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I. EDITORIAL: THE PURGES GO ON
Focus On The Department of Brainwashing And Culture --Formerly Department
Of Education

Order No. 30, s-72 addressed to all Heads of Schools and Universities and labelled "Confidential" speaks louder than the battalions of Marcos-hired image builders who go about focusing their cameras on teachers saluting the flag and classes in session at the once-closed State University; After ofcourse first making certain that the hogwire stockade that surrounds the College of Arts and Science doesn't get into the negative. Order No. 30, s-72 issues the guidelines on how to conduct a purge in a professional manner, worthy of PH.D's.

The Guidelines On the Screening of Faculty Members, Non-Academic Employees and Students in Educational Institutions: Their Removal and/or Rehabilitation is dated October 23, 1972 and at the outset it makes clear that the ordinary campus trouble-maker with a switchblade knife is not their concern: the school is to drop all faculty, staff, or students who are identified as officers or members of "communist-front organizations" such as the Kabataan Makabayan, Samahang Demokratikong and others." In order to cull those who can be "rehabilitated" from those who are "hard core", schools are directed to set up Screening and Disposition Boards, whose members shall first be cleared by NICA (National Intelligence Coordinating Agency) and whose presence on the board shall remain secret; as shall the proceedings of the board.

The names of those to be processed by the screening board can be supplied by the NICA itself, a Department Chairman, or even a classroom teacher. Those whom the screening board agree are neither "substantial nor sustained" in their "subversive activities" may remain, but must be compelled to attend a weekly reporting session in which the "subject" will be required to report on all his activities for the week. The SCB counsellor is then supposed to judge his subjects "subversive" ideas and replace them with more "wholesome attitudes". The order is explicit: remove or neutralize.

The final turn of the screw is that all Faculty members and Non-Academic employees who have been purged and deprived of all faculty privileges, including retirement, shall undergo similar procedure as a prerequisite for re-employment. The President of the University, himself, shall sign these report forms. Only two such institutional heads have so far refused to comply with this indignity. They, too, are among the purged.

II. TEACHER WITHOUT A CLASSROOM: AN ENCOUNTER

It was well after twilight when he appeared, at that fluid moment when the mercury lamps make eerie refractions that would distort the features of even an armed trooper on patrol. For almost one year he had lived underground, the university having officially sacked him for not submitting to interrogation and inevitable arrest before a certain January deadline. It had taken me two weeks and some trouble to arrange this meeting through the UG communication system, and after several exchanges on why this place would not do, or that place did not meet the proper security precautions, we were now facing each other. It was the first time since September 22, 1972 at three o'clock in the morning.

"Hoy, pare!" He laughed as I looked him up and down. He was wearing a scrupulously pressed barong and this time his shoes were shined.

"How did you expect me to look, anyway? As if we had just come from the barricades? There will be enough time for that later." Except for being a shade paler and a little thinner, I could very well imagine that he had just come from his old evening class at UP Extension on Padre Faure.

"Well?" He was taking in the scene around us as words came slowly. We were sitting at a table only a stone's throw from the Cultural Center, and in the distance the lights glimmered. His eyes immediately shifted from the mocking lights to the marquee of the Cultural Center, which announced that tonight a big-name violinist from Eastern Europe would perform; they narrowed in brief anger.

"First, please tell me about the arrests. Has Tony been released yet? Or Manny? We heard that around twenty teachers were hauled in by the PC in the initial strike in September --mostly from places like UP, PCC and FEATI, and some of them are still there." We lit cigarettes slowly as a waitress with a large ID dangling from a safety pin approached.

"Yeah. That's about it. Although we can't say for the provincial schools. Most of them averaged a one month to a nine month's stay." I said, eyeing the waitress, who was soon out of earshot. "Manny and Tony are still in Ft. Bonifacio. Only twelve teachers have been released. If you can call it a release. They are treated like juvenile probation cases ..must report to Camp Crame once a week...cannot leave the city without a military clearance and stuff like that. Their phones bugged, their lectures taped by agents. Most of them were put under house arrest for one month after leaving the stockade."

"Putang!"

"The military has been very treacherous with the teachers because they are trying to maintain the old myths about academic freedom and humane martial law." He began staring again at the Cultural Center with the old hard look.

"It's true, some of the more prominent ones put behind barbed wire were given air-conditioned quarters, but the ones they judge "hard core" are in bartolinas. Then there is the case of that Linguistics prof, who evidently wasn't typed as a professor in the beginning, who was herded into a chicken coop so crowded he couldn't even stretch out full length, and when he wouldn't cooperate he was forced to eat his own excreta. That's Camp Vicente Lim for you!"

"Lintik!" He smashed his cigarette butt savagely. "We heard about the emeritus professor who was detained twice at a provincial stockade --his white hair did not exempt him from the clutches of the PC --And we noted how names are never listed when they are arrested, only when released." He paused to glance around him, taking note of each newcomer as if he were compiling a counter-dossier. I went on.

"Six more teachers were picked up about Christmas time or a little after -- some of them arrested straight out of the classroom. One was a Department chairman. He was one of hundreds who were detained in places like Camp Aguinaldo for only a day or two and forced to sign a pledge to cooperate with Marcos --hundreds more have been interrogated in university security offices --which is pretty much the same thing because all security forces are now Metrocom-directed. But it attracts much less attention that way..." Our voices stopped abruptly as the waitress returned.

"Hamburger." He ordered, timing his next rejoinder. "One day all these things will be known. Then let Marcos's Cornell-Harvard-Wisconsin Mafia write off the wholesale purges! ...how more than two dozen of our top professors spent anywhere from one to nine months behind barbed wire while Imelda went off on junkets with Christina Ford and drank champagne with European royalty. And this is nothing compared to the White Terror now being turned against the masses in the countryside.." Now we were both glaring at the Cultural Center and its Versailles-like fountain drenched in inflammatory lights. The waitress set down our hamburgers. My comrade looked at it with some indifference and laughed.

"And the imbeciles from the foreign press --some of them --think everything's fine because you can still get a good hamburger and sit here without hearing any pill boxes exploding." He touched my arm quickly. "Did you notice the guy who just came in? I think he's an agent. Oh well, ...he's sitting with his back to us..." I craned my neck cautiously. We shrugged.

"And the thousands who were sacked in the mass dismissals --the 250,000 including the media and the government offices --what do the fired teachers do now that they're blacklisted from ever teaching again?" He asked.

"One manages a Turo-Turo. Another now bakes pies and pizza for a living. Most of them tried to go into small businesses. The first few months after ML was hell for them --living off their meager savings, like the people in the stockade, or borrowing from their relatives, and withdrawing their kids from school because they couldn't afford the tuition anymore... Putang..." I noted that he had hardly touched his hamburger. "You better eat something!" Then he smiled what I had already come to recognize as that understated UG smile. "I have so many things yet to ask you about the underground resistance movement and your life UG. The other teachers who are there somewhere ...In fact I don't even know how you got off the campus after I left you." I watched how he munched at his bun; as if food in the New Society was such a meaningless thing.

"I have to laugh when I remember how the troopers were no match for the students that night --not that it was any laughing matter. If they were really efficient I wouldn't be here now! It was a little after midnight when seven truckloads full of troopers barged into the Faculty Center. I had been working late on my papers and I was just leaving the place. I guess the task force commander thought I was a janitor. He came up and shoved in my face a seven page list of UP students and professors to be picked up and asked: 'Are any of these names in this building now?' I took a quick look at page one and spotted my name about half-way down the middle and promptly replied 'No Sir. They have all gone home.!' Then I was out of the place

like lightning, meeting some more students a few yards away who were also fleeing from the Civil Liberties Vigil. We formed committees on the spot and sent well organized teams all over the campus to warn all the victims, while a couple of us headed for the nearest pay phone. They actually only arrested one person inside the campus compound that night. They got there first. God! You should have seen those Annellites! I know of one Dean from the university belt who got away by sitting in a tree all night and most of the next day. And another University official whose wife stalled the PC at the front door while he escaped through the rear by wading through a swamp almost up to his neck. . ."

"Ditung inayon!" We both cursed with a shake of the head.

"But this was all part of our political education. We are not unhappy about it. It destroyed the last illusion about our old professional lives with all its feudal professional trappings. Until this happened, most of us wouldn't have been of much use Underground, where we are revolutionaries first and ex-teachers second." He paused to look around once more, peering quickly into each new face.

"But how did you get UG in the first place, and where did you go?" I asked.

"When we were ferried out that morning by the same student committees we stayed for a couple of weeks with relatives or friends --anywhere at all, mostly reading and listening --always listening to within an inch of our lives through cracks in the wall, open staircases --to friends, to TV, to the brainwashed kilowatts reading out the latest names of friends who had been arrested, and knowing that most of these would be changed, or neutralized in certain ways, even if they were released... and above all determining that this must not happen to us. That no matter what the difficulties we must remain free to fight in ways now closed to all of us after Proclamation 1081, if we remained legal personalities. Then, when it was safe enough, some morning when you weren't particularly thinking about it, a guy you had seen somewhere before would come with a note to pack a bag and go with him. A car would be waiting and soon a door would open into an apartment or part of a house, or even a garage in one of the most congested parts of the city. Then you would see a familiar guy with a broad smile in a sweat shirt over a frying pan, or a young woman with a mop, who once held nothing more useful than a stick of chalk --for UG houses are all cooperatives, you know. We share equally in all the tasks. And here everyone would be talking freely, with no thought about whether this word or that line would land you in the stockade. You knew then that you were Underground and that the struggle was going on and you were still part of it. It was a great feeling!"

"Then what do you do in UG houses? --especially you ex-eggheads who left entire libraries behind." He lit another cigarette and waited for the waitress to leave with her pitcher of water.

"That's right. We are ex-eggheads, for we are learning now what books and our classrooms could never teach us --the fundamentals of revolutionary struggle. We never allow ourselves to forget for a moment that we are logistical support for the struggle in the countryside, so that even the most routine task, like licking stamps on an envelope has special meaning. There are so many tasks, organizational ones, and especially propaganda during this stage of White Terror. For some of us who are ex-teachers, we use our former skills rather naturally to do a lot of writing. In fact when conditions allow, we are very prolific underground. Entire books are being written undergrounda great deal of first rate revolutionary poetry... one novel that I know of, hundreds of essays and appeals to resistance. And don't forget that number one nemesis of the military, A Manual For The Explosives Movement In People's War, a UG book produced by some first rate ex-eggheads. It's funny how rarely we even think of those libraries anymore. Because look who got the benefit of all those books on which we based our lectures: the 2%, the children of the ruling class. We, too, were expected to be like them --ughhika in every pore. But our old ruling class intellectual and cultural indulgences, so divorced from the life of the people that we once gloried over --they have no meaning for us anymore. Just ask any of the others who are UG. They feel the same."

"What do you mean, 'when conditions allow?'" I asked.

"When things are stable enough to work well, in between crack-downs. All UG houses have one similarity: they aren't for long! I'm staying now in my twenty-second domicile since ML and I know it won't be the last. Like the January crackdowns in which some of our comrades were captured --a member of the network gets picked up, and as a precaution we have to evacuate at the drop of a hat. I have lost my clothes several times this way. But we get used to it ...the ups and downs, the necessary restrictions on movement, and not being able to play volleyball like the ones in the stockade. Our life UG is chronic volleyball with the PC, and as soon as we have stabilized after a new raid, the projects go on, we set up our typewriters on the near rest orange crate and pound away. . .our understanding deepens, our usefulness to the people increases with each new difficulty. . ." It was getting darker now and I could sense a growing uneasiness.

"Perhaps we have stayed here in one place long enough." He said in a low tone. "We can walk for awhile if you like." I signalled the waitress for the chit. "But there are still no many things I wanted to ask you. "Do you people UG have everything that you need?"

"You mean, do we eat well, Compared with our comrades in the countryside we lead comfortable lives. The standard regimen of coffee without milk, mongo, galungon, daing, and ascorbic acid we don't think about after awhile. Once in awhile on special occasions a kasama sends us something really festive, but we always share it with the other houses. Our rice is of a poor quality. But do you know anyone who is eating first class rice these days?"

"What do you find the most difficult about UG life? There must be something you never got used to. It can't be that simple." He smiled that understated smile once more.

"Ofcourse. I never said it was either easy or simple. In the beginning I think it's our bourgeois pride that gets in the way. We are so dependent on hand-outs from friends and we are not used to this sort of thing ...not realizing that the masses have lived on credit for generations. . . Especially after a crack-down when we must take refuge for a time outside a UG house and a united front sympathizer after a few days panicks and asks you to get out. It's only the affluent one's who do this --they have so much to lose if you are found in their house. But the poor --the really deprived, they never panick! But you worry about depriving them of the food they need for themselves. And they are so generous. But bourgeois humiliation is our lesser problem." At this point he registered minor annoyance as I cornered the chit. "You see?" We laughed and went back to our coffee with cream.

"But there's one thing in the UG world that really stings when it happens. You really hit zero when some "pragmatic" friend upstairs sends you a message relating in great detail how so-and-so has been released from Ft. Bonifacio and is now back in his classroom drawing full salary. Then he gets to the point and suggests that if you could only bring yourself to surrender to the military in a sensible manner, you too could go back to our old life."

"Does this happen often?"

"No. But it leaves its mark and you feel a sense of total failure because it is clear that he has no sense of history; that he does not really understand what you stand for, and that you have really flipped in making him understand why voluntary collaboration with the Dictatorship in either word or deed is a betrayal of the people. This is more true for people in sectors which mold public acceptance --that they must not be used to deodorize and mask the betrayals of a patently fascist regime."

"You be! That's why they took such a hard line with the press, the teachers, the clergy and the political oppositionists those first 24 hours of ML. They had to break them or Marcos would have had no credibility." I agreed.

"The idea that we can still go back to our old life in the same old classrooms is nonsense! It presupposes that there are classrooms in the Marcos controlled universities where teaching can still take place. Not outright brainwashing. It also closes its eyes to the fact that reinstatement for teachers like me means recantation. Let's not talk about Galileo just now. But the "Guidelines For The University Under Martial Law" are clear enough on this point."

"Do you condemn the teachers who were released from the stockade and are now back in their classrooms on the terms of the military?" I asked. He lit another cigarette reflectively.

"Ofcourse not. Because in many cases it was a specific condition of their release--and they know that they are being used to demonstrate Marcos's evangelical success with former known radicals which his image builders proclaim now all over the world as a concrete counter-revolutionary tactic. One day, some of them will take their own form of revenge against this professional betrayal."

"It's like the case of the Science teacher --Did I tell you? -- He was careless enough to leave some examination papers lying around --in a wastebasket, or in his cabinet --. They were picked up by an agent who combed it over and found some Anti-Marcos or national democratic content somewhere. He turned it over to the puppet-Dean, who is himself a reserve officer in the Army; the professor was called down and told that if he wanted any teaching assignment next semester he had to formally renounce his membership in a national democratic mass organization. He preferred to resign. He felt that what he would teach his students the next semester in terms of math or chemistry would be minimal compared with compromising everything that he once stood for. In effect, he would really be teaching his students that Resistance does not pay and only fools sacrifice their careers for the national liberation struggle. And this he could not do..." How his eyes leapt as I recounted the details.

"That's exactly how we UG teachers feel." He said with some agitation. "We could not cross that Marcos-erected hogwire stockade at the university anymore than we could once have crossed an L.K. Guarin picket line. And we refuse to submit

our briefcases for bag inspection by the Metrocom monitors, and then go upstairs and lecture in classrooms in which government agents are at a ratio of one to every four students. These are no longer classrooms --they are the chambers of a glorified concentration camp. There is only one course a student can major in six times like these: Revolution. And that's better learned from a mentor who is either underground or in the stockade. Remember the intellectuals of the First Philippine Revolution? We can't be like that --becoming mercenaries for either side. The lines are too sharply drawn for that!

"Then you also have a policy of Absolute Non-Cooperation With the US-Marcos Dictatorship, like certain other sectors?"

"Yes. But for a teacher to really implement right now means courting arrest or going underground." He was standing now, and I saw that he felt uneasy as the thin line of limosines began turning up the driveway of the Cultural Center, past the thick cluster of little anak-pawis who had lined up to stare inside at their coiffures and gowns. We turned slowly in the direction of the buses.

"Before you go, I wanted to ask you what gives you the greatest lift in UG life --what really compensates for all the rough days and the moving around?"

"That's so easy." He said, staring back at the Cultural Center for a last time. "When the reports on the successful counter-encirclements in Cotabato and Sorsogon come in and we know we had some minor part in it ...and ofcourse when the UG papers start rolling off. Not all the mimeographs can be raided. And you know that you would not exchange one single paragraph in it for all the scholarly articles of the last decade. We are too busy learning in our capsule new world, where no one can put our minds in a straitjacket...Where we are free to write for the people; not against them. And what else is really important after that?"

A small boy was running past us with a bundle of the Daily Suppress on his head, hawking noisily. We could see an item on the front page: "Gen. Cipriano Ramiro dies in Helicopter Crash in Castilla, Sorsogon." He clapped me on the shoulder with some fervor and his face was radiant in the amplification of the colored lights in the distance. Then he disappeared into the shadows.

* Civic Resistance Unlimited (CRUSH) issues this fortnightly bulletin. Please show your sympathy with our tear ms. by retyping copies of this issue and passing them on.