

Mutual Aid

Christmas
'87



... This child was hunted at his birth as he
was considered a threat to the leaders
of the day...

West End Catholic
Worker

P.O. Box 187
West End 4101

The Only Answer

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By DOROTHY DAY

(Reprinted excerpt from *The Catholic Worker*, April, 1948.)

Whenever I groan within myself and think how hard it is to keep writing about love in these times of tension and strife which may, at any moment, become for us all a time of terror, I think to myself: What else is the world interested in? What else do we all want, each one of us, except to love and be loved, in our families, in our work, in all our relationships? God is Love. Love casts out fear. Even the most ardent revolutionist, seeking to change the world, to overturn the tables of the money changers, is trying to make a world where it is easier for people to love, to stand in that relationship to each other. We want, with all our hearts, to love, to be loved. And not just in the family, but to look upon all as our mothers, sisters, brothers, children. It is when we love the most intensely and most humanly that we can recognize how tepid is our love for others. The keenness and intensity of love brings with it suffering, of course, but joy too because it is a foretaste of heaven. I often think in relation to my love for little Becky, Susie, and now Eric: "That is the way I must love every child and want to serve, cherish, and protect them...."

When you love people, you see all the good in them, all the Christ in them. God sees Christ, His Son, in us and loves us. And so we should see Christ in others, and *nothing else*, and love them. There can never be enough of it. There can never be enough thinking about it. St. John of the Cross said that where there was no love, put love and you would draw love out. The principle certainly works. I've seen my friend Sister Peter Claver, with that warm friendliness of hers

which is partly natural, but which is intensified and made enduring by grace, come into a place which is cold with tension and conflict, and warm the house with her love.

And this is not easy. Everyone will try to kill that love in you, even your nearest and dearest; at least, they will try to prune it. "Don't you know this, that and the other thing about this person? He or she did this. If you don't want to hear it, you must hear. It is for your good to hear it. It is my duty to tell you, and it is your duty to take recognition of it. You must stop loving, modify your loving, show your disapproval. You cannot possibly love - if you pretend you do, you are a hypocrite and the truth is not in you. You are contributing to the delinquency of that person by your sentimental blindness. It is such people as you who add to the sum total of confusion and wickedness and soft appeasement and compromise and the policy of expediency in this world. You are to blame for communism, for industrial capitalism and, finally, for hell on earth!"

The antagonism often rises to a crescendo of vituperation, an intensification of opposition on all sides. You are quite borne down by it. And the only Christian answer is *love*, to the very end, to the laying down of your life.

To see only the good, the Christ in others! Perhaps if we thought of how Karl Marx was called "Papa Marx" by all the children on the street, if we knew and remembered how he told fairy stories to his children, how he suffered hunger and poverty and pain, how he sat by the body of his dead child and had no money for coffin or funeral, perhaps such thoughts as these would make us love him and his

followers. *Dear God, for the memory of that dead child, or that faithful wife, grant his stormy spirit "a place of refreshment, light, and peace."*

And then there was Lenin. He hungered and thirsted and, at times, he had no fixed income. Mme. Krupskaya, his widow, said that he loved to go into the peace of the pine woods and hunt mushrooms like old Mrs. Dew down at Easton did, and we with her one October. He lived one time in the slums of Paris and ate horsemeat. He started schools for the poor and workers. "He went about doing good." Is this blasphemy? How many people are dying and going to God their Father and saying sadly, "We have not so much as heard that there is a Holy Spirit." And how will they hear if none preaches to them? And what kind of shepherds have many of them had? Ezekiel said in his day, "Woe to the shepherds that feed themselves and not their sheep!"

And if there have been preachers, has there been love? If people will not listen, one can still love, one can still find Christ in them to love, and love is stronger than death. Dear God, may Lenin too find a place of refreshment, light and peace. Or don't we believe in retroactive prayers? There is no time with God.

* * *

It is always a terrible thing to come back to Mott Street. To come back in a driving rain to men crouched on the stairs, huddled in doorways, without overcoats because they sold them, perhaps the week before when it was warm, to satisfy hunger or thirst, who knows. Those without love would say, "It serves them right, drinking up their clothes."

God help us if we got just what we deserved!

Editorial

Yes, as you can see, Mutual Aid has been resurrected from the depths of a new West End Catholic Worker.

It has been 18 months since the remnants of the old Catholic Worker put out a Mutual Aid. Of some of the old crew:

Angela Jones has been in the U.S. with the Los Angeles Catholic Worker most of the past 18 months, and has recently married Mark White who was also with the L.A. C.W. They are now in Australia, hopefully for at least 12 months; Ciaran O'Reilly has also been in the U.S., and writes reflections from an interview he did therewith Ladon Sheets; Sean O'Reilly is still happily doing his nurses' training in Rockhampton; and Joanne Merrigan is presently with a St. Francis house in Sydney.

Late last year a group of us started having discussions about opening another C.W. house. In May this year we moved into 269 Boundary St. ("THRILL"), and the movement was on the move again.

Since then much has happened, many people have passed through (some have even stayed!). At the moment our happy little community consists of Anne Rampa, Jenny Upton, Simon Bliss, Gilbert Louttit, Sean Heffernan and, myself.

Hopefully, by the grace of God, we can continue to persevere with our crazy ideas in this too sane world.

Peace,

Jim

near leaves..



HOME

ORGANIC

HOME



Since resigning from my full time teaching position and becoming part of a Catholic Worker community, something interesting has happened to the place I call "home". (No, it's not more tidy).

Instead of waking, driving off to work, cooking, eating, watching T.V., showering, sleeping ... I'm now waking, praying, gardening, bread-making, soap making, sprouting, painting, meeting, arguing, (yelling back at Bernie Moloney), chatting, cycling, (laughing with Bernie Moloney).

There's a constant stream of people through the house - some I'm more pleased to see than others - and the phone rings alot (even though it's turned down), and there often seems to be something urgent that has to be attended to and we're rushing around trying to get it done, find a vehicle to use etc..

But it's a warm and human home. I have people around me who help me give more than I feel like it, consume less than I feel like it, buy more justly, listen more carefully, eat vegetarian, challenge my prejudices, move more to the margins, have more confidence and hope, be more honest, deal more directly with tensions, suffer abuse for the sake of truth, and eat communal chips and peanuts faster. Old friends and family are inclined to think the house is unclean and smells funny (I never think so - except when we had the case of rotting garlic in the front room - the house was totally exorcized of vampires). Most of our visitors seem to feel pretty comfortable though - and make themselves at home in the kitchen and lounge.

It seems to me that we're recapturing something in "homeliness" that was more common in small towns and villages in bygone days ... when homes were more open to the lonely in town, more alive with people (people were at home more then- not trying to find or lose themselves in mindless, expensive "entertainment"), who had more time to create (instead of buying). (Once you've been shopping with a non-buyers guide in hand there's not alot you can buy anyway). A time when people gathered around flickering fires and imagined, instead of sitting in front of flickering T.V. screens and blinking out.

It's the sort of home that people can enter into and realize more of themselves; the sort of home that could nurture the seeds of a new society, its' culture and traditions.

It's a dynamic place, where we work together, share our livelihood, encourage personal responsibility, and build human relationships.

It's an organic home, formed and flavoured by the people living and visiting there.

-Anne Rampa-



NO
THIROSHIP
MORE

DON'T
WORRY
ABOUT
IT

IT'S
A
MOMENT

WH
ELL

DIRECT ACTION MY STRUGGLE WITH A CHRISTIAN RESPONSE

Direct Action; a few years ago I decided it was the most authentic and honest response to injustice. Direct action that involves pacificism and non-violence.

THIS decision came from a reaction to many things but manifested itself in resisting warships, uranium mines and oppressive freedom of speech laws.

As time went on I stayed involved in planning for direct action but was restricted by conflicts and unforeseen events in my life. I believe my motivations for direct action have grown in authenticity.

I feel motivations for direct action should be clarified for each individual as it gives strength and integrity to the convictions and values that brought people to it.

As I am part of the Catholic worker tradition, I contemplated often Dorothy Day's actions, and those of other Christian resisters. The Nuclear Resister featured highly on my "most prized newspapers" list and I always find inspiration from 'In the King of Prussia', a film about the real act of disarmament in North America, by a group called the "Ploughshares 8".

This year I also felt strongly about sending support to these activists who take disarmament seriously, and beat on nuclear nose cones, bomber doors, E. L. F. towers, computers, assault helicopters, submarines, and missile silos containing these "hammers of hell", as Daniel Berrigan calls them.

All these activists came to the conclusion (in my interpretation) that they are compelled to act by their faith and spirituality. Some are priests, nuns, mothers, fathers, and other care givers, and some are Catholic Workers. Something in their lives brings them to the conclusion that they must take responsibility for the preparation for nuclear war and disarm the weapons that will make it possible.

The scriptural basis for many of these actions comes from the prophecy of the prophet Isaiah in the 8th Century B.C. (Isaiah 2:4)

In my search for truth, and not satisfied that the justifications of my "heroes" were necessarily sound, I examined this passage and many other things to test the validity of direct action.

In preparation for Pine Gap, I had become convinced (and still am) that direct action for me should come from a Christian spirituality and perspective.

With this in mind, Jim Anne and I (the resident C.W.'s at the time) went on a retreat in preparation for our trip to Pine Gap. Part of the retreat involved contemplation and discussion of Jesus and Resistance, with reference to the Old Testament as well.



We didn't find all the answers, but I want to share my feelings/struggle from then and over a period of time, regarding the Christian compulsion to resist the empires that oppress us.

Perhaps Jesus' first sign of non-conformity came when he was teaching the elders in the temple at the early age of twelve.

Before the start of his ministry, he personally resisted the temptations of power and wealth, in the desert. Later he ran from a group wanting to put a crown on his head and make him King.

His defence of the poor and consequent attacks on the Jewish hierarchy also undermined their power and authority. His most scathing attack on their service of mammon came when he threw the money changers and merchants out of the temple. This personal physical resistance bought about an immediate plot to kill him. The comparisons with my friends in U.S. jails for crossing/subverting the U.S. hierarchy are obvious.

Jesus gave the ultimate sacrifice of his own life and calls us to take up our own cross. Many activists, both Christian and not, have met this challenge and have sacrificed their lives for a more just and peaceful world. Many now sit in jails with their lives effectively taken away for up to twenty years for acts of disarmament. Many have been tortured, killed and raped, struggling for Peace and Justice.

The Old Testaments also can be seen to have vital relevant guides to action in these times.

The old testament seems to provide all-encompassing statements about how to live, prophetic statements that are hard to water down.

For example, Psalm 46:10 says, "Stop fighting and know that I am Yaweh". When our society is heading for self-destruction, Ex. 23:2 says, "do not follow the majority when they do wrong or when they give testimony that perverts justice".

An issue raised in both testaments is that idolatry is evil and that we should not follow false gods or Mammon. Exodus 34:13 says "instead, tear down their alters, destroy their sacred pillars". This pass-

age has been used as a justification to cut down Extremely Low Frequency poles that transmit to nuclear armed submarines of the United States.

With death, or the threat of death so much a part of our society, Deuteronomy says "choose life", choose a more nurturing, human response than the darkness that nuclear weapons show us to be pre-occupied with.

The last passage we reflected on, in the light of resistance, was Issaiah 2:4 :

"they will hammer their swords into ploughshares and their spears into pruning knives Nations will never again go to war never prepare for battle again."

This was a prophecy Isaiah gave to the people of Judah when it was under threat by Assyria.

Questions raised were; whether we are called to fulfill this prophecy or if Ya-

weh will bring it about through divine intervention; is direct action the most authentic response we could make in resisting the empire?; are acts of disarmament of the ploughshares type, violent?; is violence against this property justified?; what is property?; are we becoming too narrowly focused if we use this response?; is it worth spending years in jail?

After much discussion many questions remained unanswered. Each of us had slightly differing stances on what resistance we feel appropriate at this time.

Finally I would like to encourage everyone interested in direct action to keep in touch with other people doing similar things, and support one another. Read reports on other people's actions. Write to them. Struggle with scripture. Somehow each of us must hammer out our authentic response to a call for direct action in these desperate times.

-Simon Bliss-



CLOSING THE GAP



Pine Gap ... 1975.

Where did we start? I guess when someone first said 'Lets go to Pine Gap' some time last year.

Between then and when we actually departed we had distributed over 1000 leaflets, spoken to even more people, held a number of pickets at the U.S. Consulate, showed an anti-nuclear film and videos, had numerous meetings, held a resistance, wrote numerous letters for support and educational purposes, purchased an old bus and spent three weeks working on it, etc., etc.

So, on Sunday morning, 4th of Oct., fifteen adults, one child, and one dog boarded the peace bus, newly painted front and back with a rainbow- 17 Don Quijotes about to travel 4000kms to the centre of Australia, but not to tilt at windmills (even our strongest opponents cannot deny the horror that can be unleashed from the nuclear war machine of which Pine Gap is a part.

After: a stop with a kind and courageous peace worker, Jill Guteridge, in Barcaldine, and a bed and shower at the local ex-convent building; an overnight stay with Simon's equally kind dad in Mt. Isa; a final stop outside Sudan cattle station, with free beer and (disagreeing but friendly) conversation from the overseer and worker; and a total of four days later we were in Alice Springs.

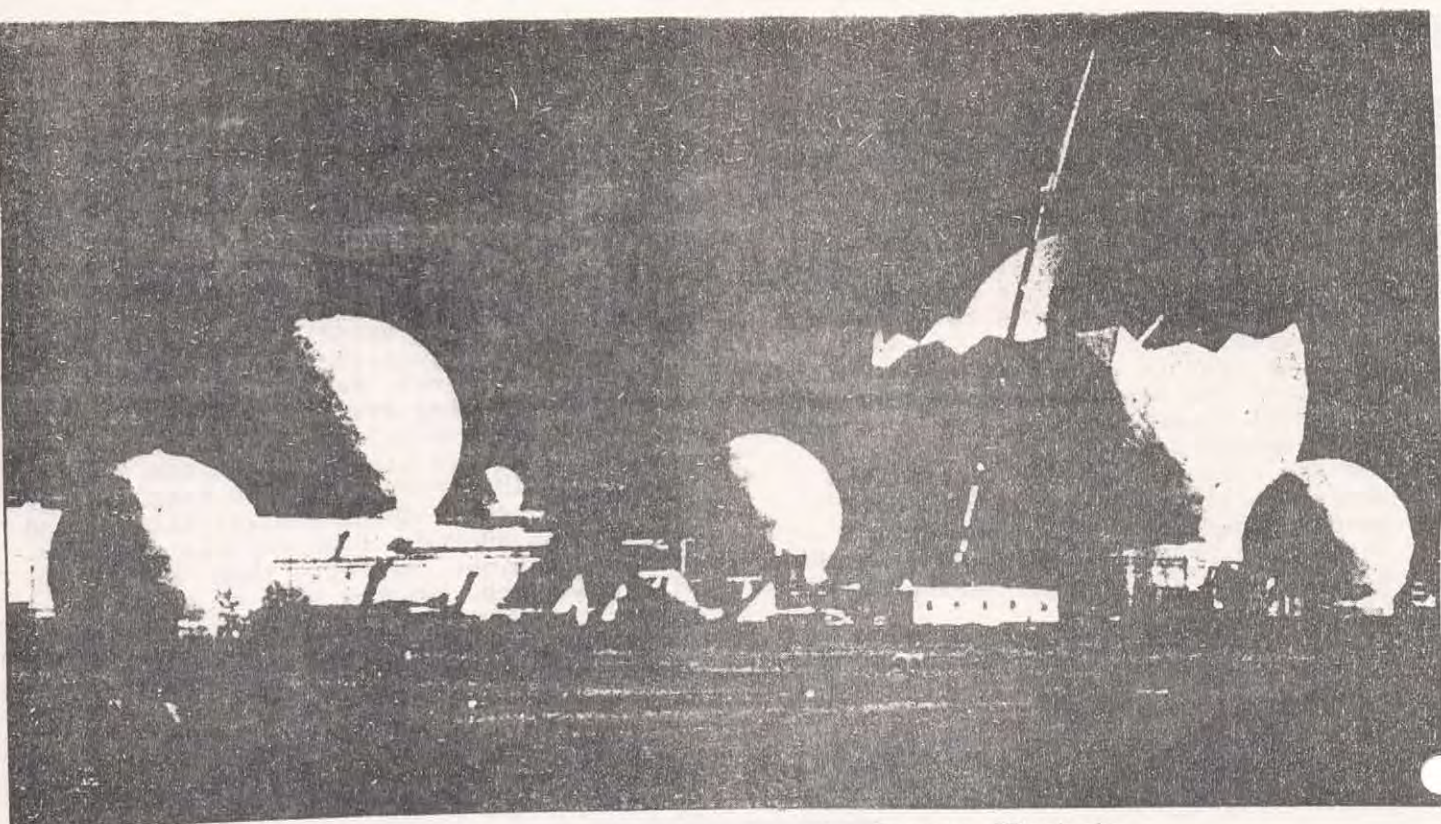
A few days acclimatizing (which involved almost everyone being violently ill for a couple of days), and we were ready to challenge Goliath.

The acclimatizing also involved getting to know some of the local Catholics after Mass. At the end of Mass, Gerard from the Brisbane St. Francis Community decided he should let the people know what some of their fellow Christians were going to do at the gates of Pine Gap the following Sunday. He was met with an annoyed, "You're out of place, mate" from across the aisle, the mass was hurriedly ended by the priest, and we proceeded outside.

There, Anne was met with "Piss off and don't come back to our church again". Her quiet reply was "but I thought it was our church, too". "Oh, you thought it was your church, well piss off!"

I was met with a much more civil response from the few people I gave a leaflet to, and ended in conversation with none other than the head of the Australian staff at the base! Mike told me we were mistaken in our ideas and that he knew everything that went on at the base. A strange comment in light of the fact that the information Pine Gap receives is not even decoded before it reaches the U.S. Even more interesting was his wife's statement that she knew nothing of what went on at the base and didn't think we needed to!

Tim, a local priest was obviously concerned about the base, but informed us that "many good people" worked there. Would he think Auschwitz O.K. if some good people worked there? Does he think abortion clinics are O.K. if good people work there?



First Arrests

Two nights later, while not exactly heartened by the local Catholic community we entered the base. After a five hour walk, in keeping with the madness of Pine Gap, eight people dressed as cockroaches made an early descent on the death domes to highlight the fact that cockroaches may be one of the few survivors of the massive doses of radiation unleashed by all out nuclear war. Police increased the absurdity by asking the first cockroach, "Excuse me, do you know you are trespassing on Commonwealth Property?". Only squeaks and beeps in reply brought immediate arrest.

Shortly after, the rest of us, dressed as the fools we are, reached the inner perimeter of the fence, maybe 20 metres from the closest dome. Any spell they may have had was broken. We began to cut the fence, a banner "CHOOSE LIFE- Deut. 13-19" was placed on it. Anne and Jenny had already planted new seeds of life and prayed, and Anne now read a statement by John Paul II. Our own blood, collected in Brisbane, was thrown inside the fence to symbolise the base's real potential. At the same time, Sean read a Taoist poem after he and Simon had superglued themselves to the fence, hoping to resist just that little bit longer.

We were arrested, photographed, and all released on self-bail (except Sean). It was all done surprisingly fast and with even more surprising politeness. We questioned those involved in arrests and processing about their role in defending the preparation for nuclear war. It was obvious some regretted what they were doing- but there were no immediate resignations.

Sean meanwhile had warrants on him for blockading the first uranium shipments to leave Darwin under the Hawke government, the previous year. He was to serve four days in Alice Springs gaol, but having spent 14 days there last year he was prepared for the event.

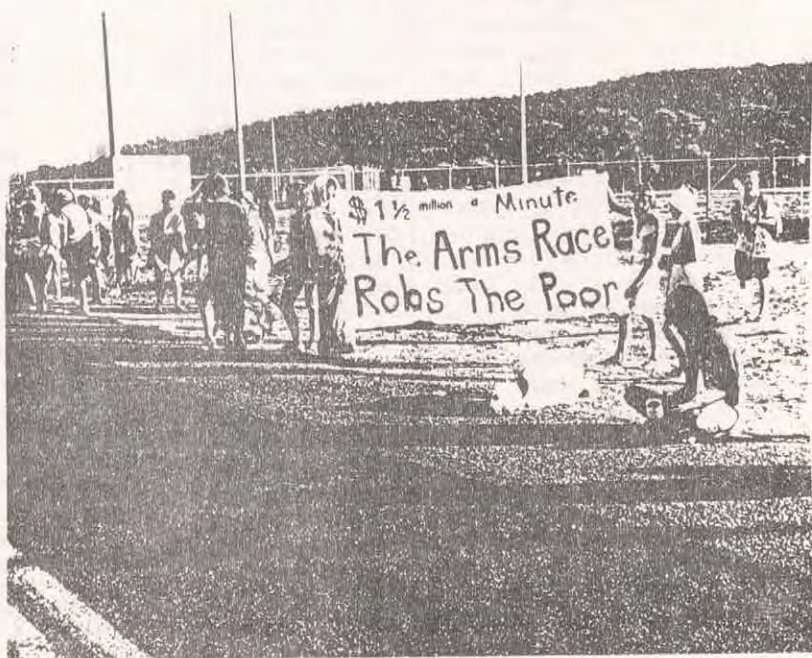
The Beggars Blockade

The next day we approached the base from the front gate and held a beggars blockade. About 60 of us, dressed in saris, rags and bandages, decided to ask the workers for some of the \$1½M a minute spent worldwide on warmaking. We rattled our cups and begging bowls, while numerous cars rolled in with workers changing shift. Some smiled, some sneered, but none stopped to talk.

At last the first busload of workers arrived. It was time to physically impede the war machine. We moved onto the road. But a look into the driver's eyes told us he was angry and determined.

He placed the bus in first gear and bulldozed the protesters forwards, as a handfull of us futilely pushed backwards.

When it became obvious the bus was not going to stop, Paula, dressed as a pregnant woman (often the most neglected and needy in this world), sat down at the gate. Despite my almost hysterical scream of, Stop, Stop, she was partly under the



bus, before only the command of the police officer in front of us seemed to stop the almost crazed driver. Paula was not hurt, but a lot of us were pretty shaken.

The result: no, the bus driver is not charged with failing to cease to run over human beings; the base is not charged with failing to cease to prepare for mass murder; no, seven beggars are charged with the amazing crime of "failing to cease to loiter."

Sunday 18th October

Three days later, it was time for the first day of mass actions, the day before the lease was due to expire at Pine Gap. We arrived at the gate to see Benny Zable on his radioactive drums, in black cape and gas mask, "No more War" sign in hand. How long has he been doing this? ten years? more? If 'perseverence wins the prize', then Benny Zable alone will stop war!

But the rest of us came to lend a hand anyhow. Aborigines, whites, Kanaks, Phillipino's, grandparents, grandchildren, professionals, labourers, the crazy, the brilliant, all sorts of people with a little bit of hope left for justice and peace.

Banners and streamers were placed on fences, songs were sung, thea tre performed, short speeches made, balloons

let loose, paper planes flown, dances danced. Then 300-400 of us listened as the Nuremberg principles were read. Under International Law, the base was illegal: those working there were breaking the law by permitting this great crime against humanity, the preparation for nuclear war.

After the reading there was a minute's silence for those already victims of the nuclear industry, victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, Maralinga, Muraroa and other Pacific Islands, Three Mile Island. Chernobyl, the starving millions forgotten while the war industries thrive.

Then we acted. Over 100 people were subsequently arrested. Sr. Pat Durnan a white haired nun from N.S.W. was one of the first people over the fence. While a lot of us were standing at the ten-foot fence looking silly, Pat was on top ripping her jeans on the barbed wire.

Soon there were people everywhere inside the fence. I had no intention of running, but momentarily feeling exhilarated, feeling free from the power of death, free from fear of the defenders of death, I ran in the direction of the domes, sidestepped a couple of police, ran around a small building, and bounced off a huge police officer. He laughed, "look you've dirtied my shoes".

Then, back to earth, he asked me his questions- name, age, date of birth, etc, and I asked him mine. Why are you doing this? Have you heard of the Nuremberg Principles? He listens and talks but seems fairly unmoved. Surprisingly we met again early next morning and the discussion continued.

Sunday night/ Monday morning

The huge number of arrests took most of the day to process and we were released just in time to prepare for the ecumenical service at the gate.

Usually we think of Ecumenical as meaning different denominations, but this one was truly ecumenical, with all sorts of faiths, certainly lots of "cosmics". It was quite moving, solemn, and joyful, ending

ing in a spontaneous and beautiful spiral dance by the 100 or so participants.

Afterwards, a handful of us entered the base to hold a service to the cross where Jesus may be crucified a million times. We climbed the unguarded perimeter fence and made our way to the top of a hill close to the domes and other floodlit buildings.

We placed a cross in the ground, and tipped ashes collected from a previous service in Brisbane, to symbolise the ashes of nuclear destruction. We poured blood on the ashes to symbolise the liberating blood of Christ and we prayed.

To finish we lit candles knowing that we would be seen below. Anne, and Kathy from 'Hesed', did a dance of peace in our circle of candles, as we sang "Into plowshares turn our swords, Nations will fight war no more". We then walked down the hill and were met half way by a charging 4WD police car.



Court

Once more to the watchhouse- more photographs, more fingerprints, more questions. This time they decide to give us a bed for the rest of the night. We refused an offer of conditional bail and instead appear in court at 10 o'clock. After sitting in court all day Simon was the only one to be heard and the rest of us were released on self bail till the next day.

The three days that followed were quite amazing in that people were actually given a chance to speak about how they felt about Pine Gap, etc., and to challenge the magistrate to withdraw his co-operation from the crimes of which the base was guilty. It was obvious at times that both magistrates were visibly moved by statements. But what will it take for them to take personal responsibility for their actions? I don't know.

The end result by Friday was that some of us had done one or two days gaol for our "crimes", others had fines which most refuse to pay, police, magistrates, and locals had an interesting week, and..?

The process of changing hearts and minds is not usually a fast one. Hopefully at least we have changed our own and those close to us a little more. Hopefully we all have a little more faith in God, in one another, in the possibility of peace and co-operation. Hopefully we are all a little more determined and encouraged by that faith to resist the forces of death around us and woven in our own lives.

Shalom.

Jim Dowling

TRIUMPH OF THE SPIRIT

So, big deal, - 200 excited humans jumped the border fences of Pine Gap Base in Central Australia, got arrested : October 19. October 20 : business as usual at Pine Gap Base - some security personnel were on recreation leave after a tiring week of chasing people through the scrub on the Base; and some new barbed wire rolls were erected at a favourite protest target (the viewing camera at the gates).

Why should I feel exultant ? What was achieved ?

From our arrests on Tuesday night, to the following Tuesday, it was a week of colour, humour, and creative actions with strong messages. It was a week of unanimity and support among a diverse group of people - students, lecturers, parents and grandparents, medical professionals, feminist separatists, Christians, dispossessed native peoples, unionists, socialists, communists, punks, numerous peace and justice groups, teachers, and anarchists - to name a few.

Working hard and fast for consensus, there was no faction fighting - groups did their own actions, joined by others interested, and there were two days of mass actions. Largely, I think, because of repercussions from police brutality during the womens' actions in 1983 - police and security per-

sonnel were on their best behaviour.

In fact, some were rather nervous - one was shaking as he arrested me, so much that I gave him a hug and said I was much more nervous about the base than he had to be of me : unarmed and non-violent. Each action had a different spirit - offering avenues of expression, and hope, to the participants ; and challenging the witnesses (security and other staff at the base, the police, and the populace of Alice Springs).

Sometimes we were abused, sometimes chatted to in friendly fashion and assured that we were all "good guys" really - just with different ideas of what to do in our current situation of unabated preparation for nuclear war. The local priest assures us that Pine Gap had its good points - they gave fridges to local Aboriginal groups. One police officer told me that the law was no longer a matter of morality, but "codes of behaviour". Judging by the 80 - 90% working class or non-working people in jails, its obvious who's setting the codes. A superintendent told me that if he was to try and follow his religious (Catholic background) convictions, he'd have to leave his job. Perhaps with encouragement and support, this will become a more acceptable idea, and we will not accept the tension caused by compromising our values for the sake of money, position, or ease.

I found the wimmies' overnight vigil at the gates of the base particularly moving. It was my first experience of a wimmies' action, and I was surprised at how "female" it felt - I didn't think there was such a thing as femininity in reality. But as wimmies wove coloured webs in the fence, hung ribbons and banners, drew symbols and spirals on the road, lit candles, sang and chatted - a swaying rhythm gently hummed beneath the moon and stars that was powerfully female, and struck a chord of identity in me that is rarely played in our masculine-centred world, full of male imagery and images for male consumption.

What a shame that we're largely missing out on this female flavour, and that it has been squashed into role models instead of being able to flow freely as has the flavour of men. Surely in our search to establish justice and peace on earth - the dual spirits of wimmies and men together should weave the new society. Although there was a sizeable number of people (about 600) in Alice Springs for the protests, especially considering the time of year, work commitments, and travelling distances, - there was still a sense of autonomy among the small groups. Some of our detractors would have us think that dissent should be en masse to be effective, but I don't agree. Thomas Merton claimed that the more massive a movement, the more it is doctored and manipulated (as some pretty and palatable peace rallies I've been to), and that genuine dissent should keep a human measure, be free and spontaneous. He said it is saner and nobler to expect effective protest from the individual and small unsponsored group, than from the well-organized mass movement, and I tend to agree. While I enjoyed



Mahatma Annie in a familiar situation.

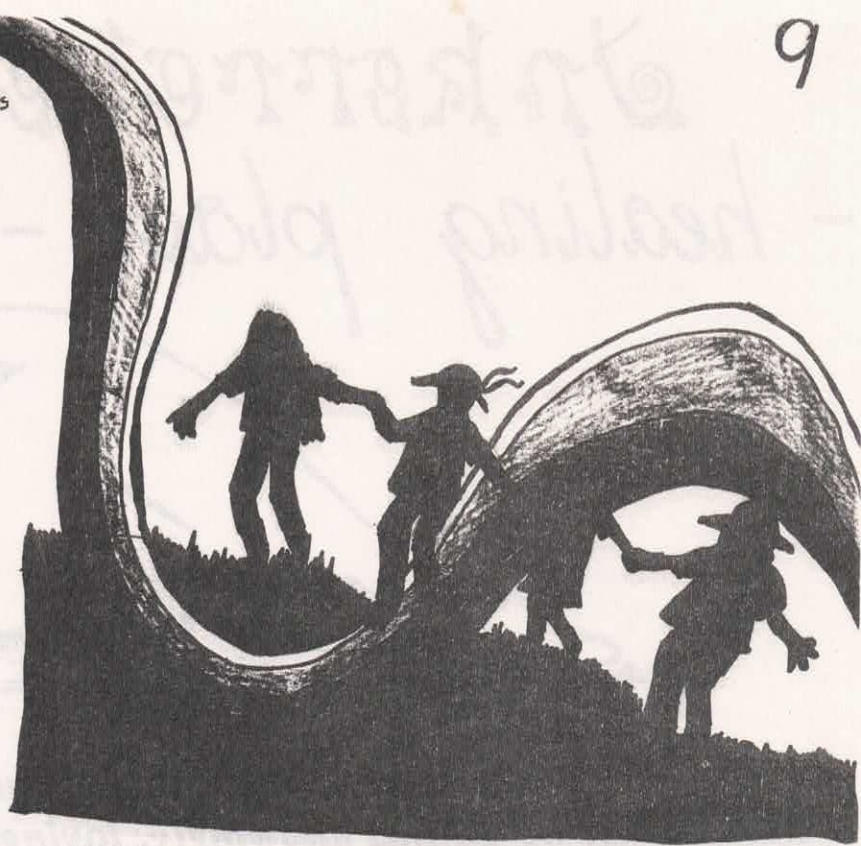
the camaraderie of the mass arrests, and filling the watch-house, the most meaningful actions for me were with my fellow community members and friends, operating out of our Christian faith, and experience of community.

Overall, during the week of protests, workshops, and forums, the pervasive feeling was one of hope, and faith that we still have the power to effect change if we want it enough. We felt the vitality and life-engendering properties of freeing ourselves from the bondage of unjust, paralyzing human law.

After the actions there were the court-cases - one after another, each different, but adding to the whole. Some were inspiring enough to elicit spontaneous cheering and conversing with the magistrate from the public gallery. By the end of one day the courthouse had become a real peoples court, and the magistrate was bartering with a defendant over his sentence and serving a jail term.

So what was achieved? A spark of life in a dead scared world. A warm, human and personal touch in a confusion of lies and masks. A triumphant expression of true human spirit - the spirit that is in us because we are Gods' wonderful creation - born to act out of love, and love of the truth.

-Anne Rampa-



CHOOSE

LIFE not DEATH

<u>Works of Mercy</u>		<u>Works of War</u>
Feed the Hungry		Destroy Crops and Land - Seize Food Supplies
Clothe the Naked		Destroy Homes Scatter Families
Give Drink to the Thirsty		Contaminate Water
Visit the Imprisoned		Imprison Dissenters
Care for the Sick		Inflict Wounds Rape Women
Bury the Dead		Kill the Living

CLOSE PINE GAP





To live we must daily break the body and shed the blood of Creation. When we do this knowingly, lovingly, skillfully, reverently, it is a sacrament. When we do it ignorantly, greedily, clumsily, destructively, it is a desecration. In such desecration we condemn ourselves to spiritual and moral loneliness and others to want.

Wendell Berry
The Gift of Good Land

We have called the land here, Inkerreke. This is an Aboriginal word meaning, "people working together". Jim and Noel Dowling bought this land seven years ago. It is now being used by the Catholic Worker community. Noel now lives in the Kin Kin hills in a house he built himself.

Inkerreke is approximately 13kms from Gympie, Q. (it's a good pedal into town!) The word Gympie comes from another Aboriginal word, "gympi gympi". It is the name of a local prickly bush. The Aboriginal people have been almost completely wiped out and scattered from this region since the white invasion.

Much of the land around here has been depleted by the dairy cattle industry and the days of gold mining. Most of the forest left is used for sustainable logging. A lot of the creeks and rivers carry residue of chemical pesticides, and continue to be polluted. The earth here bears the scars of its exploitation by white people. A fairly common story.

Since buying this land a lot of it has been left alone to allow for natural regrowth; to allow it to restore itself. A lot of wattle has grown fairly quickly along with the groundsell. We're told groundsell is good for the soil, anyhow. It can bring a lot of nutrients deep in the earth more to the surface. The local council likes to see it slashed and sprayed. Inkerreke, with its natives and groundsell growing wild, interspersed with fruit trees, contrasts markedly with nearby lands which are usually well slashed and treeless.

Inkerreke is 40 acres and is bordered by a macadamia nut farm and the state Veteran forest. Because of this forest we have some beautiful old native trees just adjacent to us. When the breeze blows through its leaves it's a nice sound. To get to Inkerreke you come through this forest.

One weekend about three years ago a group of friends came up here to plant about 2000 native trees in an attempt to reforest and reheal the land. Roughly 1500 of these trees have survived and continue to grow.

Also over the years a lot of fruit trees have been planted. They include approximately; 8 mango trees, 60 pecans, 10 citrus, a small number of loquots, persimmons, bunya nut pines, longans, carob trees, cherrymoya, lychee, macadamias, guavas, tropical peach, and tropical apples. Most of these trees are in the early stages of growth. Some are looking more promising than others. Near the boundary of the nut farm we have a small dam. North Deep Creek also forms one of the boundaries of this land. We have no electricity up here and do not envisage having it. We have a 300 gallon water tank which collects fresh rainwater from the sky.

On Inkerreke stands an old hardy shack built six years ago by the Dowlings; Jim Noel, Bernie, and their Dad. It has withstood heavy storms and hot beating sun over the years. Maybe it'll survive another six years.

About two years ago, Jim began building a house up here. He and Noel had

been collecting a lot of second hand timber for some time. A lot of building materials came from a demolished soccer shed at Fairfield in Brisbane. Now the house is almost completed. At present the verandahs are being built with the internal linings and doors, and ceiling yet to be done. A lot of friends have come up from time to time to help. Either with a hammer, pushing a wall-frame up, painting the weatherboards, putting roof tiles on, or numerous other jobs. Although a lot of people have been involved in the project, it is largely a tribute to Jim's energy, time, and devotion to it's construction, that has bought it to fruition.

The house measures 40 ft by 30 ft plus verandahs. It will end up costing less than \$4000 to build. This community effort brings to mind the Catholic Worker vision of self-managed work... "people working together".

Just as this land needs healing, so do we. Our life and spirit come from the land and nature. To me this is where God is most real and intimate. I sometimes think looking over the hills, of the

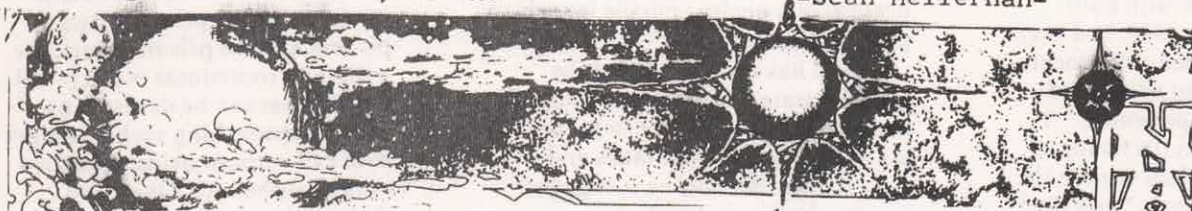
earth as my mother. The hills being so soothing for my spirit. And when I see a great big old tree, it sometimes feels like a father because of it's timelessness and the protection it offers.

For this reason, Inkerreke has special meaning for me. I have had some ill-health for some time. The time spent up here in the last three years has been most beneficial for me. Both physically and spiritually.

I love the trees up here, the colourful bird life and sounds, swimming in the dam, watching sunsets and sunrises and sleeping under the stars. At night they are so clear. Sometimes you can see the odd wallaby. Today I saw three on the hillside at sunset. They also like to drink from the dam where you can often see ducks.

Oftimes I just like to wander around the hills listening to the stillness and to the peace. I am looking forward to the future and to the growth of the Catholic Worker and Inkerreke spirit.

-Sean Heffernan-



A rainy Friday at Inkerreke...)

~ BURNT BRED ON BLACK FRIDAY ~

'Twere nuthin' like the bred ye baked
That dark and dismal day -

The fire ye lit did smoke and spit
had alot to say).

Our nostrils flared, our vision blurred
As smoke puffed 'round each head -

('Tis much we're want to suffer
For the taste of fresh baked bred!)

At last, at last, the vision came
From out the fiery pit -

Charred black as coal : From bakery
Our Jim was 'bout to quit.

Each loaf in midst was wet and soft
-To the oven each did return

Agin' and agin' - they wouldn't cook!
Jest continue to burn!

Three hours our hungry drooling mouths
Abided the baking bred;

'Till the sage amongst us spake out loud -
"Black Friday" 'twas all he said.

-Anne Rampa-

(A dusty day on the road to Pine Gap...)

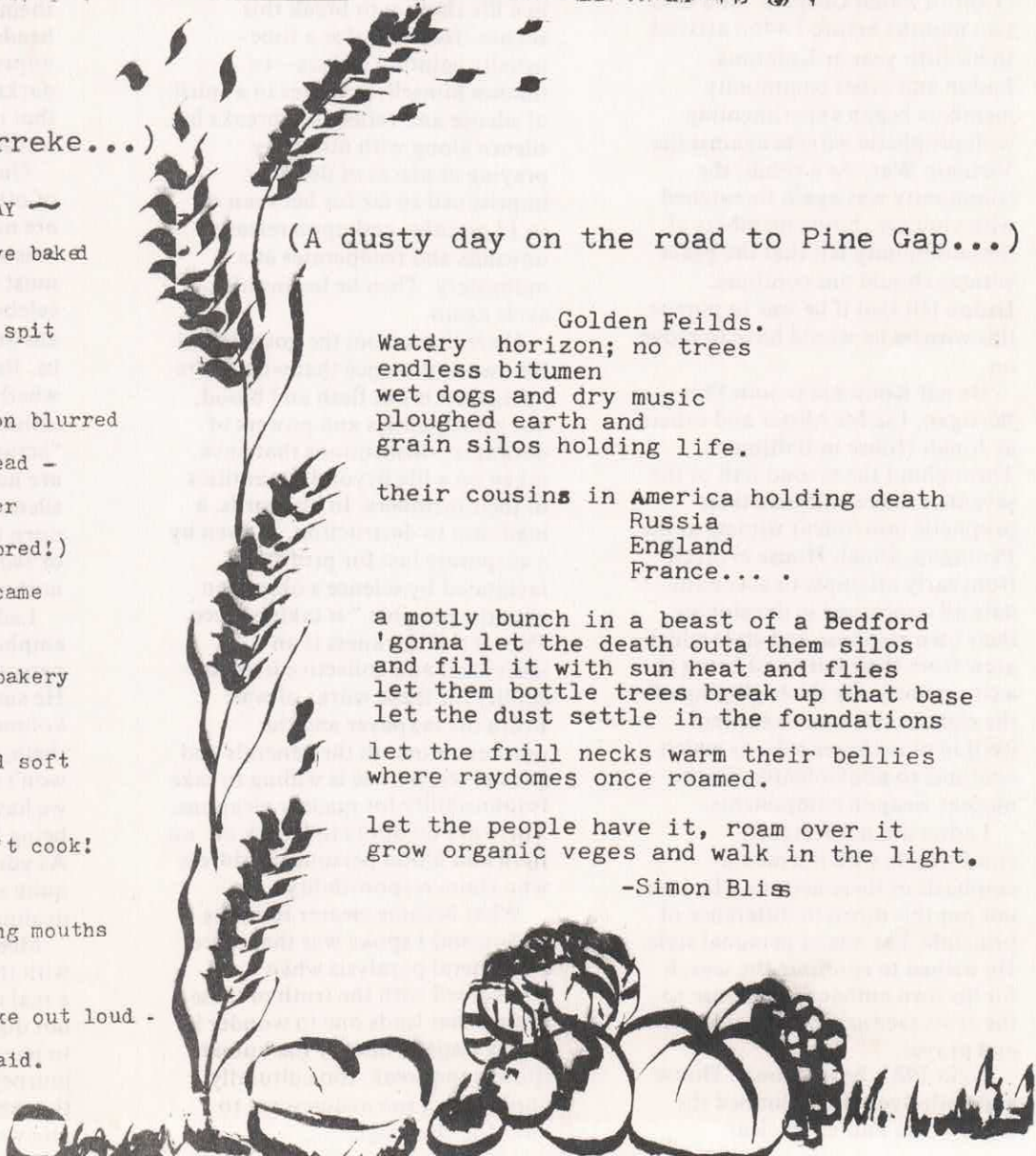
Golden Feilds.
Watery horizon; no trees
endless bitumen
wet dogs and dry music
ploughed earth and
grain silos holding life.

their cousins in America holding death
Russia
England
France....

a motly bunch in a beast of a Bedford
'gonna let the death outa them silos
and fill it with sun heat and flies
let them bottle trees break up that base
let the dust settle in the foundations
let the frill necks warm their bellies
where raydomes once roamed.

let the people have it, roam over it
grow organic veges and walk in the light.

-Simon Bliss



When Ladon Sheats arrived for a visit at the L.A. Catholic Worker, he had just come from three months at a Trappist monastery in Colorado. Before that, he had spent seven months at a Federal Penitentiary in Springfield, where he was sentenced for trespassing to pray at a nuclear missile launch pad in Missouri. His spirit is gentle and strong and one gets the impression this is the same Ladon in the Catholic Worker kitchen as you would find on top of a missile silo, behind bars, in a monastery, or painting your house.

Ladon is now in his fifties. When he was 36, he left his executive position at IBM's corporate headquarters and went to live in the Koinonia community in southwest Georgia. Clarence Jordan, one of the founders of Koinonia, had been sharing his life with poor black farmers since 1942, had been expelled as a member of his local church where he had advocated integration, had experienced gunfire and arson at the hands of the Ku Klux Klan, had written the "Cotton Patch Gospels," and died two months before Ladon arrived. In his fifth year at Koinonia, Ladon and other community members began experimenting with prophetic witness against the Vietnam War. As a result, the community was again threatened with violence. Some members of the community felt that the peace witness should not continue. Ladon felt that if he was to pursue this witness he would have to move on.

He left Koinonia to join Phil Berrigan, Liz McAlister and others at Jonah House in Baltimore. Throughout the second half of the seventies they continued their prophetic nonviolent witness at the Pentagon. Jonah House evolved from early attempts to accommodate all concerned in developing their own response and style which grew from their faith and being as a community. By the beginning of the eighties this was to express itself in plowshares actions which continue to nonviolently disarm nuclear weapon components.

Ladon did not feel fully comfortable with the media-emphasis of these actions. He does not put this down to difference of principle, but one of personal style. He wished to continue the search for his own authentic response to the arms race arising out of silence and prayer.

So in 1981, he left Jonah House and with five others climbed the fence at the Pantex nuclear

LADON SHEATS: Prophetic Action Rooted In Silence

by CIARON O'REILLY

weapons final assembly plant in Amarillo, Texas, to pray. He received and served a year in prison.

Since leaving Jonah House, he has spent three of the last six years in prison as a consequence of prayerful witnesses at Pantex and, most recently, with two other persons at a nuclear missile launch pad in Missouri.

Ladon has concluded that the imperial state demands two things from Christians in order to prepare for nuclear war—their taxes and their silence! So now he is engaged in a life rhythm to break this silence. He works for a time—usually painting houses—to finance himself, prepares in a spirit of silence and reflection, breaks his silence along with others by praying at places of death, is imprisoned so far for between six to 12 months, and upon release unwinds and recuperates at a monastery. Then he begins his cycle again.

He realizes from the gospels and his own experience that what we're up against is not flesh and blood, but principalities and powers of darkness—institutions that have taken on a life beyond the entities of their members. In his words, a mad race to destruction, "driven by a corporate lust for profits, facilitated by science's obsession with the possible," is taking place. Part of this darkness is an individual and collective irresponsibility for these works of war. From the taxpayer and the uranium miner to the generals and executives, no one is willing to take responsibility for nuclear weapons. There are no doors to knock on, no flesh and blood persons to address who claim responsibility.

What became clearer to me as Ladon and I spoke was that there is a general paralysis when confronted with the truth of these things, that leads one to wonder if at this stage in history the human spirit is too weak, too culturally unprepared, too acquiescent to meet the challenge.

And in terms of the broad peace movement and its emphasis on education and raising awareness, I recognize that awareness does not mean a change in behavior. One can intellectually convince another until you're blue in the face about the necessity of resistance, but the fear of what the risk would entail leaves good people paralyzed, clinging to their existing lifestyle. This fear can only be broken by a blind step in faith, an authentic, vulnerable opening to God, a faith that cannot be conjured up, but freely accepted as grace.

A Question of Motivations

It is becoming increasingly clearer to me that we all have to be very clear about motivation when approaching the realities of faithful resistance. The consequences of confronting the principalities, powers and the prison experience without a rootedness in prayerful faithfulness can be devastating. Those approaching such a conflict with evil without being grounded in such authenticity may find themselves in waters way over their heads. We might find ourselves unprepared to meet with that darkness that dwells in all of us, that is unavoidable in the prison setting.

Guilt, death wishes, the urging of others, or desire for effectiveness are not gospel-based or good reasons to act. Resistance actions must be an outpouring of celebration, a dance that is in answer to the music of life within us. Reasons of effectiveness—whether they are political influence, media exposure, the "actual" damaging of a weapon—are not the reasons to break one's silence. Every Christian thrust is open to its own special temptations or seductions, and resistance is nothing special in this.

Ladon, for me, has also emphasized the importance of personal search and faithfulness. He suspects that *metanoia* and *koinonia*, if we ever experience them, will be the gift of grace—we won't even recognize them when we have got them—rather than being "achieved" by strategizing. As you could imagine, this was quite a blow for the wheeling and dealing mind of Ciaron O'Reilly.

Meeting Ladon and working with the L.A. Catholic Worker was a real time of demythologizing but not disillusionment for me—a time to recognize the humanness of the journey and still love it, to arrive at the same conclusions with a renewed spirit.

1988

SHOULD WE CELEBRATE ?

?

White Australia is preparing for a massive, nation-wide, "Let's make it great in '88" celebration. The Aboriginal people say all they have to celebrate is the fact that they have survived. Let's make it grate on our consciences in '88. If the Aboriginal people are 'pooping' our party now, look at what we've done to theirs...

We have ignored Aboriginal stewardship of this land - 40 000 years - a longer period than any other people, past or present, have occupied any other land on earth.

We have ignored their spiritual connection with this land - tramped over and littered their sacred sites, sources of life, power, identity, and deep spiritual reality for them.

We have ignored their delicate and complex kinship relationships - and dispossessed whole groups and transported them to reserves with other groups.

They have been invaded, pushed aside without a treaty, tortured, murdered, imprisoned; and continue to suffer brutality and invasion - corporate and individual - at the hands of the 'law' and a racist white population. Full and true land rights are not recognized anywhere. All our society is built on their dispossession.

Our history books are devoid of Aboriginal history, or stories of their struggle to fend off the invaders. They speak of an empty country, which was subsequently 'developed'. There were no treaties signed, and no enforcement of rulings to treat the native people of the country humanely until 50 years after white settlement: 7 Europeans were hanged for the massacre of 28 Aboriginal people at Myall Creek. In the same year, police killed almost all the males of a tribe involved in the killing of 8 Europeans near Dubbo, in a fight over water. No action was taken over reports of poisoning of Aboriginal people.

We have looked at them with shuttered eyes, called them barbarian, lazy, godless, simple and dirty - we dehumanize them to deny our guilt, and allow our greed to go on unchecked.

They now have the highest rates of infant mortality, detention of children, imprisonment of adults, and deaths in custody, of any racial group in Australia.

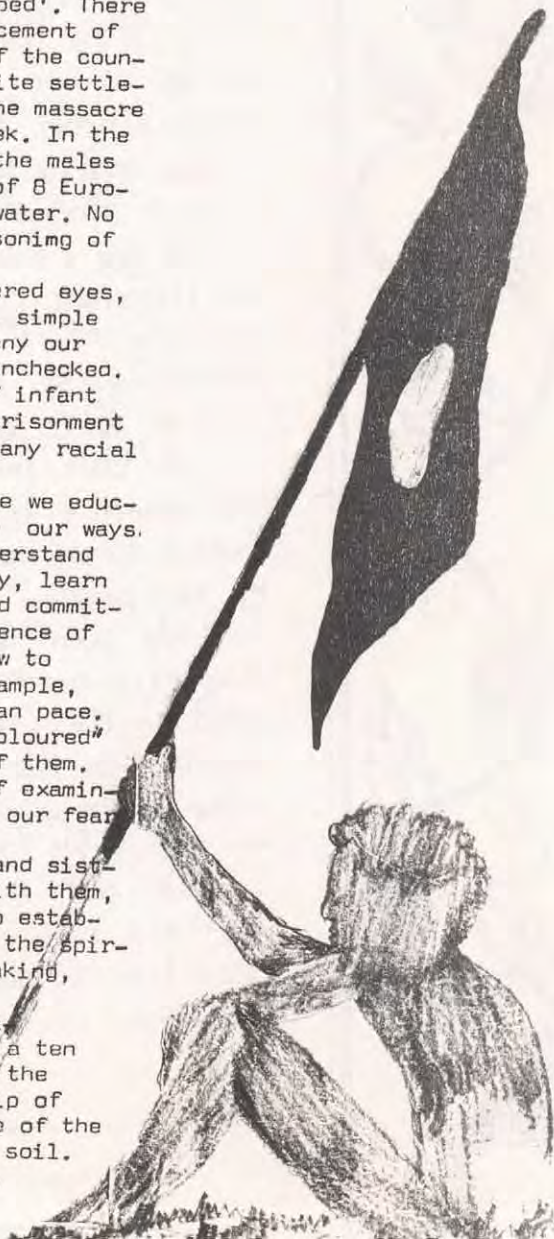
In the bicentennial year, it's time we educated ourselves, repented, and changed our ways. We should turn to them to help us understand the land we could share more equitably, learn from them their sense of community and commitment to their kin, share their experience of God - Biami, the Dreamtime - learn how to live less material lives by their example, and how to live at a slower, more human pace.

Dorothy Day saw violence against 'coloured' people as stemming partly from fear of them. We must engage in the painful task of examining, re-evaluating, and letting go of our fears and prejudices.

Listen to our Aboriginal brothers and sisters in 1988, rally with them, walk with them, pray with them, and lobby with them to establish a more just society, faithful to the spirit of our creator, who made, and is making, each one of us in Her/His image.

-Anne Rampag

Our community is hoping to partake in a ten day fast in Sydney - from 25 January, the last day of sole Aboriginal stewardship of this land, to the 3 February, the date of the first Christian service on Australian soil. Contact us if you're interested in it.



TURNING FROM IDOLATRY - 14.

Richmond Airforce Base, in Sydney, has been the focus for Christian peace activists for the past two years. The base is a regular stop-over for U.S. Starlifter and Hercules planes, supplying the top secret U.S. nuclear spy bases throughout Australia.

The latest acts of civil disobedience have come from special friends of ours from the St. Francis Community - Joanne Merrigan and Anthony Gwyther.

They entered the base, poured blood on the engines and fuselage of the USAF Starlifter aircraft, and spray-painted 'TURN FROM IDOLATRY' on the tarmac. They displayed a banner reading 'FOLLOW CHRIST DISARMED' and posted the following statement of action on the fuselage of the Starlifter...

They have been charged with trespass and damage to Commonwealth property and face up to Two years imprisonment if convicted.

We act at Richmond Air Force Base to resist the activity of the United States of America at their military bases in this country. These bases are an integral part of nuclear war preparation and interventionary activity.

We renounce the idolatry of placing our security in nuclear weapons and armed intervention. These weapons are idolatrous since they ask us to place our trust in the works of our hands, rather than in God. As the prophet Isaiah says -

Your safety lay in conversion and tranquillity,
your strength in complete trust;

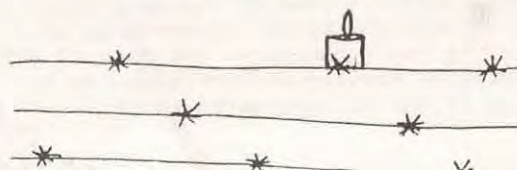
and you would have none of it. (Is. 30.15)

We therefore call for the closure of the U.S. facility at Pine Gap - a witness to the idolatry of nuclearism and the misuse of the gifts of the earth.

We call for the proper use of the gifts of the earth - to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, to shelter the homeless, to serve the life of the people.

We pour blood on this property ill-used, property used to supply military bases, property used in the service of death. This blood symbolises the blood of the poor killed by interventionary activity and by the diversion of the gifts of the earth to war preparation.

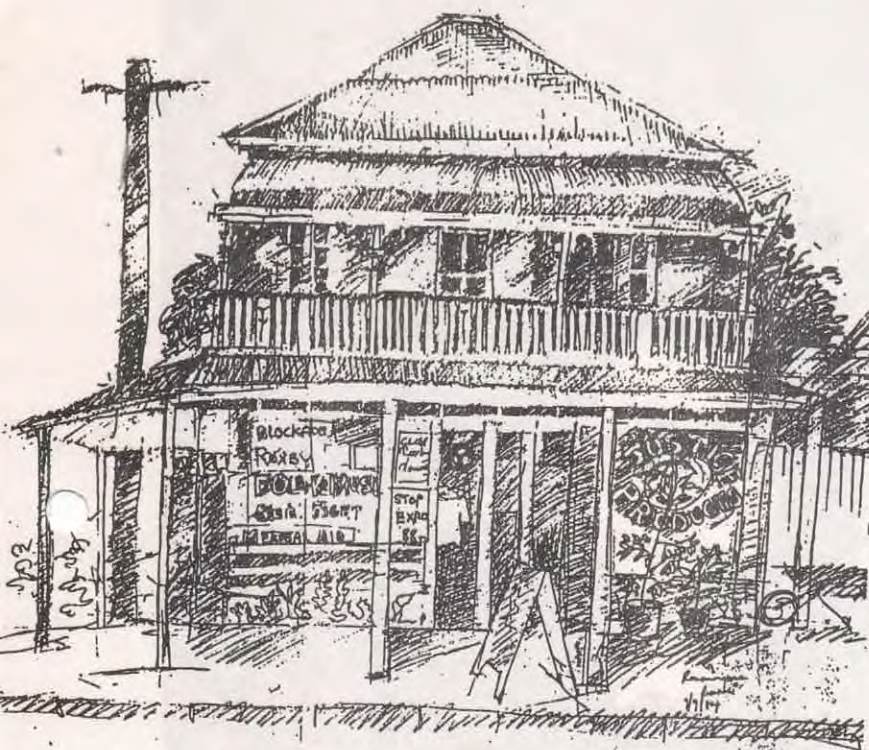
We act in solidarity with sisters and brothers who resist injustice. We act in the tradition of Christians who lay down their weapons and follow Christ disarmed.



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Gandhi's 7 Social Sins:

Roots of Oppression

- 1) Politics without principles
- 2) Wealth without work.
- 3) Pleasure without conscience.
- 4) Knowledge without character.
- 5) Science without humanity.
- 6) Commerce without morality.
- 7) Worship without self-sacrifice.

Hind Sivoraj - Gandhi

*** **PRODUCTS FROM LOCAL CO-OPS:** self-managed vegetarian soap, unemployed people's co-op candles, pottery, honey, variety of cards, T-shirts, jewellery, nut snax, lemongrass tea, chilli powder.
 *** **PRODUCTS FROM THIRD-WORLD CO-OPS:** wide range of Trading Partners craftwork such as handwoven purses from Thailand and shoulder bags from India, wall hangings and rugs, knik-knacks, African and Philippines jewellery, Bangladesh-made bed spreads, basketry from Kenya and Nepal, etc.; Nicaraguan coffee and World Development tea from Ceylon.
 *** **MAGAZINES** - buy/browse: peace, anarchist, christian, feminist, spiritual, radical, alternative.
 *** **ABORIGINAL PEOPLE'S** jewellery, T-shirts, posters, shoulder bags.
 *** **BOOKS** by local artists, prisoners' paintings, stickers.

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When
they
Come
for the
innocent
without
crossing
over
your
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