

Aug. 87

No. 20

DIGGER

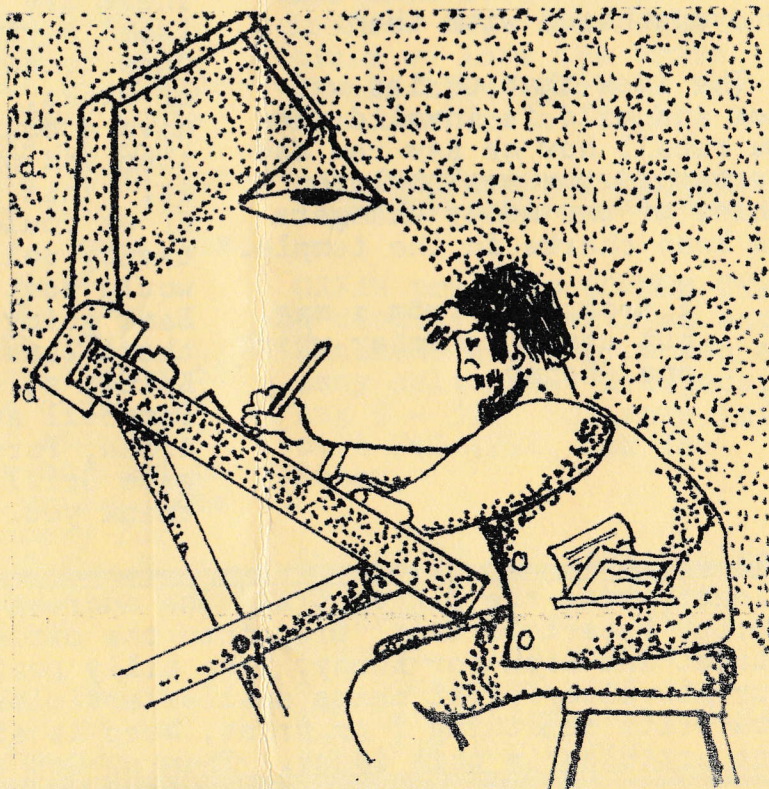
and Christian Anarchist

In a fifth floor garret in a working class street, the Rue Mouffetard, he now edited, largely wrote, and printed on a hand press The Revolt, In a room furnished with a table and two chairs, he lived and worked, dressed invariably in a French workmans long black blouse, surrounded by pamphlets and newspapers, "simple, silent, indefatigable," and so absorbed in his thought and task that "he seemed like a hermit from the middle ages who forgot to die eight hundred years ago."

**Helen
Keller :
Socialist**

**No Noose
Is Good
Noose**

**A Very
Unusual
Vicar**



"After his father Joseph died, responsibility for the family fell to Jesus, he became the primary breadwinner and decision maker in family affairs. He oversaw the welfare of his mother as well as of his four brothers and two sisters.

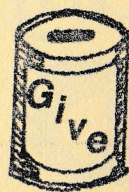
"Christ would have made a good trade union leader, for he hated the inequality of the times and the idle rich who exploited simple village people with long hours and low wages.

During those days, women were regarded as little more than possessions of man, like his animals - yet Christ openly sympathised with them.

The idea that Christ was meek and mild is invalid when you recall how he saw red and overturned the wealth-laden tables of the money changers and loan sharks in the temple."

I took this from a mag.
but can't remember which
one Kenny

Food Bank



Since the last issue, the Food Bank has had a bit of a turnaround. We had one very generous donation of one hundred dollars, and a couple of about twenty dollars. This is a big help, and makes us feel like it's worth carrying on. It really hurts to turn folks away. Our newest fundraiser is (I think) our best. We have distributed a number of donation cans about town. These are black with a yellow label saying 'Hunger is Everyones Concern'. After a couple of weeks, they each seem to have a couple of dollars in them and one has a twenty in it. This is very encouraging. If we could count on just twenty dollars a week, it would just about keep the Food Bank going forever. Look for these cans at Incredible Bulk, Kelcey's, Charlotte Annes, Campbell and Best Hardware, Aloha, Farmers Kitchen, Westgate Grill and elsewhere. Thank you.

Please write the Digger C/A. The address is 642 George St. North, Peterboro Ont. Drop into the office at 231 Hunter street and look for Kenny. (the billy goat looking one). Our new size/format means smaller articles I guess so if you write something for print, keep it about as long as the articles in this issue. Thanks. God bless.

GODBODY

I've just read a strange book by the science fiction writer Theodore Sturgeon. It's called Godbody and was loaned to me by Sandy Dolman. I'm glad I read it. It's not science fiction in fact, God has sent a new Messiah, calling himself Godbody. He draws to himself a group from a small town, a minister and his wife, a rapist and one of his victims, a banker, a woman artist, and finally a policeman. Only days later he is shot by a local power broker. Sturgeons premise is that sex is or ought to be sacred and sacramental and totally free as Godbody teaches. I'm not sure about this and will have to do more thinking about it. Sex is dangerous if not handled carefully. Anyway in the end the minister lists some of the early church practices abandoned over the centuries such as:

- No house of worship, services often held in the open air.
- No officiating priest.
- No distinctions of sex, race, poverty etc.
- the 'kiss of peace', on gathering each person embraced every other.
- the Agape, a feast, a real meal.
- Theolepsy. 'Seizure by God', something akin to speaking in tongues or holy rolling.

I think it might be worth your while to get this book possible. It's a Signet book New American Library, 1987.



An Easy Essay

People who are in need and are not afraid to beg give to people not in need the occasion to do good for goodness' sake. Modern society calls the beggar bum and panhandler and gives him the bums rush. But the Greeks used to say that people in need are the ambassadors of the gods. Although you may be called bums and panhandlers You are in fact ambassador of God. As god's ambassadors you should be given food, clothing and shelter by those who are able to give it.

Peter Maurin

There shall be none Lords over others, but everyone shall be Lord of himself, subject to the law of righteousness.

- Gerrard Winstanley

The Vicar of Morwenstow

Robert Hawker came from a family of clergymen and was born on December 3, 1804. Because there was not enough money to send him to Oxford, Hawker proposed to and married a Miss Charlotte I'ans who had just inherited an annuity of 200 pounds a year. This lady was his godmother and twenty years older than himself, but this did not bother either of them and they had a long and satisfying marriage.

Morwenstow on the north Cornish coast had been without a resident vicar for a century before Hawker was sent there in 1835. He found he had taken on a parish full of villains, (shipwreckers would lure ships onto the rocks at night and plunder them), his manse was in ruins and that the church was neglected and gently rotting amidst a forest of weeds and nettles. But he grew to love it.

Much of the ceremonial he used in the church was entirely his own and for some odd reason he always wore scarlet gloves. Baptising a baby, he would raise

it in his arms, stride up and down the church in his flowing purple cape and roar out: "We receive this child into the congregation of God's flock." It was very dramatic and parents would travel miles for a Hawker baptism. At weddings he would take the ring and toss it into the air before allowing the bridegroom to have it.

He was usually followed to church by nine or ten of his pet cats which prowled around the chancel during the service. Originally there were ten but when one caught a mouse and ate it on a Sunday, he excommunicated it. While saying prayers he would absent-mindedly scratch his favourite under their chins. A little dog sat on the altar step with him in the position usually occupied by the server. Asked why he didn't turn it out he answered, "All animals, clean and unclean should find refuge here."

His church was terribly untidy and full of strange bits and peices which had nothing to do with religion. Above the screen was a large blue cross painted with five gold stars representing the cross of the southern sky. His chancel was strewn with wormwood, sweet marjoram and thyme; his altar was strewn

with burnt out matchsticks and candle ends. The church was furnished with things from his kitchen and he used a tumbledown stable as his vestry.

No sooner had the call gone out that a ship was on the rocks, than Hawker in his huge seaboots was risking his life in the surf. He came to have an intense sympathy for the wretchedly paid farm laborers in his parish and fought for them with vigour. On cold winter nights when the wind tore in from the Atlantic, he would take bottles of brandy from his cellar, meat from his larder, and blankets from his beds and tour the cottages to see if they were in need.

He wore his own clothes until they were threadbare and had no best suit in which to receive visiting bishops. Sometimes on cold days he could be seen riding through the lanes on the back of a mule - the only fitting beast he remarked, for a churchman - and wearing a yellow garment which made him look like a Tibetan Lama.

Hawker's last days were not happy. He was harrassed with financial worry. His church was falling down, he did not know how to provide for his wife and three children. In 1875, he went on a trip to Plymouth to see a doctor. He walked out to the cliffs

for a last look at the scene he loved, sensing he would never see it again. He died on the trip to Plymouth and, though he never would have wished it, was buried there.

from The Worlds Greatest Cranks and Crackpots by Margaret Nicholas. (sounds like a saint to me - Kenny)



The Rev. Robert Stephen Hawker

Lying, idolatry and
hypocrisy pay good wages,
but truth must go
a-begging.

- Martin Luther

State Murder Rejected

On Tuesday June 30th, Parliament voted on the proposal to return capital punishment. I am happy and relieved to say that the motion was soundly defeated by a vote of 148 to 127. When capital punishment was abolished in 1976 it was by just a six vote margin. Canada remains in the community of (at least nominally) civilized nations on this issue refusing to join South Africa, the Soviet Union, Iran, and certain of the United States in state sponsored murder.

At first it looked like the rope might be brought back, and the pro capital punishment movement led by our own member of parliament Bill Domm thought they had it made, but abolitionist everywhere worked hard at a massive campaign of public education, and some weeks ago it became obvious that it would be close. All three leaders of the national parties are against capital punishment and with a federal election in two years, no matter who wins it looks like this is now the end for at least a decade of the 'hangin fever'.

A stunned and dejected Domm (who also led the ill-fated and disastrous crusade against metrification) said that it would be 'futile' to keep on now and that he was 'very disappointed'. He ought to be relieved, if hanging had been returned, God knows how much blood would have been on his hands, blood he would have had to answer for in eternity.

Typically, Domm turned on his own supporters, blaming them for not working hard enough. "I question whether those that wanted capital punishment did all they could do," he griped. Sounds like sour grapes Bill. Now to get along with prison abolition.



NO MORE HIROSHIMAS
NO URANIUM EXPORTS

Candlelight Demonstration
Thursday August 6, 9pm
Assemble at City Hall

Remembrance Vigil
at the cenotaph until 11am
August 9 - Nagasaki Day

Contact Act for Disarmament
Peterborough, 231 Hunter St.
W., 742 4772 for more info.

Helen Kellers Vision

"Helen joined a group of young people who met at the house on Coolidge street. They talked far into the nights. They believed as most independent and intelligent boys and girls do, in peace, brotherhood of man, and a square deal for everybody. Their ideals were men like Keats, Bergson, Whitman, Shelley and Tolstoy."

"War came - and Helen, though against Anne Sullivan's advice, spoke for peace. Nobody wanted to hear that. She spoke the poor as she had spoken for the blind and the deaf. Nobody wanted to hear that either. Women had no vote in those days. Helen, but not Anne, was sure that if women could vote, the cruel suffering of war would soon be over. But people wanted her story. At one point she was accused of treachery by the press. She had offered the money for the publication of *The Story Of My Life in German to blinded German soldiers.*"

"In My Religion, Helen wrote 'We know that it is possible so to plan the econ-

omic systems in the world that we could all be much richer, freer, and happier than we are today. We know that the troubles of our times and the menace of war can be changed only by suggestion, persistence and devotion to humanity."

from Helen Keller by
J.W. and Anne Tibble,
a Piccolo book.

We all know something about the amazing life of Helen Keller who was blind, deaf, and unable to speak, but we are not often reminded that she was a lifelong socialist. The prostitute press keeps it from us. After all how could we love the brave little blind girl if we knew she was a 'Commie Red.'



OXFAM presents COMMON THREADS a display of textiles and handmade goods by women of many cultures. Artspace, Aug 9 - 31. For more info. call 742-4772, ask for Kathy.

August 22 - 24 the Nuclear Capable Warship Oliver Hazard Perry will visit Toronto. Interested in a blockade of same call ACT for disarmament, 742-4772 ask for David.

ONE DAY AT THE DIGGER

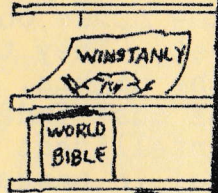
BY
KENNY

WHAT KIND
OF RELIGION
IS THIS?

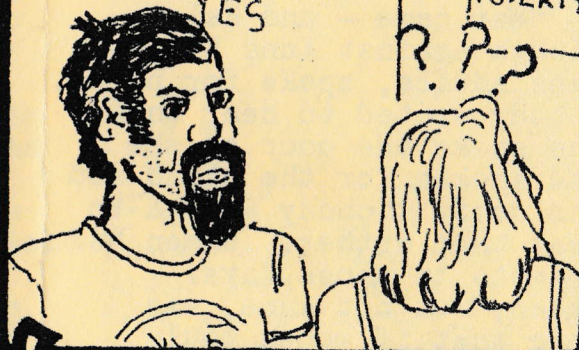
ITS CHRISTIAN
ANARCHIST.
COME IN. WE
HAVE FREE
BOOKS
AND...
.....



ARE YOU A BORN AGAIN
CHRISTIAN? DO YOU KNOW
JESUS AS YOUR PERSONAL
SAVIOR? ARE YOU RIGHT
WITH GOD?



YES
YES
YES

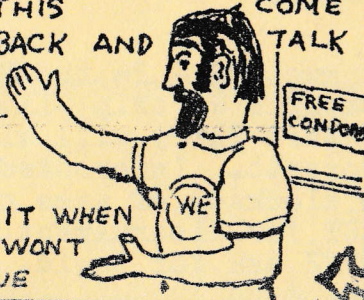


HOLY
POVERTY

FORNICATORS CAN'T
GO TO HEAVEN
YOU DON'T KNOW
GOD!



BUT DISEASE IS SIN!
WAIT DON'T RUN AWAY
CAN'T WE DISCUSS
THIS COME
BACK AND TALK



I HATE IT WHEN
PEOPLE WONT
DIALOGUE

THEN WHY DO YOU GIVE
OUT CONDOMS? DON'T
YOU KNOW FORNICATORS
CAN'T GO TO HEAVEN?
YOU DON'T KNOW GOD!
FORNICATION IS SIN...
YOUR PUSHING FILTH
CAN'T GO TO
HEAVEN!!

