



# GLOBAL EXPRESS

Vol. 4, No. 4, 1999

ISSN 1325-2038

colours



Picture this: a spare weekend in Oxford, a Swedish artist called Gerd Ekdahl, a workshop on 'Painting from within', 11 people from countries like Brazil, Russia, Switzerland and the USA, and lots of paint. The result: a 'colours' cover for Global Express! Here's what the participants said:

'It was not just technical work, it was spiritual reflection as well.'

'A wonderful way for us to learn about each other. Everyone's style was so individual—it was amazing to see how art acts like a language.'

'I had been feeling insecure all week. The workshop allowed me to get all my feelings out in a new way. I never knew painting could be so therapeutic. By the end I felt healed.'

'Magic—it helped me know myself better.'

'I found a real sense of inner peace. I know that this kind of painting is often used with psychiatric patients as it seems to touch something deep inside which words cannot express or reach. I found this to be so true.'

'I love liquidy, "goopy" paint. How nice to hold colour like that, feel it, play with it. It's like the paint is my friend—it made me so happy. Paint is gentle. It can help me. So, I made this new friend in the workshop. And maybe "workshop" isn't a good title. Maybe "funshop" or "freedomshop" is more accurate.'

**Laura Trevelyan, UK**

Next issue: Love, loneliness, and lots more!

Deadline: August 15, 1999



Art: Bhavesh Patel

## GLOBAL EXPRESS

### seeks to:

- be an independent media service
- establish and support a global network
- be culturally inclusive
- respond to a rapidly changing world
- connect personal and global issues
- encourage personal integrity and responsible attitudes
- encourage people to act on creative inspiration

### believing that:

- you matter
- you can make a difference
- goodness has an image problem and spirituality is marginalised
- sincere communication at every level is essential
- peace is possible if we face the causes of division and injustice in our own lives and communities
- time for reflection is essential to find direction

## Why Global Express?

Global Express (GE) was started to link up young people who care about the future. Dissatisfied with what we were being offered by the media, we felt an alternative was needed.

Our aim is to inspire and encourage people to fulfil their potential. In GE you can question the way things are, and search for solutions. It is also a great opportunity to make contacts outside your "comfort zone".

Most of the GE team met through MRA (Moral Re-Armament), which is a worldwide network of people working for personal responsibility and conflict resolution. Absolute standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love, together with a search for inspiration from God (or the inner voice), are central to this approach to life. MRA is a Non Government Organisation recognised by the United Nations. For more information visit: <http://www.mra.org.uk>

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### Global Express goes to:

Africa: Kenya, Nigeria and South Africa; Americas: Brazil, Canada and USA; Asia/Pacific: Australia, Cambodia, Fiji, Hong Kong, India, Japan, Korea, Malaysia, New Zealand, Papua New Guinea, Sri Lanka, Taiwan, Thailand and Western Samoa; Europe: Croatia, Czech Republic, France, Germany, Italy, Lithuania, Moldova, Poland, Russia, Scandinavia, Serbia, Switzerland, UK and Ukraine; Middle East: Lebanon and Palestine.



## colours - the concept

Coming from the outskirts of Europe, not being part of the EC and living amongst reindeers and trolls, my group of friends back in Norway consists of only white people except one. Although Oslo has only half a million inhabitants, it is not as if I have never seen a black person in the streets. But compared to bigger countries and cities, my hometown has relatively few immigrants and the majority of them live in particular parts of Oslo. I have been fortunate to travel quite a lot and have met people from many countries where people have a different skin colour to mine. But it is now, living in London, seeing coloured people everyday and having several black people on my course, that I have discovered the joy and excitement of having a multi-coloured group of friends.

My class has just been on a week's field-trip. Besides learning about nature being our museum, conquering fear, building the team-spirit and exploring the power within ourselves, I have come to know my classmates in a whole new way. For the first time, I have spoken to a mad guy from Saudi-Arabia and learnt about their culture and religion, their belief in supernatural spirits, the Jinns, and how he wants to change his materialistic life to become a better Muslim. I have spent time getting to know a generous Asian-English guy in East London where he lives surrounded by people from every race, looking after others more than himself. I have shared moments with a jolly Jamaican girl who smiles at you like the world could never end and who is excited about going back to her roots for the first time this summer. I have listened to the stories of a Turkish girl and decided to share a house with her next year. I have been educated by a man with Native-American blood about the power of human nature, and how teamwork creates unbreakable bonds.

It was a completely different group which returned a week later. I am amazed by what we managed to create. Eleven out of thirty-nine are foreign, giving the class greater shades and colours. I have learnt to appreciate black people in a new way and to see the enormous possibilities in using the whole palette instead of sticking to your usual and safe HB pencil.

*Marianne Knudsen, Norway*

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*Not all opinions in GE are shared by the editors!*



Marianne Knudsen, Photo: Gry T. Borge

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# RACISM

An intelligent young man, Stephen Lawrence, is kicked and beaten to death on a London street by white youngsters, just because he happens to be black. Policemen, who might have saved his life, also fail to arrest his killers, because of incompetence and insensitivity, due to racism. The parents of the dead boy, in pursuing justice with determination and dignity, touch the nation's conscience. A judge leads an inquiry and writes a report on these events, that calls for changes in the law and changes in attitudes and policy in the police and other bodies with regard to 'institutionalised racism'. What has it got to do with me?

Over decades similar events have taken place in British cities, reports have been written, judges have spoken. Is there really going to be a difference this time? The answer depends on what I do about it; what you do about it; what choices hundreds and thousands of people make in their hearts, those who wield power and authority and those living in communities up and down the country, prepared to pay the price of change in their own lives and attitudes first and then working to bring change to structures that perpetuate injustice. It will require courage and vision. For the issue of race is not going to go away.

In all the sixteen years I lived and worked in Africa, I was never once made to feel unwelcome. Yet it pains me deeply to find in Liverpool, where I live, people born here, whose ancestors were African, being made to feel less than welcome, treated like second class citizens, in what is their homeland, some third and fourth generation British.

The native American people have a saying 'Walk a mile in another person's moccasins'. That is not easy when trying to live into the painful reality of racism and subtle discrimination that some people experience from the moment they leave their home till they return at night. 'Will I be rejected, patronised, stereotyped, undervalued? That feeling of fear.' It is impossible for a white middle class person like me to understand what black people who experience racism go through. I can empathise, yes, but not fully understand. However I can commit myself to do something about it. For God's sake, let's grasp this window of opportunity, putting an end to the nightmares of the few, who have to suffer these injustices,

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and turn what Martin Luther King called 'a dream' into a reality. First it requires an acknowledgement of the past; second, personal commitment; and third, a commitment at executive and policy level to bring about change.

The legacy of history is intimately related to this whole issue of racism. One thing I learned during my years in Africa was the greatness of Africa's past and the dignity of her people. When we in England were running around naked painting ourselves in woad, there was a great university in Timbuktu with a library and distinguished scholars from North Africa. In the early sixteenth century the King of Benin had an Ambassador at the court of the King of Portugal, treated with honour and respect. Different but equal. There is much more that could be told to destroy some of the myths of 'the dark continent' with which so many of us grew up. What happened to conveniently rob Africa of her history?

Racism, in its worst form, was born out of a manipulation of race to ensure dominance. In the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, as a direct result of imperial conquest and the Atlantic slave trade, some people chose to engender a great lie to justify these twin evils in order to pursue selfish gain. It was no longer different but equal; rather, inferior and some

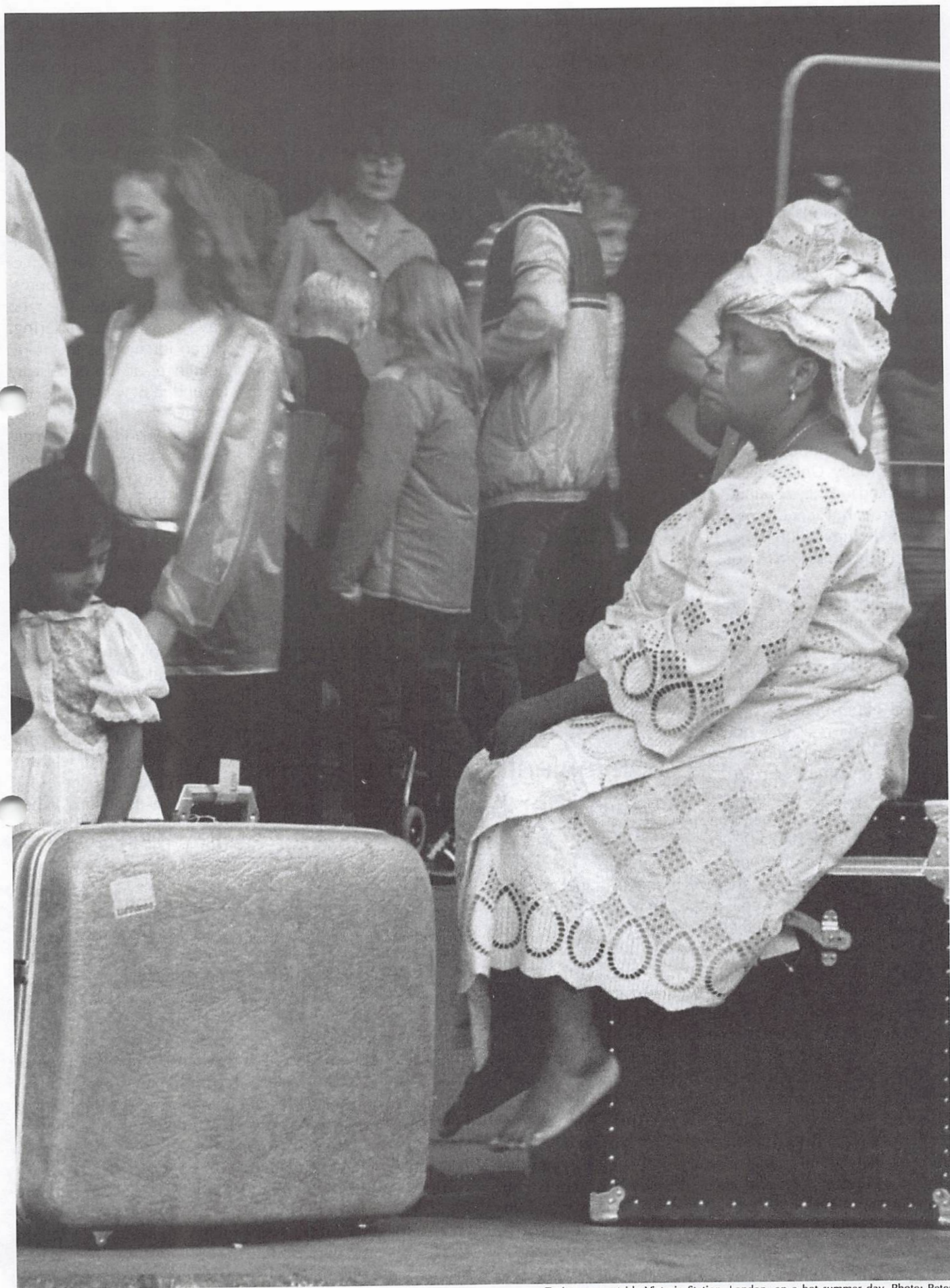
even saying 'less than human'. Others, through ignorance or indifference, accepted the lie.

This is all too obvious when one reads extracts from the Liverpool press at the height of the slave trade; no coincidence when Liverpool shipowners were financing forty percent of the European ships that plied that trade and sponsored an MP to combat Wilberforce, the leader of 'the abolitionists' in the House of Commons.

I have been to Elmina Castle and Cape Coast Castle in Ghana and to Badagry in Nigeria. I have seen the chains which shackled slaves before they were put on the slave ships. I stood on the wharf in Richmond, Virginia, in the U.S. where 50% of the slaves brought to that country were disembarked. Between 12 and 20 million people were transported to the Americas in horrific conditions—something like 2 million dying in the Middle Passage.

On top of that was the arrogance and legacy of colonialism and imperialism. As Sir Conrad Hunte, the international





Taxi queue outside Victoria Station, London, on a hot summer day, Photo: Peter Sisam



cricketer from Barbados once put it, 'some people treated like Gods and some people treated like dogs', which helped to nurture wrong attitudes that continue to this day and that show themselves in both overt and covert racial discrimination. Some people say, 'Why rake up history?' or 'I am not going on a guilt trip.' When Maya Angelou, the renowned African-American writer and poet, came to Liverpool to open the first permanent exhibition in Britain on the Transatlantic Slavery, she said, 'Guilt is about the most dangerous of emotions, it eats up the host, but does nothing for the problem. One should be sorry but never guilty for one's history.' Equally true for an individual or for a nation, is her oft quoted conviction, 'History, despite its wrenching pain cannot be un-lived, but if faced with courage need not be lived again.' The reality is that denial and ignorance of past evil helps to perpetuate wrong attitudes and actions in the present. Wrongs of the past, swept under the carpet, too often seep out to poison relations today. Unfaced and unrepented for, they continue to destroy human dignity, through discrimination, superior attitudes, insensitivity or indifference.

Personally, I will always be grateful that in my teens I was offered a precious gift—a sense of purpose, a vision for the world and for the future and an experience of personal liberation—I was not taught it, I caught it from the example of others who inspired me to experiment in taking time to listen to the inner voice. It led first to a belief that there is a divine purpose for me and every single person on this planet and that the individual choices we all make can help or hinder both ourselves and others in the fulfilment of that purpose. Second it resulted in a commitment to that purpose, wherever it might lead. What has that got to do with racism? It was absolutely clear to me when I returned from Africa and moved to Liverpool shortly after the 1981 disturbances that I must engage in making this country of ours a place where everyone, regardless of race or background, not only felt welcome and needed, but able to achieve their full potential without hindrance or discrimination.

I am convinced that it is the choices made by individuals that created racism and such choices that sustain it. It is the choices that we all make now and in years to come that will or will not put an end to it. Will we help others fulfil their potential and find a satisfying purpose, or through indifference and self-interest hamper and hinder them? It affects everything from educational expectations to job opportunities, the perpetuation or the dis-

mantling of institutionalised racism, fair promotion policies or closed doors and glass ceilings. I have no illusions that without both vision and commitment on our part to bring the changes needed, it is future generations that will reap the tragic consequences of conflict.

Sir Conrad Hunte (quoted earlier), a descendent of slaves, has in recent years devoted himself to developing the sporting and life skills of young black teenagers in the townships of the new South Africa. He said just a few years ago, 'The doors to the future we all long for are barred and blocked by unhealed wounds of the past. In order for all to go forward together as human beings there is a need for forgiveness of those who have suffered at the hands of the oppressors and there is a need for repentance of those of us who have caused the suffering.

When forgiveness meets repentance, or the other way around, a new dynamic and creative synergy is released that the world has scarcely begun to tap. If we are ever to resolve our conflicts, personal, national and international, if we are ever to put right the wrongs that lead to war, we need to draw on that power.'

I would like to step back nearly 25 years in South Africa, to look at the issue from a different perspective. In 1976 while students in Soweto were protesting against Afrikaans-based education, Nelson Mandela was learning the language of his oppressors in prison. When asked why he should do such a thing, he remarked, 'When I speak to my jailer in Eng-

lish, I speak to his head, but when I speak to him in Afrikaans, I speak to his heart.' Some at the time might have said he was going soft, that it was a betrayal of the cause. It certainly would not have been seen as politically correct on the streets of Soweto by the young militants. In hindsight we can say, 'what incredible insight, heart power, vision and commitment'. Though in prison, Mandela had 'a dream', a commitment and, though he might not have expressed it that way, he seemed to have that sense of divine purpose. That is surely why it was possible for him to say in his inaugural speech, despite all that he had suffered, 'The time for healing the wounds has come. The moment to bridge the chasms that divide us has come.'

Personally I have learned that in order to have credibility you have to show commitment when engaged in working for justice and peace. You learn not as an observer, but as you go together on the road, where the stones are rough, and the vision is before you. I have been greatly reinforced by that sense of inner leading, especially when the going is

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tough. Sometimes I have worked in common cause with men and women who have a militancy and anger born out of suffering and mistrust. To be honest, at times I was scared to walk through the door of the office where they worked. Not because I feared for my safety, but because I feared what they thought of me. But I also knew that bound by fear I could not give my heart, could not think straight and would be of little use. So I would pray as I entered each time, 'I cannot deal with this fear, God, please take it away.' By the time I was inside, I had lost it. I have also decided not to run away when I find people or situations difficult, but to walk towards them and open my heart wider. It is very liberating.

I believe that if each one of us pulls down the barricades in our hearts that divide us and clears the blockages in our lives that dull conscience and the promptings of that inner voice, we will see clearly to root out the realities of institutionalised racism and release us from the shackles of the past.

We will not have peace without justice. We will not have racial justice unless we dismantle both the barriers in our hearts and the blockages to fair and equal treatment in our institutions. It is not enough to have it in our mission statements. It requires a commitment from the top, it needs to be monitored and there need to be sanctions to make sure the policies are implemented, and, where appropriate, it requires training. There are good examples where all of these are happening, and it is worth finding out what they are and making them better known. In my own city, Liverpool, the company 'Littlewoods' has given a lead. But there is still a long way to go here, and across the country.

The Lawrence Inquiry and Report is a challenge and an opportunity too important to miss, not just to spur people to action to cooperate in developing strategies to tackle racism, but to build a multi-cultural, multi-racial society that works.

I have not tried to give a road plan, point to a programme or campaign of action, or even indicate that I know what anyone should do. I have rather tried to give a context which may hopefully stir people to make right choices. What is your dream? What is your purpose? What is your commitment?

**Gerald Henderson, UK**

## Do you fear difference?

Two bombs aimed to injure and scare the Black and Asian communities; official government reports acknowledging institutional racism in the police force and other institutions; 13,878 police recorded racial incidents in 1998—Britain this year has been forced to face up to the issue of racism. I believe the cause of this racism is the fear of diversity.

As somebody who was brought up in the multi-ethnic city of Bradford, I have always been aware of my colour and culture. As somebody who despises prejudice and exploitation I have always appreciated Britain as a stable country that celebrates its diversity. Yet recent events in Britain have shown that difference is not always celebrated but sometimes feared and resented. A different colour makes you stand out as somebody who is not



Harjinder Kaur, right

in the majority and humans feel safe when they are surrounded by people similar to them. Thus we have racism, one of many prejudices.

This year the London bombings and the Stephen Lawrence Inquiry have forced Britain to learn an important lesson: not to ignore racism but to fight it, not to resent difference but to celebrate it. On the day of the Lawrence Report Home Secretary Jack Straw stated, 'The very process of the inquiry has opened all our eyes to what it is like to be black or Asian in Britain today and the inquiry process has revealed some fundamental truths about the nature of our society. Some truths are uncomfortable but we have to confront them.' Prime Minister Tony Blair said, 'We should confront honestly the racism in our society, we should find within ourselves the will to overcome it... to make sure this type of thing never happens in our country again'. A fight against institutional racism has begun because the most powerful people in Britain now realise how important diversity is.

**Harjinder Kaur, UK**



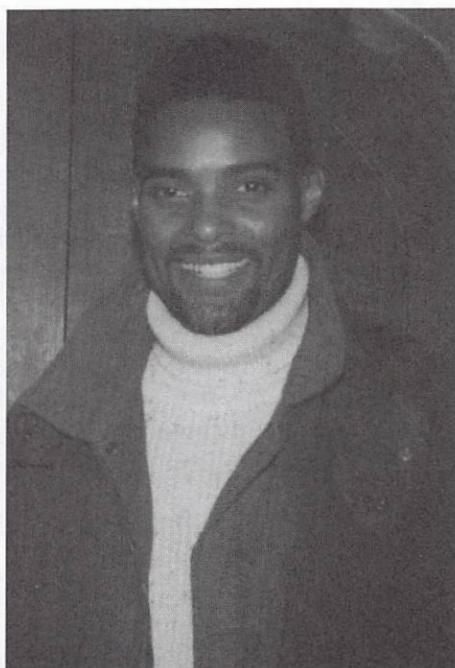
**Coloured, black, dark, red,** half-caste, were the descriptions I became familiar with during my early school years. I was born and grew up in Northwest London to Jamaican parents. As an infant it never once occurred (Was it ever mentioned by my parents?) that colour pigmentation differences were something I needed to be aware of.

I lived in a neighbourhood which had experienced gradual change, with migrants from the West Indies and Asian Sub Continent coming to Britain during the fifties and sixties. At the age of five I remember playing with children of varied skin colour. Though there was an obvious difference in colour, there was no sense that either was superior to the other. However, three-hundred years of false ideology on race had already stamped its mark on the world in which we were growing up, and our childhood innocence would be shattered one day soon. Later, the name-calling began in the playground, 'Black nigger', 'Wog', 'Go back to Timbuktu'. Graffiti-painted walls bore the words 'nigger, nigger pull the trigger', 'blacks out', etc.

The images in our schoolbooks and on TV were all of white people, which became my measure for beauty and success. Anything associated with Africa was considered demeaning, and to be identified with it was offensive. Nothing I can remember in school made a positive reference to Africa that I would want to have a sense of pride about. I didn't have the same feeling about Jamaica. Whenever other black children asked me where I was born, I would say, 'Jamaica'. Later, I learnt that I wasn't the only one who disassociated myself from my British birthplace—many others felt the same. Perhaps it was because we could embrace our parents' sense of pride in their Jamaican nationality of the West Indies, without the feeling of inferiority and rejection.

During my adventurous and sometimes painful delinquent years, in search of self-identity, I began to wonder why my Jamaican parents made no mention of Africa. I came to realise that they had suffered like many others from an identity crisis. African people were transplants as opposed to being indigenous populi of the Caribbean and diaspora, which meant never truly being able to assimilate into society because of colour coding or colour differences.

The displacement of Africans to the Western Hemisphere has had harmful and painful repercussions. My quest to know my forefathers' history, and my



Lawrence Fearon

## Racism is a spiritual problem, a distortion of the Creator's grand 'rainbow' design...

Underneath the skin, all humans are alike. There is no such thing as 'black blood' or 'pure blood' and the distinctions of blood—blood types—have nothing to do with race.

In recent years, researchers have traced all human beings to a common female ancestress, an original Eve, who lived approximately 200,000 years ago in Africa. One of the implications of these findings is that all human beings originated in Africa and the essential, 'natural' human race is one, mutating into different groups over time due to geographical migration.

Racism is a spiritual problem, a distortion of the Creator's grand 'rainbow' design and a perversion of his intent that there be variety among his creation. If we are to get to grips with tackling racism, then uprooting it from the human psyche will require a change in attitudes, and honest conversations beyond blame, guilt, denial and rationalisation. If we are to resolve some of the falsehoods, then this is one positive way forward.

passion to replace the negative myths about Africa with the truth and a positive view, has helped me know and accept myself more. The word 'slavery' evokes so much pain, that many transplanted Africans would sooner forget one of the ugliest human tragedies. The scars of the past are visible in the attitude and behaviour of both blacks and whites. Acknowledging and healing the wounds of history by dealing with the vestiges of the slave system are a necessary way forward.

The word 'race' has a long and embattled history. Modern dictionary definitions show that in earlier centuries, the term was used to mean 'lineage' and was almost identical with 'kin'. The term 'race' first appeared in the 16th century; only in the 19th century did it become biologised. It was then that evolutionary thought became the basis on which the 'races of mankind' were classified and hierarchically ordered with whites inevitably at the top. It can be no accident that these ideological constructions roughly coincide with the development of Nationalism and Colonialism.

There is no denying that human beings come in different shades, shapes and appearances. What is debatable is whether these external physical differences in any way correlate with other inherent characteristics, such as attitudes, talents or psychological make up. Modern science gives no support to essentialist racial theories.



# White Privilege

## unpacking the invisible knapsack

I think whites are carefully taught not to recognise white privilege, as males are taught not to recognise male privilege. So I have begun in an untutored way to ask what it is like to have white privilege. I have come to see white privilege as an invisible package of unearned assets which I can count on cashing each day, but about which I was 'meant' to remain oblivious. White privilege is like an invisible weightless knapsack of special provisions, maps, passports, code books, visas, clothes, tools and blank cheques.

I decided to try to work on myself at least by identifying some of the daily effects of white privilege in my life. I have chosen those conditions which I think in my case attach somewhat more to skin-colour privilege than to class, religion, ethnic status, or geographical location, though of course all these other factors are intricately intertwined. As far as I can see, my African-American co-workers, friends and acquaintances with whom I come into daily or frequent contact in this particular time, place, and line of work cannot count on most of these conditions.

1. I can, if I wish, arrange to be in company of people of my race most of the time.
2. If I should need to move, I can be pretty sure of renting or purchasing housing in an area which I can afford and in which I would want to live.
3. I can be pretty sure that my neighbours in such a location will be neutral or pleasant to me.
4. I can go shopping alone most of the time, pretty well assured that I will not be harassed or followed.
5. I can turn on the television or open the front page of the paper and see people of my race widely represented.
6. When I am told about our national heritage or about 'civilization', I am shown that people of my colour made it what it is.
7. I can be sure that my children will be given curricular material that testify to the existence of their race.
8. If I want to, I can be pretty sure of finding a publisher for this piece on white privilege.
9. I can go into a music shop and count on finding the music of my race represented, into a supermarket and find the staple foods which fit with my cultural traditions, into a hairdresser's shop and find someone who can cut my hair.
10. I can arrange to protect my children most of the time from people who might not like them.
11. Whether I use cheques, credit cards, or cash, I can count on my skin colour not to work against the appearance of my financial reliability.
12. I can swear, or dress in second-hand clothes, or not answer letters, without having people attribute these choices to the bad morals, the poverty, or the illiteracy of my race.

13. I can speak in public to a powerful male group without putting my race on trial.
14. I can do well in a challenging situation without being called a credit to my race.
15. I am never asked to speak for all the people of my racial group.
16. I can remain oblivious of the language and customs of persons of colour who constitute the world's majority without feeling in my culture any penalty for such oblivion.
17. I can criticize our government and talk about how much I fear its policies and behaviour without being seen as a cultural outsider.
18. I can be pretty sure that if I ask to talk to 'the person in charge', I will be facing a person of my race.
19. If a traffic cop pulls me over or if the Internal Revenue Service audits my tax return, I can be sure I haven't been singled out because of my race.
20. I can easily buy posters, postcards, picture books, greeting cards, dolls, toys, and children's magazines featuring people of my race.
21. I can go home from most meetings of organizations I belong to feeling somewhat tied in, rather than isolated, out-of-place, outnumbered, unheard, held at a distance, or feared.
22. I can take a job with an affirmative action employer without having co-workers on the job suspect that I got it because of race.
23. I can choose public accommodations without fearing that people of my race cannot get in or will be mistreated in the places I have chosen.
24. I can be sure that if I need legal or medical help, my race will not work against me.
25. If my day, week or year is going badly, I need not ask of each negative episode or situation whether it has racial overtones.
26. I can choose blemish cover and bandages in 'flesh' colour and have them more or less match my skin.

I repeatedly forgot each of the realisations on the list until I wrote it down. For me white privilege has turned out to be an elusive and fugitive subject. The pressure to avoid it is great, for in facing it I must give up the myth of meritocracy. If these things are true, this is not such a free country; one's life is not what one makes it; many doors open for certain people through no virtues of their own.

**Peggy McIntosh, USA**

Excerpts from her working paper, "White Privilege and Male Privilege; A Personal Account of Coming to See Correspondences Through Work in Women's Studies," copyright 1988. Permission to reprint must be obtained from Peggy McIntosh, Wellesley College Center for research on Women, Wellesley, MA 02181. Tel: 001-617-431-1453.



Something remarkable is taking place across Australia. Thousands of Australians have decided that they cannot leave others to heal the wounds of our past, and are taking on the job themselves.

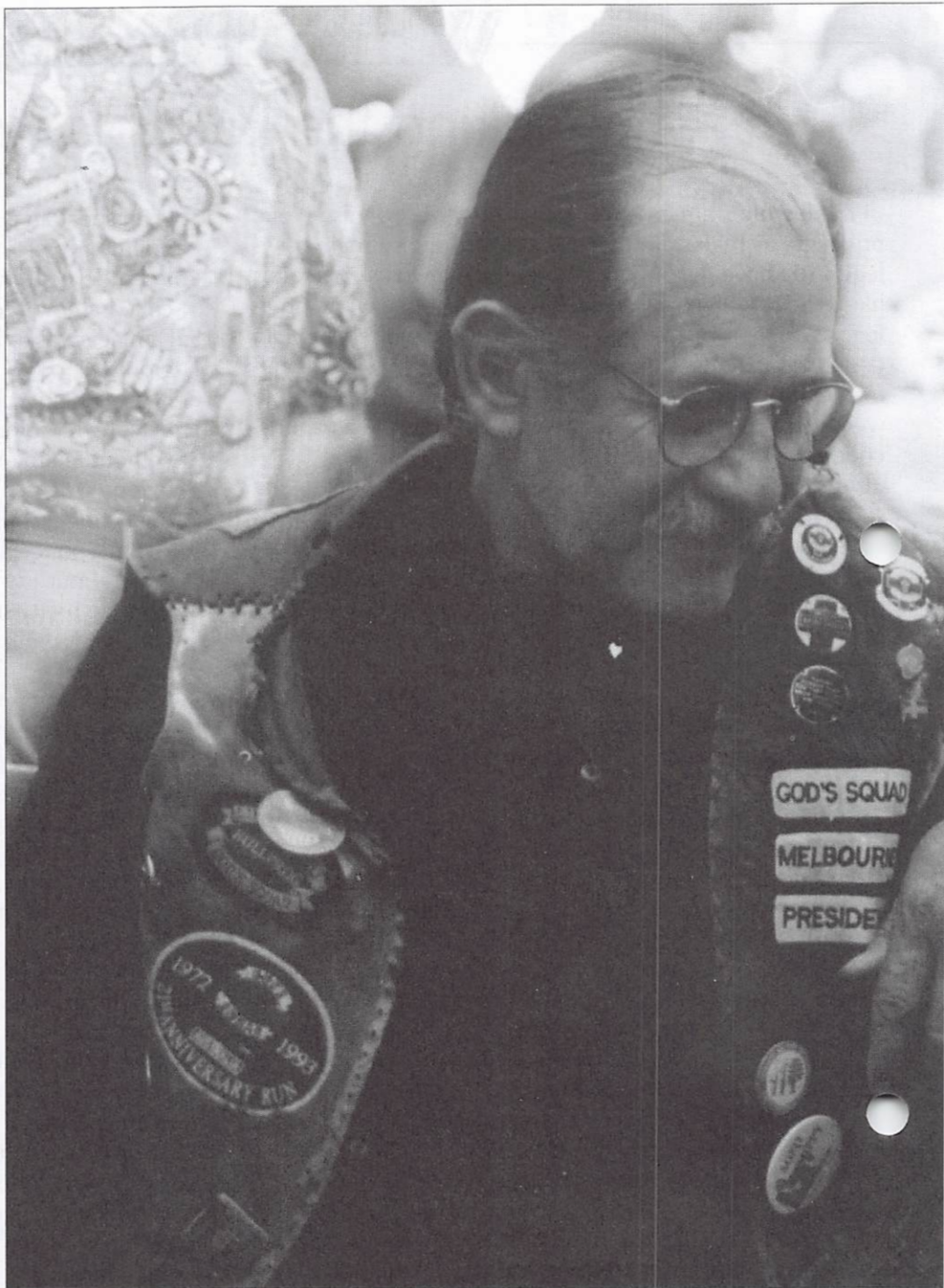
It is a huge job. British settlement of this continent devastated Aboriginal society, and today the Aboriginal community struggles with appalling rates of ill-health and addiction, the symptoms of a culture of despair. If this situation is to change, the despair must be replaced by hope. This is where a significant new trend is emerging.

In 1991 the Government established and funded a Council for Aboriginal Reconciliation. Under the leadership of a distinguished Aboriginal, Pat Dodson, the Council went to work. Before long, all over the country, Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal Australians were meeting each other in 'study circles'. In those circles, many have begun to see our history through Aboriginal eyes for the first time.

One issue kept emerging in the discussions: the policy under which Aboriginal children were removed from their families and placed in white foster-families and in white institutions. The policy began around 1900—a time when the number of full-blood Aboriginal people was declining fast, and it was widely believed that they would die out. But the number of people of mixed race was growing and, because practically all the mothers were Aboriginal, they were mostly being brought up in Aboriginal communities. The Australian authorities looked on Aboriginal culture as worthless and wanted these children brought up in a Western cultural tradition, with the aim of making Australia a wholly Western country. So in many differing ways, often simply sending the local policeman to grab the children, children were removed. This went on into the 1970s, has left deep wounds in the Aboriginal community, and had never been seriously investigated.

So the Government set up an inquiry, chaired by a former High Court judge, Sir Ronald Wilson. 'This inquiry was like no other I have under-

taken,' he said. 'Others were intellectual exercises, a matter of collating information and making recommendations. But for these people to reveal what had happened to them took immense courage and every emotional stimulus they could muster. They spoke not from their minds but from



John Smith, President of God's Squad Motorcycle Club (left) in conversation with A

# AUSTRALIA'S &





ie Roach, Aboriginal singer and one of the stolen children himself, Photo: Christine Karrer

# STOLEN CHILDREN

their hearts. And my heart had to open if I was to understand them.'

When the report was tabled in Parliament in 1997, it shocked the nation. It told of children subjected to abuse of all kinds, and immense suffering. The policy was not just

woman—who had been removed from her family, and later her children had been removed from her—said on ABC TV, 'At last, we are coming back into the family.' It was the biggest event for racial reconciliation that had ever been held in Australia, and received

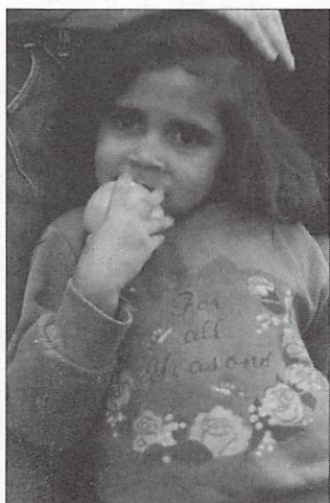
wrong, the report stated. It was 'genocidal'. This was not a judgement on the families and institutions in which the children had been placed—some were well cared for, though many were not. But the policy's aim was the disappearance of Aborigines as a distinct group; and this was genocide, as defined in the Convention on Genocide ratified by Australia in 1949. A national apology and measures for reparation were called for.

By the time the Inquiry reported, however, a new Australian Government had been elected. This Government's view was that Aboriginal interests had won too many concessions thanks to an undue sense of guilt among white Australians. They tried to ignore the report.

But the people of Australia did not. 'Bringing Them Home' sold far more copies than any comparable report, and provoked soul-searching debate all over the country. According to Alan Thornhill, the Associated Press correspondent in Canberra, it was one of the two biggest news stories of the year. Many began to understand aspects of our past which had passed them by and wanted to express their pain. 'Sorry Books' were created and circulated. Hundreds of thousands of Australians signed them and wrote messages which are deeply moving.

The report recommended that there should be a Sorry Day when the whole community could grieve together for the harm done. All across the country community groups, schools, churches started planning. On the Day, people of all races came together in cities, towns and rural centres. Many Aboriginal people found this outpouring of community empathy profoundly healing. As one





Aboriginal children, Photos: Christine Karrer

massive media coverage.

It showed that there is an extensive network of people throughout the country who want to make amends. So those of us who organised last year's Sorry Day, Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal, decided to go on. The first step in restoring a relationship is to grieve together and say 'sorry' for the harm done. The next step is to overcome the continuing consequences of the wrong.

So a 'Journey of Healing' was launched. Again, it caught the imagination of thousands of people. Events took place all over Australia, developed by small groups, Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal, who enlisted others, raised the money, and organised publicity as their contribution to healing.

The first event took place at Uluru, the monolithic rock at the heart of the continent. Many 'stolen generations' people feel keenly their estrangement from their Aboriginal roots. So the Aboriginal community at Uluru offered to hold a ceremony of 'welcome back'. On 5th May, representatives of the stolen generations from every State and Territory gathered there and were invited by the Uluru community to join them in a ceremonial dance. The Uluru elders then handed them music sticks painted with messages expressing healing.

Music sticks had been chosen to symbolise the Journey because two are needed to make music, just as Australia needs its Aboriginal and non-Aboriginal peoples. The 'stolen generations' shared them with non-Aboriginal participants. Together the music sticks were brought back to the States and Territories, where they featured in events launching the Journey on 26th May.

Most cities chose a procession to symbolise the launch. In Adelaide, a thousand people walked to forgotten places such as the site of Piltawodli, a Kurna school opened by German missionaries in 1839. School children sang there in Kurna, perhaps for the first time since 1845, when troops demolished the buildings and the children were moved to an all-English school which banned their language. In Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane, hundreds took part in colourful processions through their city centres, beginning and ending with commemorations. Many city suburbs, country towns and rural centres organised their own events, as

did hundreds of schools, churches and community organisations. There was plenty of music, with two new CDs launched. Two TV stations screened programmes about the Journey.

Whereas last year the focus was on the removal policies, this year the media also carried stories of the foster parents to whom the children went, and of the pain and joy of separated families linking up. Medical journals got involved too, with articles aimed at helping doctors better understand the continuing effects of the removal policies.

There is much yet to do. Many Aboriginal people have taken steps on their journey of healing. But health and social statistics show that many are still alienated and in despair. The non-Aboriginal community can help, if we recognise that the arrogance and blindness which led to the forced removal policies are in us still, and we need healing too.

Coming together across racial divides and listening to each other is a vital first step towards healing our communities, and we will be encouraging this in coming months. We will also focus on the 'Bringing Them Home' report, many of whose 54 recommendations can be implemented by local governments and community groups.

But already Aboriginal leaders say they have noticed a greater understanding of the problems their people face. The stolen generations have contributed significantly to this, with their determination to focus on healing rather than blame. At the Journey's launch in the Great Hall of Parliament in Canberra, a thousand people joined in the theme song, written by two Aboriginals who have suffered from the removal policies:

*Come join the journey, Journey of Healing  
Let the spirit guide us, hand in hand  
Let's walk together into the future  
The time has come to make a stand.  
Let's heal our hearts, let's heal our pain,  
And bring the stolen children home again  
For our native children to trust again  
We must take this journey together as friends.*

The journey will not be easy, particularly when it enters contentious territory such as a fair division of land. But it can lead us to a society where there is mutual respect and appreciation between our first peoples and the wider community. That is a goal worth striving for.

**John Bond, Australia**





Maori roof decoration, Porirua, New Zealand, Photo: Peter

With the rise in communication across regional, political, and racial boundaries, we have unparalleled opportunities to experience the richness of other cultures. Yet beyond the celebrations of our ethnic and cultural differences lurks an often hidden, often disguised evil. That evil is racism.

Though racism in its extreme form prompts shock and condemnation from the majority of people, it is racism's more sinister workings that are the great danger. Institutionalised racism and ethnocentricity for instance, create discord which separates people from one another. My country, New Zealand, prides itself on its race relations, with the Maori population being recompensed for injustices at the hands of European settlers. Yet underlying this there is an antagonism and in some cases a deep rift between Pakeha (white) and Maori. This also extends to new immigrants, who are perceived by some to be a 'threat' to their standard of living and job prospects in New Zealand.

Why do we divide ourselves along racial lines? I would suggest that the problem lies within us. Our own sense of inferiority or superiority manifests itself in how we view and deal with others. We feel accepted by those with whom we most identify. However, a sense of self-worth based on similar attitudes or backgrounds can be dangerous, as anything that threatens it, threatens us. Intolerance is often based on an inner fear of our settled views and way of life being challenged or upset.

If the potential for all of us is to feel threatened by differ-

ences and to judge one another by outward appearance, how then can we overcome racism? Building relationships across cultures is a significant part of this. But perhaps it is more important that we recognise what it is that makes us judge people according to their skin colour or appearance.

Growing up in a home where people of differing race frequently visited, living in another culture for several years, and having many non-European friends at school, I prided myself on not discriminating according to race. However, I have realised that I accepted the subtle and perhaps unrecognised attitude of many of my peers, of the superiority of white New Zealanders. I realised my own hypocrisy and faced the fact that I valued my Asian friends less than European friends. This was for a large part due to my fear of what others thought of me. Thus, the root of the problem lay in my own sense of self-depreciation. My healing lay in the recognition of myself as a beloved child of God, and the ability to make friends across cultures as a gift rather than a weakness.

There is no such thing as a non-racist: you are either racist or anti-racist. Thus, it is the responsibility of each one of us to take a proactive stance on race. It is also important that we are humble and willing enough to admit where we have gone wrong. One only needs to look at the past—and present—to see that forgiveness and reconciliation are a vital part of building a true global village.



'A black  
person  
cannot  
be  
racist.'  
Please  
read  
on.

'A black person cannot be racist.' Please read on. Untrue as that is, I find it thought-provoking that it is actually an opinion held by some. My initial reaction to it had been one of pity—pity for my friend who obviously wasn't as 'open-minded' and 'well-read' as I'd fancied myself until recently. So I took it upon myself to explain to him, with the aid of a dictionary, that racism is, '...the belief in the superiority of a particular race,' which of course could be any race. Strangely enough, when I was invited to take part in this issue of *Global Express*, my thoughts went back to those words. In retrospect, instead of treating the instant as a chance to show off my 'intellectual prowess', I should've been more interested in the basis of his belief.

I was born two years before my country gained independence from Ian Smith's government, so I obviously have no first hand information about that era. The history books I read at school told me of the injustices blacks in pre-independent Zimbabwe (Rhodesia) suffered under the white regime. Not too far from home until fairly recently, apartheid in South-Africa had been specially set up for the purpose of disadvantaging non-whites. The slave trade of the 17th - 19th centuries would probably epitomise racialism as my friend sees it. It would appear that history has defined the word in its own way to different people. I wouldn't be surprised if many black people, particularly those from countries with histories like those of Zimbabwe and South-Africa, share the belief that black people cannot be racist.

My dictionary further defines racism as 'the encouragement of racial antagonism.' It is quite easy at times for some of us to become so wrapped up in playing blame games, to wallow in self-pity and to enjoy all the sympathy that comes with being 'the poor victim' without realising that instead of helping wounds to heal, we are causing them to fester. We all have an important role to play in moving on from the mistakes that have been made in the past. Different levels of melanin in different people do not affect the fact that we are all just that—people! Part of the history of Zimbabwe tells of how Mzilikazi rebelled against Tshaka, the Zulu King, to build his own nation, the Ndebele. As part of his campaign, Mzilikazi tried to subdue the Shona, raiding them for their land, cattle, women, etc. My faithful dictionary defines that as tribalism but the driving force doesn't seem to differ much from that behind Cecil John Rhodes' desire to conquer Africa from 'Cape to Cairo'.

Sir Paul McCartney and Stevie Wonder sang about the perfect harmony that ebony and ivory create on a keyboard and asked the question, 'why can't we?' It might be worth our while to take a lesson from the piano and appreciate and enjoy our multi-coloured keyboard!

**Nelly-Joyce Katito, Zimbabwe**

## WHAT - U - THINK

**Next issue we look at: How do you address serious life issues without taking life too seriously?**

Question submitted by Michael Murphy, UK  
Deadline: August 15, 1999.

**This issue: What is pure in a relationship between a man and a woman?**

**Nehal Gandhi, India**

Relationships are like sand in the hand. Held loosely the sand remains where it is. The minute you close your hand and squeeze tightly, it trickles through

your fingers. A relationship is like that. Held loosely with respect and freedom for the other person, it is likely to remain intact. Held too possessively, the relationship slips away and is lost.

At best it leads to marriage or at least to an experience that will be remembered for a lifetime. To be everlasting, it requires two pure ingredients: friendship and love. Friendship, as the basis, is a unique bond which lasts through all tribulations. It is cultivated by sincerity, frankness and deep affection. This love between two human beings is a marvellous thing which cannot be found by looking or passionately waiting for it. It's a sort of divine accident.



# India and Pakistan

Fifty years have passed since independence for both India and Pakistan, but we have continued to pass on our hatred for each other from generation to generation. I want us to think: is there any reason for our ill feeling towards Pakistanis?



India, Photo: Lauren Tate

Like me, millions were overjoyed by the step taken by our Prime Minister, Atalji and the Pakistani Prime Minister, Sharif—the historic bus journey on February 20th, 1999. It was the first step taken by both nations—such work gives inspiration to many to work towards reconciliation.

We, a group of young Indians, inspired by the ideology of Moral Re-Armament (MRA), think the same as our Prime Minister. In our own small way, we are working towards reconciliation. Every year we have a youth camp at Asia Plateau, Panchgani. In 1997, we had two-hundred participants from all over India reflecting the rich socio-religious diversity of our land. We had a debate: should India and Pakistan improve relations at the human level? Those who spoke against the motion concluded by saying that actually they were for the motion!

It was a joy to listen to the Prime Minister of Pakistan talking about both nations, emphasising that we are people of the same land, with the same roots, language and culture. We had expressed similar thoughts in a letter to him from an international conference in Caux, Switzerland. There we had met a parliamentarian from Pakistan. His attitude towards us was indifferent and cold. When I expressed my helplessness as a common man but also my desire to have a dialogue of reconciliation with Pakistan, I felt my sincerity touched his heart. The next morning when he spoke from the dais, his body language, words and feelings towards us had changed. He said, 'When I came here, all I could see was a big wall between India and Pakistan. Caux has created a window in that wall. Now I can see what my enemy is doing. I realise that if I am afraid of him, he is equally afraid of me. Yet, he walks like me, talks like me, eats like me, behaves like me and feels like me too. And, I must admit, I am beginning to love him.'

Recently two friends from Pakistan visited us. We shared our experience of Caux with them, and how we all deeply feel that both countries should be reconciled. We also sang the Pakistani national song, which brought tears to their eyes. Although they were Pakistani, they said that they did not really know their anthem.

Many people like us are working at different levels to bring both nations closer. If we work together the effect and the result will be much greater.

**Viral Mazumdar, India**

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## **Caz Ford and Sandy Hore-Ruthven, UK**

Purity of purpose is important. Sharing values means we can travel through life with 'togetherness'—a sense that we are heading in the same direction. Love has been described as mutual desire to help each other grow and develop as people. It is a friendship to support each other on life's path towards death, and awaken enlightenment on the way. It takes commitment to communicate, because purity is a delicate balance. We can never assume we still share our purpose, it has to be revisited and celebrated over and over again.

We find mutual personal purpose gives our individual lives

more meaning. We are not a crutch for each other—we offer constructive support. By being there for each other, we hope we can be more effective both individually and as a couple. The important thing is that we share the same journey, desire the same destination and enjoy the travelling.

## **Stella Belden, UK**

Absolute purity is linked closely with satisfaction. We all know how when we're fed up or dissatisfied we start nibbling. Perhaps this is a special trait of women, but it can lead to horrifying results on the scales! I think in the same way a lot of sex problems arise because there



**What does it take to bring two cultures together?** When cultures clash, unity can seem impossible, but there is a solution. An example to follow. It can be found in the Kingdom of the Netherlands, in a small city famous for—of all things—its cheese. The city is Gouda, and the example is its Moroccan youth community.

Generations of immigrants from the North African country of Morocco have

the past, the young Moroccans mainly stayed together, clearly separated from the Dutch. They congregated on the streets of Gouda and created an intimidating presence. Idleness often led to mischief and crime, and the Moroccans earned a bad reputation in the community. The area where they gathered was considered unsafe.

Local shop owner Raschid Tighadouine had experienced his share

make the two cultures understand each other better and more. This would improve the young peoples' chances of achieving a good place in society.' So, with the help of a man named Melgior, Raschid established a youth centre. The idea of the centre—called *R and M* for Raschid and Melchior—was to provide a place other than the streets for both Moroccan and Dutch young people to go after work or school.



*Global Express meets the Moroccans at the R and M centre in Gouda, Photo: Christine Kenny*

made the Netherlands their home. Consequently, there is a strong Moroccan presence in Gouda, which includes many males in their teens and early twenties. Technically, they are Dutch, since they've been born and raised in Holland, but their families still lead lives steeped in Moroccan tradition and culture. This creates a vivid contrast between the atmosphere at home, and that at school and in the city.

This contrast has caused problems. In

of trouble with them. Not only had some been kicked out of his shop for stealing, but feelings between Raschid's Dutch employees and the Moroccans were at best, tense, and at worst, explosive. Raschid, also a Dutch-Moroccan, felt he must do something about the situation.

His desire was to improve his neighbourhood and provide a service to the young Moroccans who were headed in the wrong direction. 'I wanted to

Unlike school, the centre has few restrictions. 'We make the least rules possible, and those we do make come from the kids themselves,' states an *R and M* social worker. The idea is that people will attend because they want to and not feel they are going from one restrictive environment to another. The centre is a place to relax, socialise and have fun without spending money. Games such as billiards and pinball, and some planned activities, are

## WHAT - U - THINK

is a lack of basic satisfaction and clarity in the relationship. I was delighted the other day to hear a splendid young American woman saying, 'People make far too much of sex as the standard of success in a marriage. One must build the basic friendship, and then other things can find their place.'

God has given us bodies, and took one Himself. If His plan for us is marriage and the creation of a loving family, of course the physical side is His glorious gift. But if we start making it the chief source of satisfaction it can go bad on us and make our whole relationship brittle. And if, when

things get tough, one uses something which should be an expression of one heart and mind as a means

of cementing the cracks, one may be disappointed. (Reprinted with permission from *Husband & Wife Are One... But Which One?*)

### **Name Withheld**

A relationship should be founded on love. To love someone is to empower and encourage their spiritual growth. Simply to want what is best for them; to be compassionate and forgiving. Although these are difficult things to do, we can try. This is, in my opinion, what makes all things in a relationship pure, not absolute rules for all people in all situations. When two people of any sex can bring this beautiful love together, it will transcend all other things.



offered. Here people can escape from outside problems, but at the same time discuss these problems and look for solutions. According to Mostapha Elhatri, a Moroccan who attends the centre, 'Its importance is that it brings people together.'

At present, there are approximately sixty people involved with *R and M* whose ages range from sixteen to twenty-six. Since the centre's foremost purpose is to unite cultures, it is open to everyone. Non-Moroccan Dutch are welcome to attend, and do. For the time being however, it is predominantly Moroccan males who belong.

Twenty-two year old Social Worker Omar Elhatri admits that the centre caters to 'a hard group of kids.' Yet one of the favourite topics of conversation for these hard kids is religion. Islam is the faith shared by almost all *R and M* members. Questions about traditional Islamic beliefs and how they conflict with day to day life in Holland are common. The boys understand that religion can create rifts between cultures, and they are looking for answers. Mostapha Elhatri maintains that, 'One can't change religion. People should change, not religion.'

And since the establishment of the centre, people have changed, and both the Moroccan and Dutch communities have benefited. On New Year's Eve, when the city of Gouda was about to ring in 1999, members of the *R and M* centre voluntarily helped Gouda police with crowd control and keeping the streets free of crime and vandalism. This was in stark contrast to past years when the Moroccan youths were seen more as troublemakers than

peacemakers. Then, they were the ones to watch out for. Now, they watch out for others. The Moroccans made headlines in the local papers for their New Year's Eve help, and they were praised by both police and citizens.

The youths are becoming positive members of the community, and the Dutch are noticing. It has come to a point where both can sit down together, discuss issues of the past and future, and enjoy each others' company without the static of fear or resentment from either side. A level of cultural harmony is being reached in Gouda. As stated by Raschid, 'It gives a lot of satisfaction to see a district which was badly recommended growing again, and to see people walking around and children playing while feeling safe.' It is the start of two cultures being brought together.

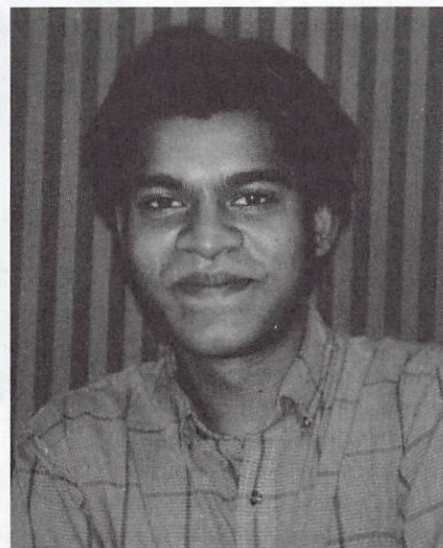
**Christine Kenny, USA**

The clash of Eastern and Western cultures is often talked about on a global scale. Many people around the world are trying to build bridges, understanding, and communication between the two. After meeting the aforementioned Moroccans, I can see that there are people trying to build similar bridges within themselves.

I was born in England; many of the Moroccans I met in Holland were born there. On the one hand I was brought up in the Western culture that surrounds me, on the other hand I was brought up in an Eastern (Indian) family culture. I happily accepted both, but at the same time was challenged to balance both. You cannot simply

disregard your parents' traditions and their forefathers' before them, and you cannot live a traditional Indian life in a Western world. The two cultures can often clash leaving you lost, unhappy, and unable to find your individual identity. I feel this is a common problem in the West among young ethnic people who are born here.

I think it is a privilege to be part of two cultures; they give you more of an



Bhavesh Patel

opportunity to learn who you really are. This you is much deeper than culture or religion. I believe that if you know yourself, learn about your own uniqueness and inner being, this is where your true identity lies. It is not just the balance of cultural ideas that is necessary, it is the balance of your inner life and outer reality—this for me is the real struggle in life.

**Bhavesh Patel, UK**

#### **Verena Gautschi, Switzerland**

Anything that is on the basis of giving to the other person is pure; anything on the basis of getting something out of him/her is not.

#### **Mike Smith, UK**

What is pure in a relationship? To be friends. To see the potential in the other person and encourage it to blossom, without demanding anything in return. (I hasten to add that in the past I have not always lived up to this ideal, especially when I was a student.) The same could be said of relations between people of the same gender.

#### **Deepak Ajwani, India**

Sex is not necessarily the barometer for purity in a relationship. What is pure is the deep commitment to the bond that binds the pair. If they decide to have sex, then it should not be wrong, because that is the way they want to express their love for one another. I may not choose that form of expression for my own reasons. For me, sex would not be the only way to express my feelings for my beloved. I would express them by my understanding, and my readiness to be there when she needs me. The act of sex would only happen if I committed to being a life-long partner. The body should be given the respect it deserves.



## road without cars

It felt far away from Paris and the busy life I was leading there. Standing on the wooden balcony outside our room I gazed across the extraordinary view before me. About a hundred single storey houses made of mud and straw lay scattered over a flat plain encircled by mountains. A shallow river meandered its way through fresh green scrubland. Close to the town llamas grazed peacefully, attended by a solitary figure in bright skirts and a bowler hat. At the top of the town stood a white-washed church with a thickly thatched roof, it's tiny belfry perhaps the only noisemaker around. The sun was on its way down and soon the generator would be kicking

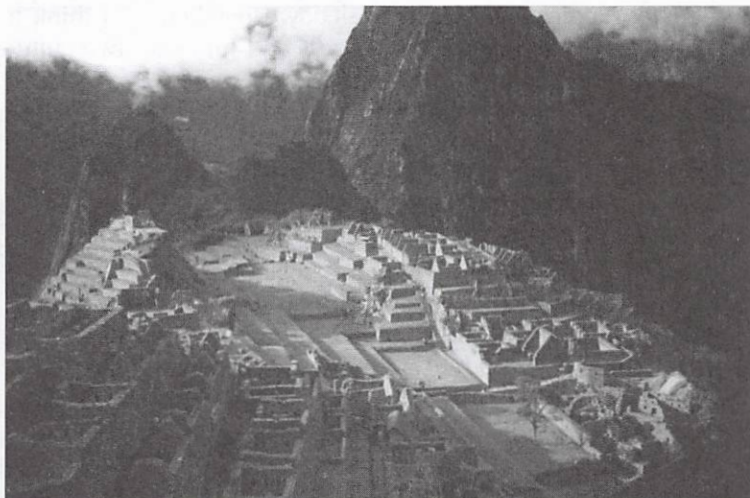
in to provide the two hours of electricity available each day to the inhabitants of San Juan. We had rolled into this quiet town a little earlier—six of us in a 4x4 Toyota Landcruiser—after driving through a wilderness of spectacular beauty. More than 4000m above sea level on the Bolivian Altiplano, in the previous two days we had seen desert, a snowcapped volcano, lakes of white, green and red, hot springs and a canyon. We were in a state of maximum awe and wonder.

Our welcome in San Juan had been typically South American. The gates of our hostel were thrown open to reveal warm smiles of openness and sincerity, the whole family out to greet us. These faces revealed the traces of a hard life focused on survival, but also of an enduring sense of peace. Absent were the familiar lines of stress and worry to which we are so accustomed in our supposedly advanced Western society. One sensed that these people were at peace with their surroundings and with their lives. They had no TVs and few cars. Although at first glance the town with its single dirt road seemed cut off from the world, perhaps the people of San Juan were more in touch with their world than we had ever been. As I stood on that balcony I was filled with the peace exuded by the people and the place, and I realised both how rare and how important a feeling it is for me. Nature is a powerfully spiritual force. What struck me was the profound harmony in which human beings and nature exist. South America was a chance to experience the immense beauty of the world and also its diversity, a chance to see the world in a different way.

In Patagonia it was the vastness of the landscape which struck me. We spent hours, whole days on buses travelling along endless straight roads, across vast plains of yellow and orange grass rimmed by distant blue mountains. But what I saw was only the beginning

of what was really there. We saw a glacier 14km in length, a massive and powerful work of nature, moving ice, alive. You could hear it. It was beyond comprehension, and yet seeing these things one could begin to touch the incredible beauty and mystery of creation.

In Peru I encountered history and the legacy of a great civilisation. The Incas, who at one time held sway over an area covering what is now Ecuador, Bolivia, Peru and parts of Chile and Argentina, left an inspiring mark on the land. The remarkable terracing and irrigation systems have completely redefined Peru's difficult terrain, and they remain integral and active components of today's



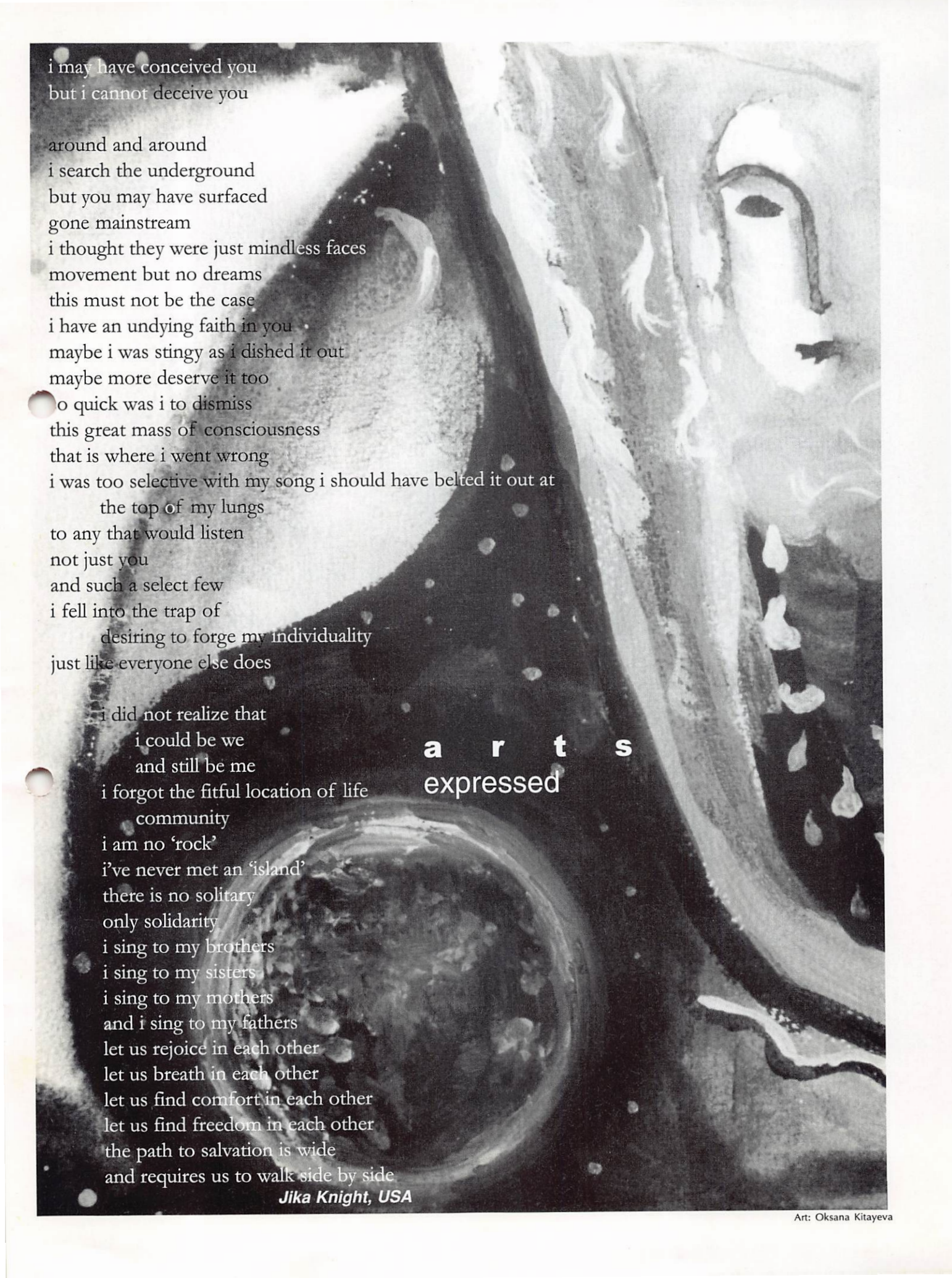
Machu Picchu, Peru, Photo: Peter Jones

agricultural industry, 500 years after the collapse of the empire. You might think that the many Inca temples and palaces have been well-preserved, but in fact they were just well-built. In Cusco, the Spanish were forced to build on top of existing Inca constructions because they were simply unable to destroy them.

Machu Picchu was saved for another reason: the Spanish never found it. On hearing that the European invaders were destroying everything in their path, the Inca ordered the murder of all those who knew of the existence of this unfinished but sacred city. On learning of this I was both appalled and very moved. I felt sick for the destruction and waste of life, but also for the destruction and waste of a people which followed. It is a mark of the quality of the Inca people that some still live according to their culture and traditions. On the Isla Del Sol on Lake Titicaca, the birthplace of the Inca civilisation, daily life has hardly changed for centuries. The same terraces, the same boats, the same kinds of houses are used. Maize is grown in small, non-commercial plots and the women wash their clothes in the same river. As I wandered along ancient paths I thought to myself—if it's still here, then it must work. And then Machu Picchu. There can be few human creations more breathtaking, more spiritually inspiring or more perfectly balanced in their surroundings. It would have been the sacred jewel of the Inca Empire. Yet today, even unfinished, it still brings us closer to something greater, to a time and a consciousness which sought to harmonise humanity, the earth and the beyond. Machu Picchu is a window into that consciousness from which there is still much to learn. There is more to this world than we can ever realise, but so much of it is there to see when you take the chance and allow yourself to be amazed.

Peter Jones, UK





i may have conceived you  
but i cannot deceive you

around and around  
i search the underground  
but you may have surfaced  
gone mainstream  
i thought they were just mindless faces  
movement but no dreams  
this must not be the case  
i have an undying faith in you  
maybe i was stingy as i dished it out  
maybe more deserve it too  
o quick was i to dismiss  
this great mass of consciousness  
that is where i went wrong  
i was too selective with my song i should have belted it out at  
the top of my lungs  
to any that would listen  
not just you  
and such a select few  
i fell into the trap of  
desiring to forge my individuality  
just like everyone else does

i did not realize that  
i could be we  
and still be me  
i forgot the fitful location of life  
community

i am no 'rock'  
i've never met an 'island'  
there is no solitary  
only solidarity  
i sing to my brothers  
i sing to my sisters  
i sing to my mothers  
and i sing to my fathers  
let us rejoice in each other  
let us breath in each other  
let us find comfort in each other  
let us find freedom in each other  
the path to salvation is wide  
and requires us to walk side by side

*Jika Knight, USA*

a r t s  
expressed



# Scattered Thoughts

Humour is to life what shock absorbers are to cars.

God created low branches for birds who can't fly very well.

Silence is the hardest thing to refute.

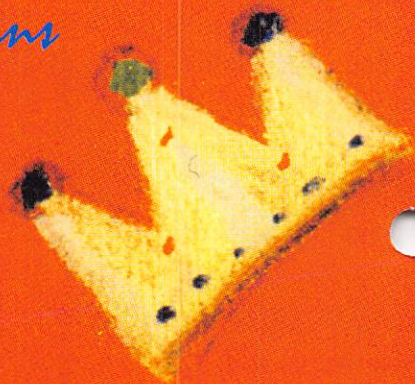
Sorrow looks back. Worry looks around. Faith looks up.

There are no fans in Hell. -  
Arabic proverb

He who wants milk should not sit on a stool in the middle of the field expecting the cow to back up to him.

Art, like morality, consists in drawing a line somewhere.

Love needs truth to stay alive. - Claire Evans



To raise the standard of the world, we must raise our own standard.

Adam's ale is the best brew.

I shut my eyes in order to see. -  
Paul Gauguin

When a rainbow gets constricted, it becomes one colour - white.  
Have we ever stopped to imagine that differences are a gift?