Presented to

by

on

artisan spring 06
a lamp to your feet, no batteries required....

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“Your word is a lamp that gives light wherever I walk.” (Psalm 119)

If this is your first experience of Artisan then welcome! Artisan is a quarterly publication that is issued to about four thousand people worldwide – people who are grappling with their Christian faith in the context of the Media, Arts and Fashion industries. It is produced in order to promote a sense of collaboration, by featuring people from various creative hubs around the world. We also put on monthly prayer events for industry people in London and Bristol, and twice a year for those in New York. There will be other cities on board soon which I will keep you posted about.

After grappling with the issues of Ambition, Rejection, Image, Sexuality, Money, Touring and Success (found online at www.artisaninitiatives.org) we threw ourselves headfirst into ‘The Bible’. Give it a chance and don’t put this publication back into your bag! Keep with me on this one – it’s going to be a great ride.

I understand that pangs of guilt and self-condemnation may be resounding in your head with the mention of the B word. Like me, I’m sure that a few of you are still beating yourselves up over the fact that on January 5th you were already three days behind the programme to read the Bible in a year, and have since given up. But, you can always try again next year!

Whatever our experience and understanding of the Bible is, let me remind us all of its purpose and role as found in Paul’s letter to Timothy:

“There is nothing like the written word of God for showing you the way of salvation through faith in Jesus Christ. Every part of scripture is God breathed and useful one way or another – showing us truth, exposing our rebellion, correcting our mistakes, training us to live God’s way. Through the Word we are put together and shaped up for the tasks God has for us.” (2 Timothy 3, The Message)

My personal engagement with the Bible is seasonal. There are times of the year when I am up early and, after a rocket fuel caffeine burst, hungry for all the Word can throw at me. This can be the most exhilarating way to start the day. During this season I get to the point where I know I cannot do without it. Then, for various reasons and before I know it, I am out of this zone and struggling to motivate myself in the same way, especially when it’s minus five outside – you guys in LA have no excuse!! My engagement with the Bible during this season tends to be less focused and more sporadic, at least until the next blitz.

In our ever changing and evolving industries we need to ask ourselves whether the Bible still has a role to play for us. I say that the Bible is as relevant to contemporary culture today as it has always been. Firstly, it deals with those elements in human nature that are timeless. The people we read about in the Bible have aspirations and failings with which we all easily identify. All the issues that we have covered so far in the previous publications could have been very helpful at every phase of human history: Ambition, Rejection, Image, Sexuality, Money, Touring and Success – epic subjects that thread their way through every part of the Bible.

The thing I love about this compilation of sixty-six books is that the ‘heroes’ are displayed in the cold light of truth. There is no Godly spin. The tabloids would have had a field day! How encouraging to know that the issues, battles and failings that each one of us endures have been experienced and recorded by the likes of Abraham, Moses, Joshua, Nehemiah, David, Peter and Paul. In other words, God is not surprised by them!

‘The sacred record, like a faithful mirror, has no flattery in its portraits.’

(Augustine)

Secondly, the truths of the Bible are so relevant because God himself does not change. God is love; his will and vision for mankind was and is and always will be centred on his unconditional love for us, and on our love of him. His faithfulness continues through all generations...

God’s nature is consistent and trustworthy. What he communicated in 1200BC is therefore relevant today because God’s character and values do not change with the fashion labels. He is a God who has always been in the business of redeeming and restoring people and nations. This is his nature and will always be his nature. The Bible creatively unravels this through many diverse forms, including personal testimony, royal history, prophecy, songs, poetry, visions and a series of amazing stories, talks and letters.

At an unparalleled time of technological developments and scientific advances, the Bible is still going strong three thousand years on. In some parts of the world, due to the lack of political or religious freedom, people can face persecution for possessing a Bible. Yet despite this the Bible is sought after by millions of people who know these consequences. Often a Christian’s only engagement with the Bible can be through a single page of scripture that has been ripped from a Bible and smuggled in with missionaries. The worth and value of the Bible is like gold to these people. And yet millions of people will keep this treasure stored away on bookshelves and in boxes, and will never experience the power and exhilaration of God speaking to us through his Word.

Finally, God has breathed insights, wisdom, inspiration, understanding, hope, challenges, creative jewels and comedy into the Bible, which have the potential to illuminate our life paths if we let them.

It’s an early night for me then, and the rocket fuel is back on the shopping list!

Love to you all

Steve Cole
What a difference the proper arrangement of twenty-six letters makes.

As a writer, I am constantly looking for words. Twenty-six letters, rearranged into thousands of combinations. The difference between communicating clearly and not communicating at all. And for a select few in Hollywood, their bread and butter. Words are life. Writing is a search-and-rescue mission – constantly trying to liberate meaning from the literary manacles that hold words captive just when I'm looking for them. John August (Charlie and the Chocolate Factory, Big Fish) recently blogged about how the search for a single word – the perfect adjective, the clearest descriptive – can choke the creative process for half an hour or half a day. Terry Rossio (Pirates of the Caribbean, Shrek) writes about how you know you're a writer when you notice alliteration, rhythm, cadence and rhyme – even in that most unliterary of properties, the screenplay.

I was once speaking with Akiva Goldsman, the Oscar winning writer of A Beautiful Mind, and asked him what he did when he wasn't writing. His response? 'Read the classics.' As writers, what we set down is directly connected to what we take in. And if the measure of a successful day of writing is how many words get down on the page, then perhaps it is in direct proportion to the amount of words we take in. Many times, we discover what is already there. And word writing is a constant discovery – the quest for words that inspire, instill, create, reject, or otherwise capture the nature of the worlds we are trying to convey.

Words are the foundation of our lives. Where would we be without lines like 'Here's looking at you, kid'? 'With great power comes great responsibility'? 'Plastics'? The poetry of our lives, often, is the words we hear.

So I suppose, when it comes down to it, the question to ask is, what do we hear? Perhaps we sometimes take for granted the impact of words. Is it a coincidence that Jesus is described in the first verse of John's gospel as 'The Word'? Jesus, being relational, has to connect with us. As a result, it makes complete sense that he is the Word of God – the communicator. When the crowds walk away from Jesus and only his twelve followers are left, Jesus says, 'Are you going to leave me too?' Peter replies, 'Who else has the words of life?' This is not a powerful confession of faith; it is, instead, simply a statement that they have heard too much to go back. The words we hear define the direction of our lives.

Over and over again Jesus says, 'He who has ears to hear, let him hear.' 'Listen up!' Jesus seems to say. 'This is important stuff! Don't miss it! Pay attention!' He does not use these words judiciously – Jesus was a master at the art of omitting needless words. (Occasionally, as in the case of the adulterous woman, Jesus didn't use any – choosing instead to scrape in the sand while the Pharisees hurled accusations.) As a result, when Jesus says, 'Listen to me,' this is probably not a casual invitation.

Yet I am amazed in my own life at how busy I can get – how I can forget to listen to the very source of the words I need most. The worst days are when I get up, trying to finish a script before a deadline, and simply forget that the words I need most that day are not my own. There is so much I hear in a given day – but how little of it is from the One who has the words of life I need.

Artists by nature seem to be undisciplined, content to live the chaotic life of adventure that defines the art of creativity. But if we are to be disciplined in any form, it must be in the discipline of the twenty-six letters that, properly arranged, can actually bring us life.
In the beginning was the word

writer

words

imagination

alison morgan

'All things came into being through him, and without him not one thing came into being. What has come into being through him is life, and the life is the light of all people. The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness does not overcome it.' (John 1:1–4)

We live in a visual world – a world not of word but of image, and a world in which in interpersonal communication only 7% of the information we take in is through word. It's a world in which pictures are paramount and it's been said that we're all 'screenagers'. And yet as Christians we have inherited what's called a spirituality of print, a spirituality whose primary source is an ancient document containing, in English, some 788,280 written words. So is this any use in a world where image rules?

The first country to realise the developed the first state wall would still be in place, and the hunger, poverty and suffering of the third world would probably not be very high on the western agenda. We see the same pattern at micro level. Advertising – now the fastest growing form of communication in the world, landscapes the mind, emotions and aspirations of millions of people and it does it, for good or ill, by harnessing the power of image. We live in a world where people believe things, want things, and care about things because they see them. So, where does that leave us as Christians? Is our dusty printed Bible any good to us?

The power of image

The first country to realise the power of the broadcast image was Nazi Germany, which developed the first state television. The most recent is the Himalayan kingdom of Bhutan, which, since becoming the last nation on earth to turn it on in 1999, has seen its traditional culture and spirituality washed away by a wave of crime, consumerism and family breakdown. And yet without television the Berlin wall would still be in place, and the hunger, poverty and suffering of the supermarket, the Internet and the M25, Starbucks, Microsoft and Channel Five. And in there too is you, with your family and your friends, your faith and your church. Round this painting is a frame. It's a nice frame, a strong wooden one, tinged a pleasant shade of primrose. The only problem with it is that it doesn't fit the picture very well, because the picture keeps wriggling. Little ripples of tension run across the canvas, the frame shifts and minute cracks appear. So what do you do? Well, you live in a world that has painted this picture for you – a world that has landscaped not just your life but also your mind. It's given you a frame to put round the picture, a set of assumptions about how things should be, about what's important. The trouble is, the picture keeps changing and the frame doesn't really fit. You struggle to adjust it, hoping no one will notice, but somehow it doesn't quite seem to work.

Your workplace is there, the painting is a frame. It's a nice frame, a strong wooden one, tinged a pleasant shade of primrose. The only problem with it is that it doesn't fit the picture very well, because the picture keeps wriggling. Little ripples of tension run across the canvas, the frame shifts and minute cracks appear. So what do you do? Well, you live in a world that has painted this picture for you – a world that has landscaped not just your life but also your mind. It's given you a frame to put round the picture, a set of assumptions about how things should be, about what's important. The trouble is, the picture keeps changing and the frame doesn't really fit. You struggle to adjust it, hoping no one will notice, but somehow it doesn't quite seem to work. Every culture has a worldview, which fits like a frame round the picture of our lives. Worldviews don't last all that long – they always contain flaws which sooner or later get them chucked out. The reason everything seems so transitory at the moment is that we are in the process of inventing a new worldview. How then do we stand back from the picture, evaluate our worldview, and examine this frame that looks good but rubs and pinches in all sorts of painful ways? We turn to the Bible, our dusty collection of printed words.

'It is impossible to enslave mentally or socially a Bible-reading people. The principles of the Bible are the groundwork of human freedom.' (Horace Greely, 1811–1872 American newspaper editor)

The Bible is an astonishing document. It contains history, poetry, story, riddle, proverb, myth, law, prophecy and a rollicking collection of biographies. And it provides a framework of its own – a framework which consists of God himself, creator and redeemer of this muddled world, the one who first spoke it into being. What are the tensions in the human condition? What is God's perspective on what we're doing? It's in this book. And on the micro level, what is the way to live a fulfilled life? To tackle problems? Measure success? Access the future? Handle conflict? Connect with reality? It's all in there. By filling our minds with the Bible we learn to set light to the packaged reality of the latest worldview – the world of pre-wrapped values and managed desires.

Think of the prophet Jeremiah, crying out against materialism and false spiritualities, railing against a society that oppressed other nations and failed to care for the disadvantaged. Think of the writer of Ecclesiastes, with his exposure of worldly vanity – or of Revelation, with his grandiose vision of the future. Think of Paul, with his practical advice on common life issues – or of the prophet Isaiah, with his dreams of water flowing in the desert. Read God's promises and his warnings; get in touch with his love; dream his dreams. The Bible offers us a mental and spiritual detox. It offers us a way of filtering the voices that fill our heads, a way of touching base with the God who alone can see beyond the frame.

Nurturing the imagination

'I am enough of an artist to draw freely upon my imagination. Imagination is more important than knowledge. Knowledge is limited. Imagination encircles the world.' (Albert Einstein)

For three hundred years we've lived in a world where science has been the arbiter of reality. But even in science, the greatest leaps have always been made by those with the greatest ability to see outside the accepted worldview and by those with the...
courage to dream. And dreams are usually visual. Perhaps that's why Jesus taught in parables, little riddle-stories that weren't really meant to explain things so much as to make people think a different way. Perhaps it's why he said we were to be salt and light to the world we live in, why he painted pictures of mustard seeds and nesting birds, hidden pearls and growing yeast. And perhaps that's what we're meant to do too. Winston Churchill once said, 'The empires of the future will be the empires of the imagination.' The imagination works through image. And image is the province of the arts, media and entertainment industries.

Most people think of Jesus, in so far as they think of him at all, as a great teacher. But if you read the gospels you find that Jesus asked far more questions than he gave answers. He wanted to make us think. It's a great mandate. Now, as never before, people think with their imaginations and with their emotions. So if you work in arts, media and entertainment, it's your job to ask questions everywhere – little questions and big questions. It's your job to touch the heart and to stimulate the imagination; to be Jesus and to shed light into darkness; to help people see that the pinching, chafing frame from the chain store isn't the only one on offer; to stimulate their imaginations. What's the best way of doing it? It's to immerse yourself in the most radical document ever written, and absorb its craziness, its dreams, its hopes and its warnings; to rely on the Holy Spirit to work in you and through you and bring life through your words and images as he brought life to the universe through his. This is a world that wants to dream of Middle Earth, that queues up to see March of the Penguins. Why did we like Chocolat? What chords were struck by The Pianist? Perhaps the best films are parables, parables of life that take us out of ourselves and point us towards God.

'The way we define art has the power to shape our culture.'

(Charles Colson)

The Word of God at work

In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. Why did Jesus work this way, telling stories and asking questions? Perhaps it was to show us that if you want seeds to grow, you have to prepare the ground and spend time breaking it up, turning it over, raking it fine. Perhaps our job is to plough the fields of the imagination so that the word, when it's sown, can take root. For the word of God is rather more than a black and white printed page. It's written down in the Bible, but it's as big as reality itself – and it's alive.

When the Old Testament speaks of a word, it says dabar. Dabar means both 'word' and 'deed', and these two meanings are inseparable. God doesn't just use words as tools as we do, to give news bulletins, advertise health insurance or explain how to use computers. A word, in the heart and mind of God, is an active agent for change. God's words actually bring into being that which they express: the word of God does something. And it does it because it is informed by the Holy Spirit, that same Spirit who hovered over the waters when the world was created, and who descended upon Jesus when he became a man and lived among us. It's why people were so afraid of the prophets – they knew their words were not empty, but carried the power to actually bring about that which they foretold. As the word was spoken, so it began to happen.

When the New Testament speaks of a word, it says logos. The Greek word logos has two meanings. It means a spoken word, a message. And it means the principle of reality – that which puts meaning into the universe and into man, as the philosopher Seneca had defined it. So when John sat down to write out the gospel for the Greek-speaking world, he used the word logos to describe both the message and the messenger. Jesus, he was saying, is the mind of God become a man – the Word became flesh and lived among us. The word of God has become a medium really is the message. Summing it all up, friends, I'd say you'll do best by filling your minds and meditating on things true, noble, reputable, authentic, compelling and gracious – the best, not the worst; the beautiful, not the ugly; things to praise, not things to curse. 'Put into practice what you learned from me, what you heard and saw and realized. Do that, and God, who makes everything work together, will work you into his most excellent harmonies' (Philippians 4:8–9).

‘The first step in redeeming popular culture is to craft a biblically based view of the arts.’ (Charles Colson)
One body, many bibles.
I opened the Bible randomly and tore out a page. I struck the match.

My latest arrest had been for the usual list of crimes. I had been convicted of thirty offences for drug abuse, drunkenness, theft, burglary, stealing cars and violence. This had become my way of life from the age of thirteen. I had hundreds of offences behind me, the seriousness of which had risen with my age. The time had come for me to be stopped – at least for a while. I was still only eighteen years old.

Although initially a shock to my system, it didn’t take me long to embrace prison culture and begin to rise to the surface. I was a heroin addict, but I was also a dealer. In prison I became an accomplished trader, well established, high up the pecking order. I was the man.

Yet, despite my hardened attitude to life and my determination to use anything and anyone to further my own ends, I was plagued by feelings of guilt and shame about my lifestyle. All my younger brothers were following the same path as me. And it wasn’t just my family: there were many others I had led astray, totally messing up their lives – some later dying of drug overdoses. All this began to weigh on my conscience for the first time.

I had never opened the pages of a Bible. The only church I had any connection with was the Pentecostal church in Llanelli adjacent to some woods. Behind it was a convenient spot I often used as a stash for stolen goods. The first Bible I came into contact with was placed in my prison cell by the Gideons. I didn’t read the Bible in my cell to begin with. For me, as for many other prisoners, it was a useful supply of paper for smoking roll-ups. The thinness of the paper was perfect. But all that changed on one momentous evening...

I had been attending chapel because of my guilty feelings, hoping that in some way it would make me feel better. It was the only place where I could take off my mask, stop being Taylor the hard man, living by his wits. Whenever they served communion it had a remarkable effect on me. I felt somehow clean. As I took the bread and wine a strange warm feeling went through my body and I didn’t understand it. This experience may not fit in with a lot of people’s theology, but God used these communion times to speak to me. All I can say is, I believe I was experiencing His presence for the first time. From then on I wanted answers.

After one such occasion, for the first time ever, I spoke to God and said, ‘God, if you’re there, change my life.’ Shortly after this, my first prayer, I needed some paper for a cigarette. I opened the Bible randomly and tore out a page. I struck the match, but suddenly felt unable to light the cigarette. Something compelled me to stop. I blew the match out, unrolled the page, and began to read. It was the Gospel of John, chapter one. I read the page and then read most of that Gospel before I put it down. I found it captivating. I fell asleep with the Bible resting on my chest. Sleeping in prison is not easy because of the noise, but somehow I slept the deepest and most peaceful sleep that I could remember. It was as if the weariness of years of turmoil, crime, drugs, aggression and fighting was being rolled away. The Bible talks about the peace of God that passes anyone’s understanding and perhaps this was my first experience of it.

The more I read the Bible, the more I wanted to know about this man called Jesus. This was the beginning of my journey to salvation, to being transformed by Christ and set on an entirely different life course. There’s much more to tell about the journey than space here will permit, but I can tell you that the Word of God is real, living and powerful. Reading the Bible with an openness to God will result in a life-transformation beyond words.

Richard Taylor's story is told in full in the book To Catch A Thief (New Wine Press)
The All Seeing eye

The Bible

This renowned literature, the greatest of all books – since art and science in the hands of man explored the universe – has been under the scrutiny of telescope, microscope and horoscope. Whether by scholar or media, or local pub and bar, the Bible has been the subject of more debate and controversy than any other book ever written, while it remains the world’s number one bestseller.

When I first came to believe that Jesus Christ was God’s full revelation of himself, ‘the word became flesh’. Until that moment the Bible had been no more than a dusty and irrelevant book for me, alongside others on a high shelf. The day after my conversion it came alive and dynamic. Waiting in the television studio to go in front of the cameras I was avidly devouring its revealed truth, now understanding with enlightenment something of the riches, depth and significance of what lay behind the language. The words leapt from the page, not merely as great stories elegantly told, but truly food for the whole person – mind, body and spirit. This book was beginning to speak with the full authority of his Father. Christ himself spoke with the full authority of his Father. He also said “You shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free.” He also said “You shall know the truth, and the truth shall set you free.”

In the New Testament, as in the New Testament, this right to a more than human claim is implicit...

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1. If the Bible claims to be truthful should its stories be assumed to be literally true?

In the light of the current debate raging like a forest fire across the USA – “science versus creationism” began in the small and hitherto unnoticed town of Dover in the Midwest – this argument questions Darwin’s theory of natural selection against any argument for design. I have to put forward the question here of “Is the scripture literally true?” I suspect not. While scholars can be faithful to the original texts we cannot on our own or indeed any age come to know exactly what was meant.

The translators agree that the Bible contains the divine answer to the deepest needs of humanity; that it sheds unique light on our path in a dark world and that it sets forth the way to our eternal well-being. It is important to note that syntax and thought patterns differ from one language to another – faithful communication demands frequent modification both in sentence structure and in the meaning of words in their context.

There is a sense in which the work of translation is never completely finished. This applies to great literature, indeed all great works of art, but especially to the Bible. Even with the help of archaeological discoveries in our century it is still not possible to comprehend the older languages of Hebrew and Aramaic, although it is easier with the more modern one of Greek. All translations, including scientific discovery, are made by imperfect human beings.

Science may often overstep the mark in the desire to deny the teaching of scripture but art does this regularly. This will always cause outrage to the purists. The sadness for me is that fallen human nature will always transgress and 21st Century man is no exception. In the belief that we live in a “uniformity of natural causes in a closed system” why, I ask, is our generation, with all its history of untruths... This applies to all great literature, indeed all great works of art, but especially to the Bible. Even with the help of archaeologists in our century it is still not possible to comprehend the older languages of Hebrew and Aramaic, although it is easier with the more modern one of Greek. All translations, including scientific discovery, are made by imperfect human beings.

2. Should ‘proper’ Christians read the Bible? We are what we eat! This presupposes that somewhere in human history human kind has been defined. We have eaten the forbidden fruit. Moses brought the people of Israel out of slavery in Egypt in order to bring them into the Promised Land. They were so close yet so far. Even after fifty years they had not reached their inheritance. Unless we feed on God’s revealed truth, His provision for a world separated, fragmented, broken and me-centred, we will not live but die. In the Old Testament God commanded His people to “Eat the Scroll”; to feed on its truth and devour its relevance for our own generation. The promise of this feeding programme is John 10:10. The only real umbilical cord, secure to the Father through Christ, held by the power of The Holy Spirit, which must never be severed through lack of food or water. Read the scriptures regularly; they are honey to the soul and iron to the mind.

With the advent of Christ we are given by him and through him the fullness of the Father’s love and truth (Colossians 1:19-20). This does not cancel out the gifts of the spirit given to all Christians in different measure (Corinthians 12:1-11). The test for these gifts is their fruit, (Galatians 5:22-23).

The Fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, faithfulness, gentleness and self-control.

3. Is God’s leather-bound living word complete?

Everything that we hear or see that claims to speak with authority can be tested by the litmus of the scriptures. They are complete from Genesis to Revelation – the canon is finished. There are scriptures yet to be fulfilled but nothing revealed today is contrary to anything that has been written. Anyone claiming further or contradictory revelation to scripture, e.g. The Da Vinci Code, is a liar. Satan, who is the father of lies, has a history and a destiny way of clear. Many have come, and will continue to come, claiming all kinds of revelation, and many will be deceived by them. Everything must be tested and checked by scripture. Jesus said, “I am the way, the truth and the life. No-one comes to the Father except through me.” He also said “You shall know the truth and the truth shall set you free.” These profound statements and many more besides are either true or they become mere preposterous untruths.

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But once off the ship I realised how good I really had it. In new surroundings, I was utterly astonished at the poverty I documented through camera lenses. Often, through tears, I focused on life and human suffering that I’d previously thought unimaginable. In West Africa, I was a prince again: a king, in fact – a man with a bed and running water and food in my stomach three times a day.

In Benin and then Liberia (a country with no public electricity, running water or sewage system), I put a face to the world’s 1.2 billion living in poverty. Those living on less than $365 a year – money I used to spend on a bottle of Grey Goose at a good party. Before tip. Our medical staff would hold ‘screenings’ and thousands would wait in line to be seen, many afflicted with deformities even Clive Barker hasn’t thought of. Enormous, suffocating tumours; cleft lips, faces eaten by bacteria. I learned that these medical conditions also exist here in the West, but we’re taken care of – never allowed to progress. The amount of blind people with no access to the twenty minute cataract surgery that could restore their sight – all part of this new world.

Over the next eight months, I met patients who taught me the meaning of courage; slowly suffocating to death for years and yet pressing on, praying, hoping, surviving. Their stories both wrecked and inspired me.

It has been my honour to photograph them. It has been my honour to know them. I also learned more about a God I believe made the world, and about grace and mercy. Mercy.

For me, mercy is practical. It’s sometimes easy, sometimes inconvenient, but always necessary. It is the ability to use one’s position of influence, of relative wealth and power to affect lives for the better. Mercy is singular and achievable. There’s a biblical parable about a man almost beaten to death by robbers. Stripped naked, lying on the roadside, people pass him by, but one man stops. He picks him up and bandages his wounds. He puts him on his horse and walks alongside until they reach an inn. He checks him in and throws down his Amex: ‘Whatever he needs until he gets better.’

Because he could.

Shakespeare said mercy is twice blessed. That is, it blesses those who give and those who receive. I know this much is true.

Scott Harrison’s images and words can be found at www.onamercyship.com. He is currently in Liberia for a second tour with the Mercy Ship Anastasis.
I have issues. And when I don't get my head in the Word each morning those issues get worse. My vision gets clouded with critical thoughts and cynicism. Lately, I haven't found the time to start my day in the Word. And to make matters worse my only Bible is the size of an Encyclopaedia Britannica and I'm not about to haul that thing in a tote bag onto the streets of New York. I'd probably slip a disk. Yesterday I realised I couldn't even remember the last time I actually sat down and read the Bible. Sure, I heard the scripture read in church on Sunday and maybe that could make up for it, but then again, in that same service I almost had to get up and leave because the worship was making me feel like I wanted to boycott Contemporary Christian Music.

Monday morning I knew I was drying up. I jumped on the N train and headed to Times Square to the only Christian bookstore I knew about in New York City. I reluctantly opened the door to the store and realised immediately that for someone who struggles with critical thoughts and cynicism this might be dangerous ground. I slowly made my way past a giant cardboard cut-out of George W. Bush and then turned the corner and found, right next to a stack of Clay Aiken's autobiography, an entire, leather-smelling wall of Bibles. There was a lady eyeing me from the counter. She was looking at me nervously. Maybe I looked like a thief to her. I flipped through Bible after Bible trying to find one that was the right size, had the right feel and that I didn't need a microscope to read. I found one that could fit in my back pocket. I paid for it and made my way to a coffee shop downtown. I ordered a peppermint tea and sat down in the corner. After a short prayer I opened my Bible to Genesis. Since I was making a new beginning with my Bible reading habits I decided to start literally at the beginning. I hadn't been reading for more than two minutes when I noticed that there was a strange-looking gentleman sitting at the table across from me trying to see what I was reading. I smiled awkwardly at him and subtly adjusted my chair so that it would be much easier for the gentleman to mind his own business. I flipped through Genesis and read the stories I already knew. I took a deep breath. It just didn't seem alive. It seemed like I was studying for an exam that I already knew the material for. It didn't feel like I was in a 'dialogue'. I made myself finish reading, then closed the book and got up to leave. As I was putting on my coat I noticed the gentleman again at the table beside me. I noticed for the first time that he was homeless. I smiled at him again and walked out. On my way downtown I started thinking about the lady at the Christian bookstore. She was probably somebody's grandmother and there she was stocking paperbacks on a Monday morning and helping me find the right Bible. I thought about Clay Aiken. Good for him for winning American Idol. I'm not sure why his autobiography is next to C.S. Lewis' but I can't deny God gave him an incredible voice. I got on the train and headed downtown and actually started humming the worship song we had sung in church on Sunday. And I was smiling. Something did happen, I was seeing things with different eyes. Even though it didn't feel like it, in that moment I had communion with the Living God.

That little experience got me back on track praying and reading each morning. It's like forgetting to eat breakfast for me. If you start skipping meals you feel the difference. Sometimes I feel totally inspired and sometimes I feel like it's pulling teeth just to get through a chapter. But I do it anyway. I feel like it's me admitting to God that I believe in him and I'm going to pursue him regardless of whether I'm feeling it or not. The cynicism sometimes tries to sneak back in, but when my head is in the Word it has no place to root.
Tell us about the first Artisan event in Bristol and how often you will be meeting?
Artisan was launched at Hope Chapel, Hotwells, on January 30th. We plan to meet once a month. We hope it will be a place where artists who love Jesus can meet and support each other.

What is the greatest piece of advice you have been given in your career?
Blow your nose, check your flies and try not to bump into the furniture. Good manners and bad breath get you nowhere.

Have you ever been financially broke and if so how did you deal with that time?
Yes. Several times. That’s how you discover who your real friends are! God does give you what you need. He has never abandoned me and, frankly, being broke is good for the prayer life. I have never been destitute or without a roof over my head, or without food. I was very poor when I was a drama student and I have done lots of different types of jobs from bar work to taxi driving. I went to Uganda a couple of years ago and walked through a slum outside of Kampala. Then I realised how rich I was.

Paul, John, George or Ringo?
Well, it’s all of them for me. There were four Beatles. They had something together they didn’t have apart. If Paul had been shot in 1980, then John would have been slapped off. I went through a John phase and then heard his version of Dylan’s Gotta Serve Somebody. He changed it to Serve Yourself, which pretty much sums him up for me. He said that Elvis died when he joined the army and I think something in John died when the Beatles broke up. Hey Jude was Paul trying to comfort John’s abandoned son Julian. ‘Don’t carry the world upon your shoulders’ is good advice. I don’t think John ever dealt with his stuff. I admire his honesty but don’t like the sugar-coated nihilism of Imagine. I have a personal gripe with the generation of men from the sixties who left their wives and kids. As songwriters I think John and Paul were equally matched and brought genius out of each other. I like Paul; I think he has left a better legacy and I think it’s about time he got the respect he deserves.

Matthew, Mark, Luke or John?
John this time. It was the first gospel I read. It was the first place I heard Jesus talking and it pushes language to the limit. It changed me forever, that book.

What is your vision for your industry?
Still working on that one! It’s more acceptable to be a Christian in this industry now than it was twenty years ago. It needs some help though. In TV, thirteen-day weeks are now standard and contracts are short-term with very little security or sense of belonging. The British film industry is more of a shed than a cottage, regional theatre is under-funded and musicals are now the West End. I still feel smack bang in the middle of a contradiction, but there is still glory in a good acting performance. And I still want to be an actor!

How do you react to criticism?
I tend to take it to heart. I like my criticism to be constructive and coming from someone I trust. There is a reason Satan is called the accuser. There is a universe of difference between conviction and condemnation: conviction can hurt more but gives life. Guilt just leaves you crippled. I want to be under grace not law. I don’t read reviews. If it’s good it swells your head, if it’s bad it can devastate you and there is no right to respond. I’m with Stephen Berkoff on theatre critics: they serve a useful function – like toilet paper. I wish I hadn’t criticised people as much as I have in the past. There are people I hope to make amends to. ‘God opposes the proud but gives grace to humble’, so I am working on taking the plank out of my own eye at the moment.

Last thing you read that inspired you?
The Divine Conspiracy, by Dallas Willard. It’s changed the way I think and has given me a clearer view of ‘The Unseen Real’.

Most challenging film and most entertaining?
I love Jungle Book. Being taken to see it was my seventh birthday treat. The Italian Job is the most entertaining film for me and Magnolia is the most challenging. I think it’s about the challenge to forgive people who have hurt you to the point of death.

A song/album that is a must for your iPod and why?
I haven’t got an iPod! I’ll have to wait until I get a better paid job! I do have an mp3 player but haven’t worked it out yet. But, Luka Bloom’s version of U2’s Bad will be with me until I die.

Worst thing about your industry?
The lack of credible acting heroes. We don’t have a Pacino, Hoffman or De Niro for our generation.

What has been your biggest encouragement?
Anna Marshall agreeing to go out with me.

Spiritual input source when away from home?
The telephone. It connects me to people who talk with me, pray with me, tell me off, big me up and calm me down.
High priests of film

ARTICLE

STUART HAZELDINE

Star Wars creator George Lucas once said that, for better or worse, filmmakers have become the priests of modern society. In my opinion he's half-right.

Priests used to be the opinion-formers and dream-shapers of world culture, and the modern mass art forms of film and popular music have drained some of their influence by giving us things we're more interested to watch and listen to: vividly-told big-screen journeys and rousing musical confessions which express our innermost dreams and desires WITHOUT judgement, and WITHOUT the requirement for us to do anything – to change our lives in any way – in order to achieve personal happiness.

And that's the difference. That's why it's a mistake for Christians to think filmmakers and songwriters have simply replaced priests in order to perform the same basic function. Because if we think that we'll delude ourselves that things can one day change back. That a revival will come and we'll all stop going to the movies and listening to music in favour of returning to the great Sunday sermon.

That's never gonna happen, boys and girls. Last century, Western society made a fundamental shift from formal to informal, from authoritarian to anti-authoritarian, from dictatorship to democracy and we're not going back. Not in this life anyway, because we no longer trust our leaders and those of us who don't know any better don't trust God anymore either.

Does this mean films aren't sermons, I hear you ask? Are messages dead? Is teaching itself a thing of the past? Well... Hollywood would have you believe that. Most modern filmmakers and songwriters wouldn't be caught dead trying to put a message in their art. They don't want you to think they're preaching to you, and most of them truly don't want to preach to you. At the conscious level the priesthood has been abolished in favour of 'storytellers' who merely 'reflect' reality; life influences their art, sure, but their art doesn't influence life: no sir! There's no self-perpetuating cycle of influence going on here at all. What do you think this is? The biosphere? Artistic Gaya theory?

There's just one problem with this attitude, ladies and gentlemen: reality. If you've ever heard a story with no message or moral contained anywhere within its confines I'll happily eat my laptop with ketchup. The reality is, ALL stories are messages. They carry big morals, and lots of little ones. Storytellers choose what to put in them and what NOT to put in them. They write and shape one of their own experiences and prejudices and they make a hundred thousand judgements as they write, and we draw messages from the results. An example: suppose a fifteen-year-old boy watches ten films in a year. Some are comedies, some action, some horror – and in all of them the male and female lead characters sleep together outside marriage. It's not focused on or put at the heart of the plots... it just happens. In none of the films do the characters choose to wait, though. Or even discuss waiting as an option. Is that a message? Any of you who work in modern newsrooms will know that it is; we're just as affected by what we're NOT shown as by what we are.

So this is the difference; priests KNOW they're preaching, but most of today's storytellers deny what they're doing, ergo they assume no responsibility. And this is hypocrisy of the highest order. I've lost count of the number of times film-makers claim they've helped change society for the better when they make worthy socially-conscious films like Schindler's List, A Beautiful Mind, My Left Foot, whatever... yet those same film-makers will deny films can influence an audience to so much as go walk to the lobby and buy a coke when they're accused of breeding violence in young kids. They can't have their cake and eat it, but this doesn't stop them trying.

So what does this have to do with the current state of the film industry, the subject I'm supposed to be writing about? Everything. I could have written about where Hollywood is at; the fact that escalating costs are making decision-makers more conservative and sequels, TV remakes and adaptations of popular novels are the ascendant, to the detriment of original ideas. I could have written about the ongoing chess game of ‘chase the tax credits’ that has seen film production shift from America, the UK, Ireland and Prague to Canada, the Isle of Man, Romania and South Africa over the last couple of years. Or I could have talked about where the British industry is at; how governments cut the help out of making films to stop the abuse of tax breaks for film investment by unscrupulous ‘middle-man’ companies, and how this is going to drastically reduce the number of films made here over the next few years. All very interesting, important and prayer-worthy stuff.

But I'm more interested in how the kingdom of God can be expanded through film, so here's the good news for the bad: there's a new generation coming up. A new generation of filmmakers who are consumerists and craftspeople. But equally a new generation who believe in Christ, and who are honest enough to accept that all stories carry messages, and who want to be responsible about the stories they tell.

The church has spent too long on the sidelines resenting storytellers for stealing power from their priests, and at last young Christians are streaming into the film industry wanting to tell THEIR stories, and GOD'S stories, whether their parents and pastors want them to or not. We are a realistic generation. We don't intend to ‘take back the media for Christ’ because we can't. We don't want to trigger a revival because we can't. We don't want to make Disney fable versions of reality with no language or violence to please Bible Belt families because
Did you know that every time you use a search engine you’re generating cash? Global web search revenues are worth billions each year and they’re growing fast. Everyclick is a new internet search engine that has been set up to make sure some of this money goes to charity. It provides all the usual search engine services – and a few extra ones – but the big difference is that 50% of its gross revenues will be given to charity.

Artisan is one of the charities listed by Everyclick, so to help us benefit visit www.everyclick.com and register, selecting Artisan Initiatives Charitable Trust as the charity of your choice. Then your search activity could generate around £12 per year to Artisan at no cost to you or to us!

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GIVING

Please consider financially supporting the work of Artisan. Every quarter Artisan produces and distributes thousands of publications around the world for no charge. This is a huge step of faith for us each time. On top of this we produce monthly prayer events in various cities in the UK and two events a year in New York with plans for more events in other parts of the world. At the moment Artisan employs one person, founder Steve Cole and we now need to employ more people to help develop this expanding vision. The hope over time is also to have an Artisan hub in Central London and develop the Web Site to be more interactive and comprehensive.

To help us with this ‘step up’ in operations we ask that you would consider making a contribution for each of the publications you receive.

If half of the Artisan readers made a £5 / $5 or £10 / $10 contribution for their publication this would make a huge difference and enable us to be more effective as an organisation. You can do this by simply making a donation online or by sending a cheque to Artisan in London. Please log onto www.artisaninitiatives.org and go onto the donations page. Or send a cheque made payable to Artisan Initiatives to: Artisan Initiatives, Adam Street, 9 Adam Street, London, WC2N 6AA

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ARTICLE
ROB LACEY

The Apostle Paul is in a dark, drab dungeon and one of his few creative outlets is his paper and pen (or first century equivalent). He’s screwing up his eyes against the dark to round off his memo to the Christians in Philippi. Like all good preachers, he’s already allowed himself one ‘and finally’ but he can’t sign off till he’s hit them with this final ‘and finally’. It goes: ‘... whatever is true, whatever is noble, whatever is right, whatever is pure, whatever is lovely, whatever is admirable – if anything is excellent or praiseworthy – think about such things ...’ (Philippians 4:8–9, TNIV).

Paul has spent his time fixing his mind on some great ideas, but what wouldn’t he give for something true and noble to focus his actual eyes on? What wouldn’t he give for something right, pure, lovely and excellent to lock his imagination onto?

Hey, isn’t that where we come in? Isn’t that the role of the artist?

Imagine a visual artist visiting Paul’s dark grey world and transforming his vista with a mural or four; imagine a minstrel bringing his strings into the corridor and moving the inmates to tears with the tones bouncing around their ear drums; imagine a bard regaling the roughest of Paul’s fellow prisoners with stories of their people’s hard fought glories.

This is our work. This is the job we signed up for, the role we were desperate to be chosen for – the role of the artist. We get to collaborate with the Ultimate Creator and bring into existence things of ‘excellence’ which transform the lives of all sorts of prisoners incarcerated in the dullness of driving through to the end of their working week. And – get this! – God commits himself in black and white by inspiring Paul to write that when people ‘think on such things’ he’ll turn up, with his peace in tow.

God gives artists the commission to produce these excellent, praiseworthy things! When people fill their imaginations with the stories of admirable, heroic characters, God says he’ll be there, with a train of carriages packed full of peace, and scores of angels hurling out sack-loads of serenity to the locals. And we get to be part of co-creating these beautiful things! Whether they be fine art or fashions, music or movies, tunes or tales, films or photography, buildings or billboards – God uses our creative work as an infrastructure to get him to where the people are. He intends to inhabit our craft and set the goose bumps (which he designed earlier) resonating with the realisation of truth and beauty.

And it’s not just any old peace on offer here: as Jesus himself said, ‘My peace I give you. I do not give to you as the world gives’ (John 14:27). This isn’t just ‘God’s peace’ – Paul has dealt with this bit two verses before: when we send our anxieties up to God wrapped up in bundles of prayers Paul says, ‘the peace of God, which transcends all understanding, will guard your hearts and minds in Christ Jesus’ (Philippians 4:7, TNIV). Now get your head, and heart, round this: it’s (even) bigger than God’s peace, which comes when we pray. When people think on and weigh and take account of and fix their minds on praiseworthy and excellent things, they don’t just get the ‘peace of God’. Nope, reverse that: they get the ‘God of peace’!!

So, let’s co-create works of art with God and then lobby him like crazy to keep his word that he’ll turn up through what we’ve co-produced and bring truckloads of his peace with him.

Now that’s some commission. That’s some job! You want it?
The best book to read is the bible x2

ARTICLE

ANNA AVERKIOU

We've all done it! Things are going badly and we turn to the front of our Bibles for the bit that says, 'Where to find help when ...' But does it really help that much? It all seems pretty vague, and whilst there may be some comfort from the suggested passages, how relevant are they to life today? We then go down the route of buying every Christian book written about our particular issue – aided and abetted by Amazon and its recommendations. Fed up with being single? Promised job falls through? Another rejection letter? Still waiting for that big break? There’s a book for everything! But where does their inspiration and wisdom come from?

When I was asked to write this article, an old Sunday school chorus kept popping up in my head: The best book to read is the Bible(x2) If you read it every day It will help you on your way OOOOOOH HHHH ... the best book to read is the Bible! And after years of searching for answers and guidance, I’ve realised I could have saved myself a lot of pain, time and money if I’d actually believed this.

Just before I became a Christian I found myself facing redundancy from what I thought would be my dream job in television news. Those were the days when independent TV paid its staff a small fortune and I’d just taken out a mortgage based on those earnings. I had no idea how I was going to survive. One night I dusted off my old school Bible and opened it at Matthew 6:25-34, 'Do not worry ...' I would be down to my last shift with no others in sight – but I always remembered that passage and I’d end up turning down work. A few years ago I went through a period of great confusion after studying the origins of the Bible. I really struggled after concluding it was just a useful and interesting collection of stories and advice from different people down the centuries. Whilst I had no doubts that there was some sort of God or Supreme Being, how much of it was really true and not just a concoction of individual motives and beliefs?

I prayed long and hard and then remembered how it’s helped me over the years. When I’ve cried out, hurting and alone, God has always answered – more often than not through the Bible. As I leafed through and spotted passages I’d highlighted with a date and the circumstances – false accusations, bullying at work, rejection, needing encouragement etc – I saw the journey of my faith and how far I’d come. Basically, it works! Suddenly it no longer mattered how it came to be. It’s only important to follow and believe it and learn as much as possible by heart so that God’s word is embedded in my very being. And it’s only when I let God guide me as to what to read that I’ve been blown away by just how specific it is to me. God really is in the detail no matter how obscure.

Over Christmas I found myself reflecting once again on the latest threat of redundancy, the way I’ve been treated by my employers, how this reconciles with what has happened in the past and what I believe God has promised me. I turned to my self-help manual and read about Noah – his patience was incredible! He wasn’t going to be deterred from his God-given task. I noted Abraham’s faith, yet even he slipped up – like many of us, he took matters into his own hands before God was able to really bless him with the promise that had seemed so impossible. Jacob stayed faithful to God and worked hard – even though his boss was a cheater, exploited him and lied to him. And Joseph ... that’s me! Every time he thought things would finally be resolved and fall into place he found things going pear-shaped again! The one thing that really encouraged me was that everything worked out in the end! And all this from the first book of the Bible. I can forget all the other self-help books! And, in case I’m in any doubt about regrets and time wasted, I take comfort from a promise God gave me almost sixteen years ago and which I duly highlighted: Job 42:12 ‘Bring it on’ – but without the livestock!

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YOU ON

YOUR WAY

If you read it every day It will help you on your way

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Berlin's art scene is hitting its stride. My third visit to Germany's capital a few weeks ago really drove this home – there's a crackle in the air as artists and galleries abound. Many creatives from around the globe have been picking up on the excitement and visiting or moving in.

I recall one road trip that brought me to Berlin from Hamburg. I bumbled around town, not knowing a soul, and remember there being a pretty eerie melancholy hanging in air. I stood and looked at a bombed-out church, still standing as a reminder, I suppose. I walked on (there was a lot of walking that day) and took in the Brandenburg Tor – a monument of four horses galloping atop six tall pillars – among a couple of other 'sightseeer' things. I was glad to venture north again on bus that night, having chalked Hamburg up as a better city.

Years later, living in New York and equipped with more connections, I returned to Berlin. It rocked. I found the right areas and blended in with the locals then returned to NYC exhilarated, hyping Berlin up to friends. So I saved up some dough, visited it just recently, and plan to hit it again in the fall (when, I'm told, the whole art scene is primetime). My contacts there show me the inside scoop(s) and that's what I'll dish to you, mainly focusing on two of the coolest neighbourhoods: Friedrichstein and Mitte.

The East Berlin section of Friedrichstein is overflowing with artists who take wise advantage of the enormous spaces (vast apartments with high ceilings) for super low rents. My friend told me that prices are cheap because the government is still encouraging people to move east since the wall came down in 1989. Much of the architecture around here is super classic, as it remained largely unchanged, preserved in a sense, for years behind the wall. The place I crashed at had huge, elaborately carved wooden doors, decorative wood trim lining the ceiling, and was heated by big, old, ochre-colored clay stoves in each room! And with the amount of rooms, it’s ideal for converting one into an art studio.

Friedrichstein is also one of the most multicultural sections in Berlin with students all over. I’d rise and go for a walk each morning, steering into the streets branching off Friedrichstrasse and decide on which one of the many rich, arty, vibey, rad-music-playing cafés I should visit. Check out Café Uebereck (Sonntagstrasse 31) – nestled amidst a batch of cool stores and overlooking a park. There’s also plenty of live music and DJs to choose from at night. I’m told that spring is the best time to visit with students out in full force, filling the outdoor seating at restaurants and cafés. Special streets to visit are: Simon-Dach-Strasse, Boxhagener Platz, and Schlesisches Tor.

Mitte is my favorite neighbourhood. Here you have the more established late-twenties and thirty-somethings – though many students abound too (just not many living there with the pretty steep rents). There are lots of galleries lining Auguststrasse and opening about in Zimmerstrasse, and many courtyards to meander through with contemporary galleries, theatres and neat shops. A great way to experience the gallery scene is at a ‘Rundgang’ which happens every couple of months – it’s when all the galleries are open together and you can wander from one to the next, tasting a cup or two of wine and hobnobbing with the art crowd.

There are loads of cool cafés and bars where you can sip a hot strong cup of ‘weizen’ (wheat) bier from tap while discussing your philosophy, theology, ideas and concepts. My favourite spots are the intersection of Auguststrasse and Tucholskystrasse, where there are two to choose from on either corner, and the Café Bravo (its courtyard is linked to Kunsts-Werke gallery). Trek over to Oranienburger Strasse and stop in at the sculpture gallery (massive things crafted out of old car engines and stuff), then dip in to the café next to ‘High End 54 Cinema’ where there’s good music. Have a stroll up Linienstrasse and get a good slice of pizza at ‘Olivinbaum’, eating outdoors in the biergarten section if it’s sunny.

As for a few touristy jaunts, be sure to walk the famous Unter den Linden Street, which is packed tight with architectural masterpieces and behemoth. There’s also the Berlin Dom (Cathedral), Opera House, State Library and Humboldt University. Duck into the campus and have a look around – there’s a real ancient, contemplative feel to it. Visit The Reichstag (Parliament building), which is a massive, historic-looking building with a shiny modern glass orb fitted on top. It’s worth going at night – you wind up a spiral ramp (similar to the Guggenheim in New York) into the glassy top section, which is great for gazing up at the stars; there’s even a circular couch to lie back on. Cruise over to Potsdamer Platz (you’ve got to love the names of some of these places!) and take in the ultra high-tech Sony Centre with an enormous IMAX theatre.

If you are looking for a church to worship at, I’d recommend Berlinprojekt. It’s young with plenty of creative thinkers – led by friends Christian and Konstantin. They’ve just moved to a new location and things are really starting to kick into action! See www.berlinprojekt.com.
ANNA AVERKIOU
Anna is currently working as a news editor for the BBC World Service after years working as a foreign news journalist. Unfortunately she is facing redundancy as part of the BBC-wide cuts - all prayers appreciated as she seeks new work.

ROB Lacey
An award winning author, actor and broadcaster. He’s twenty year track record of theatrical storytelling and performance poetry has culminated in the writing and touring of ‘The word on the street’. He’s married to dancer and choreographer Sandra Harnisch-Lacey and they have two children.

ARTHUR BOLTLER
Trained at LAMDA and His TV work includes starring roles in ‘Where the heart is’, ‘Eastenders’, ‘Murder in Suburbia’. Russ lives in Bristol, UK, and drives a 1981 MG roadster soft top, when it works!

NIGEL GOODWIN
Trained as an actor and has worked in film, television and theatre before combining this experience with theological training. After helping to found The Arts Centre Group in 1971 along with his wife Gillie, Genesis Arts Trust was set up to expand the Nigel’s work.

NATHAN SCOGGINS
After learning to read at 3 years old, NATHAN SCOGGINS consumed the words of C.S. Lewis and J.R.R. Tolkein before turning his attention to the TV Guide, which led to a vast wasteland of useless film and television trivia. He writes words in Los AngeleS.

DISCLAIMER
The views expressed in this magazine are not necessarily those of Artisan.

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STEVE COLE
 Married for 13 years to Rachel with two children Sam (4) and Jasmine (2). He founded Artisan 10 years ago and launched the first ever publication ‘Backstage’ seven years ago. Future vision includes launching an Artisan event in Africa with hundreds of Artisaners joining him from around the world.

GILES GOODWIN
Trained as an actor and has worked in film, television and theatre before combining this experience with theological training. After helping to founded The Arts Centre Group in 1971 along with his wife Gillie, Genesis Arts Trust was set up to expand the Nigel’s work.

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After learning to read at 3 years old, NATHAN SCOGGINS consumed the words of C.S. Lewis and J.R.R. Tolkein before turning his attention to the TV Guide, which led to a vast wasteland of useless film and television trivia. He writes words in Los AngeleS.

SCOTT HARRISON
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Lives, writes and photographs in Manhattan. He’s recently published an exciting new book called ‘7 Cities’.

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Print: Stabur Graphics, London, info@stabur.co.uk

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