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COVER. 'The 18th century wooden sculpture of an angel, measuring three feet high, including the pedestal, was hewn from one solid block of wood. The carpenter who worked on the figure remembered to include the minutest detail, including lashes and life-like fingernails.

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Incentives and new directions stimulate
exports in non-traditional fields

RP EXPORT DEVELOPMENT AND PROMOTIONS

By ALFIO L. LOCSIN

As a conscious national policy, export development and promotions began to take form and substance in the Philippines only at the turn of this decade. Traditionally oriented towards the production of primary products, the Philippines had to rely on protected markets, quotas and premium prices to keep her export efforts going.

It was not until 1970 that a sense of urgency pervaded official thinking sufficient to get them moving towards more concrete forms of export development and promotion of non-traditional products and the search for other markets.

Heretofore, her close links with the United States, spanning a period of more than 70 years, made the Philippines overreliant on the US market. Of the offshore suppliers of sugar to the US (Cuba was the largest until the break with the US about a decade ago) she enjoyed the biggest quota and was like any other supplier paid a premium price. The US markets also offered a cheaper outlet for her other products which under the Laurel-Langley agreement, provided for gradually diminishing exemptions from import duties. These built-in advantages did little to encourage the development of new export products, as Philippine producers continued to enjoy the market advantages of the US on products that they were already producing. Thus for the better part of the post-war era, whatever development of productive capacity for exports were

undertaken, it was already on traditional products whose markets were guaranteed and whose prices were given a competitive edge by duty exemptions.

In the early Fifties, the Philippines found a new trading partner which provided another market for her products that were mostly extractive in nature. The foot in the door, so to speak, was the \$750 million Japanese reparations payment signed in 1956. For some time afterward it had Filipino officials wondering whether it was really the Philippines which had found a new market, or Japan which gained access to the Philippines and at the same time ensured a steady source of supply of raw materials for Japan's burgeoning industries.

Reparations meant that Japan would provide the Philippines with \$500 million worth of goods to make amends for damages inflicted during the war. In addition it provided for a \$250 million loan component under commercial terms. This agreement actually opened the door for the Japanese to come into the Philippines. At the same time it gave Japan an opportunity to open up sources of raw materials from the Philippines' extractive industries. Provided with another ready market and her own pent-up need for processed goods seeking to be satisfied, the Philippines pushed further into the production of primary products while meeting her own needs through importations from Japan for which the floodgates were opened by reparations.

The Philippines' drive towards self-sufficiency may be divided into four overlapping periods. Immediately after World War II, efforts were directed towards rehabilitation of productive capacities destroyed during the war. Emphasis was laid on the productive machinery for traditional exports the ready markets for which offered the easier way to success.

Meanwhile, the Philippines, relying heavily on foreign exchange earnings from her traditional exports, imported her own needs mostly for processed goods. What developed was a heavy dependence on imports which far outstripped the country's capacity to pay for them.

The situation prompted the redirecting of economic efforts towards new goals in self-sufficiency. Faced with the problem of increasing shortages of foreign exchange to pay for imports, the country started building up industrial capabilities which were, however, aimed at import substitution. In the early Fifties, when exchange and import controls were thus imposed, government policy was directed towards encouraging the establishment of industries that would provide what the Philippines would sorely miss as a consumer country. Japanese reparations helped establish assembly-type plants for import-substitutes which were heavily dependent, however, on imports of semi-processed products.

Whatever its weaknesses were, the policy of the Fifties helped redress the unfavorable balance in Philippine trade while building up at the same time an industrial base for the Philippines. Hopefully, official planners were looking forward to that day when backward linkages could provide the Philippines with a more solid foundation for industrialization.

In the decade of the Sixties, however, a violent public reaction had developed against the evils that were spawned by import and

exchange controls, chief among which were rampant graft and corruption in the government. Official planners decided to devalue the peso and dismantle import and exchange controls replacing them with a *laissez faire* policy which relied on the Filipinos to compete in the open market as a means of developing the economy. By mid-Sixties the last vestiges of controls were lifted with the unification of the rate through the lifting of the 20 per cent retention scheme. Under this scheme, 20 per cent of the exporters earnings continued to be exchanged at a P2 to one dollar as against a devalued rate for all other transactions of P3.90 to one dollar.

Outside of the devaluation of the peso which raised the peso income of exporters and the scrapping of the retention scheme which raised it even further, nothing much was done to give impetus to export development, however. Thus in the Sixties the Philippines continued to primarily depend on traditional exports as a source of foreign exchange, even as an open economy permitted a flood of imported goods.

The crucial point came in 1969. Government infrastructure and other types of spending and the green revolution in the countryside transformed the Philippines into a vast consumer society now extending to the rural areas. The productive capacities of import-substituting industries were strained as demand for goods rose. What could not be filled by domestic production had to be supplied by imports even as foreign exchange spending was already heavy for raw materials needed by straining domestic industries. The heavy foreign exchange requirements could, however, be only met with what was being earned mostly from traditional exports and non-trade transactions. These were far below what was

required by the consumer demand causing some basic imbalances in the economy.

The hardest blows were dealt on the international reserve of the country—the foreign exchange it uses to cover deficits. As a measure of the strength of the peso, the reserve had to be maintained at a certain level (the equivalent of three months of imports according to the standard at the time). With foreign exchange expenditures outstripping earnings, the country had to rely heavily on borrowings to replenish the reserves. This called for foreign exchange earnings which the Philippines did not have.

Reviewing government policies of the Sixties which led to the crisis towards the end of 1969, official planners decided then that Philippine efforts should now be directed towards export development and promotions. Under existing laws (like the Investments Incentives Act) and through new statutes, a new importance has been given to export development.

At this stage, it is too early to assess the extent of the development of an export-oriented economy considering that the program may be said to have actually taken off only in 1971. In 1970 the floating rate and the *de facto* devaluation of the peso gave exports the momentum it needed from increased peso income. Without, however, incentives to maintain the momentum and direction to change the form and substance of the exports, these will remain mainly traditional and aimed at traditional markets like the US and Japan.

What awakened the government to the need for new types of exports and diversified markets were the developments towards the close of the decade of the Sixties. Earlier conferences with the American panel to set the groundwork for discussions on the termination of the Laurel-Langley Agreement in 1974 showed up in glaring light the overreliance of the Philippines on the US market. Meanwhile, the primary commodities which

form the bulk of Philippine exports have been subjected to violent world price fluctuations which have meant lower income in the face of a greater volume of exports.

From these two factors alone—limited markets and primary product price fluctuations—it is easy to see that Philippine exports suffer from two basic defects: the products are of a nature that limit their selling point and leave their prices open to erratic swings in demand and supply.

Now the Board of Investments, armed with authority by law to rationalize the country's industrialization, has been giving emphasis to export-oriented policies. The Central Bank's monetary policies are also being geared towards developing this aspect of the productive capacity of the country. Providing a meaningful backup for these efforts which for the first time are receiving coordinated government support is the Exports Incentives Law. This law provides for tax rebates, shipping deductions, accelerated depreciation allowances and other incentives that would make exports more attractive.

The incentives together with the efforts of the BOI to redirect industries to exports have started to stimulate exports in fields other than traditional. In addition there have been some shifts into processed products for exports although this efforts at the moment are still tentative.

There is no doubt that the quality of Philippine products has already caught the fancy of buyers abroad; so has its novelty especially with regards to native handicrafts. It is not difficult to gauge the acceptable quality of Philippine-made goods from Filipinos who unwittingly purchase them abroad in the thought that they are foreign-made. Generally these Filipinos, upon discovering that they

have bought Filipino products have nothing but high praise for them. It could be a handkerchief bought in New York with intricate and delicate embroidery fashioned by skilled Filipino hands in Mandaluyong, a suburban town which is part of the Greater Manila Metropolis. It could be a pair of hand-lasted shoes in Hongkong passed off as "Italian shoes" but actually coming out of one of the small shops in Marikina in Rizal province. The Philippines has also started to export stereo sets to Africa, glass and aluminum products to other Southeast Asian countries, shrimps to Japan, milkfish to New York; and even *patis* (a fish extract), to the US West Coast.

The Presidential Business Awards and the Presidential Citations given to five firms and based on BOI data on export performance reflect part of the variety of Philippine exports outside of traditional ones. They also reflect the growth of exports of products which heretofore were mostly for domestic consumption or use.

Luzon Stevedoring was cited for the export of services through its cargo handling operations in Australia, New Zealand, Malaysia, Singapore and Indonesia earning for the Philippines \$11 million in nine months of 1971.

Continental Manufacturing Co. was awarded for exporting \$1.6 million worth of acrylic yarn and knitwear to Iran, Germany and Canada in the first three quarters of 1971. This performance was 117 per cent better than that of the whole of 1970.

The cement industry also got a presidential award for exporting \$4.9 million worth of product to Southeast Asia bettering its 1970 performance by 161 per cent.

Hooven Philippines was cited for shipping out extruded aluminum worth \$688,295, an improvement of 67 per cent over its performance for the whole of 1970.

S. C. Johnson & Sons (Phils) multiplied its 1970 exports tenfold by exporting \$504 million worth of wax products and mosquito coils.

The BOI awards and other government records reflect the growing importance of non-traditional exports including processed products while a buildup continues in the traditional lines which include sugar, lumber, logs, plywood, veneer, mineral ore, copra, coconut oil, dessicated coconut, abaca fiber and pineapple.

While indicating the variety of exports that can be exploited by the country, the same data reflect the fact that the efforts heretofore have still been minimal. Government policy and full support for export-oriented activities are expected to give non-traditional products and their sale abroad added impetus.

There is much in the country that gives it a decided edge should it succeed in exploiting other markets for new products whether processed or agricultural in nature. The Philippines can still claim to have the richest raw materials which ironically in the past had tied her down to traditional markets selling traditional products. In addition to these resources, she has the manpower skills and where they are wanting, the Filipino ability to learn makes this less of a problem. Cost of labor in the Philippines is also cheaper relative to labor costs among neighboring countries to which Japan has begun to turn her eyes to obviate her own rising labor costs.

All these advantages are beginning to show in the variety of products which the Philippines has been able to turn out.

On the minus side, however, is the lack of capital, the inability to build up large capacities to meet voluminous orders abroad, lack of industrial organization and a shortage of know-how of international trade. Because of these, efforts to exploit export markets have not been forceful and remain largely tentative thrusts which eventually cut off the markets as efforts begin to diminish.

Many are the sad experiences growing out of inexperience in international trade which has prevented the Philippines from exploiting built-in advantages. One of the more promising fields for export for instance are shrimps which, however, in the earlier part of 1971 nearly got scuttled. Too many had heard of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow that was promised by shrimp exports to Japan. Competition for supplies from domestic waters became so keen that finally prices were depressed to the disadvantage even of those who pioneered in the venture. In addition, many who ventured into the field knew next to nothing about grading the shrimp and packing them thus reducing badly their marketability.

Lack of organization has also been reflected in the cement industry which even now is operating at only half of rated capacity. With all these idle plant capacity, the industry should be able to take advantage of a growing demand for cement among neighboring Asian countries. The different firms in the industry, however, are not sufficiently organized to enter into competitive bids and are getting a beating from competitors like Taiwan and Korea.

The same problem persists in the plywood industry. While logs are under government restriction to conserve badly depleted forest areas, whatever logs the Philippines has been supplying Taiwan and Korea have been used to advantage by plywood factories in those countries to provide uneven competition for the Philippines which is being left behind.

In bananas, however, the Philippines aided by foreign technology and know-how has been giving a good account of herself. Her exports of bananas have more than trebled since last year with Japan continuing to be a promising market far into the future.

Philippine exporters have also shown an inability to meet the large scale demands of markets abroad. This is particularly true in handicrafts where scattered home efforts have

not been coordinated properly to take advantage of the huge demand. An order for close to \$2 million worth of wooden bowls in a US Pacific base supply center had to be abandoned because no single producer or even a group of them could fill the order. The same difficulty has been encountered in the shoe industry whose products have gained a degree of acceptance in both the Canadian and US markets. Orders by the thousands for shoes are found staggering and no producer or group of producers in Marikina, the country's shoe capital, can come up with the desired number of shoes.

Related to the problem of lagging capacities is standardization. One of the reasons why large orders abroad cannot be satisfied is uniformity in quality cannot be maintained. This is particularly true in the shoe industry where shoe sizes cannot even be standardized so that no large orders can be filled. Much the same problem is found in the export of finished garments. Sizes, complained a Philippine commercial attache in the US West Coast, do not conform to the demands of markets. American sizes are generally much larger than Filipino and yet Filipino garment manufacturers insist on using Filipino measurements thus defeating the purpose for which the garments are being sold in the US.

For as long as the orders are small, there seems to be no problem of quality. As the Philippine products gain acceptance abroad, however, and orders become larger and larger, there is practically no semblance of quality left, a common complaint goes. Whether the market is the US or Europe, much the same complaint is often heard.

What all these amount to is that the Philippines has a potential for shifting its export activities to fields heretofore either unexploited or not even initially tapped. A certain degree of coordination, concerted government

TRADITIONAL EXPORTS

	1970	1971*
Abaca	\$ 17,628,868	\$ 10,182,184
Coco Oil	98,288,498	86,484,434
Copra Cake	90,988,440	94,452,237
Copra Pellet	5,922,962	14,346,961
Des. Coco	18,195,404	18,079,069
Logs	246,676,335	175,766,540
Lumber	11,551,486	9,465,319
Min. Ore	224,981,280	191,537,648
Plywood	33,405,192	31,796,346
Sugar	193,893,728	197,517,663
Veneer	3,659,413	2,795,114
Pineapple	41,615,439	32,268,074
	<u>\$ 986,807,045</u>	<u>\$ 864,701,589</u>

*January to November

Source: NECC, Bureau of Customs

Government encouragement of ventures in fields other than traditional are starting to be reflected in the composition of Philippine exports. Non-traditional exports, for instance, comprised almost 22 per cent of total exports in the first 11 months of 1971 compared to only 10.83 per cent for the whole of 1970. Government policy also seeks to stimulate exports of processed goods and discourage raw material exports like logs. This accounts in part for the decline in the share of total exports of traditional products.

NON-TRADITIONAL EXPORTS

	1970	1971*
Beer	\$ 1,070,549	\$ 973,486
Cigar	581,539	388,925
Cordage	2,760,305	1,649,279
Charcoal	99,850	111,579
Drugs	1,329,477	1,076,209
Footwear	987,439	591,002
Nativecrafts	8,413,695	9,521,684
Embroidery	8,613,956	8,013,526
Molasses	11,400,549	784,380
	<u>\$ 35,257,359</u>	<u>\$ 23,110,068</u>

*January to November

COMPARATIVE EXPORTS, 1970 & 1971

	<u>1970</u>	<u>1971*</u>
Total Exports	\$ 1,106,701,798	\$ 1,103,813,841
Top ten exports	986,807,045	864,701,589
% of total	89.17	78.34
Non-traditional exports	119,894,753	141,888,667
% of total	10.83	21.66

*January to November

Source: NECC, bureau of customs

assistance and proper capital support are needed. Even among the producers themselves, there is a need to coordinate their own efforts so that they can present a united front against competition abroad. In addition institutional arrangements are necessary to provide ample protection for commercial risks to be taken, to provide long-term capital for expansion of capacities and to provide centralized trading agencies through which international trade can be handled with more precision and with better leverage. Many of these points have been discussed extensively and intensively during the past two years. The need of the moment is to translate all these plans into action.

There is much to commend the shift by the Philippines from traditional markets and

traditional products to other markets and other products. Processed goods for instance ensure a more lasting market insulated from erratic price fluctuations characteristic of primary products. On this score alone, the Philippines would be reducing the risk attendant with the production of primary products including the unpredictability of nature. These are benefits that can be measured only in terms of a more stabilized income from exports.

Hopefully when that day comes, the Philippines can be regarded as truly a trading nation which has taken full advantage of her competitive edge and put it to good use to establish a strong and wider foothold in diversified markets extending from East to West.

TEKTITES

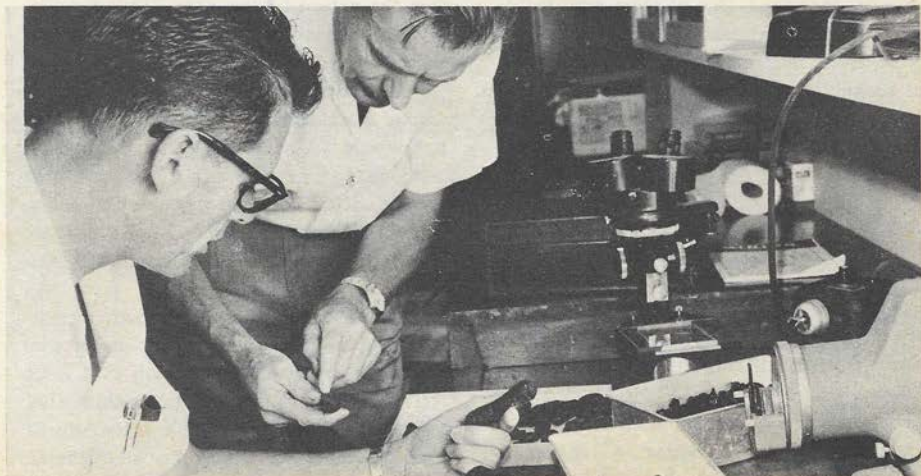
By MARY R. TAGLE

When it was announced that the American astronauts were bringing back rocks from the moon to augment man's knowledge of outer space, Filipinos smiled knowingly. In many Filipino households are samples of rocks (tektites) which came down to earth millions of years ago and many owners, in the absence of solid scientific say-so, are ready to believe they came from the moon. Where the owner is imaginative, tektites serve purposes certainly more than the astronauts ever imagined. The biggest chunks are used as paper weights, the smaller ones, measuring like the nail on the small finger, are used in the old Oriental game of *sungka*. Little children use some in lieu of marbles. Lately, they have served a purpose far more ornamental. It is quite the

fashion fad these days. You see them worn on the ring-finger or as pendants. A former Miss International, Gemma Cruz Araneta, sports a huge chunk on her finger.

Tektites (from the Greek word *tektos*, meaning melted) are natural glass objects believed to be meteorites or the result of the impact on the earth by meteors millions of years ago. Since nobody has actually ever seen a meteor come down, there is still some doubt, however, on the matter.

Classically, tektites are more closely related to sandy sedimentary rocks than to any other rock groups. Younger, less corroded tektites include spherical, elliptical, teardrops, dumbbell and button forms weighing less than a gram to about 8 kilograms. Most are black, a few yel-



American strategic minerals geologists, in behalf of the National Space and Aeronautics Administration, hold a few specimens of 600,000-year-old Philippine tektites, believed of lunar origin.

low or green. The more familiar stones are blackish in color, roundish in shape and bubbly, almost spongy, some polished, some looking like onyx, some pitted like prunes.

The surface sculpture is the result of the action of the acids in the soil throughout the some quarter of a million years that stones have been waiting to be plowed up and picked up. This is estimated to be the age of our tektite in this part of the world. Some groups are older and others younger.

The name tektites was given by F. E. Suess, professor in the University of Vienna (called the father of tektites) who concluded the stones were a definite class of glass meteorites. The granddaddy of Philippine tektites is undoubtedly the late Dr. Otley Beyer, tektite finder, collector and hoarder, chemical analyst, site discoverer and writer on the subject. Beyer had an enormous library of publications on the subject, and made chemical analyses of tektites for comparison with those found in other parts of the world. When people from the Smithsonian Institute came around for samples, and were unable to get any from the Beyer collection, they went direct to the sites near Manila and went home richer by their haul. One of them reportedly earned quite a reputation for owning the largest chunk imaginable. Dr. Beyer had what was roughly estimated, at "a million stones, give or take a handful," which fairly spilled from closets and milk cartons in his home in Aviles Street near the Presidential Palace in Manila.

In the Tagalog regions where they are found, they are known by the inelegant name of *tae ng kulog* (droppings of thunder) because they are generally found after a heavy rain, often accompanied by thunder. Some intestinal fortitude it would seem is necessary to this avocation.

They have been there all along after being plowed up but with a coating of soil that a downpour washes off. Grownups remember the regular visits Beyer used to pay to a place outlying the city. The children were paid five

centavos for each stone. Then as now the job of collecting stones out in the fields fell to children who very often paid for their candy, cookies, sugarcane and other purchases with tektites collected in the course of their romps in the field.

Dr. Beyer, the first scientist to come upon a tektite (in 1926), in a Philippine prehistoric Iron Age site (dated around 200 B.C.), labeled it "a curious lump of black or dark olive green glass the surface of which presents a slightly pitted and fused appearance which may be either a strange form of natural obsidian or a crude artificial glass." He regarded these finds as a product of the Early Iron Age people because his Middle and Late Iron age sites had yielded artifacts of a hard green and blue glass of a different quality. He changed his mind when he found chips of this material in Stone Age sites of Neolithic date used as arrowheads, knife-blades and scrapers. He decided the puzzling material could only be of natural origin.

The Philippine type is known, of course, as Philippinites. Dr. Beyer named his find Rizalite in honor of the site where he first found them and which site in turn is named after the national hero, Jose Rizal, the first Filipino to evince great interest in Philippine archeology and natural sciences.

Where else are tektites found? In a belt running from northwest to southeast around the world. Czechoslovakia, Australia, Tasmania, Indonesia, South China, the three former Indo-Chinese states (Laos, Cambodia, Vietnam), Thailand, Malay Peninsula, Borneo, the Ivory Coast, and Texas, Georgia and Massachusetts in the United States.

Interest in tektites has been rapidly increasing in the last ten years because of the preponderance of scientific opinion that since tektites are from outer space, anything that has withstood travel through space should have something to contribute to earthmen who are reaching out to the stars. When the Early Filipino first picked up a stone, and threw it, it could well have been a tektite. ●

A combat sport, originally a form of recreation,
ante-dated Spanish colonizers

By BENJAMIN AFUANG

ARNIS



arnis dates back to pre-Spanish times. It was a developed sport long before Ferdinand Magellan set foot on native soil. *Kali*, as it was known then, was taught by the islanders of Panay in the school of Bothoan.

It was a form of recreation the pre-colonial Filipinos learned together with reading, writing, religion, cantation and Sanskrit. It was also a form of combat training for children of the native warrior class.

In the form of dance and combative art known as *sayaw* and *simulog*, this native sport involved skills common to any Western art of combat. For instance, it required skills in the art of striking (*labo*), parrying (*sagang*), offense and defense with a dagger (*bidio*), throwing an opponent (*buno* and *bandus*), and disarming a foe (*bukuas*).

When the Spanish *conquistadores* landed on the islands of Leyte, Bohol and Cebu, they

were honored by Filipino chieftains with a presentation of native dances and fencing. It was similar to the sword-and-dagger combat of the English. The players then used wooden bolos and *balaraws* (daggers), polished white to look like real ones. For this reason, the Spaniards called the performance "*Espada y Daga*" – a name used for *arnis* today – and the weapons, "*Armas blancas*."

How *arnis* survived hundreds of years of colonial occupation and influence is a tribute to the sport. During the Spanish colonization, it could not be played openly as all forms of native ingenuity were subsumed under the colonizer's "civilizing" regime. Formal instruction was discontinued, but fathers handed down the sport to their sons for generations.

Another medium through which the art survived was the *moro-moro*. *Kali*-lovers found a convenient channel to practice the sport in the entertainment form encouraged by the Spaniards where Christians engaged in

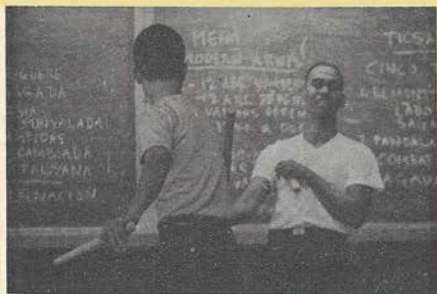


It was through the *moro-moro* shows that *arnis* stood its ground even during the American occupation and, with the advent of the Commonwealth government and the independent republic, regained currency among individual practitioners and *aficionados*.

In its long process of development, *arnis* has assumed various names. At one time, for instance, it was known as *arnis de mano*. At another, it was called *armas de mano*. In the

Its other names varied according to the different local dialects. Then, as now, it was *pananandata* to the Tagalog; *kaliradman* to the Visayans; *pagaradman* to the Ilongos; *didya* and later *kabaroan* to the Ilocanos; *pagkalikali* to the Ibanag; *sinawali* to the Pampangueños and *kalirongan* to the Pangasinenses.

The second variation, called the "Sinawali" is the deadlier and more difficult to learn, as it makes use of two long clubs or two bolos. Although its fundamentals are similar to the



Different variations of arnis are shown in this sequence. It is both sport and recreation and lately has been included in many school curriculum.



two other types, extra training in coordination, speed and timing is emphasized.

The implements used in *arnis* are of cheap local material which are readily available such as rattan, bamboo or wood. *Mutons* or *bastons*, as *arnis* clubs are popularly called, usually measure from 30 to 32 inches for the long clubs and 12 inches for the short. Both are between one and one-fourth inches in diameter. Their ends are blunted and the surfaces smoothed to minimize injury. For real fighting, the bolo and the dagger take the place of the clubs.

*Arn*is students are taught the fundamentals such as *taga* (swinging stroke), *saksak* (thrust), *sangga* (parry), *agaw* (disarming) and *buno* (wrestling). They are also trained in the three ways of playing the sport - the *muestrasion* or *pandalaga*, the *sangga at patama* or *sombra tabak*, and the *larga muton* or *labanang tobohanan*.

The *muestrasion* is like the age-old *sayaw*, where the players match skills in the artistic execution of the swinging stroke and parry. An excellent exercise for the coordination of the mind and body, this type of play requires students to think and act in a coordinated and graceful counterplay. Though seemingly slow, every action of the game has a corresponding counteraction which is deliberate and consequential.

The second type of contest - the *sangga at patama* - is equivalent to the judo *kata*. In this game both players have a chance to hit and parry directly without the intention of hurting each other. The fundamentals are practised in drill form - *en masse* - from slow to fast, from simple to complicated. Advanced techniques are acquired in this type of play.

The third type is the ultimate objective of *arnis* training. Like *randori* of judo, *larga muton* is a free play with amazing speed in the execution of the different fundamentals. The *bastonero* or *estocador*, as the student is already known at this stage of training, plays with individual styles and skills. Due to the

speed and complication of the offensive and defensive plays, the clubs from time to time find their marks.

Like other sports, *arnis* is played according to rules. The most important codes of sportsmanship that have not been written down but remain to be identified as parts of *arnis* are as follows:

1. Courtesy and fair play must be observed throughout the contest. Players must greet each other politely.
2. The clubs must be used only in the manner bolos and daggers are used. Boxing, kicking, elbowing, slapping, butting and other forms of unsportsmanlike practices are considered foul.
3. The target must be from head to foot. The face and groin must be spared by the dagger.
4. A player scores by making a clear hit, or by disarming or flooring his opponent through legitimate use of the clubs.
5. A player loses points if he commits a foul, hits his opponent who is unarmed or on the floor.
6. The traditional contest requires no fixed time for playing. The referee stops the contest when he thinks that the players need rest. But today *arnis* is played like boxing, by rounds.
7. A player who throws his clubs before the end of the round loses the game.
8. There must be at least one referee. In important contest, one referee and at least two judges are necessary.

Like other self-defense sports, *arnis* helps develop fundamental skills, including speed, agility, flexibility, balance, coordination, grace, poise, timing and endurance. Through the practice of this well-balanced sport, alertness, sound judgment and confidence are developed. Desirable human traits such as courage, sportsmanship, self-control, leadership and responsibility, are also required. An ideal *arnis* player is always a gentleman, or - as the old folks call it - a *caballero*.

There are various interpretations of what an angel is, among them being: a bodily manifestation of God, an intermediary being between God and man, a guardian of a human being. The last is popular among Catholics.

In the Book of Enoch, only four important angels were first mentioned—Michael, Raphael, Gabriel and Phanuel. In a later book by the same patriarch, this number was raised to seven, which became the traditional number of angels “who stand before the Lord.” Phanuel was erased from the original list and the names of Uriel, Raguel, Sariel and Remiel were added to the first three.

Strangely enough, only Michael, Raphael and Gabriel became popular among Christians, and among Roman Catholics they are honored liturgically in the same footing as saints. In both literature and art only these three seemed to have found favor. Michael, said to have been the leader of the Angelic Host which quelled the rebellion led by Lucifer, is generally depicted as a winged warrior with a sword in hand, or standing over a groveling devil.

Raphael is pictured as a beautiful youth and is recognized as empowered to help the sick and to guide man. He is also believed to be the angel who presides over the spirits of man in the afterlife.

Gabriel, whose name means “strength of God,” is the interpreter and announcer of the Lord’s messages. Islam recognizes him as the Angel of Truth, for he is believed to have revealed the Koran to Mohammed. Among Christians, he is the winged young man bearing a lily at the Annunciation and in Catholic churches he is also represented as a trumpet-bearing angel ready to announce the end of the world.

Belief in angels is not a Christian monopoly. Its development had been noted among peoples of other religious persuasions, particularly among the followers of Judaism and Mohammedanism. Like the Christians these peoples have taken angels as immortal spirits or supernatural beings who are of God, gifted with more intelligence and power than men and given special powers and functions in the universe.

The people of Biblical times could have picked up the idea of how angels look from the early Assyrians and Babylonians. The early Christians could have learned about the existence of these supernatural beings from the disciples of the Greatest Jew of all, for mention of angels is found in Hebrew literature, mostly in the Book of Enoch.

ANGELS



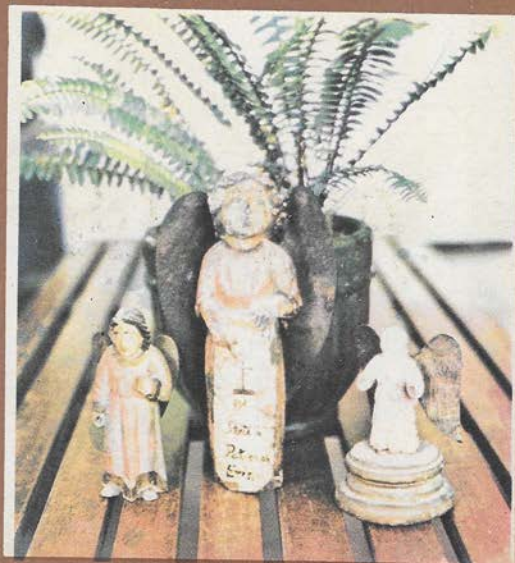


Belief in angels is not a Christian monopoly, its development being noted among people of different religions, who believed angels were immortal spirits with more intelligence than men.

Jewish tradition had angels portrayed as beautiful young men but Christian art of later generations made plump little angels of them, as in Raphael's *Sistine Madonna*. These little angels, however, are different from the cherubs and the seraphs, who are believed to represent the presence of God. Cherubs symbolize divine wisdom and justice and are painted in blue, while seraphs have three pairs of wings and are painted in red, symbolic of sacred ardor. These two kind of angels are said to be nearest to God and are usually pictured as bodiless beings.

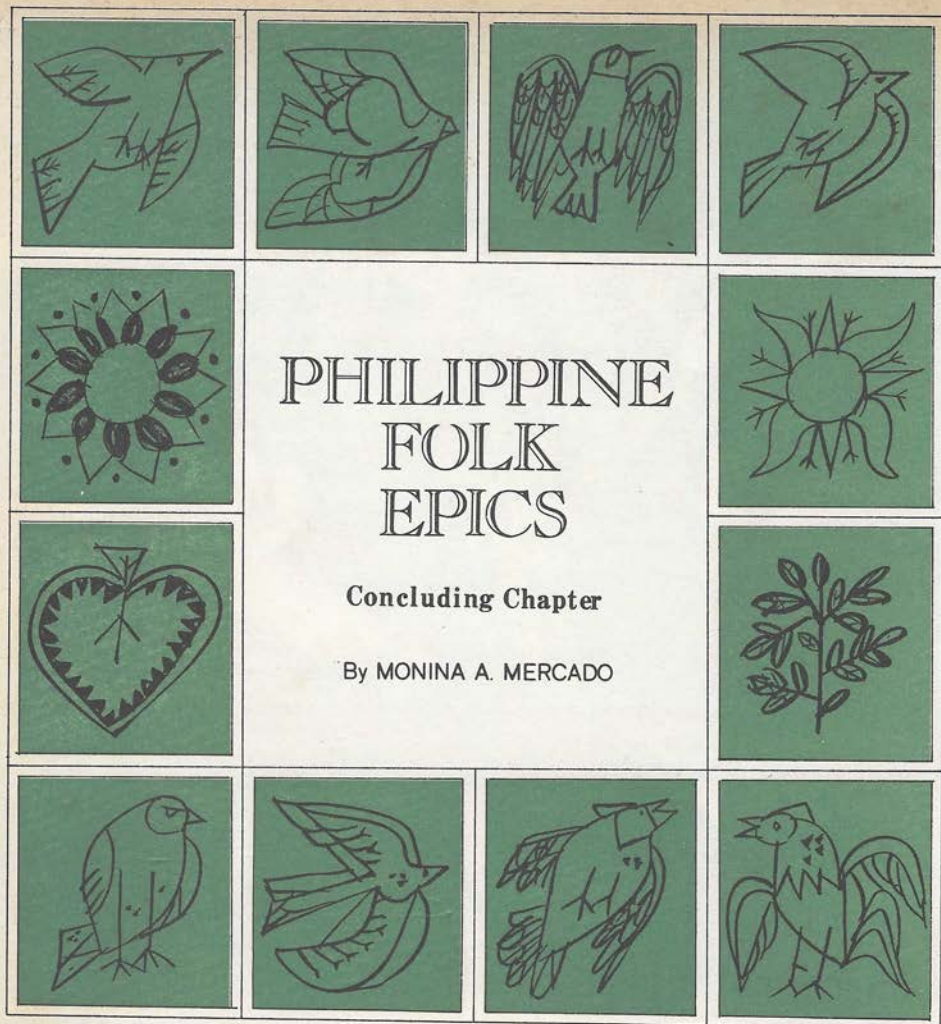
Christian theology classifies angels into three groups of three—seraphs, cherubs and thrones; dominions, virtues and powers; and principalities, archangels and angels. Popular knowledge, however, is generally limited to seraphs, cherubs, angels and archangels.

Among collectors in this country of wooden or ivory images of angels, the booted and armored Michael seems to be the most popular, with cherubs coming in a close second. Images of Raphael, who, like Michael, is the patron saint of many Philippine town, are to be seen occasionally, usually depicted as standing and holding in his hand something symbolic of a banner or a pennant.



Seraphs are painted red, have three pairs of wings, while cherubs symbolize divine wisdom and justice.





PHILIPPINE FOLK EPICS

Concluding Chapter

By MONINA A. MERCADO

**The heroic ideal is intertwined in plots
of such complexity and in deeds of great spectacle**

One way to look at the pagan Philippine folk epics may be to consider them as charters of early culture. Picture a constitution of the tribal soul, a mythical handbook for religious, social and political norms. Picture warp and woof of heroic ideals. Picture a repository of aspirations and of those intangibles which

lend strength and fortitude, which enlighten and explain, which push the twilight of the mind towards a beckoning flame.

In the Mountain Province, the Ifugao tribe has the epic of *Aliguyon*, a godlike man who, while endowed with supreme endurance, knows how to live with tenderness and a

knowledge of pain. His story is told through the *budbud*, a narrative chant in verse. Of the hudhud, an Ifugao tribesman, Rubino Chungalao writes: "The *budbud*, if studied closely, reflects the life, culture and ideals of ancient Ifugao. It glorifies the courage and bravery of the people, their sportsmanship as warriors, their honesty, their love of adventure and their romance. It has different parts or divisions which are sung at different occasions, namely: the entertainment *budbud*, the planting *budbud*, the harvest *budbud*, and the mourning *budbud*. . ."

In Panay, the Sulod tribe own the *Hinilawod*, an epic in two versions which tell the spectacular story of three brothers, sons of a goddess and a mortal datu, whose lives are constant combats against monsters, giants, angry winds, rampaging seas and seductive women. Prof. F. Landa Jocano, who has made extensive recordings and intensive studies of both versions, calls *Hinilawod* a living ritual epic which "embodies the Sulod's world view, tells of their origin, contains their ceremonial prayers, provides a mythical charter for their religious, political and social norms; defines their kinship structure; expresses their feelings and vouchsafes their empirical judgments."

In Mindanao, the Bagobo tribe has the epic of *Tuwaang* which celebrates the successes of this brave young man who flies on the wings of lightning. Prof. E. Arsenio Manuel, who discovered *Tuwaang* and has been able to record 47 of its songs, notes that among the Bagobo, there is "a high regard for their mythical heroes whose lives and deeds appear real to them. This feeling welds the tribe, making them one people. This unifying force may not be easy of comprehension but the pagan Bagobos glorify their mythical heroes in the same manner that the Christian Filipinos honor their national heroes."

The Maranaw tribe has *Bantugan*, the Magindanao has *Indarapatra and Sulayman*, the Taosug has *Parang Sibil* and the Bukidnon has *Baybayan* — all folk epics which give in varying degrees some distinctive insight into

their primeval culture.

Plots of such complexity, deeds of great spectacle, characters of such weirdness and landscapes of such grandeur: among these, the heroic ideal is intertwined. The listener's mind — even today's modern mind — may be confused, led on by an initial fascination with the heroic exploits, perhaps to altogether miss the elevating message. The bards of old took care that this should not happen; hence, many of the pagan epics have been sectioned to a category of relevance to occasion. Parts of an epic were sung just for a harvest, parts for a marriage, parts for a wake: in this manner, the message was delivered.

More than message, the consciousness of spiritual heritage and continuity arrowed through. Professor Jocano emphasizes in his studies that *Hinilawod* is communally owned by the people of Sulod, the strongest claim staked by the one who can best recite it. An old woman, Hugan-an, was Professor Jocano's source for *Hinilawod II*. When asked if some parts could be omitted, she replied: "These people (the characters in the epic) lived as we do today. Why should this or that description be omitted? We also repeat what we do — changing clothes, eating meals, speaking to elders, don't we? "

Macro-epic is the term applied to *Hinilawod* because of its prodigious length and complexity of plot. The first version takes several days to chant, the second several weeks; neither is sung in full, however.

Hinilawod I tells the story of three brothers from ancient Panay—Labaw Donggon, Humadapnon and Dimalapdap. They are the sons of Alunsina, goddess of the eastern sky, and Paubari, datu of Halawod.

In his search for a wife, Labaw Donggon wins not only one but two maidens for whom he defeats a giant and a monster. In his bid for his third wife, he loses to the lord of darkness from whom he is rescued and in time, by this two sons.

Humadapnon then sets forth to avenge his eldest brother's defeat but is, however, bewitched

along the way by a sorceress. Freed at last from her spell, Humadapnon liberates a village that is pinioned by a huge boulder. As reward, he is given a bride, the daughter of the ruler of the village.

Once wedded, Humadapnon desires yet another bride, the beautiful goddess of greed for whom he fights a cruel duel and wins.

Dumalapdap, too, the youngest brother, goes on a quest for a bride. He is set upon by monsters, but he wins over all of them. Triumphantly he comes home with his bride to a feast given by Datu Paumbari for his three remarkable sons. The family does not stay together for long. Labaw Donggon goes north, Humadapnon south, Dumalapdap west, while their father remains in the east and between them all, ancient Panay is settled.

The other version, *Hinilawod II*, chronicles the adventures of Humadapnon who dreams of a beautiful woman on the opposite coast of Panay. He sails off to win her through an unmoving sea the color of blood and is bewitched by several sorceresses. When at last he meets the woman of his dreams, he does not recognize her for she is disguised as a man—although her woman's heart is quickly smitten.

Nagmalitong Yawa doffs her masquerade and marries Humadapnon. At the wedding feast, Humadapnon is asked by his brother Dumalapdap to accompany him to win his own bride. They are away for seven years, battling more monsters and giants along the way.

When they return home, Nagmalitong Yawa—Humadapnon's wife—had been given away in marriage to another man. In rage, the brothers kill all those responsible for the new marriage, including Nagmalitong Yawa herself.

But Humadapnon is sorry and begs his gifted sister to make his wife live again. Nagmalitong Yawa rises from the dead, but she flees from Humadapnon who pursues her through the underworld, the upperworld, and into the middleworld. There, Humadapnon is

barred by a youth, Amarotha, who engages him in an unending fight.

The goddess Launsina watches the fight and, after several years, tires of the conflict. She descends from her throne to settle it, revealing that Amarotha is really Humadapnon's brother who died in infancy.

Launsina then divides Nagmalitong Yawa between the two men. Half of her remains in the middleworld as the bride of Amarotha; the other half returns to Panay with Humadapnon where he rules in benevolence and peace for hundreds of years.

Almost as complex as *Hinilawod* is the epic of *Bantugan* from the Maranaw tribe. When Bantugan is born to the family of Sultan Tominan-sa-Rugang, a terrible storm sweeps over the land. The winds carry away the tower where Bantugan's sister, Inalang, is playing. She is brought to the home of the lord of the skies, Malikol Jian, who recognizes her as his grandchild and cares for her.

Bantugan grows up to be the bravest warrior in the land. He owns a magic shield which shelters him and carries him to places of adventure. He reaches the domain of the lord of the skies, there performing such feats that he is rewarded with a bride, Inalang. Not knowing that they are brother and sister, they marry and soon have a son whom they bring to earth to show to his grandparents.

Inalang is recognized by their father. Bantugan is compelled to divorce her, leaving home for a life of wandering.

In his travels, he comes upon the domain of his brother, Murog, who gives him the leadership of the army. They decide to forge an alliance with a rich and splendid territory nearby through Murog's marriage with the chieftain's daughter. But this is not accomplished without a terrible battle which Bantugan wins.

Meanwhile, Bantugan's other sister, Lawanen, is abducted by a rejected suitor.

Her intended husband, Mabaning, is a good friend of Bantugan and together, they go into battle to rescue her. They win and a wedding feast is held.

Bantugan then goes to woo yet another bride: Datimbang of the Magindanao tribe. His rival is a white man, a Spaniard, who has come with ships, guns and troops, but who runs out of ammunition when he fires on invulnerable Bantugan beneath his magic shield.

Fleeing with Datimbang, Bantugan is pursued by the Spaniard with renewed arms. Bantugan sets out to sea to confront his rival, but his *kumpit* is sucked by a whirlpool, carrying Bantugan into the bowels of the deep.

When she learns of Bantugan's disappearance, Datimbang follows to the sea with her maids-in-waiting. The whirlpool swallows them, too. Some months later, two islands appear on the sea: the larger one is lushly covered with palm trees and the women who approach it seem seduced by a powerful virility; the smaller one is inhabited by dainty little white monkeys whom the folk believe to be Datimbang and her maids-in-waiting.

In 1930, while making intensive inquiries into the *darangan*, the narrative verses sung by Muslim tribes, the missionary Frank Laubach discovered *Bantugan* and wrote the first published synopsis of the epic in the article, "An Odyssey from Lanao," which appeared in a journal of the Philippine Public Schools. The epic was also noted by Datu Gumbay Piang in "Notes on Moro Literature," which appeared in the *Philippine Magazine*, January 1932. A scholarly study of *Bantugan* was made by Emma Morohamsar in 1957.

Also a tale from Mindanao is the epic of *Tuwaang*, a Manobo young man who is a mighty warrior and a just leader. When he hears of a strange maiden who mysteriously appears in his best friend's village, he cannot resist his curiosity and pays her a visit. The maiden confesses to him that she is from the

sky world and is fleeing from an unwanted suitor, a most destructive giant. Tuwaang confronts the giant but their match is even, until the protagonists summon magic powers: the giant conjures an iron bar which locks Tuwaang but in vain, Tuwaang whips out a golden rope which turns into fire and incinerates the giant.

Tuwaang weds the maiden of the sky world, but their life in his domain is tormented by invaders. Tired of the constant conflict, Tuwaang gathers his people into a sky boat and, carrying his wife on his shoulders, they fly to Katuusan where there is no death.

The epic *Tuwaang* is of fairly recent discovery, unearthed by Professor Manuel during fieldwork among upland Bagobos in 1956. From dictation, he recorded 12 songs and of these, one was published in transcription, "The Maiden of Buhong Sky", in the *Philippine Social Sciences and Humanities Review*, December 1957.

Professor Manuel has recorded 34 more songs from the epic of *Tuwaang*, one of them dictated to him by a tribesman who traveled to the anthropologist's home in Quezon City in 1957. This song, "Tuwaang Attends a Wedding", has been translated by Professor Manuel into English but is still unpublished.

Perhaps the most down-to-earth epic of pagan origin is Aliguyon of the Ifugao tribe: the hero is a man favored by the gods and not himself a demi-god, his exploits are of endurance and not of fantastic spectacle. Aliguyon is a prodigious Ifugao child, born to a prosperous couple. He is gifted in mind, knowing by heart the lore, the prayers and the incantations of tribal tradition. He is gifted in body, being a warrior of skill and stamina.

When Aliguyon goes to fight his father's lifelong enemy, he meets instead the son, Pumbakhayen. Their combat is evenly matched and when no one gains or loses, they decide on a pact. Their brotherhood is further sealed when Aliguyon marries Pumbakhayen's sister, Bugan, and Pumbakhayen marries

Aliguyon's sister. Once settled into domesticity, the warriors are admired far and wide, not now for their prowess in arms, but for their love for their families. They become leaders of their people, teaching them enduring lifeways.

The earliest known recorded text of *Aliguyon* dates back to 1902, a transcription from the chanting of Leon, an Ifugao who settled in Bayombong, Nueva Viscaya. This text is found in volume 9 of the *Philippine Ethnographic Series*. A synopsis of *Aliguyon* in English prose has been made by Fr. Francis Lambrecht, a scholar of Ifugao literature. For his M. A. thesis at Stanford University, the poet Amador Daguio made a line by line translation into English of the harvest song from *Aliguyon*, which he substantiated with notes. The harvest song was transcribed from the chanting of Hinayup Bantayan of Burnay.

The Ifugao scholar, Rugino Chungalao, has transcribed and made a line by line translation into English of one song, *Bugan Inaliguyon*. The text was furnished by Ernesto Allaga who recorded it from the chanting of his Ifugao mother-in-law.

In 1954, William Beyer recorded 40 songs from *Aliguyon*, chanted by Pugung Malayu and five others in Amganod, Banaue. The recording filled 20 reels and is not fully transcribed up to the present.

The final word on Philippine folk epics, be they of Christian or pagan origins, must be that observation by Professor Jocano in reference to our myths, some of which are interwoven into the epics: "It must be realized that myths touch the deepest of human emotions—man's fears, sentiments, passions, and hopes, as these affect his social activity. They were the first handtools which man used (and are still using) to justify and validate the social order of his society and to explain his environment, long before any systematic knowledge of natural phenomena became known to him. Their influence has

contributed directly to the creation of that great unseen world of ideas and ideals. It was through these narratives that our forefathers defined their world, expressed their feelings, explained their success, and made their judgments. In other words, myths form the fabric of meaning in terms of which our ancestors interpreted their experiences and guided their actions; the source of their realization of how everything they learned had precedents in the past."

How then are these epics to touch us now, the contemporary Filipino looking back on a yesterday that is longer than memory?

Surely, these magnificent stories could reconstruct for us our pre-history, gathering a rich harvest from the racial subconscious. There is, after all, a manner of comfort and fortitude in knowing that our aspirations are well-rooted or that our courage is linear. The reconstructed pre-history is basis for a fuller understanding of historical tradition, as that tradition is basis of our contemporary lifeways. Again, Professor Jocano says it well: "...myths inevitably lead us to a fuller reconstruction of the social context of our prehistoric lifeways and to a better understanding of the details of the historical tradition that form the base of our contemporary culture and society. For one thing, as an eminent anthropologist puts it in wider context, 'myths are ways in which the institutions and expectations of the society are emphasized and made dramatic and persuasive in narrative form. Myths show that what a people has to enjoy or endure is right and true—true to the sentiments the people hold.'"

Aliguyon, *Bantugan*, *Humadapnon*, *Tuwaang*—their names and deeds must ring out to us and be precious, recognized as our own, as Filipino. For they are interwoven into the matrix of our reality as a people, vital to us not as sentiment and memory, not as quaint literary oddities, but as clues to an understanding of ourselves, touchstones in our sense of being uniquely what we are as Filipinos. ●

THE GOD- STEALER

By F. SIONIL JOSE

A short story



They were the best of friends and that was possible because they worked in the same office and both were young and imbued with a freshness in outlook. Sam Christie was twenty-eight and his Filipino assistant, Philip Latak, was twenty-six and was — just as Sam was briefed in the Agency before he assumed his post — intelligent and industrious.

"That is to be expected," the official whom Sam replaced explained, "because Philip is Ifugao and you don't know patience until you have seen the rice terraces his ancestors built."

"You will find," Sam Christie was also told, "that the Igorots, like the Ilocanos, no matter how urbanized they have become, entertain a sense of inferiority. Not Philip. He is proud of his being Ifugao. He tells all about it first chance he gets."

Now, on this December dawn, Sam Christie was on his way to Ifugao with his native assistant. It was his last month in the Philippines and, in a matter of days, he would return to Boston for that leave which he had not had in years.

The bus station was actually a narrow side-street which sloped down to a deserted plaza, one of the many in the summer capital. Sam could make out the shapes of the stone buildings huddled, it seemed, in the cold; their narrow windows shuttered and the frames advertising coca-cola above their doorways indistinct in the dark.

Philip Latak seemed listless they had been in the station for over half an hour and still there was no bus. "That boy in the hotel gave us bum dope," he grumbled and zippered up to his neck his old, suede jacket. It had been four years that he had lived in Manila and during all these years, he had never gone home. Now, the cold of the pine-clad mountains seemed to bother him. He turned to Sam and, with a hint of urgency, "One favor, Sam. Let me take a swig."

Sam Christie said, "Sure, you are welcome to it. Just make sure we have some left when we get to Ifugao." He stooped, brought out a bottle of White Label — one of four — in the bag which also contained bars of candy and cartons of cigarettes and matches for the natives. He removed the tin foil and handed the bottle to his companion.

Phil raised it to his lips and made happy gurgling sounds. "Rice wine — I hope there's still a jar around when we get to my grandfather's. He couldn't be seriously sick as my brother had written. As long as he has wine, he will live. Hell, it's not as potent as this, but it can knock out a man, too."

Sam Christie kidded his companion about the weather. They had arrived in the summer capital the previous day and the bracing air and the scent of pine had invigorated him. "It's like New England in the spring," he said. "In winter, when it really gets cold, I can still go around quite naked by your standards. I sent home a clipping this week, something in the Manila papers about it being chilly. And it was only 68! My old man will get a kick out of that."

"But it's really cold!" Philip Latak said ruefully. He handed the bottle back to Sam Christie who took a swig too. "You don't know how good it is to have that along. Do you know how much it costs nowadays? Twenty-four bucks."

"It's cheaper at the commissary," Sam Christie said simply. He threw his chest out, flexed his lean arms and inhaled. He wore a white, dacron shirt with the sleeves rolled up.

"I'm glad you didn't fall for those carvings in Manila," Phil said after a while.

"A Grecian urn, a Japanese sword, a Siamese mask. And now, an Ifugao god. The Siamese mask," Sam spoke in a monotone, "It was really a bargain. A student was going to Boston. He needed the dollars, so I told him he could get the money from my father. Forty dollars, and the mask was worth more than that."

Now, the grey buildings around them emerged from the dark with white, definite shapes. The east was starting to glow and more people had arrived with crates and battered rattan suitcases. In the chill, most of them were quiet. A coffee shop opened along the street with a great deal of clatter and in its warm, golden light, Sam Christie could see the heavy, peasant faces, their happy anticipation as the steaming cups were pushed before them.

The bus finally came and Sam Christie, because he was a foreigner, was given the seat of honor, next to the driver. It was an old bus,



with woven rattan seats and side entrances that admitted not only people but cargo, fowl and pigs. They did not wait long, for the bus filled up quickly with government clerks going to their posts, and hefty Igorots in their bare feet or with canvas shoes who sat in the rear, talking and smelling of earth and strong tobacco.

After the bus had started, for the first time during their stay in Baguio, Sam Christie felt sleepy. He dozed, his head knocking intermittently against the hard edge of his seat and in that limbo between wakefulness and sleep, he hurtled briefly to his home in Boston, to that basement study his father had tidied up and in it, the mementos of his years with the Agency. Sam had not actually intended to serve in the Agency, but he had always wanted to travel and, after college, a career with the Agency offered the best chance of seeing the world.

Soon it was light. The bus hugged the thin line of a road that was carved on the mountainside. Pine trees studded both sides of the road and beyond their green, across the ravines, and the grey rocks, was the shimmering sky and still endless ranges also draped with this mist that swirled, pervasive and alive, to their very faces. And Sam Christie, in the midst of all this whiteness and life, was quiet.

Someone in the bus recognized Philip and he called out, in the native tongue, "Ip-pig!" The name didn't jell at once and the man shouted again. Philip turned to the man and acknowledged the greeting and to Sam, he explained "That's my name up here. And that's why I was baptized Philip."

Sam Christie realized there were many things he did not know about Phil. "Tell me more about your grandfather," he said.

"There isn't much worth knowing about him," Philip said.

"How old is he?"

"Eighty or more."

"He must be a character," Sam Christie said.

"He is the village doctor," Philip said. "Mumbo-jumbo stuff, you know. I was taken ill when I was young — something I ate, perhaps. I had to go to the Mission hospital. And that evening, he came and right there in the ward, he danced to drive away the evil spirit

that had gotten hold of me."

"And the doctor?"

"He was broadminded," Philip said, still laughing. "They withstood it, the gongs and the stamping."

"It must have been quite a night."

"Hell, I was never so embarrassed in my life," Philip Latak said, shaking his head. "Much later, thinking of it," his voice became soft and a smile lingered in his thick-lidded eyes, "I realized that the old man never did that thing again for anyone, not even when his own son — my father — lay dying."

Now, they were in the heart of the highlands. The pine trees were bigger, loftier than those in Baguio and most were wreathed with hoary moss. Sunflowers burst on the slopes, bright yellow against the grass. The sun rode over the mountains and the rocks shone. And over everything, the mist, as fine as powder, danced.

The bus swung around the curves and it paused but twice or thrice when they stopped for a cup of coffee. It was past noon when they reached the feral fringes of the Ifugao country. The trip had not been exhausting, for there was much to see. Sam Christie, gazing down at the ravines, at the geometric patterns of the sweet potato patches there and the crystal waters that cascaded down the mountainsides and the streams below, remembered the alpine roads of Europe and those of his own New England, and about these he talked effusively. "See how vegetation changes. The people, too. The mountains," Sam Christie said, "breed independence. Mountain people are always self-reliant."

Then, at the turn of a hill, they came, without warning, upon the water-filled rice terraces stretched out in the sun and laid out tier upon shining tier to the very summit of the mountains. And in the face of that achievement, Sam Christie did not speak.

After a while, he nudged at Philip. "Yeah, the terraces are colossal." And he wished he had expressed his admiration better, because he had sounded so empty and trite.

The first view of the terraces left in Sam's mind a kind of stupefaction which, when it had cleared, was replaced by a sense of wastefulness even. For then, he mused whether or not these terraces were necessary, since he



knew that beyond these handcarved genealogical monuments were plains that could be had for the asking. "And you say that these terraces do not produce enough food for the people?"

Philip Latak turned quizzically to him. "Hell, if I can live here would I go to Manila?"

Their destination was no more than a cluster of houses beyond the gleaming tiers. A creek ran through the town, white with froth among the rocks, and across the creek, beyond the town was a hill on top of which stood the Mission — four red-roofed buildings, the chapel, school, hospital and residence.

"That's where I first learned about Jesus Christ and Scotch," Philip Latak said. "They marked me for success." Another peal of laughter.

The bus shuddered into first gear as it dipped down the gravel road and in a while, they were in the town, along its main street lined with wooden frame houses. It conformed with the usual small-town arrangement and was properly palisaded with stores whose fronts were plastered with impieties of soft drinks and patent-medicine signs. And in the stores were crowds of people, heavy-jowled Ifugaos in G-strings, and tattered Western coats that must have reached them in relief packages from the United States. The women wore the native gay blouses and skirts.

The two travelers got down the bus and walked to one of the bigger houses, a shapeless wooden building with a rusting tin roof and cheap printed curtains. It was a boarding house and a small curio store was in the ground floor together with the usual merchandise of country shops: canned sardines and squid, milk, soap, matches, kerosene, a few bolts of cotton and twine.

The landlady, an acquaintance of Philip Latak, assigned them a bare room which overlooked the creek and the mountain which was terraced to the very summit.

"We could stay in my brother's place," Philip Latak reiterated apologetically as they brought their things up. "But there is no plumbing there."

Past noon, after a plenteous lunch of fried highland rice and venison, they headed to the

footpath that broke from the street and disappeared behind a turn of hillside. The walk to Philip Latak's village itself was not long for the village was not far from the town. And wherever they turned, the terraces were sheets of mirror that dogged them.

The village was no more than ten houses in a valley and no different from the other Ifugao homes. They stood on stilts and all their four posts were crowned with circular rat guards. A lone house roofed with tin stood at one end of the village. "My brother's," Philip said.

"Shall I bring the candies out now?" Sam asked. He had at Phil's suggestion, brought them along together with matches and cheap cigarettes, for his "private assistance program."

Sadek, Philip's brother, was home. "You have decided to visit us after all," he greeted Philip in English and with a tinge of sarcasm. He was older and he spoke with authority. "I thought the city had won you completely that you have forgotten this humble place and its humble people."

Then, turning to Sam, Sadek said, "I must apologize, Sir, for my brother, for his bringing you to this poor house. His deed embarrasses us. . . ."

"We work in the same office," Sam said simply, feeling uneasy at hearing the speech.

"I know, Sir," Sadek said.

Philip Latak held his brother by the shoulder. "You see, Sam," he said, "my brother dislikes me. Like my grandfather, he feels that I shouldn't have left this place, that I should rot here. Hell, everyone knows the terraces are good for the eye, but they can't produce enough for the stomach."

"That's not a nice thing to say," Sam said warily, not wanting to be drawn into a family quarrel.

"But it's true," Philip Latak said with a nervous laugh. "My brother dislikes me. All of them here dislike me. They think that I have forgotten what it is to be an Ifugao by living in Manila for a few years. I can't help it, Sam. I like it down there. Hell, they will never understand. My grandfather — do you know that on the day I left, he followed me to the town, to the bus, pleading with me and at the same time scolding me? He said I'd get all his ter-



ances. But I like it down there, Sam," he threw his chest out and yawned.

Unmindful of his younger brother's ribbing, Sadek dragged in some battered chairs from within the house and set them in the living room. He was a farmer and the weariness of working the terraces showed in his massive arms, in his sunburned and stolid face. His wife, who was an Ifugao like himself, with high cheekbones and firm, dumpy legs, came out and served them coca cola which wasn't cold. Sam Christie accepted the drink, washed it down his throat politely, excruciatingly, for it was the first time that he took warm coke and it curdled his tongue.

Sadek said, "Grandfather had a high fever and we all thought the end was near. I didn't want to bother you, but the old man said you should come. He is no longer angry with you for leaving, Ip-pig. He has forgiven you . . ."

"There's nothing to forgive, my brother," Philip Latak said. "But if he wants, he can show his forgiveness by opening his wine jar. Is he drinking still?"

"He has abandoned the jar for some time now," Sadek said. "But now that you are here, he will drink again."

Then the children started stealing in, five of them with grime on their faces, their feet caked with mud, their bottoms bare, their bellies shiny and disproportionately rounded and big. They stood, wide-eyed, near the sagging wall. The tallest and the oldest, a boy of thirteen or twelve, Sadek pointed out as Philip's namesake.

Philip bent down and thrust a fistful of candy at his nephews and nieces. They did not move; they hedged closer to one another, their brown, simple faces empty of recognition, of that simple spark that would tell him, Ip-pig, that he belonged here. He spoke in the native tongue, but that did not help either; the children held their scrawny hands behind them and stepped back till their backs were pressed to the wall.

"Hell, you are all my relatives, aren't you?" he asked. Turning to Sam, "Give it to them. Maybe, they like you better."

His open palm brimming with the tinsel-wrapped sweets, Sam strode to the oldest, to Philip's namesake, and tousled the youngster's black, matted hair. He knelt, pinched the

dirty child next to the oldest, and placed a candy in his small hand. In another moment it was all noise, the children scrambling over the young American and about the floor where the candy had spilled.

Philip Latak watched them, and above the happy sounds, the squeals of children, Sadek spoke, "You see now that even your relatives do not know you, Ip-pig. You speak our tongue, you have our blood — but you are a stranger nevertheless."

"See what I mean, Sam?" Philip Latak said. "My brother does not like me." He strode to the door. Beyond the betel-nut palms in the yard, up a sharp incline, was his grandfather's house. It stood on four stilts like all the rest and below its roof were the bleached skulls of goats, dogs, pigs and carabaos which the old man had butchered in past feasts. He had the most number of skulls in the village to show that he had social position: now, new skulls would be added to this collection.

"Well, he will recognize me and I won't be a stranger to him. Come," Philip Latak turned to his friend, "let us see the old man."

They went down, toiled up the hill which was greasy although steps were gouged on it for easier climbing. Before going up the slender rungs of the old house, Philip Latak called his grandfather twice. Sam Christie waited under the grass marquee that extended above the doorway. He couldn't see what transpired within and there was no invitation for him to come up. Sam could hear, however, Philip speaking in his native tongue and a cracked, old voice, high pitched with excitement and pleasure. And listening to the pleasant sounds of homecoming, he smiled and brought to mind the homecomings he, too, had known, and how the next vacation would be, his father and mother at the Back Bay station, the luggage in the back seat, and on his lap, this wooden idol which he now sought. But after a while, the visions he conjured were dispelled; the effusion within the hut had subsided into some sort of spirited talking and Philip said, "Americano —Americano." Sam heard the old man raise his voice, this time in anger and not in pleasure. Then silence, a rustling within the house, the



door stirring and Philip easing himself down the ladder, on his face a numbed, crestfallen look. And without another word, he hurried down the hill, the American toiling behind him.

Philip Latak explained later on the way back to the town: "I had asked him where we could get a god and he said he didn't know. And when I told him it was for an American friend, he got mad. He never liked strangers, Sam. He said they took everything away from him. Tranquility. Me. Hell, you can't do anything to an old man, Sam. We shouldn't have bothered with him at all. Now, tell me, have I spoiled your first day here?"

Sam objected vehemently.

"The old man wants a feast tomorrow night. My bienvenida of course."

"You'll be a damned fool if you don't go," Sam said.

"I'm thinking about you. You shouldn't come," Philip said. "It will be a bore and a ghastly sight."

"But Sam Christie's interest had been piqued and even when he realized that Philip Latak really did not want him to come, he decided, nevertheless, that this was one party he would not miss.

They visited the Mission the following day after having hiked to the villages. As Philip Latak had warned, their search was fruitless. They had struggled up terraces and were met by howling dogs and bare-bottomed children and old Ifugaos who offered them sweet potatoes and rice wine. And to all of them, Sam Christie was impeccably polite and charitable with his matches and his candy. And after this initial amenity, Philip started talking and always, sullen silence answered him, and he would turn to Sam, a foolish, optimistic grin on his face.

Reverend Doone, who managed the Mission, invited them for lunch. He was quite pleased to have a fellow American as guest. He was a San Franciscan and, for him, one consolation of his assignment was its meager similarity to San Francisco.

"In the afternoons," he said with a wisp of nostalgia, "when the mists drift in and start to wrap the terraces and the hills, I'm reminded of the ocean fog which steals over the white hills of San Francisco. And then,

once more, I feel like I'm home."

They had finished lunch and were in the living room of the Mission, sipping coffee, while Philip Latak had gone to the kitchen to joke with old friends. But Sam's knowledge of San Francisco was limited to a drizzly afternoon at the airport, an iron-cold rain and a nasty wind that crept under the topcoat, clammy and gripping, and he kept quiet while Reverend Doone reminisced. The missionary was a short man with a bulbous nose and heavy brows and home-sickness was written all over his pallid face.

Then it was Sam's turn and he rambled about the places he had seen, Greece and the marble ruins glinting in the sun, the urn; Japan, the small green country, and the samurai sword. And now, an Ifugao god.

Reverend Doone reiterated what Philip had said. "You must understand their religion," he said, "and if you understand it, then you'll know why it's difficult to get this god. Then you'll know why the Ifugaos are so attached to it. It's a religion based on fear, retribution. Every calamity or every luck which happens to them is based on this belief. A good harvest means the gods are pleased. A bad one means they are angered."

"It's not different from Christianity then," Sam said. "It's based on fear, too. Fear of hell and the final judgment."

Reverend Doone drew back, laid his cup of coffee on the wellworn table and spoke sternly. "Christianity is based on love. That's the difference. You are in the Agency and you should know the significance of this distinction." Reverend Doone became thoughtful again. "Besides," he said, "Christianity is based on the belief that man has a soul and that his soul is eternal."

"What happens when a man loses his soul?" Sam asked.

"I wish I can answer that," Reverend Doone said humbly. "All I can say is that a man without a soul is nothing. A pig in the sty that lives only for food. Without a soul ..."

"Does the Ifugao believe in a soul?"

Reverend Doone smiled gravely, "His gods. He believes in them."

"Can a man lose his soul?" Sam insisted.

"You have seen examples," Reverend



Doone smiled wanly. "In the city -- people corrupted by easy living, the pleasures of the senses and the flesh. The mass corruption that is seeping into government and everything. A generation of soulless men is growing up and dictating the future . . ."

"How can one who loses his soul regain it?" Sam came back with sudden life.

"It takes a cataclysm, something tragic to knock a man back to his wits, to make him realize his loss . . ."

"And the Ifugaos, they never lose their souls?"

"They are all human beings. But look what is in this mountain-locked country. It is poor -- let there be no doubt about it. They don't make enough to eat. But there is less greed here, and pettiness. There are no land grabbers, no scandals."

Going down the hill, Sam made up his mind to Philip, who was below him, teetering on the slippery trail. He said with finality, "Phil, I must not leave Ifugao without that god. It's more than just a souvenir. It will remind me of you, of this place. The Samurai sword -- you should have seen the place where I got it and the people I had to deal with to get it. It's not just some souvenir, mind you. It belonged to a soldier who had fought in the South Pacific and had managed somehow to save the thing when he was made prisoner. But his daughter -- it's a sad story -- she had to go to college, she was majoring in English. And she didn't have tuition money."

In the comfort of their little room back in the town, Sam brought out his liquor. "Well," he said as he poured a glass for Philip. "At least the hike did me good. All that walking and all those people. How nice they were, how they offered us wine and potatoes."

"You get a lot better in cocktail parties," Philip Latak said, "How many people in Manila would feel honored to attend the parties you go to."

"They are a bore," Sam said. "And I have to be there. That's the difference. I have to be there to spread sweetness and light. Sometimes it makes me sick, but I have to be there."

Phil was silent. He emptied the glass and raised his muddy shoes to the woolen sheet

on his cot. He asked, toying with his empty glass, the question Sam loathed most. "Why are you with the Agency, Sam?"

He did not hesitate. "Because I have to be somewhere, just as you have to be somewhere. It's that simple."

"I'm glad you are in the Agency, Sam. We need people like you."

Sam emptied his glass, too, and sank into his cot. Dusk had gathered outside. Fireflies ignited the grove of pine on the ledge below the house and farther, across the creek, above the brooding terraces, the stars shone.

After a while, Philip Latak spoke again. "We will be luckier tomorrow. I know. You'll have your god, Sam. There's a way. I can steal one for you."

Sam stood up and waved his lean hands. "You can't do that," he said with great solemnity. "That is not fair. And what will happen to you or to the man whose god you will steal?"

"Lots -- if you believe all that trash," Philip said lightly. "I'll be afflicted with pain, same with the owner. But he can always make another. It's not so difficult to carve a new one. I tried it when I was young, before I went to the Mission."

"You cannot steal a god, not even for me," Sam said.

Philip laughed. "Let's not be bullheaded about this. It's the least I can do for you. You made this vacation possible. And that raise. Do you know that I have been with the Agency for four years and I never got a raise until you came?"

"You had it coming. It's that simple."

"You'll have your god," Philip Latak said gravely.

They did not have supper at the boarding house because in a while, Sadek arrived to fetch them. He wore an old straw hat, a faded flannel coat and old denim pants. He was barefoot. "The butchers are ready and the guests are waiting. And Grandfather has opened his wine jar."

It was useless for Philip to argue with Sam; he had stood up with his bag of candies and matches.

The hike to the village was not as difficult as it had been the previous day. Sam had become an expert in scaling the dikes, in balanc-



ing himself on the strips of slippery earth that formed the terrace embankment, in jumping across the conduits of spring water that continuously gushed from springs higher up in the mountain to the terraces. When they reached the village, many people had already gathered and on the crest of the hill whereon the old man's house stood, a huge fire bloomed and the flames crackled and threw quivering shadows upon the betel palms. In the orange light, Sam could discern the unsmiling faces of men carrying walking spears, the women and the children, and beyond the scattered groups, near the slope, inside a bamboo corral, were about a dozen squealing pigs, dogs and goats, all ready for the sacrificial knife.

Philip Latak acknowledged the greetings, then breaking away from the tenuous groups, he went to his grandfather's hut. Waiting outside, Sam heard the same words of endearment. A pause, then the wooden door opened and Philip peeped out. "It's okay, Sam. Come up."

And Sam, pleased with the prospect of being inside an Ifugao house for the first time, dashed up the ladder.

The old man really looked ancient and in the light of the stove fire that lived and died again at one end of the one-room house, Sam could see the careworn face stoic and unsmiling. Sam took in everything: the hollow cheeks, the white, scraggly hair and the horned hands and big-boned knees. The patriarch was half-naked like the other Ifugaos, but his loin cloth had a belt with circular bone embellishments and on his neck dangled a necklace of bronze. To Sam, the old man extended a bowl of rice wine and Sam took it and lifted it to his lips, savored the gentle tang and acridness of it.

He then sat down on the mud-splattered floor. Beyond the open door, in the blaze of the bonfire, the pigs were already being butchered and someone had started beating the gongs and their deep, sonorous whang rang sharp and clear above the grunts of the dying animals.

The light in the hut, too, became alive again and showed the few artifacts within, an old, grey pillow, dirty with use, a few rusty-tipped spears, fish traps, and a small wooden

trunk. The whole house smelled of filth, of chicken droppings, and dank earth, but Sam Christie ignored these smells and attended only to the old man who had now risen, his bony frame shaking, and from a compartment in the roof, brought out his black and ghastly-looking god no taller than two feet and set it before the fire before his grandson.

Someone called at the door and a wooden bowl of blood was thrust to them. Philip Latak picked it up and gave it to the old man who was kneeling. Slowly, piously, the old man poured the living, frothy blood on the idol's head and the blood washed down the ugly head, its arms and legs, to its very feet. And as he poured the blood, in his cracked voice, he recited a prayer.

Philip turned to his American friend and, with usual levity, said: "My grandfather is thanking his god that I'm here. He says he can die now because he has seen me again."

Outside, the rhythm of the gongs quickened, and fierce chanting started, filled the air, the hut, crept under the very skin and into the subconscious. The old man picked up the idol again and standing, he returned it to its niche.

"Let's go down," Philip said. They threaded their way to the iron cauldrons where rice was cooking and to the butcher's table where big chunks of pork and dog meat were being distributed to the guests. For sometime, Sam Christie watched the dancers and the singers, but the steps and the tune did not have any variation and soon, he was bored — completely so. The hiking that had preoccupied them during the day began to weigh on his spirits and he told Philip Latak who was with the old men before the newly opened rice jar, that he would like to return to the boarding house. No, he didn't need any guide. He knew the way, having gone through the route thrice. But Sadek wouldn't let him go alone and after more senseless palaver, Sam finally broke away from the party and headed for the town with Sadek behind him.

The night was cool as all nights in the Ifugao country are and that evening, as he lay in his cot, he mused. In his ears the din of gongs still rang, in his mind's eyes loomed the shrunken, unsmiling face of the old Ifugao. He saw again the dancers, their brown, sweat-



ing bodies whirling before the fire, their guttural voices rising as one, and finally, the wooden god, dirty and black and drenched with blood. And recalling all these in vivid sharpness, he though he smelled, too, that peculiar odor of blood and the dirt of many years that had gathered in the old man's house. Sam Christie went to sleep with the wind sighing in the pines, the cicadas whirling in the grass.

He had no idea what time it was, but it must have been past midnight. The clatter woke him up and without rising, he groped for the flashlight under his pillow. He lifted the mosquito net and beamed the light at the dark form which had paused at the door. It was Philip Latak, swaying and holding on to a black, bloody mass. Sam let the ray play on Phil's face, at the splotch on his breast — the sacrificial blood — and finally, on the thing.

"I told you I'll get it," Philip Latak said with drunken triumph. "I told you I'll steal a god," and staggering forward, he shoved his grandfather's idol at his friend.

Sam Christie, too surprised to speak, pushed the idol away and it fell with a thud on the floor.

"You shouldn't have done it!" was all he could say.

Philip Latak stumbled, the flashlight still on his shiny, porcine face. He fumbled with the stub of candle on the table and in a while, the room was bright. "What a night," he crowed, heaving himself in his cot. "No, you don't have to worry. No one saw me. I did it when all were busy dancing or drinking. I danced a little, too, you know — with the old man. He is going to give me everything, his terraces, his spears, his wine jars. We danced. And my legs — they are not rusty at all."

Philip Latak stood up and started prancing.

Sam bolted up, too, and held him by the shoulder. "You'll be waking up everyone. Go to bed now and we will talk in the morning."

Philip Latak sank back into his cot. The air around him was heavy with the smell of sweat, rice wine and the earth. "He will be surprised," he repeated. "He will be surprised. And when he does, he will perhaps get drunk and make a new one. Then there will be another feast to celebrate the new god. And another god to steal . . ."

"You are lucky to have someone love you so much. And you did him wrong," Sam said sullenly. He sat on the edge of his cot and looked down at the dirty thing that lay at his feet.

"It's a miserable thing to do," Sam said. "Take it back tomorrow."

"Take it back?" Phil turned to him with a mocking leer. "Now, that's good of you. Hell, after all my trouble . . ."

"Yes," Sam said. "Take it back." But there was no conviction in him, because in the back of his mind he was grateful that Philip Latak had brought him this dirty god, because it was real, because it had significance and meaning and was no cheap tourist bait, such as those that were displayed in the hotel lobbies in Manila.

"He did himself wrong," Philip said. "He was wrong in being so attached to me who no longer believes in these idols. Sadek — you have seen his house. It's different. And not because he has the money to build a different house. It's because he doesn't believe in the old things anymore. He cannot say that aloud." Phil whacked his stomach. "Not while he lives with a hundred ignorant natives."

"I won't," Philip said resolutely. "If I do that, I'd look bad. That would be the death of my grandfather . . ."

"I'll take it back, if you won't," Sam said almost inaudibly.

"He will kill you."

"Don't frighten me."

"Hell, I'm just stating a fact," Phil said. "Do you think he would be happy to know that his god had been fondled by a stranger?"

"It's no time for jokes," Sam said, lying down. "This isn't funny at all." And in his mind's resolute eye, there crowded again one irrefragable darkness and in it, like a light, was the old man's wrinkled face dirtied with the mud of the terraces, the eyes narrow and gleaming with wisdom, with hate. He wished he knew more about him, for to know him would be to discover this miserly land and the hardness (or was it foolhardiness?) which it nourished. And it was these thoughts that were rankling his mind when he heard Philip Latak snore, heard his slow, pleasant breathing, and reaching with his hand, Sam picked



up the taper and quashed its flame.

At the time Sam Christie woke up, it was already daylight and the sun lay pure and dazzling on the rough pine sidings of the room. It was Philip Latak who had stirred him, his voice shrill and grating. Sam blinked, then sat up and walked to the door where Philip was talking with a boy.

"I'm sorry I woke you up," he said, turning momentarily to him. "My nephew," a pause. "It's Grandfather," his voice was no longer drunken. "I have to leave you here."

"Anything the matter?"

Philip had already packed his things and the boy held them, the canvas bag and the old suede jacket. "My grandfather is dying, Sam. He collapsed—an attack."

When Sam found words again, all he could ask was, "Why . . . how . . ."

"Hell, that should be no riddle," Philip said. "The feast last night. The dancing and the drinking. It must have been too much for his heart. And at his age . . ."

"I'm sorry . . ."

"I'll be back as soon as I can. But don't wait, whatever your plans are."

After the two had gone, Sam returned to the room and picked up the idol. In the light he saw that the blood had dried and had lost its color. It was heavy, so Sam quickly deduced it must be made of good hardwood. It was crudely shaped and its proportions were almost grotesque. The arms were too long and the legs were mere stumps. The feet, on the other hand, were huge. It wasn't very different, Sam concluded lightly, from the creations of sculptors who call themselves modernists. And wrapping it up in an old newspaper, he pushed it under his cot near his mud-caked shoes.

The next day, Sam Christie idled in the town and developed the acquaintance of the Chief of Police, a small man with a pinched anonymous face that got its character only when he smiled, for then he bared a set of buckteeth reddened with betel-nut chewing. He was extremely hospitable and had volunteered to guide him to wherever he wanted to hike. They had tried the villages farther up the mountains. It was early afternoon when they returned and the mists, white as starch in the sun, had started to crawl again down into

town. The Chief of Police had been very helpful almost to the point of obsequiousness and Sam asked him to come up for a drink. After the chief had savored every drop in his glass, he declaimed, "Indeed, I am honored to taste this most wonderful hospitality which should be reserved only for important people . . ."

The party could have gone further, but it was at this moment that Sadek arrived.

Philip's brother did not waste words. "It's about my brother," he said. He looked down self-consciously at his shoes — they were a trifle big and Sam saw immediately that the pair was not Sadek's but Philip's. He saw, too, that the jacket which Sadek wore was Philip's old suede. And as if Sam's unspoken scrutiny bothered him, Sadek took the jacket off and held it behind him.

"How is he?" Sam asked. He did not wait for an answer. "Come, let's have a drink." He held the Ifugao by the arm, but Sadek squirmed free from his grasp.

"I still have a half bottle of Scotch," Sam said brightly.

"It's the best in the world," Sadek said humbly, but he did not move. "Nothing but the best for Americans."

Sam did not press. "When is Phil coming back?" he asked.

"There was nothing we could do," Sadek said. He did not face the young American and a far-away gaze was in his eyes. "Our grandfather . . ."

"He is dead?"

Sadek nodded.

Sam took the news calmly. He did not find its finality depressing and he was even surprised that the death of someone who was dear to a friend had not affected him at all. In the back of his mind, he even found himself thinking that, perhaps, it was best that the old man had died so that his passing would seal, forever, as far as Philip Latak was concerned, the family's concern with the idol's dubious grace.

"And Phil?" Sam asked.

"He isn't going back to Manila," Sadek said simply, smiling again that meaningless grin of peasants.

"And why not?"

Sadek did not speak.

"Tell me more," Sam insisted. "Does his



decision have something to do with burial customs and all that sort of thing?"

"It's not a matter of custom, Sir!"

"I must see him."

Sadek faced the American squarely now. "Mr. Christie, you cannot do anything now. You must go back to Manila." And wheeling round, the Ifugao walked out into the street.

Sam followed him, riled by the unexpected show of rudeness. "I cannot leave like this, Sadek. I'm sorry about what happened to your grandfather. In a time of grief, I should at least be able to express my . . . my condolence."

"You have done that already, Sir."

Sadek paused again. "All right then," he said sharply. "Do come," Then softly, sup-
plicatingly, "Please, please don't think we are being unreasonable. And don't make me responsible for what will happen."

Sam Christie was now troubled. "How did the old man die?" That was the one question he wanted to ask and when he did, it seemed as if the words were strangled from his throat.

Walking slowly, Sadek glanced at the stranger keeping step beside him. "It happened on the morning after the feast. He had a lot of wine."

"Of course, of course," Sam said. "I saw him gulp it like water. A man his age shouldn't have indulged in drinking anymore."

"But it wasn't the drink that did it, Sir," Sadek said emphatically. "It was the loss of the god. It was stolen."

"It was not the god," Sam said aloud and the words were not for Sadek alone, but for himself, to reassure himself that he was not involved, that his hands were unsoiled. And a pang of regret, of sadness, touched him. "No," he said. "It wasn't the god. It couldn't be as simple as that. The liquor, the dancing, the exertion—these did it."

Sadek didn't answer. They went down the incline and at the base of the terraces the path was wide and level again. Then, softly, "My grandfather always loved Ip-pig — Philip. More than anyone of us. He wanted to see Ip-pig before he died. He died in Ip-pig's arms."

Near the hill whereon stood the old man's house, Sadek paused again. "We buried him

there," he pointed to a new digging on the side of the hill. "And we held another feast this morning. Two feasts in so short a time. One was a welcome to a youth gone astray. And the other — a farewell to him who gave us the blood in us . . ."

At the edge of the hilltop, the open pits which had served as stoves still smoked and the dried blood of the butchered animals stained the earth. Sadek faced Sam. "My brother . . . he will not starve here, but he will no longer have the pleasures that he knew. Will that be good for him, Mr. Christie?" He didn't wait for an answer and he droned, "As long as he works. . . but he is no longer a farmer. And his muscles are now soft like a girl's. Me—my family, all of us will be all right, of course. We are not learned like him and we have never been to Manila. But my brother . . ." and shaking his head as if a great weight had fallen on his shoulders, Sadek left the young American.

Now there was nothing to do but go up the Ifugao hut, this flimsy thing of straw that had survived all of time's ravages, this house that was also granary and altar, which had retained its shape through hungry years and was, as it stood on this patch of earth, everything that endured.

And as he approached it, Sam Christie found himself asking why he was here, among these primitive monuments, when he could very well be in his apartment in Manila, enjoying his liquor and his books and, maybe, a mestiza thrown in, too.

"Phil?" Sam Christie stood in the sun, crinkling his brow and wondering if he had spoken a bit too harshly or too loudly to disturb the silence within. "Phil, are you there?"

No answer.

"Phil," he repeated, raising his voice.

"I heard you." Philip Latak's reply from within the hut was abrupt and gruff.

"I thought you would forget. Remember, tomorrow morning, we are leaving. I've already packed and I was waiting. You didn't even send a word. We will still shop, Phil. And that woven stuff and the utensils. Do you know if we can get them before we leave tomorrow?"



"I'm not going back to Manila, Sam," Phil called. "You can do your shopping yourself. Isn't that idol enough?"

Now from within the hut came the sound of chopping and scraping of wood.

"You can't mean what you say," Sam said. "Come on, we still have many things to do. But if it's against the custom—that is, if you have to stay here for some more days after the burial..."

The words exploded from the hut with a viciousness that jolted Sam: "Damn it, I'm not going!" It was no longer Phil's voice. It was something elemental and distressing. "I'm not going back, do you hear? You can bring with you the whole mountain if you care. The god—my grandfather's god—isn't it enough payment for your kindness?"

The words, their keenness, their meaning, bit deeply. "Let us be reasonable," Sam Christie said, his voice starting to quiver. "I didn't want you to steal the idol, Phil."

"You would have gotten it anyway," the voice quieted down, "because you are always curious and determined. I could forgive myself for having stolen it. But the old man—he had always been wise, Sam. He knew it was I who did it from the very start. He wanted so much to believe that it wasn't I. But he couldn't pretend—and neither can I. I killed him, Sam. I killed him because I wanted to be free from these . . . these cursed terraces. Because I wanted to be grateful. I killed him who loved me most..." A faltering, stifled sob came out of the hut.

"But I didn't want you to steal it," Sam said.

"You didn't, Sam. I could forgive myself for stealing it, but Grandfather is dead. I broke his heart, Sam. The only one here who loved me, who wanted me back. I clawed right at his breast, his heart. I killed him."

"Don't blame me, Phil," Sam choked on the words. "I didn't want you to steal it. Remember, I even wanted to return it? Besides, I could have gone on searching until I found one I could buy..."

"That's it!" the voice within the hut had become a shriek. "That's it! You'll always find a way because you have all the money. You can buy everything, even gods."

His face burning with bewilderment and

shame, Sam Christie moved towards the ladder. "Phil, let's talk this over. We are friends, Phil," he said in a low, anguished voice.

"You are not a friend," the voice within the grass hut had become a wail. "If you are, you wouldn't have come here searching for gods to buy."

"We are friends," Sam insisted, toiling up the ladder. And at the top rung, he pushed aside the flimsy bamboo door.

In the semi-darkness, amid the poverty and the soot of many years, Sam Christie saw Philip Latak squatting before the same earthen stove aglow with embers. And in this glow, Sam Christie saw his friend—not the Philip Latak with the suede jacket, but a well-built Ifugao attired in the simple costume of the highlands, his broad flanks uncovered, and around his waist was the black and red breech cloth with yellow tassels. From his neck dangled the bronze necklace of an Ifugao warrior.

Philip Latak did not, even once, face Sam. He seemed completely absorbed with his work and, with the sharp blade in his hands, he started scraping again the block of wood which he held tightly between his knees.

"Leave me alone, Sam," Philip Latak said softly, as if all grief had been squeezed from him. "I have to finish this and it will take some time."

Sam Christie's ever-observant eyes lingered on the face. Where had he seen it before? Was it in Greece, or in Japan? or in Siam? The recognition came swiftly, savagely, and with watery legs and trembling hands, he stepped down and let the door slide quietly back into place. He knew then that Philip Latak really had work to do and it would take some time before he could finish a new god to replace the old one, the stolen idol which he was bringing home to America to take its place among his souvenirs of benighted and far-away places.



He paints his emotion onto the canvas and leaves much of himself in his work

Now less prolific than formerly, Diosdado Lorenzo at 66 is nevertheless still a commanding figure in Philippine painting. Of the painters who won recognition in the Thirties only three or four are still around and Lorenzo is one of them. If anything, his art seems more vigorous than ever.

Lorenzo's art has never been anything but vigorous. Inevitably he is lumped with the "Moderns" but if a more precise description were needed, Expressionist is the word.

A firm believer in the doctrine that the artist should paint from nature – figure as well as landscape – Lorenzo invariably uses actual objects as model. But he does not stop at mere imitation. Instead he paints his emotions onto the canvas, as it were, and thus leaves more of himself in his work than an academician or an impressionist.

The beholder senses his artistic vigor in canvases like the ones reproduced here, painted in the last few years and displayed last year in one of the very few exhibitions he has given in the last two decades. An art public which had seen little of Lorenzo after World War II sat up once more and took notice.

This is the Philippine countryside as Fernando Amorsolo, the doyen of Filipino painters, has always depicted it, but with a difference. The difference lies in the genial mood of the one and the restless temperament of the other. There is here none of the dazzling sunlight or the inviting shade of Amorsolo. There is in fact no compartmentalizing of light and shadow – light and shade are everywhere so that in the end it is only form which dominates.

In a way, Lorenzo has not changed since he first shocked conservatives when, returning to the Philippines in 1938 after a decade of expatriation, he exhibited, taught, and lectured in an effort to change the public's accustomed way of looking at pictures. Here is the same attention to composition coupled with functional use of color and, above all, fidelity to the artist's vision.

Lorenzo banished black from his palette in order to achieve luminosity. Even violet "from the tube" is avoided and is produced by blending the various tints of red and blue. The result is a rather low-key world of color which contrasts effectively with the high-keyed emotional content of the forms.

Lorenzo



The placid carabao is a seemingly permanent fixture in Philippine landscape painting, whether for tourist consumption or for the quality market. In the two paintings on this page, they fit well into the scene in more senses than one, for their treatment is one with the rest of the canvas. Instead of the conventional gray they were modeled in ochres shadowed with complementary violets.



Variations on an old theme, the landscapes on the facing page depict the Philippine scene at its less familiar -- that is, without benefit of sentimental associations such as vigorous farmers and graceful peasant women. As with all his other works, Lorenzo did these "on location", in keeping with his insistence on the use of models to provide a direct emotional link between artist and nature.





Two trees frame sky and foliage in an austere landscape which hints of Lorenzo's insistence on good composition.

Lorenzo was born in the farming town of San Isidro, Nueva Ecija, in Central Luzon. Graduated from the art school of the University of the Philippines in 1928, he followed the trail of many another Filipino painter by attending the San Fernando Royal Academy of Fine Arts, Madrid. Later, at Rome's own Royal Academy, he came under the influence of the Italians' brand of naturalism, not too distantly related to Impressionism.

Following a brief sojourn in Manila after his homecoming, he settled for two years in Hongkong where he founded his own Academy of Art. It was none too successful, and the painter returned once more to Manila, where he has lived ever since. Lorenzo's fluency in Italian has suffered in the meanwhile. Italian-born Signora Lorenzo now speaks Tagalog, the national language, as well as anybody.

Lorenzo is the recipient of numerous awards in his country and abroad. In 1970 he received the Cultural Heritage medal, one of the highest awards offered by the Philippine government.

Old theatrical form is enjoying a revival

ZARZUELA

By FELIPE P. DE LEON

The zarzuela is a kind of play interspersed by songs, mood music and dances. It differs from the opera in that it is heavy with dialogue, with the songs taking up or filling in some parts of the story. Its form corresponds more or less to the operetta or the Broadway musical of the Americans.

Most often, it consists of three acts, sometimes one, and rarely four. A three-act zarzuela would have about 16 or more songs which do not include the mood music and what is known as intermezzo or music between scenes.

ZARZUELA

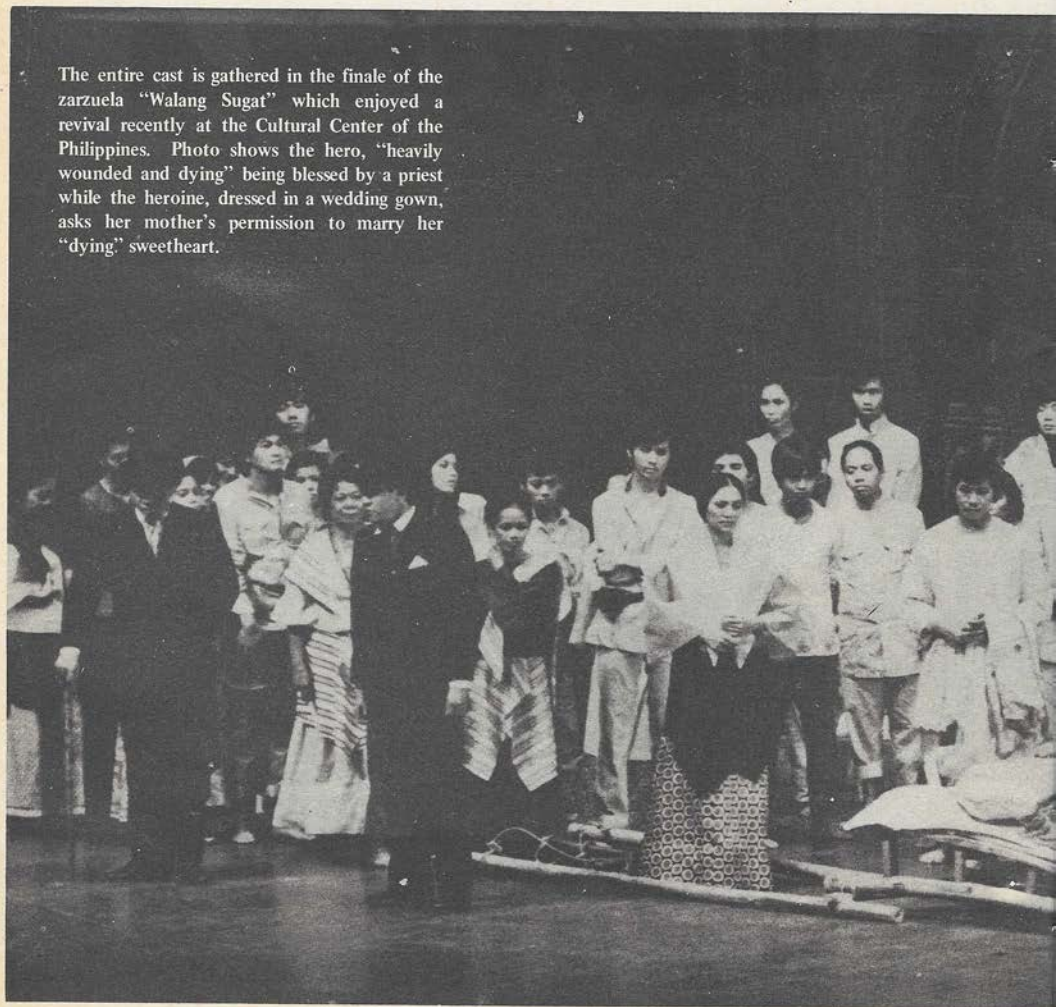
Our zarzuelas usually start with the presentation of the cast. As curtains rise, all the performers are seen lined up on stage heartily singing the theme song of their troupe. This is then followed by the overture of the orchestra whose main purpose is to enhance the enjoyment of the audience by giving them snatches from the songs to be sung in that particular zarzuela.

Indispensable to our zarzuelas are the

comedians. They are there not only to regale the audience but also to help crystallize the ideas and emotions manifested in the story. Incisive commentaries on local situations are clothed by the author in entertaining humor.

Many sectors have tended to regard the zarzuela as a dead art — and not without good reason. For indeed, the diversity of forces that have been brought to bear upon the culture of the Filipino people, the ever-increasing

The entire cast is gathered in the finale of the zarzuela "Walang Sugat" which enjoyed a revival recently at the Cultural Center of the Philippines. Photo shows the hero, "heavily wounded and dying" being blessed by a priest while the heroine, dressed in a wedding gown, asks her mother's permission to marry her "dying" sweetheart.

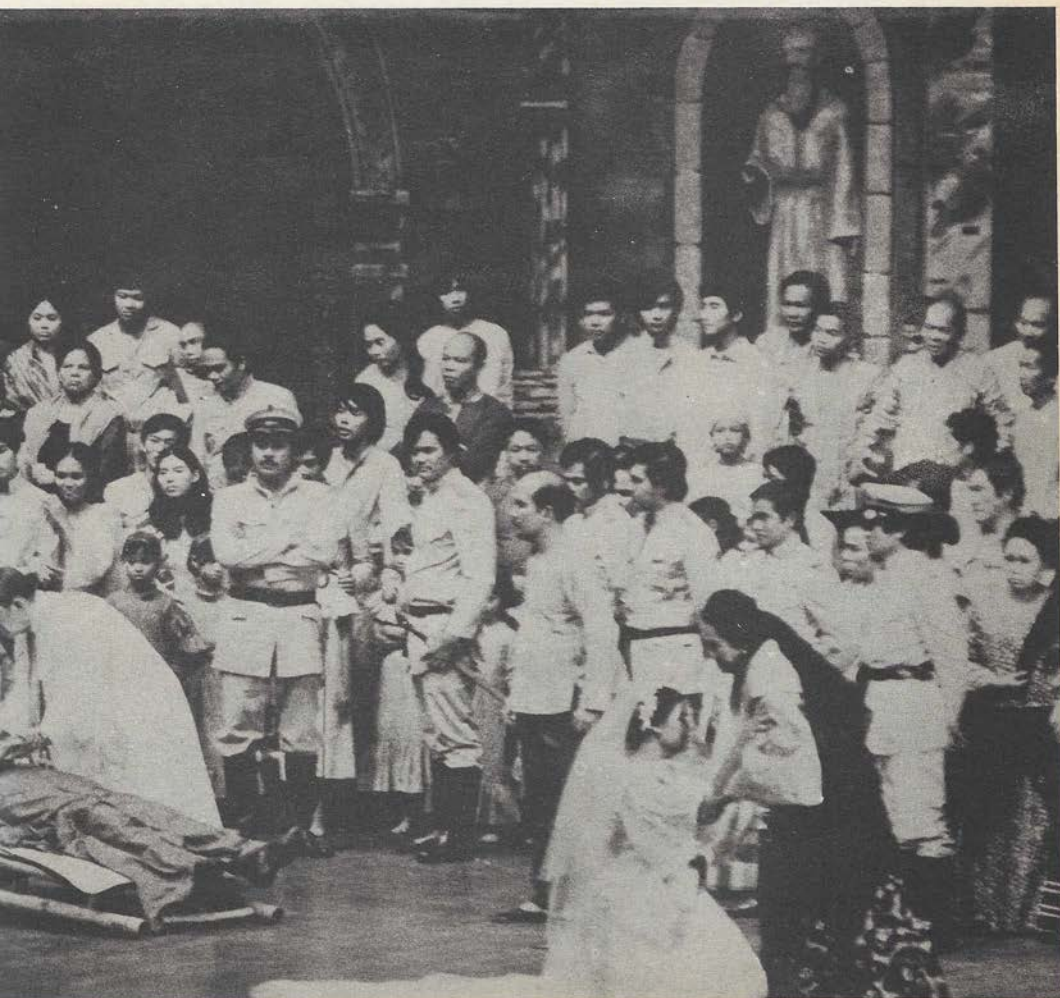


hold of the mass media and the proliferation of imported entertainment fares seem to have crowded out this once popular theatrical form.

There are those, however, who believe that given a fresh shot in the arm, which means making it relevant to contemporary needs, the zarzuela stands a good chance of winning back public favor.

While this is true, we also realize that per-

haps it is not so much a question of presenting new materials but of updating the production methods to suit the demand of the times. A zarzuela may have been written today -- with all the flourishes of contemporary theatre as far as scope, subject and music are concerned -- and yet it is bound to fail if the production does not come up to the desired excellence. On the other hand, an old zarzuela under competent and tasteful direction may



turn out to be an instant success. In fact, quite a number of plays, operas and operettas which today continues to attract a sizeable audience and whose production varies in range and technique were written centuries ago.

This writer has time and again believed that such a cherished tradition as the zarzuela will not die. At the moment, it is merely inactive.

For how can an art form which truly reflects the most intimate aspirations, sentiments and idiosyncracies of a people die? It is a mistake to conclude that just because the zarzuela has seen a lot of failures in the post-war years, our people presumably do not care for it. The rapid pace of modern life has wrought great changes in our system. Any attempt, therefore, to revitalize the zarzuela will have to contend with various levels of sophistication – which means not only the tightening up of the technical, dramatic and musical aspects but mobilizing the mass media to create a climate for its acceptance and patronage. Surely, such preparation entails a huge sum of money.

That the zarzuela can still prosper in this age has been amply proven by the presentation at the Cultural Center of the Philippines of *Walang Sugat* under the auspices of the Zarzuela Foundation of the Philippines. There had been similar revival efforts before this. The Music Promotion Foundation of the Philippines started in 1959 with the showing of Servando de los Angeles' *Alamat ng Nayon*, music by Leon Ignacio, at the Far Eastern University auditorium. This was followed by *Mapulang Bituin*, a commissioned work by Rosendo E. Santos, Jr. upon the initiative again of the MPFP.

Much earlier, the popular zarzuela *Dalagang Bukid* by Hermogenes Ilagan with music by Ignacio was staged by a private group among the members of which were Vidal A. Tan, Jovita Fuentes and Atang de la Rama. Other significant headways were *Ang Kiri* (Masayang Dalaga) by De Los Angeles, *Sundalong*

Mantika by Florentino Ballecer, *Sundalong Kapitan* by Ilagan, *Bukang-Liwayway* by Dionisio Salazar in 1966 and *Kay Tamis ng mga Sandali sa Sariling Bayan* by Clodualdo del Mundo, both zarzuelas with music by Col. Antonino Buenaventura, commissioned by the University of the East and the Cultural Center of the Philippines, respectively. Precioso Palma's *Paglipas ng Dilim*, music by Ignacio and Engracio L. Valmonte's *Ang Mestisa* with music by Nicanor Abelardo, also came in 1969. And recently (1971), the CCP and the MPFP and PETA undertook the production of two original contemporary zarzuelas – *Ako* by Bayani M. de Leon and *Hali-maw* by Isagani Cruz.

But so far the most successful in terms of public response was *Walang Sugat*, and this was made possible not only by top-calibre artists and a highly competent production staff but most especially by tremendous financial support and a solid, efficient organization.

"Walang Sugat" is one of the early zarzuelas by Severino Reyes, often regarded as the "Dean of Filipino Playwrights", with music by Fulgencio Tolentino. It was first staged at the Teatro Zorilla on June 14, 1902. In the cast were Maria Carpena, as *Julia*; Victorino Carreon, as *Tenyong*; P. E. de la Chica, as *Kapitana Putin* (mother of Tenyong); Ildefonsa Alianza, as *Juana* (mother of Julia); Eusebio Constantino, as *Tadeo*; Adriana Nicolas, as *Monica*; Pedrito Reyes, as *sakristan*, and others.

The story of *Walang Sugat* is a very simple one. It tells of two lovers who are cousins, Tenyong and Julia. His father, Mang Inngo, having been tortured to death by the friars, Tenyong joined the insurgents, in spite of Julia's protestations. In his absence, Julia is prevailed upon by her mother to marry a rich suitor, Miguel, who is a simpleton. But just as the wedding is about to take place, Tenyong, who is apparently seriously wounded because



Atang de la Rama, in title role of "Ang Kiri" was one of the mainstays of the zarzuela.

of his many bandages, arrives with his General and some soldiers. Convinced that the young man is dying, Julia's mother agrees to have her daughter marry Tenyong instead. A charming twist occurs at the end when Tenyong, after the ceremony, rises and removes his bandages. The people shout in amazement, "Walang Sugat."

Zarzuela, which was derived from the Spanish word "zarza" meaning bramblebush, originally was a common name for villages and hamlets in Spain. During the 16th century, Infante Don Fernando had a hunting lodge built in the royal domain of the Pardo near Madrid. Known as the palace of La Zarzuela, it later became the resthouse of Philip IV who enlarged and improved it after Don Fernando's departure for Flanders in 1634. Naturally, the King would want to be

entertained everytime he went there and so it became customary for the comedians to present short pieces, with music and singing, which at first were called "fiestas de zarzuela" and later simple zarzuelas.

The early fiestas de zarzuela were probably of an improvisatory character, with a very slight literary basis. At any rate, the first known text described as a fiesta de zarzuela is Calderon's *El Golfo de las Sirenas*, performed at the palace of La Zarzuela on January 17, 1657. It was called a "Piscatory Eclogue", because the scene was by the sea and some of the characters were fisherfolk. It consisted of only one act, preceded by a *loa* (prologue) and followed by a *Mojiganga* (originally a sort of burlesque masquerade, accompanied by the music of flutes, castanets and side drum).

Filipinos are by nature lovers of art, in

whatever form. They are easily charmed by any beautiful thing they see or hear, absorbing it as fast as it comes, investing it with their personality until it becomes an integral part of their culture.

This trait has been effectively put to good use by foreign missionaries in their propagation of Christianity. Early historical records show that the first play presented in Cebu in 1598 dwelled on religion.

A play which is claimed to have done a great deal in the propagation of the Christian faith was the one shown by the Jesuits in Bohol in 1609. It portrays the agonies of Santa Barbara. The impact of the play had been such as to impel the natives, upon learning how Santa Barbara's father was murdered and how the blessed woman ascended the heavens thereafter, to renounce their *Bathala* and other dieties and to throw away their amulets which the Jesuits consequently burned.

One popular theatrical form which was adopted from Spain and set in the various native dialects is what is known as *comedia de capa y espada*. The Filipino version simply reduces the term to *komedya*, calls the performers *komedyaante*, and the place of action, *komedyaan*. Later, the term became *moro-moro* which was the label given by a certain Spanish writer, Vicente Barrantes, to the Filipino comedias in his book "Guerras Piraticas".

Among the significant theatres that commanded massive patronage were the *Teatro Comico* which went up as early as 1790, followed by many others like *Teatro de Tondo*, *Teatro Castellano* which became popularly known as *Teatro de Binondo*, *Teatro del Principe Alfonso*, where several prestigious foreign troupes performed, *Circo Teatro de Bilibid*, *Teatro Filipino*, *Teatro Lirico de Quiapo*, *Teatro Calderon*, etc.

All comedias had to end with Christians lording it over the Mohammedans, a rule imposed by the friars

Cenaculo is another theatrical form we inherited from Spain. Coming to life every

Lenten season, the *cenaculo* is a play based on the Passion of the Lord which is the very Bible of the Filipinos.

Even during the Spanish Regime, Manila was already the center of cultural activity. In that bustling capital had risen various playhouses which gave the Filipinos a wide range of theatrical presentations.

One theater which stands out as of immense historical value is *Teatro de Variedades* which is mentioned by Rizal in his "Noli" and where on two separate occasions he received honors for his first-prize winning poem, *A La Juventud Filipina*, and for his allegory, *Consejo de los Dioses*, which was a critical tribute to Miguel Cervantes.

Among the cultural societies during the time which did much for the development of the arts and letters were the *Sociedad Anonima*, *Sociedad de Artes y Oficios* and *Liceo Cientifico Artistico Literario* which became very popular because of the numerous literary and musical contests held from time to time under its auspices. Rizal and other prominent Filipino writers figured several times in these contests. No less than the Filipino painter, Felix Resurreccion Hidalgo y Padilla played a violin solo during the inaugural program of this society held at the Teatro Variedades on February 23, 1878.

In his book, "The Music and Theater of the Filipino," Raymundo C. Bañas mentioned a zarzuela staged at the Teatro Lirico de Tondo in December, 1872. The orchestra director was Ignacio Morales, a distinguished violin teacher. Spanish historian Wenceslao E. Retana, on the other hand, wrote that the first zarzuela shown in Manila (1878) was *Jugar Con Fuego* by the Spanish playwright Dario Cespedes who was part of a travelling drama company. The following year, Alejandro Cubero arrived from Spain to train the Filipinos in the art of the zarzuela. He was henceforth called the "Father of the Spanish Zarzuela in the Philippines:

A one-act zarzuela, *Junto al Pasig*, written by Rizal and set to music by Maestro Blas



There have been various other revivals of the zarzuela, proving that as Filipino theatre, it is a living thing.

Echegoyen, was staged in 1880 at the Ateneo de Manila under the auspices of the *Academia Literatura Castellana* which was headed by Rizal himself. This, and many others, if not zarzuelas, written by Spanish and Filipino authors like Antonio Garcia del Canto, Federico Casademunt, Regina Escalada, Juan Ignacio Zulueta de los Angeles, Francisco P. de Entrala, Jose Conde y de la Torre, Mariano Garcia Rey, etc., gave ample opportunities for Filipinos to hone their dramatic and musical skills in the zarzuela. Hence, the emergence of many local stage luminaries like Praxedes Julia Fernandez, better known as Yeyeng, Venancia Suzara, Patrocinio Tagaroma, Patrocinio Carvajal, Amelia Carvajal, Juana (Titay) Molina, Socorro Basilio, Antonina Bautista, Jose Carvajal, Eliseo Carvajal, Jose Ratia, Alfredo Ratia, Faustino Maurat, Enrique Infante, and others. They were the first to gain widespread fame by performing in Spanish zarzuelas. Later, most of them be-

came well-known performers in Tagalog zarzuelas.

True enough, most of the stage plays shown in Manila and other parts of the islands had been for a long time confined to the comedia type. With the exception of a few, such as *Junto al Pasig*, *La Conquista de Jolo*, *El Rezago*, *El Amor de un Mestiza*, *Cuadros Filipinos*, *Los Apuros de un Pedaneo* and *Una Pagina de Gloria*, what used to be referred to as Tagalog dramas, including those which had been translated into Spanish, were nothing more than stereotyped portrayals of the Christian-Mohammedan struggle, with the Christians on the winning side as an inevitable conclusion.

The situation would have dragged further were it not for the growing patriotic fervor that had been constantly fueled by the abuses and iniquities of the ruling power. Thus, our writers started articulating the people's yearning for freedom, especially towards the out-

break of the revolution. Also, during this time, in 1893, was born a theater that became a foremost outlet for artistic as well as patriotic and dramatic creations. This was the Teatro Zorilla which later gained fame as the home of the Tagalog zarzuelas.

One of those who opposed the continuation of the comedia was Juan Abad, author of a patriotic play that was first shown at Teatro Arevalo in 1895. Together with journalist Macario Sequera, Abad denounced the comedia as not only an obstacle to the growth of real dramatic art but as an instrument for the continued division of the Filipinos into Muslims and Christians.

The revolution – although it had spawned abnormal living conditions – became the singular force that welded the Filipino masses into one great body dedicated unselfishly to the national welfare.

In the field of drama, for instance, not to mention the other arts, Filipino playwrights underwent a happy transformation. Seeing through the banalities and irrelevance of the usual *comedias*, *cenaculos*, *awits* and *corridors*, they started producing more meaningful works that underlied the nationalistic aspirations of the times.

Total social commitment in theater was carried over into the American rule. One such zarzuela with an explicit patriotic content was Pascual Poblete's *Pag-ibig sa Tinubuang Lupa*, music by Severino Kimpin Bautista. On the third day of its presentation on March 25, 1900, American authorities ordered the arrest of Poblete on a subversion charge.

The same year saw the successive presentation of Juan Abad's *Mabubay ang Pilipinas* and *Mapanglaw na Pagkaalaala*. He was also arrested and exiled to Olongapo. Upon his release after two years, he wrote *Tanikalang Ginto* for which he was again incarcerated when it was shown in Batangas on May 10, 1902. Another prison term was meted to him when he wrote *Isang Punlo ng Kaaway* while in confinement.

An equally forceful and outstanding drama-

tist, Aurelio Tolentino, vehemently denounced both Spanish and American rules in his zarzuela, *Kabapon, Ngayon at Bukas*. The play ends with an actual trampling of the American flag on stage. Consequently, Tolentino was sentenced to life imprisonment, but obtained pardon after seven years.

Hindi Ako Patay by Juan Matapang Cruz also defiantly expounded on the virtues of nationalism. Its showing was banned by the American military authorities, and the author meted a long prison term.

The above mentioned zarzuelas and others of the kind had never slipped past the ready axe of the American censors. Only those devoid of any explicit reference to the American government were allowed. Such are *Walang Sugat*, *Dalawang Pag-ibig*, *Zapote* and others whose authors wisely eluded the fate of their contemporaries by writing plays and zarzuelas which sought to embody the Filipino way of life and love, extol their good traits and their beautiful customs and traditions.

This new trend in subject matter easily caught fire, and soon enough, people from all walks of life were clamoring for more zarzuelas especially those that dealt on love, along with the moral gems that were usually woven into the story. Superseding the old comedias, they took primacy in the hearts of the Filipinos after ten years of American rule. Perhaps it was because they appealed more to the romantic sensibilities of the people and because they were truly typical of the Filipino modes of life.

Among the zarzuelas that came about during said period until 1930 and before the outbreak of the second world war were *Minda Mora*, *Puso ng Isang Pilipina*, and *R.I.P.* by Severino Reyes; *Ang Anak ng Dagat*, *Deni* and *Sampagita* by Patricio Mariano; *Dalawang Bukid*, *Despues de Dios* and *Punyal ni Rosa* by Hermogenes Ilagan; *Sa Bunganga ng Pating* and *Ang Piso ni Anita* by Julian Cruz Balmaceda; *Mga Kamaganak* by Jose Maria Rivera; *Mga Karaniwang Ugali* and *Kataksilang Libim* by Ambrosio Guzman; *Ang Kiri*,

Ararong Ginto and *Dakilang Punlo* by Servando de los Angeles; *Veronidya* by Cirio H. Panganiban; *Masamang Kaugalian* and *Nora Panchay* by Pantaleon Lopez; *Ing Metung a Perla gem Pusali* and *Alang Dios* by Juan Crisostomo Soto; *Salamin ng Pag-ibig* and *Ang Dapat Pagsakitan* by Roman Reyes; *Ang Mestisa* by Engracio L. Valmonte; *Mga Siphayo ng Dabas ng Pag-irog* by Jose Tuazon; *Bulaklak sa Kabundukan* by Jose Corazon de Jesus; *Sundalong Mantika* and *Akibat* by Florentino Ballecer; *Krus na Pula* by Emiliano Trinidad; *Paglipas ng Dilim* by Precioso Palma; *Anak ni Eba* by Atang de la Rama; *Bulaklak ng Kabaret* by Ruperto S. Cristobal, and many others.

It was also during this time that Filipino thespians started blooming left and right, stimulating further the growth of the zarzuela. Some of them were Maria Carpena, Atang de la Rama, Amanding Montes, Germana Cortey, Hilaria Alvarez, Tomasa Alvarez, Juanita Angeles, Estanislaw San Miguel, Felisa Buenaventura, Sixta Villanueva, Adriana Nicolas, Ildefonsa Alianza, Socorro Basilio, Virginia Mallari, Casiana de Leon, Pilar Castro, Isabel Quintana, Rosa Rolda, Patrocinio Carvajal, Tomas Esteban, Alfredo Ratia, Eusebio Gabriel, Eduardo Gabriel, Marciano Ilagan, Jose Corazon de Jesus, Francisco Ablaza, Vicente Facundo, Ambrosio Bernardo, Eusebio Constantino, Fabian Geronimo, Joaquin Gavino, Basilio Lanuza, Maximino Yatco, Pablo Molina, Andres Ciria Cruz at Victorino Carrion.

But the most durable of all these is Atang de la Rama, otherwise referred to as "The Queen of the Kundiman." At present, she is remarkably still up and about, figuring in many cultural shows, obliging with a song here and there and providing inspiration to various Filipino dramatists. She was seven when she made her successful debut in the zarzuelas, *Lucha Electoral* and *Punyal ni Rosa* by Ilagan. Six years later, she was cast in the title role of *Dalagang Bukid* which brought her wide renown through no less than 1,000

performances. The number of zarzuelas wherein she subsequently appeared is quite enormous, but we could mention here a few like *Ang Kiri*, *Alamat ng Nayon*, *Paglipas ng Dilim*, *Sa Bunganga ng Pating*, *Dakilang Punlo*, *Ang Mestisa*, *Bulaklak ng Kabundukan*, *Mga Kamag-anak*, *Rosa Birben* at *Katubusan ng Puso*.

Perhaps, we could add that Atang de la Rama, in more ways than one, is herself an eloquent reminder for us to continue nurturing the zarzuela as a vital part of our heritage.

We have seen, from the foregoing facts and observations, how closely intertwined the zarzuela used to be with the everyday life of the Filipinos. It had in fact reached a point where no barrio fiesta would be complete without a zarzuela highlighting the occasion. That today the interest in this theatrical form seems to have simmered down is no indication that it has lost its relevance to modern conditions. For in much the same way that any form of art like water-color or oil painting, poetry or fiction, and sonata or fugue have remained to this day, reemerging in various shades and style according to the temper of the times, the zarzuela can very well meet contemporary needs if given the proper incentive and direction. The American Broadway of today, for example, which is a far cry from the outmoded musicals of the roaring Twenties continues to hold sway over the American people because of constant efforts to refashion it in the light of modern conditions. The operatic tradition of Italy and Germany which began in the 17th century is still very much in force today.

Undoubtedly, the massive influence of the West has been largely responsible for our temporary alienation not only from the zarzuela but from the other phases of our culture. We believe, however, that, as the signs point towards the eventual discarding of such influence, our people will once more turn to their zarzuela and, with renewed vigor, give it a permanent place in our culture. ●



LOCSIN

AFUANG

DE LEON

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MONINA A. MERCADO (Filipino Folk Epics) concludes the last of a three-part article on the subject.

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