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 those 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.

In opposing Khrushchev's betrayal the C.P.C. wrote in "Two different lines on the question of war and peace ... 17/11/61":

"As World War One was breaking out, the old revisionists speedily shed their peace talks, 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 Khrushchev 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 only be limited 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 readers 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 United Nations representing the Chinese government. Here Teng tries to transform the relations based on peaceful co-existence, into the global strategy of the world revolutionary movement.

But Mao Tsetung and his socialist readers 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 positions of power in April, 1976.

The socialist readers set about to correct the deviation that had been committed by Teng in domestic and foreign questions. When the capitalist readers seized power, they then the People's Daily "In our country, there are persons who frantically oppose Chairman Mao's theory of the 3 worlds. They are none other than Wang Hung-wen, 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 readers 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 readers, 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"
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 climbing somewhat easier than it was during the afternoon's steamy rains. But the utter stillness of the night demands soundless steps. The aloe leaves of the night may be spines at any moment. Days earlier, my 'kasamas' (or comrades) chuckled over my Western footwear, trying to convince me not to untie my city feet for the long journey. To them, shoes conjure up visions of the government troops, whose high boots advance slowly and clumsily, and leave tell-tale trails. My kasamas' feet are bared 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 new 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 house, the typical peasant's - 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 freshly 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. Squeezing around the plate, we eat quickly. Our last meal, also potatoes, was some time before. The plate is empty, except less than a mouthful of water for each. One man rolls a cigarette, and removes treasures - a tobacco leaf and a crumbled scrap of used paper for the leaf. He lights a match and dries the leaf over it. Only when the cigarette is deftly 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 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."
Born in the Depression years of the 1930s, the Philippine Communist Party
flourished during and immediately after the Second World War. This was the
time when the country was divided and isolated from the rest of the world.
The Communist Party of the Philippines (CPP), on the other hand, was formed
in 1923 as a response to the colonial rule of the United States. It was not until
the mid-1960s that the CPP began to organize its military wing, known as the
NDFP, which operates in two-thirds of the Philippines' provinces, boasting a
core of cadres more than 40,000 strong.

A better sense of NDFP strength is reflected in the existence of twenty-seven
"guerrilla fronts", wide areas of organized influence covering anywhere from
seven to thirty-five villages or towns. According to the NPA's 1980 eleventh
anniversary statement, a guerrilla front is "an area which has its own Party
organisation, guerrilla forces and military command, and which, as a function more
or less independently of a long period..." Each also has its own mass organisation;
the base area of the guerrilla zones. The NDFP is guarded by a wide range of
activities, including political education, economic development, health care,
and education. In the countryside, the NDFP has established schools, health
centers, and community centers.

In the middle of the Philippines rests the nation's third largest island, Samar.
Samar is a rich land, with its valuable resources: coconuts, pasture land,
and, notably, fish. Its mineral wealth is also significant: copper, chromite,
and manganese. The island is rich in cultural diversity, with a mix of
Spanish, American, and local indigenous cultures. The main occupations
of the people are fishing, farming, and mining.

Samar is a rich land, but its people are poor. The 1.2 million Filipinos
who inhabit 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
24,000 pesos in the island of Samar, and fall to 44 pesos in Eastern Samar.
The poverty here is not only material but also cultural, with a lack of
political power and representation. The island's traditional leaders, the
Manobo, are not involved in the government's decision-making process.

Vanilla Crop in the Philippines
Agricultural use of the island of Samar is the production of vanilla. The island
is known for its high-quality vanilla beans, which are used in the production
of vanilla extract and vanilla flavoring. The vanilla industry is one of the
major industries in the island, providing livelihood for many families.

He rests his old rifle beside him, and looks back to stretch his tired body out
fully against the rough floor covered 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. "If it is very hard training to be a red
tarmer..."

I stop banging on the old rusty typewriter, which albeit minus a few keys,
enhances this camp's propaganda function, 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 yielded to his hands, the landlord would
not turn above, 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 with the peasants, to explain and, in turn, to listen. And one by one,
with Pudel's mother's blessings, her children went to the hills, brothers
and sisters alike.
One sees the poverty on the dirt highways that connect Samar’s lowland towns. To toll, circuitous and often impossible routes. On similar roads throughout the Philippines, outstretched arms are feared with tears of insect bites. But in the Philippines, there is nothing like this. Here, the arms are just as plentiful; the traveler’s hunger just as grueling. But here it exists.

In the rural areas, as in the urban, life seems to hold with little besides family and friends. Children who, in their joy, fear tales of the twenty-first century. They are not tall stories of complaint; it is all part of what they learn in childhood with constant running. Little dogs on sticks, with eyes that reflect the setting sun. Before the typhoon, the combination of which leaves bodies with a crying, exhausted look.

But it is not just the harsh climate and unyielding land that cause suffering. And an older peasant relates his story one day when he brings the red fighters a sack of rice for my family. It was my land. But my family was still hungry, and I was given a loan. So I went to another party. No need to turn around, a man continues. Life was not good, but neither was work. In this part 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 becoming more desperate.

Suddenly there is a rustling in the path ahead of us. A small wry peasant sneaks 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 telling stories to a hillside field. He stood there without moving more than the usual courteous nods in his direction. He turns and runs past us without another word to take the lead. He turns to follow him where he 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 two hundred feet away. Follow me. He runs past us without another word. We are walking again. This time it’s daylight and a glistening layer of sweat covers our faces. There are only five of us now, two kamas and myself. The sun is hot, the air thick. The smell of earth and sweat fills the air.

This island of poor peasants has proven fertile ground for the Communist Party. In Samar, a northern province where the Party flourished. The movement 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. The Marcos regime then sent a special police organization underground; guerrillas reassembled in the mountainous range of the north and spread outward from there.

The specific guerrilla front where I spent my days is an NPA “expansion area.” The islanders have been fighting since 1982. They are no longer granted freedom of movement by the government, but they have not given up their struggle.

In all my encounters in the guerrilla front, I met only one able-bodied peasant, and his situation, as a peasant PARTY worker who managed to escape from prison, is less underlyes somewhat unique. As for the rest of the red fighters here, the least one will tell you that the islanders are on the other side of the battle; the revolutionaries are on the side of the people. The peasants who went through villages giving economic and political courses. And when the newly-recruited kamas leave their farms, behind them stay relatives, friends and neighbors whose lives have also been markedly transformed. These remaining villagers and neighbors whose lives have also been markedly transformed. These remaining villagers and neighbors whose lives have also been markedly transformed. These remaining villagers and neighbors whose lives have also been markedly transformed. These remaining villagers and neighbors whose lives have also been markedly transformed. These remaining villagers and neighbors whose lives have also been markedly transformed. These remaining villagers and neighbors whose lives have also been markedly transformed. These remaining villagers and neighbors whose lives have also been markedly transformed. These remaining villagers and neighbors whose lives have also been markedly transformed. These remaining villagers and neighbors whose lives have also been markedly transformed. These remaining villagers and neighbors whose lives have also been markedly transformed.
...communism is an aberration; it's not a normal way of living for human beings. I think we are entering the first stage of the cracks, the beginning of the end....

Sometimes later, he turns to me and says more. "It's true," he explains. The bitterness has gone, but his voice still speaks of pain. "They hàng the body, don't display them in town for days. If there are no burial costs or relatives in that area, pretending to confirm the body. Because it's not only the kamasas the military strong supporters should not have to bear the shame of bodies that reveal the

At the turn of the century, Samar proved a nightmare for the United States' forces in the Philippines, the most direct American colonial rule. It was here that "Roaring Joe" Smith uttered his infamous order: "I want you to kill and burn, the more you kill and burn, the better you will please the American troops did. But the village of Balingiga, where every man, woman, and child was put to the bayonet or shot in their flight for independence, bears testimony to the strength, conviction, and commitment of Samar's peasants, then as now.

For Samar, the burden is a heavy one: eighty years later, Balingiga is being indiscriminately killed. Filipino human rights groups reported 118 and the complete evacuation of forty-three Northern Samar villages. That same year witnessed the fall of a total of 9000 Samar's inhabitants - almost 10 percent of all Samarians - by the government forces, second only to the southern Philippines where the battle is primarily against Muslim separatists.

In Samar, kasamas call the government troops "onngoy." These are the wild monkeys that viciously swoop down on Samar's remote villages to steal the peasants' food. On one occasion, the government troops on patrol descended upon the isolated village, slaughtering a few hundred chickens and pigs. Among the villagers, the incident is still remembered as "a dollar to steal." There is no other way to explain the kasamas' decision to fight the government. The villagers affirm that the onngoy make rice and chicken.

But those peasants have only tales of stolen food and ransacked homes to relate to their lucky ones. Others, too many others, have more searing realities to recall. "I have been in the NPA, and I was shot," one peasant said. "I have been in the NPA, and I was shot," another added. "I have been in the NPA, and I was shot," a third said. "I have been in the NPA, and I was shot."
In village after village, peasants share their anger with the trusted kasamas:

"My husband... my husband was taken by the onggoys just days ago". It is a woman, her face etched with pain. The line, on her weathered face speak of age; the baby at her emaciated breast and the small children at her feet reveal her youth. The onggoys, with their big guns, forced them to leave. They dragged her husband away to die, to be buried in a hole in the ground. They said she would be found in the morning, but she was not. Her family searched the area, but they could not find her. "How could this happen to us?" she asks. "We were just trying to live our lives, but now we are alone." The onggoys, they say, are not comunità. They are enemies.

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

In Samer'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 to the counter and grabs a handful of food. The four turn to leave, without an offer to pay their bill. "Any complaints?" the enraged 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 onggoys come from every corner of the room.

INJECTING THE WORLD WITH (IMPERIALIST) HOPE

Writing in the Melbourne Age 8/3/83, Michael Davis spelled out his 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 the 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 politically 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, the 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, diarrhea, tetanus, whooping cough and tuberculosis account for about a third of 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 Vaccine 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 400,000 cripples a year from polio.

Today's technology enables vaccines to be made in large vats for very low cost. The Dutch Government has been financing these 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. Vanzeel learned they had 100 coverage with the vaccines overcoming the "administrative difficulties". Predicting costs will come down for further vaccines like hepatitis, meningitis, pneumonia. Hepatitis vaccine will
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.

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.