

A PINCH OF SALT

"You are the salt of the earth..." Matthew 5,13

"Love God and do what you want"
(St. Augustine)

C.I.A. (Christians Interested in Anarchism)

Issue 5
(end of 1986/start of 1987)



THE BODY OF CHRIST...



HE HAS SCATTERED THE PROUD...

And Mary said:

"My soul praises the Lord
and my spirit rejoices in God my saviour,
for he has been mindful of the humble state of
his servant.

From now on all generations shall call me
blessed,

for the Mighty One has done great things
for me - holy is his name.
His mercy extends to those who fear and love him,
from generation to generation.
he has performed mighty deeds with his arms;
he has scattered the proud in the imagination of
their hearts.

He has brought down rulers from their thrones
but has lifted up the humble.

He has filled the hungry with good things
but has sent the rich empty away....."

Blessed are the poor in spirit,
for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are those who mourn,
for they will be comforted.

Blessed are the meek,
for they will inherit the earth.

Blessed are those who hunger and
thirst for righteousness,
for they will be filled.

Blessed are the merciful,
for they will be shown mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart,
for they will see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers,
for they will be called the daughters
and sons of God.

Blessed are those who
are persecuted
because of
righteousness,
for theirs is the
kingdom of heaven.

"The Church is, or should be, the Body of Christ, which means two things. It means that the hand and the eye are equal, both essential to each other and to the body as a whole, and that neither should be asking for more privilege and prestige than the other, or seeking to usurp the functions of the other. And it means that the whole body is inhabited and animated by the same Spirit. There is some hope for poor, fallible human beings who are commanded to "be...perfect even as your Father in Heaven is perfect" or "called to be saints", because we do not act purely on our own strength and initiative but "do all things in Christ Jesus Our Lord."

"We believe that Anarchism can offer Christianity a more lively awareness than at present exists in most sections of the Church of what the Kingdom of God should be. It advocates revolution and challenges apathetic, corrupt or merely theoretical Christianity. It asks for practical changes, and it provides a means of testing traditional interpretations and applications of Christian doctrine.

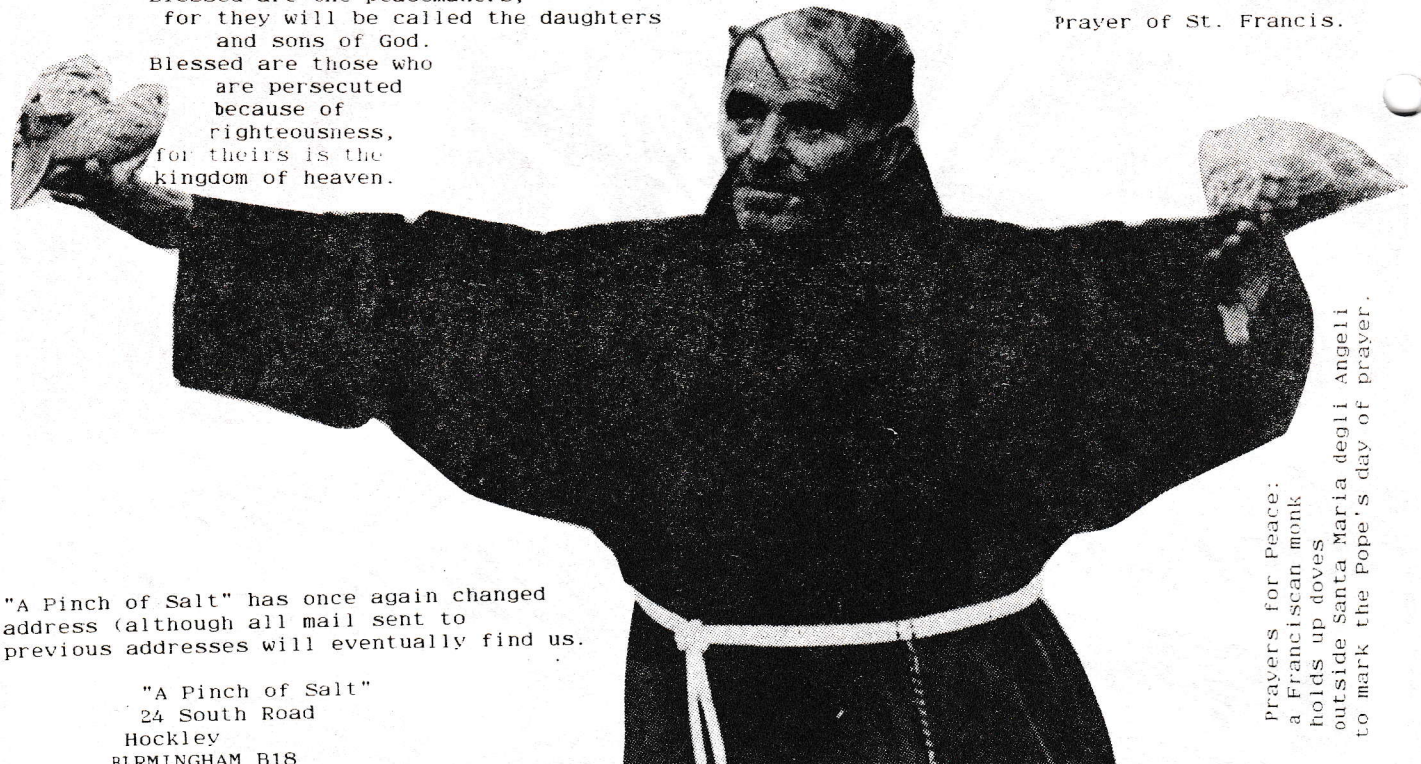
"We believe that Christianity can offer Anarchism a better reason than exists elsewhere in the Anarchist movement for believing that society could be like this. Anarchism is always challenged on the grounds that human nature is so corrupt that coercion and regimentation are absolutely necessary. Christianity, properly interpreted, proclaims that human nature, given freedom and opening itself to the activity of Grace, can and should continuously strive toward perfection. It is at once realistic and idealistic: it appeals to the weak and fallible, it allows for constant falls and recoveries, it proclaims that alone we can achieve nothing and deserve nothing - but it uncompromisingly declares that its ultimate and only goal is perfection."

(from an old Christian Anarchist manuscript)

Lord, make me an instrument of Thy Peace!
Where there is hatred, let me sow Love;
Where there is injury, let me sow Pardon;
Where there is doubt, let me sow Faith;
Where there is despair, let me sow Hope;
Where there is sadness, let me sow Joy.

O Divine Master, grant that I may not seek
so much to be consoled as to console,
so much to be understood as to understand,
so much to be loved as to love.
For it is in giving that we receive;
It is in forgiving that we are forgiven;
And it is in dying that we are born to
eternal Life.

Prayer of St. Francis.



Prayers for Peace:
a Franciscan monk
holds up doves
outside Santa Maria degli Angeli
to mark the Pope's day of prayer.

"A Pinch of Salt" has once again changed
address (although all mail sent to
previous addresses will eventually find us.

"A Pinch of Salt"
24 South Road
Hockley
BIRMINGHAM B18

ANIMAL WELFARE AND THE CHURCH

Q. Which body has investments in ICI, Hill-down Holdings and Unigate, is the biggest private landowner in the UK and owns 8 intensive livestock units one of which involves the keeping of rabbits for fur production?

A large multinational?

A. No, the Church of England.

Q. Who kept calves chained in tiny crates, deprived of roughage and companionship on a farm in Storrington, Sussex?

An unfeeling farmer?

A. No, the Canons of Our Lady of England Priory.

Q. Who runs one of Britain's most intensive battery farms where hens are crammed 6 at a time in tiny cages?

An Agri-business man?

A. No, the Convent of the Order of Passion of Jesus near Daventry, Northamptonshire.

Q. Where are more and more active, dedicated people working to end the cruelty of factory farming?

Within the Church.

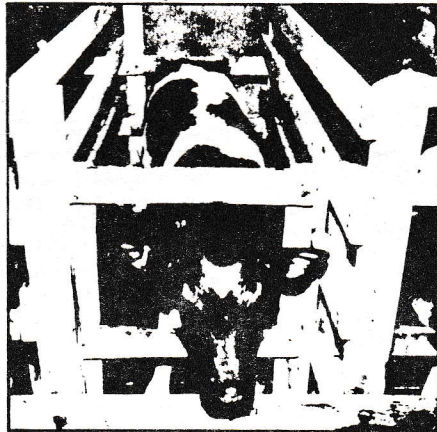
On 28th September in York Minster the Rt. Rev. John Austin Baker, Bishop of Salisbury and patron of Compassion in World Farming, preached the sermon of the first ever Service for Animals organised by Animal Christian Concern. The Bishop condemned the cruelty of factory farming and stated:-

"Christians, who close their minds and hearts to the cause of animal welfare and the evils it seeks to combat are ignoring the fundamental spiritual teaching of Christ himself. They are also refusing the role in the world for which God gave us our brains and our moral sense, to be God's agents to look after the world in the divine spirit of wisdom and love."

Animal Christian Concern (ACC) which organised the service is one of many organisations campaigning on animal issues within the Church. ACC's membership includes many Bishops and clergy, as well as concerned Christian welfarists.

The Anglican Society for the Welfare of Animals (ASWA) is another active organisation which is presently in correspondence with the Church Commissioners with the aim of achieving a ban on all animal abuse on Church owned land. ASWA has also just produced two excellent leaflets, one dealing with factory farming and the suffering of battery hens, sows and veal calves and the other on vivisection. These are available from ASWA, a donation is necessary, however, to cover costs of printing and postage.

The Christian Consultative Council for the Welfare of Animals (CCCWA) is a consultative council consisting of representatives for member organisations which include ASWA, Catholic Study Circle for Animal Welfare, Quaker Concern for Animal Welfare and the St. Andrew Animal Fund. The CCCWA aims "to encourage the Churches and their members, in response to the insights of the Christian faith, to embrace an active concern for the wellbeing of animals."



ADDRESSES:

Anglican Society for the Welfare of Animals,
10 Chester Avenue, Hawkenbury, Tunbridge Wells, Kent.
Animal Christian Concern,
46 St Margarets Road, Horsforth, Leeds, LS18 5BG.
Catholic Study Circle for Animal Welfare,
39 Onslow Gardens, South Woodford, London E18 1ND.
Christian Consultative Council for the Welfare of Animals,
23 Ravensbourne Road, London SE6 4UV.
Quaker Concern for Animal Welfare,
Webb's Cottage, Saling, Braintree, Essex, CM7 5DZ.
St. Andrew Animal Fund,
10 Queensferry Street, Edinburgh EN2 4PG.

From "Agscene" December '86.

AFTER THE DOCUMENTARY

I cut myself shaving.
The blood trickles down me,
a warm wet caress
that drips off my chin.
It reminds me of raw meat,
ready for eating,
reminds me of death:
bloody animal skin.

Sometimes I think
I can't really be bothered,
but sometimes I know
when my conscience shouts out,
that you're more than just fodder
for us hungry humans.
You animals, too,
have lives to live out.

They laughed at your soldiers
fighting in their own way,
breaking the prisons that men keep you in.
They jail them, deride them,
for calling you equal.
They dig their forks into
corpses from a tin.

Somewhere you're dying
so you can be eaten,
somewhere you're hanging
with blood spilling out.
Sometimes I think
I can't really be bothered.
Sometimes I must
for my conscience shouts out.

Rupert M Loydell

GREATER LOVE HAS NO ONE

"...And the meek shall inherit the earth."
Fasting at the gates of the White House.

"It is time for the meek, the little people of this earth, to take control of their earth, away from the despots who keep them fearful with horrible weapons and the threats of withholding God's abundance and bounty."

These words were on a leaflet handed to me in front of the White House, home of the President of the United States of America. It was given to me by Bob, one of several peace-workers who have made their home on the pavement and in the park directly opposite the gates of the White House. Two of these people have lived in the "Peace Park" for nearly six years, with no shelter, no heat, no cooking facilities - they are not even allowed to sleep lying down, but have to remain half upright. As at Greenham Common, traditional civil rights and laws have been changed recently, to make it more difficult for the peace-workers. They have been arrested and strip-searched on minor - often false - charges, and suffer verbal and occasionally physical attack from passers-by. Concepcion Picciotto, one of the longest residents of Peace Park told me: "The marines come over from the Pentagon to abuse us. I hear it's the same at Greenham Common - I feel a strong affinity with the women there."

I stayed to chat with them, and the atmosphere was very like that of a peace camp in Britain, except that instead of a military base, there was a busy street and the White House opposite us, instead of countryside, there was central Washington D.C. all around us. As we talked, I was told about Dr. Charles Hyder, who also lives in Peace Park most of the time, and I learned of his water-only fast for nuclear disarmament. He intends to maintain his fast either until his demands are met or until he dies.

Charles gave up his job as a solar physicist earlier this year, gave away all his possessions and is about to give his life in his determination "...to do everything in my power to rid the world of its nuclear stockpiles and to do what I can to end war in a non-violent way." His past experience in dealing with government and industrial decision-making concerning nuclear waste has led him to the conclusion that the only factors which affect that decision-making process are economics, paranoid self-interest and dead bodies. So, on September 23rd, 1986 he began his fast, hoping to awaken the conscience of America by offering his own life.

His message is simple: "No humane being wants a nuclear holocaust...but if we are to avoid a nuclear war, WE MUST ACT!" His three demands have remained the same throughout the fast, and have been communicated regularly to the President and the media. They are:

continued overleaf

- 1) that the USA commits itself to dismantle all its nuclear weapons by the year 2000 and does not replace them with any holocaust producing weapons;
- 2) that the USA ceases to use or to support violent offensive operations as an option in international relations;
- 3) that the USA works relentlessly to persuade the USSR and the rest of the world to join in these commitments.

Sadly, the United States government shows no sign of meeting these demands, and the American media shows little interest in this protest. It seems likely that Charles Hyder will starve to death in front of the White House, and few Americans will even know about it, due to the deafening silence of the press. Such is the nature of "freedom of speech" in this "land of liberty".

Charles is well aware of this situation, but refuses to end his fast. He sees himself as "a pebble which has loosed itself and which will start a peoples'-peace-avalanche to global nuclear disarmament." to those who question the morality of fasting till death, he asks: "If it is immoral to risk one's life by fasting as a profound protest against the growing threat of a worldwide nuclear holocaust, is it moral to risk that same life in order to kill helpless, innocent and disenfranchised civilians in war?"

Charles' fast is not just "anti-nuke", it is also "pro-peace". His various statements make clear the connection between economics, ethics and enduring peace, explaining that the Western "preoccupation with money, property, acquisitiveness, power over others, etc. has led us to the brink of worldwide human chaos, agony and extinction." As an alternative to this system,

PEACE BY PEACE

On OCTOBER 24th there was another RECLAIM THE CITY service on the steps of the Stock Exchange in London. It was a small event, quiet, fairly unassuming - but it felt very powerful and communicative. The silent vigil day before was amazing - I've never felt so calm amid scornful looks and in the midst of the vast architectural blocks of the financial institutions - so symbolic of the daunting and frightening momentum of the systems of injustice which surround us (and which we are part of). However, it felt as if we had removed a brick or two in our service of recognition (of our responsibilities and others' suffering), repentance and affirmation, in which we shared bread and water, as symbols of life, in the hope that such simple things may be shared and enjoyed the world over.

which places economic considerations above all else, he offers a vision of a world where "relationships at all levels would be characterized by mutual respect, equality, compassion, trust, open-honesty, non-violence and generosity", and asks directly: "Won't you help realise these goals?"

Obviously, Charles Hyder's protest and his vision of a better world are not unique; what is different is that he is about to give his life for them. He expects to die sometime around Christmas, and is calling on people everywhere to make December 25th "a day of fasting and solemn dedication." In one of his statements he says that he remains serene in the knowledge of his own death, confident that "we shall overcome, some day." Christ taught that there is no love greater than to lay down your life for your friends; Charles is taking that very seriously.

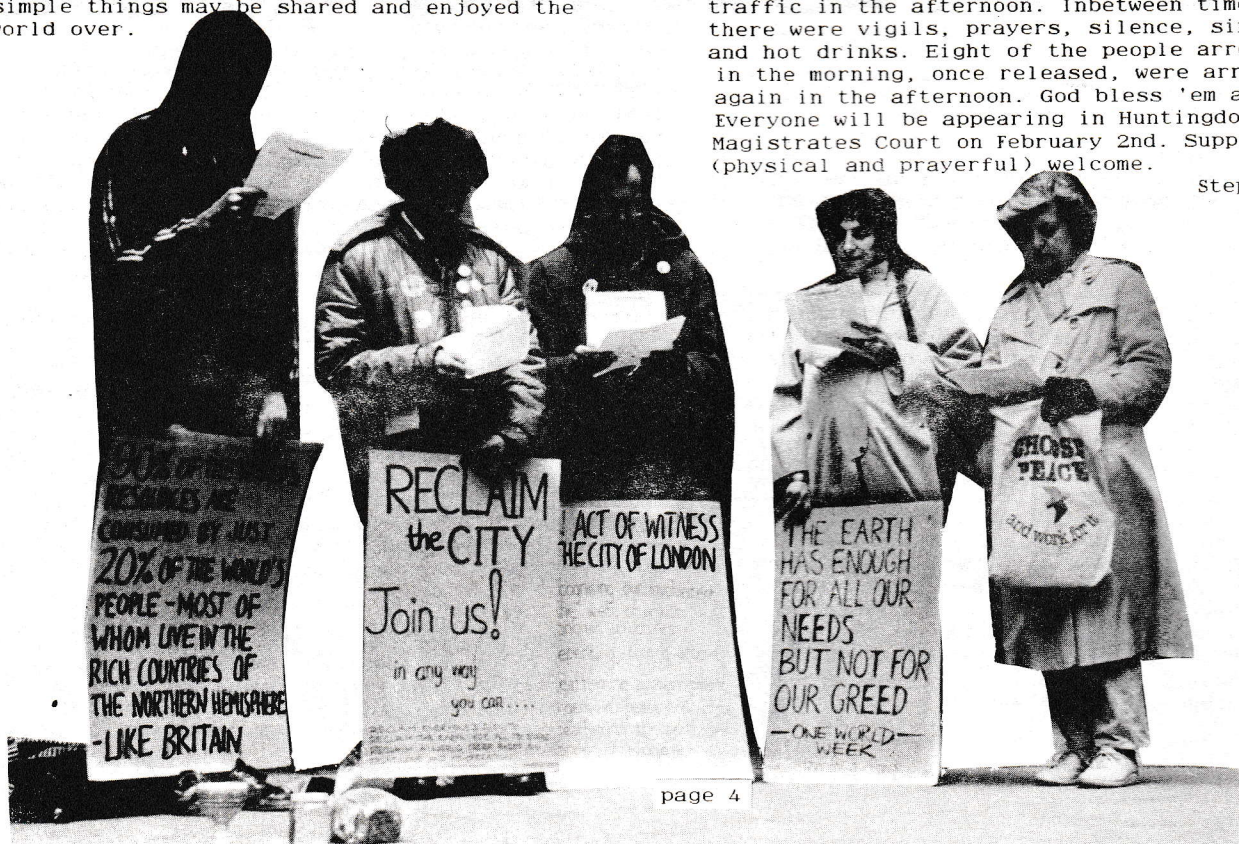
"We all share in the power of all time. Know that in all that comes to pass, and you too will touch the peace of being one with the perfect plan to end all fear, to feed the hungry, to strengthen the powerless and to free the bound."

Nick Hodgkinson

(Nick wrote at the end of this that messages of support can be sent to: Dr. Charles Hyder, Lafayette Park, Box 27217, Washington D.C., 20038, USA and messages to: President Reagan, The White House, Washington D.C., USA)

DECEMBER 8th saw an ADVENT BLOCKADE of MOLESWORTH (see photo opposite - which is of another blockade, but they looked very similar and you wouldn't have known had I not told you) by a wonderful bunch of people. A celebration and protest. Celebrating God's presence on the earth and in our hearts whilst trying to stop the construction traffic entering the base by kneeling, chained, in the roadway. "WOULDN'T YOU RATHER BUILD A HOSPITAL" - a simple and direct message - and quite a few of the drivers and workers took leaflets. The response of the police wasn't as accomodating - chains were quickly cut and people arrested. Blockades of two gates happened in the morning, and a blockade of the by-pass for construction traffic in the afternoon. Inbetween times there were vigils, prayers, silence, singing, and hot drinks. Eight of the people arrested in the morning, once released, were arrested again in the afternoon. God bless 'em all. Everyone will be appearing in Huntingdon Magistrates Court on February 2nd. Support (physical and prayerful) welcome.

Stephen.



Seek you first
the Kingdom
of God

THE LOVE OF JESUS



When fighting one day, so the story goes, the Emperor Constantine of Rome saw a bright light in the sky, and Jesus said to him - IN HOC SIGNOS VINCE - (in this sign conquer!). Unfortunately, Constantine did not interpret this sign as a call to true conversion. The eagle on the standards of the Roman armies was merely substituted by the cross.

Was the message of God that he should fight, continuing the same violence, in the name of the cross of Jesus? Certainly not! The cross is a symbol - not a meaning in itself - the cross signifies the love of Jesus. Jesus conquered the violence and hatred of this world, not by using that very violence, but by a greater power - the power of the love that comes from God's Spirit. It is the Spirit who guides us, who comes to us with the message of peace and love. God's Spirit flows within us all - it is our job to allow it's peace to flow in our hearts.

Jesus is not a king of violence
he is the King of Peace
he is not a king of hatred
he is the King of Love
he is not a bringer of misery, the kind of misery we see all around us, caused by "man's inhumanity to man",
he is the source of Joy.

Is the cross a cross of ultimate sorrow? No! It is a sign of God's love, which joins us to the infinite joy.

Today, many people claim to be fighting for a Christian, or a moral, or a "good" way of life - All Hail to the Constantines of the Twentieth Century!
- crosses are painted tanks
- platoons are blessed by chaplains (misguided folk who think that their call as ministers of God is to condone the use of violence, the very violence which desecrated Jesus' entrance into the world, and which attempted to eliminate him)
- the Pope inspects military guards of "honour" (and has his own armed bodyguards, ready to kill any who attack - Peter, put up your sword!)

We must call upon all Christians to embrace the way of the cross - beating our swords into ploughshares - using the immense spiritual weapons God has given us to fight alongside the liberating Spirit to eradicate the violence of hatred and war and misery and poverty from among us.

We are reminded in the Book of Revelations that Jesus is knocking at the door of our hearts, waiting for us to open and allow the Spirit to enter, and help us to live lives dedicated to the love of God and of one another. This gives us strength beyond any earthly, material strength. By resorting to physical violence we close our hearts to the Spirit, become weaker, as we slip into the pit of our own human strength which is dwarfed by the spiritual strength given us by God.

How can we justify, then, our violence in war - indeed violence of any kind - oppression, abortion, racism, sexism, the enforced poverty of most of the world, slander - when the message of Jesus is that of love and peace? We must call on all Christian people, indeed all people, to reject violence.
Jesus has shown us the way!
Gandhi has shown us the way! Ironical for a non-Christian to teach us such a valuable lesson on Christianity's true way....the way to peace is in our grasp.

We must live in peace.

Many men still oppress "their" women. When men cease to think of women in terms of property, then we will see a move to end this oppression. God does not place people in a state of enforced ownership - why should we?

We in Britain (sic) have a gross past of racial oppression, stemming largely from the imperialist nature of the English state - still we see its results in Ireland, South Africa, and much more.

We oppress gay men and women.

We oppress the young, the old.

We oppress the pacifist in wartime (and in so-called peacetime).

We must start, in our own lives, to reject the oppression of and by those around us, and the oppression by "Holy State" - from the de-individualisation of the numbers game - N.I. number, driving license number, married/widowed/single/divorced; we are a mish-mash of statistical non-entities - to the more overt, obvious violence we see around us.

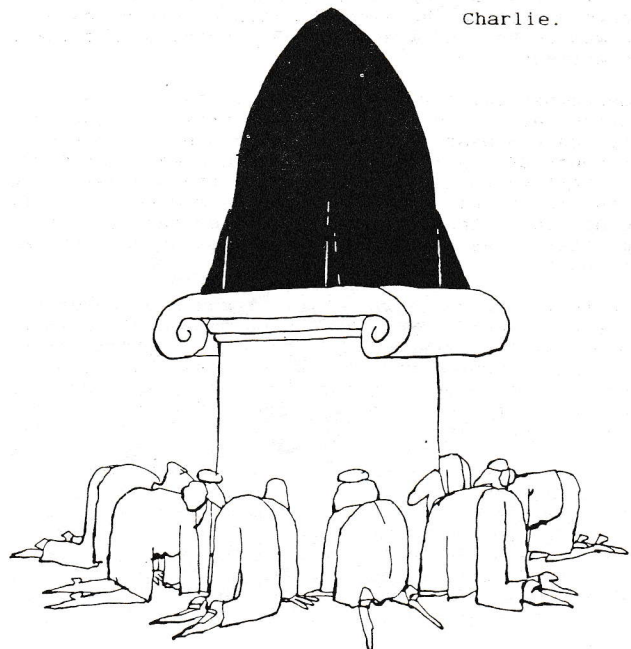
Violent resistance is a legitimising of the state's and other violence - can violence overcome violence?

The love of Jesus, beaten, battered, on a cross - a fool, a clown, a failure - with this can we overcome - all women and men - the hatred, fear and violence we have come to expect in this world.

Let's not be Constantines reincarnate!

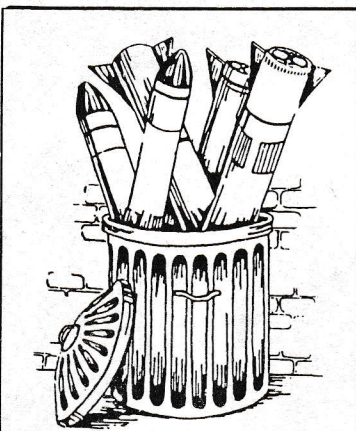
Let's look at each other and see a sister, a brother - let's see God's Spirit in everyone - that which unites us all.

Charlie.





THEIR RIGHT - TO SHARE A FUTURE WITHOUT WAR



AND THEY SHALL BEAT THEIR SWORDS INTO PLOUGH SHARES

AND THEIR SPEARS

INTO PRUNING HOOKS

AND NONE SHALL MAKE THEM AFRAID

MAKE THEM AFRAID

YY

ISAIAH CHAP 2 VERSE 4

YOU WILL GO OUT IN JOY...

Plowshares prisoner Martin Holladay was unexpectedly released from prison on September 24, 1986, when U.S. District Judge Elmo Hunter decided to reduce Martin's sentence from 8 years to time served. Martin is now back home in Vermont.

Martin had been removed from the federal prison in Danbury, Connecticut on September 3, and he was slowly transported to Kansas City, Missouri in the custody of U.S. Bureau of Prisons and the U.S. Marshals. He spent two weeks in Lewisburg Penitentiary and one week in Leavenworth Penitentiary, before being brought into court before Judge Hunter on the morning of September 24. Judge Hunter had scheduled the court appearance as an evidentiary hearing in response to the Rule 35 motion (motion for a reduction of sentence) which Martin filed on July 22, 1986.

After a court session of about an hour and a half, Judge Hunter ruled that Martin's sentence should be reduced to time served, and that he should be released immediately. Martin has been incarcerated since February 19, 1985 (over 19 years). Judge Hunter left unaltered certain aspects of Martin's sentence: the sentence of 5 years probation, as well as the fine of \$1000 and the restitution payment of \$2242.

So, Martin walked out of the courthouse without handcuffs and accompanied only by attorney and friend Henry Stoeber, who drove Martin to the airport. Within just a few hours, Martin was in Boston, where he was greeted by his family. Martin writes:

"On September 24, I woke up in a cell behind the forty-foot brick wall of Leavenworth Penitentiary, thinking that my court appearance before Judge Hunter was scheduled on September 29, in five days. A guard woke me at 5.30 a.m. to tell me to get ready, because the marshals were going to pick me up. As the two marshals were handcuffing me and attaching the belly chain and leg shackles, they told me that I was being transported not to another jail but to court.

"The actual appearance was brief. I made no statement, other than the words "Yes, Your Honor" several times to indicate that I understood and accepted the terms of my release. Judge Hunter made it quite clear that it was his opinion that the peace process could not be advanced by people who resort to "illegal means"; that unilateral disarmament would leave Americans vulnerable to attack by the Soviets; that I was unfortunately subject to negative influences from part of the peace community which supports Plowshares actions; and that he hoped my 19 months in Danbury Prison had provided me an opportunity to get away from the negative influences of this peace community, and given me a chance to reassess my action. I decided not to respond to these comments from the judge. It was only when the words "time served" were spoken that I realised I was really on my way home.

"I flew from Kansas City to Boston on the same afternoon. I spent three nights in Boston, hugging and laughing with my friends Marie and Clark, my mother Jean father Bill, brother Peter, brother-in-law Mike, and niece and nephew Anna and John. On Saturday afternoon, Marie and I drove to Vermont, where my heart has almost burst at the pleasure of walking in the woods, feeling the soil in the garden, picking apples and rose-hips, sleeping in my own bed, watching the sun rise behind Burke Mountain.

"There are no words to express the emotions experienced by a prisoner who is suddenly released from captivity into the bosom of his family and friends. "Hallelujah!", certainly. As I look out over the autumn brilliance of the maples, it is as if I feel the words of Isaiah in my very blood and bones:

You will go out in joy
and be led forth in peace;
the mountains and hills
will burst into song before you,
and all the trees in the field
will clap their hands. (Isaiah 55:12)

"During my incarceration, I had the pleasure and privilege of corresponding with a great many friends and supporters. For all the wonderful expressions of support and love, I am very grateful: I was unusually blessed by letters from a large and loving community. Now that I am at home in the woods I imagine I will be very busy cutting firewood, sheetrocking my kitchen, looking for a job, and dealing with all the distractions and complications of deinstitutionalisation, I know that I will be unable to maintain the level of letter-writing which I kept up while I was in prison. If I am now unable to answer your letters, I hope that you will be forgiving (My address is P.O. Box 61, Sheffield, VT05866, USA)

"I urge all who are so inclined to write to any of the Plowshares activists who are still imprisoned. Here are the names and addresses of nine women and men imprisoned for Plowshares actions at Minuteman missile silos in Missouri:

The Silo Pruning Hooks

- Carl Kabat (18 years): F.C.I., P.O.Box 1000, Milan, MI 48160, U.S.A.
- Paul Kabat (10 years): F.C.I., P.O.Box 1000, Sandstone, MN 55072, U.S.A.
- Larry Cloud Morgan (8 years), F.C.I., P.O.Box 33, Terre Haute, IN 47807, U.S.A.
- Helen Woodson (12 years): c/o Hastings-Dixon, P.O.Box 1024, Hayward, WI 54943, U.S.A.

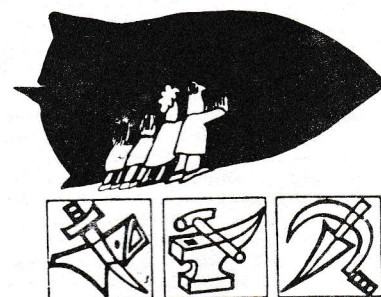
The Silo Plowshares

- Darla Bradley (8 years): Federal Prison, Women's General, 3150 Horton Road, Fort Worth, TX 76119, U.S.A.
- Jean Gump (8 years): Federal Women's Prison, Box A, Alderson, WV 24910, U.S.A.
- Larry Morlan (8 years)
- Ken Rippentoe (8 years)
- John Volpe (7 years)
- All three at: F.C.I., P.O.Box 1000, Duluth, Duluth, MN 55814, U.S.A.

****This piece is from "Hammer and Anvil" October 1986, a newsletter brought out by Martin's support group Plowshares Defense, c/o Michelle Zacks, 119 Nicoll St., New Haven, CT 06511, U.S.A.
 ****Issue 4 of "A Pinch of Salt" had three pages worth of articles and information about the Plowshares actions in the United States. Back issues available free upon request.



The "Swords to Plowshares" peace symbol used by the church in East Germany.



DREAMS AND REFLECTIONS

Dreams are pictures, flashes, episodes, a few thoughts thrown together, not dealing in precise logic or thorough analysis - like poetry, in pursuit of a truth but not proclaiming Truth; not an explanation of Life but an extract of life.

We wallow in chaos. Philosophers without success look for the foundations; politicians for the unanswerable case. We are all searching, but the world defeats our efforts. Those who seek to question everything end up questioning nothing; those who seek to change everything end up changing nothing. We need to return to God - to the absurdity of faith, the unfathomableness of love - the stupidity of humble poverty, the mysterious power of powerlessness. When we accept defeat we can begin to live.

Quakers in the early days: they've seen it all and are so confused, defeated. Knowing of no certainty they gather in the certainty of silence. At least in silence no one can deceive themselves with the superficiality of words. At least in powerlessness no one can press the button.

Sitting in the "Pinch of Salt" editorial meeting, he pretends to be serious, sensible - dare he admit it - professional. After all this is our magazine, our little vehicle, our vehicle to disseminate Truth to a deluded world. Oh! but what foolishness! Is this christian anarchism? Any other ideology maybe; any other "ism" trying to save an unsavable world. What an impossible task; what an arrogant presumption; what a terrible burden of guilt and responsibility this rational secular culture places upon us. Return to God, he thinks - it's all up to God. The burden is lifted; a deep warmth fills his being. This is real liberation - humility, love, powerlessness.

Again the illusion; "Return to God" - we've worked out the answer ourselves; the confidence slips into dogmatic arrogance; the resulting tyranny, violence, enslavement of ourselves by ourselves. So, what is he doing here playing at being the revolutionary? Oh yes, he knows all the cliches - going through a phase, unbalanced, distracted, and impetuous; a product of estrangement, repression, self-doubt. Searching for a new identity, a label, the more out on a limb the better (even the secular anarchists ask "Are you serious?"). Confused, superficial minds dabbling with the usual hotch-potch of radical naivities with a quaint pinch of spirituality to prevent us from being identified with the graveyard of deceiving "isms" that failed to come up with the goods.

Another voice interrupts - Okay all you liberal christians what is this christianity you've tamed and civilised? Who is this Jesus you profess to follow? Wasn't he the greatest lunatic who ever lived? How does your creed of complacent affluence and political prudence compare with the dynamite of unconditional love?

Methsoc meeting: a Barclays bank manager is explaining Jesus' attitude towards money. The most outrageous display of doublespeak ever heard. "Oh, it is alright to have money, as long as we are not attached to it." Crap! Heard it all before - it's alright to have power over people as long as the ends are just; it's alright having missiles because we know that we'll never have to use them. We have it all under control. We don't need any help - no need of the suffering God in the eyes of the starving child staring at us from the newspaper amid the latest financial reports. We don't let anything get us down - we can handle it, as holocaust looms around the corner and each year millions of starved corpses join us as we salute the god of material progress.

So, if he is lost and confused then so is the world around him - propped up by the flimsy pillars of secular myths, always vulnerable to collapse if the ideal of material progress becomes too divorced from the reality on the streets (remember Hitler).

He returns once more - we are all lost. In humility he turns to face the silence, the centre - God. He meets Love, the companion with whom we all begin our journey to save the world. But no sooner than we think we have found the Path, our companion is lost. For then "Man" is born and God, whose shadow is Love, is cast aside; thrown into the gutter of human failure. There God waits patiently amid the growing debris till, finally, choking on his own pollution, "Man" dies, and, with heads lowered with guilt and grief, we face the destruction. There, in the centre of the filth, in the darkness of doubt and despair, previously so feared, we find God. And in the midst of it all we are embarrassed, reunited - saved.

"So, what do you think?". His mind jolts back to the mundanity of the "real" world - the editorial meeting. "Er...What?"

"Don't you think that all this mystical stuff is a bit self-indulgent. I mean, don't you think that you could explain yourself better? What does 'God' mean; where's the continuity, the....."

....Yes, the argument, the analysis; where's the universal proclamation that we can find the Truth, security, peace, happiness ourselves - with clear, vigorous articles, well-planned rational strategies of social change?

Two comforting/disturbing quotes:

Oh master grant that I may never seek
So much to be consoled as to console
TO BE UNDERSTOOD AS TO UNDERSTAND
To be loved as to love with all my heart
(a midaevil beggar)

Actions speak louder than words
(anom. it would have to be)

Roger

DIRECT ACTION
SPEAKS LOUDER THAN WORDS!



THE THOUGHTS AND PRACTICES

I start, philosophically, with two contrasting views. (1) The world is wonderful, beautiful, as are the human and non-human animals that live on it. The potential is amazing. (2) The world is full of suffering, where dominant power-groups have power-over others; we live in a violent society where it sometimes seems impossible to imagine the good potential ever arriving.

So what is this suffering? It manifests itself in many ways that some of us are all too aware of. Sexism, racism, disableism, etc. All around us people are dying of starvation, lacking in love, competing with each other. And so the list goes on. The suffering is about a divided people, the haves and have-nots, white-black, gay-straight, male-female, old-young... again the list can go on for ever, because these groups compete, and compete not only against each other but against themselves. The competition and what it supports are what divide us, what spurs us on to "do better than", what promote our cravings, the suffering of the world.

Capitalism causes a hierarchy of wealth, by which success is mistakenly measured. Patriarchy a hierarchy of sex, sex-roles and sexuality. Authoritarianism a hierarchy of power. Within each of these and amongst these are wrapped the props; the props of our society, the props of our suffering.

Competition divides us. Implicit in capitalism is competition, the searching for economic power at the expense of others. It is profit, not people, that society seems to value.

Patriarchy pushes women down, men up, puts monogamy as the norm, heterosexuality as the only option.

Authoritarianism tells us some groups are better than others (whites over blacks, humans over non-humans, eg) and validates that power system that it represents, by wielding its power and telling us so.

To end the suffering, we need to end the violence that leads to it; "power-over" is implicitly violent. Therefore it is nonviolence that represents the way forward.

Personally, I had one starting point. I fitted into the dominant power-groups - white, male, middle-class, able-bodied, stereotypically beautiful, and although some perceptive adults saw in me a "free spirit" trying to get out, I may well have trudged the career path, pushing aside my competitors, if it hadn't been for my sexuality, and an inner conviction that I should be open about it. After all, I was proud to be gay.

I have no doubt that my comfortable upbringing has allowed me to rebel. It gave me the comfort of material security as a child, the resources of private education. 19 years of having it good makes it easy to reject it for a while. If I was poorer, maybe I wouldn't have held such a radical stance, and certainly if I'd come from a power group further down the line, I couldn't have got back to the environment of middle-class comfort that I flit in and out of now. Yet in my living my life how I do, and I only hold my ideas to be pertinent to England, I hope to break down the oppressive power structures that my class propagates.

I joined the opposition to the system. I wanted to smash the system. I won elections, as people do, by beating others; I scorned innocent heterosexuals, held power, made table-thumping speeches, got status. Then I realised the paradox. How would we undo a system if we replicated its structures in our attempts to break it down? Thus was my move from socialism to a non-violent anarchism.

Now, as I hover between retreating from the world to live out my ideals more closely, or involvement in it, I hover between the idea of the individual able to change opinions, lives, and the concept that we live in power groups. I am in a power-group as a man, as a white, as a gay, as a bisexual, as a n anarchist.... I am in a collection of groups, each with differing amounts of power and status, depending upon the environment. In a way I am also in a power group of one, for no one joins me in an identical set of identities. Sometimes I see life as me and them.

I too have been indoctrinated with this notion of competition. I see the world competing against me, me losing. I shy away from groups to avoid comparison, deal with people one to one where I can sell myself best, and try to be different generally so I am outside the parameters of the game. This, maybe, is my hang-up. It also reflects, though, part of my separatism. I largely only mix with those of like-mind and try to help them move further along the anti-establishment path, rather than talk to Tories about veganism. From my socialist days I unfortunately still find myself judging down heterosexual stereotypes, meat-eaters etc. I have my own doctrines, but my judging others because of theirs is another case of division. I do try however to treat everyone with equal consideration; this also means doing away with false politeness and titles.

I hold no one sexuality now, no set of norms surrounding sex, no taboos. I want to be able to love everybody and express that love. Monogamy makes us choose between people, coupling holds others from us. I have therefore rejected both. Marriage is a sick institution which discriminates against women. I cannot sanction it. The Nuclear family is a constructed unit of total inconsideration for the majority of its members. I have changed my name to escape mine (and to protest about the way the father's name only is passed down). Aware of "biological-parent" power, I had a vasectomy when I was 21. Child-rearing is an ultimate responsibility and I would only do it in the company of many others...our patterns must not just be transferred onto the young people of the world. What sort of a world are we in to celebrate yet more increase in population? Education divides us and is corruptly practised with little thought given to training for living in a world community. I don't agree with paper qualifications or most of what is taught as important in schools and colleges.

Monogamy also involves possession, jealousy and often untruth, when these precepts are crossed. In a doctrine of love, for that is what nonviolence can equate, how can we possess any one else, how can we lie to partners? Secrecy is violence for it involves a power-over. Truth and honesty are part of love, as are commitment and care. Anger can be part of love. It is honest expression that is vital, not just to an individual relationship but to a relationship with the world. (This entails me not gambling and only selling and buying fixed price goods.)



It is the relationship with the world that should, and will, mirror our relationship with ourselves. When we hate ourselves, we hate the world. We are not sure of ourselves, we become very defensive, attack that which threatens, divide again. When we love ourselves, there are no threats to our identity, our lifestyle on a personal level...we can give love when we love ourselves for we know what love is, and we can be selfless about giving it.

So, love yourself. Love those around you. love the world. (It is love that makes us feel wanted, not conformity. I wear a beard, no longer believe in the ideal of androgyny. I am a man. Equality is not sameness but oneness.) That doesn't mean getting on wildly with every-one or amalgamating different power groups. It means listening, caring, trying to understand. Love is about communication too. It means not-exploiting, not helping-exploit, taking ourselves away from the structures that practice power-over.

I am deliberately unemployed and unemployable, with an unusual name and a criminal record of anti-establishment protest. I don't want to uphold the capitalist money system. I don't want to pay taxes that support the violent society. I try to work for free, and live for as little as possible. The State pays me to spread my loving dissent. I do not sponge. The world is as much mine as theirs. It is all of ours. I try to share my possessions, give them away to the more needy and hope they will do

OF A YOUNG QUAKER ANARCHIST

the same. Property divides too. Possessive ownership of it, at least. The money system corrupts us, turns us into materialists. Possessions may alleviate the suffering, but they also compound it and complicate life.

I try to live simply, to unclutter my life from bureaucracy, over-responsibility, to unclutter my life to give people time. I don't know if I succeed. I spend a great deal of time travelling and visiting and yet there is never enough. Our schedules divide. I learnt to lessen my love-load and give less people a little more. That was my commitment and my care. I have few possessions, have never bought new clothes, have no T.V. (It is a corrupt institution too, that propagates lies and bias. It also divides people by keeping them inside and away from their friends. I would like to ban T.V. - it is altogether too powerful), try to live without a telephone as people use it instead of seeking out face to face contact. I believe in communal resources, have given away all my books to a peace library, see great good in public transport, lauderettes (both should be free) and libraries. I use no toilet paper, try to conserve the earth's resources. I buy no food in tins. I eat the same meal three times a day. Rice and vegetables. As organic as I can afford. Nothing animal. No salt. No sugar. No gluten. Part of loving myself, as is regular exercise. Good for my system. (I don't believe in germs, but in mental-state induced illness, so I have no truck with establishment medicine). I believe in eating locally-produced, non-animal food, for my health and for all our goods. The rice I buy is Italian - a dilemma over developing-world exploitation vs the fact that the starving still need the pittance they get for producing the cash crops. (I have the same problem with charity. Whilst we have a Govt. it should pay, but the ideal is no Govt. and all us helping each other.) I take no stimulants or drugs and look to life for my highs. As a result I hardly ever "go out". (I will not take needless photos because of the gelatine in film and don't wear leather of fur goods.)

My pacifism leads me, unavoidably, to an anarchism, where centralised Govt. is wrong and corrupt, where votes are immoral, where none of the parties anyway represents my point of view. Which party allows us to take control of our own lives? (We need decentralisation, revocable delegates, consensus decision making.) That is all I want. To grow my hair long for simplicity or to have it very short for simplicity. To hold hands with who I want to in the streets. To be sexual, if I choose that option, with whoever also wants to be sexual with me. To ride a bicycle without fear of injury.

I hate nationalism. But it brings us together, you say? Yes, it amalgamates power groups in false pretences in order to beat someone else. I am a pacifist, want no armies or arms. Sharing is about loving, not winning. I try to be international. I travel as a person.

Of course, I also have my culture, based on those power groups I'm in. I don't lose touch with that, for that is my experience, and if I don't know where I come from, how do I know where I am, how do I know where I can go to?

My culture is apart from the norm. I make it that way. In all sorts of little ways. I have my right ear pierced, I have a tattoo, I have an unusual name, I refuse to buy certain produce, or let people smoke or drink in my flat. I won't go to pubs, purchase goods that support oppression. I love communicating, writing, talking, listening, loving. I try to appreciate life on all levels. Being poor, this is easier. Financial comfort often makes us forget the comfort itself. Money gives us a false set of values that doesn't include people. I try to be creative on all levels, practice visual art, performed art, music - but all as an art of living. For my life is, as is other forms of art, a personal expression. I work on my lifestyle.

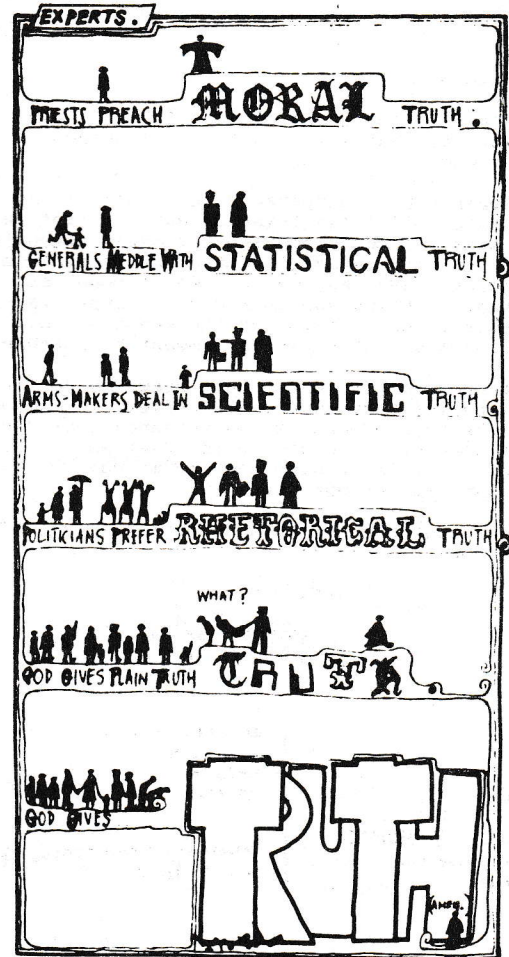
I live a picture, hoping others will see it, like it, follow it. The power-groups are really different truth-groups. In the end the power will not be placed upon them from the state, but we will be the state, and our power will be in our sharing of those truths and in our living as close to the truth as possible. That is my dictate. To live as close to the truth as is possible. To be honest at all times. If I die tomorrow I will die happy, people will know what I was thinking of them. I will have died doing what was practically close to the ideal as possible.

That ideal is about living a life that hurts others as little as possible, that helps them as much as possible to overcome their own suffering - the loneliness the divisions bring, I know only too well. I travel around communicating and hoping people will pick up on my words.

Language is a picture of our reality (maybe the limit) - I chose words carefully, deliberately alter spellings if I find words offensive. In what I write I try to include the personal because I am not detached

from anything that is to do with me. I am not an autonomous individual. Academic work that I have done still came through an experience my life lived. Therefore it often includes the surrounding experiences that could not help but shape the project concerned.

Spirituality, politics, sexuality are all life-style. They are all an interaction as we all are with each other. The problem is to make our lifestyles bearable without oppressing others. Whether I need to run away with others to do that I don't know. At the moment I am in the world but not of it and I hope others may soon follow. I continue my search for a place and a group with whom to share my life. My astrology says I am destined for fame. My success though will be living how I want to. Many have preceded me. Peter Linford was one. The revolution has begun. One day we may look back and see, as we continue to struggle for new frontiers, that we have already passed the spot we dreamed of way back in '86.



"A P
inch of Sa
It depends totally
on your contributions of a
ny sort...poetry, articles, news, gr
aphics, suggestions, criticisms, writing
you have found inspiring and would
like to pass on to others
thanks alot to you
all for al
l...

PEACE

Dear Stephen,

a few months ago a friend of mine sent me a copy of "A Pinch of Salt" and although I didn't agree with anarchism the ideas of Christian anarchists interested me.

Since then Greenbelt has come and gone, and while there I came along to your C.I.A. meeting - which I felt was very worthwhile. I must admit that I had used to regard all anarchists as "misguided" individuals, but having now seen what anarchism really stands for I wonder if it's me who's been misguided. I still don't believe that anarchy has all the answers and I still disagree with some of its aims, but something I am sure on is that the world would be a better place if there were more Christian anarchists about.

thanks and keep up the good work,
Yours in Christ Jesus,

Brian Gye

Dear Pinch of Salt,

I am sorry the Altrincham A team thought I was attacking sexuality and that Tim thought I was suggesting that sex excludes God.

Both completely misunderstood. God is real, and gives and sustains all life. I was using "worship" in the narrow sense of concentrating all one's attention & devotion on God - which is different from the meaning when someone says they worship God through nature. The latter is being aware of God, or appreciating his gifts & creation, but is not the sense of total dedication & adoration which I meant by worship.

The letter from Altrincham only seems to confirm my "naive" belief that anarchists believe in the goodness of human nature. Where is the evidence that "in an anarchical society people would treat each other as equals"? Has it ever happened? If we can do that, why did Christ die for our sins?

I suspect that our understanding of the word "Christian" differs too.

Yours sincerely

Joyce Tyler



Head Postmaster: **J HUNTER**
In any reply please quote:
Your reference:

Head Post Office
Crown Street
ABERDEEN
AB9 1AA

4.14

Telephone: Aberdeen 576141 Ext 257
Giro a/c: 115 3013

1411080

Dear Postal Customer

We sincerely regret the damage your mail received during handling by the Postal Service and hope this incident will not seriously inconvenience you. We realise your mail is important to you and you have every right to expect it to be delivered in good condition.

The damage was caused while the ~~package~~ letter item was passing through one of our mechanised sorting machines. Although it is only a very small number of items which are damaged in this way we are doing everything possible to eliminate damage of this kind.

Please accept our apologies.

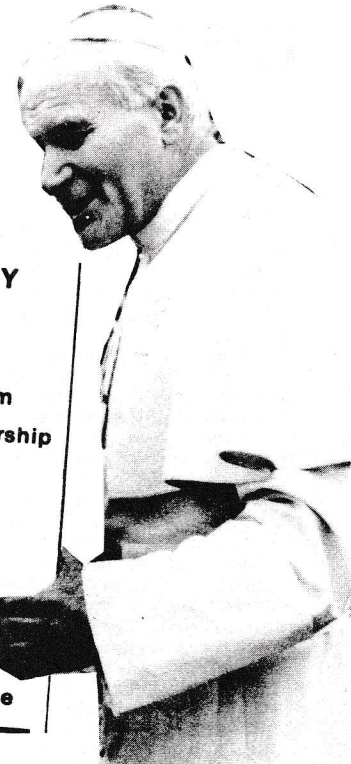
Yours sincerely

L. Harper

Customer Services Section

SYMBOL KEY

- Teaching
- Music
- Evangelism
- Praise/Worship
- Drama
- Film
- Travel
- Food
- Coffee Bar
- Healing
- Anything else



Swami Nirmalananda
Viswa Shanti Nikethana
B.R.Hills P.O.
Chamarajanagar - 571313
Karnataka, India

My dear Stephen,

Heart-felt love & Greetings!

How nice to hear from you! So pleased to hear that there is a Christian Anarchist group in England!

Although both Buddha & Christ are my ideal heroes & the true Lights & Guides of life, frankly, I do not cling to any particular religion. If we do so, we function as only a sectarian & one-sided person, living like a frog in the well & asserting that "my well is the true world & heaven."

Having read deeply about all religions of the world and reaching nowhere because what all we have read & understood is with our limited mind & intellect, we must dive deeper within by meditation & contemplation until we come to a sort of "Awakening" or Illumination, until we reach that mystical state where we are able to say that true knowing is unknowing. Truly to know is not to know. Must unburden the contents of the mind by emptying it. Our mind is already full with all sorts of knowledge, - opinions, ideas, ideals, memories & speculations & what not. Only an empty cup can be filled, not a full cup. Only in an empty Mind, Pure Love, God's Grace or Presence can be seen or felt. The mind that creates all sorts of problems can be tackled only in this manner. Clarity and precision will never come so long as there are thoughts. They are like the images on the window-glass that prevent our seeing through it. Remove all these images. Then alone we shall be able to look at the world or Nature with a baby's mind. In that looking there is freshness, tenderness, purity and innocence. In that state, we have no problem, as the baby has no problem. "Unless ye become like little children...." Because the baby does not think or know anything, it is never left out in neglect. It is never harmed. Let us also come to that state. We also will not be harmed.

I want you to understand that there is no real solution to the burning problems of the world or society whether the Irish, the Palestinian, the South African, or the Punjab Sikhs problems because in the mad rage & clamour of the masses, the whisper of reason will not be heard. The true solution can be found only in ourselves by ourselves so that we may live without problems of the mind. Whatever be the problem, it is there because "the clear stream of reason is lost on the dreary desert sands of dead habit", as Tagore wrote.....

.....We remember you all in our prayers.
Let us keep in touch.
With deep love & prayers.

Swami Nirmalananda

LETTERS ET CETERA



IF TRUTH WERE KNOWN

Truth were known there are interests that would suffer,
so truth is hidden.

Given you instead
An illusion with which to fill your head,
An illusion for which to spill your blood,
An illusion with which to stir the mud,
So that truth remains hidden.

An illusion of freedom
An illusion of choice
To dull your mind and choke your voice,
So that truth remains hidden.

An illusion that feeds you sickly sweet
Forbidden fruit and stolen meat,
And keeps you therefore compromised
So that you dare not open your eyes,
And truth remains hidden.

An illusion that sets up fear and hatred
As a means to keep you subjugated
An illusion threatened by peace and compassion
Threatened by friendship and discussion,
So truth remains hidden.

Meanwhile you are urged to bicker
making thick wallets even thicker,
For there is a law, it is this,
Much wants more,

Yet see how easily revolution becomes part of that same
illusion,
While you dangle below in your fixed places, the
puppeteers will change their faces.
And truth remains hidden.

One ingredient mixed with your life is sharper than the
keenest knife,
Love alone can set you free, restore you to your liberty.
For truth is carried on the wings of love
The olive branch held by the dove,
Love has no fear, knows no confusion,
Love sets you free from the illusion.

There is a place from which to view what has been denied
to you,
Climb if you will, into the tree that grows on the hill
called calvary,
Take the nails into your own hand and through those eyes
you will understand
How Christ longs for you to be healed and look upon the
truth revealed.
What need then for the lawyer's art when the truth is
written on your heart.
The kingdom of heaven in certainty is a state of
christianarchy
where no laws are imposed but by that same token
If there were such laws they would not be broken.

Peter Haywood

IGNORANCE AND SENSITIVITY

The patience of Friends with the least of the Lord's
servants: On a good humoured Saturday afternoon of colour
and music, after the Lord Mayor's parade, Friends were
handing out Quaker peace leaflets. An elderly lady
accompanied by her very dispirited dog (its tail in a
state of depression) waved her walking stick and angrily
harangued us about the waste of money when people were
living in squalor (no doubt, true).

The lady was wearing a dirty Mac' and an extremely bitter
face, the sharpness of her words reduced good-will to
bits of confetti - lying outside the reach of her stick.
Lacking wisdom but confident in the Lord, I tried to
reason with the lady (I should of course have listened -
had I been listening myself), managing finally to drive
her away - offended by the flowers I desperately wanted
her to accept. Why did I feel failure so acutely, why
was I so easily overwhelmed by the presence of bitter-
ness, hmmm. Never mind, what I lack in wisdom and
godness is compensated for, by being composed of
resilient bounce-back rubber - back to the leaflets.
Next day at Sunday meeting I took my rejected flowers,
in a vase, to the centre table, oblivious to the small,
delicate, exquisite arrangement already in place. Friends
listened when I stood to tell them that I had met a lady
who was possessed, and that I believed my failure to help
her was rooted in my own lack of faith and trust in the
Lord. I was given in love all the help I have come to
anticipate from Hall Green Friends. Whatever the truth
of such an experience, spiritual growth came from
ignorance and not sensitivity. You see, a creative God
has since made known to me that the beautiful flowers
already on the table, were the naked heart of a friend;
thus another lesson, a step on the path, a piece in the
jigsaw of a growing covenant of faith.

Is it any wonder that I am the least of the Lord's
servants.

Yours In Faith,

Barry Cox

IN BYGONE DAYS



In bygone days
mankind walked soft upon the earth,
each step a step in praise of life
each breath communion with the air.

As seasons changed
the friendship long enjoyed grew weak
mankind the passive animal betrayed
the life producing, life supporting earth.

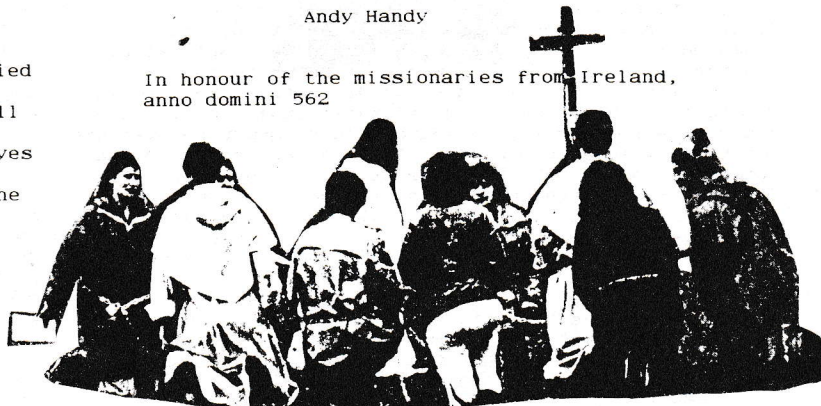
Seduced by power
mankind no longer had time to spare
to till the land nor tend the beasts:
machines were made to do the work instead.

In berkshire green
some women come to serve the earth anew
to serve the earth, preserve its gifts
that never rightfully were ours to take.

A time to choose
to purge our lives of exploitative ways
to put aside our greed (the cause of war)
humility again put in our step.

Andy Handy

In honour of the missionaries from Ireland,
anno domini 562



BOOK SHELF



NON-VIOLENT REVOLUTION IN INDIA

"NON-VIOLENT REVOLUTION IN INDIA" Geoffrey Ostergaard, Gandhi Peace Foundation, New Delhi 1985.

Any visitor to India will be struck by the parallels between the treatment accorded to the teachings of Christ in the West and the teachings of Gandhi in the East. If we hold in suspense the presumed eschatological nature of the former the parallels are even closer. Both were revolutionaries, both were teachers of profound truths expressed in simple terms, both lived the truths they preached and both abjured their followers to do likewise.

There is a statue of Gandhi in almost every town in India, and very often as well, a museum (sic!), just as there are multitudinous effigies and churches of Christ all over the western world. And to what practical effect? Well, never mind about that now. In India the Gandhian revolution rumbles on in a key of ever-increasing *dimuendo* and the practical effect of Gandhi's teaching appears to diminish by an inverse ratio to the number of monuments and museums that are raised to him. Yet perhaps not all is lost. If Vinoba was Gandhi's John the Baptist surely his St. Paul was Jayaprakash Narayan and this book can almost be said to be a record of Paul's Epistles.

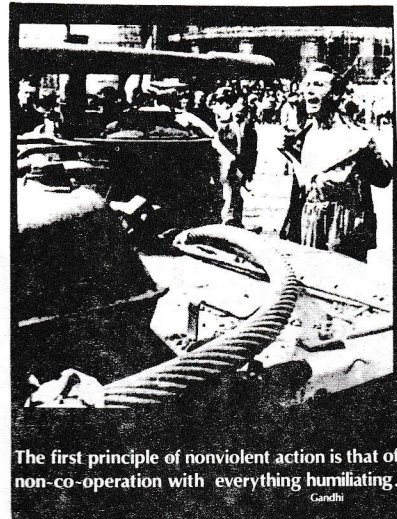
Like Paul, J.P. (as he was known) was under a challenge to relate the teachings of the Master to the changing conditions that followed his death, to the practical political exigencies of the everyday world and to the apparently inherent fissiparous and conflicting views of the faithful.

Did Paul succeed? Perhaps. Did J.P. fail? In any immediate sense he most assuredly did. When I visited him for the last time, only a few short weeks before his death, he was full of melancholy and I found it difficult to raise his spirits. This was not entirely, I think, due to his illness and the need for repeated kidney dialysis, as from an awareness of the awesome gap that existed between the needs of the hour as seen from a Gandhian stance and the actual performance of the Janata government then currently in power.

J.P. failed, as the Gandhian movement generally has failed, largely because of the reliance of masses of people on such men as "leaders". mass action under such charismatic leadership, as the author points out, and as some of us have learnt from the experience of C.N.D. and the Committee of 100 in Britain, and as some are still learning in the various "Green" movements of Europe, can rarely expect to achieve much more than symbolic results.

Why? Ostergaard, in a compelling final chapter in which he draws arrestingly on Marx, Feurbach & Kropotkin, hammers home the lesson that for people to end the abuses inherent in alienated power, the power, anarchists and others would argue, of the state, they must learn to relate to each other in a different way and by taking back the power they presently delegate to others. He goes on to say, in words which should be displayed on banners in every Green or would-be Gandhian party convention, "Unlike the Marxian dialectic, the Gandhian dialectic, which posits the essential unity of means and ends, precludes using alienated social power to overcome or to abolish such power". (p.365). My own rider to that would be to say that any attempt to use the power of centralised government to stop the abuse of such power will only increase it. In centrally governed mass societies the only use of power is abuse. Direct democracy can only mean what it says; mass democracy is a contradiction in terms.

There are voices in India today, notably the unique journal "Lokayan", which indicate clearly this lesson has been learned and that the lessons of J.P.'s failure and of the collapse of the ultimately absurd Janata government has also been learned.



The first principle of nonviolent action is that of non-co-operation with everything humiliating.

Gandhi

And not before time. Meanwhile a word of gratitude for this book and to the Gandhi Peace Foundation for publishing it. We have long needed a clear account of events in India since the death of Gandhi, of the work of Vinoba and J.P. and of the rise of the Janata party to challenge Mrs. Indira Gandhi's totalitarianism, and its subsequent collapse. Well here it is, careful scholarship blended with an uncommon gift for clear exposition, a sound sense of history, a deft delineation of the main course of events which never falters from an overconcern for too much detail, and not least, a warm sympathetic approach to the drama of the Indian people's struggle for liberation which makes for compulsive and rewarding reading.

(from "Fourth World Review", an interesting little number - "For Small Nations, Small Communities & The Human Spirit", available from 24 Abercorn Place, London NW8. It says at the end of the review: "N.B. Readers may obtain this copy at a special half price rate direct from the author. £10 (post free) from Dr. Geoffrey Ostergaard, POLSIS, University of Birmingham." Or else get onto your local library.

P.S. Anyone know whether fissiparous comes in cans or bottles?)

THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN

"THE WORLD TURNED UPSIDE DOWN", Christopher Hill, 1975, Peregrine Books, £4.50

"Why the snappy title which seems so familiar?", I thought. So I read it to find out. It's a biblical phrase, and I think I remember it from an old Baptist chorus. It's also a good title for a book which sets out to examine the grassroots movements of its time, instead of the high and mighty struggles which seem like all there is to history at a glance. (Why do we need to learn a list of the kings of England? So we feel less like cutting their heads off.) In the same way, the events of the English civil war and the ascendancy of near Christian anarchy between 1640 and 1660, is usually glossed over. Several factors caused this apparently fun time, including the failure of harvests (people didn't want authorities which couldn't feed them); large numbers of people wandering about living off common land, and so rarely paying much tax; the freeness of the press and distribution of printed material; a belief that the end of the world was imminent; the very democratic new model army; and the availability of the Bible in common English, together with religious freedom. The last points are the most important. Earlier reforms had meant that while the church of England was similar to the Catholic tradition, being tied up with state oppression, the Bible was freely available, and its interpretation open to anyone with reason, and wasn't necessarily what those from above in the hierarchical structure (like theologians) said it was. Thus when statist coercive force was removed, the ideas which were popular in the common and poor person's mind, often based firmly on the Bible, became propagated without control. The main strands looked at are those of the sects of the Levellers, Diggers, and Ranters.

I've only heard about these vaguely except from the book, so all information is to be taken with a pinch of salt (ha ha).

The Levellers are politically orientated, and are named after a belief that all people should be equal or on the same level. The Diggers, or True Levellers as they preferred to be known, were called this because of some protests in 1649 in favour of common land for all, when they dug some of it up. The Ranters weren't a coherent organisation or a sect, but a lot of totally crazy people. They took the beliefs that once a Christian, always a Christian and living in the spirit with each wo/man as her/his judge through to a conclusion of promiscuity. The Ranters are described as "hippy like" (p.230), and they do seem like the stereotypes of a hippy. Other groups covered include Grindletonians, Muggletonians, Seekers, Fifth monarchists, and the more everyday Baptists and Quakers. The book has more to offer in interest value than funny names, despite the author. Christopher Hill is a raving Marxist, having formed his views in the 1930's in Oxford, and he states (in "The British Marxist Historians", by H.J.Kaye, p.102) that "...in Oxford in the early thirties, Marxism seemed to me (and to many others) to make better sense of the world than anything else". His materialism causes, in the book, a bias towards using psychological and especially economic explanations of what were spiritual events. So an important background theme is the english revolution as a bourgeois revolution (a change from the Feudal to Capitalist modes of production), and when he comes to explore the adaption of the Quakers to a more conventional lifestyle after 1660, he writes: "It is pointless to condemn this as a sell out as to praise its realism: it was simply the consequence of the organised survival of a group which failed to turn the world upside down." (p.256). Can't you just feel that historical inevitability? But the light and freshness, the sense of the nearness of the Kingdom of God which these people felt, over three hundred years ago, still shines through.

Jamie

OPPOSING THE EVIL OF APARTHEID WITH THE POWER OF THE HOLY SPIRIT

By Rommel Roberts, Quaker Community Worker in Crossroads and the Eastern Cape

Working for peace in any violent situation is a very difficult task at the best of times. I find working for peace in South Africa particularly difficult and often very lonely. There are so many conflicting voices to listen to, some within and others from without, all with varying degrees of validity and growing out of a sense of frustration and suffering of one kind or another and therefore cannot just be rejected out of hand.

The dilemma and pain deepens when confronted with human realities in a given experience, something I have had the benefit and maybe misfortune to go through on more than one occasion. I recall an incident while participating in a Free Mandela march on Pollsmour Prison where some three thousand of us were confronted by a wall of police. The mood at the time was very definitely to attempt walking right through the ranks of the police - a feeling not shared by a small number. In those tense few moments I witnessed the intense fear of young army recruits (17 or 18 year olds) entrusted with the responsibility of acting rationally in such a situation. Their hands were shaking with the weapons they held. It was clear that we were perceived as a serious threat, not just to the state but to them personally and hence the irrational fear, despite their weapons.

Before me I saw a youth, poor, oppressed and corrupted in so many ways. Corrupted in the belief that force is the answer to problems: that obedience is blind even if the morality of the cause is highly questionable. I wondered at the similarities between white and black youth and whether they were any different, both being dehumanised and blinded by ideology.

The big question for me was my presence in what was interpreted as an aggressive atmosphere rather than a spirit which brought out the humanity in the "oppressor". To what extent was I merely participating in the dehumanising process that has grown out of the apartheid system? Was I merely responding because I knew of nothing better to do? In the final analysis was I prepared to demonstrate my truth at the expense of dehumanising my brother who happens to oppose me, and if I do this now am I being human? How have I loved?

When you see a child of fear despite the weapon which is merely a crutch because of extreme weakness, it strikes a deep sense of discord in one's own attitudes. Particularly when I know that my responses can only increase the fear spiral. How am I any different? What sign of hope do I represent in the situation for the one who is trapped? Is there no other way?

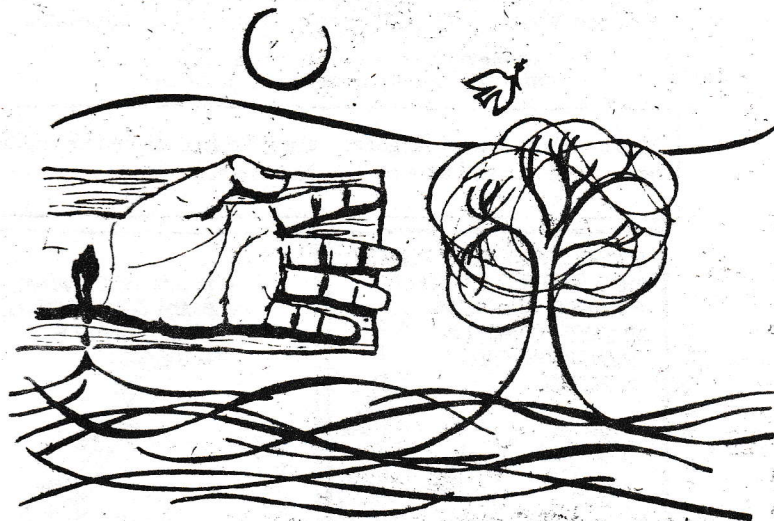
It is interesting that Christ chose the most vulnerable and humiliating position in his quest for justice, peace and reconciliation as part of our salvation. He could have come as an emperor, a king, an organisational power house. Instead he chose the powerlessness of the cross. His own followers found this impossible to understand. It did not fit in with the methods and demands of justice, given the different forms of oppression. It did not make sense that he who could condemn and destroy chose instead this ridiculous response as the means.

Two thousand years later I wonder whether we have yet understood this response, or whether we push Christ into categories that we feel comfortable with, and dismiss as simplistic or misunderstood those concepts which conflict with certain powerful ideological or organisational perspectives. To put it mildly, I feel in a sense disquiet at what appears to be a far more radical demand made by the gospel than meets the eye.

For the peacemaker an element of hope is of paramount importance. It is the water, the spirit, the lifeblood of a community in crisis, which makes a struggle worthwhile and persistent. It is the beacon amid darkness. I feel that, as one attempting to work for peace, I share a responsibility to keep in front of people the signs of hope. This cannot be in platitudes, but needs to be seen in today's realities, for people to feed on. If reconciliation is to be a hope in our situation, and it must be, for any hope of peace, the signs have to be seen now, not after the great changes have come.

Through the signs people will gain heart and courage to continue knowing that they are seeing a glimpse of what it could be like. I feel for me that it is essential to be somehow attempting to live out this hope particularly when prophets of doom abound, and conflict escalates. The hope of freedom through heady acts of violence is a temptation that is a peacemaker's nightmare, because it seems so effective in the short term. People in a desert find it difficult to distinguish between living water, and that which quenches thirst temporarily.

The greatest difficulty for me in peacemaking is avoiding the many pitfalls that stem both from the dilemmas and my own personal inadequacies. The road looks quite impossible and fraught with danger, leaving me with the only option (which should have been my first) of being a piece of driftwood in a raging ocean saying "Oh Lord, into your hands I commend my spirit".



THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU WITH A LITTLE BIT OF CLASS WAR AND PACIFISM...

I'm hoping to start (re)publishing various pamphlets which generally incite nonviolent revolution and further the eternal, interminable and unfathomable cause of Christianarchy.

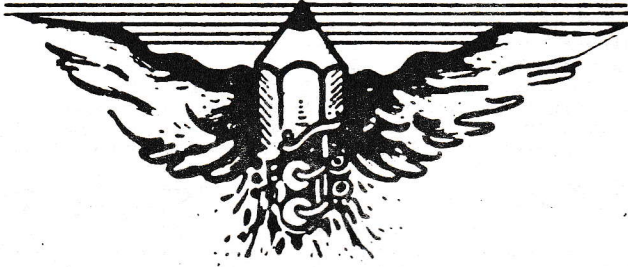
Buzzing around in my mind and on my bookshelves are:

- *a shortened version of Leo Tolstoy's "THE KINGDOM OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU"
- *a collection of articles by and about the Plowshares activists in the States (SWORDS INTO PLOUGHSHARES)
- *A.J. Muste's "CLASS WAR AND PACIFISM"

to start off with, anyway.

The catch is, though, that I need capital (hopefully on a fairly short-term loan basis) and was wondering if there is any one out there who, perchance, could help. Please write if you're interested. thanks,
Stephen

JAZZOVÁ SEKCE



The 7000-strong Czechoslovak Jazz Section has been, since its foundation in 1971, a focus for independent cultural activity in the country. It has organised music festivals and photographic exhibitions, published information on cultural events and has been, since 1983, in dialogue with the Western peace movement. In August and September 1986 Jazz Section activist Vlastimil Marek and seven members of the Section's committee were arrested, 800 books and several hundred magazines belonging to the Section were confiscated and its premises sealed.

If the Cold War is to be overcome dialogue between ordinary people must take place at all levels, including at that of the Jazz Section's contacts with the Western peace movement. The arrests are a direct blow both to this growing dialogue between citizens, East and West, and to independent culture in Czechoslovakia.

further information from:
END, 11 Goodwin Street, London N4

Music is "a universal language...a way to mutual understanding between people and nations." — *Jazz Section*

A LEAFLET ON CHRISTIANITY, VEGANISM & ANIMAL RIGHTS?

Some people are thinking about producing one

So, if you want to help and have any contributions/suggestions, please get in touch with:

Rob & Steve
c/o "A Pinch of Salt"
24 South Road,
Hockley,
BIRMINGHAM B18

Vegangelical Cookery Corner



ONE SIMPLE NON-EXPLOITATIVE VEGAN RECIPES WITHOUT BLOOD, SWEAT OR TEARS

MALTY THINGS

- *Get the malt extract nice and liquidy by heating jar in a pan of water.
- *Tip the malt extract onto some wholewheat flour (about 1 lb if you've got scales) plus some soya flour (the pre-cooked sort, eg "Soyolk") if you like that sort of thing
- *Add more flour or water as necessary to obtain a not-too-stiff cake-mix consistency
- *Dump this mess into your chosen receptacle (bun tray, cake tin, flan tray, whatever) and shove it in the middle of the oven at full blast until shortly-before-it-burns: this could be anything from 15 to 35 minutes, depending on how leaky the oven is.

CURRANTY THINGS

- *Same as above, only with currants instead of malt. Either soak currants for a day or two (preferable) or boil them for a few minutes.
- *Chuck the currants and the currant-water into the flour and proceed as before.

VARIATIONS

Well, when they're cooked, Malty Things are (should be) quite spongy whereas Curranty Things will have a soggy, bread-pudding sort of consistency; if you mix malt and currants the result will be somewhere in between (!)

AND/OR

You could add some CAROB FLOUR (this will make the mix sweeter, darker and stiffer) or some MASHED-UP DISCARDED ROTTEN BANANAS (which will make the mix sweeter darker and sloshier)

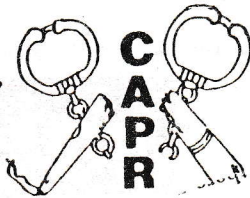
RIGINS OF INGREDIENTS

- *FLOUR - can get organically grown english flour
- *MALT EXTRACT - buy 1lb jars made from british barley
- *CURRANTS - from Greece are widely available
- *CAROB usually comes from spain
- *BANANAS - it seems that bananas are invariably a big ip-off, with the producers only ever seeing about 5% of the retail price. However, over-ripe ones are often brown away at markets, and the squashier they are the etter they are for baking with.

BIG BROTHER COUNTRY



DIARY



P.S.

If anyone wants a workshop doing on Christian Anarchism (or words to that effect) - student gatherings, Church groups, Bishops' Councils, we are willing (and sometimes enthusiastic). Please get in touch with Roja & Stephen at the Birmingham address.

January (and until it is repealed): The Public Order Act comes into operation, with alarming implications for our freedom to protest, vigil, demonstrate and so on. A march has been called for the 3rd Jan. and if you missed that you can still agitate and educate in other ways. Contact: Campaign Against Police Repression, Box CAPR, 83 Blackstock Rd., London N4

January 17th: Preparation with Catholic Peace Action for anyone wanting to take part in civil disobedience/holy obedience with them on Ash Wednesday at the M.O.'D'. buildings in Whitehall, London. Contact: C.P.A., 7, Putney Bridge Rd., LONDON SW 18

January 23rd, between 7.30am and 1pm people from all over the country are invited to join in with the Snowball blockade of the M.O.'D'. in London. (Also a telephone blockade) Contact: Snowball Campaign, 48 Bethel St., Norwich, Norfolk, NR2

February 20th to 22nd: Fellowship of Reconciliation Youth Gathering in London. Contact: F.O.R., 40-46 Harleyford Rd., LONDON SE11

March 4th: Ash Wednesday service at M.O.'D'. See January 17th

February 6th: Anniversary of "Invasion of Molesworth.

8th, 9th, 10th (ADVANCE WARNING): CIA and "A Pinch of Salt" readers' gathering in Birmingham. More information next issue.

FAITH AS ADVENTURE

Issue five... just over a year since issue one appeared... must mean that we're well and truly established (thereagain you should see the state of our filing system). Anyway, it's been a joy (quite a lot of the time, although not all the time typing) bringing out "A Pinch" - not just that revolutionary glow as I rush down to the printers and cradle the first copy off the press in my excited arms - but also (and especially) receiving all the letters from everyone - the enquire the support, the death-threats. A sense of a lot of relieved people who now know that they're not the only deprived/deprived/misguided minds who see connections between Christianity (well, as it could be and anarchism.

Giving it away free has been good (anyway, who would buy it?) - because the resulting financial support comes from people's hearts (and pockets) and also because it enables us to "reach" many people, perhaps interested - but not interested enough to pay (or perhaps very interested, but not confident that "A Pinch" will stimulate that interest).

As for the content - that tends to be a combination (creative tension would be a more poetic phrase) between contributions from readers and many infringements of copyright on my part. The diversity of material is exciting - and, hopefully, people will take time to listen to each other, and not be offended by our various dogmas, doctrines, expressions, etc. Growing in faith means being adventurous - that sometimes means going down the wrong path, listening to new ideas, having time for the adventures of others, and trusting that the truth of God will shine through the discernment of our hearts. Hence, there is no censorship (so far) of the magazine - the only restrictions being space (well, there are probably more subtle restrictions like my artistic sensibilities, imagination and prejudices). Maybe something will come along that I (hopefully people will write and ask to help in the production of the magazine thereby putting an end to my tyrannical despotism) feel like censoring - but that's something I'll talk to the contributor about. Our own hearts and minds are our own censors of what is truthful (or, at least, interesting).

THE TRUTH SHALL SET YOU FREE
amen.

Stephen

P.P.S.

If anyone wants to be published as a regional contact, please get in touch.

There are still back issues of two, three and four available free upon request.

P.P.P.S.

Many thanks to all who have contributed in any way towards the five editions of "A Pinch" over the last year. Our love and prayer accounts are overflowing, and our financial ones look something like this (you won't get any proper ones until someone shows me):

Total expenditure for first four issues.....	£599.81.....
Total income (donations and bribes).....	£622.25.....
which leaves us with a grand total of.....	£22.44.....
.....(that's before expenses for this issue, probably £150 or so).....	

'IN THE HISTORY OF THE SAINTS, CAPITAL WAS RAISED BY PRAYER'

A conversation between Dorothy Day and Peter Maurin from "The Long Loneliness":

"But where do we get the money?" I asked him...

"In the history of the saints, capital was raised by prayer. God sends you what you need when you need it. You will be able to pay the printer. Just read the lives of the saints."

St. Francis de Sales scattered leaflets like any radical. St. John of God sold newspapers on the streets. We didn't have to do things on a big scale, Peter made it clear.

Following a long line of saints, "A Pinch of Salt" also raises capital by prayer, and you are always welcome to partake of the great divine plan which enfolds following such prayers.....

"A Pinch of Salt" is free, and, to save you the hassle of trying to find further editions, you can be put straight onto our mailing list and receive 'Pinch' as (in)frequently as it is produced.....

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

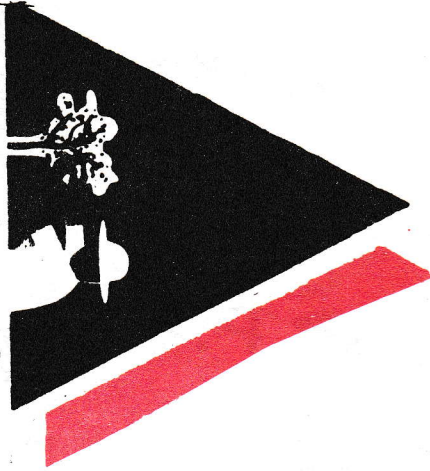
YES!/HMMMM OH DEAR!/GLORY BE...(delete where inapplicable)...I want to be put on your central files, and receive.....copy/copies of "A Pinch of Salt" every issue. I am not worried about my reputation.

I enclose a donation of.....I'm broke..... (cheques made payable to Stephen Hancock)

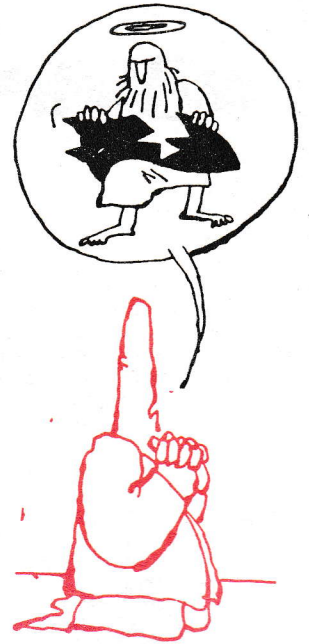
*****"A Pinch of Salt", 24 South Road, *****
***** Hockley *****
***** BIRMINGHAM B18 *****

NICARAGUA

Buy products from-



**STOP THE
EMBARGO**



I change so often
That I cannot remember who I am

Sometimes
I am the one who knows
Whose wisdom is respected
A Sage

Sometimes
I am a buffoon
Strutting and swearing, waving my arms
A Clown

Sometimes
I am a lover
And fire flows from my fingers
Alive!

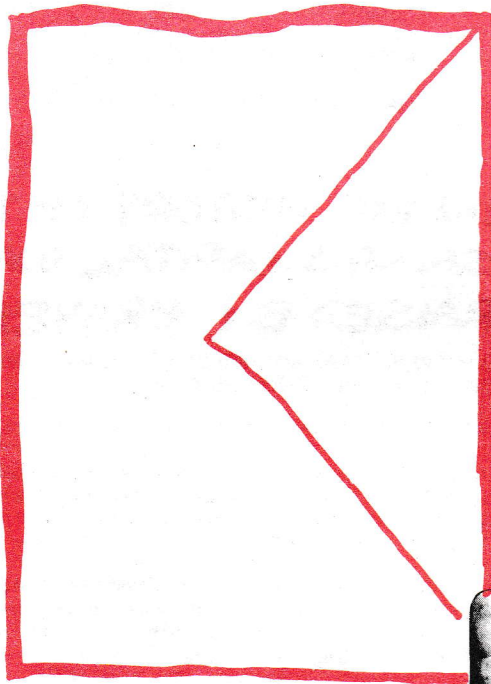
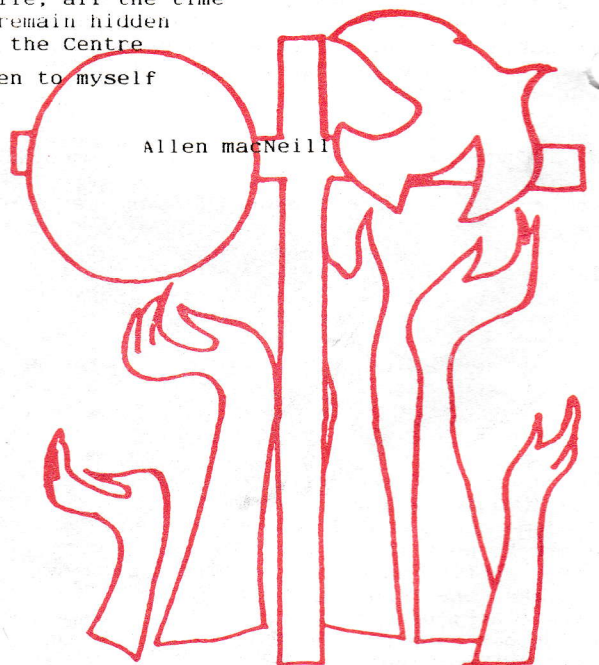
Sometimes
I am an ascetic
Standing alone in the cold darkness
A Hermit

Sometimes
I am the one who gets things done
Moving against the immovable
A Revolutionary

Sometimes
I am totally without power
Unable to move anything
A Fool

While, all the time
I remain hidden
At the Centre
Even to myself

Allen MacNeill



If undelivered, please return to:
"A Pinch of Salt"
24, South Rd.,
Hockley,
BIRMINGHAM B18



Printed by Dot Press, Oxford on recycled paper
to the glory of god ('though god wants to be
dissociated from any unglorious bits)