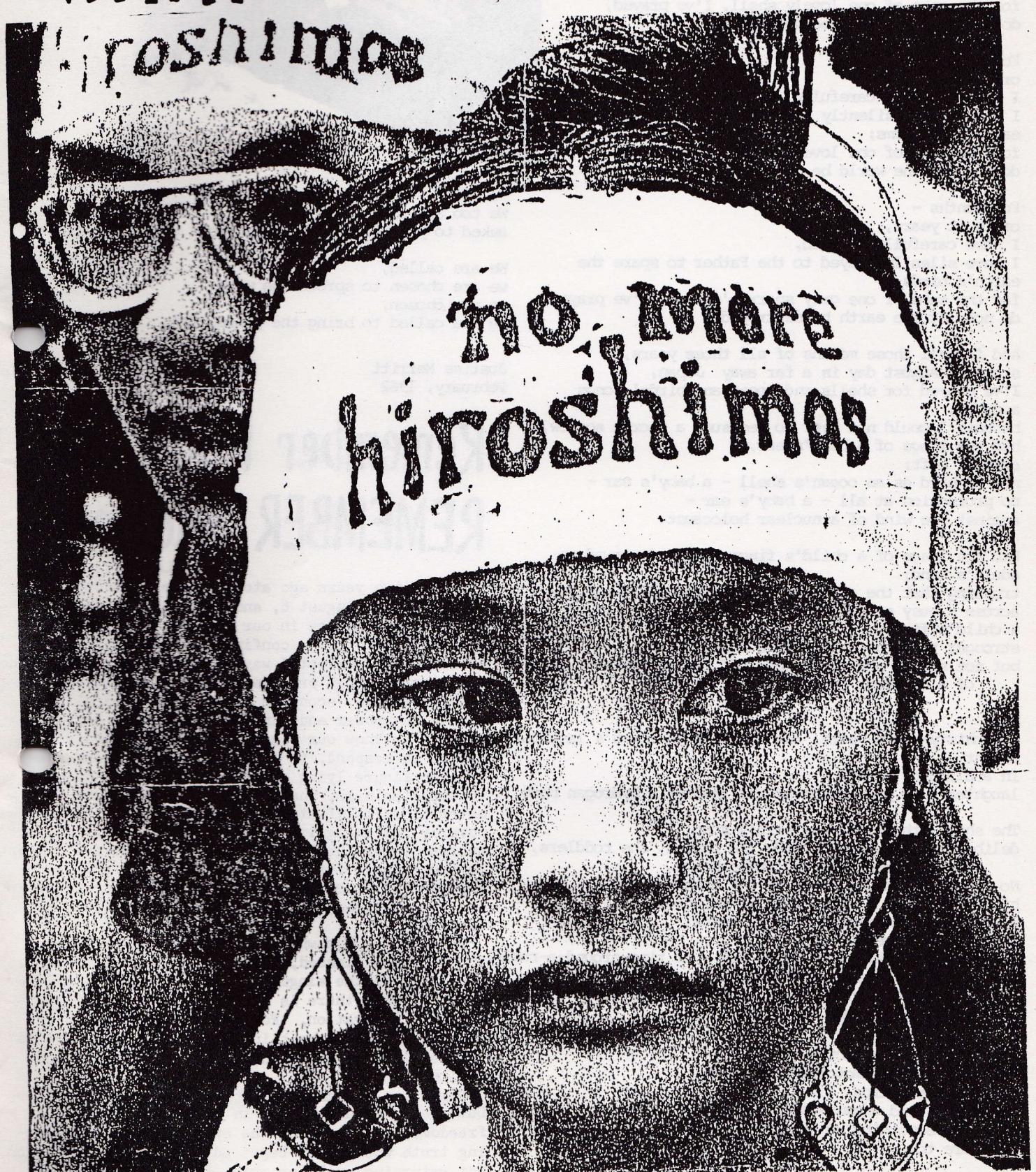


A PINCH OF SALT

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE ?



YOUR SISTER'S AND BROTHER'S BLOOD CRIES OUT TO ME FROM THE EARTH

c/o 24 South Road, Hockley,
Birmingham B18
Tel: (021) 551 1679

GIFT

For months -
or is it years?
I have carefully,
I have silently prayed to the Father to spare the
ocean's shells;
for the sake of one lovely shell, I've prayed,
do not let the world be destroyed.

For months -
or is it years?
I have prayed carefully,
I have prayed silently to the Father to spare the
earth's blossoms;
for the sake of one lovely rose, I've prayed,
do not let the world be destroyed.

For months -
or is it years,
I have carefully prayed,
I have silently prayed to the Father to spare the
earth's birds;
for the sake of one grey sparrow's song, I've prayed,
do not let the earth be destroyed.

And for all those months of all those years,
since an August day in a far away Japan,
I've prayed for shells and roses and birds' songs
and hid,
because I could not bear to see such a secret sorrow,
hid the image of a baby's ear,
curved, soft;
not as hard as an ocean's shell - a baby's ear -
no protection at all - a baby's ear -
against the wind of a nuclear holocaust.

Hid the image of a child's fingers curved around an
adult's hand;
trusting that the adult would take the child safely
across a busy street;
a child's fingers,
stronger than the petals of a rose,
but not strong enough to ward off the vapourising heat
of a man-made sun.

Hid,
for thirty-seven years, the sound of children's laughter
caught
in a blinding blast;
laughter - no protection at all against a hydrogen bomb.

The shell, the rose, the bird's song
deliberate disguises to hide the babies, the toddlers,
the children from the unspeakable.
No wonder we have terrors in our nights,
hiding a planet's extinction in our dreams;
no wonder we wake exhausted at dawns,
unable to comprehend an end
not just of Mozart's melodies but - of ring-around-a-rosie;
unable to comprehend and then,
unable to grieve an end to the Mona Lisa as well
as hide-and-seek.

Symphony, rock musician,
Michelangelo and motorcycle racing,
jungle, Antarctica,
beloveds - and enemies all changed
to something we cannot glimpse,
nor dare to.

So, I have prayed for four hundred and forty-four months
for shells and blossoms and birds' songs
and only yesterday was strong enough to pray for the
little ones.



We too are the little ones,
asked to protect children from more than busy streets.

We are called,
we are chosen to spread the word:
we are chosen,
we are called to bring the peace. Amen.

Justine Merritt
February, 1982

Remember HIROSHIMA REMEMBER Nagasaki

Forty two years ago atomic bombs were dropped
on Hiroshima, August 6, and Nagasaki, August 9,
heralding a new age in our ability to destroy one
another. Within the confines of nation states we
seem to have perfected ways of destroying one another
- whether through prisons, mental institutions,
senseless wars, economic exploitation and all the
day to day power and mind games that are employed
to help us know our place. We become irresponsible
Unable to respond, to the person next door, a
drunken figure lying on the pavement, the pain of
tortured animals, the reality of our consumer and
materialistic lifestyle being dependent on the
poverty and indignity of others, the reality of the
nuclear bomb. Quite where Christians derive comfort
in and support for their inactivity and acquiescence
in the face of so much injustice and oppression
is not clear. It certainly can't be from the
Gospels.

The Gospels, in which the first shall be last,
the poor are blessed, the peacemakers are blessed,
and in which the kingdom of God ignites the unlikely
eliest hearts there is a pattern - a gospel, good
news for liberation. For responsibility. In the
company of Jesus the blind see, but so often we do
not see that we are blind, and therefore know not
healing.

Christian Anarchism is about not having rulers,
but just the rule of God in your heart, which is
freedom. Not pleasing the status quo, but following
truth whether it beget admiration or oppression.
Not returning evil for evil, but good for evil in
all instances. Not supporting capitalism but
siding with the poor and downtrodden wherever they
may be - struggling towards the day when everyone
can have their own fig tree (controlling the means

of production). Not supporting the war machine, but forging peace, hammering swords into ploughshares. Not worrying about tomorrow as we try to live out our understanding of faith.

Let us remember Hiroshima. Let us remember Nagasaki. The frailty of human skin. The frailty of beautiful human beings. How can churches stand by whilst such destruction is prepared in our hearts - is already present in our hearts.

Father George Zabelka, the priest and pastor for the airmen who dropped the two atomic bombs recently, reflected:

"It seems a sign to me that seventeen hundred years of Christian terror and slaughter should arrive at August 9, 1945, when Catholics dropped the A - bomb on top of the largest and first Catholic city in Japan. One would have thought that I, as a Catholic priest, would have spoken out against the atomic bombing of nuns. (Three orders of Catholic sisters were destroyed in Nagasaki that day.) One would have thought that I would have suggested that as a minimal standard of Catholic morality, Catholics shouldn't bomb Catholics children. I didn't.

I walked through the ruins of Nagasaki right after the war and visited the place where once stood the Urakami Cathedral. I picked up a piece of a censer from the rubble. When I look at it today I pray God forgives us for how we have distorted Christ's teaching. I was the Catholic chaplain who was there when this grotesque process that began with Constantine reached its lowest point - so far."

Christian hope, Lesbian and Gay Pride



photo: Pat Shammon

It's often conveniently forgotten, especially by Christians, that, along with Jews, gypsies, disabled people, homosexuals were sent to the ovens at Auschwitz. Whereas Jews were forced to wear a yellow star, homosexuals were forced to wear a pink triangle. The pink triangle - once a symbol of execution, is now a symbol of pride for lesbians and gay men the world over. The parallels with the Christian cross are all too clear - the cross, a means of execution becomes a symbol of hope.

"Therefore every day you must take up your cross and follow me".

Gays and lesbians are sometimes too painfully aware of their own daily cross - insults, fear of injury, discrimination and inacceptance. It is long overdue for Christians of all Churches and none to stand up for the dignity of all.

The love and grace of God is far greater than much of our bigotted indoctrination and prejudices. The Kingdom of God is for gays, lesbians, heterosexuals, bisexuals and celibate alike.

"I have come that you may have life and have it in its full."

CONTACT:

GAY CHRISTIAN MOVEMENT
BM 6914
London
WC1N 3XX

(NO STATE) NO DEPORTATIONS

CHURCHES SAY NO TO DEPORTATIONS

Dear sisters and brothers in Christ,
WE are Christians actively involved in the practicalities of offering sanctuary to Viraj Mendis in the Church of the Ascension in Hulme. Our faith leads us to support Father John and his family and congregation in their decision to give Viraj sanctuary. We have been witnesses to the physical and psychological attacks on the Church and people in the campaign, as well as vicious media remarks about Father John. Despite this destructive aggression, the Church has courageously continued with God's strength, to make a stand against the injustice of the immigration laws which brand Viraj as an illegal immigrant, and would have him deported to Sri Lanka where he would most certainly be tortured and executed for his beliefs.

Sanctuary is an ancient tradition in the churches. In the U. S. A. many churches have become involved in providing sanctuary for central American refugees fleeing from the consequences of the U. S. foreign policy. The idea of sanctuary is to give limited security and moral support for those under threat of deportation when the legal possibilities seem exhausted. It also raises the question of the international legality and the morality of governments which often weaken in the face of racism instead of upholding the human rights of refugees and racial minorities.

We ask you to :

1. Show support against the racist immigration laws
2. Show support for the sanctuary of Viraj and others
3. Show solidarity to Father John and other Christians involved in Sanctuary.
4. Show that Christians will campaign for the oppressed, and are members of a caring religion that will not stand by and let injustice continue.

Deidre McConnell and Sue Peall
On behalf of the RELIGIOUS SUPPORT GROUP FOR VIRAJ MENDIS

Contact..... V,M,D,C.
Church Liaison Committee
Church of the Ascension
Royce Road
Hulme
Manchester 15

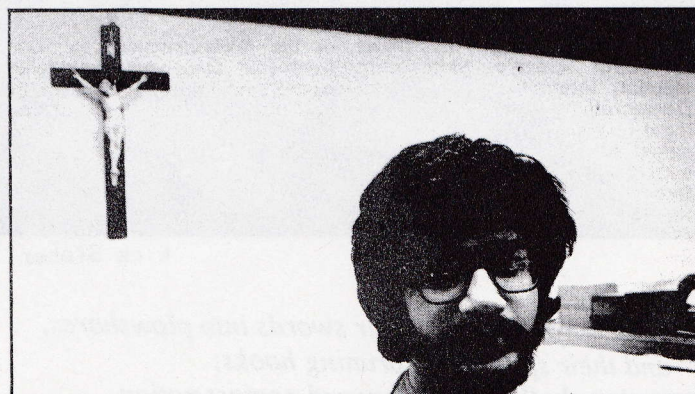


photo: Gerard Livett/Frame

Viraj Mendis in sanctuary in the Church of the Ascension, Hulme, Manchester

SWORDS INTO PLOUGHSHARES: the prophecy continues

PAUPERS PLOWSHARES
GOOD FRIDAY WITNESS AT WARMINSTER

On Good Friday, April 17, 1987, two peace activists entered the U.S. Naval Station in Warminster, Pennsylvania and began the disarmament of a P-3 Orion, an anti-submarine warfare plane which is a key part of the U.S. first strike strategy. The two activists, Pat and Rick Sieber, are brothers who have worked for many years both resisting militarism and providing for the poor in Philadelphia. Pat is a Franciscan priest and Rick is a husband and father. Together they help coordinate the St. Francis Inn which provides hospitality in one of the poorest sections of Philadelphia.

The two have chosen the name "PAUPERS PLOWSHARES" to hold up the connection between the militarism of our country and the consequent poverty. The poverty - even destitution - they know well, as they minister with the poor daily. They brought with them a coffin and a 3-foot cross. The coffin contained a list of 65 names of homeless people buried in Paupers Field in Philadelphia. The names were also written on the cross

When Pat and Rick entered the base, they dug a hole, buried the one-foot coffin and placed the cross on top of the grave. They then walked to the area where P-3 Orions are parked, poured human blood on the wing of an Orion and hammered on a propeller and areas of the fuselage. They unfurled a banner which said "GOD HEARS THE CRY OF THE POOR" and waited for arrest. The total time they were on the base was about half an hour.

The government responded by charging the two with destruction of government property and unlawful entry. Initial estimates charge that \$1400 damage occurred. A federal magistrate set \$5,000 bail.



Rick Sieber

*"and they shall beat their swords into plowshares,
and their spears into pruning hooks;
nation shall not lift up sword against nation,
neither shall they learn war anymore."*

STATEMENT, PAUPERS PLOWSHARES

There is an ongoing holocaust of the poor. People are literally dropping dead in all corners of the world for lack of necessities. On this Good Friday, the poor are being CRUCIFIED WITH CHRIST. They hang on the cross waiting to be relieved of the burden of our nuclear swords.

These weapons rob the poor of their sustenance. The very existence of these planes constitutes a first strike against the poor. The money used for them should have been used for the poor.

We have come to the N.A.D.C. today from Pauper's Field. We bring with us a list of people dumped there en masse to be forgotten in death much as they were forgotten in life. We are here in their spirit to rename this facility as the real Paupers Field. In their name we ask that these weapons not be used again.

We share the same vision of the world as that of the Prophet Isaiah. It is a world where everyone can lie down together, unbothered by the fear and insecurity of war. These weapons must be beaten into plowshares for this vision to have even a fleeting chance of piercing the armor of violence and insensitivity.

*Rev. Patrick Sieber ofm.
Rick Sieber*

Lazarus

INDICTMENT

We, the Paupers Plowshares (listed below), in the name of Lazarus, bring the following indictment against the Commander and Chief of the Armed Forces; Ronald Reagan, the Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger, the Secretary of the Navy, and the director of the Naval Air Development Center for the following crimes:

1. Direct first strike against the poor by using funds to build and test weapons of war rather than feeding the poor;
2. Planned first strike against the children. Any talk of nuclear war is suicide. Any plans for engaging in it is deliberately sacrificing the future of the children of the world;
3. Usurping the power of the god God by threatening all life on the planet.

*Rick Sieber
Rev. Patrick Sieber O.F.M.
Lazarus*

A support group is formed to organize outreach and legal defense. Funds are requested and can be sent to Pat Sieber, St. Francis Inn, P.O.Box 3746, Philadelphia, PA 19125,



THE PLOWSHARES NEWSLETTER
P. O. Box 585
Orlando Florida 32802

More Plowshares news

For the second time in six weeks, the trial of two priests and two peace activists accused of damaging government property at the Willow Grove Naval Air Station ended in a mistrial when a US District Court jury said, May 18th, that it could not reach a verdict. The first trial finished on April 7th when the jury was unable to arrive at a verdict.

The four, calling themselves the Epiphany Plowshares (see last issue of "A Pinch of Salt") had hammered two aircraft, one nuclear related, the other of the sort used in interventionist war in Central America. Lin Romano said, after the second case, "People are waking up and just aren't willing to accept the government's version of things. I would like to hope that the prosecutors will understand that they are never going to get a guilty verdict in this case." In the first trial, defending herself, Lin talked of her childhood in Baltimore. As a high school student, she said, she had written to a soldier in Vietnam as part of a class project. When she asked the soldier what the war was really like, he responded with a graphic, 10 page letter that horrified her. She said that she had worked in Washington with a

group providing services to homeless people. Many of them died from want. That experience, she testified, led her to compare military spending and provisions for the homeless, and that "led us to challenge the government and the church."

Thomas McGann and Dexter Lanctot, both priests, still remain under suspension from their duties by archdiocesan officials.

Assistant US Attorney Michael Lazerwitz said "You have four people who took the law into their own hands. These people got together and decided for whatever reason that these planes should not be there, should not be operable."

Further news on Plowshares activists: two of the "Silo Prunig Hooks", Father Paul Kabat and Larry Cloud-Morgan, were set free after serving 28-month gaol terms of ten and eight years sentences respectively. Paul's brother, Carl, and Helen Woodson, who took part in the same action, remain in prison. The four had been imprisoned for using sledge hammers and a compressor-driven pneumatic drill to wreck a missile silo in Missouri, USA, in 1984.

(All the above compiled in line with "A Pinch of Salt" guidelines from Peace News no.2294, The Philadelphia Inquirer and The Philadelphia Inquirer.)

On the subjects of Plowshares/Ploughshares actions, I'm all planning on bringing out a booklet of information, poems, articles, photos, by, on, and of Plowshares activists. Loans or donations for the production of this booklet would be appreciated. In the meantime, I've got some pamphlets about the various actions with prisoners' addresses in the back, available from "Pinch" for 50p or 4 2nd class stamps and a S.A.E.

Inactivity

the curse of generations
muttering the flesh is weak
but the spirit is willing

Whatever I do
this curse is my fault

"I can do nothing
The world is spent"

But even the smallest child
has a skeleton.

Siblings

sorrow stretched, taut with grief
Their suffering never gone

Never forgotten
this curse is my fault
Doing violence by my inactivity
"I never knew them
Never felt their grief"

But even in death the smallest leaf
leaves a skeleton

ESLE7

IN THE FIELD a day in the life of a hunt saboteur

Hunt sabotage ("hunt sabbing") is an often unrecognised form of nonviolent direct action which aims to intervene directly between hunted animals and the hunters. Hunt sabs around the country are out each week. Barry Maycock writes about his first sabbing experience, at a hare hunt.

I was in a ditch. I had failed to clear it, and had slithered back down the muddy bank—my ankles were caked with mud, my boots were leaking. My leg muscles had practically seized up, aching from the unfamiliar effort. Encounters with barbed wire (in which I'd emerged the loser) had left several blood-soaked scratches on my arms. The hunt seemed a long way away, the yapping of the beagles and the noise of the horn disappearing into the far distance. And the hunt supporters, all flat caps and wellies, had appeared close by, sullen and sour as usual, vaguely menacing. Not for the first time, I wondered what I was doing there.

Was this the way to spend a quiet Saturday afternoon?

This was my first hunt sab, though I already knew many friends who went out regularly. I'd been put off a little by stories of hunt supporters and their violence, of huntsmen on horseback riding down saboteurs, of opposition from farmers, of over-zealous policing. But I also knew it was important to make my own personal statement about this cruel "sport", this senseless barbarism that violates the peace of these lovely fields during the hunting season. So I went along, though initially I felt tense and apprehensive. Luckily I knew some of the sabs already—most were young, and wearing black, though they were a colourful sight nonetheless with vivid hair; orange, yellow, bright blue. Men tend to outnumber women, though on this occasion numbers were about equal. I learned the hard way

that strong boots are really essential, and too many clothes are a nuisance even on a cold day, because a lot of sweating goes on, from all the hard running. We were all equipped with a spray containing antiseptic, a harmless mixture that nevertheless has a strong smell, and distracts the dogs.

THE KILLING FIELDS

On this occasion we had left the van some way away from the hunt—it was a hired vehicle, and we didn't want the supporters smashing it up. So we trekked across the fields for quite a while till at last we saw the huntsmen, and heard the beagles. We could tell the dogs were excited, they had caught the scent of a hare; in fact as soon as we reached the "killing fields" an amazing thing happened—I could see the hare, leaping through the tall grass, running straight towards us. At this point we were spread out in a long line, and we kept absolutely still, because this is a crucial moment—any noise or movement on our part could drive the hare back towards the beagles, or slow her down. As soon as the hare ran past, we set to work, putting the spray down, and distracting and slowing down the dogs as best we could. In this way the hare could gain some precious moments which may help to save her life. The hare is fast, and quite able to save herself, but beagles have persistence and stamina—their task is to wear her down.

It is certainly amazing to be in action in the first few minutes of appearing on the scene, to see the hare, and to see what sabs can do—though this apparently seems to happen

a lot, as the animals seem to know instinctively who we are, and what we are doing. This was a prelude to a strenuous afternoon. Several hares were chased during a long, hectic day which never seemed to end. We had split up into two groups, each with a CB radio, and tried to cover the area as best we could—the hare when chased wheels in a huge circle round her territory, and from a vantage point, usually a convenient railway embankment, we could see what was happening to our other group. Hunt supporters were there too, following the hunt through binoculars. From where we were we could see the dogs, and the other group of sabs, tiny figures in the distance, seemed to be moving with agonising slowness. "Move, come on, move!" one of us shouted through the CB, worried that the hounds were closing in on a hare. We couldn't see what was going on, and then a voice crackled through the CB: "It's OK, they haven't killed!" Our elation was short-lived; a long afternoon lay ahead.

HELICOPTERS AND RIOT VANS

Suddenly there was a lull, and nothing much seemed to be happening. This was a difficult moment for us, for suddenly we were surrounded by huntsmen and their supporters, who didn't seem too pleased with us. At this point they were frustrated by their lack of success and keen on annoying us, and picking a quarrel, or a fight. On this occasion the threats were mainly verbal, and it can sometimes be a good idea to spin the arguments out as long as possible—when they're quarrelling, they're not hunting, and a hare is momentarily safe. Another dangerous moment can occur when the sabs are mentally tired, physically exhausted too, and ready to go home.

During this time, when concentration begins to ebb, a hare can be set up, and hunted, in that brief half-hour before the light fails.

There is a ridiculous amount of over-policing on these occasions; recently the sabs were watched and pursued by a police helicopter! For so many police to be out monitoring a handful of harmless people who merely wish to save the life of a fox or a hare seems ludicrous in the extreme. When we arrived recently at the village where the hunt had gathered, we found three squad cars, and a riot van was cruising around. Any attempt to reach the hunt, even by walking along known footpaths, was prevented by dozens of police; we had to beat a retreat, and make a long wide detour towards the hunt.

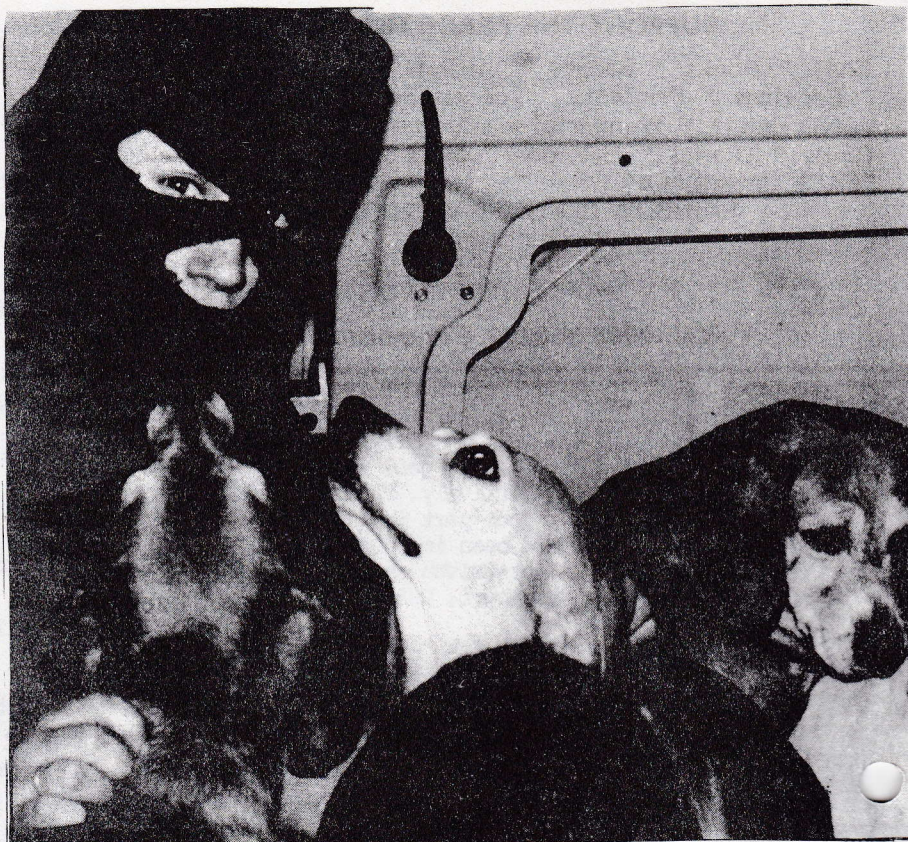
We finally entered a wide tract of moorland, roughly circular in shape, surrounded by low hills. The fields were broad, pathless, marshy; a natural wilderness of tall grasses, bogs, reedy water that widened out into shallow lakes. It was a haven for wildlife, a place of indescribable beauty. We crossed tiny rivers, and scrambled up and down ditches. My boots were utterly ruined, and leaking. At one point I waded through water

above my knees. The air was still—the sound of the dogs and the horn seemed far off.

But suddenly the hunt had come close. We could see and hear the beagles, huntsmen, supporters and fellow saboteurs, all in a state of some excitement. The dogs ran towards us, and one of our sabs, the most skilled and experienced, blew his horn, and took the dogs away with him. It was an amazing, emotional sight, and he kept running, the dogs with him. We spread out behind, encouraging and guiding the dogs towards him, with the huntsmen in vain pursuit. We headed back towards the marshes where we had come, towards this watery wilderness with swans floating on the shallow lakes, oblivious to this drama and all the wild activity. The dogs jumped into the tall grasses, having a great time, and receiving lots of affection from us. We kept the hounds for the rest of the afternoon, and they scattered and dispersed throughout the wide moorland.

From Peace News No 2294

An ALF activist shows beagles liberated from kennels in Fife, in 1983.
photo: ALF



GOING HOME

A couple of hours later, it was all over. The huntsmen were going home, and had collected their dogs. And no hare had been killed—we'd perhaps helped save the lives of several of these beautiful, increasingly rare animals. I've never felt such happiness, such elation! Our departure was marred only by the arrival of the police, who inexplicably and pointlessly took our names and addresses, as we waited for our van.

Fellow saboteurs, weary and muddy, were wandering in from the fields, throwing their arms around each other, hugging each other, women and men together linking arms along the village street in the late winter afternoon as the light faded. We anticipated huge vegan meals, lots of drinks, good chat about what had gone right and

what had gone wrong, and then a long bath and sleep, with legs aching, aching! I hadn't realised I was so unfit. When I lay down that night, after drying out wet jeans, wringing out socks, and emptying boots full of muddy water, I could shut my eyes and still see the broad, flat marshland, the tall reeds, the swans and the beauty of that place under a cold winter sky. Such moments continued to haunt me as I lay dreaming, back in my own safe haven.

BARRY MAYCOCK

N.B. to 'Hunt Sabbing' article. one of the tactics described is wrong. Where hares are concerned sabs should group up and not spread out.

Contact: Hunt Saboteurs Association, PO Box 87, Exeter EX4 3TX.

Further thoughts on SPONTANEOUS ORDER

FURTHER THOUGHTS ON SPONTANEOUS ORDER

In an earlier article I wrote some thoughts on spontaneous order, and how this natural trait of humanity could be seen reflected in some historical examples (see "A Pinch of Salt" no.3 pp2&3). In this article I will pick up on some further thoughts on this subject in a more theoretical and theological manner. To begin with a statement of the theory would be useful and so to find such we may turn to some words from Peter Kropotkin as quoted from his "The Conquest of Bread" by Colin Ward in his more current book "Anarchy in Action" (Freedom Press 1981).

"In every block of houses, in every street, in every town ward, groups of volunteers will have been organised, and these commensurate volunteers will find it easy to work in unison and keep in touch with each other.....If only the self-styled scientific theorists do not thrust themselves in.....or rather let them expound their middleheaded theories as much as they like provided they have no power."

Spontaneous order for living is thus an ordered thing in one sense in that it takes the ideal form of the small group as the basis from which all decisions

about any matter are made, but it is also a free thing as its basis is wholly voluntary. Self-styled scientists, that is those who think that their opinion is correct because it portends to some measure of science (or for that matter any other discipline) should always be allowed their say but no power should ever be held by that person simply because they are forceful. It would remain the job of the group to contain such persons while still affording them their rightful measure of freedom.

Spontaneous order is thus a voluntary agreement that unites humanity in the common task of meeting with necessity. It is not chaotic but is freedom with form dictated by nature and not sectionally contrived rules designed to uphold sectional interests..

It exists without the need for power structures that impose by tyranny or bigotry sectional interests or party considerations. Rule over the people on behalf of those who have presumed power for the people. If power to the people means anything at all it means the right by all to make the decisions that really count, and by any form or order they see fit, in any time or place.

Of course such a concept has had few and far between chances in the course of history. Given its natural non-sectional stance this is no wonder. In the late 18th century when the rather bigotted politician and power usurper Edmund Burke popularised the view of Anarchy as chaos by referring to the failed republicanism of the French Revolution as such in his "Reflections on the Revolution in France", it was the lack of sectionalism that could have cured the ills of that revolution as much as the ills of sectionally divided England that he feared. Branding Anarchy as disorder was the perfect way to end debate on freedom and natural rights that was most likely to end such power as people like he had.

While it is true that forms of aid are used by societies based on patterns of sectional interest such as the present day society of Great Britain, this aid is often more an inter-party political weapon than a mutual response to crisis or desperate circumstances. Indeed where real need exists the long delays encountered in aid being given occur mainly as a result of two things. The depth of entanglement caused by the bureaucracy that such a system necessitates and the very political sectional interests inherent in such a system anyway.

Of course, whenever a challenge in any shape is raised the politician has a perfect answer in both excuses for avoiding the need for intervention which would only show that non-intervention existed to that politicians discredit in the first place. The excuse is simple it was either inefficiency due to a bureaucracy established by another party, or the result of policy that the other party implemented often years ago, being played out now in the fullness of time. Have you ever noticed how all politicians resort primarily to these tactics at election times?!

The lack of mutual aid in our society is primarily due to this gross exaggeration of self-interest that the system of sectional party interest government imposes. On the other hand the mutual aid that human beings bring to one another in that society is often directly the result of people saying to themselves, stuff it we'll do it on our own. Charity whether in the form of the lifeboat service, Christian Aid or even band aid is a direct evidence of the natural tendency towards spontaneous order that ordinary human beings have in the mass.

Indeed that kind of response was the voluntary basis that people like Kropotkin believed could be raised and maintained with respect to a governmentless society. A society in other words not based on self interest but on mutual interest enforced not by arms or weapons of any sort but by the sheer weight of public opinion and collective action. This is not to say that Kropotkin believed deviancy and murderous or criminal behaviour would not occur. It is not a cart blanche ticket for believing that at heart human beings are all basically very good people indeed. This is to say that a society based on these principles would be less likely to find crime rate rising because of deviancy being enhanced, encouraged and made easier than one where responsibility for dealing with these issues was fobbed off onto the system. Such is the police force role in our sectional, party-based system in Britain today.

Christians are however bound to suspect that all this is not so easy to bring about in practice and I for one would not like to disagree in any way. The centre point of our faith is that God comes in Jesus Christ to save us and this implies that Man alone cannot save himself (any more than Woman alone can save herself). But that does not imply that God means us to impose our own fabricated order on each other in the shape of fixed structured Governments either. The work of God's Spirit is spontaneous work and the rambling ministry of Jesus while on Earth surely suggests that God is disposed to acting with spontaneous order. As God's created image should we not expect to be able with God's aid to do

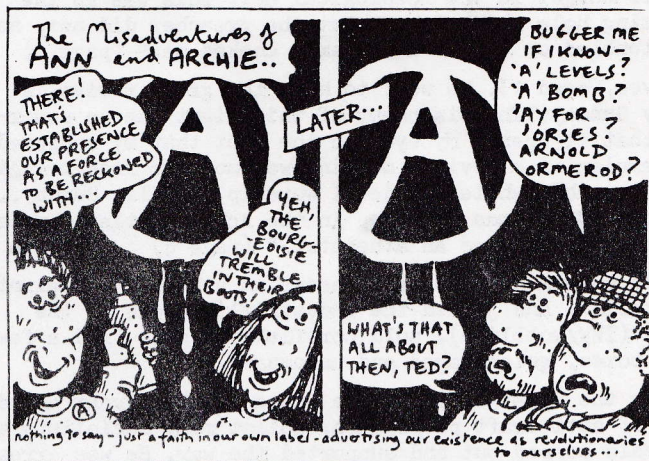
the same? Is not the essence of our Christianity to be found in mutual aid inspired and led by the Holy Spirit? Should we not gather ourselves to this way of life in thought and word and deed that the world may know its lost cause and see in us the true hope of salvation? Did not Jesus come to set us FREE.

Rousseau noted "Man was born free, and he is everywhere in chains" and for centuries radical men and women inspired by that observation have sought true freedom from the bondage of self interest sectional partisan government. Revolution after revolution has failed to change people sufficiently. Only God's love changes hearts sufficiently that they may truly be able to live in spontaneous order as Kropotkin visualised, and thus living offer mutual aid to all.

John Wesley, not noted in most history books for his being left wing or an anarchist by any modern standards made an observation about Christian living that has relevance to this point. He noted that while the first church in Acts had lived like this there had been no specific command given by Jesus that they should. The result had been that living spontaneously and the sharing of all goods in common had died away. However, such a death of practice was only a witness to the death of true spirituality in the church, for while no command was given directly by Jesus to them, such a life was implicit in the great commandment LOVE ONE ANOTHER AS I HAVE LOVED YOU. Now, as Wesley pointed out, Jesus did command his disciples to GO AND DO LIKEWISE.

Let's go then.

Tony Coats



PICKET LINE

When do I become the line
And the line become me?
When I acknowledge as mine
Yet belonging to all
The shame of racism poverty
And war,
When I begin to call for humanity
To be plaited into line,
And the line plaited into me,
Seeing my past inactivity
In each strand of nylon twine
Twisted around truth
As I pause and accept
I am also a cause
Of the immorality we call
Apartheid.

Pat Isiorho

AMMON HENNACY - one person

Ammon Hennacy was a wandering christian anarchist most of his life, quite alone in his task and outlook, but undeterred - sticking to the truth, as he perceived it, following it through, and gaining respect from the most unlikely quarters. His autobiography - "The Book of Ammon" (originally titled "Autobiography of a Catholic Anarchist") rambles through his life as a "one man revolution", as he liked to call it, - through his conscientious objection (CO), working on the land, persistent refusal to pay taxes, speaking tours, involvement with the Catholic Worker, acts of civil disobedience, fasts, pickets, sympathy and friendship with the Hopi people, setting up of his Joe Hill hospitality house, and the varied, various and many people and incidents he encountered along the way - interspersed by some of the many leaflets and letters he wrote. In March 1952 he was picketing the tax office, as usual, openly refusing to pay taxes and thereby support the war machine, and openly encouraging others to do the same, and a local newspaper ran the headline: "ONE MAN REVOLT ENTERS ITS NINTH YEAR: One Against 150,000,000". It was this characteristic revolt which was to last right up to when he suffered a heart attack picketing for the reprieve of two prisoners who were destined for execution, January the 8th, 1970 (dying six days later in hospital, aged 76).

Ammon Hennacy's religious conversions early on in his life went something like this:

"Finally, at the age of 12, after cringing at the terrible threats of damnation from the pulpit during a six weeks' revival meeting at our church, I was baptized in the creek and gazed upon by a curious crowd - the only sucker caught in the theological net. This was in the swimming hole which I knew but the preacher did not, so he stumbled on a rock and nearly choked me." (page 3)

However, aged 13, he went to hear the great revivalist Billy Sunday: "The blasphemy of this bigot was so powerful that it opened my eyes to the fact that my supposed conversion at a revival meeting was no more real religion than was this wholesale devil worship of Billy Sunday... ..Around Christmas I got up in the Achor Baptist Church.. and said that I was an atheist..." (page 4)

By the autumn of 1910 he'd become an atheist, socialist, vegetarian, and joined the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW/wobblies), sold cornflakes, spoke from a few soap boxes, got engaged and unengaged.

During the First World War he was a draft-refuser and did alot of anti-draft propaganda, whilst many socialists and radicals copped out and supported the war. He was arrested whilst sticking up anti-draft stickers in 1917, threatened with execution if he didn't register, still refused, and arrived in Atlanta Prison in July 1917. Alexander Berkman (the anarchist), who was in the same prison, sent him messages of support. However, because of being instrumental in a cell-stay-in over rotten fish (even though he didn't eat it), he was put in solitary confinement, accused of plotting to blow up the prison with dynamite. Dorothy Day reckons "the story of his prison days will rank with the great writings of the world about prisons". It was in solitary, with just a Bible to read, that he had his major conversion:

"I read of Jesus, who was confronted with a whole world empire of tyranny and chose not to overturn the tyrant and make Himself king, but to change the hatred in the hearts of people to love and understanding - to overcome evil with goodwill.

"When a child I had been frightened by hell fire into proclaiming a change of life. Now I spent months making a decision; there was no sudden change...Gradually I came to gain a glimpse of what Jesus meant when He said "The Kingdom of God is Within You". In my heart now after six months I could love everybody in the world but the warden, but if I did not love him then the Sermon on

the Mount meant nothing at all. I really saw this and felt it in my heart but I was too stubborn to admit it in my mind. One day I was walking back and forth in my cell when, in turning, my head hit the wall. Then the thought came to me: "Here I am locked up in a cell. The warden was never locked up in any cell and he never had a chance to know what Jesus meant. Nor did I until yesterday. So I must not blame him. I must love him." Now the whole thing was clear. The Kingdom of God must be in everybody: in the deputy, the warden, in the rat and the pervert - and now I came to know it - in myself." (p 27)

March 1919 he was released and then rearrested for not registering for the second draft, and during his second imprisonment, awaiting trial, he read a copy of Tolstoy's "The Kingdom of God is Within You":

"I felt that it must have been written especially for me, for here was the answer already written out to all the questions I had tried to figure out for myself in solitary. To change the world by bullets or ballots was a useless procedure. If the workers ever did get a majority of either, they would have the envy and greed and would be chained by these as much as by the chains of the master class. And the State they would like to call a Cooperative Commonwealth would be based on power; the state would not wither away but would grow. Therefore the only revolution worthwhile was the one-man revolution within the heart. Each one could make this themselves and not need to wait on a majority. I had already started this revolution by becoming a Christian. Now I had completed it by becoming an Anarchist." (page 30)

In court he explained this change; that he had gone into prison an atheist and not a pacifist, and was now a Christian, pacifist and anarchist. The judge asked what an anarchist was, Ammon's lawyer "winced and put his finger to his lips", but he went ahead and explained, and, to his utter surprise, the Judge dismissed his case. All of this is in Chapter 2 of the book of Ammon, and it's a brilliant, catapulting, chapter.

1921-1924 he hitched through forty-eight states with Selma, his common-law wife, meeting COs, doing talks, teaching classes, finally settling in July 1925 with a farm. Selma and Ammon had two children, and in 1931 he got into social work. He became renowned for his peace-making abilities, developing what he refers to as a "moral jiu jitsu" in dealing with potentially diff-



The author, Mary Lathrop,
Picketing at Air Raid Office
46th and Lexington: Oct. thru Dec. 1960.

revolution

icult situations, which stood him in good stead for the rest of his life. During this time he came across the CATHOLIC WORKER, which he at once subscribed to.

Another war arrived and he became/was a draft resister and supporter of COs, this time on Christian Anarchist grounds. He wasn't imprisoned, despite open letters of his refusal to register. In the meantime he and Selma parted, and he visited his two children occasionally from then on. He worked as a migrant labourer between 1942 and 1953, selling Catholic Workers outside churches on Sundays, working wherever he could (tax was not deducted at source from the wages of agricultural workers), all the time refusing to pay taxes. This part of his autobiography makes for fascinating reading - a glimpse of vital social history of a fairly insecure section of the population, dependent upon the big landowners and firms, hanging around to get picked up by the cotton trucks, irrigating fields throughout the night, sorting lettuces or whatever. The back cover of the autobiography has several quotes of praise, one of which is "He must be the only writer alive who can spellbind the reader with a description of how to irrigate alfalfa..". At times he rambles on, but that seems to reflect his approach to life, untroubled by material baggage (which the tax office could confiscate), worried about tomorrow, in good Gospel tradition.

Ammon's style was always self-assured, some would say egotistical, but he seems to pull it off, most of the time. Here's one of his leaflets of March 1950:

WHY AM I PICKETING?

Well, why aren't you? Do the A-Bomb and the H-Bomb make you sleep any better at night? Do you trust our politicians to protect us from destruction in an atomic war? Does it make good sense to foot the bill by paying income taxes?

I am not paying my income tax this year, and I haven't done so for the last seven years. I don't expect to stop World War III by my refusal to pay, but I don't believe in paying for something I don't believe in - do you?

Do you believe that anyone ever "won" a war? Or that any good can come from returning evil for evil? I don't believe it! And I don't believe I need preachers or policemen to make me behave, either.

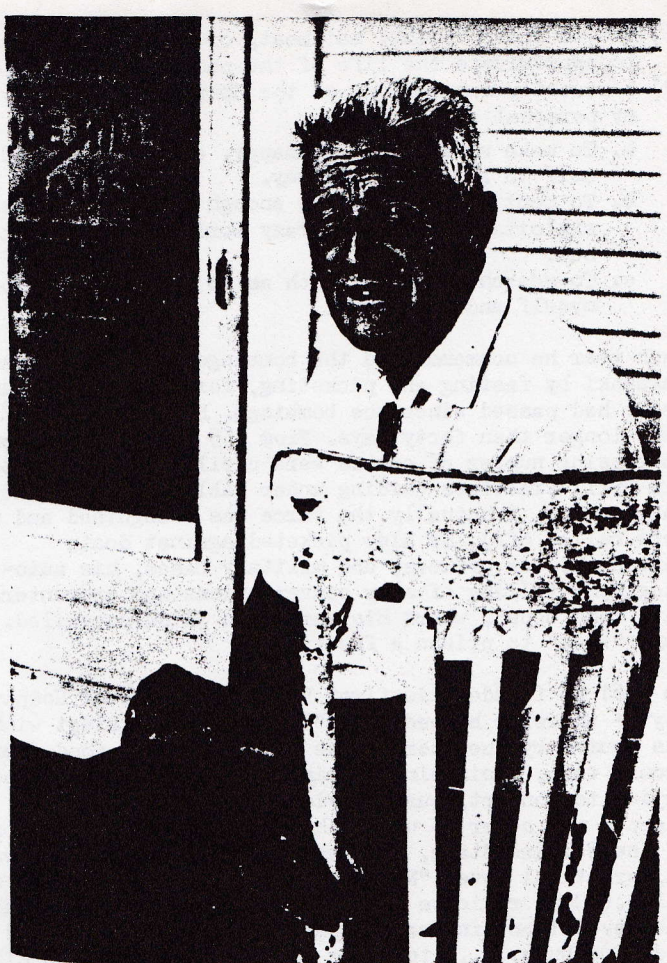
I do believe in personal responsibility, and that's why I am picketing. Why aren't you?

Ammon A. Hennacy, R.3, Box 227, March 14, 1950

He certainly didn't take a defensive approach to life. His cheerful commitment, and, undeniable, practical love is endearing. Throughout all his meetings and friendships he keeps at arm's length, almost in a halo of loneliness and flurry of activity and determination. A bit of a voice in the wilderness, a bit of a loner. Joan Thomas (they married in 1965, but just liked to call it a friendship, which is what their friendship was) describes Ammon's theology as "mish-mash", but, combined with his activity - pickets, vigils, fasts, talks, imprisonments - he bounced through life with admiration and his fair share of converted enemies.

He was a loyal supporter and seller of the Catholic Worker throughout - if asked if it was a communist paper, he'd reply something like: "Worse than that; it's Christian Anarchist, best paper in the world. Better read it.", all the time heaping contempt on Church hierarchies and hypocrisy, especially the Catholic Church. In similar style he denounced radicals who were too comfortable and not prepared to take steps that they knew they should (well, he didn't totally denounce them, but didn't have much praise for them) - preferring by far struggling Communists to affluent Quakers.

However, due to, what he later called, a crush on Dorothy Day, he converted to Catholicism in 1953



("If she had been a Quaker or a Mormon and edited a Quaker Worker or a Mormon Worker I would have been attracted to those religions"), and the chapter in his autobiography about this decision of his life shows a fair amount of back-pedaling, as well as an interesting discovery/interpretation of Catholicism in a radical light. He was baptized by an anarchist priest, and whenever he met with theological/Church difficulties or differences he defended himself with the Catholic "supremacy of the individual conscience, even if wrong", which he rarely thought he was. He was once asked "What are you first, a Catholic or an anarchist?" In 1954 he formulated the following reply:

- (1) I am Catholic and go to Mass and Communion daily, worthily I hope.
- (2) To live poor, for the world's baggage bogs you down.
- (3) To love your enemy, not everyone but your enemy.
- (4) To be a worker and not a parasite and this cuts out all Wall Street.
- (5) To bring this (3) out in small groups of like minded people.
- (6) To be an anarchist, for if you live a dedicated life and vote for this and that politician to return evil for evil in courts, prisons and war, you deny Christ.
- (7) I do not smoke, drink, eat meat, or take medicine for if tomorrow "come the revolution" I can't revolt if I am tied to an aspirin or a cigarette. (page 334)

Thereagain, he left the Catholic Church twelve years later in 1965 ("A Christian Anarchist has no business belonging to such a reactionary organization."), but still supported the Catholic Worker, and changed his priorities to:

- (1) To be an anarchist-pacifist and oppose as much as I can all war and violence, and the state which lives by these methods.
- (2) This also means to be a Christian, a follower of Christ. Outside any church.
- (3) To seek to understand and to love your enemy.
- (4) Not to expect to make this world see this now, but to continue my one-man-revolution, no matter what the result is to me personally.
- (5) To help the poor, especially the transients, for this is where the state leaves off and the anarchist begins.

- (6) Not to smoke, drink, eat meat, or take medicine, and to approximate the life of the poor among whom I live.
- (7) I recently married out of the Church, so in addition my personal emphasis is:
 - a. To make my wife, Joan, happy, and help her and myself to grow in every way.
 - b. To continue to be awake enough to oppose war and exploitation in this crazy world; not to chicken out.
 - c. To search for more truth as to what is best for myself and the world.

Each year he commemorated the bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki by fasting and picketing, for as many days as years had passed since the bombings. He did many fasts, some longer than forty days. From '55 to '62 he and an increasing number of others were civilly disobedient to Air Drill Practices (hiding under tables in the event of nuclear war. Eventually the farce was recognised and they were called off). He also picketed against death sentences, tax offices, and military bases, his autobiography telling of many conversations and encounters with "the cops", where his moral jiu jitsu prevailed. He went "back" to prison a few times.

In 1961 he founded his first "Joe Hill House of Hospitality" - where he helped feed "derelicts" and slept with his "bums" by the door on the floor, getting food from around town, minimising getting ripped off too bad, not trying to convert, just provide somewhere to eat and sleep - and sober up under the stairs. An arch opponent of the Welfare State, he consistently provided, unrewarded, practical love. "No liquor and no cops" were the only rules. ("Some radicals tell me that I ought to be "making the revolution" instead of patching up the system and coddling bums.....I tell the radicals that the Joe Hill House is a base where I can with honour picket military bases nearby, picket against the execution of prisoners, hold forth to students who are curious about radicalism, and have a meeting every Friday night where no Board of Directors can tell me "not to be so radical or you'll slow up money coming in." I am a free man in a slave-minded society." page 417). The first Joe Hill house closed in '66, but another one was opened up later that year.

Joan Thomas described Ammon as "a cheerful thorn in the Crown of Christ" - Wall Street and the War Machine would probably called him a thorn elsewhere, a lonely thorn in his one person revolution. In the midst of liberal compromise and Christian cop-outs, he was a single-minded generous spark of the (Christian Anarchist) Gospel. Stubborn and, in his own way, dogmatic, but, coupled with commitment and sacrifice, such qualities usually go down in the spiritual history books as courageous, which is a quality he admired. His autobiography remains undaunted throughout, and makes good reading, indeed a pinch of salt in a world distinctly devoid of Christian Anarchists

Right near the end of "The Book of Ammon", he writes:

"I can still sign myself "In Christ the Rebel" without belonging to any church. I am still a rebel in my 75th year, against war, exploitation, capital punishment, and race hatred. I still look forward to the day when there will be more Christian Anarchists. I am not discouraged to be nearly alone in my one-man-revolution. Young folks will come along, perhaps some whom I have helped awaken, and they may do much better than I have done."

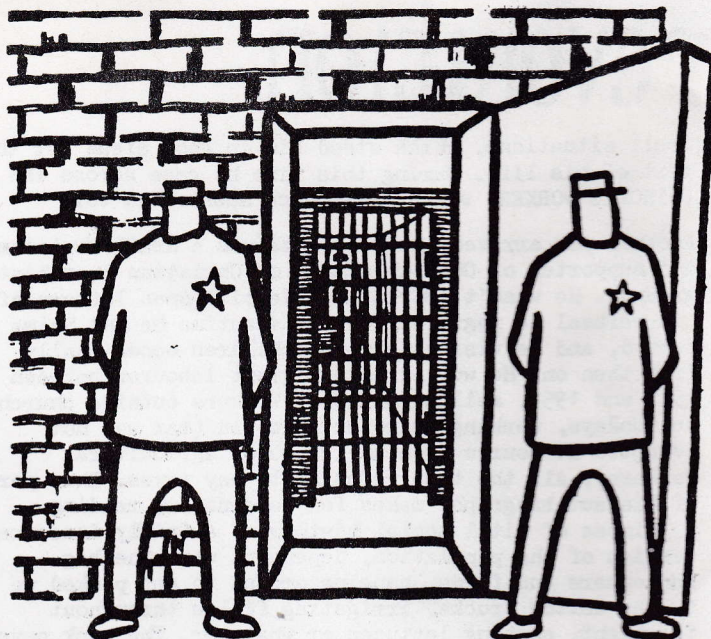
On his death, Joan carried on his picket, as he had asked, and some of his ashes were scattered on the Grave of the five Haymarket anarchists in Waldheim cemetery, Chicago, according to another wish.

Much better than reading this, read his autobiography. Better still, be a Christian Anarchist.

Stephen

("The Book of Ammon" available from Joan Thomas
PO Box 25, Phoenix, AZ 85001, USA or from me at the
"A Pinch of Salt" address, as I've ordered 10 copies.
They may take some time, though)

page ten



LETTER FROM PRISON

Dear Friends,

Ammon Hennacy often mentioned war and prison in the same breath, to stress the underlying principle upon which both are based: that violence can be overcome by violence, evil overcome by more evil. To one who sees this principle as fundamentally incompatible with a faith that expresses itself in compassion, forgiveness, and love, the prison system is revealed as the moral equivalent of the war machine and resistance to one goes hand-in-hand with resistance to the other. (Hennacy, a life-long war resister, suffered his fatal heart attack on the way to a protest against the execution of two Utah prisoners). Here in prison, jailed for non-violent resistance to the ultimate violence of war embodied in nuclear weapons, I find myself with a unique opportunity to explore this connection, both in principle and in action.

The point at which principle and action have come together for me in the context of resistance to the prison system is in the slave labor system that supports it. Like the military, the prison system requires huge amounts of human labor to sustain its operations on a day-to-day basis. But unlike the military, which must rely on economic pressure, propaganda, or an explicit draft to maintain its work force, the prison system already has such a force at its disposal: the prisoners themselves. While most people believe that slavery and involuntary servitude were abolished in the U.S. after the Civil War, a close look at the 13th Amendment reveals that it did allow them to continue as legal punishment for crimes. In this way, prisoners are forced to work to support the very system that is slowly crushing them...in effect, they are drafted into a war against themselves.

When I first arrived here in Sandstone, I decided, as many imprisoned resisters do, to try to find a job that somehow did not contribute directly to the oppression and violence of the prison system. This decision was not a simple one, and a number of factors were involved beyond the obvious question of cooperation

versus non-cooperation. Refusal to work here in the federal prison system generally results in long stretches of time in solitary confinement, disciplinary transfers from one prison to another, and other punitive measures. While this is no deterrent in and of itself, the isolation and frequent moves present a definite obstacle to whatever community-building I might hope to do among my fellow inmates. Moreover, I do feel a spiritual need to do work of some sort, and the possibilities for this are extremely limited in disciplinary lockdown. With all this in mind, I requested and received a job in the kitchen, reasoning that since people must eat wherever they are, feeding my fellow prisoners was a less directly oppressive occupation in prison, than, say, working in a construction crew helping to enlarge the prison's capacity.

Having made this choice, I applied myself wholeheartedly to my work, but didn't stop questioning my position. In prison no less than "out in the world", conscience demands that we constantly reflect on and reassess our lives and our relationships with the oppressive institutions around us. As my reflections came to center more and more on the connection between the prison system and the military, I began to ask myself: if I was forcibly conscripted into the military, would I agree to "serve" in some relatively inoffensive capacity, perhaps as an aide in a hospital or in a chaplain's office? More to the point, would the fact that even soldiers must eat justify my taking a job in the mess?

The answer I inevitably arrived at was "no". One of the most difficult tasks that confront us as people of conscience in today's world is to see beyond the division of labor and the isolation of individuals from the consequences of their collective action, to perceive the roles we play as cogs in the machinery of society, and to help others to make these connections for themselves. Ordered by the state to be a cog in the military machine, knowing that the ultimate output of that machine is destruction, suffering, and death, I would not respond by asking to be a cog in some peripheral arm of the machine. On the contrary, I would take a clear, firm stand against the machine as a whole, and reject any role at all in its workings. Given my perception of the prison system, how can I do any less here?

To decide to refuse to work for the prison is not to ignore the considerations that led me to take a job in the kitchen in the first place. It is simply a reflection of my growing sense of individual responsibility vis-a-vis the overall violence of the institution in which I live and a corresponding reordering of my priorities. It is true that opportunities for community-building and for work are more limited in solitary confinement than in general population.. but the same may be said of prison in general as opposed to the world outside of it. Just as this latter consideration didn't prevent me from acting at Pantex and coming to prison, the former cannot prevent me from non-cooperating with the prison system and going to "the hole", if this is what my conscience dictates. Here, as anywhere else, my aim is not so much to try to "choose" my environment in such a way as to maximize my opportunities to live out my faith, but to follow my conscience as closely as I can and live out my faith as best I can wherever this may lead me.

And so I have become, as it were, a "conscientious objector" in the war against prisoners. Since quitting my job at the beginning of March, I have spent most of my time in lockdown, though as I write this I am enjoying a week-long "furlough" out on the compound, courtesy of my ex-boss and a sympathetic guard. (I also had a break last month when the prison's record-keeping computer broke down and no one seemed to notice that I was out of the hole and not working for almost a week). At my last disciplinary hearing, I was told to expect a transfer to another prison if I persist in my non-cooperation, though the purpose of this isn't too clear (since one hole is pretty much the same as the next). At any rate, it was encouraging to look at my address list and realize that wherever I am sent in the federal prison system I'll still be close to people I know who are working in one way or another for a more just, peaceful world...a timely reminder of how extensive the network of concern and commitment that links all of us together really is. My thanks to all of you for the support and strength you give me by your fidelity to life.

Richard Miller

(Rich, a member of the Kindred Community, 1337 6th Ave., Des Moines, IA 50314 is serving a 4-year sentence for dismantling track on the siding leading from the U.S. Dept. of Energy's Pantex plant in Texas, July 16, 1985)

From 'The Ploughshares Newsletter' Summer 1987, a very good paper which I'll gladly photocopy for anyone interested.



U.S.A.F. Upper Heyford blockade 1983 Mike Carter



Also...if anyone wants to take part in a christian (no, really) hunt sab, get in touch at the Pinch of Salt address.

Dear Pinch of Salt & People,

...May I first say - notice the compliments first to dull the end of the letter...- that I'm quite astounded by the constancy with which you've been able to get the paper together. I thought the "misunderstood minorities" cartoon (ed 6 p7) was brilliant and could agree with just about everything in anarchist implications (p 8-10).

Still, you know how I like to stir things up, so here we go.

Well, first, I believe that Jesus is the perfect representation of God - He is the Word made flesh. Secondly I agree with Peter (2 Pet 1:20-21) that the Scriptures (old covenant and new) have origin in the Word of God - not man. This seems to be confirmed by the consistency and intricacy of the authorship and "plot" over 5000 - 6000 years and the rather handy conformity of historical events to fulfil prophecy!

Obviously different people from varied cultures have each, at differing times, interpreted scripture through their own veil - emphasising some points and diminishing others.

However, I believe that through Christ's death and resurrection we do have hope, as the Spirit has rended that veil to reveal God's will to us.

The Spirit of God is the only thing that can emancipate our minds from the preconditioned thought forms that the world system has bred into us. The Word of God is a mirror, perfect in its representation of God, in which we can examine ourselves.

Now, if I can make so bold, I feel that on some of God's "perfect law that gives freedom" (James 1:22 & 25), namely the socio-economic principles, you're really spot on. However, I cannot agree with the authors of the differ to the "Sojourners" that the Bible has no sex ethic. Apart from the obvious "thou shalt not's" in Deuteronomy etc, which calls various permutations of the sex act "detestable", there is a running theme of sexual, and emotional guidelines through the bible which are rather more specific than relying on the sometimes elusive feeling of "love".

For example, Ezekiel not only warned of God's displeasure with usury, excessive interest, bribes, mercenaries, state oppression, victimisation of single parent families and racial minorities and slander, but He also warned against despising holy things and "lewd" acts, in which he included incest, adultery, rape and intercourse during menstruation - which can be painful as well as humiliatingly messy.

Now the question is, if we don't trust God's principles above the principles of the world, where are we (earthly beings that we are!) going to draw the line? It's all very well saying that it's defined by love, but ... I love my mother - should I have sex with her - is incest right if done with "feelings"? I love children, their zest, their softness - should I have sex with a child? I love many women...should I have sex with them? As a young girl I thought that "what thou wilt shall be the whole law" - Crowley sincerely believed that, but at the risk of sounding nasty - look where it got him. I too went after my desires - good and bad - but at last had to admit that I was outside of God's pattern for sexuality (amongst other things!).

I would also venture that, except in extremely few cases, homosexuality is not natural, either in view of humanist selective evolution, or in God's pairing of Eve and Adam. In the animal kingdom homosexuality is only noticed, along with infanticide, when under extreme overcrowding and stress. I think that it is the pattern of this world that conditions people into thinking they are gay when maybe they're emotionally hurt or socially dislocated - for example a friend of mine thought he might be gay because he couldn't participate in the random, pre-marital affairs with women. To be honest, that's the kind of

page twelve

LETTERS TO THE

message I get from your cartoon on p6 - young boys are taught to be violent and unloving, therefore to have affection for one another is now to be synonymous with being "young, gay and proud". (OK, so maybe I'm being sexist thinking that they're boys because they've got short hair).

This aspect on things is not just Old Testament Judaism either. Christ reinforced the total commitment of marriage, grieved over the hardness of heart that had caused people to reject this and warned against deceptive lusts. Paul said that when people looked at creation rather than the creator, they do not retain his knowledge but become confused, exchanging natural heterosexual relationships for homosexual. I understand that to some readers this challenges the root of their thought structures, attitudes and behaviour - ones which they have often fought to protect, and that have many good and noble aspects.

I do however feel responsible to present my aspect in this area of sex ethics as an anarchist - in regards to human authority/world system - and Christian, accepting the authorship of God.

Although I have concentrated on relationship structure + redress what I see as a slight imbalance in Pinch of Salt, I would like to add that the area of "sexual immorality" is neither greater nor smaller in God's eyes than lying, drunkenness, gossip, or sorcery (drug abuse/occult) and that recognition of our flaw is countered by the total, overwhelming, everlasting grace and forgiveness of God in Jesus Christ.

Yours in Love

Deborah Harris

Dear Pinch of Salt,

Hi. Here's a couple of recipes. They're Russian cabbage soups called "she" with other vegetables mixed in. There's a lot of variety in vegetables, and they're cheap, even though I'm not a vegetarian.

Actually it's vegetables that bring home to me how stupid the economic system is: there's a huge variety of fruit and vegetables available, but a lot of people have to eat the same thing every day because they haven't got much money. Never mind the exotic ones there's still an immense variety of ordinary British stuff that you could grow anywhere, in large quantities - there's no need for anyone to be hungry or have a boring diet. Parsnips, celeriac, swedes, pears, plums, cherries - think of it all! And it's so expensive, but it needn't be.

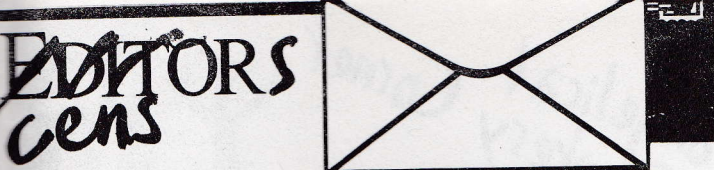
And here's some thoughts on a couple of other things.....

HOMOSEXUALITY - being an active homosexual involves a choice, so it can't be compared to being a woman or being black. Although, of course, being born a homosexual can be.

"AND IF ONE OF THE OCCUPATION TROOPS FORCES YOU TO CARRY HIS PACK ONE KILOMETRE, CARRY IT TWO KILOMETRES" (Matt 6-4) Good News Bible. Perhaps doing this is to show that you don't care that you are being forced to carry his pack. Enjoying power over someone only works if that person doesn't want it (and you can make them do things they don't want to), but if it makes no odds to them what power you have over them, you can't enjoy it. It could make the soldier see that his power is worthless, and could mean in fact for you, that he has no power over you because power relies on force, and you're not being forced to do anything.

Keep up the good work

William Counsel



It's the first time I've done this - standing on some street corner, rattling, occasionally aggressively, a tin in aid of some cause. I'm somewhat apprehensive of meeting up with Dawit Johannes, B/ham's sole Eritrean. We exchange greetings and although the day is grey and the city feeling even more unpleasant than usual he has a big smile and that same old spirit that draws you in and inspires you, a spirit that hopes against hope and will not be beaten.

Within minutes I'm strategically placed outside c&a, leaflets in one hand, sandwich board around my neck and tin in the other hand. I'm not quite sure what to do with my eyes - stare at the floor, aimlessly about, or look them in the eye. It's trial and error. Soon a rhythm sorts it's self out, and humanity flows by, in it's various shades.

With 10 minutes gone by the initial embarrassment has subsided to a greater and more profound feeling - humiliation, after and absolute humiliation, I stand arms at half stretch to bear my chest (although it feels more like my soul) to all who cares to look. I've become a surrargette beggar appealing for life and begin to feel a strange solidarity with the worlds beggars - for 2 hours I will be one. I feel the anger rise to a crescendo as I contemplate the situation. I'm standing here with a huge photograph of someone's emaciated, dying child hanging around my neck, death appealing to life, the hidden being revealed, reality re told, the crescendo breaks and prayer begins.

A woman ushering three small children stops to window shop, the three look up at me, a curious sight and eyes drift south to the photograph. They stare long and then back at me, a smile assures them I'm friendly. They pass by with mother into the mass of faces. Did they recognise the child in the picture, what did they make of it, what are images like this doing to children, questions run on in the emptiness. Some give with a prayer, some to salve their conscience (don't we all) and some because they always do. And then there is always the unexpected, the punks reaching to empty their pockets and the obese vicar embarrassed and giving me a wide berth. Soon I feel the stream of humanity turning to a stream of poverty, the kind which Jesus spoke of, spiritual poverty.

The other kind rang in my ears, "Fuck off" came the irritated reply from twenty metres away as a one legged piper set up shop in a fitable shop. Backing off I'm not aware of being another flea on the municipale dog. Two hundred metres down to the left sits a woman in her home - a disused shop doorway. She's huddled into her numerous clothes and barracaded against the rain by her few possessions held in black plastic bags. Several others appear thru' the crowds, the mentally ill, the intoxicated and those who have their lives held together by polythene and string.

The crescendo rises again and I forget the fingers cramp in both hands. It's pathetic that I have to stand here with this emaciated body hanging here spoiling everybody's day, competing with Britain's poor. It's pathetic that Dawit had to 'import' Eritreans from London to do this annual collection, it's pathetic that this is the main way of supporting three million people.

The crescendo gives way to prayer again. Rastafarians reach for change, unknowingly giving it to the very people whose dignity and suffering brought down their God- King, Haile Selassie only to give way to communism - ironic.

Back at the meeting point, the Eritreans war-scarred faces are, as ever, smiling even though I was the only white face to show up. I left them there shaking the tins and appealing to the world thru' the eyes of their, no our, dying children.

Rodger

red guitar

my
heart
is a
red
guitar
that
your
dis-
embodied
and
once
crushed
hands
play.
i have
stored
up
your
songs
of
liberation
in my
soundbox
& now

for Victor Jara

i will sing then LOUD so as to wake
this subconscious subcontinent from
the nightmare; and send shivers
down it's spinalcolumn of a
mountain range
my voice will join
the acupella choirs of
priests, peasants,
indians, students, workers, nuns and
mothers - all those who have loved and
therefore suffered. these songs contain
the soul of the drum and the bamboo pipe.
these songs contain the laughter of
crimson cockatoos from the rainforest
of all our interiors.
my heart is a red
guitar. your fingers
dance over my steelwound
strings like
paprika sparks

The above poem by Bill Lewis from his collection 'Communion' which is brilliant, and available from HANGMAN BOOKS, 2 May Road, Rochester, Kent ME1 2HY.

On the subject of letters, "A Pinch of Salt" is totally dependent and happy upon your contributions whether rants, polemics, poetry, drawings, letters, or whatever. What other magazine can offer you exclusive access to the world christian anarchist audience !

- A Pinch Of Salt
c/o 24 South Road
Hockley
BIRMINGHAM B18





BOOK PILE

THE NEW ENLIGHTENMENT by Smith & Neil
(a channel 4 book)

This book is about justifying the system of capitalism and consequently full of contradictions & division. For example, division into public & private: the correct products to be made through social effort are found by a "free" market economy, but a rigid morality for the individual is praised.

More often than not, the finger of blame is pointed to the right place, like to state socialism, but the solutions proposed are no better than that which they replace.

The system in which we live is presented in such a way as to say that if the free exchange of money occurred this would control all areas of life in a benign way. If some part of society is blighted, the national health service is presented in this way in the book, then it is due to excessive bureaucracy & not allowing the market process to act in a proper way.

This seems unrealistic in places. When it is stated that in a racist society " the white employer who did hire blacks (at lower wages) would gain a competitive edge on the one who did not " (p.61) analysis must be lacking. Even a materialist could see that a lack of worker self-esteem would cause a loss in production, and the fact that part of the reason that production goes on is to give more meaning to the producers life escapes the authors. The worker is treated like another drop of water scooped from an ever present pool of labour in which she or he has no feeling towards those around them, held in the hand of the leader with other drops perhaps feeling a mutual goal; only to be flung back to being another nothing. The wage paid is supposed to be a compensation for this.

Additionally other reasons can be found to justify being a productive member of society;

" Dignity. I can think of no other explanation of what motivates people to suffer as they do " says a U.S. expatriot in Nicaragua. This is the essential difference between a place where need powers, unlike the libertarian nightmare where greed devours.

Money and the accumulation of material wealth are seen as the only acceptable ends. Interestingly Smith and Neil recognise this while also clearly perceiving the anguish of achieving these ends. But the uncertainty, fear, guilt and deprivation of the current structures of the western world are given as positive as many entrepreneurs are goaded into achieving by these things. Just as the worker in the pool of labour is unable to see what working tomorrow or next year may bring, the entrepreneur " is a man who is uncertain of his link with the future ". This is a system of certainty in economics and uncertainty in people. I would say that it should be round the other way: Let no debt remain outstanding except the continuing debt to love one another.

Amen

Janie



Vegangelical Cookery Corner



The Church of Scotland once commissioned a report on the theological implications of the Motherhood of God. Some people were not amused by a reference in a prayer to God as Mother. Indeed one delegate asked the Woman's Guild president if she could say whether "the Divine She who must be obeyed is a vegetarian or wears a CND badge". Well, it's obvious, God isn't a vegetarian nor wears a CND badge - She's vegan and wears an anarchist badge. Anyway, on with this week's dogma-free vegan recipes. Oh, how the recipes flooded in for a change.....

YUMMY CURRIED LENTIL SALAD (for a feast for ten people)

- 1 onion
- oil
- 1 clove of garlic
- 8 oz red lentils
- 1/2 pt water (or pineapple juice)
- 1 tablespoon curry powder
- 1 tablespoon vinegar
- 1 (about 8 oz if you don't like
 how about a melon from Spain? using tins)
- green pepper (as much as you like/ can lay
 your hands on)

salt and pepper

Heat oil and fry onion & garlic for 2 minutes. Add washed lentils, water / juice, curry powder & vinegar. Cook for 25 minutes (don't let those lentils boil dry !) Leave to cool. When cool add chopped & green peppers. Season with salt and pepper.

(thanks to..Rodger ..)

SCRUMMY VEGAN CHEESE ON TOAST

bread (preferably wholemeal, homemade & lots of it)

yeast extract
tahini

Toast one side of the bread - turn it over and spread with yeast extract and then tahini. Put back under the grill until it bubbles. Eat at once !

HAPPENINGS

Thursday 6 August: Hiroshima Day.

Sunday 9 August: Nagasaki Day.

Christian CND Fourth Annual Pilgrimage...

Wednesday 26 August, 11am U.S.A.F. Daws Hill
12.30 pm Nap Hill

Saturday 29 August, 10 am Vigil GCHQ

Monday 31 August, 10am Vigil Malvern Radar Est
1 pm Gathering, Worship, Picnic
Malvern Hills.

More details...

Angela Needham (CND co-chair)

7, Furnace Cottages, Crow Edge, Sheffield
S30 5HF

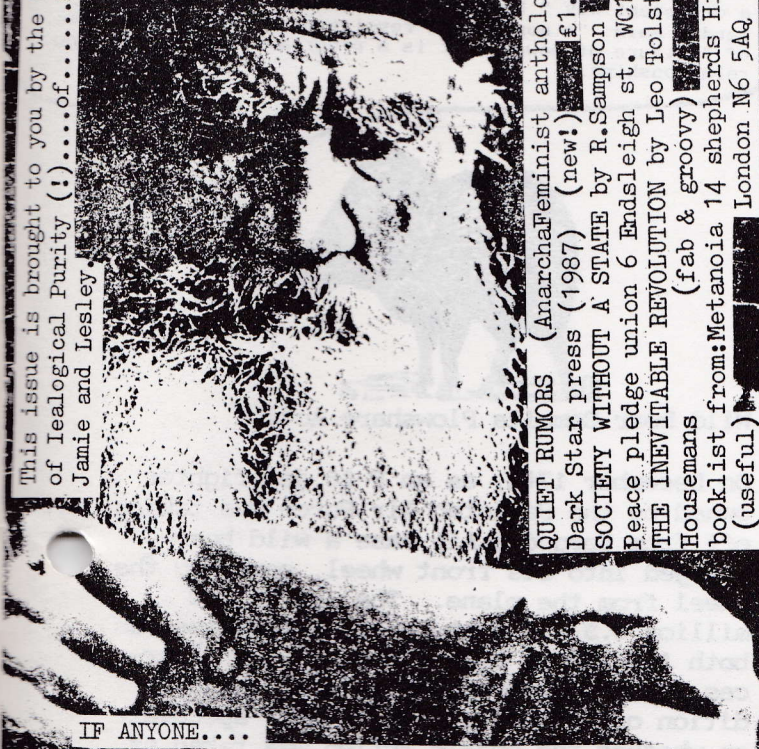
28-31 August, Castle Ashby, Northants....

Greenbelt Christian Arts Festival
(very loosely speaking). Don't
whatever you do forget your UB40.
Some kind of gathering / workshop
will happen.

LEO TOLSTOY

The Inevitable Revolution

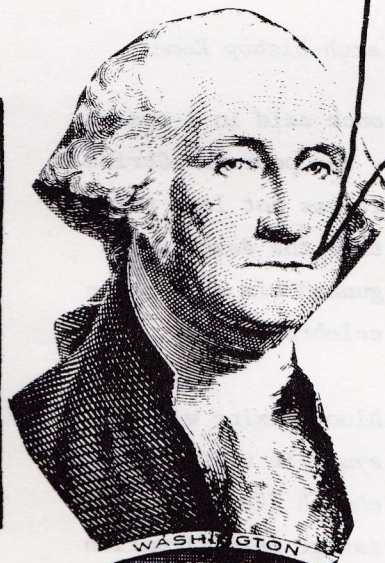
This issue is brought to you by the Collective of Ideological Purity (!).....of.....Stephen, Jamie and Lesley.



IF ANYONE....

QUIET RUMORS (AnarchaFeminist anthology)
Dark Star press (1987) (new!) £1.80
SOCIETY WITHOUT A STATE by R. Sampson
Peace pledge union 6 Endsleigh st. WC1
THE INEVITABLE REVOLUTION by Leo Tolstoy
Housemans (fab & groovy)
booklist from: Metanoia 14 shepherds Hill
London N6 5AQ
(useful)

anyone has anything by, or about, Peter Maurin (most especially " Easy Essays ") or Voltarine de Clayre could they please get in touch. Thankyou - you'd make us people very happy.

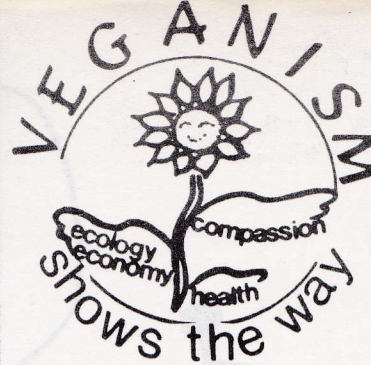


The Italian " Return to the Earth " Association formed this year to promote the return of young people to work on the land, has as one of its functions International Exchanges.

If anyone is interested in a period of voluntary work or would like further information about this ecumenical organisation please write to:

Ian McCarthy
c/o CENTRO RITORNO ALLA TERRA
VIA VECCHIOTTI 7,
63029 SERVIGLIANO,
ASCOLI-PICENO,
ITALIA

and tell them of your "desires, your ideas and your skills".



'The Monkey and the Dragon' —TAPES

Each cassette cost 5.00, which includes postage, VAT and a cassette box. If the price is too high, write to us and perhaps we can come to another agreement.

Philip Berrigan/Dorothy Day. These two individuals attempt to integrate spiritual concerns with their revolutionary politics. Both are anarchists and pacifists, and the programmes describe their life and work. Day died some years ago (1974,1980).

Tweed Street High Bentham, Lancaster LA2 7HW England.

Brought forward from last issue...-£85.45
(Roger's loan having been repayed)
Donations / income since last.....+£283.67
issue
Expenses(printing no.6, stamps....-£156.75
etc

So we have £41.47 in our accounts, plus a £124.40 loan from Stephen, which will all have to cover printing costs for this issue, stamps etc....Anyway I hate doing accounts and can't wait until capitalism is destroyed.

Many, many thanks to everyone who has supported us. We 'sold' A Pinch on the CND Demo, a YCND Demo and a CCND Demo - which raised £47.67, and some interest.

Loans : I'm setting up a Christian anarchist book service for purposes of propagation, and it needs capital to buy things with, so if anyone is interested in doing a loan (interest free of course) they're welcome - please get in touch via the Pinch of Salt address.

Anyone interested in knowing what lovelies this meagre book service (et cetera) has to offer at the moment, do write. And, may I remind you, that there are lots of badges which were made in a fit of creative expression - though I'm not too sure how immortal the designs are.

Stephen.

SUBSCRIPTION / DONATION SLIP

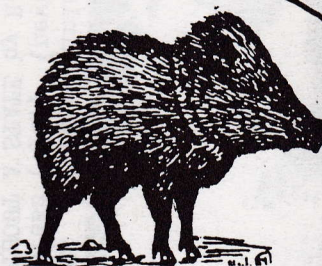
'A Pinch of Salt' is free, relying on donations, and when it comes to getting the thing out, staying up late until the liquid paper out manoevers the type. If you want to receive it regularly, or give a donation, here's your opportunity.....

I am.....
My address is.....

Please put me on your central files YES/NO
I enclose a donation of/ I8m broke
(Please make cheques payable to 'A Pinch of Salt').



"What is our task? It is to increase and extend our resistance to the Bomb and all bombs, to war and to the Warfare State, to our State and to all States, by direct action and by civil disobedience and by education and by mutual aid. Cobbett used to call what he hated "the Thing", but the State isn't a thing - Landauer said: "The State is a condition, a certain relationship between people, a way of human behaviour; and we destroy it when we contract different relationships and behave in a different way." Nor is revolution a thing either - Gandhi said: "A nonviolent revolution is not a programme of "seizure of power"; it is a programme of transforming relationships."



Wild Boar Commits Plowshare Action

On December 17th, as an F-16 jet fighter owned by the Pakistan Air Force was taking off from Sargodha Air Base a wild boar charged into its front wheel, severing the wheel from the plane. The jet, a \$30 million U.S. product, burst into flames as both its pilots ejected to safety. Sources did not report, however, on the condition of the boar, nor did they speculate on whether the boar's action was taken as a moral protest against the continuing U.S.-Pakistani arms trade. (thanks to Earth First!)

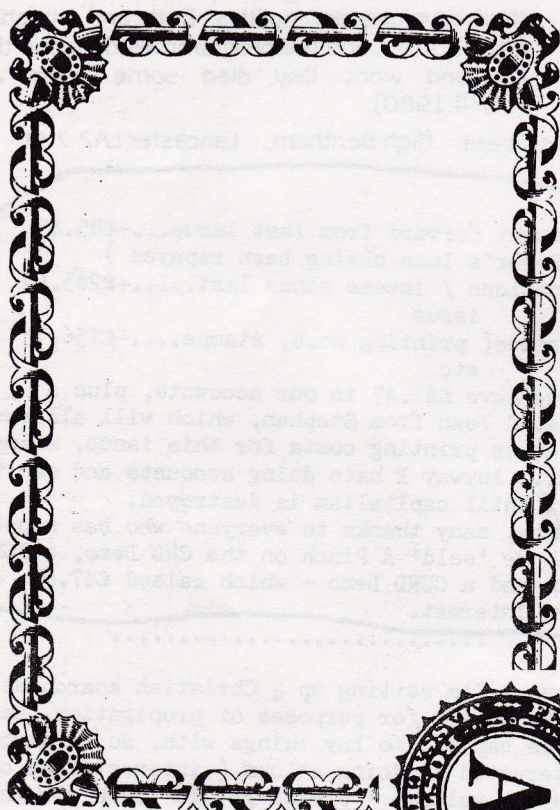
arch-bishop Romero

once said in a speech
- the poor are Christ.
it was not long after
that the death squad
gunned him down as he
celebrated Mass. his

blood mixing with its
symbolic version on the
church floor in a
savage re-affirmation
of the sacrament.

somewhere, a factorywall
is spraycanned - Jesus Christ greatest LIVING
& down the dark revolutionary.
passage of history
on another wall a
graffiti fish swims
burning in its sea of stone
pointing the WAYOUT
of a catacomb
into the light.

If undelivered, please return to:
"A Pinch of Salt", c/o 24 South Rd, Hockley, BIRMINGHAM 18



A flower blooms
in the winter.
Comrades go to jail.
But they don't go
alone.
They hold high
the blooming Flower
of Resistance.

Helen Woodson