

# BULLETIN

of the

Committee in Defence of  
Marxism Leninism Mao Tsetung Thought



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COMMITTEE IN DEFENCE OF MARXISM LENINISM  
MAO TSETUNG THOUGHT

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The revisionists continually resurrect the "Third World Theory" to cover their shameful betrayal of Marxism-Leninism Mao Tsetung Thought. We reprint this article from Mass Line for study.

THE THREE WORLD THEORY

The "3 World" Theoreticians call for a united front against the threat of another World War between the two superpowers. From the time the Second World War drew to a close, the threat of a third World War arose. In 1946, Mao Tsetung said, "I think the American people and the people of all countries menaced by U.S. aggression should unite and struggle against the attacks of the United States reactionaries, and their running dogs in these countries. Only by victory in this struggle can a third World War be avoided, otherwise it is unavoidable." Mao Tsetung did not call for building unity among countries facing the threat of aggression. On the contrary, he called for the people of all countries to unite and fight against U.S. imperialism and national reaction in all countries in order to meet the threat of World War. Mao Tsetung put forward a class based united front. This is fundamentally different from the United Front of the 3 world theoreticians, who in fact give up the internal class struggle and advocate the building of a united front between the States of the third world and the second world countries. The "3 World" theoreticians call for the support of reactionary states who they claim are trying to defend the security of their sovereignty of "their motherland", against the aggression of the superpowers. This was the essence of the treacherous policy of Kruschew. This was the same program put forward by Kautsky prior to the First World War with the object of undermining the revolutionary forces.

In opposing Kruschew's betrayal the C.P.C. wrote in "Two different lines on the question of war and peace ... 17/11/63".

"As World War One was breaking out the old revisionists speedily shed their peace masks, sided with the respective imperialist governments, supported the imperialist war for the redivision of the world, voted for military appropriations in parliament and incited the working class of their own countries to plunge into the war and slaughter their class brothers in other countries under the hypocritical slogans of "Defend the Motherland"."

The "Third World" theoreticians are saying the same thing but in another form. In the impending World War the world proletariat and the oppressed nations should give support to U.S. imperialism against the Soviet Social Imperialists. THAT IS THEIR CALL.

This is the same revisionist policy of the Second International, of participating in an unjust war carried out by the imperialists for the redivision of the world, and thus becoming a party to the massacre of one's own class brothers. Lenin exposed and defeated the renegade, Kautsky. When Kruschew repeated this same call the Marxist-Leninists of the world led by Mao Tsetung exposed and defeated it.

Today the "3rd World" theoreticians repeat the same renegacy in a new form. The Marxist-Leninist Mao Tsetung Thought

revolutionaries must expose and defeat it.

Mao Tsetung pointed out "as far as the question of World War is concerned, two possibilities exist. One, that the war will lead to revolution, and the other, that revolution will prevent war". Revolution is the main trend in the world today."

In both these possibilities concerning world war, revolution is the principle factor. If war must lead to revolution, the revolutionary forces of the respective countries must correctly handle the internal contradictions and must prepare the conditions for revolution.

If revolution has to prevent war, these preparations must go forward. In either case it is only by sharpening the class struggle in each country that war could be led to revolution or revolution made to prevent war. The "3 world" theoreticians have thrown overboard this class struggle. To get a correct understanding of the "3 World theory", we must have a good grasp of the 2 line struggle that went on in C.P.C. Not only on such issues of internal policy, but on foreign policy questions too. The 2 line class struggle used to rage fiercely. On all questions in opposition to the correct Marxist-Leninist position, attacks from the "left" and the right took place. At the time of the Cultural Revolution representatives of the incorrect tendencies had temporarily gained hold of several positions of power. They made efforts to cause deviations in handling of foreign policy. As a result of this, several temporary deviations might have taken place.

Lin Piao donned a 'left' mask and attempted to interfere in foreign policy matters and created confusion and trouble. The smashing of the Lin Piao conspiracy gave ample opportunity to the rightwingers to crawl back into positions of power. It was under these circumstances that enabled Teng Shiao ping, who was thrown out during the Cultural Revolution, to regain his old positions of power. From then on the capitalist roaders under his leadership made attempts to implement their revisionist policy in domestic and foreign matters.

It is in this context that Teng shiao ping speaks at the United Nations representing the Chinese government. Here Teng tries to transform the relations based on peaceful co-existence, which was one of the component parts of the foreign policy of China, into the global strategy of the world revolutionary movement.

But Mao Tsetung and his socialist roaders struggled uncompromisingly against such attempted deviations and Teng was unable to succeed at this time.

This struggle culminated in the removal of Teng from all position of power in April, 1976.

The socialist roaders set about to correct the deviation that had been committed by Teng in domestic and foreign questions. When the capitalist roaders seized power, then the People's Daily wrote the article elaborating the "3 World Theory" and said: "In our country, there are persons who frantically oppose Chairman Mao's theory of the 3 worlds. They are none other than Wang Hung-wan, Chang chun-chiao, Chiang Ching, and Yao wen-yuan, or the Gang of 4. Hoisting a most revolutionary banner, they opposed Chairman Mao's support of the 2nd and 3rd world, opposed China's efforts to unite with all forces that can be united and opposed our dealing blows

at the most dangerous enemy. They vainly tried to sabotage the building of an international united front against hegemony and disruption. China's anti-hegemonic struggle, doing Soviet Social Imperialism a good turn".

The uncompromising struggle waged by the socialist roaders against Teng and his followers who were trying to distort China's foreign policy and transform it into a counter-revolutionary line is being painted after their fashion by the People's Daily article.

It is clear from this how intense was the two line struggle that was taking place in China on this issue.

Following Mao Tsetung's death and seizing Party and State leadership by the capitalist roaders, provided them with the opportunity of carrying out their policy. The 3 world theory being put into practice by this revisionist clique is its consequence.

FROM "MASS LINE"

# East Timor still resists

By GILLES BERTIN of A.F.P. in Jakarta

Indonesian soldiers seem to be fighting a losing battle for the former Portuguese colony of East Timor.

Since they were brought in to crush rebels more than seven years ago, they have made little headway. If anything, the rebels have won increasing support for their guerrilla tactics among the island's population of 851,000.

The 400 or so soldiers have been unable to deal with the "Fretilin" who come down from their mountain hideouts to organise ambushes with the complicity of local inhabitants.

In an interview with the newspaper, "Suar Harapan," the island's military commander, Colonel Purwanto, put their numbers at 500, with about 100 guns between them.

Many rebel sympathisers who were interned in the nearby island of Alauro have recently been repatriated by the authorities.

There are at least a dozen other detention camps, including part of the prison in the capital, Dili, where the number of prisoners is not known.

The hundreds who have been freed from Alauro are still being kept under close surveillance by the army in villages ill-equipped to receive

them, and are not allowed to travel more than five kilometres without permission.

Portugal has not put any obstacles in the way of repatriation for those who hold Portuguese passports or have strong links with the old country. Jakarta has held up the process on the pretext of "technical" problems.

A diplomat in Jakarta said the authorities were afraid emigrants might make statements "harmful to Indonesia."

About 400 people have asked to emigrate to Portugal, where at least 60 have relatives. Another 200 would like to go to Australia.

Many who find their applications blocked by the authorities buy their way out. During the last five years at least 100 people have left, more or less with official approval, by dint of bribes ranging from one to five million rupiahs (about \$2000 to \$10,000). Conditions in East Timor could be worse. There is no famine, despite the dry climate, although there are frequent shortages of rice and maize, according to an agricul-

tural expert who recently visited the island.

But the population as a whole is resisting "Javanisation." Most people are Roman Catholic and avoid contact with the soldiers and Javanese officials who are Moslem. Ninety per cent of the 150 million Indonesians are Moslem, whereas half the population of East Timor is Roman Catholic and the other half practise Animism.

Several thousand people a month are being converted to Catholicism, which would appear to be their way of rejecting integration with Indonesia.

The Indonesian Government has poured vast sums of money into the region. The allocation for 1982-83 was 52 billion rupiahs (about \$100 million). The region's income is only 150 million rupiahs (about \$280,000).

The authorities have built roads, schools and launched several agricultural projects, but economic and social progress in Indonesia's twenty-seventh province is slow because of widespread corruption and the ineffectiveness of local administration.

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NOTE: The article appearing below appeared in the May 1982 edition of *Le Monde Diplomatique*. It is reprinted here in the interests of furthering Australians' knowledge of the various political forces operating in the Philippines today.

## INSIDE THE PHILIPPINE REVOLUTION

The author of this article spent eleven days in a guerilla front of the New Peoples Army in mid-1981.

Light from the full moon delineates our path as we trek quickly but quietly through this Philippine jungle. Cool evening air makes the climbing somewhat easier than it was during the afternoon's steamy rains. But the utter stillness of the night demands soundless steps. Of the eleven sets of feet, mine alone are sneakered. Days earlier, my 'kasamas' (or comrades) chuckled over my Western footwear, trying to convince me to unfetter my city feet for the long journey. To them, shoes conjure up visions of the government troops, whose stiff, high black boots advance slowly and clumsily, and leave fell-tale trails. My kasamas' feet are browned and weathered; soles leathered and toes calloused into hardness and strength. Feet formerly of peasants who trudged through the thick mud of rice paddies or who climbed near hillsides year after year to clear patches for sweet potatoes. Now they are the feet of fighters in the Philippine Communist New Peoples Army (NPA). Feet of red fighters.

We stop suddenly. Around the next slope appear the outlines of a tiny hovel, the typical peasant's hut, a scrawny tree-trunk frame covered with dried abaca leaves. "A friend's house", I am told in whispers. "A peasant kasama." One of my ten companions ventures ahead. But first, he removes his tattered cap and tosses it to another. Against the cap's faded blue, one can barely distinguish the outline of a red star painstakingly stitched onto the hat long ago. Soon the scout returns. He motions us to follow him towards the hut.

Inside, the peasant couple has laid out a bamboo plate of steaming sweet potatoes in the middle of their dirt floor. The peasants' regular diet here, two or three times a day for those who are lucky. Squatting around the plate, we eat quickly. Our last meal, also potatoes, was some time before. The plate emptied, less than a mouthful of water for each follows. One man reaches into a straw sack tied around his waist, and removes treasures - a tobacco leaf and a crumpled scrap of used paper. He lights a match and dries the leaf over it. Only when the cigarette is daffly rolled and begins to circulate around from kasama to kasama does the talk begin. They speak quickly, urgently, in the local dialect. "The fascist military is up ahead. Camped in a village halfway between here and our base. We must go no further for now. It is better to be here with our friends." Our host turns to me and points to a shadowy, hidden corner of the room where dirt has been piled high to make a warmer sleeping area. My comrades nod in agreement. One of them turns to me. "You stay here. We will sleep outside to guard. But it is better for you, our guest, to be here."

"Oh, no." I say, deeply embarrassed. "I can't take their warmth. I should not be special."

"No." It is merely a boy of little more than twelve years old who speaks. A rifle rests in his hand. His voice is gentle, but firm. "You don't understand. This is their part for the revolution. Their contribution. Some friends contribute food; others give shelter. Still others steal guns for us from the fascist military. You don't understand. They are proud to do this. Everyone, in a different way, is playing a role in what happens here. Do not take that away from them."

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Born in the Depression years of the 1930s, the Philippine Communist Party flourished during and immediately after the Second World War. This was the "Hukbalahap" army, whose blossoming on the northern-most island of the Philippine archipelago came to a halt with the successful government suppression campaigns of the early 1950s (thanks largely to aid from the former colonist, the United States). It was not until the next decade, after a build-up of nationalist movements, that the Philippine Communist Party re-emerged. During that period, the Filipino communists split into two irreconcilable groups: the so-called "Soviet line", eventually surrendering to the government of Ferdinand Marcos and joining its ranks; and the more Maoist-oriented group, launching into armed struggle against the "U.S.-Marcos dictatorship" with the 1969 birth of its military wing, the New People's Army.

It is this second group, the Communist Party of the Philippines (CPP), that has emerged as the pillar of the most promising liberation movement in Southeast Asia today. This time, however, the CPP's struggle is not confined to one single island. The broad eight-year-old national united front organisation to which the Party belongs (the National Democratic Front, NDF) operates in two-thirds of the Philippines' provinces, boasting a core of cadres more than 40,000 strong.

A better sense of NDF strength is reflected in the existence of twenty-seven "guerrilla fronts", wide areas of organisational influence covering anywhere from seven to thirty-five villages or towns. According to the NPA's 1980 eleven anniversary statement, a guerrilla front is "an area which has its own Party organisation, guerrilla forces and military command, and which can function more or less independently over a long period..." Each also has its own mass organisations. At the heart of the front lies a fairly mobile "guerrilla base"; surrounding the base area are the "guerrilla zones". The NDF is careful not to call these areas "liberated zones", the distinction being that, should an extremely large concentration of government troops move into the frontal area, the NPA base might have to shift. With their extended reach, these twenty-seven guerrilla fronts cover a full quarter of the Philippine rural population. An estimated half of those under the front's influence, an eighth of the total rural population, give active support.

Towards the middle of 1981, I entered a guerrilla front in the north of the Philippine island of Samar. My eleven days among the kasamas marked a period of unusually intense and concentrated government operations in those same mountains, undoubtedly in retaliation for a number of recent, successful NPA ambushes of government troops near that area. For the kasamas, these were days filled with lengthy sessions strategising the next day's military manoeuvres. They were not days for wasted words, nor for the extended discussions on policies, goals and strategies that I had envisioned. But it was a time to gain a sense of why that eighth of the rural population has reached out to help. Why, even though each of those five million peasants understands well that anyone suspected of cooperating with the NPA can expect the same treatment that "communists" receive at the hands of the government military. Also, a time to see what it means for the NPA to have those five million peasants offering food, shelter, guidance and warnings.

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Rudel, fighter of fourteen, climbs into the hut with a sigh. The morning sun is just beginning to light up the slopes of the steep rocky mountain below us. Black circles under his eyes speak of long hours of nighttime guard duty. Longer, more intense hours than usual given the peasants' warnings that government troops were gathering en masse below. "It is very hard being with the NPA sometimes".

He rests his old rifle beside him, and leans back to stretch his tired body out fully against the rough floor crafted from knobby branches. He rubs his eyes and sighs again. Shaking his limbs, he tries in vain to chase away the damp chill that invaded them during the night. "It is very hard training to be a red fighter".

I stop banging on the old rusty typewriter, which albeit minus a few keys, enhances this camp's propaganda functions, and turn toward him. "I know", he says, "I have to go back on guard. I will". I smile at him. "You think some of us are children", he says to me, picking up his gun with pride. "You in the United States, you can be children when you are fourteen. But poor peasants in the Philippines can never be". His tone tells me that, although I am twice his age, he thinks of himself as the wiser, the elder.

"I watched my father slowly starve from hunger. And from hurt, as he realised that no matter how hard he worked to plant camote (sweet potatoes), we would still be hungry. For even if the mountain soil yielded to his hand, the landlord would not". Rudel, his brothers and sisters - they had all watched their father. They had watched their father die young from overwork, from hunger, from frustration and from anger. For a number of years, kasamas had come to their village to talk at length with the peasants, to explain and, in turn, to listen. And one by one, with Rudel's mother's blessings, her children went to the hills, brothers and sisters alike.

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In the middle of the Philippines rests the nation's third largest island, Samar. Samar is a rich land. Its wealth abounds in its resources: coconuts, pasture land, hardwood, fishing grounds. Its mineral endowment is generous: copper, chromite, zinc, cobalt, manganese, nickel, uranium and aluminium. To which can be added Samar's non-metallic prospects: bauxite, coal, cement, guano, phosphate, agricultural and industrial lime, clay, coals, shells, sulphur and arsenic.

Samar is a rich land. But its people are poor. Of the 1.12 million Filipinos who inhabit its three provinces (Northern, Eastern and Western Samar), most are impoverished farmers and fishermen living a hand-to-mouth existence in extremely depressed rural areas. Per capita annual incomes range from about 84 percent of the national average in Western Samar to 71 percent in Northern Samar, and fall to 44 percent in Eastern Samar. The poverty can partially be explained by historical neglect from the Philippine Government far away in Manila. But it is more than that: as has been the trend throughout the islands, Samar's income distribution has worsened during the course of Ferdinand Marcos' sixteen-year reign, especially during his nine years of martial law rule (1972-1981).

Malnutrition is commonplace, with daily food intake averaging a mere 59 percent of that recommended by the government's food and nutrition institution. Tuberculosis is rampant. Snails in Samar's streams and rice paddies still threaten peasants with the deadly schistosomiasis disease, which infects about ten percent of the population. Together with its southern neighbour Leyte, Samar carries the second highest infant mortality rate in the Philippines. Samar may be a rich land. But one should not be surprised to discover that, in the local dialect, the island's name means "wound".

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One sees the poverty and the suffering of Samar's people in a variety of ways, on any different levels. Even in the towns, the dry camote forms the subsistence diet of most, day after day. There, the potatoes are bought in local outdoor markets that sell little else. Bought from gnarly old women crouched on the markets' dirt floors. Cheeks long ago caved in from hunger, eyes that seem to stare little else but stare straight ahead in despondent acceptance, the cadaverous men almost begin to blend in with the mounds of potatoes they cradle with piglike arms.

One sees the poverty on the dirt highways that connect Samar's lowland towns to slow, circuitous and often impassable routes. On similar roads throughout the Philippines, outstretched bony arms, scarred with festering insect bites, offer the hungry traveller a variety of greasy, fly-ridden, local delicacies. But in Northern Samar, there is none of this. Here, the arms are just as scrawny; the flies just as plentiful; the traveller's hunger just as gnawing. But here the poverty is too all-embracing for even that very marginal sort of commerce to exist.

In the rural areas, as in the urban, life seems to hold with it little besides suffering. We pass through village after village, each with less than a hundred families, each where we hear tales of the twenty-odd children who died during the last two months. They are not tales of complaint; it is all part of what is expected from life here. The children who somehow manage to survive pass through their childhood with constant running noses and hacking coughs. Before them stand gruelling years of unprotected exposure to sweltering heat and chilling typhoons, the combination of which leaves bodies with creaking joints that transform a thirty-year-old into a crippled elder.

But it is not only the harsh climate and unyielding land that cause suffering. An older peasant relates his story one day when he brings the red fighters a sack of camote. "I once had some land", he tells me. "I cleared it myself, and I grew food for my family. It was my land. But my family was still hungry, and I wanted to grow more food. It was good land; I could grow rice. So I went to the government bank to get a loan".

There, in the alien world of bureaucratic red tape, he was at a loss. He could neither read nor write. A government worker befriended him, or so he thought. "But in signing an 'X' on what I was told were loan papers, I signed my land over to this person. And I became a tenant on what was now his land". The tenant-landlord arrangement entered into was the fairly typical one: the landlord loans the peasant one ganta (about nine pounds) of rice before planting season, and, after the harvest, the peasant splits his produce fifty-fifty. Then the landlord gives his tenant fifty pesos, a bit over six dollars.

"It seemed fair enough", the man continues. Life was not good, but neither had it ever been. Nor had he ever thought that perhaps a peasant had the right to ask for more. "Then some kasamas moved into the hills where my land was. And they discussed many things patiently with us peasants. They were from peasant families too, so they understood us". To highlight the tenant's exploitation, the kasamas calculated the number of days he worked for his half of the harvest, and the landlord for his.

"Eventually more kasamas moved in, and more of us became kasamas. Now that the NPA is here, I pay nothing to my former landlord. And he is too scared to demand payment. The kasamas help us in many ways. When it's time to clear the land, they fell trees with us. They've taught us to plant together, to help each other. They've taught us things we thought peasants would never know". He is silent all of a sudden, but a big toothless grin overtakes his wrinkled, stubbled face. His eyes sparkling, he reaches over and takes my pen from out of my hand. On the page where I have been hastily scribbling his life history, he proudly and defiantly signs his name.

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This island of poor peasants has proven fertile ground for the Communist Party of the Philippines. In Samar's northern province where I travelled, the movement began eleven years ago with an organisation of nationalist students at the University of the Eastern Philippines. Following a pattern that can be traced throughout the Philippines, the group's membership swelled quickly in its first

years to include anti-government local politicians as well as priests and nuns. Just as common was the Marcos government's attempt to gag the growing dissent in Northern Samar by placing many of its leaders behind bars after the 1972 imposition of martial law. But martial law simply sent a once-legal organisation underground; the group reassembled in the mountain ranges of the north and spread outward from there.

The specific guerrilla front where I spent my days is an NPA "expansion area", which means it has only recently been claimed by the NPA. The kasamas moved onto these hills in 1979, and their expansion over these past two years has been not so much by importing NPAs from other areas as by converting local peasants. It is, I am told, a Party policy in Samar.

In all my encounters in the guerrilla front, I met only one "outsider", and his situation, as a communist party urban worker who managed to escape from prison, was undoubtedly somewhat unique. As for the rest of the red fighters here, the stories often blend into one: poor, struggling Samar peasants won over by kasamas who pass through villages giving economic and political courses. And when the newly-recruited kasamas leave their farms, behind them stay relatives, friends and neighbours whose lives have also been markedly transformed. These remaining villagers, although not necessarily recruited into the NPA, are grouped into various mass organisations: youth, women and male farmers. They form a critical component of support and help bring others into the movement.

Here, in Northern Samar, as in the rest of the Philippines, there are many more peasants willing to carry guns than there are guns. With guns captured in ambushes or bought from disillusioned government soldiers, the situation is reminiscent of the early days of the Viet Minh. In this area of Samar, the peasants tell what they call a little "joke" concerning the fact that the ratio of armed NPA red fighters to government troops stands at one to thirty-six. Occasionally the figure is recounted with frustration, but more usually it is said with a laugh, a gleeful sort of victorious chuckle. For even with this decided handicap, the rapid growth and military prowess of the CPP are closing the gap.

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We are walking again. This time it is daylight and a glistening layer of sweat covers our bodies. There are only five of us now, four kasamas and myself. Now the four carry no guns, only peasant bolo-knives.

Suddenly there is a rustling in the path ahead of us. A small wiry peasant scampers out, his face wrinkled with intense urgency. I am surprised by the look of friendship and trust that passes between him and my comrades; only hours before we had passed this man felling trees on a hillside field with nothing more than the usual courteous nod in his direction. "Army". His lips mouth the words. "Two hundred feet away. Follow me". He runs past us without another word to take the lead. We turn to follow him in what must be a silent escape. Down the steepest of hills, through barely visible jungle paths.

Finally, after what might have been hours or could just have easily been merely minutes, our peasant friend stops and points to a clump of high grass and banana trees under a steep slope. He and one kasama walk off soundlessly to scout in opposite directions, with a promise to return by nightfall. The rest of us remain motionless, crouched in the tall prickly grass, banana leaves tossed over our heads. Waiting. Hiding.

A cold, steady drizzle begins. Kasama Noling, who had grabbed my hand to give strength as we ran, curses the act of fleeing. "If I had a gun, I would not run". There is bitterness in his voice, a bitterness I had not heard from him before.

"If NPAs run, they are shot in the back. And then their bodies are brought to town by the fascist military to display the bullet in the back that only cowards wear".

Sometime later, he turns to me to say more. "It's true", he explains. The bitterness has gone, but his voice still speaks of pain. "They mangle our bodies. And display them in town for days. If there are friends or relatives in that town, they can't even claim the body. They have to pass your body, day after day, pretending to scorn it. Because it's not only the kasamas the military shoots. It's just as dangerous to be a friend or relative of a kasama. Such strong supporters should not have to bear the shame of bodies that reveal the NPAs to be cowards".

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At the turn of the century, Samar proved a nightmare for the United States' forces who ushered in the half century of direct American colonial rule. It was here in Samar, as the Filipinos waged their revolt for independence, that U.S. General "Hell Roaring Jake" Smith uttered his infamous command: "I want no prisoners. I wish you to kill and burn; the more you kill and burn, the better you will please me.... The interior of Samar must be made a howling wilderness". Kill and burn the American troops did. But the village of Balingiga, where every man, woman and child was put to the bayonet or shot in their fight for independence, bears testimony to the strength, conviction and commitment of Samar's peasants, then as now.

Today, it is Ferdinand Marcos' troops who wage bloody battles against the villagers of Samar. In mid-1980, seven government battalions kept watch over the island. By mid-1981, the number had soared to ten, bringing a total of 9,000 government troops to suppress Samar's NPA. Thus, the island bears the weight of one of the country's largest concentrations of government forces, second only to the southern Philippines where the battle is primarily against Muslim separatists.

For Samar, the burden is a heavy one; eighty years later, Balingiga is being replayed throughout the island. Philippine human rights groups reported 118 indiscriminate killings in Samar by the military in 1980. That same year witnessed the complete evacuation of forty-three Northern Samar villages. During the two-year period from 1979 to 1980, a total of 100,000 of Samar's inhabitants - almost a full one-tenth of the island's population - were pushed off their lands. Air-force bombings and strafings have also been reported as the government escalates its battle against the NPA and its supporters.

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In Samar, kasamas call the government troops "onggoy". These are the wild monkeys who viciously swoop down onto Samar's remote villages to steal the peasants' food. Like "onggoy", the government troops on patrol descend upon the isolated hamlets. Grabbing the one chicken a peasant family has been nursing for months with dreams of selling it in the nearest town to earn a few extra cents. Rampping through all corners of a poor hut to find a family's hidden savings. There is seldom even as much as a dollar to steal, if anything at all, but the onggoys take it anyway, as if out of spite. The stories in village after village are the same: The kasamas happily eat camote with us. The onggoys demand that we find them rice and chicken".

But those peasants who have only tales of stolen food and ransacked homes to relate are still the lucky ones. Others - too many others - have more seering tales of harrassment, torture and summary killings. It does not matter if one is really an NPA or not; in Samar just being a poor, hungry peasant of either sex and almost any age is enough to provoke the government's military accusation of "communist".

... communism is an aberration. It's not a normal way of living for human beings. I think we are seeing the first beginning cracks, the beginning of the end", prophesied U.S. President Ronald Reagan. These words were uttered on June 16, the very day that American ally Ferdinand Marcos emerged triumphant from a carefully-orchestrated election, signifying that his authoritarian rule would continue into the foreseeable future with few changes of any substance. Marcos' tainted victory surprised no-one. But it did win him a personal visit by U.S. Vice-President George Bush, who unabashedly bestowed America's blessings upon Marcos rule.

Both Mr Reagan and Mr Bush, however, may live to see the shallowness of their words. For, in the Philippines, it is the cracks in Marcos' regime which have widened into vast abysses.

The cracks multiply daily. At least a third of the Philippine labor force lacks regular employment. Inflation continues to dance in double digits. The economy's growth rate has plummeted to the point where in 1980 it lay at the bottom of the list for all Southeast Asian nations. And whatever growth is occurring does so on "borrowed time"; the nation's external debt has soared to an astonishing \$14 billion. Given its influential backers, the regime is still able to cajole an additional \$2.4 billion or so a year from international public and private lenders, but \$2 billion of this goes right back out as debt service payments. Even by the World Bank's own estimates, income inequality has worsened under the Marcos rule, leaving a rich-poor gap "worse in the Philippines than elsewhere" in Southeast Asia. Manila's fetid slums and squatter areas have swollen to the point where they are now bursting with over 30 percent of the city's population. Urban labor's real wage rates tumbled by 39 percent in the six-year period from 1972 to 1981 and there are no indications when the descent will stop.

As hardship spreads beyond the slums, the workers and the peasantry, new vistas for the opposition are emerging. Among the elite, the Philippines' old set of traditional politicians - the hundred-odd families who had shared the spoils before Marcos decided to take them for all his own in 1972 - have begun to realise that their days of glory may never come again. Indeed, as the polarisation of Philippine society widens, these old opposition leaders are turning in growing numbers towards the national democratic movement. The most glaring instance was the recent election: after waffling in its strategy for a time, the legal opposition finally admitted that the mass base lay with the National Democratic Front, and joined in the latter's boycott campaign. In the countryside, the NPA held forces quite new to Philippine politics. In the cities, the political seminars to rally peasant support behind the boycott; in the cities, the anti-Marcos politicians raised their voices and pens for the same cause.

Like most broadening united front efforts, this is a cautious one from all sides. In the words of the January 1981 official NDF statement, "the majority" of these old politicians "must deepen their understanding of imperialism". A good number of the leaders of the legal opposition, bred during the American colonial period, have undoubtedly strategised that, for the time being at least, the momentum is with the NDF. For many of these wealthy Filipinos, however, it is still an open question as to which side of the cracks they will stand on in the end.

But, in the jungles and the mountains, that question has already become moot. For it is in the wrenchingly poor countryside throughout the archipelago, Samar and elsewhere, where one is witnessing the crumbling of the current regime. And where one sees a new way of life being built through the alliance of the Communist Party of the Philippines, its New People's Army and the peasantry.

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In village after village, peasants share their anger with the trusted kasamas: "My husband... my husband was taken by the onggoyos just days ago". It is a woman talking. The lines on her weathered face speak of age; the baby at her emaciated breast and the small children at her feet reveal her youth. "The onggoyos camped here in our barrio (village). They forced him to go with them to guide them to the communists. They pointed their big guns at all of us". She motions towards her family. "And said we all would die if he did not guide them, for then we must be communists. So he went, so we could live. No, he will not lead them to our friends' camp. He will lead them elsewhere. So, by now, he is probably dead".

As if sensing her mother's despair, the suckling baby begins to wail. The mother turns to the child, and another villager finishes her story. "Before, we may or may not have been communists. But now, after the onggoyos have come, now we know who are our friends".



An NPA unit on the way

And in Samar's towns and cities, where the government troops relax after their forays into the forests, it is the same. Loud raucous laughter and lewd jokes can be heard from a corner of a small eating place in one of those cities. Four khaki-clad soldiers sit around a table cluttered high with empty beer bottles. A large silver earring glitters from one of the men's ears, indicating the wearer's prowess as a killer of Muslim separatists in the southern Philippines.

The four stand up to leave the restaurant. One of them hits some of the empty bottles, sending them sailing to the floor. He laughs aloud as the glass shatters. Another struts proudly over to the counter and grabs a handful of food. Then the four turn to leave, without an offer to pay their bill. "Any complaints?" the earringed soldier shouts at the waitress, whose eyes have followed them to the door. Her eyes drop immediately to the floor, as do all the other customers' eyes. No sound is heard until moments after the door has slammed shut. Then quiet cursings against the onggoyos come from every corner of the room.

Writing in the Melbourne Age 8/2/83, Michael Davie spelled out the latest plan to save the children of the world. Robert McNamara, recently retired head of the World Bank, and the former U.S. Secretary of Defence, together with Dr. Jonas Salk of Polio Vaccine fame, had an extraordinary plan.

They were going to set up a high powered committee internationally dedicated to the proposition that it is now perfectly possible to save the lives of 10 million children a year in the developing world, to eliminate certain childhood diseases by the end of the century and at the same time to cut the rate of growth of the world population.

The reporter talking to Dr. Salk learned about the plight of children. About 120 million children are born every year, some 80 million in the developing countries. Of these, only 20 million get any health care, which leaves, said the article, vulnerable, a very substantial number of infants, to the extent that such infants succumb, in the early years of life - "The process is inefficient" : (our emphasis) it involves an enormous amount of human waste. This in turn is responsible - or so it seems - for the continued production of more infants. In societies where social security is built on the survival of children.

According to U.N.I.C.E.F., 40,000 children die every day from disease and malnutrition. Measles, diphtheria, tetanus, whooping cough and tuberculosis account for about a third of world child deaths and polio is a major crippler. Underfed children are more likely to get diseases, but diseases also cause malnutrition. The two go together. So, according to U.N.I.C.E.F., do childhood killer diseases and a high birthrate.

An Official of U.N.I.C.E.F. believes that if people are confident that their children will survive, they tend to have fewer babies.

Dr. Salk agrees, but is more concerned with improving the health of the world. This is explained, as being possible with "vaccinology" where it was possible to control, some of the diseases such as T.B., polio, measles, yellow fever, diphtheria and tetanus (which kills a million children a year). This Scientist goes on - "We are on the threshold of seeing vaccines made by using recombinant D.N.A. technology and even chemical synthesis". So that it's possible to vaccinate man against parasitic diseases and children against infectious diseases.

The aim of this 'task force' is to set up the network of vaccine stations so that each child could receive injections twice a year. Experiments already in existence prove it's possible. One good reason for this vaccination is to eliminate the 400-500,000 cripples a year from polio.

Today's technology enabled vaccines to be made in large tanks for very low cost. The Dutch Government has been financing programmes in Upper Volta. The organizing strategies bring together Scientists, Technologists, Industrialists, and people from regulatory agencies and public health.

Dr. Salk, after speaking to the Dutch Dr. Vanwezel learned they had 90% coverage with the vaccines overcoming the "administrative difficulties". Predicting costs will come down for further vaccines against hepatitis, meningitis, pneumonia. Hepatitis vaccine will



be produced by chemical synthesis. Rabies still very serious in large parts of the world, can now be made as cheaply as polio vaccine.

We might digress for a moment to remind ourselves of the United Nations Children's Fund Report which states in part, 100 million children go to bed hungry each night;

200 million children between the age of 6 and 11 didn't get to school in 1981;

40,000 die each day from lack of nutrition and health care;

5 million are expected to die in 1982 from 6 common diseases for which immunization could be provided for about \$4.40 each.

In all, one-fifth of the world's people have a daily struggle to live.

Now, why does Robert McNamara, recently retired Head of the World Bank concern himself about the health of the children in the under-developed countries?

A recent meeting of the World Bank-International Monetary Fund, in Canada revealed that almost all neo-colonial countries, Latin America in particular, face a colossal financial crisis.

Latin America, where imperialist plunder and national indebtedness is rampant, have enormous debts to these imperialist banks.

Mexico and Venezuela are major oil exporting countries and could earn massive foreign exchange for exports a few years back, today however, their economy brings high inflation, negative growth rate and heavy foreign debt.

For example, Bolivia's external debt to these "benevolent" banks is \$4 billion enabling 75% of its export earnings to be siphoned off for the debts.

Overall, Latin American countries owe \$250 billion to the imperialist countries and bankers and this is half the total debt of the entire neo-colonial world.

Mexico, Brazil, Argentina and Venezuela account for \$212 billion. Mexico needs \$1 billion per month for servicing this debt.

During the current year, the entire neo-colonial world is supposed to pay back \$244 billion and they are not able to repay or service these debts. They are all haggling for more loans from I.M.F. to pay the interest.

This vicious imperialist plunder means the people's living standards hit rock bottom. In Argentina unemployment is more than 20% and for those working, real wages have fallen 35%. The number of street beggars has multiplied in Mexico City. Waves of poor people are illegally crossing over to the U.S. to escape starvation, thereby providing American capital with cheap labour.

Latin America is full of U.S. sponsored fascist regimes to keep the people down, but in spite of this, the people rise up and take to the streets in mighty demonstrations. This strikes fear into the hearts of the imperialist jackals.

The ruling oligarchies in many Latin American countries send their loot into the U.S. where they have investments inside the U.S.A., in real estate and bank deposits to the tune of \$40 billion. Money belonging to the hungry people stolen by some of the most notorious butchers the world has ever seen.

Fear of the wrath of the people causes these imperialist banks to lend more money to salvage the desperate economies. More loans mean increased indebtedness, more poverty and more rebellion.

These imperialist butchers are the same who now parade themselves as saviours of the world's children, armed with the vaccine needle. It's nothing short of sinister.