

# The Wednesday



Weekly Magazine of the Wednesday Group at Albion Beatnik - Oxford

## Editorial

### *Festive Thought*

Festivities are an interruption to the mechanical run-around of everyday life throughout the year. It is Schiller who suggested that *play* is where we are truly humans, an idea which we will come back to on another occasion. Schiller was concerned with *freedom* in the metaphysical sense, but we are concerned here with the practical (empirical) sense: the freedom from everyday pressure.

Surveying history, it is difficult to find a period or culture in human history where people did not have festivals. Pagans or believers of all strands and varieties always have festivals and they may be the most important and long lasting traditions, with their transformation and re-inventing of themselves into different practices. Sometime these festivals metamorphose from one culture or religion into another. Festivals like Christmas and days like Valentines are becoming, with increasing globalisation, of interest for cultures that were not related to these festivities.

Early cultures may have got their festivals from the rhythms of nature, following the seasons, the length of day and night, sowing and harvesting, consuming food when they have excess and preparing to for a new start in creating food and wealth, honouring the earth or looking for the blessing of the gods (or The God). A psychologist would say that they create a space for venting the pressure of the season before and re-invigorating the energy to start new life.

However, the modern life has moved away from nature in the sense that we are no longer connected to the earth, through agriculture and its way of production and the rituals connected with it. Consuming natural products, fruits for example, has lost its natural rhythm. You can go to the supermarket now and get the fruit of summer in winter and vice versa.

Guy Debord in his book *Society of the Spectacle* argues, from a Marxist point of view, that this is an unnatural state of affairs. He argues in his chapter 'Spectacular Time' that time became 'commodified' and its cyclicity is pseudo-cyclical time, pseudo-nature. We have the feeling that we are in tune with nature but we are not. Debord puts the point succinctly:

'The moment within cyclical time when members of the community joined together in a luxurious expenditure of life are impossible for a society that lacks both community and luxury.'

That may be true and all is an illusion. But can we live without illusion? Art is a form of illusion, yet we can't do without art. Story-telling is fiction in lots of cases but can we live without stories? Plato may insist on expelling the artists from his republic but that makes it very austere. It may be a just republic but it is not satisfying to the individual. There might be more yearning and longing in the human spirit to something unspecified, the beyond, the not yet and the Absolute.

All these festivities are reflections of such a longing to the unspecified. We have many secular festivals and holidays, but there is nothing like festivals connected with religious ideas, from paganism to revealed religions. Fighting illusions does not get over the need people have for these illusions. Besides, one could argue that they are not illusions at all, especially in religious practices where there is a full logical explanation to why they are there. But the point of getting these festivals out of the confines of commodification is a correct one. Maybe on these occasions one needs to remember the message of why one is celebrating them, without the excess that destroy the very idea they were based on.

*The Editor*

# Intellectual Diary

## What Ricoeur Means To Me

**Ricoeur's interest in texts and their interpretations was a focus of debate in both traditions of continental and analytical philosophy, as well as literary theory. The article below follows the trajectory of his writing over three decades from a personal perspective:**



Ricoeur

DAVID CLOUGH

Unlike Hillman perhaps, Ricoeur is not really obscure now but he was never as famous nor as cool as his French radical contemporaries. You can easily find photo icons of Derrida, and the faces of Lacan and Foucault are pretty recognisable. Ricoeur is behind Barthes and Deleuze probably photographically too. But then, Habermas apart, who finds the Frankfurt school that easy to recognise? I am not very good at faces but Ricoeur and Fromm might be confused with Horkheimer etc. His face is not going to be on an A4 writing pad probably. It is not just that he is not photogenic and no-one yet has done a cartoon book or a very short introduction. That's why I am nervous too about any request for a quick summary of his main thoughts.

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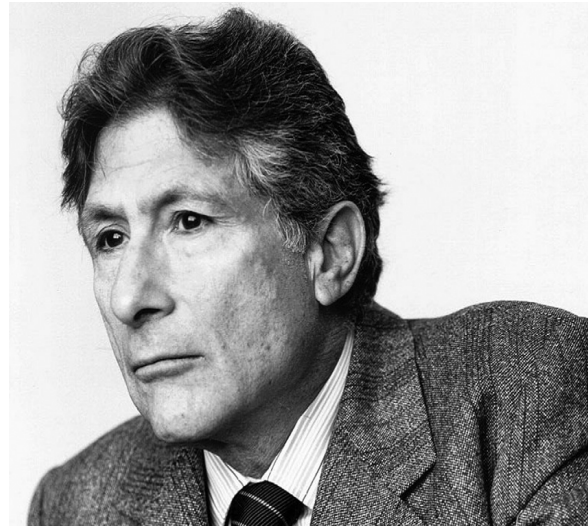
But in the age of theory and post-theory, Ricoeur has survived like a viola, as a kind of middle voice not de-stabled by the extreme swings of fashion. But to use the pop music analogy, he doesn't have that many hits, or totally original concepts, so teasing out his identity will be more difficult. For me it wasn't that difficult because I wanted a kind of broad church middle man, not so extreme who seriously discussed both his contemporary rivals and the history of philosophy straddling the German and French perspectives. So, I think

one could read Ricoeur as moderating or sane in the febrile milieu of radical French philosophy. I have seen this written about him. Some find radical options in his poly-semantic moments, I am only a mild user of this more Deleuzian feeling. They certainly do not agree about Hegel. But Ricoeur's humanism is shared with figures like E Said or Z Todorov.

You can get an erudite description of Ricoeur on Wiki or Stanford sites or Britannica. I started reading him around the time he died in 2005 but things developed in a rather back door way until 2009. There was Charles Reagan's short memoir biography and more books before the end of that decade. There were two Ricoeur events in Oxford and Canterbury that help establish the US based Ricoeur society. I found out that Lacan was big in Spain but Ricoeur is big in Portugal for instance. There was some interest in Russia, China and other far flung places but this is probably true of many other more famous philosophers too. Unlike Heidegger there is no buried affinity to Japan or another civilisation though. Ricoeur didn't really do eastern philosophy or even Islam. He was like Peter L Berger and another figure he will use, Northrop Frye, usually styled as a Protestant Liberal. But Marcel and Lubac might feature as Catholic figures in his story too.



**Peter Berger**



**Edward Said**

Nevertheless, compared to today's focus on objects, which I perhaps see as mainly arising from archaeology and historical anthropology, Ricoeur and Said and others were writing in the age where linguistic philosophy and text were more central than they are now. Maybe this is a Protestant thing but not uniquely. The question is, what role do text and language have now in our more materially focused age, where objects are being made to speak somewhat instead of books and texts? This is a challenge as I see when one reads one of the web descriptions of Ricoeur's writing between 1947 and 2001 or thereabouts.

Wiki opens its description thus:

'Jean Paul Gustave Ricœur (27 February 1913 – 20 May 2005) was a French philosopher best known for combining phenomenological description with hermeneutics. As such, his thought is within the same tradition as other major hermeneutic phenomenologists, Edmund Husserl and Hans-Georg Gadamer. In 2000, he was awarded the Kyoto Prize in Arts and Philosophy for having "revolutionized the methods of hermeneutic phenomenology, expanding the study of textual interpretation to include the broad yet concrete domains of mythology, biblical exegesis, psychoanalysis, theory of metaphor, and narrative theory."' '

Stanford opens similarly:

'Paul Ricoeur (1913–2005) was a distinguished French philosopher of the twentieth century, one whose work has been widely translated and discussed across the world. In addition to his academic work, his public presence as a social and political commentator, particularly in France, led to a square in Paris being named in

his honor on the centenary of his birth in 2013. In the course of his long career he wrote on a broad range of issues. In addition to his many books, Ricoeur published more than 500 essays, many of which appear in collections in English.'

The problems of summarising Ricoeur are perhaps becoming apparent here. Where Gadamer wrote one main book, Ricoeur gives us a collection of twenty to thirty books which if not exactly diffuse span fifty years in changing cultural circumstances.

The Stanford entry was originally penned in 2002 while Ricoeur was 89 but it was revised in 2016 reflecting themes that we can relate back to humanism I think rather than anti-humanism, post-humanism, or deconstruction.

'A major theme that runs through Ricoeur's writings is that of a philosophical anthropology. Ricoeur came to formulate this as the idea of the "capable human being". In it he seeks to give an account of the fundamental capabilities and vulnerabilities that human beings display in the activities that make up their lives, and to show how these capabilities enable responsible human action and life together. Though the accent is always on the possibility of understanding human beings as agents responsible for their actions, Ricoeur consistently rejects any claim that the self is immediately transparent to itself or fully master of itself. Self-knowledge only comes through our understanding of our relation to the world and of our life with and among others in time in the world.'

This theme of lack of transparency is one I still hold on to but I feel a trend against it in moves since





**Gabriel Marcel**



**Northrop Frye**

Ricoeur died. Identity politics has externalised its enemies as in a return of Marxist type structuralism of the seventies. Now, as long as people accept 'who I say I am', the problems of simply 'Being' whether in Nietzsche, Heidegger, Sartre, or Freud, Jung, Hillman are seen as somehow external rather than interior ones. I latched onto this idea being reinforced when reading about Hillman's apparent political turn.

This is how Stanford puts the idea of Ricoeur's intellectual adjustments:

'In the course of developing this anthropology, Ricoeur made several major methodological shifts, partly in response to changes in his intellectual setting as new developments came to speak to the topics he was dealing with, sometimes in ways that challenged his own approach, partly as he pursued questions that had arisen in his published work or that had not yet been considered there.'

If Wiki certainly tries to explain his hermetic concept of self, Stanford is more technical, going through the arguments of his essay collections in the late sixties like *The Conflict of Interpretations*. But then Wiki at least tries to summarize as his notable ideas psychoanalysis as hermeneutics of the Subject, theory of metaphor, metaphors

as having 'split references' (one side referring to something not antecedently accessible to language), criticism of structuralism, productive imagination, social imaginary, and the 'school of suspicion' in philosophy etc.

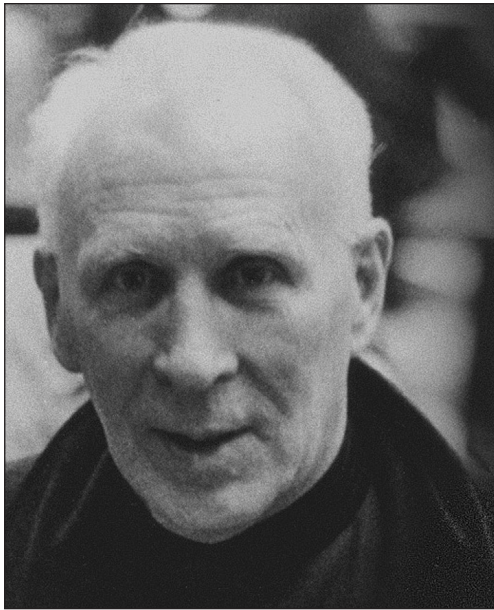
The main problem I had in selling Ricoeur was my attachment to the I and Me, a problem I inherited from the American Pragmatists Royce, James and Mead (Mead especially). Was Ricoeur really saying that you never actually experience your I? No. Rather he paired it dialectically with something essentially other than it. Often this could be related to the historical problems of reading older texts.

Hence this quote from Wiki's attempt to understand this where it says, quoting Ricoeur:

'The purpose of all interpretation is to conquer a remoteness, a distance between the past cultural epoch to which the text belongs and the interpreter himself. By overcoming this distance, by making himself contemporary with the text, the exegete can appropriate its meaning to himself: foreign, he makes it familiar, that is, he makes it his own.'

Now when I apply this to myself I am not quite doing this. Where are my historical texts? It was easy to confuse this perhaps (and I probably





Henri de Lubac

did) with Jungian debates about Ego, Self and Archetype. The hermeneutic self started to sound a bit like Jung's self-archetype with I as the ego. Ricoeur's interest in symbol and myth could seem like archetypal elements.

But rather for Ricoeur, hermeneutics is understanding the link between the self and the symbol - neither things in themselves, but the dialectical engagement between the two. Moreover, Ricoeur, on the goal of hermeneutics, puts emphasis upon self-understanding as the outcome of the hermeneutical process:

'This is why philosophy remains a hermeneutics, that is, a reading of the hidden meaning inside the text of the apparent meaning. It is the task of this hermeneutics to show that existence arrives at expression, at meaning, and at reflection only through the continual exegesis of all the significations that come to light in the world of culture. Existence becomes a self - human and adult - only by appropriating this meaning, which first resides "outside," in works, institutions, and cultural movements in which the life of the spirit is justified.'

But the hermeneutic self while it impinges on how he philosophises is not the whole story. As well as the capable self and just institutions, Ricoeur moved

to broaden his debates as far as he could in a long life. Starting out in Strasbourg when Strasbourg 1946-56 was the only post-war Protestant faculty in France. Then in 1956, Ricoeur took up a position at the Sorbonne as the Chair of General Philosophy. This appointment signaled Ricoeur's emergence as one of France's most prominent philosophers. While at the Sorbonne, he wrote three works that cemented his reputation: *Fallible Man* and *The Symbolism of Evil* published (1960), and *Freud and Philosophy: An Essay on Interpretation* published in (1965). Jacques Derrida was an assistant to Ricoeur during that time (early 1960s). After the debacles of '68 and a brief sojourn at Louvain he joined Chicago's Divinity School from 1970-85 and wrote the more social science and cultural essays that Thompson, Giddens and Said intersect with from there. In the mid-seventies, his books on *Metaphor and Interpretation* appeared. But in 1984 he had started engaging with Hayden White and (incidentally Frye and Jameson) when during the composition of *Time and Narrative* he wrote in Milwaukee an essay on *The Reality of the Historical Past*.

Thinking more politically, and towards justice themes, Ricoeur initially turns to Hannah Arendt in *Time and Narrative* and Rawls in his Gifford lectures published as *Oneself as Another*. The reputation of *Time and Narrative* had secured Ricoeur's return to France in 1985 as a notable intellectual. His late work was characterized by a continuing cross-cutting of national intellectual traditions; for example, some of his latest writing engaged the thought of the American political philosopher John Rawls. The very late works continue this direction as the 1990s unfolded towards themes of memory, forgiveness and forgetting and his own take on Honneth's topic of recognition.

One recent book that has come out concerns a dialogue he did on the French radio with Cornelius Castoridis in March 1985. This is around their rival conceptions of what is termed the social imaginary. Around the same time the historiographer Hayden White started engaging with the early parts of *Time and Narrative*, just published. Here the issues were quite similar: how novelty seems to arise in an existing situation especially but not exclusively in times of shifting paradigms, challenge or crisis.

# Berlin:

## Recognising the past and looking at the bright side

PAUL COCKBURN

**W**e, Dianne and I, went to Berlin to enjoy the Christmas markets and take in the cultural highlights but Berlin has much more! In many ways because of its history Berlin now seems a young city. It is only 28 years since the Berlin Wall came down and Germany was re-united. Berlin's recent history before 1989 is hard, with the Nazi HQ at its heart in the Second World War, and then the Russian occupation of East Berlin after the war, dividing the city until 1989. The history is hidden now but breaks through in the many historical sites of the Berlin wall.

The 'Typography of Terror' Museum was opened in 2010 on the old Gestapo HQ site. It describes in great detail through old photos the

atrocities committed before the Second World War and during the war. It was full of visitors when we went to it. One of the less chilling pictures (see below) was the burning of 'un-German' books by the Nazis – this actually happened in May 1933 in Berlin. (Shades of Fahrenheit 451!). The history hangs over the city, but the future now looks brighter since East and West Germany were re-united in 1989.

Berlin is still a building site, in the process of reconstruction. It has some lovely old buildings - in about seven years' time the 'MuseumInsel' (five museums on an island, most of them looking very much like Greek temples) will be a wonderful site.



Books burning





Ishtar Gate



Christmas markets



Altes Museum



Crowded Café

In the Pergamon museum German archaeologists in the 1920s reconstructed the Ishtar Gate from the bricks they found at Babylon. The gate is an incredible sight. This picture shows the reconstructed processional passage to the gate. In the middle is a model of the Ishtar gate and the long and high passage leading up to it.

Berlin also has remarkable modern architecture. This is a well-designed and attractive restaurant we found in the depths of a shopping mall.

In terms of culture there are the lovely paintings by Caspar David Friedrich and his friend Schinkel. The paintings of trees by Friedrich paintings has spiritual impact, I believe. Schinkel was an architect and artist. Here we see his painting of the Alps.



There is also the Altesmuseum, a fine long Greek temple with Greek and Etruscan art inside. German artists and philosophers have shown interest in Greek culture and art since the mid eighteenth century. The relationship between the museum and the temple is also witness to the value of art in both cultures, old Greece and modern Germany.

So finally, to the Christmas markets! They are wonderful. Good food and drink, entertainment, fine craft work on display and

to buy. Such a wonderful atmosphere! There is something special about being outside on a dark night surrounded by lights and such a convivial atmosphere. This is an open-air festival which takes place in winter not the summer.

We found Berlin a friendly place, very outward-looking in terms of its world-view. The people are conscious of the divisions and mistakes made in their past, so its future and that of Germany looks bright.



Self-Portrait



Dead Trees

On the left is Caspar David Friedrich himself. Below it a painting of dead trees. The Romantics had obsession with the ideas of death and the grey colour and the blue. On the right is a painting similar to the Wanderer above the sea of fog, also by Friedrich. Here, a female figure is looking outside her window onto a canal and a boat. We see her from the back, and we also see the interior of the room. We can imagine her thoughts – maybe she is feeling trapped inside her room!.



Women at a Window

## *‘Collage’ by the Italian artist Sara Berti*

*With insert of Madonna and Child, by Andrea Dell Robbia,  
c.1495, Hamburg, Museum für Kunst und Gewerbe.*





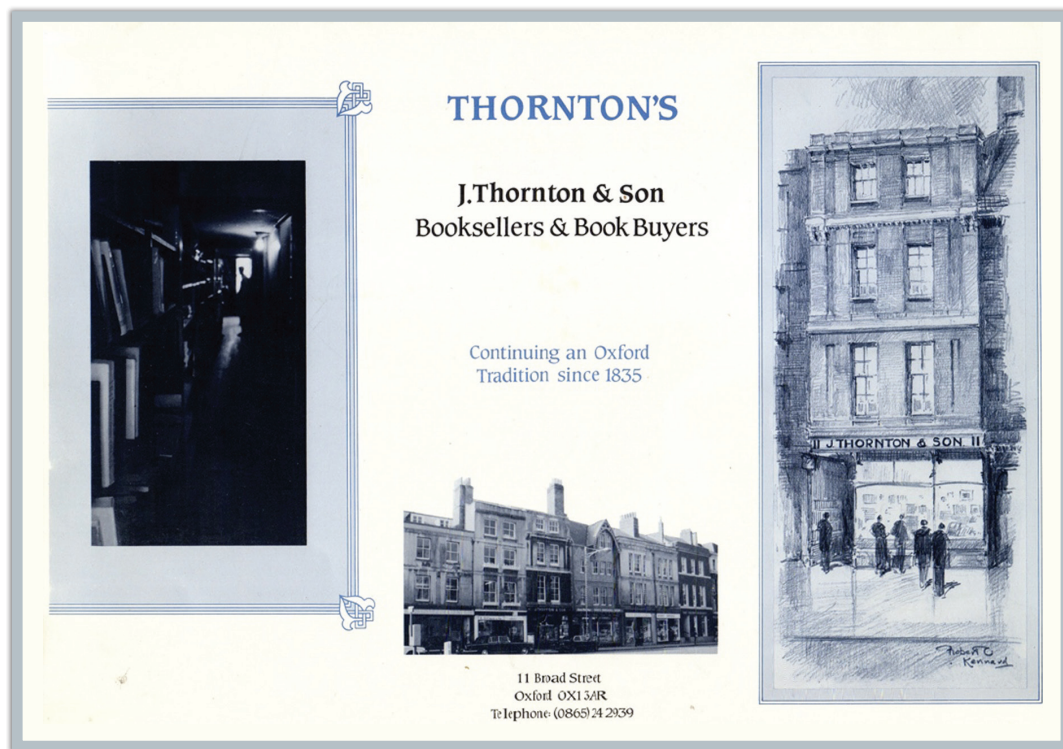
# Thornton: The 'Oldest' Bookshop in Oxford

We published last week an article on bookshops in Oxford. It was general and provided a survey of existing shops as well as the bookshops that closed within the new millennium. The present article takes particular bookshops and follows their stories of opening, flourishing and in many cases closing down or moving to mail order:

RAHIM HASSAN

Bookshops, especially second-hand ones, have fascinated me since I moved to Oxford (from Canterbury) in 1985. I used to spend hours in shops like Waterfields, or Artemis, both closed down a long time ago. I still have valuable books from these two shops and others. I bought *Kant's Critique of Pure Reason* from Artemis, a rare illustrated copy of *Cairo, Jerusalem*

*And Damascus* by Margoliouth (1907) from Oxfam on St. Giles when they were selling books at cheap prices and *Orientalisms* (1936) by General Storrs from Waterfields. Then when bookshops started to open cafes, my intellectual and social life started to revolve around these cafes. The Wednesday's group was an offspring of the *Philosophy Society* at Rewley House but the group met regularly



Thornton's leaflet



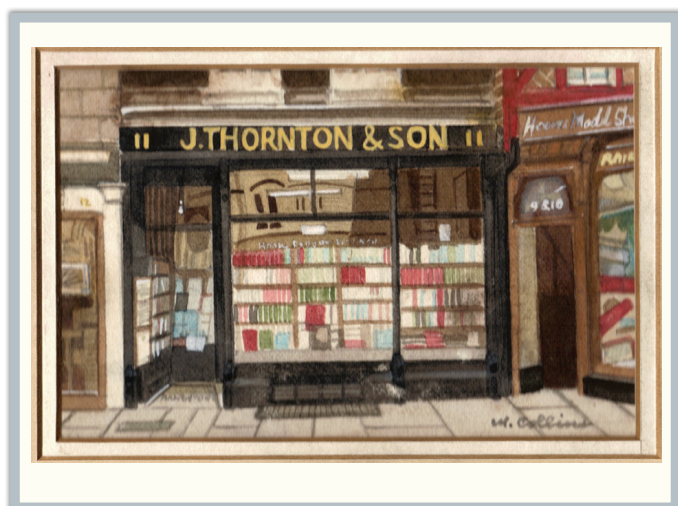
and continuously from 2003/4 at Borders Bookshop until its closure in 2009. Since then the group has moved to different bookshops, including Blackwell's, Waterstone's and now Albion Beatnik. The group also met in some cafés, most prominently Mumu's Café before its closure in March 2016.

## Genesis of the Idea

I was interested, initially, in writing about my late friend Diana Burfield and her bookshop Artemis on Cowley Road. It is almost six years since she died in January 2012 after short illness with pneumonia. I wrote a speech to be read at her funeral but there was no opportunity to deliver it and I kept it on my computer. Later on, I came to realise that she had finished her memoirs before she died and, thanks to Tony Walter, who set up a website, I could gain access to them. When I started reading chapter 10 of the memoirs, I came across the name Ken Swift, and after searching the Internet, I found his telephone number. (After his retirement he moved away from Oxfordshire.). Dr. Katherine Swift, his wife, and he, were

very helpful and supplied me with lots of information on bookshops in Turl and Broad Streets in Oxford. They led me to Thornton's bookshop. Further detective work gained me Wim and Scharlie Meeuws' telephone number and their address in Faringdon, Oxfordshire. I had a short talk with Scharlie on the phone and gained a valuable interview with her husband Wim. Patrick Curran of The Last Bookshop in Jericho also lent me hand in giving me some background to Thornton's where he had worked in the past. Before the chat with Patrick on a separate occasion last year I was assured that Thornton's had not closed down and that the owners, Wim and Scharlie Meeuws, were running it from their home in Faringdon. This got the ball going.

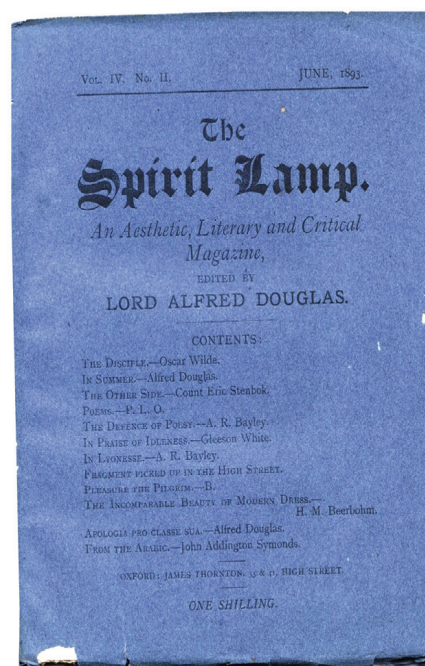
My main interest in this and the following article is to record some of the history of Thornton's Bookshop, Swift Bookshop, Waterfields, Artemis, and also of Albion Beatnik that saw the birth of **The Wednesday** and has supported it ever since. The Last Bookshop was interesting, not only because



The only sign left in the place of Thornton's



The Buttery Café replaced Thornton's



The Spirit Lamp Magazine

Patrick Curran is a good friend to chat with, but it is where I bought several papers of the late Aristotelian scholar Ackrill. One of these extract papers was 'Socratic Irony' by the great Plato scholar Gregory Vlastos, sent to Ackrill with a personal note written with it. It is a curious fact that lots of the bookshops are connected with family names or individuals, such as: Blackwell's, Thornton's, Swift, Dillon's and Waterstone's. Artemis is the name of the goddess Diana and so it has a connection with Diana Burfield who owned it. The present article, in two parts, is dedicated to Thornton's. The first part will talk about the shop when it was run by the Thornton family (1835-1983). The second will concentrate on the later life of the shop under the ownership of Wim and Scharlie Meeuws.

## Joseph Thornton and Son

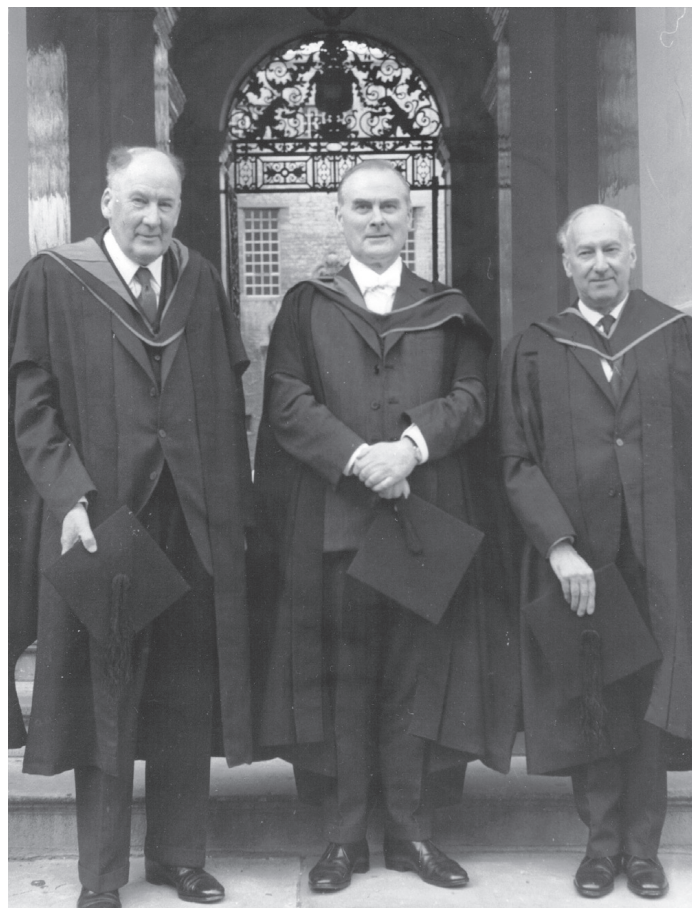
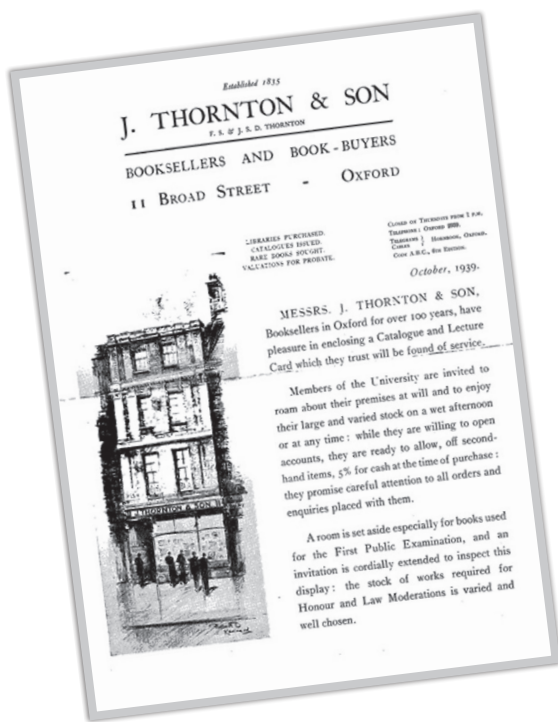
*Taunton's Guide to Oxford* reported that Thornton and Sons bookshop was established in 1835 in an old fashion shop in Magdalen Street. It then moved to 51 High Street and finally to its present address (P230). Taunton also reports that Thornton and Sons bookshop stands close to the spot where the Oxford martyrs, Cranmer, Ridley and Latimer were

burned. There is a story in Taunton's book that ashes from the burning were found under the shop and the shop next door, which suggests that the spot where it has been assumed that they were burned may have moved from Balliol College to these shops across the street from the college.

Ken Swift told me that Thornton's was initially on St. Giles where the Randolph Hotel now stands. Wim Meeuws added that the Randolph Hotel was built in 1860 and Thornton's on St. Giles had to move to Broad Street. Perhaps they both overlooked the move to the High Street and concentrated on where it started and where it has finished.

Wim Meeuws also told me that Numbers 10 and 11 Broad Street were occupied by Thornton's bookshop from 1870 to 2002. The building dates from about 1800, and is Grade II listed (ref. 1485/170). Joseph Thornton opened his first bookshop in Magdalen Street in 1835, and moved to 51 High Street in 1840. In 1853 he moved back to Magdalen Street, and in 1863 to 10 Broad Street. In 1870 he moved to No. 11, but kept the upper floors of number 10.





Jack Thornton (left) after receiving an honorary degree from Oxford

Roy Harley Lewis in his *The Book Browser's Guide: Britain's Secondhand and Antiquarian Bookshops* (1975) described Thornton's as 'Scholarly (as befitting a university bookseller) but charmingly Dickensian'. He gives a very interesting history of the shop.

According to Lewis, the Rev. John Thornton, established J. Thornton and Sons in 1835 for his son Joseph. The sons of Joseph inherited the business of bookselling but operated from different premises: James in the High Street. He was also publishing a literary journal: *The Spirit Lamp*. When James died at the turn of the century, his stock was transferred to the Broad Street shop run by his brother, the grandfather of John Thornton who was the last of the Thorntons in Broad Street. Lewis was writing eight years before the family gave up the shop in 1983.

Thornton's had a 99 years lease on the shop on Broad Street. The Oxford fire brigade threatened to close it down and Thornton's sold it to the Dutchman, Wim Meeuws and his

wife Scharlie, who had been running Holdan Books in North Parade Avenue near Park Town since 1974. Meeuws told me that he repaired it and the work took a full year 1983/84. The premises occupied by Thornton's in Broad Street belong to the Oxford City Council.

Wim Meeuws told me: My wife, Scharlie, and I saved Thornton's bookshop, then called J. Thornton & Son, from bankruptcy in April 1983, this after being asked by several members of the university to 'save' Oxford's then oldest bookshop. The bookshop lasted for two decades before it was closed to the public but Wim and Scharlie insist that they never sold it. They kept the business and now run it as an online bookshop (doing mainly mail order) from Faringdon, Oxfordshire. Mr. Meeuws told me that they started doing so around 2002/04 when they closed the premises in Broad Street. I will dedicate part two to talking of the life of the Meeuws as booksellers before, during and after their time in Thornton's.



## To Bend the Arc of History: Apartheid in America

**NONA M. FERDON**

**D**espite great gains in the past decades, blacks in America were still denied the most basic rights of citizenship under constitutional government, the right to vote, the blacks (Afro – Americans) struggled to achieve that right exploded and it exploded into an orgy of police brutality, of clubs and whips and teargas, murder in scores of American cities. The potential for further violence was so great that the then President Johnson signed an order would have dispatched federal troops to Alabama (where blacks were fighting the state government in order to integrate public schools.) It was a time of intense pressures and backroom dealings of quick emotionalism. It was a very trying time for the foremost leader of the Civil Rights movement Dr. Martin

Luther King. Controversy and chaos, it was easy to lose sight of voting rights, but that was what Selma, Alabama, was all about.

Selma was a city of 28,500 people, 14,400 whites, 15,100 blacks. More than a city, Selma was a state of mind. ('Selma is like a fashion gentlewoman, proud and patrician, but never unfriendly.') In Selma blacks were supposed to know their place. Generations of old Greek revival homes graced the white residential district, most of them built by slave labour. The symbol of Selma was its Sheriff, Jim Clark, 43, a bully boy segregationist who led a club swinging mounted posse to volunteers, many of them Ku Klux Klan's men.

Since the desire to dramatise the black plight went



**Dr. Martin Luther King leads the march**

hand-in-hand with the more substantive drive to achieve equal rights, Selma seemed a natural target to Dr. Martin Luther King. King zeroed in on it. A magnetic leader and a spellbinding orator, he rounded up hundreds of blacks to vote, Clark awaited them, arresting them for contempt or parading without a permit or, for those who actually reach the registrar's office, demanding that they take an incredible literacy test. For example, 'How many bubbles are there in a bar of soap?' Business in town fell off by 50%.

In seven weeks. Clark had jailed no fewer than 2000 men, women, and children, including Martin Luther King. Still, the blacks keep coming, singing: 'We shall overcome.' The prisoners were finally released. They continued to protest.

King called for a March from Selma to the state capital in Montgomery. Rarely in history has public opinion reacted so spontaneously. People came from every state and many countries. (Our Hawaii group of five – with our somewhat innocent banner stating HAWAII KNOWS – INTEGRATION WORKS.

The response was phenomenal. In city after city white clergyman, Rabbis, secularists dropped what they were doing and headed for the nearest airport. One Catholic marcher said 'this is the largest gathering of ministers since the Council of Trent'. Others said 'The constitution of the United States is at stake here'. That night three white clergyman dined at a black restaurant in Selma. One was murdered.

The following morning, as we gathered at Brown's Chapel in Selma. Martin Luther King spoke:



A peaceful protestor

'I have made my choice. I have got to march. I do not know what lies ahead of us. There may be beatings, teargas, bullets. But I would rather die on the highways of Alabama than to make a butchering of my conscience. There is nothing more tragic and more visible than to know the right and not do it. There is no alternative; we march in the name of morality'.

And we began.

## The Wednesday

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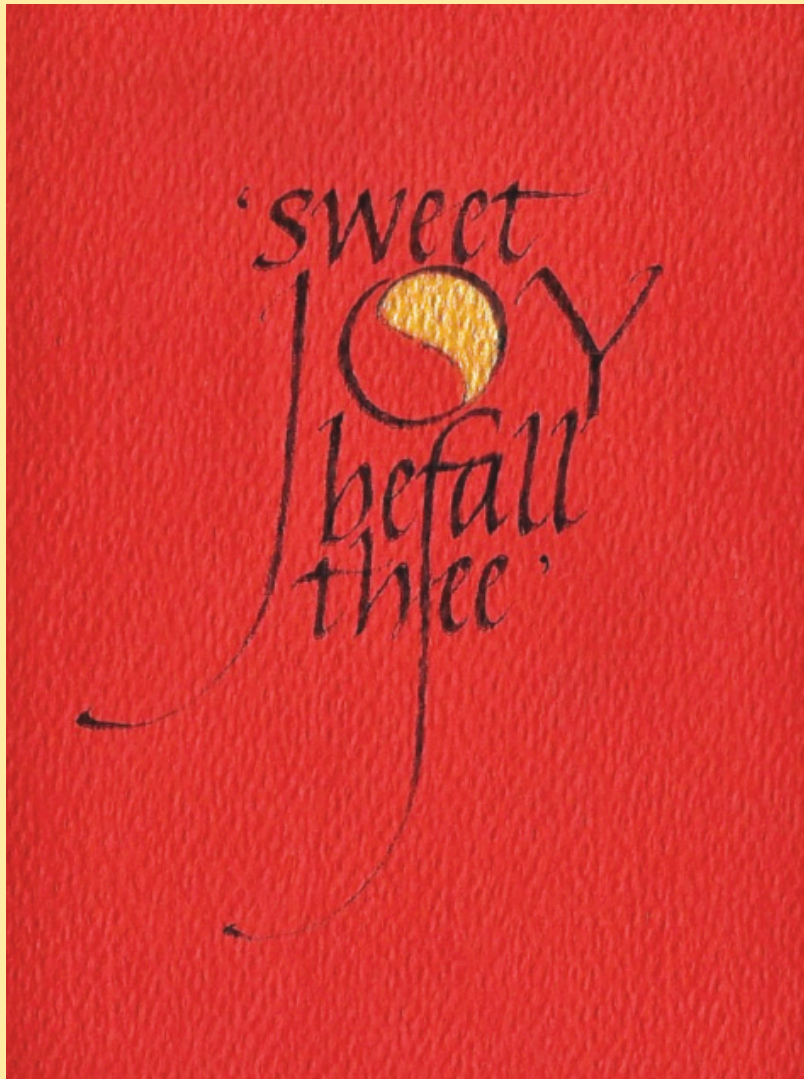
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# The Wednesday

wishes all its readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



(Original art work by Barbara Vellacott. Words from *Infant Joy*, by William Blake.)