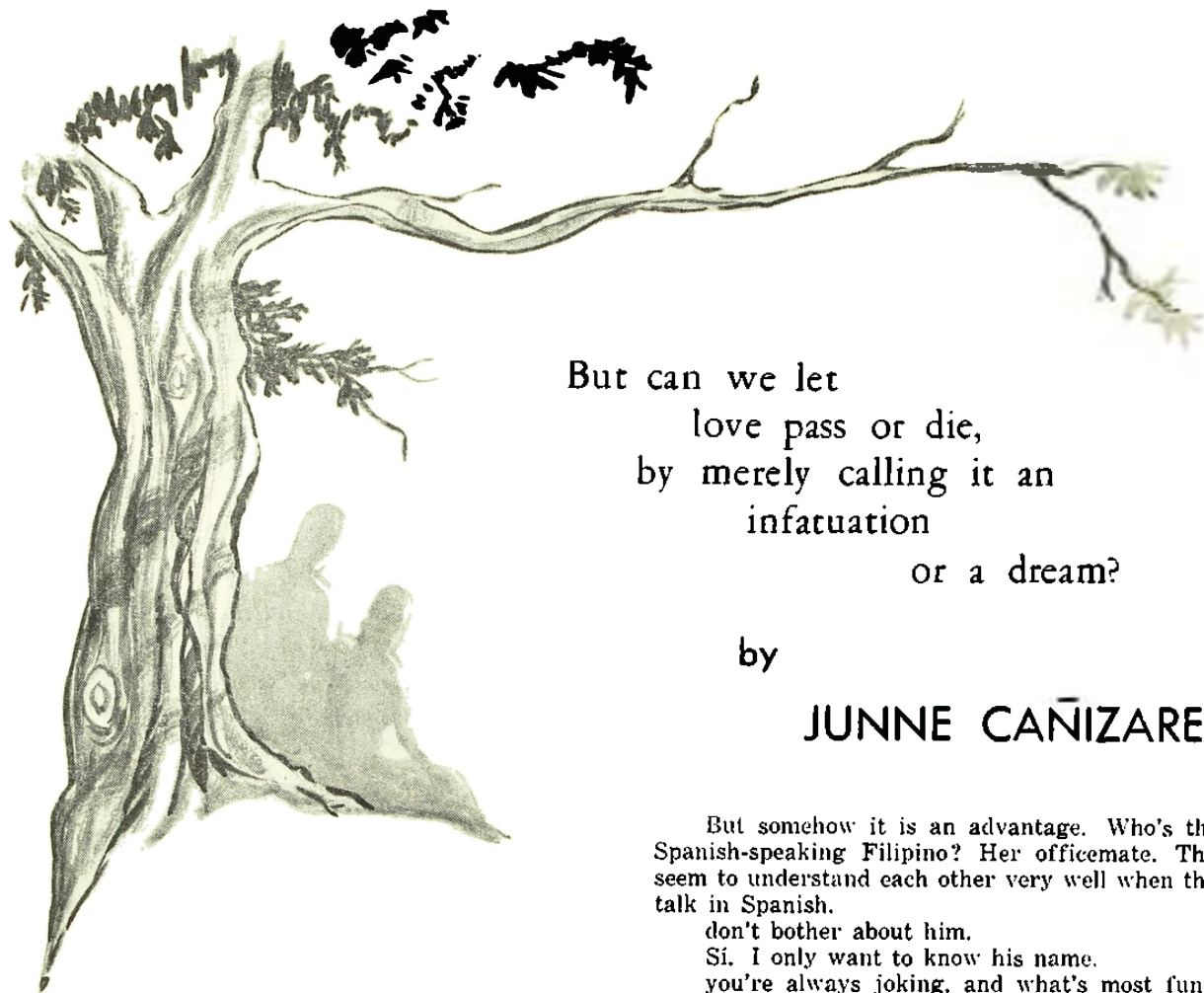


Short Stories



But can we let
love pass or die,
by merely calling it an
infatuation
or a dream?

by

JUNNE CAÑIZARES

○ WHY ARE doctors sometimes secretive? "It's all right, Ted." "What's it, Doc?" "Nothing big." But big is indefinite. "Tell me, Doc. C'mon." "Let's call it a very small matter. Take this. Soon you shall rest, and get some sleep." The treatment was finished. "May I try the stethoscope?" "Sure. Here. What do you hear?" "It's funny." "No. It's life, Ted. Big life." The word big again; how loose it is. "Come again, Doc." "No. Never say come again to a doctor." We laughed.

Now I take a walk along the river. The bordering trees are very leafy, and their shades are cool. There is pleasure in walking. It makes one feel his strength, and vow to keep it.

life is for the strong and the happy. get it, ted? Siempre.

no, don't say it in spanish. it makes you sound insincere.

But somehow it is an advantage. Who's that Spanish-speaking Filipino? Her officemate. They seem to understand each other very well when they talk in Spanish.

don't bother about him.

Si. I only want to know his name.

you're always joking, and what's most funny is that your own jokes hurt you.

Stop it! Goodness, let's not talk any more!

The boy at the middle of the river is now through bathing his carabao, and is dragging the beast towards the tree where I am.

What's that colored spot there? I ask him when they get close enough that I can smell the odor of the carabao. The boy follows my finger's direction. They're wild flowers, he says. Wild flowers? I say. Yes, he says. I thought they're some people's wash in the sun, I say. The boy asks to be excused and goes away.

The afternoon was like the morning one could see through goggles. There was color. There was light. And freshness.

This is extremely beautiful! Now I think that those settings in the fairy tales are possible, she said and turned around.

I was born here; I grew up here, I said. I can't abandon this place.

Wildflowers abundantly flourish here, she said with discovery.

Yes, I said. Remember? Once I compared my love to them.

In the city there is no wildflower.

That's why I take you here.

Ted! Ted! I stepped on a wildflower.

We examined it. It was badly crushed.

Never mind it. It will recover. You know, wildflowers never die.

So, the wildflowers are now back. Wait a minute, when did I wish they would never come

again? Oh, but that was only a wish, and I know that I am forgiven for it. Wishes do not change the course of things. Wishes are mere inventions of idle men. Do they care to wish for a thing at all, if they can reach it? Don't tell me yes.

I go near the beds of wildflowers.

what now, ted?

Don't bother me. Please. I only come to look at them.

don't make it long.

If I look at them long or not, why, does it matter? What difference does it make?

calm down, ted. whatever I say is for your own good.

What good? Leave me alone.

Of course, I am always alone.

The flowers are very lovely to look at; perhaps,

The

APPREHENSION OF THINGS



they never have a single care in the world. They only quiver when the wind blows. I say, My love! My dear!

Dear Ted. Do you have the nerve to call me that? It's allowable for me to call these wildflowers dear, because I mean it. Yes. But do you? Dear Ted. The company has transferred me to the main office in Manila. This is permanent. Some people confuse what-is with what-they-believe-to-be. They call a thing this or that when it is not, and what is actually this or that, not. Is one's job permanent? Never, never. I hope that people who say it would realize the futility of that statement. How could it be? Only love lasts, lingers, yes. . . . And so, let's be brave. This is the only thing we can do wisely. Let's be practical; let's not deprive ourselves of the better chances in life. We are never alone, Ted. There are many people; we can easily associate with them. Don't jumble things before me, and call one wise and another not, because I have my own cognition of relation and of fact. Nothing can take your place; no, not even the whole world. It is you that I want. It is you, can't you see?

I walked along the streets with no place in my mind to go to. I just walked and walked with that linen paper crumpled in my side pocket. I walked and walked because I was trying to prove that there was no distance of time or space. That there was only nearness. I was lonely; I was delirious. I passed by a show window, and stopped. I thought I saw her, so I came back. She smiled. What's this letter? I asked her. She did not quit smiling. What's this

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letter, et? What is this? I would have broken the glass of the show window with my bare hands if the chinaman had not come out and invited me to get inside and see something and buy it. Do you have more of this inside? I asked him, and pointed at her. The chinaman scratched his head and grinned, and told me that they were not selling mannequins. She's pretty, I said and went away hurriedly, leaving the chinaman astonished.

The meanings of love are as sundry as the inhabitants of this world. People differ in their interpretations of love, because sameness is hard to attain. If it were otherwise, perhaps there would be no need for reason why, and there would be no tears and parting.

There is a foolishness which some people in love usually commit upon having been rejected. Yes, the jilted called love just an infatuation or a dream. Infatuations must pass and dreams must die. Correct. But can we let love pass or die, by merely calling it an infatuation or a dream? "Forget her, Ted." I shook my head. "Okay, Ted. You love her. But she doesn't love you. It won't work." "Doc, I still have my hope, or else I am now as good as dead. Why, is reciprocity a condition precedent to love? Doc, let me tell you this: My love is a sun; it will shine for both of us Forever."

But, of course, air-castles are called true and substantial only when they do not yet crumble. Now I need not be led to realize that my attempts at golden dreams have all been split upon a rock. I just have to stop acting like an April fool; the curtain has long fallen down, and the audience gone home. I have gone beyond the vertex of suffering where the pains must bite hard and be no more. What can one, who has deeply loved someone, do when that someone's heart does not beat for him? To feel nothing or happy is to become foolish, but to go on crying forever is neither proper nor affording help. #

JULY-AUGUST, 1959

A NEWCOMER IN USC...

Linguistics

by REV. EUGENE VERSTRAELEN, S.V.D.

A NEW COURSE is offered in the Graduate School. It is perhaps useful to introduce this new subject to the Carolinians, because many might have a wrong, or at least an inaccurate, idea about linguistics and linguists.

Who is a linguist?

In former times he who knew many languages was called a linguist. In this sense the national hero Rizal was a linguist.

But in recent years the word "linguist" has acquired a slightly different meaning. Especially since the marvellous development of the so-called structural linguistics, it is no longer necessary for a linguist to know many languages; a few languages will do, the attention being directed more to the essence of language and to its general principles and problems. For this study, knowledge of only a few languages is sufficient. Oftentimes somebody with the knowledge of only two or three languages may be more of a linguist than another who knows many.

But why study linguistics, and especially Philippine linguistics?

The reasons are many.

When you study the modern structural linguistics, you will discover many fascinating and often revolutionary ideas. After such a study you will have a more thorough knowledge about the intricate mechanism of language, and about the general laws of its development and growth. It is very regrettable that here in the Philippines we have hardly any structural linguist. Prof. Cecilio Lopez of UP, himself a structural linguist, also complained about this fact. And there is indeed much reason for complaint. Many of our scholars work hard at writing articles about languages and dialects, but since they do not approach their subject systematically and scientifically, the results are poor and in many aspects even wrong. And, to quote Prof. Cecilio Lopez, "We, structural linguists, do not even react, simply because we would not be understood; in silence we regret their blunders." This is then the first

reason: structural linguistics will give us quite new, fascinating and often revolutionary concepts about language.

Further, very little is done scientifically about the Philippine languages. This makes the study of Philippine linguistics doubly interesting, even thrilling and exciting. We are still in a virginal field. With not too many difficulties we can do remarkable work, set up original theses, discover the dark history of languages. Once you master the general principles, it will not be too difficult to write a thesis that tells us something really new. In other fields of study much has already been explored, not much is left for original work. But in the field of Philippine linguistics almost everything is new, each step we make leads to the discovery of something yet unknown.

To study Philippine linguistics means to study only that which can further our knowledge about Philippine languages. From this viewpoint it would be practically useless to learn Russian. Useful are such languages as Old Javanese, Sanskrit, etc.

Old Javanese is a language (this term is scientifically not correct, but it would take too long to explain here exactly what Old Javanese is) very closely related to Tagalog and Bisaya. It can give us better knowledge about the history of the Philippine languages. Besides, its study introduces us to a very interesting civilization of the Malay people in former times, and to the acculturation-problems of Indian and Indonesian cultures. We shall meet several great men of the Malayan race. To mention only one: Dharmakirti of Sumatra, the most learned man of his time (about 1150 AD). Even Atisa, the great professor of the Nalanda University in India, was for a long time his pupil. Also learned Chinese came to Indonesia to study there, v.g. Itsing in the seventh century.

In many Old Javanese texts mention is made of customs and habits
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