

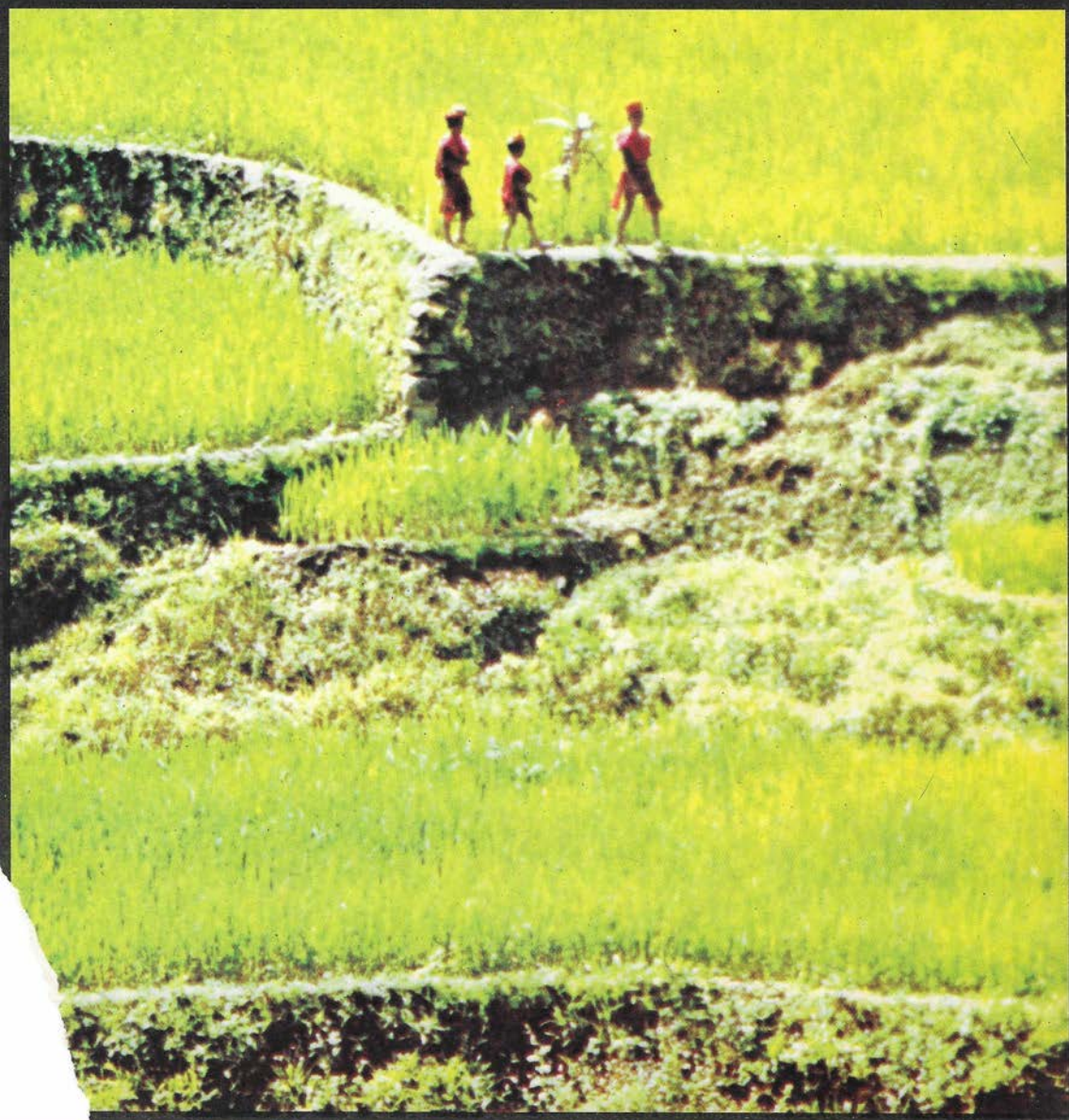
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contributors

BLAS F. OPLE (The Constitutional Revolution) has been the *Philippines Quarterly's* most regular contributor. For this issue, he writes of a subject -- Martial Law in the Philippines -- that proves a government can wage its own democratic revolution using no other power but the Constitution.

ALFREDO R. ROCES (Filipino Fiesta Decor), a former columnist and an expert observer of indigenous art and contemporary culture, deals with a subject of interest from Rizal's time up to now.

PAZ MARQUEZ BENITEZ (Dead Stars) is one of the pioneers of the short story in English. The short story published here was first printed in 1926 when the author was assistant professor at the University of the Philippines. She is a well known figure in the education field.

ALICE H. REYES (Cultural Minorities) is a reporter of the *Daily Express*, a morning daily, where she covers a variety of subjects. She is on leave from the Office of the Commission on National Integration.



CREDITS. Graph on Tenancy in the Philippines (p. 3) from the Bureau of Census and Statistics; Drawings, (pp. 8-13) by Manuel Baldemor; photos of paintings of Dimasalang Group, (pp. 15-19) by Rodel Torres; photos of Cultural Minority Groups (pp. 31-43) courtesy of *Daily Express*; Cover and (pp. 44-45) courtesy of PANAMIN.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL REVOLUTION

By BLAS OPLE

Barely a month since the declaration of Martial Law, the guns collected from Filipino citizens could equip five times the nation's Armed Forces. The total was 344,000 -- most of these high-powered combat arms dating back to World War II.

What magnetic force drew forth this unprecedented hoard of embodied violence? What caused citizens everywhere to turn in their arms and by this tacitly accept public law in place of private might?

The magnet was the power of martial law to command obedience from all, without fear of favor -- and therefore the equality of all before the law. No better example can be had of the new order than the jailing of political warlords who boasted of their own private armies, together with smugglers, subversion suspects, hoarders and profiteers, and other big malefactors hitherto regarded as sacrosanct or above the law.

One such warlord was heard to say that his only crime was to be a faithful party man. His arrest bewildered him, until he met others in the stockade who had a better right to party gratitude *under the old rules*. The concept of law equally applied to all citizens regardless of wealth and power was jaded rhetoric for the gullible until the events of Sept. 21, 1972 gave sudden life to it, jolting every one from a hard-set cynicism.



President Marcos signs historic decree which emancipates farmers.

In his extremely valuable work, *The Challenge of Poverty*, which sums up the policy conclusions of *Asian Drama*, Dr. Gunnar Myrdal establishes the equation between a developing country and a "soft state." This is a situation of political and administrative weakness in which the state fails utterly to enforce its own laws and rules. The "soft state" must needs be equated also with graft and corruption: its avowed policies and rules are nullified by notorious exceptions based on bribery which can take subtler or grosser forms.

The "soft state" therefore struggles impotently against a chronic paralysis brought about by the unending contradiction between its avowed principles and its actual practices. And because this dismal gap must lead to general cynicism, people will seek to save themselves by an assertion of selfish interests, leading to a virtual "anarchy of self-interest."

In the Philippines this took the form of citizens arming themselves, as we have seen, but also in numberless other ways of showing defiance of law and disregard of public interest. Merchants habitually engaged in hoarding and profiteering; fraudulent practices were practised on the public with utter impunity. The rich openly flaunted their wealth and engaged in orgies of private consumption, while the poor waited for their crumbs. And in the government, anarchy took the form of preying upon the public -- massive graft and corruption in which "political pull" served as a magic shield.

With this atmosphere, of course, a mood of protest could quickly gather force and build a momentum to be seized, at the proper moment, by forces of subversion committed to destroy the government.

This was the situation when President Marcos issued Proclamation 1081 on September 21, 1972, placing the Philippines under Martial Law and launching a program of radical reforms under the rubric of a New Society. The Armed Forces were mobilized to carry out the two major goals of the martial law: to crush the enemy's growing military might and to help lay the foundations of a new social order.

The most dramatic effect of the Martial Law proclamation was on peace and order. In the first and second days of the Martial Law, crime literally disappeared: the police blotters for the first time were innocent of crime.

The second was the disappearance of special privilege which had deep roots in caciquism. Wealth and power no longer conferred special immunities from the laws.

The third was the unbelievable response to the drive against loose firearms; nowhere in the world, perhaps in history, had citizens turned out in such great numbers voluntarily to turn in their weapons.

Fourth, prices were stabilized as merchants realized the need to cooperate with the aims of a New Society. The steady erosion of the worker's hard-earned peso was at least temporarily checked.

Fifth, officials and employees of the government overnight committed themselves to their tasks with a long due dedication and efficiency.

TENANCY IN THE PHILIPPINES, 1960

Total Farm Area (ha.)	7,772,484
Total Number of Farms	2,166,216
Area devoted to palay (ha.)	3,112,131
Percent of total farm area	40%
Number of farms devoted to palay	1,041,882
Percent of total number of farms	48%
Number of share tenants	417,741
Percent of total number of farmers	40%
Number of full owners	385,170
Percent of total number of farmers	37%
Area devoted to other crops	4,660,353
No. of farms devoted to other crops	1,124,334
Size of Farm	Number of Farms
Under 0.2 hectare	19,332
0.2 and under 0.5 hectare	63,791
0.5 and under 1.0 hectare	150,208
1.0 and under 2.0 hectares	613,819
2.0 and under 3.0 hectares	446,564
3.0 and under 4.0 hectares	247,135
4.0 and under 5.0 hectares	149,006
5.0 and under 10.0 hectares	279,558
10.0 and under 15.0 hectares	82,522
15.0 and under 20.0 hectares	13,240
20.0 and under 25.0 hectares	8,845
25.0 and under 50.0 hectares	6,705
50.0 and under 100.0 hectares	2,320
100.0 and under 200.0 hectares	1,109
200.0 hectares and over	985
Total number of farms	2,085,139

It was in this changed climate that President Marcos introduced, on the thirtieth day of martial law, the now event-making Proclamation which declared all share tenants emancipated from bondage. Under Presidential Decree No. 27, some 600,000 rice and corn tenants all over the Philippines were declared owners of the lands they tilled, payable by them with part of their harvests for the next fifteen years.

This decree lays the basis for a New Society that is consciously founded on human dignity. It will effect the orderly transfer of 1,300,000 hectares of land to some 600,000 tenants and their families in the next 15 years and in the process uproot totally the feudalistic base of Philippine traditional society. The energies this will release are incalculable.

The function of land reform as a lever for the more equitable distribution of income will become more vital with time. In a country where, to borrow the phrase of Robert McNamara of the World Bank, economic growth has always bypassed the bottom 50 per cent of the population, the transfer of land to the tiller decentralizes economic opportunities to the widest possible base of the citizenry. This is equivalent to a social and economic franchise for the most underprivileged of our citizens.

**The programs of government
are being translated
into tangible, verifiable results
that touch the lives
of all the people**

With equal confidence and speed, President Marcos has moved to protect the interests of the non-agricultural workers and their families. The main thrust of economic planning under the newly created National Economic Development Authority (NEDA) shall be in the direction of employment, with economic growth itself as a secondary consideration. This is based on the principle that economic growth alone will not necessarily create employment and promote social justice. However, employment is sure to promote economic growth with social justice.

President Marcos also quickly transformed industrial relations, by doing away with cumbersome litigious procedures which both labor and management resented. He created the National Labor Relations Commission which relies on collective bargaining and voluntary arbitration and which has shown a capacity for dispatch and fairness unknown in this field in the past.

The President has thus irrevocably committed the New Society to the service of the great masses of Filipinos. For the first time, too, the programs of government were being translated into tangible, verifiable results that touched the lives of all the people.

All these achievements have taken place hardly two months since the declaration of martial law and the introduction of a New Society. The momentum of the vast reforms already begun will undoubtedly continue, generating the power and strength to realize the hopes latent in many other programs of the government.

The New Society is pledged to a social transformation, by means of a Constitutional Revolution. The success of the New Society, therefore, will have a profound significance not only for this country but possibly, also for other developing societies. It will have taught, for one thing, that a democratic policy can draw upon its reserves of Constitutional power to show a strong face and a resiliency to baffle its enemies.

President Marcos' Constitutional Revolution has indeed proven that a government can wage its own democratic revolution from within, utilizing no other source of power than the Constitution itself. In doing so, he has broken the historic stalemate in which Philippine society had been trapped during the better part of three decades. This in turn has released inestimable forces for dynamic national growth.

The new Constitution of the Philippines is expected to be ratified early next year. If so ratified, it will fit easily into the new mood of hope, dynamism and self-confidence that has arisen with the first major successes of the government to be experienced by this generation of Filipinos.

The Constitution, in its transitory provisions, ratifies the radical reforms that has been introduced by the Martial Law Administration, thus welding these innovations to the very source of law and authority for succeeding generations. All these add up to a feeling that these gains will be preserved and that upon this base will grow an enduring structure of national progress and fulfillment.

It was as though a vicious circle of Philippine history was broken on Sept. 21, 1972. President Marcos thus reenters history as the author of a Constitutional Revolution that promises the social transformation of his country. It is a revolution that will be marked with great interest by the world and which possibly will be ranked, in our history, with the Malolos Republic.

SELECTIONS FROM THE WORKS OF RIZAL

In all events of national significance, we keep meeting (Rizal) coming back." On the next two pages are excerpts from the writings of Dr. Jose Rizal, the national hero of the Philippines. An excerpt from "El Filibusterismo" describes a situation that was precursor to the farmer's eventual bondage to the soil. "Manifesto To Certain Filipinos," written two weeks before he died, anticipates the thinking of other great leaders on the subject of education and reform.

MANIFESTO TO CERTAIN FILIPINOS

Fellow Countrymen: Upon my return from Spain I learned that my name was being used as a rallying cry by some who had taken up arms. This information surprised and grieved me; but thinking that the whole affair was finished, I refrained from commenting on something that could no longer be remedied. Now, rumors reach me that the disturbances have not ceased. It may be that persons continue to use my name in good or in bad faith; if so, wishing to put a stop to this abuse and to undeceive the gullible, I hasten to address these lines to you that the truth may be known. From the very beginning, when I first received information of what was being planned, I opposed it, I fought against it, and I made clear that it was absolutely impossible. This is the truth, and they are still alive who can bear witness to my words. I was convinced that the very idea was wholly absurd; worse than absurd, it was disastrous. I did more than this. When later on, in spite of my urgings, the uprising broke out, I came forward voluntarily to offer not only my services but my life and even my good name in order that they may use me in any manner they may think opportune to smother the rebellion. For I was convinced of the evils which that rebellion would bring in its train, and so I considered it a privilege if at whatever sacrifice I could ward off so much useless suffering. This also is of record.

Fellow countrymen: I have given many proofs that I desire as much as the next man liberties for our country; I continue to desire them. But I laid down as a prerequisite the education of the people in order that by means of such instruction, and by hard work, they may acquire a personality of their own and so become worthy of such liberties. In my writings I have recommended study and the civic virtues, without which no redemption is possible. I have also written (and my words have been repeated by others) that reforms, if they are to bear fruit, must come from above, for reforms that come from below are upheavals both violent and transitory. Thoroughly imbued with these ideas, I cannot do less than condemn, as I do condemn, this ridiculous and barbarous uprising, plotted behind my back, which both dishonors us Filipinos and discredits those who might have taken our part. I abominate the crimes for which it is responsible and I will have no part in it. With all my heart I am sorry for those who have rashly allowed themselves to be deceived. Let them then return to their homes, and may God pardon those who have acted in bad faith.

Royal Fort of Santiago, 15 December 1896.

CABESANG TALES

Tales . . . having become the owner of two carabaos and several hundred pesos, determined to work on his own account, aided by his father, his wife, and his three children. So they cut down and cleared away some thick woods which they believed belonged to no one. During the labors of cleaning and cultivating the new land, the whole family fell ill with malaria and the mother died, along with the eldest daughter, Lucia, in the flower of her age. This, which was the natural consequence of breaking up new soil infested with various kinds of bacteria, they attributed to the anger of the woodland spirit, so they were resigned and went on with their labor, believing him pacified.

But when they began to harvest their first crop a religious corporation, which owned land in the neighboring town, laid claim to the fields, alleging that they fell within their boundaries, and to prove it they at once started to set up their marks. However, the administrator of the religious order left to them, for humanity's sake, the usufruct of the land on condition that they pay a small sum annually — a mere bagatelle, twenty or thirty pesos. Tales, as peaceful a man as could be found, was as much opposed to lawsuits as any one and more submissive to the friars than most people; so, in order not to smash a palayok against a kawali (as he said, for to him the friars were iron pots and he a clay jar), he had the weakness to yield to their claim, remembering that he did not know Spanish and had no money to pay lawyers . . .

The harvest was abundant and sold well, so Tales planned to build a wooden house in the barrio of Sagpang, of the town of Tiani, which adjoined San Diego.

Another year passed, bringing another good crop, and for this reason the friars raised the rent to fifty pesos, which Tales paid in order not to quarrel and because he expected to sell his sugar at a good price . . .

"Next year you'll put on a long skirt and go to Manila to study like the young ladies of the town," Cabesang Tales told his daughter . . .

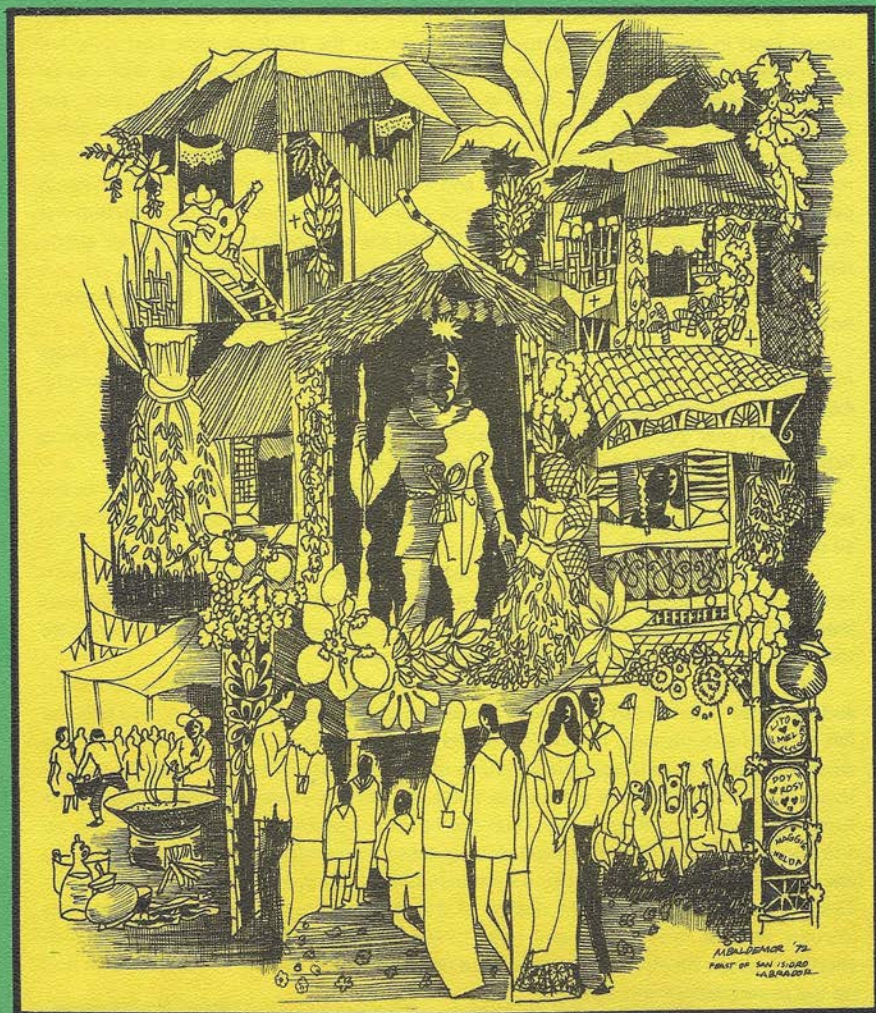
But that next year did not come, and in its stead there was another increase in the rent. Cabesang Tales became serious and scratched his head. The clay jar was giving up all its rice to the iron pot.

When the rent had risen to two hundred pesos, Tales was not content with scratching his head and signing; he murmured and protested. The friar-administrator then told him that if he could not pay, some one else would be assigned to cultivate that land — many who desired it had offered themselves.

He thought at first that the friar was joking, but the friar was talking seriously, and indicated a servant of his to take possession of the land. Poor Tales turned pale, he felt a buzzing in his ears, he saw in the red mist that rose before his eyes his wife and daughter, pallid, emaciated, dying, victims of the intermittent fevers — then he saw the thick forest converted into productive fields, he saw the stream of sweat watering its furrows, he saw himself plowing under the hot sun, bruising his feet against the stones and roots, while this friar had been driving about in his carriage with the wretch who was to get the land following like a slave behind his master. No, a thousand times, no! First let the fields sink into the depths of the earth and bury them all! Who was this intruder that he should have any right to his land? Had he brought from his own country a single handful of that soil? Had he crooked a single one of his fingers to pull up the roots that ran through it?

FILIPINO FIESTA DECOR

By ALFREDO ROCES



Fiesta decors are part of the excitement and memories of Philippine fiestas

A Filipino fiesta forms the best part of the childhood memories of every Filipino. The old and the young become one at fiesta time. Such memories always linger over its many trappings, the music and dance, the *moro-moro* plays on public stages often lasting several nights, the cockfights, the bamboo arches and buntings lining the streets, the processions and, of course, the food for the gathering of the clan. Fiesta decors are naturally a memorable part of the fiesta; not only because they provide the visual testament of gaiety and frolic, but because making these decorations is part of the excitement and the memories. Pickled preserves are carved into flowers to make them attractive for the table. Sweets are wrapped in paper cuttings. Lanterns and other decorative elements are made from paper and bamboo. The streets and the plaza are filled with paper flowers and buntings.

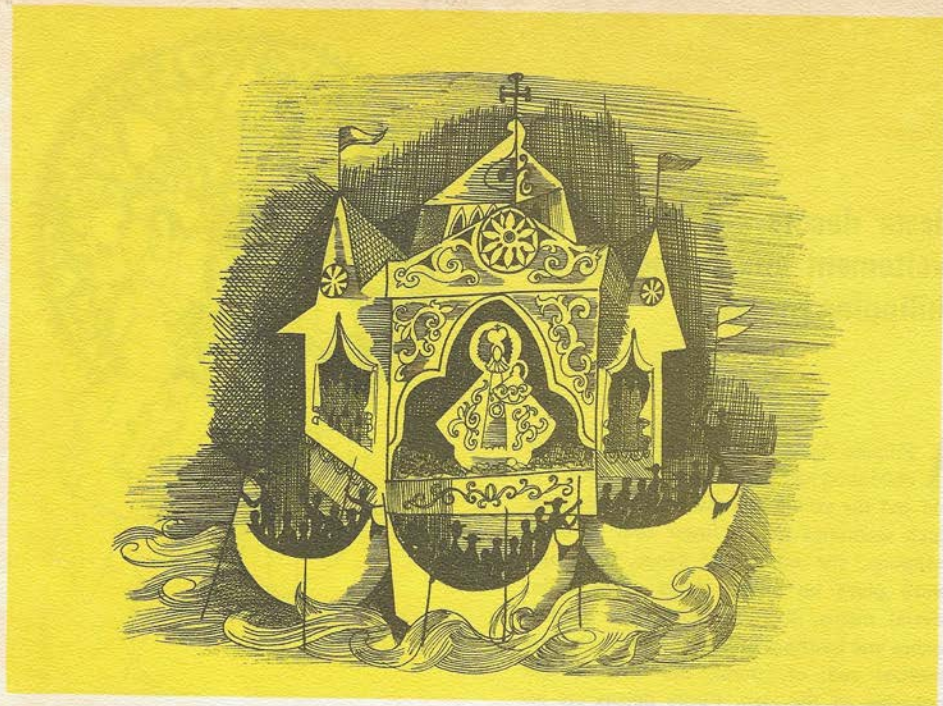
The visual manifestations of a Filipino fiesta are the decors. Fiesta activity is expressed in visual terms. Since these decorations are an intrinsic part of fiestas (and give expression to the dynamics of fiestas), a brief look at what a fiesta means should be the logical framework with which to begin talking about fiesta decors.

A fiesta is, first of all, a social ritual. It is more than just a town festivity or a religious ceremony. It has deep roots in the social unit of this country which is the *barangay*, or the



kinship group. While it has a Christian veneer, often it is also rooted deeply in the Filipinos' pre-hispanic beliefs. The fiesta is, for example, timed with the season for planting or harvesting or the coming of the rains, because it is a ritual that seeks to appease supernatural spirits in order that the fish may multiply and the harvest be plentiful. In many Catholic rituals, the images of saints take on special powers of intercession, such as Santiago Apostol to ward off "moros" and other bandits that in the past plagued the coasts; or San Roque against epidemics, or San Isidro Labrador, the patron saint of farmers. Popular belief gives the Santo Niño in various places the powers of a rain god. With the passing of the years, the legitimate Catholic elements have become part of the fiesta; but pre-hispanic overtones must be considered.

Religious aspects and social festivities center on the social dynamics of the *barangay*. The fiesta is a social ritual not only because of the religio-magic aspects but because

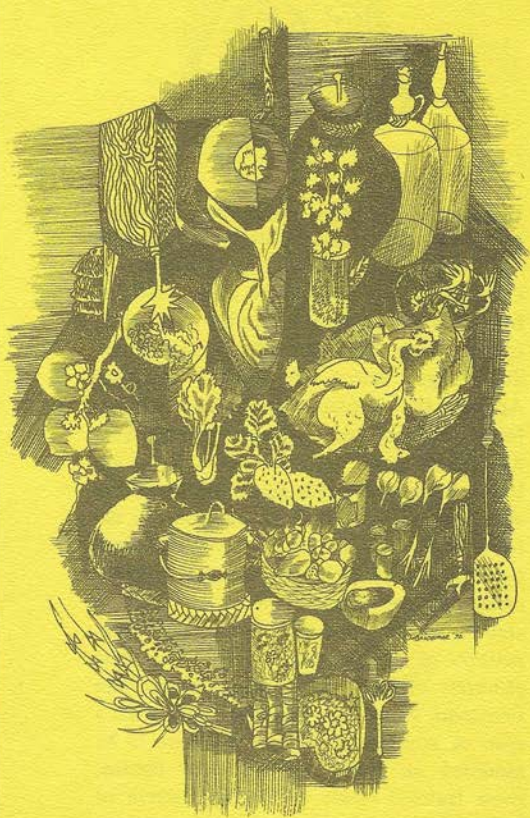


the celebration focuses attention on the *barangay* as a social unit. The various rituals (whether of the Catholic religion or as political or social tradition) center on the kinship group which seeks to strengthen ties and even expand through such rituals as marriage, baptism, and confirmation using the *compadre* system. People living in the cities return to their hometown at fiesta time because it is the occasion to reaffirm kinship ties. Prominent personalities are invited because they lend prestige to the kinship group.

Another manifestation of the dynamics of the *barangay* at fiesta time is the sharing of bountiful food. The poorest have something for their visitors. The wealthy family in the town is made *bermano mayor* to provide for costs of decoration and entertainment, as well as a splendid table for guests. Poorer relations come to help prepare the meals and serve the guests. All in all, it is a sharing among the kinship group by those who have more. This willingness to share lavishly, even to the point

of conspicuous consumption, is a value of the *barangay* markedly expressed in the fiesta. Thus it is not only in an overabundance of food but also in costly entertainment and such expensive displays as a public stage (or a "pagoda" structure on a boat in river festivals), and grand balls, that this ostentation is practiced. The more lavish and more perishable the display, the more of a social status the donor acquires. What is significant is that as a social ritual, conspicuous consumption, a certain flair for lavish ostentation, is regarded as a desirable form of social status-seeking. The willingness to share wealth through a food-laden table, or through contribution of a splendid nature, confers social prestige at fiesta time. Those who are wealthy but frugal may lose status.

Finally, the fiesta is regarded as a passing phase, a momentary fling. After the fiesta, which could last three days (not including the "visperas", the nine day period of preparation) the town returns to the drudgery of



day-to-day living until the next fiesta. Fiesta is timed with the seasons. The quality of the celebration is dependent on the prosperity of the townspeople at the time. In brief, the fiesta is a means by which: 1) the *barangay* seeks the aid of the gods for its needs; 2) kinship ties are reaffirmed, strengthened and expanded through rituals; 3) status is conferred according to the *barangay* value of *pakikisama* or sharing of one's good fortune and 4) temporary escape is provided from the difficulties and the doldrums of daily life.

Fiesta decors, being manifestations of these mechanics of the fiesta, naturally express these values. Most of the decorations are therefore ostentatious and ephemeral and meant for the duration of the fiesta only. The fiesta being a ritual of the *barangay*, the decors are mostly folk expressions rather than the creative output of a specialized individual called an artist. There are two types of decorations: one, that for the community, such as bamboo arches, lanterns, and the hanging of street buntings; and the other, home decorations consisting of ornaments for the house, particularly the fiesta table.

At fiesta time, people put on their best clothes. They clean and repaint their homes as well as public places. In such a setting, the women painstakingly prepare touches of decor, using palm leaves, bamboo and paper flowers to brighten up the home and the town. Even food, for example, is presented as decor; pickled vegetables (*achara*) are carved into flowers. One feels a tug-of-war between artistic sense and gastronomic impulses when confronted with such an attractive side dish. *Pastillas* and other sweets are wrapped in *papel de japon*, cut into patterns, or carry a message such as "Ala-ala." These represent the patient toil of the woman of the house just so some guest may briefly feast his eyes before he eats the work of art.

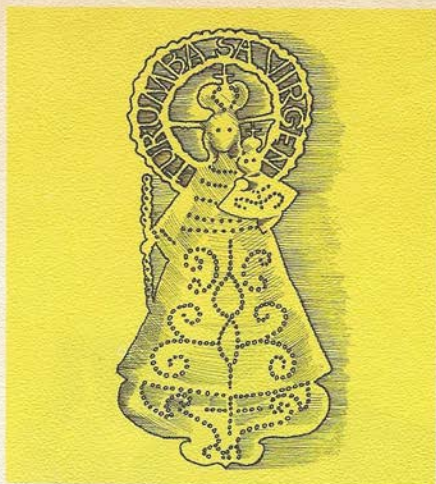
Similarly, public structures such as bamboo arches, or the pagoda (a sort of tower built on bancas or a barge to house the image of the patron saint in fluvial fiestas) are designed at

great expense and much labor only for the duration of the fiesta. In place of the concept of an art for permanence, there is the fiesta art designed to vanish and return to the elements. After the fiesta, the decor is seldom kept. The decor is consumed with the fiesta. After the fiesta, the buntings and the bamboo arches slowly self-destruct. The folk art of the fiesta is ephemeral not simply because it is consumed, but because part of the value given to such ostentatious decor is its perishable quality. The social status conferred by the *barangay* on those who contribute to the success of the fiesta is precisely for contributions of a lavish nature without any returns or plan for other practical use and permanence. The style of the art is the style of the social prestige which approves of the willingness to, in effect, "blow-out" one's material resources for the momentary pleasure of the kinship group. It is a social concept of magnanimity.

Aside from a desire for impermanence there is the obvious love for showy and diligently crafted (almost labored) art decor. It is probably another value applied in the same manner as the willingness to spend; that is the willingness to work and prepare an object to help assure prestige for the moment at fiesta time. That there is often competition between towns (rival *barangays*) over which fiesta was more lavish and which decor more "beautiful", indicates that the yardstick for fiesta decor would view ostentation as signs of material prosperity.

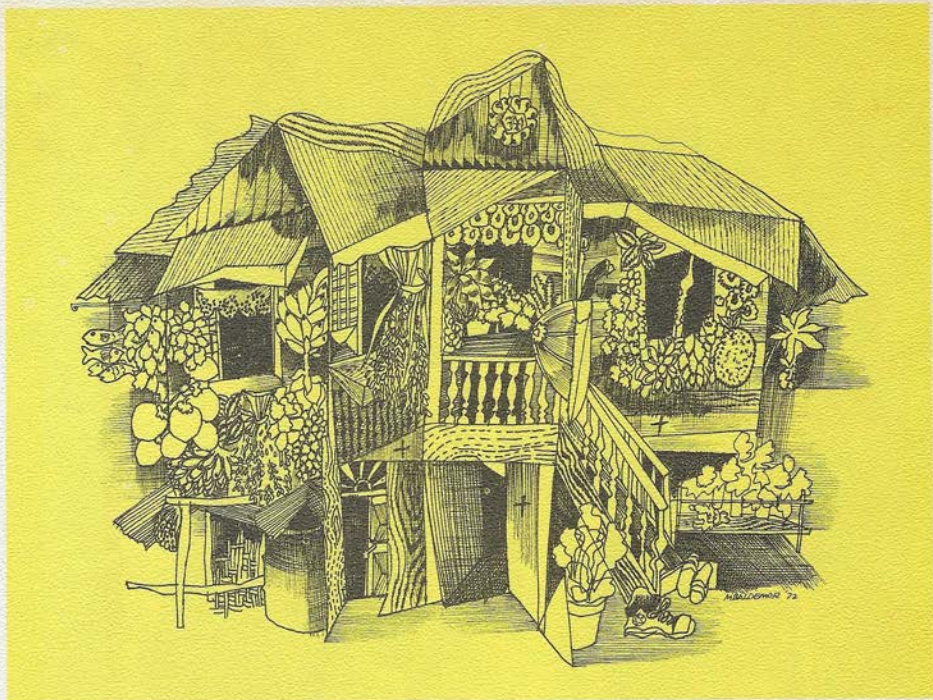
There is graceful delicacy in fiesta decors. This is so in the materials used such as leaves, *papel de japon*, and bamboo, or food, which are all fragile, and perishable material. But it is so also because of the temperament of the people who enjoy profuse designs and graceful botanical forms. The busy botanical landscape around us may well be the source of inspiration for this visual preference. Customs and traditions of Filipinos also delight in gentleness and sentimentality.

A look through various social rituals and their decor may reveal the characteristics of



fiesta decor. The oldest rituals no doubt relied on leaves and bamboo. This is the case with the *pagdiwata* rituals of the *Tagbanwa* in Palawan; where, aside from leaves, bamboo bark is scrapped creating curled forms that cascade from the bamboo decor. In Dapitan, Zamboanga, during the feast of Santiago Apostol, the devotees dance with leaves before the image. And of course, on Palm Sunday, leaves woven into decorative shapes are the main feature of this event. Another fiesta decor material is paper and bamboo in the form of arches and lanterns. At Christmas time, the Christmas lantern is one vehicle for creative decor. Large lanterns are used in church. In the cities there is a friendly competition of lanterns hung outside. The most elaborate of this type of decor are the San Fernando, Pampanga, lanterns which reach a span of more than six feet and have to be mounted on trucks. Electronically lighted, these lanterns create a changing pattern of lights much like a neon sign. This sophisticated fiesta decor is a competitive activity among various barrios. A band accompanies the changing light patterns. Small, portable, duplicates of the lantern are carried during the Christmas Eve competition in the town plaza of San Fernando. Such decor costs thousands of pesos.

Bamboo and *papel de japon* are used even



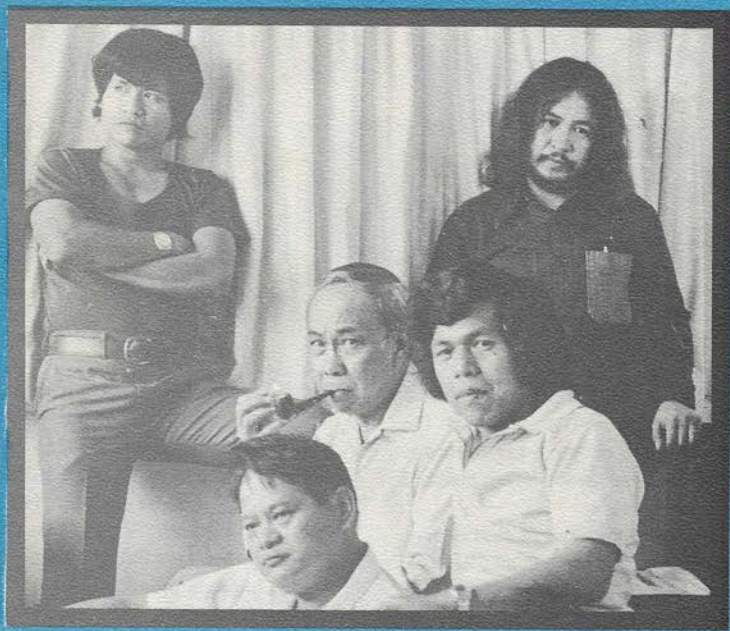
in the costumes of the Moriones of the Lenten ritual in Marinduque. Here, although the air is not festive, the people wear costumes and masks and their headgear is often made of paper flowers and bamboo.

The last important material of fiesta decor is the food item itself. In Lukban and Sariaya, Quezon, a Southern Luzon province, for example, during the feast of San Isidro Labrador, houses are decorated with food items. Banana stalks are placed outside the homes and so, too, are bamboo branches. These are decorated with candies and fruits and brightly colored panes made of an edible decor of flour and water called *kipin*. The windows of the houses sport hanging baskets of food, mostly fruits. A large loaf of bread may be shaped like a fish and hang outside, or fish and fruits may be arranged in an artistic prayer for abundance. I mentioned pickled vegetables that are carved; there are also carved preserved fruit and sweets wrapped in delicately

cut *papel de japon*. At Christmas time, there is also the cookie called *pan de San Nicolas* which is shaped on a wooden mold and is given to children at Christmas time. In Pakil, also in Laguna in the southern Tagalog region, there is a rice cake shaped like the image of the Virgin of Turrumba, which is sold in the market at fiesta time.

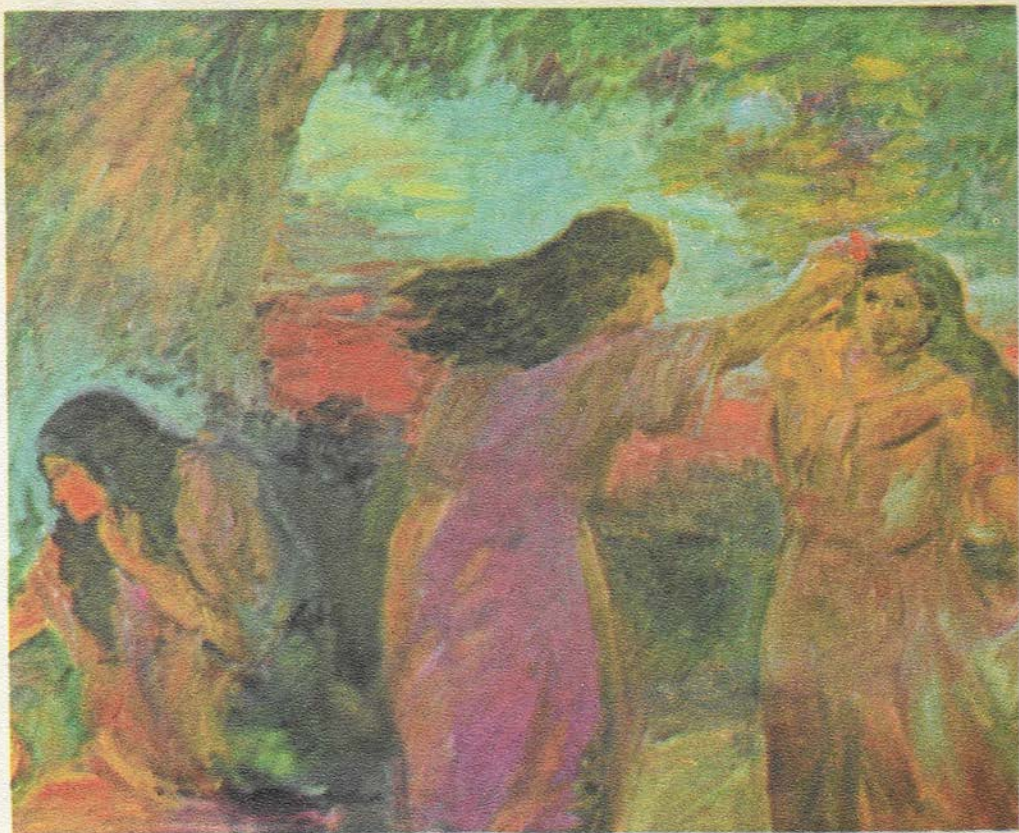
Leaves, bamboo, paper, and food itself, are therefore the main materials of fiesta decor. They are characterized by painstaking craftsmanship. They are delicate and graceful, often showy and exuberant forms. They are highly perishable. They are colorful folk art. They express the mechanics of the fiesta. A go-for-broke, sing-and-dance-for-the-moment temperament is expressed. They involve social status, psychological release, sheer love of pleasure and a visual-gastronomic delight. Fiesta decors express not just the fiesta, but the spirit of the *barangay* and, ultimately, the Filipino.

DIMASALANG GROUP



Writer-Painter Aguilar Cruz (with pipe) surrounded by companions during a working session which accidentally brought all the active Dimasalang members together for the first time for a group photo. This was later to grace the invitation to their first group show. Sym sits at right with Cristobal Cruz just below. Standing are Romulo (left) and De la Rosa.

One of the year's most successful art exhibitions in Greater Manila was the August-September show of the Dimasalang Group. This was the first group show of the five painters who gave impetus to the revival of representational painting in recent years by their insistence on a return to more or less realistic art. But what probably gives them the most credibility is their refusal to totally reject abstract art. As one of them said, "Abstraction is not for us, at least for the moment. We could possibly reach that stage, but we want to evolve towards it if we have to, instead of taking the short-cuts that turn neophytes overnight into little Pifflocks."



"Scene from the Sinukuan Legend" by Aguilar Cruz pictures the "Three Marias" playing at twilight in their father's mountain home. One of them is toying with a fireball which, according to the legend, appears from time to time to indicate the presence of gold under the earth. Sinukuan's domain being rich in this mineral, it also abounds, it seems, in such phenomena, otherwise known as St. Elmo's Fire.

There is, in fact, a considerable amount of non-realism in the works of the Dimasalang painters since they started to make the scene three short years ago with realistic cityscapes. A typical "Dimasalang painting" is as remote from photographic copying as it is from non-objective or Pop.

The Group derives its name from the street where the members' rendezvous was located. This was a sign-painting shop where serious painting was done in between commercial jobs. Sofronio Y. Mendoza, who was later to achieve recognition under his professional name, Sym, ran the shop. Other painters or art lovers



This "View in Venice" comes from Sym's European sojourn during the autumn of 1971. Determined to learn as much as he could from his trip, Sym combined museum-going with visits to contemporary galleries and actual painting of European scenes, in oil and water colors. He ended up by confirming his belief that the best teacher is nature itself. "But we should not allow it to enslave us," he adds. "View in Venice" reflects this attitude with its combination of discipline and freedom.

were to stray into the shop.

One of them was E. Aguilar Cruz, writer and editor, whose watercolors had long figured in the collections of his friends in the literary and artistic world. Aguilar Cruz is credited with introducing Sym's work to the public. In December 1969, Andres Cristobal Cruz, assistant Director of the National Library, helped put up Sym's first one-man show, in one of the library's halls.

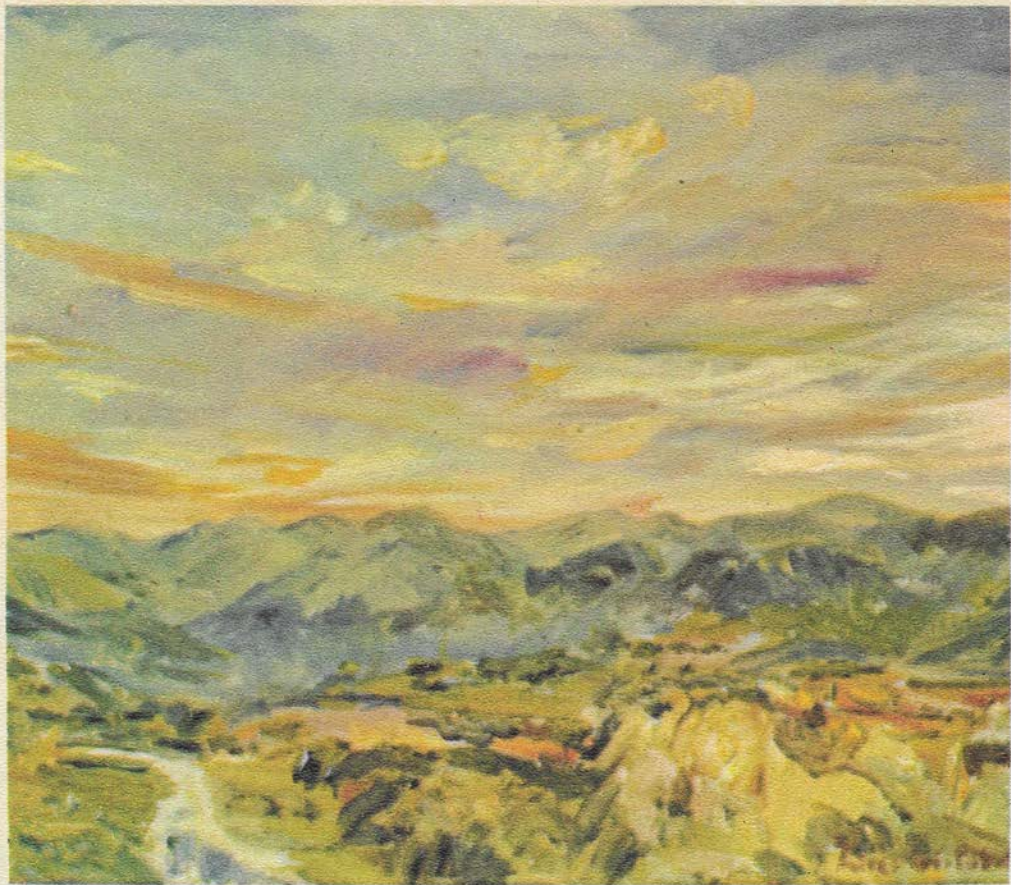
No two Dimasalang artists are alike in their work, for that matter. Romulo Galicano, who worked with Sym at the start, developed an expressionist style which better suits his temperament. At 27, Galicano already has a following among collectors and he receives commissions with a regularity that many an older artist would envy. He has had two one-man exhibitions and numerous group shows.



The expressionistic touch of Romulo Galicano is well displayed in "The Coming Storm", painted "on the spot" but avoiding literal representation. Instead the artist conveys a sense of the impending event with vigorous lines and subjective composition. Romulo, as he signs himself, had his first painting lessons from his uncle, Cebu's Martino Abellana, dubbed "the Amorsolo of the South"

Ibarra de la Rosa started painting in 1968 but did not go into it in earnest until he joined Sym and the rest in outdoor painting expeditions. With the bachelor's degree in Business Administration, De la Rosa might have drifted into a clerkship. Instead he wound up as a professional painter, one of the most successful in his age group before reaching his late twenties. He teaches painting at one of the Manila Universities where he had his formal art training.

Cristobal Cruz himself had for many years been a painter in his own right, using every kind of media except oils. He turned to oil painting with a vengeance and was holding his own one-man show in this medium within a year. Cristobal Cruz had developed a style of his own, based on his earlier primitive period.

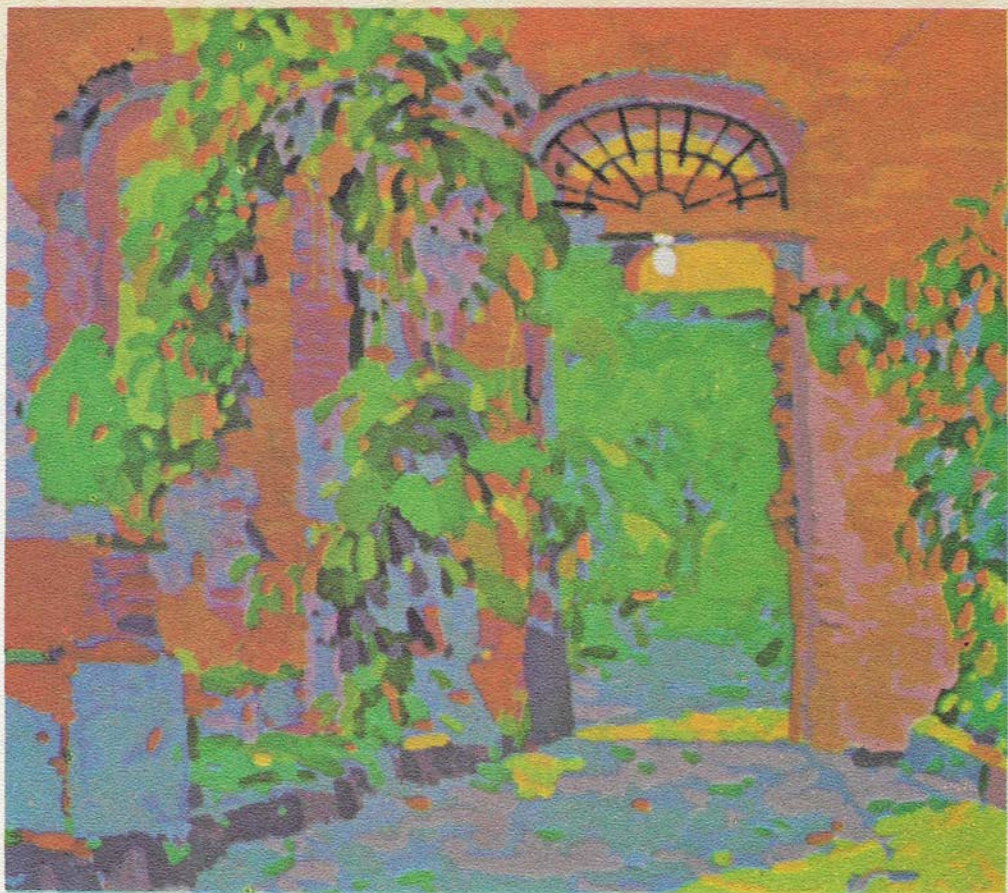


Cristobal Cruz's forte is landscape, whether in oil, watercolor or any other medium. With books of short stories, poetry and translations to his credit, Cristobal Cruz is in the public service as acting Director of the National Library. He writes in both English and Filipino and currently runs a cultural column in a weekly magazine. The landscape shown here was painted in Pantabangan, site of the big dam now under construction in eastern Nueva Ecija. It is typical of the artist's vigorous style.

E. Aguilar Cruz, who studied drawing at the prewar UP School of Fine Arts, put his easel aside in order to take up the slightly more remunerative career of fictionist and essayist. He was later to distinguish himself in journalism, but he never completely gave up art.

With increased leisure, Aguilar Cruz was able to devote more time to painting. Until the Dimasalang Group show this year, he stubbornly refused to sell his paintings but gave them away to friends almost as fast as he made them.

Asked how he felt after the near-sellout of his works at that exhibition, Aguilar Cruz replied, "Very sad. I used to be the No. 1 non-professional painter in the country. Now I am nearer to No. 20 among the professionals."



"The Gate" by Ibarra de la Rosa display the artist's love of pure, unmixed colors laid side by side in harmonious or complementary ways. This is a large canvas in acrylic, De la Rosa's favorite medium. However, he also has exhibited large drawings in black and white which convey mood by means of subtle tonal values and evoke a sense of tragedy with frozen expressions on the faces of people he draws. Such works contrast vividly with the surface gaiety of paintings like "The Gate".

Aguilar Cruz has been dubbed by one critic as the spiritual father of the Dimasalang Group. But the real father is Sym. By now well travelled (three months in Europe in 1971) Sym is sought after both as painter and teacher. In his modest apartment he not only shelters apprentices but gives lessons to half a dozen pupils who must undergo academic training with crayon and charcoal before even attempting watercolors, let alone oils.

They will necessarily imitate teacher at first. But once on their own they could strike out in any direction, and nobody would be happier than Sym himself.

"I might turn abstract myself one day," he says – "Who knows?" Coming from a former art student who had a habit of winning prizes with abstract compositions, that sounds reasonable enough. ●

Short story

Through the open window the air-steeped outdoors passed into his room, quietly enveloping him, stealing into his very thought. Esperanza, Julia, the sorry mess he had made of life, the years to come even now beginning to weigh down, to crush—they lost concreteness, diffused into formless melancholy. The tranquil murmur of conversation issued from the brick-tiled azotea where Don Julian and Carmen were busy puttering away among the rose pots.

"Papa, and when will the 'long table' be set? "

"I don't know yet. Alfredo is not very specific, but I understand Esperanza wants it to be next month."

DEAD STARS

By PAZ MARQUEZ BENITEZ

Carmen sighed impatiently. "Why is he not a bit more decided, I wonder. He is over thirty, is he not? And still a bachelor! Esperanza must be tired waiting."

"She does not seem to be in much of a hurry either," Don Julian nasally commented, while his rose scissors busily snipped away.

"How can a woman be in a hurry when the man does not hurry her? " Carmen returned, pinching off a worm with a careful, somewhat absent air. "Papa, do you remember how much in love he was? "

"In love? With whom? "

"With Esperanza, of course. He has not had another love affair that I know of," she said with good-natured contempt. "What I mean is that at the beginning he was enthusiastic— flowers, serenades, notes, and things like that—"

Alfredo remembered that period with a wonder not unminged with shame. That was less than four years ago. He could not understand those months of a great hunger that was not of the body nor yet of the mind, a craving that had seized on him one quiet night when the moon was abroad and under the dappled shadow of the trees in the plaza, man wooed maid. Was he being cheated by life? Love—he seemed to have missed it. Or was the love that others told about a mere fabrication of perverted imagination, an exaggeration of the commonplace, a glorification of insipid monotones such as made up his love life? Was love a combination of circumstances, or sheer native capacity of soul? In those days love was, for him, still the eternal puzzle; for love, as he knew it, was a stranger to love as he divined it might be.

Sitting quietly in his room now, he could almost revive the restlessness of those days, the feeling of tumultuous haste, such as he knew so well in his boyhood when something beautiful was going on somewhere and he was trying to get there in time to see. "Hurry, hurry, or you will miss it," someone had seemed to urge in his ears. So he had avidly seized on the shadow of Love and deluded himself for a long while in the way of humanity from time immemorial. In the meantime, he became very much engaged to Esperanza.

Why would men so mismanage their lives? Greed, he thought, was what ruined so many. Greed—the desire to crowd into a moment all the enjoyment it will hold, to squeeze from the hour all the emotion it

will yield. Men commit themselves when but half-meaning to do so, sacrificing possible future fullness of ecstasy to the craving for immediate excitement. Greed—mortgaging the future, forcing the hand of Time, or of Fate.

“What do you think happened?” asked Carmen pursuing her thought.

“I suppose long-engaged people are like that; warm now, cool tomorrow. I think they are oftener cool than warm. The very fact that an engagement has been allowed to prolong itself argues a certain placidity of temperament—or of affection—on the part of either, or both.” Don Julian loved to philosophize. He was talking now with an evident relish in words, his resonant, very nasal voice toned down to monologue pitch. “That phase you were speaking of is natural enough for a beginning. Besides, that, as I see it, was Alfredo’s last race with escaping youth—”

Carmen laughed aloud at the thought of her brother’s perfect physical repose—almost indolence—disturbed in the role suggested by her father’s figurative language.

“A last spurt of hot blood,” finished the old man.

Few certainly would credit Alfredo Salazar with hot blood. Even his friends had amusedly diagnosed his blood as cool and thin, citing incontrovertible evidence. Tall and slender, he moved with an indolent ease that verged on grace. Under straight recalcitrant hair, a thin face with a satisfying breadth of forehead, slow, dreamer’s eyes, and astonishing freshness of lips—indeed Alfredo Salazar’s appearance betokened little of exuberant masculinity; rather a poet with wayward humor, a fastidious artist with keen, clear brain.

DRAWINGS BY HUGO YONZON JR.

He rose and quietly went out of the house. He lingered a moment on the stone steps; then went down the path shaded by immature acacias, through the little tarred gate which he left swinging back and forth, now opening, now closing on the gravel road bordered along the farther side by a *madre cacao* hedge in tardy lavender bloom.

The gravel road narrowed as it slanted up to the house on the hill, whose wide, open porches he could glimpse through the heat-shrivelled tamarinds in the Martinez yard.

Six weeks ago that house meant nothing to him save that it was the Martinez house, rented and occupied by Judge del Valle and his family. Six weeks ago Julia Salas meant nothing to him; he did not even know her name; but now—

One evening he had gone “neighboring” with Don Julian; a rare enough occurrence, since he made it a point to avoid all appearance of currying favor with the Judge. This particular evening, however, he had allowed himself to be persuaded. “A little mental relaxation now and then is beneficial,” the old man had said. “Besides, a judge’s good will, you know,” the rest of the thought—“is worth a rising young lawyer’s trouble”—Don Julian conveyed through a shrug and a smile that derided his own worldly wisdom.

A young woman had met them at the door. It was evident from the excitement of the Judge’s children that she was a recent and very welcome arrival. In the characteristic Filipino way formal introductions had been omitted—the Judge limiting himself to a casual “*Ab, ya se conocen?*”—with the consequence that Alfredo called her Miss del Valle throughout the evening.

He was puzzled that she should smile with evident delight every time he addressed her thus. Later Don Julian informed him that she was not the Judge’s sister, as he had supposed, but his sister-in-law, and that her name was Julia Salas. A very dignified, rather austere name, he thought. Still, the young lady should have corrected him. As it was he was greatly embarrassed, and felt that he should explain.

To his apology, she replied, “That is nothing. Each time I was about to correct you, but I remembered a similar experience I had once before.”

“Oh,” he drawled out, vastly relieved.

“A man named Manalang—I kept calling him Manalo. After the tenth time or so, the young man rose

from his seat and said suddenly, 'Pardon me, but my name is Manalang, Manalang.' You know, I never forgave him! "

He laughed with her.

"The best thing to do under the circumstances, I have found out," she pursued, "is to pretend not to hear, and to let the other person find out his mistake without help."

"As you did this time. Still, you looked amused every time I—"

"I was thinking of Mr. Manalang."

Don Julian and his uncommunicative friend, the Judge, were absorbed in a game of chess. The young man had tired of playing appreciative spectator and desultory conversationalist, so he and Julia Salas had gone off to chat in the vine-covered porch. The lone piano in the neighborhood alternately tinkled and banged away as the player's moods altered. He listened, and wondered irrelevantly if Miss Salas could sing; she had such a charming speaking voice.

He was mildly surprised to note from her appearance that she was unmistakably a sister of the Judge's wife, although Doña Adela was of a different type altogether. She was small and plump, with wide brown eyes, clearly defined eyebrows, and delicately modeled lips—a pretty woman with the complexion of a baby and the expression of a likable cow. Julia was taller, not so obviously pretty. She had the same eyebrows and lips, but she was much darker, of a smooth rich brown with underlying tones of crimson which heightened the impression she gave of abounding vitality.

On Sunday mornings after mass, father and son would go crunching up the gravel road to the house on the hill. The Judge's wife invariably offered them beer, which Don Julian enjoyed and Alfredo did not. After a half hour or so, the chess-board would be brought out; then Alfredo and Julia Salas would go out to the porch to chat. She sat in the low hammock and he in a rocking chair, and the hours—warm, quiet March hours—sped by. He enjoyed talking with her and it was evident that she liked his company; yet what feeling there was between them was so undisturbed that it seemed a matter of course. Only when Esperanza chanced to ask him indirectly about those visits did some uneasiness creep into his thoughts of the girl next door.

Esperanza had wanted to know if he went straight home after mass. Alfredo suddenly realized that for several Sundays now he had not waited for Esperanza to come out of the church as he had been wont to do. He had been eager to go "neighboring."

He answered that he went home to work. And, because he was not habitually untruthful, added, "Sometimes I go with Papa to Judge del Valle's."

She dropped the topic. Esperanza was not prone to indulge in unprovoked jealousies. She was a believer in the regenerative virtue of institutions, in their power to regulate feeling as well as conduct. If a man were married, why, of course, he loved his wife; if he were engaged, he could not possibly love another woman.

That half-lie told him what he had not admitted openly to himself; that he was giving Julia Salas something which he was not free to give. He realized that; yet something that would not be denied beckoned imperiously, and he followed on.

It was so easy to forget up there, away from the prying eyes of the world, so easy and so poignantly sweet. The beloved woman, he standing close to her, the shadows around, enfolding.

"Up here I find—something—"

He and Julia Salas stood looking out into the quiet night. Sensing unwanted intensity, she laughed, womanlike, asking, "Amusement? "

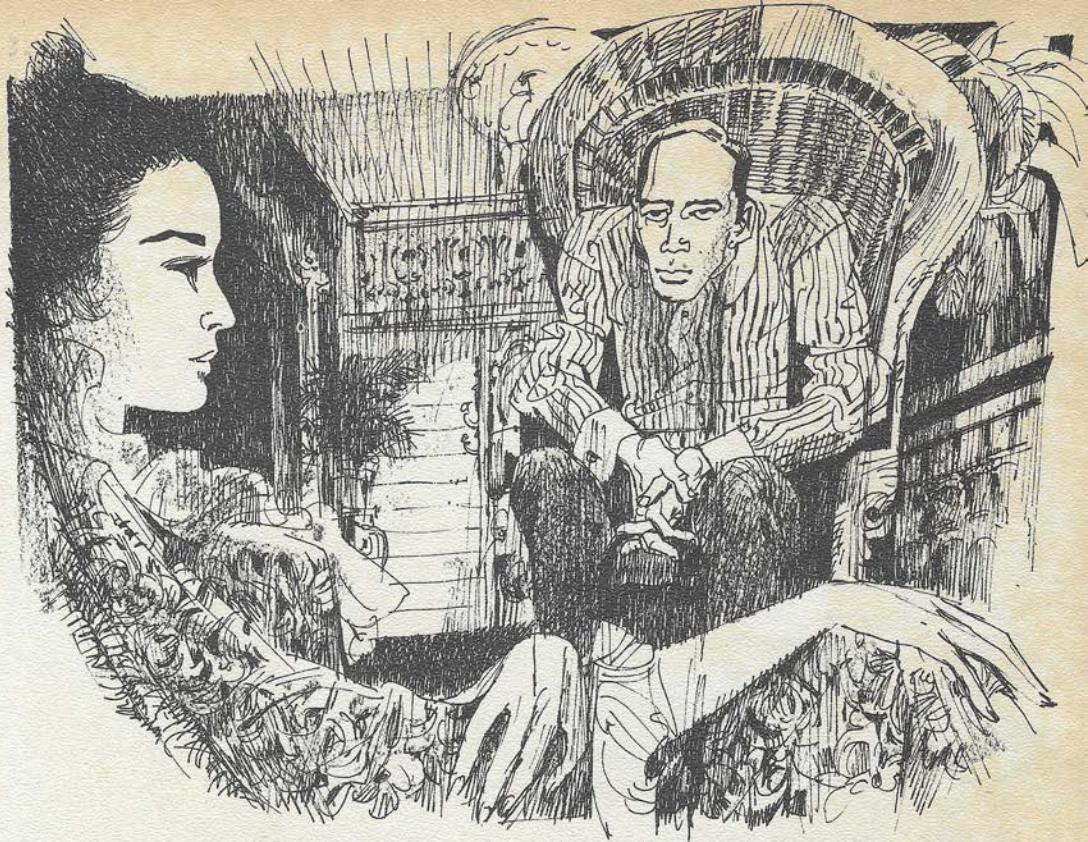
"No; youth—its spirit—"

"Are you so old? "

"And heart's desire."

Was he becoming a poet, or is there a poet lurking in the heart of every man?

"Down there," he had continued, his voice somewhat indistinct, "the road is too broad, too trodden by feet, too barren of mystery."



"Down there" beyond the ancient tamarinds lay the road, upturned to the stars. In the darkness the fireflies glimmered, while an errant breeze strayed in from somewhere, bringing elusive, far-away sounds as of voices in a dream.

"Mystery—" she answered lightly, "that is so brief—"

"Not in some," quickly. "Not in you."

"You have known me a few weeks; so the mystery."

"I could study you all my life and still find it."

"So long? "

"I should like to."

Those six weeks were now so swift-seeming in the memory, yet had they been so deep in the living, so charged with compelling power and sweetness. Because neither the past nor the future had relevance or meaning, he lived only the present, day by day, lived it intensely, with such a willful shutting out of fact as astounded him in his calmer moments.

Just before Holy Week, Don Julian invited the Judge and his family to spend Sunday afternoon at Tanda where he had a coconut plantation and a house on the beach. Carmen also came with her four energetic children. She and Doña Adela spent most of the time indoors directing the preparation of the *merienda* and discussing the likable absurdities of their husbands—how Carmen's Vicente was so absorbed in his farms that he would not even take time off to accompany her on this visit to her father; how Doña Adela's Dionisio was the most absent-minded of men, sometimes going out without his collar, or with unmatched socks.

After the *merienda*, Don Julian sauntered off with the Judge to show him what a thriving young coconut looked like—"plenty of leaves, close set, rich green"—while the children, convoyed by Julia Salas, found unending entertainment in the rippling sand left by the ebbing tide. They were far down, walking at the edge of the water, indistinctly outlined against the gray of out-curving beach.

Alfredo left his perch on the bamboo ladder of the house and followed. Here were her footsteps, narrow, arched. He laughed at himself for his black canvas footwear which he removed forthwith and tossed high up on dry sand.

When he came up, she flushed, then smiled with frank pleasure.

"I hope you are enjoying this," he said with a questioning inflection.

"Very much. It looks like home to me, except that we do not have such a lovely beach."

There was a breeze from the water. It blew the hair away from her forehead, and whipped the tucked-up skirt around her straight, slender figure. In the picture was something of eager freedom as of wings poised in flight. The girl had grace, distinction. Her face was not notably pretty; yet she had a tantalizing charm, all the more compelling because it was an inner quality, an achievement of the spirit. The lure was there, of naturalness, of an alert vitality of mind and body, of a thoughtful, sunny temper, and of a piquant perverseness which is sauce to charm.

"The afternoon has seemed very short, hasn't it?" Then, "This, I think, is the last time—we can visit."

"The last? Why?"

"Oh, you will be too busy perhaps."

He noted an evasive quality in the answer.

"Do I seem especially industrious to you?"

"If you are, you never look it."

"Not perspiring or breathless, as a busy man ought to be."

"But—"

"Always unhurried, too unhurried, and calm." She smiled to herself.

"I wish that were true," he said after a meditative pause.

She waited.

"A man is happier if he is, as you say, calm and placid."

"Like a carabao in a mud pool," she retorted perversely.

"Who? I?"

"Oh, no!"

"You said I am calm and placid."

"That is what I think."

"I used to think so too. Shows how little we know ourselves."

It was strange to him that he could be wooing thus: with tone and look and covert phrase.

"I should like to see your home town."

"There is nothing to see—little crooked streets, *yunut* roofs with ferns growing on them, and sometimes squashes."

That was the background. It made her seem less detached, less unrelated, yet withal more distant, as if that background claimed her and excluded him.

"Nothing? There is you."

"Oh, me? But I am here."

"I will not go, of course, until you are there."

"Will you come? You will find it dull. There isn't even one American there!"

"Well—Americans are rather essential to my entertainment."

She laughed.

"We live on Calle Luz, a little street with trees."

"Could I find that?"

"If you don't ask for Miss del Valle," she smiled teasingly.

"I'll inquire about—"

"What? "

"The house of the prettiest girl in the town."

"There is where you will lose your way." Then she turned serious. "Now, that is not quite sincere."

"It is," he averred slowly, but emphatically.

"I thought you, at least, would not say such things."

"Pretty—pretty—a foolish word! But there is none other more handy. I did not mean that quite—"

"Are you withdrawing the compliment? "

"Reinforcing it, maybe. Something is pretty when it pleases the eye—it is more than that when—"

"If it saddens? " she interrupted hastily.

"Exactly."

"It must be ugly."

"Always? "

Toward the west, the sunlight lay on the dimming waters in a broad, glinting streamer of crimsoned gold.

"No, of course. You are right."

"Why did you say this is the last time? " he asked quietly as they turned back.

"I am going home."

The end of an impossible dream!

"When? " after a long silence.

"Tomorrow. I received a letter from Father and Mother yesterday. They want me to spend Holy Week at home."

She seemed to be waiting for him to speak.

"That is why I said this is the last time."

"Can't I come to say good-bye? "

"Oh, you don't need to! "

"No, but I want to."

"There is not time."

The golden streamer was withdrawing, shortening, until it looked no more than a pool far away at the rim of the world. Stillness, a vibrant quiet that affects the senses as does solemn harmony; a peace that is not contentment but a cessation of tumult when all violence of feeling tones down to the wistful serenity of regret. She turned and looked into his face, in her dark eyes a ghost of sunset sadness.

"Home seems so far from here. This is almost like another life."

"I know. This Elsewhere, and yet strange enough. I cannot get rid of the old things."

"Old things:"

"Oh, old things, mistakes, encumbrances, old baggage." He said it lightly, unwilling to mar the hour. He walked close, his hand sometimes touching hers for one whirling second.

Don Julian's nasal summons came to them on the wind.

Alfredo gripped the soft hand so near his own. At his touch, the girl turned her face away, but he heard her voice say very low, "Good-bye."

II

Alfredo Salazar turned to the right where farther on, the road broadened and entered the heart of the town—heart of Chinese stores sheltered under low-hung roofs, of indolent drug stores and tailor shops, of dingy shoe-repairing establishments, and cluttered goldsmith's cubby hole where a consumptive bent over a magnifying lens; heart of old brick-roofed houses with quaint hand-and-ball knockers on the door; heart of grass-grown plaza reposeful with trees, of ancient church and *convento*, now circled by

swallows gliding in flight as smooth and soft as the afternoon itself.

Into the quickly deepening twilight, the voice of the biggest of the church bells kept ringing its insistent summons. Flocking came the devout with their long wax candles, young women in vivid apparel (for this was Holy Thursday and the Lord was still alive), older women in sober black skirts. Came too the young men in droves, elbowing each other under the *talisay* tree near the church door.

The gaily decked rice-paper lanterns were again on display while from the windows of the older houses hung colored glass globes, heirlooms from a day when grasspith wicks floating in coconut oil were the chief lighting device.

Soon a double row of lights emerged from the church and uncoiled down the length of the street like a huge jewelled band studded with glittering clusters where the saints' platforms were. Above the measured music rose the untutored voices of the choir, steeped in incense and the acrid fumes of burning wax.

The sight of Esperanza and her mother sedately pacing behind Our Lady of Sorrows suddenly destroyed the illusion of continuity and broke up those lines of light into component individuals. Esperanza stiffened self-consciously, tried to look unaware, and could not.

The line moved on.

Suddenly, Alfredo's slow blood began to beat violently, irregularly. A girl was coming down the line—a girl that was striking, and vividly alive, the woman that could cause violent commotion in his heart, yet had no place in the completed ordering of his life.

Her glance of abstracted devotion fell on him and came to a brief stop.

The line kept moving on, wending its circuitous route away from the church and then back again, where, according to the old proverb, all processions end.

At last Our Lady of Sorrows entered the church, and with her the priest and the choir, whose voices now echoed from the arched ceiling. The bells rang the close of the procession.

A round orange moon, "huge as a winnowing basket," rose lazily into a clear sky, whitening the iron roofs and dimming the lanterns at the windows. Along the still densely shadowed streets the young women with their rear guard of males loitered and, maybe, took the longest way home.

Toward the end of the row of Chinese stores, he caught up with Julia Salas. The crowd had dispersed into the side streets, leaving Calle Real to those who lived farther out. It was past eight, and Esperanza would be expecting him in a little while; yet the thought did not hurry him as he said "Good evening" and fell into step with the girl.

"I had been thinking all this time that you had gone," he said in a voice that was both excited and troubled.

"No, my sister asked me to stay until they are ready to go."

"Oh, is the Judge going?"

"Yes."

The provincial docket had been cleared, and Judge del Valle had been assigned elsewhere. As lawyer—and as lover—Alfredo had found that out long before.

"Mr. Salazar," she broke into his silence, "I wish to congratulate you."

Her tone told him that she had learned, at last. That was inevitable.

"For what?"

"For your approaching wedding."

Some explanation was due her, surely. Yet what could he say that would not offend?

"I should have offered congratulations long before, but you know mere visitors are slow about getting the news," she continued.

He listened not so much to what she said as to the nuances in her voice. He heard nothing to enlighten him, except that she had reverted to the formal tones of early acquaintance. No revelation there; simply the old voice—cool, almost detached from personality, flexible and vibrant, suggesting potentialities of song.

"Are weddings interesting to you?" he finally brought out quietly.

"When they are of friends, yes."

"Would you come if I asked you? "

"When is it going to be? "

"May," he replied briefly, after a long pause.

"May is the month of happiness, they say," she said with what seemed to him a shade of irony.

"They say," slowly, indifferently. "Would you come? "

"Why not? "

"No reason. I am just asking. Then you will? "

"If you will ask me," she said with disdain.

"Then I ask you."

"Then I will be there."

The gravel road lay before them; at the road's end, the lighted windows of the house on the hill. There swept over the spirit of Alfredo Salazar a longing so keen that it was pain, a wish that that house were his, that all the bewilderments of the present were not, and that this woman by his side were his long-wedded wife, returning with him to the peace of home.

"Julita," he said in his slow, thoughtful manner, "did you ever have to choose between something you wanted to do and something you had to do? "

"No! "

"I thought maybe you had had that experience; then you could understand a man who was in such a situation."

"You are fortunate," he pursued when she did not answer.

"Is—is this man sure of what he should do? "

"I don't know, Julita. Perhaps not. But there is a point where a thing escapes us and rushes downward of its own weight, dragging us along. Then it is foolish to ask whether one will or will not, because it no longer depends on him."

"But then why—why—" her muffled voice came. "Oh, what do I know? That is his problem after all."

"Doesn't it—interest you? "

"Why must it? I—I have to say good-bye, Mr. Salazar; we are at the house."

Without lifting her eyes she quickly turned and walked away.

Had the final word been said? He wondered. It had. Yet a feeble flutter of hope trembled in his mind, though set against that hope were three years of engagement, a very near wedding, perfect understanding between the parents, his own conscience, and Esperanza herself—Esperanza waiting, Esperanza no longer young, Esperanza the efficient, the literal-minded, the intensely acquisitive.

He looked attentively at her where she sat on the sofa, appraisingly, and with a kind of aversion which he tried to control.

She was one of those fortunate women who have the gift of uniformly acceptable appearance. She never surprised one with unexpected homeliness nor with startling reserves of beauty. At home, in church, on the street, she was always herself, a woman past first bloom, light and clear of complexion, spare of arms and of breast, with a slight convexity to thin throat; a woman dressed with self-conscious care, even elegance; a woman distinctly not average.

She was pursuing an indignant relation about something or other, something about Calixta, their note-carrier, Alfredo perceived, so he merely half-listened, understanding imperfectly. At a pause he drawled out to fill in the gap: "Well, what of it? " The remark sounded ruder than he had intended.

"She is not married to him," Esperanza insisted in her thin, nervously pitched voice. "Besides, she should have thought of us. Nanay practically brought her up. We never thought she would turn out bad."

What had Calixta done? Homely, middle-aged Calixta?

"You are very positive about her badness," he commented dryly. Esperanza was always positive.

"But do you approve? "

"Of what? "

"What she did."

"No," indifferently.

"Well?"

He was suddenly impelled by a desire to disturb the untroubled orthodoxy of her mind. "All I say is that it is not necessarily wicked."

"Why shouldn't it be? You talk like an—immoral man. I did not know that your ideas were like that."

"My ideas?" he retorted, goaded by a deep, accumulated exasperation. "The only test I wish to apply to conduct is the test of fairness. Am I injuring anybody? No? Then I am justified in my conscience. I am right. Living with a man to whom she is not married—is that it? It may be wrong, and again it may not."

"She has injured us. She was ungrateful." Her voice was tight with resentment.

"The trouble with you, Esperanza, is that you are—" he stopped, appalled by the passion in his voice.

"Why do you get angry? I do not understand you at all! I think I know why you have been indifferent to me lately. I am not blind, or deaf; I see and hear what perhaps some are trying to keep from me." The blood surged into his very eyes and his hearing sharpened to points of acute pain. What would she say next?

"Why don't you speak out frankly before it is too late? You need not think of me and of what people will say." Her voice trembled.

Alfredo was suffering as he could not remember ever having suffered before. What people will say—what will they not say? What don't they say when long engagements are broken almost on the eve of the wedding?

"Yes," he said hesitatingly, diffidently, as if merely thinking aloud, "one tries to be fair—according to his lights—but it is hard. One would like to be fair to one's self first. But that is too easy, one does not dare—"

"What do you mean?" she asked with repressed violence. "Whatever my shortcomings, and no doubt they are many in your eyes, I have never gone out of my way, of my *place*, to find a man."

Did she mean by this irrelevant remark that he it was who had sought her; or was that a covert attack on Julia Salas?

"Esperanza—" a desperate plea lay in his stumbling words. "If you—suppose I—" Yet how could a mere man word such a plea?

"If you mean you want to take back your word, if you are tired of—why don't you tell me you are tired of me?" she burst out in a storm of weeping that left him completely shamed and unnerved.

The last word *bad* been said.

III

As Alfredo Salazar leaned against the boat rail to watch the evening settling over the lake, he wondered if Esperanza would attribute any significance to this trip of his. He was supposed to be in Santa Cruz whither the case of the People of the Philippine Islands vs. Belina *et al* had kept him and there he would have been if Brigida Samuy had not been so important to the defense. He had to find that elusive old woman. That the search was leading him to that particular lake town which was Julia Salas' home should not disturb him unduly. Yet he was disturbed to a degree utterly out of proportion to the prosaicness of his errand. That inner tumult was no surprise to him; in the last eight years he had become used to such occasional storms. He had long realized that he could not forget Julia Salas. Still, he had tried to be content and not to remember too much. The climber of mountains who has known the back-break, the lonesomeness, and the chill, finds a certain restfulness in level paths made easy to his feet. He looks up sometimes from the valley where settles the dusk of evening, but he knows he must not heed the radiant beckoning. Maybe, in time, he would cease even to look up.

He was not unhappy in his marriage. He felt no rebellion: only the calm of capitulation to what he recognized as irresistible forces of circumstance and of character. His life had simply ordered itself; no more struggles, no more stirring up of emotions that got a man nowhere. From his capacity of complete detachment he derived a strange solace. The essential himself, the himself that had its being in the core of



his thought, would, he reflected, always be free and alone. When claims encroached too insistently, as sometimes they did, he retreated into the inner fastness, and from that vantage he saw things and people around him as remote and alien, as incidents that did not matter. At such times did Esperanza feel baffled and helpless; he was gentle, even tender, but immeasurably far away, beyond her reach.

Lights were springing into life on the shore. That was the town, a little up-tilted town nestling in the dark greenness of the groves. A snub-crested belfry stood beside the ancient church. On the outskirts, the evening smudges glowed red through the sinuous mists of smoke that rose and lost themselves in the purple shadows of the hills. There was a young moon which grew slowly luminous as the coral tints in the sky yielded to the darker blues of evening.

The vessel approached the landing quietly, trailing a wake of long golden ripples on the dark water. Peculiar hill inflections came to his ears from the crowd assembled to meet the boat—slow, singing cadences, characteristic of the Laguna lake-shore speech. From where he stood he could not distinguish faces, so he had no way of knowing whether the *presidente* was there to meet him or not. Just then a voice shouted.

"Is the *abogado* there? *Abogado!*"

"What *abogado*?" some one irately asked.

That must be the *presidente*, he thought, and went down to the landing.

It was a policeman, a tall pock-marked individual. The *presidente* had left with Brigida Samuy—*Tandang* "Binday"—that noon for Santa Cruz. Señor Salazar's second letter had arrived late, but the wife had read it and said, "Go and meet the *abogado* and invite him to our house."

Alfredo Salazar courteously declined the invitation. He would sleep on board since the boat would

leave at four the next morning anyway. So the *presidente* had received his first letter? Alfredo did not know because that official had not sent an answer. "Yes," the policeman replied, "but he could not write because we heard that *Tandang* Bunday was in San Antonio, so we went there to find her."

San Antonio was up in the hills! Good man, the *presidente*! He, Alfredo, must do something for him. It was not every day that one met with such willingness to help.

Eight o'clock, lugubriously tolled from the bell tower, found the boat settled into a somnolent quiet. A cot had been brought out and spread for him, but it was too bare to be inviting at that hour. It was too early to sleep: he would walk around the town. His heart beat faster as he picked his way to shore over the rafts made fast to sundry piles driven into the water.

How peaceful the town was! Here and there a little *tienda* was still open, its dim light issuing forlornly through the single window which served as counter. An occasional couple sauntered by, the women's *chinelas* making scraping sounds. From a distance came the shrill of voices of children playing games on the street—*tubigan* perhaps, or "hawk-and-chicken." The thought of Julia Salas in that quiet place filled him with a pitying sadness.

How would life seem now if he had married Julia Salas? Had he meant anything to her? That unforgettable red-and-gold afternoon in early April haunted him with a sense of incompleteness as restless as other unladen ghosts. She had not married—why? faithfulness, he reflected, was not a conscious effort at regretful memory. It was something unvolitional, maybe a recurrent awareness of irreplaceability. Irrelevant trifles—a cool wind on his forehead, far-away sounds as of voices in a dream—at times moved him to an oddly irresistible impulse to listen as to an insistent, unfinished prayer.

A few inquiries led him to a certain little tree-ceilinged street where the young moon wove indistinct filigrees of light and shadow. In the gardens the cotton tree threw its angular shadow athwart the low stone wall; and in the cool, stilly midnights the cock's first call rose in tall, soaring jets of sound. Calle Luz.

Somehow or other, he had known that he would find her house because she would surely be sitting at the window. Where else, before bedtime on a moonlit night? The house was low and the light in the *sala* behind her threw her head into unmistakable relief. He sensed rather than saw her start of vivid surprise.

"Good evening," he said, raising his hat.

"Good evening. Oh! Are you in town?"

"On some little business," he answered with a feeling of painful constraint.

"Won't you come up?"

He considered. His vague plans had not included this. But Julia Salas had left the window, calling to her mother as she did so. After a while, someone came downstairs with a lighted candle to open the door. At last—he was shaking her hand.

She had not changed much—a little less slender, not so eagerly alive, yet something had gone. He missed it, sitting opposite her, looking thoughtfully into her fine dark eyes. She asked him about the home town, about this and that, in a sober, somewhat meditative tone. He conversed with increasing ease, though with a growing wonder that he should be there at all. He could not take his eyes from her face. What had she lost? Or was the loss his? He flet an impersonal curiosity creeping into his gaze. The girl must have noticed, for her cheek darkened in a blush.

Gently—was it experimentally?—he pressed her hand at parting; but his own felt undisturbed and unemotionless. Did she still care? The answer to the question hardly interested him.

The young moon had set, and from the uninviting cot he could see one half of a star-studded sky.

So *that* was all over.

Why had he obstinately clung to that dream?

So all these years—since when?—he had been seeing the light of dead stars, long extinguished, yet seemingly still in their appointed places in the heavens.

An immense sadness as of loss invaded his spirit, a vast homesickness for some immutable refuge of the heart far away where faded gardens bloom again, and where live on in unchanging freshness, the dear, dead loves of vanished youth.

THE CULTURAL MINORITIES

By ALICE H. REYES



An Ilongot does a war dance. Headhunting, however, is no longer practiced.

The term “national cultural minorities” refers to that part of the Philippine population who are numerically less than the Christians and who have been least influenced by the religion, government and the culture brought to our shores by the Spaniards, the Americans and other Westerners,

About 46 ethnic tribes make up these minorities who comprise 20% of the population. A conservative projection made by the Bureau of Census and Statistics in 1960, placed their number at six and a half million, distributed over the length and breadth of the Philippine archipelago.



Aetas, small, dark and kinky-haired, belong to a semi-nomadic tribe living by hunting and fishing.

Historically, the cultural minorities represent the last bastion of defense against the foreign invader

Not so long ago these cultural minority groups were hardly considered part of the mainstream of Filipino society but government efforts to integrate them has, through the years, reversed the evidently discriminatory attitude. In fact, the shoe could almost be said to be on the other foot. The recent world upheaval which gave birth to a number of new nations, the Philippine Republic among them, also spurred a preoccupation among these newly emancipated peoples: the search for national identities. The Filipino, taking a close second-look at his cultural make-up, rediscovered his true origins—up the mountains, in forest fastnesses, along the lake-shores, where the minorities dwell. The artifacts of these tribes, once mostly ignored are now proudly held up as Filipino, their customs and traditions considered part of the Filipino indigenous culture.

Historically, the cultural minorities, particularly the Maranaos and the Maguindanaos of the south, represent the last bastion of defense against foreign invasion. No persuasion on the part of the Spanish colonizer, who tried to do with the Cross what could not be accomplished with the Sword, succeeded in converting them to Christianity.

The former head of the Commission on National Integration, Gabriel Dunuan, wrote, "The cultural minority groups, quite simply, are those still ethnically and psychologically, but little differentiated from the common Southeast Asian peninsula and island civilizations. They are guided not entirely by Euro-American based law prevailing in the Philippines, but by *adat* or native customs. Considering this, the majority Filipino is the *tao*, the people in general, and the cultural minority Filipinos are the *banua*, the country's very old, simple people."

One ethnic tribe, the Negritos or Aetas, are considered the aborigines of the Philippine archipelago. They were already here, cultivating lush valleys, when the first wave of sea-faring Indonesians came over in their

boats and established settlements on these shores. The Negritos themselves were descendants of the Pygmies from the Asian continent, who came through the Malay peninsula, about 25,000 years ago, walking dry-shod since at the time, there were still land bridges connecting the archipelago with the Asian mainland.

The pressure of successive waves of migrants caused the Negritos to move to the hinterlands. Thus the forested hill ranges and mountains became their second homes and they became known as the "highlanders", while the Christians below were called the "lowlanders," with the exception of a number of tribal groups who withstood any alien attempt to force them off their lands.

THE AETAS

A semi-nomadic group, the small, dark, kinky-haired Aetas are found in the provinces of Ilocos Sur, Negros Occidental, Antique, Camarines Sur, Pangasinan, Nueva Ecija, Tarlac, Camarines Norte, Laguna, Bataan, Bulacan, and Zambales.

The Aetas live by hunting and fishing in rivers and streams and by planting rootcrops through the *kaingin* system. This, plus the superstitious belief that when a member of the family dies, the house which he or she died in must be vacated, contributes to the perpetuation of their nomadic life.

Mortality is high among the Aetas who still use the bow and arrow and the bolo for protection and for their livelihood. This is understandable, considering that the Aetas are found in places almost inaccessible, high up in the forested mountains.

There they still worship their *anitos* and have their witch doctors. While there are Aetas in the lowlands who have intermarried with those belonging to other tribes or who have accepted the ways of civilization, a larger number of them are in the hinterlands, where tradition still prevails.

Polygamy, for example, is still practised by the Aetas. A man and his wives may even live under the same roof. Dowries are given by arrangement of the families of both contracting parties, in the form of a bolo, clothing, money, land or animals. The amount of the dowry depends on the "worth" of the girl, the main criterion being her virginity.

Known for their generosity towards the family of the bride-to-be, the Aetas have a custom called "duha" or "paghihingi" whereby the girl's relatives may ask for any possession of the groom, which he must give.

Marriage is severed by divorce, the time when the dowry is returned to the husband.

When an Aeta gets sick (usually of flu, malaria or beri-beri), the witch doctor is called upon to drive away the evil spirits. Aetas even slash parts of their bodies to drive the sickness out. At death, the Aetas have a "talibul" at which they kill a wild pig and sing to their *anitos*. The chant consists of a monologue in which the dead person's name is called repeatedly.

THE DUMAGATS

Negritos of more or less pure blood, the Dumagats are not to be classified as pure pygmy. The tribal name could have been derived from gubat (forest) and hubad (naked), for the Dumagats live in the forest and are more comfortable nearly naked.

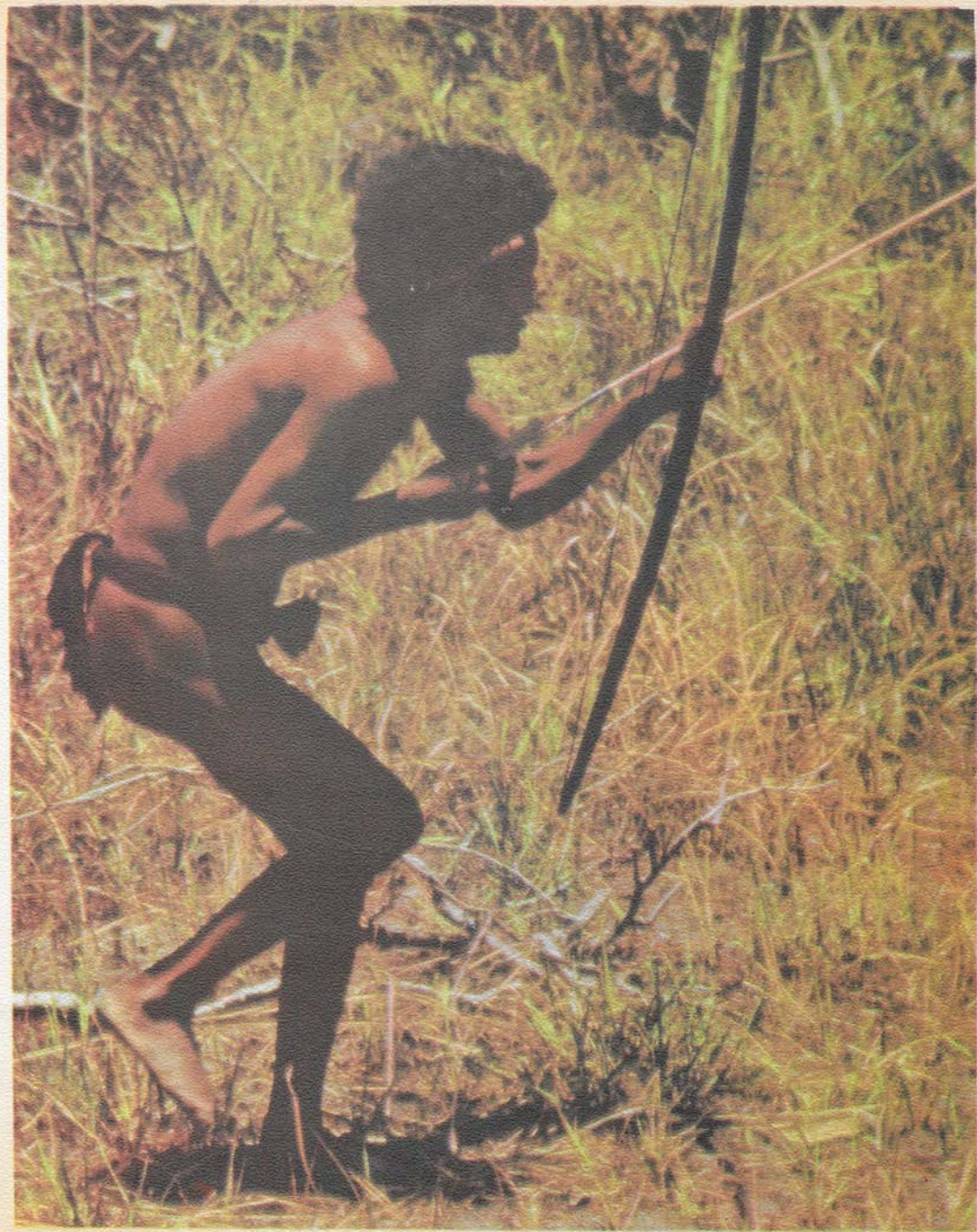
They are found in the provinces of Nueva Ecija, Camarines Sur, Camarines Norte, Quezon, Ilocos Sur, Rizal and Bulacan.

Once they lived in single-pole makeshift *nipa* huts near the river, but many of them now have sturdier dwellings higher up. The Dumagats speak a language of their own among themselves, but as scholars have discovered, they also speak with facility the *patois* of the region to which they have migrated.

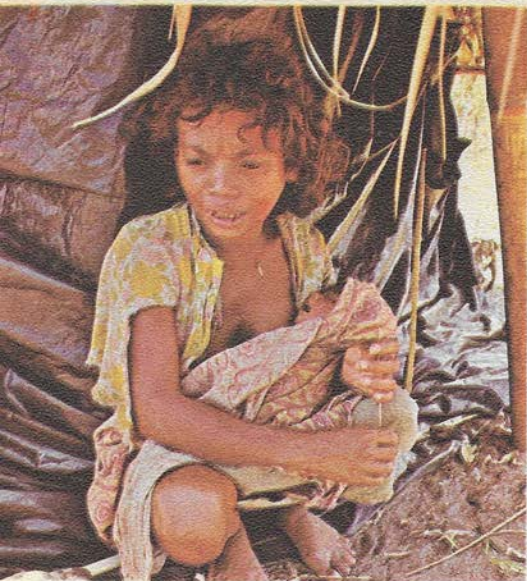
Courtship among the Dumagats is like courtship in other parts of the country. There is a difference, though, when it comes to marriage. There is no wedding ceremony save for a simple celebration to which the couple's relatives and guests are invited and at which the union is announced. As simply as the union is made, so too is its dissolution. Dumagat couples separate by mutual consent



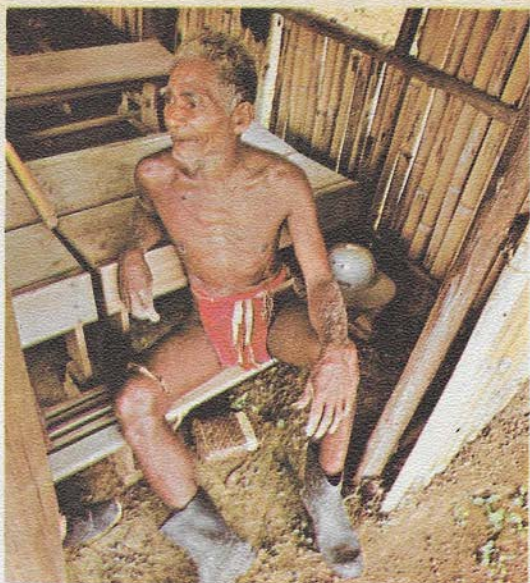
The Dumagats are a peace-loving people.



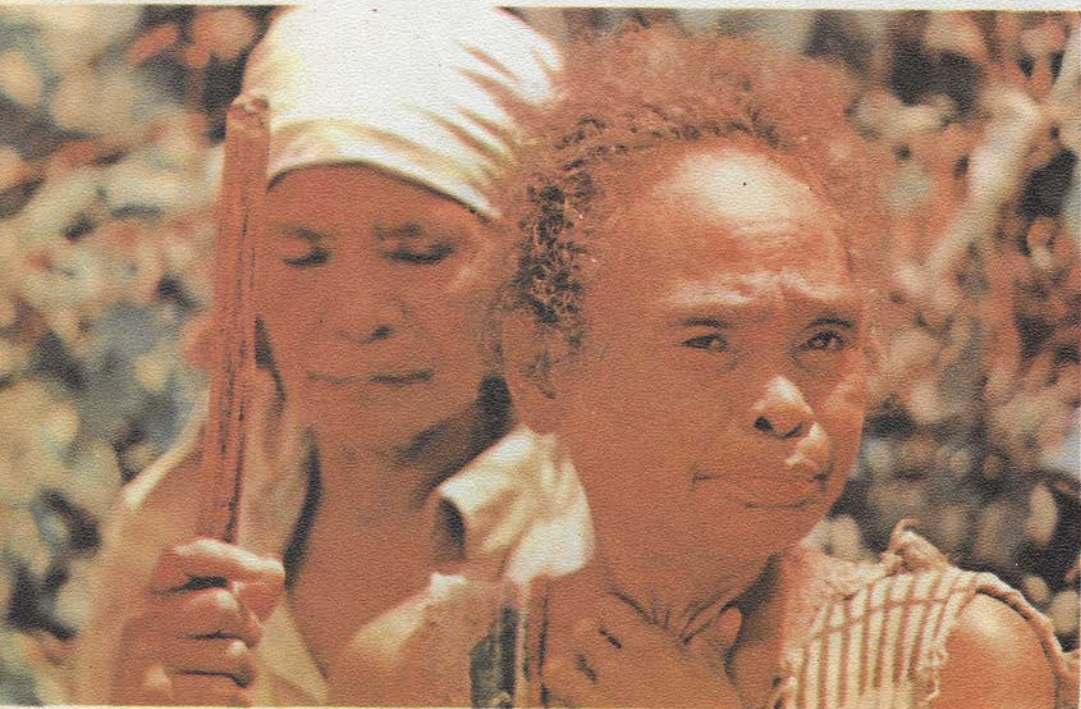
The Dumagats live in the forest and are more comfortable nearly naked.



An Aeta mother and child.



Dumagats are Negritos of more or less pure blood.



Remontados number no more than 500 who live in reservations.

of the parties, sans fanfare.

Once in two months, the Dumagat husband goes out hunting in the thickets. If he is fortunate, his family will have wild boar or deer for their fare; otherwise, they will have their usual food: fish and shrimps, rice, bananas, tubers and other forest plants.

The Dumagats have no religion of their own, although they claim to believe in a nameless, faceless god whom they invoke to bless them with the goods of the earth or to protect them from danger.

A peace-loving people, left to themselves, the Dumagats have no peace and order problems. When they do die, usually of sickness or old age, their corpses are placed in simple coffins of *bubo* or bamboo and buried in silence. No prayers are uttered over the graves; no sad songs chanted. That they have lived well will suffice.

THE REMONTADOS

A cross between the offspring of a Dumagat father and a lowlander mother, the Remontados are pagans who do not believe in life after death.

It is estimated that there are no more than 500 Remontados living in the provinces of Rizal and Quezon today. Unable to bear the incursions of Christian settlers, the Remontados have been compelled to live in reservations.

On the farm lots allocated to them by the government, they raise crops. Their productivity varies, however, depending on their indolence or industry. Partly to solve the hunger problem, partly out of habit, the Remontados, male and female, child and adult, chew betelnut continually.

The birth rate of the Remontados is alarming but this is offset by the high infant mortality. Marriages are contracted when the children are as young as ten years old. No marriage rites are held and divorce is possible by mutual agreement of the parties concerned.

THE IBELENGS

A little-known, fast-disappearing tribe found only in Zambales, the Ibelengs (also known as the Aburlens and Abellens), are a proud, violent and passionate people, of whom the legendary Princess Urduja was one.

Taller than the Negritos, the Ibelengs have long, straight or curly hair which is light brown or reddish in color and brown eyes, causing some writers to assume that they are proto — Malays who could have migrated 10,000 years ago when the Philippines was connected to Indonesia by land bridges.

Once a savage people who, in a bygone era, used to make drinking cups from the skulls of their enemies, the Ibelengs have assimilated many of the Christian ways. Before being converted to Christianity, the Ibelengs used to practise polygamy. The men decided everything, although the women made a great show of courage. While a man could take as many as four wives under one roof, rarely, if ever, did he divorce any of them. If he did at all, he got back the dowry he had given.

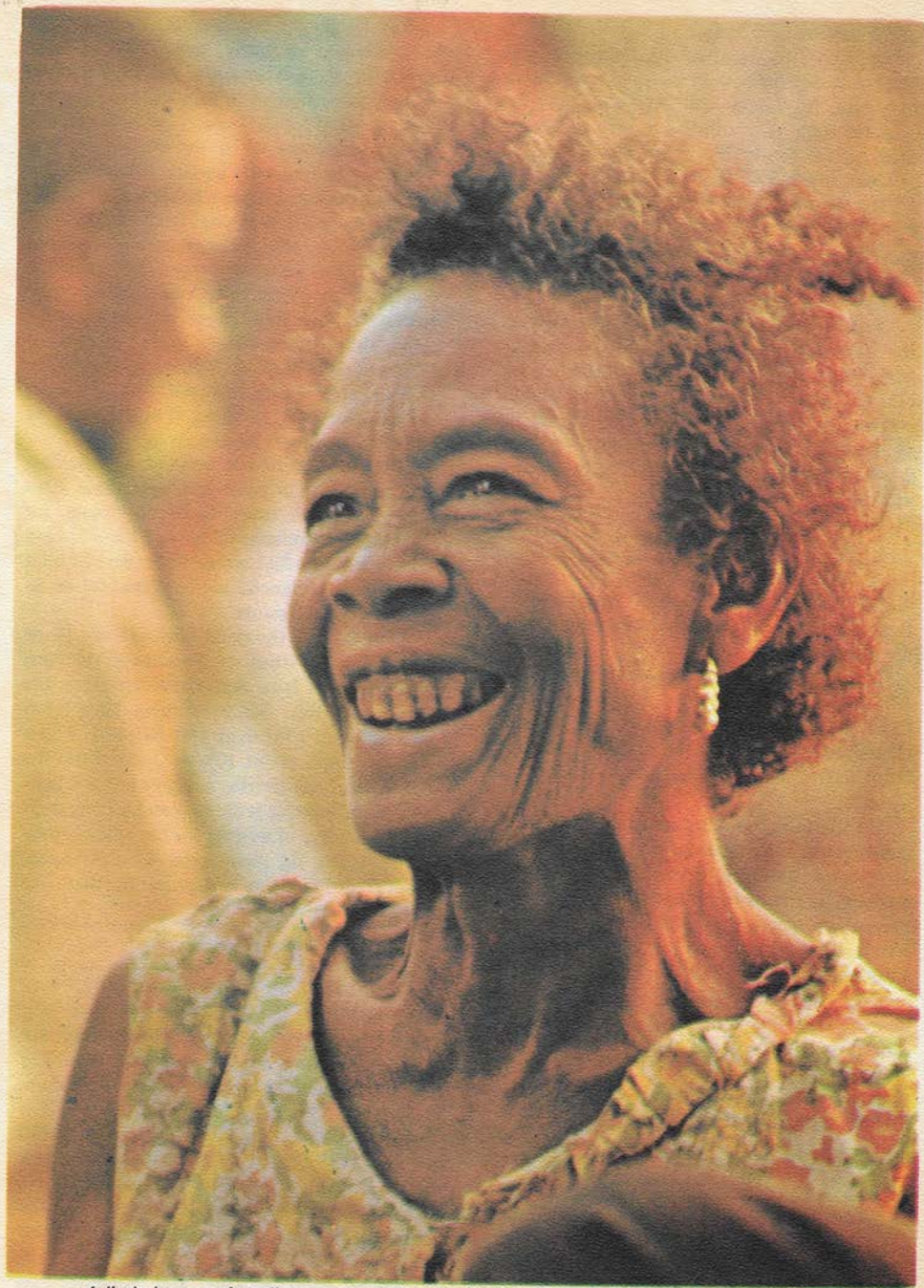
The Ibelengs of old believed in a faceless god as well as in good and bad anitos. This belief made it easier in recent years for Christian missionaries to convert them. Today that fanaticism that seems to be part of their make-up is evidenced in their celebration of the feasts of the saints.

Only a few thousand Ibelengs are to be found in the sitios of Poombato, Moraza, Magisig, San Juan and Cabatuan along the Cabatuan River. Many of them have intermarried with Christians and Negritos. Those who have not, about 10% of them, retain the old ways of transferring *kaingins* but not their homes, of hunting with dogs and setting traps for their prey, of waiting for the animals they have caught in their traps to decompose before getting them and preparing them for food.

THE ILONGOTS

Once headhunters, the Ilongots of Nueva Ecija and Nueva Viscaya are believed to have descended from Indonesians who inhabited the southern Sierra Madre and Caraballo Mountains, according to Lawrence L. Wilson, author of "Ilongot Life and Legends". It is believed that in the early part of the 16th century, there was a union of the descendants of these Malays and the Chinese which accounts for the Ilongots' slanted eyes and the presence of many Chinese words in their dialect.

Quite good-looking and friendly, the Ilongots have discarded the practise of "har-



A little known, fast-disappearing tribe, the Ibelengs are proud, violent and passionate.



Kalingas live by the soil, plant rice and corn.

vesting heads", which used to be a status symbol and a form of vendetta. They are estimated to be approximately 15,000 to 16,000 in number.

In Ilongot society, the man is absolute king. Women do the farming and cooking aside from the childbearing. The men merely fish and hunt, bring firewood, build fences and sometimes houses and see to the *kaingin*. They can have up to six wives, provided they build each one a dwelling place and treat all fairly.

Childbirth is done simply. The pregnant mother goes to a spot which she has previously prepared near a tree, where there is a bed of ashes. When the time to deliver comes, she merely holds on to the tree trunk until the baby falls on the mound of ashes. Alone, she severs the umbilical cord with a sharp object, washes herself in the nearby river or stream, gives the baby to the father, and then returns to the field to resume her work.

Interesting to note is the use of an herb which allegedly has wound-healing and birth control properties.

THE KALINGAS

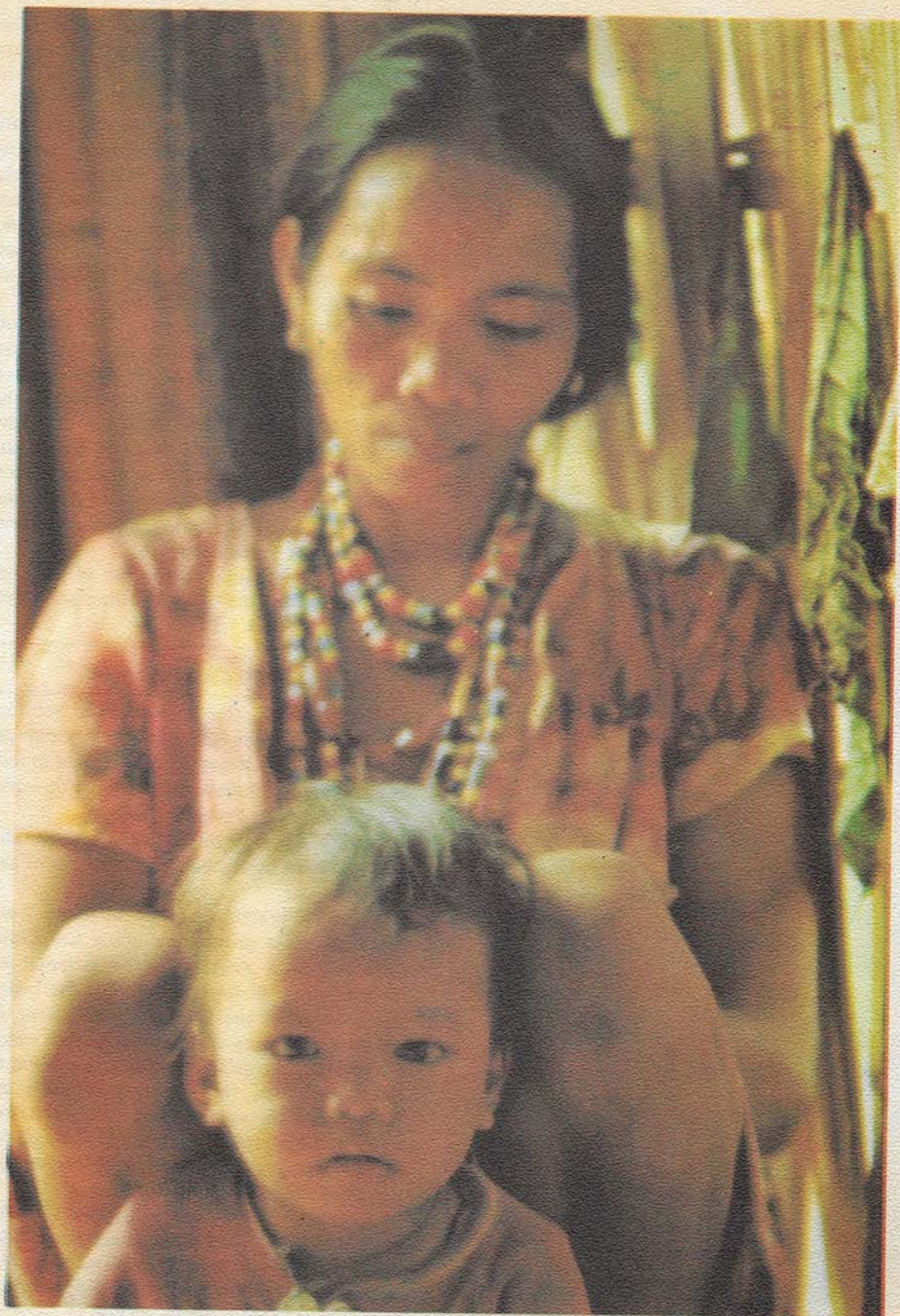
Kalinga land extends beyond the boundaries of the present Kalinga-Apayao province. The handsome Kalingas may be found in fact in Cagayan and Isabela and scattered throughout the Mountain Provinces.

Vanity is part of the Kalinga make-up. The Kalingas have been called the Peacocks of the Philippines.

Courting practices are no different from those of other groups, including the Christians, although marriage is by parental arrangement. A dowry is given by the bridegroom-to-be in the form of a necklace, an *amattok*. Kalingas are allowed several wives.

When a Kalinga's spouse dies, according to Kalinga custom, the surviving spouse must sleep beside the corpse until all the relatives arrive for the burial which takes place in the forest. Dancing is forbidden for a certain period of time after a relative's death.

Kalingas live by the soil, practising the *kaingin* system. They plant either rice, millet or corn. They also weave mats and bags. The Kalingas who follow tradition keep their hair long. The modern Kalingas do not.



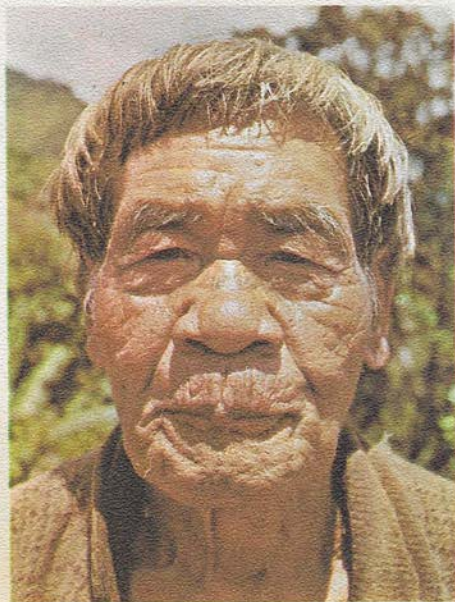
From birth to death, the Ifugao is attended by custom which is unique and universal basis of all Ifugao laws.

THE IFUGAOS

Nothing is certain about the origin of the Ifugaos, according to Lourdes S. Dulawan, a CNI field officer, herself an Ifugao. But the Ifugaos claim direct descent from the deities of the Skyworld. Ifugao mythology speaks of how Wigan of the Skyworld dropped his son and daughter, Cabigat and Bugar, down on the fertile valley of Kiangan to be the first parents of the people who would occupy the then unpopulated Ifugaoland.

Perhaps it is no mere coincidence that the present congressman of Ifugao is surnamed Lumaug. The Igorot story of creation (and the Ifugaos are Igorots—a generic term) has the great Lumawig coming down from the sky, cutting many reeds, dividing them into pairs and placing them in different parts of the world. These became people through Lumawig's power, increased and multiplied and peopled the Mountain Provinces.

The word "Ifugao" comes from "ipugo" which means "from the hills". When the Spaniards came, they changed it to "Ifugaw" which was altered to the current name of the people and subsequently, their province.



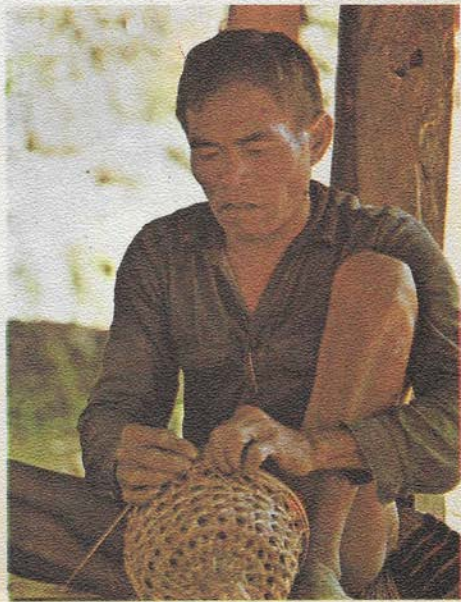
Close to 40% of the Ifugaos are literate and a great number of them have embraced the Christian faith while still retaining their traditions. A highly cultured and educable people, the Ifugaos have a literature of their own, notable of which are the "Alim" and the "Hudhud".

Essentially monogamous, the Ifugaos allow divorce due to sterility, infidelity, family quarrels, laziness or even repeated birth of stillborn children. They live by rice farming and woodcarving at which they are very adept. The rice terraces are a joint endeavor of Ifugao men and women. The women plant and harvest the rice, the men help them carry the produce from the fields to their homes.

From birth to death, the Ifugao is attended by custom which is the unique and universal basis of all Ifugao law. In some respects, such has been good for the Ifugao. In others, it has not, for there have been cases when custom has hindered progress.

THE MAGUINDANAOS

Of the Muslim groups among the cultural minorities (75% of the total NCM population), the Maguindanaos or people of the foot



Ifugaos live by rice farming and woodcarving at which they are adept.



The Maranaos have lived in comparative isolation for centuries and have been noted for their independence.



Maranaos seldom marry outside the tribe.

plains, constitute the largest group. Numbering 550,000, they live along the banks of the Rio Grande de Cotabato.

Marriage used to be by parental agreement and among the traditionalists, such practice is still followed. However, with more and more Maguindanaos being educated, less and less are inclined to follow this particular practice.

The Maguindanao family is quite large, consisting of not only immediate members but direct line relatives of the second degree as well, according to a recent Filipinas Foundation Inc. research work.

The chief pursuit of the Maguindanaos is farming, but there is a growing number of young Maguindanaos who have entered the professions of law, engineering, nursing and education.

THE MARANAOS

A proud and undefeated people, the Maranaos or the People of the Lake are estimated to be close to 500,000 and are to be found all over the archipelago from Basco to Sitangkai, but are mostly concentrated in Lanao del Sur.

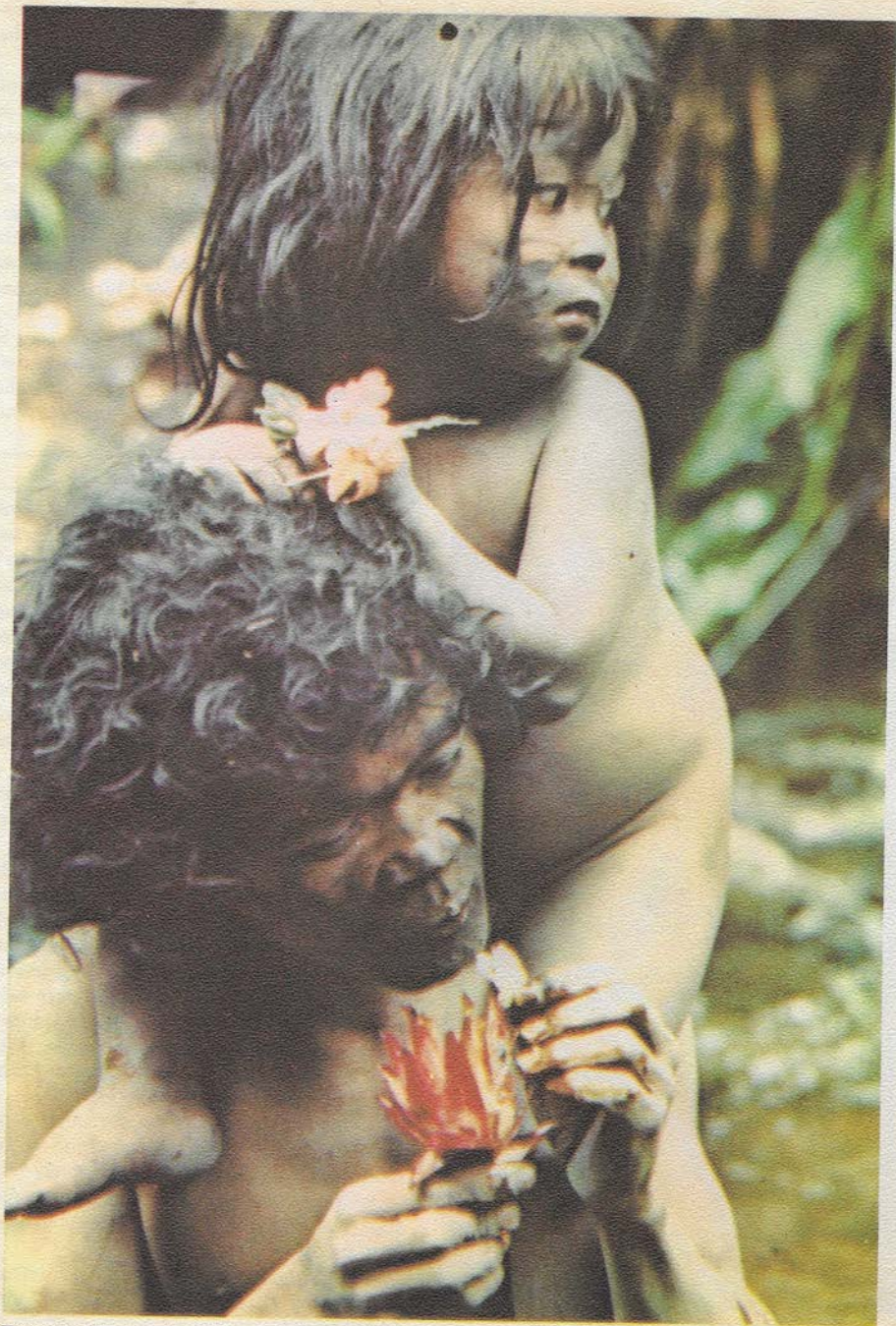
Basically agriculturists, they are also small-time traders as well as skillful artisans. They excel in turning out cottage industries such as mat-making, cloth-weaving, woodcraft and metalcraft which play a big part in their economy.

A fast-multiplying group, theirs is a kinship society which frowns upon their women marrying outside the Maranao limits.

Historically, they were the last to be Islamized, last to submit to American domination, least affected by external influences because they lived in comparative isolation for centuries. Surprisingly, however, among the Muslim groups, they apparently are most religious at performing their Islamic duties. For them, Islam is more than a religion; it is a way of life. Literally, it means peace. It also stands for submission to the will of Allah.

Noted for their independence and love for freedom, the Maranaos today stand at the crossroads between tradition and modernity. Only time will tell whether the modern Maranaos will have taken the right step away from tradition—or with it.

The Maranaos have been at the forefront of focussing attention to the National Cultural Minorities.



Tasaday father and child eating flowers. Tasadays are completely dependent on food-gathering.



Tasaday males pound pulp of wild tree palm for their food.

STONE-AGE REMNANTS

Stumbling into the hidden world of the Tasadays is like stumbling onto a time capsule and stepping into a world of the stone age.

The, so far, first known contact the Tasaday Manobo tribe of South Cotabato has had with the outside world was through Manuel Elizalde, chairman of the Philippine Association of the National Minorities (PANAMIN). This was in June and July 1971, when Chairman Elizalde, in the course of his work with ethnic tribes of the country, heard about the existence of the hitherto unknown peoples living in primary rain forest deep in the mountain fastnesses of South Cotabato.

The band, composed of 25 members, was contacted in their primitive settlement 4,800 feet above sea level. They have been found to be exclusively food gatherers, dwell permanently in caves, and have since been verified to know the use of stone tools.

Communicating with the Tasadays required two translators: Mai Tuan, a leader of another South Cotabato minority group, the T'boli, would translate from the English or Tagalog into the language of the Manobo Blit, an ethnic tribe who are neighbors of the Tasadays. Igna, member of the Manobo Blit, would then translate into Tasaday language, 50% of the words of which he knew, the two languages being related.

Initially shy, the Tasadays got accustomed to the presence of strangers, and gradually shed off their shyness, showing themselves to be a uniquely warm and happy people, living in harmony with each other in their tropical rainforest abode. On occasion, the Tasaday even became exuberant. One member had a primitive jew's harp which he played to the visitors. The young Tasadays showed an adeptness at swinging from vine to vine. They make fire with the use of a fire drill. The leaves provide clothing, the wild palm food.

Scientists have estimated that it takes the Tasaday only three hours a day to secure enough food. The rest of the day he is free to do as he pleases. He and his wife play with their children and teach them about the jungle. Or he may make music, or swing on vines and climb trees, or just sit and look contentedly into the valleys of his tropical rain forest.

In April, 1972, President Ferdinand E. Marcos signed a proclamation setting aside 29,247 hectares of public domain in the province of South Cotabato, for settlement purposes of the Tasadays and their neighbors the Manobo Blits. Here the two ethnic peoples are guaranteed free choice in their manner of life, whether they decide to join the mainstream of Filipino national life or remain carefree children of nature. ●



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COVER. Long view of Datal Tabayong, home village of Ubo Datu Mafalen in Cotabato, showing the Ubos awaiting the arrival of visitors.