Rebellion and Revolution in Kampuchea

By Kathleen Gough

The Pol Pot government and forces were driven out of Kampuchea (Cambodia) in January 1979 and a stable, elected government is rebuilding that shattered country. Yet the Government of Canada, along with China, the United States, and other countries still upholds the Pol Pot group's right to Kampuchea's United Nations seat.

As everyone knows, Cambodia was a neutral kingdom ruled by Prince Sihanouk from 1953 to 1970. Sihanouk was overthrown in 1970 and Lon Nol came to power with US backing. In the ensuing five years much of the country was destroyed by US bombing and by invasions of US and South Vietnamese forces trying to root out Vietnamese Communists seeking sanctuary in Cambodia. An estimated 600,000 out of perhaps 8.5 to 9 million people died.

Between 1970 and 1975 the Kampuchean Communist Party and its forces grew rapidly, and in April 1975 they took Phnom Penh with Vietnamese assistance, and ended the war.

Unfortunately, beginning in 1972 under the ferocity of the US onslaught, the Kampuchean party became dominated by a fanatical, millenarian faction led by Pol Pot, Ieng Sary, their wives, and a few of their friends. They combined the most extreme features of the Chinese cultural revolution with revanchist nativisim. They were apparently determined to root out all vestiges of the previous colonial and feudal cultures that had existed since the 15th century, and create a kind of instant communism. They also wanted to restore the old Khmer empire of the medieval period, which had incorporated large regions of Laos and Thailand as well as part of South Viet Nam.

When Phnom Penh fell on April 17, 1975, urban residents were forced at gunpoint into the countryside, resulting in thousands of deaths from illness, exposure, or killings. Former military and civil servants of the Lon Nol government were sought out and massacred. The great majority of Buddhist monks and nuns, and of intellectuals generally, were killed. No one with a previous non-manual occupation was safe from slaughter. In at least five out of 20 provinces, camps were set up where educated persons, including school pupils, were systematically exterminated. Most of the ethnic minorities fared worse than the Khmers. Many of the Vietnamese, Thai, and Lao residents were massacred, as were many Chinese before the Government of China intervened to protect them in 1976. The large majority of the Muslim Chams were killed, and the members of several primitive tribes almost, or entirely, exterminated.

Former urban dwellers were turned into slaves of the state, probably more than one third of whom died from overwork, starvation, or killings. Peasants fared better, but they too were confined to their villages, robbed of all property, placed in forced labor gangs divided by sex and age, and in 1977-78, increasingly starved under a system of communal feeding. Only cadres and soldiers of the regime were well nourished, clothed, and sheltered; the latter, especially from 1977-78, being used for repeated invasions of Viet Nam.

The Government of the People's Republic of China, which had some 20,000 military advisors and many civilians in Kampuchea, helped organize these invasions in order to harass Viet Nam for continuing its alliance with the Soviet Union. From 1973 to 1978 Communist leaders, cadres and soldiers of the Pol Pot regime, too, were subjected to bloody purges in regions where treachery was suspected or actual uprisings had occurred. When the country was freed by Vietnamese and some 30,000 Kampuchean liberation troops in January 1979, most of the population had reached an advanced stage of starvation and exhaustion. Many more died in the first six months of 1979; the Pol Pot troops burned rice stocks as they withdrew, and there was massive dislocation as millions of people walked home to their native towns and villages.

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This article is adapted from a recent speech based on her experiences in Kampuchea.

Enjoying a lighter moment: A Soviet medical worker gives a little Kampuchean patient a swing, while his mother and a nurse look on.

Soviets and Vietnamese Help Kampuchea Revive

Since 1979, Kampuchea has relied heavily on Vietnamese and secondly, Soviet aid in forming a revolutionary government, feeding and healing the people, and reconstructing the country. Much progress has been made, with schools, hospitals, roads, bridges, power plants, factories, transport, agriculture, and even colleges and research stations revived or started from scratch. Fighting with Pol Pot and other rebel troops still goes on near the border with Thailand. Even so, the emergency is considered to be over and socialist construction has begun. In 1981, new organs of government were elected at every level from village to nation. Most of the Vietnamese political advisors have left the country, the national army and civil service are growing, and contingents of Vietnamese troops have been withdrawn each year since 1980.

My interpreter — Khuon Komar, age 30 — was the Kampuchean I came to know best. Most of his experiences were confirmed in general terms by the other Kampucheans I met, but because I was with him continuously and we had many personal conversations, I came to know him more deeply. I also came to love him. Although he had been through some of the most harrowing scenes that human beings could suffer, he retained a great deal of hope and determination, and was very kind. In our travels by car with Saron, our driver, up and down Kampuchea's devastated countryside, we had a great deal of fun and some amusing escapades. Although most of the country was destroyed and all the people were mourners, I was as happy in Kampuchea as I had ever been. This was no doubt because everyone I met felt they had recently been let out of hell, and saw life with new eyes. Komar's spirit, and his ardent concentration on our work, intensified my experiences.

Komar was born in 1952, in a poor peasant family in Kompong Cham province, about 124 kilometers from Phnom Penh. At ten, he went to a seaside town to live with his mother's sister, who was better off than his parents. He acquired a secondary education, and in 1972 wrote his graduation exams in the Tuol school, Cambodia's biggest high school, in downtown Phnom Penh.

Komar took me to this school. Under Pol Pot, it was

People who stole food were warned the first time and killed the second time. Komar saw several villagers led away because they had been caught with a glass, a dish, an egg or a mango. They were told they were going for "re-education," but they never returned.

The work day ran from 4 a.m. to noon, 1:30 to 5, and 7 to 10 at night. On moonlit nights people plowed, transplanted, harvested or threshed. On dark nights flares were lit so that they could dig trenches or haul sacks of grain. Only cadres and soldiers of the regime had matches or lighters; the people learned to make fire with iron and bowstring. Each gang was issued one or two needles to mend their clothes during the nights; they lit torches of bamboo or coconut leaves to sew by. Books were forbidden and those that existed were burned. Every three days, the villagers were assembled in groups for "self-criticism," and every few weeks, for long, moralistic lectures.

Khmer Rouge Lived in Luxury

Komar's village was headed by two houses full of Pol Pot troops and four cadres with their wives and children. The troops and cadres occupied the big dwellings of former landlords and rich peasants; they ate at home, brought up their own children, and had plentiful food, meat, and luxuries. Some of the women were as cruel as the men and often ordered people beaten.

Cadres and troops were aged about 15 to 25. Most were poor peasants, some of them tribespeople from the hills of northeast Kampuchea where Pol Pot began his movement, but some were former bandits and criminals. The village headman was a bandit who robbed the peasants of their belongings. Most of the cadres and troops were illiterate, with little knowledge of "modern life;" Komar thought they had been taken as children and trained in obedience to their superiors and arrogant cruelty to other people.

Children of cadres, and sometimes other children, were taught to spy on residents, especially at night. Komar learned to say only what was necessary and never to laugh. Most of the houses in the village were ordered destroyed because they were "old fashioned" or "bourgeois." Couples had to build tiny bamboo and thatch huts about five feet high with only pegs for tools and clothing. Children were housed in bigger barracks and food was served in large dining shelters.

One evening a number of youth arrived from nearby villages and Komar heard there would be a wedding. He was ordered to line up with other men facing a row of women. Each man was told to shake hands with the woman opposite him; this was their wedding ceremony. That night 125 couples were married, all to total strangers. For the wedding feast, each was given a baked potato. Most couples divorced after liberation, but Komar and his wife happened to like each other and stayed together. Since 1978 they had had two children and were expecting a third.

Komar never saw anyone killed in his village. The village pagoda, however, became a prison. The monks disappeared, and often at night Komar heard people wailing or screaming in the pagoda. Komar frequently saw corpses floating down the river, discovered half decomposed bodies among the trees, or saw people going with tools to dig communal graves. Many times, he saw groups of men and women, blindfolded and hands bound behind their backs, being forced into ox carts and driven out of the village.

In this way the village population dwindled. One of Komar's uncles was a doctor. For several weeks, he pretended to be a laborer. Then a spy found his blood pressure apparatus in his hut. He was led away. Komar later heard that he had been killed by blows with a hoe to the back of his head, the commonest method of execution. Another uncle, a former Lieutenant Colonel in Lon Nol's army, was discovered and taken to the pagoda along with his wife and all his children, never to return. Komar's wife's brother was imprisoned 15 kilometers away. One day, he and his fellow prisoners were ordered to knock down a pagoda, a favorite form of "reconstruction" of the Pol Pot government. A wall of the pagoda fell on him and he was crushed to death.

In 1977, several hundred people were drafted from Komar's commune to build an irrigation dam. They knew the construction was faulty but dared not complain; some died from overwork and exposure. The dam burst in the following rainy season and several hundred people drowned; the dam was then dynamited.

In 1977, Komar became ill with dysentry. He fell from a palmyra tree he was tapping and was delirious for several days. He was taken to the village clinic, where untrained cadres experimented on sick people, who often died. His parents pleaded with the cadres for medicine, and at last, Komar was given some kind of injection. Miraculously, he recovered. He remembered this as the only act of kindness he received from the authorities.

Terror Turns Inward

In late 1977 killings increased and there was terror everywhere. New troops and cadres arrived and all the old ones were killed. Komar heard that this had happened to all the heads of communes and districts throughout eastern Kampuchea as the cadres of those provinces had been declared traitors and collaborators with Viet Nam.

The new village headman, a former classmate of Komar, tried to protect him. In August 1978, he whispered to Komar that the government had ordered the deaths of all people living in the eastern provinces who hailed from Phnom Penh. Soon after, cadres went through the village ordering all people from Phnom Penh to assemble at the school. Komar and his wife dared not disobey but were certain they would be killed. At the school door, he found a cadre writing down names. Komar told him, "I have an uncle in the government in Phnom Penh; I don't think he will want me to be arrested." The cadre said, "Wait, I must check." He went away and Komar and his wife managed to slip out of line and ran for their lives to a village three kilometers away. Relatives hid them for the next three weeks. Then they slipped back to their old hut. Neighbors greeted them with fear and astonishment, saying they were the only survivors from Phnom Penh.

Komar told me that in November 1978 Pol Pot ordered the deaths of all people living in the eastern zone — the provinces of Prey Veng, Svay Rieng, Kompong Cham, and Kratie, all of whose residents were thought to have defected to the Vietnamese. Komar said the people of several nearby villages were transported and were later found to have been

turned into the country's best known extermination camp, where about 20,000 people were imprisoned and later murdered. The smaller classrooms became interrogation chambers; they still contain blood-stained beds, and tables with many torture instruments. These cells were for the elite prisoners. The assembly halls had concrete platforms built in the center with chains attached to rings. Here hundreds of ordinary people were shackled at one time. Another hall was a workshop where gold and silver objects were melted down to make busts of Pol Pot. Yet another was lined with thousands of photographs of prisoners taken after death or torture, some hanging from hooks with broken limbs, some with broken jaws, many with cut throats. Most were men but there were many women, some of them pregnant, and some children, for whole families of suspected traitors were frequently wiped out. I spent some hours in the record office copying the dossiers of prisoners which have been translated into French or English. As I worked, I noticed Komar, very pale, anxiously flipping through record after record in a corner. At last he stopped, stared fixedly for some moments, then left the room. As we walked home, he said, "Now I know what happened to my father-in-law. He was arrested in 1976 but we never knew his fate. His dossier is there and it says he was killed in 1978." Next day I asked him, "Did you tell your wife?" He said, "Yes, I told her, and we both cried. But you know, my father-in-law died four years ago. We have to face forward now and think about the future."

After high school, Komar was drafted into Lon Nol's airforce. He used subterfuges to avoid becoming a bomber pilot, for he hated the destruction of his country and people and, as a Buddhist, felt it was deeply sinful. After training as a transport pilot, he returned to Phnom Penh, where his parents had fled from the bombing, in March 1975, a month before the Pol Pot troops arrived.

The Forced Exodus from Phnom Penh

Like many young people, Komar welcomed the Pol Pot troops. He knew that the corrupt and cruel Lon Nol regime was doomed. He thought the Red Khmers would bring peace and, perhaps, some kind of order and decency. He was astonished when, at 9:30 a.m. on April 17th, grim-faced teenagers entered his street, ordered everyone out with their hands up, shot the roofs of the houses, and told the people to march away into the countryside "for three days, in case of American bombing." A few old and sick people refused to move; their homes were dynamited.

In the crush of people streaming out of the city, Komar soon lost his elderly parents. At the road junctions, troops stopped and questioned the townspeople about their work and origins, then directed them to outlying villages. It took Komar 16 days to reach a hamlet 40 kilometers from Phnom Penh because of the crowds and confusion. Parked haphazardly along the roads were cars and buses that had either run out of gas or had been stopped and their passengers evicted. Many of them were still there in 1982.

People slept outside and in the evenings foraged for roots, small game or insects. In the dry season, water was very scarce, but those who tried to take soft drinks from roadside stores were shot. Along the roads and by the river banks Komar saw hundreds of corpses. Some had dropped dead from hunger, thirst, or sunstroke. Some were shot for asking questions or plucking fruit from orchards. At night, troops came around and quietly took away selected individuals, who were never seen again.

Komar soon discovered that Pol Pot spies hidden among the crowds were reporting people's conversations and backrounds. He realized that everyone who was educated or who criticized the regime was destined to be killed, so he hid his knowledge of French and English and pretended to be a peasant who had fled the Lon Nol bombing. By the time he reached his first destination, almost all the old people and children he had met were dead.

After a few weeks Komar reached his native village in Kompong Cham, where he was allowed to settle. He met his parents and other relatives and friends again. When he arrived, this village contained about 700 families; by 1979, only about a hundred remained. Some had been trucked to distant places in the constant population movements the Potists ordered, but most had been killed or had starved to death. During the Pol Pot period, Komar lost 42 close relatives. His parents, aged 60 and 70, were close to death when the liberation troops arrived; they perished shortly afterwards in the famine.

Memories of Terror Still Haunt Kampucheans

On my first afternoon in Phnom Penh Komar took me to an exhibition showing the destruction under Pol Pot and the subsequent efforts to reconstruct agriculture, crafts, science. As we paused before a photo of Pol Pot, I asked him "Did you have a very bad time?" He began to tremble violently, went pale, and started to sweat. After a while he said, "Not now. I will tell you everything, bit by bit, and you can write it down, but just now I feel too frightened. I get this way every few days."

Later, several Kampucheans told me that they frequently fell into violent fits of trembling or had sudden diarrhea when someone mentioned Pol Pot or when they had nightmares and recalled their experiences. Some of them burst into tears when one spoke a kind word to them. I met two people, a young and an old woman, who had lost all their relatives and were totally, although harmlessly, mad; they were cared for by those around them. I was told there were thousands more.

In the village Komar was segregated with other townspeople and told he was now a slave. He worked in male labor gangs in the rice fields, tapping palmyra palm juice to make sugar, doing carpentry, or hunting boar or deer. In 1975, the food was not too bad and peasants he knew were allowed to give him extra rations. In 1976 food became very scarce and caravans of ox carts carried rice, coconuts, fruit and meat out of the village; people said it was to feed the army or to send to China. The villagers continued to grow crops, tend gardens, hunt game, or keep pigs and chickens, but they were forbidden to keep any produce.

From January 1977, all eating was communal. Pots and pans were removed or broken; each resident kept only one spoon and, twice a day, received two tablespoons of cooked rice with a little vegetable, or a small bowl of rice gruel. Komar sometimes stole a little sweet toddy or sugar when he was tapping palmyra palms, but he knew he risked his life.

killed. Those of his own village and the wider commune to which it belonged expected they, too, would be taken any day. Fortunately, liberation troops of Kampuchea and Viet Nam arrived in late December, and they were saved. Komar said that the Pol Pot troops and cadres fled hastily when the Vietnamese were near, after dynamiting the village store houses and burning all the rice. When they reached the Mekong, they ordered men to ferry them across, then killed them in midstream.

After liberation, Komar walked the 124 kilometers to Phnom Penh in bare feet and rags. He wanted to know what had happened to the city and to find some job. He ate fruit or small game by the roadside and sometimes received rice or bread from Vietnamese troops, who were bringing in hundreds of truckloads of rice, seeds, medicines, flour, wheat, yeast, soap, toothpaste, kitchen-ware, and clothing. All along the roads people doggedly marched to their native places; many died en route. When he reached the city Komar was devastated. Only about 80 people were living there. Important buildings had been dynamited and the cathedral totally removed. The hotels were filthy, with broken furniture. Houses were destroyed and factories were smashed or idle. In all the streets, Komar found barbed wire and debris; occasionally he found corpses. There was no water or electricity and very little food.

After ferreting around for a day Komar found some rubber sandals and was given a bicycle by Vietnamese soldiers. For several months, he rode back and forth between Kompong Cham and Siem Reap bringing hoarded gold, Vietnamese cloth, and bamboo objects from the east and trading them for rice. There were many bandits and defected Pol Pot troops; Komar escaped death several times. Once he entered a Muslim Cham village where he had formerly had friends. Only three families remained out of more than 1,000; the rest had been killed on an island in the Mekong. Eventually, he returned to Phnom Penh to find a skeletal government in operation. Because he was literate and knew English and some French, Komar was eagerly welcomed and enrolled as an interpreter in the American and Western European department of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The ministry gave him a shirt and trousers, a room to live in, a salary worth about $25 a month, and a plot of ground to till for himself and his family.

In 1982 Komar's life was still very hard. He worked eight hours a day, six days a week, and often travelled by car with foreigners to Angkor Wat, along roads still dangerous from mines and snipers. He and his wife and two children lived in a fourth floor room. Komar carried water upstairs each evening, washed clothes and dishes, and borrowed an iron to keep his work clothes neat. After dark he sometimes went shopping. On Sundays he cultivated his vegetable plot or went with a volunteer team to help with agriculture or rebuilding in outlying villages. But smiling happily, he told me that life was now "quite wonderful" because he had a home and children, enough food, friends everywhere, and a government he trusted.

Pol Pot Link Discredits Sihanouk

Komar was adamant that Pol Pot and his troops must never return to Kampuchea. Everyone hated them, he believed, and only people whom they had kidnapped or forced to the border obeyed them out of fear. Komar once admired Prince Sihanouk but now felt contempt for him because of his proposed alliance with Pol Pot. "He brought us Pol Pot once," he said, "How could he bring him twice?" and he reminded me that Pol Pot killed five of Sihanouk's own children and fourteen of his grandchildren. Moreover, he said, Sihanouk himself was sometimes cruel. In the 1960s he persecuted Communists and had some of them roasted to death. Son Sann, Komar believed, was simply an old capitalist and reactionary. He had owned factories and plantations and exploited working people. In any case, the three rebel factions hated each other and could not possibly unite, nor could their leaders be incorporated into the government of the new Kampuchea.

Komar was bitter towards China. Like most Kampucheans I met, he believed that the Government of China wanted to see all except a few Kampucheans killed so they could repopulate the country and turn it into a province of China.

Towards President Heng Samrin's government, Komar was grateful and trusting. He admitted that some government servants were corrupt and others incompetent, but asked what would you expect, with only 10,000 literate people remaining in the country?

Komar repeatedly expressed gratitude to the Vietnamese, especially their troops, whom he said he "loved." "Why would I not love them?" he asked me. "I would have been dead if they hadn't arrived." As we drove along the road to Angkor we passed Vietnamese army trucks carrying Kampuchean peasants to market with their chickens, piglets, and pottery. Komar and Saron waved and shouted greetings to them. At Angkor Wat, they took me to visit the Vietnamese barracks. As they washed their clothes or tended their tiny gardens, the soldiers chatted to us through Saron, who spoke their language. Komar told me that in Pol Pot's time he dared not go near the troops, who showed up only to beat or arrest offenders.

On a Sunday morning, Komar took me to a village in Kompong Speu province where Khmer civil servants, Vietnamese troops, foreign diplomats, Russian and Cuban technicians, and international aid personnel were transplanting paddy for village women whose husbands had died under Pol Pot. At noon, the group swam across a river to their waiting trucks. In the middle they stopped and, shrieking with laughter, threw water on one another. "You must photograph this," said Komar, "Under Pol Pot, this couldn't have happened. Under Pol Pot we never dared to laugh."

Komar was even prouder of "our liberation army," the young Kampuchean soldiers who rallied to Heng Samrin's side in the liberation war or who had been trained since 1979. In 1982, Komar thought they were already more numerous than the rebel forces. In time, they would be able to defend Kampuchea and then the Vietnamese would leave. When I argued that some of the liberation forces had once been Pol Pot troops, he replied that people's hearts had changed under the new dispensation, and that in any case most of the older liberation troops had served leaders who never supported Pol Pot, and that many had rebelled against him or had fled to Viet Nam. When I put the usual western view that Viet Nam was really colonizing Kampuchea and wanted to profit from it, Komar became agitated. "No, no, only the enemies of our

two countries could think that. Viet Nam is Kampuchea's first friend."

Komar sometimes wore a Texas Ranger T-shirt that a distant uncle had bought from a Japanese sailor. I found it odd to see this serious young man in his T-shirt arguing earnestly in favor of "our friendly socialist countries." Under Pol Pot, Komar thought communism meant lies, brutality and killing. Under the influence of subsequent developments he came to see things differently, and hoped to become a member of the small, newly constituted Kampuchean Communist Party.

Komar's main regrets were for the peasants. He admitted that under Sihanouk and Lon Nol, educated townspeople were often arrogant and exploitative towards them. Yet when the tables were turned under Pol Pot, many peasants tried to save the lives of the enslaved urbanites by slipping them messages or food. And many peasants, like the urban slaves, were killed. In 1982 it was believed that three quarters of the rural population was female, as most of the men had been killed, had been forced to the border with Pol Pot, or had moved to town or joined the liberation army. That was why it was necessary to go and help the peasants on Sundays. "Nowadays, we are kinder to one another," said Komar. "We learned lessons through our suffering. □

Film Review

Kampuchea's Tragedy Shown in Film

By Hy Wallach

The Killing Fields: Screenplay by Bruce Robinson. Adapted from "The Death and Life of Dith Pran," by Sidney Schanberg, published in *The New York Times* Magazine. Produced by David Puttnam, directed by Roland Joffe. Starring Sam Waterston as Sidney Schanberg and Dr. Haing S. Ngor as Dith Pran.

"I love this country. I have sacrificed everything for the revolution. I have lost my wife. But now the Angkar (Khmer Rouge command) does not trust the people. I do not trust them and they do not trust me."

These were the words of a veteran of the fight against imperialism in Kampuchea — later killed attempting to stop the killing.

The Killing Fields dramatically depicts the horrors of the Pol Pot regime. The country was enslaved and three million people were murdered. This included anyone suspected of being an intellectual, a doctor, a teacher and countless others.

The people of Kampuchea — formerly known as Cambodia — had been through some hard times during the long Indochina War. They had suffered the savage, secret bombing by Nixon, during which more than seven million bombs were dropped, and the cruel repression of the US-backed Lon Nol regime.

On April 17, 1975 Kampuchea was liberated by the Khmer Rouge.

The people welcomed their liberators with song and dance. What a rude shock it was when the first act of the new government was to order them all out onto the road, without regard for sick or injured, young or old, with no time to pick up belongings or meet other family members.

For months the columns of people from Phnom Penh and other cities and towns straggled slowly to the far reaches of the country. The physically unfit and untold numbers who were healthy at the beginning died along the road. Tens of thousands who protested, or who did not obey orders fast enough, were brutally murdered.

The Khmer Rouge not only denounced US imperialism but Viet Nam and the Soviet Union as well. The film shows them breaking into pieces a portrait of Leonid Brezhnev.

During the war, Sidney Schanberg, a foreign correspondent for *The New York Times*, with the help of Cambodian journalist Dith Pran, exposed some of the "secret" US bombing of Kampuchea. The American and Cambodian developed a close relationship.

Schanberg, as a foreigner, got out of Kampuchea but Pran could not — and was enslaved. The savagery of the Pol Pot regime is brought home to us through the experience of Dith Pran. Pran finally escapes literally through "killing fields."

The film — but not the story of Kampuchea — ends here.

On January 7, 1979 the Pol Pot government and forces were driven out by a popular uprising aided by the Vietnamese.

There has been political clarification: the Khmer Rouge no longer claims to be communist, having announced the "dissolution of the Communist Party of Kampuchea" in a press communique on December 6, 1981. About time — the Khmer Rouge has disgraced the Communist Party!

But a *real* Communist Party still exists in Kampuchea and heads the present government.

It is an outrage and a disgrace that the genocidal Khmer Rouge regime is recognized in the United Nations and not the actual government of Kampuchea which has done so much to rebuild that shattered country.

The Killing Fields is a true story of friendship and war, honestly and graphically portrayed, without distortions. It keeps your interest from beginning to end in its powerful, absorbing depiction.

To see it is not entirely pleasant, but it is a rewarding experience. □

HY WALLACH is on the staff of New World Review.