

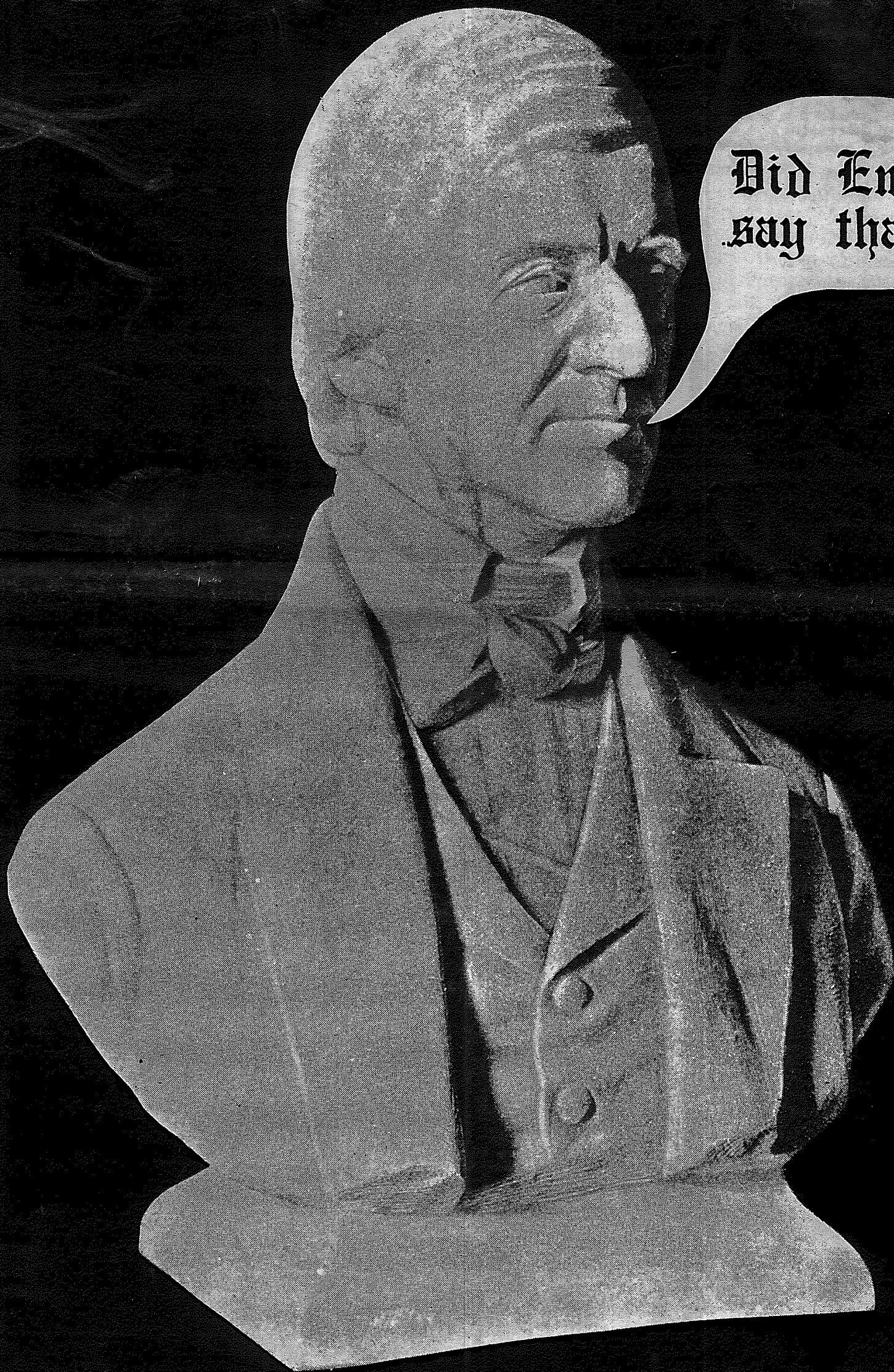
# NAMELESS NEWSPRINT

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 4

JANUARY, 1970

"...I WANT THE CHURCH TO BE FREE,  
LIKE A DANCE,  
LIKE A SONG,  
LIKE A LOVE  
THAT IS SO FREE AND FINE."

25¢



Did Emerson  
say that?

RALPH WALDO EMERSON



# Nameless Newsprint

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# EDITORIAL

Not only this editorial column, but this issue needs some explanation. In the editorial column we have two writers. The purpose is to give two views of what is happening in Continental LRY. These articles are not meant in any way to be destructive, but are being presented in such a way to be constructive evaluation of LRY. Take this for what it is worth, talk to your local group, and pass your feelings on to us. Continental LRY is just as hung-up about its role as you are. We usually find, however, that the local groups are not even aware of the work on the Continental level. If nothing else, maybe we can create some awareness in this issue. If you want further information, a book can be obtained from the LRY office at 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108. The book is called LRY Structure and Organization.

The centerfold in this issue also deals with the role of Continental LRY. We are trying something new - we are turning it into a poster you can hang up in your local group's meeting room. Let us know how you feel about it.

Secondly, the article over on the next page deals with church renewal. Right now, we talk of renewal in LRY, and yet we are also talking of renewal in the church itself. So we have an entire issue devoted to renewal. Dave Cautley, the author, is a student at Reid College in Portland, Oregon, an ex-LRYer from Cincinnati, an SRLer on the Northwest Coast, and one of my closest friends.

DAV

## What's This With Continental LRY?

by Dav Davisson

Many local group and federation officers are constantly cursing the Continental structure for not being relevant to the needs of the local LRYer. But how does one go about changing Continental? I and several others on this year's Executive Committee had that very thing in mind this summer when we took office. Yet, we discovered that changing the structure wasn't all that easy. It takes a vote of the Board of Trustees, the motion having been submitted three months in advance, to change the by-laws of this Massachusetts corporation. Not only does an amendment have to be written in a precise legal language, there are a million and one ways to change the structure.

Even though most members of the Board of Trustees agreed that Continental structure needed some kind of decentralization, it is very significant that they failed to come up with any kind of meaningful change. One could easily attribute it to a "lack of responsibility" or a political deadlock, but neither is ever seen in LRY.

What the Board was looking for was a kind of leadership that would guide them down the right path. In the past the Executive Committee has always provided this sort of parental leadership. This year they didn't. One could say then that the Executive Committee failed, but most Board members rebelled strongly against this kind of leadership. But the fact remains that the Board did not find the kind of leadership that would provide them with the solutions they needed.

A unique lesson can be easily drawn from this experience. If Continental LRY did, as has been proposed, turn its entire responsibility over to the fed presidents, the structure would probably be even more irrelevant than now. It is not to say that a fed president cannot manage responsibility; it is to say that a fed president is doing his first and foremost job - his own federation. As Wayne Arnason, one of the Directors, found this year, fed

by Arthur Thexton

Why does the LRY Executive Committee have so much trouble justifying itself? I really can't see why the people who we supposedly put there have so much trouble doing what we want. It really seems strange, but the fault is in the structure, not the people.

I think we are all agreed that LRY's function as a social force in the UUA and in society is secondary to LRY's function as something individuals can relate to. The first consideration is that of the individual LRYer, scattered as he is over the continent. LRY must help this guy deal with a world which is often hostile, often indifferent, generally confusing, and most often changing.

I think that LRY exists as a group of people who are around to be friends to each other. LRY locals will be and are places for me and you to talk and love and hate and do dope and cry and hurt and live out all of what is in them with each other. LRY Continental as it is now set up does not and can not help do this. It is just too far removed from the local LRYer.

The focus of a newly structured LRY should be the federation. The federation is sufficiently close to the individual to be meaningful to him, and yet sufficiently big to be efficient in terms of bringing resource people to conferences, initiating social action programs, counselling individuals with problems, etc. I would therefore try to create powerful federations with no regionals at all, except perhaps as a camp committee.

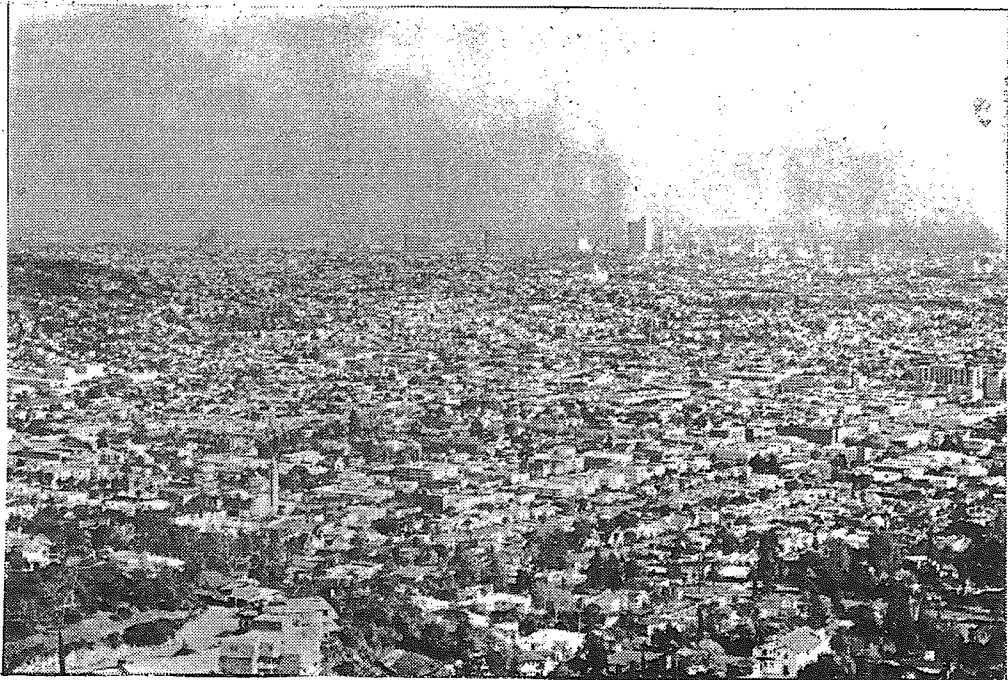
What then should Continental be? I think that it should be an information storing and dissemination office, and no more. I do not believe that program initiation and leadership should come from an office so far removed from the people as Boston is now. Boston should become a vast library of information on the draft problems of run-aways, dope, federation activities and conferences, t-group people, high school liberation, UUA's activities, environmental problems, etc. It should

# To Be Free...

by David F. Cautley

It's very strange to return to someplace that you knew well after being away for a while. Things seem to be pretty much the same as a whole, but somehow things in detail are very different, and you can't quite put your finger on it.

So, home from school for a month, I find myself messed up in LRY again. And in many ways it's the same, but mostly the people are different. The pieces here are my reaction...to finding myself in a familiar yet strange place...parts of something which is not yet a hole ... nothing, really...



\*\*\*\*\*

All my life I thought that it would be really cool to be a guru, because everybody knows that guru's are magic, and they don't have problems. Well, now I'm a guru of sorts (at least I'm writing for an internationally distributed newspaper) and I have found that being a guru is not necessarily cool, because right now I've got more problems than ever before. When I joined LRY some six years ago (yes Virginia, Santa Claus is an old man ...) there were some 20% less people in the world. (The population is doubling every 30 years or so...) Twenty percent of three billion is 600,000,000. There were half a million people in Washington November 15th (remember how many people that really was, or look at the pictures in LIFE or something) and that was one hell of a lot of people. Try to really understand that. And then try to understand 1,200 times as many as that. And then try to understand feeding them, and clothing them, and finding places for them to be alone when they have to be alone... (how long has it been since you were alone?)

That's what's different between my LRY and yours. Now I'm an old man of 19 and a half. Not quite grown up, not quite young. In your LRY there are fifteen year old kids that are up the same creek that I am. It's one that everyone has to sail, I guess, but at least I have the freedom to "split", legally and traditionally, when I have to. These kids are also too grown up and still too much children, but they have two and a half more years of high school. HIGH SCHOOL!

The problem with this LRY is that people are too damned worried about having a "Genuine Spiritual Experience!" You expect the continental structure to provide you with "meaningful personal experience." Well, maybe you haven't noticed it, but they are very human beings, who also need people to love them. The worst thing about sitting in Boston (or Indianapolis, or Portland, or Rabbit Hash, or...) is that typewriters don't talk back. They do a vibration thing, but it's not very stimulating. (The technical word for it is noise.) You can sit there (or wherever) wondering about how you are going to pull off This Week's Genuine Experience when you've got a stomach ache and a headache, and it may be mono, but god I hope not because I have to be back at school at the end of the month ....

So you all out there in newspaperland can get upset at your fed president, and bloody well keep half of the profits from the last conference that you had, because he's been screwing around. But my god, what do you want? You, after all, are the LRY Genuine Spiritual Experience. When the smiling blond man from Texas drops your way, and creates that wowie zowie feeling in your heart, he didn't do it. You did. He just reminded you about something that you had forgotten for a while, but now that you remember .... Maybe it was last spring, at the beach or on top of a mountain .....

It's yours for the having.

The Defense Department announced that they expect to draft those through the number 30 in the lottery in January. Now with a little advanced math, 12 times 30 is 360. Congradulations to those with numbers 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, and 366. Tough luck, the rest of you guys. It seems that the entire debate over whether the lottery is random is rather pointless. Unless it makes a difference whether you go in June or December.



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Mrs. Wood said that I should forget about saving the world, and just try to raise my children to be a bit better than I ---

\*\*\*\*\*

Having children is still much too scary though -- I remember myself too will .....

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I thought about getting married once (I must really be getting old). But she said no, and I was crushed. But it's okay now, though, we're friends again.

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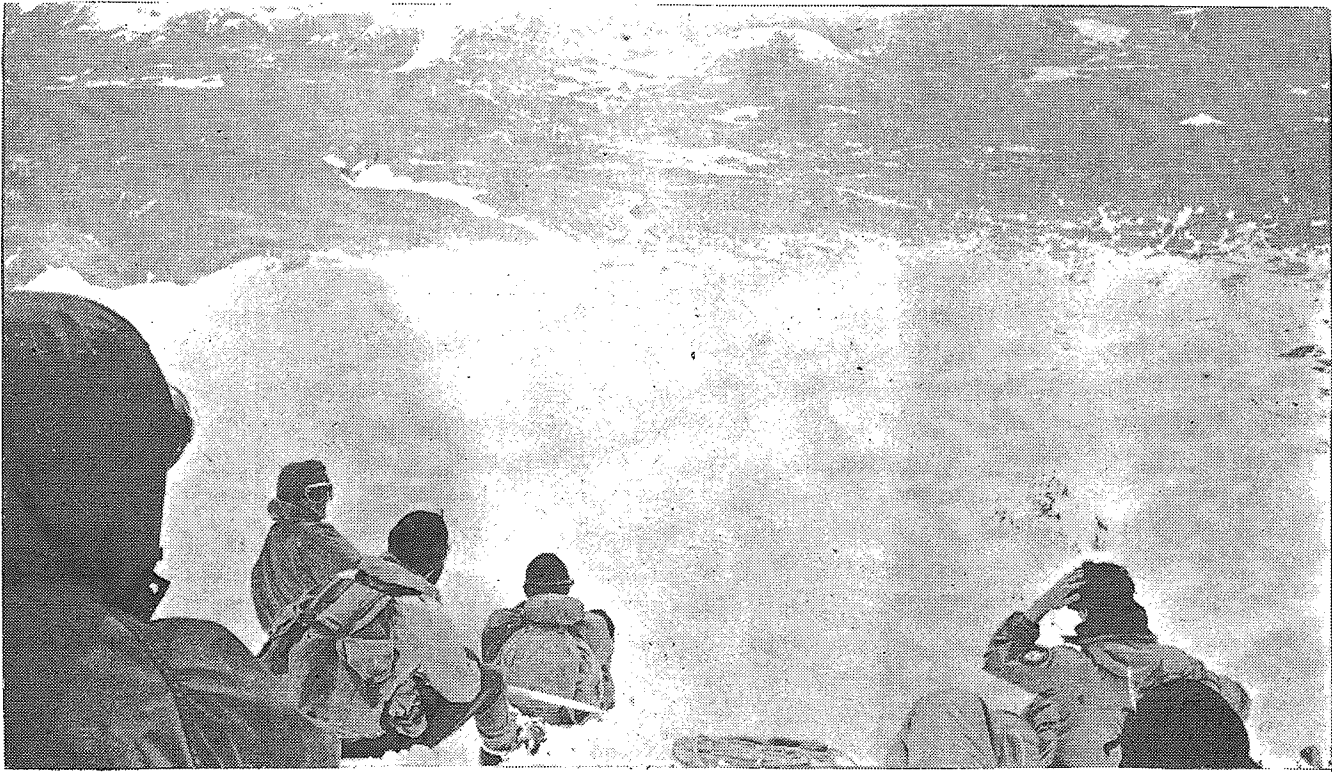


Peace is a simple idea. Like so many other simple ideas, it suffers from an acute case of over reaction, both for and against it. Polarization between the good guys and the bad guys (or we and they, US and THEM, panthers and pigs) is a fact of American life. No one comes away from Easy Rider sitting on the fence.



Jesus I wish it would stop raining. The hole in the floor of my car is just getting bigger and bigger, and the mold eating the upholstery behind the back seat won another 3/4 inch during last week. That, and the plums left from the trip to San Francisco. They got squashed under Tom's History of the Theater book, a real masterpiece -- \$23.95 total, at 98¢ a pound, with glossy paper. They say it makes the pictures look better, but as far as I can see, all it does is make the light glint on it no matter what angle you look at it. Damn, for 98¢ a pound, you can buy ground chuck. For those of you who have never had the opportunity to keep house, that is THE fancy hamburger to get. The stuff to show all your lady friends how affluent you are. As if they couldn't tell by the fact that the kitchen floor hasn't been washed yet, and you've been sleeping in a sleeping bag on the floor for something over four months now.

But right now it's raining. And there is enough water in your clothes from when it rained the last time that it really doesn't matter much. Most of the natives seem to manage all right, but then they don't have a 1959 Volkswagen with mold as big as a house eating their three week old lunch in the back seat. I find that to preserve my shell of sanity (the inside is long gone. I guess the mold got it.) I have to travel back to the east and dry out a bit. Only I remembered too late that it is COLD in Ohio in the winter.



It's cold on Mount Hood, too, but at least you can slide back down once you get up. It was the longest walk I ever took to go to the bathroom. 4 1/2 miles across, 1 mile up, took 9 hours. Then I put my back to the wind, clawed through three layers of underwear, and fisst... over the north face, and down, down, ever so far down... (Yellow dots against the blue). Getting down took 2 1/2 hours. You simply sit down, stick your feet in the air and let Newton's 2nd law do the work. It's a good thing that there are no speed zones, cause I must have hit 35 once or twice, with nothing but my ass between me and the snow. Man I had

snow in places I didn't even know I had places. So here I sit now, tired of forms, but somehow unable to find the correct line to use, cutting doilies. (Sing a song man, that one about the chick you knew last summer -- the one about love -- Okay, so I sing it, and I cry, because I'm still in love, but I'm not there -- she's not there....) If I were an artist I would paint you a picture of a man in a 3,000,000 gallon chocolate vat (metal, empty, with lid) with 37 blue meanies pounding on the outside with Frank Robinson Louisville Slugger bats, just for the hell of it.

The most frightening thing about the human animal is it's plausibility.

The doors of the temple stand open night and day  
before every man  
And the oracles of this truth cease never...  
but the man who aims to speak as books enable,  
as synods use,  
as the fashion guides, and

as interest commands babble,  
Let him hush...  
It is the office of a true teacher to show us that God is,  
not was;  
that he speaketh, not spake.  
- Ralph Waldo Emerson

It is strange to look over a layout of a newspaper at one in the morning, thinking about all the different ways you could have said that, or how poorly expressed this or that is .... This is the only space left that isn't already in the past; and by tomorrow, it too will be just so many words on a page. I have to catch a bus at 8:00 tomorrow, I won't even see the finishing touches on the pages I have written. In another week I'll be back in Oregon, trying to make my mind stay on the Physics before me. What has happened here, now, will become just another memory, instead of a now, full of pride and disappointment in something which is nice, but not at all what you expected. But that's life, all sour beautiful (and kicky white sox) in flashes of life.

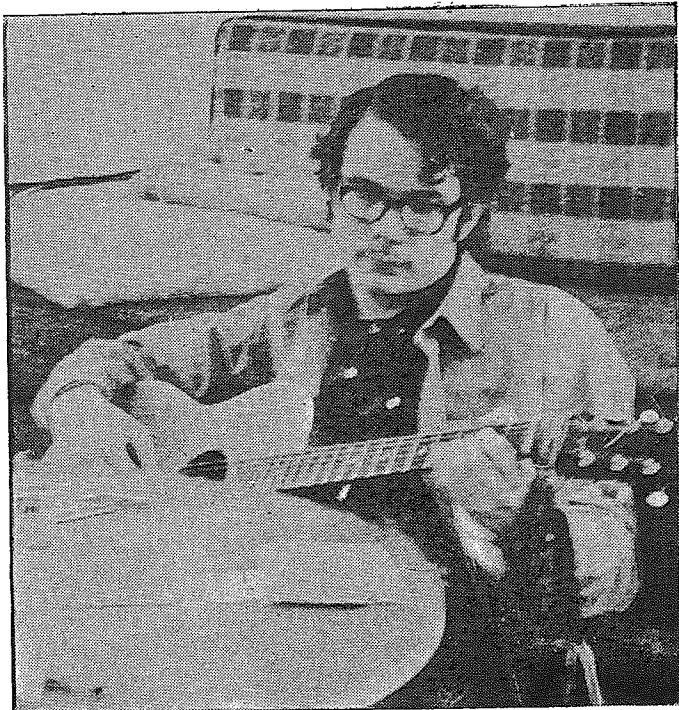
I sit on the chair, staring out into the angry faces at whom I will soon deliver my last will and testament -- this one last time, will they listen, or like before, turn away -- I grab their shoulders and scream I AM ALIVE! I AM NOT PUTTING YOU ON! UNDERSTAND! And they call me a hippie. But I wear a tie on Sundays and when I travel. COMMIE. But I'm a humanist. Faggot. I love you. It's so simple -- Are you afraid? Ideological Eunuch! Of me? But I am nothing to be afraid of!

\*\*\*\*\*  
GOD IS LOVE  
(this sunday only at the church  
of your choice. Don't miss  
this exciting feature!)

I guess I'm an existentialist -- I've never read any Sartre, or anybody like that, but I really believe that life is absurd. But I never take that or anything else I believe too seriously. Because laughter is the fountain of youth, the elixir of life. When I look back at the last five months, which (were, are, is, was) sheer hell, what I missed was the laughter .... You can't make jokes about blacks if you're white, you can't make jokes about Reagen if you're in California you can't make jokes about uptight adults in Indiana.

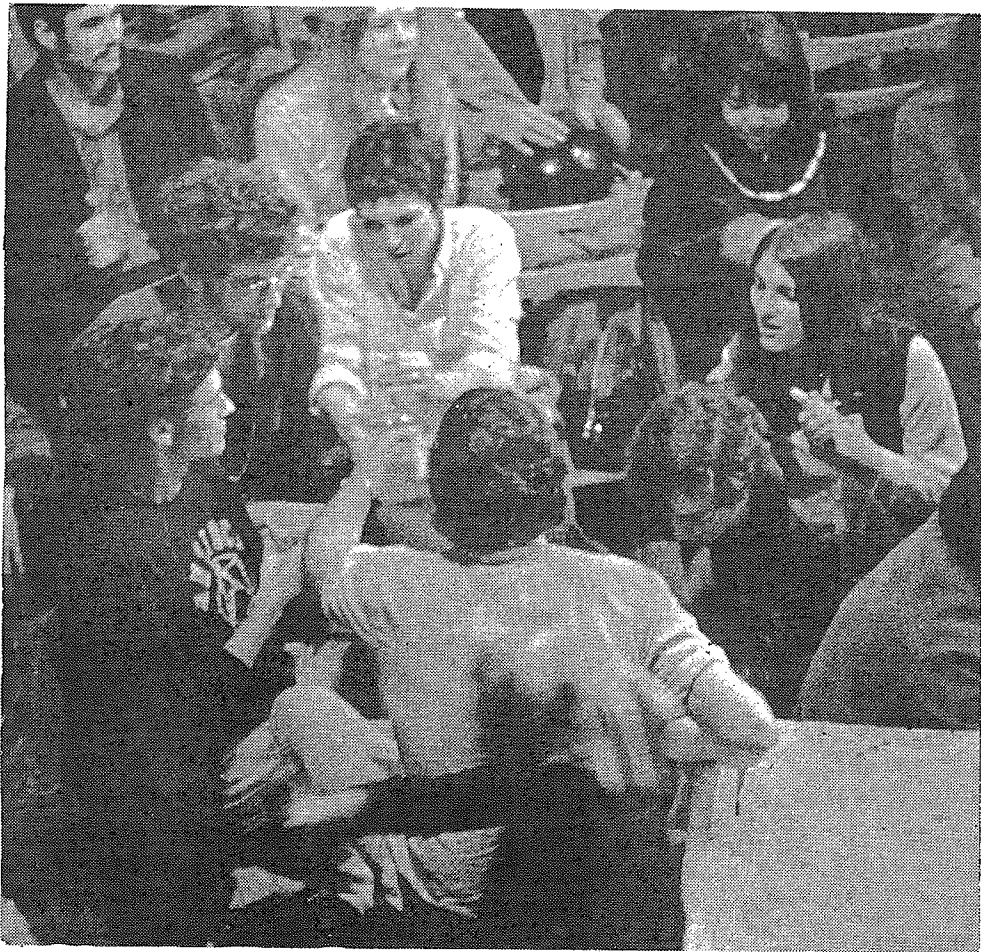
It's really too bad. I intend to start right now.

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# Like a Dance



I want to say a few words about politics. I mean, politicians are cool, man, they'll smile even when they're slitting somebody's (political) throat. But I guess the politics I know most about are my own. This may shock a great many of you, but a church doing a political action thing which is called "social action" is disastrous in this country, which by definition separates church and state. "Ain't ya got no morals, kid?" Hell yes I've got morals! I learned them in church. I just happen to also be a fan of what this country stands for... "in order to form a more perfect union.....among others, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; a government of the people, by the people, and for the people....."

Some of you undoubtedly consider yourselves revolutionaries -- Maoist, or perhaps even something as old fashioned and passe as Marxism. You are as much my political enemy as George Wallace and his brand of power to the people. (The schools belong to the people! -Alabama, 1965).

You and he are my political enemies because you tie yourselves down to ideology, and you refuse to treat your opponents like human beings -- Wallace by denying them freedom, and you by your insistence on confrontation instead of communication. Any man who has really non-negotiable demands is not much of a human being. Any man who uses force, or attempts to move someone to action out of fear has not learned much from the lessons of history, and indeed he will repeat it. Fear breeds fear, violence is self replicating, and justice is bent to jail those who disagree.

Fear is a strange thing, because everybody uses politics based on it, and nobody seems willing to admit it, even to themselves.

We've got to be loose, untied down, fighting all the battles we can, taking inches when we must, milestones when we can. Ideology, other than humanity, justice, and equality, are going to have to be irrelevant if we are going to successfully meet the challenges of tomorrow. Not for us. We will squeak thru. But for our childrens childrens children.

Proverbially, Rome wasn't built in a day. Neither will we build a sane society in a decade.

John Murray, one of the cornerstones of the Universalist Church, had this to say in 1770:

"Go out into the highways and by ways of America, your new country. Give the people, blanketed with a decaying and crumbling Calvinism, something of your new vision. You may possess only a small light, but uncover it, let it shine, use it in order to bring more light and understanding to the hearts and minds of men and women. Give them, not Hell, but hope and courage. Do not push them deeper into their theological despair, but preach the kindness and everlasting love of God."

He was called, among other things, a foreigner, a blasphemer, and a corrupter of the morals of youth.

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There is no heaven but in the hearts of men,  
no hell but in the mind.

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I like big old churches -- the ones with carved wooden pulpits, dark highbacked chairs, and big brass organ pipes for a crown. When you stand in the pulpit, as I have done, doing a LRY worship service, or whatever, you can't help but be impressed by the history and traditions of the church, which I think LRY is carrying on. The youth of our church are carrying on the traditions of Emerson, Channing, and Murray. We are facing an atmosphere hostile to human intellectuals with resistance and determination, instead of hiding our beliefs. We know that won't work. Joe McCarthy proved that. It is silly to try it again.

There's something in the dark rich wood, and the red rugs that gives you a sense of real religion.... not just something that happens on Sunday mornings, when you'd rather be sleeping anyway -- you stand there doing a worship service, and you have a real sense of the past... a sense of a tradition of radical thought... of men who refused to accept the connotations of the WORD already accepted as absolute gospel by the Calvinists.

We need to take the heritage which is ours, and to examine it anew, cherishing what we find valid, giving the proper place in history to that which is no longer relevant. We must also look for new expressions of these age old virtues, and look for new meanings in the originals themselves.....

Not to remain alone  
Not to remain convinced  
Not to remain old

I want the church to be free,

like a dance,  
like a song,  
like a love  
that is so free and fine.

I offer you these things, which is the closest I can come to saying in feeble words what it is to me to be alive in the calender of man, January 14, 1970; in Cincinnati, Ohio; USA; the World, better known as earth, an infinitessmally small speck in an infinite universe, whose disorder is steadily increasing. If you reject them, I will be disappointed, and I will laugh; If you accept them I will call you my brother, and cry; If you know them, but disagree, I will rejoice, for we are both right.



# EDITORIAL (cont.)

DAV DAVISSON (cont.)

presidents give little if any response to the Board packets - no matter how controversial. A fed president is usually too concerned with his own fed's problems to begin to adequately tackle the problems of Continental LRY. Most fed presidents readily admit that they really don't have the time and resources available to even begin to do a fair job.

Now that I have somewhat defended the leadership role of Continental LRY, we're going to have to consider what is wrong. What can Continental LRY do for the people if it does exist? Well folks, Continental LRY has not forgotten that you are still there. The entire mid-winter Executive Committee meetings in Chicago were devoted to this very thing.

In the past, the Executive Committee has spent most of its time and efforts in the mailing of materials to the fed presidents. One time in the far past we had mailings of packets to local group presidents. Unfortunately most of this effort has been a waste of time. The materials tended to be very irrelevant to those who received them. Sure W.C. Fields is nice, but how do I get my local group to function? Recently the NAMELESS NEWS-PRINT has been the only communication with the local group, even this rag is not very relevant. Field-tripping has been almost exclusively confined to fed conferences, except in those scattered instances that one did reach a local group.

The Executive Committee decided that perhaps all its emphasis on the federation was misdirected and that Continental was going to have to make a sincere effort toward face to face contact with the local group. But even with their contact with the fed execs, the committee discovered that few if any really knew what to do for the local group.

The answers came from a few on the Exec Committee that had been spending time the first half of this year experimenting with the local group. Their findings showed that local groups had little awareness of Continental LRY, yet a program on structure and organization was irrelevant to them. They found that local groups are having a hard time all over

getting themselves together, the people usually wait until the next conference or camp to find that community feeling that LRYers find so precious everywhere.

So the problem boils down simply, Continental has got to find some way of helping the local group bring themselves together into a community or family of their own. Since most LRYers seem to find Sunday evening meetings somewhat meaningless, we've got to provide a catalyst - a humping or inspirational force if you please - to make their local group meaningful to them. The object is not for the local to be a nice Sunday evening meeting, but a real community that lasts all through the week and the year. How is Continental going to achieve this goal? There are perhaps over 400 local groups on the Continent. To send a field-tripper to each one of these groups is quite a task. But we're going to try it. Continental is going to raise an army of field-trippers and train them. Then we send them out to the locals to help them out. Perhaps they will only get around once a year, hopefully they will be around more than that.

What will a field-tripper do? The experience of former field-trippers

shows that a local needs a program with a "snake in the box" - something that jumps out at you and gets you involved. Not a program that has a nice discussion but a program where you are a participant where you learn what it is all about by being a part of it. Say a field-tripper has a program on high school liberation. He could go into the local and begin dividing them up by age, sex, intelligence, etc. and try to force them to accept these roles. Finally when the people catch on and start to rebel, they discover that they are oppressed in the same way in high school. There you don't talk about it, but you find out what it is about by experience.

So that's the rif, local groups. We're going to be around soon. The programs are going to cover a large area of concern - Social Actions, Church Renewal, Psychological Growth, Human Sexuality, Decision-Making, Freedom and Responsibility, and Arts and Crafts. We're not going to be telling you how to do things, but we're going to help you help yourselves. We're going to touch on the many areas that interest you. If you've got ideas, you are welcome to submit them. Anyone who wants to help can, just write us.

"We would be one..."

ARTHUR THEXTON (cont.)

not take positions on what is important, but let individual feds decide what their should be. If a fed wants to do anti-draft stuff, the Continental office should know who in the area is a qualified draft counselor, what Alternative Service jobs are available, what life in Canada is like, it should send copies of the UUA letter supporting C-O's (you didn't know there was one, did you? Well there is, written for C-O applicants by Dr. Greeley, and available from Burt Cohen, Director of Social Action, LRY, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108.), and other stuff. It should send a packet to people in need, to feds for their libraries, etc.

You see, all this stuff is available, if someone would compile it and have it printed up. Unfortunately, right now we have a lot of really dedicated, worthwhile people wasting their time going all over the country talking to feds and locals telling them to do something. That's not the way. The way is to have something to offer them, to devote Continental's time and money to getting something concrete to give to people. To achieve this goal, I propose total reorganization of the Boston office along these lines:

1. Abolish the President, Directors, and other Continental officers.

2. Hire, on a full-time basis for like \$6,900 a year, four or five secretaries including an Executive Secretary to compile and type up and send out to the printer all this information, i. e. to build the packets.

3. Hire, also on a full-time basis, an editor for NAMELESS who will do the newspaper on an efficient, professional

basis. This will require more than a full time editor - like for a starter, dependable news sources from each federation - but it can be done.

The Board of Trustees would hire the Executive Secretary, who would hire other secretaries. The NAMELESS editor would also be hired by the Board. We could spend all our money on meaningful things, instead of stuff like having Erica our Treasurer commute from Vancouver twice a year to do the books. I'm not criticizing Erica, whom I like very much, but she is put in a really dumb situation. I think all of the essential functions of LRY will be greatly enhanced by this reorganization. One secretary could handle Continental Conference (with some nice volunteer helpers like the Registrar and some nice fed to act as the Site Committee, etc.) one could handle the money, and of course the Executive Secretary would be responsible for knowing everything and helping each secretary with her specialty. The Board of Trustees could, of course, set up special programs like C-FYRE on a Continental level, and hire a secretary to co-ordinate the program, but these would be the exception, not the rule. The point is that one person is clearly responsible for the functioning of the office, and for availability of the facilities.

All I am trying to say is that our efforts in Boston are misdirected. Instead of trying to lead feds into a non-program, Boston must follow feds in what they want to do. This would be true democracy at work, and I think that whether LRY lives or fades away, it would bring true meaning into its existence.



photo by Dave Fitch



# SOCIAL ACTION!

AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION CHALLENGES SCHOOL DRESS CODES

CHICAGO (LNS) -- Michael Hage was tossed out of Morton West High School last October because school officials didn't approve of his long hair. Now the school superintendant, vice-principal, and other officials have to appear in court to answer a suit being filed by the American Civil

Liberties Union.

The ACLU, after filing suit, charged that many schools in the metropolitan Chicago area have been blatantly ignoring Supreme Court decisions on long hair and black armbands.

In other words, school officials ANYWHERE hassling students about long hair or the wearing of anti-war armbands, are breaking the law.

Jay A. Miller, a local ACLU official, said: "We are shocked that high schools, and even junior high schools, have been flagrantly defying court decisions, which explicitly state that high school students are not second class citizens and that all rights guaranteed by the United States Constitution apply to high school students."

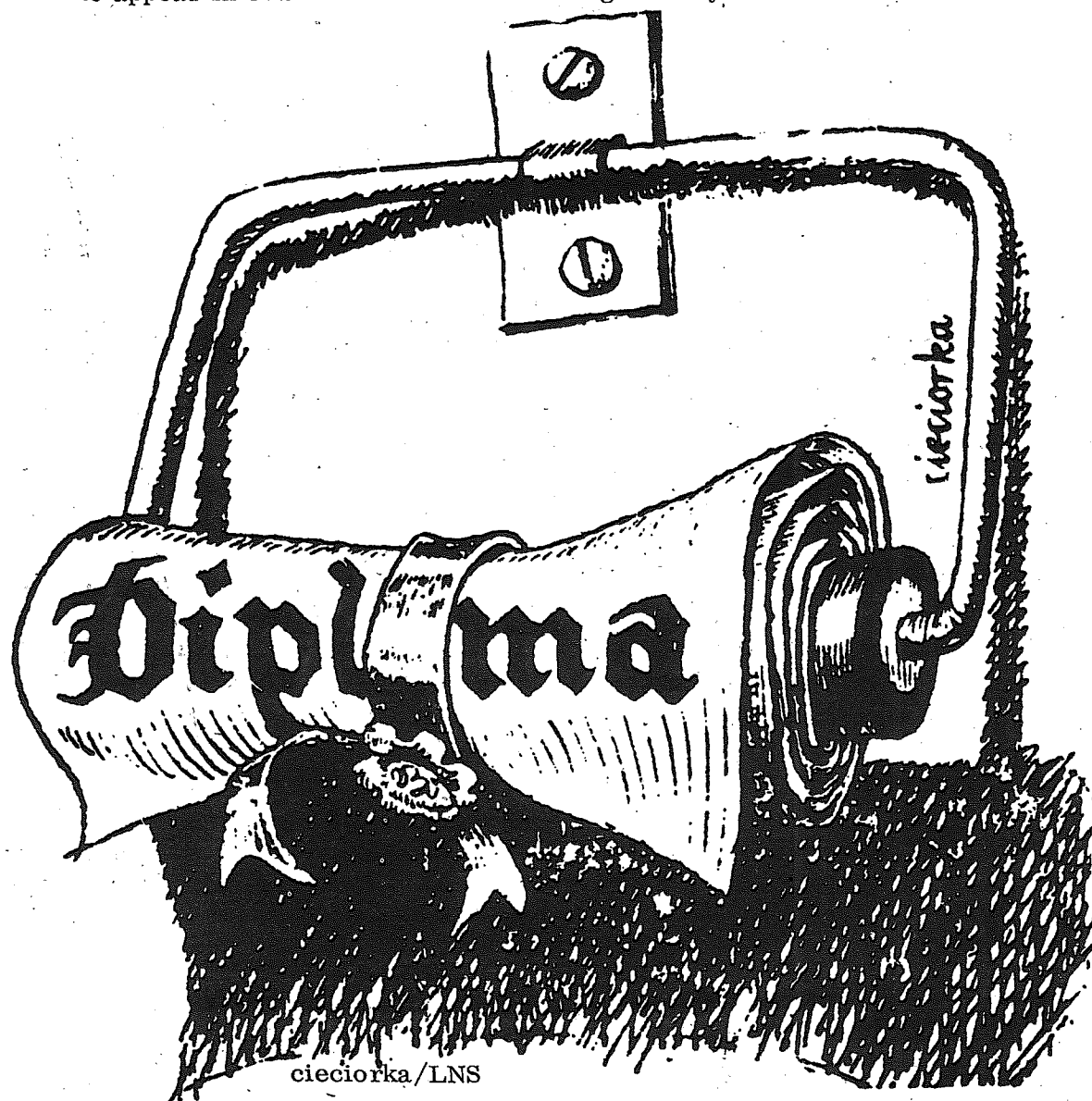
Morton West High School has not only gone after Michael Hage -- but after his parents too. The school board has threatened the Hages with prosecution under an Illinois statute which states that parents are responsible for the truancy of their children. The Hages defend their son's right to wear his hair as he pleases.

Michael Hage, who plays with the Bare Wires Blues Band, was suspended from school on the basis of his violation of an illegal school dress code, which stipulates, among other things, "the hair style should be one that is clean, neat and trimmed, out of the eyes, no longer than the bottom of the ear..."

The ACLU suit details a series of Constitutional violations implicit in the dress code, arguing that the code denied Hage's right to privacy, personal liberty, property, and free speech.

\* \* \* \* \*

ATTENTION - The new address of the Division of Social Actions will be: c/o Burt Cohen, Friends World College, Michael Gardens, Westbury, New York.



## GUIDE TO THE DRAFT

The Liberal Religious Youth Division of Social Actions has obtained a number of copies of GUIDE TO THE DRAFT by Arlo Tatum and Joseph Tuchinsky. GUIDE TO THE DRAFT deals with every aspect of the draft - deferments, conscientious objection, appeals, physicals, resistance, etc. The copies which we have are the newly revised second editions and contain information about the lottery system.

Because of the very serious choices that the draft forces on young men, it has become evident that we have to deal with the decisions of the draft much before our eighteenth birthdays. GUIDE TO THE DRAFT is being offered to assist in the education of draft law so that the decisions are not left for the draft boards to make.

We are hoping that local groups will order enough books to begin counselling courses for members and people in the community. GUIDE TO THE DRAFT is being offered because it lends itself to well to study, either for individuals, or for use in courses. Once a week sessions can very easily take in three to four chapters a session. An important by-product of counselling sessions for members of

any local is of course the education which the members of the sessions will provide to friends and students in their school.

As for finances, we don't want to discriminate against those who need the book and don't have very much money. However, the book does cost us more than a dollar apiece, so please send what you

can with your orders. A dollar or more for every book ordered will be greatly appreciated.

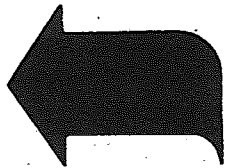
When you order simply fill out the form and mail it with your money.

In peace and freedom...

LRV Divisions of Social Actions

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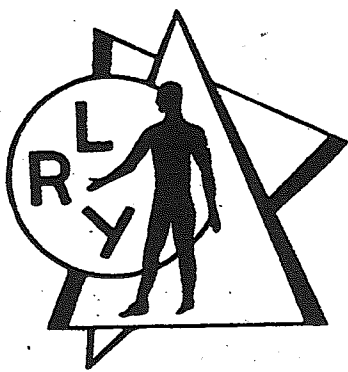
# What

# IS

# a

# Co

## a superman?



by Eric Van Horn

My name is Bobbie Trysaacs of THE BIG LRY IN THE SKY. C'mon into my office. Here in Boston we do many things for the little people. Our Jewish member, Bird "Vhat do you Vant" Cone, has started an extensive Social Antagonism program. Bird is an all right guy, really kosher. His program consists of three parts. The first is the high-school de-liberation program. In this Bird plans to search out and destroy all the hippies that are messing up our glorious educational system. He already has developed an effective weapon called "high school administration". The second of his programs is termed Selective Service Persistance. The idea behind this is to get all LRYers - regardless of sex - drafted as soon as possible. In this area too, Bird has performed wonders. Betsy M. Raws, a 14-year-old LRYer from Saskatoon was classified I-A last week, and will be placed for nine years in charge of the Texas 9th Infantry, otherwise known as the "Chuckling Chicks from the Texas Sticks". It is too bad that Betsy, as of the moment, is not doing too much chuckling. Bird's third program is to provide himself with a lifetime supply of motza balls and kosher pickles. Oi Vay, Birdy, oi vay!

Ah, yes! There is my secretary, Kris East. Besides having all the usual qualifications for secretary, Kris also types and takes notes. She is a very personal secretary. Right now she is talking with Merika McGerson, our Scottish treasurer from Vancouver. As the great-great-great-great-great-great-grandfriend of King James I of Scotland, she has been declared Queen of Kanada (I know that sounds confusing, but royal families work that way). Merika is the bread-loser of LRY. Note: they picked a woman for the job. So all you hippies who want flowers, just beat on Merika until the bread comes out.

Meg Ravies, my vice-president is responsible for changing the name of the job to "president of vice". It is amusing to note that his girl-friend is named Sin. Ha Ha. Meg at the moment is at Rpachiach College, as all you informed LRYers know. For a bit of inside information, Meg's job might be in jeopardy. You see - and don't tell anyone - Meg is from Springfield, Pennsylvania, and Springfield just isn't the kind of place we want represented in THE BIG LRY IN THE SKY. And it is our firm belief that it was a smidgeon (wow, what a word) of underhanded politics that got him his present office, in which case he perfectly fits in THE BIG LRY IN THE SKY.

\* \* \* \* \*

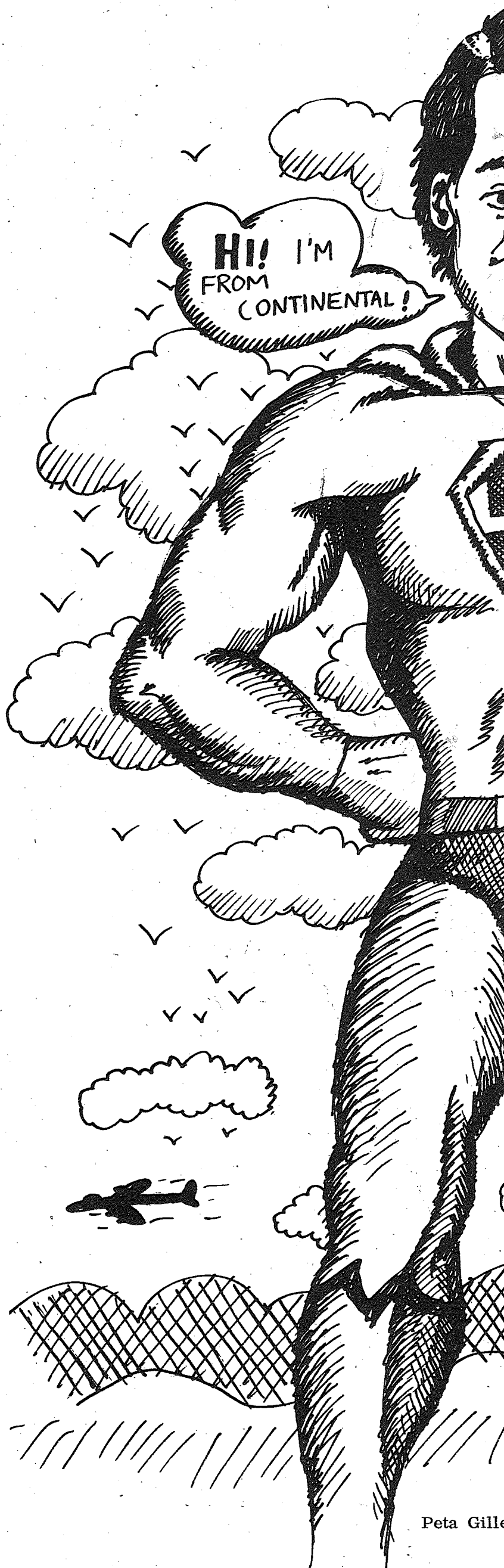
Dwayne Arnaneice is one of my Select Dilectors. Not only is Dwayne a dishonorable citizen of Lose-apeg, Kanada, he is also of royal blood and serves as Kink of Kanada. Dwayne's only real job is to paint maple leaves on the pearly gates, entrance to 25 Beacon Street.

David is our other dilector. I haven't seen him lately. He ran in here last week, grabbed his slingshot, and ran out yelling, "the Philistines!", and "Get the big guy!" I haven't got a hold of him since - they say he is on the West Coast.

The other two of the little committee of supermen are only half-godly. It is so terribly distressing to see them floating about cloud 8. They just don't have the strength to go any higher. Saul Follier is one of these. Saul tried to beat me out for President of THE BIG LRY IN THE SKY but God was just too strong for him. As a consolation, we gave him a little silver and bronze type-writer in the corner of the office. Now Saul is working on a program that is so disgusting and horrible that we call it the "Camp Program". Ha Ha.

The other stumble-bum mortal we allow into the sky is Kert Alfront. Kert, until recently, was trapped in a small desert island called Texas. He accidentally one day, while trying to escape Texas, fell into 25 Beacon Street, and has been here ever since. We gave him a job to keep him busy. His job now is that of field-tripper, although we try not to limit his tripping to the field.

So there you have it, little people. This is THE BIG LRY IN THE SKY, filled with the kind of people you like to think about in your dreams.



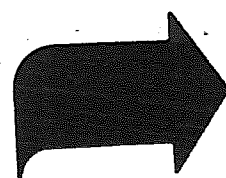
Peta Gillo

HANG THIS

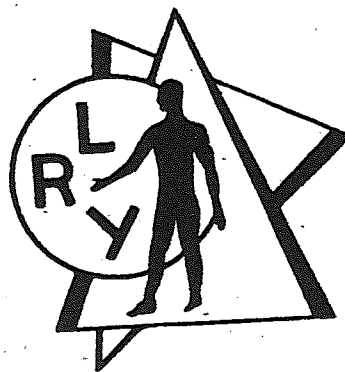


Continental

LRYer?



poster  
no. 1



a human being

It is true that Boston is a long way from the local groups - even for the groups in the Boston area. Perhaps it is this one hard reality that creates the frustration that the Continental leaders have to live with. Frustration is the name of the game in Continental LRY. Many of the members of the Executive Committee are in despair this time of the year - their efforts seem so futile. One person, an adult advisor to the Executive Committee, said recently "I've been worried about these people - they feel so isolated from the rest of LRY, and that just keeps creating endless frustrations for them." Yes, and that frustration is evident in the local group and the federation in their dealings with Continental leaders. They know that a gap does exist, but neither side knows how to bridge that gap. A great philosopher once said of leadership:

"A leader is best when people barely know he exists;  
Not so good when people obey and acclaim him;  
Worse when they despise him."

"Fail to honor people, and they will fail to honor you.  
But of a good leader, who talks little, when his work is done,  
His aims fulfilled, they will say, 'We did this ourselves'."

LAO TZU

We don't like to be called supermen. It is one of our continual frustrations. LRYers everywhere seem to marvel at us because we have attained such a high office. We are supposed to be the "grand spiritual leaders" of LRY, yet we are only human. Everywhere we go people seem either to play political riffs on our heads, or are afraid of us for fear they might look foolish in our eyes. This stigma, being a foreigner in your own organization, does nothing but get in our way.

My god! We became Continental leaders because of our love for this organization and what it stands for. Our goals are to do nothing but to help LRY, but as it is now, we seem to hurt more than help. What can be more frustrating?

Working in the office in Boston is irrelevant - not only to us - but also to the locals. We mail out many packets to many people, and never hear a thing - no feedback. Sometimes you wonder if there is anyone out there. What am I here for? I don't want to be in this office, I hate working 9 to 5 and listening to the nerve-wracking typewriter all day long. I want to be out in the field, where it is really at. Out there LRYers are having a good time, they are enjoying life, growing, and learning. Here I am stagnating.

Perhaps this is an exaggeration of the fact, but being a part of the Continental structure can be a real down. Our role is beautifully defined by a friend of ours:

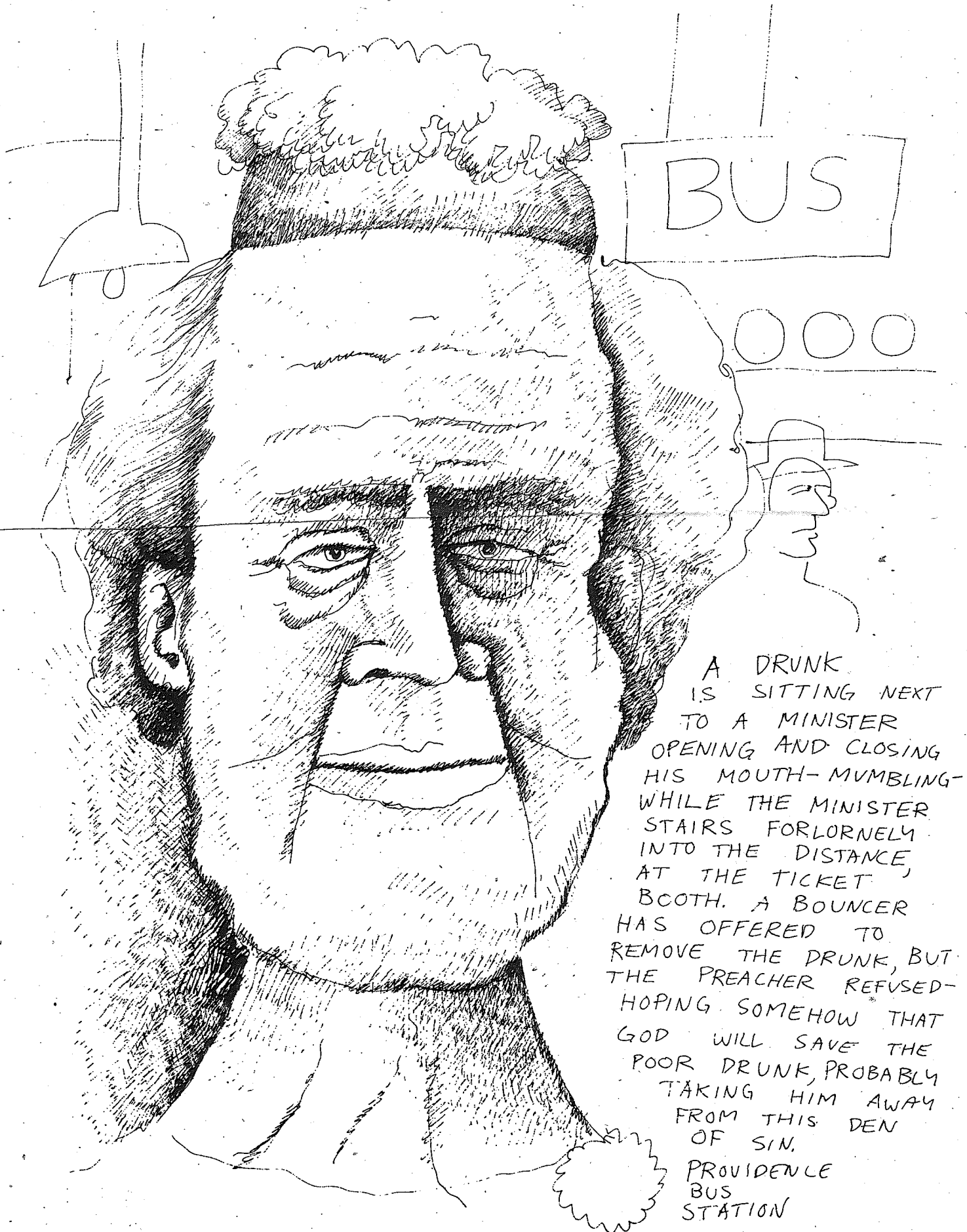
\* \* \* \* \*

"The most valuable thing within LRY for me has been the closeness and unity of LRYers themselves. Inside of LRY I found the truly idealistic people actually living out idealism, humanity, and kindness. However social or political this idealism is, it represents itself through sensitivity most commonly, and more discretely in the silence of solidarity - Empathy...

"But for LRYers who never receive positions, what does LRY mean? For many it is a family that they never had or wanted. For others the thing is simply a very hip organization through which they can meet hip people. Finally for a few people it is a chance to help enrich other people ... I guess I can say that LRY...opposes all of the things that keep young people apart, afraid, and alone...

"Now do I really have to say why I want to work for LRY?"  
Jeff Christ, Candidate for Continental Director.

a penny for your thoughts...



A DRUNK  
IS SITTING NEXT  
TO A MINISTER  
OPENING AND CLOSING  
HIS MOUTH- MUMBLING-  
WHILE THE MINISTER  
STAIRS FORLORNLY  
INTO THE DISTANCE,  
AT THE TICKET  
BOOTH. A BOUNCER  
HAS OFFERED TO  
REMOVE THE DRUNK, BUT  
THE PREACHER REFUSED-  
HOPING SOMEHOW THAT  
GOD WILL SAVE THE  
POOR DRUNK, PROBABLY  
TAKING HIM AWAY  
FROM THIS DEN  
OF SIN.  
PROVIDENCE  
BUS  
STATION

Peta Gilleran



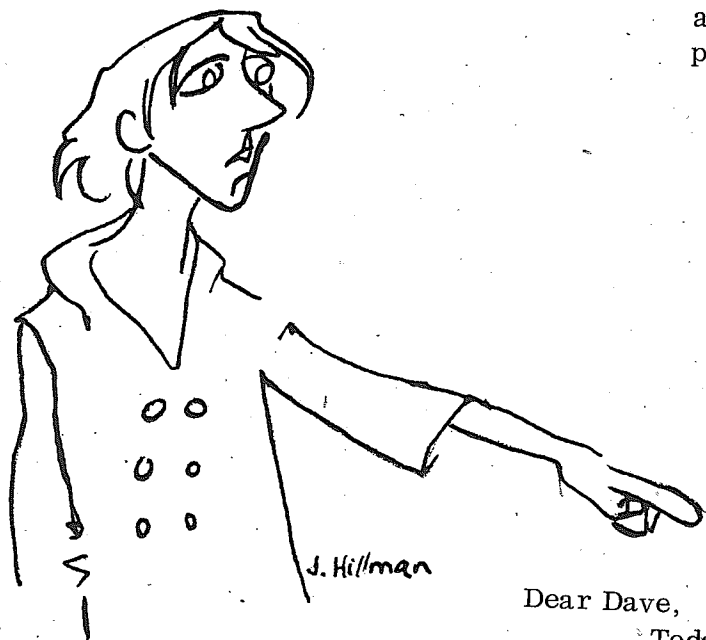
# BULLSHEET

Fill out this sheet - rip it out - fold it (you'll find it addressed on the back) - mail it.

Communication: LRY is somewhat like a village without geography the feeling we have for each other when we get together in california or maine is immediate friendliness but how do we carry it on that's the reason for the BULLSHEET please fill in this sheet with whatever is on your mind in LRY or just with yourself among LRYers everywhere maybe this kind of communication can bind our village more closely together.

# BULLSHEET

there is only one person on the earth  
and that one person's name is all the  
people in the world



Hi Rodney  
Linda

i just wanna use this piece of paper to say hi to my  
friend eric van horn. i met him at star island in june and we  
got real close. i've only seen him once since then. i wanna thank  
him for what he said about me in his letter to carolyn muise. and  
i think his satire is great. eric, you're beautiful. keep groovin.  
last weekend i was at a bumper conference (for me) in  
franklin, massachusetts. i thought about quitting my office and  
maybe leaving lry. but i realize that you're just about all i have.  
i need you. lry people, you're beautiful. i love you.

the love you take...

is equal to the love you make.

peace, flowers, freedom, happiness, and lots of love,  
charlie wolfson  
cmf

Dear Dave,

Today's Jan. 8 and I've just read this issue of the  
NAMELESS NEWSPRINT. I've been away at school (Goddard  
College) and been pretty separated from LRY, after being Presi-  
dent of Wyeast Fed last year.

It was interesting to catch up on things. The paper is  
good - but could I make a few suggestions? 1) I wish that more  
of the articles were identified by author. 2) the old problems of  
spelling and typographical errors.

In general, though, it's really good. If there are any ex-  
tra copies of the November or December issues I'd sure like to  
have them.

I returned to Portland, Ore. to find that LRY is having  
many problems here. But as those of us that have been in LRY a  
long time know, LRY goes in cycles. And I'm sure it will pick it-  
self up again.

I was somewhat disappointed in the write-up of Continen-  
tal Conference '69. Of course I'm a bit prejudiced because I was  
on the planning committee. However, I felt there was a lot of  
spirit at that conference - it was just individual. I have concluded  
that it is very, very difficult to get a total conference community  
feeling, and was quite overjoyed that LRYers at least felt some  
spirit within themselves at Continental '69.

Enough for now. I am now on my work term for God-  
dard, and I'm serving as student interim minister at the Uni-  
tarian Church in Oregon City, preparing for an eventual career  
in the ministry.

All of the best to the NAMELESS staff,  
Paul Kaza

NORTH DAKOTA -

What is it? Where is it? Yes, people do live there and  
even a few Unitarians. So, why are they so isolated? ignored  
perhaps? I didn't discover that there really is an LRY until I  
was a senior in high school. So that was a long time ago, but  
North Dakota does repopulate itself and it would be really nice  
if there would be a flow of material, perhaps even people.

RANDY

One thing really strikes me. Only 10,000  
LRYers in the Continent - that is smaller  
than the Communist Party. Is LRY only  
for the privileged few?

I wonder if you ever think to yourself  
What the world would be like if there was  
No love, if there, was only evil among  
The stars and hate among hearts  
Have you?  
Dig it a while.....

place  
stamp  
here

NAMELESS NEWSPRINT  
2840 S. East Street Apt. C-6  
Indianapolis, Indiana 46225 USA



## CANADA CONSIDERING CHANGING GRASS LAWS

OTTAWA, Ont. (LNS) -- Canadian Health Minister, John Munro, has indicated that the Canadian government is considering action within months to liberalize, and possibly abolish, laws which ban possession and use of marijuana.

Munro told a Canadian newspaper that increasingly widespread use of pot showed that harsh penalties were not working as a deterrent. He did not give any indication, however, that the government would change its stiff laws against the sale of grass.

The Canadian government has established a commission to make an intensive study of the drug problem, and a preliminary report is due sometime after January. A final report will not be issued until June 1971. The commission is staffed by recognized "experts" in various fields -- law, medicine, politics, and psychology.

Dr. H.B. Coltram, Ontario's supervising coroner, stated that marijuana should be legalized and distribution controlled by a federal government agency. He also suggested a study program to investigate the effect of grass on users.

Judge William Little of Ontario's Juvenile and Family Court agreed with Coltram's suggestion. The judge said that he would rather see young people smoke marijuana than tobacco.

The judge declared that laws against persons under 16 years of age possessing tobacco should be enforced despite the unpopularity of these laws. In June, Judge Little convicted a 15-year old Toronto girl of illegal possession of tobacco -- one of the first such convictions in several years in that city.

## GENERAL ASSEMBLY TO CONSIDER LEGALIZATION OF GRASS

BOSTON (Nameless N) -- Through the efforts of Liberal Religious Youth and the Fellowship for Renewal, a resolution, authored by several Unitarians, was placed on the tentative ballot of the 1970 Unitarian-Universalist General Assembly to be held in Seattle, Washington in June, calling for a legalization of the use and possession of marijuana.

The text of the resolution calls on all levels of government, local, state or provincial, and federal in both Canada and the United States to immediately repeal laws criminalizing consumption or possession of marijuana.

The resolution, though quite moderate in comparison to those that wish complete legalization of use, possession, and sale, is hoped to obtain support from a large body of people in America and Canada on the issue of marijuana. Both the Canadian and United States governments have been considering changes in their laws similar to that proposed by the resolution.

KALEIDOSCOPE/LNS



CAUTION: MARIJUANA MAY BE HAZARDOUS TO YOUR HEALTH....

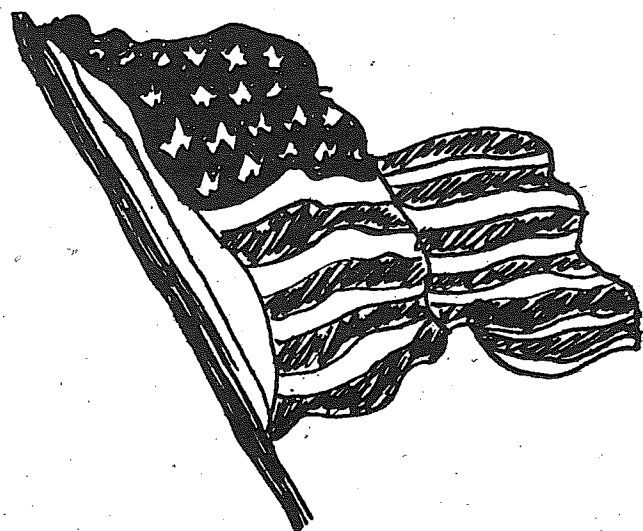
## BRAY'S GOAD

by Lincoln L. Bray; as told to Kevin Corn

There has been a recent uproar over the issue of environmental pollution. Indeed, almost universal concern has been voiced. Scientific studies have moved various groups to denounce the Auto, Steel, and Electric Industries. They have come under fire along with urban sewage disposal operations and private trash burning. One serious polluter, however, has up until recently escaped criticism.

The unknowing marijuana smoker is becoming one of the chief enemies of ecological balance this country has. The increasing number of users are sending great clouds of thick potent smoke up all over our major cities. Even the Federal, state, and local law enforcement agencies are adding to the problem by burning huge amounts of the stuff and letting the dangerous fumes spew forth indiscriminately throughout an unsuspecting public.

Such a great amount of it has been found in the atmosphere that various research agencies have predicted if the contamination goes on at its present rate, the citizens of Los Angeles, San Francisco, Chicago, Boston, and New York will be perpetually stoned within five years.



This news was greeted with shock by government officials within those cities. Even now a bill requiring that all hash pipes come equipped with smog devices has been introduced into Congress.

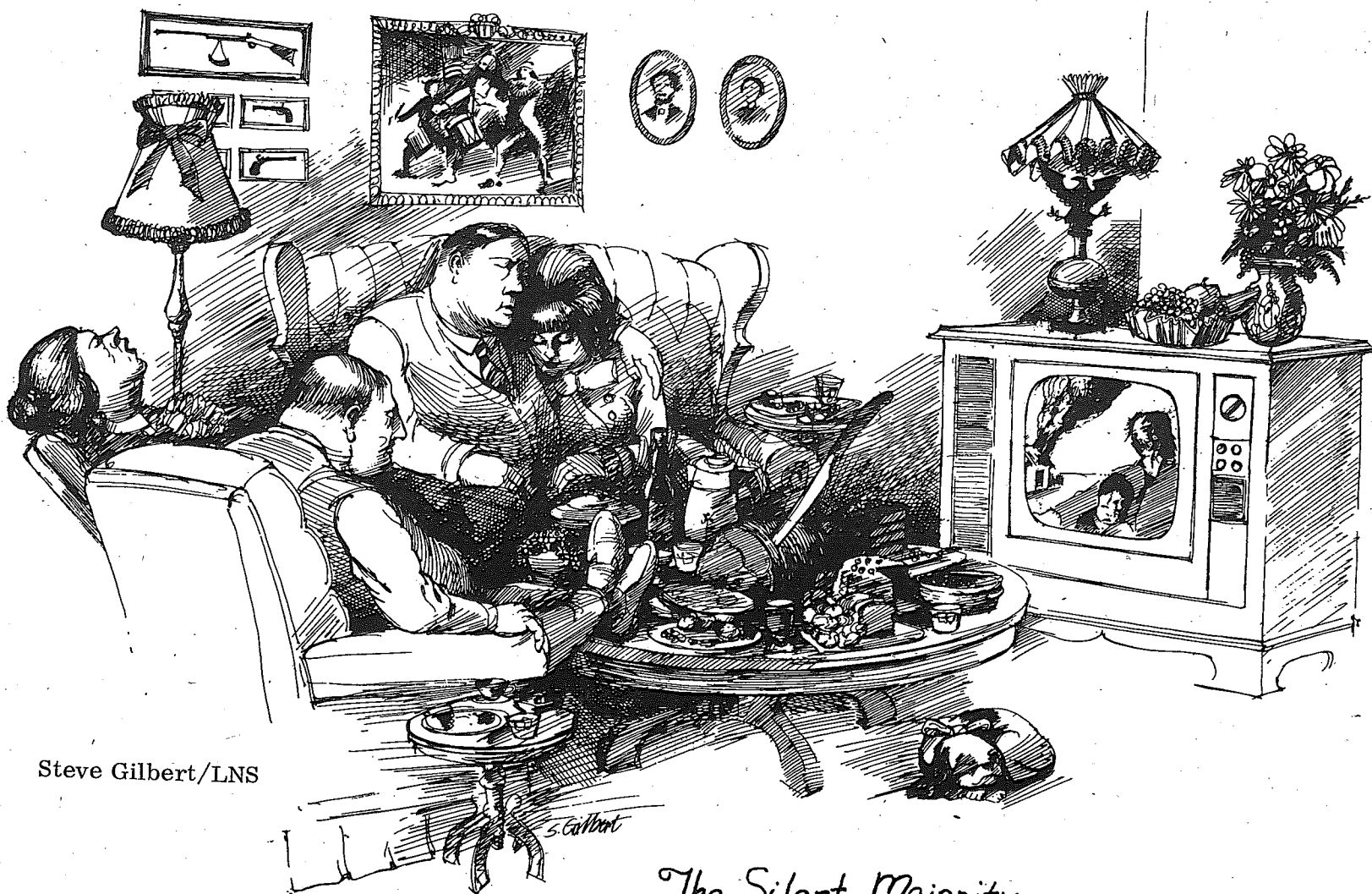
The makers have protested that the proposed devices would boost the cost of their products far above the price range of the average head.

Of even more concern is the ordinary joint which no one knows how to control. Talk of simply banning their use has led leading cigarette paper manufacturers to raise the question of just what would be wrong with everybody being stoned. They have gained the support of various elements of society, whom I'd like to point out don't need to wait five years for the cities to cloud up.

Certainly many industries stand to lose heavily by legislation, but it must be pointed out that the quality of our environment comes before the welfare of several small industries and special interest groups. The possible economic consequences of the sudden scaling down in the cigarette paper industry would not be that harsh. It would probably even help to curb inflation. At any rate, the money would be channelled into the brownie industry as people began looking for other means to consume the unsmoked grass.

February is the month in which many federation's nominating committees meet to choose the slate of candidates for next years officers. I'd just like to raise the question of how many of these committees do a thorough security check on the people they select. I doubt very much if most LRYers really know what kind of people will serve their offices next year. The low standards of selection might let a person with who knows what kind of background become a federation president. It should be pointed out that not one single federation requires even a loyalty oath of those seeking office.

Persons of possible subversive persuasions might at this very moment be leaders in your federation! I suggest that the Board of Trustees set up a Board of UnLRY Activities Committee and investigate the backgrounds of certain people. (I need not give names) who have been acting in rather peculiar fashions. In the mean time, nominating committees should set about searching into the past records of office seekers. The inspection might prove most interesting.



Steve Gilbert/LNS

### The Silent Majority

# NOM-COM

#### AGNEW'S GHOST

by Ian Sven (LNS)

The radio speech was never broadcast, yet old-show-biz Agnew got 14,000 letters of praise the next day. No one will admit who slipped.

What happened was that UPI, a news service, also makes news tapes used by independent radio stations. A month ago they recorded a full hour of the usual hard-hitting, always missing Agnew diatribe. The schedule said it was to be broadcast over dozen of stations on the week end. But a foul-up occurred - not a single station aired the speech.

Just the same, come Monday morning, the UPI office was buried under a flood of 14,000 letters of fulsome praise. There was not a single letter criticising the speech. Agnew was praised for once more exposing the effete intellectual snobs that marched in the protest parades.

14,000 American citizens went zap over a speech they never heard. Only Spiro can get that. I know of three New York City TV stations that were forbidden to air the story. Makes one think.

Come to think of it, that's the same number of letters that Nixon had on his desk the day after one of his speeches. Makes one think.

The LRY Continental Nominating Committee met during the Christmas holidays to consider the slate of officers for Continental office during the elections to be held this summer at the Board meetings during Continental Conference. A full slate of officers was not nominated because of a lack of people that submitted applications.

Anyone may become a candidate for Continental office by submitting an application to the Nominating Committee. Those that were nominated were as follows:

President  
Vice-President  
Secretary  
Treasurer  
Directors

Carl Scheurman; Tacoma, Washington  
Larry Brown; Dallas, Texas  
Colleen Thompson; Minneapolis, Minn.  
No nomination  
Ken Chandler; Washington, D.C.  
Jeff Christ; Westport, Connecticut  
Molly Monahan; Moline, Illinois  
Carolyn Muise; Westboro, Massachusetts  
Mitzi Porges; Evanston, Illinois

The other method in which an LRYer may become a candidate is by petition. According to the by-laws the procedure for petition for office is to submit a petition to the Secretary, Chris West, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108 by June 1, 1970. All petitions shall be in writing, signed by at least 25 members of local groups or members at large, no more than 5 of whom are from the same local group and no more than 15 of whom are from the same election district. There are no nominations from the floor at the Board of Trustees meetings.

So that there will be a fair and representative election, the Nominating Committee urges those that are interested to submit their petitions. Without a full slate of officers the Board of Trustees will have a much more difficult time in determining who would be the best candidate.

#### LRY ACLU ISSUE JOINT LETTER

In December the LRY Division of Social Actions and the American Civil Liberties Program Office issued a joint letter to ACLU chapters and LRY Social Action chairmen. The subject of the letter was academic freedom and due process for high school students.

In calling for cooperation of ACLU chapters and LRY local groups and feds, they stated that the two could work together effectively in obtaining academic freedom

and student civil liberties. The ACLU has issued joint letters before with the American Library Association's Intellectual Freedom Committee to combat censorship in American libraries, and the National Student Association in the areas of search and seizure on college campuses as a violation of due process and privacy.

The areas suggested for discussion were: LRY ACLU talks with administration officials concerning student rights, reports

to high school students on their rights, fund-raising efforts for defense funds, participation of LRYers in public programs on civil liberties, and ACLU participation in LRY programs on high school reform.

Hopefully this might lead to the forming of high school ACLU affiliates in the future. For further information contact Burt Cohen, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. 02108.



# Susprising Amsterdam!

by Mark Hoornstra

Okay. You've had it with school. Maybe you've had it with life in general. You've got the yearn to get out, to see the world, to go "where it's at". But where do you go? New York? Forget it. Boston? Only if you're an LRY officer. San Francisco? Haight-Ashbury is dead. That only leaves Cleveland. But there is another alternative.

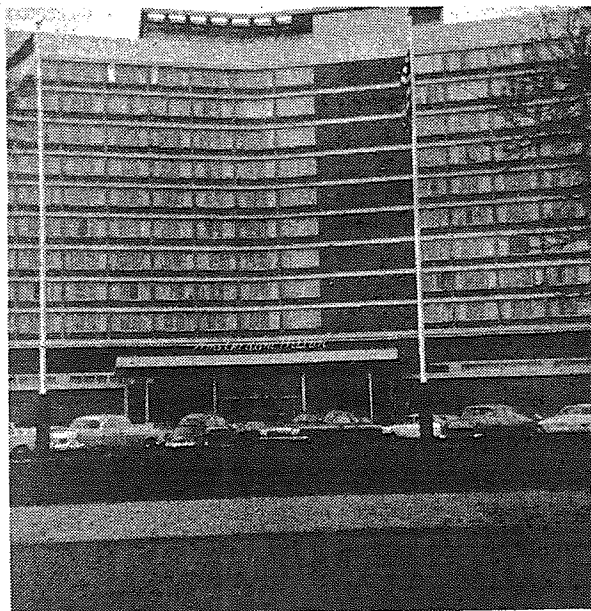
## GO EAST YOUNG MAN

For about the price of a regular United Air Lines ticket from New York to L.A., you can fly from New York to Luxembourg and back on beautiful Icelandic Air Lines. Now, granted that once you get to Luxembourg you're nowhere (unless you dig medieval fortresses), but you're just a hop, skip, and a jump (about 400 kilometers) from the "fourth hippest city in the world".

## "SUPRISING AMSTERDAM"

For the long haired itinerate with a student card, there is no closer world hip center than Amsterdam (to clear any confusion, the hippest city in the world is Katmandu followed by Marrakech and Ibiza). It is literally crawling with the young hip from all around the world. There is good reason for it. Amsterdam has everything that any young rambling freak could ask for. Almost everyone speaks English (that is a fact that is not appreciated until you're in France, don't speak French, and need a bathroom - sign language?). The people are genuinely warm. Living on \$5.00 a day is no sweat and, though it's illegal without a difficult-to-get work permit, many people have jobs. It's not hard to get a job without a permit, but it's impossible to make any more money than is necessary to live on.

There are student hostels all over with prices varying from a rock bottom of \$1.25 to, well, anything you want to pay. If you prefer paying nothing, that also can be pulled off without too much trouble. If you are female, there is no trouble at all. There are plenty of native men that will put you up. If you are male, a similar situation can be arranged without much problem. Or you can do what two hundred hippies did last summer - sleep in Dam Square. Dam Square is a war memorial in the absolute heart of downtown Amsterdam. It is flanked by the two most expensive hotels in Amsterdam and in front of it is the Royal Palace. If the Washington Monument moved to the front of the White House, and the New York Statler Hilton was moved alongside, with Wall Street running through the middle, you'd have an approximation of Dam Square. Now, add two hundred hippies from around the world, 75 sleeping bags (shared of course), 25 lbs. of hash, and a lot of communal happiness; then you have a picture of Dam Square this last summer. The community responded in a warm, typically Dutch fashion. At 7:00



The Amsterdam Hilton

in the morning, they would sound the wake up siren. Two hundred groggy hippies would then walk across the street and wait for the street cleaners to clean the square. At 7:30 the hippies were all free to return to the square and sleep the day away. A bit more comfortable (but not as popular) were the many parks that dot the landscape of central Amsterdam. There you could sleep under trees on a soft carpet of grass and leaves.

## PARADISIO

Paradisio was the American hippies' dream. A place to go and smoke hash with good live bands and no fear of being busted. A place with warm friendly people, three snack bars, light shows, a theater, yoga classes, Zen workshops, jazz improvisation groups, and you name it - it was done at Paradisio. Paradisio was set up and financed by the local Amsterdam government as a place for the young people to go. Many years before it had been a church - a bona fide place of worship. Now it is a psychedelically painted, smoke, people, and music filled Mecca for northern Europe. It is said that during the summer the entire ground floor (about 150ft by 75ft) was so filled with drug pushers that it "resembled the New York Stock Exchange". It never got to the point that there were boards stating the going prices for Nepalese, but it got close enough that the police staged a token bust. Apparently they arrested one pusher who was a known big-time international dealer. The smaller pushers (one or two kilos a day) weren't touched. Now there is a sign saying in three languages - DEALERS WILL BE THROWN OUT. So the dealers have moved outside. On some nights as many as fifteen pushers will be standing outside asking everyone that goes in if "they want to buy some shit...". This simple arrangement seems to work quite well. Everyone, including the police and the government seem satisfied.

PROSTITUTION, MUSIC, MENSAS, CLOTHES, AND BEER

Amsterdam's red light district is among the finest in the world. Legal in

Amsterdam, it is a respectable profession for anyone who cares to work late, long hours. The girls, dressed in rather scanty tight clothing, sit behind pane glass windows bathed in soft red or blue light. They sit there from about 3 p.m. until 3 a.m. the next morning, winking, waving, and smiling. It's amazing how many American tourists end up (or start out) in the red light district. The common practice is to wander up and down the infamous three streets, comparing prices and assets, later to return in the evening to whatever best suits your mood.

American and English music is playing constantly from the jukeboxes of the many pubs throughout Amsterdam. There, amidst the music and smoke, students and rambling young sit and talk of life, Amsterdam, music, the world, and each other. There are specialty clubs all over Amsterdam. Some cater to jazz buffs, some to folk music, some to acid-rock freaks, and others to the violin, wine, and dine jet-setters. Take your pick.

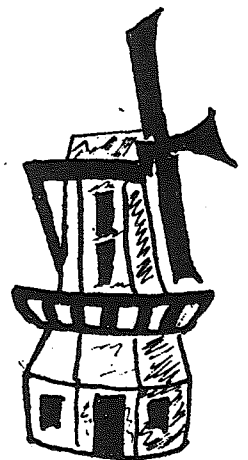
Food can be gotten cheaply in the several student "Mensas" (Latin for a place to eat). There, a complete meal costs about 40¢. If you want to splurge, you can dish out \$1.50 for breaded veal cutlet, salad, potatoes, and sterling silver table ware.

Clothes are best gotten on the Waterlooplein. Everyday from 10 a.m. to 3 p.m. you can get secondhand, knee-length, leather or fur coats for \$15 - second hand boots, second hand hats, second hand shirts, and all the assorted junk anyone could ask for.

A popular way to spend a morning is to visit one of the three world-famous breweries in Amsterdam. No one makes any pretenses about being interested in the brewing process. The end of the tour, however, finds you in a subterranean pub in a corner of the brewery. There if you're fast, you can put away nine to ten beers in the 45 or so minutes that you're allotted. Many return the next day (one fellow was there for his fifth day in succession).

If you can dig it, plunk down your \$185 on the desk of the nearest Icelandic Air Lines Office and fly to "Suprising Amsterdam".\*

\*See KLM Travel Literature.



TESTIMONIAL

THE ADVENTURES OF CHARLIE TWERP

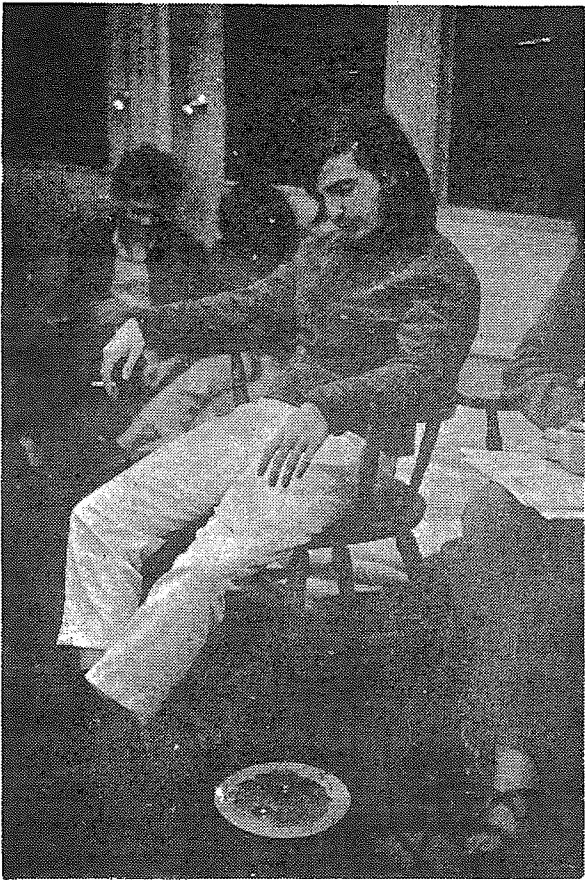
My story is about Robert Lewis Issacs, alias "Robbie" and about one of the most important events not only in the history of LRY, but also the NAMELESS NEWSPRINT.

It was a warm summer morning in the Massachuettis countryside. The sky was clear, the smog had lifted, and the normal noise had subsided. I decided to go for a walk. "Chirp, chirp," went the birds. "Chirp, chirp," went I. "Buzz, buzz," went the bees. "Buzz, buzz," went I. "Creak, creak," went the outhouse door. "Grunt, grunt," went my bowels.

I was a fantastic day - no other in my life had been that way (besides, how often does an outhouse door have anything to say?). Suddenly there was a noise like no other I had ever heard. "Mumble-buzz-yell, mumble-buzz-yell," it went. I had never heard this sound before. Could it be that the outhouse door was acting up, I asked myself. I went back to check. Nope, that weren't it. Then I heard it again, "Mumble-buzz-yell, mumble-buzz-yell," It seemed fainter than before. I looked around to listen where it was coming from. My keen senses told me that it was coming from deep in the forest in the direction of a haze of thick cigarette smoke. My instincts told me to see what this was all about.

I proceeded into the deep forest. "Trample, trample," went my feet. "Oh shut-up," I said, "we don't need any of that to complete this plot!" Low and behold it happened! What was this marvelous happening? I really don't know, but let me tell you about it. The forest suddenly cleared - and of course (as always seems to happen) there was a clearing in the forest. There sitting in the middle of the forest was a short male, about seventeen years old, and deep within Hebrew meditation. Being the stumble-bum that I am I asked, "Could I interrupt you for a moment?" You already have!" he replied. He was right - funny how smart people can be. "Well, then," I asked, "what's that noise you're making?" He looked at me like I was born yesterday - which could be true, but I don't remember too well. "I," he said - as all personal questions start, "am preparing myself for the greatest trial of my life." "What's that?" I ignorantly asked. "I am preparing myself to run for the Presidency of that exalted organization known as LRY!" I immediately fell to my knees - I was tired. "What seems to be the problem?" I queried. "Oh!" He lamented, "I don't know how to convince the BOT - those exalted wise men - that I can fulfill my office if elected." In the tradition of LRY, I began to offer my suggestions of how to help all the little people.

This lasted an hour or more, and still he was deeply troubled. "All you say is true, and I have considered it all, but I don't have a gimmick - that most sacred of political tricks." Then I was deeply troubled. What kind of gimmick could I give to this most beautiful person that would provide a meaningful experience to the BOT? I suddenly realized that I had forgotten to put away the paper I had picked up in the outhouse. I began to walk back to the outhouse to put it away when Robert said, "Wait, let me see what's under your belt." I handed it to him. He screamed, he jumped, he cried, and then he began to show some emotion. Obviously he was turned on. I looked to see what it was, The NAMELESS NEWSPRINT! The ultimate gimmick.



Robert Lewis Issacs

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