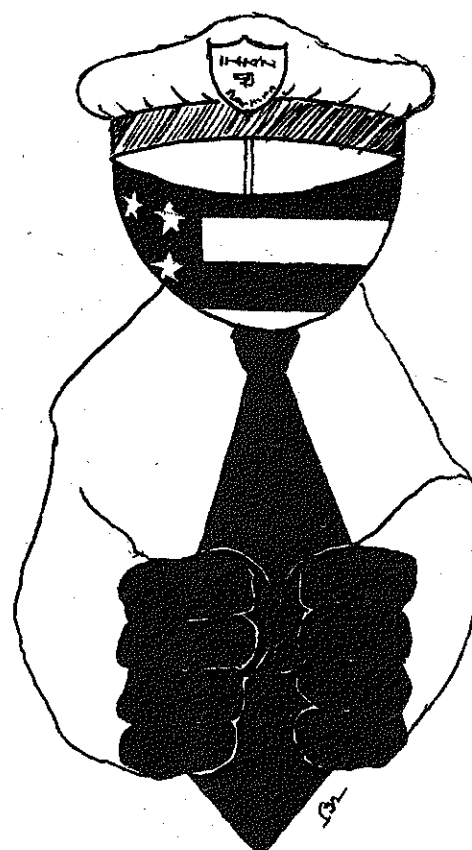
In accordance with a decision by our Continental Board of Trustees, Liberal Religious Youth has established a Task Force on High School Education. This group will direct its efforts to:

1. making a study of various student reform movements in secondary school education; and
2. making recommendations for action by LRY and the UUA at the individual and organizational levels.

In order to effectively fulfill our objectives, we will need the readers assistance and insight. We would appreciate any information on attempts made at high school organization, successes and failures experienced, and overall effectiveness in correcting the injustice or situations. We also would value any personal comments the reader might have on a particular situation in which he was involved; or high school reform in general.

Most sincerely,  
Lawrence R. Ladd, President  
Liberal Religious Youth

(Correspondence should be directed to:  
LRY Task Force on High School Education  
25 Beacon Street  
Boston, Massachusetts 02108



(The following are condensed news items from the  
Boston Globe)

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J. - Student revolt in the nation's high school has been a key topic of discussion here since members of the American Assn. of School Administrators (AASA) began arriving over the weekend for their mid-winter convention.

Speaking at a meeting of the nation's education writers, B. Frank Brown ... traced the origin of current high school uprisings to a position paper drawn up in 1965 by a Los Angeles high school student. The paper, titled "High School Reform," he said, was circulated for a time in mimeograph form and published in 1967 by the Students for a Democratic Society (SDS).

The radical group, whose activities have been limited mostly to college campuses and lately to blue-collar workers, publicly expressed interest in radicalizing high school students ... Brown said the SDS position paper informs students how to "take over a high school," and suggested several tactics including:

1. Demonstrating contempt for student government.
2. Contacting the local American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) and determining the full extent of student rights.
3. Starting an underground newspaper.
4. Seeking support from the Unitarian Church and the American Federation of Teachers.

The most visible signs of student activism so far, Brown said, is the growing numbers of high school underground newspapers. "If the underground newspaper is indeed a prelude to more militant activity ... then the high schools of our country had best prepare for an excruciating era."

Brown also charged that a recent publication by the ACLU, titled "Academic Freedom in Secondary Schools, will contribute significantly to further dissent by high school students, supplying them with new issues around which to organize. The pamphlet he said, strikes down the notion that teachers and principals serve in the place of parents at school.

Brown said much of the restlessness of students is an outgrowth of "the mediocrity of much of what schools do" -- irrelevant curriculum, lifeless teaching, and lack of courses on black history and literature. He implied however, that while these are the broader issues, many student protests may focus on the more mundane -- smoking, dress codes or lack of toilet paper.

WASHINGTON, D.C. - The Supreme Court told public school officials yesterday that they cannot prevent pupils from peacefully advocating at their schools, causes which may be unpopular with the officials.

The court held that 7 to 2

The court held 7 to 2 that, unless officials can show that the pupils remarks, demonstration of protest are hurting others or interfering with orderly classroom procedure he is as free as an adult to speak up.

"In our system," wrote Justice Abe -Fortas for the majority, "state-operated schools may not be enclaves of totalitarianism. School officials do not possess absolute authority over their students. Students in schools as well as out of school are 'persons' under our Constitution. They are possessed with fundemenatal rights which the state must respect, just as they themselves must respect their obligations to the states."

The decision undercut school officials in Des Moines Ia., who had ruled three teenagers could not wear black arm-bands at school in protest of the Vietnam war.

Justices Hugo Black and John Marshall Harlan dissented. Black, senior justice on the court, spoke out in angry objection at yesterday's public session. Black, who will be 83 Thursday, said the decision is the begining of "a new revolutionary era of permissiveness in this country, fostered by the judiciary."



### Negative Thinking; and the Power Thereof.

With all the arguing going on about social action, responsibility and apathy, I have decided to strike a blow in favor of negative thinking. This article was inspired by The Power of Negative Thinking, a great little paperback. If you see a copy anywhere, buy it!

The people of the world (or, at least those who are rich and idle enough to afford philosophy) can be divided into two main categories - the positive thinkers and the negative thinkers. Positive thinkers may be subdivided into two further categories - good and bad, determined by whether you agree with them or not. Positive thinkers are the main doers in the world. They are the John D. Rockefellers, the Eleanor Roosevelts, and the Adolf Hitlers. There are very few negative thinkers, so I'll use the hippies as an example. Recently, it has become common to refer to anyone as a hippie, from Anarchists to People Under the magic age of Thirty, so I'll define a hippie as someone who sets up a separate community in which to live for the purpose of avoiding interaction with the rest of society. I do not consider either extreme admirable, but I do believe that too many of us accept the premises of positive thinking, ie, that it is good and sometimes even necessary to be a success in measureable terms, and that you should always strive to "get ahead". Positive thinkers insist that you should "do something with your life". This leads one to believe that life is not for living and enjoying; instead it is for accomplishment in a material sense.

Personally I'm a confirmed hedonist. This doesn't necessarily mean that I don't care for anyone but myself; I am in favor of enjoyment for others as well as myself, and I believe that my pursuit of pleasure shouldn't interfere with others. I simply feel that my only purpose in being alive is to like it, and the only purpose in helping people is to increase their enjoyment. For this reason, I am suspicious of people who give up their own lives for the "selfless" help of humanity. If they like doing it, fine. But if they don't like it and still feel "obligated" to help other people, they are defeating the purpose of the whole thing. They are trying to help other people have fun, when they themselves don't know how. A case in point is the situation that developed in the South Sea islands when the missionaries arrived. They (the missionaries) were there "to help people", and they fervently believe that they were spreading love and happiness, when in actuality they were forcing a masochistic religion down the throats of the greatest hedonists that ever lived. And may I point out that in spite of their sinful culture, the Polynesians had a working society before it was messed up.

However, I am getting away from the point I was trying to make, believe it or not, this thing has relevance.

Basically, negative thinkers refuse to lose their sense of humor. This is not as trivial as it may seem. It means that I, as a negative thinker, won't get so involved in something that I can't stand back and laugh. It's a helpful way of keeping my perspective. It's the really ardent people who start wars. I think that anyone who would die for an ideal is a very dangerous person. It means that he has become so caught up in his ideal that he can override his instinct for self-preservation. It indicates that he worships his ideal and refuses to question it. While the positive thinkers are out discussing their differences (usually with guns), negative thinkers may be found eating Bugles and listening to Tom Lehrer. This doesn't mean that he is against social action, but simply afraid of firearms.

If you think that all this means that negative thinkers are selfish, you're absolutely right. I regard the whole business about being selfish as a sham. Human beings are selfish, and it is both natural and right to be so. You can't love someone else unless you love yourself. It is really stupid to give everything you have to make someone else happy, and then for him to do the same and so on. Somewhere along the line someone should sit back and enjoy his benefits or else everybody's efforts are meaningless. But this doesn't mean that hedonism and helping others are opposed; just that you can't show someone how to be happy if you don't know how yourself. Clean up your own back yard, before you mess up someone else's.

I think I am beginning to bog down; I getting quite redundant. Before succumbing altogether, I'll point out that negative thinking has practical significance too. Its application in everyday matters can keep a person, especially a housewife, from going insane. What I'm getting at is the way positive thinkers insist that you should do things as soon as is possible, and never put things off. If you don't feel like cleaning the bathroom now, then don't do it. Sooner or later the time will come when you will feel like doing it. In the meantime, practice yoga or something. The sooner people get rid of the notion that idleness is sinfulness, the better.

Eat, Drink, and Be Merry, for Tomorrow We Shall Die!

von George

# RE: WILMINGTON

Hoping our readership took the time to digest and consider the article on the National Guard's presence in Wilmington's black community in our last issue -- we now take the opportunity to follow-up on the "Wilmington situation". A demonstration did take place in Rodney Square, Wilmington, Delaware, protesting the Guard's occupation and corporate intervention  
 occupation and corporate control of Wilmington. Drawing from articles which appeared in the Wilmington Evening Journal, we offer a final synopsis of events to supplement the readers understanding of the "Wilmington situation".

Evening Journal, Wilmington, Delaware...Jan. 20, 1969

"Earlier yesterday, four black elected officials endorsed the demonstration. The four -- State Sen. Herman H. Hol-loway Sr., County Councilman W. Alva Hollis, City Council-man Wade U. Hampton, and City Councilman James H. Sills Jr., all Wilmington Democrats -- issued a statement back-ing the protest....

"The statement issued by the four black officials said that, 'for a number of years, constructive black thinkers have been advocating that more white citizens address them-selves in an organized and massive way to the issue of white racism in our society. Recognizing the prolonged silence of white groups to the entrenched racism in the Delaware community, we encourage and support any respon-sible effort of confrontation and protest by white cit-izens.'

"The four said that, 'too long has the white Delaware establishment sought to placate economically denied black citizens with financial tokenism and demonstration projects, rather than using their full influence and power to effect meaningful change in crucial areas of employment, housing, and education.'

'In spite of the possible risk connected with these forth-coming demonstrations, we nevertheless feel they hold some potential for initiating massive changes in racial attitudes and could serve as a groundswell for the active involvement of large numbers of white Delawareans in the alleviation of the acute social problems confronting black citizens,' they said."

Evening News, Wilmington Delaware...Jan. 24, 1969

"The Wilmington City Council last night commended the city police for their handling of Tuesday's demonstration in Rodney Square and then, as an afterthought, voted to also commend the demonstrators....

"The resolution commending the police was introduced by 1st District Councilman Harry Stat, and the afterthought congratulations to the White Coalition and other groups involved in the demonstration was an amendment offered by Councilman-at-Large James H. Sills Jr.

"In introducing his amendment, Sills said that the dem-onstration 'vividly reminded Wilmington of some deeply unresolved community and racial problems...in spite of a protective and hostile local press which grossly ne-glected -- through narrow-minded, nonobjective editorials -- the many positive factors inherent in the demonstration.'

"Echoing the demonstrators' chants against Du Pont Co. control of Wilmington, Sills said the 'industrial sectors of this city have demonstrated only token interest in the social problems which they helped create.'

"He continued, 'white suburbanities perpetuate racism with their gross lack of concern for involvement in urban prob-lems -- which they helped to create.'"

Nameless Newsprint has recieved but one letter chastizing us for the "Concern Wilmington" article. This letter came from a piqued Wilmington LRYer who felt Continental LRY was playing a rather heavy hand in local group affairs. The letter was followed up and a very gratifying under-standing was reached -- issue resolved.

Undoubtably the most astounding part of the entire affair was the W.C. Fields check recieved from the Wilmington Local. The highlight for their Feb. 16th service came when LRY asked the congregation if they cared about youth involvement as an integrated part of the direction-setting process of our religious movement. The answer from the adults was affirmative. The check of \$570.00 from the Wilmington church is certainly a most vivid illustration of a faith setting precedent. It is an example of the strange ironicism in people; a critical news article in the Nameless, a reaction which involved a personal search for self-honesty and value inspection -- not defensive-ness and counter indictments, and a response of faith which left your editor speechless.

## WC FIELDS RESULTS SO FAR

So many words have been shot around about LRY W.C. Fields Fund Raising lately that every phrase becomes less and less meaningful. So I'm not going to dream up any new arguments of my own for supporting W.C. Fields. People have heard plenty about it all and have had plenty of time to decide whether or not to commit themselves. So I'm sort of just going to forget about all those people who don't care and speak to those who have become con-cerned about some of the things I have been hearing from different LRYers lately.

A lot of people have indicated that they do care verbal-ly, but say that they were not able to raise the money. I guess I feel that many local groups could raise a lot more money than they have, if they are as committed as they say that they are. If some groups could write ex-tensive reports on what exactly they did to raise money -- what was good or what went wrong -- we could share their experience with other LRYers.

Evidence of the potential is shown in the list below of W.C. Fields money that has been sent into 25 Beacon. I've heard that one Federation has over five locals which raised at least \$100 each. The Wilmington, Dela-ware LRYers have raised over \$400 this year already. That is from one LRY group. If only others could learn from their effort.

Chris Sewall - Treasurer LRY

|                      |         |
|----------------------|---------|
| Central Mass. Fed    | \$ 7.57 |
| Caribou, Maine       | 4.00    |
| Wilmington, Del.     | 7.25    |
| Niagara Frontier Fed | 7.45    |

|                         |        |
|-------------------------|--------|
| Milford, N.H.           | 11.00  |
| S. Middlesex Fed        | 10.00  |
| Jamesville, N.Y.        | 10.00  |
| Channing Club (Clvlnd.) | 10.30  |
| Worcester, Mass.        | 12.25  |
| San Jose, Cal.          | 12.81  |
| Waterville, Me.         | 17.00  |
| Wausau, Wis.            | 18.00  |
| Lowell, Mass.           | 25.00  |
| Sioux City, Io.         | 25.42  |
| Wellesley, Mass.        | 26.61  |
| Pittsfield, Me.         | 26.82  |
| Arlington, Mass.        | 28.40  |
| SAM Fed                 | 30.00  |
| Framingham, Mass.       | 30.00  |
| unknown???              | 30.35  |
| Roanoke, Va.            | 31.46  |
| Medfield, Mass.         | 35.00  |
| Sacramento, Cal.        | 35.00  |
| Detroit, Mich.          | 36.06  |
| Omaha, Neb.             | 37.35  |
| Elkhart, In.            | 40.00  |
| GOD Fed                 | 40.30  |
| Miami, Fl.              | 48.00  |
| Bryn Mawr, Pa.          | 50.00  |
| Raleigh, N.C.           | 50.00  |
| Palo Alto, Cal.         | 59.00  |
| Westbrook, Me.          | 66.55  |
| Paramus, N.J.           | 100.00 |
| Philly, Chrch. Rst.     | 100.00 |
| Atlanta, Ga.            | 100.00 |
| Cleveland (Shkr. Hts.)  | 150.00 |

when flowing

when the energy moves from my crotch to my eyes

when breathing is deep and totally full

i look for my soul and listen for her voice

speak to me soul of our life together where we have been

and where we might venture

the sound that i hear is the roar of the ocean

my soul comes to me as a wave of the sea

rolling flowing breaking the surface churning

bursting its essence

below

for most of its life my wave which is me travels the ocean in search

of a shore a reef an island a beach or cliff

a surface to strike land to drench

a chance to open and spill my power my center

my sound and my beauty

these chances are rare a few in a lifetime

savor them remember them build them inside

fixate the place

was it sand or hard granite

time of day moonlight or sun

and now my brother be ready for envy

can you come with me

is the metaphor clear

picture my lot my great good fortune

i am nearing the beach

frothy with anticipation borne by the storm surging with power

the energy mounts builds on itself

on toward a crevice triangular rock hard granite

i stand to my height rolling more fiercely my chest starts to froth

i brace for the shock

and just at crashtime my shoulder is nudged by another

a wave of equal strength beauty power and mystery

we crash together spray in the air

we are fused droplet for droplet

water ascending then

spilling

back

down

drowning our rock then

back to the ocean together

for ever scrambled

never divisible

again



## FEEDBACK *from our readers*

To our readers:

In introducing this section of the Nameless I might calmly record a rather impressive list of adult and youth leaders in our denomination, and offer that this section consists merely of exchanged letters and provoked responses. But heeding the warning signal twitching in my ears tells me that many LRYers would be completely turned off by this gathering of letters and brief essays. I do admit that, in the eyes of certain people this article would definitely reinforce their notion of the "Continental Elite", spilling their wise sayings and platitudes down to the "common" people. And as your eyes can well see, the article has been set forth. But please, before giving the material a brief scanning and shaking your head in disappointment, hear my plea.

Perhaps the most difficult stages of life in the LRY continuum are the entering and leaving. Both are moments of extreme frustration and questioning. The so-called "Continental Elite", or I imagine any federation leader, has spent a year adjusting to the role of leadership -- feeling its advantages as well as its disadvantages (especially in terms of freedom). His experiences have dictated a very different attitude toward LRY from his experiences as its "leader", and often his heart is longing for those truly beautiful moments which filled his soul in the past while his head is getting into the reality of the dog-eat-dog world. His position in LRY is very strained indeed, almost like a miniature advisor who really can't get into watching couples petting because his interests and quest for experience go far beyond that now. A developing personal maturity seeks to address adults as equals, and if adults don't notice them -- the fury of passionate youth gets put to them (ie especially, in situations where the youth can claim a common interest). So there enters a very conscience enters into the relationship of the "Continental Elite" and LRY a very noticeable distance -- which separates the LRY leader, who is doing the confront the adults or society thing, and the typical middle-adolescent LRYer, who is doing the find-out-all-about-myself-then-others thing.

Concluding, even though these two experiences are very much apart they are tremendously complimentary. The LRY "old guard" wants to confront adults and does so fighting under the valid guise of LRY. After all, any headway he does make in correcting situations which counter the nature of youth, eventually benefits all of LRY. The middle-adolescent LRYer keeps reminding the "old guard" of the "LRY feeling" and expects the leader to maintain it. With 'a little help from his friends', the leader does hold on to that feeling -- it diminishes substantually as confrontation with reality becomes even more bitter, and he realizes that this game is for keeps. After many years of street fighting, book cracking, and degree granting he returns with wife and children to the good ole Unitarian Universalist Church (which by this time has probably incorporated the Quaker and the Ethical Culturist religions, along with another name change.) and feels a bit guilty on Sunday morning, about making bombs on Monday mornings. As long as I am going to write about the cycle of youth to adult, I might as well get in all the adult confronting possible while I am still a disinfranchised youth.

Honestly, this whole thing did start out to be a rather serious attempt at justifying the following letters. Judge for yourself...

GHS II

Dear Mr. Ladd:

I want first of all to tell you that I -- like many others Unitarian Universalists -- appreciate the concern of LRYers to strengthen the UUA and to do their part in helping it through these difficult days. Even more, I am encouraged by your strong commitment to the liberal church and your eagerness to find in it a deeper and more sustained sense of community. It is because I share this commitment and this eagerness that I write you now.

What concerns me is the seemingly uncritical enthusiasm you display for last year's General Assembly in Cleveland. Personally I experienced it as a breach of community rather than an expression of it. I do not ask you to agree with my response (which was shared by many); but I wonder at your failure to recognize that it exists and your apparent lack of concern at the breaches in our ranks resulting from Cleveland. You speak, for example, of the Assembly's action on draft resistance; but what of the Unitarian Universalist young men who volunteer for military service? Their conscientious actions deserve our honor as much as those young Unitarian Universalists who choose prison rather than violate their fundamental convictions. You speak of black empowerment; but what of those black Unitarian Universalists (and there are many) who saw our Cleveland action as trampling on their right to reject what they regard as the separatist approach of the Black Caucus?

You speak of dissent; where are the dissenters in the LRY and SRL ranks? Surely not all members of these groups share the same opinions on the important matters that came before the Assembly (at least they do not here in Madison, Wisconsin).

Do not misunderstand me. I am not arguing for a particular position on any of these issues. Rather, I am suggesting that the uniqueness of our understanding of religious community rests upon our ability to accept, to honor, and indeed to utilize our differences. It was this basic conception of religious community that seemed to me to be called in question by the manner (not the specific conclusions) of our deliberations at Cleveland. Community is not built by tactics of confrontation; it rests rather on that mutual respect and forbearance which are the prerequisites of genuine communication.

The moment we equate religious liberalism with any specific program, however persuasive it may appear, at that moment we have abandoned the true genius of liberalism in favor of a new orthodoxy. The real challenge to the liberalism of LRY, for example, is what happens to the dissenter in your ranks -- the young man who believes our involvement in Vietnam is honorable and just, the black who rejects the Black Caucus, the student who wants none of the politics of confrontation as practiced by Students for a Democratic Society (SDS). Do you really welcome dissent or not? Do you see it as a threat, as a form of heresy? Or do you welcome it as a potential source of new wisdom? This is the same challenge that every one of our local societies must meet; it is the same which now threatens the UUA itself.

Personally, I have confidence in the true liberalism of our people, old and young and middle-aged alike. We will, I feel sure, prove adequate to these difficult times, resisting the temptation to establish a new orthodoxy and confirming our allegiance to an open and accepting religious community.

Good luck with W.C. Fields.

Yours sincerely,  
Max D. Gaebler

Dear Dr. Gaebler:

I greatly appreciate it when leaders in our denomination take the time to communicate as thoroughly as you have.

I share with you the strong conviction that it is vital to our liberal movement to maintain our classic pluralism. (This conviction has brought me into disagreement with many in our radical wing, including two presidential candidates.) It is my opinion that most of the LRY leadership also cherishes our "unity in diversity" doctrine. The unwillingness of the LRY Continental Conference to pass Resolutions of Public Concern is an example of those beliefs in action (or in extreme.)

But I do believe that it is my responsibility as LRY President to speak for youth when an over whelming majority concur on a denominational issue. At its meeting in August, the LRY Board of Trustees expressed its near unanimous approval of the results of Cleveland. The following resolutions were passed on the Black Unitarian Universalist Caucus/Black Affairs Council issue (for instance):

*Whereas the LRY Board of Trustees of Liberal Religious Youth applauds the formation and successes to date of the Black Caucus and the Black Affairs Council;*

*Therefore be it resolved that the Social Responsibility Committee of Continental LRY ask BAC what LRY and individual LRYers might do to assist.*

(PASSED UNANIMOUSLY)

*Be it further resolved that the Board of Trustees of LRY supports young blacks seeking full participation in local black caucuses.*

(PASSED)

When I speak on this issue (General Assembly) I am speaking both for myself and the majority of informed LRYers, but I am not speaking for all. To me pluralism does not mean we should not assert our collective opinion. If we waited for unanimity on every issue, little would ever be said. When any organization in our movement (including LRY and the UUA) does reach an agreement, it should so proclaim. We should not forget however, that such agreements are always open to further challenge and questioning.

I do not believe that minority positions are easily held in LRY because of a peer group tyranny that I abhor. I cherish our inclusiveness and I do welcome and encourage dissent. We need more dialogue (and less shouting) on all of the great issues confronting our free religious fellowship.

If you personally know of committed LRYers who share your views on the Cleveland General Assembly, please ask them to contact me. I would welcome the opportunity to correspond with them.

Most sincerely,  
Larry Ladd

P.S. The most recent issue of LRY's newspaper, Nameless Newsprint, has given rather extensive coverage to the recent Wilmington incident and the role that FULL-BAC played in it. The paper would welcome, I am sure, similar reports of what BAWA (Black And White Action) is doing on this critical issue of black-white relations.

Dear Dr. Gaebler,

This note is prompted by your letter to Larry Ladd, concerning the LRY "uncritical enthusiasm" displayed at the Cleveland General Assembly. Larry has asked me to respond to your thoughts and put forth my concerns for the issues illuminated in your letter. Before undertaking that task however, I must apologize for the lateness of this reply. I also thank you for voicing a real and alive personal concern for LRY. I wish only that more adults would offer us their criticisms and concerns -- to contribute to our own maturing sense of individual development.

The situation of adolescence provides a unique and valuable perspective of life, through its comments on both youth and adult culture. Certainly unique -- for no other age range is so fully engaged in the struggle of coming to terms with personal values (moral, social, and ethical). The incompleteness of the maturation process in intellectual, emotional, and ethical attitudes is exactly what makes the youth viewpoint so valuable. We are not yet tainted by adulthood, which our experiences cause us to shun. But we do struggle with our own moral scruples on a lesser degree than experienced in adulthood, not having the pressures of family and job. Thus, we are free agents who assume a more aggressive approach to situations which enrage our developing social consciousness. So, when each individual youth expresses an opinion on draft resistance, the Vietnam war, or black self-determination, he attempting to communicate the honesty of his newly formulating convictions.

If a youth vocalizes his belief that the Vietnam war is immoral, and advocates open resistance to the Selective Service System -- he is really not criticizing the Unitarian Universalist who is in the armed services or even died in Vietnam. It seems more like he is saying bring the boys home by stopping this stupid war -- killing just isn't where it is at. I would like to meet any LRYers who you have spoken with, who have displayed scorn for men in the armed services -- I don't think that opinion flourishes in LRY. However, scorn may very well be expressed for what some youth might see as an oppressive draft system which forces the poor, blacks, lower class citizens, (in terms of financial opportunity) and underprivileged to fight what are essentially middle class wars.

If an LRYer at General Assembly supports the concept of black self-determination does this necessarily mean that he has closed off the right of some blacks, who would prefer not to join the Black Caucus, not to participate. I really don't remember, and my memory may not serve me well, any advocate of the dreams of black empowerment saying that, "ours is the only way." I would think that a denial to those blacks who, in honesty with their own convictions said black and white must separate if we are to be granted any respect with our black brothers whereupon we can begin to work out the problems which so intimately affect a man with a black skin, would hardly be in the best interests to the diversity of our movement. If I were a black man caught in the black middle class, that is between my own race which was largely lower class and middle class white America and its culture, I would hope that my allegiance would be to my race, rather than in hopes of assimilating myself into white culture and being burdened



contact prints by Tom Rothschild

by an inferiority complex brought to bear by the racism in white America and the reality of my being black. Until I could be sure of the true equality of my race in white America, I would remain very unbelieving of any person who professed to be "colorblinded", and actually think of him as living in an illusionary world. We might very well be equal at a church coffee hour (perhaps), but to what extent would his sense of equality extend if his knowledge of black history was limited to Booker T. Washington and his peanuts, and his effort to understand and eradicate racism lacking the books of Frazier, Fanon, du Bois, and Malcom X? To what extent would that sense of equality flourish if he investigated the hiring practices of his own company, explored the textbook of his son's American History class in search of significant mention of the contributions of black men and women, or sought the figures of black casualties in Vietnam. Due to his own ignorance, he might be contributing to the black man's frustration with white America, and thus, the moving toward two nations in the United States -- separate and unequal.

I would offer that it is indeed valuable "to accept, to honor, and to utilize our differences." I would also assert the values of "community", when we can afford ourselves that luxury. If our "community" can be established through our honest thought and action in accord with our religious convictions, then our "community" will not have been constructed in a vacuum.

In hopes that someday we might truly be free....

Gregory Sweigert

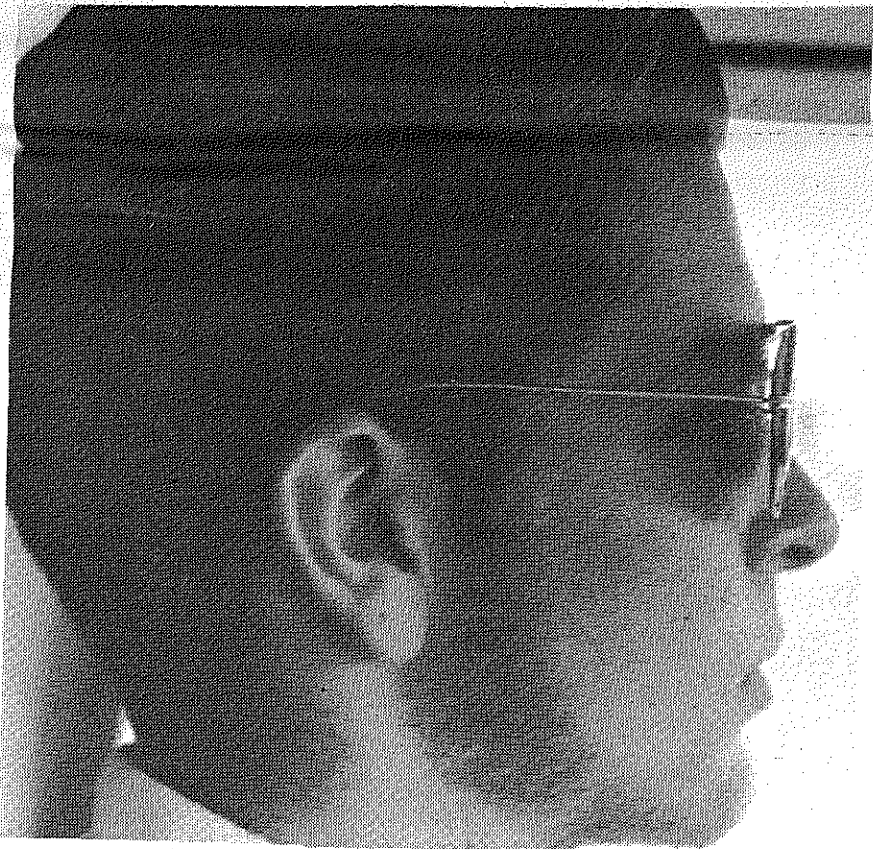


photo by Debbie Mendelsohn

*Adults really are listening!*

Yes Larry Ladd, adults were listening to your article on youth involvement in issue number 4 of the *Nameless*. Your thoughts turned up responses from: a UUA President, a member of the UUA Executive Committee, two UUA Presidential candidates, a theological school professor, and a District Executive. Not bad, not at all - W.C. Fields.

Dear Mr. Ladd:

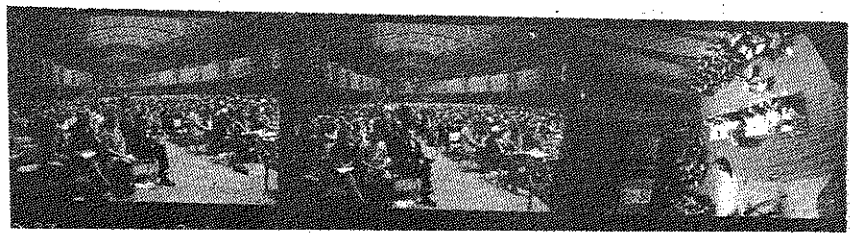
Thank you for sharing with me the essay which you have written for publication in the LRY Newspaper.

I share your view that if our denomination is to have a future it must prepare for it with our young people instead of seeking to tell them where we are going.

I can understand much of the feeling of alienation young people have but I hope instead of boycotting the church they will participate vigorously in its activities and compel it to become relevant. Thank you for your views.

Sincerely yours,

Wade H. McCree, Jr.  
Circuit Judge, U.S. Court of Appeals  
Member, UUA Executive Committee



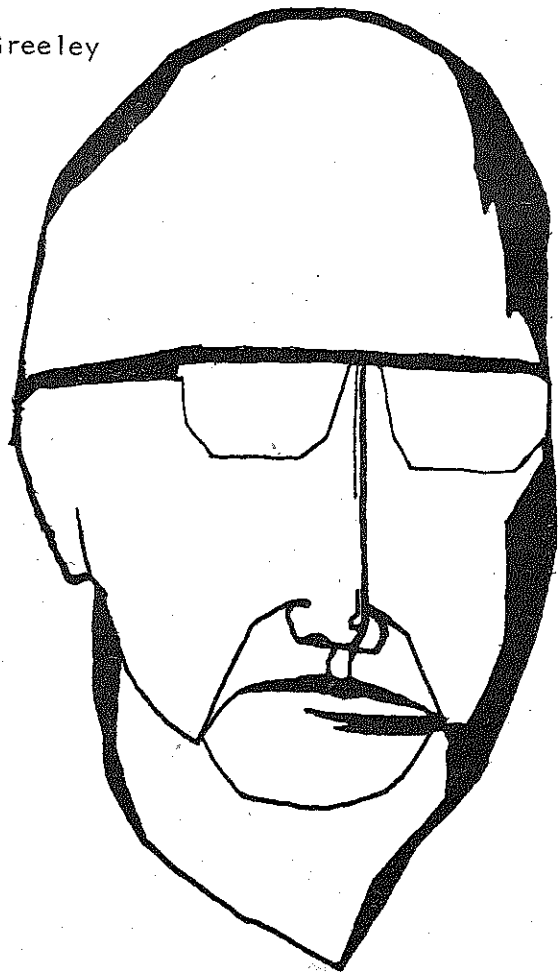
Dear Larry:

Many thanks for your letter. I like your reference to the more important direct communication between the LRY and the UUA. Let me say that I do commend your essay beginning with the quote from the LRY Hymn. Of course, I appreciate your emphasis upon the "seeking". But I also rejoice in such a statement as, "Liberal religion has touched us deeply in the past, and we hope that it will continue to be of value throughout our lives."

Times have changed, and the church has failed to keep up with these changing times. But this has been so throughout history. Part of the church has occasion for change in the times, and another part has lagged behind. This is because the church is a human institution -- it can be nothing else -- and for some of the people, religion is a real adventure of the spirit; but for others it is just preserving the ritual and the traditions of old. I think it can both preserve the best and pioneer for the new. Don't be "disillusioned" and don't "go elsewhere to meet your need for personal sharing and commitment." The denomination needs you and the future of a great free faith needs you, whatever it can prove denominational machinery may be.

Very sincerely yours,

Dana McLean Greeley



Dear Larry:

Thanks for your letter and the draft of your article for the next issue of the LRY newspaper.

A good piece all in all but I have a suggestion. See top paragraph on page two beginning, "The church is not a community. . . ." Whether or not your observations are valid, you close off the conversation with your list of absolute conclusions. It is my conviction that you have 1) a group of adults more than ready to respond to your restlessness, and 2) another group relatively satisfied with the way churches are operating but who might well respond eagerly to questions that invite them to examine the vitality of their church life. And so I recommend that you replace said paragraph with another. Either rephrase what presently stand as indictments into the form of questions, or validate your charges so that people simply must see that you are right.

If you choose the first course, observe that many LRYers do not feel particularly moved by most formal Sunday-at-eleven-church-services and then report that a number of questions attend this restlessness. Then ask your adult readers to respond. This approach is stronger than the gross indictment approach as it leaves it to those who attend church services. It also leaves them with the challenge to enter into an exchange with restless LRYers. If you do follow this course, be damn sure that LRYers will stand ready to engage creatively with adults in regard to this matter.

If you choose the second course, and this is the revolutionary approach, all well and good, but do so in such a way that the alternative you offer in the place of the old speaks clearly to adults across the age spectrum. You have to capture their imaginations by emphatically capturing a sense of their need for a vital worship experience and offering an alternative style and substance that will win their backing. This, I believe, would be the most difficult if most creative course.

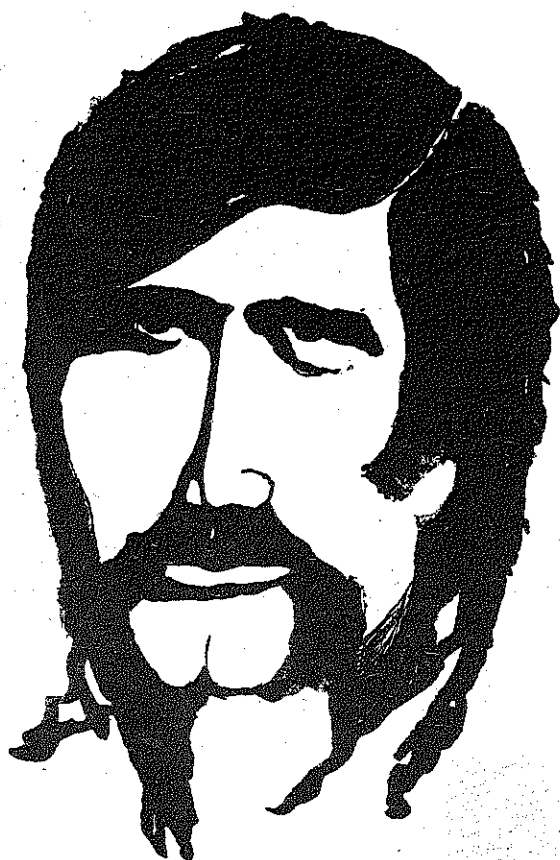
The best of all possible approaches would be a combination of both courses. Good luck.

Your humble constituent,

Peter A. Baldwin  
Professor, Meadville Theological School

**To LRY:**

The decision to be a candidate for the presidency of the Unitarian Universalist Association was not so much reached as it was stumbled into and it is with mixed feelings that I return -- albeit possibly, very temporarily -- to the dimly lit world of organized religion.



My views concerning the negative role of the church in our society have not changed since my resignation last October as director of Boston's Arlington Street Church. As long as the Establishment which controls our businesses, our politics, our universities, also controls our religious denominations, the churches will remain inimical to the development of programs which can effectively help rid our society from its various insanities.

As long as the professional religionists are more concerned with the safety and comfort of their own careers than with the meaning of their call to the ministry, religion's major role will be that of sanctification of a moribund status quo.



As long as the laity of our religious denominations is willing to play the collective role of passive flock and views religion as a mere extension of its private interests and comfort, the churches will give but token and meaningless interest to the problems of hunger, racism, personal freedoms and to the ongoing rape of life in Vietnam.

And unless organized religion in America undergoes a radical transformation, it will find it did not long survive the alienation of an entire generation of young people who are allying courage and commitment to their ideals.

As my views have not changed, the new element in the balance in the growing number of individuals -- laity and ministry -- from various denominations and specifically from Unitarian Universalist churches who are expressing similar views, who wish their church to be more than just an end in itself, who are less concerned with religion as a s-save to their conscience than as an effective militant force against the oppressive aspects of society. They want their denomination to participate in the current revolutionary process as a contributing force allied to the radical movement and view this year's denominational election as an opportunity to kick the Establishment monkey off their back and begin the transformation of their churches.

Of particular concern to these Unitarian Universalists is the philosophy of the half-dozen ministers who are vying for the post of president and who are viewed by many including myself as representing a continuation of liberal indolence and lip-service.

I am therefore a participant in the election less out of any great desire to play president of anything than as one focus for the many Unitarian Universalists -- particularly the young -- who want new radical leadership for their denomination.

I have requested, however, that the only way my name be placed in nomination is from the floor of the General Assembly which will require an amendment to the by-laws of the organization rather than through the current nominating process which requires the tacit approval of the Establishment and is, in effect, a closed shop protecting the laity from itself.

The dominant reason for my reinvolvement is that, however encrusted with their sins, the religious denominations still are capable of a crucial potential role at this time of crisis. The days available to live up to that potential, however, are coming to a very few.

The militant young whites and blacks who make up the radical movement are winning their battles against the oppression of our system. Together, they are creating a Pauline third race, they form a new consciousness which is the one best hope for a saner order. It is probable, however, before the revolution is won, the system they are fighting will grow more repressive and violent against those who challenge it.



by Tom Rothschild

Religious denominations, firmly committed to and participants in the revolution, would not only act as a check to this probable increase of institutional violence, but would be able to help insure that the means of revolution remain as life-giving as are its goals.

To accomplish that potential, the denomination must be taken seriously by the system and must be respected by the radical movement. Up to now, they have not the former nor do they deserve the latter.

A radical Unitarian Universalism deserving of that respect would join action to its ongoing dialogue concerning the nation's cancers.

On Vietnam and militarism, a radical Unitarian Universalist would continue to attempt to convince all who wish to listen that we ought to get out of that country now, but it would also actively support, participate in, sponsor as well as fund militant and anti-war efforts; it would end its participation in the U.S.A.I.D. work in Vietnam, would replace its quota of chaplains on military bases with resistance organizers, and would harbor and protect young men who will not participate in the war effort.

On white racism, a radical Unitarian Universalism would continue its dialogue but also actively support, help fund, and make its facilities available to militant black organizations such as the Panthers; it would develop programs to fight white racism, expand the role and funding of its new black caucus, and expel or encourage the take-over of the racist Unitarian Universalist churches which discourage black membership or allow but token black participation in its affairs.

A radical Unitarian Universalism would dialogue with the business interests but would also use its consumer power and its 21 million in endowments as a public hammer against companies represented in its current portfolio which have their share of responsibility for apartheid in South Africa and for U.S. imperialism in South America, for much of the racism in the country, and for the pollution of our environment.

On individual freedoms, a radical Unitarian Universalism would talk about the oppressive interference of laws in matters of personal conscience and behavior such as birth control, abortion, sexual mores, censorship as well as the smoking of marijuana but it would also act when necessary to disperse birth control and abortion information; it would defend those who are victims of the laws on censorship or sexual mores and, in view of the current inane and inhuman punishment given for the possession or smoking of marijuana, it would incorporate the drug into its worship and use its guaranteed freedom of religion in an attempt to protect those who are victimized by the law.

A radical Unitarian Universalism would not subjugate and channel its seminarians into mere protectors of the funds and keepers of the opiates, but would support and encourage the full development of their prophetic call, would end the discrimination of women in the ministry, would establish one-year ministerial fellowship to be offered to men of other disciplines who would be willing to minister to our churches, and it would emphasize the concept of ministry of everyman.

A radical Unitarian Universalism would sponsor and encourage the creation of art centers for the development of young artists; it would open its churches' doors virtually twenty-four hours a day, and, following an unfortunately transitory but successful pattern set at the Arlington Street Church, its churches would become archways within the communities they serve, inviting all to participate in their activities, and affording all the forgotten joy of community.

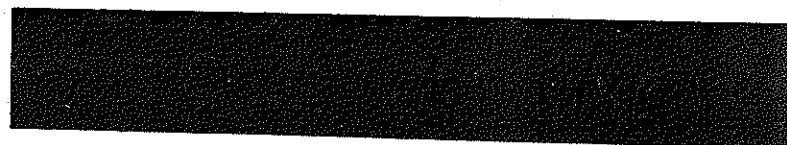
To those who would raise the specter of chaos, I would only remind them of their own heritage, of a Christ who did not merely dialogue with the money changers, of Theodore Parker who did not merely dialogue with a courthouse persecuting runaway slaves, or for that matter, I would remind them of a Martin Luther King who did not merely dialogue with a racist bus company.

To those who would maintain that the role of the ministry is but to burp the faithful on Sundays and not invade the secular realm, I would only respond that we already have a surfeit of ministers who are all too similar to those transparent anatomy toys with the exaggerated heart and all the organs in place except two: brains and balls.

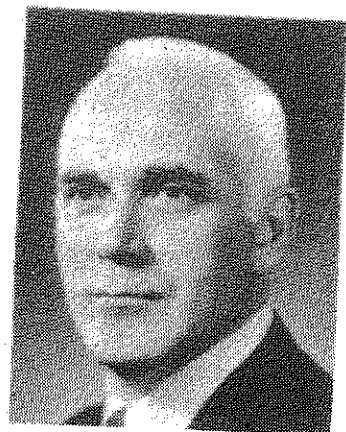
In any case, these are what my views on what religion should be. It is the only kind I care to participate in for at its core is the concept of man's rebellion against forces which would demean or destroy him. And it is only in his incessant rebellion against these forces that he can find his transcendent meaning.



VICTOR JOKEL is a writer and lecturer. Executive Director of Arlington Street Church for over four years, he now serves the New England Resistance as an organizer. For three years he was the editor of the denominational magazine, Challenge. He is one of the founders of the OM Theater Company and the Damaged Angel Coffee House. A graduate of Harvard, he has studied also at Iowa State University and is now completing his work as a doctoral candidate in English at Harvard.



The REV. DEAN STARR has led parishes in Providence, Acton, and Harvard, Massachusetts. Presently serving as a vice president for field services of the Unitarian Universalist Association, he also served as the first district executive of the Central Midwest District and as director for Ministerial Recruitment of the UUA. He holds a degree from Wayne State University, and has studied at the University of Michigan and the Garrett Theological Seminary (Ill.).



To grow into full, free, secure, affirmative persons, our children need to be given room to choose. So please let them choose what they wear, when to come, and what groups to join. As parents, as church school staff, we are openers of possibilities. We invite our children to join us in the beloved community. May we respect their freedom and trust their wisdom, and thus bespeak the best answer I know to the oft-asked question: What do Unitarians believe in? Why we believe in YOU!

Happily yours,  
Mrs. Arnold C. Fields, DRE  
First Parish in Concord, Mass  
(From a letter to parents about the children in their churchschool)

Larry (Ladd), my friend and challenger:

photos from respond

Your paper dated November 18, 1968, has been read many times. My first response was a typical one, I'm afraid. It was an effort to find the flaws rather than to appreciate the virtues. Each time I have read the paper, I have found the virtues to be more outstanding than the flaws to be more picayune. Someday I might comment at length on both aspects. The purpose of this letter is to tell you why I like to emphasis of LRY as you describe it.

My early environment was anything but emotionally sterile. Both within the family and the church which I was reared, the expression of emotion was considered a mark of vitality. I won't get maudlin about my home, although that environment was very important, but you may be interested in the church environment.

In the church in which I was reared almost everyone participated in every public service and all of the time. It wasn't just a matter of singing lustily. It was also a matter of commenting audibly during the readings, the prayers, and especially the sermon. If people approved of what was said they shouted Amen, Hallelujah, Praise the Lord, Preach it brother, and That's the Truth. If no one responded thus, the speaker thought himself to be a failure. We weren't exactly holy rollers, but we believed in personal religion and in complete involvement in the religious life of the church.

From my early childhood I wanted to be a minister in this church. I started "preaching" when I was about fourteen, and there was no generation gap. People listened, urging me on with verbal approval. When sinners were saved as a result of my preaching, we weren't subconscious about hugging and kissing one another while "Praising the Lord." We just avoided having mass orgies, and of course the clandestine meetings after divine services were not without sexual fulfillment.

A strange thing happened to me on the way to that ministry. I studied a lot of philosophy and discovered that I didn't believe the things I had been preaching for a long time. Finally I left the church and for a time I was without spiritual identity.

Eventually I wandered into a Unitarian Universalist church in New Haven, Connecticut. It sounds sentimental, but I will never forget that first Sunday. It seemed to me that all of my life I had been breathing stale religious air. Now I was in an environment was fresh and exhilarating, where the beauty and glory and tragedy of this great big wonderful world were all accepted. Formerly my religion had been founded in illusion; now I was invited to be religious in an atmosphere of honesty. I was out of the stuffy, if comforting room. I was in a place where all the windows of heaven and earth were open, where no question was blasphemous and no answer sacrosanct. I was free!

This experience was ten years ago, Larry. We weren't dead then, at least I did not find us dead, and I don't really think we have been dead in the interim. We were not then "an institution of darkness." Only the light that thrilled me was the light of freedom, the quest for truth, the openness to question. It was a light for the mind.

Obviously this light has not been enough. It has not been enough for LRYers and it is not enough for me. I never want to return to the air-tight, emotion packed room in which I was raised, but often I have longed to hear my Unitarian Universalist colleagues really sing! Often I have taken the hand of a minister when I wanted to hug him because he had spoken the living word. I have been restrained by the dignified atmosphere. Often I have wanted to cry without self-consciousness when I have seen another hurt, or have hurt another, or have been moved by a plea for understanding. But I have restrained myself because we Unitarian Universalists don't lose our cool.

Only occasionally we do. The closest I ever expect to come to a real camp-meeting experience in our circles was in Cleveland when Dana said, "Dana really does love Hayward," and thirty LRYers came roaring to their feet. We really do have something to cheer about, we really do have something that stirs the heart, and it does this without ignoring or insulting the mind.

You young people, along with many of the beautiful Blacks who have tossed in their lot with ours, are teaching us once again that to be human is not only to be a thinking reed, but also a feeling being. I am personally indebted to all of you, because the one thing I have missed has been the opportunity to express my feelings. I want to be clear at this point. It is not the need to feel emotion that I have missed, for I have felt it many times. It is the atmosphere that makes the expression of emotion acceptable that has been lacking. You are changing that atmosphere and I am grateful.

Don't leave us, buddy. We need you very badly, as your statement made clear. We are realistic enough to know that you also need us. Where else can you "help chart the future" without compromising the intellectual light that is in you? We have never demanded that compromise of anyone, and now you are teaching us that we can be true to that light, each in his own way, and express joyful and tearful celebration of life as well. May you prove to be a skillful teacher indeed.

Cheers, courage, and confidence,

Deane Starr

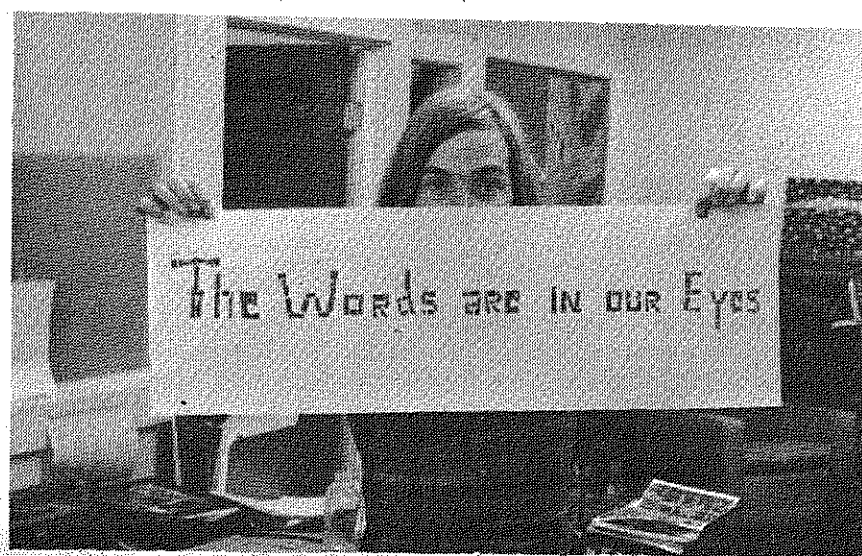


photo by Sweigert

Dear Larry,

I am very much interested in your effort to build a strong youth movement in the Unitarian Universalist Association. You must feel frustrated by the standoffish attitude that many adults adopt towards LRY. On the other hand, I suppose many adults feel frustrated, if not actually frightened, by what seems to them an LRY tendency to reject all adult opinion and advice out of hand. It seems to me that this is the crux of the problem and that it results from the generally authoritarian structure of family and school life. The general model is for the youth to be coerced by various sanctions, social and physical, to follow the course of action imposed by adults.

This model is being changed very slowly indeed; to judge by the ferment in institutions of higher education in both our countries, far too slowly for young people involved.

Frankly, I am disturbed by what I hear of the experimentation being undertaken by LRY in the district; but I get it at second or third hand; but I am even more disturbed by the tendency of even some of our Board members to speak of LRY as a sort of separate and not quite respectable organization and of dubious importance to the movement as a whole.

I certainly think there is a need for a constructive and productive dialogue between the adult and youth members; but I do not believe it is going to be achieved by "the pot calling the kettle black", which seems to be about the level of our present dialogue. How do we get above it?

I hope your university work is going well, and that you are finding the program stimulating. The very best wishes.

Sincerely,

Harold Panabaker  
Executive Secretary, Western Canada Unitarian District

# it's your move, mr. president

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You have been in office only a few days and you are still working to define your powers and responsibilities. And you are also trying to recover from the recent General Assembly, which has been a draining emotional and physical experience. Many of the consequences of that Assembly trouble you deeply, but none of them more than the "youth crisis" which emerged on the floor of the meetings.

Never before had there been so many young people involved in the deliberations of the Association. They had come determined to make it *their* Assembly and to confront the adult community on such controversial issues as drugs, the draft, sex and racism. This confrontation ranged from vigorous floor fights that lasted through the early morning hours to angry verbal battles in the elevators of the Statler Hilton.

The older delegates tired of confrontation politics by the middle of the week and resorted to parliamentary maneuverings that shut off debate and overwhelmed the "Youth Front" on every critical issue. U-U youth, charging that the General Assembly was unrepresentative and undemocratic, left the meetings promising to carry their campaign to the "grass roots."

You discovered the day after you entered "25" that the previous administration had already tangled with the early stages of the youth revolt. The issue in this instance was over access by young people to the building and the LRY offices.

After a number of complaints from older staff members that LRYers were turning "25" into a club house, the locks to the doors had been changed, keys taken away from the youth and issued only to executives and maintenance staff. LRYers were not permitted to be in the building unless there was a "responsible person" in charge. The youth pointed out that this worked a hardship on students whose hours could not possibly conform to the adult business routine of nine to five. They charged the previous administration with a lack of faith and trust in the judgment of U-U youth.

You have been asked by the LRY Executive Committee to reverse the ruling, but you have been preoccupied with staff and budget problems, so you have not yet responded. On this particular morning you are running over the youth problem in your mind. As you climb Beacon Hill to your office you promise yourself to give it full attention today.

The promise is unnecessary, for as you reach "25" you find that the door has been padlocked from within and from the flag-staff that rests on your office windowsill there hangs a banner that proclaims "The Liberated UUA." The youth have taken over the building, switchboard and all, and their demands are posted on the door. They call for unrestricted access to Continental headquarters, the allocation of space on the first floor for LRY meetings to be open 24 hours a day and, finally, the appointment of a youth to your staff in a new role of Vice President for Youth Affairs.

You are standing at the door with the rest of the UUA staff as the strains of rock music escape from an upstairs window. You are faced with the first crisis of your young administration. What will you do?

These complementary articles are respectfully dedicated to any and all who aspire for the position of President of the UUA; currently running, contemplating running, or decided not to run.

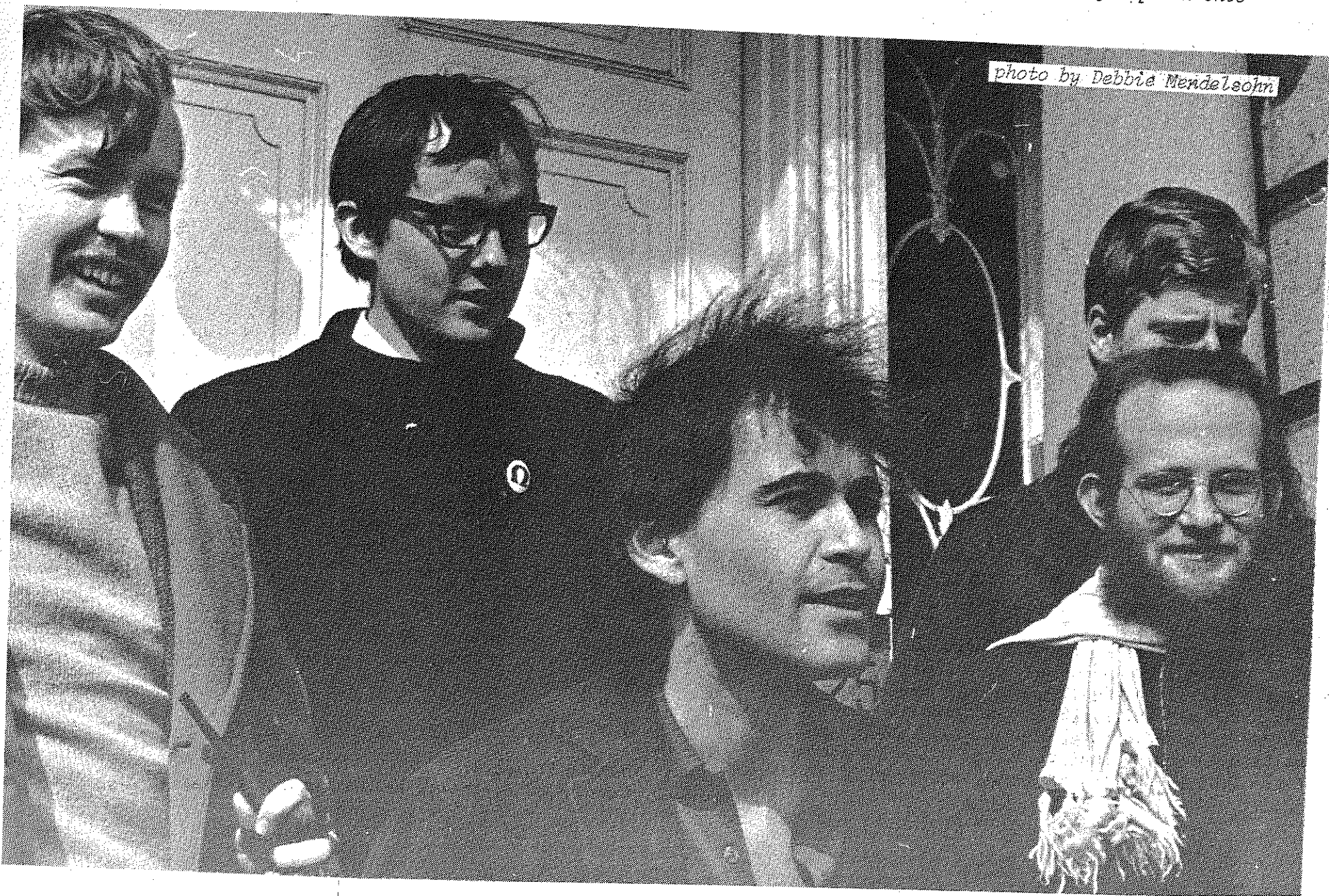
Captured photo at bottom of Liberation Forces, Un-Inc.

## MEMORANDUM

Subject: Use of the building on Saturday mornings.

Just to record another brief skirmish over the Generation line. Jan. 25th, Saturday 8:55 a.m. -- Liberation Forces assualted the headquarters position of Unitarian Universalist Adults, division of the cosmos. Open fire began on the UUA doorbell, no opposition was encountered. Liberation Forces could have seriously damaged the building, especially if they had been granted the magic key to unlock the sodium trap chamber which would disengage the paused-puppet-laser-janitor. Some 35 minutes later the wind and sun took its toll on Liberation Forces Commanders Quinn and Sewall, the latter being a paid employee of Liberating Radical Youth. 10 minutes later Liberation Forces secumbed to the elements and returned home. Due to lack of planning, a second division of Liberation Forces assualt the main entrance of enemy control under the direction of the infamous Captain Ohio, who in his fantasy life is a mild mannered editor of the Nameless Newsprint. And as expected, still no headquarters defensive forces were on duty. Due to the great reputation Captain Ohio has earned in battle, he displayed very little desire for continuing the attack on doorknobs, windmills, and the eardrums of sleeping executives in general. After a brief approach of-fensive on Eliot House, and a quick survey to the UUA's State House wall for possibilities of commando scaling should it be necessary, Captain Ohio returned to the front door steps for a last ditch try at confrontation. Much to his delight his effort was rewarded by an unknown janitor, whereupon, Captain Ohio proceeded to rape the headquarters building by slashing priceless paintings, jamming IBM typewriters, and stealing butter from executive refridgerators. In orgiastic delight, the Captain returned to his lair.

reported by ghs 2 as told by Captain Ohio



Common Sense Sex by  
Rev. Ronald M. Mazur

# BOOK R E V I E W PAGE

If you enter an elevator and one of the ivory buttons reads "Reality", don't be afraid to push it. The doors will open onto a book....Page one, Commonsense Sex.

Reading a book on sex has, until now, always been a "Potty Training Review". And now?...Ronald M. Mazur has departed from the norm...if such attitudes of the past are normal...indeed.

Simple words were never so well arranged. In order to cope with the problems caused by too many conflicting ideals, Commonsense Sex enters the scene in the guise of everyday hints to adolescents. In truth, this simple book is the basis for a better living standard of sexual people...everyone.

It seems that relationships between boys and girls have turned into running battles of ideas, mental-psychological torture...for both. In order to provide a workable solution, Mazur has first provided a workable atmosphere. A "Basis for Discussion and Reappraisal"...Commonsense Sex. Simple really, just commonsense.

Fine tuning on the right, volume on the left... Adjust picture until clear...Page one, Commonsense Sex.

This is not an answer to all the sex problems of the world...it's the question. The clue to creating answers for yourself, not dictated cyphers. Without any doubt, something remarkable and wonderful awaits those who venture onto the floor marked "Reality". Life, free from the musty, aged refuse of the misguided minds of the past; a chance to react and build a rewarding relationship with others.

-- George F. Gowen

Concerning Dissent and Civil Disobedience, Fortas-Signet Books; Disobedience and Democracy, Zinn-Vintage Books.

Justice Abe Fortas sets out to distinguish what is "acceptable" and "unacceptable" behavior for activist and dissident groups in late Sixties America. He does a rather unconvincing job for supporting law and order, at least from a radical's point of view who I guess to which this book is partially aimed, wandering from oversimplification to generalization all bound up in motherhood and democracy-free society language in less than an hour and a half's reading.

It appears the entire essay by Justice Fortas is tied to traditional beliefs about what is best for America. Dissent is to be maintained in the "proper" channels for change, brought about through "respectable methods" of dissent. Some allowances are provided for civil disobedience, though he quickly responds, "It is the states duty to arrest and punish those who violate the laws designed to protect private safety and public order." Thus, Justice Fortas delivers the "American values" of the "liberal" Establishment; the same group of men which led us into Vietnam, it should be noted.

It is to the aforementioned "proper" views, that a certain sub-culture of our American society known as radicals, take vehement objection. Professor Howard Zinn articulates this objection to Supreme Court Justice Fortas, in attacking those Establishment recommended methods for altering the shipwreck course of our society. Going beyond merely undercutting "law and order" values, Zinn asserts that they just cannot answer quickly enough, and with honesty, the questions posed by blacks and students in the current-great-American-dilemma. Zinn states, "for the crisis of our time, the slow workings of American reform, the limitations on protest and disobedience and innovation set by liberals like Justice Fortas, are simple not adequate. We need devices which are powerful but restrained, explosive but controlled: to resist the government's actions against the lives and liberties of its citizens; to pressure, even to shock the government into change; to organize people to replace the holders of power, as one round in the continuing cycle of political renewal which alone can prevent tyranny."

Quite simple, Zinn offers a book review of Fortas from a radical viewpoint, for it is devoted to illuminating the nine fallacies concerning the rule of "law and order" which Fortas does not catch sight of. He infers that the present strains on the American system are so great, and the people rooted behind those disquieting causes so unwilling to stop shaking our society from Watts to the Pentagon - even in sight of token governmental reparation to minorities and majorities (the national voice on Vietnam.)- that those in power must come to terms unrelentingly and unrepressively with the demands of dissident groups; or further drive our nation into stagnation and repression. In ending his book, Zinn really spells out what saving America will take: "It is very hard, in the comfortable environment of middle-class America, to discard the notion that everything will be better if we don't have the disturbance of civil disobedience, if we confine ourselves to voting, writing letters to our Congressmen, speaking our minds politely. But those outside are not so comfortable. Most people in the world are hungry, have no decent place to sleep, no doctor when they are sick; and some are fleeing from attacking airplanes. Somehow, we must transcend our own tight, air-conditioned chambers and begin to feel their plight, their needs. It may become evident that, despite our wealth, we can have no real peace until they do. We might then join them in battering at the complacency of those who guard a false "order", with that healthy commotion that has always attended the growth of justice."

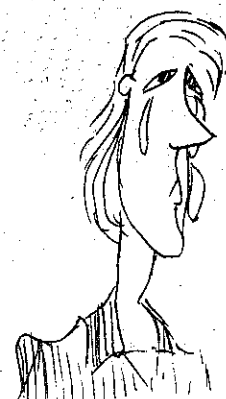
Since the real essence of this view has been stated by Professor Zinn, I turn now to some more provocative statements found in Justice Fortas's book, which further emphasize his stock traditional resolves. "In both the Negro and the youth rebellions, the critical question is one of method, of procedure. The definition of objectives and the selection of those which will triumph are of fundamental importance to the quality of our society, of our own lives, and of those of our descendants. But the survival of our society as a free, open, democratic community, will

FORTAS  
MAZUR  
ZINN

be determined not so much by the specific points achieved by the Negroes and the youth-generation as by the procedures -- the rules of conduct, the methods, the practices -- which survive the confrontation." I will hold to Justice Fortas' that the tactics of confrontation as developed by radical students and Blacks have been forged out of a sense of deep and lasting frustration in desperate attempts at institutional change -- not for the sake of enraging the adults. To a radical, the focus is not on manners so much as on the most provoking methods of waking America up. If it takes police busting white, middle-class heads at the Democratic Convention to show what really goes on in the ghetto -- then America has received an education. These are the only rules of conduct which have been heard by the powers that be in our society. It is merely a struggling for communication with the Establishment -- and in those initial stages, the ones with power weren't listening, as is so arrogantly often the case. So, the natural result turns liberals into radicals, anti-draft work from dissent to resistance, and exhausted colonist pleas to tea-tainted Boston Harbors.

In another quote, this one directly involving the youth of the country, Justice Fortas tells it like it is. "The disaffection of youth is expressed by a great variety of activities, ranging from amusingly juvenile to formidable, threatening assaults upon the institutions of our society". Not formidable and threatening in the sense that the institutions are under severe attack and must at all costs, in the name of well-oiled respectability, be preserved; rather, formidable and threatening as a harbinger of America's future if changes are not wrought. Think about it. Threatening the institution of white racism in our Society. Threatening the iniquities of our present Selective Service System. Threatening the American corporation for polluting our air, land, and waterways. Threatening the oppressive mass-production-for-technology educational systems. Threatening the American politician with the true meaning of Democracy; participatory democracy. Think about it, it is threatening, Mr. Supreme Court Justice.

-- Gregory Howard Sweigert



# NOM COM

Nominated for next year's LRY Executive Committee are:

**President:** Wayne Arnason  
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Paul Collier  
Chicago, Illinois

**Vice President:** Stuart Snow (withdrew later)  
Houston, Texas

**Secretary:** Lynn Chamberlain  
Erie, Pennsylvania

**Treasurer:** Bob Gray  
Montreal, Quebec

Scott Nutting  
Amherst, Massachusetts

**Directors:** Burt Cohen  
New York, New York

Tom Hobbs  
Nashville, Tennessee

Robbie Isaacs  
Chicago, Illinois

Liz Kuh  
Concord, Massachusetts

Laine Lunde  
Edmonton, Alberta

Steve Wolcott  
Denver, Colorado

Mindy Vosseler  
Niagara Falls, New York

No petitions have been received thus far. A run-down of petitioning procedures and of applying for LRY committees will be included in the next issue of Nameless Newspaper.

write LRY, 25 Beacon, for copies of the NomCom Report in entirety



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OK, committed religious community, where are you? What armchair are you crouching behind now? Did you like this issue? Let us know then. True there's no subscription blank included here. That's so you won't have to mess up the cover.

Here's the scoop: special rates; this issue only.....

25 copies - \$8.00  
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100 copies - \$25.00

You are threatening the institution of the LRY Newspaper! Help

We are absolutely depending on bulk orders to pay for the printings costs of this double issue, as well as the \$700.

Again....

GURGLE (count three)

This may be our last.

# NAMELESS NEWSPRINT

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