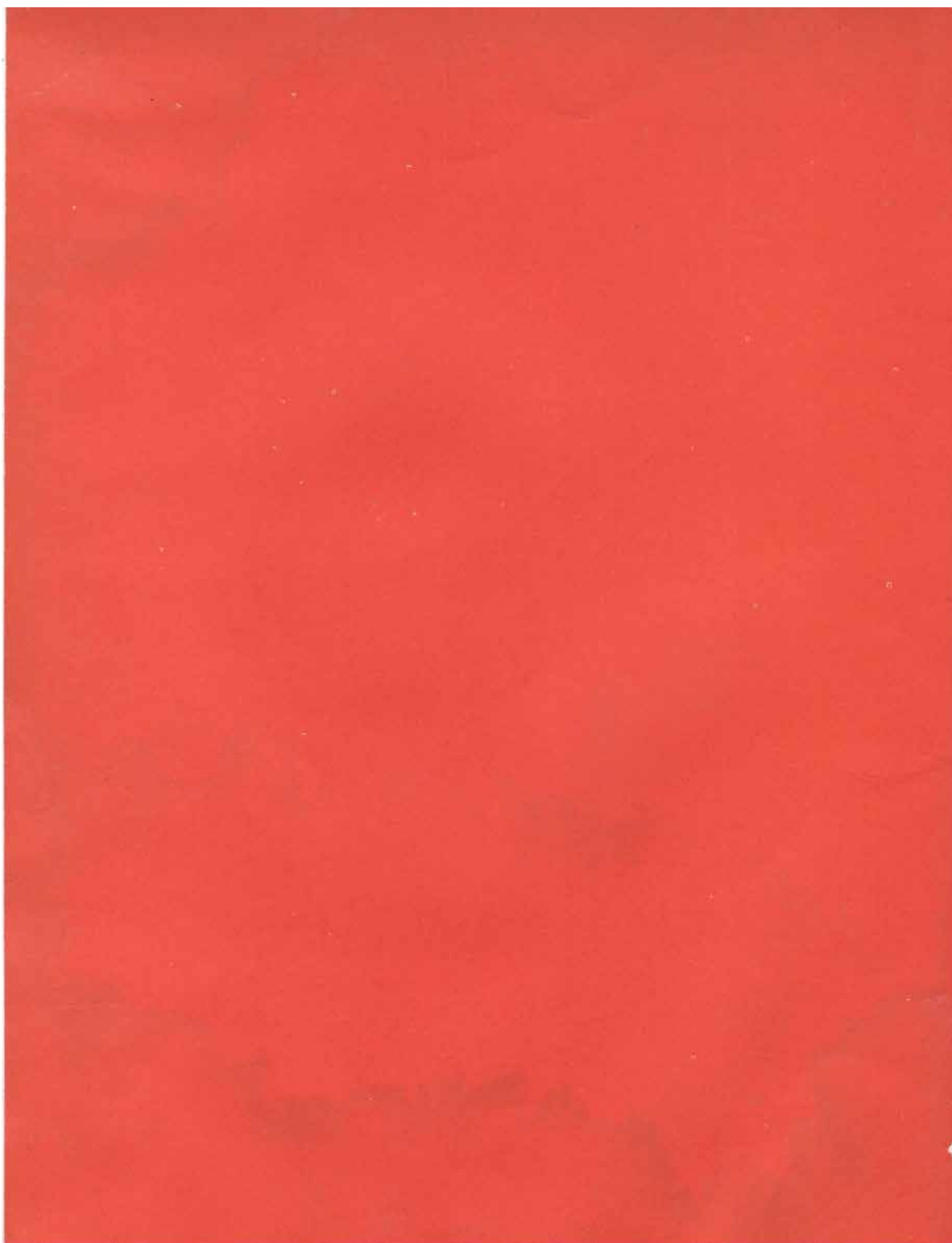


THE PHILIPPINES

QUARTERLY

MARCH 1970 VOLUME II NUMBER 1





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THE COVER. This issue's cover is a reproduction of a tapestry which serves as the stage facade of the Cultural Center. The tapestry is adapted from "Genesis" by Hernando R. Ocampo, self-taught artist and writer and the country's foremost exponent of modern art. "Genesis", conceived in brilliant red and orange hues, found its inspiration from the subject of Man's Creation. Ocampo's paintings have been exhibited in many cities of the world. He represented the Philippines with his paintings in the Nona Bienal de Sao Paulo in Brazil, (1967) and in the Festival International de la Peinture in France (1969). He has been included in various short and poetry anthologies published in English and in Tagalog.



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BY BLAS F. OPLE

THE PHILIPPINES

An incredible profusion of 7,000 emerald islands in the Asian gateway to the Pacific: this is the Philippine Archipelago. On the map it crowns the great arch of big and small islands extending from the Malay peninsula to New Guinea and Australia. This is the home of 37,000,000 Filipinos, a homogeneous nation of predominantly Malay stock and the only one professing to Christian faith (up to 85 per cent of the total population) in Asia.

From this unique situation arise the characteristics of the Filipino nation which make it a controversial topic abroad. Although Asia has more cultural and racial diversity than other continents, there is a tendency in some Asian countries to disparage the Filipinos as only partly Asian and perhaps reluctantly so. On the other hand, the Western press largely sees in the Philippines a caricature of the United States, an outsize cowboy town with a trigger-happy population.

Informed Filipinos react to these impressions abroad with deep resentment. And yet no people are more given to self-criticism and self-flagellation than they. A quick glance at the Manila newspapers almost any day will persuade the onlooker that the Filipinos need no lecture from any one about their faults. They see their shortcomings and problems as it were under a magnifying glass of relentless self-deprecation, which, however, turns out on reflection to be a quite intense and vulnerable self-esteem.

The Filipinos are proud of their uniqueness; which is to say, they are proud of their history. By the time Ferdinand Magellan came in 1521 and Legazpi in 1571, with the sword and the Cross, the Islamic faith had taken hold in the archipelago, radiating from the Sultanate of Sulu, but had hardly taken root. The missionaries, on the heels of the soldiers, went to work on a people ready to be converted from paganism to Christianity. The transition was never difficult from the worship of *anitos* to the veneration of saints. The conquest of the Philippines for Spain perhaps owed more to the



missionaries than to the soldiers. One of the first Spanish governors-general was quoted as saying: "A missionary is equal to one regiment of rifles."

No matter how God-like the original intention, Christianity became the main instrument for the subjugation of the native population. But Christianity taught an ethic that was directly opposed to colonial exploitation and human brutalization. Christianity, no matter how distorted in practice, still taught the equality of all souls before a just God. This worked to raise the ethical level of the subjugated natives and sharpened their political perceptions. More than 200 peasant revolts during the Spanish regime frankly invoked Christian idealism, and the Philippine Revolution of 1896 was, in its ideology, a democratic as well as a Christian revolution.

This could be the reason it fell to Filipinos, then only seven million strong, to raise the flag of national revolt for the first time in Asia against a foreign oppressor. The Philippine Revolution could be seen as bringing up the rear of the national revolutions in Latin America, which saw the expulsion of Spanish power from that continent, and as the herald of the national revolutions that were to follow in Asia and Africa. The Philippine Republic of 1898, presided by Gen. Emilio Aguinaldo, antedated the Sun Yat Sen Republic in China by more than a decade, and the Indian and Indonesian Republics by more than half a century.

The Republic saw birth at an awkward time in history. The decline of Iberian power in Asia and the Pacific had created a vacuum into which the Anglo-Saxon powers had rapidly and relentlessly moved. Having wrested most of the country from Spain by the valor of their arms, the 30,000 ill-equipped Filipino Revolutionary army found themselves confronted by the new world colossus, the United States of America. The troops of Aguinaldo soon dissipated into the countryside and then the jungles. They inaugurated the first guerilla war on a national scale in Asia, the first "people's war," presaging Vietnam seventy years later.

Just as the missionaries did for Spain, American schoolteachers facilitated the pacification of the country for the United States. They were called the "Thomasites," named after the ship that brought them to the Philippines. Public schools sprung up all over the country with English as the medium of instruction. Generations of Filipinos were educated or miseducated under this system, and with this cultural encirclement, the subjugation of the country became complete. In compensation, Philippine society, though the structure remained semi-feudal and regressive, did achieve a remarkable openness, and every Filipino village can exhibit on request at least a dozen local sons or daughters who made good as professionals, businessmen and even as national leaders.



Perhaps this is the soil which nourishes the sort of optimism that Arnold Toynbee found distinctive of the Filipinos in the pessimistic land of Asia. Every Filipino peasant does not consider the future closed; he dreams of a higher life for his children, and would go to absurd lengths to be able to educate at least the brighter ones. The "Brains of the Philippine Revolution," Apolinario Mabini, became a lawyer at the expense of his mother's health; she died of overwork as a laborer without seeing her son rise to eminence. As a result, the Filipinos are perhaps the least class-conscious of the peoples of Asia and the caste-system would be considered appalling even by the beggars and the peons.

The political consequences of this development have not been entirely favorable. National mass movements for social and economic reform have had little success, and class parties are relatively unknown. The most serious of the class parties has been invariably the *Partido Komunista ng Pilipinas*, which in the late forties and the early fifties posed a grave military threat to the government. The impact of this movement, however, was concentrated in only one region of the country, Central Luzon, which is the historic hot-house of social protest.

The relatively rapid urbanization of certain centers of population, especially the Manila metropolitan area, however, has introduced new factors and is defining a new situation. The most prominent of these factors at this time is student power which is impressive for its political sophistication. The radical student leaders hailing mainly from three major university campuses -- the University of the Philippines, the Lyceum and the Philippine College of Commerce--claim to speak not only for the students but also for the workers and the peasantry. They have brought up a unified ideology which they describe as "national democracy." Their slogan: "All power to the people!" They profess themselves as true revolutionaries. Although the influence of Marxist thought is preponderant in their speeches and their literature, the radical student groups are however in the main Filipino nationalists in the tradition of the late Senator Claro M. Recto, bourgeois intellectual venerated by the entire nation.

Where they markedly differ from this tradition is in the increasing emphasis on the social nature of imperialism and colonialism. As they acquire and perfect their links with the workers and the peasantry, the campus radicals will extend the scope of their power to organize social discontent against the Establishment and accelerate a national revolution. Whether this revolution will assume the horror of another Vietnam, or will ultimately be directed to more peaceful and constructive channels, will be determined by the ability of the government to respond to its demands.



The rising power of the radical students is evident in their ability to command an attendance of 50,000 for a rally on almost instant notice. The bloody demonstrations of January 26 and January 30, which claimed student lives, have provided the movement with a number of martyrs and, more important, fresh and dedicated revolutionary recruits.

The other view of these demonstrations is that as their novelty wears off and acts of vandalism and destruction are increasingly imputed to the demonstrators, especially of the radical left, the inevitable result would be a loss of popular support. Undoubtedly this view has merits but the revolutionary impact of the demonstrations cannot be minimized.

No man is more aware of the significance of these events than the President himself, Ferdinand E. Marcos, who recently broke all political precedents by winning a second term with a landslide majority of two million votes. President Marcos has a much more youthful and daring outlook than his age -- a young 52 -- might suggest. His dynamic leadership holds the precarious balance in Philippine society today. Perhaps no other chief of state in the world has held more direct dialogues with social protesters -- students, workers and peasants -- than he; nor is any major Filipino leader better able to grasp the thought and aspirations of the young.

But a President is inherently a captive of the very system he might be trying to change and to reform, and the inertia of an unfeeling bureaucracy mocks his every effort. Can a Philippine President -- and this is the predicament of every public official below him -- rise above this system and effectively direct it to what, on reflection, are really revolutionary goals? Land reform, adequate housing for the workers, economic independence, equal justice, living wages, human dignity for the workers, the students and the peasants -- these are demands that cry to be met and would brook no further delay. Perhaps in the Philippines today, the only man capable of doing this impossible feat is the incumbent President himself; if he fails, there is doubt that any one else can succeed.

There is no doubt that a turning point in the fortunes of the Filipino nation is reached. The horizon is hazy and it is difficult to guess the force of the thunderbolts behind the clouds.

No matter. The Filipino people as a whole remain optimistic. In their hearts, they know that they will prevail, as they have prevailed over successive waves of foreign conquests, but with this difference, which is a very large one, that from now on they will write their own history and make their own fate, and stamp their own will on the events of their time.



Filipinos in general still think of themselves as a small and insignificant nation but this sense of littleness is being rapidly outgrown. After all, the Philippines now ranks 15th in population size in the world, and is the seventh largest nation among developing countries. With its population of 37 million it is outranked in the majority group of developing countries only by China, India, Pakistan, Indonesia, Brazil and Nigeria.

By 1980 the Philippines is expected to outrank countries such as Italy and France, and to match in size the United Kingdom and the Federal Republic of Germany. The Philippine population explosion, at 3.5 per cent, is said to be the highest in the world. In manpower terms, this means more than a million babies a year, an annual increment of half a million to the labor force, and constantly rising pressures on the land and on the economy. Even with the impressive growth rates achieved during the first Marcos administration (an average of 6.4 per cent of Gross National Product from 1966 to 1969), the gains in development are instantly offset by the growth in population. As a result, unemployment has largely remained stationary at a million level, or about 7.8 per cent of a total labor force of some 13 million. About 2.5 million are considered underemployed.

This economic imbalance partly accounts for the paradox that while the Philippines urgently needs trained manpower, the country involuntarily exports a lot of skills abroad. About 12,000 doctors and nurses work in the United States, Canada and Europe. Out of 35,000 registered Filipino engineers, more than 5,000 have gone abroad to the U.S., Canada, Europe and the Middle East. Some 16,000 Filipino technicians and workers help maintain U.S. bases in Vietnam, Guam, Wake and Okinawa.

The Marcos administration has declared manpower development as a major goal and has established a nationwide network of 174 free vocational training centers for out-of-school youth and jobless young adults. In barely one and a half years of the program, 100,000 indigent youth have been trained in a range of 44 occupational skills, and more than 70 per cent of these found employment after completion of training.

Considered fabulously rich in natural resources, the Philippines is determined to put its hopes on the development of its rich human resources. Filipinos undoubtedly spend more per capita for the education of their children than most other developing countries. The parents, such as Mabini's sainted mother, go to heroic lengths to send their children to school.

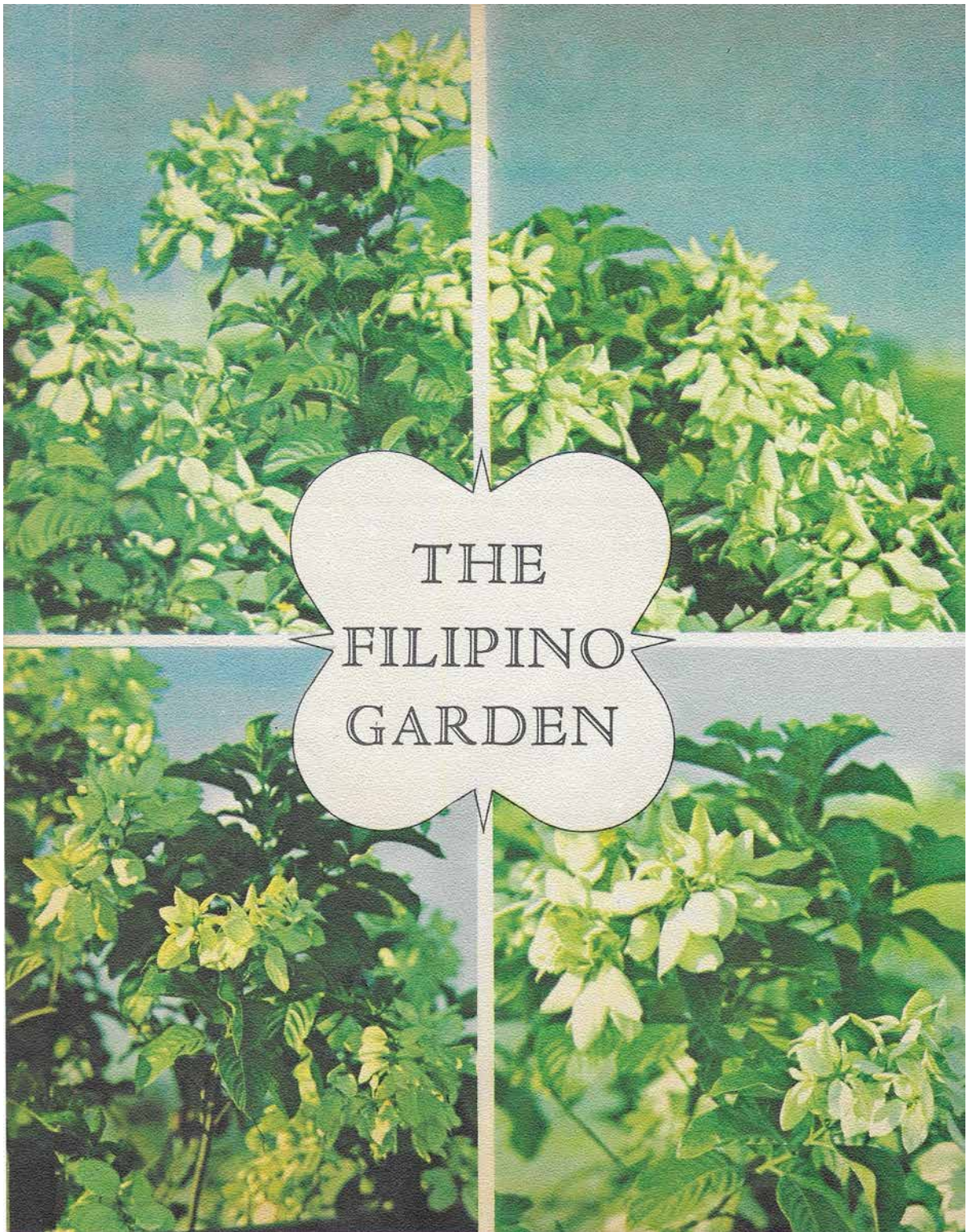
This emphasis on the development of the people themselves, together with their material endowments, may not pay off immediately but in the



long run it can prove to be the wisest policy and the wisest investment. In his masterful study of underdevelopment in Asia, Gunnar Myrdal isolated the quality of population as a central factor in economic growth. The experience of Japan, a country with scarce natural resources, reinforces this conclusion.

Measured by this standard, the Filipino people would be rated certainly one of the most promising in the developing world. The almost convulsive political and social awakening that may sometimes give the appearance of anarchy and chaos is in reality merely an objectification of the Filipino people's will to make their own destiny in a world where other-directedness is taking the place of authentic human freedom.

No matter where it turns, during this decade, this country, unique in its geography and in its history, will demand and obtain a more important role in the life of Asia and of the world. ●



THE
FILIPINO
GARDEN

By BENITO VERGARA

The question has often been raised: Is there such a thing as a Filipino garden? The answer is yes.

The Filipino garden is not a geometric, well-balanced garden designed to strike a formal note. Nor is it a copy of natural scenery like a Japanese garden. Perhaps its distinguishing characteristic is that it combines the beautiful and the functional – the result of the Filipino family's constant fight against the vicissitudes of nature. There are the monsoon months that bring the rains and the floods, the long summer, the dangerous animals that prowl. Principally, it is designed to supplement the food of the people of the countryside, which is where gardens, Filipino, may be seen.

The fence may be made of round bamboo posts set up about one and one-half meters apart and threaded together with heavy split pieces placed horizontally which serve as the framework upon which the webbing is woven. Or it may consist of wooden sticks, painted or unpainted, of regular or irregular sizes and shapes, interlaced and tied together where they meet, giving a semblance of rustic beauty. An arbor formed of horizontal trellis-work supported on posts is the gate. Where the posts support the pergola are bamboo benches where people in the late afternoons sit and discuss town affairs.

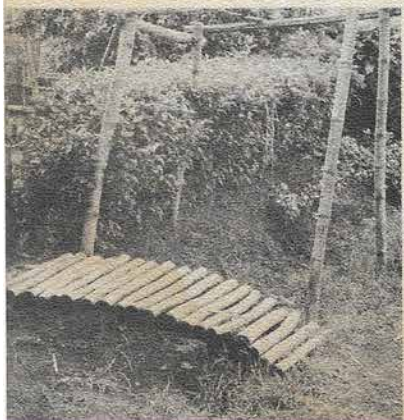
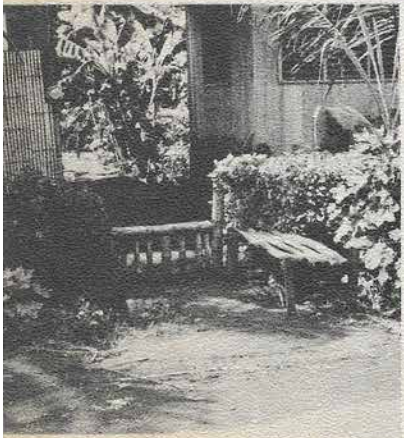
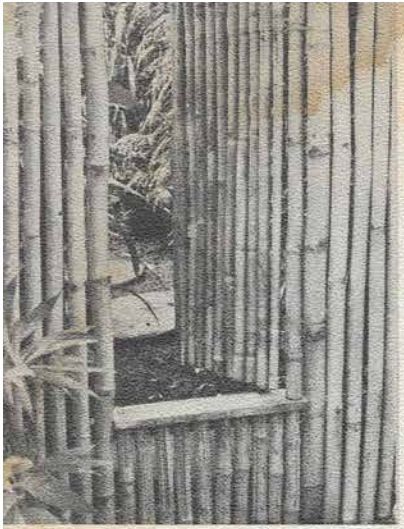
The most striking feature of this garden is the absence of a lawn. There is bare ground, well-swept and showing the distinct marks of the *walis tingting* (native broom). *Piko* (hopscotch), *tanching* and *holen* (marbles) are games played by children only on bare ground. A smooth, almost plantless yard surrounds the immediate environs of the house. This would prevent the snakes and centipedes from approaching too near the house. From the gate, stepping stones may lead to the stairlanding. Or a gravel walk, looking very much like a dry river which winds its way to the entrance of the house. Sometimes the path is lined with brightly-colored ornamental plants in pots. Bare ground could be muddy during the rainy season, and the stone-strewn footpath is both functional and decorative.

The garden for the most part is shady – a leaning mango tree near the gate, a santol tree at the back, and here and there, smaller fruit trees (chico, kamias, siniguelas, papaya, or a small banana patch) but very rarely, a tree that is purely ornamental.

The *balag* (trellis) is an integral part of the Filipino garden. Again, only edible vines are planted for the trellis – upo, ampalaya, patola. During the fruiting season, the trellis is heavy, not only with the fruit which may be enclosed in paperbags or sacks, but with empty bottles or broken pots as well. Close by is an earthen jar with the dipper fashioned of coconut shell at its side – an accessible and convenient source of garden water.

A Filipino garden is not complete without the small pile of dead leaves that constantly exudes smoke during the summer months. The smoke filtering through the leaves of the trees add dimensions to the garden at the same time it wards off the insects that might feed on the flowers and fruits of the trees.

If a Japanese or Chinese garden has distinctive plants, it is so with the



Filipino garden. The plants are functional rather than ornamental. But then, who can say that papaya is not an ornamental plant? The banana tree which is usually present in the garden serves so many utilitarian purposes, besides the cool, refreshing aura it gives. The vegetables and fruits that abound reminds one of the popular folk song, *Bahay kubo, kahit munti, ang halaman doon ay sari-sari* which enumerates the variety of vegetables and fruits found in a Filipino garden.

The Filipino garden is a valuable asset to the home, since the produce can be consumed, and we know that many vegetables are more succulent and more tasty when fresh. It is often said that one can buy vegetables more cheaply than one can produce them. This may be true if one has to rent the land and hire the labor to prepare the soil, plant and care for the garden. But one can find much more joy in harvesting his produce than in merely admiring the flowers in his garden.

Ornamental plants, however, can also be found in this kind of a garden. They are usually in pots hanging in front of the windows; resting on rings attached to the walls of the house below the windows, or lining the stairway. In the past, the front yard of the house was mostly for the public while the backyard was an extended service area. This is gradually changing, as the social life and philosophy of the Filipino changes. The Filipino garden as an art is evolving, though very slowly, following the change in our philosophy.

It is true that a Filipino garden is not a naturalistic handling of the area that surrounds the house. It is not an imitation of Nature. It is not informal in the sense that it has lush tropical appearance. Rather, it is an enjoyment of the total environment.

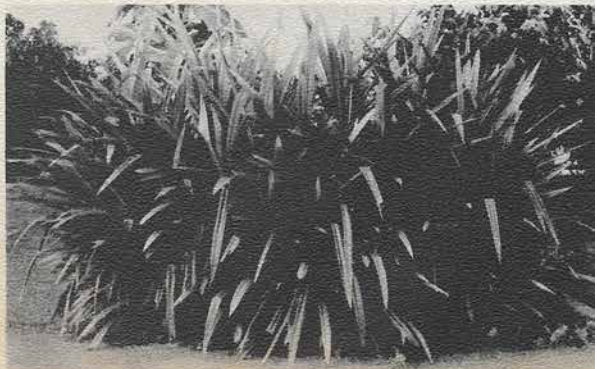
The following are articles commonly found in a Filipino garden. Placed in their proper perspectives, one or two of these objects can be incorporated in any modern garden to add a touch of Filipino:

The *gilingan ng tubo* or *trapiche* is a monolithic stone introduced from mainland China to the Philippines for extracting the sap of sugarcane. Eventually they were produced locally. They come in two pairs and are rotated by means of wooden spokes that are inserted in the holes of the stone. The indentations for the spokes add a decorative touch.

With the use of modern machinery for extracting sugar, the *gilingan* has long been out of use and has been relegated to the backyard. This highly decorative piece can be used in the garden by itself or as a pedestal for sculpture or for bonsai plant. It has been used as a stand for glass table tops or as stepping stones in a pond. The *gilingans* are getting hard to come by. However, copies made from cast powdered adobe are available.

The *gilingan ng bigas* is a much smaller stone grinder which comes in a fixed base and rotating top. The upper round stone has a hole where the soaked rice grains are placed. This stone is turned by a wooden handle attached to the side. The wet rice flour oozes out between the upper and lower stones. The grinder can be used in the garden as a decorative piece or as stepping stone. It is relatively cheap and can be bought in the public markets.

Another interesting grinder, increasingly used as a decorative piece, is



the *gilingan ng cacao*. This is similar to the grinder used by the Mexicans for grinding maize. The stone quality is similar to the sugarcane grinder. The inclined stone slab with a short horizontal part is supported by three legs, all hewn from one piece of stone. The roller which comes in various sizes is not completely round but flat on the side that slides down the surface of the stone slab.

In the barrio where the roads are narrow and unpaved, the *paragos*, or sled, is used in transporting farm produce. Made of wood or bamboo, the *paragos* hitched to a carabao does not get stuck in the mud as it has no wheels. The farmer usually keeps his *paragos* under the house or in the front yard. Still a very common item, it is used as a stand for potted plants that need special emphasis.

The native jars or *tapayan* are common articles in a Filipino garden. They are used primarily as water jars. Although they come in various sizes, they are usually large, the base smaller than its widest diameter. The jars may be as high as three feet with a diameter of two feet or more. The *tapayan* is either brick red or dark brown, the latter being heavier and thicker.

The old imported jars came mainly from China. At times they were used as containers for preserved food which were exported to other Asian countries - and which eventually found their way to the Filipino kitchen and garden. The mountain tribes used the jars for rice wine making. The Chinese jars are of various shapes, sizes, colors, and designs. The most common jars found in gardens are the wide-mouthed jars with dragon designs. "Dragon jars" are still being made in Sarawak by Chinese whose ancestors come from Swatao.

The many jars available in the Philippines can be utilized in the garden in various ways - the *tapayan* as is, without water, or as a receiving container for rain or tap water; wide mouthed jars as planters or aquariums.

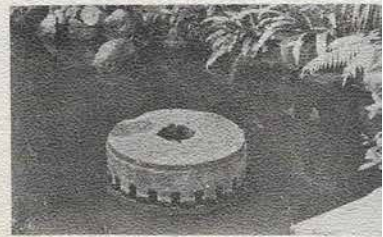
Water containers need not be earthen jars. They may be made from fallen logs, fashioned to resemble troughs and filled with water. The *batya* may also serve this purpose. Wooden *batyas* are large bowls used for washing clothes.

Native baskets make interesting studies by themselves. They come in different shapes and sizes and are used for different purposes. The baskets are usually made of bamboo or rattan and do not last long when exposed to the natural elements. However, they are cheap and can be easily replaced.

In many instances, however, the baskets have found more use inside the house than in the garden, as containers for potted plants, magazines and other small household objects.

Houses near the river or large bodies of water will invariably have a banca made of hollowed tree trunk. The boat is moored upside down in the yard. In the case of unrepairable bancas, when placed in an upright position they may double as swings.

Lighting the yard or garden is not a common practice in the Philippines. Modern gardens, however, have made extensive use of *capiz* lighting. *Capiz* is from sea shell that are thinly cut. The opaque shells are hinged together with brass to form multi-shape lamps. Window panes of old Filipino houses used to be made of *capiz*.



Filipino ingenuity and artistry continue to discover new uses for old artifacts, among them the following:

1. *Sari-manok* - legendary bird usually made of wood, a highly ornamental article from Mindanao.
2. *Kubo* - a small hut either made of nipa leaves or cogon grass and bamboo.
3. *Salakot* - a large round hat of palm leaves; may be used as garden umbrella.
4. *Lusong at pambayo* - wooden mortar and pestle.
5. *Piedra china* - Chinese stone used by the sea traders as ballasts.
6. *Kawa or taliassi* - large-mouthed Chinese kettles.
7. *Bulol* - granary god of the mountain people of the north, usually in pairs.

Very often, giving a Filipino touch to the garden may only mean using something old from a former backyard.

The following plants are integral to a Filipino garden:

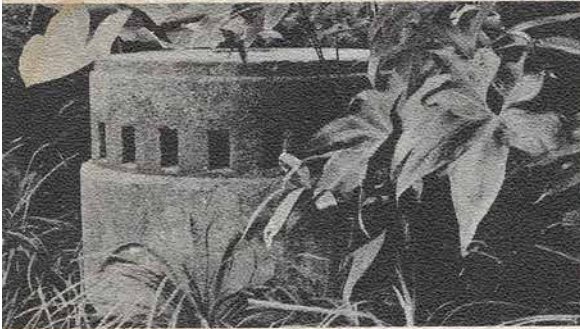
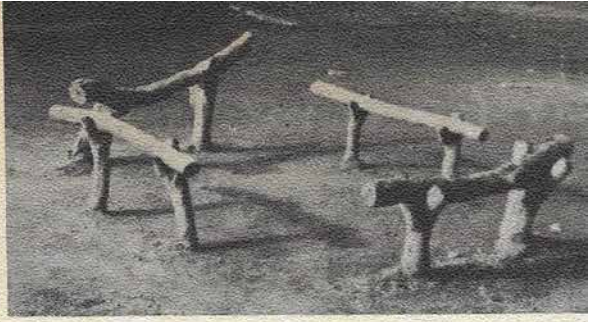
The banana plant (*Musa* sp.) is an ubiquitous item in a Filipino garden. There is no doubt that it adds a lot of coolness to the place but it is planted for several reasons. The banana leaves are used in cooking many Filipino dishes - the various rice cakes in particular. The green leaves are the most common wrappers used by the Filipino housewife. The dried leaves are used for polishing the floors; the flowers are eaten as vegetables, either fresh or dried; and of course the fruit is the most common and cheapest dessert of the Filipinos.

The coconut tree (*Cocos nucifera* Linn.) is another versatile tree. The trunk, the leaves, the flowers and the fruits are extensively used by the Filipino family. It is extensively cultivated in the Philippines especially in those regions where the dry season is not too pronounced. However, it is usually planted away from the house since the huge leaves of the coconut, more than a meter long, or the fruits can wreck the house roof. Coconut trees can grow up to 25 meters so that the danger area below is correspondingly larger than other trees. As a consequence, the coconut tree becomes a background tree rather than a shade tree. It is a very handsome tree and the leaves are graceful. Dwarf coconuts are getting more and more abundant and they can be planted nearer the house without any danger.

The water drainage in the yard is usually planted to gabi or taro (*Colocasia esculenta* (Linn.) Schott and Endl.). This plant can thrive well under wet and shady conditions. The leaves are similar to Caladiums, heart-shaped with long stalks. The plant gives an excellent camouflage for the canal and at the same time provides beauty and extra food. Taro is highly prized for its underground stems which are staple food to many people. The leaves and petioles of the taro are also edible and are frequently used as wrappers.

Like the banana plant, *gabi* is a very common plant in the Filipino garden. A plant very similar to *gabi* and often mistaken for *gabi* is also very common in the Philippines. This is the *Xanthosoma violacea* Schott.

Like the coconut, the bamboos (*Bambusa* sp.) are planted far from the house which is just as well since the local bamboos are tall and grow in clumps. One has to stand afar to be able to appreciate the graceful beauty of native bamboos.



The wood of the bamboo is an integral part of the Filipino garden. Bamboo is the most common material for fences, for making the *balag* or trellis, and benches. There are several types of native bamboos and their uses depend upon their strength, thickness and diameter. The bamboo shoots are edible but the bamboos are not grown principally for their edible shoots.

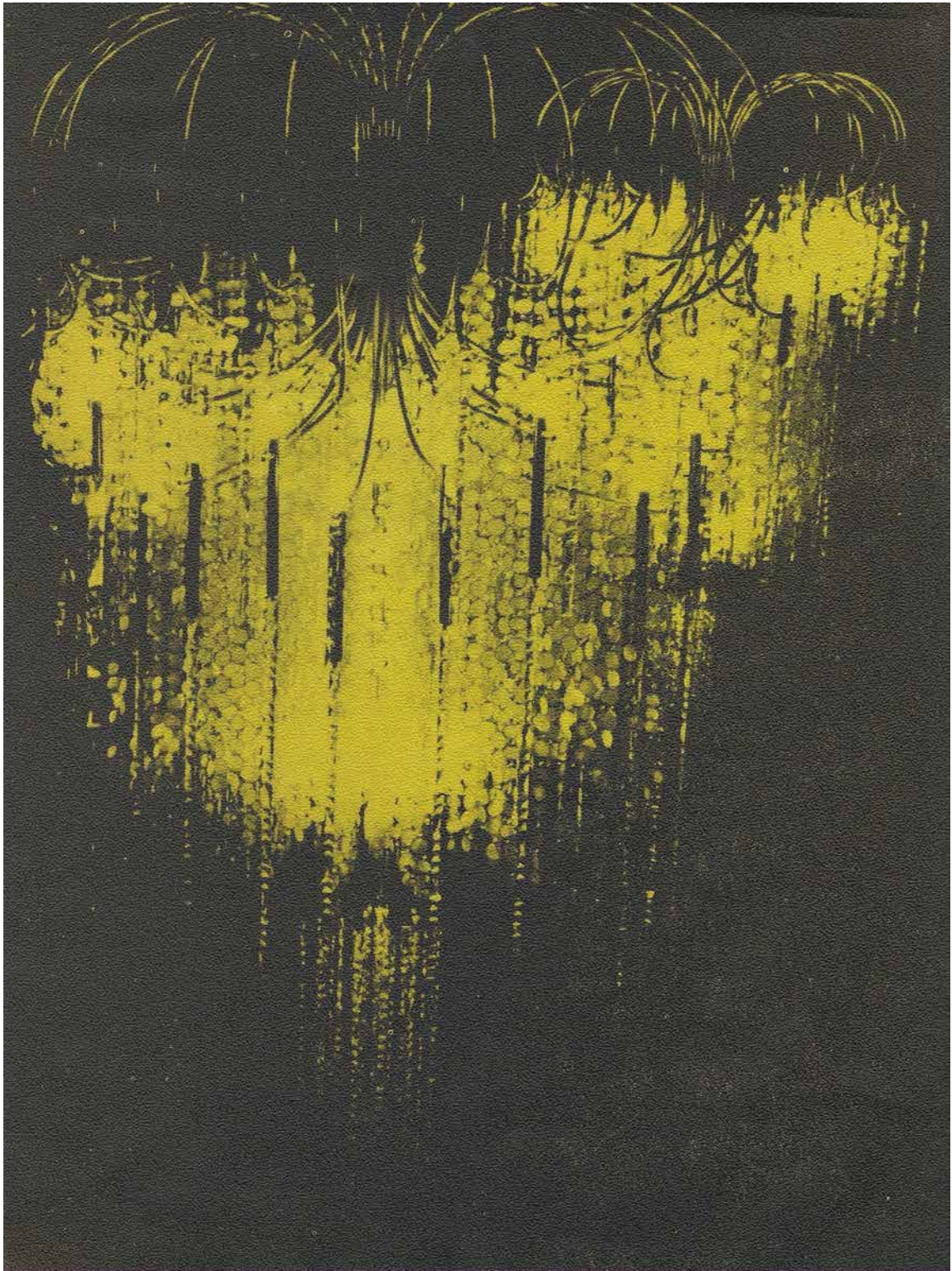
The plants commonly found in the Filipino garden are listed below:

Common Name	Scientific Name
<i>Trees</i>	
1. Acacia	<i>Samanea saman</i> (Jacq.) Merr.
2. Chico	<i>Manilkara zapota</i> (Linn.) P. van Royen
3. Coconut	<i>Cocos nicifera</i> Linn.
4. Ipil-ipil	<i>Leucaena leucocephala</i> (Lam.) de Wit.
5. Kalamansi	<i>Citrus madurensis</i> Lour.
6. Kamias	<i>Averrhoa bilimbi</i> Linn.
7. Katurai	<i>Sesbania grandiflora</i> (Linn.) Pers.
8. Kawayan	<i>Bambusa</i> sp.
9. Makopa	<i>Syzygium malaccense</i> (Linn.) Merr. & Perry
10. Malunggay	<i>Moringa oleifera</i> Lam.
11. Manga	<i>Mangifera indica</i> Linn.
12. Papaya	<i>Carica papaya</i> Linn.
13. Saging	<i>Musa</i> sp.
14. Sampalok	<i>Tamarindus indica</i> Linn.
15. Santol	<i>Sandoricum koetjape</i> (Burm. f.) Merr.
16. Siniguelas	<i>Spondias pupurea</i> Linn.
<i>Vines</i>	
1. Ampalaya	<i>Momordica charantia</i> Linn.
2. Bataw	<i>Dolichos lablab</i> Linn.
3. Patani	<i>Phaseolus lunatus</i> Linn.
4. Patola	<i>Luffa acutangula</i> (Linn.) Roxb.
5. Seguidillas	<i>Psophocarpus tetragonolobus</i> (Linn.) DC
6. Sitao	<i>Vigna sesquipedalis</i> Fruw.
7. Upo	<i>Legenaria siceraria</i> (Mol.) Standley
<i>Shrubs and herbs</i>	
1. Gabi	<i>Colocasia esculenta</i> (Linn.) Schott & Endl.
2. Kamatis	<i>Lycopersicum esculentum</i> Mill.
3. Pandan	<i>Pandanus odoratissimus</i> L.f.
4. Talong	<i>Solanum melangena</i> Linn.
5. Yautia	<i>Xanthosoma violaceum</i> Schott

The plant list above shows that ninety-five percent of the plants in a Filipino garden are edible.

The Philippines has a number of ornamental endemic plants. The use of these plants will certainly give the garden a Filipino flavor.

The pictures were taken from the garden of Dr. Robert F. Chandler and Prof. Juan V. Pancho.



The Cultural Center of the Philippines is built on 210,000 square meters of reclaimed land in Manila Bay. It faces Roxas Boulevard, whose fame as viewing ground of Manila's magnificent sunsets is rivalled only by its popularity as the best driving stretch for the city's working and relaxing population.

Today the Center is the most impressive construction along the strip.

To Mrs. Imelda R. Marcos, First Lady of the Philippines, goes most of the credit for the realization and fulfillment of the need for a building to house the country's arts and artistic pursuits. Through her, funds, plans, organization, construction and inauguration were evolved in admirable and quick succession.

In April, 1966 the groundbreaking ceremonies were held in the partially reclaimed land. Building started in February, 1967, under the supervision of one of the country's outstanding young men, architect Leandro V. Locsin. After the blessing of the building, the Center opened its gates to the public September 8, 1969.

The theater complex is composed of an auditorium with a seating capacity of two thousand, a separate experimental theater, a restaurant, recording, audition and dressing rooms.

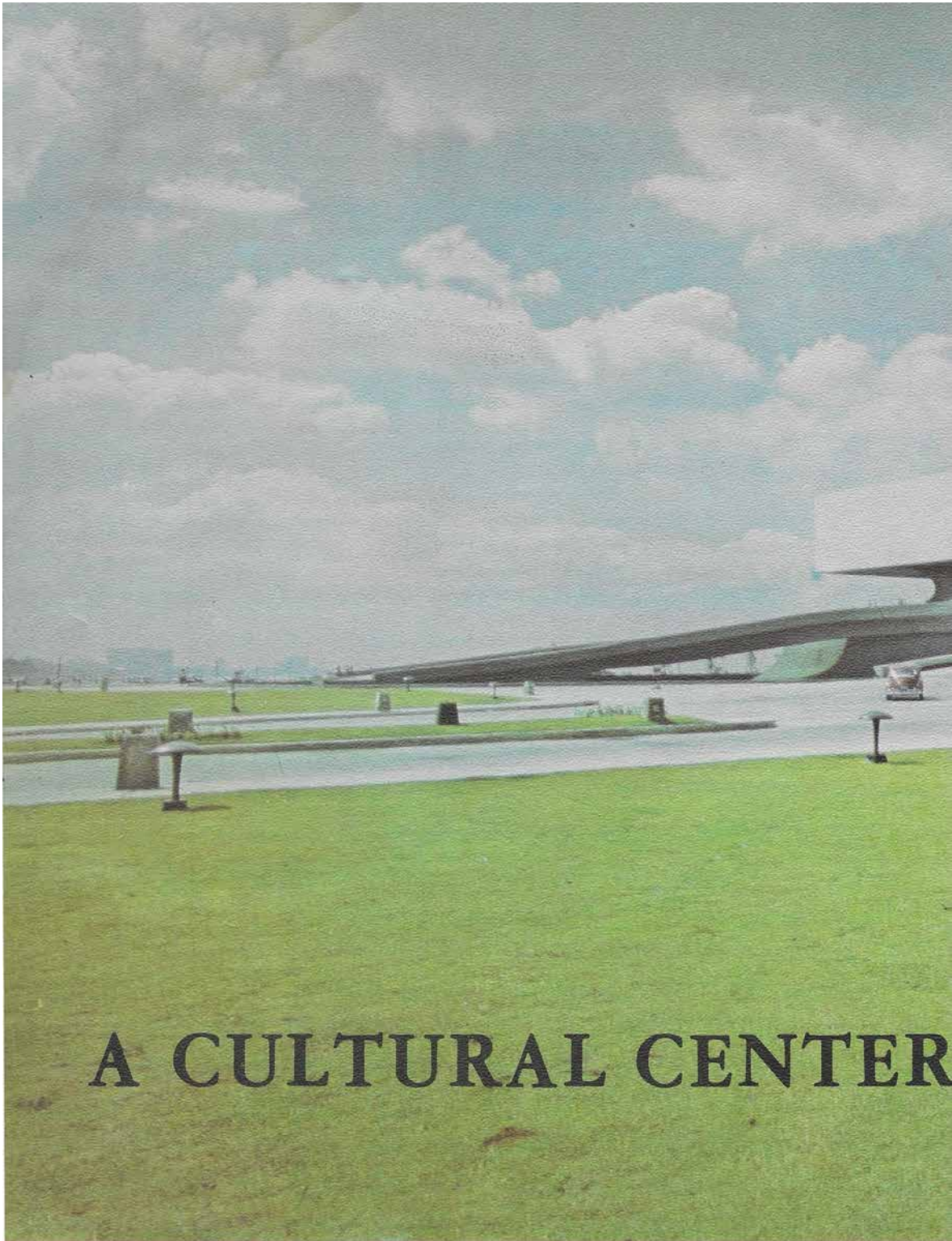
The Museum and Art Gallery has four pavilions where, aside from halls for contemporary works of art and a library, will be exhibited the valuable collections which have been donated to the nation's Center through Mrs. Imelda R. Marcos. Among these are the collections of Dr. Arturo de Santos, Antonio Bantug and Potenciano Badillo, among others.

In an opinion rendered by Secretary of Justice Juan Ponce Enrile, the legal personality of the Cultural Center was described on February, 1969.

"The Cultural Center of the Philippines was created by Executive Order No. 30 of 1966 as a trust for the benefit of the Filipino people for the purpose of preserving and promoting Philippine culture in all its varied aspects. It is governed by a board of trustees composed of seven members appointed by the President of the Philippines, who shall elect a chairman to act as chief executive of the Center with authority, among others, to appoint, remove and fix the number and compensation of the personnel thereof, subject to the approval of the Board of Trustees. Its funds come principally from donations of civic spirited individuals, groups, associations and other persons for the preservation, promotion, enhancement and development of Philippine culture."

Appointed Executive Director of the Cultural Center was Jaime Zobel de Ayala. The original Board of Trustees was composed of Juan Ponce Enrile, Fr. Horacio de la Costa, I.P. Soliongco, Antonio P. Madrigal, Andres Soriano, Jr. and Ernesto D. Rufino.

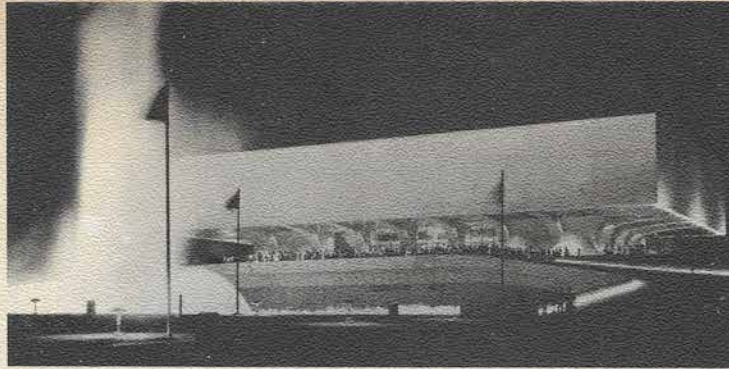
International artists have performed in the Center. The Philippine Dularawan was the Center's inaugural presentation. Philippine zarzuela, ballet and symphony groups have also performed at the Center. ●



A CULTURAL CENTER

Evaristo F. Nievera

ON RECLAIMED LAND



A TREASURE - HOUSE OF THE FILIPINO SOUL

By IMELDA R. MARCOS

For thousands of years, at evening time, as the sun goes down in Manila Bay you can see the dark velvet slopes and peaks of Mariveles take the shape of a woman at rest. We call her the Sleeping Goddess, born of earth and stone, fused in the elemental creative fire. Through all these years, she has lain there, a silent witness to the rise and ebb of the tides of history that have flowed around our islands. She alone has endured, her beauty and freshness undimmed, while around her lie the ruins and scars of history, the fallen monuments of brass and stone and the sunken argosies of those who sought to possess this land and who were overwhelmed by time.

We like to think that today is a golden day for her, the First Filipina; that a smile plays on her sleeping lips, as here, on land reclaimed from the past, as primordial and as untouched as our origins, we dedicate not only this new building, but more importantly, ourselves to the fondest hope that she will find a home here in this Cultural Center.

Should this building stand the test of time so that our children's children, unto the tenth generation, will one day gaze at its beauty, the future shall call us fortunate. But more important than this, is that, until

the dust of its last brick shall have been washed away by the ocean tides, this Center shall serve as a shrine of the Filipino spirit. It shall be our Parthenon built in a time of hardship, a spring-source of our people's living conviction on the oneness of our heritage. For history teaches this lesson well, that the monuments of man's hands which have remained alive and endure are those which were built as sanctuaries of the soul, which despite all the winds of change and adversity, keep eternal vigil in the halls of Time.

Reason and circumstance demand that this sanctuary should be built now, when the spirit of our young nation is first being tested and tried. For no one need remind us that from ancient times, the flowering of ideas and culture served to stimulate the economic and political destiny of a country; that it is not during times of luxurious ease and plenty that great art is achieved or its inspiration most needed. How often Michaelangelo would drop his chisel or his brush to go out to the walls of Florence and defend that beautiful and beloved Golden City.

Today, we too are people of courage and of faith in the future. We are young and struggling to understand ourselves, trying to construct the nobler meaning of our race. Our greatest strength lies in being truly what we are: by nature and by grace, one people; by fortune and by fate, Filipinos. Yet so long as we know not ourselves, we face the dangers that face the very young; a lack of soul, a vagueness of values. It is the purpose of this Center to enrich the minds and spirit of our people and to foster among other people a true understanding of the Filipino self.

It is highly symbolic that this Center whose mission it is to reclaim from the past the things that belong to our present and our future should stand here on land reclaimed from the sea; appropriate that this building should be the realization of the vision of Filipino minds and the work of Filipino hands; appropriate that its first cultural presentation should tell the ancient story of our people through the medium of a newly created Filipino art-form, the "Dularawan".

To all who gave so liberally of their talent, treasures and time, I can say a very inadequate but heartfelt thank-you in the name of our Filipino people. My own recompense for my small labors has been beyond measure. On no other occasion has labor been its own reward. In the words of the President, the Cultural Center should be a place where the Filipino can discover the soul of his people, and relate the saga of his race to the vast human experience that begins in the past and advances into the limitless future.

This then, is the charge that we lay upon ourselves today, and upon all who follow us: to keep this Center as a treasure-house of the Filipino soul, that our works in stone and story, in dance and drama, in music and color may remain, for all time, a testament to the goodness, the truth, and the beauty of a historic race.

It is, therefore, singularly appropriate that this building should stand here where the landmarks of our history spread out like a medieval tapestry. Along these shores the barangays beached their bancas and Rajah Lakandula reigned over a Moslem settlement. Into these waters sailed the junks of Linahong, and the armadas of the Western World. Along these horizons lie the silhouettes of San Agustin and Intramuros, of Bataan and Corregidor. And over all these the brooding presence of our Sleeping Goddess. ●

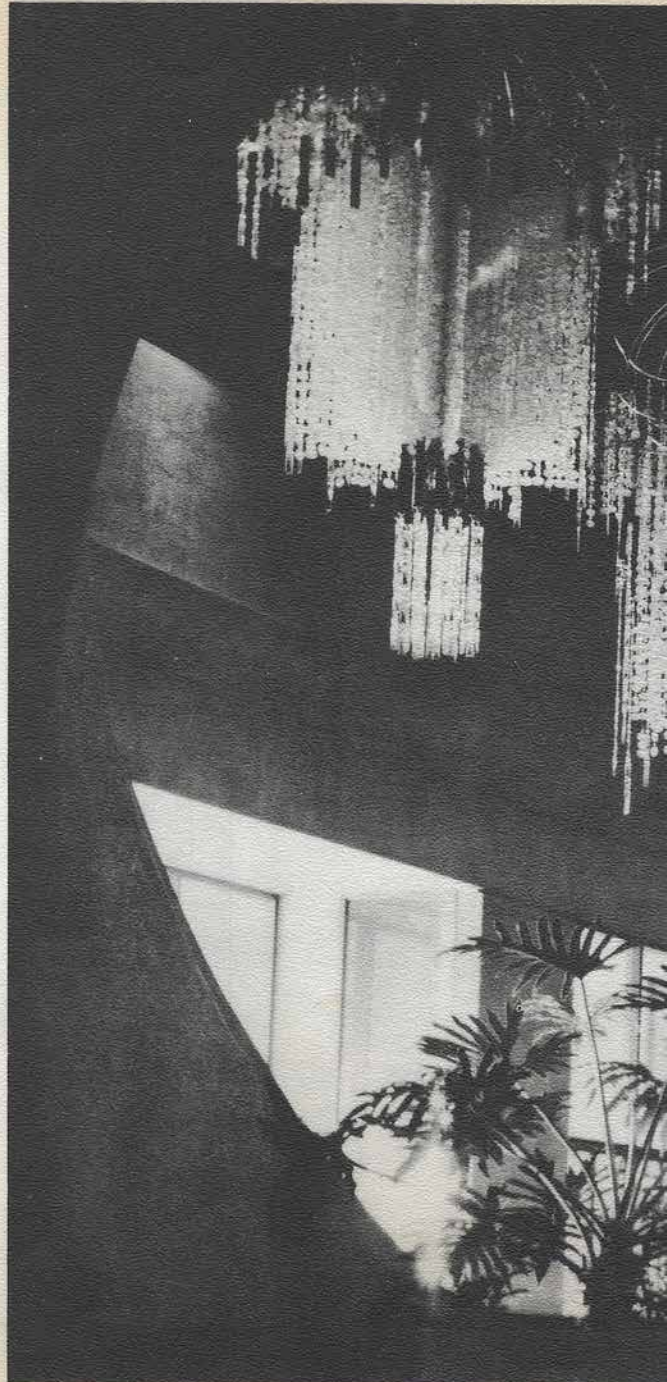


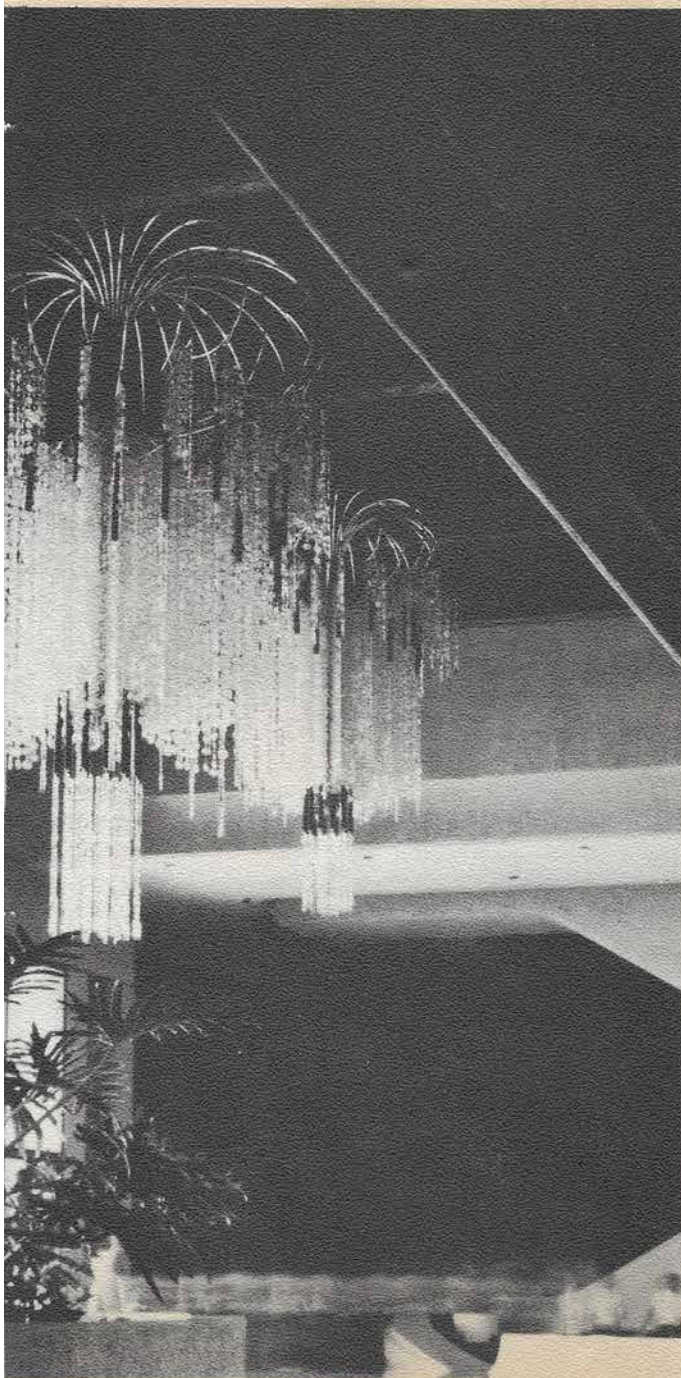
By JAIME ZOBEL DE AYALA

THE MEANING OF THE CENTER

The Philippines has built one of the most beautiful theaters in the world. The Cultural Center has been so described by those in a position to judge—world recognized critics, internationally famous musicians and dancers, art and music lovers and connoisseurs. The artists who came to Manila for the inauguration of the Center last September 1969, were thrilled by the splendor of the hall, amazed and enchanted by the brilliance of its acoustics.

In the short span of five months since its opening, the Center has shown the Filipino people its real benefits. The fact is that the Center is deeply relevant to our times because a recourse to the spirit and things spiritual is very much warranted in a time of material crisis. We see this from the experience taught to us by other nations. America, for instance, conceived the organization of a federal arts council during the Great Depression and John Maynard Keynes, the supreme economist, found time to run a ballet





company and to found the Cambridge Arts Theater while guiding his country, Britain, through the throes of the crisis of the 30's.

I lay no special claim to being an intellectual but I don't think it takes an intellectual to explain the meaning of our Center. The meaning is basic. What raises man above the beast is his spirit, and because of this profound difference we also know that he craves for more than what beasts crave. Man is not satisfied by food alone, or physical health or comfort, but by something more enduring, more meaningful, more attuned to his essential nature which is both spiritual and intellectual.

To the extent that the Center projects these higher goals upon the national consciousness and thrusts the vision of a higher life onto our humdrum existence, it fills a function – the indisputably necessary function of providing objective direction and thus inspiration for our work on the physical plane. It helps to liberate us from the bonds of the flesh and leave us full range for those wondrous expeditions of the spirit in realms of dance and song, poetry and the arts which are but a step removed from religion itself and which, short of the worship of God, most nearly completely satisfy and put at rest the deepest of human cravings.

So, there stands our magnificent Center, by the side of the bay, a miracle of harmony, of mass and line, serene marble and hewn concrete. It already holds inerasable memories for those who were fortunate to have been associated with it at the start, and also for those who in it saw burn, for a few brief hours of an evening, the "hard, gemlike flame", of art in music, dance and drama. The Center is beginning to live – but just beginning.

And for some Englishmen, Frenchmen, Japanese and people of other nationalities, the vision of our country will likely permanently be tranquil presence by the sea.

I think that in this critical times, this vision is worth conserving, worth enhancing. I believe that we would like the world to know us by this striking token of the romance, the poetry, the wholeness that lies deep but increasingly restless in the Filipino soul. ●

TURO TURO



By ROSALINDA L. OROSA

Lest you assume a *turo-turo* to be a taurine sport – the name does suggest a corruption of *toro-toro* – let me say at the outset that the *turo-turo* (literal meaning: “point-point”) is a very special type of restaurant with a uniquely Philippine flavor and aroma.

A *turo-turo* should be a “must” in your itinerary, for here, on a single trip, you take in not only the sights and sounds of the city, but also its permeating smells.

At a *turo-turo*, you stand before a long glass counter from where exudes the tantalizing odors of an incredibly wide assortment of viands. You give these viands a sweeping glance, pick (rather, sniff) your choices, then point them out to the waitress.

Let me warn you that you should take only a minute to decide what dishes to order, for if you should hesitate too long before the display counter, you would be barring the view of the many customers who might be as ravenously hungry as stevedores. (The allusion here to stevedores is not an irrelevant one, as I shall prove later.) Deciding on the spot about what to eat may take some practice, there being a bewildering number of dishes to choose from, but this matter need not discourage you unduly. By your third visit to a *turo-turo*, you will have mastered the art of making up your mind in a jiffy.

By now, it should be equally obvious that the *turo-turo* is the poor man’s haven of gustatory delight. Indeed, it is generally no bigger than a hole-in-the-wall, but *turo-turo* habitues swear that there’s no place – or hole – like it: a *turo-turo* guarantees you a home-cooked meal away from home, a meal that will meet the standards of your fastidious palate. For one peso and fifty centavos (that’s ceiling price), you eat gourmet fare to burping satisfaction.

To be sure, a *turo-turo* might offer certain hazards, but these would be mere inconveniences rather than genuine risks. At any rate, it would be sensible of your wife to leave her immaculately white gloves and wide-brimmed hat in her hotel dressing room. The reason for this word of caution should be evident, a *turo-turo* being not only a small eatery but also a rather cramped one.

Going to a *turo-turo* will, I dare say, prove less prosaic than watching the sun set over Manila Bay, or shooting the rapids in Pagsanjan, or even scaling Mt. Banawe's rice terraces. Although the latter have been rated by authoritative travel books as the eighth wonder of the world, a *turo-turo* is regarded with infinitely more fascination by unofficial circles.

Why is this so? As you may have learned in college, the eating habits of a people hold the key to their character or personality (sociologists, I believe, call it *ethos*), and because the collective tastes and eating habits of the Filipino are nowhere brought into sharper and more illuminating focus than in a *turo-turo*, a visit to it will cut by half the time you may have allotted to a research on the Filipino *ethos*.

For, at a *turo-turo*, you will have the novel (and broadening) experience of eating, cheek-by-jowl, with seedy-looking but quite harmless stevedores (I told you stevedores were a part of the *turo-turo* picture), cigaret vendors, office clerks and messengers, taxi and rig drivers (*cocheros*), as well as with nattily-suited business executives who, grown blasé about a daily surfeit of Chateau-briand and filet mignon in luxury hotels and restaurants, sneakevery-so often into a *turo-turo* for a less fancy but far more tasty cuisine.

Where then can you get a closer view of the widest cross-section of Filipino society eating to its heart's content? And where can you derive a more concrete and tangible proof of democracy in action? In fact, if I may pursue the thought a little further, it is democracy in action in the reverse: at a *turo-turo*, the swivel-chair executive is clearly trespassing into the exclusive domain of the rig driver and his clique.

Precisely because the *turo-turo* is the eating place of the city's not too well-heeled residents, you will have to accept its less than elegant and impeccable appointments.

The silverware and china may be a trifle greasy, and the tablecloth may bear some tell-tale stains of spilled soup or meat sauce from the previous meal. But these minor details are more than offset by the knowledge that you're eating the best food in town and by the assurance that your table manners are not being put to a supreme test. To make my point clearer, your wife need not crook her dainty little finger while she's drinking her tea at a *turo-turo*.

There are various types of *turo-turo* but most of them offer Chinese, Spanish, American and, of course, native dishes -- a motley cuisine at once indicative of the widely-ranging cultural influences which have invaded the country, and, by extension, its kitchen. In addition to the culinary versatility that is implied by this, each *turo-turo* has its own *piece de resistance*, and your choice, dear tourist, will depend on what might strike your fancy.

In every market place (e.g., Arraque or Quiapo), there's a cooked food section which offers a menu as native as *adobo* or *dinuguan*. Prices range from thirty to seventy centavos a dish, and if you pay one peso and fifty centavos for a meal of three dishes, you're being extravagant. Please bear in mind that you get a real bargain here: broth, tasty and piping hot, is always served free. Rice is thirty centavos a plate (you'll never manage to eat it all) and banana (the best in the world) is only ten centavos each.

M.H. del Pilar street is dotted not only with souvenir shops but also with *turo-turo* eateries. Offhand, there are the Fiesta Restaurant and Aling Nining's. On Padre Faura, you have the Jet Snack (that's a real swinging name) and a lot of smaller places. Needless to add, meals here are, likewise, outrageously cheap.

In Chinatown, where you get a bit more elbow room and imbibe heady local atmosphere (Chinese, that is), the principal *turo-turo* establishments are Kim's, Olam and Delicious. Each offers three kinds of excellent *makong* (a Chinese dish with a flour base) – *mami*, *siopao* and *siomai*; native Philippine specialties include *dinuguan*, *paksiw*, *menudo*, *corned beef* and *bulanglang*. The last-mentioned roughly speaking, is the Philippine version of chop suey, consisting, as it does, of a mixture of about a dozen varieties of fresh, native vegetables. Incidentally, if you prefer, you can order your meals a la carte in Chinatown.

On a clear day, why not go down Jones Bridge on foot and stop by San Vicente, still deep in Chinatown. Here, for one peso and fifty centavos, you'll be served a plateful of *lomi* which is a complete meal by itself – noodles cooked with chicken, pork, egg, vegetable, shrimp and, for a bonus, you'll be given a tea (*ad libitum*) to wash it down with.

In the district of Binondo, the cognoscenti, both native and Chinese, especially seek out the classic noodles. And no rice, if you please, to go with it! Among gourmets, eating rice with your noodles is as glaring a gaffe as watering your wine or drinking from your finger bowl.

At night, you might ruminate along Libertad Street in Pasay, one of Manila's gayer suburbs. It's the place to go for that famous *buto-buto* which local connoisseurs rave about. *Buto-buto* is a dish of pork and beef ribs, with a lot of radish thrown in for added flavor. Prices having gone up a bit (even the *turo-turo* has been hit by inflation), *buto-buto* now costs fifty centavos a dish (it used to sell for only thirty) and you pay another thirty for a plate of fried rice.

For an unusual gastronomic treat, perhaps equalled only by eating dog's meat in Baguio, (that's our summer capital), try Joe's Kitchenette. It's unmatched for its fish heads – and they swim in your soup! If you're an imaginative gourmet, you might, just for fun, ask the waiter for a hundred eyes of milk fish. (Those mean a catch of fifty milk fish to start with, so listen to what he has to say). Indeed, you'll find every conceivable kind of fish at Joe's Kitchenette – and I'm not telling you a fish tale.

A tiny *turo-turo* (formerly it was on Lavezares) is open from four to eleven p.m. only, so you'll have to arrange your schedule with more precision than usual. You get *lomi* here (remember not to ask for rice) with the best



fried liver cooked in garlic, and garnished with lettuce. You also get non-pareil soup and crab meat. If it's such an inviting *turo-turo*, why is it open for only seven hours each day? you might ask. Herewith is an intriguing bit of background information: the place is managed by a father-and-son team. Mornings, Papa markets and cooks while Junior goes to school; at exactly four in the afternoon, Papa opens the eatery and when Junior returns from school, he takes over. The Papa-and-Son establishment is almost an institution as a take-home counter, but it caters to a few lucky customers daily -- it generally has no more than five tables -- and you may just be among the lucky ones.

A "respectable" (middle-class) *turo-turo* is the Nutrition House in Intramuros. As its name implies, it has highly trained dieticians who prepare "scientific" meals with much nutritional value, and if your wife is a zealous calorie-watcher, then this may be the *turo-turo* for her.

There are out-of-town *turo-turo* eateries too, and these offer even more delicious menus at prices you would consider enough only for tipping purposes at first-class hotels. In Cavite, you'll savor fresh, succulent sea foods which come almost straight from the sea, including the biggest prawns you'll ever lay your eyes on. In Bocaue, Bulacan, your meal will be as close to home cooking (and as farm-fresh) as Grandma's.

Cockpits in the suburbs also boast of *turo-turo* meals, and if you're not fussy about getting a lot of dust in your soup, you'll be thrilling to a cock-fight, besides.

Now that I have described the pleasures awaiting you at a *turo-turo*, you may wonder how you can actually get to one. Don't bother to dig into any official tourist guide. Our travel bureaus are rather snobbish about the restaurants they recommend to foreign visitors, and as a result, no *turo-turo* is ever listed in any directory that tells you where to wine and dine.

In your search of a *turo-turo*, the secret of success is quite simple: get a *turo-turo* guide, that is, a *turo-turo* habitue. He will most likely turn out to be eccentric (and thoroughly charming and likeable), and if you don't bump into him on your first day in the city, don't despair. Chances are, the bell or elevator boy -- or even the doorman -- will lead you to a highly qualified *turo-turo* guide who, incidentally, will charge you nothing for his services.

My own recommendee would be sports writer Oscar de Zuñiga, the daily *Chronicle's* top authority on the *turo-turo*. If Oscar isn't watching the horse races or writing poetry, he's sampling the menu at the newest *turo-turo*. Being a gourmet of the rarest breed, he has every detail of each *turo-turo* (down to the recipes) at his fingertips. In short, he can tell you at any given moment, what's cooking -- and where. ●





More than half a century separates the two essays on the Philippine fiesta which follow. But the similarity is obvious. It indicates that there has been no change in this most durable of Filipino institutions.

Jose Rizal's essay is lifted from his novel, *Noli Me Tangere*, which is in part a satirical work. The account of the fiesta in its entirety partakes of this character. Rizal accepts but frowns on the institution and at least by implication would rather have Filipinos see the last of it.

In this, as in many other matters, Rizal is prophetic. Recently, a town in the Central Plains "outlawed" the fiesta on the ground that it is frivolous and wasteful. The celebration having lost its original religious character, there seemed to be no justification for its continued observance.

But it is doubtful if Rizal, for all his prescience, will be proven correct by the large majority of Filipinos. They see in the fiesta, as Mr. Juan Gatbonton so aptly puts it, the supreme "expression of annual folk-rejoicing."

I. THE EVE OF THE FIESTA



BY JOSE RIZAL

It is now the eve of the fiesta. Emerging from its habitual monotony, the town has given itself over to unwonted activity in house, church, cockpit, and field. Windows are covered with banners and many-hued draperies. All space is filled with noise and music, and the air is saturated with rejoicings.

On little tables with embroidered covers the *dalagas* arrange in bright-hued glass dishes different kinds of sweetmeats made from native fruits. In the yard the hens cackle, the cocks crow, and the hogs grunt, all terrified by this merriment of man. Servants move in and out carrying fancy dishes and silver cutlery. Here there is a quarrel over a broken plate, there they laugh at the simple country girl. Everywhere there is ordering, whispering, shouting. Comments and conjectures are made, one hurries the other — all is commotion, noise, and confusion. All this effort and all this toil are for the stranger as well as the acquaintance, to entertain every one, whether he has been seen before or not, or whether he is expected to be seen again, in order that the casual visitor, the foreigner, friend, enemy, Filipino, Spaniard, the poor and the rich, may go away happy and contented. No gratitude is even asked of them nor is it expected that they do no damage to the hospitable family either during or after digestion! The rich, those who have ever been to Manila and have seen a little more than their neighbors, have brought beer, champagne, liqueurs, wines, and food-stuffs from Europe, of which they will hardly taste a bite or drink a drop.

Their tables are luxuriously furnished. In the center is a well-modeled artificial pineapple in which are arranged toothpicks elaborately carved by convicts in their resthours. Here they have designed a fan, there a bouquet of flowers, a bird, a rose, a palm leaf, or a chain, all wrought from



a single piece of wood, the artisan being a forced laborer, the tool a dull knife, and the taskmaster's voice the inspiration. Around this toothpick-holder are placed glass fruit-trays from which rise pyramids of oranges, lansons, ates, chicos, and even mangos in spite of the fact that it is November. On wide platters upon bright-hued sheets of perforated paper are to be seen hams from Europe and China, stuffed turkeys, and a big pastry in the shape of an Agnus Dei or a dove, the Holy Ghost perhaps. Among all these are jars of appetizing *acharas* with fanciful decorations made from the flowers of the areca palm and other fruits and vegetables, all tastefully cut and fastened with sirup to the sides of the flasks.

Glass lamp globes that have been handed down from father to son are cleaned, the copper ornaments polished, the kerosene lamps taken out of the red wrappings which have protected them from the flies and mosquitos during the year and which have made them unserviceable; the prismatic glass pendants shake to and fro, they clink together harmoniously in song, and even seem to take part in the fiesta as they flash back and break up the rays of light, reflecting them on the white walls in all the colors of the rainbow. The children play about amusing themselves by chasing the colors, they stumble and break the globes, but this does not interfere with the general merriment, although at other times in the year the tears in their round eyes would be taken account of in a different way.

Along with these venerated lamps there also come forth from their hiding-places the work of the girls: crocheted scarfs, rugs, artificial flowers. There appear old glass trays, on the bottoms of which are sketched miniature lakes with little fishes, caymans, shell-fish, seaweeds, coral, and glassy stones of brilliant hues. These are heaped with cigars, cigarettes, and diminutive buyos prepared by the delicate fingers of the maidens. The floor of the house shines like a mirror, curtains of piña and husi festoon the doorways, from the windows hang lanterns covered with glass or with paper, pink, blue, green or red. The house itself is filled with plants and flower-pots on stands of Chinese porcelain. Even the saints bedeck themselves, the images and relics put on a festive air, the dust is brushed from them and on the freshly-washed glass of their cases are hung flowery garlands.

In the streets are raised at intervals fanciful bamboo arches, known as *sinkaban*, constructed in various ways and adorned with *kaluskus*, the curling bunches of shavings scraped on their sides, at the sight of which alone the hearts of the children rejoice. About the front of the church, where the

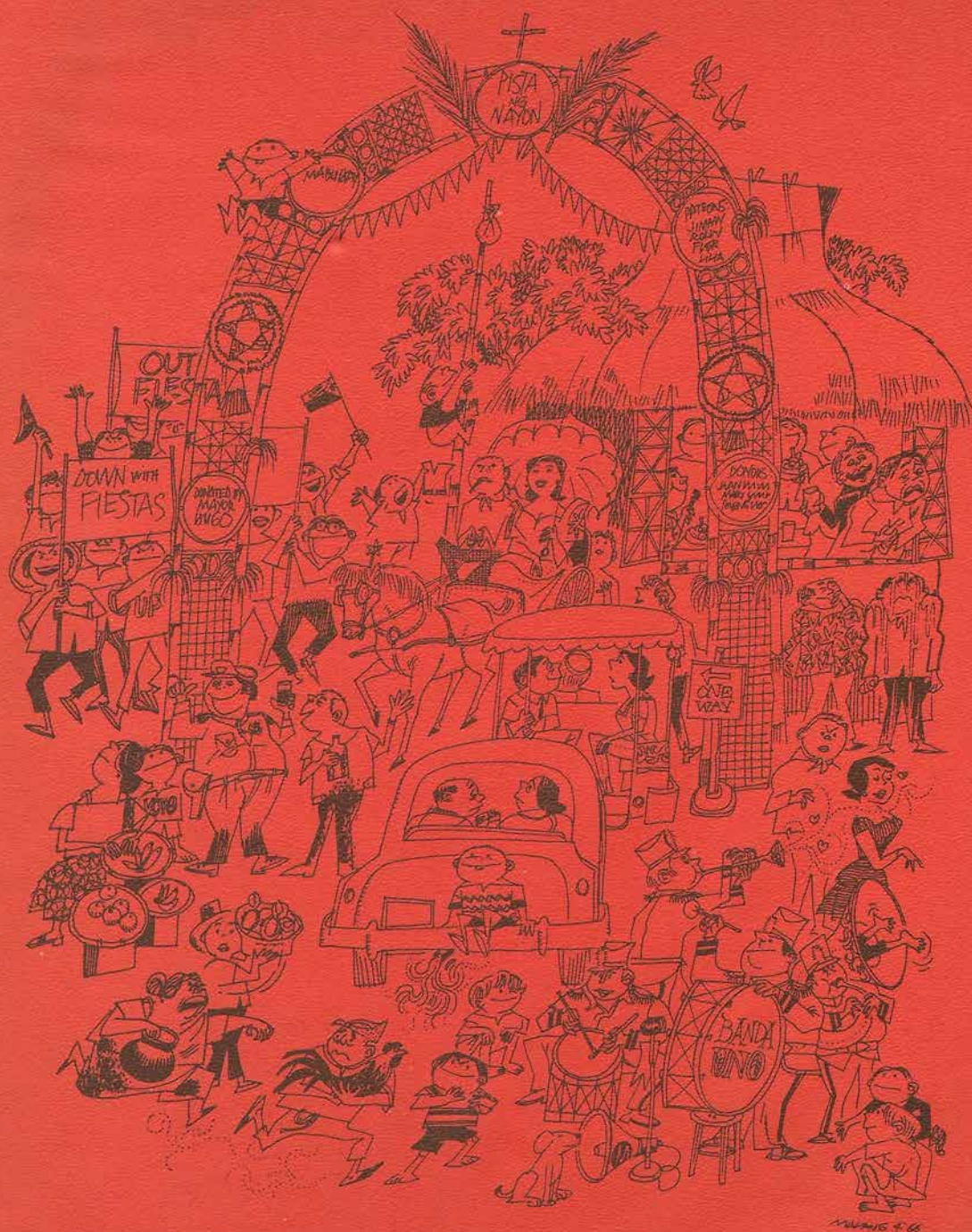


procession is to pass, is a large and costly canopy upheld on bamboo posts. Beneath this the children run and play, climbing, jumping, and tearing the new *camisas* in which they should shine on the principal day of the fiesta.

There on the plaza a platform has been erected, the scenery being of bamboo, nipa, and wood; there the Tondo comedians will perform wonders and compete with the gods in improbable miracles, there will sing and dance Marianito, Chananay, Balbino, Ratia, Carvajal, Yeyeng, Liceria, etc. The Filipino enjoys the theater and is a deeply interested spectator of dramatic representations, but he listens in silence to the song, he gazes delighted at the dancing and mimicry, he never hisses or applauds. If the show is not to his liking, he chews his *buyo* or withdraws without disturbing the others who perhaps find pleasure in it. Only at times the commoner sort will howl when the actors embrace or kiss the actresses, but they never go beyond that. Formerly, dramas only were played; the local poet composed a piece in which there must necessarily be a fight every second minute, a clown, and terrifying transformations. But since the Tondo artists have begun to fight every fifteen seconds, with two clowns, and even greater marvels than before, they have put to rout their provincial compeers. The *gobernadorcillo* was very fond of this sort of thing, so, with the approval of the curate, he chose a spectacle with magic and fireworks, entitled, "The Prince Villardo or the Captives Rescued from the Infamous Cave."¹

From time to time the bells chime out merrily, those same bells that ten days ago were tolling so mournfully. Pin-wheels and mortars rend the air, for the Filipino pyrotechnist, who learned the art from no known instructor, displays his ability by preparing fire bulls, castles of Bengal lights, paperballoons inflated with hot air, bombs, rockets, and the like.

Now distant strains of music are heard and the small boys rush headlong toward the outskirts of the town to meet the bands of music, five of which have been engaged, as well as three orchestras. The band of Pagsanhan belonging to the *escribano* must not be lacking nor that of San Pedro de Tunasan, at that time famous because it was directed by the maestro Austria, the vagabond "Corporal Mariano" who, according to report, carried fame and harmony in the tip of his baton. Musicians praise his funeral march, "El Sauce,"² and deplore his lack of musical education, since with his genius he might have brought glory to his country. The bands enter the town playing lively airs. . . . As soon as the band ceases, the boys know the piece by heart, they hum and whistle it with rare skill, they pronounce their judgment upon it.



2. THE BUNTINGS AND THE LADEN TABLE

By JUAN GATBONTON

The Fiesta is the center and goal of the Philippine barrio's yearnings and labors throughout each year. As the expression of the annual folk-rejoicing, it stirs the same urges, whether that barrio be Pugad-Lawin or Forbes Park. The difference between a fiesta at one and a *pista sa nayon*¹ at the other is merely a question of intensity, perhaps in the mellowness of the wine, the cut of the costumes, and the simplicity of the spirit. The two villages may be worlds apart, in culture and in appurtenance, but both are brothers under the fiesta's spell.

The sociologist, looking into the scientific significance of the barrio fiesta, may observe that it has its origins in a gigantic, widespread effort to "keep up with the De la Cruzes." But if these snobbish motivations are present, they are largely sub-conscious. There is little malicious intent in the villager who throws the biggest party, and the meanest family will often offer its guests a feast as lavish and as hospitable as that of the first and richest.

For the few giddy days that the fiesta lasts, money is no object. The fiesta, naturally, begins on the first day of the traditional *novena*. This is the annual devotional to the village's patron saint, and lasts nine days. The saint who is, as it were, guest of honor at the fiesta, is sometimes a canonized, outstanding practitioner of the trade the majority of the villagers are themselves engaged in: Thus San Clemente is patron to all fishing villages, being the Pope who wed Venice to the blue Adriatic. San Isidro — who must have had a very green thumb — is patron of all farmers, and on his feast-day, the farmer folk hang the fruits of the fields and the forests from their windows, that the Saint may increase the bounty that the earth yields.

But a great number of patron saints are selected by custom. Upon making contact with an ancient Filipino settlement, the *conquistadores* made it their first task, after having subdued the recalcitrant *Indios*², to erect a church and preach the Faith. Around this edifice of stone and wood bound together with lime, whose architecture usually assuaged the nostalgia the Spanish missionary felt for his far-away Iberian homeland, grew the towns. And around the towns grew the barrios. A town founded on the feast-day of a particular saint would have that worthy for its patron. Thus, a town founded on the last day of November, would have the image of



San Andres — whose feast-day that is — upon its center altar. As the missionaries spread out, building chapels in each village, each town was awarded its minor, or local, patrons — one for each barrio. The barrio, therefore, would have two holidays in each year: one celebrating the feast-day of the town's protector, and another the day sacred to the saint enshrined in its own chapel. Naturally, this is the sort of duplication of functions that the barrio folk are happy about.

Then, too, there are other reasons and seasons for rejoicing. Life in the Philippine barrio is closely linked to the endless shiftings of the seasons, which influence its occupations. The height of the fishing in a season of calm waters, the time of the rice-harvest, the season of the bursting of the fruit — these are the seasons of the good life and the full granary. These are, therefore, the times for rejoicing and the fiesta. Thus it is that most of the village festivals are held in May, the season of the flowers and the fruits or October, the time of the palay³ harvest, or December, the ripening of the second crop. June, too, and July, are favorite months, for in these months are held the festivals and the prayers asking God for the opportune rain and the good rice seed, for safeguards against the visitations of the flood and the typhoon, and the pestilential locusts.

These reasons for appealing to heaven antedate the coming of the Spaniard. The Tagalog *simbahan* for church, for instance, is derived from the *sambahan*, which was the lean-to of palm-frond and bamboo trunk built beside the pagan Filipino chieftain's house, and where the populace flocked to feast and pray. Anthropologists remind us that the first rites that man celebrated had to do with the invocation to the cornseed, and the exhortation to the great deer-herds. A white rooster is still ceremoniously slain at the new-turned *kaingin*⁴ in Mindoro, bits of iron and spice mingled with the fowl's blood and sprinkled over the new land, to bring forth its fertility. And good food is still served on a festive, hopeful day like this — on the theory of plenty attracting plenty.

The happy agitations of the fiesta begin to stimulate the barrio long before the novena begins. Many a shoat and cackling capon is marked for the slaughter — cooped up and given good food and tender care, that it might



fatten and spend its last days happily. Festive clothes are bought, or the old finery roused from where it lay in the family camphor chest, amid scented root and ball of naphthaline. The houses are scrubbed with the leaves of the sandpaper tree, and washed with boiling water. New mats and clean sheets, starched and ironed till they are stiffly white as paper, are laid out for the visitors from other barrios and the *poblacion*⁵, who come gaily bringing their gifts of *leche flan*⁶ and violet tuber, of hissing geese and squealing pig. The village cauldrons are busiest and night fires burn, as the women work late into the nights, making sweet milk candies and pudding of coconut juice and young yellow corn.

The men form their little committees, one to hang buntings upon the streets, another to hire a band, perhaps another to raise some funds. Soon the streets of the barrio are gay with colored pieces of paper and crepe strung along on wire, rustling festively and commercially over the passers-by, advertising their messages of rejoicing and rum, of good cheer and cold cola. While the novena continues, a band or two parades the streets. The musicians are perhaps dressed like medieval dragoons or twenty-fifth century spacemen, but the music they play is schmaltz and Offenbach, sometimes off-key, but always loud and rendered with great spirit. On the eve of the feast, or *visperas*, these bands put on the big show for the evening, which is a church-yard concert that lasts far into the night. Sometimes two of them get into a musical duel, and such a night compensates for all the barrio's sleepy days the rest of the year.

If the barrio is not too far away from the centers of commerce and civilization, a band of wandering tradesmen, artists, and confidence-men invariably descend upon it at this time. These set up shop in the barrio plaza, or for want of that, the nearest piece of clear field, erecting their tents of wood and tin, in which are offered games of chance wonderfully clever and crooked, hula dancers and turtle races, roulette and fortune-tellers, shooting galleries and sweet cotton. Where the barrio is too far away, or too poor to attract the city slicker's covetous eye, a troupe of *zarzuelistas*⁷ is often to be had. These are thespians of the old order, serious folk who are repository of the *awit*⁸ and the *corrido*⁹, who make the stage thunder with the deeds of *Bernardo Carpio*,¹⁰ perhaps, or *Don Juan*



Teñoso,¹¹ who speak the delicate dialect and sing the ancient serenades.

There is often a queen, too, around whom all these festivities swirl. She is chosen from the prettiest girls of the barrios by an ingeniously profitable method. The young men of property are enticed to invest in votes — say, a ballot for a centavo — and cast these for the girl whose theoretical gage they wear. This sort of election contest is usually a point of honor, and the romantic, if foolish, gallant is not above selling his only carabao to set his beloved upon the great carved church chair that serves for a throne. The money thus realized goes to the public expenses of the fiesta. The girl elected, whether plain or pretty, whether virtuous or fast, is for nine-days the barrio's pampered sovereign.

The day of the fiesta is a medley of sounds, color and activity. To the blare of martial music punctuated by ice cream-vendors' bells, well-pressed clothes mingle with the colorful hues of balloons and fiesta trappings, the whole permeated by the smell of rice cakes selling by the streets and of suckling pigs roasting in a dozen front-yards. The town church is the center of the morning's celebrations, for homage must first be paid the patron saint who is the whole meaning and justification of the feast. But from there, the crowd moves on every which way throughout town, carrying the fiesta spirit to every house within its limits. Fiesta protocol is as rigid as at the Court of St. James's. All of the homes in the barrio are thrown open, impartially, to the visiting relative, stranger or enemy. Tradition dictates not only that the master of the house welcome each visitor with every courtesy, but also that the visitor take a little bit of each item on the literally groaning board. On this, a long bench usually stretched across the length of the house's only room, are heaped the delicacies of field and grocery, of forest and PX — fowl, vegetable, meat and sweet. The silver is newly-polished and often, unfamiliar. For once, it is unethical to use the hands in eating. The table is at work ceaselessly, being assaulted by wave after wave of eaters, and replenished after every assault.

There are many fine points of custom at this part of the festivities. At the first table of the day are seated the most important of the guests present. Importance, or diplomatic rating, at a barrio fiesta is based on one's achieve-



ments, whether imagined or real, in the harsh world outside the barrio. The doctor, for instance, outranks the teacher, because he spent more time in school, and has a more formidable diploma. All of the lay personalities are outranked by a man of the cloth, or by the highest municipal or political official present. The man of the greatest distinction is led, protesting amiably, to the head of the table. The other guests find their places below him. This seating arrangement is not merely honorific; it is of tremendous practical importance, since the serving of the food begins at the head of the table and descends, obviously to the advantage of him who gets served first. The lowly guest at the foot of the table may conceivably entertain revolutionary ambitions as he watches the chicken livers, the roast pig midribs, the fish roe, the cattle marrow, all going into alien plates before the serving tray reaches him in its slow progress.

At any rate, the social lion at the head of the table sets the pace of the feasting. If he is a trencherman, the gourmands at the foot of the board are happy, for they can depend upon him to eat well and long. If he merely picks at his food and stops early, they are duty-bound to stop, too, because none may rise till all the others have finished — and no one wants to be conspicuous by being the last to finish.

While the guests eat, the host flits about the table, urging them to greater effort. It is wise, though, for the guest to leave a few bits of food uneaten on his plate, lest he be taken for a starving bum. When the guests rise, it must be with one collective expression of gratitude, with vows of being full up to here, and with praises for the cooking. It is customary for the guests close to the host's affection to receive wrapped bits of delicacy to bring home.

No guest stays too long at one house. Everybody must move on to the next house, for it is considered a fatal breach of etiquette not to stop at all of one's friends when one is fiesta-going, and it is a poor townsman, indeed, who has only one relative and friend in a feasting barrio.

Thus the fiesta ends. The remains of it are left where they are, and the buntings flutter on till the rain and the wind bring them down. ●

GLOSSARY

1. FROM "THE EVE OF THE FIESTA"

Moro-Moro: Spectacular performances which often continued for several days, consisting principally of noisy combats between Moros and Christians, in which the latter were, of course, invariably victorious.

Achara: Pickles made from the tender shoots of bamboo, green papayas, etc.

Ates: The sweet-sop.

Buyo: The masticatory prepared by wrapping a piece of areca-nut with a little shell-lime in a betel-leaf: the pan of British India.

Camisa: 1. A loose, collarless shirt of transparent material worn by men outside the trousers.

2. A thin, transparent waist with flowing sleeves, worn by women.

Chico: The sapodilla plum.

Dalaga: Maiden, woman of marriageable age.

Gobernadorcillo: "Petty governor," the principal municipal official.

Husi: A fine cloth made of silk interwoven with cotton, abaka, or pineapple-leaf fibers.

Lanson: The langsa, a delicious cream-colored fruit about the size of a plum. In the Philippines, its special habitat is the country around the Lake of Bay.

Piña: Fine cloth made from pineapple-leaf fibers.

2. FROM "THE BUNTINGS AND THE LADEN TABLE"

Pista sa nayon: Tagalog term for "barrio fiesta."

Indio: Spanish colonial term for natives.

Palay: Unmilled rice.

Kaingin: Small plot of land cleared by nomadic tribes.

Poblacion: Main district of a town.

Leche flan: Rich custard made of milk and eggs.

Zarsuelistas: Actors and actresses versed in a musical play of Spanish origin.

Corrido: A song sang in monotone.

Bernardo Carpio: A legendary character of great strength.

Don Juan Teñoso: Another legendary romantic character.

IMELDA R. MARCOS, the wife of the President of the Philippines, delivered the speech (p. 20) at the inauguration of the Cultural Center of the Philippines, an imposingly beautiful structure at Manila's famed Roxas Boulevard. The Center was the realization of years of planning and hoping for such a structure, finally catalyzed into action by the First Lady. Mrs. Marcos has not confined herself to cultural undertakings, however, she is more deeply involved in social welfare work.

ABOUT THE AUTHORS



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OPLE



ZOBEL



VERGARA

BLAS F. OPLE (The Philippines) is Philippine Secretary of Labor. A former newsman and labor leader he is one of the busiest and most effective administrative officials today. His responsiveness to his country's history and to contemporary events has been reflected in his activities and his writings, the majority of which reflect his relevant nationalism.

JAIME ZOBEL DE AYALA (The Meaning of the Center) was recently appointed President of the Cultural Center. Prior to this, he was its Executive Director. An industrialist and businessman, he is Senior Vice-President and Chairman of the Board of the Ayala Corporation. His time had previously been divided between his many business activities and his own personal pursuit of the arts. In his new position, what was formerly an avocation has become a serious participation in the nation's efforts for cultural preservations and growth.

JUAN GATBONTON (Buntings and the Laden Table) now based in Hongkong, edits "Orientation," an Asian travel magazine. He was, until recently, editor of Asia Magazine and before that, was with the Sunday Times and This Week magazine of the Manila Chronicle. Mr. Gatbonton's forte is the light essay and the short story. He has been a consistent first prize winner of the annual Free Press Contest and was the first winner in the Palanca Literary Contest.

ROSALINDA OROSA (A Tourist's Guide to the Turo-Turo) is cultural editor and performing arts critic of the Manila Chronicle. She is recipient of a number of awards and citations, among them Stanvac's Journalism award, the Manila Music Lovers Citation as Music Critic of the Year, and an honorable mention from Mexico's first Francisco Zarco International Competition of 1968. She recently came out with her first book, "What's in a (Nick) Name?" a collection of humorous essays. Miss Orosa graduated from the University of the Philippines and was recipient of the Julia George Fellowship for Oriental Women from Radcliffe College, Harvard, where she took her M.A. in English Literature.

BENITO VERGARA (The Filipino Garden) is a botanist, or, more accurately, a plant physiologist, connected with the IRRI (International Rice Research Institute) in Los Baños. A graduate of the University of the Philippines, he took a Master's degree in the University of Hawaii. He obtained a Ph.D. from the University of Chicago in 1960, where he also worked as research associate. An assistant professor in the UP, he left in 1961 to join the IRRI. Dr. Vergara lectures extensively, appearing before professional groups as well as garden clubs all over the Philippines.

JOSE RIZAL (The Eve of the Fiesta) is the national hero of the Philippines. He led the reform movement in the 1800s against the ruling Spaniards and paid for it with his life. He was executed by the Spaniards in 1896, on the eve of the Revolution which he inspired. Scholar, physician, artist and man of letters, Rizal wrote *Noli Me Tangere* and *El Filibusterismo*, both regarded as classics of the Filipino novel.

