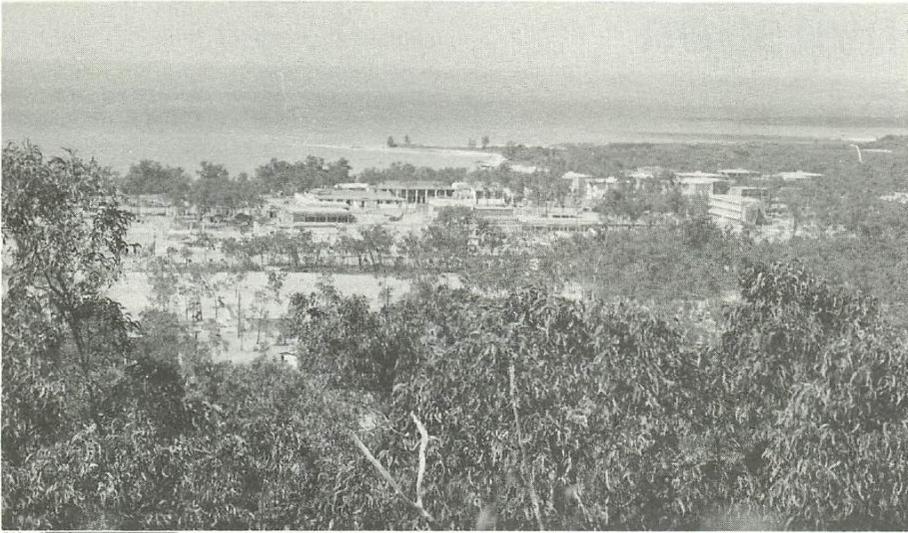


NEW WORLD NEWS

FOR MORAL RE-ARMAMENT



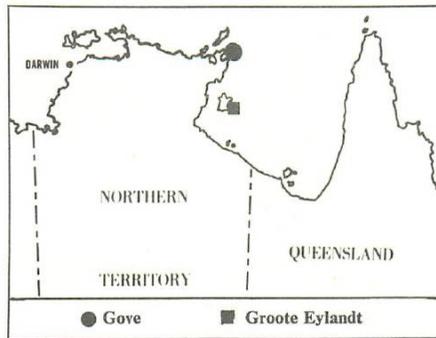
Nhulunbuy—eight years ago it did not exist

'Don't worry, Brother...'

Mohan Bhagwandas reports on a 'cultural earthquake' in Australia's Northern Territory

YIRRKALA, ARNHEM LAND—It is a week since I came to live with the original citizens of this land, the Aboriginal people here in this isolated corner of Northern Australia. It is an awesome feeling to walk in the paths and along the beaches that have been trodden by man for many thousands of years.

Yirrkala means 'where the fresh water meets the sea'. It is 650 km east of Darwin at the 'Top End' of Australia, in the Northern Territory (NT). The NT covers nearly 1.4 million sq km of vast open spaces. It is hot, harsh, empty, inhospitable and beautiful. The Top End



however has a semi tropical climate and palm trees and forests abound. The Aboriginals are believed to have come to Australia some 30,000 years ago. There are about 900 Aboriginal people living in Yirrkala.

Gatjil Djerrwurkburk, who is a student at the Institute of Technology in Adelaide, brought me to his home and family.

At the mouth of the river here stands a large wooden Cross planted by the first missionary 40 years ago. A Methodist Mission was established. Today there is a school, a church, a store and a medical clinic. There is a chicken

farm and fruit and vegetable cultivation. It is like a village in Asia.

Twelve miles away stands a town, Nhulunbuy (Gove), with a population of over 5,000, along with the \$310 million bauxite mining and alumina operation. It did not exist at the time of the 1966 census. Having lived a simple and traditional life the Aboriginal people are now surrounded by sophisticated technology and affluence and face many new problems which western man himself often finds hard to cope with. It seems like a cultural earthquake that is taking place. This area has the potential of becoming a difficult situation or of demonstrating a new way to the whole world.

We have had two showings of the film *A Man for All People* here. Grandparents, parents and children all came. Gatjil introduced it in his language. He said, 'William Nkomo was a man who changed from hatred and violence and changed others as well. This is what Australia needs and this is the sort of leadership needed amongst the Aboriginals in developing areas like ours. Here

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The all African film *Freedom* was shown to the Aboriginal people at Angurugu on Groote Eylandt, which is an island 600 km east of Darwin in the Gulf of Carpentaria. Speaking after the film Mr Murrubuda, a lay preacher, said, 'Let us all go from here and put things right with Father God and with our friends and neighbours.' The film was also shown at another Aboriginal town, Umbakumba, which is 60 km from Angurugu. A few days earlier the film *A Man for All People*, about the life of Dr William Nkomo of South Africa, was screened for a group of Aboriginal people in Darwin.



A bulldozer scrapes bauxite from a pit at Gove, Arnhem Land

Photos: AIS

THERE WILL BE two special sessions for students and young working people at this year's conference at Caux, Switzerland. These will be 13-23 July and 25 July-3 August.

The invitation states, 'Our generation stands at a historic cross-road. During the next few years we must come to grips with pollution, the population explosion, abuse of natural resources, inflation, malnutrition and many other problems that are crucial for the survival of mankind. Will we have the courage to face up to them, and shape our own future in the light of the needs of our times?'

'A society with different structures and aims, at the selfless service of all, will demand a radical change in our own living. It is futile to discuss the problems in general terms, while refusing as individuals to pay the necessary price of building a new world.'

'During the two sessions for young people at Caux this summer we shall be

Invitation to young radicals

searching together how to create the dynamic force, the sense of responsibility, and to find the inspiration that will lead our generation to the transformation of man and society.'

Besides working groups which will form the basis of the sessions, participants will have the choice between two courses:

Study courses will include dialogue with people active in the political and economic life of their countries, to give an insight into world problems, find a com-

mon plan of action and discover the qualities required of those who seek to shape the future.

Creative workshops will give you the opportunity, with the help of professionals and others with experience, to develop your ability to portray and encourage change. The workshops using the written word, music, acting, costume and set design will be centred on the fully equipped Caux Theatre.

The invitation says: 'Apart from excursions, sports, films, audio-visual productions and the plenary sessions of the conference, everyone is expected to take a full part in the work of the house. There will be plenty of opportunity to put ideas and theories to the test!'

The cost to the students and young working people attending the conference will be SF300 for the ten days session. As this special price does not fully cover all expenses, additional contributions from them or from others who may like to help, will be gratefully received.



Panchgani conference

N G Goray, MP and veteran Socialist leader, addresses the Panchgani student conference. 'In the independence struggle' he said, 'everything in our lives was subordinated to the one goal of liberation. You must be prepared to dedicate yourselves equally passionately for what you believe in.'



Students from Nigeria, Uganda and Rhodesia, studying in Bombay, attended the May conference at Asia Plateau, Panchgani. 'Exploring a fresh way' was the theme of the sessions initiated by Bombay students. The Nigerian student said, 'I have decided here to give up violence and to fight a moral revolution.'

PHOTOS BY CUMMOCK

'I have learned to live without fear'

SOMETIMES SIX OR SEVEN WORDS can change the course of a whole life; it certainly happened that way with me. It started, innocently enough, in an inter-city bus. I was telling Ken, my neighbour, a young research engineer like myself, of a humorous book which I said giped at Moral Re-Armament. He lent me a book by Peter Howard, and expecting more laughs, I accepted it with enthusiasm.

But as I read that book something unexpected happened. I caught a vision of an entirely new kind of human society in the making, so like the ideal Socialist society I believed in creating that I asked for a chance to talk more about it.

That in itself was remarkable enough, for I was not only a convinced atheist but vehemently determined to batter down in argument anyone with faith.

Matter of fact

Ken, whom I'd talked to for the first time in the bus, came from a family of Methodists. I remember nothing of the conversation as we walked the lanes around our industrial town for more than an hour, until he said, matter-of-factly, 'I have learned to live without fear.'

Those words went straight to my heart and I said to myself, 'That is the life I want.' The reason was simple; I had built up a fine life for myself, with plenty of money, a fascinating career, a pretty girl-friend, cultural interests and a determination to reach the top of the tree in my chosen sphere. I seemed to have everything under control, yet a nagging fear would not leave me. There were certain facts about my past which, if they came to the light of day, would topple the carefully constructed fortress I had made for myself.

When asked how anyone could have a part in building the new society Howard wrote about, Ken replied, 'I take time to listen to God's voice, for His orders.' 'That's fine for you,' I re-

torted, 'but I don't believe in your God.'

'I can guarantee that if you will honestly listen, God will speak to you,' said Ken and soon I was launched on familiar ground, refuting and destroying faith. He didn't argue, but put up to me a challenge. 'As a scientist, you believe in experiment. Try it out. You say it won't work; I say it will. Test it fairly over a period and draw up a scientific report on your experiment at the end; then we'll meet and compare notes.'

Scientific integrity

In total disbelief, I drew up fair conditions. I would get up fifteen minutes earlier, listen in silence, write down every thought that came. Then I would test the thoughts against four standards in Howard's book, which I accepted as pillars of the ideal society I wanted to see: honesty, purity, unselfishness and love on the absolute level required by a scientific standard. I would eliminate every thought that failed to pass the test of comparison and act on every other thought that remained. I would continue for a month and then draw up an honest balance-sheet of conclusions.

Of course, I also analysed the thoughts that I wrote down most days, finding them unremarkable and mostly simple everyday courtesies that after quiet I remembered to practise a little more often. But there were one or two thoughts written down I was furious about.

The first was to visit a certain church one Sunday evening. If it had not been for my pride in my integrity as a scientist, I would have put that in the waste-basket. But then, I thought, while it would be against honesty to pretend to believe what I will hear at the church, the thought was different: simply to go there. I had to go, or abandon the experiment.

What was said that evening, I cannot remember. But at the end, a young fellow I vaguely knew as working in our factory walked out with me. 'What on

earth has brought you here?' he asked. 'All of us know your reputation, and you're the last person I'd have expected to see.' As I'd no belief in my 'experiment', I was delighted to tell him about it. 'I've been going to church twice a day for as long as I can remember,' said Jack. 'But I've never been able to influence men like you. If your experiment does that, I'm going to start, too.'

Two days later, he came to see me with a long story. A qualified industrial chemist, he lived away from home, with close relatives against whom he had deep bitterness. As a man of faith, he knew this was wrong, but had been unable to end his hatred. What should he do, he asked me. I was flabbergasted: I had no idea what to reply. My experimenting was meant to be a purely personal affair.

Fortunately, I remembered Ken and put Jack in touch. A few days later, Jack came to see me to thank me for the new life he had found. With Ken, he had seen his part in the division with his relatives; he had apologised and the whole family was different.

After a few incidents like this, I said to Ken, 'I'm prepared to admit that, when I listen, some force influences my life which my science cannot explain.' Long before the month finished, I had decided to continue with my experiment.

Ken, Jack and I met together at the factory before work each day. Our programme was simple: to change one new man a month, to affect the whole factory, and to make our city a model of Moral Re-Armament. The factory directors launched a handbook on MRA with a letter signed by the President and the Convener of Shop Stewards. The Mayor launched a Moral Re-Armament Week for the city and himself chaired the opening meeting.

It was later that I heard Ken's side of the story: what had gone before the casual talk in the bus with me. A week before our first talk, he had a strong thought in quiet that God would give him a team but that the price was a total obedience to an earlier thought that he should cut out some of his many activities. Ken had been resisting this conviction for months, for it involved risking the good opinion of a man in senior position. But as the previous months had been sterile, spiritually, and

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Welsh festival

FOR THE PAST MONTH a large banner has hung in the main concourse of the new town of Cwmbran, Gwent, proclaiming the 'Cwmbran May Film Festival'.

On each Saturday of the month MRA documentary and feature films have been shown at the Congress Theatre.

Gwent County Councillor D G Price, who was the last Chairman of the

Cwmbran Council before local government reorganisation, introduced one of the evenings. Referring to the 'sense of remoteness' felt by many people because of the new larger units of local government, Councillor Price said: 'I am glad we have made this theatre available to the MRA Film Festival. After seeing films like these perhaps people will not feel remote anymore. They will know they have somewhere to go to, some people they can turn to.'

Councillor Price also welcomed two

guests from New Zealand who were in Wales for that week. They were Tom Ormond, former rugby administrator and member of the New Zealand Maori Council and Michael Lennon from Auckland, who were visiting Britain after attending the International MRA Conference in Pretoria, South Africa.

During their stay in Wales the New Zealanders met prominent figures in trade union and political circles and members of the British Lions team which toured New Zealand in 1971.

The following letter appeared earlier this month in the 'Daily Nation', Nairobi, Kenya, with this headline

This is how to fight corruption

CORRUPTION is said to be a deadly disease. No day passes without incidents of it being reported in the press. Yet men and women all over the world are torn by the need for answering it. 'How can I as an individual possibly do anything about it? It is too big a job and only the Government can tackle it.' These are the questions and attitudes that are often aired.

I have a practical proposition to offer. It has been born out of a personal experience. Some weeks ago, I was concerned in a situation, where bribe was the only 'human' way out of it. And many of us, more than once, have landed in such situations. I knew my innocence. Yet was I to give in and be a part of the disease or was there a way out?

No amount of theory would have convinced the men involved. They must

have heard it several times. I am an advocate of the philosophy that, 'when man listens God speaks, when man obeys God acts, and when man changes nation changes'. In a few moments of quiet, the thought came: 'Have vision and really believe that these three men can be builders of a new Kenya and a new world free of hate, fear, greed, and corruption.'

Different

I then embarked upon telling them what a rascal I was myself and how the challenge and the price of building a new world made me decide to be different. I described how as a student I had permanently 'borrowed' library books and had to return them. How I had hated a particular race and

apologised for my hatred. How as a student secretary in a hostel I had pilfered money from the student's fund at the same time as attacking corruption from the university platform, and decided to pay the money back. How I had bribed a custom's officer in a certain port and smuggled goods into the country without paying duty and how later I went and apologised and paid up the duty. I told them that all this I did because that was the beginning and the price of the kind of new world you want to build in a nation. I told them that they could do it too.

The three men quickly sensed a challenge, not just to stop being corrupt themselves, but so live that they actually become part of cure. They left with a warm hand shake and much gratitude in their hearts.

In this atomic age, restitution is the best weapon of a man. If he puts right what he knows deep in his heart is wrong, he quickly becomes a potential atom bomb. The effect is felt without having to say it. I do believe that this is the answer to corruption. To begin with yourself. In any way, you can't see clearly if your own spectacles are dirty.

Will the men of courage, concern and good-will, God-fearing, dare to try it?

A Patel
Nairobi

N T continued from page 1

we have the chance to set a pattern not just for Australia but for the whole world. God cares for every man and treats them alike, prime minister, as well as men in the gutter. Arnhem Land needs awakening into leadership.' Many stayed after the film to talk.

The people here have taught me many things. First I was made a member of the clan and given an Aboriginal name Rrumbura, which means 'jungle on an island'. My 'family' sang songs about this name with the accompaniment of didgeridoos and clapsticks. Several 'nephews' and 'nieces' taught me to fish (by throwing stones into the water) and cook on a fire on the beach. While we sat under the stars at night they told me how centuries before the European discovered Australia, Asians came to visit the Aborigines. These were the Macassans who came to fish for trepang. In fact, Yirrkala is closer to Singapore than it is to Sydney. So one feels very close to Asia here.

When Gatjil was asked what was the best way to help his people, he said, 'If you are in the bush and lost we will show where to find water and how to survive. The Aborigine will say to you, "Don't worry, brother, I am right be-

hind you". The Aborigine finds it so hard in the Western society. The European has the know-how and the right tablet to give for the sickness. It is so important not to treat the Aborigine as a child, but help him to help himself and his own people and to say, "Don't worry, brother, I'm right behind you".'

In order to enable people to show a complete set of the Study Course on *The Black and White Book* to others in their area and to use it themselves without having to pay the full price of £12.50 (plus £1.25 VAT) the course can now be hired for £1 for four weeks, from Grosvenor Books, 54 Lyford Road, London SW18 3JJ.

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had left him despondent and frustrated, he had finally decided to take the step, in faith, on his knees with a friend.

A week later, Ken and I met for the first time, and a few weeks after that, a convinced trio was working together to bring Christ's revolution to the city.

L E Vogel

●CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL, Onitsha, was the scene of a showing of the film *Happy Deathday* last month. It was shown there to the Synod of the Niger Diocese by the Rev Hezekiah Chiwuzie on behalf of Bishop Uzodike who was also present. The week before, the Anglican Synod in Lagos had seen the film *Voice of the Hurricane* on the initiative of their Bishop.

●PRINCE SOUVANNA PHOUMA, Premier of Laos, in an interview published last week in *Himmat*, said, 'The performances of *Song of Asia* have showed that dispute is useless. It shows that we can seek ways of mutual understanding and this is better than anything else. The performances in Vientiane have shown the good way to people—to change and improve themselves. This can be the message for our youth. There are many who have changed.'

In the same issue of the Indian weekly the Minister of the Interior, Pheng Phongsavan, says, 'There could not be a better time to bring Moral Re-Armament to Laos. Your principles have been accepted by both sides as they form the basis of Buddhism which is respected throughout Laos.'