

A Cambodian leader

by Sam Rainsy

RECENT EVENTS in Cambodia lead the new generation of Khmers to ask themselves fundamental questions. How has our country reached its present state? Who is responsible? Is Cambodia sentenced sooner or later to die? Or can she yet rise and one day rediscover greatness as in the past? Is there anything we can do, as things are at present?

In the heart of each one of us is a flickering flame that refuses to go out. It is the hope of one day returning home as free men and women; it is the desire to give ourselves wholly to our country, to create a great land worthy of the love we hold for her.

But what can we do? Where can we begin?

Each of us has always hoped, since he could reason and begin to be concerned, that there might be an ideal leader of the nation, strong, generous, just, incorruptible, a man blessed with unshakeable strength of character who would inspire love, confidence and respect. And now, through tragic times in our history, we have more than ever the need of such a leader to save Cambodia. But sadly we have not yet met such a one, or perhaps he only exists in the mind.

This idea of the ideal man reflects our thirst for something absolute. It reflects our own inertia and the weakness of character that allows us to be content with ourselves as we are, seeking to be entirely dependent on an imaginary, a perfect and 'quasi' divine. Perhaps this is a consequence of the paternalistic spirit in which we were brought up. It is certainly at the root of our present misfortunes.

A national community is like a large family. A family is only united and strong in so far as each member of that family feels responsible and acts accordingly, sharing and living by the same principles.

We want Cambodia to be united and strong, but we are not ready to pay the price, in other words to live so that this can be. We want the situation to change in our country but we are not ready to change ourselves. We

want a perfect leader but we are content to remain with our weaknesses.

The wrong has gone on long enough. Why not start by looking to ourselves, begin by changing our ways if we want to see our nation change? Let us start with a simple yet fundamental principle. It is the character of its citizens which makes the strength of a nation. Let us have the courage and the will to conform our own living to our thirst for the absolute. Let us live our daily lives in the same way as he whom we wish to see as the ideal leader we want for our country, live as if he were in our place. In the most humble of our acts, in the smallest details of our daily lives, let us apply the same principles as those we would wish to see applied by this exemplary leader.

Deep in ourselves, we know well that our public and professional lives and our private lives are inseparable in the sense that they are based on those same principles and those same moral standards that we have adopted for ourselves. Let us try by our honesty, our modesty, our concern for those less fortunate than ourselves, our unselfishness and strength of character, to win and preserve each day respect and esteem for ourselves, comparing this to the respect and esteem that we should like to hold towards the leader we wish for.

This article appeared first in SEREIKA ('The Voice of Free Cambodia') and is written by its editor.

Primary response

An MRA team of young people from five continents has been in action in North Wales. They presented the multi-media show, 'Cross Road', to an Abersoch youth club.

They also spoke and sang in three schools. In the secondary school the voluntary meeting overflowed and was transferred to the school hall. The programme had to be extended due to the vigorous requests for an encore.

The enjoyment seems no less at the primary school (right). 'This is one of the most interesting events we have ever had,' said the headmaster.



Edward Howard



Sam Rainsy

Arthur Strong

NEW WORLD NEWS

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Instead of projecting the image of this leader of our desires onto the world about us, trying to catch a shadow, let us be so that this leader lives a bit in ourselves. Let us embody to a small extent in ourselves the leader the nation needs.

If we believe in the coming of a Saviour, a true *Preah Bat Thoamik*, who is a kind of Messiah in our mythology, we can also believe that there exists in each one of us a bit of *Preah Bat Thoamik* that we have to cultivate and respect. The millions of such bits, asleep among our people, could one day, if we wish, vibrate in unison because they are part of the same divine essence; they could bring together and make available a colossal energy capable of changing the course of history, like the energy of thermonuclear fusion, the energy of the hydrogen bomb that we seek to domesticate, even like the energy of the sun.

When we understand and apply these principles—and each one should through example contribute in spreading the new spirit—then the leader we are waiting for will come. As the legend foretells, he will come to us riding a white horse, brilliant as a ray from the sun. The whole nation will perceive his spirit and hear his voice. He will bring light to our people and give them freedom.

Cambodia will then be a great nation.

Choice for Staines

Last month, a couple from Staines, near London, showed the MRA film 'Choice For An Impatient World' seven times in their home.

This film, taken during the London MRA Assembly last May, portrays a kaleidoscope of men and women at grips with events in their countries.

Here Erik Andren, a designer, and his wife Sheila, a community health doctor, tell how it came about.

Sheila: An old friend of ours decided, some time ago, to sell his grand piano and to buy a 16mm film projector and screen. As a result we have access to a first class projector in Staines.

We used this projector to show some of friends the African MRA film, *Voice of the Hurricane*. It sparked off intense discussion about the issues of race. By the end of the evening we had concluded that the real problem is one of relationships between people, of whatever colour. And we had realised the power of these films in bringing people to think about the fundamental issues we so easily dodge.

Early in December I felt that we should show *Choice For An Impatient World* in the New Year after the festive rush and bustle had subsided. When we made a list of people we wished to ask to the film, there were 50 on the list! Our house is small and eight to ten was the biggest number we could have at one time.

We felt that at least one evening should be for young people. A young man we know recently remarked that by the time his contemporaries had reached 23 or 24 they were settled in jobs, were tied with families, had lost their youthful ideals and had ceased to think much about things outside their immediate surroundings.

Three of us drafted an invitation. It read: 'In India last March millions of skinny, underfed, illiterate peasants individually chose and, by popular vote, threw out a dictatorial regime in favour of democracy. Where do we stand?

'President Sadat chose to risk his own life and position and the approval of his Arab allies and undertook his courageous and statesmanly initiative to talk peace with his enemy. Will we choose to scoff, or encourage a lasting peace?

'Despite extremists generating hate, black and white leaders in Rhodesia have chosen to keep negotiating. This can only happen when there is a mutual reliance on integrity, which engenders trust. What can we learn?

'We are all impatient for changes. This means we must make choices. What do you feel about rigid attitudes, political extremism, bully-boy tactics, the politics of envy?

'Men and women from all over the world, some highly placed, others very ordinary, give in this film their experiences and convictions to illustrate clearly their "Choice For An Impatient World".'



The Andren family

John Bond

We contacted a friend who works with MRA and invited him to join us for supper on the first night and to help with the discussions that followed. The invitation was extended to others and one or two new friends joined us for each of the five showings in our home. We are certainly the richer for the friendships and help, and the children had a great time with new uncles and aunts arriving almost daily at storytime!

Erik: Two showings were outside our home; one in the home of a friend who cannot get out, and one in my office. In all we had seven showings to 32 people.

We had a cross-section of the community, students and housewives and people from medicine, law, business, architecture and engineering. Apart from the British, there were Maltese, Sri Lankans, a Malaysian and a Portuguese.

During the showing I listened for any quote or concept that would engage the interest of the people there and used it to start the discussion. It never failed and on each occasion in our home we had at least two hours of deep talk.

People opened up and talked wholeheartedly. Some groups were in general accord and those evenings were tranquil and deep. One evening a barrister and a doctor joined forces against the reality of God and argued for an hour supported by another guest. But Sheila's timely entry with the coffee made it possible to turn the attention onto the experiences of those present and how God had become a reality for them. The evening ended on a quiet, attentive and thoughtful note.

Opted in

During the week so much was said, but I recall:

- The 17-year-old who told of the battle with himself to ask for Coca-Cola because he preferred it, when all his mates were being big and ordering beer. He won.
- The self-exiled doctor who urged us not to take freedom for granted. Once lost it would not be easy to restore.
- The businessman who said, 'This film

gives me hope. I must get my pastor to see it.'

- The housewife who felt that faith, a sense of right and wrong, how to make decisions and how to cope with life, were challenging ideas of what a home should provide. 'I want to work that out in my own home,' she said.
- The young man who told how he opted out of university, in a bad way, then chose to get straight and a year later opted in again, against all odds, and graduated.

Converted piano

And God taught me something about faith and His providence. It looked as if some £28-£30 would be needed to cover the cost of the film hire, the food, the coffee and so on. I doubted that we could collect so much from showing a film in our own home, but we decided to go ahead. Suddenly £5 arrived from a Kenyan student who was not even able to see the film! When I gave the film back we had received in total £28.90.

So, if anyone has anything that could easily be converted into a projector—such as a grand piano—it is worth thinking about it.

CHOICE FOR AN IMPATIENT WORLD

Fresh thinking on

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- Industry
- Education
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or on hire from your nearest
MRA film centre.

Play's progress

Ailsa Hamilton writes about 'Sentenced to Life':

6 The new play coming to the Westminster is a bold flying tackle at a subject which many people want to avoid even thinking about, which others are deeply worried about, and which only accomplished communicators would dare to put on to the stage. It is about euthanasia—yes. And it is about the whole of life. It is about marriage and non-marriage, intellectualism and feelings, crime and punishment, what patients feel about doctors and doctors feel about patients, how unreal people find reality, about the inside workings of the TV world and its penetration into the everyday world of home and family. It juxtaposes the Christian ethic and our so-called post-Christian society. And through it all run the laughter, the puzzles, the tears and the relief which the search for reality brings to us all.

Casting is in progress and rehearsals start on 3 April under the direction of David William, whose production of *Dear Dolly* in 1976 was voted Play of the Year by the West End Theatre Managers.

An article by Mugeridge on the subject of the play will appear in *Women's Own* of 11 March. 9

British Weekly

& Christian World

24 February, 1978

EUTHANASIA is a large issue, and it is not surprising to hear that three plays on the subject are in preparation.

One of these, 'Sentenced to Life', is by Malcolm Mugeridge and Alan Thornhill—an interesting combination of controversial journalist and broadcaster and Anglican parson-playwright. This play does not set out to be a full examination of the subject, but is the story of one man whose paralysed wife persuades him to kill her.

The central theme is the struggle in him between his theories about 'the right to die', and the 'inner conviction of sin which grows as he faces the fact that he has deliberately taken the life of a human being whom he once deeply loved'.

Mugeridge and Thornhill believe that the question of euthanasia in its right perspective is part of more basic issues. Should mankind run its affairs in its own self-willed way? If it does, can it avoid creating a society resembling a factory farm? Or is it meant to seek and ally itself with the will of God, believing that He is a loving Father who wants to help us to create a worldwide human family?

'Sentenced to Life', the fifth production to be put on by Aldersgate, opens on the South coast on 1 May and arrives in London's Westminster Theatre on 17 May.

SENTENCED TO LIFE

a 'whydunit' by

Malcolm Mugeridge and Alan Thornhill

Directed by David William

Westminster Theatre
from 17 May every evening at 7.45pm,
Wednesday 3pm, Saturday 4.30pm.

Advance party bookings available from
18 May to 30 June, for 10 or more:

£4.50 seats for £3,
£3.50 seats for £2.50,
£2.50 seats for £1.50.

Dial M for Mugeridge

6 The Westminster Theatre is offering reduced seat prices for bookings made for the first six weeks of the run.

At the theatre, whose successes over the years have included *Dial M for Murder*, the staff are understandably excited about this controversial new play. One of them has dubbed it *Dial M for Mugeridge*. 9

WESTMINSTER AND PIMLICO NEWS

Hope for Pursers?

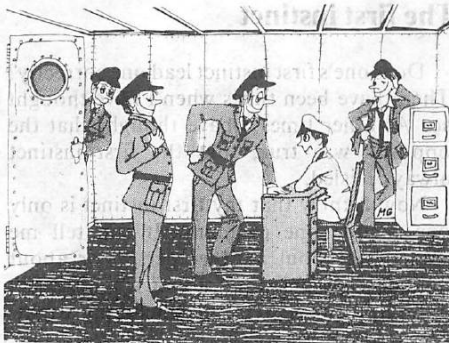
by Laurie Vogel

'I HATE THIS RUN,' said the Purser to one of the passengers as his ship neared the South American port. 'I know just how it will be tomorrow: we shall have 20 officials on board, and every one will expect his bottle of whisky and his "cut" from me, otherwise something will be found wrong, which will hold up the ship for days.'

But can this be changed?

In the group welcoming the passenger was a businessman, director of several enterprises employing well over 1,000 men and women. Officials had just visited one of his firms too; a Ministry inspector had found errors in the books—due to a book-keeper's mistake—which could mean a fine for the firm of over £35,000. For in Brazil the government has greatly increased penalties for financial misdemeanours, in an attempt to heighten public morality.

The manager of the firm saw no way out, except to suggest to his director that 'an



arrangement' should be made with the inspector—ie a bribe should be paid to influence him not to proceed against the firm. The director sought God's direction on what to do. Next day he asked to see the inspector. Handing him *The Black and White Book*, he said, 'This book contains the philosophy on which we try to conduct this firm, to build a better society in Brazil. Please read it, and then we are happy about any decision you take with regard to the mistake our firm has made.'

Two days later the inspector telephoned the director. 'I've read your book, and like it very much,' he said. 'But you have got me snookered. You ask me to follow my conscience, and there is no doubt, if I open a case against your firm, you will lose and have to pay heavily.' 'I'm content with whatever you

feel is right to do,' said the director.

Three days later, the inspector again visited the director. 'I have decided not to proceed against the firm, on the basis that the mistake made was a misinterpretation honestly made, and because of your frankness. But I make one condition: that the book-keeper is not dismissed, as your manager said you intended to do.'

Perhaps this is a forerunner of South America's new reputation—if men like this director and the government official can be multiplied quickly enough.

And the ships will be turned round faster.

Well done

LESLIE MACE, a retired managing director of a group of companies in the retail motor industry, has hit his target for the seventh successive year. His target this year: £1,000 for the construction of a tube well urgently needed at the farm at Asia Plateau, the MRA centre at Panchgani, India.

He had written in December to 200 men and women in industry and received 106 replies. Last week a cheque for £1,005 was sent to India. Thirty-five Ford dealers were among the donors.

The mind and the heart

by Rajmohan Gandhi

Rajmohan Gandhi is Chief Editor of the Bombay-based Asian weekly 'Himmat'. For 13 years he has written a weekly column which has been widely commented on and used around the world.

The BBC Overseas Service, in a review of 'Experiment With Untruth', the book on the Indian Emergency, described Gandhi's writings in 'Himmat' as 'among the bravest of the Emergency'. This week we reproduce an article by the Indian editor which appeared in 'Himmat' last month.

Extracts from more than 30 articles by Gandhi which appeared over the last years—including some at the height of the Emergency—were published by Grosvenor Books in 1977.

WHEN YOUNGER I harboured a measure of distrust towards the word 'balance'. It seemed to involve a watering-down of principle, an abatement of zeal.

Could balance really assist in attaining the goals of change or independence or justice? Was it not a weapon in the armoury of the defenders of the status quo?

Experience has taught me that balance is not such a reactionary quality, and that without it radicalism defeats its purposes. If only we could learn wisdom in youth and retain daring in age!

Yet perhaps there is some wisdom in the fact that the reverse position prevails. It enables us to learn from that potent guru, one's error. Hurtful as one's mistakes are—to one's pride and, what is worse, to the well-being of others—the lessons are not easy to forget.

Empty the heart

Should one be guided by one's mind or one's heart? By reason or instinct? If one desires to find out what is right when facing a difficult choice and wishes to know what the will of God might be, should one stir one's brain into activity? Or should one empty one's brain and then await illumination?

I suppose the answer is balance. The mind can correct a wayward heart, wayward in its likes and also in its dislikes. The heart, on the other hand, pulls the mind out of the rut in which, unaided, it is prone to lie. The



Rajmohan Gandhi

David Chanter

fluctuations of the heart exercise and stretch the mind. They give it health and vigour and purpose.

Though the mind of course needs occasionally to be rested, so that it stays fit, it is there to be used by man. Illumination from God can be a powerful and sensitive plus to the mind's working, not a substitute for the latter.

It is not the brain but the heart that man must periodically empty; empty it of the hates and loves, the hurts and longings, that so rapidly enter and re-enter it, so that God can refill it with nobler and less selfish feelings.

The first instinct

Does one's first instinct lead one correctly? There have been times when I have thought so. At other times I have thought that the opposite was true, that the first instinct always misled.

Now I know that my first instinct is only one factor, one of many. It can tell me something about another person or about myself; I should think about it and reflect upon it; it can help me in concluding aright; no more, no less.

Independence and teamwork

How much teamwork should one have, and how much independence? Teamwork breaks my pride, which is very healthy. It can save me from error, towards which I, a human, am much disposed. Yet it can also be a guise for indecision and cowardice, which are not particularly healthy.

Any rule that I may set for myself in favour of independence or of teamwork (past errors springing from what I thought

was an excess of teamwork or an excess of independence may goad me into making such a rule) is not likely to be reliable.

I suppose what one needs is a willingness to stand entirely alone if need be—and a readiness to listen, with an open mind, to others. And much wisdom, in either case, thereafter.

Carefree

Man is made for society, or, putting it in warmer words, for his brothers. Yet he is also made for himself. I must, to the extent possible, nourish society; and I must feed the inner man in me.

It is not activity alone or reflection alone that I need. I need both. Faith and works, *bhakti* and *karma*, the spirit of Mary and the spirit of Martha—man requires both. If idleness is a crime, the inability to take some time off to relax the mind and the body is also a crime.

I would like to be endowed with a burning compassion for those in need, aware as I am of the tepidity of my concern; but I think I am entitled also to seek some moment, of unconcern, when I can be carefree, not careworn, and not careless, and contemplate the beauty and goodness of God's world.

Not inactive

Trying to put right what is wrong around us is doubtless our duty, and most of us could improve our performance of it. But may God save men from the notion that it is up to them, exclusively and entirely, to remove the mess in the world or in their nation, and that everyone else is merely in the way. The latter may turn out to be helpers rather than hindrances, and the Almighty Himself may not be altogether inactive.

A
WRITER'S
DUTY
Rajmohan
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Extracts from articles in 'Himmat'

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